Slaves of Cerberus

by NakedOwlMan

Summary
In an alternate version of the Citadel DLC mission, Shepard finds herself and her friends captured and tormented at the hands of her clone and Maya Brooks.
"Ah, Commander Shepard!" said the smarmy-looking maître d, in what sounded like a phony French accent. "Your table is ready."

Anna Shepard nodded, then raised a hand to greet her dining companion. It was funny, she wouldn't have thought Joker to be the sushi type. But sure enough, there he was. Wearing that baseball cap of his in the middle of a fancy restaurant. "Don't ever change, Joker," she thought to herself, as she walked past the line of patrons unlucky enough to not have a reservation, and made her way into the restaurant.

"Good evening," called out the bartender. French accent again. Why all the French accents in a sushi restaurant? "Would the lady care for a drink?"

"Maybe later," Shepard said as she passed the bar. "I'm meeting a friend."

"Very good. Enjoy your evening," the bartender said, his attention already starting to move to another patron.

As she pulled back her chair, Joker looked up with wide eyes. "Hey, Shepard. Not bad, huh? This sushi place is serious. Like, 'French guy at the door' serious. Only had to save the galaxy three times to get a table here. You've seen the line outside?"

Shepard glanced over at the entrance, and spotted a dark-skinned woman in an Alliance uniform waving. In the direction of their table, as a matter of fact. Was she trying to get their attention? Shepard dismissed it. If there was some pressing matter the Alliance brass needed her for, it would have to wait until after dinner.

"But here I am," Joker continued, raising his glass of what Shepard presumed to be sake. "Drink in hand. Best pilot in the universe and a rock star."

Shepard chuckled to herself. "It's good to see you again, Joker. God, how long has it been?"

"About five months, I think," Joker said, tipping his drink back for a long swig. "How's the Normandy been doing?"

"Fine," Shepard said with a warm smile. "Although sometimes it feels like it's missing something. Like the best pilot in the universe."

Joker let out a sigh. "Ah, Shepard, we've been over this. Not to sound harsh, but going back now to pilot the Normandy would be like, heaven forbid, if something were ever to happen to Liara, and the Alliance made you fly around in her hollowed-out corpse. Even bringing the Normandy back from that uncharted planet after they got the relays back up and running... not an experience I'd want to repeat."

Shepard cast her eyes away from the table, down at the ground. "Joker, I'm sorry. I didn't..."

"Oh, don't get all mopey on me, Shepard," Joker said. "We've been through this before. You made the right call. The Reapers, all the messed-up shit they did to people... that all had to get taken out, no matter the cost. I don't care what that creepy kid said to you: trying to take control of the
Reapers probably would have left you just like the Illusive Man. Out of your goddamned mind and wanting to take over the world. And that whole 'fusing organic and synthetic life' thing? I can't imagine anyone thinking that was a good idea. Destroying the Reapers was the right call, hell, the only call you could make in that situation."

"Still," Shepard said. "I wouldn't blame you if you hated me."

"Shepard, after everything you and I have gone through, you think I could ever hate you?" Joker reassured her. "I mean, you could have lied to me, said that blowing up the Reapers and every AI in the galaxy was the only option you had. But you told me the truth, straight up, and that took some guts. Trust me, Commander: if you were piloting any other ship in the Alliance right now, I'd be breaking every bone in my body rushing to be in your cockpit. But not that ship. Too many bad memories."

"I understand," Shepard said. "So, how are things on the Orpheus?"

"Not bad," Joker said. "Not as many big cool guns as the Normandy had, for sure. They retro-fitted it with a drive core based off the original SR-1's design, but it's still missing that extra oomph that the SR-2 had. Honestly, after both Normandys, the Orpheus kinda feels like 'Baby's First Alliance Frigate.'"

"Sounds like hell," Shepard said with a smirk. "Hope you're at least getting along with the crew."

"I suppose. XO's a bit of a hardass, but at least me and the Commander both have something in common. We both lost somebody we cared about at the end of the war." Realizing he was taking them back on a touchy subject, Joker cleared his throat. "Speaking of which... suppose they've roped you into being a part of this whole 'Third Anniversary of the Day We Kicked A Whole Lot of Reaper Ass' thing."

"The Crucible Day Celebration?" Shepard asked.

Joker smiled and waved a finger. "I was close."

"It could have been worse," Shepard said. "I had to fight for a while to keep them from calling it 'Shepard Day.'"

"May not be Shepard Day in name, but it damn sure is in spirit," Joker said, gesturing up at the Citadel lights. At least two vid-screens were filled with Shepard's face, alongside images of the Crucible, and various recordings of celebrations on the day it was fired, and the Reapers destroyed. "So, you gonna give a big speech? Any big plans for the event?"

"Well, there is one thing," Shepard said, glancing around to make sure nobody was watching. "Can you keep a secret?"

"Come on, you know me, Shepard. Anything you say to me won't leave this overpriced sushi restaurant."

Reaching into her pocket, Shepard pulled out a small box, and opened it to show the contents to Joker.

Joker arched his eyebrows. "Shepard, I dunno. I mean, we've known each other for a while. But I think we're moving a little fast, here." Shepard laughed, and Joker grinned back at her. "So you're
finally gonna go for it, huh? You know, me and Garrus had a little bet going on that. Last I heard, he predicted that you wouldn't pop the question until the anniversary of when the next Reaper invasion would have happened. So, you'll be beating his guess by about 50,000 years, give or take."

"Cut me some slack, Joker," Shepard said. "You know how things have been. I've been off with the Normandy helping with relief operations. Liara's been going back to Thessia to help with the cleanup there. We've hardly gotten that much time together since the relays got repaired. But right now... I think it's time. The relay network is back up and running, the Citadel is repaired." Letting out a long sigh, Shepard said. "I think I'm done playing hero, Joker. I've got a spot lined up on Earth, out of the way. A place where Liara and I can live our lives in peace. No more fighting, no more death. Just the two of us... and a gaggle of little blue babies."

"And if anybody deserves it, it's you, Shepard," Joker said with a warm smile. Picking up his glass, he raised it. "To Mrs. and... uh... Mrs. Shepard, and their brave efforts to boost the asari population of the galaxy."

"I'll drink to that," Shepard said, pouring herself a drink and raising it in a toast.

"But seriously, Shepard," Joker said, swallowing his drink. "That was the big news you sent me that urgent message about? Not that I'm not thrilled, but you made it sound like something dire was going on. Like Saren was back from the dead and wanted to challenge you to a dance-off, or something."

"Urgent message?" Shepard asked, cocking her head. "Joker, I came here because you sent me a message."

The two of them stared at each other for several seconds, before a third voice entered the conversation.

"Commander!" called out the dark-skinned Alliance officer, rushing through the crowd and nearly bowling over a waiter as she went. "Excuse me, sorry. Alliance business," she stammered, reaching down to grab the datapad she dropped before resuming her mad dash to Shepard and Joker's table.

"Hope she's not judging the dance-off," Joker quipped, as the officer caught her breath upon reaching their table.

"Commander Shepard, I'm Staff Analyst Maya Brooks," the woman said. "Alliance... excuse me..." she paused to snap off a brief salute before continuing. "Alliance Intelligence. There are people trying to kill you."

Shepard and Joker exchanged a look, and Joker chuckled. "There are still people that stupid out there?" he remarked. "You'd think after she blew up every Reaper in the galaxy, they might set their sights on something a little easier."

"I hardly believed it myself," Brooks said. "But someone is hacking your account. Comm channels, personal records... They're targeting you, specifically."

"Targeting me?" Shepard asked. "What do they want?"

"The intel isn't definitive yet," Brooks said. "Last time I guessed without definitive intel, we almost landed troops on a gas giant. Which is bad."
Shepard raised a hand to calm the frantic analyst. "Hang on, Brooks. Take a breath." After Brooks had calmed herself, Shepard spoke. "From the top. What do you know?"

Before Brooks could gather her thoughts, however, Shepard heard the sound of a scuffle at the door. She turned in time to see a squad of heavily-armed mercs walking into the restaurant. As the bullets started to fly and Shepard and Joker dove behind their table, Shepard began to suspect that her proposal to Liara might be postponed again after all.

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Several hours later, in Shepard's apartment, the group of them caught their breath, patched up their wounds, and figured out what to do next.

As she ran a search through the Shadow Broker databases on the gun Shepard had obtained during the battle, Liara looked around the apartment. She was glad to see such old friends together, although she couldn't help but wish it had been under better circumstances. They were supposed to all be here to participate in the big Crucible Day ceremony, as representatives of their respective species. Little did they know that a bunch of heavily-armed mercs would end up turning the eve of the ceremony into a day of violence.

Still, it was good to see Shepard again. Liara had spent the last few months on Thessia, working with what remained of the asari government to bring their homeworld back from the utter devastation the Reapers had left it in. Even after more than a year of work, however, it still made her heart ache to see the current state of her planet. Liara had been looking forward to this chance to leave behind the ruins of her home planet, at least for a little while, and enjoy the company of the woman she loved. A pity that their time together had to start in a hail of gunfire.

She heard a coarse laugh to her left, and glanced over to see Garrus and Wrex sharing jokes over by one of the floor-to-ceiling windows. Like Liara, both of them had been back on their homeworlds, working to rebuild Palaven and Tuchanka. From what Liara had heard on the extranet, things were going well on the turian homeworld. And considering the state Tuchanka had been in before Wrex had united the clans, things could only improve from there.

Liara caught Garrus shooting a furtive glance across the room, and followed his gaze over to the kitchen. For a second, Liara didn't recognize the young, pretty female in the brightly colored clothes and rebreather mask, chatting pleasantly with Joker. It had been a long time since Liara had seen Tali, and the last time she had still been wearing the environmental suit that had once been the only face the quarian race presented to the world.

But times had changed. And while Shepard's actions had wiped out the geth as a race, Tali's people had observed the methods the AIs had been using to attempt to cure the quarian immune system. Using VIs and other permitted technologies, the quarian people had managed to replicate the process, to enough of a point that many of the weaknesses of their immune systems had been severely reduced in a rapid period of time.

It wasn't a complete cure yet. Airborne viruses and bacteria were still a concern, which necessitated the breathing mask that Tali wore. And living outside the suit the way that Tali was, she required frequent doses of immune boosters and other medications. But, Tali had told Liara once in an extranet message, taking a whole pharmacy's worth of pills and injections every few hours was more than enough of a price to pay, if it meant not being sealed in a suit the rest of her life.
Tali, like Garrus and Wrex, had been on the Citadel as a representative of her race for the Crucible Day celebration. Liara imagined Tali wasn't thrilled to have to be away from Rannoch. She still remembered how depressed Tali had gotten after a few months stuck on that planet, waiting for the mass relays to be repaired. Even on a lush green planet like the one they had found themselves on, Tali had obviously yearned to be back on the home she had barely gotten to know before being forced to leave.

On the other hand, Liara observed, from the glances Tali was throwing back in Garrus's direction, she obviously had something more to look forward to on her visit to the Citadel than just a few parades and parties.

Liara's gaze wandered over to the one other alien representative in the room. While all the others in the room were picked out from several different candidates, there was no competition for this race's chosen spokesman. Or if there was, it was a competition of one.

Javik sullenly stared out the window, noticing Liara's stare and only briefly meeting it before looking away again. Liara let out a quiet sigh. She couldn't imagine what the sole survivor of the Prothean race was going through right now.

For a time there, the two of them had actually formed a bond, however brief. During the five months they had spent stranded, waiting for the mass relays to be repaired, Liara had gotten her chance to probe Javik on his thoughts. She had taken copious amounts of notes, and "Conversations with a Prothean" had become a best-selling book once it had been published.

When the relay network had been repaired, however, Javik had received some disquieting news when the Normandy returned home. During the course of their war against the Reapers, the corrupted race of former Protheans known as the Collectors had reemerged. Several skirmishes had occurred with them over the course of the war, and due to the actions of the ancient race known as the Leviathans, several of these Collector troops were actually freed from the control of the Reapers.

These "Awakened Collectors," as they came to be known, ended up fighting alongside the rest of the assembled races over the course of the war. And whatever process had freed them from the control of the Reapers, had also spared them from the devastating wave of energy that had emerged from the Crucible, which had killed all of the other twisted Reaper monstrosities.

And now that the war was over, these Collectors would have to find a way to live in a world that saw them as something horrible. A fearsome reminder of the living nightmare the galaxy had been plunged into not that long ago.

Once Javik had learned about these Awakened Collectors, he had expressed a desire to speak with them. The Alliance, as a show of gratitude, had set aside a small, uncolonized planet for the few remaining Collectors to call their home. And, Liara knew, as a place to keep them out of sight. Javik had spent the last few months on this planet, living with the Awakened Collectors and, Liara guessed, trying to see if there was anything left of his race within their mangled bodies.

And from the way Javik had acted since he'd arrived on the Citadel, Liara guessed that what he had found during his time there had not gone well. Liara couldn't imagine what it must have been like for him, being given hope that perhaps some of his species were still alive, only to find them as twisted husks of what he remembered from his former life.

Finally, her gaze went over to the trio of humans over by the stairwell. Shepard was conferring with
several of the current crew members of the Normandy SR-2. Steve Cortez, who had taken over as the pilot after Joker had requested a transfer, and James Vega, Shepard's second-in-command.

Seeing Shepard like this, together with so many of their friends, reminded Liara of the party they had held here, back during the war. Everybody together, taking a brief moment to forget about the terrible trials to come. Laughing with each other, drinking way too much (Liara vaguely remembered making a fool of herself dancing up on the balcony), and later that night, once everybody had gone to sleep and she and Shepard were alone... Goddess, it had been incredible.

It had been one of her fondest memories, one that had carried her through many nights separated from Shepard. Of course, this apartment hadn't been Shepard's at that time. Technically speaking, she was borrowing it from Admiral Anderson. Unfortunately, Anderson had not lived through the war. And while Shepard had felt a bit off-put at the thought of "inheriting" her mentor's home, the Council had been adamant. "We need people to feel confident in moving back onto the Citadel," they had told her. "And the hero of the war making her home there would help reassure the people that the danger the Citadel once presented is now gone for good."

Liara doubted that Shepard's choice of residence had been the only reason, but the Council couldn't be disappointed with the results: the repaired Citadel had nearly returned to its former glory. The streets were bustling once again with every known species in the galaxy, and the Citadel had turned into the center of galactic civilization once again.

Although, the center of galactic civilization had been relocated just a little bit. The Citadel now hung above Earth, and that wasn't the only thing that had changed about the human home planet. While all planets were working to restore themselves after the Reaper war, Earth ended up becoming one of the most thriving planets in the wake of the victory. With nowhere else to go due to the relays being disabled, many of the soldiers who had fought in the final battle of the war now found themselves forced to make a home on Earth. Turians, asari, krogan, salarians... all of them worked together to clear away the debris and bodies left in the wake of the conflict. Even after the relays were repaired, many of these aliens decide to stay on Earth. And when the relay networks were brought back up, and many galactic corporations resumed their operations on the Citadel, the amount of aliens making their homes on Earth instead of the now-crowded Citadel only increased. Some experts were estimating that the alien population of the human homeworld would soon outstrip the natives of this once-humble blue planet. A fact that left some humans, like Charles Saracino and his Terra Firma party, more than a little disturbed.

But politics were the last thing on anyone's mind right now. A beeping sound from Liara's omnitool alerted her to the results of her search. She heard Shepard approaching. "I've made some progress. Would you like me to call the meeting?"

Liara detailed the results of her findings to the group. The source of the weapon was Elijah Khan, a casino owner who had been suspected of smuggling weapons onto the Citadel back before the Crucible had been fired. Now, it seemed, he had returned to old habits. A call made shortly after the attack on Shepard had Khan talking to a mysterious other party, lambasting them for making such a big scene and having one of his weapons show up on the nightly news. The person on the other end, their identity hidden by a ID disguiser, tried to mollify Khan, but was met with threats of exposure.

After discussing their options, a plan was forged. "Later tonight, the casino will be hosting a special Crucible Day celebration," Glyph informed the group.

"Purchase some tickets, Glyph," Liara instructed the info drone, "then call up a layout of the
building."

Studying the schematic that Glyph produced, the best option seemed to be to use an airshaft to reach a storage area. Controls there would allow whoever sneaked inside to disable the camera outside the panic room where Khan would most likely be holed up. Any alarms in the shaft could be disabled, but whoever went through the shaft would have to be small enough to fit, but also able to remain undetected by any security systems in place. After a short discussion, Brooks was decided to be the only possible option, and she reluctantly agreed.

"Glyph," Liara asked, after their plans were finalized. "How long until the event is scheduled to start?"

"Your reservations have been set for 1 hour, 47 minutes, and 55 seconds from the beep," Glyph rattled off, then added, "Beep."

Liara turned to Shepard with an unmistakable look. "Well, then. I believe we have some time to... get dressed."

Shepard read Liara's intentions like they were written on her face, and returned her devious smile. "Why don't we go upstairs and get ready, Liara? I'll help you with your zipper."

"Much appreciated, Shepard," Liara said, while the rest of the group except for Brooks rolled their eyes and started making their way to the door.

"Wait, where are we going?" Brooks said, as Tali took her by the arm and started leading her away. "I could use help getting ready, too."

Tali patted her on the shoulder while pulling her out of the apartment. "Come with me, Maya. I know a place on the Presidium that has the most gorgeous dresses. We're gonna make you look so pretty..."

The door closed behind them, and Liara and Shepard found themselves alone together.

There was the briefest of pauses, and Liara said, "So, should we..."

Shepard nodded, and in a flash they were together. Lips pressed together in a violent kiss, hands caressing and groping every inch of each other's bodies.

"Goddess, I missed you, Shepard," Liara breathed, as she yanked down the zipper of the hooded jacket Shepard wore and practically tore the garment to shreds trying to get it off her.

Shepard let out a throaty laugh, while she helped Liara with the sleeves of the hoodie and threw it on the table. "I can see that," she said, as Liara was tugging at the t-shirt underneath, pulling it over her lover's head and exposing the pale pink skin of her torso. As Liara returned to kissing Shepard, her fingers curled around the swell of the human woman's breast. She pulled at the delicate fabric of Shepard's bra, exposing the warm mound of flesh underneath.

"Damn," Shepard said, as Liara leaned to wrap her mouth around Shepard's stiffened nipple. "Whatever happened to that innocent little asari archaeologist I rescued from a Prothean dig site? That shy little maiden who could barely finish a sentence without stammering?"

Liara pulled away from Shepard's breast long enough to smirk up at her. "You happened to her,
Shepard. You came along with your smooth talk, and your sexy human body, and you corrupted her. Why... do you miss that innocent maiden?" Liara punctuated the question by leaning back down and lightly pressing her teeth down on Shepard's nipple.

Shepard hissed, and then threw her head back and moaned as Liara's hand reached down under her waistband. "Not for a single second," she said. Her breath hitched as Liara's probing hand found its target, already dripping with anticipation.

Goddess, she loved this woman. The look, the smell... and the taste of her. Liara rolled her tongue around and around Shepard's nipple, soaking it in her saliva. All while her fingers stroked and probed between Shepard's legs. Her human lover pressed her hips into Liara's touch, her hand reaching up behind Liara's neck and lovingly caressing her head crest.

It didn't take long for Liara's skillful digits to achieve the desired effect. She was pleased to hear Shepard's moans of release, as her juices gushed out against Liara's hands. As Shepard shuddered in the aftermath of her climax, Liara withdrew her hand from Shepard's pants, and made a show of lovingly licking the aftermath of Shepard's orgasm from her fingers.

"Dirty girl," Shepard said, and Liara let out a surprised squeal as Shepard lightly shoved her backwards, her ass landing on the edge of the table in the dining room. Crouching down, Shepard began working on unfastening Liara's boots. Breathing heavily in anticipation, Liara began stripping off her jacket and top. By the time she felt the cool air of the apartment on her bare breasts, Shepard had removed both of Liara's boots and was gripping the waistband of her pants.

Liara leaned back on the table and raised up her hips, allowing Shepard to yank off her pants and underwear in one swift motion. Completely naked now, Liara reached up to caress her own breasts, staring down as Shepard gently parted her legs and lowered her head to Liara's glistening mound.

As Shepard's tongue and fingers went to work on Liara's slit, Liara closed her thighs around Shepard's head, her legs slung over Shepard's shoulders. Goddess, if she could just keep Shepard trapped down forever, the two of them staying in this apartment and just fucking for all eternity.

She tried not to think about what was inevitably going to come after all this was over. They'd participate in the (most likely terribly boring) Crucible Day ceremony, maybe get a few more days together. But in the end, Liara would have to go back to Thessia, and Shepard would have to take the Normandy back out to keep the peace in the galaxy.

"Goddess, I know you don't exist," Liara thought to herself. "You're just a Prothean who foolishly thought that the asari might be able to stop the Reapers on our own. But if you, or any other deity up there can hear me, my prayer is this: find a way for me and this gorgeous, wonderful, perfect human being to be together for the rest of our lives, and never have to part again. I don't care how you do it, just... I can't bear to be away from her anymore."

She could feel her climax approaching, Shepard skilled as always in knowing just where every sensitive spot was on her body, and stimulating them until it drove Liara insane. Reaching down, Liara worked her fingers through Shepard's red hair and pressed in to the scalp underneath. Just as she was ready to cum, she reached out with her mind, melding with Shepard as her eyes went black.

Her consciousness joined with Shepard's, the two of them became almost one mind. She could feel Shepard digging for the memories of the last few months they had been separated, and Liara did the same. It had been a way for them to deal with the long separations they had been forced to have since the end of the Reaper war. Both of them spending as many nights as they could manage
alone in their bed, thinking about the other woman as they got themselves off in as many ways as they could think of. Shepard, apparently, had purchased a rather inventive looking sex toy before she shipped off the last time, and Liara relived every orgasm Shepard had given herself with the device.

Liara had stuck to the old-fashioned ways, however. She had whispered Shepard's name as she'd fingered herself in her bedroom, the thought of Shepard getting to feel what she was doing when they next melded bringing her to a shuddering climax night after night.

But as Liara experienced all of Shepard's memories, she noticed something odd. They were normally completely open with each other during these moments. But Liara could feel a dark spot in Shepard's memory. Something she was hiding from Liara. If she wanted to, Liara could have most likely probed past Shepard's mental defenses and seen what she was hiding. But the fact that Shepard was even bothering to hide something at all was intriguing Liara more than whatever was behind the mental block.

As the meld ended, and Liara returned to her own body and the amazing climax that was currently racing through it, she looked down at Shepard with a puzzled expression.

Shepard, of course, already knew what she had seen, and gave Liara a reassuring smile. "It's a surprise, Liara," Shepard told her. "Trust me, I'll tell you all about it at the Crucible Day ceremony. Just now, with everything that's happening... it's not the right time."

Liara reached down to stroke Shepard's cheek. "Okay," she said. "I do trust you, Shepard. And I'm sure it'll be just as worth the wait as this was."

"More than worth it, Liara," Shepard said. Standing up straight, still looking so powerful and dignified even with one of her breasts hanging out of her bra, Shepard pulled up her omni-tool. "You know, we've still got a little more than an hour left until we have to get to the casino," she suggestively noted.

"A tempting offer, but we really do need to start getting ready for tonight," Liara said, hopping up from the table and heading towards the stairs. Despite her refusal, she still made sure to put an extra saunter in her step as she strode naked across the apartment, feeling Shepard's eyes on her ass and loving every second of it. She had never thought of herself as "sexy" before she had met Shepard, but knowing that Shepard was drinking in her bare skin, slick with the sweat of their passion, made her feel like the most beautiful asari who'd ever lived.

The two of them got cleaned up and dressed, Liara's thoughts still on the memories that Shepard was blocking from her. She trusted Shepard, she really did. But Shepard had never done anything like this before. Not even after they had defeated the Shadow Broker, and Shepard had confirmed what Liara already knew from her surveillance: that Shepard and Garrus had had a brief fling just before they had gone through the Omega 4 relay. Liara had trusted her when Shepard had said that it was a mistake that wouldn't be repeated, and the next time the two of them melded Liara saw the moment when Shepard had broken it off with Garrus.

Shepard had been so honest about that. What could she hiding now? It was in her thoughts all the way until the skycar arrived, and the two of them headed off to the casino.

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"Uh... nice dress, Brooks," Shepard said, as she, Liara, and Brooks made their way past the crowd
of people into the Silver Coast Casino.

"Is it?" Brooks said, picking at the fabric of the brightly-colored pink and purple frock. "Tali said it looked great on me, but I don't know. You think the color might be a little much?"

Liara chimed in. "I think it's perfect," she said, trying her best to stifle her laugh. Tali was a good friend and sweet person. Nobody had the heart to tell her, since she'd gotten out of her suit and started picking her own clothing, that her fashion sense was utterly atrocious.

"It's terrible, isn't it?" Brooks said, with dread in her voice. "Dammit, I'm supposed to be blending in, here! Not sticking out like a sore thumb."

"Don't worry about it, Brooks," Shepard assured her. "I'm sure you'll do fine."

Brooks took a deep breath, straightened her shoulders, and nodded. "Right, okay. On it," she said, and then headed up to the steps on her search for the maintenance shaft.

"Khan has a lot of surveillance set up," Liara said. "I'd mingle with the guests if you want to look normal."

Heading up the stairs, Shepard caught another glimpse of Brooks, her hideous dress catching a few glances as she made her way up to the shaft entrance. It reminded Shepard a lot of that horrible Phoenix Armor that Ashley used to wear. Whoever had designed the color scheme on that gaudy outfit didn't know the first thing about combat camouflage.

And that got Shepard thinking about Ashley. She wondered what the second human Spectre was up to right now. Shepard actually hadn't heard from Ash in a couple months. No doubt she was working on some important Council business right now, probably some dangerous assignment deep in the Terminus Systems with no access to the extranet. Or maybe...

"Well, hey there. Care to join me for a drink, stranger?"

...or maybe she was right behind Shepard at that very moment, forcing a smile on her face while her eyes blazed with agitation. From the undertone of her voice, the invitation to join her at the bar was not optional.

"Sure, let's go," Shepard said, trying her best to keep up with Ash as she quickly stepped up the stairs to the upper floor. Damn, even in heels, that woman could move.

"Shepard, what the hell are you doing here?" Ash hissed at her once they found a quiet spot at the bar. "Are you trying to blow my cover?"

Shepard held up a hand. "Hold on. First off, I had no idea that you were even on the Citadel, much less at this casino. Maybe if you answered my messages more often, this wouldn't have happened."

Sighing, Ash pressed thumb and forefinger to the sides of her nose. "I'm sorry, Shepard. If I could have told you, I would have. But... the Council specifically asked me to keep you in the dark on this one."

"The Council... Ash, what's going on?"

Ash checked around them, making sure that nobody was within ear shot, before leaning close to
Shepard. "The owner of this casino, Elijah Khan, has been making some very strange money transfers recently."

"That's hardly a secret, Ash," Shepard said. "We already knew he was involved in weapons smuggling."

But Ash shook her head. "It's more than that, Shepard. We think he might be funnelling money to... to..." Ash gritted her teeth. "To Cerberus."

At first, Shepard thought it was a joke. But Ash's expression was dead serious. "Ash, that's impossible. The Illusive Man died on the Crucible. Cerberus is dead."

"That's what we all thought," Ash said, taking a drink offered by the bartender and knocking it back. "But about six months ago we've started seeing a lot of Cerberus chips going dark. Too many to just be a coincidence."

Shepard considered this. After the Crucible was activated and all Reaper tech was disabled, the indoctrination that many of the Cerberus troops had been subjected to was reversed. As a substantial number of Cerberus members were conscripted into service against their will, the Council and Alliance hadn't felt it would be appropriate to punish any members of the organization for crimes they may not have willingly committed.

On the other hand, they weren't about to just let these people completely off the hook. Any former members of Cerberus who were captured or came forward on their own were essentially put on "parole." They were implanted with tracking chips, and expected to check in with a designated Council representative on a monthly basis.

It wasn't a perfect system, but up until this very moment, Shepard had been under the impression that it was working out just fine.

"And those chips can't just be cut out by any average doctor," Shepard mused. "Tampering with them would send a warning signal out to the Citadel, unless..."

"Unless somebody with serious skills, or a lot of money to put into some very expensive tech took it out," Ashley said. "The type of money that somebody like, say, the owner of a casino might have to throw around."

Shepard shook her head. "Still, that's not proof that it's Cerberus. Maybe some of these folks are just sick of being tracked, and Khan's got a side business going helping them get unchipped."

"It's not just that, Shepard," Ashley said. "We've been seeing reports of recruitment fliers going out. Never coming right out and saying the name, of course, but a lot of talk about 'keeping Earth for humans' and 'paying the aliens back for waiting until the last minute to help us.' Lots of reports of people with known anti-alien sentiments suddenly going off-planet and then disappearing off the grid. It ain't 100%, but it's close enough that the Council has me looking."

"Dammit, Ash, why didn't you tell me about this?" Shepard said under her breath. "Why didn't the Council..." And then it dawned on her, and it took all of her resolve not to bark out every expletive she knew. "They can't be serious. I only..."

"I know, Shepard, I know," Ash tried to mollify her. "Listen, I may not have agreed with it at the time, but I understand why you did it. I'm sure the Council understands why you did it, too. If it
was up to me, I would have told you as soon as we got the first reports. But in the end, for however short a time it was, you were a member of Cerberus. And the Council just doesn't want to take any risks on letting you be involved."

Shepard fumed. After all this time, and everything she had done, the Council still didn't completely trust her.

Seeing the anger on Shepard's face, Ash tried her best to change the subject. "So you being here... I assume it has something to do with that massive shootout earlier?"

Biting back her anger for now, Shepard nodded. "A gun that one of the mercs carried has ties to Khan. Liara intercepted a call he made to whoever masterminded the attack. Sounds like the two of them aren't on such great terms anymore. We figured we might be able to get Khan to talk."

"Damn, guess that explains why Khan hasn't been coming out onto the casino floor tonight," Ashley said. "So sounds like the attack on you might be tied up with Cerberus as well."

"Maybe if we can prove that Cerberus is out to kill me, that'll be enough to convince the Council that I'm not going to join back up with them," Shepard bitterly said.

Ashley nodded. "So, I assume that means you've got a plan to get to Khan," she said, and then let out a short laugh. "Ah, who am I kidding? You always have a plan, don't you, Shepard?"

She should be angry with Ash for keeping things from her, but Shepard knew that she'd just been following orders. And it was good to see her again. "Of course I do. Right now it's a three-woman job, but I think we can fit in one more."

"Three-woman job, huh?" Ashley said. "I was pretty sure I spotted Liara as you were coming in, but who's the other one?"

"Maya Brooks. An Alliance analyst. I'll introduce you after we've gotten a chance to talk to Khan, okay?"

"Great. Let's do this," Ashley said.

* * *

"Let's do this!" Ashley called out, as she took point heading deeper into the Citadel Archives.

Shepard followed after Ash, her mind still processing what had happened over the past few hours. They had successfully penetrated Khan's panic room, but their only payoff for the scheme was a dead body and threats from the true mastermind of the attack on Shepard. Not long after they'd returned from the casino empty-handed, Glyph informed Shepard that someone was using her Spectre authorization to access the Citadel Archives.

That "someone," as it turned out, was the last person Shepard would have ever suspected: a clone of herself, created by Cerberus to provide spare organs for the Lazarus Project. And now, she and those mercs were out to steal the Normandy. For what purpose, Shepard couldn't imagine. It wasn't like she would be able to pretend to be the real Shepard for long.

They had split into three teams, Shepard going with Ash and Liara as they searched for the clone. Glyph had informed them that the clone was looking through the Citadel Archives for something,
but couldn't tell what. Whatever it was, Shepard didn't intend to let her live long enough to put it to any use.

"Team Hammerhead, we're heading to the next level. What's your location?" Shepard called out over her comms to one of the other teams. There was no response at first, only static. Shepard tried again. "Hammerhead, do you copy?"

Still no response. Something was wrong. Up until now, the mercs they had faced off against hadn't posed much of a challenge. They couldn't have taken out the entire group already... could they?

Rounding the corner, Shepard saw the other group, who'd called themselves "Team Mako." "We'll try to clear a path, Commander!" she heard Brooks say over the comms. "Hammerhead's gone ahead!"

Shepard fired off shots at the mercs up ahead, while Liara sent out a wave of biotic force and Ashley sent a burst of assault rifle fire in their direction. It didn't take long for the mercs to be subdued, and as they started moving forward again, Shepard heard Tali on her commlink. "We see the clone, Shepard! Mako going in!"

After taking out a pair of cloaked snipers, Shepard led her team up the stairs after the rest of the squad. "Team Mako, we're coming up behind! What's your status?"

"We're under..." Shepard heard Brooks say, before her voice was swallowed by static.

"Mako, where are you?" Shepard called out, getting that unsettling feeling again. No response. Charging past several holographic displays, Shepard couldn't help but notice that there were no sounds of gunfire anywhere. No more enemies attacking.

It was, to use a tired cliché, too quiet.

Using her Spectre authorization to move through the next door, Shepard heard Brooks call out. "Commander, over here! Help! We're being cut off!"

Charging forward, Shepard stepped onto one of the moving platforms... and a blue forcefield flared in front of her face, trapping her and her two companions where they stood. "Brooks!" she yelled. "The vault sealed us in!"

"Is there an override?" Liara asked, staring around at the blue field that now encased them with concern in her eyes.

"Not seeing one," Ashley informed the group.

"Cortez? Brooks?" Shepard got back on her comms. "Do you read me? Is anyone on this frequency?"

"The short answer is: no. They're not," said a familiar voice. The clone stepped around the corner, crossing her arms and fixing Shepard with a mocking grin.

Shepard fired off shots in anger at the forcefield, knowing it wouldn't do any good but unable to control herself. Dammit, she was smarter than this. How had she allowed herself to get trapped like this? Where was the rest of her team now?
As if sensing Shepard's question, the clone spoke. "The longer answer involves your friends trapped in iridium vaults and forgotten for... well, forever."

Shepard clenched her fists. "Others know about this. About you. The Alliance will stop you."

The threat didn't seem to bother the clone, however. "What do you think, Staff Analyst Brooks? Will the Alliance stop us?"

And from behind the clone stepped Brooks. Only not the awkward, nervous analyst that Shepard had met in a sushi restaurant several hours ago. But looking confident, self-assured.... and giving Shepard that same cocky smile that the clone currently was. "I wouldn't know. I don't actually work for them."

"Who the hell are you, really?" Shepard asked her. Remembering her conversation with Ash at the bar, she wagered a guess. "You're with Cerberus, aren't you?"

"Yes, but no," Brooks said. "Not the Cerberus you're familiar with, Commander. The Illusive Man let his obsession with your betrayal cloud his judgment. He turned Cerberus from the proud organization it once was into a group with only one goal: stopping the Reapers before you could. In the end it didn't matter to him whether or not the Reapers were truly defeated. All he wanted was to prove you wrong."

"We're bringing Cerberus back the way it was meant to be," the clone said. "An organization dedicated to the advancement of humanity. No more collaborating with aliens like your attack on the Collector base. Humanity went to aliens for help against the Reapers, and what did it get us? They would have gladly let Earth be burnt to rubble if you hadn't flew around the galaxy running all their little errands."

"We were under attack as well!" Liara protested.

Ashley spoke up. "You couldn't have expected aliens to prioritize human lives over the lives of their own species! Shepard helped them save their people so that they could help us save ours!"

"Of course you would take their side," the clone sneered at Ashley. "Just another lap-dog of the Council. And even if they did help us, look what we've gotten in return. Aliens infesting Earth. Crowding out humanity and trying to take our planet for their own. Now, more than ever, humanity needs Cerberus."

"You should consider yourself lucky," Brooks said. "We had originally planned this attack for some time before the Reaper War ended. But after some thought, I managed to convince my associate here that we should bide our time. Wait to see how things turned out. I figured either you would die, Shepard, and then we could have this other Shepard step in and come up with some miraculous story about how you cheated death..."

"...or you would live," the clone finished. "And then we could do what we had planned to do back then. Take over your identity, and steal the Normandy for ourselves."

"And how long do you think you can pull that off?" Shepard asked them. "You know you can't pretend to be me forever. I have friends out there, friends who would peg you as a fake in a second."

The clone and Brooks shared a smile. "Oh, don't worry about your friends," Brooks said. "We've
got plans to deal with all of them. But first, we need to wrap things up here." She turned her attention to the clone. "Were you able to find the files we needed?"

"I found them, but they've been encrypted," the clone said. "It's going to take some time to get them decoded."

"Shouldn't be a problem," Brooks said. "Now, let's make a few corrections in the Council records, shall we?"

Walking over to a nearby terminal, the clone activated it and spoke. "Computer, update Council records. Subject: Shepard, human Spectre."

"Accessing record," the computer responded. "Please input new data."

The clone pressed her hand to the console, and Shepard watched in dread as a scan of the clone's palm appeared on the screen. "Biometric identified updated. Good day, Commander Shepard."

"Now then," Brooks said, as the clone stepped away from the console. "I think it's time for us to be leaving. We've got a lot of planets to go to in our new ship, and a lot of your friends to pay visits to."

"And what about us?" Ashley snapped at the pair. "You going to lock us up in one of these vaults and leave us to rot while you steal the Normandy?"

The clone shook her head. "I think you misunderstand. When she says it's time for 'us' to leave, she doesn't just mean us two."

There was a muffled bang behind them, and the three of them whirled around to see a plume of green smoke emanating from a device planted nearby. Shepard tried to cover her mouth to block out the smoke, but soon she found herself tumbling to the floor, Liara and Ashley already unconscious beside her.

The last thing she saw before passing out was the air shimmering in front of her, and a group of Cerberus Phantoms appearing from out of nowhere, to grab her by the arms and drag her away.

* * *

"So, what are we supposed to do now, sir?" asked one of the CAT-6 mercs, as they loaded the last of Shepard's unconscious comrades onto the platform leading into one of the open Citadel vaults.

"Boss said to stick these fuckers away and then wait for further instructions," said the leader of the team.

The first merc shook his head. "You mean we're supposed to just stand around here, in the middle of a top secret vault on the Citadel, and just wait?"

"Hey, don't look at me. We're getting paid for the time, right?" the leader said. "Now, how the hell do you work this vault crane thing?" The leader fumbled with the controls, as the rest of the team of mercs leaned against walls, crouched down, and waited for the next set of orders.

"I dunno, man," said the first merc again. "I mean, something about this just doesn't smell right. Kinda feels like we've been left holding the bag here, you know? You got any way to contact the
"Would you stop distracting me already?" the leader snapped at him. "Can't figure out what button I hit to..." the merc pressed a button, and the platform that the group of defeated enemies were laid on started moving... in the opposite direction from the vault. "Dammit," the leader cursed, pressing another button and stopping the platform. "Look, she'll call us back, trust me. I mean, we're a highly skilled company of mercs, aren't we? She's not going to just leave valuable assets like us to rot."

"If you say so," the first merc said, not sounding assured. "Look, maybe we should just..."

"Goddamn it, Jackson," the leader barked out, not turning his attention from the console as he berated his underling. "If you say one more goddamned word, I swear to God I'm going to put a bullet in your head and split your take for this job with the rest of these fucking losers instead! You really want to test me right now? Seriously?"

Jackson said nothing in return, and after waiting for thirty seconds for any kind of retort, the leader let out a sigh of relief. "Thank you. Glad to finally have some fucking silence around here. Now, let me see if I can figure out this damn control panel already. Maybe if..."

"I think you'd want to hit that green button over there," said a voice from behind the leader.

The leader nodded. "Yeah, maybe that's what..." he said, before realizing that he didn't recognize the voice from over his shoulder.

He spun around to find himself facing down five Alliance marines, guns trained on him. Laying at their feet were the bodies of his team, all with headshots bleeding out onto the floor.

"If I were you," said a dark-haired, uniformed woman in the center of the group, a smoking sniper rifle in her hands, "I'd drop your weapons and come quietly."

As the marines moved to secure the leader, the woman moved around him to the control panel, and deactivated the forcefield keeping the prisoners in place. Walking among the group, she looked over her shoulder at the doorway they had walked through. "These the folks Joker sent us to find, Commander?"

Stepping out of the darkness into the room, Commander Jacob Taylor surveyed the group of unconscious bodies. "Not all of them, Rooker," he said gravely. "I just hope the rest aren't already gone."

* * *

"They took the Normandy?" Joker exclaimed, as the former members of Teams Mako and Hammerhead reconvened in Shepard's apartment, joined now by Jacob Taylor and several crew members of his ship, the SSV Orpheus.

"Joker, in case you forgot, they also took Shepard, Ash, and Liara," Garrus said, rubbing at his head. "Maybe you need to get a little perspective here."

Joker let out a pained sigh. "No, I know, it's just... the thought of some strange merc with their hands all over my old ship..." Joker looked over at Cortez and pointed a finger. "Please tell me you at least left a hard copy of 'Joker's Official Normandy Handbook' in the cockpit before you
disembarked."

"You mean that fifty page document you sent me after you transferred to the Orpheus?" Cortez asked in disbelief. "You actually expected me to read that whole thing?"

"You didn't?" Joker exclaimed in disbelief. "Oh, EDI, I don't know if you're looking down from robot heaven or wherever, but please forgive me for leaving your body in the hands of these... these..."

Jacob pounded a fist down on the counter. "Joker, enough! Right now we need to figure out how in the hell we're going to track down the Normandy, and rescue Shepard and the other hostages."

"Not going to be an easy task, Commander," said Jacob's XO, Lieutenant Commander Tara Rooker. The dark-haired woman's tone was calm and her expression stoic as she spoke. "The Normandy SR-2 was specifically built to be undetectable. If they keep the ship out of visual range of any planets, they could hide out there forever. And even if we got the entire Alliance fleet to comb the galaxy, it'd be like looking for the proverbial needle."

"And that's assuming the Alliance even believed our story," Tali said, having removed her battle armor to reveal a checkered green blouse and striped red slacks. "I mean, I was there, and I still have a hard time believing it. A clone of Shepard, teamed up with a former Cerberus operative who brought her out of a coma?"

Vega groaned. "Gah, still can't believe I let that puta catch me off-guard! I'll never forgive myself if something happens to the Commander."

"Look, we don't have time to worry about who's to blame for what happened," Garrus said. "We do have at least one lead. Don't we, Glyph?"

"I was able to determine what files the other Commander Shepard was accessing while in the Citadel Archives," Glyph flared to life in the midst of the group. "Unfortunately, she attempted to destroy the files after obtaining them. It will take me some time to reconstruct them, in addition to decrypting them once the reconstruction is complete."

"Any idea how long that's going to take?" Jacob asked the drone.

"My current estimates put the time of completion at around 94 hours and 42 minutes, with a margin of errors of 2.7 hours."

The entire room let out a collective groan. "Well, we'll put that on the back burner for now," Jacob said. "Right now, I think our first order of business is to go directly to the Council. If we can get the word out to the rest of the galaxy to watch for the Normandy, maybe that'll bring us one step closer to locating..."

In the middle of Jacob's sentence, the video screen on the wall of the apartment suddenly flared to life. "This is Commander Anna Shepard, and I have a Crucible Day message for all of you."

"What the hell?" Wrex said, jumping to his feet to turn and watch the monitor.

"Look, it's on out there, too!" Tali called out. Looking out the windows, the group of them saw that every video screen in the nearby area was broadcasting the same video: Commander Shepard, standing at the helm of the Normandy and speaking directly into the camera.
"On the eve of this holiday, commemorating the day when the Reapers were finally defeated, I think it's important to talk about what this holiday is really all about," the image of Commander Shepard said. Down below in the streets, everyone stood still, staring up at the image of Shepard as she spoke. "A lot of people will tell you that this celebration is about remembering how the galaxy came together as one, to destroy an ancient menace and save us all from the threat of annihilation."

Shepard paused for a moment, and then said one word. "Bullshit."

"Let me tell you what we should really be remembering on this day. We should be remembering how I knew about the Reapers three years before they came knocking at our door, and how the Council refused to act. We should be remembering how I came to them again when the Collectors were abducting human colonists, and how they again turned me away. We should be remembering how Earth was being laid to waste, while the Council did nothing."

"But the other races came through in the end, Commander Shepard,' you might say to me. 'We never would have beaten the Reapers if we hadn't worked together.'" Shepard paused, and then began slowly, sarcastically clapping. "Well, thanks a lot, turians. Salarrians. Asari. Thanks for coming in at the very last minute, when you could have saved so many lives by listening to me when you had the chance."

"I say that humanity doesn't owe these other races any thanks. We don't owe them a damn thing. And we sure as hell don't owe them our home. I look down at the surface of Earth, and I'm disgusted by what I see. Humans are being pushed off of our own planet by these aliens. Yes, they might have helped us save Earth, but now it looks like they wanted to save it... just so they could take it away from us!"

"But I've had enough. I'm tired of seeing my homeworld be polluted by a bunch of ungrateful, undeserving invaders. I've made a decision, humanity. The only decision I could make under the circumstances, and the only decision any self-respecting human could make."

Shepard's face faded away from the screen, replaced by a dreadfully familiar logo. "As of this date, I want to formally announce, to the people of Earth and to the entire galaxy, that I have rejoined Cerberus. I no longer consider myself a Spectre, aka a tool of the Council, and I officially resign from the Alliance military. When the Council refused to act against the Reapers, and when the Alliance drug their feet and refused to upset their alien masters, there was only one organization that knew what the true threat to our galaxy was, and fought to stop them. I wouldn't be alive today if it wasn't for Cerberus, and it's time for me to pay back the debt I owe to them."

As the crowds in the streets murmured and gasped in shock, the Cerberus logo on screen faded away, replaced with Shepard's face. "Some of you may be remembering the Cerberus you saw during the end of the Reaper war. Indoctrinated agents, slaughtering humans and aliens alike, all in the service of some inscrutable goal. Let me assure you that the days of that Cerberus are over. With my help, Cerberus will come back to the reason it was founded: to advance the rights of humanity, and humanity alone, and to no longer follow the whims of some useless Council, that demands compliance and provides nothing in return."

"To all Earthborn humans who have seen what's been done to your planet and have had enough. To all human colonists out there living among the alien wretches and feeling like you're losing who you truly are. To everyone out there who considers themselves a true human, and not a traitor to our species, I deliver this message: Cerberus is coming to help. And to all aliens listening, I only have one thing to say:"

"
Shepard leaned forward into the camera and almost snarled, "Get off our planet, before we *make* you leave."

All at once, the screens blinked off. In Shepard's apartment, everyone was silent.

Finally, Joker spoke up. "So... about that whole 'talking to the Council' idea..."
In that moment, the effort to open her eyes seemed almost herculean. But finally, she did it.

The first thing that she noticed was that her surroundings were very familiar. Had she been dreaming? Had all of this just been a nightmare, like the ones she’d had during the Reaper War? After all, here she was in her cabin on the Normandy. For the briefest of seconds, she felt hope. But it died quickly.

Because the next thing that Shepard noticed was that she was currently bound in place. As she gained more and more awareness of her current predicament, the knockout drug wearing off slowly, she became aware of several very disconcerting facts in a short period of time.

First, while she was in her cabin, she was currently sitting on the floor. And this was because her arms were tied behind her – quite securely as she found – around the hand railing of the small stairs leading down to her bedroom area. Glancing up, she could see a chain had also been fastened to the top of the railing, which extended down to the long metal bar that was fastened to both of her ankles. Keeping her legs spread almost painfully wide open and raised just slightly off the floor.

And putting her bare crotch on display. Because – and this was the part that really disturbed her – whoever had secured her in this lewd position while she was unconscious, had also stripped every last stitch of clothing from her body.

There were a number of things she might have expected after she had been knocked out and captured by an enemy. Part of her was even surprised she had woken up at all, and her enemies had not just taken the opportunity to put a bullet in her helpless body. She might have expected to have woken up in an Alliance cell, being accused of being a fake Shepard while the "real" one was off pretending to be her. Or dumped on some unknown planet with no weapons and no means of escape, slavering varren ready to pounce.

But this... this was something far more demented.

A wave of panic filled her as she remembered. Liara! Ash! What had those bitches done with them?

And after a few moments of taking in her surroundings, at least one of those questions was answered.

Someone had slung a long chain over the ceiling beam. On each end of the chain was a black leather cuff, and from those cuffs dangled a limp and unresponsive Liara. Like Shepard, she had been stripped completely naked, and her dangling legs had been forcibly spread with a metal bar.

For a terrible moment, Shepard thought that Liara might be dead. But after a moment of watching, she could see Liara's bare breasts heave slightly, and she felt her fear subside. She took a breath to call out to Liara, and it was only then that she noticed the large mass that was holding her mouth open.

After Liara started to rouse and raised her head, she could see a bright red ballgag in the asari’s mouth, and made an educated guess that the same perverted instrument had been inserted into her own mouth as well. Shepard also noted a black collar around Liara's neck, with circuitry and
several tiny lights glowing along its surface. A biotic inhibitor, Shepard realized, and even without seeing her own neck had little doubt that one was securely fastened around her neck as well.

Who the hell were these people? What did they intend to do with her and Liara? And - Shepard took another look around to make sure she wasn't there – what had they done with Ash?

Liara was awake now, and Shepard saw the same look of confusion and panic on her face that most likely had been on her own when she had awoken. Liara turned to see Shepard and tried to talk, but all she could get out from around the red ball in her mouth was an inarticulate grunt.

"I see our guests have finally woken up," said a voice from behind Shepard. She craned her neck to watch as the woman she'd known as Maya Brooks, and the Shepard clone, descended the stairs. Both of them had removed their battle armor since the encounter in the Citadel Archive, and had now donned Cerberus uniforms, similar to the ones Shepard's crew had worn back when she had first been brought back by the Illusive Man. Seeing the mirror image of herself wearing that ugly symbol again made her want to puke.

"Look at you," said the clone, staring down at Shepard defenseless on the floor. "The savior of the galaxy, the great Commander Shepard. Do you believe me now? Do you believe that I am the true Shepard, and that you were the faker all along?"

"Fughhh ouuu," Shepard tried to curse the clone, but only ended up sound ridiculous.

Brooks tossed her hair and sneered down at Shepard. "I don't think she's convinced, my dear. Well, no matter. By the time we're finished with her and her friends, she'll be more than willing to accept her defeat." From behind her back, Brooks withdrew a bottle of wine. "Until then... shall we drink to our success, love?"

"I couldn't think of a better idea," the clone said, as she opened a nearby drawer and retrieved a corkscrew. As she twisted off the cork, she glanced down at Shepard and mockingly asked. "Oh, you don't mind if we have a drink of this, do you? I have to admit, you may be a pale imitation of me, but you do have good taste in wine."

Shepard said nothing, simply glaring angrily at the clone as she poured herself and Brooks a glass. The wine had cost her 4,000 credits, and she had been saving it for a special occasion. Namely, the night after the Crucible Day celebration, when she would give Liara her ring and ask for her hand in marriage. She had the whole thing all planned out. The ring, then the wine, then they would make love all night and wake up the next morning ready for a lifetime together.

That plan, it seemed, had been taken off the table.

Brooks raised her glass to the clone and smiled. "Here's to the real Commander Shepard," she declared.

"And to showing the fake one and her friends just what Cerberus is capable of," the clone finished their toast, and the two of them clinked their glasses together.

It reminded Shepard of what Brooks had said shortly before knocking her out. *Oh, don't worry about your friends. We've got plans to deal with all of them.* She wondered what happened to James, Garrus, all the rest of them back at the Archives. Joker had mentioned contacting Jacob just before they had set out, so hopefully he had gotten to them before the CAT-6 mercs had sealed them up in a vault. But what about the others? Not everyone she knew had come to the Citadel for
the ceremony. If they didn't know about what had happened, didn't know that there was a monster out there, walking around with her face...

"Oh, we're so rude," Brooks said, as she crouched down next to Shepard, holding her wine glass up to Shepard's face. "Would you like a drink, my dear? Join us in our toast? No?" Brooks paused, and then snapped, "But I insist!" and flung the contents of the wine glass into Shepard's face. Shepard was too slow to react, and cried out into her gag as the wine splashed into her eyes, the alcohol feeling like fire on her retinas. She tried to blink away the irritating liquid, and her vision unblurred in time to see the clone standing next to the dangling Liara.

"Perhaps a little for our other guest as well," the clone said, as she tipped the bottle and let it drizzle out across Liara's breasts. Shepard bit hard into her gag as the clone then proceeded to lean down and begin licking the alcohol off of Liara's bare tits. Liara's face filled with disgust, and she tried her best to move away from the clone's lapping tongue. But in her current helpless position, she was forced to watch as the disgusting woman who looked just like her beloved slurped and sucked on her breasts.

"Just what are you doing, love?" Brooks asked the clone, her tone mildly reproachful, but mostly just amused.

Leaning away from Liara, leaving her breasts soaked in wine and saliva, the clone gave Brooks a helpless shrug. "I can't help it. It's in my DNA. I may think the asari are a bunch of conceited, foolish bimbos, who have more business being in charge of brothels than in charge of planets, but still..." The clone reached a hand down and boldly laid it on Liara's crotch, snaking a finger between her netherlips and forcefully stroking. "Part of me just can't resist the urge to fuck them." Turning to the real Shepard, the clone smirked as she continued to finger Liara. "I guess I have you to blame for that one."

"Well, all I'm saying is, why waste your time with a pair of alien tits?" Brooks said, before starting to unfasten her top. "When you've got an absolutely stunning pair of human tits that are yours to do whatever you want with."

Oh, God, this wasn't happening. Shepard watched as their two captors came together and fell into a passionate embrace, helping each other off with their clothing as they kissed each other. Shepard averted her eyes, only to see Liara's expression and wish she hadn't. She couldn't imagine what it must be like for Liara: even if she logically knew that the woman in front of her wasn't the real Shepard, having to watch someone who looked just like Shepard about to make love to another woman couldn't have been easy for her.

The two Cerberus lovers, both of them now down to just their panties, paused in their passion for a moment, throwing glances at their captives. "I don't think they're enjoying the show," the clone observed.

"Well, I think we can help them with that," Maya said, as she strutted her nearly-naked body over to a drawer. Shepard already knew what she was looking for, and the thought of what it meant made her struggle against her bonds.

"Quite a selection you have here," Brooks said, as she rummaged through the drawer, finally selecting an object in each hand. "Ooh, I think I have this one back at home," she cooed, as she extended one of the vibrators she had retrieved from Shepard's drawer and exhibited it to Shepard. "I'll let you decide. Do you want this one, or should I stick it in your asari slut?"
Shepard shook her head, and Brooks seemed to take this as an answer. "You don't want it? You want me to put it into Liara, then? Well, alright," Standing up and walking over to Liara, Brooks held the vibrator up in front of Liara's face. "We had a little talk, my dear, and Shepard told me that she very much wants me to put this inside your cunt. Isn't that right, Shepard?" Brooks didn't even bother to turn and see Shepard shaking her head again before saying, "Alright, then. We'll need to get you all nice and wet, first."

Activating the vibrator, Brooks brought it down to Liara's crotch, and pressed the tip of it against the upper edge of Liara's pussy. The asari shut her eyes and tried to move her hips away from the buzzing device. But Brooks matched every motion of Liara's hips, and soon the tip of the device became slick with Liara's unwilling arousal.

"There we go," Brooks said, as she slowly slid the whirring phallus into the squirming Liara. "That should keep you entertained while the real Shepard and I here break in our new bed." Turning away from Liara, Brooks brought out the other device and waved it in front of Shepard's face. "I guess that means this one's for you."

Shepard's eyes went wide. She had meant to get rid of that one. It was nearly twice the size of the device that Brooks had stuck into Liara. Shepard had used it once, and decided very quickly that it was too large and too powerful to be pleasurable for her.

And now Brooks was crouching down, bringing the loudly buzzing device up to Shepard's defenseless slit. Shepard cried out against her gag, writhing and trying her best to keep Brooks from sticking that giant thing inside her.

"Would you stop playing around and get back over here?" Shepard heard the clone say. A dark shape flew past Shepard's vision, and she looked down to see that the clone had discarded her panties. Shepard glanced past Brooks to see that the clone had started rubbing herself on the bed. Suddenly, a sharp spike of pain filled Shepard's head, and tears came to her eyes. Brooks had grabbed a handful of her hair and yanked it roughly. "Stop...fucking... moving," she snarled, and Shepard was in too much pain to disobey by that point. Against all sense, she started willing herself to become aroused, in the hopes of making the huge vibrator enter her a little more smoothly.

But Brooks was obviously in a hurry, and Shepard had barely even gotten damp before the Cerberus operative started roughly thrusting the huge fake cock inside of Shepard's pussy. Shepard grunted and screamed against her gag as Brooks shoved the dildo, buzzing so hard it felt like a jackhammer inside her, as deep as she could manage.

Several agonizing moments later, Brooks, satisfied with her work, removed her hand from the vibrator and rose to her feet, leaving Shepard sweating and moaning in pain.

Just as Brooks turned away, Shepard forced out a word against her gag. "Aaaahh," she moaned.

"What's that?" Brooks said, as she returned to crouch down next to Shepard.

"Come on, babe," the clone called out. "Or I'm going to finish without you."

"Aaaaah," Shepard struggled to form the word. "Aaash."

"Ass?" Brooks said. "You want it up your ass instead? Might be tricky, but I can give it a shot."
Shepard violently shook her head again. "Aaash. Aaash."

Brooks smiled in understanding. "You want to know what we did with Ashley Williams." When Shepard nodded, Brooks gave her a condescending pat on the cheek. "Don't you worry about Ms. Williams. My team is giving her a proper welcome to Cerberus's newest ship, down in the cargo hold." Standing back up, Brooks placed her hands at her waist and slid her panties down to the floor. Picking them up, she daintily laid them across Shepard's face, and her nose was filled with the smell of Brooks's juices.

Shepard probably could have shaken them off, but she preferred having her vision obstructed by black lace, to the thought of seeing what she was hearing: the two bitches making heated, passionate love on what used to be her bed.

"Ash, wherever you are, I hope you're in a better situation that we are right now," Shepard thought to herself, as the moaning of their captors and the buzzing from her and Liara's crotches continued for hours.
"Well, the Council wanted proof that Cerberus was back," Ashley thought, as she wiped a trickle of blood from the side of her mouth. "And right about now, that proof is kicking my damn ass."

She was surrounded by angry women, the group of Cerberus Phantoms that had hauled them back to the Normandy now out of their armor and taking turns throwing punches at her.

"Alien lover!" yelled out one, as she swung her arm in a wild punch that Ash easily avoided.

But the motion left her off balance, and unprepared for a kick to the ribs that another of the women delivered. "Council whore!" shrieked the second woman as her kick landed. Ash struggled not to lose her breath and to keep on her feet. She had to stay on her feet. If these women got her down on the floor, she might never get up again.

She had woken up down in the cargo hold about five minutes ago, and no sooner was up and about than the first punch landed in her face. She had taken a few good blows before the knockout gas wore off, but these scrawny little bitches hadn't done enough damage to take her down yet. She'd dealt with their type before: they were built for speed and agility, not raw strength. In a one-on-one fist fight, Ash wouldn't have even broken a sweat.

But of course, this fight wasn't one-on-one. Not by a long shot. Ash counted at least six, and between their angry faces she could make out at least two more waiting in the wings. Even if she got lucky enough to knock one out, another would be there to take her place.

And even if she took them all down, what then? Chances were the Normandy was light-years away from the Citadel at this point. She might be able to make it to an escape pod if she got lucky, but the thought of bailing on Shepard and Liara like that, when they could still be alive somewhere on the ship... it wasn't an option.

But then again, her other options right about now seemed to be, "Lay down and die, or put up a fight... and die anyway." As another punch flew past her face, Ash charged forward, tackling one of the women against a nearby crate. The Cerberus bitch let out a wounded cry, and Ash landed a hard right cross to her chin before ducking away from another one of them coming from behind her.

"This all you got?" Ash gasped, as the women encircled her. "I thought Cerberus was supposed to be the best humanity had to offer? Because right now, all I'm seeing are a bunch of weak little..."

"Fuck you, alien ass-kisser!" cried out one of them. As Ash had hoped, the woman made a wild, angry dash at her, one that she could counter a mile away.

But she'd been so prepared for the one attacker, she momentarily lost focus on the others. She felt a hard impact on the back of her knee, her legs buckling from under her as she fell face-forward onto the floor.

"No," Ashley moaned internally, as the Phantoms surrounded her helpless body, and she felt the blows start to rain down on her. "Can't let them beat me. Shepard needs me." She could feel her consciousness start to fade, and she knew that once it was gone, most likely she would never wake up. "The... the galaxy needs..."
"That's enough, goddamn it!" she heard a loud voice call out above her. With her cheek down on the floor, she could only see the feet of her attackers, as one-by-one they stepped away. Her body aching, Ash raised herself up enough to see her rescuer.

The woman was built like something out of Greek mythology. Currently, she was pressing one of her ripply, veiny arms against the throat of one of Ash's attackers. Ash could barely see the other woman's face past the broad shoulders and massive delts, but what little Ash could discern showed absolute terror.

"I said," the blond-haired muscular woman snarled at the pinned-down Phantom, "that's enough. I swear, if you cunts left a single permanent mark on her, I'm going to personally kick your sorry asses straight out the nearest airlock." She released the unfortunate Phantom, who gasped and scurried away.

"I swear, it's like working with children sometimes," said the woman, who finally turned to look down at Ashley. The woman was attractive, with light hazel eyes and full lips. And her front side certainly was a match for her back, with one of the most defined set of abs Ash had ever seen on a woman. She could work out and shoot up on steroids for a year, and Ash would never even come close to having a body like this woman's.

"Get it together, Ash," she thought to herself. "This woman may have kept you from getting killed, but she's one of your captors just like the rest of them. Stop checking out her muscles and start figuring out what her game is."

"You hurt bad?" the woman asked. "You okay to walk?"

Ash rose shakily to her feet. "Yeah, I'm good."

"You'll pardon them," the woman gestured over at the Phantoms, who had relocated themselves to the other end of the cargo hold and now glared over at Ash and her new best friend. "Part of the genetic mods they do to us Phantoms makes it so we only need to sleep thirty minutes every twenty-four hours. Means we get a lot more done, naturally, but also leads to a whole lot of boredom. And you know how testy some folks can get when they get bored."

"So... you're one of them?" Ash asked her, still surprised at how genial this woman was being to her.

The woman gave her a crooked smile. "Tell you what. How about we go back to my office and chat, so these ladies will stop staring daggers at you and get back to training like they should be?" she elevated her voice at the end, and the Phantoms immediately began heading toward the pieces of training equipment spread around the room. Most likely Vega's stuff, Ash imagined.

"Office?" Ash said, as the well-built woman led her to the elevator. "You in charge here or something?"

"For the most part, you could say that," the woman, as they entered the lift and she hit the button for deck 3. "I mean, Agent Brooks and Shepard #2 are really the ones in charge, but they tend to let me handle the day-to-day affairs around here. Trust me to do what's necessary to keep things running smoothly."

"So, pulling me out of that little scrum back there... was that an order for above? Or was that just
you exercising your own authority?" Ash asked her.

As they reached deck 3 and the door opened, the woman leaned in close. "That was my selfish little whim. Hate to break it to you, honey. But the ladies in charge, they don't really give a shit what happens to you. All their plans revolve around the two other captives up in their cabin, and they just brought you along for shits and giggles."

"Two other... Shepard and Liara are alive then?" Ash exclaimed, drawing stares from the crew mingling around on deck 3 as they walked. Ash recognized their uniforms. Just like the uniforms Shepard's crew had wore when she worked with Cerberus to fight the Collectors. God, it really was true. Cerberus was really back.

"Damn, here you got me talking too much and spilling things I shouldn't," the woman said, lightly slapping herself on the forehead. "Come on, let's step into my office, and I'll let you ask a few more questions before we get to what happens next."

**What happens next.** Ash wasn't sure she liked the sound of that. And with the revelation that Brooks and the clone had no interest in her life or death, it suddenly occurred to Ash that this woman, whoever she was, currently held Ash's fate in the palm of her hands. She was going to have to play these next few minutes carefully if she was going to avoid going back to the den of fighters down below.

They walked into the room, a cabin that used to be Liara's office back when Ash had made her home on the SR-2. These days... well, up until recently, that is, it had served as the cabin of Shepard's XO, James Vega. And if any person could make the décor choices of one Jimmy Vega fit her like a glove, it was this muscle-bound woman. Grabbing a pair of sizable dumbbells off a desk, the woman casually did bicep curls as she turned back to face Ash.

"So, let's back things up and do this properly," she said, as she lifted weights with alternating arms. "Name's Morgan Lezayen. One-time mercenary, now gainfully employed by a bunch of whacked-out human supremacists chasing after their former glories."

Ash arched an eyebrow. "So, does that mean you don't buy into the whole 'fighting for the rights of humans' philosophy?"

"Honey, I'll buy into any philosophy these folks tell me to," Morgan said with a laugh. "As long as they keep paying me and let me indulge myself from time to time, I could give a damn. If they told me tomorrow that they were a bunch of alien lovers and that I should start shooting every human I see... well, hand me the gun and don't skimp on the spare heatsinks."

"That must be some serious money," Ash said, sounding as casual as she could as she probed for more information. "Wonder where those kind of credits would be coming from."

"Don't know, don't care," Morgan remarked. "Just hope that we get started soon on all the fighting those ladies promised me when they signed me up and put me under the knife for the Phantom treatment. I tell you what, nothing gets the blood pumping through my body like a good fight." She paused in her exercises to give Ash a wink and a smile. "And I do mean my *entire* body."

"Heh heh. I know what you mean," Ash weakly muttered.

Morgan's smile widened as she said, "No, you don't. But you will."
"So, they said there's going to be some fighting coming up?" Ash asked, getting a little bit bolder in her questioning. Whatever was going on with this woman, she seemed to have no compunctions about answering any questions that Ash shot at her.

"That's what they tell me. Next phase of the game is go visit a couple of Shepard's old friends and bring them along for the ride," Morgan idly mused, resuming her arm exercises. "Pretty sure not all of them are going to be terribly cooperative. But they'll come along, one way or the other. And after that... comes the big one."

"The big one?" Ash asked. "That some sort of..."

Morgan let out a loud groan, and then abruptly dropped the dumbbells to the floor, where they struck with a loud clank. "Okay, talking time is over now."

Turning her back to Ash, Morgan stepped over to the bed at the far end of the room and took a seat at the edge of the mattress. Tossing her long blond hair back over her shoulders, she leaned back on her hands and stared across the room at Ash. "How about we stop wasting time, and you start taking off those clothes of yours?"

"Start taking off... wait, what?" Ash stammered.

Ash's reaction brought another wide smile to Morgan's face. "Oh, have I confused you? Did you think I brought you back here to eat chocolates and discuss poetry together? I guess I should have been more clear. See, here's the thing. We've got a long space flight ahead of us, and like I said: sleeping only thirty minutes out of the day means a whole lot of time to kill. And right about now, I feel like killing it watching you strip down to nothing, and then see where it goes from there."

"Are you fucking crazy?" Ash exclaimed, forgetting for a moment that this woman held her fate in her hand. "I'm not going to have sex with you!"

Morgan's smile faded, and she pursed her lips in consideration. "Well, nobody's forcing you to do anything, sweetheart. Just say the word, and I'll call a couple of the ladies from down on the cargo deck to come take you back and finish where you left off. If I recall correctly, I think that was somewhere around them caving your skull in with their feet."

Ash was ready to tell her to do it, that she would take her chances with the Phantoms and, if that's what it came to, at least die with dignity. But the news that Morgan had given her, that Shepard and Liara were still alive, gave Ash some pause. If there was any chance of escape, they all needed to survive whatever was to come. And it sounded like Brooks and the Shepard clone's plans involved keeping their other two hostages alive, at least for now.

"Dammit, Ash," said a tiny little voice in her head. It sounded a whole lot like her father, weirdly enough. "You've only ever made out with a girl once, and that was some drunken night you barely remember from back in your academy days. You really think you're gonna be able to munch carpet well enough to convince this woman not to toss you to the sharks?"

"I have to try," came her own voice in her head in response. "Shepard needs me to have her back. And after all she's done for me... is this really that much to ask?"

Morgan watched Ash's inner turmoil with a curious expression. "Well, Miss Williams? Do I make the call down to the cargo deck?"
Looking down at the cold metal floor, Ash took a breath and steeled herself. "No... no, you don't."

Clapping her hands, Morgan's grin returned to her face. "Alright, then. How about you give me a show, baby? No need to rush. We've got a long flight together."

Moving forward into the room, Ashley began peeling off her gloves, rolling them up her wrist and dropping them to the floor. Not exactly the sultriest start to her forced strip-tease, but she wanted to put off what was coming at the end of this sequence of events as long as possible.

As she bent down to start undoing one of her boots, Morgan cleared her throat. "Up here, sweetheart," she patted her lap. Ash complied, lifting her foot up into Morgan's lap. The blond woman easily undid and whipped Ash's right boot off, and then repeated the process with the left.

"Well, that's all the easy parts," Ash thought to herself. Slowly, she reached up to the neck of her shirt. Gripping the zipper, Ash tried not to retch at the eager expression on Morgan's face, as she slowly unzipped the garment and let it slide off her arms onto the floor.

"Damn, would you look at that," Morgan gazed in appreciation at Ash's upper body, only clad now in a black sports bra. "I mean, definitely room for improvement, but you can definitely tell that some work got put into that bod. You play your cards right, sweetheart, and I'll make sure you get some workout time in later. Would be a pity to let those muscles wither away."

"Gee, thanks for your hospitality, bitch," Ash thought but didn't say. Unfastening her belt, she tried her best to slide her pants down her legs as slowly as possible. Morgan let out another appreciative coo at the sight of Ash's toned legs. The woman knew what she liked, apparently.

Gripping the lower hem of her sports bra, Ash slowly drew the fabric up and under the lower curve of her breasts. Morgan was leaning forward now, practically drooling as she watched Ash's tits spill out into the open air.

Trying her best to delay the inevitable, Ash began her best attempt at a sexy dance, rubbing and caressing her breasts as she licked her lips. She ran through her memories, trying to remember all the Spectre business that had taken her into seedy nightclubs and underworld brothels. All those little tricks that the asari dancers and call girls would do to draw a man's eye.

Ash arched her back and rolled her hips, her fingers drifting along the edge of her grey cotton panties, the last garment remaining between her and this woman's lustful desires. Finally, though, Ash could see Morgan's expression start to turn annoyed, and knew that it was now or never. Slowly, and as sensuously as possible, Ash slid her panties down her legs, keeping her eyes locked on Morgan's as she stood up straight, naked as the day she was born.

"Fucking hell, somebody up there likes me," Morgan moaned, "Dropping such a wonderful gift in my lap like this. Turn around," she commanded, and Ash obeyed. "Bend over. No, all the way over. Spread your legs wide." Ash followed the Phantom leader's commands, hating that she had been driven to this but knowing that it had to be preferable to death. "Spread those cheeks, let me see that asshole."

Gritting her teeth and forcing herself not to stand back up, run over and strangle this lesbian bitch to death, Ash took hold of her asscheeks and spread them as wide as she could. She couldn't see Morgan from her current position, but she heard the woman whistle between her teeth. "Tell me the truth, now... you ever done anal before?"
"No!" Ash blurted out, then repeated it more calmly. "No."

"Oh, ho, ho," Ash heard a thumping noise that she eventually figured out was Morgan pounding her feet on the floor in excitement. "And an anal virgin to boot! Sweetheart, you're proving to be quite a catch. But now comes the true test. Stand up straight now, turn to face me."

Turning to face Morgan again, Ash saw that the woman had stripped off her tank top, and was fondling one of her breasts with one hand. The other hand was between her legs, gripping her mound and rubbing forcefully. "Come over and undress me," she commanded. "Time for you to prove your skills."

Struggling to retain her composure, Ash stepped forward. Morgan removed her hand from her crotch and watched Ash approach her, eyes wide in eager anticipation. Sinking down to her knees, Ash gripped the top of Morgan's baggy camouflage pants and began slowly drawing them down. Her fingers snagged the edge of Morgan's underwear as well, as she made to pull off all of the woman's lower garments in one motion.

Once the pants and underwear were past Morgan's crotch, what Ash saw then made her gasp and tumble back in surprise.

"Oh, don't be frightened, babe," Morgan said cheerfully, as she reached down between her legs and wrapped her fingers around the throbbing cock that jutted out above her pussy. "It won't bite."

"You... you've got..." Ash stammered, wide eyes staring at the massive organ.

"Not part of the standard Phantom package, I assure you," Morgan said, remarkably nonchalant as she stroked her erection. "But I bribed our resident doc with some extra credits from my last merc job, and he agreed to do the work on the side. And let me tell you... it was so fucking worth it."

Morgan's tone turned annoyed as she glared at Ash. "Uh, babe? I appreciate that it's a bit shocking and all, but I didn't just take it out for air."

Leaning forward, hand slightly shaking, Ash reached out to grip the... the cock between the Phantom leader's thighs. From the warm feeling on her palm and the blood she could feel pumping through it, Ash could be sure that it wasn't some kind of prosthetic or high-tech strap-on.

Nope. It was a real cock. And taking a deep breath, Ash got down to sucking on the massive rod.

"There you go," Morgan encouraged Ash's bobbing head. "Really is amazing, what they can do with genetics these days. Doc even gave me a working set of balls so that I could be fully functional." Pulling her hands away from her tits, Morgan pointed a finger at either side of her pussy. "Put them on the inside, though. Figured there'd be less chance for unfortunate zipper accidents that way. But same as a man's cock in every other way."

Morgan paused, then raised a finger. "Oh right, 'cept for the other thing. See, doc said he even could have set it up so my body produced actual sperm," Morgan chatted about the subject of her genetically-grafted cock like it was tomorrow's weather. "I told him, 'Doc, I got enough shit to deal with in my life already. You really think I want to be out there knocking up bitches on top of everything?' So the doc left that part out."

Ash tried her best to block out Morgan's constant yammering. In her mind, she imagined herself back on that night just before the war ended. That party at Anderson's apartment, where everybody had drunk way too much, and Ash had taken James to a quiet corner and did something very
similar to what she was doing now. Being in Vega's (former) personal cabin right now, the smell of his sweat from his constant workouts still lingering in the air, Ash could almost convince herself she was sucking off the studly marine right now, and not some freak of nature woman, who on a whim went out and got herself a cock.

"But fair warning, just because I can't catch you pregnant, doesn't mean I ain't gonna cum like a fire hose when you finish me off," Morgan continued. "Which, the way you're going... it ain't gonna be long now."

Morgan idly played with the hair on Ash's bobbing head as she spoke, "You should count yourself lucky. If you'd taken off those clothes and I wasn't a fan of your body, or if you were shit at giving a blowjob... you would have gone right back down to the cargo hold. But I've made up my mind, and I think you're going to be happy with my decision. For the rest of this trip, and from this point on... you're going to be my personal bitch. You'll stay here in my cabin, away from any of those awful people down below who'd try to put bruises on such a gorgeous body, and your only concern from now on will be sucking and fucking at my command. That cock you've got between those sweet little lips of yours right now... as long as you keep doing for it like you're doing now, we're not going to have any problems." Tilting her head back, Morgan opened her mouth and let out a long, low moan. "Oh, here it comes, bitch. Here comes my good little bitch's first big load! Unh... unh..."

Morgan's cock started jerking, and Ash felt her mouth begin filling up with warm cum. Reaching her hand up, she stroked and milked Morgan's cock, trying to drain the cum from the woman's internal balls as quickly as she could. Just when she felt like her mouth couldn't hold any more of the hot seed, she could feel the hard slab of meat in her hand start to shrink and wither. As she watched in surprise, it continued to get smaller and smaller, until it was little more than a two inch nub, only a little bit larger than the clit it was situated above.

"Amazing, isn't it?" Morgan said. "The marvels of modern science."

Turning her head and raising her hand, Ash spat out the cum that she had gathered in her mouth. "Yeah, I'm impressed. Now..."

Ash's words were cut off, as Morgan suddenly lunged forward and grabbed her by the face. "What the hell do you think you're doing? Did you just... spit out my cum?"

Unable to speak with Morgan's hard grip on her face, Ash could only nod.

"Maybe you didn't understand the importance of what I just said to you," Morgan said, the joviality in her voice drained away, replaced by a cold and vicious tone. "You're my bitch now. And being my bitch means that you're the only bitch, you understand? That cum you just spit out... that cum is for you, and only for you, from now on. It's my gift to you, and you treat it like... like that?" With her free hand, Morgan rubbed her forehead. "Look, I'm sorry if I'm yelling. But if you don't want me to throw you back to the wolves, you'd better show my gift the proper appreciation."

Morgan released her grip on Ash's face. Turning her head and trying her best to keep her stomach from protesting, Ash began licking the cum out of her palm and off her hand. Once her mouth was full of the warm semen, she forced herself to swallow it down.

"Much better," Morgan said, the smile returning to her face. "Now, then. I've got some things to check up on around the ship. Why don't you go ahead and catch a nap over on the couch over there? Imagine it's been a hard day for my new little bitch." Watching as Ash cleaned the last drops
of cum off her fingers, she reached down and gave her a pat on the head. "And when I get back, we can get started on busting open that virgin asshole of yours."

If that was meant to make it easier for Ash to sleep, it didn’t. She turned from her spot kneeling on the floor, and went to grab her underwear.

"Uh uh uh," Morgan cheerily said, scooping up the underwear and all of Ash's other articles of clothing. "No bitch of mine is going to have to worry about something as pointless as clothes," she said, tossing all of Ash's clothing into a drawer and locking it shut. "There's a blanket on the couch if you're feeling cold. Some snacks on my desk if you get the munchies." Heading out the door, she called back over her shoulder, voice still filled with glee. "Now be good while I'm gone! And keep that ass all nice and puckered for me!"

Shuffling over to the couch, Ash huddled under the blanket, her body folding into a fetal position as she stared at the walls and didn't come even close to sleeping.

Maybe going back to the cargo bay would have been the right choice after all.
"How did it go?" asked Vega as Jacob descends down the Council Chamber steps. From the way he looked, though, the answer was obvious to anyone.

"Useless," Jacob snapped. "They're not going to help us at all."

Rooker stared back up the stairs at the Council meeting area. "Did they at least believe you about the Shepard on the video screens being a clone?"

"I don't know," Jacob said, the three of them walking through the Citadel Tower as they talked. "All I got was a lot of 'even if that were true' and 'supposing we did believe you.' How many times have we gone through situations like this, and the Council still doesn't believe us when we show them the threat right in front of their faces?"

"Yeah, that other Shepard almost had a point about that," Vega said. Seeing the glares the other two were giving him, he rubbed the back of his neck. "I mean, not really, but... well, you know what I mean. As usual, the Council is no help at all."

Jacob sighed. "Thing is, though, that message the clone sent out is making waves. Lots of reports of unrest on both sides. You've got folks like the Terra Firma party calling that speech 'the truth that we denied for too long' and getting a bunch of xenophobic humans all riled up. And on the other side, you've got representatives from the alien races threatening to cut off ties with humanity, pulling funding from projects and imposing sanctions. I mean, I don't like it, but I can't deny that the Council has its hands full right now."

"Which they wouldn't, if they'd help us go get Shepard back so we could straighten this all out," Vega said. "If we could only get this bureaucratic bastards to finally find their goddamned balls and..."

"Ten hut!" called out Rooker, and snapped off a salute. Turning their attention forward, Jacob and Vega immediately copied the motion.

"At ease," said Admiral Hackett. "I take it you've met with the Council, Commander Taylor."

"Yes, sir," Jacob reported. "Looks like we can't count on them for assistance in this matter."

Hackett nodded. "Disappointing, but not surprising. I read your report on what happened in the Citadel Archives. You swear that everything you wrote is the absolute truth?"

"I do, sir," Jacob said. "Anything I didn't personally witness, was testified to by several reliable sources."

"A goddamned clone," Hackett said, letting out a tired sigh. "I have to give it credit: it put us right where it wants us. If we go out there and tell the people that the Shepard they saw on the screens was a clone, they'd laugh us straight into dark space. It'd sound like we're making up an excuse to cover up for a loose cannon. But we don't tell the truth, and the whole galaxy thinks that its greatest hero just told every alien race that we'd be better off without them."

"So, you going to go talk to the Council, sir?" Vega asked. "See if you can convince them to help?"
Hackett shook his head. "Much as I'd like to, I'm not here for that. I'm here about Earth."

"Earth?" Rooker asked. "Has something gone wrong down there?"

"Not yet, but if we don't get this situation resolved soon, something will go wrong down there. It's something we don't like to talk about, but with so many aliens making their homes on our planet now... it's been a powder keg just waiting to ignite. And this situation with the clone just may be what does it. So I'm going to the Council to see if they can commit some troops to help keep the peace down on Earth."

"Alien troops on Earth, sir?" Jacob said. "All due respect, but that seems like it'd only make the situation worse."

Hackett nodded. "I know. And if I had any other option, I'd take it. But you know that Earth's military still isn't up to snuff, even three years after the Reaper war. If Earth starts seeing riots or, God forbid, even worse, our people aren't going to be enough to contain it."

"Admiral, please," Jacob said. "I know that the Council isn't going to help, and I know that the Alliance can't spare any people. But let me take a team in the Orpheus. See if we can track down any leads, figure out where the Normandy has gone to."

The admiral considered. "Commander Taylor... do what you have to do. I'm sure some of the politicians back on Earth won't be happy about it. Just like they weren't happy when we reinstated you back into the military. The idea of sending a former Cerberus operative to track down a supposed Cerberus defector will probably send them into fits." Hackett gave Jacob a slight, craggy smile. "But let them fire me if they don't like it. Then somebody else can deal with the shitstorm this clone kicked up."

"Thank you, sir," Jacob said, giving Hackett a sharp salute. "I won't let you down."

"I hope you're right, Commander," Hackett said, returning the salute. "Good luck."

The admiral stepped between them, and the three marines turned to watch him walk away.

"What the..." Vega muttered, as all three of them locked gazes on the Admiral's back.

And the bright white "Kick Me" sign that had been planted there.

As soon as he heard the giggle, Jacob rolled his eyes. "Alright, Kasumi, show yourself."

"Sorry," said the dark-clad thief that materialized in front of them. "I know he just helped you out, but I couldn't resist."

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"What are you doing on the Citadel?" Jacob asked her.

Kasumi grinned from under her hood. "You kidding? Big celebration like this Crucible Day thing? Means lots of rich marks visiting the Citadel, just begging to find a few valuable items missing before they leave."

"Commander," Rooker turned to Jacob with a quizzical stare. "Did this woman just admit to acts of theft? Aren't we obligated to take her into custody for..."
"Relax, Rooker," Jacob put a hand on his XO's shoulder. "Kasumi's an old friend."

"Aww," Kasumi said. "You're making me blush here, Jacob."

"So I guess you heard the whole thing, then," Vega said to Kasumi.

"Enough to know that there's another big mission coming up, and you're going to try to rope me into it," Kasumi said. "And I just came by to say, absolutely, no way, am I going along with you people."

Jacob looked confused. "Actually, I wasn't planning to ask you to..."

"Look, you may think you can smooth-talk anybody you want to with those deep brown eyes and that sexy voice," Kasumi interrupted. "But nothing you say is going to convince me to follow along on this dangerous mission."

"Kasumi, I seriously wasn't going to ask you to..."

Kasumi rolled her eyes. "Nope. No amount of begging, pleading, or soothing back rubs is going to get me to sign up for this. You can just count me out."

Taking a deep breath, Jacob dully recited, "Kasumi we could really use your help on this could you please come along we would really appreciate it thanks."

Kasumi pounded a fist into her thigh. "Curse you, Jacob. You're just too damn persuasive for me. Fine, I'll come along. But you owe me for this one."

"I'm sure I do," Jacob said, extending a hand to Kasumi. "Welcome ab..." Jacob stammered as his hand passed straight through Kasumi's into open air. He felt a tap on his shoulder, and turned to find Kasumi behind him.

"Newest model of the Decoy Unit," Kasumi said with a giggle. "Pretty sweet, huh? See you on the ship," she said, and then cloaked and vanished before Jacob could respond.

Rooker rubbed at the side of her head. "So... we've got the cat burglar on our team. What other valuable resources do we have to draw on, again?"

Vega pulled up a datapad. "Well, Tali and Garrus are in, of course. Javik was his usual cheerful self when I asked, but sounds like he's down. Cortez agreed to come along to help with shuttle duties." Vega scrolled down the list. "Ken and Gabby, I think they'd probably come if we asked them to, but I figured with Gabby so far along now, we probably don't want to bring them and risk something happening to..." Vega trailed off, glancing up at Jacob awkwardly. Clearing his throat, Vega was somewhat subdued as he added, "Well, uh... anyway, I'm sure the Orpheus has enough engineering staff already."

"What about Wrex?" Jacob asked.

"Unfortunately not," Rooker chimed in. "That clone's speech seems to have sparked off some anti-human sentiment back on Tuchanka. Wrex has to go back to smooth things over. But he did say he was going to send somebody from clan Urdnot to back us up. We're supposed to meet him down in the Armax Arsenal Arena in a half hour."
"Then we shouldn't waste any more time," Jacob said, quickly starting to walk.

Vega moved to follow Jacob, but was stopped by Rooker. "Why'd you have to bring that up?" she hissed at him.

"I forgot, okay?" Vega defended himself. "He's still hung up about that?"

"You see that look he gave when you said it? What do you think?" Rooker rolled her eyes and moved to follow Jacob.

Shaking his head, Vega muttered. "Dammit. Great way to start a mission."
When she had woken up, she was in darkness and pain.

"Is this what death is like?" she had thought to herself. "Is this my fate for the rest of existence? To suffer in darkness?"

In that blackness, she had remembered the vision of the insane A.I. calling itself the Catalyst. Remembered the choices it had given her, the dilemma it had placed in front of her. How she had wished she could have told that psychopath wearing the face of a child to go to hell with its choices. But as much as she wanted it to be different, the Catalyst and the power of the Crucible were the only way to stop the war once and for all.

And so she had made her choice. She had rationalized it beforehand. Not only would her choice destroy the Reapers, it would also rid the galaxy of the Catalyst and its broken logic.

But as she had stepped up to that conduit, firing the shots that would kill all A.I. and – she believed – herself as well, three faces had flashed into her mind: Admiral Anderson, once so courageous and commanding, lying dead on the floor below her. Liara, who had stood by her side for so long.

And EDI. It was funny. Shepard had been taught since she was young that all A.I. were evil, and would inherently desire to rebel against their masters. The Quarians were held up as a cautionary tale, what happens when organic beings make the mistake of trusting sentient computers. And in her days fighting against geth, she had seen nothing to make her believe that these teachings were wrong.

But then EDI had come along. Despite their first meeting being somewhat contemptuous – what with Shepard putting bullets into most of her vital systems – the AI had become a real member of her crew, and Shepard had even come to the point of calling EDI a friend.

And then Shepard killed her.

"For the greater good" and all that didn't seem to help much when Shepard knew that, as she was firing shots into that conduit, she might as well be back on Luna again. Might as well be shooting EDI herself.

It was those actions that made her believe at first that this dark, painful state she was in was her punishment. It was only a few hours later, when engineers sorting through the battered Citadel found her and pulled her bleeding and half-starved body from the wreckage, that she came to the startling realization that she was, somehow, still alive.

But there were nights, more than she cared to admit, that she dreamed she was back under that rubble. Trapped in the blackness, certain she had been consigned to hell.

Considering her current circumstances, maybe that dream was more appropriate now than ever before.

* * *

There was a sharp pain in her forehead, drawing her out of sleep. But Shepard didn't want to open
her eyes at first. If she could just stay in the darkness a little while longer, she could forget where she really was.

Then another pain, this one right above her eye. And finally Shepard opened her eyes, to see her own dark and twisted mirror image. The clone was sitting in a chair opposite Shepard, a light smile on her face as she held a large stack of what appeared to be thin metal plates.

"Finally awake, I see," the clone said. "Was just doing some tidying up around the ship. Getting rid of some of the more tacky decorations."

Shepard stared at the plates in the clone's hand, and it took her a second before she realized what she was looking at. Staring down at the floor, she saw several more of the plates scattered around her.

"ALEXAI DUBYANSKY" "MANDIRA RAHMAN" "RICHARD L. JENKINS"

She looked back up at the clone, eyes filled with rage. It was bad enough she was stealing the Normandy and holding her hostage. Did she have to desecrate the memories of these people, who had bled and died to save the galaxy?

The clone saw Shepard's anger, and it only seemed to make her more pleased with herself. "I told you, didn't I?" the clone said, as she chose another name plate and threw it at Shepard. The sharp edge hit Shepard's upper chest and left a red mark, before tumbling down her bare breasts and hitting the floor. The name, upside-down from Shepard's viewpoint, read "MORDIN SOLUS." "Told you that your devotion to your comrades was your weakness. You and your people killed quite a few of the mercenaries we hired back on the Citadel. Think I'll be putting any of their names up on a wall somewhere? Assuming I had cared enough to even remember their names, that is."

Shepard, ball-gag still in her mouth, could not respond. Even if that weren't the case, the fact that she was still locked in a hideously obscene position – legs hoisted and spread, her sore pussy wantonly on display – would have made any attempts to berate or intimidate the clone somewhat unconvincing.

"At least they took the goddamned vibrator out," Shepard thought to herself. Though this was little comfort to her, as the clone continued to take the memorial plates and flick them at Shepard's naked body, each impact delivering a slight, sharp pain. To Shepard's body... and to her conscience as well.

"Ooh, here's an old favorite," the clone said, taking the next nameplate and exhibiting it to Shepard: "KAIDAN ALENKO." "Tell me, Shepard: how many nights did you cry yourself to sleep, thinking about the terrible choice you had to make between him and Williams? Oh, it must have torn you apart so much, having to decide." Laughing, the clone slouched back in her chair. "Me, I would have gone with a good, old-fashioned coin toss." The clone threw the plate, the edge of Kaidan's memorial striking Shepard's cheek before tumbling to the floor among the rest.

"And of course, there's this one," the clone put the other plates down and held the one she'd chosen up to Shepard. "ANNA SHEPARD." "Guess they had this one ready to go, just in case," the clone mused. "Who knows, though? Before all this is over, we might get a chance to make it come true." Standing up from the chair, the clone crouched down next to her defenseless captive. Reaching between Shepard's legs, the clone spread apart her labia with one hand, while slowly sliding Shepard's memorial plate inside of her. The sharp metal edges grated roughly against Shepard's
inner walls, Shepard fighting the urge to cry out. She didn't want to give this lab-grown bitch the pleasure of seeing her in pain.

"We'll just leave that there for a while, as a reminder of why you lost to me," the clone said with a smirk. "And so you remember the next lesson we're about to deliver to you."

As if on cue, the door to Shepard's cabin slid open, and Shepard turned to watch Brooks lead Liara in. Liara had her arms bound behind her back, and the look in her eyes was sad and downcast. Shepard couldn't imagine what kind of psychos Brooks and the clone had manning this ship, if the sight of one of their leaders parading around a naked, gagged asari didn't give them pause. And make them wonder what kind of sick and twisted people they were taking orders from.

"Who are you kidding, Shepard?" she thought to herself. "These people are trying to revive Cerberus. 'Sick and twisted' comes as part of the package."

"So?" the clone said, standing up to face the new arrival. "Did she check out alright?"

"Ruben says it's all good," Brooks said. "After his typical grousing about 'filthy asari' and all that. Shouldn't be a problem."

The clone nodded. "Alright then. Think it's time for my imitator down there and her asari girlfriend to learn what their new life on the Normandy entails."

Brooks led Liara over to the railing opposite of Shepard, and withdrew a key to unfasten one of Liara's wrists. Part of Shepard expected Liara to use her now free hands to choke the life out of the Cerberus operative, but Liara remained compliant as Brooks worked the old-fashioned metal handcuffs through the railing and refastened them to Liara's wrist.

"I've got something to show you two," Brooks said, as she went over to a large duffel bag by the side of Shepard's bed. She retrieved a large metal rod, with twin prongs on one end and a rubber handle on the other. Holding it up casually in one hand, she pivoted so that both Shepard and Liara got a glimpse of it. "This is a varren prod. The Krogan invented it as a method of training their filthy little beasts to obey." Brooks glanced over at the clone. "And now, we'll be using it for the same purpose."

Walking over to Liara, Brooks pushed a button on the handle of the device. "Allow me to demonstrate."

There was a crackling of electricity, and Shepard struggled against her bonds as Brooks pressed the end of the device into Liara's flesh. The cries Liara let out against the hard rubber of the ball-gag made Shepard's vision go red. She saw herself taking that rod and jamming it up Brooks's ass, hitting the button over and over again until her insides were scorched black. She could feel the handcuffs around her wrists digging into her flesh, and knew she was probably cutting herself on the hard metal.

But she didn't care. Saren, the Illusive Man, Balak... none of them had she hated as much as she hated these two women.

After a few agonizing seconds of watching Liara scream and writhe, Brooks pulled the prod away, and Liara tumbled back and slid against the wall, falling to her knees on the floor. Brooks turned a sinister gaze to Shepard, but then glanced over at her clone lover. "You wish to do the honors, love?" Brooks said to the clone, handing the prod over to her.
"Naturally," the clone retrieved the prod and stood over Shepard. She hit the button on the handle a couple of times, electricity sparking between the two prongs. "I want you to remember how this feels," she said. "Because you're about to be given your instructions. And if you don't want to follow them, well..."

The clone touched the prod to Shepard's skin, and she nearly bit through the hard rubbed ball in her mouth. She'd experienced pain before, but nothing even close to this level of total, unimaginable misery. She could feel her restraints biting into her flesh again, a thin trickle of blood dripping down her wrist, as she twitched and screamed under the torture of the device.

She doubted that the clone had used the device any longer on her than Brooks had on Liara. A few seconds at most. But it felt like hours had passed before the clone finally pulled the prod away.

"Now that you've seen what it will feel like to disobey, here are your instructions," the clone said, moving to stand beside Brooks as the two of them eyed their prisoners. "From now on, you are our slaves. You will follow any instructions given by us or our people. With no hesitation, and no questions asked. You will not speak to any of your masters unless we request you to. Any insubordination, hesitation, or resistance will be met with punishment."

"Do not believe us to be completely without mercy, however," Brooks said. "If you behave, and play by our rules, you will be allowed free reign of this cabin while we're not here. Use the facilities, sleep on the bed. You might even be able to make yourselves believe that this is all just a horrible dream, for a little while at least. But if you hear the door chime, you are to stop whatever you are doing and move to stand with your back against the wall." Pointing, Brooks added disdainfully, "Over there, where all those wretched fish used to be. You will do this, and you will not move until instructed otherwise."

The clone continued. "And before you get any bright ideas, we have access to the camera feed inside this room. And access to the Normandy's counter-insurgency protocols. If you fail to comply with this command in enough time, we will gas the room and knock you out, secure you in these positions again, and spend the next few hours disciplining you with the prod."

"I already know what you're thinking, Shepard," Brooks said, as she stared calmly into Shepard's vicious glare. "You're already working out escape plans, ways for you and your asari to kill us and take back control of the Normandy. I promise you, they will not work. First off, we have recoded the Normandy's lifts to include a biometric scan. One that is only coded to recognize the true Commander Shepard, myself, and our crew." Brooks took the prod from the clone, and Shepard flinched as Brooks put the tip of it inches from Shepard's face and hit the button. "And if you've got some plan to take this away from one of us, I'd like to inform you that the triggering mechanism has been fitted with a thumb scanner. Needless to say, Liara T'Soni and the fake Commander Shepard have not been programmed to use it."

The clone spoke to Shepard, the enjoyment on her and Brooks's faces as they detailed the terms of Shepard and Liara's captivity evident. "Incidentally, I don't know if you've noticed something a little different around the top of your head. Well, I guess without a mirror, it would be difficult. But while you were knocked out, I took a trimmer to your hair. Didn't cut it as short as your old friend Jack used to do hers, of course. But enough so that, even if you did manage to get off this deck and out into the rest of the ship, you'd have a difficult time trying to impersonate me." Looking over at Brooks, Shepard cocked a head. "Think that's everything. Anything you can think of that I forgot?"

"Not a thing, love," Brooks said, holding up a hand to caress the clone's cheek, before leaning in
for a light kiss. It must have been a bizarre sight: two women sharing a tender kiss, while an exact duplicate of one of the women and an asari watched from the flood, bound and gagged. A classic romance, it certainly was not.

Brooks pulled away from the clone's lips, and turned back to face her captives. "Now, I think it's time that our two slaves demonstrate their understanding of the rules," she said, and Shepard watched in disgust as she reached for her belt and started dropping her slacks to the floor. She hoped that these two didn't intend to make love again in front of them, but considering the clone was mirroring Brooks's actions and sliding off her pants as well, Shepard suspected that the two little voyeurs were about to get their freak on again.

The two women were completely bottomless now, pussies bare and right at Shepard and Liara's eye level on the floor. "Now," the clone said, as she moved to stand in front of Liara, "here's what's going to happen. Maya and I are going to take those gags out of your mouth, and you two are going to demonstrate that you understand the rules."

The clone hesitated, a sinister smile on her face as she continued, "And that understanding will be demonstrated by the two of you eating us out. Hesitate, and we use the rod. Any teeth come out, any attempt to do anything other than lapping at our wet cunts, and we use the rod. But if you make us both cum, then we will undo your bonds and allow you some free time before your next session."

"Trust me on this," Brooks said, as she unlocked the spreader bar from Shepard's legs and removed the plaque from her pussy, allowing her to move into a kneeling position. "Considering what we have planned for you two in the weeks to come, what we ask of you today is precious, precious little. You might come to look back on this day fondly, to be honest."

"Now, before we take these off," the clone said, as she crouched down next to Liara and reached back to the straps of the ball-gag, "I want to get a nod out of both of you, that you're going to play by the rules. Because if you don't," the clone grabbed the varren prod and triggered it, the device letting out loud cracking noises. "Maya and I can always entertain ourselves in other ways, instead. So, do you agree to follow the rules? Or do we spend the next few hours tossing the prod back and forth and seeing who passes out first?"

Shepard watched as Liara, after several seconds of hesitation, slowly nodded. The clone unhooked the gag from her mouth, and Liara had only a few seconds to work her sore jaw before the clone had stood up, grabbed Liara by the head fronds, and shoved her face directly between her pale pink thighs.

The sight made Shepard want to retch, but she found her head being forcefully turned to the side by Brooks. "How about you?" Brooks asked her. "You going to fall in line?"

She hated herself for it, but the thought of suffering under that prod for hours on end was unfathomable. Her eyes still burning with murderous intent, Shepard nonetheless nodded.

"Good," Brooks said, unfastening the gag for Shepard's mouth and standing up straight. Brooks's pussy, already glistening with arousal and decorated with a small strip of pitch black hair at the top, was now directly in Shepard's face. "Now, I know it's probably been a while since you've done this to a human cunt, but from my understanding, I believe we all have our parts in the same place. I'm sure you'll manage," Brooks said, as she stepped forward and put her crotch in the reach of Shepard's mouth.
Leaning forward, Shepard hesitatingly stuck out her tongue. She tried to move as slowly as possible, but eventually she felt Brooks's nagging hand on the back of her trimmed head, and she leaned in enough to get the taste of Brooks's cunt on her tongue. Her nose filled with that smell of arousal again, the same that had wafted from the woman's panties while the two of them had fucked on Shepard's bed.

She licked, slowly at first. To her left, she could hear her clone letting out light moans of approval. Twisted as it may have been, Shepard couldn't help but envy Liara in one regard: at least she might be able to pretend that she was eating the pussy of somebody she loved, and not one of their twisted captors. And if the clone's body was wired the same as Shepard's, Liara would have an easier time making this vicious, perverted facsimile of herself come to a climax.

Fingernails bit into the back of Shepard's head, and she winced. "Too slow, slave," she heard Brooks above her. "You're going to have to work harder than that if you're going to get me off."

Visions of this woman's painful death filling her mind, Shepard sought out Brooks's clit with her mouth. She wrapped her lips around the sensitive nub of flesh, and began working her tongue around it. From the feeling of warm arousal dripping down Shepard's chin, she must have been doing something right.

"You'll figure out a way to get out of this," Shepard told herself, as she started to feel her tongue get sore from the effort she was putting into pleasuring her captor. "Right now, they've got the upper hand. But if you play ball for now, get them to let their guard down a little, you'll find a way out of this sooner or later. And if not... Garrus and Jacob and your friends, they'll find you. They have to."

It sounded good to her. She wasn't sure she was entirely convinced, but for now, it made being forced to eat the pussy of her captor feel a little less degrading.

"So, how's she doing?" she heard the clone ask, her breath hitching a little as Liara's head bobbed between her legs.

"Adequate," Brooks said, even as her juices dripped down Shepard's face. "No comparison to the genuine article, though. Like everything else, she's just a pathetic copy of the real Shepard."

Shepard heard her clone laughing. "Well, maybe tonight I'll make it up to you. This one, however..." the clone let out a long, low moan. "With a tongue like this, it's no wonder why the asari are the best whores in the galaxy. Makes me wonder if their fake Prothean goddess made them the 'chosen race' because she wasn't thinking with her brain, but with her cunt... or whatever Protheans had."

"Makes sense to me," Brooks said. "Because God knows the Protheans didn't pick them for their smarts. Else why would their planet have ended up a smoking pile of rubble?"

Shepard knew that Liara was strong, and childish taunts like these wouldn't get to her. Still, she couldn't imagine it was easy for Liara to concentrate on her current task, with these women putting down her entire species while she did it.

After several more minutes of vigorous licking and vulgar taunts from over her head, Shepard finally heard Brooks's coarse talk get interrupted by gasping breaths and moans. Shepard, her face now glistening with her captor's fluids, pulled away as soon as Brooks's climax seemed to subside.
Looking over, Shepard saw that Liara had finished her work as well. The clone released her grip on Liara's head and pulled away, she and Brooks returning to their clothing and getting dressed.

"A good start," the clone said as she zipped up her Cerberus uniform pants. "But I think there's a lot more things we can do with our two new slaves. Don't you think?"

"Oh, no question," Brooks said. "For now, though, we'll fulfill our end of the bargain." Reaching into her pocket, she pulled out a set of keys. "Now, I'm going to unlock you two from your bonds. As soon as you have been released, you will stand up against the aquarium wall, and you will not move until we have left the cabin and locked the door. Nod if you understand."

Shepard nodded, and Liara followed suit. Brooks unlocked Liara first, who rubbed her wrists as she walked over to the position she had been ordered to. "Back against the wall, hands behind your back," the clone commanded, and Liara obeyed.

"Now, your turn," Brooks said, as she undid Shepard's handcuffs. Shepard noted with a dull satisfaction that Brooks tensed up, just a little, as Shepard pulled her arms away from the railing.

All your talk about being in control of things, about how that clone is the real Shepard and I'm just a copy. And still, I see the fear in your eyes. The knowledge that, if circumstances were different, you'd be lying dead on that floor before you'd even get a chance to blink.

Despite seeing the weakness in her captor, Shepard still walked over to stand beside Liara. She mirrored Liara's posture and stared straight ahead, eagerly anticipating the moment when these two women would leave their presence.

"Now, Maya and I have matters to attend to on our ship," the clone said. "You two can take this time to do whatever you like while you're gone. Just try not to mess up our cabin too much, or we might have to rethink our generosity. Somebody will be up with some food later. Imagine you two are probably getting hungry."

"Wouldn't want our slaves to starve, now, would we?" Brooks said with a caustic laugh. She and the clone started heading for the door.

"Stop."

Everyone in the room jumped, startled at the sudden command. Except for Shepard, the one who had issued it.

As Brooks and the clone turned, Brooks with the varren prod in hand, Shepard continued speaking. "I know I'm going to get punished for this, and I'll take it, because I only need to say this once. You may think you've won this, that you've defeated me. But your victory is temporary at best. You talk about my friends being my weakness, but when they track you and this ship down – and trust me, they will find you – you're going to see my 'weakness' coming at you with guns blazing. And when they come for me, and you two are left on your knees and begging for your lives... you will find no mercy for me."

The two captors had walked over to stand in front of Shepard, watching with blank expressions as she spoke. "I've shown mercy to so many. Murderers, terrorists, men with the most twisted minds – whether twisted by indoctrination or just their own insanity – all of them I have offered mercy if I can. But for you two... none of that. After I've finished talking, you can prod me, torture me, do whatever twisted things you want to me as punishment, but that won't stop me from saying this,
here and now: I promise you, on the lives of those people whose names belong on the Normandy wall, and on everything that I stand for... that when the day comes, I will kill both of you without hesitation."

The clone and Brooks glanced at each other. "Quite a speech there, slave," Brooks said, sounding unimpressed. "If only bravado and a few powerfully spoken words could free you from your predicament. But it's going to take a bit more than that, I'm afraid," Brooks raised the prod. "And you are right, that the only thing your act of pointless disobedience will accomplish will be swift punishment. So, with that said..."

Swinging her hand to the side, Brooks hit the button on the prod, and pressed it against Liara's neck. Shepard instinctively stepped forward, only to feel her clone's powerful hand on her shoulder. "Move away from that wall, and we turn the voltage up to double strength," the clone warned her, as Liara cried out in pain. Shepard's breath heaved in rage as she was forced to sit back and watch Liara suffer, while the clone stared back at her with arrogant glee.

"Remember what I said to you," the clone said, leaning in close to get face to face with her twin. "About how your friends are your weakness. Well, here's your demonstration. Because if you disobey any of our orders, speak out of turn like you just did, then the good asari doctor here will take the shock. And the same goes for her as well: she uses that talented little asari tongue of hers for any purpose than lapping at snatch, then we'll shock you until you piss yourself."

Brooks turned off the prod, and Liara drew in pained, ragged breaths as the agony ebbed. "I think the lesson has been received," Brooks said, as she and the clone resumed their exit. "Have a nice rest, slaves. The best is still yet to come."

The door shut and locked behind them, and Shepard turned to face Liara, still breathing heavily from the pain of the prod. She fought to think of anything to say, any calming words that could make Liara feel better.

In the end, though, nothing came. And she simply stepped forward and wrapped Liara in her arms, the two of them desperately holding tight to each other.

"I'm sorry, Liara," Shepard thought to herself. "I'm sorry for getting us into this."
Part 1: Old Friends, New Enemies (Armax Arsenal Arena)

The atmosphere in the Armax Arsenal Arena was raucous, the crowds cheering at whatever battle was currently running in the combat arena below. The three Alliance marines had to find their way through a mass of people onto the main floor.

"So, where are we supposed to meet this Urdnot clan representative?" Rooker said, scanning the krogans in the crowd for any sign of their contact.

Jacob smiled wryly. "If we're meeting who I think we're meeting, I have an idea." Gently pushing his way through the crowd, he managed to find them three of them a spot at the railing. "That's him right down there."

Currently, the holographic battlefield was arranged to resemble a war-torn segment of Earth during the Reaper invasion. The battle being depicted, however, certainly never would have taken place during that conflict.

"Take cover," called out one of the virtual soldiers on the field. The insignia on its uniform left no mistake as to what program was currently being run. The Cerberus troops ducked behind pieces of debris, dodging the shotgun blasts coming from their opponent.

"Ha ha ha! That all you got, you whimpering pyjaks?" bellowed Urdnot Grunt, as he hurled out a frag grenade and fired shotgun blasts at the troops that scattered.

"Madre de Dios, is he running this simulation solo?" Vega exclaimed, leaning down to watch the fight in awe. "Me and two of the guys from N7 training tried this last time on shore leave, and we barely made it through, the three of us together! You'd think he would at least set the difficulty down a bit."

"I think you'll find, James," Jacob said as he watched the krogan below chase down the last remnants of the Cerberus forces, "that Grunt doesn't believe in 'taking things easy.'"

"Come here, you," said Grunt, and the crowd alternately cheered and winced as the krogan warrior got his hands on one of the last remaining Cerberus soldiers.

Rooker watched, eyes wide in fascination, "Is he doing what I... yes," she said, a mild look of disgust on her face, as the crowd let out a loud cry and Grunt laughed boisterously below. "God, I didn't even think the simulation was programmed to allow that sort of... ew."

"Do you like it?" said a voice to their side. They turned to see a volus at the railing, a box provided for him to stand and look over the high rail. His speech was peppered with wheezes from his breather as he spoke. "Sorry to interrupt, but I'm Doral Munt, the owner of this establishment. I hope you're enjoying the show?"

"Yes, it's very... is he beating that guy with the other man's...?" Jacob stared down at the arena with slack jaw.

"Yes, one of the many enhancements to the program," Doral said, pride evident in his voice even through the environmental suit. "I've been putting some of the Arena's profits into improvements to the Cerberus simulation recently. Used to be people barely selected them as an opponent after the
war was over, but now it's been more popular than ever." Turning back to the rail, the volus pointed a chubby finger. "Oh, here's the best part. This is always a favorite!"

"Enough!" cried out a voice from below. A distressingly familiar one.

From behind a ruined statue walked a red-headed human, clad in Cerberus-emblazoned armor and wielding a M-27 Scimitar. "You may have defeated my men, but you won't get past me," said the virtual representation of Commander Shepard. "I'll never surrender to the likes of you, filthy alien! Die!"

The crowd directed boos and hisses at the phony Shepard, while cheering for Grunt to "kick her ass!" Rooker's expression turned icy cold as she turned to the volus owner. "This... this is..." she stammered, too angry to get a sentence out.

"Quite an idea, isn't it?" Doral said, oblivious to Rooker's anger. "I figured you Alliance types would love it, seeing the deserter from your ranks get what's coming to her down in the..."

"Shut it down," Rooker said, teeth gritted. "Now."

"Sorry, but I can't interrupt a combat session while it's in progress," Doral said. "If you have a complaint, please lodge it wiiiiiiiiAAAAH!"

Doral's scream was due to Rooker grabbing him by the back of the suit and pushing him forward. He was halfway over the railing and, if the marine was to let go, would go tumbling down into the fighting arena below.

"Find a way to interrupt it, or you can go down and face off against that disgusting simulation yourself," Rooker growled. Jacob and Vega looked at each other, knowing they should probably step in but afraid to say anything to the furious Rooker.

Frantically, Doral waved at one of his staff, who gestured to someone else. Within seconds, the arena below powered down, and the shot that Grunt was about to aim at the fake Shepard was directed to empty air. The crowd let out a loud groan.

"Apologies, ladies and gentlemen," said Doral, having activated his omni-tool to make an announcement over the house PA. "We, urh, had a technical problem with the simulator. We should have things back up shortly, please be patient."

Looking disappointed, Grunt holstered his shotgun and made his way to the exit. The three marines moved to meet him on his way out.

"Grunt," Jacob said, greeting his former shipmate warmly. "Been a long time."

Grunt nodded. "Things have been... difficult on Tuchanka. Not much time to visit Earth since the relays were brought back up. Still, good to see you haven't been killed. How is your mate?"

The group fell silent, Vega and Rooker casting awkward glances at Jacob. Jacob's expression darkened, and he hesitated to answer.

"Was that not an appropriate question?" Grunt asked after several seconds of awkward silence, then let out a frustrated noise. "Bah, human small talk is stupid. Let's just get to your ship so we can go kill this Shepard clone."
"So I guess Wrex gave you the story, then," Vega said, trying to break the awkward silence.

Grunt shrugged. "Didn't have to. Knew from the first second I saw that video, that that wasn't the real Shepard."

Rooker laughed sharply. "Really? Wish the rest of the galaxy was as sharp as you are."

"How'd you manage to figure that out?" Jacob asked Grunt.

"I still remember when Shepard took me out of that tank," Grunt explained. "The look in her eyes was the look of a warrior, someone who had been in real combat before. Had smelled the blood of her enemies spilled on her. It wasn't the look of that fake on the video. I knew that human wasn't the real Shepard because I saw in her the krogan I was when I was first born. Made to look like a warrior, think like a warrior, but no true warrior. She's only fought pathetic simulations like the one down there, never been in a true battle." Punching a fist into his palm, Grunt grinned. "Hopefully we'll get the chance to correct that."

Jacob nodded. "That's the plan. But we're going to have to find her first." Jacob turned. "James, could you take Grunt to the Orpheus? Lieutenant Commander Rooker and I need a moment."

Vega saluted. "Aye, sir. Hey, Grunt, how the hell did you manage to beat that second round by yourself? My buddy Naylan and I kept getting taken down by those..."

As Vega and Grunt walked away, Jacob laid a hand on his XO's shoulder. "What the hell was that back there, Rooker? Things are tense enough on the Citadel between us and the aliens. I do not want to have to send a report to the brass explaining why one of my team is roughing up volus civilians, in public no less."

"Sir, I'm sorry," Rooker stood at attention as she was dressed down. "It was a moment of weakness on my part. It's just... I joined the Alliance because of what Commander Shepard did on Elysium. All through my training and service, I've always thought of her as a role model." She tried to hide the disgust in her voice. Behind her, the simulation had been restarted, and a new team of combatants was running through the Cerberus scenario. Rooker pointed back toward the cheering crowd. "And to see these people turning on her like this... even if they believe that was the real Shepard on that screen, doesn't she at least deserve more respect than this? Turning her into a shooting gallery target?"

"They're angry, Rooker," Jacob said. "What that clone said opened up a lot of old wounds. Look, we're going to get the real Shepard back, and she's going to clear this entire thing up. But I need to know I can count on you to stay level-headed and focused. Everybody on my team needs to be at their best if we're going to find Shepard and bring her back alive. You hear me?"

"Yes, sir, I'm sorry, sir," Rooker said. "Trust me, nobody is more motivated than I am to bring Shepard back. I'll keep my head in the game."

"Good," Jacob said. "Now, let's get back to the ship, so I can figure out exactly where the hell I'm going to start, trying to find a ship that was designed not to be found."
Part 1: Old Friends, New Enemies (Normandy, Executive Officer's Cabin)

After a long period of staring at the walls of Morgan's office and running through every possible scenario in which she could take on ten or so angry Phantoms and come out a winner, Ash finally fell asleep at some point.

In her dreams, she had come to rescue Shepard and Liara from Cerberus, only to discover that the two of them had been brainwashed, and turned into slutty dominatrixes. She snapped awake just as Liara aimed her strap-on at Ash's ass.

The door to the room slid open, and a brightly cheery voice called out, "I'm back, bitch!" The obscenely-muscled Cerberus operative strolled into the room, and Ash immediately noticed the good and bad news.

Good news: Morgan was carrying a covered tray. It made Ash realize that her stomach had started to growl. She didn't know how long she had been out when she had been captured, but she could definitely go for something to eat.

And then the bad news: running down Morgan's right leg was a sizable bulge, the unusual addition to the woman's anatomy straining against the cloth of her Cerberus uniform.

Morgan noticed Ash staring, and smiled as she rubbed her cock underneath her pants. "You see what you've done to me?" she said, her voice playfully accusatory. "I'm supposed to be patrolling this ship, keeping my people in shape and getting them ready for our next mission... and all I can think about is my brand new bitch and her tight little ass." Pulling her hand away from her bulge, Morgan gestured. "Take that blanket off and stand up. Let me get another look at it."

Maybe it was because she was still half-asleep, and the world still felt somewhat dreamlike to her at that moment, but Ash obeyed the instructions without hesitation. Turning around and bending over like before, Ash grabbed her asscheeks and spread them wide. Part of her expected the psycho pervert to just drop her pants and start in right then, but Morgan just cooed appreciatively.

"Stand up straight now," Morgan said. As Ash turned back around to face Morgan, her eyes locked again on the tray in Morgan's hand. She noticed the stare and grinned. "A little something I whipped up in the commissary," Morgan said. She removed the cover to reveal a salami sub sandwich, piled high with tomato, shredded lettuce, and cheese. With how hungry Ash was suddenly feeling, it looked like the most delicious meal imaginable. "Gotta keep my bitch well fed, after all."

Ash reached forward for the plate, only for Morgan to slap the lid down. "Oh, no no no. Silly bitch. This is for later. You don't want to have a big meal just before we break in that virgin asshole of yours. I'm not one of those perverts who gets off on that sort of filth."

Of course. How could I have thought you were some sort of pervert? said a voice in Ash's head. The sort of thing she would normally say if voicing her true thoughts wouldn't end up with herself dead, and with Shepard and Liara in even greater danger. I mean, a woman getting a cock attached to her body so she can rape other women is a perfectly normal thing to do.

Placing the covered tray on her desk, Morgan pointed over to her bed. "Alrighty, why don't you go ahead and get on your hands and knees over there? Don't want to keep that pretty little asshole of
Ash didn't move at first. She tried her best to keep her eyes from drifting down to the tent that Morgan was pitching in her pants. She remembered how it had strained her jaw to fit the woman's thick cock down her throat before. And now she was going to have to bend over and let this psycho bitch fuck her up the ass? To die on this ship, beaten to death by Cerberus, was a horrible way to go, but the alternative was starting to look just as bad in comparison.

Seeing Ash's hesitation, Morgan's cheery expression wavered. "Oh, I know how it is, bitch," she said, her voice soothing but with the slightest undercurrent of menace to it. "This is a special moment we're about to have, and you want to prolong the anticipation as long as possible, don't you? I appreciate the sentiment, I do, but I think the wait has gone on long enough." Pointing again to the bed, Morgan's eyes narrowed dangerously, while her smile remained locked on her face. "Get on the bed, and do it quickly."

Ash turned, taking a step towards the bed. She felt a chill run through her, and taking the next step was a struggle. She was about to raise another foot, when she felt powerful hands grip onto her wrist. In a flash, her arm was wrenched painfully behind her back, and she let out a cry of pain and surprise.

"I said, quickly," Morgan hissed into her ear. All trace of her joviality was gone, her voice bubbling with anger. "Stop fucking around and get your ass over to that bed."

Ash felt herself falling forward, as Morgan delivered a hard shove to her back. Her calves hit the bedframe, and Ash wasted no time in arranging herself on the bed. On her hands and knees, ass up in the air and presented to Morgan.

"Aw, what a beautiful sight," Morgan said, snapping instantly back to her cheery, chipper tone of voice. "I should check and see if anybody on the ship knows how to paint. A portrait of your pretty little bitch ass in the air, ready and waiting for my big fat cock... they could hang it in an art gallery, I swear."

_I could think of something better to hang up_, said The Real Ash in her head, the one who was going to have to take a back seat and watch the vile shit that was about to take place. _Like your pretty blond severed head, with your pride and joy shoved right down your goddamn throat._

But The Fake Ash, the Ash she was going to have to play if she ever wanted to leave this ship alive, simply stayed in her degrading position on the bed. She watched over her shoulder as Morgan opened a drawer and withdrew several items.

"It's your first time, so I'll let you decide, bitch," Morgan said, holding up two plastic bottles. "The cherry-scented lube, or the rose-scented?"

_How about the smell of your rotting corpse?_ The Real Ash offered her opinion.

"Cherry," The Fake Ash picked at random.

The selection seemed to amuse Morgan. "Cherry. Just like the anal cherry I'm about to pop. You're such a clever little bitch," she complimented, as she threw the other bottle back in the drawer and squeezed a long stream of lubricant into her hand. "Okay, let's get you ready for it. Spread those asscheeks for me again."
Resting her head on the mattress, Ash reached back to grip her ass and spread them open. She couldn't see Morgan from this position, but after a few seconds she felt a cold sensation on her anus.

"Let's get that beautiful little ass all nice and slippery," Morgan said. She felt Morgan's finger begin to slide inside of her, bending inside her anal passage to thoroughly coat it in the cool liquid gel. Ash was disgusted to realize that Morgan was humming to herself as she "worked," squirting out another dollop of lube onto her fingers and penetrating Ash's backside to apply it to her insides. "Fuck, I can barely get my fingers in, you're so tight back there," she mused. "And so clean, too! Guess you Spectres get a lot of fiber in your diet, huh?"

Ash didn't respond, as she was too busy mentally willing herself to be anywhere other than here. Held hostage by Batarian terrorists, pinned down and under fire by a squadron of Reaper-indoctrinated horrors. Just about anything would have been preferable to this.

Finally, Morgan's fingers withdrew. "There we go. Now it's my turn," she said, as she unzipped her pants and dropped them to the floor. Propping herself back up on her hands and looking over her shoulder, Ash's eyes locked on Morgan's length. She had thought that, considering the first time she had seen it had been with it right in her face, that maybe it wasn't as thick and long as she remembered.

But nope. Twelve inches easy, and nearly as thick as a can of Tupari. As Morgan rubbed a handful of lubricant all over the massive cock, Ash began to suspect that even a gallon of that stuff wouldn't make that gigantic prick fit inside of her.

"It's your first time, bitch, so let me give you a few pointers," Morgan said, as she rubbed the last of the slippery fluid on her cock. "The big thing is that, above all else, you're going to need to relax."

Relax, sure. Nothing like a crazy bitch with the biggest cock in the galaxy aiming for your rear entry to get you all nice and serene. Screw meditation, this is the true way to Zen, The Real Ash opined.

But The Fake Ash simply nodded as Morgan rested her hands on Ash's hips, resting the head of her cock between Ash's cheeks. "The more you relax your body, the easier this gets. You keep all tense back there, and it's going to be a long night, let me tell you. I'll take it slow at first, let your body get used to it. Okay? Here we go, bitch."

Morgan pressed her hips forward, and Ash gritted her teeth as she felt the thick head of Morgan's cock start forcing open her anus. Morgan let out a long, pleased breath as she carefully pushed her prick inside of Ash.

Trying her best to follow Morgan's advice, Ash forced herself to breathe slowly. Gradually, painfully, the cock pressed past her sphincter muscles. Ash clenched the bedsheets in her hands tightly, eyes winced tightly shut as Morgan's impossibly long cock penetrated further... and further...

"You're doing great, bitch," Morgan encouraged, as she sank herself deeper still inside of Ash. "Fuck, your ass feels just as good as it looks! I'm gonna fill you up with so much cum, it's going to be shooting out of your ears!"

Breathing rapidly, Ash felt a wave of relief, as Morgan's cock seemed to have finally fully penetrated her insides.
"The hard part's over, bitch!" Morgan exclaimed, giving Ash a firm slap on the ass. "Now... comes the fun part!"

Ash felt her breath leave her lungs, as Morgan suddenly slipped her cock out of Ash's ass and, just as quickly, penetrated her again, fully to the base in less than a second.

"AAAAAAAAH!" Ash cried out at the sudden intrusion, and wasn't even finished screaming before Morgan did it again, pulling out and thrusting back inside. Bending down to the mattress, Ash grabbed one of the pillows and pressed her face to it, biting down to keep herself from screaming her lungs out. Morgan, meanwhile, was now fucking Ash's backside in earnest, her well-lubed cock forcing Ash open again and again and again.

"Oh, it's okay," Morgan assured Ash, her hands now tightly gripping Ash's hips to keep her from wriggling away from Morgan's anal intrusion. "It's hard at first, but you'll get used to it eventually. Three... four more times, and you'll wonder how you ever went through life without getting your bitch ass filled by some thick hard cock."

As the sounds of Morgan's hips slapping against Ash's asschecks mixed with the wet squishing sounds of Morgan's slippery cock thrusting in and out of Ash's sore ass, the full enormity of Morgan's words hit Ash like a freight train.

This crazy bitch is going to keep doing this, The Real Ash calmly informed The Fake Ash currently screaming into a pillow. And how long do you think you're going to be held prisoner here? A few days? A week? Months? Longer? How many more times is she going to be fucking your ass before you finally get rescued? Assuming you even do get rescued, that is.

"Shit, here it comes," Morgan gasped, interrupting Ash's dire thoughts. "Fuck fuck fuck fuck.... unnnnnh!"

Ash felt Morgan's hot cum gushing inside of her. What felt like a gallon of fluid spurted out of Morgan's cock and started filling Ash's intestines. She could feel Morgan's cock jerk and spray, Morgan letting out another grunt with each fresh jet of semen inside of her. Finally, after an orgasm that seemed to last for five minutes, Morgan let out a satisfied sound.

"Okay, now. You're going to do something for me, bitch," Morgan said, breathing heavily, her cock still buried inside Ash. "I'm going to pull out of you, and you're going to clench yourself tight. I don't want to even see a drop of cum drip out of that pretty little asshole of yours until I tell you, okay?"

The Real Ash was too disgusted with herself, for letting something like this happen, to say anything. The Fake Ash simply obediently nodded.

"Okay, get ready," Morgan said. Her cock, still feeling quite sizable even after Morgan had cum, slipped outside of Ash's rear passage. "Now clench!"

Ash flexed her sphincter muscles, the effort of holding in Morgan's massive climax more difficult than she could have thought.

"Keep holding it," Morgan urged her, and Ash struggled to maintain the tight clench of her ass. She felt like Morgan's cum was sloshing around inside of her, and soon she was sure that there was no way she'd be able to keep it inside of her for much longer.
After several seconds of effort, Ash finally heard Morgan say, "Okay, bitch! You can let go now!"

Ash breathed out, and with an obscene sound her anus opened and began spewing out the remains of Morgan's climax. Head still buried in the pillow, Ash forced herself to push out as much of the cum as she could from her backside. She felt the hot spunk spraying out of her asshole and dripping down her crotch and thighs. Finally, relieved that she'd purged as much of the slimy cum from her body as she could, Ash collapsed down onto the bed, gasping for breath.

_One down, The Real Ash mused, who knows how many more to go._

She felt Morgan's hand gently stroking her hair. "You did so good!" she enthused. "My little anal bitch. You ready for that sandwich now?"

Ash would have thought that her disgust over what had just occurred would have killed her appetite, but she must have gone without eating for longer than she'd thought, because she could still feel an emptiness in her stomach. _Although that could have been the fucking tidal wave of cum that I just expelled from my digestive system._

"Yes," she said, her voice raw from her pained cries. Turning around and sitting on the end of the mattress, she saw Morgan standing with the sandwich uncovered. Holding it at hip level, the bread at the top removed and placed to the side.

And in her other hand, Morgan held her shrinking but still sizable cock. Humming to herself, Morgan was rubbing the length of her prick along the insides of the sandwich. Where the cum that had been ejected from Ash's ass had landed, and was now being spread across every last inch of the meat and toppings.

Looking up at Ash, Morgan gave her a friendly smile, never pausing in rubbing her cum-soaked cock against the salami sub's insides. "It was a good sandwich, but I didn't notice until now that I'd forgotten the mayo," she said. "But then I realized something that would be even tastier!" Dipping the head of her cock into some extra cum on the plate, and using it to cover the last spot on the sandwich not yet tainted by semen, Morgan nodded in satisfaction. Grabbing the top bun, Morgan squished it down onto the cum and meat, and presented it to Ash.

"There you go!" Morgan grinned. "Bon appétit!"

Ash stared down at the salami and cum sandwich, unable to hide her disgust. "D... don't think I'm hungry," she managed to say.

"Nonsense!" Morgan said, oblivious to Ash's revulsion. She placed the plate onto Ash's lap. "Come on, eat up! A fit little bitch like you, she needs her protein."

From the look that Morgan was fixing down at Ash, it was plainly obvious that eating the disgusting sandwich was not considered optional. Picking up the sandwich, and watching as several drops of Morgan's copious load dribbled down onto the plate, Ash closed her eyes and took a large bite.

"There you go!" Morgan said, crossing her arms and watching Ash eat. "Delicious, isn't it?"

Ash tried her best to ignore the salty taste in her mouth as she chewed. The worst part ended up not even being the cum, but the lingering smell of the cherry lube filling her lungs and mouth. It was
lucky that Ash hadn't eaten in a while, because whatever food she might have had before this would have been ejected from her stomach in an instant. She forced herself to swallow down a mouthful of sandwich and cum, and went back for another bite. Morgan continued watching, obviously not satisfied until Ash had eaten the entire sandwich.

Finally, after at least three aborted attempts by her body to vomit up the horrible meal, Ash swallowed the last bite. With a satisfied smile, Morgan took the plate from her and laid it aside. "You loved it, I can tell by the look on your face!" she said. Reaching down to wiggle her cock at Ash, the unnatural organ now almost completely shrunken down to its two-inch flaccid state, Morgan gave her a wink. "Well, there's plenty more where that came from. Now, I've got some work to do at my desk, so why don't you lay down for a bit and rest? Imagine that probably tuckered you right out, didn't it?"

And it was about that time that Ash made her decision. The Real Ash did, that was.

After pulling her pants on, Morgan turned her back on Ash and sat down at her desk, activating a terminal and beginning to look through reports. As soon as Morgan looked to be engrossed in her work, Ash reached down to the floor and grabbed one of Vega's barbells.

She couldn't do this. The thought of being trapped with this woman for an indeterminate amount of time, forced to bend over and take it up the ass and swallow down her cum... she couldn't do it. She didn't care if they would kill her after this. Death would be better than having to be this woman's obedient fuck-toy.

Moving slowly and quietly, Ash closed in on Morgan from behind. If she was going to die here, then she was going to make sure that she took this fucked-up bitch with her. She gripped the barbell tightly in her hand, raised it up slowly, and prepared herself to strike.

And just as she was about to land the killing blow, the door chime to Morgan's office sounded. Shocked by the sudden sound, Ash almost dropped the barbell, but was able to recover and gently lay it back down on the floor in time to hide her intentions from Morgan's visitor.

"Miss Lezayen, do you have a moment?" said the man who entered. From the looks of him, he obviously wasn't onboard the Normandy for his combat prowess. He was slim-built and studious-looking, his brow looking like it was permanently furrowed in concentration. He wore a long white coat over his Cerberus uniform, and in his hand was a datapad with several incomprehensible figures displayed on it. "You aren't busy with your... new friend, are you?"

"Perfect timing, actually, we just finished," Morgan said. "Don't believe you two have met yet," Morgan gestured over at Ash, apparently unconcerned at this stranger seeing a naked woman with cum still dribbling out of her backside huddled in her cabin. "This is my new bitch," Morgan casually said. "Bitch, this is Dr. Ruben Henneman. Genetic engineer, medical doctor... you name anything, this guy probably knows something about it. He's the genius who gave me that wonderful cock you love so much!"

"Hardly a genius, Miss Lezayen," Henneman said. "With the advances in genetics we've made in the last few years, an operation like yours is fairly trivial to perform."

Morgan grinned and waved a hand at him. "Oh, you and your modesty, doc! Well, trivial or not, I just put your hard work to good use on this bitch's tight little ass," she make the comment as casually as if she were telling him she'd picked up some milk at the corner store. "What do you think, doc? She's pretty fucking sexy, isn't she?"
"Quite lovely, yes," Henneman said, barely glancing at Ash and showing no reaction to her current state of undress. "Although I think I preferred your last one. What was her name again?"

This caused Morgan to let out a long sigh. "Oh, Delilah. I really thought we had something, her and I. But I guess she changed her mind about being my chosen bitch," Morgan said. Turning in her chair, she stared intently at Ash as she continued to speak. "As a matter of fact, one night she decided she wanted to quit being my bitch... in a very decisive manner. The devious little thing, tried to sneak up on me and bash my head in. Obviously thought I was distracted and didn't notice her coming up behind me. But you know me, doc. Eyes in the back of my head."

Henneman gave Ash a simpering smile. "She doesn't mean literally, miss, I assure you. That's one operation I'm afraid even I wouldn't be able to perform."

"Anyway, you know how it is, doc," Morgan said, although her stare didn't leave Ash. "One of the most important things in a relationship between a bitch and her mistress... is trust. And when I knew I couldn't trust Delilah anymore? Let's just say that she's no longer a part of my life. Or anyone else's, either."

"Trust is important, yes," Henneman said. "Me and my girl, we..."

Morgan turned back to face Henneman. "Come on, doc. You didn't come down here just to talk my ear off about that pretty little thing you've got back home. What'd you come here to talk about?"

"Just was curious if those files have been decrypted yet," Henneman said.

"Eager to get to work, doc?" Morgan asked. "Trust me, as soon as we get word that the files are unlocked, I'll drop everything and let you know. Pity the AI on this ship got fried when Shepard shot off that big weapon of hers. Bet it could have solved that encryption scheme in no time flat."

_She. She could have solved it. Her name was EDI, and if she was still alive, she would have programmed this ship to fly right back to the Citadel and plant all of your asses in front of an Alliance firing squad._ The Real Ash said.

"Yes, a pity indeed," Henneman said. "And how are things going with you and your team? I assume we'll be arriving for our first pickup shortly."

"Still a little ways to go," Morgan said, calling up something on her terminal. "Our target is currently taking up residence with another one of Shepard's old friends on a remote colony planet. About two days travel from the relay, but hey. We kill two birds with one stone."

As Morgan's terminal pulled a dossier, Ash's eyes went wide. "Fuck," she muttered under her breath, too quietly for the rest of the room to hear.

And all of her plans for a suicidal attack against her captors went out the window.
"Welcome aboard the SSV Orpheus," Jacob said, as he ushered the motley group of soldiers out of the airlock and onto the deck of his ship.

Garrus stared around at the outdated terminals, scuffed metal, and dim lighting. "It's... a fine ship, Jacob. You should be proud."

"Ah, don't bullshit me, Garrus," Jacob said with a grin. "It's a piece of garbage, I know. Unfortunately, ex-Cerberus operatives don't exactly get their pick of frigates from the fleet. Hell, if it hadn't been for Shepard and Hackett talking me up to the Alliance, I'd be lucky to be swabbing this ship's decks. But considering all we do in it is patrol runs, into systems that are lucky to see any action in a month, it does the job alright."

"Or it did," Javik suddenly piped up. "Until now, when it will most likely get us killed."

"Well, hopefully our favorite pilot will keep that from happening," Jacob said, leading the group into the cockpit, where Joker was already doing the pre-departure checklist. "How it's looking, Joker?" Jacob asked him.

Joker swiveled in his chair. "All systems nominal," he announced. Looking over the group of volunteers, he gave them all a grim smile. "Look at this. It's almost like a big happy reunion. Pity it took Cerberus abducting our friends to get us flying together again."

"Don't worry. We'll save them, Joker," Tali said, giving him a smile through her breather mask. Joker adjusted his cap. "Well, here's hoping you folks are the ones who do the saving. I may be the best pilot in the Alliance, but they could put the worst pilot in the entire galaxy in the cockpit of the Normandy... and I'd still give us about even odds. And assuming the guy they have flying is just a little bit more than barely competent... yeah, we're pretty much screwed."

"We're trying to take on the Normandy in this thing?" Kasumi said, looking a bit nervous. "Uhh... I might need another convincing speech about why I should come along on this mission. Preferably with some slow dance music in the background."

"Obviously, we aren't going to take the Normandy head-on," Jacob said. "But if we can find out what the clone and this Maya Brooks have planned, maybe we can figure out where they're headed, and take them on once they're off the ship."

"Lotta maybes involved in all this," Vega said. "But I guess we ain't got many other options."

"Just in case we do end up in a dogfight with the Normandy, I suppose I should take a look at the weapons systems," Garrus said. "Where does the Alliance keep the gun batteries on a ship like this?"

Jacob pointed. "Down a level, head straight out of the lift until you reach the door at the end of the hall."

As Garrus made his way, Tali glanced among the group. "Maybe I should go with him. To look at the guns, I mean. There might be... things I can help with. Regarding the guns."
"Go on ahead," Jacob said, but Tali was already turning and making her way quickly after Garrus. Jacob allowed himself a light smile as he watched her dash away.

"Didn't want to say anything while she was around, but... who the hell was that?" Grunt asked the group, "And why is she dressed like a circus clown with a lung condition?"

"That was Tali, and... the rest is a long story," Jacob said.

Grunt shrugged. "Whatever. Didn't care much, anyway. I'm going to find myself a spare cargo hold to settle in."

The krogan walked away, passing by two young female bridge crew members at their stations as he went.

"Did you see that, Michele?" one of them asked the other.

Michele DeSilva glanced over her shoulder at the departing Grunt. "You're implying that I somehow might have missed the giant krogan stomping around our ship? I'm not that oblivious, Lisa."

Lisa Mason flashed a suggestive smile at Michele. "You know what they say about krogans, right?"

"They say a lot of things about krogans, Lisa," Michele said. "You might have to be a little more specific than that."

"I have a cousin who said she had a friend who made it with a krogan after they cured the genophage," Lisa said. "Told her that it was the best sex she'd ever had in her life."

Michele rolled her eyes. "Please tell me you're not planning on doing what I think you are."

"Hey, word from the commander is this might be a long mission," Lisa said, sneaking one last peek at the krogan before the lift doors shut behind him. "And a young krogan full of energy, his body telling him he needs to mate to repopulate his species... might need a little stress released, you know?"

"Do I even need to remind you about what happened when you went to bed with that turian during our last shore leave?"

Lisa pursed her lips. "You're never going to let me forget that one, are you?"

"After you spent the next week bitching about all the ointments you had to apply just to keep the rash from itching... you bet your ass I'm not going to let you forget."

"This is different, though. Humans and krogans don't have the same... chemistry issues," Lisa said. "And speaking of chemistry... I get the feeling I'm about to have some with that young krogan stud, sooner rather than later."

A beeping noise came from Michele's omni-tool. "Well, you have fun with that. I gotta go send my mother a message before we take off. Watch my station, will you?"
"Your mother got nothing better to do than message you twice in a day?"

Michele let out a weary sigh as she stood up from her station. "She worries about me. I tell her that the war is over, and there's hardly any danger anymore out there, but she still insists on checking in."

"Well, you tell your mom that her daughter's best friend is going to be bagging herself a hot krogan stud in the next few days," Lisa said.

"I'll get right on that, yeah," Michele said over her shoulder as she left.

Lisa glanced around the bridge. "Commander Rooker?" she called out to the XO.

"Yes, Ensign, is there a problem?" Rooker said as she approached Lisa's station.

"No problem, ma'am," Lisa said. "Just wanted to ask what the name of that krogan is who's going to be flying with us."

Rooker looked confused, but answered, "Urdnot Grunt. Why do you want to know?"

"Just curious. Thank you, ma'am," Lisa said, and Rooker walked away. Turning back to her station, Lisa smiled to herself. "Urdnot Grunt. You may not know it yet, but soon you're going to be having the night of your life."
The young ensign manning the forward battery was still a little taken aback by the sudden arrival of a scar-faced turian into the room. Garrus had charged in only seconds before, placed a hand on the human's shoulder and gently shoved him away from his console. Now, the turian's jaw was agape as he stared down at the display panel.

"I'm not sure I understand," the ensign said.

"I assume that Commander Taylor does actually check up down here on a regular basis," Garrus said, speaking to the confused ensign like an underperforming student. "Don't you have any pride in your work, man? You would let him see his ship's weapons in this state of... of... undercalibration?"

"Sir, I..." the ensign stammered, forgetting for a moment that this stranger had absolutely no authority over him, "The weapons are aligned and performing within Alliance standards."

Garrus shook his head. "Well, the Alliance needs to tighten up its standards, it seems." He pointed a taloned finger at the ensign. "But it's your lucky day, ensign. I, Garrus Vakarian, the Master of Calibrating, am going to show you how to keep these guns functioning better than they ever have before. But first things first: you have an actuating flux inhibitor on you, I assume?"

"An act... uh, I don't..." the ensign said, scratching his scalp.

"Well, no wonder these guns are in such terrible shape!" Garrus harshly exclaimed, then lowered his voice. "No offense to your skills, I assure you. But without the proper tools, how could you ever expect to calibrate properly? Take this down, this is important: I need you to find an actuating flux inhibitor... no, two inhibitors, both B-type and H-type. A rotational discharge gauge, and make sure it's a salarian model." He chuckled and gave the ensign a light slap on the shoulder. "They're the only ones who can properly make them, am I right?"

"Yeah, sure," the ensign said, smiling nervously and nodding.

"Why aren't you writing this down?" Garrus said, and the ensign quickly brought up his omni-tool. "Actuating flux inhibitors, B and H. Rotational discharge gauge, asari model."

The ensign held up a hand. "But you said salarian model, sir."

Garrus hesitated for a moment, then winked at the ensign. "Just making sure you were listening, ensign. So, get all that, and most importantly, I need about 50 or so muffler bearings. Might have trouble scrounging up that many, I know, but ask around. I'm sure somebody down in engineering can help you out on that. You get all that, ensign?"

The ensign nodded eagerly. "Yeah, yeah, got it. Attenuating flux capacitor, rotating charting measure, and muffled bearings."

"Exactly," Garrus said. "And while you're out looking for those things, I'm going to be working in here with the tools you already have on hand. Very delicate stuff, though, could potentially bring
down the ship's entire power grid if I make even the slightest error. So, I'm going to lock the door after you leave. Please, don't disturb me until you've found everything on the list. You think you're up to the task?"

"Absolutely, sir, I'll get right on it," the ensign said. He whirled around to leave and almost ran into Tali walking in. "Ma'am, I'm afraid we're doing some delicate work in here, and he's not to be disturbed under..."

"It's alright, ensign," Garrus said. "Maybe you're not familiar with Miss vas Normandy, but she is a genius when it comes to handling weapons. She'll be... assisting me in here while you scrounge up those tools."

The ensign nodded eagerly, brushing past Tali and rushing out the door. Just as he flagged down one of the crew and showed him the list on his omnitool, Tali shut the door and secured it.

"'Muffler bearings,'" she said to Garrus, amused. "That's a new one."

Garrus shrugged. "James taught me that one. Old Earth trick. If the ensign hadn't left so quickly, I might have told him that we had a snipe infestation, and he needed to go fetch a thick sack to catch them in."

"You're so mean," Tali said, as she moved to stand inches away from him, "And I'm okay with that."

The two of them embraced, Tali letting out a contented sigh as the strong turian arms enfolded her. "How long has it been, Garrus?"

Garrus grunted in consideration, Tali feeling the rumble in his chest. "When was that geth memorial event? Almost eight months now, I think."

"Feels like it's been years," Tali mused, her fingers delicately stroking Garrus's back. "A shame our time together had to end up turning into a rescue mission."

He could hear something in her voice. "Tali, listen to me," he said, pushing her slightly back to look her in the eye. "We're going to save them. I know we are."

"I hope you're right, Garrus," Tali said, her eyes scanning around the room. "This ship is... well, it's no Normandy. Even if we find where the clone and her partner have taken it... what do we do then?"

"Jacob's a smart guy," Garrus assured her. "He'll figure something out. And besides... how many years did we spend alongside Shepard, watching her pull off stunts that any sane person would have said were impossible? Figure with so many of her former comrades back in one ship, at least some of that miracle working must have rubbed off a little on us, don't you think?"

"Mmm," Tali said, her voice taking a saucy tone as she trailed a hand down Garrus's chest. "Let's stay on the topic of 'rubbing,' shall we?"

Garrus shuffled nervously. "You sure about this? I mean, you know I want to, and I know damn well I want to, but with everything that's happening..."

"Garrus, just shut up already," Tali smiled through her see-through breather mask. "As long as that
"Well, when you put it that way," Garrus said, his mandibles flaring as he reached down to the fastener on Tali's blouse.

"Wait!" Tali exclaimed, grabbing him by the wrists. "This is new, you might tear it," she said, reaching up to undo the fastener herself. "And it's so pretty. I just love the coloring on it. What do you think?"

"Uh..." Garrus said, looking down at the multi-colored blouse and trying his best to hide his true feelings on the hideous thing. "Well, you know us turians: our only fashion concern is whether or not it'll hold up to small-arms fire or not, so I'm not the best judge." Seeing Tali still watching him in anticipation, he finally said, "But it... looks good on you."

"Doesn't it?" Tali said, as she stripped off the blouse and hung it on a railing. "You don't know how wonderful it is to not be cooped up in that suit for the rest of my life anymore. I bet you were surprised when you saw me at Shepard's apartment."

Garrus began removing his armor as he nodded. "Surprised... definitely. And honestly... maybe just a little disappointed."

"Disappointed?" Tali said, as she shed her bra and started unzipping her pants. "What do you mean?"

"Well, maybe I felt like I was no longer part of an exclusive club anymore," Garrus said. "One of the proud few who had gotten the chance to see how amazing you look underneath all those protective layers."

This made Tali laugh. "Well, Mr. Vakarian, you and I both know that that particular club isn't all that exclusive," she said, eyes roaming Garrus as he cast aside his torso armor and got to work on removing his leg protection. "Should I start, or do you want to go first?"

"I'll start," Garrus said, the last of his armor removed and his turian cock starting to emerge from its protective plating. "Let's see... since the geth memorial, there was a lovely turian diplomat named Darenn. She and I met to discuss sending aid to a few colonies on the outskirts of the Aethon Cluster. Needless to say, negotiations went quite well."

Now naked as well, Tali knelt down at Garrus's feet, her three-fingered hand stroking and coaxing Garrus's cock out of its sheath. "What is it with you and diplomats, Mr. Vakarian?" she teased him with her words and her fingers. "A race full of soldiers, you would think you'd have one or two in your list of conquests."

"Maybe I do," Garrus said, staring down at Tali's stroking hand with passion in his eyes. "But it's your turn."

"Oh, well, where do I even begin?" Tali said, reaching down to stroke herself with her free hand as she racked her brain. "I mean, since so many of my people have gotten out of their suits recently... well, let's just say that the quarian population has no dangers of going extinct anytime soon."

"I need a name, Tali," Garrus said. "You know the rules, now."
It had been soon after the relays had been repaired, and the Normandy had returned home, that the
two of them had begun discussing the relationship that had formed between them during the war,
and what sort of future it had. It soon became apparent to them that, with both of their respective
races looking towards them to help guide their people out of the ruins the Reapers had left, that
they would be forced to spend much of the next few years, if not the rest of their lives, separated
from each other.

And so, they had both mutually decided that a serious relationship was not in the cards. But, they
both agreed, neither of them were willing to give up the other "benefits" of their time together. So,
whenever they could find time away from their home planets to spend with each other, they would
play their game. While they had sex, each of them would tell the other about the people they had
slept with during their (often long) periods of separation. It had ended up being a bit of a turn-on
for both of them, and perhaps also a gentle reminder to each other that what they had together was
a temporary thing. They both knew that one day, one of the casual flings that one of them talked
about would end up becoming something more, and that would be the day when their "friends with
benefits" relationship would end.

But for now, they enjoyed the time they had together. As Tali began racking her brain for a sexual
encounter to describe, Garrus picked her up from the floor and held her almost effortlessly aloft
with one arm, while using the other to safely deactivate a control panel to rest her down on. No
sooner were her ample hips deposited on the terminal than Garrus was down on his knees, his long
tongue greedily lapping against Tali's folds.

"Well, there... uh... was Nal'Joreth," Tali said between gasps, as Garrus's talented tongue sent
shivers through her body. "He used to... oooh... used to be on the crew of one of the liveships, and
now he's working on terraforming Rannoch so we can begin growing crops there again. He invited
me over to share... Keelah... share some of his first yield, and then we shared some other things as
well."

Garrus pulled away from Tali's damp slit. "Should I take my turn now, or wait until..."

"Get your boshet tongue back down there," Tali said, gripping him by the fringe and guiding him
back down. "It's doing just fine where it is." Throwing her head back, Tali moaned as Garrus's
quick tongue brought her just to the brink of orgasm, then slowed down enough to keep her from
going over the edge. She thought about how many lucky women had gotten a chance to sample this
amazing turian tongue, and her hands reached up to stroke her breasts, her mind reeling with the
heat of their passion.

After several minutes of being kept maddening close to her final release, Tali felt Garrus's tongue
leave her wet crotch. Opening her eyes, she saw him standing up and positioning his throbbing blue
cock at her dripping entrance. "You were asking about soldiers," Garrus said, putting the head of
his prick against her slit and teasing at it. "There was one a few months ago. Do you want to hear
about her?"

If it means you'll put that thing inside me and fuck me until I can't walk, then tell me all about her,
she thought. But all she could muster in her heated state was a frantic nod and a desperate plea in
her eyes.

"Her name was... Diella L'Pona," Garrus said, as he thrust inside of her.

"An... asari?" Tali breathed, barely able to form the words as Garrus's thick blue prick filled her
insides, rubbing against her most sensitive spots in the most wonderful ways.
"One of the few survivors from the destruction of Thessia," Garrus said, as he pulled back and thrust into Tali. "She and a few others held out for days, keeping as many people alive as they could before the Crucible fired and wiped the Reaper forces out. She was looking forward to meeting another hero of the war, and I did my best to make it worth the wait."

In her mind, Tali could see that asari commando in Garrus's bed. The tough, scarred warrior, no doubt reduced to a sweating, quivering sex toy by Garrus's powerful thrusts, just like Tali was right now. Garrus Vakarian, legendary turian hero, taking his prize like a true alpha male.

Moving her hips in time to Garrus's thrusts, Tali moaned and tugged at her nipples. *Take me, Garrus*, Tali thought, her pale skin slick with sweat, her hips slipping and sliding around the surface of the console as Garrus grabbed her by the waist and assaulted her cunt with hard thrust after hard thrust. *Take me like you took that asari, that turian diplomat. Make me cum like you made them all cum.*

"Your... turn..." Garrus said in between thrusts.

*How can you expect me to think when you're fucking me like this?* Tali thought to herself. Finally, though, she was able to summon the words. "Well... there was... one more. A... former ship... captain. The day the... fuck... the day their immune treatment was finished and... unh... and their suit came off, I was there to help them... adjust to their new life. In... in more ways than one..."

"I'm... not hearing a name, Tali," Garrus said, slowing his thrusts to tease her. "This brave captain of yours, what was his name?"

Tali gave Garrus a crooked smile under her breather mask. "*Her* name was Dia'Lel."

It got the desired reaction. Garrus gasped in surprise, the rhythm of his thrusts thrown off in his shock. His cock slipped out of Tali and bobbed lewdly in the air for a split-second, before begin to jerk and spray cum across Tali's sweaty skin.

Reacting quickly, Tali bent her legs upward and pressed Garrus's spewing cock between her toes. She smiled as Garrus's cum jetted out all over her body, working her feet along his cock's blue surface until every last drop had been fired onto her.

Gasping for air, Garrus looked down at Tali, cum dripping from her tits and rolling down her slim torso. Running her fingers through Garrus's cum, Tali looked at him with pouting lips. "I wasn't done yet," she said, watching as his cock shrank and receded back behind its plates.

"Sorry... but... that wasn't fair," Garrus said, barely able to speak after his forceful climax. "You can't just spring something like that on me and expect me to hold it together."

Tossing her hair, Tali laughed. "That's okay, Garrus. Since your new calibration pupil is still out searching for muffler bearings, you've got time to make it up to me," she said, gesturing downward with a finger toward her dripping snatch. "On your knees, Vakarian. See if you can do better than Captain Dia'Lel did."

Garrus may have had his faults, but if there was one thing he excelled at, it was following orders.
"Now this is what I'm talking about," Vega exclaimed, as Rooker led him and Cortez into the room. "The first thing we do when we get our ship back, we're putting in one of these."

"It's not much," Rooker said, gesturing behind her to the small but functional target range, "but considering how little action we were seeing with the war over, we thought it might be a good idea to let our marines keep their skills sharp on long patrols. Figured you two might want to get in a little practice before the real shooting starts."

"Hey, I'm just supposed to be the shuttle pilot around here. The less shooting I have to do, the better," Cortez said, but then gave a light shrug. "Still, couldn't hurt to try it out, I suppose." Walking over to a table with a selection of weapons, Cortez picked one up and checked the heatsink.

"The Avenger, Esteban?" Vega said incredulously. "Really? You've got all these options laid out and you pick something boring like the Avenger?"

Cortez rolled his eyes at his old friend's jabs. "Pardon me, Mr. Vega. I'm afraid I'm about as good at selecting weapons as you are at piloting a shuttle."

"You're never going to let me forget that thing on Mars, are you?" Vega said. "But seriously, you want yourself a real assault rifle, here's your baby," Vega picked up a Striker Assault rifle and gave it a loving pat. "Gun like this, only thing left of that clone once I put my sights on 'em will be a smear on the ground."

"Yeah, if the recoil doesn't tear your arm off," Cortez said. "Not everybody can be blessed with your physique, I'm afraid."

"Damn right," Vega said. Loading a fresh heatsink, he looked over at Rooker. "What about you? Let's see what your weapon of choice is."

Rooker shook her head. "I should actually be getting back. You two go ahead."

"Ah, come on. Jacob can do without you for a few minutes," Vega urged her. "Grab a weapon, let's see what you've got."

Sighing, Rooker finally snatched up an M-92 Mantis from the table.

"A long-range kinda fighter, huh?" Vega asked, only to receive an icy glare from Rooker.

"Are you implying something, Commander Vega?" Rooker snapped at him. "I'm perfectly able to get up close if I need to."

Vega raised a placating hand. "Hey, hey, calm down, chica. Nothing wrong with taking folks out from a distance. Tell you what: we get into the thick of it, you snipe a few heads off for me and I'll keep those Cerberus pendejos busy so they don't throw off your aim, okay?"

Rooker sniffed. "Let's just do this," she said coldly, walking over to the firing range and shouldering her rifle.
"The legendary Vega charm strikes again," Cortez muttered under his breath to Vega.

"Shaddup," Vega cleverly retorted. The two of them walked over to the range, briefly greeting the two other marines currently practicing before readying their weapons.

As Vega fired shots at the hanging target in front of him, he noticed a display screen off to the side of the range. Leaning over to Rooker standing next to him, he tapped her on the shoulder. "What's with the numbers over there?"

"The men set up a scoring system for the targets," Rooker said, eyes still focused on her target as she spoke.

Vega nodded. "So that's what that is," he said. Pointing up to the top of the board, Vega gave Rooker a charming smile. "With your name up at the top like that, I thought maybe it was the results of the ship's last beauty contest."

Lowering her weapon, Rooker gave Vega a withering glare. "Do lines like that actually work on women, Commander Vega?" she asked. Before he could answer, she let out an annoyed grunt and returned to her shooting. "How about you keep your libido in check until the mission is finished? We've got a long trip ahead of us, and the safety of Commander Shepard and the other hostages depends on us being professional."

"Hey, 'professional' is my middle name," Vega said. "Sorry if I came on too strong, chica. Just a habit when I'm on a ship with someone as... as..."

Vega trailed off, as he suddenly noticed that all of the sounds of gunfire in the room had stopped. He looked around to see the other marines staring at the open door to the firing range.

Following their stares, he saw a dark-haired marine with cold eyes and a scarred face step into the room. Making eye contact with no one, he selected an M-22 Eviscerator shotgun from the table and walked slowly over to one of the firing stations. Everyone in the room stared at him in silence as he lined up his sights on his target. The mysterious man fired several shots, the spread punching holes into the head and chest of the silhouette hanging from the ceiling. His face remained completely expressionless the entire time as he fired.

Once the marine had expended his heatsink, he turned his head from left to right, staring at both Vega and Cortez in turn. "You two," he spoke, and his voice was low and drained of emotion. "You were with Commander Shepard when she was taken."

It wasn't phrased as a question, but with the pregnant pause afterward, he was obviously waiting for an answer. "Yes, we were," Cortez spoke up.

The marine turned his gaze to Cortez. "Well. I hope you put up a better fight the next time around. Unless you want to hand Cerberus a few more hostages to experiment on."

"Hey, pal, we did our best, okay?" Vega protested, stepping up to confront the marine. "You weren't there, you don't know!"

The marine fixed his cold stare on Vega. "I wasn't there, no," he said. "But I will be there the next time. So for my sake, and the sake of everybody else on this ship, my advice is..." he moved to stand toe-to-toe with Vega, still emotionless in the face of the other man's anger. "Do better than
your best. Because I don't intend to be taken prisoner. Not again."

Throwing the shotgun on the table, the marine left without another word.

Turning to Rooker, Vega arched an eyebrow. "Charming guy. Who the hell is he, and why's he got everybody here looking so spooked?"

"David Riggs," Rooker said, and even her normally hard, stern voice was a little hushed. "He was... just a civilian once. During the war, he and his family went to Sanctuary. They were all turned into husks and he... he was..."

"Indoctrinated," Cortez said, and Rooker nodded. "Jesus."

"He ended up becoming one of Cerberus's most valued and... brutal soldiers," Rooker said. "The massacre on Benning, the one where Ambassador Osoba's son died... he was in charge there. They called him the Bloody Hand."

Vega's eyes went wide. "Shit, that guy is the Bloody Hand? I've heard stories about the shit he did. They... they let him join the Alliance after all that?"

"He passed all the psych tests," Rooker said. "He told the Alliance that everything he had done was against his will, and that he wanted to make things right. They were... hesitant, naturally. But in the end, they gave him to Commander Taylor," she looked over and gave Vega a wry smile. "Guess they wanted to put him somewhere where he couldn't do much damage."

"The goddamned Bloody Hand," Vega said, still in shock. "This whole thing just keeps getting better, doesn't it?"
It was a good long while after Brooks and the clone had left the cabin before either of them spoke. Finally, Liara lightly cleared her throat and said, "Well, all things considered... being trapped in a Prothean containment field doesn't seem so bad at the moment."

Shepard looked over at her, and said, "Yeah, once we get out of this, if I ever complain about those months I spent in Alliance custody... do me a favor and give me a biotic slap right to the face."

This made Liara smile, and the look of relief in her eyes made Shepard smile as well. Shepard was sure it was the certainty she had put in her voice, the lack of doubt that this whole situation would end any way other than all of them freed, and their enemies defeated.

Shepard was glad she could make Liara believe that. She only hoped she could figure out a way to make herself believe it as well.

"What's the plan, Shepard?" Liara asked her, as Shepard began pacing around the captain's cabin. Again, that complete faith in her, that Shepard would find a way out of this.

Shepard searched for something to say, to confirm that confidence, but came up empty. "Don't see a lot of ways out of this for us at the moment," she said, as she walked over to a drawer and started pulling out clothing. Damned if she was going to sit around naked, especially when these clothes were hers, anyway. "They've removed everything from the room that could possibly be used as a weapon."

"And even if we could find one," Liara said, "and the two of them entered the room without noticing, there are the security measures to take into account."

Shepard sighed as she tossed on a tank-top and a set of sweats. "Times like this, I really miss EDI. They wouldn't have gotten this ship ten feet away from the Citadel without her locking down the controls and flooding the entire ship with knockout gas."

She thought again about her dream, about that feeling of being punished for wiping out EDI and the geth. Was this her hell after all? Trapped in a prison she could have easily been freed from if she hadn't killed the one person who would have had the key?

"I know it's terrible, Shepard," Liara said, as she walked over to lay a hand on her lover's shoulder, "But I think our best plan for right now is to just play along with their games. They seem to get some sort of sick thrill out of tormenting us. If we want to stay alive long enough to find a way out of this, or for our friends to track us down, we can't give them a reason to want to kill us."

"Dammit, I can't believe I trusted her," Shepard said, as she selected some clothing for Liara to dress herself in. "Should have seen through that idiotic fake personality in seconds. I was as blind as the Council was when I went to them about Saren."

Liara smiled gently at her. "Saren had a geth arm and wires coming out of his head, Shepard. Miss Brooks didn't exactly have a Cerberus sigil tattooed on her forehead, you know. Nobody could blame you for not seeing through her deception."

"I can," Shepard said, rubbing at her scalp and her now closely-cropped red hair. Turning to face
Liara, Shepard handed her some garments. "Liara, when I shot that conduit and set off the Crucible, I was sure in that moment that I would die. And I wasn't afraid because... because it was only me. But if those bitches do something to you, if they..." Shepard averted her eyes. "Then it's my fault."

"We're going to survive this, Shepard," Liara said, as she took the clothes from her. "And when you kill them, I'm going to be right there beside you, I promise."

Now fully-clothed, Shepard felt a little calmer. Their captors had been right about one thing: she could fool herself into believing that this whole thing wasn't happening, at least for a little bit. In this familiar space, a room that had been her second home for years now, she sat on the edge of the bed – her bed, dammit – and composed herself.

Liara sat down beside her, leaning into her body. "Still hard to believe. That someone would actually try to bring back Cerberus. After all that happened, the invasion of the Citadel... it was one thing when they were indoctrinating people to the cause. That anyone would join the organization of their own free will..."

Shepard reached her arm around Liara's waist, feeling comfort in having her beloved next to her. "That's the thing about us humans sometimes, Liara. One of our big faults: a lot of us like to look for the easy answers. It's been years since we beat the Reapers, and yet we still haven't fully recovered. Earth may have been able to start rebuilding quickly, but the job's not done yet. People are suffering, and they want to look for someone to point the finger at." Sighing, Shepard laid her other hand on Liara's in her lap. "All it takes is a few loud voices, telling them that aliens are to blame, and that they'd all be happier if they were gone... and I'm afraid too many people are going to listen."

"Still, you would think they'd at least choose a different name," Liara said. "Considering most every other member of Cerberus's upper echelon is either dead, or has renounced ever having been a part of it."

"Never would have thought I'd regret the Alliance granting me an exemption for the whole 'former members of Cerberus get a tracking chip,'" Shepard said ruefully. "Garrus and all the rest of the team would have been storming the Normandy before we ever left the Local Cluster."

"You think Commander Taylor was able to get to our friends in time?" Liara asked.

"I'm sure," Shepard said, stroking Liara's hand in an attempt to reassure her. "He may still be a little messed up after what happened with Dr. Cole, but he's a good soldier. And I'm sure the Alliance and the Council are throwing everything they've got behind finding us." Shepard smiled wryly. "Well, what little they have. Times like this, makes me wish I'd pushed a little bit harder for everyone to start rebuilding their fleets after the war."

"Nobody saw a reason to," Liara said. "The Reapers were destroyed, and all the races were too battered by the war to want to start any new conflicts. It's hard to motivate people to prepare for war, when there's no enemies to fight."

Shepard scowled. "Short-sighted... There won't ever be a world without enemies. The pirates are back to plundering the Terminus systems. Hell, we never did find out what happened to that son of a bitch Balak after the batarians dissolved the Hegemony and formed a new government. Plenty of threats still out there, and we don't have the firepower to match them."
"Even so, there are still enough ships to search most of the galaxy," Liara said. "They'll find us, sooner or later."

"Right," Shepard said, trying her best to sound convinced. She had to stay strong, for Liara's sake if nothing else. "Just got to keep our heads down, and wait for the cavalry to arrive."

There was a moment of silence between them, the two of them just finding what enjoyment they could in the silent – and rape-free – moment between them. Finally, though, Liara spoke up. 
"Shepard, I wanted to ask... what was the secret you were going to tell me about at the ceremony? Since I believe that our arrival there is going to be delayed somewhat."

Shepard looked over at Liara, stroking her cheek tenderly. "I'll tell you when we get out of this," she said. "Now isn't the time."

Liara gave Shepard a thin smile, and Shepard could tell right away she wasn't happy with the answer, but was willing to accept it for now. "Something to look forward to, then."

For the next few hours, they laid down on the bed, holding each other in silence. It reminded Shepard of that night during the Reaper War, the two of them staring up at the stars above them. "It would be easy for a single ship to get lost up there, wouldn't it?" Liara had said. At the time, it was a romantic notion: the idea of the two of them leaving behind the problems of the galaxy and just living out the rest of their lives in some remote, faraway place. Now, though, it was a painful reminder that they were in one ship – one very hard-to-find ship – and that it could be a very long time before anyone tracked them down.

Closing her eyes, Shepard thought of the house on Earth. The one she had planned to take Liara to, where they quietly live their lives, raise a family... and leave the war and misery that had dominated their lives behind.

"We'll still get there, Liara," Shepard thought. "I promise you that. We'll have that house on Earth. The little blue children. All of it."

Shepard's hopeful thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the door chime. "Guess it's time for us to play our parts," Liara said, any traces of a smile now gone from her face.

Slowly, the two of them rose to their feet, and followed their orders to move to the wall and stand in position. Shepard tried to pretend that it was just another Alliance training drill, that she was back in basic and the worst thing that was coming was a good chewing out by her training officer. But the dull soreness still present in her groin was a constant reminder that 50 pushups and 10 laps around the camp would be heavenly compared to their current predicament.

Once they had reached the proper spot, the door to the cabin opened. Shepard fought not to breathe an audible sigh, as she saw that it was not their captors arriving, but a male crew member with two covered trays. "Stay where you are," said the man in the Cerberus uniform, laying the food down on the table by the couches. "You don't move from that position until I leave the room, understand?"

Shepard and Liara nodded, standing at attention in their spot against the wall.

"Hmph. Look at you two, all nice and obedient," the crewman said with a sneer in his voice. "Before you eat, the bosses told me to give you ladies some entertainment." Shepard glanced down to see a name on his uniform: "CRAYMAN". "Said they were worried you were getting bored up
here, with all your talk about the Alliance and Council coming to your rescue. Thought you might want to watch a few extranet vids."

Shepard betrayed no emotion, but inside she was cursing herself. *Of course they've been listening in all this time, Shepard. They'd be stupid not to. And here you are talking with Liara about all your ideas for escaping.*

Stepping over to a panel, Crayman activated a viewscreen. "The nightly news is on, you know. And you're the top story. It's all anyone's been talking about for a while now," he said, as the screen flared to life.

It didn't surprise Shepard: her abduction by Cerberus probably would rate a major news event. But the way the sneering crewman said it put her on edge. Something was off.

"... a day since the disruption of the Crucible Day celebrations, and the galaxy is still in shock," said Khalisah Bint Sinan al-Jilani, sitting at her news desk with an image of Shepard's face over her shoulder.

It was odd, though: it wasn't a picture that Shepard remembered. Of course, she'd been photographed hundreds of times during and after the war. But this particular shot of her, standing at the CIC of the Normandy, didn't ring any bells. Was it one Allers had taken, or...

The picture then expanded to fill the screen, and turned into video. And as soon as "she" started speaking, Shepard knew that it wasn't her. Even before the xenophobic slurs began flying from the clone's mouth on the video.

Shepard felt her blood begin to boil as she watched the clone pretend to be her, while pissing all over everything the rest of the galaxy had done to help defeat the Reapers. She waited for some indication on the screen, some text at the bottom like "The Clone of Commander Shepard."

But no. Right below the video of her denouncing all of alienkind was simply "COMMANDER SHEPARD, 1 DAY AGO."

Dammit, how could anybody believe for a second that she would say things like that? She had hoped the combined word of Jacob, Garrus, and all the other people who had been there in the Archives would be enough to convince the Council and Alliance that there was a Shepard clone on the loose. But it seemed the Council were being their old helpful selves, and while Shepard was sure the Alliance would have her back, there was only so much they could do with the limited fleet that had been rebuilt.

"Asked for comment on Commander Shepard's speech, and her resignation from the Alliance and as a Spectre, both Alliance and Council representatives have denounced Shepard, and vowed that she would be taken into custody if she ever emerges from hiding," al-Jilani was saying on the newscast. "But there are some who applaud her words, and believe she is expressing frustrations that have been left unsaid for too long."

The video displayed to show Charles Saracino, standing in front of a small but vocal crowd somewhere on Earth. "None of us are saying we are ungrateful to these other races for their assistance during Earth's brave fight against the Reapers," Saracino proclaimed. "But the war is over now. And maybe it's time for humanity to ask: How much gratitude is too much? Why should we allow these aliens to make their homes on Earth, taking our land for their own? How many years will it be before humanity is a minority on its own planet?"
The crowd cheered, and the sound of it filled Shepard with disgust. How many of these people would have been mindless husks, if it hadn't been for the other races sacrificing their own people to help save humanity?

"Strong words from Mr. Saracino, and it looks like some people are taking them to heart," al-Jilani said, as the camera shifted back to her. Over her shoulder were videos from scenes on Earth. Shaken aliens being comforted, and spray-paint on walls. "Several reports have emerged on Earth of violence against aliens, homes being vandalized with pro-humanity slogans and Cerberus insignias. Are these just a few scattered incidents, as Earth officials are claiming? Or signs of a larger anti-alien movement within the human population? We here at Westerlund News intend to follow this story as it dev...">

Crayman shut off the video feed and chuckled to himself. "If only they knew the truth, huh?" he said, giving Liara a withering glare. "But then, these goddamned aliens would have been too stupid to keep themselves from being Reaper food, if humans hadn't stepped up and held them by the hand the whole way through."

"Pity that we're so unintelligent," Liara said, the mildest trace of sarcasm in her voice. "Unlike yourself, casting in your lot with an organization that was nearly exterminated during the Reaper War, and is currently run by two insane rapists."

Crayman stepped casually over to Shepard and shrugged. "Well, considering the person who defeated us the last time is standing right here, defenseless and following all of my orders... I'd say the new Cerberus is doing alright so far."

Liara watched in disgust as the crewman reached up and starting groping one of Shepard's breasts. "Isn't that right, alien loving bitch?" he asked her. "We've got you right where we want you now. I can do whatever I want to you, and you'd just have to smile and take it. Brooks and the other Shepard, they've got you whipped right into shape, don't they?"

"Maybe they do," Shepard said, keeping her expression neutral even as the perverted crewman's hand pawed all over her breasts. "But there's a big difference, Mr. Crayman, between what they have, and what you have."

"Oh?" Crayman said, his attention locked on Shepard's tits. "And what would that be?"

"They have a shock rod," Shepard said to him. "While you... just have these."

And with a sharp jerk, Shepard brought her knee up hard between Crayman's legs. There was a satisfying thump, and Crayman let out a strangled squeal, his hands immediately leaving Shepard's breasts to clutch at his groin.

"Y... you..." Crayman struggled to speak through the pain. "You're going to... pay for this! They're gonna... gonna..."

Grabbing Crayman by the shoulders, Liara shut her eyes, and drove her head forward, her forehead striking the human's nose with a sick crunch. Crayman reared backwards with a keening cry, blood dripping down from his nostrils from the impact.

"Well, whatever they're 'gonna' do, guess they're 'gonna' have to do it to this stupid alien bitch, too," Liara said, watching Crayman with a smirk as he clutched his nose in one hand, and his groin
"You bitches!" Crayman whined, his voice somewhat muffled with his likely broken nose. "I swear I'll..." Whatever threat he was about to level at them was cut off with a terrified squeal, as both women took a step towards him. Quick as he could, the crewman fled out of the room and into the lift.

Shepard looked over at Liara and grinned. "Taking after that krogan granddad of yours, I see."

"I suppose so," Liara said, smiling as well before the euphoria of the brief victory faded. "You know that we'll be punished for that."

Shepard nodded. "I know. Sorry."

Looking over her shoulder at the now-closed door, Liara shrugged it off. "It was still worth it," she said to Shepard.

"Yeah," Shepard said, her mind summoning up an unwanted image of Liara jolting against the pain of the shock rod. "We should probably eat before..."

"Yes," Liara agreed, and the glee from getting one over on one of their captors faded as they ate, fully aware of what was likely to come when their two sadistic “mistresses” returned.
Part 1: Old Friends, New Enemies (SSV Orpheus)

The Orpheus was a lot easier to sneak around in than the Normandy.

Kasumi appreciated the roomier hallways greatly, as it made dodging random crew members as she invisibly crept around the ship a lot less of a hassle. It was the late shift now, and most of the crew were off-duty and enjoying the brief rest before they hit the next mass relay. The perfect time for the galaxy's best cat burglar to do a little snooping around.

Her first few stops were a major bore, though. Garrus was now camped out in the forward battery, and was currently lecturing one of the crewmen about advanced weapon calibration techniques. Kasumi had hoped that maybe he and Tali were enjoying each other's compatible body chemistries again (Kasumi hadn't been there for that one, but the way the two of them had rushed off as soon as they'd arrived on the ship made it pretty obvious what they were up to). But Tali was busy in the engine room, working her usual magic on trying to improve the performance of the Orpheus's sub-standard engine core.

Wandering around and looking for something interesting, Kasumi found herself heading to the mess hall, and was immediately assaulted by the sounds of ravenous eating. Little wonder who it was when she finally came within sight of him: Grunt had a plate stacked high with various meats, vegetables, and a few strange food items that Kasumi couldn't identify off-hand.

Grunt soon found himself with company. Two of the female crewmembers of the Orpheus sat down opposite him at the table. One of them, a curly-haired blonde with a sultry look on her face, spoke first. "Hello there... Grunt, is it?"

Perhaps the uninterested noise that the krogan let out in response was confirmation of his name, or maybe he just had a mouth full of synthetic varren meat at the moment, Kasumi couldn't say.

"Well, me and my friend here, we just thought we'd give you a proper welcome to the Orpheus," the blonde said, making a slight gesture over to the woman next to her. "That's Michele, and I'm Lisa. How do you like the ship so far?"

"Mmmm... not enough food," Grunt said, not looking up from his plate as he shoveled his meal into his mouth with a large fork. "Hope the first place we dock has a decent buffet set up."

"I know, isn't it awful?" Lisa quickly said. "I can feel my stomach growling just looking at what you've got there." Giving him a fetching smile and blinking her eyes, Lisa asked. "You wouldn't mind giving me a bite of yours, would you?"

Grunt looked up at her with narrowed eyes, then let out an annoyed sigh. "Fine."

Lisa closed her eyes and opened her mouth, waiting for Grunt to deposit a morsel from his fork. But after thirty seconds of waiting, Lisa slowly opened up one of her eyelids to see that Grunt had resumed eating again, albeit limiting his ravenous chewing to one side of the plate. Undeterred, she grabbed another fork from the table, chose one of the less disgusting looking portions of the meal, and scooped a bite of it into her mouth. Her eyes went wide as soon as the unidentifiable substance met her tongue.

"Lisa?" Michele said, looking over at her friend in concern. "You okay?"
"It's... soooo good," Lisa's voice strained as she spoke, a glob of brown meat-like matter dribbling down her chin. Her face rotated through several different shades of flushed, green, and pale as she forced herself to chew the food in her mouth. Finally, with a look of triumph on her face, she swallowed. "Would you like a bite, Michele?" she asked her table-mate, a wicked grin on her face.

Michele started to open her mouth – Kasumi guessed it wasn't to put any of Grunt's horrific meal into it – but then her omnitool started beeping. "You know, I'd love to, but I'd better go see what my mom wants."

"Again?" Lisa asked in shock. "You just talked to her before we left the Citadel."

"You think I don't know?" Michele said, standing up from her seat and giving Grunt a weak smile. "You two have fun now. Save some of that for me, okay?"

As Michele quickly stepped away, Grunt let out a boisterous laugh. "No way. She had her chance, right?"

"Right, some people don't have the stomach for such..." Lisa paused to swallow back something threatening to vacate her stomach, "Such delicacies." Leaning on her elbows, Lisa eyed up the still-feeding krogan. "So... Grrrrunt," she did her best to put as much innuendo into the name as possible. "Eating so much food like that, you probably have a lot of energy built up. How do you manage to burn all that up, I wonder?"

"Killing things, mostly" Grunt said between bites. "Nothing like a good meal before a good battle."

Lisa nodded. "Well, sure, but we've got such a long time before we get to where we're going," she said. "Days of being cooped up on this ship with nobody to shoot at... what are you going to be doing with your time, I wonder? I could make a suggestion or..."

Grunt interrupted with a loud burp. Staring down at his nearly empty plate, he let out a disappointed noise. "Going back for fifths," Grunt said, standing up and grabbing his plate. "You want anything while I'm in the kitchen?"

"How about we have a little something to drink, Grunt?" Lisa said, leaning back in her seat and crossing her arms under her breasts in order to shove them upward. "I think there's a bottle of wine back in the kitchen that we can crack open," she suggested with a wink.

"Ha! Wine is for hatchlings," Grunt declared. "Hang on, I think we might have the right ingredients on this ship to mix up some ryncol."

"Ryncol?" Lisa said, cocking her head as Grunt headed for the kitchen. "Never heard of that one before. But I'll have some if you're having some."

Kasumi decided to vacate the mess hall before things got ugly. She didn't relish the headache that the horny young crewman was going to have in the morning.

Quickly darting between the lift doors as one of the marines on the ship entered, Kasumi rode down with the unsuspecting man to the lower decks. She couldn't keep the eager grin off her face as she walked. When she'd found out that the Orpheus had a small but well-supplied workout area, Kasumi had dreamt of the moment she'd walk in and catch Jacob working on that gorgeous body of his.
But unfortunately, he wasn't in the room when Kasumi entered. Instead, the ship's XO Tara Rooker had the workout area to herself at the moment. She was on the pullup bar, letting out light grunts as she hoisted her weight up at a slow but steady pace.

Kasumi hung out for a second, hoping that maybe the fine Commander Taylor would stop in for a last minute set of crunches. But seeing no sign of him, she made her way to the doorway where she nearly ran headlong into a new arrival.

"Mmm, mmm, mmm," said James Vega as he stepped in, having discarded his Alliance uniform in favor of workout gear of a tight-fitting tank-top and sweatpants. He was certainly a much... larger specimen of man than Jacob, Kasumi couldn't help but notice. But such a showoff. Jacob knew how to let you see just enough of the physique underneath his uniform to leave you wanting more – and make you unable to resist the urge to put on a tactical cloak and watch him when he thinks he's alone.

"I'm sorry, what was that you were saying, Commander?" Rooker said, her tone as cold and official as always, even in the midst of a serious workout.

"Nothing, just admiring your form," Vega said, crossing his arms and watching as Rooker continued her reps.

Rooker rolled her eyes. "I hope that you're referring to the form of my exercises, and not... something else."

"No idea what you're talking about, chica," Vega said, his eyes taking the scenic route around Rooker's heaving body. "That's some fine, fine form there... in your pull-ups. But you know, you may have the shooting record on the Orpheus, but back on the Normandy... I had the pull-up record. 184. Think you can beat it?"

"You did 184 pull-ups... in a row?" Rooker asked incredulously.

Vega nodded with a proud smile. "Damn right I did."

"Remarkable... you must have had an awful lot of spare time to waste on the Normandy, Commander," Rooker said, before releasing the bar and dropping down to her feet.

"Actually, you're right," Vega said, then added. "Of course, if somebody like you had been serving on our ship, chica, maybe I'd have had something more interesting to occupy myself with."

Rooker narrowed her eyes. "Why are you calling me that, Commander?"

"What, chica? I dunno, just seems to suit you," Vega said, staring at her face with a discerning look in his eye. "Let me guess. Looking at you, I'd say your family was from... Colombia, right?"

"Venezuela, actually," Rooker said, grabbing a towel from a nearby bench to mop at her sweaty forehead and neck. "Haven't set foot there since I was two, though, and my family spoke English most of the time. So if you were hoping to have some scintillating conversations with me in Spanish, Commander, then I'm afraid this chica won't be able to help you with that."

"Okay, okay, I'm sorry," Vega said. "I won't call you that anymore."

Sighing, Rooker laid down her towel and picked up a water bottle. "Commander Vega, I honestly
don't care what you call me. I just hope you shoot a whole lot better than you flirt."

"Hell, yeah! I mean... shit, you don't make your way through N7 training without being able to put a few bodies in the ground," Vega boasted. "And when you've got the Commander Shepard training you personally, you know she ain't gonna accept anything less than the best."

Rooker's water bottle paused an inch away from her lips. "Commander Shepard was your N7 trainer?"

"You didn't know that? After the relays got back up and we brought the Normandy back, Shepard wasn't sure that she wanted to go back to active duty right away. So they had her down in Rio helping out at Vila Militar."

"I knew that, but... I wasn't aware that she had personally handled your training," Rooker said. Her previous cold demeanor had softened a little as soon as Shepard's name had entered the conversation. "I'd be interested to hear what sort of exercises she had you take part in."

Seeing an opening, Vega sidled a little closer. "Sure thing. How about we head over to the mess hall and discuss it over some drinks? I think there's some wine in the kitchen, or maybe some cerveza if you feel like something stronger."

Rooker's eager expression immediately clamped down, and she grabbed her things from the bench. "Maybe another time. I don't want to interrupt your workout. You're going to need to be in peak condition for what comes next."

"Uh, yeah, guess you're right..." Vega said, as Rooker stepped briskly out of the room. As soon as she was out of ear-shot, Vega cursed under his breath. "Dammit..."

"Running away from you again, huh?" said Cortez as he walked into the open gym door. "You need to give this one up, James."

Vega held up his thumb and finger. "This close, Esteban. I was this close. Gotta make sure to talk about Shepard as much as I can when she's around. Chica melted the second I brought up her name."

"Well, better hope that she isn't melting that much over the lovely Commander Shepard," Cortez said with a cocked eyebrow. "Could be maybe you're barking up the wrong tree."

"No way, I can tell," Vega said. "James Vega can read a woman like an open book. Her lips may have been saying, 'you're an idiot,' but her eyes... it's all in her eyes, man."

"Like Maya Brooks?" said a voice from behind them. Both men jumped and turned to see David Riggs walk into the room. "You reading our XO's eyes as well as you read the Cerberus mole's, Commander Vega?" he asked, his tone devoid of any emotion.

Vega glared at the new arrival. "Look, buddy, enough with this. We screwed up, okay? Shepard, Liara, Ash... they're our friends, and we let 'em down. You think we don't feel like shit already? You think I ain't pissed at myself about what happened? Or did Cerberus burn those kinds of feelings out of you when they fucked with your head?"

"James!" Cortez hissed at him, and then turned his attention to Riggs. "Sorry, it's just... this is a stressful situation as it is. How about we all just cool down and be civil, okay?"
Riggs reacted to both Vega's anger and Cortez's calming gestures with an air of pure indifference. "Glad to catch you two together," he said. "You two fought against this Brooks and the Shepard clone. Was hoping you'd give me a sense of what I'm going to be going up against when we catch them."

"Afraid we aren't going to be of much help," Cortez told the marine. "Brooks, or whatever her name actually is, she caught us in a forcefield and knocked us out before we could even get a chance to fight her. And we barely even got close to the clone."

"What about their men?" Riggs asked. "What kind of people does she have backing her up?"

Vega shook his head. "Doesn't matter. Bunch of mercs that were just a distraction. But we pulled some camera feeds and it looks like the two putas have a team of Phantoms at their backs. Real fast, guns in their hands and samurai swords," Vega scowled. "Oh, right, guess I don't need to tell you about how Phantoms operate, do I? You probably gave orders to a few."

"Enough, James!" Cortez raised his voice to Vega.

"Look, I don't give a damn if this guy says he's on our side now," Vega said to Cortez. "You can't just blame indoctrination for the shit this guy did during the war. Where do you think he got the nickname 'Bloody Hand' from, picking his nose too much?" Turning to stare daggers at Riggs, Vega snapped at him. "And how come you're asking us about this, huh? Why not Garrus or Tali? Or Javik? They were there, too. Or maybe you don't want to associate with 'their kind', huh?"

"The turian and quarian are busy working on the ship right now," Riggs said, his voice low and calm in the face of Vega's anger. "And the prothean... doesn't seem like he's in the mood to talk."

Vega lowered his voice to match Riggs's calm demeanor, but there was still anger in his tone. "I've got my eye on you, Mr. Bloody Hand. You do one thing that makes me think you might turn on us, sell us out to your old Cerberus comrades... and I swear I'll hunt you down and kill you myself."

Riggs said nothing for a second, then turned his back to Vega and grabbed the bottom of his uniform shirt. "You see this?" he said, as he lifted up the fabric to reveal a small red line on his lower back. "That's where they put the tracking chip in me when I turned myself in to the Alliance. Every fifteen seconds it sends a signal to Earth, telling them exactly where I am. So if you do end up having to hunt me down, it won't be too difficult for you."

"Whatever, man," Vega said, brushing past Riggs. "Guess I ain't in the mood for a workout right now after all," he said as he left, leaving Cortez alone with the emotionless Marine.

Cortez spoke up soon after Vega left. "Look, sorry about him. He and Shepard were good friends, I'm sure he's just taking his worries out on you."

"No, he's right," Riggs said. "I killed dozens of people when I was with Cerberus. Alliance soldiers, aliens... you'd be an idiot to trust someone like me."

"But it wasn't really you," Cortez protested. "I've heard about what indoctrination does to a person. How it feels like you've lost control of your own body. I've spoken with some people who..."

"Who lied to you," Riggs interrupted. "Or their minds are just rewriting the memories, sparing them the trauma. But it isn't true. When you're indoctrinated, you believe that you are in total
You're sure that every one of your actions is your own decision and no one else's. When I took orders for Cerberus, fought for Cerberus, killed for Cerberus... I never doubted for a second."

"But... then you joined the Alliance," Cortez said, struggling to keep a hopeful tone in the face of Riggs's emotionless recounting of his indoctrination. "To make up for what happened, right?"

This elicited a non-committal shrug. "Maybe. Or maybe I just enjoyed the killing so much, I didn't want it to end. It was either this or become a serial killer, and the Alliance pays better." This brought an actual emotion to Riggs's face: a slight smile that didn't touch his eyes. "Did you have any other insight on the enemy you might be able to share?"

"Not really, no," Cortez said, looking a little shaken.

"Then I'll be going," Riggs said, turning away from Cortez and leaving him to ponder what had been said.

Kasumi left with Riggs but went the opposite direction from him. She wasn't in a hurry to see what _that_ creepo was up to at this time of night. As she walked, she passed Grunt, hauling a moaning, limp Lisa over his shoulder. Behind him, Kasumi could see several drops of some foul substance that Kasumi quickly figured out was vomit. No sooner had she determined this than Lisa moaned, gulped, and heaved another spray of puke down Grunt's back and onto the floor.

"Kill me," Lisa moaned. "Please kill me."

"Ugh, humans," Grunt muttered to himself as he made his way to the crew quarters. "Never could hold their ryncol."

Stepping around the splattered remnants of Crewman Mason's ill-fated experimentation with krogan liquor, Kasumi decided that her nightly explorations would take her to another area of the ship. And quickly, before the smell overwhelmed her.
Part 1: Old Friends, New Enemies (Normandy, Captain's Cabin)

The door chime sounded, and as Shepard roused herself from the light slumber she had fallen into, she felt the old instinct to mutter "Come in" to whoever was on the other side of the door. Probably James or someone else with the latest Council or Alliance orders.

But reality soon intruded, and she reluctantly roused Liara next to her on the bed. Shaking off their slumber, the two of them moved to their expected positions at the wall.

After a few seconds of standing at attention, the door slid open. The Shepard clone entered first, followed by Brooks with a large duffel bag. The sight of it put Shepard even more on edge than before. *No doubt more instruments of torture to use on us,* she thought.

"Look at them, Maya," the clone said, the two women standing side-by-side opposite Shepard and Liara. "All dressed up like they think they're real people," her laugh was caustic.

Maya shook her head. "Pathetic, really," she said to the clone, before turning her attention to the captives. "Take all of that off right now. And we'd better not catch you wearing anything else ever again," she had a thought, and then leaned in close to the clone. "Unless, of course, it's something we've picked out for you."

The clone nodded in agreement. "Yes, I think we've got a few nice little things for our slaves to wear back at home base. Can't wait to see how they look."

As Shepard stripped off her clothes, Liara undressing beside her, she considered the words of her tormenters. "Home base," the clone said. So Cerberus had set up shop somewhere. Where could Cerberus be operating without anyone getting wind of it? Planetside? Or a space station? Either way, the news that they were heading somewhere else gave Shepard a little bit of hope. Their escape options on the Normandy were limited at best, but if they were being taken to this new Cerberus's base of operations, she might be able to figure out a way to get them out of this after all.

Once Shepard and Liara were fully undressed, the clone grabbed up the clothing and tossed into a heap across the room. "Gonna have to remember to have those cleaned," the clone said. "Wouldn't want the stench of failure to rub off on me, would I?"

"Oh, but you have to give them credit for their brave victory earlier, love," Brooks said, sarcasm dripping from every syllable. "Must have been such a gallant struggle, the two well-trained soldiers against a single unarmed crewman."

Shepard and Liara tensed up. They had been expecting this, but there wasn't any way to truly prepare for the intense pain of the varren prod, which Brooks was currently retrieving from the duffel bag.

"Mr. Crayman was quite banged up, it seems, after coming by with your food," Brooks mused. "The poor man, all he wanted to do was give you a little something to eat, and you treat him like that. Obviously, actions like these need to be dealt with. So, if I were to punish, say, one of you for that, which one should it be, huh?"

She hit the button on the prod, and it crackled with electricity as she swung the tip between the faces of Shepard and Liara, inches separating them from horrible torment. "Go ahead, speak up, I'd
like to hear your thoughts on the matter. Which one of you is more deserving of the prod?"

Shepard quickly took the invitation to speak. "It was me, I attacked him. Use the prod on me. Liara didn't do anything."

"No, Shepard was just defending herself," Liara protested. "He put his hands on her, and she reacted. My attack was completely unprovoked. I deserve the punishment, not her."

Shepard shook her head violently. "No, Liara wouldn't have even attacked him if I hadn't first. Use the prod on me, please. Liara didn't do anything to deserve it."

Brooks and the clone watched the back-and-forth between their captives with wide grins. "Do you hear this, Maya?" the clone said. "The two of them begging us to torture them. And here you thought breaking them was going to be difficult."

"Hmm, they both make such compelling arguments," Brooks said, as she released pressure on the prod's activation button and pressed the harmless tip against Shepard's torso, before doing the same to Liara. Back and forth, she moved it between the two of them, thumb hovering over the button and a single muscle flinch away from sending them into paroxysms of pain. "It's so hard to decide, but I think I'm going to have to go with..." Brooks settled the tip on Liara's stomach.

"No, don't!" Shepard called out, only to watch as Brooks yanked the prod away without activating it, and rested it on her shoulder.

"Neither of you," Brooks said with a sadistic grin. "Crayman is an asshole, and he should have known better than to try to play with our toys without permission. So we'll let you two slide on this one, but just know that the next time we send someone up here with food, you'd better not lay a finger on them. Or you'll both be tasting the end of this." Pressing the button a few times to make the end of the prod spark, she narrowed her eyes at Shepard and Liara. "Are we completely clear on that?"

Shepard and Liara nodded, Shepard trying her best not to feel too much relief at the momentary mercy by their captors. Chances were, the night wasn't going to pass without some other cruel treatment to come.

"Good. Now that that's settled," Brooks said, tossing the prod aside and moving to stand behind the clone. As she leaned forward to kiss the clone's neck, Brooks began unbuttoning her lover's Cerberus uniform. "You all ready to show them our little surprise, love?"

"Absolutely," the clone said. As Brooks finished removing the clone's top, the clone cast it aside and turned to help Brooks with her own uniform. Shepard fought the urge to close her eyes, rather than watch these two crazy women flirtatiously undress each other. She knew they wanted her to watch; apparently, one of the laundry list of perversions these two had was an exhibitionist streak. But closing her eyes risked punishment for Liara. And they had already evaded one punishment tonight. Better not to add to the list of infractions for now.

After an excruciatingly long time spent stripping and fondling each other, the two women were naked. "We just know you two are going to love this," Brooks said, as she opened the duffel bag and pulled out two objects. "A little something we picked up before we defeated you on the Citadel."

They were strap-ons. The two women started fastening them on their hips and positioning the
large, realistically-shaped phalluses over their pussies.

"These things are amazing," the clone said, as she fiddled at the base of her new artificial appendage. "They interact directly with your nervous system, makes you feel like it's actually part of your body," the clone let out a little squeal of delight as the device was activated. Running her hand slowly down the length of the strap-on, and obviously relishing the sensations, she looked over at Brooks with a lewd expression. "Still think we should have gotten those other ones, though. The ones that actually had cum come out when you orgasmed?"

"The Sultana model?" Brooks said, then shook her head. "No way. Just imagine all the mess we would have to clean up from those. And that clerk never really gave me a good answer on where that fake jizz even came from. These are just fine," Brooks gasped as the strap-on around her hips switched on. "Juuuuust fiiiiiine," she repeated slowly, then looked over at Shepard and Liara. "Come over here, slaves. We want to feel what it's like to have your mouths around our cocks."

Shepard and Liara stepped forward, Shepard to Brooks and Liara to the clone as before. Dropping to her knees, hands behind her back, Shepard opened her mouth. She waited for Brooks to make the first move, and the Cerberus bitch wasted no time grabbing Shepard's short-cropped hair and yanking her face forward, fake cock plunging into her mouth and almost down her throat.

It was small comfort to her in this hideous situation, but at least Shepard was just having to suck a synthetic sex toy. Better than having to put her face into this horrible woman's cunt and taste the juices of her twisted arousal on her tongue. Brooks let out little gasping breaths as she grabbed the sides of Shepard's head and fucked her face. Glancing over, Shepard could see the clone giving a similar treatment to Liara. Shepard knew that Liara had never done anything like this before, with a strap-on or the real thing, and the asari looked a bit terrified as the clone seemed to be nearly cutting off Liara's windpipe with the sizable fake cock.

*Stop it!* Shepard wanted to scream, as the clone grabbed Liara by the head and forced her mouth further down on the strap-on. *You're going to choke her to death if you keep that up!* But with her mouth filled with cock, all Shepard could do was moan in concern, struggling feebly against Brooks's grip on her head.

Finally, just as Liara's eyes were starting to go wide with panic, and she began to beat her fists against the clone's thighs, the grip was released. Breathing a rasping breath as she fell away, Liara barely had time to recover before the clone already was pushing her mouth back down on the strap-on again.

After several minutes of this rough treatment, both women seemed to take a cue from each other and pulled away simultaneously. Shepard and Liara caught their breaths, waiting on their knees for what was to come next.

"Well, I think that's enough foreplay," the clone said. "Maya, how about you get on the bed, and we show my pathetic doppelganger what she can expect for the rest of her miserable life?"

Brooks drifted over to the bed. Grabbing a pillow, she laid with her head at the foot of the bed and with her saliva-soaked strap-on sticking straight up into the air.

Reaching down, the clone put her hand to the kneeling Liara's chin and turned her head in the direction of the bed. "Go ahead and have a seat over there, dear," she said, putting an air of twisted affection in her voice. "I'll be over to join you two in just a moment."
Slowly, uncomfortably, Liara rose to her feet and walked over to the bed. Like everything else, it seemed, the position that Brooks had taken was specifically to torment Shepard further. She was forced to watch the shame and disgust on Liara's face, as she had to reach down to aim Brooks's strap-on at her pussy and lower herself down onto its length.

"Well, don't just sit there," the clone admonished Liara. "Ride that cock like the dirty asari whore you are."

Squinting her eyes shut, Liara leaned back and began bouncing her hips up and down on the strap-on cock. She moved slowly at first but, at the clone's urging, soon was riding the cock as hard as she could, her tits bouncing with every downward thrust. Shepard hated seeing the look on Liara's face, as she was not only being raped, but being forced to actively participate in it.

"Pretty hot, isn't it?" the clone asked Shepard. "Get used to it, Shepard. It would have been so easy to just kill you and all your friends. But instead, Maya and I decided that it would be so much more fun to truly break you. To make you watch as we track down every last one of your friends, and turn them from your brave and strong companions into docile little sex slaves." Walking over to a wall panel, the clone hit a few buttons. "I believe earlier, you were asking about what happened to Miss Williams. Well, I'll gladly grant your request."

The video screen flared to life, showing a surveillance camera view of the XO's cabin of the Normandy. Many of Vega's personal touches to the room, the exercise equipment and other memorabilia of the Normandy's adventures, were still in place.

But the room had obviously been taken over by someone else. And that someone, a blond woman with absolutely massive muscles, was currently buck naked and vigorously fucking Ashley doggy-style. Even through the slightly staticy audio feed, Shepard could hear the rough slaps of flesh against flesh, and the blond woman's squeals of delight as she took Ash from behind.

"Morgan Lezayen," the clone said, reaching down to idly stroke at her strap-on cock as she watched the video. "A very... unique addition to Cerberus. Under normal circumstances, I never would have even considered bringing such a woman into our organization. But when me and Maya started working to rebuild Cerberus, we couldn't exactly afford to be picky at first," she glanced down at Shepard kneeling on the floor. "Miss Lezayen's is not exactly the type who enjoys following orders, you see. Likes thinking that she's the one in charge of things, even if she isn't. So if I had told her that I wanted her to take Miss Williams back to her cabin and fuck her raw, she may have done it, but... well, her heart wouldn't have been in it."

The clone looked back up at the video, where Morgan was cheerily talking while taking Ash's ass. "Oh, my little bitch feels so good tonight," the Cerberus operative was saying, a tight grip on Ash's hips as she roughly fucked her, "That tight little asshole wrapped around my thick cock... best feeling in the galaxy!" Shepard guessed that, like the clone and Brooks, Morgan had some sort of sensory strap-on that was currently being put to use on Ash's asshole. But funniest thing... the video feed was a little indistinct, but Shepard was sure that she didn't see any straps around Morgan's hips.

"But Morgan's nothing if not predictable," the clone was saying. "All I had to do was tell her that we didn't care what happened to Miss Williams, and make her believe that we wanted Ash disposed of. After that, it didn't take long for Morgan to 'decide' on her own to go against us and make Ash into her own personal plaything."

Behind them on the bed, Shepard could hear the sound of Brooks's heavy breathing, as Liara
continued to ride on top of her. The mix of that with the sound of Morgan raping Ash in the video screen made Shepard want to scream. If the goal of all this was to try to drive Shepard crazy watching her friends get violated, Shepard was starting to worry that they might succeed.

"Well, we'll leave that on while I go deal with some other matters," the clone said. She walked over to the bed, and Shepard realized her intentions as she held out her palm and spit into it. Wiping her saliva over the strap-on at her hips, she positioned herself behind Liara on her knees and put a hand to Liara's back, forcing her to bend forward.

"Bet you've never done this to your little asari slut, have you?" the clone said to Shepard, before grabbing Liara's waist and thrusting the strap-on as deep as she could into Liara's ass. Liara let out a sharp cry as the clone began driving in and out of her ass while Brooks thrust into her from below. "Huh, Liara?" the clone said, leaning down and speaking directly into Liara's ear cavity, all with her eyes focused on Shepard. "Has that pathetic copy of me ever put a strap-on and fucked that little blue ass of yours before?"

"N... no..." Liara said through gritted teeth, sweat dripping down her face from the sexual torture she was being put through. The clone and Brooks soon fell into a rhythm, waiting for the other one's cock to leave Liara before violating one of the asari's holes with her own.

The clone gave Shepard a sinister smile before extending her tongue and lewdly licking Liara's cheek. "It feels good, though, doesn't it?" the clone said. "Why don't you tell your pathetic little fake Shepard how good it feels to have the real Shepard fucking your ass? Go on, tell her how much you love this..." the clone reached around and grabbed Liara roughly by the throat, never pausing in her anal rape while choking her. "Unless you want me to stop. And if I stop, I'll need to keep myself entertained some other way. Maybe by going over and giving your sweetheart a taste of the varren prod. Do you want me to stop, Liara? Be honest, now."

She released her grip on Liara's throat, and Liara took a second to regain her breath before saying, "No, I don't want you to stop. I... I want you to... to fuck my ass."

"You heard that, right?" the clone said, a manically-gleeful tone to her voice as she spoke to Shepard. "Told you this little blue bitch was nothing more than a horny little slut. Go on, Liara. Beg me to keep fucking you."

The pain on Liara's face was evident as she forced herself to speak. "Please fuck me. I... love having two cocks inside me. I'm a dirty asari whore and I want to be fucked like one."

Shepard, still on her knees on the floor, was caught between the urge to weep, and the almost irresistible desire to run over and beat these two women to death. Watching Liara being made to beg for their captors to rape her was killing Shepard inside.

"Oh, fuck, bitch," said Morgan on the video feed. "Almost there. Turn around and finish me off with that talented tongue of yours." Shepard watched as Ash turned around on the bed and took Morgan's cock in her mouth. Morgan tugged at her own nipples as she made tiny little thrusts of her hips down Ash's throat. "Swallow it down," Morgan moaned. "Every last drop... it's all for you, you wonderful, obedient little bitch."

*Guess she sprung for the Sultana model,* Shepard thought, her mind struggling to focus on anything other than the vicious rapes that were being perpetuated around here. Over on the bed, she could hear Brooks letting out strangled grunts, her climax arching her back off the bed and causing her to thrust her strap-on all the way to the hilt inside Liara's pussy.
"Don't stop," Liara gasped, still being forced to play the part of a willing participant in this cruelty. "Keep fucking me," Liara said. She stopped speaking for a moment, making sure she had eye contact with Shepard. The look in her eyes was like a silent apology as she moaned, "Fuck me... Shepard. Harder, Shepard, harder! Cum for me, Shepard!"

Shepard knew immediately what Liara was up to, and it had the desired effect on the clone. The thrill of being addressed as the "true" Shepard brought on the clone's climax like a tidal wave, and she let out several moaning gasps as she thrust three more times into Liara and then fell back on the bed, utterly spent.

"Get up," Brooks growled at Liara from under her. Shepard couldn't be sure, but the dark-skinned Cerberus operative almost looked... jealous? From the way she was looking at the clone, who was obliviously smiling in the wake of her powerful climax, maybe little Miss Maya didn't like anyone other than herself getting her lover off like that.

"Go over next to Shepard," Brooks said as she stood up from the bed, and the way she stressed Shepard's name confirmed the suspicion. Not letting your clone lover forget who the original actually is, huh? Shepard thought. A little trouble in Cerberus paradise?

Having recovered from her orgasm, the clone moved next to Brooks. "Well, it's been a hard day for all of us, and I think it's time for us to get a little sleep," she said. Walking over to the control panel, she deactivated the video screen just as Morgan started shooting cum from whatever odd sexual device she was using, into Ash's wide open mouth. "And as good as you two have been tonight, I'm afraid we still can't trust you to be left unsecured while we sleep. So, for our last little surprise of the evening... step over here please, both of you."

The clone directed the two of them to stand underneath one of the ceiling beams. Following instructions, Shepard and Liara stood face-to-face, about six inches apart. "Hands behind your backs," Brooks instructed them, her mood somewhat mollified a little from the seething jealousy she had displayed earlier. Soon Shepard and Liara's hands were fastened securely behind them, and Shepard was disappointed to be next instructed to open her mouth and have a ballgag placed back inside.

"Just to make sure you two don't keep us up all night with your pathetic screaming," the clone informed them. Reaching into the duffel bag, she retrieved a length of thin metal chain. "Stand on your tiptoes, please," she instructed, and Shepard and Liara obeyed.

"This is your fun little game for the evening," Brooks said, as the clone tossed the length of chain over the ceiling beam. "It's like those old trust games you used to play back in school. Only... just a little different."

Grabbing one end of the chain, Brooks showed it to Shepard. The end of it split into two separate chains near the end, and at the ends of these chains were a pair of metal clamps, which Brooks securely fastened onto Shepard's nipples. Shepard winced as the cold metal clamped down on the sensitive flesh nubs, but the pain was relatively light, compared to some of the tortures already inflicted by their captors. Meanwhile, the clone was mirroring the action on Liara, with metal clips on the other end of the chain. With both pairs of nipples clamped, the chain on the beam had been pulled taut, with absolutely no slack.

"Not too bad, I bet you're saying," the clone said. "Well, that's until one of you starts to get lazy," she turned to Liara. "How about you demonstrate for us? Stand down, flat on your feet."
Liara complied, and the chain attached to her nipples slid across the beam in her direction. Shepard bit into her ballgag and cried out, as Liara's resting on her feet caused the chain to yank on her nipples and pull them painfully upward. Seeing her pain, Liara quickly returned to her tiptoes, and the sharp agony in Shepard's breasts subsided.

"Well, that should keep you two entertained while we sleep," Brooks said, giving Shepard a pat on the cheek. The two women took off their strap-ons and settled themselves into bed, turning off the lights as they went. Meanwhile, Shepard struggled to remain on her toes and keep from hurting Liara, while Liara did the same.

*It's their way of making the torture that much worse, Shepard thought. They keep us awake all night doing this, so that the only chance we get to sleep is while they're out on the ship. Go to sleep once the torture is done... and wake up to more of it.*

In her mind, Shepard pictured the many different painful ways she wanted to hurt these women.
Part 1: Old Friends, New Enemies (SSV Orpheus)

After getting away from the trail of vomit left by Lisa, Kasumi's explorations brought her to a dark, obviously seldom visited area of the lower decks. She heard movement up ahead, and following the sounds soon brought her to Javik. He was leaning against a workbench, staring at a datapad and muttering to himself.

Kasumi cautiously moved in close, wanting to catch a glimpse of what the mysterious prothean was reading. As her foot silently made impact against the deck, Javik's head slowly pivoted upward. "I know you are there, human. Your pitiful attempts at cloaking yourself are painfully obvious to detect."

"I dunno, they've been working okay up until now," Kasumi said, deactivating her cloak and moving to lean against the workbench next to Javik. "Guess it's a good thing I don't plan to rob any protheans any time soon."

Javik said nothing, simply stared at Kasumi with a dour expression.

"Sorry for snooping, but you've been pretty quiet," Kasumi finally said. "Anything you feel like talking about?"

"Perhaps it is because we did not serve on the Normandy concurrently, but I would have thought Shepard had informed you that I do not enjoy idle conversation," the Prothean said.

Kasumi shrugged off this obvious attempt to brush her away. "But even so, back when I first saw you at Shepard's party, you didn't go for thirty seconds without another..." Kasumi deepened her voice and put on a terrible accent, "'In my time, we used to use Salarian finger bones to stir our tea' or some other pleasant story like that."

"Ridiculous," Javik said. "Salarian finger bones... the marrow would make the tea too bitter."

"So come on, what's up with you?" Kasumi said. "Something to do with those Collectors you spent time with before coming here?"

Javik let out an aggravated sigh. "Did it ever occur to you, human, that perhaps the reason I haven't spoken about this is that I have no desire to?"

"Oh, come on, everybody wants to talk," Kasumi said with a friendly smile. "Even grouchy people like you."

"But I..." Javik cut himself off, then shook his head. "Fine, if it will get you to leave me alone. The time I spent with the twisted remnants of my people that humans have dubbed 'the Collectors' was... not productive."

After a long wait for him to elaborate, Kasumi spoke up. "What do you mean, 'not productive'?"

Still looking aggravated, Javik nonetheless obliged her. "The Council has been studying them, trying to see how much they still remember of their original identities as protheans. Many of them are simply clones, of course, but they are still clones of former protheans. Several scholars of my people's history had been working with them, but making little progress." He let out a weary sigh. "Perhaps they thought that bringing the last living prothean to meet them would help them regain their minds. A foolish notion."
"So, what were you doing with them? Just talking to them in your language or something, seeing if they understood?"

"We tried everything," Javik said, his attention focused on the nearby wall instead of Kasumi. "Showed them ancient artifacts of my people, tried to teach them how to read and write again. Even something as simple as this," Javik turned to Kasumi and gestured with his right arm, bringing his fist up to his left shoulder and pounding it twice. "The Ka'Lash, the salute of the Prothean Empire. Every morning when I would meet with these Collectors, I would perform the greeting for them. Hoping that at least enough of their minds remained that they would recall it," Javik shook his head. "Foolish. There is nothing remaining of them but whatever the Reapers decided to leave there. They are no more Protheans than you are."

Kasumi shook her head. "Damn. That's rough."

Javik laughed bitterly as he turned away from Kasumi to lean on the worktable. "Yes, rough. But at least my foolish illusions have been destroyed. With the alterations the Reapers have made, these Collectors will live for many centuries, far beyond my own lifespan. I had hoped that, perhaps after I have died, they would be able to live on as a reminder to the rest of the galaxy. Of who the protheans were, and the sacrifices we made. But it seems that my death will truly bring an end to my species after all. All that will remain are forgotten records and crumbling artifacts, and these twisted imitations of who my people once were."

Kasumi didn't know how to respond, and Javik finally glanced over his shoulder at her. "Did that fulfill your desire for conversation, human? Or were there other painful memories of mine you wished to bring up?"

"Sorry," Kasumi quietly said. "I'll leave you alone now."

"An excellent idea," Javik said, ignoring Kasumi as she turned her cloak back on and vacated the area.

She was starting to think maybe she'd better find her bunk and call it an early night, but there was one more place on the ship she hadn't visited yet. Making sure nobody was watching as she reached the lift, she opened the doors and pressed the button for the main CIC deck.

As she had guessed, Jacob was there, standing in the midst of the night-shift crew at the top of the CIC platform, and studying a series of reports on his holographic display. Kasumi could tell right away that the man was tired, but forcing himself to stay awake.

For a moment, Kasumi just stood and watched him from under the safety of her tactical cloak. It had been three years since she'd last seen him. Shepard's party... what a night it had been. And yet, for all the couples that Kasumi had observed sneaking away to engage in a little "one-on-one time" over the course of the night, she and Jacob hadn't been one of them.

But of course, back then Jacob had been with Brynn, or "the roadblock" as Kasumi had come to know her at the time. That entire night, while moving from shadow to shadow and watching couples sneak away from their groups to find some time alone, Kasumi had imagined what that night would have been like if Jacob wasn't already taken.

But all of that was just fantasies back then. Kasumi had missed her chance on the Normandy, and all she could do back then was watch. But now here she was. Back on the same ship as Jacob again, and with Brynn out of the picture. Should have been a golden opportunity to make up for her previous mistakes.

But under the current circumstances, Kasumi told herself that it wouldn't be right. Not while
Shepard was in danger somewhere. And on top of that, from what Kasumi had managed to observe, whatever had happened between Jacob and Brynn had obviously hurt him deeply. She hadn't managed to get the details, but the way that XO Rooker and the rest of the crew seemed to avoid certain topics around him, it was obviously still fresh for him.

As Kasumi pondered these things, she saw Jacob start to reach for a nearby coffee cup. In his current half-awake state, however, his fingers fumbled, and the mug started to tip off the edge of the ledge it had been placed on.

Moving fast, Kasumi darted forward and just barely managed to grab the mug before its contents were spilled. "Watch yourself," she said, using her free hand to deactivate her cloak and grin at Jacob. "Doubt a ship as cheap as this has a budget for cleaning staff."

"Kasumi," Jacob said, too tired to register much surprise at her sudden arrival. "Thanks, I was... I guess I slipped."

Kasumi handed Jacob the mug and leaned against the railing of the CIC next to him. "You look terrible, Jacob. Well, relatively speaking, that is. You at your worst could still steal any girl's heart."

Jacob gave her a weak smile. "Well, when it comes to stealing, I'll leave that part up to you."

"But seriously, you need to get some sleep," Kasumi said. "You'll be no good to the crew or to Shepard working in this state."
He took a sip of his coffee and shook his head. "I'm fine, really. Need to go over these reports. Seeing if we can track down any traces of Cerberus activities. We get lucky, maybe we can capture some of their people and get some information out of them."

"I guess it could work, but... from what I understand, Cerberus used to operate in isolated cells," Kasumi said. "Even if we manage to find the guy who reports to the folks up top... would they really know where the Normandy is?"

Leaning forward against the railing next to her, Jacob stared into the display with a furrowed brow. "You're right. It's all a longshot at this point. If we had more people, more ships, maybe we could make it work." Looking over at Kasumi, he gave her a weary smile. "Hey, you ever thought about captaining a ship before? It's a great job, low stress, high pay. Just let me know and you can have the bridge. Because I sure as hell don't know what I'm doing here."

"Sorry, I wish I could be more helpful," Kasumi said. She hated seeing him like this. Even before the mission against the Collectors, supposedly a suicide mission, he had managed to keep his spirits up. But now, he looked so defeated. And they hadn't even started the mission yet.

"Times like this I remember why I quit the Alliance the first time," Jacob said. "So much bureaucracy, too hard to get a damn thing done. And it doesn't help that they still look at me as a Cerberus traitor." Straightening up, he rubbed at a spot on his back. Kasumi guessed there was a scar there similar to the one she had seen on Riggs earlier; the place where they had put the tracking chip.

"I came back and I've done nothing but bust my ass for them," Jacob said, aggravation in every word. "Proved to them over and over again that I was loyal. And still they don't trust me. Hell, even Miranda got better treatment than I did, and she wasn't even in the Alliance before she went to Cerberus." He smirked. "Guess she put that winning smile of hers to good use on them. God knows it worked on me back in the day."
"Doubt it was her smile those dirty old men from the Alliance brass were staring at," Kasumi said with a knowing grin. To herself, she added, Shame, if they'd had somebody like me on the review board, I'd have had much more appreciation for a fine ass like yours, Jacob.

This managed to get a chuckle out of Jacob. "Yeah, maybe," he said. Glancing over at her, he said, "Be honest with me, Kasumi. Why'd you sign up for this mission, anyway? Not like there's gonna be much profit in it for you."

"I dunno about that," Kasumi said with a casual shrug. "Somebody out there bankrolling a new Cerberus, they've got to have a few credits for me to help myself to." Seeing Jacob continuing to stare at her, she relented. "Fine, maybe the truth is that I missed all this. After the Omega 4 Relay and the Crucible Project... maybe going back to breaking and entering and casino heists didn't hold the same appeal anymore. I have to admit that it was kinda nice to be a part of something bigger. To feel like I'm contributing to something other than my own bank account. And you can't get much bigger than rescuing the two first human Spectres and one of the most influential asari in the galaxy, all while taking down Cerberus 2.0."

She smiled warmly at him, and added, "And dammit, maybe the truth is that I missed all you guys. Garrus, Tali, Joker, Grunt... and you... it's nice to be working with friends again."

Jacob nodded, accepting Kasumi's half-truth of an answer. "Yeah, it is nice. Just a shame it had to happen like this. God only knows what those people are doing to Shepard and the rest of them right now. Assuming they're even still alive, that is."

"They have to be," Kasumi reasoned. "Otherwise, why go to all the trouble of abducting them from the Archives? Why not just kill them there?" Kasumi hesitated, and then reached out and placed her hand atop Jacob's on the railing. "We'll get them back, Jacob. I know it."

"Hope you're right," Jacob said. "And hope I can figure out how the hell I'm going to do it."

"I believe in you, Jacob. You'll figure it out," Kasumi said. "But you're not going to be any good to us in this state. Go, get some sleep. You'll think clearer with a good night's rest."

Jacob nodded. "I will. Just give me a few more minutes, and I'll go," he saw her staring and laughed. "I will, I promise! You should go get to bed yourself. Probably going to be a long day tomorrow."

"Aye, aye, commander," Kasumi said, giving him a stiff salute before triggering her cloak and vanishing.

She stayed a few minutes longer, long enough to see Jacob finally let out a long yawn, step down from the CIC and shuffle his way to his quarters. Satisfied, she went to the lift and headed down to the crew quarters.

She had one more person to visit tonight. Probably the most important of all.

Making her way quietly through the bunks, careful not to wake any of the resting marines or crewmembers, she found her assigned bed and settled in. From her laying position, she reached under her bunk and pressed her thumb against the biometric scanner of her personal storage container. When it popped open, she grabbed the sole item inside.

"Hey, Keiji," she whispered to herself, as she activated the greybox and pulled up the memories of her former partner. "Know you probably think I'm an idiot, but here I am again. On another dangerous mission against an enemy of unknown power. At least I've got you along to talk sense
into me if I start to do anything else totally stupid."

She talked to Keiji for the rest of the night, and he kept her company until sleep finally proved unable to resist.
As Ash slept, the taste of Morgan's cum still in her mouth, she dreamt about Kaidan.

She was back on Virmire, fighting alongside Captain Kirrahe's men and providing a distraction for Shepard to get in and plant the bomb. *Gee, what would Granddad think of his little granddaughter Ashley Williams?* she had thought to herself then. *Fighting alongside aliens, and most likely dying with them as well. How far the Williams clan has come.*

They were pinned down at one of the AA towers, Ashley's team dropping left and right around her. She could barely get her head from behind cover before another barrage of geth fire would nearly take it off. *Guess this is your fate, Ash,* she had thought, *The geth tried to kill you once, and this time they're going to succeed.*

But Shepard was on her way, and Ash knew that all she had to do was just hold out until the rest of the team arrived. Her hopes had been dashed, though, when the geth dropship had flown overhead, dropping troops right where the bomb had been planted.

_Shepard's going back for Kaidan,* Ashley was certain in that moment. _He's with the bomb, they can't afford to let the geth get to it._

And then Kaidan activated the bomb. That was certainly one way to keep the geth away from it.

Still, it was the smart call to save Kaidan. Firing off shots at the geth advancing on her position, her heatsink blaring out a warning, Ashley ducked back into cover and offered up one last prayer. *Please, God, let Commander Shepard see this through. Don't let Saren and these robot bastards win. Don't make this all be for nothing._

"Williams," Shepard said over her comms, "Radio Joker and tell him to meet us on the AA tower."

"...yes, Commander," Ash said, too stunned at first to speak. *She's choosing me, Ash thought. She's choosing me to live. Why would she do that?*

It was a question that, even years later, she'd never found a satisfactory answer for. But regardless, she had lived, and Kaidan had died. And ever since then, Ash had been trying her best to live up to the choice that Shepard had made.

Which is why, when she had seen the picture on Morgan's screen, she had held off on her attempt to launch a suicidal attack on Morgan and the rest of the Cerberus crew.

Ashley hadn't served on the Normandy at the same time as the woman on the screen, but she had met her at Shepard's party just before the assault on the Illusive Man's headquarters. She knew that this was a friend of Shepard's, and that Cerberus was liable to target others as well.

*If I get myself killed trying to fight them, all it will accomplish is giving Cerberus one less captive to focus their punishment on,* she'd reasoned. And if I don't manage to kill Morgan before she kills me... who's to say one of them won't be her next "bitch" once I'm dead? I'll be just another Delilah, used and discarded before moving on to the next victim.

By all accounts, she should have died back on Virmire. But she lived, because Kaidan took the
bullet she dodged. So from now on, she wasn't dodging anymore. If staying here, submitting herself to this crazy woman's demands, meant that somebody else would be spared this treatment, then maybe her survival at Virmire would mean something after all.

* * *

"Ooh, time to get up," Ash heard as she came out of her restless sleep. "We've nearly arrived at our next stop!" Morgan exclaimed as she entered the room.

Throwing aside her blanket, Ash rose obediently to her feet, standing up and waiting for her instructions. The previous day, Morgan had taken her ass four times, and Ash had sucked Morgan's cock three times. For her own sake, Ash hoped that the Phantom commander wasn't hoping to break her record.

As she blinked the sleep out of her eyes, Ash noticed that Morgan had a visitor. From the looks of her fit body and faded scars of bionic enhancement, Ash guessed that it was another one of the Phantoms. The short-haired woman stared at Ash's naked body appreciatively. By now, any trace of modesty had been thoroughly beaten out of Ash, and she stood and took the leering without comment.

"So, bitch, I'd like you to meet Rena," Morgan said, placing a warm hand on Rena's shoulder. "She's one of my best troops, and I didn't want us to go out on our next mission without you two getting a chance to meet." Looking over at Rena, Morgan arched an eyebrow. "Didn't I tell you? Isn't she the hottest little bitch you've ever seen? Aren't you glad you didn't beat on her like all those other meanies did?"

"You were right," Rena said, her voice low and slightly raspy. "She is a nice piece of ass. Although I think Delilah may have been hotter."

Morgan rolled her eyes. "Everybody with the Delilah thing. You're liable to make my poor little bitch self-conscious, thinking she'll never measure up to the last one," she gave Ash a comforting smile. "Don't you listen to them for a second. You're a much hotter bitch than Delilah ever was. Hotter than Delilah, Lisa, Wendy, Gina... any of those loser former bitches. You've got 'em all beat."

Ashley said nothing, but her mind went back to the image on Morgan's monitor. Will she tell you that you're a hotter bitch than I was when she gets bored of me? The Real Ash asked the woman on the screen. Hopefully it doesn't come to that. Hopefully I can keep her interested in me long enough for some sort of rescue to arrive before I'm thrown away.

"Anyway, since Rena here's been such a good, good soldier," Morgan said, giving Rena a warm pat on the shoulder, "I thought I'd give her a little reward before we set out on our next mission. Rena, you ready?"

"Damn straight," Rena said, and Ash watched with alarm as the Phantom began to undress.

Don't suppose the two of them are about to fuck and spare me Morgan's giant cock for once, Ashley thought hopefully. That hope was dashed, however, when Morgan opened up a drawer in her desk and pulled out a large strap-on.

"Pretty nice, right?" Morgan said to Rena. "Borrowed it from the bosses. I know I told you how great it was, but I doubt my words could do justice to feeling that tight little asshole for yourself."
As Rena finished stripping off the rest of her clothing, and began fastening and activating the sensory strap-on, Morgan directed Ash. "On your hands and knees over there, bitch, in front of the couch."

Ash hesitated. Morgan glared at her, turning on a dime from chipper and friendly, to viciously angry. "Is there... a problem, bitch?" Morgan asked.

"I..." Ash said, daring to speak up for the first time in hours. "I just thought that... that I was your bitch, Morgan. That it was just supposed to be you and me, right?"

In a flash, Morgan moved forward, grabbing Ash by the neck and slamming her against the bulkhead. "First thing: you're embarrassing me in front of my good friend. Second: perhaps you need a little more education in what it means to be my bitch. You do what I tell you to do, you don't fucking talk unless I ask you to talk, and most importantly... you fuck who I tell you to fuck. Have I clarified the situation for you?"

With Morgan's rough fingers cutting off her breathing, Ash could only nod her head in agreement. And again, it was like a switch was flipped, as Morgan released her grip and the wide smile returned to her face. "Sorry about that, Rena. She's new, still getting used to her circumstances here. But I think she's learning her place here." Pointing again at the floor, Morgan cocked her head at Ash. "Which, at the moment, is down on the floor, facing the couch on your hands and knees."

As Ashley obediently moved into position, Rena lubed up the strap-on cock and knelt down behind her. "Get ready, Spectre bitch," Rena said. "Here it comes."

It disturbed Ash a little, how she was almost getting used to the sensation of a thick pole getting jammed up her backside. Not that it was getting pleasurable in the least, but Morgan had been right: after a few times with her giant shaft, it barely hurt Ash at all to have Rena thrusting into her anal passage.

"Shit, that's really hot," Morgan said, and started unfastening and dropping her pants. Sitting down bottomless on her couch, she gestured for Ash and Rena to move closer. Once in position, Morgan offered her cock to Ash, who obediently took it between her lips and sucked while Rena fucked her from behind.

"Didn't I tell you?" Morgan said, stroking Ash's head as she watched Rena fuck her. "Doesn't that feel amazing?"

Rena laughed. "Sure does, ma'am. But you know... if you don't mind me saying, I actually tend to be more of a bottom than a top. After I'm done with your bitch... you think you might come over here and stick that cock inside me for a change?"

Morgan gave Rena an odd look. "I'm going to assume, Rena, that you're trying to make a very bad joke. I mean, I can't imagine you being serious, saying something like that with my bitch right here in the room with us."

"I... I don't understand, ma'am," Rena said, the pace of her thrusts inside Ash slowing down a little.

Morgan let out a small laugh. "I'm sorry, I guess you mistook me for one of those kinds of people who doesn't treat their bitch with the proper respect," she said.

Yeah, the kind of respect that has you slamming me up against the wall and nearly choking me to
death, The Real Ash thought, while The Fake Ash continued sucking on Morgan's prick.

"See, I'm not like that, though. When I choose a bitch, that's a sacred bond. It means that she, and only she, gets the privilege of my cock," Morgan spoke like she was explaining the simplest of concepts to a child, and not spouting off an insane philosophy that she made up in her own head. "I mean, why even have a bitch if you're not going to make her be your one and only, you know?"

Looking down at Ash's head bobbing between her legs, Morgan smiled compassionately. "You hear that, bitch? There isn't anybody else who's going to get to do what you're doing right now, as long as we're both alive. Don't you feel special?" Looking back up at Rena, she cocked an eyebrow. "Sorry if I'm being grumpy about this, but it just annoys me to think about people not treating their bitches properly."

"That's... that's okay, ma'am," Rena said, suddenly sounding like she'd rather be anywhere else right now.

Morgan waved a hand at Rena. "Oh, don't worry about it. And why are you slowing down? Fuck that bitch's ass harder if you really want to feel it."

The pace of the thrusts inside Ash's ass increased, and soon Rena's fingers dug hard into Ash's backside as the Phantom climaxed.

"Oh, fuck, that's so fucking hot," Morgan said. "Nothing I love more than seeing somebody else get off because of my hot little bitch. Think I'm gonna... gonna..."

Ash took a deep breath, as Morgan's cock jerked between her lips and began spewing out another massive load down her throat. Ash swallowed as much of the cum as she could, the salty discharge from Morgan's artificial cock feeling like it was filling up her stomach. Finally, after what seemed like a solid minute of Morgan's cock jizzing inside her mouth, Ash finally felt the unnatural organ start to shrink and recede.

"My beautiful little bitch," Morgan said, affectionately running her thumb along the corner of Ash's mouth and catching a drop of cum that had spilled out. Without thinking, Ash opened her mouth and sucked the jizz off Morgan's digit.

"ATTENTION ALL CREW," a blaring voice over the PA system suddenly announced. "WE ARE WITHIN SHUTTLE DISTANCE OF OUR DESTINATION. ALL PHANTOMS, PREPARE FOR DEPARTURE IN THIRTY MINUTES."

"Did you hear that, bitch?" Morgan said excitedly, as she quickly rose to her feet and started preparing. "We're going to be bringing some new friends back. The more the merrier, right?"
"Come on, come on," said Alec Edison, furiously hitting buttons on the control panel next to the viewscreen. "Dammit, work!" he stared at the blank screen with an accusatory stare, like it was staying on the fritz just to spite him.

From the kitchen, his wife Olivia poked her head in. "Still not working, hon?" she asked pleasantly, a pointless question considering Alec's continued cursing.

"Still not working," Alec confirmed, delivering a stiff palm to the control panel. "The Washington Hackers game's gonna be on in two hours, and still can't get a damn signal."

Olivia gave him a smile. "Sorry, babe. But just remember, you were the one who wanted to come here. Said it was better than digging ditches back on Earth, remember?"

"Yeah, I know. Just wish we could just get a goddamn steady extranet signal in this place," Alec said, finally surrendering and walking away from the control panel in a huff. "Maybe if that damn tech girl spent less time munching carpet and more time working, we wouldn't be having these problems," he snapped.

"Alec, seriously?" Olivia said, reproach in her voice. "You sound just like your father when you say things like that."

Leveling that charge at him was enough to instantly chasten Alec. "I know, I know. Just slipped out."

"You remember how bad things were before she showed up?" Olivia gently reminded him. "We'd go for weeks without getting a signal at all. That girl's amazing, and here you are saying mean things like that."

Alec slumped down on the couch, staring at the dead signal coming from the television. "Guess you're right. It ain't really her that bothers me, anyway. It's that little blond girlfriend of hers. Something just... off about her."

"You're imagining things, hon," Olivia said, having returned to her cooking in the kitchen. The rapid tap of her knife against the cutting board filled their small residence. "It's probably the heat getting to you."

He turned to the kitchen door. "Ain't the heat. I'm telling you. There was this one time a few days ago, I saw her out grabbing some food and I called her name. Took three times before she finally responded, and even then, she had this weird look on her face. Like she didn't even recognize her own name or something. You ask me, I think she's one of them... them tag dodgers!"

"Honestly, hon, you're so paranoid sometimes," Olivia said. "You seriously think that sweet little thing used to be in Cerberus?"

"Always the ones you least suspect," Alec insisted. "They put on a show for everyone out in public, but when they get home they're sending off messages to their human-supremacist buddies."

Olivia chuckled at her husband's paranoia. "Why don't you go out and take a walk, dear, since the
vidscreen isn't working? Dinner's not going to be ready for a little while yet, and sounds like you could use the fresh air."

"You giving me orders now?" Alec said good-naturedly. "Okay, fine. Just make sure to send out a search party if that Cerberus spy ends up abducting me as a sacrifice for her lesbian sex cult."

"I'll get right on that, hon," Olivia said, not looking up from her vegetable chopping. "Oh, and if you see Katrina, make sure to thank her for that potato leek soup recipe."

Standing up, Alec triggered the door to their pre-fab residence and felt a wave of heat strike him dead in the face.

It was actually somewhat pleasant outside, relatively speaking. Alec gauged it at around 89°F which, for an early evening on Chasca, was downright frigid. Of course, the word "evening" was a matter of perspective here, considering that the sun never moved from its place in the sky. Thankfully, the folks behind this colonization effort had equipped their small, pre-fab residences with heavy shades to block out the sunlight.

Alec looked around at the scattered box-like structures that had been set up in the temperate zone of the planet, a thin ring on the planet caught between the scorched side that always faced the sun, and the dark, frozen side that remained in eternal night. After the mass relay network had been re-established following the war, colonization efforts had begun in earnest fairly quickly. With so much of Earth in ruins, and so many aliens suddenly making their homes there, overcrowding in the intact residential areas was becoming a concern. Chasca had been a major focus of colonization even before the war, and now Alec and his wife were making their home at "Site #5" (as the Alliance official designation went) or "Haverdean," a name one of the first new residents had coined.

Last Alec heard, there were about fifty residents of Haverdean, and he imagined the other seven sites on the planet probably had similar numbers. A pretty decent amount, especially considering Chasca's reputation at a "cursed planet." Before signing up, Alec had read all the stories about what had happened here. Some messed-up stuff involving Cerberus, ExoGeni, and an entire colony getting converted into those screaming husk things.

But all of that was over. All of his talk with Olivia about unchipped Cerberus agents hiding in their midst was just him being silly, he knew. But still, for all the friendly smiles and helpful gestures that were shared among the residents of Haverdean, there was still this ominous feeling here. Like something was lurking over those mountains, some remnant of the horrors that had filled the galaxy just a scant few years ago.

Or maybe he was just imagining things.

Strolling around the sunny, grassy colony and exchanging waves with people as he went, Alec spotted someone out of the corner of his eye. Immediately, his walk took him in that direction.

"...considering my offer any further?" Edward Inesco, the leader of Haverdean's operations, was saying to the colony's tech specialist as Alec approached. "You know that we'd really appreciate having you around."

"I know," Samantha Traynor responded, looking uncomfortable in her Alliance uniform out in the heat. "And yes, I have considered it. But you know that it's not just my decision, after all."
Inesco nodded. "I understand. Well, why don't you discuss it with your..." he looked to see Alec arriving. "Ah, good evening, Mr. Edison."

"Hey. I'm not interrupting anything, am I?" Alec asked.

The colony leader shook his head. "We were just finishing up," he said, nodding at Sam. "Have a good evening, Miss Traynor."

"You, too," Sam said, before turning to Alec and letting out a deep sigh. "I know, I know, the signal is still down. I've been working on it all day, but we're still compensating from the ion interference coming off that meteor shower a few days ago."

"Hey, I don't mean to push or anything," Alec said with a smile. "It's just my wife, you know? She had been looking forward to watching the Crucible Day telecast, and she's been bugging me for days about how she missed it. Wanted me to ask if you might get us up and running so she can catch the rebroadcast."

Sam nodded. "I'm trying my best. I had hoped to watch that myself, actually. Some old friends of mine were going to make an appearance."

"Oh, that's right!" Alec said. "You were on the Normandy with Shepard during the war. You know, I don't mean any offense by asking, but you could have written your own ticket to any posting you wanted. How'd you end up in this podunk little colony?"

Sam gave him a smile. "By writing my own ticket here. Shepard may be the type who likes to be in the thick of gunfire and glory, but the only reason I ended up on the most famous ship in the Alliance Navy was mere chance, nothing more. Working on communications setup for quiet little colonies like this... sounds like a good way to spend the rest of my hopefully long and peaceful life."

"You have to miss it, though, just a little," Alec said. "I mean, I was on Earth during the war, I had to do my fair share of fighting during all that." This was technically true, even if the "fighting" he did was fighting for the best bunk in the old fallout shelter he and his extended family had hidden out in during the conflict. "Something about that adrenaline rush, being in the thick of danger like that... can't imagine that'd be easy to give up."

"On the contrary, Alec. It was the easiest thing I've ever given up in my life," Sam said. "I think I've seen enough bloodshed to last me a good long while."

"Guess we all have. Well, I'll let you get home and rest," Alec said. "But if you should happen to see that things are up and running again with our comms..."

"You'll be the first to know, I promise," Sam said, adding with a smirk. "Oh, and go Hackers!"

Alec blinked, putting on his best confused face. "What? I don't know what you're talking about. Told you, it's my wife who's pushing to get the extranet up again. I don't follow that biotiball stuff at all."

"Of course you don't," Sam said with a roll of her eyes, waving goodbye to him as she walked to her residence.

Alec waved back as he turned to return to his house. Dinner was probably ready by now, and he
was starving.

Dimly, just as he reached his front door, he could just barely hear the sound of a shuttle landing in the distance. *Wonder who that could be?* he thought. *And why are they landing all the way out there?*

But as the door opened and he smelled Olivia's cooking, he immediately put it out of his mind. Let Inesco worry about stuff like that. Right now, it was dinner time.

* * *

"That you?" a voice called out from another room as Sam stepped in.

"Yeah, it's me," Sam answered, as she stripped off her bulky Alliance uniform shirt and tossed it aside. The temperature on Chasca was dreadful sometimes, and it was such a relief to her when the workday ended. She could come back home, strip down to almost nothing, and feel the cool breeze of the residence's HVAC fans wash all over her.

"Extranet back up yet?"

"Afraid not," Sam answered. She stepped into the bedroom of the house, sitting on the end of the bed and shedding her pants and shoes. Clad now in only her underwear, she stole a glance at the door, checking to see that nobody was watching. When she was sure the coast was clear, she quietly stepped over to her desk and activated her personal terminal.

"You're not working in there, are you?" said the voice from the other room.

Bloody hell, how did she always know? "Nope, just getting ready to hop in the shower," Sam lied, as she logged into the Chasca server banks and pulled up the calibration data from the communications array. She just needed a few minutes and she knew she could figure out a way to compensate for the ion disturbance. It had to be subsiding by now, if she could just...

"You're a terrible liar," said the voice that had been coming from the other room, but was now right behind her.

Sam laughed, continuing to work ever after she'd been caught. "I'll just be a few minutes, I promise."

From behind, she heard footsteps as the owner of the voice approached. "You know, I told you what would happen if you kept bringing your work home," said the voice that was in the other room, then was behind her, and was now right in her ear.

Oh, that voice. Definitely not as sexy as the dearly departed EDI, but if there was ever a human who could potentially get Sam off with just a few well-chosen words, the one standing behind her would be the one.

"Refresh my memory," Sam said, as she put her terminal to sleep and started to swivel her office chair. "What devious tortures did you have in mind for me?"

But her chair was suddenly locked in place, as a pair of feminine hands gripped the back of it and kept Sam facing her terminal. "Just keep working. I wouldn't want to... distract you or anything," came the voice behind her, sinister intent oozing out of every syllable.
"Why do I have a feeling Mr. Edison won't be seeing his biotiball game tonight?" Sam said as she activated her terminal. Part of her did want to put in a little more work on getting the extranet back up, but the tone of the voice behind her told her that very little work was going to get done tonight. Well, work of a productive kind, anyway.

Almost as soon as she started typing, Sam felt the warm wetness of a tongue, running along the edge of her earlobe. Dammit, she had to start there, didn't she? Sam struggled to focus on the feedback readouts from the comm buoys, while the evil woman behind her continued with her teasing.

"You're pretty sexy when you're trying to concentrate," breathed the voice, a gentle hot breeze blowing against her ear. "You looked just like this during that Kepesh-Yakshi tournament last year. Remember how afterward, I..."

"Took me into a storage room and nearly tore my clothes off, yes. You're not going to win this, you know," Sam said, even as she noticed her hands start to tremble on the keypad. "If you were really watching that tournament, you know that I always play for keeps."

The voice didn't answer, but the pair of hands that had held her chair in place now dropped down to her chest and effortlessly unhooked the fastener at the front of her bra. No sooner were Sam's breasts exposed to the chilling breeze of the cooling fan, than the hands started playfully rubbing at her medium-sized mounds.

"Hmm. May need to redirect to an alternate signal source," Sam said to herself, trying her best to sound as blasé as possible while the woman behind her started pinching at her erect nipples between thumb and forefinger. "Getting some weird asynchronous burst interference on buoy #12, need to switch to #8 to bypass it."

"You doing alright? I think you're sweating a little, Miss Traynor," the voice behind her teased. "We're on Chasca, dear, of course I'm sweating."

"Now, if that's the best you've got..." A chuckle in Sam's ear. "Not even close." The hands left Sam's breasts, and it took all Sam had not to groan in disappointment. She had a feeling, though, that more was yet to come.

"Think I've almost got this," Sam said, her fingers flying as she calculated the correct adjustments to bring the extranet back online. "Ready to admit defeat?"

The voice from behind her came from about two feet lower than it did before. "Don't go claiming victory just yet," it said. Sam glanced down as an arm snaked around the side of the chair and across Sam's thigh. She could have easily closed her legs shut before the probing hand found the damp black crotch of her panties, but that would have been cheating. Besides, she was so close now...

Then a finger started to run up the sodden crevice of her labia, throbbing beneath the fabric of her panties. "Going to blame this on the heat, too?" said the voice, as the tip of her finger firmly pressed against the wet silk and trailed upward.

Sam gripped her hands into fists, gritting her teeth as the hand between her thighs expertly teased her. "You're evil, you know that?" she said, her voice trembling slightly. "I'm going to tell Alec it's your fault he won't be watching the Hackers play."
"Go right ahead," said the voice. "Give him all the dirty details. I'm sure he'd enjoy that more than any biotiball game."

And as the fingers between her legs eased the crotch of her panties aside and began pressing against her bare pussy, Sam let out a defeated sigh. "Oh, that's it!" she leapt to her feet and spun around to face her abuser. "If that's the way you're going to play, you've left me no choice but to spend the rest of the night fucking you senseless, Miss Felicia Hannigan!"

"Please," said the grinning blond woman, snaking out her tongue to lick Sam's wetness from her fingers. "You can call me Kelly."

Sam charged at her lover, landing on top of her on the bed and cutting off her surprised laugh with a long, wet kiss.

It had been at Shepard's party just before the assault on Cronos Station when they had first met. Kelly Chambers had arrived late, long after Sam's awkward conversation with EDI and the copious amounts of alcohol she had consumed to try and block it out. The night was still foggy in her mind, but Sam at least remembered Shepard introducing Kelly as "the woman who used to have your job." After having difficulty making conversation with most people at the party, Sam was thrilled to have something in common with one of the guests, and the two of them had bonded almost immediately.

What happened after that was lost in an alcoholic haze, but Sam definitely remember the next morning: waking up without a stitch of clothing on in Shepard's spare bedroom, Kelly naked and nestled in next to her. After a moment of panic, Sam woke Kelly up. The two of them hastily dressed before anyone else found them, and they agreed that what had happened was just a one-night thing. Neither of them were looking for anything long-term, and with the Reaper War still hanging over their heads, it would be foolish to make any commitments.

And that was where it stood for a while, up until the Normandy returned from its exile on an uncharted jungle planet. At the grand "Welcome Back Normandy" celebration, Sam was surprised to see Kelly emerging from the crowd, heading straight in her direction with a joyful expression at seeing her again.

At first, they had just made friendly conversation, but after a few drinks they were jumping into a skycar and renting a room somewhere in the lower wards. This time, Sam definitely remembered what happened that night. And the night after that, and several more following that one as well. It had been the best "welcome home" present Sam could have imagined. But soon after that, she had gotten word from the Alliance that her request to provide assistance with comm buoy setups in new human colonies had been approved. She was sure that this would mean the end of her fling with Kelly. But after breaking the news to Kelly that they would need to end it, Sam made a joking off-hand comment. Something like, "Unless you feel like coming along with me and living in a succession of backwater, barely functional pre-fab houses while I calibrate communication grids."

She'd laughed, and expected Kelly to laugh, too. But instead, Kelly had gotten a thoughtful expression on her face, and after a few seconds said, "Okay."

And just like that, they were a couple. Alliance Specialist Samantha Traynor was now accompanied at each colony she visited by former mining vessel worker Felicia Hannigan. By day Sam worked in the server farms calculating bandwidths and repairing wiring faults, while Kelly helped out around the colonies and used her psychology degree to unofficially counsel the
residents. And at night, the two of them talked, laughed, and (most especially) fucked like horny university students. Chasca was their fourth colony now, and Kelly never showed any signs of getting bored or regretting her decision to stay with Sam.

It made Sam ashamed of her early suspicions about Kelly: that she was just tagging along with Sam to these remote colonies in order to evade notice as a former Cerberus operative. Strictly speaking, Sam was actually breaking several Alliance laws by not turning in "Felicia Hannigan" to Alliance authorities to get chipped.

But really. Kelly could barely bring herself to swat a fly without feeling guilty about it. How could somebody this sweet, this wonderful pose a serious threat to anyone?

She certainly didn't look threatening right now, moaning and squealing as Sam's tongue went to work on Kelly's clit. Sam was getting her revenge on Kelly for distracting her from her work, and revenge was very sweet indeed.

"You have to admit," Kelly said, her legs dangling lewdly in the air as she watched Sam's dark-haired head bob between her thighs. "Isn't this better than working on comm buoys all night?"

"It isn't bad," Sam said, and then started shifting on the bed. "But let's see if we can't get some two-way communication of our own going."

The two women repositioned themselves, Sam laying on top of Kelly and putting her dripping snatch right into her lover's face. Kelly certainly didn't need any further instruction, and the two of them began licking each other. Their competition continued, this time to see who could get the other one off first.

This time, it was Sam who claimed the victory, as Kelly pulled away from Sam's crotch long enough to signal her climax with a long, ecstatic cry. But Kelly placed a very close second, her tongue sending Sam into a shivering orgasm that had her rolling off of Kelly and lying limply on her back in a sweaty, satisfied heap.

"You ready for that shower?" Kelly raised her head up from the mattress to look down at Sam at her feet.

"In a little bit," Sam said, catching her breath enough to slide off the bed onto her feet. Glancing over at her terminal, she scampered over to her chair. "I've still got another thirty minutes," she said as she returned to her seat.

Leaning back on the pillows, Kelly let out a weary sigh. "My little workaholic," she said. "I hope this colony realizes how much they're going to be losing out on when it's time for you to leave."

Sam's typing fingers hesitated, just for a moment. "Yeah," she said quietly, resuming her work without looking over at Kelly.

But Kelly must have heard something in Sam's voice. That damn psychology degree of hers could be such a pain sometimes. "So, where do you think the Alliance will send us next?" she probed. "I hear there are some mining operations being set up in the Armstrong Nebula. Imagine they'll probably need somebody to get that cluster back on the grid."

"Kelly, I... I've been meaning to ask you something," Sam said, figuring there was no point in waiting anymore. "A few days ago I was talking to Inesco. And he was saying how, with all the
problems they've been having with keeping the communications up and running here, and with all the extra bandwidth we'll be having to deal with here once the next colonist ship arrives... Well, he asked the Alliance, and they approved him to have a full-time, permanent communications specialist stationed on Chasca."

Kelly nodded. "So, I guess you're going to have to train them to do your job, and..." Seeing Sam's look, Kelly finally understood. "You want to stay here. For good."

"It's a little hot, not the most convenient location in the galaxy, I know," Sam said, getting up from her terminal and sitting beside Kelly on the bed. "But I think I like it here. It reminds me of growing up on Horizon. You know, minus the whole 'attacked by Collectors and then turned into an indoctrination factory' part of it. I think it could be a good place to stay. Maybe raise..." Clearing her throat, Sam stopped herself in her tracks. "I mean, make a home here."

"So you said yes?" Kelly asked.

Sam shook her head. "I didn't say anything yet. Told him I needed to think about it." Reaching down, Sam took hold of Kelly's hand. "Kelly, I've been meaning to ask... well, I guess what this is all about is... do you..."

She was interrupted by the beeping of the console on her desk. Sam's head snapped over to it, and she let out a whoop of triumph as she saw the green lights across the board. "Yes! It's back up! Suck it, ion disturbance!"

Kelly smiled along with Sam, although there was a trace of disappointment in her eyes at the change in subject. She watched as Sam began throwing on clothing rapidly. "He'll be too busy watching the game to care about what we've been up to," Sam said, running hands through her frazzled hair after throwing on an old t-shirt. Making her way to the door, she paused to lean down and kiss Kelly. "Be back soon, love you."

"I love you, too," Kelly said, and the way she said it made Sam stop in her tracks. In Kelly's expression, Sam saw the answer to the question she hadn't quite gotten out, and Sam smiled in gratitude. Kelly smiled back, her eyes glimmering in the dim light of their bedroom.

As she rushed out the door, she made a mental note to talk to Inesco in the morning, and let him know that she'd be accepting his offer. And with the newly-restored extranet, she would start looking for one of those sites that found homes for war orphans.

Not making any commitments yet. Just planning for the future. Their future.

Stepping outside into the sunlight, Sam trotted through the grass towards the Edison home. The only way you could tell that it was "night" in Haverdean was that most of the residences had their shades down, blocking out the 24-hour a day sunlight to allow the occupants to get some sleep.

Funny, Sam noticed as she walked through the fields between the residences. Even at this time, there was usually at least one person out walking. Sam hadn't ever seen this place this quiet before. Maybe everybody went inside once the extranet came back up, checking all their missed messages, Sam reasoned, but it still struck her as odd.
When she reached the Edison residence, the green light on their front door indicated that it was unlocked. As she climbed the small set of stairs up, the door slid open automatically, and she heard the vidscreen blaring from inside.

Rapping on the wall as she stepped in, she called out. "Hey, I got it back up, Alec! How's the game going?" Stepping into the house, she looked over to see the back of Alec's head from his spot on the couch. In front of him, the vidscreen was tuned to Westerlund News.

"What, game not on yet?" Sam said as she stepped in. "Or is Olivia making you watch... the..." She stopped in her tracks as she saw what was on the screen. It was Commander Shepard, speaking from the CIC of the Normandy.

"The Council and the Alliance don't want you to hear what I'm saying," Shepard was saying. There was something different in her tone, an anger that Sam had never heard before. "They want you to keep on believing that everything's fine. That I'm the crazy one for resigning my posts and rejoining Cerberus."

"What?" Sam exclaimed. She couldn't have heard that right. Cerberus was dead, along with the Illusive Man and his crazy followers. And even if it weren't, Shepard would never be a part of it again.

But as the camera pulled out on the vidscreen, Sam saw the rest of Shepard's body, clad in a uniform with a Cerberus insignia proudly emblazoned on it. "This is... some kind of prank, right?" Sam asked Alec. "A lookalike or something."

Alec didn't respond, and Sam's eyes remained locked on Shepard's on the screen, as she continued to speak. "The truth is, I'm the only one speaking the truth. Aliens have been exploiting humanity for far too long now. Before the Reapers came, we were nothing but second-class citizens of the galaxy. Fighting for whatever scraps we could grab from the Council's table. And now, even with humanity on the council, alienkind is still looking for a way to take back what we've managed to claim. Any humans watching this message, I want you to remember what I'm about to say, and mark my words well. A lot of the news networks have been showing incidents of humans supposedly attacking aliens, but I promise you: it's going to be nothing compared to what those aliens are going to do to us once they realize that we're trying to rise above our appointed station. Within the next few days, you're going to see humans slaughtered, butchered and enslaved, and all to send us a message: don't fight back. Lay back and take it, or you'll get even worse."

Sam watched in mute disbelief, watching as the hateful, xenophobic words poured out of Shepard's mouth. How could this be real? Granted, Sam hadn't seen Shepard in a year or so, but could she have really changed so much? Become this horrible in so short of a time?

"Well, I for one don't intend to lie back and take it," Shepard exclaimed, clenching her fist in front of her. "I'm going to fight back. And Cerberus is going to fight back. And if you're a true supporter of humanity like myself, you'll join us in our fight against these aliens who want to dominate us. Because if you don't fight against them, they'll take everything from you. Your homes, your families... and your lives."

The video crossfaded to Khalisah al-Jilani. "For those of you just joining us, we received this new message from the former hero, now fugitive terrorist Commander Anna Shepard just a few minutes ago. It was sent via an untraceable asynchronous burst transmission, and as a result we still have no idea where Shepard or the Normandy are currently located. We'll update you with any new information once..."
Shaking her head, Sam stepped up to the back of the couch. "This is unbelievable, Alec. What else were they saying before I came in?" Glancing down at the back of Alec's head, Sam put a hand on his shoulder. "Alec, what..."

The world seemed to switch to slow-motion at that point, as Sam watched Alec's head fall limply forward and bob in midair. Feeling a chill run through her, Sam withdrew her hand from his shoulder and held it up to her eye level.

It was sticky with blood.

"No," Sam gasped. "Oh, no no no no no..." she turned and stumbled into the kitchen. "Olivia! Olivia, are you..."

Her breath caught in her throat, and she fought the urge to scream. Olivia was slumped forward over the kitchen counter, the long knife she had been using to prepare dinner stabbed down through her throat and into the cutting board below. Blood was seeping out from the wound and dripping down onto the floor below.

Sam shook her head, desperately hoping she was about to wake up from a terrible nightmare. Shepard joining Cerberus, her neighbors murdered in their own home. It couldn't be real. Just a horrible dream.

One thought finally brought her back to her senses. "Kelly," Sam breathed. If there was a murderer out there somewhere, Kelly could be in danger. Rushing back to the front door of the house, Sam nearly tumbled down the stairs to the grass before regaining her footing.

And that was when she heard the screaming.

Oh, God, Sam thought. He's still out there. Whoever it is, he's going house-to-house.

Across the main courtyard, Sam saw a door slide open, and Katrina Alenaz came running out, crying out in terror. Sam almost called out to her, but then she saw another figure shimmer into vision just behind her. Stalking deliberately behind the fleeing colonist, and brandishing a long sword dripping with blood.

Sam recognized the pursuer immediately: a Cerberus Phantom. It was true, then. Cerberus was back. But did that mean... that Shepard was behind this? No, impossible.

Suddenly, Sam saw that Katrina's terrified path was leading her in Sam's direction. Somebody like Shepard might have run to defend her, but Sam knew that all she would accomplish is getting them both killed. Before she was seen, Sam dove behind a tall set of shipping crates and huddled up against them.

Above her, she could hear Katrina's cries. Sam had to bite back her own surprised shout as she heard an impact from above. Looking up, she saw Katrina leaning over the crates in exhaustion, staring down at Sam with frantic eyes as she struggled to catch her breath.

"Sam," Katrina gasped, her voice barely audible. "Sam, they're kil..."

There was a whoosh of air, and a spray of blood as the Phantom's blade passed through Katrina's neck like it was tissue paper. Sam watched as the colonist's head, a terrified expression now frozen
on her face, fell from her shoulders and tumbled to the grass. It landed facing Sam, dead eyes staring at her, and Sam fought the urge to kick it away.

Behind her, she heard a muffled thump as Katrina's beheaded body hit the ground. Sam pressed herself harder against the crates, knowing the Phantom would only have to lean slightly over to see her hiding there.

"Miss Lezayen, report," said a woman's voice on the other side of the crates. She heard a mechanical click and the sound of the Phantom's helmet being tossed down onto the crates.

"Mission going off without a hitch, ma'am," the phantom, Miss Lezayen apparently, gleefully said. "The few folks who managed to pull weapons on us didn't even have a chance to get shots off before we bled 'em."

"Any sign of movement from the target's residence?" the leader asked.

"Nope. Maybe they're sleeping like these other folks were," Miss Lezayen said. "You want us to move in?"

"No, my partner and I will be handling Miss Chambers and Miss Traynor personally," the leader said. "What I need your team to do is start putting this symbol up everywhere you can," there was a pause in the conversation as the leader showed her underling something. "Use whatever's handy: paint, blood, anything that will make a mark.

"Pretty. What does it mean?" Miss Lezayen asked.

"What, you don't recognize it? It's the insignia of the Homo-Sapien Extermination Movement, the alien terrorist organization that will be claiming credit for this bloody attack on a human colony," the leader explained. Sam didn't even need to see her face to know there was an evil smile there.

"Hmm, but aren't they going to be a little miffed that we're putting the blame on them for something they didn't do?"

There was a long sigh from the leader. "That would be very difficult, considering they don't actually exist. Now get moving. We don't want to stay here any longer than we have..."

Sam gasped involuntarily at the sudden sound of distant gunfire, and for a moment she was terrified that she had been heard. Looking up, she saw nobody leaning over to find her.

"Ma'am, we found a couple of stragglers." a voice said over Miss Lezayen's radio. "They're holed up behind cover, might be difficult to get to them."

Taking a big risk, Sam poked her head up slightly over the edge of the crate. The Phantom, a long-haired blond woman, was standing with a dark-skinned woman in a Cerberus-branded uniform. Neither was looking in her direction, the two of them turned to face the sound of gunshots.

It was now or never. Before she could convince herself otherwise, Sam broke from her cover and ran.

* * *

After Sam had left, Kelly had laid back on the bed. She couldn't keep the blissful smile off her
Sam was right: Chasca was no paradise, but it was probably the most pleasant colony they had lived in since Kelly had made the (somewhat impulsive) decision to tag along with Sam on her Alliance work. Kelly hadn't ever considered making colony life her permanent state of being, but now that Sam had proposed it – or had been about to, at least – she liked the idea more and more.

But most of all, she liked the idea of staying with Sam. For most of her life, she had never considered the long-term. Her decision to join Cerberus, her decision to leave, to come to the Citadel and help the refugees... all of it was so spur-of-the-moment. Sam had her thinking about the future now, and Kelly liked what she saw.

As she had lightly dozed, the image of her and Sam in matching wedding dresses in her dreams, she was soon harshly awoken.

By the sound of gunshots.

Gasping, Kelly jolted out of bed. They were under attack. Yanking open the drawer of the nightstand, Kelly withdrew a pistol and tried her best to slow her suddenly-panicked breathing.

So many horrifying images were flooding through her mind. Being back on the Normandy when the Collectors abducted them. The Cerberus invasion of the Citadel, Kelly waiting any moment for them to discover her true identity and execute her. And just weeks later, the mad dash to any available shuttles as the Reapers had taken control of the entire Citadel and started towing it to Earth.

"Calm down, Kelly," she told herself. "Might just be some wild animals came into the camp. Or just somebody doing some target practice. Could be nothing."

And then she remembered: Sam was out there. Laying the pistol aside, Kelly grabbed whatever clothing was nearby and started throwing it on. If Sam was in danger out there, Kelly wasn't going to let her face it alone.

She was about ready to grab the pistol again and head outside, when the doorbell chimed.

Kelly froze. It couldn't be Sam; she had the door code. Which means it was either another one of the colonists... or someone else. Someone who might have been the cause of the gunshots.

Picking up the pistol from her bed, Kelly stepped cautiously out of the bedroom. Training the gun on the front door, she tried her best to sound intimidating as she called out. "Who's there?"

"Kelly, it's me," said the voice on the other end. A voice that Kelly instantly recognized, and which sent a wave of relief flooding through her. "Open the door."

Tossing the pistol aside, Kelly rushed to the door and opened the lock. She barely waited for it to open before wrapping her arms around the woman on the other side. "Shepard, thank God!" she exclaimed. "What's going on? Have you seen Sam?"

Pulling away, Kelly saw Anna Shepard's smiling face and felt instantly calm. Everything would be alright. Shepard was here, and whatever happened next, Kelly knew she'd be safe.

"Hey, Kelly," Shepard said, her demeanor strangely casual considering the earlier gunshots. "Been
a long time. I brought a friend along, think you might remember her."

Kelly gave Shepard a confused look. "What are you talking about? Who was shooting before? Is
the colony safe?"

"The colony is totally secure," said an accented voice to Kelly's right. Kelly turned and her eyes
went wide in surprise.

"Hope?" she exclaimed, as her former comrade in Cerberus casually strolled up to the two of them.
"Hope Lilium?"

"Actually, I go by 'Maya Brooks' now," said the woman from Kelly's past. "Was just supposed to
be a temporary alias but it's funny... I'm starting to like the sound of it. What do you think, 'Felicia
Hannigan'? Does it suit me?"

Kelly blinked, struggling to come up with how to respond to this. Then her eyes locked onto
Maya's body armor, and the all-too-familiar logo pressed into it. "Shepard, I don't know what this
woman has told you, but she's..."

Turning to Shepard, Kelly took a step back in horror, as she saw a matching Cerberus logo on
Shepard's armor as well. "What were you going to say?" Shepard asked, her previously warm smile
turning into a smirk. "That she's with Cerberus? Believe me, I know."

"What is this?" Kelly said, starting to wish she had brought her gun out with her. "Where's Sam?"

"Miss Traynor?" Brooks said. "Not to worry, Kelly. She's perfectly well," she made a gesture to
someone, and Kelly looked in the direction of her gaze.

"Sam!" she cried out, as she saw a blond woman in body armor march Sam forward. She started to
rush towards her, but Shepard put a hand out and held her back.

"Kelly," Sam said, her cheeks damp with tears. "They killed them all. The colonists, they...
butchered them!"

Kelly stepped back, away from the woman at her door. "Who are you?" she asked, her voice
trembling with anger. "You're not Shepard. Shepard would never do something like that!"

"Maybe not the Shepard you served with," said the woman who wore Shepard's face. "But that
person is... indisposed at the moment. Meet the new and improved Commander Shepard."

"Please, just..." Kelly said, shivering as she saw the blond woman force Sam down to her knees in
the grass. "Just let her go. Whatever you want to do with me, just do it. But let Sam go."

The fake Shepard responded to this with a loud, harsh laugh. "Didn't I tell you, Maya?" she said to
her partner. "Just like Shepard and Liara. So noble, so self-sacrificing."

"I think it's time we stop beating around the bush, love," Brooks said, as she walked over to stand
next to the other woman. "We came here, Kelly, because the galaxy needs Cerberus. And we were
wondering if you would be interested in returning to your former position with us."

Kelly stared at Brooks in disbelief. "Wh... what?"
"We've learned from our mistakes, Kelly," Brooks said. "The distractions that destroyed us back when the Illusive Man was in charge... they're gone now. We can return to our true mission: advancing the cause of humanity. It was a cause you believed in once. We'd like you to help us again."

"You... you're insane!" Kelly exclaimed. "You just slaughtered an entire colony! A human colony! How does that 'advance the cause of humanity'??"

"Some sacrifices have to be made, I'm afraid," the other Shepard said. "For the greater goal."

Kelly shook her head in disgust. "You're no different than the Illusive Man. Just a bunch of sick monsters deluding yourselves into thinking you're better than the rest. How could you even think I'd want to be a part of this? The answer is no."

Brooks and the Shepard imposter exchanged a glance. "Well, this is a problem, Kelly," the fake Shepard said. "Because as a former member of Cerberus, you can either be an asset to us... or a liability. And we don't like leaving liabilities unresolved, do we, dear?"

"No, we do not," Brooks said. "Last chance, Kelly. Will you come back to Cerberus or not?"

Kelly locked eyes with Sam. *I'm so sorry,* she thought. *This is all my fault. If I hadn't come along with you, this never would have happened.* "No," she said, turning her eyes back to Brooks. "No, I won't."

Brooks nodded, then turned to the blond woman. "Take their heads. The Alliance bitch first."

"No!" Kelly cried out, as the blond woman forced Sam to bend forward from her kneeling position, her hair falling forward to expose the back of her neck. "No, don't, please! Kill me if you want, but not her!"

"You had your chance," the fake Shepard said. "Shame, we went to all the trouble of finding you, too. Ended up being just a big waste of time." She turned to the blond woman, who had her sword raised up into the air, and nodded.

And just as the woman's sword started swinging down to Sam's neck, Kelly screamed. "I'll come with you!"

"Stop!" yelled the fake Shepard. The blonde's decapitating strike froze, inches away from Sam's neck. Looking over, she gave Brooks a triumphant grin. "Looks like she saw reason after all."

"She always was a smart one," Brooks said.

"Kelly, no," Sam said, as the blond woman yanked her to her feet. "Don't do this."

"I'll come," Kelly said, "But only if you promise not to kill her. If you let her live, I'll come back to Cerberus."

"Fine. As long as you follow our orders, do whatever we ask of you," asked the fake Shepard, "and serve me just as faithfully as you served that other Shepard, than yes. I promise that Miss Traynor will live."

Kelly nodded, feeling the trickle of her tears down her face. "I will, I swear it."
"Wonderful," Brooks said, giving Kelly a warm pat on the shoulder that Kelly instinctively flinched away from. "Welcome back to Cerberus," she said, before turning to the blond woman. "We're leaving, get your team together," she instructed, and then pointed to Sam. "And get her secured for transport back to the ship."

"No!" Kelly protested, starting to move forward. "You said that..."

The other Shepard pushed her back, rougher this time. "We said we'd let her live. We didn't say we'd let her go free. And we can't leave anyone here to tell what really happened to this colony. Don't worry... the crew will treat her with all the respect that a member of the Alliance deserves."

Kelly watched as the armored woman led Sam away. Just a few minutes ago, her life... their life had seemed so perfect. Now, it had turned into a nightmare.

"We've got a few minutes left until we leave," Brooks said, as she picked up a small bag from her feet. "Enough time for you to get changed." Unzipping the bag, Brooks revealed the Cerberus uniform inside. "Pretty sure I got your size right."
Ash had no idea where the Normandy was right now, or what was going on down on the surface of the planet they had arrived at. All she knew was that, thankfully, she was alone for now.

With little else to do except sit and anticipate the return of Morgan and her giant she-cock, Ash tried to distract herself with the exercise equipment left by the former occupant of these quarters. She sat on Morgan's couch with a barbell in her hand, working her arm muscles vigorously. All while imagining getting the chance to deliver hard punches to the faces of the clone, Brooks, and most of all the bitch currently keeping her as a pet. *When I'm knocking Morgan's teeth down her throat*, the Real Ash said with sadistic mirth, *I'll have you to thank, James, for making sure my arms were still in fighting condition.*

Thinking about James made her wonder again what had happened to him and the rest of the team, after their defeat in the Citadel Archives. She didn't want to think that the clone and Brooks had ordered their deaths, but with the insanity Ash had already seen among the reformed Cerberus, Ash didn't want to count too much on their survival.

And now, Kelly Chambers was going to get drawn into this as well. When Ash had seen her picture on Morgan's monitor, it had been a reminder that the members of the team on the Citadel weren't the only former comrades of Shepard out there. She didn't know which other one of Shepard's "old friends" was living with Kelly at the moment, but Ash severely doubted that the evil bitch wearing Shepard's face was going there to make nice.

By now, she had made peace with the fact that she probably wouldn't make it out of this situation alive. It was something they drilled into you during military training, the idea that death was lurking just around every corner. But the thought of the others that might be hurt or killed by these maniacs was what kept her going, kept her focused on staying alive and waiting for the right moment to strike. Maybe she'd end up dead, but she'd make these bitches feel it when it happened.

If there was one thought that made her melancholy about her potential fate, it was what it would do to her sisters. They'd already experienced so much hardship, from the war and afterward. It wasn't the thought of her own death that made her pause in her exercises for a moment, a lump in her throat. It was the thought of Sarah, opening her door to see an Alliance representative there with a signed letter from the Admiral and a bunch of empty consolation.

These morbid thoughts were on her mind as the door to Morgan's cabin opened, and a male crewmember with a bandage on his nose walked in with a tray. He seemed a bit wary as he handed her the dish, as if waiting for her to jump up and throw a jab at him.

But there was little point in it. It might be satisfying to give the Cerberus lackey a nice sock to the jaw, but all it would accomplish would be to get her punished. She accepted the tray silently and lifted the lid, revealing a plate of some slimy looking synthetic slop.

*Well, at least nobody jerked off into it,* she thought to herself as she started spooning the stuff up. The crewmember stood and watched her, no doubt taking the opportunity to check out her naked body without any fear of repercussion. The Fake Ash pretended not to notice, while The Real Ash silently congratulated whoever had broken this guy's nose.

"Ruben was right," the crewman finally spoke up. "Not as hot as the last one, but still pretty sexy."
Chief might be a twisted freak, but she's got a good eye for pussy."

Ash ignored his comments, keeping her eyes locked on the food in front of her. It was terrible, but the quicker she wolfed it down, the quicker this asshole might leave her in peace again.

"Pretty fucked up, though, the way she treats her little playthings," the crewman observed. "Did you know, as long as you don't piss her off too much, there's an open invitation for anyone on the ship to stop by and fuck you?"

Her spoon hesitated for a moment. Suddenly, Ash decided that eating so quickly wasn't such a good idea after all, now that she knew what was likely to come next. Another one of the Normandy's insane new crew members, come to sample the ship's "entertainment." Slowly, she brought another swallow of the meal to her lips.

"But that messed-up freak of nature, one of her rules is that she has to be in the room when somebody uses her bitch," the crewman said. "Guess she gets her rocks off watching somebody else fucking her slaves. But man, the idea of trying to get a boner while that shemale is staring me down... no, thanks." The tone of his voice turned devious as he added, "But then... she ain't here now, is she?"

Something in Ash's suddenly sluggish mind clicked. *He's not supposed to be doing this, The Real Ash thought.* I could totally kick this guy's ass, and then turn him over to Morgan to be punished even more when she gets back. The thought of it brought a smile to her face for the first time in a long while, as she went through a mental list of self-defense techniques she wanted to put to use on this asshole. Swallowing down the last bite of her meal, she started to rise to her feet.

But suddenly, she felt the energy drain from her body. She could feel her fingers lose their grip on the plate and spoon in her hands, and they tumbled nervelessly to the floor.

"Guess you're starting to feel the effects, huh?" the crewman said with a sneer. "After what happened in the captain's cabin with those other two bitches, decided I wouldn't take any chances this time. Ruben won't miss those muscle relaxants I stole from his office, I'm sure. All this pussy the bosses are bringing in, I ain't leaving this ship until I get myself a taste."

Ash tried to stand up from the couch, but her legs crumpled from under her as soon as she stood, and she landed on her side down on the floor. Moving quickly, the crewman rolled her onto her back and spread her legs. Her entire body ignoring all of her commands, Ash was forced to stare up as the crewman unzipped his pants and freed his erection.

"Hope you haven't forgotten how good an actual *man's* cock feels, baby," the crewman's voice oozed with lust as he knelt down between her legs and aimed his shaft at her pussy.
Kelly had dressed quickly, feeling disgusting as she put on a uniform she thought she had worn for
the last time. The whole situation still seemed so unreal. Minutes ago she had been thinking about
the future she and Sam were going to have here. And in a heartbeat, it had all been blown away.

She fought the urge to linger in the place she had called home, knowing that it would do no good.
Her eyes caught the pistol she had tossed aside earlier, and for a second her thoughts went to a last
stand. Go out fighting, maybe take down an enemy or two before being executed.

But she couldn't. With her dead, who knew what they might do to Sam? Turning away from the
weapon, she opened up the door, stepping outside of her former home for the last time.

A moment of panic filled her as she saw that almost everyone was gone. The woman who looked
like Shepard, her former Cerberus associate now calling herself "Brooks"... and Sam. In their place
stood a smiling young woman with short brown hair, dressed in a uniform identical to the one
Kelly had just donned.

"Hey, you ready?" the woman said, her tone casual considering the death surrounding them.
"Should be getting out of here before somebody comes around wondering what happened."

"Where’d they go?" Kelly said, unable to keep the panic out of her voice. "Where did they take
Sam?"

The woman laid a hand on her shoulder, and Kelly fought the urge to fling it away. "Hey, calm
down. Shepard and Brooks took her back to the ship in the colony's shuttle. Left us to wait for you
and..." the woman looked slightly sheepish as she added. "And they figured you'd be more
cooperative with your girl back on the ship."

"And, hey, free shuttle!" said the blond woman from before, who casually strolled into the
conversation flanked by a group of around eight fully-armored Phantoms. "Not like these corpses
are gonna be finding any use for it, anyway. You shoulda heard those little piggies squeal when we..."

"Hey!" the unarmored woman said, fixing a heated glare at the head Phantom. "Those 'corpses'
were her friends, okay?" she pointed at Kelly. "How about you show a little respect here? I know
what we did here was necessary, but you don't have to rub it in her face."

The blond Phantom's smile slowly faded, and she strode up to the protesting woman with a blank
expression, a thick sheen of blood drying on the blade dangling at her side. The imposing woman
stood a good six or seven inches taller than the unarmed brown-haired woman, but the shorter
Cerberus member did not flinch, staring back with a stern look on her face.

Finally, the blond woman reached up a hand, and patted the other woman lightly on the cheek.
"You keep talking like that, babe, and you might just lose your bitch privileges for this trip," she
muttered, a crooked smile crossing her face.

"I think I'll live, Morgan," the other woman said.

The blond Phantom, Morgan, dismissively turned away from the two unarmored women and
waved to the team of Phantoms. "Get moving!" she barked. "All this killing's got me hard as a goddamn rock."

With that, the team of Phantoms started walking away. Kelly followed their steps with her eyes, to see them entering a large shuttlecraft that had been brought down in what had once been the main town square.

The remaining Cerberus crew member watched them leave, and then shuddered a little. "Take my advice: watch yourself around Morgan. I know you're supposed to be some kind of psychologist or something like that, but trust me, you ain't ever dealt with anybody as messed up as that woman. Anyway, we should get moving. You can sit in the front with me, stay separated from that nutcase and her companions." The woman started to walk towards the shuttle, then paused and chuckled. "Sorry, rushing around so much I almost forgot: name's Erin. Erin Crooks."

Kelly said nothing in response, not engaging in this woman's strange attempts to befriend her. Shrugging, Erin started walking towards the front airlock of the shuttle, and Kelly reluctantly followed.

"Anyway, Morgan. Like I said... craziest woman I've ever had to work with, by far," Erin chatted as she and Kelly walked to the shuttle. "The bosses brought her on-board fairly early, back when we were desperate for anybody willing to fly under the Cerberus flag. I mean, not only is she obviously a homicidal maniac, in her spare time she likes to find strong, confident women and turn them into her 'bitches,' as she so charmingly calls it. Breaks their wills, makes them into her personal possession, and kills them if they step out of line," Erin triggered the door of the shuttlecraft and glanced over her shoulder at Kelly. "So, like I said, steer clear of her. You'll either end up dead, or replacing her latest plaything. Not really sure which is worse."

Kelly still didn't respond, and Erin let out a ragged sigh. "Look, I know you don't want to be here. I know we just screwed up your life and are dragging you into this against your will. But not all of us are monsters. Some of us just want to do what's best for humanity, and are willing to do whatever it takes to show our species what needs to be done."

"And this is what 'needed to be done'?'" Kelly finally spoke, gesturing a hand back to the dead silent residences and scattered bodies lying in the grass. "This is what's best for humanity? Speaking as a psychologist, I don't think Morgan back there is the only person here who's messed up in the head."

"Look, if it were up to me, we would have gone about this differently," Erin said, as she gestured to Kelly to continue the discussion inside the shuttle's cockpit. "You were with Cerberus once, you knew back then that humanity needed a champion. Shepard and Brooks should have come to you straight, told you we were going to fix all the problems of the last time around and do it right this time. But they had different plans, obviously."

"Obviously," Kelly repeated, a sneer in her voice as she sat down in the seat next to Erin in the shuttle's cockpit. "From what I've seen so far, the people in charge of Cerberus now are following the exact same path they did before. Even worse, as a matter of fact. Oh, and that's not Commander Shepard. I knew Shepard, and that woman isn't anything like her."

Erin leaned in close to Kelly from the pilot's seat, lowering her voice slightly. "Yeah, well, if you don't want them to do anything to your friend, I'd keep that kind of talk quiet. She doesn't like it when you start talking like she's a 'fake' or 'different Shepard.' I don't know who she is, really, but as far as us grunts are concerned, she's Anna Shepard, humanity's greatest hero."
"Seems like there's a lot of topics I want to avoid as the latest member of Cerberus," Kelly said, jolting a little in her seat as the shuttle activated and started hovering off the ground. "Makes me wonder why anyone not completely insane would join up of their own free will."

Taking a hand off the controls for a moment, Erin tapped a photo of a blond haired man attached to the front viewport. "See him? That's my brother. Devon Crooks, one of the best pilots the Alliance has ever known. Me and him, we grew up on Earth. Parents too blitzed on red sand to give a damn about us, Devon ended up raising me himself. He made so many sacrifices for me. Joined the Alliance Navy just so he'd have some money to send back home for me. Never forget how excited he was when he called to tell me he'd been chosen to pilot a prototype the Alliance had developed with the turians. 'The Normandy is amazing,' he told me. 'Can't wait to get behind the controls and see what she can do.'"

Erin paused for a moment, eyes downcast on the console as the shuttle penetrated the atmosphere and barreled off into space. "And then some cocky bastard locks my brother up in a shuttle and steals the Normandy. Steals it, and instead of punishing him like they should have, they decide to make him the pilot instead! My brother earned that spot, dammit, and just because some turian liked Moreau's hotshot flying, Devon lost the pilot seat of the Normandy just like that."

She sniffled a little as she sarcastically exclaimed. "Oh, but that's okay! My brother still ended up getting a great assignment after all! Behind the helm of the SSV Jakarta, one of the best cruisers in the Alliance fleet. Or it was," Erin's eyes were locked on the photo as she spoke. "Until it was destroyed fighting to protect the Destiny Ascension. It was an alien who screwed my brother out of the biggest shot of his career, and it was protecting aliens that cost him his life. So, damn right I joined Cerberus after that."

"Your brother sounds like a decent man," Kelly said, doing her best to sound sincere. "You ever considered what he'd think of you being a part of an organization like this?"

Erin glanced over at Kelly, giving her a thin smile. "I know this all looks bad. And trust me: when you get back to the ship, you're going to see some horrible things going on. But humanity needs a wake-up call. Sure, everybody's been living in harmony now that the war is over, but it's only a matter of time before somebody steps out of line. You really think the batarians are going to let go of all their hatred of humanity and be our buddies now? Not to mention the krogan. Urdnot Wrex is a fine leader, I'm sure, but what happens if somebody takes him and his queen out, huh? Is the next krogan in charge going to be as friendly when their people start running out of planets to colonize? Or will the Krogan Rebellions end up devastating Earth this time around?"

"I was like you once," Kelly said, a trace of sadness in her voice. "Willing to overlook all the terrible things I was seeing because I was convinced I was contributing to a greater good. And if I hadn't worked up a false identity and gone into hiding, Cerberus would have killed me without a second thought. You're fooling yourself if you think anything has changed."

Erin fiddled with the shuttle controls in silence for a few seconds. "I suppose, under the circumstances, it would be difficult to convince you," she finally said. "And maybe you're right, I dunno. But if nothing else, I owe Cerberus my loyalty, for giving me the opportunity that my brother got taken away from him."

"And what's that?" Kelly said. When Erin didn't answer at first, Kelly looked out the front viewport of the shuttle. When she saw what hovered out in the blackness of space, her fingers gripped the armrests of her chair hard enough to hurt.
"Beauty, isn't it?" Erin said. "Not the same one my brother would have been flying, of course. But still an amazing ship, the Normandy." She turned to look at Kelly. "Say, weren't you part of... Kelly?"

Alarms blaring. We're being boarded. I try running, but the lift doors slide open and they're there. Their hands all over me, their cold hands shoving her into a pod...

"Turn around," Kelly gasped.

Erin looked confused, staring at Kelly in concern as she shuddered in her seat. "What?"

"Please, take me back," Kelly said. She had turned white as a sheet, and her voice trembled. "I can't do this. I can't be on that ship again. Turn around."

Erin shook her head. "You know I can't do that, Kelly."

"You can!" Kelly cried out, her voice frantic. "Please, don't take me back there. I can't stay on that ship," Kelly raised her hands to clutch at her forehead, nightmarish visions of Collectors flooding her mind. "I can't, I can't, I can't, I ca..."

"Hey, hey!" Erin reached over to grab Kelly by the wrist. "Listen to me. What's your girl's name again?"

"Can't go... can't be on that ship..."

"What's her name?!" Erin yelled, snapping Kelly out of her panicked state momentarily.

"S... Samantha... I call her Sam..." Kelly muttered.

Erin gripped Kelly's wrist harder, enough to hurt. "Well, Sam is on that ship right now, Kelly. And if you aren't on that ship too, then Shepard and Brooks have no use for her. You're right about one thing: as much as I believe Cerberus has the right goals, their methods right now are brutal and merciless. You think they'll let her live if I don't bring you back there?"

"N... no..."

"You want Sam to die? You want her shoved out an airlock, or a sword put through her chest?"

Kelly felt a tear fly off her cheek as she rapidly shook her head.

"Then you need to get past whatever happened on that ship, and think about Sam whenever you start freaking out like you are now. Otherwise, neither of you are going to be much use to Cerberus. I'd hate to see them do anything to hurt you or Sam, but I know they will. So please, calm down."

Closing her eyes, Kelly struggled to block out the traumatic memories of the Collector invasion of the Normandy. She filled her mind with images of Sam. Her smile, her voice, everything about her.

And while the fear didn't completely dissipate, she could feel herself calming down slightly. Her rapid breathing slowed to a normal pace, and she could feel the tension in her body start to abate.
"You okay?" Erin said, and either she was really good at faking it, or there was genuine concern in the pilot's voice.

"I think so," Kelly said. "Than..." she started to say, then cut herself off from thanking the Cerberus pilot. As much as Erin's words had kept her from breaking down, in the end she had used veiled threats against Sam to make sure the message hit home.

Kelly wouldn't let herself be fooled by Cerberus again. Nobody on this ship was her friend. Not this woman, not anyone.
"He's waking up," Rooker said, watching as the man tied to the chair in front of them opened his eyes.

"Hey," said Jacob, moving to stand in front of the beaten man. "Can you talk?"

The man blinked his eyes, staring around the room at the scattered debris and dead bodies. All that remained of the firefight that had occurred in this small warehouse just minutes ago.

"Commander Taylor asked you a question," said Riggs, his palm against the butt of the pistol at his hip. "You can't talk, you aren't much good to us."

Finally, the man nodded. "Yes. You're... Alliance? Why are you..."

"We're asking the questions," Jacob said. "What's your name?"

"M...Matthis," the captive said. "Matthis Lavon."

Jacob crouched down, putting himself at eye-level with Matthis. "Alright, Matthis, here's the situation. We're looking for answers, and you're going to give them to us. If you cooperate and tell us what you know, we'll turn you over to Alliance custody and you'll walk out of this room in one piece. But if I don't get answers... I'll let my XO ask the questions instead. I'm afraid she's not as patient as I am."

"I say just kill him, sir," Rooker said dismissively, playing her part in the "good cop bad cop" routine to the hilt. "Cerberus scum like this aren't worth showing mercy to."

"Cerberus?" Matthis exclaimed. "What are you talking about? I'm not with Cerberus! This is all just a big..."

Stepping forward, Rooker backhanded him. "Don't bullshit us! You and your dead buddies were a Cerberus recruitment operation. Or maybe you forgot the part where you all pulled guns on us as soon as we walked in the door."

"No, I swear! We're just a small-time drug running operation, that's it. We thought you were the local cops come to bust us," Matthis protested. "I swear, if we'd known you were Alliance, we would have never..."

Reaching into his back pocket, Jacob retrieved a crumpled flier. He unrolled it and held it in Matthis's face. "STAND UP FOR HUMANITY!" the paper read at the top. The bottom listed an anonymous Extranet account. "This isn't yours?" Jacob asked.

Matthis shook his head. "I've seen those around the colony, but it ain't ours. You've got the wrong guys, I'm telling you."

"The name 'Javier Nunez' ring any bells?" Jacob asked. "I believe he contacted you through the account on this flier, telling you how eager he was to fight for the cause. We traced the messages, Matthis. We know they came from this location."
"I don't know any Javier Nones or whoever," Matthis protested. "Never met the man before in my life."

Rooker let out a laugh. "Funny. Because I'm pretty sure he knows you." She turned away from Matthis and called out. "Don't you, 'Javier'?

Matthis turned in time to see one of the "dead" bodies on the floor stand up and dust himself off. "Name is actually Cortez," he said, as he walked over to stand with the rest of the group. "And while you made a great pitch, I think I'm going to have to decline the offer to join your organization, Mr. Lavon."

Rooker stared back at Matthis with a triumphant expression. "Guess dead men do tell tales after all. Any urges to change your story now?"

"Look, okay," Matthis said, his voice resigned. "I'll admit, we were actually running a human rights group here."

This made Rooker scoff. "Right, 'human rights group.' An anti-alien hate group, in other words."

"Call it what you want, the point is that we're not tied to Cerberus at all," Matthis said. "We just saw Commander Shepard's speech and wanted to do our part for our race. It was all on our own, we haven't been in contact with Cerberus or anyone else."

"Well, if that's the case," Riggs chimed in. "Guess we might as well just dispose of you right now."

He took a step forward, his hand reaching for his pistol again.

Jacob held up a hand to Riggs, and the soldier stepped back. "Look, we're going to get the information we want anyway. Your people started wiping your files when we came in, but I have one of the smartest tech analysts in the galaxy back on my ship. She'll find what you were trying to hide eventually. But if you could save us some time and just tell us what we need to know instead, maybe we can cut some sort of deal."

Matthis stared down at the floor, taking deep breaths. "Fine, I do know something," he finally admitted. "Something about... where the Normandy is heading."

"Where is it?" Rooker said, suddenly stepping forward. "Where are they going?"

Jacob held up a hand to calm her. He fixed Matthis with a stern expression. "You better be straight with us. You send us on a wild goose chase, I'll personally ensure that you regret it."

"No, I swear," Matthis said. "I'll tell everything I know."

"Alright," Jacob said. "Tell me where the Normandy is heading."

The captive shook his head. "Don't want to tell you," he said. He looked over at Cortez. "Bring him over here. I want to say this to him."

Jacob looked confused by this, but moved aside to let Cortez walk over. "Where are they going?" Cortez asked him.

"If I tell you..." Matthis said, "you promise I'll be treated well?"
Cortez crouched down in front of Matthis. "I've known Jacob for quite a while now. He's a man of his word. He'll make sure you get turned over to the Alliance and given a fair trial."

"Guess that's the best I can hope for," Matthis said. "Alright. The... the Normandy is... is..." his voice dropped in volume suddenly, and his next words were barely under a mutter.

"What?" Cortez said, moving in closer. "What did you say?"

"It's going to..." Matthis said again, but still muttering softly.

Cortez started to lean in further. "I can't hear y..."

"Riggs!" Jacob suddenly called out, as the marine charged forward and shoved Cortez aside. And before anybody could react, he had pulled out his pistol and pointed it between Matthis's eyes. "Wait, don't..."

Riggs pulled the trigger, and Matthis's head jerked back from the impact of the bullet. Jacob rushed forward and tackled Riggs to the floor, but too late to prevent the fatal shot.

"The hell is wrong with you?" Jacob barked, laying on top of Riggs and pinning him to the floor. "Have you gone insane?"

"Sir, I just saved Lieutenant Cortez's life," Riggs calmly stated.

As Jacob pulled himself off Riggs and onto his feet, Riggs sat up and pointed at the corpse of Matthis. "You check him out, you'll find ocular nerve flashbangs installed," he glanced at Jacob and said, "Guess that was after your time, sir, but back when I was with Cerberus, they were standard issue. Betting the guy was trying to take the 'rat' out with him."

"Still, you could have just said something," Jacob said. "Didn't have to just shoot him without warning. We might have still been able to get him to talk."

"Man was about to blow his own head off just to take out Lieutenant Cortez, sir. All due respect, I doubt you were going to get anything out of him. And besides... there were only seconds to spare. Didn't have time to ask permission," Riggs said.

Jacob scowled, but couldn't find any fault in Riggs's reasoning. "Alright, people. Gather up any evidence you can find and let's get moving."

Rising to his feet, Riggs walked over to Cortez and helped him up. "You hurt?"

Cortez shook his head. "No, I'm fine. Umm... thanks."

"Thank me by not being so stupid next time," Riggs coldly stated. "Won't always be around to bail you out, you know."

And before Cortez could respond to that, Riggs was already walking away.
Kelly forced herself to remain calm, as the shuttle pulled into the Normandy's docking bay. Images of being flown away from this ship in a cramped, suffocating pod tried to force themselves into her thoughts. But thinking about Sam helped a little, enough so she was able to step out of the cockpit of the shuttle without collapsing into a shuddering heap.

The first thing she did as soon as her feet hit the deck of the Normandy was to search for the shuttle the fake Shepard and Brooks had stolen from Haverdean. She quickly spotted it on the other side of the deck, but there was no sign of the two Cerberus leaders, or of Sam.

"Welcome back, ma'am," one of the ten or so women that were hanging around the cargo deck said to Morgan, who was disembarking from the rear of the shuttle. From the looks of her build and the obvious traces of cybernetic enhancements, she must have been another Phantom who hadn't been part of the Haverdean massacre. "Commander Shepard asked me to have Miss Chambers head to the Captain's cabin as soon as she arrived."

"Hmm, looks like they're not wasting any time putting you to work," Morgan said to Kelly. "Well, you heard her. Get moving."

Kelly frantically searched the cargo bay with her eyes. "Where's Sam?" she asked. "I'm not going anywhere until I know she's safe."

"Insubordination already?" Morgan said, clucking her tongue. "Not a promising start to our working relationship."

Erin stepped out of the cockpit. "Come on, Morgan. At least let her know that Sam's still alive. Give her something to make her want to cooperate."

Morgan crossed her arms and stared at the protesting pilot. "You're being a real bossy boots today, Ensign Crooks. You're lucky I've already chosen my special companion for this trip, or I might have to show you who really has the balls around here."

"Aw, such a shame then that you need me up in the cockpit, flying you to more places where you can kill a bunch of people," Erin said back. Much as she didn't want to, Kelly couldn't help but feel a little bit of respect for the thin pilot, not flinching in the face of a dangerous woman almost twice her size.

The muscular Phantom leader rolled her eyes, then turned to the other Phantom who had spoken before. "Where'd you put the little Alliance cutie?"

The other Phantom whistled, and two more of their number appeared from behind a packing crate. Between them was Sam, staring at the floor and looking absolutely terrified.

"Sam!" Kelly started to move towards her, but Morgan held out a hand and kept her back.

"Uh, uh," Morgan admonished her. "You saw her. Now go up to the captain's cabin like you're supposed to."

"What are they going to do with her?" Kelly asked.
While still holding Kelly back, Morgan glanced over her shoulder at Sam. "Well, see, that's the thing. The bosses have kinda left the handling of our prisoners up to me. And after I claimed our last acquisition for myself, my girls have been getting so bored down here."

She smiled and nodded at the two Phantoms, and Kelly let out a cry of protest as they grabbed Sam's shirt and tore it off her body, leaving her standing topless. Another Phantom came forward and, as the two women at Sam's sides grabbed Sam by the arms, the third Phantom shoved a hand down Sam's pants and began roughly stroking her.

"That's Rena," Morgan said, a leering smile on her face as she turned back to Kelly. "Nothing she likes more than showing our Alliance guests the proper hospitality. So don't worry... your girlfriend is gonna be in great hands."

"You can't do this," Kelly protested. "They promised she would be safe!"

Morgan cocked an eyebrow. "And she will be. My girls are under strict orders not to put a mark on her," she looked over again, grinning as Rena yanked down Sam's pants and left her naked and on display for everyone in the room. Sam was trying to edge away from Rena's stroking fingers, but the other two Phantoms were holding her in place. "You won't hurt her, will you, Rena?"

"Not too badly, ma'am," Rena said, smiling wickedly as she stroked Sam's pussy. "As long as she gets herself nice and wet down here when me and the rest of the team plays 'Pass the Strap-On' tonight, she'll do just fine." Moving her face close to Sam's, she licked her lips. "Who knows? She might even like it after a while."

"See?" Morgan said, turning back to Kelly. "She'll be perfectly safe. Now, are you going to go up to see the bosses on your own two feet, or am I going to have to carry you up there?"

Kelly clenched her fists. She tried to calm herself down, but the anger that she normally kept suppressed was threatening to overcome her rational thoughts. Even though she knew it would mean their deaths or torture, she couldn't leave Sam to this fate.

And just as she was about to raise her arm to throw a punch at the powerful Phantom holding her back, Erin spoke up out of nowhere. "Sam is Kelly's bitch!"

Everybody in the room froze, attention all focusing on Erin as she stepped forward. "Kelly told me on the shuttle, Morgan. She said she was worried you might let somebody else use her bitch without her permission. But I assured her you would understand, and would never let something like that happen."

Rena scoffed in disbelief. "Is she kidding with this?" she asked.

"Quiet!" Morgan suddenly exclaimed, making Rena and most of the rest of the women in the room jump in surprise. Bending down slightly to get eye-to-eye with Kelly, Morgan's tone was dire as she asked, "Is this true? Is that your bitch?"

Kelly quickly glanced over at Erin, who nodded at her. "Yes... yes, she is," Kelly followed Erin's lead. "She's my b... bitch."

"This is bullshit," Rena said, turning her attention back to Sam. "After tonight, this dark-skinned little beauty ain't gonna be nobody's bitch but..."
A loud cracking sound echoed across the cargo bay, as Morgan raised her right hand and fired off a blast in Rena's direction. The shot breezed past Rena's head and left a smoking hole in a crate, just inches away from her.

"Take... your hands... off her," Morgan said through gritted teeth. Rena quickly stepped away from Sam, and the two Phantoms at her side released her arms.

Turning back to Kelly, Morgan lowered her hand and stared down at her. After a tense pause, Morgan suddenly rushed forward and wrapped her arms around Kelly. It took a second for Kelly to realize she wasn't being attacked, but... hugged.

"Ohmigod, this is wonderful!" Morgan squealed, embracing Kelly hard enough to be slightly painful. When Morgan finally released her, Kelly pulled away to see that the formerly stern Phantom leader was now smiling ear-to-ear. "For so long now, I was beginning to wonder if anybody out there knew how to properly keep a bitch anymore." She let out a gasp. "Oh, and here I almost let my girls use her without letting you supervise. First person I've met with a bitch in so long, and look what I almost did." Putting her hands on Kelly's shoulders, Morgan had a sincere look on her face. "Can you forgive me?"

Trying her best to keep the confusion off her face, and ignore the hot feeling on her left shoulder from Morgan's recently discharged palm cannon, Kelly nodded. "Of course."

"That's so nice of you," Morgan said. "But listen, I'm kinda put in a tricky situation with this. Much as I want to let you handle your bitch the way you feel, she is still a member of the Alliance. And I can't just let her run around the ship, you understand? I don't even give my own bitch that privilege, much as I love her and her pretty little asshole." Leaning down more and lowering her voice, she asked. "Between you and me... how's your bitch's ass? Nice and tight?"

"Uh, yeah," Kelly said. "Definitely."

Morgan gave Kelly a wink. "You should talk to the Doc sometime. Have him give you an operation like he did for me. I mean, those sensory strap-ons are nice and all, but you've never lived until you've felt your bitch's ass with your own flesh and blood."

"I'll... I'll consider it," Kelly said, not sure entirely what Morgan was talking about, but not wanting to contradict her when things were suddenly going so well.

"Rena," Morgan turned back to the Phantom. "Take our newest member's bitch to one of the cargo bays and lock her up. And none of you better lay a finger on her without Miss Chambers's permission. Understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," Rena said, looking a bit disappointed as she gestured for Sam to follow her to the lift. Sam turned to look at Kelly one more time before the lift doors shut.

Morgan gave Kelly another pat on the shoulders. "Alright, we've wasted enough time here. Go check in with the bosses. I'm going to be busy in my quarters for a while, but if you stop by later, maybe we can discuss giving you a chance to visit with your bitch sometime. But for now... we've all got work to do." The Phantom leader gave Kelly one last smile before spinning and summoning the lift.

After Morgan was gone, Kelly turned to Erin. "Thank you," she forced herself to say.
"Come by the cockpit when you get a chance," Erin said. "It'll be nice to have somebody pleasant to chat with for once. Other than my co-pilot, that is."
Stepping into his spartan cabin on the Orpheus, Jacob wearily worked on the fasteners of his combat armor. They had finished scouring the Cerberus base an hour ago, finding little more than more propaganda fliers and destroyed hard drives.

Maybe Tali might be able to find something, but truth was, Jacob had been bluffing when he had told the local cell leader that they'd find what they were looking for in the remnants of the files. If they were lucky, they might be able to pull up a few extranet headers, enough to find another low-level cell.

Most likely, though, word had already gotten out that an Alliance team was on the hunt for Cerberus activity, and the rest of the organization would go dark. They'd squandered their one chance to get the jump on Cerberus, and their already impossible task was only going to get harder.

Stripping off the last of his combat armor and sitting down at his work desk, Jacob tapped out a report for Admiral Hackett. Despite his aggravation over the results of the raid, he tried his best to remain optimistic as he outlined the events of the day in painstaking detail. Had to keep the brass thinking this wasn't just a waste of a perfectly good frigate on a fool's errand. Several times he paused in his typing to consider his words carefully, sounding as hopeful as possible about the mission without flat-out lying.

After spending some time looking the final report over, he pressed a button on a nearby panel. "Ensign DeSilva, I'm forwarding you a report for Admiral Hackett. Could you send it over a secure Alliance channel, please?"

"Yes, sir," said the communications officer's voice from the speaker. "You want me to have the response directed to your inbox when it arrives?"

"No hurry," Jacob said, and closed the communication. Despite his best efforts, Jacob knew they'd probably see through his bullshit, and realize that this mission had gotten off to a terrible start. He wondered if the admiral would recall him right away, or if the brass would find his floundering attempts at leadership amusing enough to allow to continue, just for the entertainment factor.

Sighing deeply, he leaned back in his chair and stared up at the ceiling. Like the Normandy, the captain's cabin of the Orpheus was on the upper-most deck of the ship, and a skylight had been installed which allowed Jacob to look out at the stars as they drifted by.

"Where the hell are you, Shepard?" Jacob muttered to himself.

This whole situation still seemed so surreal. If he didn't trust people like Garrus and Tali completely, he'd have one hell of a hard time believing that their enemy was Commander Shepard's double. He made a mental note, after all this was over, to ask Miranda if she knew anything about this whole clone business. He didn't remember her ever mentioning it during their time together on Lazarus Station. Those nights together when she'd come back to their cabin and idly chat about her progress in bringing Shepard back from the dead. Just before they would shed their uniforms and...

Okay, that was a bad train of thought. As if the frustrations of their first failed attempt to find out about this new Cerberus wasn't bad enough, he really didn't need to start thinking about the other unsatisfied urges in his life.
Tossing off his uniform shirt, Jacob strolled bare-chested over to his bed. He tried to think about something else, come up with some brilliant new ideas on where their mission should take them to next. But his attempts to keep himself from thinking about the intimate times with Miranda had instead gotten him thinking about the other woman who had once been in his life.

Brynn. The average person might have thought that someone like Brynn was a step down from the "genetic perfection" of Miss Lawson. But Jacob had never seen it that way. Their personalities had melded in a way that his and Miranda's never had. She had the warmest, most genuine smile Jacob had ever seen. The moment he'd seen it, her eyes filled with gratitude as he'd helped some of their former Cerberus comrades escape from the wrath of the Illusive Man, Jacob knew he had fallen hard. And the feeling was mutual, obviously, because it was only a few weeks later that the two of them...

"Dammit!" Jacob whispered, sitting on the foot of the bed with a frustrated scowl on his face, and a sizable bulge painfully pressing against his Alliance-issued trousers. Pathetic as it made him feel, Jacob knew he wasn't going to be able to get any sleep if he didn't relieve this sudden tension he was feeling.

Reaching down between his legs, he lowered the zipper over his crotch and let out a relieved sigh as he pulled out his swollen manhood with his other hand.

* * *

Kasumi had picked an interesting night to visit the captain's cabin. Hidden underneath her tactical cloak in a dark corner of Jacob's quarters, she watched with mouth agape as Jacob whipped out his cock. As the proud captain of the SSV Orpheus spat in his palm and start jerking himself off, part of Kasumi was panicking, realizing that her "innocent" visits to the crew of the Orpheus were about to cross a very serious line.

Sure, maybe she had used her cloak to take in the sights at Shepard's party three years ago. But dammit, it would have been hard to avoid that stuff even if she was trying. She'd drift into one room to find Shepard working her tongue out on Liara's dripping azure, only to leave and find Vega nailing Ashley against the wall in another corner of the apartment. Not to mention Kelly and that communications expert fingering each other in the spare bedroom. And what she had seen Miranda and Jack doing to each other...

But this was something else. Jacob was in the privacy of his own quarters now, behind a securely-locked door. Her rational mind was telling her that she shouldn't be here, that she should make a run for it, and just hope that Jacob thinks there was a glitch in the security matrix or something when his cabin door suddenly opens on its own.

That's what her rational mind was telling her, yes. But it was in serious competition with another part of her mind. One that was squealing, "Look at the cock on that man!"

Jacob was definitely... impressive. A shame for him about the whole "Alliance chain of command" thing, or Jacob wouldn't have to resort to his own hand to keep him company tonight. Kasumi'd be willing to bet that half the female crew of the ship would be lining up to enjoy the captain's log if they knew what a large weapon he kept in his holster.

*But you're not part of the chain of command,* that same naughty little voice in her head was saying.
So what's stopping you?

Even as her eyes were locked on Jacob's pumping hand around his thick cock, Kasumi went through the excuses in her head again. *He's still hurting from losing Brynn. I shouldn't try to rush him into something like that. And even if I'm not officially in the Alliance, I still put myself under his command. The last thing he needs is to have emotional entanglements with a member of his crew distracting him from the mission.*

*So many excuses*, that dirty part of her was responding. *Just like all the excuses you made to keep from making a move back on the Normandy. Is it going to take him finding another woman again for you to realize you should take your shot when you have it?*

Kasumi shook her head. This was different. It'd be one thing to wait until the mission was over, ask Jacob to maybe go out to dinner or something. But to reveal that she'd been spying on him, watching as he masturbated in his private quarters... it might put a damper on any future chances for them to have a trusting relationship.

She was about ready to make her move for the door, and hope that Jacob was too busy with his current one-handed exercises to notice, when Jacob breathed out a single word. One that changed everything.

"Kasumi..."

* * *

"Kasumi..." Jacob muttered to himself, the heated fantasies in his mind suddenly turning to the lithe Japanese thief. He wasn't entirely sure why Kasumi had suddenly popped into his mind. Yeah, she'd spent most of this mission flirting with him – and most of Shepard's party three years ago doing the same, come to think of it – but Jacob figured it was just like the remarks he'd seen Vega making to Shepard from time to time: just Kasumi being friendly.

But as soon as Kasumi had entered his thoughts, he found it hard to make her leave. Remembering that look in her eyes, unmistakable even under the hood, whenever she'd make a remark about his physique or some other suggestive comment. And as soon as it was out, she would then quickly disappear, as if inviting Jacob to find her. Chase her down and have her make good on all her innuendos.

Closing his eyes, Jacob pictured Kasumi vividly. His gripping fingers increased their tempo on his cock as he imagined stripping her out of her tight outfit and throwing her down on the bed. Pressing his fingers down into her wetness and watching her moan in desire. Her arms wrapping around him as he climbed on top and impaled himself inside her.

"Kasumi..." he breathed again, feeling his cock start to swell and his head start to buzz as his climax approached.

And just as he was seconds away from release, he heard a sharp bang against the wall to his right. Jolting in surprise, his hand flew away from his unsatisfied erection as he turned to look at the source of the noise.

Glancing down at the floor, he saw a piece of his armor lying against the wall, as if it had been thrown there. Confused, he was about ready to tuck away his cock and stand up from the bed, when he felt a gust of hot air breeze against the wet surface of his prick.
He looked back down between his legs, just in time to see a shimmer of light and a kneeling, hooded figure materialize there. "You called, Captain?" Kasumi said with a grin.

* * *

_Can't believe I'm doing this_, Kasumi thought, ignoring Jacob's shocked expression as she reached out and gripped his shaft by the base. _This is crazy. So damn crazy._

But before her rational mind could convince her to do otherwise, Kasumi lifted Jacob's sizable cock and stuck out her tongue to roll it against the head.

"Kasumi?" Jacob said, and while he sounded confused, Kasumi believed she still heard a trace of the lustful tones he had been saying her name with before. "What are you..."

"Don't ask questions," she said, staring up at him with a sultry look as she stroked his shaft. "Just sit back and let me do all the work."

She wondered if Jacob might protest. Yell at her for spying on him in his cabin and toss her out. But as she pivoted her head to run her tongue up Jacob's cock, mixing her saliva with his, Jacob let out a low moan and let his legs spread wider, giving her easier access to him.

It had been a while since she'd done this. Not since Keiji, actually. But from the way Jacob's cock throbbed against her palm, it didn't feel like he had any complaints on her technique.

After running her tongue along the underside of his cock again, from his balls all the way to the tip, Kasumi glanced up and met Jacob's gaze. Giving him a wink, she opened her mouth wide and held her breath, before taking Jacob's cock into her mouth and down her throat. Fighting against her gag reflex, she took as much of the long, thick shaft into her as she could, loving the way Jacob moaned as he watched her sink her head down onto his sizable cock.

Finally, Kasumi pulled away, taking a deep breath as she withdrew from Jacob's cock. No sooner had his length left her mouth, however, than she took him between her lips again. This time, however, she only took half of his prick into her mouth. Her lips slid up and down his cock, while she worked one hand around the base of the throbbing shaft. Her other hand came up to cup and caress his balls through his briefs, Kasumi putting all of her effort into pleasuring every last inch of Jacob's manhood.

"Kasumi," Jacob moaned, and now the confusion was gone. All that was left was the same unrestrained desire that had only been part of his fantasy before. "Kasumi, I'm... I'm..."

In her mouth, Jacob's cock jerked, and then she felt the warmth of his seed start to fill her throat. She tried her best to swallow as much of his cum as she could, but Jacob's seed was soon spilling out of her mouth and dripping down her chin. Still, she kept her hands working on his cock and balls until she felt the last of his load spurt out onto her tongue.

Pulling away from his shrinking prick, Kasumi gave Jacob a grin. "Damn! Looks like you've been holding that back for a while," Kasumi said. Reaching up to wipe a long drop of jizz off her chin, she brought her sticky fingers up to her mouth and saucily licked the last drops of cum off.

"Yeah, guess so," Jacob said, catching his breath from the intense climax Kasumi had given him. "Not that I didn't... appreciate that, but you mind telling me what you were doing in my cabin in the
first place? Pretty sure I locked the door when I came in."

"Oh, didn't you know my secret power?" Kasumi said innocently, sitting back on the floor and crossing her arms. "If any man, especially a handsome ship captain with amazing abs, says my name, I magically appear and grant his fondest desire." She arched an eyebrow. "Your fondest desire was to get a blowjob from a sexy Japanese cat burglar, wasn't it?"

Despite himself, Jacob grinned. "I should really be punishing you for trespassing like this," he said, as he tucked his now-flaccid member back into his pants and zipped up.

"Oooh, punishment," Kasumi said, clapping her hands together. "Sounds like fun. I could give you some ideas on that, although I doubt they're in any official Alliance handbooks."

Jacob shook his head. "Tempting as that sounds, I think I'm tapped for the night. Between the firefight down on Mindoir and what you just did to me, my tank is running on fumes as it is."

Kasumi put a pouty expression on her face. "Aw. Don't know my own strength, I guess. Don't worry. You can make it up to me later."

"Damn, I guess I had you pegged wrong," Jacob said, leaning forward to look down at Kasumi on the floor. "Thought all that flirting was just you playing around. So how come you waited so long to make a move?"

She opened her mouth to voice one of her many excuses, but was surprised when she found herself speaking the truth. "I guess I was scared," Kasumi said. "After I lost Keiji, the thought of getting close to someone again, just to lose them... I mean, Shep was pretty awesome and all, but there were no guarantees that all of us were making it back from that Collector base alive. So I didn't make the move. And by the time we had all made it back in one piece, and I had worked up enough courage to say something... Shep went and turned herself in to the Alliance and we all went our separate ways." Kasumi paused a moment, not sure it was wise to broach the subject, but finally decided to go for it. "Would have probably taken a shot at Shepard's party, but by that time you were with..."

Jacob nodded and finished her thought. "With Brynn."

She wasn't sure how far she should push, but Kasumi was obviously in a bold mood tonight, so she figured she'd take the chance. "What happened between you two? Everybody on this ship seems to be walking on eggshells around you when the topic comes up. I don't want to pry, but..."

Jacob stood up from the bed, and for a second Kasumi thought he was going to open the door to his cabin and ask her to leave. But instead, he simply turned away from her and stared at a wall, as long suppressed emotions came pouring out. "After Shepard fired the Crucible and the relays went down... Brynn was with the rest of the fleet, light years away. For a while, I was sure it would be years before I'd see her again. I remember thinking, 'She's going to have the baby, and I'm not even going to be there when it happens.' Kinda selfish of me to think like that, when she was God knows where on the other side of the galaxy, and I was safe back on Earth."

"But they did get the relays up," Kasumi said. "Just a few months later."

"Yeah, they did," Jacob said, his voice distant. "I remember how happy I was when she got back, and I saw her with... with our child growing inside of her. All I could think was, 'It's over. The fighting, the hiding from Cerberus... it's all over. We can start a family now.'"
Kasumi knew that the "but" was coming, but waited for Jacob to get to it in his own time.

Jacob turned to face Kasumi again, and his expression was pained. "Before the relays were brought back up, the new heads of the Alliance had already started talking about what to do with all the former members of Cerberus. It was only two weeks after the relays came back up that they passed the law. Anyone who had worn a Cerberus uniform, indoctrinated or otherwise, would be implanted with a tracking chip and have all of their crimes pardoned. Of course, me and Brynn, we didn't protest it. We went under the knife willingly. Figured it was a good way to show we were done with Cerberus once and for all. But then afterward... I remember them coming to my room in the hospital. Telling me something had happened, and that..."

Sitting back down on the edge of the bed, Jacob's shoulders slumped as he remembered. "Every doctor, everybody that worked on the chip implantation procedure assured us that it was totally unrelated. That she would have lost the baby no matter what, and it was all just a matter of bad timing. And I believed them. But Brynn... she didn't. I told her that we would move on from it. That we had the rest of our lives together to have another one. Have as many as she liked. But she was so angry after that. Angry at the people who'd put the chip into her... angry at the Alliance, and angry at me for continuing to work with them. I tried everything I could with her. But nothing I said or did made things any better."

The pain on Jacob's face made Kasumi want to stand up and go to him, but she made herself stay where she was, let him finish his story.

"And then one day I woke up... and she was gone. No note, no goodbye, just all of her things gone." Jacob gave a joyless smile. "Had a few connections back then, I probably could have had somebody in charge of the chip tracking find out where she went, but I don't think she would have appreciated that much."

"Jacob, I'm sorry," Kasumi said, not sure what else to say. Standing up from the floor, she sat next to him on the bed and rested a hand on his shoulder. "I didn't mean to..."

Jacob gave her a reassuring smile. "Nah, it's okay. Guess it's just another thing I've been holding back for too long," he glanced down at a stray drop of cum on Kasumi's outfit and let out a soft laugh. "Can't say it was as much fun as getting that out of my system, though."

Kasumi was glad to see him smiling again, even if she knew he was forcing it a little. "You want me to stay?" she asked him.

"Actually, I think it might be better for me to be alone for a bit," Jacob told her. "Let me clear my head a bit. But tonight was good. How about next time, though, you leave the cloak back in your bunk?"

Leaning over to him, Kasumi planted a soft kiss on his lips. "Yes, sir, Captain. Anything else I'm wearing you'd like me to leave behind next time I visit?"

"I'll leave that decision entirely up to you, Miss Goto," Jacob said. He started to lean in to return her kiss, but then Kasumi started shimmering before vanishing entirely.

"Sweet dreams, Jacob," said a whispering voice in his ear, before his cabin door seemed to open and close of its own accord.
Jacob laughed to himself: a new lover in his life, and already she was disappearing on him.
Riding up in the lift to the top deck of the Normandy, Kelly clenched her fists and trembled. Without meaning to, she had backed into the corner of the cramped elevator, expecting any moment for the doors to slide open and an army of those horrible Collectors to step in and take her captive.

But the ride up was uneventful, and Kelly breathed a sigh of relief as she stepped out onto deck 1. Of course, what was about to come was almost as horrible as the prospect of Collector abduction: being forced to work for the people who had slaughtered the colonists of Haverdean. Killed her friends without blinking and took her and the woman she loved captive.

As she stepped out into the small room that connected the lift to the captain's cabin, the door opposite her slid open, and the dark-skinned woman she had once known as Hope Lilium emerged. She had removed her Cerberus uniform shirt, and her upper body was now clad in a tight white tank top that put her cleavage on display.

"It's good to see you again, Kelly," Brooks said. "God, how many years has it been? Rebuilding the Normandy, getting the team together to take down the Collector base... all seems so long ago, doesn't it?"

"Yes, I guess it does," Kelly said meekly, trying her best to keep her anger at this woman in check. Right now, her and Sam's survival depended on her to play ball, and not anger Brooks or the woman calling herself Commander Shepard.

"So nervous?" Brooks remarked, closing the distance between her and Kelly and standing just a little bit too close for Kelly's comfort. "That's not the Kelly Chambers I remember. Or have you forgotten our time together on Cronos Station? I know I haven't."

Extending her hand, Brooks lightly trailed a finger up Kelly's side. Kelly had to suppress the urge to slap it away. It was one thing to have to work with these people in order to protect Sam. But if this woman was intending for her to... do that, Kelly wasn't sure she was going to be able to stomach it.

"You know, I don't think I ever told you this," Brooks said, her voice low and sensual. "But you were my first experience with a woman. Had never even considered it before, but you were just so..." Inhaling deeply, Brooks let her hand pause on the side of Kelly's chest, just behind the swell of her breast. "So enticing. In the end, I just couldn't resist."

Kelly said nothing, thinking about Sam and trying her best not to scream as Brooks stroked her body.

Finally, Brooks's hand fell away. "But that was a long time ago," she said, taking a step back and speaking normally. "And we've both found ourselves new bed-warmers since then. So let's stop beating around the bush, I suppose, and go have a little chat. About what you're going to have to do to keep your precious Miss Traynor alive and well for the length of your second tenure with Cerberus."

Brooks led Kelly into the captain's cabin. Once, a lifetime ago, Kelly had come here for a late night dinner with Shepard. And although Shepard had bid her good night that evening without so
much as a kiss on the cheek, it had still been one of Kelly's fondest memories.

A memory that would no doubt be corrupted by the time this night was over.

"Finally," said the false Shepard, a little bit impatient as she watched the two of them enter from her seat on the end of the bed. "Was wondering if you got lost or something."

"Just talking about old times," Brooks said innocently. Walking over to sit next to the other Shepard, she gestured to Kelly. "Go ahead, Miss Chambers. Have a seat."

Kelly turned to where Brooks had gestured, and let out a loud gasp. Behind her, she heard the two Cerberus leaders laughing at her shock.

Down on the floor, on her hands and knees, was a naked asari, blue skin glistening with sweat. Her head and face were completely covered in a leather hood, under which Kelly could hear light, muffled grunts. And on her back had been placed a white pillow.

"You heard her," the fake Shepard said, her voice filled with a sinister malice that Kelly could never have imagined hearing the real Shepard speak with. "Sit down, Kelly. After all, Dr. T'Soni has so graciously offered you a place to sit."

Liara? Kelly could scarcely believe that the naked, shamed woman down on the floor was the powerful and confident Shadow Broker, and Shepard's partner in battle as well as in life. Feeling the stares of the two Cerberus leaders on her back, Kelly gritted her teeth as she turned around and brought herself to a sitting position on the pillow resting on Liara's back. She heard Liara groan from under her mask, and tried her best to keep as much weight off of Liara as she could.

From her new position on Liara's back, Kelly started hearing a soft buzzing sound. Looking to her left, she gasped again as she saw a series of dark blue welts across Liara's backside. Between her legs, a large vibrator had been placed inside of her pussy, and was doing its work forcing Liara into a state of (no doubt unwanted) arousal.

*If this is what they've done to Liara, Kelly thought to herself, I don't want to even think about what they've done to Shepard.*

"There we are," Brooks said, her tone casual and light despite the depraved situation she and the phony Shepard had put Kelly into. "Nice and comfortable for our little... interview."

The other Shepard looked a bit annoyed as she spoke. "Let me put this plain to you, Miss Chambers. Bringing you on-board and letting you return to Cerberus was my partner's idea. If it were up to me, you and your Alliance whore would be down entertaining Miss Lezayen's troops in the cargo hold. But from your past tenure as a member of Cerberus, Maya seems to think you'll be useful to us."

"You saw the way she was, love," Brooks said to the other Shepard. "When it looked like Miss Traynor was about to be killed? The fear in her eyes told me that Miss Chambers would do anything to keep her beloved Samantha alive." Turning back to Kelly, Brooks arched an eyebrow. "Isn't that right, Kelly?"

Now that she'd seen first-hand what sorts of things the new leaders of Cerberus were up to, Kelly didn't like the implications of what doing "anything" might entail. Regardless, she nodded her head frantically. "I'll do anything you ask of me. Just... please don't hurt her."
Brooks stared at Kelly for a few seconds, her brow furrowed. "Well, I believe you, Kelly," Brooks finally said. "But my partner here... I think she might need more convincing."

"This is your audition, Miss Chambers," said the other Shepard, standing up and walking over to a spot behind where Kelly was sitting on Liara's back. For the first time since entering the room, Kelly noticed that a thick cloth had been draped over one of the rafters on the other side of the room. "If we're going to accept you back into Cerberus, I need to be convinced that you'll do anything we ask of you."

Back on the bed, Brooks clucked her tongue. "You'll have to pardon her, Kelly. I love her deeply, but my partner does have a flair for the over-dramatic."

The other Shepard shot a look at Brooks, before turning her attention to Kelly again. "You say you're willing to follow our orders, Miss Chambers? That you'll do what we ask without hesitation or disobedience?"

"Yes, I swear," Kelly exclaimed. "I'll do whatever it takes."

"Well... it's time to prove it," the Shepard double declared, as she grabbed the cloth and yanked it off the rafter, revealing what hung underneath.

Kelly let out a scream and jumped up to her feet as the cover was pulled away. Underneath, hung up from the ceiling by ropes that bit into her flesh, was the real Commander Shepard. Her hair had been trimmed short, and her eyes were covered by a blindfold, but it was unmistakably Shepard. Like Liara, there were painful looking welts on her skin, but these marks covered her entire body. Her feet hung an inch or two off the ground, Shepard not even bothering to struggle against the bonds that kept her hanging in the air. In addition to the blindfold, a ballgag had been secured in her mouth, leaving her unable to speak in addition to being blinded.

"You... you people are..." Kelly stammered, unable to suppress her disgust anymore at her captors.

"Listen to me, Kelly," Brooks said, standing now and turning Kelly to face her, her hands on her shoulders. "This is what happens to those who oppose us. Who get in the way of Cerberus and its mission. So if you don't want to end up like these pathetic slaves, now is your chance to prove your loyalty to Cerberus."

One of Brooks's hands left Kelly's shoulder and grabbed onto her wrist. With her other hand, Brooks put a cylindrical object into Kelly's palm. "I still remember those nights on Cronos Station, Kelly," Brooks said with a lazy smile. "The things you could do to me with one of these things were amazing. I'm curious to see if you can still work that magic on our special guest over here."

Gripping the object that Brooks had given her and raising it up to see, Kelly felt her heart plunge in her chest. "No, I can't..." Kelly stammered, as she saw the smooth plastic vibrator that Brooks had given her. "I could never..."

"You will," the fake Shepard said. Grabbing a riding crop from a nearby side table, she snapped it down on one of Shepard's bare breasts. Shepard cried out against her gag, her body writhing against the ropes. "Unless you want us to bring Traynor up here and string her up from the ceiling instead, that is."

"Make her cum," Brooks whispered into Kelly's ear. "Make her cum like you used to make me
cum, and you'll be reinstated as a member of Cerberus. You, and your little Alliance girlfriend, will be safe from any harm as long as you obey. I promise."

*Do it for Sam,* Kelly thought to herself, as she turned to face the bound, helpless Shepard. *She's depending on you, Kelly. Do it for her.*

Wiping away her tears with one hand, Kelly used the other to trigger the switch on the vibrator. She stepped forward slowly, thankful at least that she wouldn't have to look Shepard in the eye as she did this.

Reaching Shepard's helpless hanging body, Kelly forced herself to raise a hand to Shepard's groin. Shepard flinched slightly, as Kelly's fingers started pushing inside of her. While she worked two fingers around inside of Shepard's pussy, she brought the vibrator up with her other hand to work against Shepard's clit.

"Just like I told you, love," Brooks said to the other Shepard. "So obedient. It would be a waste to treat her just like our other honored guests."

"She hasn't finished the job yet," the fake Shepard groused. "Bet she doesn't have the stomach for it."

Kelly felt a mix of relief, and disgust with herself, as she could feel her fingers start to moisten with the juices of the arousal that she was forcing onto Shepard. She fought the urge to move faster, knowing that trying to get Shepard off too rapidly would only decrease her chances of completing this disgusting task successfully. With Shepard's pussy now well-lubricated, Kelly inserted the vibrator between Shepard's damp lips, while working her thumb against Shepard's sensitive clit. Shepard grunted against the ballgag in her mouth, sweat starting to drip from her suspended body as Kelly's skilled fingers and slowly thrusting vibrator were bringing her to the brink of climax.

Suddenly, Kelly felt someone behind her. She gasped as arms wrapped around her from behind, and a hand slid down her stomach and under the waistband of her new Cerberus uniform slacks.

"Maya, what exactly are you doing?" she heard the other Shepard say behind her. Although she was trying to sound unperturbed, Kelly could definitely hear a trace of annoyance in her voice.

"Just making sure our potential new member can deal properly with... workplace distractions," Brooks said. Her probing hand worked its way down inside of Kelly's panties, and Kelly bit her lip as she felt the woman's skillful fingers against her bare snatch. "Let's see if I'm any better than your little Alliance whore, what do you say?"

Kelly said nothing, trying her best to stay focused on getting Shepard off, even as Brooks's fingers began stroking and probing her pussy. Despite Kelly's disgust at the situation, Brooks had obviously learned a lot about pleasing a woman since her early, less-experienced days, back when they had shared a bed on Cronos Station. Her fingers were touching Kelly in a way that was impossible to ignore, and she squirmed under Brooks's grasp as the Cerberus leader teased her into a state of disgusted arousal.

"Hey!" the other Shepard barked out, and it took a second for Kelly to realize that it wasn't directed to her or Brooks. "Come over here, asari whore." Kelly could hear the sound of zippers being undone, and then the other Shepard sitting down in a chair. "Damned if I'm going to be the only one not getting fucked around here. You better get me off before either of them cum, or I'll give Shepard the prod for the rest of the night. Understand?"
Kelly tried to keep the image from her mind, but she had a good idea what was happening behind her. The false Shepard with her pants down to her ankles, forcing Liara between her thighs to eat her out. Was this going to be the sort of thing she was going to be forced to be a part of, as a member of this new, sexually depraved version of Cerberus?

"Look at how wet she's getting," Brooks whispered into Kelly's ear. By now, her other hand had tugged Kelly's uniform top upward, and was groping at one of Kelly's breasts. All while her other hand worked busily between Kelly's legs, fingers teasing and stroking. "Maybe I made a mistake. I should have made your task to get me off instead." She chuckled lightly into Kelly's ear. "But then... there'll be plenty of time for that later, won't there?"

She couldn't deal with this anymore. She had to get Shepard off now, end this nightmare as soon as possible. But with the vibrator and her fingers, Kelly knew it would still be a little while before she could bring Shepard to climax.

But there was another way that she could do it, a way that would work much faster. And right now, she was ready to do anything to make this experience end.

The vibrator dropped to the floor with a soft clatter, as Kelly dropped it and leaned forward to place her lips against Shepard's clit. Working her tongue desperately against the sensitive nub of flesh, it took less than a minute of licking before the volume of Shepard's muffled cries increased, her body started to spasm in pleasure, and Shepard's pussy dripped fluids down Kelly's chin.

Pulling away, Kelly wiped her face and grabbed Brooks's wrist, yanking her hand out of her pants as she turned to face her.

"There. I've done what you've asked," Kelly said, staring daggers at Brooks as she readjusted her uniform back into place. "Have I proven myself to you now?"

Brooks laughed in delight. "Most assuredly," she said. "Glad to see you're willing to do whatever it takes to accomplish a task." She turned to the other Shepard. "Convinced, love?"

As Kelly had feared, the other Shepard was now naked from the waist down, and was now seated with Liara crouched down between her thighs. The other Shepard's hand idly stroked Liara's head tentacles, as the asari stuck out her tongue and worked it frantically along the other Shepard's clit. "I guess I'm willing to give her a chance," she said with a shrug. To Liara, she let out a disappointed sound. "Sorry. Looks like Shepard's going to be tasting the prod tonight after all. Oh, but that doesn't mean you can stop licking my cunt, slave. Unless you want to buy her two nights of torture."

"Just look at her," Brooks said, rolling her eyes and glancing over at Kelly with an exasperated expression. "Is this any way for the head of a human supremacy organization to act? Getting off on some filthy asari's tongue?"

Her eyes still cast down on Liara's head between her legs, the other Shepard raised a hand and flipped the bird to Brooks. "Just give our new recruit her first assignment and get her out of here," she remarked. "Before I get bored and decide not to show you what my filthy human tongue is capable of tonight."

"Well, we wouldn't want that," Brooks said with a leer. Walking over to a side-table, Brooks picked up a datapad and handed it to Kelly. "We need you to assist us with a very important task, Miss Chambers. One that you are uniquely suited for, I believe. The Alliance is trying to find us as we
speak. Of course, they're doing a wonderful job of buggering it up, but one can never be too careful. Which is why it's a good thing that Cerberus's influence is as wide as it is."

Kelly lifted up the datapad, seeing an extranet messaging application running on the clear surface.

"We have a spy, Miss Chambers," Brooks said. "A Cerberus mole aboard the ship that's trying to find us. They've been relaying information to us ever since we stole the Normandy. I'm sure that in your psychology training, they discussed what a stressful situation that can be. Living a second life, forced to lie to people who believe you to be a friend, almost on a daily basis."

Kelly knew, first hand as a matter of fact. She remembered how afraid she had been when she had told Shepard about informing on her to the Illusive Man. And now that wonderful woman, who had forgiven her without hesitation, was strung up as a plaything for a pair of psychopathic rapists.

From the look on Brooks's face, she was well aware of Kelly's past treachery as well, and was enjoying teasing her with it. "Yes, a very stressful situation, being a spy. And we're worried that the pressure might end up getting to our agent eventually. Which is where you come in. You will be in communication with our mole, talking to them on a regular basis, and putting all those psychology skills of yours to good use in keeping them from cracking."

Kelly stared down at the datapad, seeing no incoming messages at the moment. "Who are they? What's their name?" she asked.

"You don't need to know that," the other Shepard chimed in from her chair, her breath coming faster as Liara's tongue lapped against her clit. "All you need to know is that they're our agent, and that your safety and the safety of Miss Traynor are dependent on them not breaking their cover."

"It's just that... it would help if I at least know a little about..."

"You get nothing, Miss Chambers," Brooks interrupted Kelly. "I brought you in specifically because I believed you could handle this task with the tools you've been given. If that's not the case, though..."

Kelly quickly shook her head. "No, I can! I mean, I will."

"Good," Brooks said. "Oh, and be aware that Shepard and I will be monitoring all of your communications with the mole. So I wouldn't get any bright ideas about trying to 'flip' them or anything foolish like that. Keep them safe, keep them sane, and most importantly, keep them talking to us. Is your task clear, Miss Chambers?"

"Yes... ma'am," Kelly forced herself to say.

Brooks smiled at the sound of Kelly's subservience. "Very well, then. Now, if you'll excuse us," without warning, Brooks reached down and whipped off her tanktop, shamelessly exposing her bare breasts. "Commander Shepard and I have a long night ahead of us." She turned to pick up what looked like an electrical prod from nearby, but then remembered something and faced Kelly again. "Oh, and pay a visit to the medbay after you leave. Dr. Henneman needs to have a look at you."

Kelly made her way quickly to the door, but wasn't fast enough to miss hearing Shepard letting out pained cries against her gag, as Brooks used the electric prod device on her. As soon as the door shut behind her and she was alone, Kelly collapsed to her hands and knees on the floor, fighting
back tears and the urge to vomit.

*For Sam,* she thought to herself, as the muffled screams of Shepard could still be heard behind the closed door. *Do it for Sam.*
Part 2: No One Leaves Cerberus (Normandy, Executive Officer's Cabin)

Ash shut her eyes tight, wishing the drug that this pervert had fed her would have at least numbed her body, and not just make her unable to move. But she was able to feel every last inch of the crewman's unimpressive length thrusting inside of her, his hot breath raggedly blowing in her face as he raped her. She wasn't sure how long it had been since he first entered the room, but it seemed like he had been at this for hours.

If there was one small comfort, at least he wasn't as ridiculously huge as Morgan. And didn't have the same bizarre fixation on Ash's asshole. It was a bit hard to look on the positive side, however, when she was on her back on the floor, helpless while this man fucked her.

"Damn, you don't know how long it's been since I've had some good pussy," the crewman lewdly moaned as he continued thrusting. "None of those freaky cyberdykes are gonna put out for a guy like me. And that pilot bitch Crooks? Too busy chatting with computers to spend some time with a real person."

"Bad enough this asshole has to be added to the list of rapist fucks I'm going to disembowel after all this is over, The Real Ash snarled in her head. Wish he would at least shut the hell up while he does it."

"But this... oh, this is good. I'm gonna have to see if I can deliver your food again, the next time that Morgan goes out for... for..." the crewman trailed off, and his cock suddenly withdrew from Ash's cunt.

Opening her eyes, Ash saw the crewman standing up and turning on his omnitool. "Oh, no," he muttered. "Oh, fuck, no. I took too long..."

And that was when the door to the office slid open. Ash couldn't turn her head to look, but she had little doubt who was on the other side. From the terrified expression on the crewman's face, it was obvious.

"Hey, come on," he said, backing up a step with his hands held up in a placating gesture. "I didn't do anything to hurt her. Just played with her for a bit. Hey, she's just a useless little bitch, right? What..."

There was a bellowing cry of rage, and from where Ash was laying she saw a charging form dash into the crewman and grip him by the neck. Lifting him up in the air, his pants dangling around his ankles, Morgan screamed as she drove the man hard into the bulkhead.

"NOT... WITHOUT... MY... PERMISSION!" Morgan shrieked at the man as she slammed him repeatedly into the thick metal walls of the Normandy. The rapist crewman struggled for breath, and was about to open his mouth to speak when Morgan drove a hard fist into his face. There was a sick crunch, and blood spurted out from the man's already injured nose.

Morgan tossed him down to the floor, and Ash was able to summon enough energy to turn her neck and see the beaten crewman attempting to crawl away from the enraged Morgan. Standing over him, Morgan brought up a boot of her Phantom armor, and drove it down hard on the crewman's calf. A shriek of pain echoed across the office, along with the harsh crack of his bone splintering.
Grabbing the bruised and battered crewman by the back of his uniform, Morgan heaved his bleeding, half-naked form out of her office into the hall. "Get this piece of shit to the infirmary!" she cried out to several passing crewmembers. "I want him all healed up for when I kick his ass a second time!"

*My hero,* The Real Ash bitterly observed, as she watched several crewmen scamper to obey Morgan's orders.

Turning around and shutting her door, Morgan's anger quickly vanished. Letting out a gasp, she rushed to kneel down next to Ash. "Are you okay? Did he hurt you?" she frantically asked.

*No worse than what you've already done to me, you sick freak,* The Real Ash thought. The Fake Ash shook her head.

"I'm sorry," Morgan cried out, and Ash felt herself being picked up from the ground and wrapped in the somewhat painful embrace of Morgan's massive arms. "I'm so sorry. This is all my fault."

Morgan relaxed her crushing hug enough for Ash to pull back and realize that the muscular woman was... crying? "Uh... it's okay," she muttered, as the tough Cerberus enforcer blubbered and sobbed. Not that she cared about the feelings of this psychopath, but in the face of a sobbing woman like this, it came out almost by instinct.

"No, it's not okay," Morgan pounded a fist into her armored thigh, all while sniffling. "It's not! You're my bitch, and I'm supposed to protect you. If I let sick fucks like Crayman use my bitch without my permission... what kind of mistress am I?" Letting out a sobbing cry, Morgan embraced Ash again. "I'm going to do better, bitch. I promise you, I'll make sure nobody ever does something like that to you again. Not unless I'm in the room to watch. I'm going to keep you safe, okay? Do you trust me?"

Ash didn't know what to say. Mostly because she had no idea what her fate would be if Morgan decided she wasn't "worthy" to keep Ash as her personal plaything. But as Morgan pulled her away again and stared her in the eyes, tears streaming down her cheeks, The Fake Ash took control.

"I trust you... Mistress," she said. "I trust you."

Morgan smiled through her tears. "I don't deserve you, you know?" she said, stroking Ash's cheek. "You're the most perfect little bitch I've ever had. Ooh, I know!" She jumped up to her feet excitedly. "I know what'll make my beautiful bitch feel better after what the mean man did to you."

Without the support of Morgan's arms, Ash almost tumbled to the floor. But the drug that Crayman had given her seemed to have worn off enough that she could keep herself upright, or at least sitting up on the floor. Although she almost wished she couldn't, after she saw what Morgan's idea of "comforting" her was.

Morgan had cast off the lower half of her armor, and had pulled out her erect, throbbing cock from her pants. "Here it is," Morgan cooed. "Here's my bitch's favorite thing in the world! It's gonna make you feel so much better. Go on, don't be shy. It's all for you."

Wondering if she might have been better off telling Morgan that she didn't trust her, Ash nonetheless strained her still-dopey muscles to move to a kneeling position in front of Morgan, and take her thick cock inside her mouth. As she sucked on the massive organ, she felt Morgan's hand
stroking her head.

"There you go," Morgan said soothingly. "Everything's all better now. My beautiful little bitch is right back where she belongs. I'm so lucky to have such a wonderful, cocksucking little bitch to call my own. You keep doing what you're doing, and I'll do my part as your mistress to keep you safe from now on. Nothing like that is ever going to happen again."

Yeah, not unless you get to watch and jerk off while it happens, The Real Ash muttered in her head.

The Fake Ash would have responded, but she was too busy being a wonderful, cocksucking bitch to offer much of a rebuttal.
Stepping off the lift at Deck 3, Kelly passed by several crewmembers in Cerberus uniforms. They waved and gave her a friendly greeting, which Kelly hesitantly returned.

*Do these people even know what's going on up above them?* she thought, as she made her way to the medbay. *Do they realize what sort of sick people are giving them orders?* She thought about the pilot Erin, who seemed so friendly and assured that she was making the right choice in joining up with Cerberus. Did she know that the people she was working with were running their own personal sex dungeon up on the top deck?

Well, even if she and the rest of the crew weren't aware, Kelly wasn't about to start trying to tell them. From her previous tenure on this ship, she knew that there were monitoring devices all over every deck. And while the Alliance might have removed some of them when they repurposed the Cerberus-built vessel for their own navy, Kelly knew she couldn't take any chances. She'd play the part of the smiling, friendly comrade, and not show them a second of insubordination. For Sam's sake, if nothing else.

As she stepped into the medbay, she saw a man in a long white coat and Cerberus uniform administering to a moaning, beaten-looking crewmember. The slim man looked up as Kelly entered, and gave her a thin-lipped smile. "Be with you in just a moment," he said, his voice high and with a friendliness that was obviously affected.

Kelly stood and waited as the doctor gripped onto the crewman's lower leg with both hands. With a sharp motion, he snapped the man's bone back into place, and the crewman cried out in agony. Reaching to a nearby medical table, the doctor grabbed a syringe and injected it into the moaning man's neck. Soon, the patient's cries were stifled, as he drifted away into unconsciousness.

"Poor sap," the doctor observed, before turning his attention to Kelly. "A word of advice, Miss Chambers: do try to stay in the good graces of our security chief. Miss Lezayen is... rather unpleasant when she's angry."

"You know who I am?" Kelly asked.

The doctor nodded. "Of course. We've been looking forward to you joining us, Miss Chambers. Those of us like myself, who were around for Cerberus's earlier, less-successful incarnation, remember you quite fondly." Seeing Kelly's confused stare, he adjusted his glasses before extending a hand. "Ah, but you don't remember me. Dr. Ruben Henneman."

She shook his hand tentatively. "Sorry, I didn't..."

"Quite alright, miss," Henneman assured her. "Back in those days, I was more involved in field work. A waste of my considerable talents that the new ladies in charge of this organization have rectified quite agreeably." He shook his head. "But I digress. Back then, I believe we only met once or twice, but you always seemed quite pleasant. I only hope that the circumstances of your recruitment haven't soured you on this new incarnation of Cerberus too terribly."

Kelly took a deep breath, trying her best to stifle her anger. "So you know about why I'm here?"

"All too well, I'm afraid," Henneman said, putting on a phony expression of sympathy for Kelly's
situation. "My superiors wanted to make quite sure you would be part of our team going forward. Enough to take some... drastic measures to assure your cooperation, it seems. But I wouldn't worry too terribly. Unlike the previous man in charge, Miss Brooks and Commander Shepard aren't the type to execute loyal members of our organization. If you perform the tasks assigned to you and show no signs of dissent, you will be well taken care of as a member of Cerberus."

Kelly wondered if this man knew the extent of what perversions were going on up on the top deck, and what sort of tasks the fake Shepard and Brooks were assigning to her. But per her previous decision, she said nothing.

"Ah, but before you officially become one of us, I wanted to do a complete physical examination," Henneman said. "Check for any outstanding medical issues, that sort of thing. So, if you would please disrobe for me, we can begin."

Taking a glance out of the medbay windows, and seeing crew members idling in the mess hall outside, Kelly hesitated for a second. With the sick goings-on she'd seen so far, she wondered how thorough Henneman's "examination" would go.

Begrudgingly, though, she eventually laid her datapad down nearby and started pulling off her uniform shirt.

But as she was about ready to remove the garment, she heard Henneman let out a slimy little laugh. "I'm sorry, Miss Chambers," he said, putting a hand on her arm to prevent her from completely removing her top. "My poor attempt at a joke, I'm afraid. Not all of us on this ship are like Miss Lezayen and her team of lesbian molesters." Stepping over to his desk, Henneman pulled out a small hand scanner. "I just need to sweep you for any bugs or tracking devices. The scanner works through clothing, so you can remain as you are."

Kelly forced a smile to her face, trying her best to look amused at Henneman's "joke." The doctor began pacing around Kelly as she stood in place, and his device emitted a low hum as he ran it up and down Kelly's body. "So, appears you didn't get one of the Alliance's tracking chips installed," Henneman observed, as he waved his scanner around Kelly's lower back area. "I just need to sweep you for any bugs or tracking devices. The scanner works through clothing, so you can remain as you are."

"Starting to regret that now," Kelly let slip.

"It wouldn't have done you much good, I'm afraid," Henneman said, as he continued his scan. "The operation to remove the chip is a delicate one, yes, but one that I am quite capable of performing. It would have been a matter of less than an hour for me to remove it on my operating table," he gestured to a piece of furniture nearby, outfitted with straps to hold a patient in place. "You and I aren't the only... heh... second-timers around here, after all. My girlfriend back at home base, for example. She had that foolish chip implanted. I did the operation on her myself when she came back to us."

Finishing his scan, Henneman laid the device back on his desk, and then retrieved a small, framed picture from his desk. He showed it to Kelly with a proud smile. "Don't suppose you remember her from your previous tenure with us?"

Kelly stared at the picture, and then shook her head. "No, sorry."

"A wonderful woman," Henneman said. "I know that your first impressions of our organization might have been negative, Miss Chambers. But some of us are quite pleasant. Once we get back to home base, and you meet the rest of our team... who knows? Maybe eventually, you'll come to
work with us of your own free will."

Kelly allowed herself to scoff. "I seriously doubt that's going to happen, doctor."

The weirdest look came to the man's face at her response. The sort of phony, way-too-wide smile somebody gives you when they're hiding something. "Perhaps you're right," he said. "But still... take my advice, and follow your orders. If you do that, everything will be just fine, for you and your Alliance friend."

Kelly suddenly wanted very much to be away from this man. Unlike Erin, whose friendly demeanor seemed at least somewhat genuine, Henneman's entire manner was one big show. And a fairly unconvincing one. "Well, I should be going," she said. "Brooks and... and Shepard already gave me a task to work on."

"Naturally," Henneman said with a nod. "Glad to have you onboard, Miss Chambers. And I hope... well, that we can change your mind about Cerberus."

Quickly, Kelly stepped out of the sickbay. Right now, she really wanted to see Sam. Needed to see her face, just to get a break from all this insanity. Her eyes locked on the door opposite the medbay, Miranda's old office. If this Morgan was as high up in the Cerberus hierarchy as Kelly had assumed, chances were she was using the old XO's office as her personal quarters.

Walking over to the door, Kelly triggered the door chime. Getting no response at first, she hit it again.

"Come back later, goddamnit!" yelled out the unmistakably booming voice of Morgan on the other side of the door. "I'm a little... fucking... busy... right... fuuuuuuck!" Morgan's deep grunts and moans in between words were enough to tell Kelly that the last place she wanted to be right now was in that room. "Oh, my beautiful bitch's asshole is so damn tight tonight!"

Kelly rushed away from the door and jumped into the lift. If she couldn't see Sam right now, there was only one other place where she thought she might be relatively safe from any further traumatizing experiences. She pressed the button for deck 2, and stepped out onto the command deck once the doors slid open.

With both Brooks and the phony Shepard busy upstairs, the CIC was currently unoccupied. She took a moment to glance at her old console, where a new communications officer was currently stationed. The woman turned and nodded at her with a light smile, and Kelly returned the gesture.

On this deck, Kelly could almost pretend that things were back to normal. Other than the Cerberus logos on every bridge officer's uniform, it looked almost the same as it had when she had last served on this ship.

Walking towards the cockpit, she opened the door and called out. "Hey, Erin? Are you here?"

"Miss Crooks is currently away from the controls," said a female voice from the co-pilot's chair. The chair started to turn as its occupant spoke. "Is there something I might be able to assist you with?"

Kelly let out a shocked gasp. It wasn't possible. "EDI?" she asked. "You're alive?"

The robotic female form in the chair smiled pleasantly. "I'm sorry, my database does not contain an
entry on the subject 'EDI.' Please restate your query."

"Hey, see you met my friendly co-pilot," said Erin's voice from behind Kelly. Shutting the cockpit door and stepping past Kelly, she sat down in the pilot's seat and gestured towards the metal woman next to her. "Kelly, meet Inania. Inania, this is Kelly Chambers."

"It is a pleasure to meet your acquaintance, Miss... Kelly... Chambers," the VI said. Now that Kelly heard more of her voice, she realized that, while it was similar to that of the AI she had met at Shepard's party three years ago, it wasn't quite the same. A programmed cheeriness filled her words that actually reminded Kelly of her conversation with Dr. Henneman not that long ago.

Erin must have noticed the stare that Kelly was giving the robot. "You okay? Don't worry, she isn't going to go rampant on us or anything like that. She's a total sweetie, honest."

"Sorry, it's just..." Kelly finally looked away from the robot. "I knew a... knew somebody who... it's complicated."

"The AI who used to run this ship, right?" Erin said. "Sorry, guess I should have warned you. After all the AIs got fried by the Crucible, Cerberus had a bunch of these AIU's lying around. Figured we might as well get some use out of them by reprogramming them with VI systems." She gave the VI a grin. "And Inania's a lot more pleasant company than most of the other folks on this ship. A damn good co-pilot, too."

"Thank you for your positive feedback on my performance, Miss... Crooks," Inania pleasantly and robotically intoned. "Your comments will be forwarded to my programmer, to let him or her know that his or her hard work is appreciated."

Erin chuckled to herself, than gestured Kelly to come over. "So, guess you had a chance to meet with the big bosses. Can't imagine that was much fun, huh?"

"It... it was fine," Kelly said, glancing warily around the cockpit. "I'm just hoping that I'm able to... to provide a service to Cerberus and..."

"Wait, hold on a second," Erin said, then suddenly started shouting. "Hey, bitches up top! You're a pair of twisted perverts, and everybody on this ship knows that you aren't the real Shepard! Oh, and screw you too, Morgan! You and your freaky lady cock!" Seeing the wide-eyed look on Kelly's face, Erin let out a high cackle. "Don't sweat it, Kelly. One little bonus my best bud Inania has is, she can disrupt the surveillance devices in the cockpit. Bosses don't hear a thing that goes on up here unless I want them to. Ain't that right, Inania?"

"You are correct, Miss... Crooks. I have been instructed to broadcast a loop of random background chatter whenever you engage in conversation with this unit, or with any other ship personnel other than Anna Shepard, Maya Brooks, or Morgan Lezayen. Would you like me to continue this protocol?" Inania said.

"Absolutely," Erin said. She gave Kelly a reassuring smile. "You can talk freely up here, Kelly. So what really happened up there?"

Kelly was still hesitant at first, but finally found she couldn't hold back any more. "It was horrible," she said, sitting down on the edge of the metal ledges leading up to Erin's console. "They have the real Shepard and Liara up there, and they're treating them like... like sex slaves. Brooks even had me... get Shepard off, to prove I would follow their orders." Kelly shuddered, hugging herself as
she started to tremble at the memory. "These people are insane, Erin. They're murderers and rapists and I'm afraid of what's going to happen when I'm not any use to them anymore, or what they're going to do to Sam, or Shepard, or..."

"Hey, hey!" Erin said, standing up and grabbing Kelly by the shoulders. "Take a breath, calm down."

"I can't, I can't," Kelly said, hearing herself getting hysterical and unable to stop. She tried to struggle out of Erin's grip. "Let me go! They can kill me or torture me, but I can't do this anymore! I can't..."

Erin slapped Kelly across the face. The pain jolted Kelly out of her frantic state. Before Kelly had a chance to respond, Erin turned to Inania. "Hey, how about some music? Playlist five."

"Accessing playlist five," the VI responded, and soon a loud cacophony of discordant rock music filled the cockpit.

Once the music started playing, Erin leaned in close to Kelly, putting her mouth nearly onto Kelly's ear. "Listen carefully, because I'm only going to say this once," she whispered, Kelly barely able to hear her over the loud metal music. "I know that Brooks and that Shepard clone are psychos. Most of the folks here don't want to acknowledge it, but I know that if they stay in charge, it's all going to go pear-shaped eventually. Crazy as they may be, though, they've actually built something fairly substantial with this new Cerberus. And I don't intend to sit back and watch them destroy it while they're busy playing sex games. Me and some others here, we believe in the mission of Cerberus, the way it was originally intended. An organization that fights to further humanity's ends, but not one that considers other species as our enemies. One that works through political influence and positive endeavors, not through torture and murder. That's the sort of organization you wanted to be a part of when you first signed up for Cerberus, wasn't it?"

Her head still spinning a bit from Erin's sudden speech, Kelly managed to nod, and Erin gave her a smile. "That's why I invited you up here to talk, Kelly," she continued whispering. "Because you believed in Cerberus once, before the Illusive Man went Reaper crazy, and before nuts like Brooks and her pet Shepard clone appointed themselves as leaders. We can bring Cerberus back, Kelly. Make it the organization it was meant to be. But for now, we've got to bide our time. Wait until we can find a way to get rid of those two psychos and their Phantoms for hire. So you just stick it out with me until then, Kelly. Once we've found a way to take out the bad seeds, and put somebody sane in charge, I'm going to make sure that you and your girlfriend are free to do whatever you want. Leave... or maybe stay on and help us build Cerberus into an organization that humanity can be proud of."

"But... what you said about your brother?" Kelly quietly asked.

"The truth... well, mostly. Except for the part where I became obsessed with killing aliens in order to avenge him. That's just to convince all the other nutcases around here that I'm just as crazy as they are," Erin said. "Truth is, my brother died because the rest of the galaxy didn't trust humanity enough to go after the Reapers head-on. Instead, it took them appearing right at the Citadel's front door to finally convince the other races that the Reapers were a threat. If humanity had had more of a say in galactic politics back when Sovereign was making its first moves, maybe my brother wouldn't have died in the cockpit of the Jakarta. That's why Cerberus needs to exist: to make sure humanity retains its place as a true partner in galactic politics. Not marginalized like we were before... but not dominating other races like the rest of these bigoted assholes want. That's the Cerberus that you and I believed in once, and I'm sure that we can make it happen. But not until
Before Erin could finish her thought, the door to the cockpit suddenly slid open. "Damn, you trying to turn yourself deaf up here?" Morgan said, wincing at the loud music filling the room.

"Inania, stop playback," Erin called out, and the unpleasant rock music mercifully stopped.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Morgan noticed for the first time the position that Kelly and Erin were in. "Hey, I'm not... interrupting something, am I?" she said with an arched eyebrow.

"No," Kelly quickly exclaimed, as she and Erin stepped away from each other.

"Kelly was just telling me how much she was missing her bitch already," Erin covered. "Don't suppose you might be able to give them some time together?"

Morgan gave Kelly a grin. "Aw, that's so sweet! Believe me, I know how hard it is to be separated from your bitch like this. But we're already so close to our next stop. Tell you what: I'll see if I can get the two of you some time together after our next mission. Okay?"

Kelly nodded, working as hard as she could to stay in the security chief's good graces. "Thank you, Miss Lezayen," she muttered.

"Morgan, please!" the blond Amazonian woman enthused, before her expression suddenly turned serious. "Oh, but if I'm going to go out of my way to do a favor for you, Kelly, you might also try a little bit harder to keep your mind focused on your work," she raised up a datapad. "Doc asked me to give this back to you. You left it in his office."

"Oh, yes, I guess I did," Kelly said, taking the datapad from Morgan. Once she took it into her hand, she noticed immediately a light flashing on its surface.

A message from the mole. It was time for her to do her job.

Stepping out into the hallway for some privacy, she pushed the button to open the message. She watched as the coded communication was unscrambled and displayed on the screen.

"MINDOIR BASE OUT OF COMMISSION. IDIOTS WERE TOO SLOPPY, BOUGHT PHONY STORY AND LED ORPHEUS CREW RIGHT TO THEM. NO SURVIVORS."

Kelly stared at the message, not sure at first how to respond. At the side of her display a message box appeared, apparently from Brooks or the Shepard clone, that was only visible on her side of the conversation. "ASK IF ANY INFORMATION WAS COMPROMISED."

She typed a message back to the spy. "WAS THE TEAM ABLE TO FIND ANY LEADS ABOUT CERBERUS ACTIVITIES?" she wrote. The datapad encoded the message automatically and sent it back to the Cerberus mole.

After a few seconds, the response popped up on screen. "DOUBTFUL. ONLY ONE SURVIVOR OF FIREFIGHT, ALREADY TAKEN CARE OF. FILES WERE MOSTLY DELETED, BUT TECH EXPERT MIGHT BE ABLE TO RETRIEVE INFORMATION."

"MINDOIR FACILITY WAS LOW-LEVEL," the notation from one of the Cerberus leaders appeared on-screen. "NO DANGER OF COMPROMISING OUR CURRENT MISSION. THANK
THEM FOR THE INFORMATION, AND INSTRUCT THEM TO KEEP US UP-TO-DATE ON ANY FURTHER ACTIONS."

"You want to just talk to them yourselves?" Kelly thought to herself. Nonetheless, she relayed the information back to the spy. Afterward, she added her own question. "IS YOUR COVER STILL SAFE?"

After a few seconds, the response came. "ROCK SOLID. NEW MEMBERS OF CREW TOO WORRIED ABOUT SHEPARD TO PAY MUCH MIND TO WHAT I'M UP TO." After a short pause, another message came in. "IS SHE STILL ALIVE? SHEPARD?"

Kelly's hand hovered over the datapad. The message notification on the side of her datapad from the Cerberus bosses lit up. "STATUS OF HOSTAGES IS NOT MISSION-CRITICAL INFORMATION," it simply read.

"WHY DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?" Kelly typed to the spy.

"JUST CURIOUS. SHE IS THE GREATEST HUMAN WHO EVER LIVED, AFTER ALL. MIGHT BE NICE TO KNOW THAT A HUMAN-CENTRIC ORGANIZATION LIKE OURS DIDN'T JUST DUMP HER IN A SHALLOW GRAVE SOMEWHERE."

Kelly smirked. She couldn't imagine that a comment like that would go over well with the woman up on the top deck pretending to be Commander Shepard. Sure enough, the message she got from her taskmasters was just one word: "DISCONNECT."

She started to press the button, but then quickly tapped out a response to the spy. "SHEPARD IS ALIVE," she wrote, and then closed the communication. Before the Shepard clone could reprimand her for that one, she shut off the datapad.

The door to the cockpit whooshed open, and Morgan came stomping out. Kelly shrank back against the wall, certain that the Cerberus bosses had sent an order to have the burly security chief punish her for her insubordination.

But Morgan breezed past her without even looking, pressing a finger to her ear to trigger a communicator. "Start suiting up, people," she said as she walked briskly down the hallway. "We'll be at our next stop in two hours, and I don't want any of you cunts slowing us down."
Part 2: No One Leaves Cerberus (Alenko Institute for Biotic Learning)

"We shouldn't be doing this," Jenny Madigan said, shooting a nervous glance over her shoulder, down the darkened corridor behind them. "This is so wrong."

Lauren Thornberg ignored her anxious friend, working her fingers deftly on her omnitool as she accessed the lock controls on the door in front of her. It was a little difficult in the darkened corridor, but Lauren had spent enough nights back at home, breaking into her brother's room to introduce various irritating substances to his underwear drawer, that she knew her way around hacking a lock or two.

"You're going to get us into so much trouble," Jenny shuffled around next to her.

"Nearly got it," she muttered. This lock was probably state of the art at the time, back when this facility served another purpose. But only a few years later, Lauren was barely breaking a sweat hacking it open.

"Can't believe I let you talk me into this," Jenny rubbed a hand through her frazzled red hair. "If we get caught..."

"You were the one who was talking about how bored she was," Lauren said. "Couldn't sleep, and wanted to do something to... there!" she stood up and brushed her hands together as the door slid open. A rush of cold air blew out of the opened passage, as a darkened room in front of them was revealed. "Brr. Guess they must not be heating this part of the facility anymore," she mused.

Despite all her grousing from before, Jenny still moved up, standing next to Lauren and staring out into the pitch black area in front of them. "You think it's all... still in there?"

"Dunno," Lauren said, then took a step forward and looked back at Jenny. "How about we find out?"

Jenny let out a terrified squeak, and Lauren struggled not to laugh. "Lauren, stop!" she hissed. "We're not supposed to go in there! It's restricted!"

"Look, you want to go back and tattle on me, go right ahead," Lauren said, her patience getting a little bit strained. "I bet you'll get a nice gold star for it, and a big smile from the teacher to file away in your wet dream collection. I'm still going in there." Triggering her flashlight, Lauren stepped into the blackness behind the locked door.

After a few seconds, she heard bare footsteps padding behind her. Jenny finally putting her big girl panties on and following behind. Lauren smiled in the dark. As much as Jenny liked to pretend she was above it all, Lauren knew her curiosity would get the better of her schoolmate.

It was quiet, almost completely silent in the large room they had entered. The only sound was their own breathing as they walked down the bare metal corridor. Moving her flashlight beam around the area, Lauren caught glimpses of wiring and pipes, lots of old machines that had long since been deactivated.

"What are these?" Lauren whispered, shining her flashlight around at the devices against the wall. "These glass tubes, what do you think they did with those?"
"Don't you remember the lecture?" Jenny said, her voice trembling just a little as she followed close behind Lauren. "That's where they did it. Took the people who came here and turned them into... into husks."

Lauren rested her hand on a railing to stare at the device. "That's messed up," she observed. Holding her hand up to the light, she found it coated in grey dust. "I bet we're the first people to be in here in years. Probably sealed this place shut right after the war."

It was a little funny when you thought about it, how times had changed. The last people to have been in this area of the facility were probably a bunch of armored, well-armed Alliance marines, sweeping for any signs of a threat before sealing it off for good. And now here they were: two teenage girls, barely turned 18, walking around a former Cerberus research facility in their pajamas.

"I don't like this," Jenny said. "What if... there's still something down here?"

"Don't be stupid," Lauren remarked, as she stepped across the metal grating floor further into the room. "Shepard set off the Crucible, and everything the Reapers made got fried, remember?"

Jenny stuck close to her. "Not everything. Those Collectors that changed sides... they didn't die. And what about all the people Cerberus indoctrinated? They survived."

Lauren shook her head, trying not to let Jenny's hysteria get to her. "They were... different, though."

"So? The things that got made down here were different too! Cerberus made them, not the Reapers. What if... what if they did something to them? Something that made them immune to the Crucible?"

"Would you listen to what you're saying?" Lauren said, trying to assure her terrified friend. "You think they would have built this facility if there was any chance there were still husks around? If there was any danger at all, they would have dealt with it long ago. Killed all the husks or..."

"Or sealed everything behind a locked door," Jenny quietly said.

Lauren felt a slight shiver run through her body. Jenny was being silly, Lauren knew she was. But she had to admit, there was a strange atmosphere in this place. The musty smell, the silence and darkness... it all was a little bit creepy.

Shining her light up to illuminate their faces, Lauren gave Jenny a serious expression, trying her best to sound courageous. "So what if they are out there, huh? Don't you remember why our parents sent us here?" Holding out her free hand, blue energy crackling around her as she flung a bolt of energy into the darkness. "We're biotics! Any Reaper things still out there, they should be running from us! From you, especially!"

"Wh... what?" Jenny blinked.

"Oh, don't do that," Lauren said. "Don't pretend you don't know you're the most powerful one in the entire class. Even Reggie would admit you're a better biotic than him. And considering what a cocky little prick my big bro usually is, that's saying a hell of a lot. Shit, I bet if you and the teach ever went head-to-head... you'd knock her flat on her ass."

Jenny's jaw gaped wide. "No! I could never... I mean, maybe my fields are a bit strong, but against
Lauren struggled not to roll her eyes. She liked Jenny a lot, enjoyed hanging around with her most of the time. But if there were two things that could be annoying about her, they were her whole "little miss goody goody" attitude, and her blatantly-obvious crush on their teacher. Any time Lauren would look over at Jenny during a class lecture or demonstration, she was always staring in rapt attention at the front of the room. And when she'd get called on in class, or was complimented on the use of her biotics during an exercise, Jenny would get the brightest grin on her face, like she'd just won the lottery or something.

"Let's go back," Jenny said. "They'll be noticing that we're gone soon."

"In a bit," Lauren said. "I just want to... wait." She pointed her flashlight beam to a spot behind them. "Did you hear that? Sounded like something moving..."

Lauren strained to listen. Behind her, Jenny was talking. "Don't tease me," she said. "I know that..."

"Shhh shhh shh," Lauren tried to quiet Jenny. Once it was quiet again, she heard it. "There! Did you hear that?"

"Yeah," Jenny whispered. "We should go get someone."

Lauren looked over her shoulder at Jenny. "No way. Whatever it is might run off, hide or maybe even attack somebody. We've got to take it on ourselves."

"Lauren!" Jenny said in panic, as Lauren advanced in the direction of the sound. Nonetheless, Jenny followed her as they stepped deeper into the blackness.

"Think it's..." Lauren said, trying to keep her voice down, "Behind that window there." She pointed to a glass barrier that had been set in the wall between two rooms.

As they got closer, the noise got louder. A knocking sound against the glass. The two of them walked close together, the sound getting louder and more frequent as they approached.

"Oh, God," Jenny gasped next to her. "There's something alive in there!"

They were right next to the glass barrier now, and just as quickly as it started, the noise had stopped. Moving in close, Lauren shone her light inside the adjoining room. "Looks like some sort of laboratory," she said. "Don't see anyone in there, though." Turning to Jenny, she shrugged. "Maybe it was just a rat or..."

There was an impact against the glass, the window shaking from the force, as a human-shaped mass was suddenly flung against the clear surface. Jenny and Lauren screamed, Lauren dropping her flashlight to the ground as they scrambled and tripped trying to get away from whatever had hit the window.

It was only when she heard that familiar, hideous laughter that Lauren finally came to her senses. Grabbing her flashlight up from the floor, Lauren shone it up on the window to see a weasely-little creep in a school uniform cackling against the glass.

"Reggie, you asshole!" Lauren yelled at him.
Lauren's brother Reggie stepped away from the glass, struggling to talk in-between peals of laughter. "The look on your face, Lauren... that was the funniest shit!"

"Dammit, you could have... I might have... would have served you right if I'd tried to throw you across the room with my biotics or something," Lauren barked at him, getting angry to cover up how badly he had startled her. "What the hell are you even doing here?"

"Looks like you need some more combat awareness training, sis," Reggie said, stepping around the window and through the open door into the same room as them. "I've been following you two ever since you snuck out of the dorm." Turning on his own flashlight, he directed the beam onto Jenny. "Hey, J-Bird. Did you see my sister freaking out? Pretty good, right?" Reggie snickered as Lauren slapped him on the shoulder.

"That... wasn't funny," Jenny said, looking a little embarrassed at her own fear, as she averted her eyes and ran a hand through her hair.

Reggie stopped smiling, moving towards Jenny and trying his best to sound contrite. "Sorry, was just having a little fun. Guess maybe I scared you a little too much, huh?"

"It's okay," Jenny said, shuffling her feet. "I wasn't that scared. Just surprised me a little."

"Hey, don't you worry," Reggie said, crossing his arms and puffing out his chest. "Any husks or banshees or anything else pokes its head out, they'll have to get through me first. I'd never let them lay a finger on you, I promise."

Lauren held back the urge to groan. Reggie the perv.

Not that he was the only one in their class who would have tried the same, of course. It wasn't enough that Jenny had to be the best biotic out of all of them, she had a pair of traits that were almost as dangerous as her mental abilities: she was ridiculously hot, but was too humble to realize how hot she was. Anytime you tried to pay her a compliment, she'd immediately start pointing out her own flaws in response. Her nose was too big (it was on the largish side, but not noticeable enough that her face wasn't still stunningly gorgeous). Her hair was frizzy and hard to maintain (and was a beautiful, natural shade of red that most girls would have to spend hours over a sink to achieve). Her boobs were too small (only compared to a few of the other girls in their class, ones who didn't have nearly as many other things going for them as Jenny did.)

If Jenny had the slightest awareness of just how good she looked, and wasn't fixated on other, unachievable goals, she could have every single guy in the class (and probably a few of the girls, too) eating out of her hand. As it was, though, Lauren knew that Reggie didn't have a shot with her. Not without a lot less between his legs, and a lot more painted all over his body.

Jenny was giving Reggie an awkward smile, his attempts at flirting with her only making her more uncomfortable. "Thanks," she said, staring down at the floor with her hand working through her red tresses. Turning to Lauren, Jenny gave her a serious look. "We really need to get back, Lauren. They'll notice that we're gone soon."

"Yeah, guess you're right," Lauren said, giving Reggie a whack on his shoulder with her flashlight. "If this prick's little stunt didn't give us away already, that is."

"Ow, cut it out, brat," Reggie groused. "Should have just turned you in to Miss Sanders. You deserve it after that time you ratted me out to Mom about..."
The three of them froze and fell silent, as a loud moaning sound suddenly started echoing around the room.

"Oh, come on," Lauren quickly said. "Reggie, did one of those stupid friends of yours follow us down here?"

Reggie shook his head. "Nah, they were all asleep already when I got up," he said.

"If you're lying..." Lauren threatened her brother. She called out to the room. "Paul, Andy! If that's one of you doing that, you'd better show yourselves before I shockwave your asses halfway across AIBL!"

No response, just another loud, low moan. Lauren looked at Reggie, searching for any trace of a smirk or sign that this was all another trick to scare them. But he looked just as terrified as the two girls.

"We should make a run for it," Reggie whispered to them. "Everybody stick close, and we'll try to get back to the dorms. On the count of three, okay? One... two..."

Something flew out of the darkness, landing directly on Reggie and sending him tumbling down to the floor. Lauren and Jenny shrieked as Reggie struggled with the human form on the floor.

"Get it off me!" Reggie cried out. "Somebody get it off me! It's trying to kill me! It's..."

"A cheap rubber prop, dumbass," said a voice in the darkness. Suddenly, all of the lights in the room flared to life, Jenny and Lauren blinking their eyes at the unexpected brightness. Lauren's vision adjusted just in time to see two women approaching them.

"Jack, language," said Kahlee Sanders, the director of the AIBL facility.

Standing next to her, their teacher Jack groaned in annoyance. "You never let up about that, do you? These kids have the extranet, they probably hear things ten times as bad on a daily basis."

"Set a good example, Jack," Kahlee insisted.

"Okay, fine," Jack said, rolling her eyes at the director before turning to the students. "Per my superior here, I'm obligated to inform you three that you're in seriously deep doo-doo right now."

To Kahlee, she snarked. "There, happy?"

"Miss Thornberg," Kahlee said to Lauren. "What is the name of this facility?"

Lauren stood at attention and obediently answered. "The Alenko Institute for Biotic Learning, ma'am."

"And before that? What was this building called before the Alliance took it over? Mr. Thornberg?"

Standing up from the ground, Reggie tossed aside the cheap Halloween facsimile of a Reaper husk, moving to stand in line next to Lauren and Jenny. "Umm... Sanctuary, ma'am?"

"That's right. This building was once a Cerberus facility," Kahlee lectured the students. "Where a lot of good people were led to believe they would find safety during the Reaper war. Instead..."
Miss Madigan, can you tell me what happened to those people?"

Glancing over at Jenny, Lauren saw tears dribbling down her face, her lip quivering as she started to speak. Her worst nightmare, Lauren thought: teacher's pet caught misbehaving. "They... they were killed," she said, her voice trembling as she tried her best to avoid Jack's eyes.

"Yes. This area of the facility isn't just locked for the safety of our students. It's also to preserve this place, as a sign of respect for those unfortunates who lost their lives at the hands of Cerberus," Kahlee said, her voice starting to turn stern. "So, not only does the three of you breaking in here show disrespect for our rules, but it shows disrespect to the people who died here, and to their families." She looked between the three of them, brow furrowed. "So, with that said, can the three of you give me any good explanation for what you're doing here, after lights-out, in this place where hundreds of people were murdered?"

Staring down at the floor, none of them spoke. The only sound was Jenny's sniffling.

Kahlee turned to Jack. "They're your students. What do you think should be done with them?"

"Ah, they're kids, Kahlee," Jack said, casually. "You know how they are: tell 'em not to do something, they immediately go out and do it." Turning to the students, her tone turned harsh. "But don't think you little sh... students are going to get off the hook that easy. For the rest of the week, you three will be spending your daily free periods on detention in the study room. And Friday, I expect each of you to have a 2,000-word essay to me, about Cerberus and what they did at this facility. And you better not copy off each other; I see even a single sentence in common between any of your papers, you all get failed for this semester. Understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," the three of them said.

"And maybe before you go back to the dorms, you oughta take a good look around here," Jack said. "This is the kind of stuff that Cerberus does. Takes innocent people and rips them to shreds. Turns them into things that could barely be called human, or tosses them away like garbage," Jack shook her head, bitterness in her voice. "Maybe keep that in mind, anytime you hear one of your classmates talking about this whole 'new Cerberus' thing, saying that they've changed, that they'll be better this time. No way. They're all freaking monsters. Every last one of them."

"Even Commander Shepard, ma'am?" Reggie spoke up. When he saw the look that came to their teacher's eyes, however, he instantly regretted it.

Charging forward, Jack got eye-to-eye with her student. "Listen to me. I fought alongside Anna Shepard. When I was just some psycho convict that nobody gave a damn about... she cared about me. That woman has killed more Cerberus morons than I could ever hope to in a lifetime. I don't know how Cerberus is faking those videos. A lookalike or some video trick or something... but there is no way that's Commander Shepard. No fucking way. So don't you..."

"Jack," Kahlee gently chided her.

Taking a deep breath, Jack calmed herself down. "Sorry. Just pisses me off. Everything that Shepard did for this galaxy, and all it takes is a few grainy videos for people to turn on her. Real gratitude."

Kahlee stifled a small yawn. "It's getting late. If you can handle locking back up here and getting your students back to their dorms, I'm going to head back to my quarters."
"Yeah, I got it," Jack said. "Might send off a note to the Alliance when you get a chance, let them know we need to upgrade the locks in this place." She shot a glance over to her students. "After all, these three aren't the first that have pulled this stunt."

As Kahlee left, Jack motioned the three students to follow her out of the restricted area. After closing and locking the door behind her, Jack led them down the darkened hallways back to the dorm area. "Don't know what they're thinking," she mused, more to herself than to the students. "Might as well just put up a sign on the damn door, 'Break In, Please.' If they're going to leave that section unoccupied, they could at least make sure it's harder to get into. Reminds me of breaking into that Blood Pack armory with Murtock back in the day. Enough guns to take on a damn turian platoon, and with a lock that a five-year-old could have decrypted. Of course, we got to use all those guns when the diversion we set up didn't pan out, and the Blood Pack caught us red-handed. Man, when that one vorcha took a shotgun blast to..." Blinking, Jack suddenly seemed to remember who she was talking to. "Uh, never mind. Story for another time, maybe."

Glancing over at Jenny, Lauren saw that she had gotten over her despair over getting caught, and had that eager look in her eyes as Jack reminisced. Funny, Jenny had this whole "good girl" image going, but she had an absolute fascination with Jack and her "old life." She had once convinced one of the male students, probably not having to work too hard at it, to get somebody in his family who had access to pull up Jack's old, expunged criminal record. For several nights after that, Lauren had spotted Jenny staring at her omni-tool after lights out, no doubt poring over every last one of their teacher's former offenses.

As they neared the dorms, Jack stopped in her tracks, as a tiny beeping sound was heard. Pulling up her omni-tool, Jack made a quiet sound, almost a gasp. "Kids, go back to your damn bunks and go to sleep," she said, eyes locked on whatever had popped up on her holographic device. "I've got somebody I need to talk to." And without even waiting to make sure they were following her instructions, Jack started dashing in the direction of her office.

"Wonder what that was about," Lauren said. Turning to the other two, she arched an eyebrow. "Want to go see if we can find out?"

"You kidding?" Reggie said. "You've already gotten us into enough trouble tonight."

"Me?" Lauren protested. "Hey, I didn't tell you to follow me out!"

"Whatever. Tell mom and dad I said 'hi' when you get expelled and have to go home," Reggie turned and entered the men's dorm.

Lauren turned to Jenny, already preparing for her protests. "Look, just go back to the dorms and I'll tell you what..."

"No," Jenny interrupted her. "I'm coming with you."

Lauren couldn't hide her surprise. Guess when it came to finding out something about her number one crush, Jenny was willing to take a few risks. "Well, okay," Lauren said. "Let's get going, then."

They quietly followed in Jack's footsteps, arriving at her office door to find it left wide open. Whatever the message had been about, Jack was obviously in a hurry to look into it further.

Cautiously approaching, Lauren slowly moved to look into the doorway. "Fuck, Shepard," Jack
was saying from the chair behind her desk. On her viewscreen was a video image of the hero of the galaxy, Commander Shepard. "What the hell is going on? Those videos they put on the news..."

"They faked them, Jack," said Shepard on the screen. "Cerberus is trying to ruin my reputation, get me out of the way so they can put their plan into effect."

"I fucking knew it," Jack exclaimed. "Everybody else thought I was crazy, but I knew that wasn't you. So what are they up to, Shepard?"

Shepard looked concerned. "Not quite sure yet. But I think I know how we can find out." From off-screen, Shepard reached out and grabbed somebody.

"Let me go!" said a woman's voice. With a small amount of effort, Shepard pulled a dark-skinned woman into frame. She wore a Cerberus-branded uniform, and was struggling against Shepard's grip.

"You caught one of them?" Jack asked.

"She says her name is Maya Brooks," Shepard said. "Probably an alias, though. I've been in touch with Miranda and Jacob, and they remember her being pretty high up on the Cerberus food chain back then."

The woman in Shepard's grip shook her head. "Look, I don't know who you are on the other end, but you have to believe me. Shepard's gone crazy. I've never worked for Cerberus in my life, I swear."

"Really?" Shepard said in disbelief. "Because that's not what the documents I found on your omni-tool say. Or are you going to tell me that somebody hacked in and planted this outgoing message, authorizing the attack on Grissom Academy."

"What?" Jack exclaimed, leaping up from her chair and leaning forward into the viewing screen. "Shepard, listen to me. If she's the one who tried to fuck with me and my kids... you do something stupid like turn that bitch over to the Alliance, let her get off light like that fucker Petrovsky, I swear to God I'll hunt you down."

Shepard smiled over the vidscreen. "Jack, come on. Why do you think I'm calling you right now? Like I said, I don't know what this new Cerberus has planned, but I'm betting Miss Brooks here could probably tell us a thing or two."

"No, I swear," Brooks protested. "I don't know what..."

"Quiet!" Shepard barked at her, before turning back to Jack. "And even if I wanted to bring her back to the Alliance, they still think I'm a traitor. We need to find proof of what they did to me, and whatever else Cerberus has planned. So, if I were to bring Miss Brooks down to Horizon to pay a little visit..."

The smile that came to their teacher's face was frightening. "Oh, yeah, Shepard. I'll get the information out of her. No matter what it takes."

"Good, because I'm fifteen minutes out from your location," Shepard said. "Only problem is, with Cerberus framing me, I can't just come knocking on your front door."
Jack nodded in understanding. "There's a shuttle pad on the southwest corner of the facility. Nobody uses it, and the incoming ship sensors are constantly on the fritz. I should be able to make sure you can land without anyone knowing you're here."

Shepard grinned. "Perfect, Jack. Exactly what I was hoping you'd say. See you in a few minutes. Oh, and make sure nobody knows about this." Looking over at Brooks, Shepard sneered. "Don't want anybody interrupting our fun... do we?"

"Damn right," Jack said. "Meet you at the shuttle pad," she deactivated the vid-screen, and Lauren and Jenny ducked out of sight as Jack charged out of her office and made her way toward the southwest section.

Once Jack was out of sight, Lauren felt Jenny move past her. "Where are you going?" Lauren asked.

"Well, we're following her, aren't we?" Jenny said. "Come on, they'll be here soon."

Lauren glanced back down the hallway, in the direction of the dorms. "Jenny, maybe we should go back. Breaking into the restricted section was one thing, but this sounds like some serious... Jenny?"

Turning back, Lauren saw Jenny already halfway down the hall, in the direction that Jack went. "You coming?" she asked, before turning and continuing to walk.

Reluctantly, Lauren followed. Suddenly, she had a very bad feeling about all this.
"Entering Horizon orbit," Inania announced from the co-pilot's seat, rousing Kelly out of her thoughts. "Current local time at our destination is 12:22am, and current temperature on the surface is a brisk 11 degrees Celsius. If you are heading to the surface, Miss... Crooks, I would advise you wear a warm jacket."

"That's my girl, always looking out for me," Erin said, as she rotated her seat away from the controls. "You have the helm, Inania. Don't do any joy-riding while I'm gone, okay?"

"I await your safe return, Miss... Crooks," Inania said.

Kelly followed Erin as they exited the cockpit and briskly walked down the CIC deck. "You're the only person on the ship that can fly the Normandy competently, and they still have you flying the shuttle down?" Kelly asked Erin.

"Yeah, unfortunately Cerberus had a lot more luck recruiting thugs and killers for this mission than they did getting experienced pilots," Erin explained. "Inania could probably fly them down there alright, but Miss Brooks is real picky. Says she isn't going to trust her safety in a ship to some robot, and wants nobody less than the best flying for her."

A pity, Kelly thought to herself. A lesser pilot might screw up and crash, and take the Shepard clone, Brooks and Morgan's team of Phantom killers with them. As much as she was starting to appreciate the company of the relatively sane Ensign Crooks, she couldn't help but hope that this particular mission ended with a shuttle plummeting to the ground in flames.

They rode the lift down to the cargo deck, and the door slid open to reveal Morgan and her team suiting up. "Green Team, you're with me," Morgan snapped out orders. "If everything goes according to plan, shouldn't need to fire off a shot, but I don't want to catch you ladies standing there scratching your asses if shit starts to get hairy. And Red Team, I better not come back and find you popping Hallex and wanking off. Bosses say our target is gonna be quite a handful, so you'd better be ready to keep the peace once we get back."

"We gonna get to play with this one, boss?" Rena asked. She saw Kelly approaching and sneered. "Getting kinda boring around here, and since we're not allowed to touch this one or her girlfriend..."

"You can give it a shot, Rena," Morgan said. "Doc says he's got some plans for her once we get back to base, but until then, she's ours to deal with. But from what I hear about this beauty from the gals upstairs, she's the type to bite."

Rena laughed. "Good. I like a challenge."

Morgan turned to Kelly, grinning in delight at her arrival. "Hey, there! Come to wish us good luck?"

"Actually, I wanted to know if maybe I could see Sam... uh, my bitch while you're on your mission," Kelly said, sounding as friendly as she could to this woman, who had put several of her friends to the sword.
Morgan made a face. "Ugh, you know I'd love to, Kelly. But the boss ladies... not sure they'd be too happy with me leaving you unattended with your little Alliance bitch. Not that I don't trust you to whip her into shape if she tried something, but you know how those two can be."

Yeah, Kelly said, shuddering as she remembered Shepard's quivering, whipped body dangling from the rafters on the top deck. I know all too well.

"But I tell you what," Morgan said. "You do me a favor while I'm down on Horizon picking up our next passenger, and I'll see what I can do to arrange a visit between you two. Wouldn't be able to leave you alone with her, you understand, but I'm sure I could work something out to give you some supervised time together."

"Okay," Kelly agreed. She didn't like the idea of doing a favor for this crazy woman, but right about she was out of options if she wanted to see Sam again.

"Super!" Morgan enthused. "You're the best, you know that? Which is why I know I can trust you with this. While I'm gone, I want you to stop by my cabin, and check in on my bitch. Bring her something to eat, make sure she's feeling alright and hasn't, you know, slit her own wrists or something." Morgan let out a mournful sigh. "Oh, Wendy. Took me forever to clean up the stains afterward. If she didn't want to be my bitch anymore, she could have just said something. I would have released her from my service in a way that didn't leave such an icky mess." Shaking her head to clear away the painful memories, Morgan smiled. "Anyway, you think you could do that for me?"

Kelly nodded, relieved that her task seemed relatively free of causing pain or bringing someone to a forced orgasm.

"I knew I could count on you, Kelly. Last person I gave this task to... well, let's just say he's currently occupying a bunk in Dr. Henneman's neck of the woods now. But you're like me, Kelly!" Morgan suddenly reached forward and hugged Kelly, who managed to hold it together enough to not scream in disgust at the woman's touch. "You have your own bitch, and I'm sure you would never take advantage of mine when I'm not there to supervise." Breaking her embrace and reaching up her hand, Morgan triggered her omni-tool. "I'm sending my door code for today to your inbox. Make sure you delete the message after you use the code. I change it every day, but still... can't be too careful, can we?"

"Yeah, can't be too careful," Kelly agreed, forcing a smile onto her face.

The lift doors slid open behind them, and Brooks and the Shepard clone stepped out onto the deck. "Alright, that's my cue to get moving," Morgan said. "When I get back, honest, we'll see what we can do to give you some time with your bitch." She gasped. "Ooh, I know just the thing! I've got..." Stopping herself, she waved a finger at Kelly. "Actually, I'll leave that as a nice surprise for you." She whirled around, her long blond hair blowing behind her as she marched over to the shuttlecraft.

The rest of the crew boarded the shuttle, Erin giving Kelly a brief smile before shutting the cockpit door and turning on the engines. Kelly watched as the shuttle departed, imagining it exploding in midair.

Once it was clear of the cargo bay forcefield and out of sight, Kelly suddenly felt eyes on her. Glancing warily around, she saw the Phantoms that had been left behind openly eyeing her. Taking a step back, she started turning towards the lift...
...and ran headlong into one of the Phantoms, standing in her path and giving her a hungry look. "Hey, there," the athletic woman said. "Heard you were missing your little Indian cunt." Reaching down, the Phantom grabbed her own crotch and vulgarly rubbed it. "What I got may be a little less spicy than what you're used to, but I promise you... it'll taste just as good."

"Uh... that's okay," Kelly said, trying to step around her. "I've got some things I need to do."

"Oh, there's plenty of time for that," the Phantom said, moving to block Kelly's path again. "Why don't you stay a while? Me and the girls, we'd love to show you what a good time serving on the Normandy is."

"Sure would," said another one of the Phantoms, moving in close on Kelly's side and further blocking her exit. "You only sleep thirty minutes a day, you work up a whole lot of adrenaline. Gotta get it out of our systems somehow, don't we?"

A third woman closed in on Kelly's other side. "Yeah, doc," she said, her tongue snaking out to lick her lips as she ogled Kelly. "I'm worried about my mental health. Need some way to work out all this stress." Reaching out, the Phantom grabbed one of Kelly's breasts. "And you look like just what we all need right now."

"Stop it," Kelly slapped the hand away. "I said I didn't want to!"

"And we say you do," said the first Phantom, taking a step towards Kelly. "And from where I'm standing, I think we've got you outvoted." She started unfastening her belt. "So how about you get down on your knees and start working, while my friends here fetch the sensory strap-ons and decide who gets to fuck your sweet little cunt first?"

Kelly gasped as the Phantoms advanced on her. She couldn't let this happen. Thinking fast, she blurted out. "I'll tell Morgan!"

The women paused for just a moment. "So? What does that matter to us?" the lead Phantom finally said. But in her eyes, Kelly saw the hesitation. The flash of fear that crossed her face at the mention of Morgan's name.

"You saw the way she was with me," Kelly said, trying to fill her voice with as much confidence as possible. "We're best buddies, Morgan and I. How do you think she'll react when she finds out that you all raped me while she was gone? Maybe you'll end up in the infirmary like the last person who pissed her off, huh? Or who knows? Maybe she'll decide that she wants a new bitch to play with, and picks one of you for the honor."

The Phantom was trying her best to hide the fear in her expression, but it was slipping through. "Or maybe we'll slit your goddamn throat before you say a word to her," she threatened. "Make you disappear before you ever get the chance to wag that little tongue of yours to anyone."

"No, you won't," Kelly said, the confidence inside her starting to match her tone. "Shepard and Brooks, they've got me assigned to a very important task. They need me on this team, and you think they aren't going to be asking a lot of questions if I should suddenly disappear? Won't be checking the camera feeds to figure out what happened? And won't be looking to punish anyone who wasted the asset they worked so hard to get?" Kelly stared down the Phantom in front of her. "If you're willing to take that risk just for a little sex, go for it. Otherwise... how about you get the hell out of my way?"
The look on the Phantom's face was furious. For a split second, Kelly was sure the woman was going to reach out and strangle her right there. But instead, she took a step back and to the side, moving out of Kelly's path.

"Thank you," Kelly said, keeping her expression blank as she walked slowly towards the lift. *Don't run*, she thought to herself. *Don't show them any weakness, or they'll be on you in a heartbeat.*

Once she stepped into the lift and the doors slid shut behind her, Kelly gasped and leaned against the wall, shuddering and letting out small sobs.
"Jenny, wait up!" Lauren hissed, as she barely managed to keep up with Jenny's hurried dash after Jack. It was a good thing that Jack was so obviously focused on her meeting with Commander Shepard. Even with no shoes on to make noise, Jenny and Lauren were hardly being subtle as they followed in Jack's path.

Lauren considered what she had witnessed in Jack's office, the message from Commander Shepard. Like everyone, she had seen the news stories, the videos that had been released of Shepard claiming to have rejoined Cerberus. Could Jack be right? Khalisah at Westerlund News had assured the viewers that the videos had been authenticated, but everybody still remembered the Gazi Station debacle from last year, when a so-called "eyewitness source" turned out to be lying his ass off. But still... people can change. Maybe Jack didn't know Commander Shepard as well as she thought she did.

In any event, they were going to find out soon. After a little bit more running, Lauren reached the door leading out to the shuttle pad. As before, Jack hadn't even bothered to close it behind her as she made a hasty exit outside of the facility, and cold night air blew through from outside.

Lauren stepped out of the door, which opened out to a metal staircase leading up to a rarely-used landing pad. She had never been in this part of the facility before, and was surprised to see that the pad dangled out from the side of the building over a steep drop, several thick metal supports keeping it suspended over thin air. From the looks of it, it hadn't been part of the original building's design, and was probably hastily secured to the side of the building as a backup landing area. Lauren walked cautiously up the shaking metal stairs, trying her best not to look down at the dizzying drop below her.

Shivering slightly in her PJs as she reached the top of the stairs, Lauren looked around the illuminated landing pad, searching for Jack and Jenny. She spotted Jack first, her back to the facility as she stared out at the night sky and awaited Shepard's arrival. Nearby, behind a row of fuel barrels along the edge of the pad, Jenny crouched and watched Jack.

Moving low, Lauren kept as quiet as possible as she moved to join Jenny. "What the hell are we doing here?" she whispered.

"Shepard's coming here, Lauren," Jenny said, her hushed voice tinged with excitement. "All those stories that Jack used to tell about her... and now she's going to be right here!"

"Yeah, and she's bringing that Cerberus woman here," Lauren said. "Jenny, I don't know if you understood what they were saying back in the office, but when Jack gets her hands on somebody who used to work with Cerberus..."

Jenny sighed and rolled her eyes. "I'm not stupid, Lauren. I know what she's going to do."

"And that's really something you want to see?" Lauren asked her. "Our teacher torturing someone for information? And after that, you know she'd never let somebody from Cerberus walk..."

Her classmate let out a gasp. "It's coming! Look, up there!"

Lauren followed her pointing finger and saw the landing lights descending. Jack saw them too, her
nervous pacing coming to a stop as she watched the shuttle slowly coast to a landing. As Jack let her hand rest at her side, Lauren shuddered as she saw a long, wicked-looking knife clasped in her fingers.

Lauren was beginning to regret proposing that they follow Jack tonight. Jenny might have a fascination for their teacher and her dark past, but the thought of watching Jack cutting up a defenseless woman, and probably enjoying every second of it...

Coming to a rest on the pad, the shuttle's engines started winding down. There was a hiss of air, and the side entry door slid open. Stepping out of the shuttle, Commander Anna Shepard gave Jack a warm smile. "Hey, Jack. Been a long time," she said.

"Too damn long," Jack said. "You oughta come by more often, Shepard. I'm sure the kids would get a charge out of seeing a living legend in the flesh."

"Tell you what, Jack," Shepard said with a smirking grin. "Once we've cleared this matter up, and I'm not a fugitive from justice anymore, I'll stop by and give your class a real biotics demonstration. Not the kid's stuff you've probably been showing them."

Jack laughed. "Fuck you, Shepard. You may have made me go a little soft, but don't think I couldn't still kick your ass if you ever challenged me."

"Well, maybe we'll see about that sometime," Shepard said, a peculiar smile on her face as she said it.

Jack glanced around Shepard into the shuttle behind her. "All by yourself? Figured you'd at least have some of your old crew watching your ass through all this. Don't tell me they all believed those bullshit videos and left you trying to beat back Cerberus all by yourself."

"Nah, I've got a team backing me up," Shepard said. "They're pretty close by, actually. But I didn't want them to show themselves just yet." She cocked her neck to the side. "Might try to break up the party, you know?"

Jack nodded. "Yeah, I remember. Garrus, Tali... good enough in a fight, but don't doubt they'd have the stomach for what's going to happen here. Speaking of which... we're wasting valuable time, ain't we? How about you bring out the Cerberus bitch, and she can meet my best friend here?" Jack brandished the knife, and Lauren shuddered as she saw the blade glint in the landing lights.

"I couldn't think of a better idea," Shepard said. Stepping over to the front of the shuttle, she knocked on the side of the cockpit. "Bring her out."

The cockpit door opened, and the woman from Shepard's vid-call was shoved out of the shuttle by a small, brown-haired woman. Jack watched eagerly as the shuttle pilot directed the woman, hands secured behind her back, to stand in front of Jack.

"Jack, meet Maya Brooks," Shepard said. "I'm sure you two will have a lot to talk about."

"Damn right," Jack said, as she moved in close to Brooks. "So. You're the one who ordered the attack on Grissom Academy."

"No, I swear, I didn't..." Brooks started to protest, only for her words to cut off in a terrified squeak, as Jack brought her knife up and held it in front of Brooks's face.
"Deny it one more time, bitch, and I'll take your pretty little nose right off," Jack snarled. Next to her, Lauren heard Jenny's heavy breathing. *Jesus, she's getting off on this*, Lauren thought to herself.

"Now, then," Jack said, as she took a step back. "We can either do this the easy way, or the hard way. The easy way is, you tell us everything you know about Cerberus, and where we can find the evidence to clear Shepard's name. And after that, I slit your goddamn throat and kick you off the side of this landing pad to let the local wildlife chew up your body and shit you out."

Bringing her knife back up, Jack brought the tip of it a few inches away from one of Brooks's wide, terrified eyes. "Or the hard way, where I see how many pieces of you I can cut off before you tell us everything anyway. Think I'll start with one of your eyes. Pity you're a human supremacist bitch and not a batarian, or you'd still have three spares after that. And once that's done... well, we'll see where the mood takes us."

Pulling the knife away, Jack stepped back and crossed her arms. "So, what's it going to be? Easy way... or hard way?"

As if a switch had been flipped, the terrified expression on Brooks's face suddenly vanished, replaced by a smug smile. "How about instead, we do things... my way."

"Now!" yelled Shepard, and the space around Jack began rippling and shimmering. Jack whirled around just in time to see a circle of armored women with swords in their hands deactivating their cloaks, having surrounded her while she was busy with Brooks.

"What the fu..." Jack said, not noticing Brooks behind her. The supposed captive brought her completely unsecured hands out from behind her back, and quickly reached up to lock a collar around Jack's neck.

Whirling around with her knife, Jack tried to slash at Brooks's face, only for the Cerberus operative to catch her attack. With a twist of Jack's wrist, the knife dropped out of her hand and clattered onto the shuttle pad.

"No," Lauren heard Jenny gasp beside her.

"Sorry, Jack," Shepard said, moving to stand next to Brooks. "Turns out I don't need to have my name cleared after all. Because when it comes to me joining Cerberus... I'm fucking guilty as charged."

Jack snarled, and Lauren could see her straining to use her biotics on her attackers. Brooks let out a vicious laugh. "Like your new fashion accessory, Subject Zero?" she mockingly asked. "Biotic inhibitor collar. Should keep you nice and harmless, for when we start up your new round of experiments."

"I'll kill you," Jack furiously growled. "I'll rip your goddamn throats out!"

"Charming," Shepard said. "Load her up, ladies. We've got a lot of work still to do, and Subject Zero has an appointment with..."

"NO!" the cry was suddenly heard, as Jenny sprang to her feet. "LET HER GO, YOU BITCHES!"
"Jenny, no!" Lauren tried to grab her, but Jenny was already moving, charging at the Cerberus group and firing off biotic bolts that impacted harmlessly off the armored women's barriers.

Lauren watched in horror as Shepard moved to stand in front of the group. She held out her hand, and Jenny's feet left the landing pad as she was pulled into the air. The forward momentum of her charge sent her flying forward, until one of the armored women reached out a hand and caught her helpless hovering body by the neck.

"Aw, look at this!" the armored woman with the grip on Jenny's neck said. "You picked the wrong night to stay up past your bedtime, little girl."

"Let... let her go..." Jenny gasped, struggling to breathe with the woman's metal gloves gripping onto her throat.

"You hurt her, and I swear to fucking God I'll kill every last one of you!" Jack yelled, now being held by each arm by two of the other Cerberus soldiers.

"What is you were saying earlier, Jack?" Shepard said, as she bent down to pick up Jack's knife from the ground. "About the easy way and the hard way?" She handed the knife to the woman holding Jenny. "See, we can't afford to have any witnesses report what happened here, and I'm afraid we don't have time for the hard way. Morgan, if you'd do the honors?"

Lauren wanted to shut her eyes, but she was too scared to make even that small of a movement. The woman holding Jenny started bringing the knife up to her throat, as Jenny struggled and sobbed.

"Aw, can't we keep her, Morgan?" said one of the women holding Jack's arms. "It'd be a shame to let such a sexy little thing like that go to waste."

The woman holding Jenny let out an annoyed grunt. "Rena, dammit, could you stop thinking with your clit for one goddamned second in your life?"

The other woman, Rena, turned her helmeted head to Brooks and Shepard. "Come on. If we're just gonna kill her anyway, what's the harm in bringing her back? Would do good things for the team's morale to have this pretty little thing around for entertainment."

Brooks looked at Shepard, who shrugged. "Whatever, doesn't matter to us. We didn't bring another collar, though."

"Not a problem," said Morgan, the one holding Jenny. She shifted her grip on Jenny's neck and clamped down, compressing the blood vessels in her captive's neck. After a few seconds, Jenny's eyes rolled back in her head, and when Morgan released her grip, Jenny fell limply to the deck, unconscious but still breathing. Two of the other women picked up her unresisting body and carried it back into the shuttle, while the two women holding onto Jack pulled her, yelling and screaming, behind them.

Lauren's mind was reeling. She felt faint, and placed a hand on the barrels in front of her to keep herself from falling. But her hand didn't find the edge of the fuel container, but a large wrench on top of them. Jenny gasped as the tool shifted under her hand. Despite her frantic efforts, it scraped against the surface of the barrel, and then fell down to the deck with a loud clatter.
Morgan's head snapped to the sound. "What was that?" she said, pulling her sword out of her back sheath and holding it at the ready.

"Check it out, but do it fast," Shepard said from inside the shuttle. "We stay here much longer, somebody else besides a helpless teenage girl is going to notice we're here.

Stepping cautiously towards the noise, Morgan raised her sword in a striking position. Her steps were nearly silent as she approached the row of fuel barrels at the edge of the landing pad. Inhaling deeply, she aimed, and thrust her sword into a downward stab, point gleaming as it sought a warm body to penetrate.

But instead, the sword let out a metallic clang, as it impacted against the empty deck behind the barrels. Morgan stared at the vacant area in confusion. "The fuck? Could have sworn I heard..."

"Morgan, we've got to go!" Shepard called out from the shuttle.

Bending down, Morgan picked up the fallen wrench, staring at it as if it held all the answers. "Must have been the wind," she muttered to herself, before angrily tossing it off the side of the shuttle pad and spinning back to head towards the shuttle.

Lauren gasped, as she watched the tool plummet past her and disappear into the darkness. She clung onto the metal support under the landing pad with all her strength, trying her best not to think about the long fall that awaited her if her strength gave out. By the time she heard the shuttlecraft’s engine fade into the distance, she barely had enough energy to pull herself back up onto the pad, before collapsing down onto the hard metal floor in a dead faint.
Considering the unorthodox set of crew Cerberus had used to obtain the Normandy, Kelly wasn't too surprised to see that there was no dedicated mess sergeant behind the counter when she walked into the commissary. Still, there were plenty of Alliance rations in the stores, and she did her best to put together a decent meal for Morgan's "bitch."

She wasn't exactly looking forward to this. From what she had managed to glean about Morgan's bizarre philosophy, the woman in her cabin was no doubt being held there against her will. And considering the sorts of things Brooks and the Shepard clone were up to on the top deck, she shuddered to think about what other sexual deviancy was taking place behind Morgan's locked door.

But she had to keep up appearances, and if nothing else, the poor woman being held captive by Morgan could probably use a little kindness from someone around here. After putting the finishing touches on a well-rounded meal, Kelly steeled herself before making her way around to Morgan's office door.

As she pulled up her omni-tool and read the message from Morgan with her door code, she suddenly had the strangest feeling of being watched. Which probably was the case: there were dozens of cameras all throughout the Normandy back when it was a Cerberus vessel, and Kelly doubted the Alliance got rid of them all. But something about this was different. She glanced over her shoulder at the hallway behind her, but she didn't see anyone after several seconds of observation.

She shook it off. Probably just residual fear about being back here on the Normandy, worrying about Collectors coming to abduct her again. A fear which had faded surprisingly quickly, in the face of such real and present horrors. Turning back to the door, she input the code from Morgan's message and stepped inside.

"Hello?" she called out. "I brought some food for you." Glancing around the XO's office space, she finally spotted a form huddled under a blanket on a couch in the corner. Placing the plate of food down on Morgan's desk, she crouched by the sofa and nudged the covered body.

"Yes, mistress," the woman under the blanket moaned, as she was roused out of sleep. Slowly, she pulled off the blanket, and Kelly wasn't surprised to see that the woman Morgan was keeping was bare naked underneath. "What are your commands..."

Her sleepy speech stopped, as she rolled over on the couch and locked eyes with Kelly. Kelly gasped as she recognized who Morgan's bitch was. "Ash? Ashley Williams?" she asked.

It was definitely the woman that Kelly had met years ago, the one at Shepard's party who had disappeared in a back corner with that muscular guy with the scars and tattoos. But she looked different somehow. The brash, confident woman that Kelly had seen then seemed somewhat deflated, her shoulders slumped and her eyes downcast. Kelly shuddered to think about what Morgan could have done to her, to make the Council Spectre and Alliance Marine look so defeated.

"Kelly," Ash said, still a little groggy as she blinked and sat up. "Remember you from the party. What..." Her eyes locked on Kelly's uniform, and the Cerberus logo on it, and her expression darkened. "I see. Looks like you came back to the fold, then."
"No, no!" Kelly quickly protested. "They're making me work for them! They've got Sam... Samantha Traynor, they're holding her in one of the cargo holds. If I don't cooperate, they're going to kill her... or worse, do to her what they're doing to Shepard and Liara..."

"Shepard's alive?" Ash said. Immediately, her demeanor seemed to change. The bland, dispassionate tone she had used when waking up was gone, replaced with a fire that more resembled the woman Kelly had met years ago at Shepard's apartment. "You've see her?"

Kelly nodded, a troubled expression on her face. "Brooks and the fake Shepard, they've got her up in the captain's cabin. What they're doing to them is... it's horrible."

"Kelly, listen to me very carefully," Ash said, grabbing Kelly by the shoulders. "You've got to find me a weapon. A pistol, an omni-tool with a blade attachment. Anything I can use to fight. If I can get up to Shepard and Liara, I know we could take these bastards."

But Kelly was already shaking her head. "I'm sorry. I can't risk it. Not as long as they've got Sam."

"We'll save Traynor, too, Kelly! Please!" Ash's voice started to quaver a little. "I don't know how much longer I can take this. This woman... if you could call her that... she barely fucking sleeps. I'm lucky if I get a few hours to rest before she's in the mood again. Since they've captured me, it's been non-stop..." Her hands gripped Kelly's shoulders hard enough to hurt. "Please, just find a gun!"

The desperate look in Ash's eyes was heartbreaking. "The only guns I've seen on this ship are down in the cargo bay, Ash," Kelly said softly. "And there are always some of those Phantoms down there. I'd never be able to sneak one out of there."

Kelly saw anger fill Ash's face. Whether it was anger at Kelly, Morgan, or just her current predicament, Kelly wasn't sure. "Dammit," Ash spat out. "Dammit."

Eventually, Ash's grip on Kelly's shoulders slackened, and she fell back to the couch with a weary sigh. "Well, then," she said, that defeated tone coming back into her voice again, "Guess we're all stuck here for now."

"There's a ship looking for us," Kelly said, trying to sound hopeful. She paused for a moment, questioning whether it was a good idea to lie or not. Finally, she made up her mind. "They're getting close to tracking us down."

Ash scoffed. "How would you know that?"

"Because Cerberus has a mole on it, that's reporting to me," Kelly said. "They're trying their best to slow down the search, but they say it's only a matter of time before the ship finds us. And once that happens..."

Ash slowly nodded. "Yeah. Once that happens," she repeated blandly. Her eyes caught something behind Kelly. "Guess I might as well eat up then. Need my strength to help in the fight when the rescue team arrives." There wasn't a lot of enthusiasm in her voice, and Kelly wondered if Ash had seen through her lie.

Kelly handed Ash the plate, and the enslaved Spectre nibbled at the food. "Well, since you can't get a weapon for me, maybe there's something else you can do for me," Ash said in between bites.
"I'll try my best," Kelly said.

"Just stay here while I eat," Ash said. "Stay and talk to me for a bit," she gave Kelly a thin smile. "It'd be nice to have someone around who isn't here just to rape me for once."

Kelly gave Ash a warm smile. "Sure." Sitting down next to Ash, she started spinning a story of the ship that was coming to save them. The battles that they had supposedly engaged in with Cerberus, the victories they had achieved. How they were within a hair's breadth of tracking down the Normandy and freeing them all from this horrible situation.

Kelly didn't know if Ash was really buying it, or just latching onto whatever false hope she could find in this dire situation. But she listened to Kelly talk with her undivided attention.

*Whatever ship this mole is on, Kelly thought to herself, as she lied to Ash, I hope they can live up to the reputation I'm giving them. Otherwise, we're all in a lot of trouble.*
"We're never going to find them," a disgruntled crewman muttered as he walked down the hallway of the Orpheus. Unaware that he was not alone as he spoke, a cloaked figure observing his aggravated exclamation from the shadows. "This is a waste of our fucking time."

Kasumi hated to admit that he may have a point. The Orpheus's recent mission in the Hawking Eta cluster had been no more successful than their visit to Mindoir. As Jacob had figured, word of their first attempt to root out Cerberus had spread back to the rest of the scattered cells, who had done their best to cover their tracks and stay off the radar. But a few clues from the Mindoir facility and other sources had led them to an old, previously considered abandoned facility on Presrop, where Cerberus had set up shop.

They had tried their best to go in stealthily. Kasumi had even managed to pull some files out of the Cerberus facility's computer banks before they had noticed and started wiping their data. But still, in the end they had come up with the same results: a building full of dead Cerberus agents, and no solid leads on what to do next.

There was a disheartened attitude throughout all the ship as Kasumi invisibly roamed the halls of the Orpheus. On the CIC deck, she stepped out of the way to allow Michele to walk by and sit down at her workstation. "Word is the mission might be a failure," she said to Lisa at the station next to her.

"Tell me about it," Lisa said with a sigh. "I've been sending Grunt so many signals, too. Asking him if the krogan have any special mating rituals, pretending to mistake the cargo bay he stays in for the women's showers. I almost thought he had finally caught on when I offered to help 'polish his weapon.' Ended up spending three hours on the firing range with him. My wrist is still sore from the recoil."

Michele gave Lisa a withering look. "I was referring to the ship's mission to rescue Shepard and her friends from Cerberus. But thanks for the status update on your little fuck quest, anyway."

"Michele, this is more important than just me getting a little krogan cock," Lisa said, inhaling deeply. "You've seen what's going on lately? Humans and aliens are starting to get angry at each other. Tensions are rising, people are fighting. I'm just doing my part to show Grunt, and by extension the entire alien community, that humanity loves them all."

"Oh, well, pardon me, then," Michele said with a smirk. "I wasn't aware that you were doing such noble work by trying to get a krogan in the sack. Carry on, Ambassador Mason."

Lisa looked over at Michele. "You really think we won't find her, though? Shepard?"

Michele shook her head. "From the reports the commander has been sending back to the Alliance... I don't like our chances. He can sugarcoat it all he wants, it's obvious that we're floundering here. We'd have a better chance of finding Cerberus by randomly visiting Alliance colonies and knocking on doors, than what we're doing right now."

"Well, maybe that's the Commander's next plan," Lisa said. "Although, better hope we don't go knocking on the wrong door on Aldion colony, unless Commander Taylor wants to get nagged to death."
Michele looked quizzically at Lisa. "Huh?"

"Aldion Colony, Horsehead Nebula?" Lisa said. "Isn't that where you said your mother is living right now?"

Michele blinked, and then recognition dawned on her face. "Oh, right, right," she quickly said. "Yeah, that'd be a bad idea. I'd probably get twenty messages afterward complaining how I didn't warn her that the Alliance was coming to visit, and how the place was an absolute mess."

The monitor in front of Michele blinked, and she opened the message that appeared. "Oh, that's the Commander's report on the mission," Michele said, standing up from her seat. "I'd better go send this off to the Admiral."

Lisa looked confused. "Can't you just do that right there from your station?"

"And have you gawking over my shoulder at classified Alliance documents?" Michele said. "Don't think so."

"Hey, I only did that once!" Lisa protested, but Michele was already walking away.

Kasumi considered following Michele as she left, but it would have been pointless. She had already been there for the Presrop mission. No need to sneak a peek at the report about it.

Continuing her roaming of the ship, she paid a visit to the gym next. She stepped inside to the sound of Vega talking excitedly.

"She was seconds away from escaping," he was saying to the other occupant of the room, talking while throwing jabs at a heavy bag. "If Cerberus had gotten away, we would have never gotten the plans for the Crucible. And here I am, in a shuttle with no damn guns. So what else am I gonna do? I just rammed the damn thing right into her!"

"Seriously?" Rooker said from her seat on a weight bench. "Did it ever occur to you that you might have blown up the data along with the woman who'd stolen it?"

Vega gave her a slight shrug. "Wasn't thinking too clearly at the time. All I knew was that Cerberus had valuable data, and I figured it'd be better it be blown up than in the hands of those pendejos. And as it turned out, a little bit of fire wasn't enough to stop her. Mostly just pissed her the hell off."

"Right, the infiltration unit," Rooker said, leaning forward to listen to Vega's story. "So what did Shepard do then?"

"Well, I land just in time to see that crazy robot kick open the shuttle door and start wailing on Ash. Uh, Commander Williams, I mean. And after nearly killing her, the thing turns on Shepard next," Vega shook his head as he thought back on it. "I mean, can you believe that? All the shit that's just happened: a shuttle nearly crashing down on top of her, one of her best friends gets beaten to a pulp, and now this loco robot comes charging straight at her with murder in its eyes. Or optical sensors, or whatever those things have."

Rooker said nothing, just listening to Vega with her eyes wide and her lips slightly parted as he spun the tale.
"But Lola didn't even flinch," Vega said, holding his arm straight as he spoke. "She just pulled her pistol, took aim, and bang! Bang! Bang!" he jerked his wrist to mimic the recoil. "She dropped that thing like it was nothing. It was one thing back then, to hear all the legends about Commander Shepard, the amazing shit she's done. But seeing it for yourself for the first time, in person... that's when you finally start believing."

"She's a remarkable woman," Rooker agreed, awe in her voice.

Turning back to the heavy bag, Vega started throwing hard punches. "Just pisses me off that... that I'm here on this ship and I can't do a damn thing to help her. All the times she's had my back and..."

"Hey," Rooker said, her voice firm as always but with the slightest hint of compassion. "We're going to get her back, James."

Vega delivered a frustrated blow to the heavy bag. "But how can you be sure? I mean, carajo, we don't even know if she's still alive or not."

"She is," Rooker immediately replied, no trace of doubt in her voice. An odd look came to her face then, almost like she was ashamed of what she'd just said. She averted her eyes from Vega down to the floor.

Glancing over his shoulder at her, Vega had a pained expression. "Wish I could be as positive about that as you are, chica. Considering we're going up against a double of Shepard, I wouldn't be surprised if they ended up disposing of the original, you know?"

Rooker stood up, turning away from Vega. "Look, I know this is probably going to sound silly. But there are times that I... I just get these gut feelings. Like, out of nowhere, I just know something for sure. And right now... I've just got this strong feeling that Shepard's still alive out there. That's she's alive, and we're going to end up finding her." Her cheeks flushed a little. "It's stupid, I know. To put so much faith in something but a hunch."

"No, I think I believe you," Vega said, turning his attention away from the heavy bag towards Rooker. "Cuz, the thing is, I've been getting a feeling like that myself, lately."

Rooker turned back to face him. "Really?"

"Yeah, really. Not about Shepard, though," Vega gave Rooker his best charming smile. "About somebody a lot more... intimidating than her."

"Really," Rooker said, giving Vega a slightly annoyed look. "More intimidating than Commander Shepard?"

Vega whistled between his teeth. "Most definitely. But underneath that tough skin and armor of hers, I've got a hunch that just maybe, she might be feeling the same thing I am."

Rooker let out an exasperated groan. "Just when I thought you were being serious for a second. Don't you ever give up?" she asked him.

"Hey, already told you, chica," Vega said. "Just tell me you're not interested, and I promise to never say another word about it."
"What, and miss out on the entertainment of watching you fumble through another seduction attempt?" Rooker said. "I wouldn't dream of it." Grabbing up her things, Rooker turned her back on Vega and started walking away. "Good night, Commander."

"You leaving already?" Vega called out to her. "I've got a lot more Shepard stories I could tell you. Hey, like the time she told me to disable an AA gun, that was a crazy one."

Pausing in the hallway, Rooker paused to stare back for just a second. "Maybe next time," she said, before shutting the door behind her.

Kasumi had followed Rooker out into the hallway, and walked behind her until she saw that the XO was making her way to the showers. And while part of her couldn't help but admit a slight desire to see what sort of embarrassing tattoos the Alliance marine might be hiding in her most intimate places, she had a lot more ship to visit before her final appointment for the evening.

Turning down another hallway, Kasumi strolled into the mess hall. The off-duty crew were all watching a large viewscreen, where the latest edition of Westerlund News was currently broadcasting.

"For those just tuning in, the story that broke just several hours ago: a massacre at a human colony on Chasca," al-Jilani was reporting. "After officials at the colony failed to report in, representatives from a nearby settlement arrived to find a slaughterhouse. Dozens of colonists murdered, and a strange symbol put on display in several locations."

The video footage switched to a crude, hastily-drawn insignia on a wall. Kasumi had been through enough horrors over the past few years to know immediately what substance it had been drawn in: human blood.

"Not long after the massacre was discovered, several major news outlets, including this station, received communications from the anonymous leader of a group calling itself H.S.E.M., or the Homo Sapien Extinction Movement," al-Jilani said, as the report cut to a stately image: the same symbol from the wall flickered on the screen, while a distorted voice spoke behind it.

"Humanity has treated the other races of the galaxy as its inferiors for far too long," said the voice on the video. "How many of us died to save Earth, only to be answered with hatred, anger, and violence? We, the proud members of the H.S.E.M., will not rest until every last member of this violent, warlike race is eradicated from the face of the galaxy. The colony on Chasca is only the beginning. We will not negotiate. We will not show mercy. We will cleanse the galaxy of humanity, once and for all."

The video feed switched back to al-Jilani. "In the interests of rooting out the cause of this slaughter, the Alliance and Citadel Council have launched a joint investigation into the attack on Chasca. Alliance investigators will be assisted by Spectre agent Jondum Bau, in order to determine who is behind the H.S.E.M., and bring them and their associates to justice. In the meantime, however, Alliance and Citadel defector Anna Shepard has released a statement in the wake of the attack."

The image of the Shepard clone filled the screen. "Let Chasca be an example of the warning I've been trying to deliver to the human race," she said, her voice loud and forceful. "For everyone who thought that the Reaper War was an end to our struggles, and that humanity and the rest of the galaxy could live in peace, let the blood that stains the grass of this colony be a harsh reminder that humanity can only put its faith in itself. That in the end, we will never be able to cooperate with the
other races. And that until every last alien is purged from Earth and from the Citadel, we will always be in danger."

"With the deaths on Chasca, and the speech by Anna Shepard, tensions on Earth and the Citadel have only risen," al-Jilani reported. "Incidents of violence against aliens are increasing, and now further reports of alien retaliation against humans are coming in as well. What will it take to relieve these tensions? We at Westerlund News don't have an answer, but we'll be bringing you up-to-the-minute coverage of any further developments. This is..."

At a table to the side of the mess hall, Garrus sighed wearily. "Reapers had the wrong idea. No need to kill us ourselves. All they had to do was sit back and let us do it to each other."

Across from him, Cortez furrowed his brow. "Things keep going like this, it's going to be rioting in the streets within a week. How did all this escalate so quickly?"

"Times like this, people need someone to blame. The Reapers are destroyed, and the war is over... but things aren't even close to being back to normal again," Garrus said. "Earth is rebuilding, but there's still a lot of people in need. And if things weren't bad enough, they're forced to compete for food, for living space, for everything they can, with aliens. They need someone to be angry at, and the Reapers aren't around to fill that role for them anymore."

"I know, but... is this really all it takes? For just one person to supposedly turn anti-alien to break down the peace we'd built together all these years?" Cortez asked.

"It was only one small skirmish that almost led to open war between our races," Garrus mused. "Sometimes things that seem small at the time have a way of building on you."

Cortez leaned his face against his hand. "We need to get Shepard back," he said. "She could calm all this down. People would listen to her."

"Yeah, that's the problem, unfortunately. They're 'listening' to her right now. Or someone they think is her." Garrus grabbed his glass and tipped it back, only to find it empty. "I'm going to go pour myself another. Lucky for me Commander Taylor keeps some dextro liquor on hand for turian guests. Want me to get you something?"

Looking back over his shoulder at the vidscreen, Cortez exhaled deeply. "Yeah, a shot of whiskey. Actually, on second thought, bring the bottle."

As Garrus stood up and headed for the ship's liquor supply, Cortez's eyes suddenly locked on the other side of the mess hall. Kasumi followed his gaze to see Riggs sitting by himself in the corner. The dark-haired marine stared at Cortez intently for several seconds, before abruptly standing up and quickly exiting the mess hall.

Curiosity piqued, Kasumi followed the taciturn marine as he entered a side stairwell and descended down into the lower decks of the ship. For a moment, Kasumi hesitated: the last time she had visited this part of the ship on one of her nightly explorations, the newest resident of the lower decks had actually spotted her through her cloak. And tonight especially, she wasn't exactly interested in getting sniffed out.

But her interest in the mysterious member of Jacob's crew overcame her caution, and she followed him down into the engineering section of the ship.
Kelly stayed with Ash long after she was finished eating, and long after she had run out of lies to tell about the ship that was coming to rescue them. After a while, the two of them just sat in silence, Ash staring into space and no doubt dreading the moment when that door would open, and her "mistress" would return.

When that moment finally came, Ash jerked a little as the door slid open. "Man, what a handful that one turned out to be!" Morgan genially said as she stepped into the office. Turning to the couch, she smiled warmly as she saw Kelly sitting there with Ash. "Hey, you're still in here! Keeping my bitch company, I see." Glancing over at Ash, she wagged a finger at her. "This nice lady didn't try anything with you, did she, bitch? Be honest, now."

"No, mistress," Ash said, in the emotionless, dead voice that she had used when Kelly had first entered the room. As Kelly watched, Ash's whole demeanor seemed to change at the arrival of Morgan. She sat up straight, her eyes locked on Morgan as if looking anywhere else would cause her physical pain. Ash had tried to tell Kelly how horrible it had been since Morgan had "taken possession" of her. But just seeing the way Ash changed when Morgan arrived, like a switch had been flipped in Ash's brain, spoke volumes on how much mental strain this woman had caused Ash in a short period of time.

"Oh, of course she didn't," Morgan said, smiling at Kelly. "I'm sorry I even brought it up. Now, help me off with my armor, bitch."

Slowly standing up, almost as if she was in a trance, Ash walked over and started working the fasteners on Morgan's Phantom armor. "But seriously, that Jack lady... hey, wasn't she on the ship with you back during the Reaper war?"

Kelly nodded, doing her best to keep her expression neutral. They abducted Jack, too? she thought. I knew these people were crazy, but if they think they can actually keep her in check, they're in for a big surprise.

"She is a hellcat, that one," Morgan said with a chuckle. "Wouldn't stop struggling and screaming the whole way back to the ship. Eventually had to give her a good clock on the head just so I wouldn't have to listen to her keep calling us a bunch of bitches. Can you believe that?" Morgan laughed. "Me and my team, bitches? Some people just don't understand the way the world works like we do, huh, Kelly?"

"No," Kelly said, weakly chuckling. "No, they sure don't."

Morgan cocked her neck and shrugged, in a "What are you going to do?" gesture. "Just a shame that Rena and the rest of my ladies downstairs don't live their lives the way we do. I mean, they'll probably end up breaking Jack and that cute little student of hers, but they won't end up treating those two with the same care and respect we treat our bitches with." Looking down at Ash working on her boots, she placed a hand on her head and rustled her hair. "Isn't that right? Don't I treat you like the wonderful little bitch you are?"

"Yes, mistress," Ash blandly recited. As she worked on removing Morgan's leg armor, Morgan reached over to her desk and started rifling through a drawer.
"Thanks again for keeping an eye on her, Kelly," Morgan said. "But I'm sure the bosses have you running around like a busy little beaver, so you can go ahead and take off. I won't take up any more of your time."

Kelly gave Morgan a confused look. "But, before you left... you said we'd talk about me seeing Sam."

Looking up from the drawer she was rooting through, Morgan slapped her forehead. "Oh, duh! Silly me, forgetting something so important." By now, Ash had successfully removed all of Morgan's armor, and had moved to stand at attention against the wall. Morgan, now only wearing her Cerberus uniform, finally found what she was looking for and let out a high-pitched squeal. "Oh, here it is! Listen, Kelly, I've got something I need to do here for a second, but we can talk about seeing your bitch later if you...

"No!" Kelly exclaimed, and both Morgan and Ash jumped at the sudden exclamation. "No more putting me off! We're going to talk about me getting to see Sam, and we're going to do it now!"

Kelly couldn't believe she was talking like this, taking such a risk with somebody as obviously dangerous like Morgan. But after her encounter with the other Phantoms down below, she was suddenly finding a courage in herself she hadn't even known existed before.

Morgan stared in surprise at Kelly for several seconds. Kelly was half sure the Phantom leader would pull out a gun and shoot her right there. But instead, after a long anxious pause, Morgan let out a booming laugh. "Look at that fire!" Morgan said. "That's the kind of attitude I like to see! Okay, fine, I'll call one of my ladies and have them bring your bitch up here." Seeing Kelly's excitement, Morgan held up a finger. "Unh unh. On one condition."

Kelly started to protest again, but something in Morgan's eyes made her pause. Don't push your luck too much here, Kelly, she thought to herself. "What's the condition?"

This gave Morgan a crooked smile. "You were hanging out with my bitch for a long time while I was gone, weren't you? And while I'm sure you didn't do a thing with her... I bet you wanted to, didn't you?" When Kelly hesitated, Morgan pointed a finger at her. "Don't lie to me, now. A sexy little number like my bitch here, I know it was tearing you up inside not to throw her down and take her right here in my office."

Kelly was finding it easier to lie these days. "Yes, I wanted to," she said to Morgan, telling her what she assumed the insane Cerberus operative wanted to hear. "She's a very... very sexy bitch."

Reaching down, Morgan gave Ash a firm slap on the ass. "Damn straight she is. So, how about this? Before I have them bring your bitch up here... how about you try a little sample of mine, huh? Pull down those pants of yours and let her eat you out, see what a talented little bitch she is. Do that, let me show you how great my bitch is, and I promise I'll let you see yours. Do we have a deal?"

Kelly hesitated, her first instinct to violently refuse. But if Morgan was going to refuse to let her see Sam otherwise...

"What, you don't like her?" Morgan asked when Kelly didn't answer immediately, reaching over to grope at one of Ash's breasts. "You were just telling me what a sexy bitch she was. Now you act like she's a pile of varren crap. Were you lying to me before? I did tell you not to lie, didn't I?"
"I wasn't lying," Kelly said. "I just..."

"Just what, Kelly?" Morgan said, the friendliness in her voice draining slightly. "Do you not like my bitch, Kelly? Why don't you want to have her eat you out, huh?"

Desperately, Kelly looked from Morgan to Ash, struggling to figure out her answer.

And then she caught Ash's eye, and softly, almost unnoticeably, Ash nodded.

Kelly knew the message she was trying to convey – It's okay. I'll do it if it will help you - but it was still hard for Kelly to actually say the word, and force Ash into that position.

"Well?" Morgan said, leaning forward on her desk and glaring down at Kelly. "What's it going to be, Kelly? Yes... or no?"

Gritting her teeth, Kelly finally answered. "Yes, I'll do it. I'll... sample your bitch."

Morgan stared seriously at Kelly for a few more tense seconds. Finally, she nodded, then glanced over at Ash. "Well, you heard her, bitch. Go over there and show Miss Chambers what you can do with that tongue of yours."

Walking over to Kelly, Ash reached out a hand to pull Kelly to her feet. She stared into Kelly's eyes as her hands worked on the buckle of Kelly's belt, that same muted acceptance of what was to come in her gaze. Kelly struggled to keep her composure as her pants dropped quietly to the floor, and Ash began working on sliding down Kelly's panties next.

Sitting down at her desk, Morgan put her legs up and watched intently as Kelly stepped out of her undergarments and sat back down on the couch, now bottomless except for her shoes. Getting down on her hands and knees, Ash spread Kelly's thighs and crawled in between, putting her face into Kelly's snatch and starting her tongue working against her clit.

"Just look at her go," Morgan mused from her chair. "Always so eager to please. I only hope you have your bitch trained as well as this one, Miss Chambers."

"I do," Kelly said, as she felt Ash's wet tongue lap at her dry slit. There was no possible way she was going to actually get aroused in this situation: even if she were able to forget the horrible circumstances under which this was already taking place, and the fact that the woman between her legs was being forced to eat her out against her will... even with that all forgotten, it was fairly obvious that Ash had never done this before. Her technique was too fast, too hard to be very pleasurable. But if she wanted this situation to be over quickly, she was going to have to put on an appearance.

After a few minutes of Ash's licking, Kelly started to let out feigned moans of arousal. She could feel Morgan's leering eyes on her as she writhed in her seat, making a big show of playing with her breasts through the fabric of her uniform. "Oh, that's good," she heatedly moaned. "You were right, Morgan. She's a... a talented bitch. Oh, God, it's so good..."

"Definitely," Morgan said, standing up from her desk. "In fact, watching this, I gotta admit... I just can't control myself."

She picked up the item from her desk that she'd retrieved earlier, and Kelly saw that it was a plastic bottle of sexual lubricant. And as the muscular Cerberus operative stepped around the desk and
approached the two of them, Kelly's eyes bugged out as she noticed for the first time the large bulge running down Morgan's leg.

Morgan saw Kelly's surprise and smirked. "Oh, didn't my bitch tell you?" she said, as she slowly unzipped her pants. "I guess she wanted to keep her favorite cock all to herself."

Kelly had to fight the urge to jump out of her seat in shock as Morgan reached down into the crotch of her Cerberus uniform and pulled out a thick, throbbing cock. Morgan let out a relieved sigh as she freed the massive shaft of flesh from her constrictive uniform pants.

Between her legs, Kelly heard Ash let out a nervous sound in between long licks of her slit. At the same time, she shifted her body, putting her ass up higher in the air for easier access.

Snapping open the bottle of lube, Morgan turned it upside down and let a long stream of clear fluid drip down onto her stiff organ. As she rubbed the lube along the massive length of her prick, she eyed Ash's backside with a hungry look.

"No matter how many times I take that perfect little ass," Morgan said, as she knelt down behind Ash and positioned the head of her glistening, lubed-up cock between Ash's asscheeks, "I'm always stiff and ready to come back for more. Isn't that right, bitch?"

"YeeEEEeesss, mistress," Ash hissed and moaned as Morgan's cock pushed forward and penetrated her asshole. No sooner had she obediently responded to Morgan's question, than she was back licking Kelly's pussy, eyes closed as she focused on her work.

Seeing Morgan staring at her, Kelly tried her best to resume her fake display of arousal. It was hard with the sound of Morgan's slippery cock thrusting rapidly in and out of Ash's ass, but Kelly managed to block out the wet squelching sounds.

"Oh, f... fuck," she gasped out. "That's it, bitch. Lick that pussy like a good bitch should."

Kelly was shocked to suddenly feel herself start to get a little wet. Ash had slowed down the pace and severity of her licking after Morgan started fucking her, to the point where her oral skills were actually starting to reach a level of competence. And even knowing that it was just her body responding naturally to the stimulation, Kelly was disgusted to feel a pleasant tingling start to build between her legs.

"Oh, fuck," Morgan hissed, her powerful hands gripping Ash's hips roughly as she forcefully thrust every inch of her length down deep into Ash's bowels. Ash let out a moan into Kelly's pussy with every fresh penetration, the vibration only increasing the unwanted arousal building in Kelly by the second.

Kelly knew she had to end this soon. If she actually had a legitimate climax in the middle of this ghastly situation, she wasn't sure she'd be able to live with herself afterward. She made herself breathe faster, her moans increasing in tempo and volume as she brought herself to a feigned climax. She slumped back in her seat, trying her best to look dazed and satisfied.

To her horror, though, Ash didn't stop licking. Either she was so intent on making sure her "mistress" was pleased with her, or she was too distracted by the thick cock forcing its way down her anal passage, that she just kept flicking her tongue against Kelly's now throbbing clit. Kelly struggled to find a way to get Ash to stop without blowing her cover, trying to shift her hips on the couch to move out of Ash's reach. But every move she made, Ash matched it, her maddeningly
busy tongue continuing to drive Kelly to the brink of climax.

And just as she was sure she wouldn't be able to hold back anymore, Morgan started to let out low grunts. "Finish me off, bitch," she moaned, and Ash's tongue immediately left Kelly's pussy. Rotating herself around on the floor, Ash turned to face Morgan's groin, and opened her mouth to take as much of the woman's unnatural appendage down her throat as she could.

Grabbing Ash by the sides of the head, Morgan started roughly face-fucking her compliant slave. Kelly watched in disgust, any arousal she had previously gotten from Ash's tongue quickly forgotten at the sight of such a vile scene.

"Here it comes, bitch," Morgan finally groaned, throwing her head back in pleasure as she thrust her hips forward into Ash's face. "Swallow it all down. That's a good bitch."

From her spot on the couch, Kelly could see Ash's throat working as she sucked down whatever unnatural seed was being spewed out of Morgan's cock. Despite her best efforts, Ash soon had cum dribbling out of her mouth and down her chin. Once Morgan's cock had given one last hard jerk, and it fell limp from between Ash's lips, Ash wasted no time wiping up the cum that had escaped her mouth off of her face, and mindlessly licking it off of her fingers.

"Damn," Morgan said, rising to her feet and tucking her limp member back into her pants. "That's one talented mouth, isn't it?"

"Yeah," Kelly said, making a big show of breathing deeply in the wake of her "orgasm" as she retrieved her clothes. "You're pretty lucky, to have a bitch that well-trained."

Morgan stared at Kelly, her eyes narrowed. "I am. I'm very, very lucky. And my bitch is lucky, too, to have a mistress that cares so much about her. More than I can say for some of the other bitches on this ship."

Kelly paused in the middle of fastening her pants. "I'm sorry?" she asked, looking at Morgan in confusion.

"Sorry? Yes, you should be," Morgan said. "I think it would be best if you left now, Miss Chambers."

"Wait, no!" Kelly said, taking a step towards Morgan's desk. "You said you'd bring Sam up here. You promised me that..."

"Promise?" Morgan shouted, slamming a fist down onto her desk. The loud bang reverberated around the office. "You have the... the fucking nerve to say the word 'promise' to me after what just happened? You wouldn't know the first thing about what that word means!"

"I... I don't..."

"Don't understand?" Morgan said, pulling her hand away from her desk to reveal a large dent where her fist had met it. "Well, let me clarify, Miss Chambers. This was a test. A test that you failed. You claim that you're a mistress like me, that that woman down in the cargo hold is your bitch. And yet you don't seem to know the slightest thing about what it really means to have a bitch."

In a flash, Morgan was around her desk and on Kelly. Pushing her against the wall, she put her face inches away from Kelly, her words coming out like a feral growl. "When you have a bitch, Miss
Chambers, you treat her with respect. She follows your orders and attends to all your needs, and in return you stay faithful to her. You!” Morgan drove her hand into the wall next to Kelly's head with each word. "Stay! Faithful! To! Her! When I asked you if you wanted to let my bitch eat you out, you should have stood firm. You should have told me 'no!' The thought of cheating on your own bitch like that should have never even entered your mind!

Kelly could feel spit spraying from Morgan's mouth and splashing on her face as Morgan barked at Kelly. "So here we are, and I can only come to two conclusions. Either you and Ensign Crooks are bullshitting me, telling me what I want to hear to keep me friendly, and Miss Traynor isn't your bitch at all... or you're telling the truth, and you just cheated on your faithful bitch, right in front of me! So which is it, Miss Chambers? Which is it? Are you a liar... or a cheater?"

Eyes wide, nearly peeing herself in pure terror, Kelly struggled to figure out what answer wouldn't end with her and Sam dead and spaced. Morgan's expression was furious, and Kelly was sure that one wrong word, one false move to set this woman off, and there'd be nothing in this world that could protect her.

Finally, she made her choice. "I... I'm sorry, Morgan. I know I should have said no, but it's like I said," Kelly stammered. "Your bitch was just too sexy. When you made the offer... I lost my head. Just couldn't control myself."

Morgan didn't move from her position inches from Kelly, but the uncontrollable rage seemed slightly dampened. "That's no excuse," she said. "Part of being a proper mistress is learning to control yourself. To be strong in the face of temptation." Taking a breath, she smiled ruefully. "I suppose I gave you too much credit, Miss Chambers. I expected you to have as much self-control and respect for your bitch as I have for mine. But I guess I was wrong."

Stepping away from Kelly, Morgan walked back to her desk and sat down. "I'm going to need some time to cool down," she said to Kelly. "Decide whether I can trust you or not to let you see your bitch again. Maybe later, once I can think straight again, we can discuss giving the two of you some time. A chance for you to apologize to your bitch for treating her so disrespectfully. But I'd better not catch you slipping again, Miss Chambers," Morgan said pointedly. "Or I might decide that you're not worthy of having your own bitch. That maybe I should let some of my team have a crack at her instead. Understand?"

Kelly nodded furiously, images of the intimidating women down below flashing in her mind. "Yes, ma'am," she said. "It won't happen again, I swear it."

"I should hope not," Morgan said. "Now get out of here, before I lose my temper again."

Kelly wasted no time bolting out the door.
For a moment, Kasumi lost track of her quarry, Riggs taking a circuitous path around the lower decks as if he were trying to make sure nobody was following him. Eventually, though, she found him behind several gas pipes. He had his omni-tool activated and was furiously typing something, glancing up every so often to make sure nobody was watching before continuing.

Kasumi tried to get close enough to see what Riggs was doing, but before she could, she heard footsteps approaching behind her. She ducked behind an outcropping in the wall, and watched from the shadows as Javik approached the area where Riggs was standing.

Riggs heard Javik's approach after Kasumi did, and he quickly deactivated his omni-tool before Javik came into his line of sight.

"Human," Javik addressed Riggs. "Have you come to perform maintenance in this area?"

Riggs shook his head. "Just needed some privacy for a second. Looks like I won't be getting that here, though. I'll get out of your way." He turned to leave.

"Wait," Javik said. "I have questions I would like to ask, if you could spare a moment to speak."

After a second of consideration, Riggs shrugged indifferently. "Yeah, sure."

"My understanding, from what I have overheard the crew saying, is that you were one of the ones this Cerberus organization indoctrinated into their service. This is correct?"

Riggs leaned against the wall, crossing his arms and trying his best to look casual. "That's right."

"But when the Crucible was fired... the indoctrination went away?" Javik asked. "You went back to your normal self?"

"Don't think there's really any 'coming back' from what they did to me," Riggs calmly said. "But if you're asking if that voice in my head that I thought was mine went away, the one telling me to kill and destroy in the name of humanity and Cerberus... then yeah, I went back to 'normal.'"

Javik's four eyes stared intently at Riggs. "And once it was gone... it never came back? You never felt it again?"

Riggs narrowed his eyes at Javik. "What exactly you getting at? You asking if I'm still a Cerberus puppet?"

"Are you?" Javik responded simply.

This made Riggs let out a sharp laugh. Kasumi jolted in surprise; it was the first major display of emotion she had seen from the stoic marine since she'd set foot on this vessel. "That's good. Not many folks on this ship have the balls to come right out and ask. Probably because I freak them all out so much. But to answer your question: no, I'm definitely not with Cerberus anymore. Whatever control they had over me before, that's all gone now." He glanced to the side and smirked. "Not that I'll tell these people that. Especially not with our current mission. Somebody with my past on this ship, the infamous Bloody Hand, it's a constant reminder of what they're up against. Keeps
them angry, keeps them focused. And just maybe, it'll keep them alive. The more they hate me, the more they hate Cerberus, and the better they fight. Something I'm sure the Prothean Avatar of Vengeance understands quite a bit."

Javik actually looked surprised. "You are aware of me and my past, then."

"Yeah, I read 'Journeys with a Prothean' on the can all the time," Riggs deadpanned. "And I think I can guess why you're asking me these questions. You're wondering if those Collectors that got freed from indoctrination... if they can ever go back to being normal again."

"You... may be correct, human," Javik said.

Riggs stared up at the ceiling. "Well, it's a pretty different case, isn't it? From what I've heard, those twisted versions of your old buddies weren't exactly born normal to begin with, were they? So don't really know if there's any real 'normal' for them to even go back to. And even if there was... it's like I said. You ask if I'm under anyone's control anymore? No. But you ask if I'm the same man who got stuck in a tube on Horizon and turned into a Cerberus puppet? Not so sure about that one, either."

Javik considered the human's words. "Perhaps you are right. The cases are not similar at all," he let out a frustrated grunt. "It appears I have wasted both of our time. I will not disturb you further."

"Actually, hold up a second," Riggs said, as Javik started to turn and leave. "I might have a question or two for you, as long as you're here."

Javik looked annoyed, but he stood his ground. "Ask your questions, human."

Riggs glanced down the hallway, looking to see if anyone was watching. "Actually, I wanted to ask you about one of the people you served with on the Normandy. The... uh... the shuttle pilot."

"The Cortez-pilot?" Javik said, a trace of confusion in his voice. "He flies the shuttle. He has hair on his face, I believe humans call it a 'goatee.' And that is the extent of my knowledge of this human. If you have not noticed, I do not spend much time associating with my fellow crew-members."

"Ah, but I read your book, remember?" Riggs said. "I know you Protheans have that... that scanning thing you do. You had to have picked up something from him in all that time on the Normandy, right?"

Javik groaned in aggravation. "Very well. When I first arrived on the Normandy, I could sense the Cortez-pilot's pain. He had lost someone very close to him, and I could feel his anguish whenever I flew in his shuttle. But after spending some time with Commander Shepard, I began to feel his pain start to fade. Not disappear completely, of course. No pain ever disappears completely. But the sorrow that he held inside him turned from a sharp agony to a dull throb."

"Lost someone," Riggs mused. "Could you tell anything about the person he lost?"

Javik shook his head. "Just that it was another human. A male human, I believe. Apparently your species engages in such relationships on occasion. My people found such pairings to be wasteful. The more time a Prothean spent with someone they could not procreate with, the less new, warm bodies they could provide to fight our endless war with the Reapers. But I suppose in these more peaceful times, such indulgences can be permitted."
Riggs seemed satisfied with this answer. "Thanks for the information, Javik," he said. "I'll leave you to... whatever it is you do down here."

"The information I provided to you on the Cortez-pilot was very personal," Javik said. As Riggs moved to pass him, he started to reach out a hand. "Perhaps I should read you in return, provide the Cortez-pilot with..."

Riggs jolted away from Javik's hand like it was a branding iron about to sear his flesh. "No!" he sharply exclaimed, nearly colliding with Kasumi in her hiding spot in his attempt to put distance between himself and the Prothean. Regaining his composure, he spoke calmly. "Sorry. It's just that... Cerberus has already been in my head fucking around with it enough. Would rather not let anybody else in if it's all the same."

Javik regarded Riggs's sudden panic with mild amusement. "Suit yourself, human. To be honest, I did not really care anyway."

Smoothing out his uniform and trying his best to look unperturbed, Riggs made his way down the hallway away from Javik.

Once Riggs was gone, Javik looked directly in Kasumi's direction. "I trust this conversation left you sufficiently entertained."

"Yes, very," Kasumi said, leaving her cloak on as she spoke.

Javik took a step towards her. "Something about you is different tonight, human. Your aura is... peculiar."

"Oops, look at the time," Kasumi quickly interjected. "Got somewhere I gotta be. Catch you later, buddy."

And before Javik could "sense" her any further, Kasumi padded down the hallway and back to the stairs.

She had one more stop tonight. The most important one of them all.
Part 2: No One Leaves Cerberus (Normandy, Starboard Cargo Bay)

Goddamn, her head was pounding. Had she had another bender and fallen asleep on the floor of her office again? Fuck, Kahlee was going to have her ass for being a bad example to the students again.

"I think she's waking up," said a voice through her unconscious haze. Not Kahlee, and not one of her students. She felt somebody grab onto her shoulders, and tried to send out a light biotic pulse to swat them away.

But she felt a slight pain in her temples, and quickly realized that her biotics were being suppressed. And that was what finally made Jack come to her senses, blink her eyes open, and grab for the blurry shape in front of her and take them down to the floor.

"Who are you? Where the fuck are we?" she growled, as she twisted around and rested her weight on top of the other person. She reared a fist back and bared her teeth. "You better start answering questions, or I swear..."

"Jack, it's me!" said the woman, and as Jack's eyes focused on the terrified face below her, she felt a twinge of recognition. "Samantha Traynor! We both served with Commander Shepard!"

"Traynor," Jack said, racking her brain and finally remembering that party at Shepard's apartment. "Oh, yeah. The one with the hots for the robo-babe." Glancing downward, Jack frowned. "So, why the hell are you naked?"

Traynor let out a pained sigh. "Same reason you and your friend are, I suppose. I think our captors get a kick out of humiliating us like this."

After hearing the word "friend," Jack released her grip on Traynor and jumped to her feet. She scanned the room, recognizing it as one of the cargo decks on the Normandy, and spotted Jenny Madigan sitting against an empty weapons crate near the outer wall. The poor thing was shivering, naked like Traynor was, and as Jack felt cool air brush against her, she finally noticed that she had been stripped as well. The thought of those Cerberus bitches tearing off her clothes while she was unconscious made her even angrier than she already was.

Trying her best to suppress her rage for now, Jack left Traynor and knelt down in front of Jenny. "You okay, kid?" she said. "They didn't hurt you, did they?"

Jenny shook her head, eyes wide and terrified. "No, ma'am," she said. Even so, Jack noticed that Jenny's hands were clutching her lower torso.

"No need to play tough, kid, let me see," Jack said, reaching over to pry Jenny's hands away from her body.

Jenny fought against Jack's grip. "No, it's fine, really! I'm not hurt, I just..."

Jack finally managed to yank Jenny's hands away, revealing a darkened patch of flesh underneath. But it wasn't a bruise or gunshot wound. It was a tattoo. An omega symbol that looked almost identical to the one that Jack wore on her back.

For a moment, Jack was at a loss, as Jenny blushed beet red and averted her eyes. Finally, Jack
gave her a wry chuckle. "Shoulda let me know you wanted to get some ink, kid," she said. "That one's pretty good, but I know a few guys who could have made it look a lot better."

The embarrassed teenager said nothing, and Jack stood up and gave Jenny her space. Dumb kid. It wasn't that Jack hadn't noticed the puppy dog glances the girl had been giving her, that wide goofy grin she'd get whenever Jack praised her. It just wasn't something she was used to dealing with.

Back in the old days, if some pretty young thing had been making eyes at her, Jack would have just told her to fuck off. Or, if she was in the mood, might have taken her up on it. But neither of those would have been an option with one of her students.

Going soft. She'd have never been in this position if she hadn't let Shepard be such a "good" influence on her. The old Jack would have kept fighting these fuckers until they had no choice but to kill her. Would have never let herself be taken captive like this, especially not by Cerberus. But when one of her students was in danger, that was when she got stupid. If she wasn't such a goddamn sap...

But what was done was done. Turning to Traynor, who had gotten back up on her feet from Jack's earlier attack, Jack decided she'd better get up to speed. "So what the fuck is going on here?" she asked. "That woman who nabbed us looked just like Shepard. But I know damn well that ain't her."

"I'm afraid I know about as much as you do," Traynor said, bashfully covering up her naked body now that she had "cellmates." "We saw the videos on the news, Shepard or someone claiming to be her saying she had rejoined Cerberus. And then out of nowhere, they came and took me and Kelly."

"Kelly? You mean you and Kelly Chambers?" Jack said, then shrugged. "Guess I ain't that surprised." Glancing around the cargo bay, Jack furrowed her brow. "Looks like the old Normandy shrink isn't stuck in her with us, though. Where'd they go with her? Shit, they didn't..." she mimed a pistol pointed to her temple.

Traynor shook her head. "The one claiming to be Shepard and the other one... Brooks, I think she's called, they're forcing Kelly to work for Cerberus. Don't know what she's doing or why they wanted her so bad, but I assume she's somewhere else on the Normandy."

"Fucking Cerberus," Jack spat. "Figures they'd have to put guns to some heads to get competent people working for them. Can't believe after all the shit they pulled back during the war, anybody with an ounce of sanity would sign up with those bastards willingly."

"I'm not entirely sure that a clean psych report is a prerequisite for admission into Cerberus these days," Traynor said. "The ones that I've seen so far have been..."

The door to the cargo bay suddenly slid open, and a short-haired, well-built woman stepped inside, flanked by two other women in Phantom armor. "Sorry to interrupt your conversation," she said in a low, raspy voice. "What is it you were going to say about me and the rest of the team?"

"Nothing," Traynor said, glancing down at the floor and putting her hands behind her back.

"Thought so," the Phantom turned to Jack, and gave her a grin that revealed yellow-tinted teeth. "Hey, there, guinea pig. You put up quite a fight on the shuttle ride back. Glad to see that bump on the head didn't put you out of commission for good. Hate to let a warm cunt go to waste."
"Funny, I was just thinking the same thing," Jack said, giving the Phantom a sneering grin. "So how about you step over here, cunt, and we make it a fair fight this time?"

The Cerberus soldier clucked her tongue. "Fair fights are for suckers," she said. "And as much fun as me and my girls here would have beating you senseless and taking your ass, right about now we're just looking to relax and unwind a little," the Phantom glanced over at the cowering Jenny and gave her a leering grin. "Honestly, I think we're in the mood for something a little more... innocent tonight." She gestured to the two Phantoms at her side. "Ladies, let's go introduce our young guest here to the rest of the team, what do you say?"

"Sure thing, Rena," one of the two Phantoms said, as they advanced on Jenny. The young student gave a terrified glance to Jack as the Phantoms yanked her by her arms up to her feet, and started dragging her towards the door.

"Wait, don't!" Jack exclaimed. "You don't want to do this!"

Jack watched as Jenny struggled against the cold metal grips of the Phantoms, staring at Jack as if waiting for her to come to the rescue. In her mind's eye, Jack saw herself, the young girl she had been on Pragia, screaming as she was dragged off to another set of barbaric experiments.

Maybe she was going soft. But there was no damn way she was going to let these psycho bitches fuck with one of her students. Not if there was another way... as fucking disgusting as the idea of it was to her.

Rena glared at Jack. "And why wouldn't I want to? Young, sweet little thing like that... bet she's still got her cherry, even."

Jack took a step towards Rena. "Exactly why you don't wanna do this. Look at her," Jack said, gesturing at the sobbing Jenny. "Young, innocent... you shove this little girl's face into your twat, she'd barely even know what she was doing. Probably be too busy bawling like a baby to even know the first thing about getting you off, you know?"

Rena put thumb and forefinger to her chin, contemplating this. "You're probably right," she said, then casually shrugged. "But hey, we all gotta learn sometime, right?"

"Yeah, but how long is that shit gonna take?" Jack said, moving to stand in the way of the two Phantoms trying to carry away Jenny. "On the other hand, you've got me," she gave her best sultry look to Rena. "Shit, I've forgotten more about making a woman cum than most people in the galaxy ever even learned. You take me instead of Miss Innocent over here, and I promise that you won't regret it."

Rena seemed dubious. "And why should I trust you? Not sure I want to put my bare snatch anywhere near a mouth that was screaming 'I'll murder every last one of you Cerberus fuckers' just before we knocked you out."

"Hey, that was when I thought you were taking me to get sliced up like the last time Cerberus had me," Jack said, running a finger down one of the long scars on her arm. "But if all you ladies are after is a good time and a hot fuck, then I'm down."

After a long pause to consider, Rena finally gestured to her comrades, who released Jenny and let her tumble to the floor. "Fine," she said. "But you pull any funny business, do anything other than what I tell you to do, and I'm gonna come back up here and see what those scars of yours would
look like carved into this little morsel's flesh. Am I understood?"

"Completely," Jack said, forcing herself to smile in the face of this sick bitch, while inside she was cursing herself.

Soft. So damn soft. Willingly submitting to a bunch of Cerberus rapists just for some helpless little teenager. What the fuck happened to me?

As she started following Rena and the other two Phantoms out of the room, she felt a hand grab her arm from behind. "Jack, no!" she heard Jenny sob. "Please don't do this."

"Don't worry about me, Madigan," Jack said, turning around and laying a comforting hand on Jenny's bare shoulder. "Ain't nothing I haven't done before. Just sit tight, okay? I'll be back here before you know it."

But Jenny didn't seem reassured, and she still stared at Jack with desperate fear, her fingers clinging tightly to Jack's arm.

Dammit, I've put them off this time, Jack thought to herself. But I ain't gonna be able to keep them away from her forever.

"Time to go, Jack," Rena said, a hint of menace in her voice. "Unless maybe you've changed your mind."

Stepping forward, Traynor laid a hand on Jenny's shoulder. "Come on," she quietly said to Jenny, as she gently pulled her away and let her to the other side of the cargo bay. As she laid a comforting arm across Jenny, Traynor looked back over her shoulder and gave Jack a nod of reassurance.

Alright, then," Jack said, turning away from her fellow captives. "Let's get this party started, huh?"

So fucking soft, she thought as she was led out of the room, feeling a pain in her chest as she heard Jenny sobbing behind her, just before the door slid shut.
As she raised her hand to open the door, Kasumi realized that her hand was shaking slightly.

_Really, Miss Goto?_ she thought to herself as the door slid open. _So many times you were caught in a hail of bullets. So many heists where one mistake would mean being arrested or worse. And now, of all times... this is what makes you nervous?_

But it was true. Even through their last encounter had made it plain that Jacob was definitely interested, something about tonight was different. Jacob wasn't just some random guy in a bar, a one-night fling to relieve stress. He was a comrade-in-arms, a friend. And maybe it was her hormones talking, but Kasumi had a sense that she and Jacob had a potential to go somewhere more than just a few meaningless romps between the sheets. Tonight could be something special.

She stepped into his cabin, where Jacob was sitting at his desk having a conversation with someone on his vidscreen. He glanced up at the door opening, and seemingly no one entering, and smiled wryly to himself.

"Something the matter, Jacob?" said Tali's voice on the other end of the vidscreen. "If you have a visitor, I can call you back later."

"No, it's nothing," Jacob said. "What did you find out from the Cerberus files?"

"Less than I would have hoped," Tali said. "But more than I expected. I was able to retrieve message fragments from several coded transmissions sent from both Cerberus facilities. Unfortunately, I wasn't able to trace where they were going, but take a look at this."

Jacob squinted at something on his screen. "Looks like a bunch of gibberish to me."

"Yes, but here's the important thing: these are two different fragments from the Mindoir and Presrop bases. For the most part they're completely different, but this data, from the routing protocols, is exactly the same."

Jacob considered this, then it came to him. "They're both going to the same place."

"Exactly. If I were to guess, it looks like this new iteration of Cerberus has some sort of central facility. A place where both of these outposts were reporting to. If we could find out where this base is..."

"...we could stab Cerberus right through the heart," Jacob said, a trace of excitement in his voice at this new lead. "Tali, you're sure there is no way you could decode these fragments any more? Find out where these messages are going to."

"I doubt it. They were able to wipe too much of the data to get a clean sample to decode. Maybe when Glyph manages to repair those files Cerberus was trying to steal from the Citadel Archives, it will give us more of an idea on where to look next. Any idea when it'll be finished?"

Jacob deflated a little. "Still almost twelve hours to go, the last time I checked. Just keep working on those Cerberus files for now. We'll keep our present course to the colony on Ontarom, maybe we'll be able to track down some enemy activity there."
Disconnecting the call, Jacob leaned back in his chair, sighing wearily. He jolted a little as invisible hands clamped down on his shoulders and began massaging him from behind.

"Was beginning to wonder what was taking you so long," Jacob said with a smile to the seemingly empty space behind him.

"I had a few errands to run," Kasumi said, working her fingers deftly against Jacob's shoulders, loving the feel of the firm muscles underneath his uniform. "Sorry to keep you waiting."

"Thought maybe you'd changed your mind," Jacob said.

Kasumi softly chuckled. "You kidding? Nothing more fun than sneaking into the captain's quarters. Bit risky, but when the captain is such a... prize specimen, how could you resist?"

"Speaking of sneaking," Jacob lightly chided. "I seem to remember giving you an order to leave that device of yours back at your bunk, crewman."

Kasumi's hands left his shoulders, and Jacob heard light footsteps padding around his floor to the front of his desk. "Oh, goodness," Kasumi said. "That's right, you said bring anything but the tactical cloak the next time I visited."

Light shimmered in front of Jacob, and he arched an eyebrow as Kasumi materialized in front of him. Wearing a belt with her cloaking device attached to it... and not a stitch of clothing otherwise.

"You know me, I'm terrible at following orders sometimes," Kasumi said with a sultry smile, resting a hand on her naked hip. "Maybe I just need a big, strong leader to whip me into shape."

Jacob stood up from his desk, eyes roaming up and down Kasumi's pale flesh. "You walked around the ship like this?" he asked as he walked around his desk and made his way towards the naked thief.

"Figured it was only fair," Kasumi said, drawing in a shuddering breath as Jacob moved in close. "With me seeing just about every inch of you last time, I thought I should return the favor."

She was trying her best to keep up her cocky attitude, but with him so close to her, and her in such a delicate state, she could feel her heart pounding away in her chest.

"You look amazing, Kasumi," Jacob said, eyes locked on hers as he reached up a hand to caress her cheek.

"Jacob, this is..." Kasumi sighed, his touch making her quiver with desperate need. A part of her had worried, after years of imagining this moment, that it could never live up to the lofty expectations she had built up in her head. But as he leaned down, his lips pressing against hers with a fiery passion, all of her fantasies paled in comparison.

She reached up, wrapping her arms around Jacob's neck and returning his kiss with an intensity that even surprised her. She felt his tongue start to invade her mouth and met it with her own, letting out muffled moans of arousal as Jacob's body pressed against her bare skin.

Jacob's hand fell away from her cheek, but was soon felt again against one of her breasts, heaving from her rapid breaths. Jacob's thumb brushed against the hardened nub of her nipple, while his
fingers stroked along her tender flesh of her breast. Kasumi could feel herself starting to get wet already, the fulfillment of her long-held fantasy overwhelming her with arousal.

Breaking the kiss, Jacob gave Kasumi a smile. "Hold on," he said.

"Hold on, what..." Kasumi let out a surprised squeal as Jacob reached down and placed his hands behind her thighs. She gripped her arms tightly around Jacob's neck as he lifted her legs up off the floor and placed them around his waist. They kissed again as Jacob carried her over to the other side of the cabin, bending down and placing her in a sitting position on the end of his bed.

"What was it you were saying? About returning the favor?" Jacob asked, as he lowered himself down to kneel on the floor. Realizing his intentions, Kasumi shyly spread her legs and revealed her already dripping snatch to him. Her breath hitched as he slowly inserted two fingers between her sodden folds. As his fingers stroked her internal walls, his thumb began working against her sensitive clit. Kasumi bit her lip as she watched Jacob tease her most intimate areas with an expert touch.

With his fingers still working inside her, Jacob bent down, replacing his thumb with his tongue flicking against Kasumi's clit. Falling back on the bed with a low moan, Kasumi thrust her hips upward, while kneading her breasts and pinching at her nipples.

_Dammit, Kasumi. All the time you wasted,_ Kasumi chided herself. _I would have flown a dozen suicide missions if it meant I could have this man's tongue to look forward to after every firefight.

He was playing her like an instrument. Keeping her just on the edge of release, using his fingers, his lips, his tongue... all of them working together perfectly to drive her insane with lust.

"Please, Jacob..." Kasumi moaned, leaning her head up to stare at his head bobbing between her legs. "Please."

Jacob gave her an innocent look. "Please, what?" he asked, making Kasumi want to cry out at the feeling of his mouth leaving her pussy. "What do you want me to do, Kasumi?"

Funny, in her mind this moment had always played out like something out of a romance novel. Long kisses, warm embraces, and a tasteful pan to the fireplace. But in this moment, her head swimming with desire, her pussy throbbing and twitching, she didn't want to just make love to Jacob. That wasn't enough anymore.

"Fuck me, Jacob," Kasumi gasped. "Please fuck me."

"Yes, ma'am," Jacob said, rising to his feet and unfastening his uniform shirt. It took a considerable effort for Kasumi not to cum right then and there, as Jacob whipped off his top and revealed his sculpted chest, a light sheen of sweat glistening in the dim light of his cabin. As Jacob worked on unbuckling his pants, Kasumi scooted herself up on the bed, leaning her head against the pillows and keeping her legs spread and waiting.

Finally, Jacob pulled down his pants, his hard cock throbbing as he climbed onto the bed and between Kasumi's legs. Reaching down, he placed the head of his prick against Kasumi's opening, slick with saliva and her own arousal. He penetrated her slowly, teasingly, until finally Kasumi lost patience, wrapped her legs around his hips and forced him inside of her.

"Oh, God," Kasumi moaned, as Jacob's thickness entered into her, slowly at first and then
increasing in pace to a fast, steady rhythm inside of her. Closing her eyes, Kasumi savored the sensation of Jacob's cock pushing along her pulsing inner walls. The sound of his rapid grunts as he fucked her harder and harder, the cheap Alliance-issue bed underneath them creaking with the force of their energetic fucking.

Maybe it wasn't the sweeping romantic moment she had imagined, but god, did it feel amazing.

Just when Kasumi was starting to worry the cheap metal frame was going to collapse underneath them, Jacob thrust into her one last time, and she felt the warmth of his cum filling her insides. Reaching down, Kasumi stroked herself just above where Jacob's cock still impaled her, and within seconds she felt her own climax wash over her, the two of them almost breathing in unison as they were overwhelmed by the rush of pleasure.

Pulling out of her, Jacob rolled to his side and laid down beside Kasumi. For a while, the two of them just caught their breath, staring at the ceiling and riding the aftershocks of their powerful orgasms.

"So," Jacob said once he had recovered his breath, "was it worth the wait?"

"Can't say for certain," Kasumi said after some thought, looking over at him with a suggestive look. "Might have to do some further research tomorrow night to know for sure."

Jacob turned his head and smiled back at her, but it looked just a little forced. "Yeah, I'd like that. I mean, assuming I haven't been recalled back to Earth and reassigned to a salvage vessel by then, sure."

Kasumi turned on her side, resting her elbow on the pillow and leaning against her hand. "We're going to find them, Jacob. You have to believe we will."

"Yeah, everybody says that," Jacob said, staring up at the skylight and the stars drifting slowly by above them. "But still, here we are. Chasing our tails, no closer to Shepard and the Normandy than when we started. If it had been us kidnapped and Shepard was trying to find us, we'd already be tossing drinks back at Purgatory right now." He let out a frustrated groan. "No offense to all the folks on this ship who still have faith in me to carry this out, but right about now my faith in myself is just about tapped."

Kasumi placed a tender hand on his chest. "Jacob, you remember back on the Collector base? When Shepard had to choose someone to lead the second fireteam? You remember who she chose?"

Jacob nodded. "Of course I do. Looks like it might have been a poor judgment on her part."

"No, Jacob, it wasn't. Out of all the people she could have picked... Miranda, Garrus... she picked you. You were the one she trusted to have her back more than anyone else. And I bet if you could ask her, right now, who she'd want leading the team to find her and bring her home... her answer would be the same one from back at that Collector hellhole. She trusted in you, Jacob. Now you just have to trust in yourself, and we'll be able to pull this off."

Jacob pondered this, still staring up at the ceiling and not meeting Kasumi's eyes. "Maybe," he finally said. "Just wish that Cerberus was as easy to find as the Collectors were."

"Well, if it was easy, they wouldn't have needed somebody as amazing as you, would they?"
Kasumi said. Leaning over, she gave him a kiss on the cheek. "Get some rest, Jacob. When you wake up, we can see if Glyph has decoded those files, and figure out where to go from there."
Rolling over, Kasumi slid off the bed and onto her feet. "I should get back. Good night, Jacob."

"Kasumi, wait," Jacob said, and Kasumi glanced over her shoulder to see him turned on his side to face her. "I... think I'd like it if you stayed with me tonight. Could use a little company, I think."

Kasumi thought about Keiji, his greybox waiting back at her bunk. "Why, Jacob," Kasumi said, coming up with an excuse. "If somebody notices I'm not in my bunk tonight... whatever will the crew think?"

"Honestly? I don't give a damn," Jacob said. "Let them say whatever they want. Just... stay here tonight."

She hesitated a second more. But the look in Jacob's eyes finally stripped away her doubts. Pulling the covers aside, Kasumi settled back into bed, her back against Jacob as his strong arms enfolded her.

*Sorry, Keiji,* Kasumi thought, as sleep started to overtake her. *Guess I've got someone else to keep me company at night. For now, at least.*
Part 2: No One Leaves Cerberus (Normandy, Shuttle Hangar)

Jack felt eyes lock on her as the lift door opened into the hangar bay, and she felt herself shiver. *Just the cold air of this ship, she thought to herself. Them strutting you around naked like this, ain't no wonder you're quivering like a varren puppy.*

But it wasn't that. The hard, cold eyes that followed her as Rena paraded her through the hangar bay reminded her of way too many prison yards from years ago. Shit, she even recognized a few of the tattoos scattered on arms and chests around the room, from penitentiaries she'd done time in in the past.

*Looks like Cerberus is getting a little bit desperate for people,* Jack thought to herself. Back in the old days, when the first group calling themselves by that name was on her ass, she had to contend with well-trained mercs, most of them former Alliance military. People who were smart enough, clever enough to keep her on her toes almost every waking moment. Not a bunch of common thugs and criminals like these women.

Common thugs or not, though, she didn't stand much of a chance against them as she was now: buck fucking naked except for a biotic suppression collar. As much as it turned her stomach, it was the smart play right now to make like a whipped puppy for these women. Even removing Jenny from the equation, she knew now that it would be stupid to throw her life away on a suicidal attack right now. She'd be lucky to even take down one of them before the rest ripped her to shreds.

No, now was the time to be crafty. Make 'em all think she was beaten, and wait for the opportunity to slit some fucking throats.

*This is just what you needed,* Jack told herself, averting her eyes from the stares of the Phantoms and doing her best to look defeated. *A reminder of the wild fucking animal you used to be. Not some weak-ass teacher helping a bunch of scared little teenagers put up their first barrier. That ain't the real you. The real you's a caged beast, just waiting for her jailers to slip a hand too close to the bars so she can bite it off.*

"Here she is, ladies," Rena announced to the room, as she shoved Jack into the midst of the now-gathered Phantoms. "Got some hours to go before we hit our next drop. Figured we all could use a little entertainment."

Several of the Phantoms let out groans of disappointment. "What gives, Rena?" one of them asked, staring at Jack with a sneer. "Thought you were going to bring us the young meat."

"Yeah, this one looks like a fucking subway stop," another one joked, staring down at the tattoos all over Jack's naked body. "I like my pussy nice and pink, not looking like a little kid doodled all over it."

The group of them laughed, while Jack started at the floor looking whipped. *Laugh it up, bitches,* she thought to herself. *I still got a bare piece of flesh or two to fit a few skulls. They'll be fond reminders of when I skinned you all alive like fucking pigs.*

"Hey, shut it!" Rena finally yelled out. "You ladies don't like it, you know where the fucking door is. Besides, Jack here tells me she's got the skills to make you all squirt like firehoses. Ain't that right?"

"Eh, screw it," one of the Phantoms who protested before said with a shrug. "A tongue is a tongue, and a cunt is a cunt."

Rena stared around at the Phantoms with a grin. "How about you ladies get yourselves ready? Get all those fucking clothes off and pick your favorite toys. I'm going to get our Alliance slut here all warmed up for you."

As the Phantoms returned to their bunks and started stripping off their armor and underwear, Rena grabbed one of them and leaned in to speak quietly into her ear. The Phantom nodded, and then went over to the lift at the back of the hangar bay.

With whatever conversation she had just had concluded, Rena turned her attention to Jack. Reaching into her back pocket, Rena pulled out a lighter and some sort of herbs wrapped up in rolling papers. Sticking the joint between her lips and lighting it up, Rena took a long puff and exhale, before removing it from her mouth and offering it to Jack. "Want some? Good stuff: Earth-grown ganj, mixed with a little red sand," Rena said, sudden friendliness in her low, raspy voice. Jack shook her head. "You sure? It'll get you nice and loose for what's about to come."

Jack shook her head again, then pointed towards the lift door. "Where'd she go?" she asked. "You send her to bed without her supper?"

Rena let out a laugh that turned into a cough, smoke gusting out of her mouth as she continued to smoke. "Just sent her off to fetch a few things from Miss Lezayen. My boss may be a bit of a weirdo, but she sure doesn't skimp when it comes to good sex toys."

"Always a sign of a born leader," Jack said wryly. She glanced down at Rena's arms, exposed by her sheer tanktop. "So, what got you sent to Elkmore?"

Glancing down at the tattoo on her left bicep, Rena grinned. "Recognize that one, huh? Drug smuggling, actually. Red sand, Hallex, Minagen X-3. You name it, I could get that shit for you. Funny, back then I never really did any of the physical shit. Always had people to do it for me," Rena said, flexing her arms and the bionically-enhanced muscles underneath. "But after Cerberus signed me up and gave me all that Phantom-enhancement shit... man, if those hacks back at Elkmore could see me now, they'd be pissing in their pants."

"Yeah, Cerberus is pretty good at fucking with your body like that," Jack said, glancing around to see several of the Phantoms finish shedding their clothes, grabbing strap-ons and other toys in preparation for what was to come.

"Suppose you'd know about that, huh," Rena said, her stare running along the surgical scars on Jack's body. "Yeah, you would. Morgan's told me all about you, Subject Zero. The shit Cerberus did to you, and all the carnage you caused when you broke free. Told me you hate Cerberus more than anything else." Taking another puff on her joint, she gave Jack a smirk. "Which is why I think you'll understand when I tell you... I don't exactly trust your sudden decision to be our willing party guest, ya know?"

Jack stared back at Rena with cold eyes. "Look, I told you. I'll do whatever you and your team want me to do."
"I know you will," Rena said, as several of the Phantoms, now naked, returned to stand around Jack. "But let's just say I don't wanna leave anything to chance. Ladies!"

Jack felt powerful hands clamped around her arms, as she was suddenly drug backwards, deeper into the hangar bay. The two Phantoms at her side eventually shoved her down to her backside against one of the safety railings that surrounded the exposed machinery recessed in the floor. They forced her arms behind her back, and she felt cold metal around her wrists as handcuffs clicked into place.

As the two Phantoms stepped away, leaving her secured and unable to move from her spot on the floor, Jack rattled the handcuffs and gave Rena a confused look. "Hey, I ain't got no problem with this kinky shit. But I ain't gonna be able to do much for you ladies down here," she said to Rena and the rest of the room. "Unless you're all satisfied with just a little tongue action."

"Actually, Jack, I got a bit of a confession to make to you," Rena said. Bending down and crouching next to her, the Phantom took another pull on her joint and blew the smoke in Jack's face. "See, thing is... I didn't bring you here to fuck you. Or to have my teammates fuck you. I brought you here... to let you know how things are going to be from now on."

The lift doors slid open, and Jack's eyes went wide with horror.

"For you... and for your little girlfriend," Rena said, as the Phantom who had left earlier returned. Not bearing sex toys, but leading a dazed-looking Jenny.

"You... bitch..." Jack seethed, as the naked Phantoms throughout the hangar bay let out appreciative whoops and cries at the arrival of the young biotic.

Rena let out a raspy chuckle. "'Bitch.' A weird word to use around this place. What with the boss lady's weird definition of the term. Can't say I'm into all those weird rules and shit that she goes by. But I will give her one thing: taking a confident, powerful woman like you and taking the time to break her... now that sounds like fun. And a lot more interesting than just settling for boring old rape, wouldn't you say?"

Standing up, Rena walked over to Jenny, who seemed strangely sedate. "You were right about one thing, Jack," Rena said as she turned to stand next to Jenny. "A terrified, weeping little girl like your friend here was before... wouldn't be much fun for me and my ladies here. So that's why I had Kara here slip little Jenny a little pick-me-up before she brought her down." Turning to Jenny, Rena placed a finger under her chin and raised her head up from staring at the floor. "So tell me, Jenny. How are you feeling right now?"

Jenny blinked twice, staring at Rena like she didn't understand the question. Finally, her lips creased in a light smile. "I dunno. Kinda... kinda funny."

Rena grabbed Jenny as she stumbled. "Hey, hey, calm down now. Jack's doing just fine." Rena shot a glance over in Jack's direction, eyes narrowed. "Isn't that right, Jack? Aren't you doing alright? Don't worry the poor girl, now."

"Yeah," Jack said, struggling to keep her rage bottled up. As much as she hated following this bitch's orders, she didn't want to think about what the penalties might be for disobeying. "Don't worry about me, Madigan. I'm just fine."
"Oh," Jenny said, and suddenly let out a giggle. "Okay." She turned to Rena and gave her a crooked grin. "I feel funny. Like... like my head's all swimmy. Feels... kinda good."

Rena nodded. "That's great, Jenny. Me and my friends, we were so worried when we first brought you on the ship. You were so scared. Glad to see you've calmed down a little."

Jenny giggled again, and Jack felt her blood run cold. *Bitch slipped her a fucking Hallex,* Jack said, well familiar with the signs of the euphoric drug from her own time in loud and dirty Omega clubs. And Jenny was only experiencing the initial rush right now. Once it started taking full effect...

"I was... what happened again?" Jenny said, running a hand through her frazzled red hair. "Me and Lauren, we... hey, Jack, we going back to AIBL soon? Lauren and me, we... we were gonna..."

Jenny lost her train of thought, and let out another dopey laugh. "Forgot what I was gonna say. Feeling... kinda tingly..."

"We'll be going back soon," Jack lied to her. *Goddamn that bitch,* she thought to herself, knowing what was coming and dreading what it was going to due to the innocent young Jenny when the full effect of Rena's Hallex hit her brain.

Rena laid a hand on Jenny's shoulder. "You heard her. Won't be long now, and you'll be home safe again. But before we get back to you and your friends, me and my friends thought you might like to have a little fun with us."

"Su... sure," Jenny said, and Jack could see her start squirming. The Hallex was no doubt hitting her system hard now. She could see the teenager's cheeks start to flush, her thighs clenching together as the effect of the drug steadily reduced her inhibitions and jacked up her arousal levels.

"But before that... tell me something," Rena said, pointing toward Jack helpless on the floor. "Your teacher, Jack... do you like her? I mean... do you like her?"

Jenny looked at Jack, biting her lip and looking a bit uncertain. "Um... but she's right there," Jenny said to Rena, trying to whisper but unable to modulate her own volume in her drugged-out state.

"It's okay, Jenny," Rena said, giving Jack a leering grin. "You can be honest with me."

Looking over her shoulder at Jack, nervously running a hand through her hair, Jenny finally confessed. "I like her. I like her a lot. She makes me soooo hot," Jenny said with a giggle.

"Oh, I can tell," Rena said. She reached a hand out to grope Jenny's breast, the teenager too caught up in her euphoria to offer much of a protest. "Ever since I brought you in here, you're burning up."

"I... I don't know what's going on..." Jenny said, as Rena teased at her erect nipple with her thumb. "I'm so... so..." she looked ashamed as she quietly said, "...horny..."

Rena continued groping Jenny's breast, reaching up with her free hand to pull the joint out of her mouth and exhale another puff. "You like that, Jenny? You like the way I'm touching you?"

Jenny looked embarrassed, but nodded her head.

"Bet you wish it was Jack doing this to you right now, don't you?" Rena said, clamping her joint back between her teeth and then brazenly breezing her hand down through the red tuft of Jenny's
pubic hair and into her crotch. "And this? You want Jack to do this to you?"

"Yessss..." Jenny moaned, as Rena fingered her dripping pussy. Throwing her head back and moaning, she undulated her hips against Rena's probing fingers.

"Tell me what you want, Jenny," Rena said, her voice husky and seductive. "Close your eyes, pretend I'm Jack, and tell me what you want me to do."

Doing as instructed, Jenny gasped and moaned as she wantonly pressed her hips against Rena's hand. "Touch me, Jack," she said, and whether the heated longing in her voice was just the Hallex talking, or a result of long-hidden desires, Jack wasn't sure. "I want you to touch me everywhere. My breasts, my... my pussy... I want to taste you. To feel you. I want... I want you to fuck me, Jack. Please fuck me. I want you so bad."

Pulling her hands away, Rena stepped away from the moaning teenager. "Well, maybe we'll let you do that, you horny little slut. But first, you gotta prove to Jack that you're ready for it. That you're not just some innocent little schoolgirl. You think you can do that, Jenny?"

Jenny nodded so hard, Jack thought she might snap her own neck. "Yes, yes. Oh, please, I need it so bad!" Jenny replaced Rena's hand with her own, opening touching herself without a thought to who was watching.

Rena gestured to the rest of the Phantoms, who had been standing and watching the spectacle with hungry expressions. "She's ready, ladies. Enjoy yourselves."

One of the Phantoms, completely naked, pushed through the rest of the group and clamped a hand down on Jenny's shoulder. "On your knees," she said to Jenny. "You do well down there licking cunt, I'll put in a good word with your sweetheart."

Nodding, too lost in the effects of the Hallex to resist, Jenny dropped to her knees on the floor and started working her tongue against the burly Phantom's slit.

Another one of the Phantoms knelt down behind Jenny, reaching around her and pushing her fingers into Jenny's slit. "Little slut is dripping wet," the Phantom announced to the rest of the room, the ladies laughing as they watched the teenager sloppily lap at their teammate's cunt.

"Hey, don't stick anything inside that cunt just yet!" Rena yelled out. "I've got first crack at that."

As the Phantoms jockeyed for position, and another one ushered the first aside and yanked Jenny's head down into her crotch, Rena casually strolled over to the seething Jack.

"Here's what you need to understand going forward," Rena said, crouching down next to Jack again. "If I want to fuck you... I'm going to fuck you. If I want to fuck this little redhead slut, I'm going to fuck her. Whatever thoughts are going through your head of outsmarting us, about escaping... forget about them all. From this point on, you're not members of the Alliance. Fuck, you're not even fucking humans anymore. You're playthings. Slaves. You'll do what you're told, without question. And if you don't..." Rena glanced over at the Phantoms and Jenny, another Phantom moaning as Jenny's amateur attempts at eating snatch managed to bring her to a climax. "Well, how's that old preachy advert go? 'You don't need drugs to have a good time.' You give me any trouble... and next time we'll skip the Hallex."

"You're not going to get away with this," Jack snarled at her. "I don't care if you've got the
Normandy, or the entire goddamn Alliance fleet on your side. You... the blond bitch... that fake Shepard and her partner... all of you are going to die."

Rena took the threat with an indifferent shrug. "We're all going to die, Subject Zero," Rena said the old designation mockingly. "But it's like they say: it's all about what you do with the time that's given to you. And right about now, there's no place I'd rather be than deep inside that little pink snatch."

Standing up, Rena pulled off her tanktop, careful not to let it brush against the joint in her mouth as she exposed her bare breasts. "Give me a cock," she called out to one of the Phantoms, as she unbuckled her pants and let them drop to the floor.

By now, Jenny was on her hands and knees on the deck, another Phantom lying in front of her with her legs spread wide to allow Jenny's tongue access to her cunt. The Hallex was still in full effect, and Jenny smiled as she happily ate out one of her captors.

Walking in amongst the group of Phantoms, Rena let her panties drop to the floor, as one of the group handed her a strap-on.

"Tell me, Jenny," Rena said, as she donned and activated the sensory strap-on, kneeling down behind the drugged teenager. "You ever been fucked before?"

Pulling her head away from the wet snatch in front of her, a mixture of several Phantom's cunt-juices glistening on her chin, Jenny shook her head. "Unh unh."

"So, you still got your cherry, then," Rena said, giving Jack a wicked glance as she lined up the strap-on against Jenny's moist slit. "You don't mind that I'm your first, do you?"

Jenny let out a low, desperate moan, moving her hips up and down against the tip of the fake cock and soaking the head with her fluids. "Just fuck me... please..." she gasped. "I need it so bad..."

"How could I say no to that?" Rena said, grabbing Jenny by the hips and pushing the thick strap-on deep inside of her.

"Aaaaannngh!" Jenny cried out, as the strap-on burst through her hymen and penetrated deep inside her. Jack winced as she watched Rena strip away Jenny's virginity, the strap-on pulling out of Jenny's cunt with the lightest traces of blood on its surface. Jack knew from experience that Hallex enhanced all sensation, not just pleasure. The pain of being deflowered twisted Jenny's drugged-out expression into a mask of agony, one that lasted for a few minutes after Rena began fucking Jenny in earnest.

But the pain soon subsided, and was quickly forgotten by Jenny in her altered state. Soon she was moaning again, driving her hips back in time to the thrusts of Rena's strap-on. "So good," she moaned. "Feels so good. Fuck me, Jack. Fuck me harder..."

"Hey!" said the Phantom lying in front of Jenny, grabbing her roughly by the hair and dragging her face back down into her crotch. "Shut the fuck up and get back to work!"

A long while later, Rena let out a long gust of smoke from her lungs as she made one last thrust into Jenny's pussy. Standing up with a grin, she removed the strap-on from her waist and tossed it casually to the next Phantom in line. Jenny shifted to allow the new woman behind her better access, and let out a groan of pleasure as the cock sank into her again, the aroused noise muffled by
a fresh cunt being pressed into her face.

One after another, the women used Jenny in every position imaginable. Jack lost track of time as
the Phantoms laughed and passed the strap-on to each other, the Hallex in Jenny's system keeping
her wet and moaning during the whole horrifying gangbang.

In her head, Jack imagined them all dead. Their heads shattered, their blood and brain matter
coating her fists. In the end, it was the only thing that kept her sane.
"Isn't it nice to see them all getting along so well?" the clone said with a syrupy glee in her voice, leaning down to pat Shepard on the cheek.

Shepard watched the video screen in front of her, and the image of Jack struggling against her bonds as one of her students was being gangbanged by strap-on wearing Phantoms. Not that she wanted to watch, but her current position left her with little choice.

Their tormentors had brought a chair into the cabin when they'd arrived back from their latest kidnapping. Grabbing ropes and ordering Shepard to have a seat, they wrapped the bonds around her body in an elaborate configuration. The coarse fibers that kept her arms bound behind her back also criss-crossed around her breasts tightly, every slight shift that Shepard made causing them to shift and grate against her tender skin. Her legs were also tied against the arms of the chair, leaving them forced open in a spread position.

"A very enticing picture, indeed. But they're not doing anything to Jack, love," Brooks observed, glancing over at the screen before turning to Shepard and delivering a rough slap to one of Shepard's tightly bound tits. Shepard moaned into the ballgag jammed into her mouth, the impact of Brooks's hand delivering a searing pain to her already aching breast. "Beginning to think maybe it was a mistake to not slit that little redhead's throat when we had the chance."

Moving over to the other side of the chair, the clone matched Brooks's strike to Shepard, to her right breast this time. "Ah, you know how my lesser twin is. I'm sure her heart aches so terribly to see anyone suffer like this. Even if it is somebody she doesn't know."

"She does have quite the hero complex," Brooks said, moving with businesslike precision as she retrieved a set of metal clamps from nearby and began applying them to Shepard's flushed breasts. Shepard let out agonized grunts as each of them bit roughly into her flesh. "But if we're willing to settle for that, why are we bothering to track down Shepard's comrades in the first place? Why not just abduct seven random women to torment?"

As one of Brooks's clamps found her nipple, Shepard jerked in pain, the ropes around her breasts biting deep into her skin. Struggling to focus on anything other than the agony these women were causing her, Shepard watched the screen, as the Phantoms down below finished up with Jack's student. One of them crouched down to say something to Jack – no doubt further threats to keep her in line – and then unfastened the handcuffs from Jack's wrists. Shepard waited for Jack to retaliate, but after a firm shove from the Phantom, Jack obediently followed Jenny as the two of them were ushered back into the lift.

"Eh, so they're neglecting one of this faker's idiot followers for now," the clone said, directing another slap to Shepard's breast and grinning at the muffled grunt of pain it elicited. "I'm sure they'll get around to sticking it to Jack eventually. Besides, we've got plenty more where that came from. Let's check in on our security chief and her little pet."

The image on the video changed to the XO's office, and a sight that was by now becoming familiar. Morgan had Ashley bent over her desk, her thick cock pistoning down into Ash's rear passage, with a look of pure bliss on her face as she anally raped her docile captive. But Morgan wasn't alone.
"Looks like our security chief's doing some entertaining," Brooks observed. On the screen, several male members of the crew stood on the other side of the desk, their pants unzipped and their cocks at full attention. One of them was currently holding Ash by the sides of the head, and vigorously fucking her mouth. After several seconds of this, he pulled his cock out from between Ash's lips, and fired his cum towards her face. Ash closed her eyes and stoically took the globs of sticky white fluid, as they splattered against her face and dripped down from her cheeks and eyebrows onto the desk below her. The video wasn't of the highest resolution, but from the light spots already dotting Ash's face and on the surface of Morgan's desk, the crewman currently wiping the head of his spent prick across Ash's mouth hadn't been the first to blow his load on her face.

And as the crewman stepped aside to allow another from the group to move into position, and Ash obediently opened her mouth for the next cock in line, it was obvious he wouldn't be the last, either. Morgan grinned at the satisfied crewman stepping away, and raised up a hand to offer him a firm high-five. All while never pausing in her rough thrusts into Ash's asshole.

"My goodness, look at that obedient little slut," Brooks said, as she crouched down between Shepard's thighs and produced a buzzing, high-powered vibrator. "Maybe we should ask Morgan to bring her bitch up here and join us for a little fun. Let Ashley get a taste of her former commander's moist little cunt like she did for Miss Chambers earlier," Brooks pressed the vibrator against Shepard's groin, the insistent buzz of the device against Shepard's clit sending a rush of terrible pleasure to mix with the agonizing pain in her chest. "Or maybe let Miss Williams practice those cocksucking skills on our strap-ons. What do you think?"

"Why bother? When we've got such a talented tongue right under our own roof?" the clone said. Walking away from Shepard and Brooks, the clone strode naked over to the other side of the cabin. Dangling upside-down from one of the ceiling beams, Liara struggled against the ropes that bound her arms behind her back. The movement did little more, though, than make her cry out in pain against her gag, as the weights that dangled from clips attached to her nipples swung and yanked downward on the sore nubs of skin.

Picking up her sensory strap-on and setting it into position around her hips, the clone positioned herself in front of the dangling Liara. Naturally, the helpless asari was hung at the perfect height; her head and mouth lined up with the fake cock jutting out lewdly from the clone's hips.

The clone reached down and unfastened the gag from Liara. "Would you like me to let you down?" the clone asked Liara.

"I... I only want what you want," Liara blandly responded. After several days at the mercy of the clone and Brooks, she and Shepard had learned early that expressing a personal opinion on almost anything, other than the one they wanted you to have, was just asking for punishment.

"Hmm, well, that's convenient," the clone said with a smirk. "Because what I want right now is for you to suck my cock. So, since you want what I want, does that mean you want to suck my cock?"

Liara nodded, the movement jostling the weights dangling from her breasts and making her wince.

"Say it," the clone demanded. "Tell me what you want, Liara."

"I want to suck your cock," Liara said.

The clone grinned. "I don't know. You don't sound very convincing."
It was the clone's favorite thing, from what Shepard and Liara could tell, about this whole situation. It wasn't enough that she had them both at her mercy, to do whatever she wanted to with them. No... they had to ask for it. To beg the clone to rape them, to torment them. The more they asked for it, the hotter the clone would get.

Knowing what their captor was looking for, Liara tried her best to sound overcome with desire as she spoke. "I want you to stick your cock down my throat. I want you to fuck my face and make me gag on your prick. Please let me suck your cock. Please... Shepard."

That was the big one, the one that always made the clone the happiest. Hearing Liara call her "Shepard," the clone thrust her hips forward, sending the strap-on cock past Liara's lips and down into her mouth.

"Isn't that just like an asari for you?" Brooks said to Shepard, keeping the vibrator buzzing against Shepard's crotch as she spoke. "Act all superior and intelligent, but put a cock in front of their face and they just can't resist opening up wide." Looking over at the clone as she humped her groin against Liara's face, Brooks sighed. "Still don't know why you settle for such an easy fuck, love. Just think about how many other filthy cocks have been in that mouth of hers. You'd better wash that thing off good once you're finished."

The clone didn't respond, too busy enjoying Liara's lips around her synthetic prick to even acknowledge Brooks.

"Disgusting," Brooks muttered, giving Shepard a disbelieving look as she kept the vibrator buzzing against Shepard's clit, Shepard squirming to try and shift away from the maddening pleasure. "I love her dearly, but she has inherited some of your worst traits. A weakness for freakish things like the asari, for instance."

Brooks glanced back at the screen, where all of the male crewmembers had finished shooting their loads into Ash's face and left the room, leaving Ash with a face covered in cum, and Morgan's massive cock still pummeling her insides. Morgan, finally pulling her slick rod out from between Ash's asscheeks, muttered something to her captive. Ash, cum spilling down onto her tits as she moved, got off the desk and dropped down on her knees. As Ash wrapped her lips around Morgan's cock and rapidly bobbed her head on its length, Shepard heard Brooks let out an intrigued sound. "I mean, if you're going to fuck a freak, somebody like Morgan there is way more my speed. If it wasn't for her strange little rules, I'd have her up here in a heartbeat working that cock inside every hole it would fit into."

"Oh,fuck," the clone moaned behind them. "Hey, babe, turn that helpless bitch around. I want to make sure she gets a good look while her asari sweetie rides me."

"Your wish is my command, love," Brooks said, pulling the vibrator away from Shepard's cunt and rising to her feet. The last thing Shepard saw on the video screen was Morgan adding her massive payload of cum to the fluids already dripping from Ash's face, and Ash sticking out her tongue to let it drip down into her mouth, before Brooks stepped behind her chair and tipped it slightly backwards. The ropes around her body tightened and dug into her skin as the chair spun around, Shepard's view changing to watch the clone untie the bonds hanging Liara from the ceiling and
lower her gently to the floor.

"There we go," the clone said, untying the last ropes from Liara's body. With that task done, the clone moved to the bed and lay down on her back. Liara, knowing what was expected of her at this point, positioned herself above the clone, her slit lined up with the strap-on jutting into the air.

"Pl... please, Shepard," Liara said, her eyes downcast as she hovered above the strap-on ready to penetrate her. "May I please let you fuck me, Shepard?"

The clone didn't answer, simply leaning forward slightly to put her hands on Liara's waist and press her slowly, but firmly, downward. Liara let out a slight gasp as the strap-on cock parted her labia and entered slowly inside of her. Once the synthetic cock was fully inside of Liara, the clone removed her hands, waiting in expectation for Liara to get to work.

Slowly, Liara brought her hips up off of the strap-on, before letting herself sink back down onto it. The clone watched with a hungry leer as Liara began bouncing up and down on the strap-on.

"I wonder how much longer you'll last, Shepard," Brooks said from behind Shepard. Crouching down, she again took hold of one of the clamps on Shepard's breasts, yanking it around and around and tugging Shepard's tender skin in every direction. "How much longer your mind will be able to take it, before you... snap." Brooks punctuated the word by roughly yanking the clamp off, the metal of the device scraping against Shepard's skin as it was hastily removed. The pain was indescribable, and Shepard cried out into her gag again while Brooks put her fingers on another one of the clamps. "The pain of seeing your loved ones captured, tortured, raped..." Brooks yanked off another clamp. "And knowing that there's absolutely nothing you can do to stop it. You may be strong. You may think you can tough it out." Another clamp yanked off, another sharp pain in Shepard's aching breast. "But even the great Commander Shepard must have her limits. Even Commander Shepard's mind can only withstand so much misery, so much mental and physical anguish, before it simply breaks."

As Brooks continued pulling clamps off Shepard's breasts, Liara was moaning and gasping as she rode the clone's strap-on. Her breasts bounced with every downward thrust onto the fake cock, now glistening with her slick juices. "So good," Liara moaned, throwing her head back and pausing in her bouncing to roll her hips around and let the strap-on inside her press against her inner walls. "Feels so good, Shepard," she said, keeping her gaze focused on the clone, making sure she knew that these words were directed toward her.

"Looks like your asari slut has gotten pretty good at faking it," Brooks observed to Shepard, grabbing both of the clamps on her nipples and tugging at them.

The clone gave Shepard a cocky smile. "Faking it? I don't know. I think Liara's beginning to realize what she's been missing all this time." The clone looked to Liara. "Tell the truth: you like fucking me a lot more than you ever did that little faker over there, don't you?"

"I do," Liara said, licking her lips as she continued bouncing her hips on the strap-on penetrating her. "I love fucking you so much. It's so good, Shepard. It's never been this good before."

"Hear that?" the clone said, giving Liara a firm slap on the ass that only increased the pace of her bouncing. "Think your sweetheart here is realizing how amazing it is to be with the real Commander Shepard. She's never going to settle for cheap fakes anymore."

"My girl," Brooks said to Shepard, her voice quiet and barely audible over the sounds of Liara's
heated moans. "She may be a great fuck, but she's not the sharpest knife in the drawer. Your little asari slut isn't *that* good of an actress."

Oblivious to her lover's words, the clone threw her head back against the pillow and groaned, the sensory strap-on sending the feel of Liara's clenching walls around her virtual cock directly through her nervous system. "Almost there. Harder, Liara, harder."

"Oh, Shepard. I love it," Liara moaned. "It's so... so..."

And with that, Liara stopped bouncing, leaned forward against the clone, and kissed her directly on the lips.
The Phantoms ushered Jack and Jenny back into the cargo bay, giving Jack a shove into the room before shutting the door and locking it.

Traynor looked up in concern as they arrived. "Are you alright?" Traynor said.

Jack fought the urge to laugh in her face. Alright? Yeah, we're just peachy, she thought. Out loud, she said, "I'm fine. But Madigan..."

They both looked over at the red-headed teenager. From the dreamy look on her face and the way she rubbed her hands along her own body, she was still riding the Hallex high.

"Oh, Jack," she moaned, looking at her teacher with heavy-lidded eyes. Her tongue slipped out and ran along her lips as she stared wantonly at Jack. "Did you see me? How sexy I was in there? It felt so... amazing."

Jack sighed. She wasn't looking forward to what was going to happen when the drug wore off. "Yeah, kid, I saw. Now how about you take a seat over there? When that shit wears off, you're probably gonna feel like you threw out ten shockwaves all at once. Don't want you passing out and hitting your head or something."

"But Jack," Jenny looked at Jack with a pouty expression. "I still feel so good." She edged closer to Jack, trying her best to rub her naked body against her teacher's own flesh. "Didn't you think I was sexy in there? Don't you want to... do things to me?"

"Kid, listen to me," Jack said, holding a hand up to push Jenny back to arm's length. "Right now, I know you think that's what you want, but trust me. You don't."

Jenny ran her hands through her hair and batted her eyes at Jack. "What I said in there... it was all true. I think you're so amazing. So cool, so sexy... Every night when I'm in my bunk, I think about you calling me into your office, ripping all my clothes off, and taking me." Jenny giggled, as she surreptitiously slipped a hand down between her legs to rub herself. "Just like all those crimes that were in your record. You wanted to do something, you went out and did it. And you wanted to have something... you didn't ask. You just took it. So take me, Jack. I'm yours, so just take me like you took everything else you ever wanted."

"That was a long time ago, Madigan," Jack said, as Jenny continued trying to move in closer. "I don't really operate like that anymore."

"Please, Jack," Jenny moaned, fingers busily stroking her clit as she tried to force herself past Jack's warding hand. "Use me. Fuck me like some cheap whore on Omega. Hit me, spit on me, I don't care what you do. Just as long as I'm yours, I'll let you do whatever you want to me."

Part of her couldn't help but be surprised at the wild side the seemingly shy, innocent student had been hiding all this time. The Hallex may have loosened up her inhibitions, but the desires she was expressing right now were definitely all her. Shit, if circumstances had been different... if Jenny wasn't her student, and Jack wasn't her teacher...

No. Fuck, she couldn't even make herself think that way. The thought of using one of her students
like that was almost enough to make her retch. Raising up her other hand and taking Jenny by the
shoulders, Jack led her to the far side of the cargo bay and lightly pressed her against the wall. "I'll
make you a deal, Madigan. If you can sit still against this wall for the next..." Jack made her best
guess on when the drug would wear off. "Twenty minutes or so. If you do that for me, then I'll
come over and rock your world once the time is up. Sound good?"

Jenny didn't look happy with the thought of waiting to fulfill her long-hidden desires, but she
obediently nodded and sat down against the wall. "I'm gonna keep myself nice and wet for you,
Jack," Jenny said, lewdly spreading her legs and rubbing her fingers around and inside her twat.

"Yeah, you do that," Jack said, happy to have the drugged-up, horny teenager out of her hair for a
little while. She turned her attention to Traynor, who had been watching all this take place with a
slightly queasy expression.

"Guess they've been doing that same shit to you too?" Jack said to the naked communications tech.

Traynor looked a little embarrassed to answer. "Actually, no," she finally said. "I thought they
were going to at first, but something that Kelly said to the head Phantom when she arrived...
Something about me being Kelly's bitch. Since then, they just threw me in this cargo bay and left
me alone."

Jack gave her a confused look. "The fuck? Guess Cerberus just had a hard-on for me and the
people I care about. And you're the only one here besides Kelly?"

"You're the first people I've seen besides those Phantoms since they threw me in here," Traynor
said. "But I'm guessing whoever this fake Shepard is, she probably has the real one stowed away
somewhere. And the blond one... Morgan, they called her. She mentioned something about
'claiming' another prisoner. So I don't think we're the only ones here."

"Probably not," Jack said, something suddenly nagging at her. Traynor mentioning the fake
Shepard made Jack think about when she was first captured, and that dark-skinned woman that was
working with the bitch pretending to be her old commander. An old memory danced at the edge of
recovery. A Cerberus training facility, a fight with the Blue Suns and...

"Has it been twenty minutes yet?" Jenny said from her spot on the wall. "I'm still so wet for you,
Jack."

Dammit. The interruption broke her concentration, and just as soon as it was there, the faded
memory was gone. "More like five, kid," Jack said to her. "Don't worry, I'll be sure to let you know
when the time is up."

"So, what do we do now?" Traynor asked. "I'd love to say I'd come up with a brilliant escape plan
in all this time I've been by myself, but I've spent most of it too terrified to even think straight.
Don't suppose you have any ideas."

Jack could feel the collar around her neck chafing against her flesh. She wanted to reach up and rip
it off, but this wasn't her first time around with a biotic inhibitor. She knew that there was no damn
way she was going to get it off without the key, or a diamond-tipped hacksaw. (Shit, that had been
one hell of a fucking scavenger hunt back in the day.) Dammit, if she could just have her biotics for
a minute, maybe even less, she could tear all these fuckers apart.

But for now, as Traynor stared at her and waited for her to offer up some sort of plan for escape,
Jack stared down at the floor. "Much as I hate to bow and scrape to these Cerberus fuckers... unless we want to throw our lives away on a pointless attack, we're just gonna have to play by their rules for now."

Traynor looked deflated. "I just hope they haven't done anything to Kelly. I mean, during the war, all those innocent people Cerberus indoctrinated... what if they found a way to do it again? Who knows: maybe all of these people have been brainwashed just like the others were."

"No way. That shit was based on Reaper tech," Jack countered. "Besides... the fucked-up stuff these people are doing? Ain't no way you could brainwash somebody into doing that. These people know exactly what they're doing. And when we finally get free... I'm going to make them all pay."

Jack noticed something different, and then realized that the sound of Jenny's moaning had stopped. She turned to see Jenny staring into space, hand still between her legs but now motionless. Blinking, she stared up at Jack with confusion. "Ma'am, I..." she started to say, then seemed to notice for the first time that she was sitting with her legs spread wide, her pussy on lewd display to the entire room. Gasping in horror, she yanked her hand away from her crotch and closed her legs shut tight. "I... I don't know what..."

"Hey, kid, it's okay," Jack said, making her way across the cargo bay and sitting down beside Jenny. "Everything that happened in there was just the drug they fed you."

"Everything that..." Jenny said, and a look of disgust came over her. "Oh, God. Oh my God, they..." she started letting out sobs mixed with gags, clinging to herself tightly as the memory of what happened in the shuttle bay came back to her. "Oh God," she kept repeating, rubbing her arms and rocking back and forth.

Jack was at a loss how to deal with this. She was used to keeping her students in line and focused on their work through tough love and a nice stern lecture when they needed it. But somehow that didn't seem like an appropriate course of action in this case. Tentatively, she reached an arm around the quivering teenager. Jenny flinched at first at the touch, but then fell against Jack, still muttering to herself as she trembled and sobbed.

"Still remember the first time it happened to me," Jack finally said. "Not long after I escaped from Cerberus for the first time. Still not sure how I managed to activate the auto-pilot on that shuttle, but I only got a few light years from Pragia before the damn thing died on me. Probably would have starved to death out there, if I hadn't gotten lucky... yeah, maybe not the right word for it. Bunch of shithead mercenaries who'd been out in space for too long to see a scared twelve-year old girl as anything other than a hole to stick their cocks into. Back then biotic inhibitors weren't as common, so the bastards had to do things the old-fashioned way: put a gun to my head and threaten to blow my brains out if I so much as moved a pencil with my mind. Two months I was with those fuckers before they got bored and sold me to some batarian on Omega, who used me pretty much the same way. Still remember waiting for that bastard to get comfortable before slitting his goddamn throat."

Jenny was still sniffling, but her trembling had lessened somewhat, and she watched Jack speak with rapt attention. "I ain't saying it's gonna be easy," Jack told her, surprising even herself with the gentleness in her voice. "Ain't saying you aren't gonna have nightmares about today, and the shit that's probably going to happen in the days to come. But you're strong, Madigan. Stronger than even I was back then. I know you may not believe it, but you know I ain't the type to blow sunshine up your ass if you don't deserve it. And I can see the strength in you. And once we get out of this, and these Cerberus fuckers are dead and buried... you're gonna survive this."
Shit, if Shepard could see me now, Jack thought to herself. *That's the kind of bullshit speech she'd be proud to have come up with herself.*

But it seemed to work, at least a little. Jenny took a deep breath, her hysterical babbling and violent trembling now stopped completely. When she spoke again, her voice was meek, but lucid. "Jack, can I... can you do something for me?"

"Yeah, sure."

Jenny hesitated, looking almost terrified to speak. Finally, she blurted it out. "Please kiss me, Jack."

Jack let out a deep sigh. "Jenny, I..."

"I know, I know. You don't feel that way about me, I get it," Jenny interrupted. "But we might not live through this and I... I just want to kiss you. It doesn't have to mean anything, just... just let me have that, in case we don't make it."

Jack knew it was probably a mistake. It was only leading Jenny on, making her think that their relationship could be anything other than student and teacher. But she looked so desperate. And like the girl said, there was probably a good chance they weren't going to make it out of this.

_Eh, fuck it_, Jack finally decided. Jenny closed her eyes as Jack leaned in, giving her student one of the most chaste, close-lipped kisses she could manage. After just a few seconds of lip-to-lip contact, Jack pulled away. "Hey, you..." she started to say.

But Jenny didn't respond. Her eyes were still closed, and it took a second for Jack to realize she wasn't dead, but simply passed out cold. Whether it was the crash from the Hallex wearing off, or the fulfillment of Jenny's fantasy coming true being too much for the girl to handle... maybe a mix of both. Jack wasn't sure, but she slowly let Jenny's limp body slump down next to her, Jenny's head coming to rest in Jack's lap.

"Sleep tight, kid," Jack said, stroking Jenny's red locks. "Hope you have good dreams."
Part 2: No One Leaves Cerberus (Normandy, Captain's Cabin)

For a second, the only movement in the room was Liara's lips against the clone's. Liara mashed her breasts against the woman under her as she rocked her hips against the strap-on inside of her, the clone lying motionless with eyes wide in shock.

Eventually, Liara broke the kiss. As her head moved away from the clone's, Shepard saw the look of gape-jawed amazement on her face. Liara gave the clone a bashful smile. "Sorry," she said. "I guess I just..."

Behind her, Shepard heard rapid movement, and Brooks charged around to the bed. When she saw what was in Brooks's hand, she wanted to shout out a warning, but it was too late.

With an angry snarl, Brooks pressed the button to activate the varren prod, and jabbed it roughly into Liara's side. Liara jolted in pain, falling off of the clone's body and tumbling off the bed onto the floor.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" Brooks snapped, directing another jab of the prod to Liara's prone body on the floor. "Those filthy fucking asari lips of yours don't go anywhere near hers... ever!"

Sitting up, the clone gave Brooks a quizzical look. "Hey, relax, babe," the clone said casually. "She got carried away, that's all."

"Carried away?" Brooks exclaimed. "A slave doesn't get carried away," she directed another jab of the prod to Liara, who cried out in anguish. "A slave does what she's fucking told. And a slave doesn't kiss her fucking mistress!" Brooks drew her arm back, ready to direct another prod to the helpless Liara.

"That's enough!" the clone said, jumping to her feet and grabbing Brooks by the arm. "You've disciplined her enough. You keep this up, you're going to end up killing her!"

"So what?" Brooks exclaimed, struggling against the clone's grip on her wrist. "She's nothing but a worthless asari whore, remember? The only reason she's even here is because torturing her screws with Shepard's mind. But now that I think about it, maybe killing her asari bitch is the best way to break Shepard once and for..."

"Stop calling her that!" the clone suddenly bellowed. "Stop calling her Shepard! I'm Shepard! Me! Not that helpless piece of trash over there! I'm Commander Shepard, the hero of the galaxy! And in case you've forgotten, I'm also the one in charge of Cerberus now. So when I say 'stop,' you stop!"

Brooks stared daggers at the clone, but finally released her grip on the varren prod and let it tumble to the ground. "Fine... Commander Shepard. I'll stop. But if you think I'm going to put my lips anywhere near yours while the residue of that asari is still on them, you'd better think again. I don't..."

The argument suddenly trailed off, as everyone in the room suddenly noticed an intermittent beeping sound coming from the nearby terminal. Brooks and the clone exchanged glances.

"The files," the clone said finally. "They've been decrypted."
Brooks still looked furious at the clone, but she eventually turned away and started getting dressed. "I'd better go let the team know. Want them briefed and ready to go as soon as we arrive." As she passed by Shepard, she let out an frustrated cry and drove her foot into the side of the chair, sending it and Shepard tumbling to the ground.

Shepard couldn't see Brooks's departure from where she lay helpless, still tied securely to the chair. But she could see Liara on the ground, as a hand reached out to help her to her feet.

"I'm so sorry," Liara meekly said, still shaking a little from the pain of multiple proddings. "I didn't mean to disobey."

"Look, just... be more careful, okay?" the clone said. "I mean, I know I'm an amazing fuck compared to that piece of trash on the floor, but you have to control yourself. Especially when Maya's around. No kissing when she's here, especially."

Liara nodded. "I understand. Although... she isn't here right now, is she?" she asked, arching an eyebrow.

"You..." the clone spluttered, at a loss for words in the face of Liara's boldness. She shot a glance over her shoulder, making sure Brooks had definitely left, before grabbing Liara and roughly making out with her. Liara wrapped her arms around the clone, moaning and pressing herself against the naked human.

After a few seconds of this, the clone abruptly broke the kiss, looking confused but not exactly displeased. Her gaze fell on Shepard lying on the floor, and the bewilderment on her face finally turned into a cocky sneer.

"See that?" the clone mockingly asked Shepard. "Only a few days, and already your precious Liara has figured out who the real Commander Shepard is." As she pulled on her clothing, the clone bent down and spat in Shepard's face. "Just another way that you're inferior to me." Fully decked out in her Cerberus uniform, the clone turned to Liara, pointing a disdainful finger down to Shepard on the floor. "You can untie her if you want. Or don't. I've got more important things to worry about than this useless piece of garbage."

Making one last adjustment to her uniform, the clone strode boldly to the exit of the cabin, a wide grin on her face. As soon as the door was shut and locked, Liara walked over to Shepard on the floor, untying the ropes keeping her secured to the chair.

"Thanks," Shepard said blandly, rubbing at the rope burns on her arms. "Glad you were able to fit in the time to help me out."

Liara looked at Shepard oddly. "Shepard, what are you talking about?"

"Well, what with your busy schedule of making out with our captor," Shepard said, wincing as she gently removed the remaining clamps from her nipples and breasts. "It was good of you to spare a few seconds for me."

"You can't possibly think that..." Liara narrowed her eyes at Shepard. "It was an act. I was pretending. You think for a second I would actually enjoy letting that woman touch me like that?"

Shepard turned away from Liara. "Honestly, Liara? I'm not sure what to think anymore. That kiss
"I can't believe what you're saying," Liara said, as she stepped around to be in front of Shepard again. "Listen to me. The only thing I was trying to do when I kissed Shepard was..."

Shepard's eyes narrowed. "Stop. What did you just say?"

"When I kissed... your clone. When I kissed the Shepard clone," Liara quickly covered.

"That's not what you said, Liara," Shepard said angrily. "So you're even calling her 'Shepard' now? So what am I then? Just a cheap copy like they say I am?"

Liara clenched her fists in frustration. "It was a slip of the tongue, that's all!" she protested. "This is pointless. Why don't you talk to me later, when you're thinking more clearly?" She started to turn away from Shepard.

"Don't you turn your back on me!" Shepard said, reaching her hand to clamp down on Liara's shoulders.

Liara clenched her eyelids tight, making sure the cameras in the room couldn't see the eyes underneath as they turned pitch black.
Part 2: No One Leaves Cerberus (A Safe Place)

She was suspended in mid-air, a Prothean force-field holding her aloft. She felt a light rumble in her stomach, the result of days of being locked in this blasted device. But this time around, unlike when it had happened before, Liara already knew that help was on its way. Beautiful, amazing, human help.

"Therum," she heard a voice behind her, lightly amused. "I still remember thinking, 'That's what asari archaeologists look like? I may have to have gunfights in Prothean ruins more often.'"

Liara smiled, watching as Shepard made her way to the control panel at her side. She was so stunning back then: a powerful figure in her Alliance armor, with her red hair now back to its normal length and swaying slightly as she walked. "And I remember thinking," Liara said, as she watched Shepard work on the controls, "Just my luck. The first time I meet this beautiful human, and here I am hanging in the air looking like an idiot."

The force-field dissipated, and Liara fell lightly to the ground. Shepard was immediately there to help her to her feet. "Still feel weird doing this," Shepard said, staring around at the dig site that had collapsed years ago in the real world. But in their shared memories, it would exist for as long as they both lived.

Trying to explain it to Shepard once, Liara had compared it to those trick pieces of art that just looked like two random splatters of paint but, when you crossed your eyes and joined them together, appeared to be a 3D image. In their shared minds, their separate memories of the time they spent together melded into one vivid experience, seeming to both of them like they were reliving it all over again.

"Considering our circumstances, I think we could both use the opportunity to linger in... fonder times," Liara said. "Not to mention that it gives us an opportunity to discuss our strategy."

"You think they're buying it?" Shepard said, leading Liara over to the lift that would carry them out of the dig site to safety. Behind them, vague images of Kaidan and Ashley followed behind them, going through the motions of the memories they were a part of.

Liara considered. "The clone, definitely. Did you see the look in her eyes when I kissed her? And how eager she was to do it again after Brooks had left? She's fallen hard."

"It's a hard kiss to resist, for certain," Shepard said with a wink. "But still... I'm worried we're laying it on too heavy. She has to know deep down that you're faking it, right?"

"Shepard, I learned a lot about reading people as an information broker," Liara said. "Neural implants can teach you a lot, but they're no substitute for real life experience... experience that the woman wearing your face doesn't have. She may look and act like an adult, but deep down inside she's little more than a child. Combine that with her massive ego and... no. I don't think she knows that I'm faking it. I think she's absolutely certain that she's won me over with her spectacular presence and charming smile."

Shepard paced around the lift platform. "But Brooks... she's craftier than the clone. I don't think it's going to be as easy to fool her." She gave Liara a concerned look. "Not to mention what might happen if we push her too far. If the clone hadn't stopped her... she might have killed you back
"I know," Liara said, thankful that the pain that still lingered back in the real world wasn't felt in this shared memory. "But I don't think she'll take it that far. The last thing she wants is to lose her emotional grip on the clone. It's why she doesn't want the clone to fall in love with me... but also why she won't want to kill me either. Either event would drive the clone away from her, and Brooks can't afford for that to happen."

"You can't be sure she won't lose control, though," Shepard said, rubbing the back of her neck. "Maybe we're making a mistake here, Liara. Maybe we should call this whole thing off and try something different."

"Trust me, Shepard: Brooks isn't in this relationship for love, or even sex. She's in it because the clone is useful to her. As a way to steal the Normandy more easily, and as a figurehead to build up support behind this new Cerberus. I suspect that if Cerberus ever became powerful enough that Brooks no longer needed a Shepard figure at the head of it... Brooks would dispose of her so-called lover without a second thought."

Shepard nodded in agreement. "You see how she was with Kelly when they brought her up? And the way she always suggests bringing in other people to join in their twisted little games? I think she's already shopping around for her next bed-warmer."

"Right, but as long as the clone holds the power in Cerberus, Brooks has to play the part of the faithful partner," Liara said. "Which is why it can't be easy for her to watch me take her place in your double's heart."

"Yes, such a shame when your lover spurns you for another," Shepard observed. "You know, I never should have trusted a shifty asari like you, Liara. Watching you betray me like this... makes me think that joining Cerberus is a good idea after all."

Liara smiled at her. "Like we said, though: Brooks is definitely smarter than her partner. We're going to have to play that part of this plan more subtly. The two of us fighting, you getting angry with me over what I'm doing with the clone. Maybe acting out to make sure I specifically get punished."

This made Shepard frown. "It's going to be hard, Liara. Every time they turn that prod on you, it's..."

"I know. Can't say I enjoy it much either," Liara said with a shudder. "But it needs to happen for our plan to work. Brooks needs to believe that you eventually come to hate me. That my 'betrayal' has finally made you snap, enough so that you'd switch sides and join up with Cerberus if given the opportunity."

"And then Brooks starts to think that maybe she shouldn't be wasting her time with some clone of me... when the real me would be a much better option." Shepard said, staring up the lift shaft. "We're starting to get near the top. Probably should get to some cover."

As the lift came to a stop, and the krogan and geth from their memories started charging into battle, Shepard and Liara ducted behind a wall outcropping.

"It's a shaky plan, I know," Liara said, speaking loudly over the cacophony of battle, the memories of Ash and Kaidan opening fire on the attackers. "A lot of maybes, a lot of variables. But I think
it's our best bet. At the very least, it will take them off their guards. Maybe cause one of them to make a mistake."

Removing a piece of her armor, Shepard reached a bare hand up to caress Liara's cheek. It was still hard to believe that this was all happening within their shared consciousness; Liara felt so real to her right now. "It's going to be hard for me, Liara. Pretending to stop loving you, to make them believe I hate you... you don't know how hard it's going to be."

Liara nodded. "Just remember: no matter what you say to me or do to me, whatever you have to do to convince them, do it. And know that none of it will ever change my feelings. I love you, Shepard, and I always will."

Shepard leaned over to kiss her, the taste of Liara on her lips so vivid, even in this shared memory. "I guess we'd better break the meld, before they get suspicious," Shepard said with a sigh. "You ready?"

"Yes, Shepard," Liara said. The two of them closed their eyes, and the sounds of gunfire ripping into geth chassis faded away, replaced with the harsh sounds of their current reality.
"Hey, Ruben. I'm not interrupting anything, am I?"

Henneman shook his head at the image of his girlfriend on the infirmary vid-screen. "Not at all," he assured her, as he gave a furtive glance over at the research notes he was in the middle of. "Everything alright back at base?"

She moved a lock of her hair behind her ear, looking a little bit bashful. "Yes, everything's fine. It's just... I miss you. I know I'm not supposed to call unless it's important, but it's been so long since I've seen you. Hope you're going to be coming back soon."

"Sure we are, hon," Henneman said, sending a warm smile over the video connection to her. "Just a few more stops to make for supplies and things, and we'll be heading back to base. And with a very important passenger."

"I still can't believe it. Even after seeing it on the news, it doesn't seem like it's real. After the war, all the things she saw our previous incarnation do... that she's actually willing to come back to us. Commander Shepard... turning her back on the Council and Alliance to join back with Cerberus. It's crazy."

"Shepard's smart," Henneman said. "She knows that a new Cerberus is just what the galaxy needs right now. Her, working together with Miss Brooks... it doesn't take a genius to see all the good they could do for our species."

"But still... if it hadn't been for that smooth talk of yours, I can't imagine I would have ever even considered joined Cerberus again. To think that Commander Shepard would be willing to come back and take charge of things... I can't imagine how Miss Brooks was able to convince her to betray the Council like that."

"Well, maybe Miss Brooks has an even more talented tongue than mine," Henneman observed, then arched an eyebrow in acknowledgement of the double entendre.

"Stop it," she said with a beautiful laugh. "I already told you how much I missed you. Don't remind me how long I've been sleeping next to an empty pillow." Leaning into the camera and speaking quietly, she gave him a sly grin. "There anybody in there with you?"

Henneman made a show of looking around the infirmary. "No, I'm all alone. Why?"

"You want to see, Ruben? How much I've been missing you?" Before Henneman could answer, the view from her camera became a blur of movement, and soon he was staring directly at his lover's crotch, clad only in a pair of lacy white panties. While she held the camera with one hand, her other slid the crotch of her underwear aside, and began to delicately finger her slick pussy lips.

"You see this?" he heard her throaty voice from somewhere above the camera feed, as she moved her fingertips in brisk circles against her clit. "While you're out there serving the cause of Cerberus... never forget that this'll be back here, waiting for you. Just thinking about the things I'm going to do to you when you get home, it's getting me so wet that I..."

"Hey, Doc!" barked out a voice from behind Henneman. "Time for this bitch's checkup!"
"Oh, shit!" said his girlfriend's voice, as the camera view hastily jostled and moved back into position on her embarrassed face. "So, uh, that's what's been going on back here," she stammered. "Can't wait for you to come back, babe. Uh, bye!" the feed quickly disconnected.

Henneman turned away from the blank screen to see Morgan standing at the infirmary door, Ash standing meekly beside her with her eyes downcast. "Oh, was that your sweetheart on the phone?" Morgan asked. "How's she doing?"

"Doing just fine, thank you," Henneman said to Morgan. To Ash, he gestured over to his examination table. Ash numbly strolled over to the piece of furniture, and turned around as if preparing to hop up and sit on it.

"No, no. Bend over if you would, please," Henneman told her, indicating for her to stand at the foot of the table and lean forward onto the top cushions. Ash complied, her eyes only briefly lingering on the wrist straps that had been attached to the side of the table, right at the spot where she was leaning her upper torso.

"Well, I certainly hope you've been keeping those lips of yours tightly sealed when you chat with your sweetie, doc," Morgan said, as Henneman indicated for Ash to spread her legs apart. "Don't forget: the only people who know that our red-haired boss isn't the real Commander Shepard are the folks on this ship. And much as I think you two are just adorable together, I won't hesitate to skewer both of you on my blade if I find out you've been spreading that gossip back to your girlfriend at base."

"I am well aware of the need for secrecy, yes," Henneman said, as he crouched down behind his patient's spread legs and started inserting a speculum inside of her pussy. Ash shivered a little as the cold metal device pressed against her sensitive inner walls, but Henneman showed little regard for her discomfort as he worked. "I've been with Cerberus a lot longer than you have, Miss Lezayen, and a lot longer than most of our other current assets. I don't need to be reminded what the penalties are for betrayal."

Morgan seemed satisfied with this answer, and laughed in the face of the doctor's serious demeanor. "Ah, it's my job, doc. Just gotta make sure everybody's being good little soldiers. Can't have pricks like Crayman setting bad examples for everybody else, can we?" Morgan let out a disgusted noise. "Can you believe him? Coming into my cabin and making use of my bitch without permission? He's lucky I just gave him a good beating. People have had their heads separated from their shoulders for much less than that."

"A lucky man, indeed," Henneman said, shining a light with his other hand down into Ash's spread-open cunt. "Hmm, that's strange."

"What?" Morgan said, suddenly looking concerned. "That bastard Crayman didn't damage my bitch, did he? I swear, if he did..."

Henneman looked over at her with a crooked smile. "Trust me, Miss Lezayen. You do much more damage to the insides of your women then someone of the... smaller persuasion like Ensign Crayman could ever manage."

Morgan grinned bashfully. "Can't help it, doc," she said, lewdly grabbing at her crotch and the protruding bulge that was starting to form under her uniform. "When this thing's got an appetite... just can't control it, you know? My bitches might get a little bruised up, but they'll heal."
"But see, that's the part that has me confused," Henneman said, as he shined his flashlight again down into Ash's insides. "Looking at your... bitch's vaginal passage, I'm seeing absolutely no sign of bruising or tearing. With your enlarged anatomy, and the no doubt non-consensual nature of your first encounters with Miss Williams, you would expect at least a little bit of damage to her interior anatomy. But I'm seeing none."

Morgan smirked. "Well, I can give you an answer to that one, doc. Just point your eyes upward a few inches, and look at that asshole. The prettiest, tightest little ass I've ever had the pleasure to stick it to. When you've got something that beautiful staring at you, taunting you like that... how could any pussy compare to that, seriously?"

Henneman nodded as if he understood this. "Well, I was just worried that maybe... you had other reasons for avoiding engaging in vaginal intercourse with Miss Williams? I would like to remind you that the semen you produce is..."

"Yeah, I know, doc," Morgan said with a mild hint of annoyance. "You tell me that every time I'm in here. I know my boys ain't swimming."

"So really, there's no reason you can't..."

Morgan was looking more aggravated now. "You done examining her, doc?"

Sighing, Henneman rose up to his feet. "Yes, I suppose I am. Everything seems to be in order," he said, reaching to his work table to fetch a bottle of pills and glass of water. "Stand up," he coldly instructed Ash. "Turn around. Take this," he handed her one of the pills out of the bottle and, once it was in her mouth, gave her the glass of water to drink from. Ash obediently swallowed down the pill.

Morgan gestured to one of her Phantom underlings through the window of the infirmary. "Take her back to my cabin," she instructed the woman once she had stepped inside the room. "Grab a strap-on from my desk and get it ready if you're in the mood. But don't you fucking start until I get back, you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," the Phantom said, the look she gave Ash as she led her away leaving it obvious that she was most definitely "in the mood."

Once the door to the office closed, and Morgan and Henneman were alone, Morgan began shuffling her feet nervously. "Doc, can I talk to you about something? Something that's been kinda bugging me."

"Of course," Henneman said, taking a seat and giving his full attention to the Phantom leader. "Have a seat if you want."

"Nah, it's cool," Morgan said. "Thing is... shit, I don't know how to say this. I've been thinking a lot lately. About Delilah. And Wendy. The bitches I've had since you gave me this cock."

Henneman nodded, keeping his face as free of emotion as possible. "Lovely ladies. Such a shame about what happened."

"That's just it, doc. Ever since I've gotten this thing," Morgan grabbed at her crotch again, as if Henneman needed it clarified what "this thing" referred to, "seems like my bitches only last a few
months before going bad on me. Back when I just had my normal lady parts, I could keep a bitch beaten down and obedient for so much longer, before I got bored and disposed of them. Now, though... it's almost like this thing is cursed or something. I don't even get a chance to get bored before my bitch tries to kill me, or she offs herself... I'm wondering if maybe I made a mistake. Maybe I should have you take this thing off me."

"Nonsense," Henneman assured her. "A coincidence, that's all. Really, Miss Lezayen. After how many times you've enthused to me about the joys of feeling your penis embedded inside some young woman's anatomy... you really want to give that up?"

Morgan looked a bit helpless. "Yeah, you're right. But it's... I'm worried. My bitch right now... she's so amazing. I look into her eyes sometimes when she's sucking my cock, or when I've got her legs over my shoulders and I'm drilling her ass... and I can just feel my heart swell inside me. But at the same time, I wonder when it's going to happen. When she's going to flip out on me like the others did. And it scares the shit out of me. The thought of finding her dead one day... or having to kill her myself... makes me feel like I'm gonna puke. This one... she's the best one I've ever had, doc."

"I remember you saying that exact same thing about at least three other girls, Miss Lezayen," Henneman observed. "At least two of which, I seem to recall, you disposed of yourself when you tired of them."

"But this time's different, doc! I really think this one is something special," Morgan said, her voice trembling a little bit. "After what that bastard Crayman did, and the way I saw Kelly disrespecting her own bitch... makes me realize just how precious a good bitch like mine really is. It's why I... I don't want to... to spoil this, you know? Don't want her to turn out to be just like Delilah and Wendy."

"She won't, Miss Lezayen. I'm sure of it," Henneman said, standing up to more easily look Morgan in the eye. "We'll keep a close eye on her mental state, make sure she isn't exhibiting any signs of an episode like your previous two bitches experienced. Trust me: it isn't going to happen again. And even if the unexpected happens... just enjoy your bitch while you can, in every way you can. In the end, it's all you can really do, isn't it?"

Morgan didn't seem completely assured, but she nodded in understanding. "Thanks, doc. Don't know how we'd ever get along without you."

"You couldn't," Henneman said with a smirk. "Go on. I'm sure your bitch is eager for your return," he cast a furtive glance down at the now massive bulge threatening to burst out of Morgan's pants. "And you look quite eager as well."

The Phantom grinned bashfully. "Shit, doc, the way you had her bent over like that, waving that perfect ass right in my face... how the fuck you expect me to keep control? Yeah, I'd better get going," she turned to the door, and paused a moment to add. "Oh, by the way... the files are decrypted."

"What?!" Henneman angrily exclaimed, immediately losing his cool as he dashed over to the nearby console. "For God's sake, why the hell didn't you tell me that before?"

"Didn't want you distracted while you were tending to my bitch, doc," Morgan said. She opened the door to the infirmary and raised a hand to wave as she left. "Enjoy."
Henneman said nothing, barely noticing her departure as he watched the files scroll on his screen. "Yes, yes, yes," he muttered, breath coming in short gasps as he looked over the formulas in front of him. "All here. It's all here. Everything I..."

He paused for a moment to calm himself. For as much as he had anticipated this moment, the years he had spent waiting to have this information, it would have to wait. Morgan's visit, and the information she had let slip, was a more pressing affair. To himself, and to his main benefactor.

Closing the display of files for a moment, he re-opened his video messaging software. Tapping his way through several menus, he applied the full list of encryption filters available before opening the connection. A long nervous wait followed, Henneman tapping his fingertips against the surface of the desk as he watched the screen.

After a while, the call was finally connected. With all the encryption applied to the transmission, the person at the other end was barely visible through a haze of static. The voice on the other side, however, was loud and clear: "The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long..."

"That it had it head bit off by it young," Henneman responded.

"Report."

"There may be a problem," Henneman said. "I think Miss Lezayen may be starting to suspect."

A long pause on the other end. "That is not acceptable. You assured me that you could keep her in line."

Henneman glanced outside the windows of the infirmary, making sure nobody was watching. "Keeping her in line isn't the problem. It's her 'bitches' that are hard to account for. The last two women that were provided, once they figured out they were... well, in the end we're all slaves to our biology, I suppose. Miss Lezayen may not be bright, but even she's noticing that her slaves are experiencing strange mood swings a few months after she starts putting them into service."

"You're saying she knows?"

"I don't think so, no. But she's made enough of a connection that she's... restricting her activities to the rear entrance, so to speak."

He couldn't see the person at the other end of the call, but the tone of his benefactor's voice was agitated. "I won't have you screw this up. Do whatever it takes, just convince her that nothing's wrong. That she can mate with her slaves in a more conventional fashion."

"That may be difficult. I'm still not sure how I was able to convince her to even have that thing attached to her in the first place," Henneman said. "But I'll see what I can do. I gave her current captive a clomifene treatment mixed with letrozole, should help ensure things go smoothly if we can get Miss Lezayen back on the program."

He glanced over at his datapad, pulling up a list of the decoded files. "And if all else fails... we may have other options opening up for us."
Huddled in the dark under her blanket on the couch, Ash tried her best to ignore the throbbing pain in her backside and get some sleep. But on the other side of the room, she could hear Morgan's steady breathing, the Phantom getting in her thirty minutes of sleep for the evening. A reminder of just how little peace Ash was going to get before Morgan woke up again, invariably with a case of "morning wood," and only one idea for how to relieve it.

After her visit to the doctor's office, Morgan and the Phantom who'd delivered her back had taken turns inside her ass, Morgan gleefully urging the other Phantom to "fuck that bitch harder" with the sensory strap-on. The Fake Ash had been at her very best, letting out moans and cries, trying her best to convince Morgan that having a thick cock and strap-on shoved up her ass for the hundredth time had suddenly turned it into a pleasurable experience, and not just as painful and humiliating to her as it was the first time.

But something peculiar had happened. There had been a strange moment, after the other Phantom had left and Ash had been left alone with Morgan. Ash had been on her hands and knees, waiting for the inevitable thrust of Morgan's cock down into her ass, when she felt the thick head of her captor's prick start tentatively brushing against her pussy lips instead.

Part of her wanted to cry out, "Yes, fuck my pussy, please! Anything but up my ass again!" But after a second of the maddening pressure against her labia, Morgan shifted, and Ash gritted her teeth as the Phantom's thick cock started fucking her ass once again.

From there, it was the same dreadful routine, Morgan signalling just before her climax for Ash to get herself in position. Ash had discovered during their last session that sticking her fingers up inside Morgan's cunt while sucking her cock made her "Mistress" cum that much faster. She'd earned an appreciative pat on the head for that the last time, and so she'd been quick to repeat the same trick tonight. Her tongue and lips worked along the thick, veiny length that had been pummeling her ass just seconds ago, while she feverishly finger-fucked Morgan's cunt. Before long, she could feel Morgan's cum start flooding her mouth, and she worked her now well-trained throat muscles to swallow as much of the sticky fluids as she could.

Pulling her shrinking cock away from Ash's mouth, Morgan had smiled in appreciation, as she saw that not a single drop of cum had escaped from Ash's lips, every bit of her copious load now churning deep down inside her obedient bitch's stomach. For one brief, nauseating second, Ash had actually felt a rush of pride fill her at her accomplishment, before her rational mind returned and she almost vomited back up all the cum she had so diligently swallowed.

After that, her giant cock now shrunk back down to its flaccid, two-inch state, Morgan headed over to her bed and curled up under the sheets. With the taste of Morgan's semen still on her tongue, Ash laid down on the couch and waited in agonized silence for her thirty minute reprieve to end.

As she watched the huddled form on the bed, slowly moving up and down with each deep breath, Ash tried to take solace in one of her many fantasies of escape. Of grabbing a gun, pumping shots into this sick bitch until the heatsink was tapped, and then crouching down and pissing all over her smoking corpse.

But with a mild bit of concern, she realized that she was finding it harder to paint that picture in her mind. She saw herself with the gun in her hand, but the Morgan in her imagination almost
immediately slapped it away before Ash could even take aim. While the image of herself in her mind had started out in full Alliance armor, she soon saw herself naked, as Morgan punished her for her attempted attack by pinning her face-first against the wall, twisting her arm behind her back, and roughly fucking her ass yet again.

She tried to think about her friends, about Shepard and Liara and all her old comrades coming to her rescue instead. But try as she might, she couldn't summon an image of them aiming their weapons at Morgan and firing. Instead, they were all waiting in line, pants around their ankles with cocks or strap-ons ready for one of Ash's holes.

Vega was first, Morgan positioning Ash so that her mouth was ready to take his thick length down her throat. It wasn't like it had been at the party years ago; instead of letting Ash go at her own pace, Vega was roughly fucking Ash's mouth, giving her that cocky grin as he jerked his prick off into her face.

Garrus was next after that, his alien cock jutting out from between its protective plates, ready for Ash's tongue. His turian cum sprayed out onto her face after several minutes of sucking, Garrus moving aside to allow Tali to dangle a strange quarian strap-on in Ash's face. Tali was followed by Miranda and Jack, the two of them leaning to their sides to make out with each other, while Ash moved her head and her mouth back and forth between both of their strap-on cocks. Wrex's thick krogan cock was next, Ash barely able to get her lips around the head of it, before Wrex got annoyed and finally shoved his quad in Ash's face. After several minutes of kissing and licking the massive alien scrotum, she felt a torrent of warm jizz spray across her back, Wrex letting out a triumphant cry as his potent seed spilled across Ash's body. No sooner was he finished cumming than another quad was in her face, Grunt allowing his clan leader the first crack before taking his own turn at the obedient human slut.

One after another, all of her friends took their turn in her mouth, all while Morgan continued fucking her ass. In the back of her mind, Ash realized that this wasn't her just imagining anymore; she had fallen asleep and was in the midst of a terrifyingly vivid nightmare. But try as she might, she couldn't force herself to wake up.

"Look at that pathetic little slut," she heard someone saying. "Sucking cock like a dirty, back-alley whore. Can you believe they actually made her a Spectre?"

Ash wanted to say something in protest, but she was currently gagging on Jacob Taylor's thick meat. Behind him, Kasumi watched Jacob fuck Ash's face with a gleeful smile, her fingers stroking the fake cock covering her groin as she waited for her turn in line.

"Yeah, she really put up quite a fight," the same voice said sarcastically, from somewhere at the back of the line of people waiting to fuck her mouth. " Barely in captivity for a day before she was willingly bending over to take it up the ass. What a proud representative of the Council."

Jacob and Kasumi finished their turns, stepping aside to allow the serene asari Samara to present her strap-on cock for Ashley's mouth.

The voice again from out of sight. "She acts like she doesn't enjoy it, but I think deep down... she wants this. She enjoys being treated like a pet. Like a worthless hole to be fucked. I think she gets off on all this!"

Samara, Javik, Traynor and Kelly. Cortez and Zaeed. All her old friends and comrades took their turn inside Ash's mouth. All except two. As the last person to use her mouth moved aside, she saw
Shepard and Liara standing there. Unlike the others, however, they were fully dressed, with no strap-ons waiting for Ash's mouth. It would have been a welcome sight, if not for the looks of disdain they were giving her, staring down at Ash's cum-soaked face with sneers of disgust.

"Disappointed, Ash?" Shepard asked snidely. "Looking forward to sucking both of us off? As much as I'm sure a whore like you would love it, that ain't gonna happen."

"You see," Liara said, her tone filled with pure disgust as she looked down at Ash, still getting ass-raped by Morgan. "We decided to give our turn at your filthy mouth to someone a lot more deserving."

The two of them stepped aside, and Ash's jaw dropped as she saw who was there. The voice... why hadn't she recognized the voice?

* * *

Ash's eyes snapped open, and she fought the urge to cry out as she found herself back in reality. The XO's cabin was still dark, and Morgan still snored contentedly in her bed. Ash had probably only dozed off for a few minutes.

It took a second for Ash to realize what had woken her, and she glanced over to realize that Morgan's office door had slid open. A dim shape moved in the darkness, walking slowly towards the bed at the other side of the room. Before Ash could get a good look at the face of the intruder, the door to the hallway slid shut, and the room was cast in almost total blackness.

"Morgan," said the man, speaking quietly but just loud enough for Ash to hear. She kept as still as possible, not wanting whoever this was to know she was awake. "Good old, predictable Morgan. Always taking your little nap at the same time every day."

She recognized the voice then: Crayman. The crewman who had tried to use her without Morgan's permission. From the slow way he shambled into the room, it was obvious he hadn't fully recovered from the beating Morgan had given him.
"Miss Chambers should have been more careful," Crayman muttered, his tone mocking as he advanced on Morgan's sleeping form. "Should have kept a closer eye when she entered in your door code. I was right there behind her to see it. To memorize it... so I can use it to pay you back for what you did to me."

Even in the dim light, Ash could see the pistol that Crayman pulled out of his pants. "Why, it's the funniest thing, Miss Brooks," she heard him mutter in a faux innocent tone. "I don't know what Miss Lezayan was thinking, leaving a gun out in her office like that, in easy reach of her bitch. Guess she just got careless... and she paid the price for it."

Now up close to Morgan's bed, Crayman raised the pistol up to aim at her sleeping form. "Die, bitch," Crayman spat out, as he took aim at Morgan's blond head.

There wasn't much time. "Lights!" Ash cried out, and the cabin went from pitch black to full daylight in an instant. The sudden brightness, combined with Ash's loud cry, caused Morgan's eyes to snap open, only to find herself staring down the barrel of Crayman's gun.

"Son of a..." Crayman growled, blinking at the sudden light. The distraction only caused him to hesitate for a second before he finally pulled the trigger, but that was enough time for Morgan to roll away, Crayman's bullet hitting the pillow right where his target's head had been. Before Crayman could line up another shot, Morgan was on her feet and charged like a bull straight for him. The two of them tumbled to the ground, the pistol spilling out from Crayman's grip and flying across the room.

"You fucking... bastard... piece... of shit..." Morgan spat curses at Crayman as her naked, bulky frame landed on top of him on the floor. Rising into a crouch, her weight holding him helplessly in place, Morgan began driving her fists into his face. With every punch was the sound of crunching bone, as Morgan's powerful strikes reduced Crayman's face to a pile of pulpy mush. No doubt he was already dead after three blows, but Morgan just kept throwing punches, blood, bone, and brain matter coating her fists as she angrily reduced the crewman's head to a stain on her cabin floor.

Ash's eyes went from the bloody mess on Morgan's hands to Crayman's gun, which had ended up landing about a foot from the couch where Ash was laying. Slowly, almost as if she were still in her dream, Ash reached out towards the weapon, feeling the cold grip in her hand as she took hold of it.

Morgan delivered one last punch to what remained of Crayman's head, breathing heavily as she surveyed the body in front of her. "That... that..." she stammered as she rose to her feet. "Not enough to use my bitch without permission, he tries to..."

Her words died in her throat, as she looked up to see what was in front of her: Ash on her feet, her hand trembling at her side, with Crayman's gun clenched tightly in her fingers. There was silence in the room for a long time, Morgan's gaze moving from Ash's eyes to the pistol in her hand.

Do it. Do it! Fucking do it already!, The Real Ash begged her. Point the gun at her head, and pull the trigger! Kill her!

But the gun in her hand remained motionless at her side, pointed harmlessly at the floor. Finally, after several silent seconds with no movement from either of them, Morgan walked slowly across the room towards Ash. One of her bare feet landed in the blood seeping from Crayman's ruined head, and Ash stared down at the dark red footprints Morgan left as she moved to stand in front of Ash.
With Morgan only a few feet from Ash now, there was another long pause. Morgan said nothing, simply looking down again at the pistol in Ash's hand. Her expression was completely blank as she seemed to wait for Ash to make the first move.

Ash slowly began to raise her hand, bringing the gun up past her waist... and Morgan grabbed it by the top, Ash opening her fingers wide to allow Morgan to pull the weapon away without a fight.

Staring down at the gun, Morgan ejected the heatsink with a sharp jerk, catching the flying tube in midair and tossing the gun aside. After another long stare at Ash, Morgan turned around, walked over to Crayman's body, and heaved it up over her shoulder with one arm.

Walking past Ash towards the door, buck-naked with a corpse slung over her shoulder, Morgan spoke for the first time since Ash had picked up the gun. "Got some trash to dispose of," she muttered, before opening the door and striding boldly out into the hall, a trail of dripping blood following behind her as she left.

Alone now, Ash stared down at the gun on the floor, useless now without a heatsink.

*You didn't have a choice*, the simpering voice of The Fake Ash said in her head. *He was going to frame you for killing her!*

*You saved her life*, was The Real Ash's simple response. *He was going to kill her... and you saved her life.*

*I would have ended up dead if I had done anything else. Brooks and the clone, or Morgan, or someone else... if I had done anything differently, I'd have been killed.*

*You had a gun in your hand. All you had to do was point and shoot. All you fucking had to do was shoot her.*

"It was the right call," The Fake Ash spoke out loud now, voice low and not with a lot of certainty. "The only thing I could have done if I didn't want them to kill me. It was the right call."

*Kaidan was right about you*, The Real Ash responded.

Ash clenched her fists, looked up at the ceiling, and screamed.
"Jacob. Jacob, wake up! Your terminal is beeping," Kasumi whispered.

Blinking away the sleep in his eyes, Jacob let out a yawn as he sat up in bed. Sure enough, there was an insistent beeping filling his cabin, coming from the direction of his desk.

Funny. Normally, Jacob was the type to be roused out of bed by any minor disturbance. But tonight, he had fallen into one of the deepest, more restful sleeps he had ever had in a long time. Maybe it had something to do with the warm body next to him, the feeling of having someone in his arms that he'd been missing more than he wanted to admit.

Rolling herself around beside him, Kasumi gave Jacob an inquisitive look. "You gonna answer it, sleepyhead?" she asked.

"Ah, probably just the Council calling," Jacob said, reluctantly disentangling himself from Kasumi as he sat up. "Finally gotten sick of me wasting their time out here."

Getting up off the bed, he blearily threw on enough clothes to be presentable to whoever was calling. Doing up the last buttons on his uniform shirt, he slumped down in the chair behind his desk and picked up the video call, expecting a stern, scarred-up face to appear, asking him what the hell he's been doing for the past few days.

But it wasn't Hackett's face that greeted him. "Am I speaking to Jacob Taylor?" said the middle-aged, blond-haired woman in the Alliance uniform. Something about her seemed familiar, but in his current half-asleep state, he couldn't quite place her.

"Yeah, this is Commander Taylor," Jacob said to the woman in the Alliance uniform. Something about her seemed familiar, but in his current half-asleep state, he couldn't quite place her.

"Thank God. It took me almost a day to finally get hold of the right address," the woman said. "I don't know if you remember, but I'm Kahlee Sanders. We met during..."

Jacob finally remembered. "Right, yes, during the war. How have you been, Miss Sanders?"

"Until recently, just fine. Wish we could be talking again under better circumstances," Kahlee said. "But there's been an incident here at my school, and considering your current mission, I think you'll want to hear this."

"My current mission?"

"To track down Commander Shepard," Kahlee said. "Had to call in a lot of favors with the Alliance to find out who got the assignment, but hopefully I'll be able to narrow down your search a little."

Jacob knew that he should deny it, that his current mission was highly classified. But something about the look in Kahlee's eyes made him decide to forget about protocol. "You have some information that can help us, I assume?" he asked.

"Not me, no," Kahlee said. "But one of my students... well, you should probably talk to her."

Kahlee moved aside from the camera, to reveal a shaken-looking teenager sitting on a couch.
behind her. A young man sat next to her – Jacob guessed a brother from the strong resemblance between the two – looking over at the trembling girl in concern.

"Go ahead, Lauren," said Kahlee's voice from off-screen. "Tell Commander Taylor what you saw."

"I... I'm sorry," Lauren said, tremors in her voice as she looked over at the school's administrator. "I wasn't supposed to be out, I know. I..."

"It's okay, Lauren. You're not in trouble. Just tell Commander Taylor and me everything. Don't leave anything out."

Lauren was starting to cry a little, the redness around her eyes indicating it probably wasn't the first time in the past few hours. She stared at the floor as she spoke. "We snuck out and... and followed our teacher out to the shuttle pads. A shuttle came and... and they took Jenny," she said, then looked into the camera and added, "My friend, Jenny Madigan. They kidnapped her, and our teacher. There were so many of them, they just... appeared out of nowhere. I thought they were going to kill Jenny, but then they took her instead. Took her and Jack in the..."

"Jack?" Jacob said, jerking forward at the name. "The Jack who used to teach at Grissom Academy?"

Lauren looked uncertainly at Kahlee off-screen. After a second, Lauren nodded. "Yeah. She's got tattoos and scars and..."

"I know, Lauren," Jacob said, keeping his tone low and calming for the shaken teenager. "Me and Jack... we've worked together before. You said 'they' took her. Who are 'they'?"

Another nervous look off-screen. Jacob heard soft words of encouragement, and Lauren looked into the camera again. "It was... it was Commander Shepard. Her and another woman I didn't know. Dark skin, dark hair. Shepard said she was a Cerberus agent, but then...a bunch of people in armor were there. They almost saw me but... I hid. I hid and let them take Jenny." Lauren's shoulders shuddered as she sobbed. "I should have fought them. Should have done something. Jenny was braver than me. She tried to fight them and I... I just..."

"Okay, Lauren, that's fine," Jacob assured the girl. "We're going to find your friend, okay? This is going to help us out a lot. Thank you."

"They're not going to hurt her, are they?" Lauren asked, her voice hitching as she started to sob again. "It's all my fault. I was the one who convinced her to sneak out the first time. If they do anything to her... I didn't mean for this to happen. I'm so sorry..."

"Alright, Lauren," Kahlee said. "Reggie, why don't you take your sister back to her bunk? She could probably do with a rest."

The boy next to Lauren nodded. "Yes, ma'am," Reggie said, helping Lauren to her feet.

"Lauren, wait," Jacob said to the screen. "Listen... this information helps us a lot. And I promise you, I'm going to do whatever it takes to find your friend."

Lauren nodded at Jacob. "Thank you, sir," she weakly said, as Reggie led her out of the room.

"Tell me the truth, Commander," Kahlee said as she moved back to stand in front of the camera.
"That woman they're showing on the news, saying all those things... it isn't the real Commander Shepard, is it?"

Jacob shook his head. "No, it's not. And what your student just told us is going to be a lot of help in bringing the real Shepard back. Along with everyone else they've taken."

"I'm glad," Kahlee said. "I'd better go see to Lauren and the rest of our students. They're all a little bit worked up. Jack was pretty popular around here, and Jenny... well, I just hope you're able to find them before anything happens."

"I'm going to do my best," Jacob assured her. Kasumi was glad to hear real confidence in his voice for once, instead of the constant negativity he had been venting to her for the past few days. It reminded her of why she had found him so attractive when she'd first met him... well, that and the best set of abs in the entire galaxy.

"Good luck in your mission, Commander. We'll all be pulling for you," Kahlee said.

"Thank you, Miss Sanders," Jacob said, before disconnecting the call. Standing up from the bed, still wearing nothing but the cloaking device around her waist, Kasumi walked over to where Jacob sat at his desk. The look of hopelessness he had been wearing the last few days was gone, replaced with a thoughtful look in his eyes and a furrowed brow.

"What the hell are they up to?" Jacob asked, more to himself than to Kasumi. "I was sure they'd have already fled back to their home base by now. But they're still out there." He rubbed his chin with thumb and forefinger, considering what he had just learned carefully. "Maybe... maybe it wasn't such a stupid idea after all."

"What wasn't?" Kasumi said, but Jacob was already tapping at the terminal on his desk.

After a few seconds, Jacob had opened up a new vid-call, an asari appearing on his screen. "Citadel Council offices, may I ask your name and who you wish to speak with?"

"This is Commander Jacob Taylor of the Alliance vessel SSV Orpheus," Jacob said. "I need to get in touch with a Spectre agent, Jondum Bau."

The asari glanced down at her terminal. "I'm sorry, Commander Taylor, but Agent Bau is currently on assignment. He has asked not to be disturbed unless it's an urgent matter."

"This is an urgent matter!" Jacob exclaimed, then took a moment to calm himself. "Sorry, it's just... I need to talk to him immediately."

"Very well, Commander. I will forward your name and extranet address to Agent Bau, and he will be in contact with you at his earliest convenience," the asari cheerfully stated. "Is there anything else I can assist you with today?"

"No, nothing," Jacob said, angrily stabbing his finger into the disconnect button. "Dammit, I don't need these roadblocks right now. I..." Jacob sat up in his chair, as a blinking light on his monitor indicated a new message. He opened it and arched an eyebrow. "This is..."

"Jondum Bau's private extranet address," Kasumi said, and Jacob looked up to see she had retrieved her omni-tool from the belt of her cloaking device. "He and I have had dealings in the past. Good thing I never delete anything, huh?"
Jacob smiled at her. "Yeah, good thing. Thanks, Kasumi."

"You can thank me by telling me what's going on," Kasumi said, pulling up a chair to sit across from Jacob at his desk. "Why the sudden need to call up a Spectre agent?"

"The attack on that colony on Chasca," Jacob said, fingers moving fast as he pulled up the information from Kasumi's message and typed in Bau's address. "I always thought there was something strange about it. Why that specific colony? Why would an alien terrorist group expend so much energy, take so much risk for a relatively minor target? Plus, there's someone living there that..."

Before Jacob could finish his thought, his call connected. "Who is this?" said the salarian on the other end of the line. "How did you get this address?"

"I apologize, Agent Bau," Jacob said. "I wouldn't have contacted you like this if it wasn't extremely important. This is Jacob Taylor, I'm the Commander of..."

"Yes, yes, the Council offices sent your information over," Bau said, annoyance in his tone. "As I'm sure they informed you, I'm currently in the middle of a very important investigation."

"I'm aware of that. And I think I have information that will help you," Jacob said. "But first, I need to ask you a few questions about what happened on Chasca."

Bau narrowed his large eyes. "This is highly unorthodox, Commander. I'm not about to divulge classified information about my current mission, just on the vague promise of information in return. You're going to have to give me a lot more than that, I'm afraid."

"My information isn't entirely confirmed yet, is the problem," Jacob said. "But I think your investigation might be connected with my current mission."

"Well, when your information is confirmed, be sure to forward it through the proper channels next time," Bau said. "If you have nothing more concrete to offer me than that, I'm afraid I'm going to have to disconnect this..."

Jacob called out. "Wait, wait! Please, listen to me. Lives are at stake here! The lives of Commander Shepard, of her..."

"Commander Shepard?" the salarian Spectre's mood instantly changed. "I take it the Alliance has you tracking down that imposter pretending to be her?"

"I... wait, you knew?"

Bau nodded. "I've partnered with Shepard in the past. Humans are a lot easier to read then other species. I knew right away that person in the videos wasn't the same one I worked with during the war. Blinks too much, speaks a little more slowly. Little things that most people wouldn't notice, but I spotted right away."

"Wish you could convince the rest of the galaxy about that," Jacob said. "But yeah, that woman is a fake, and she has the real Commander Shepard and several others held hostage. We're trying to track them down."
"I understand, Commander," Bau said, his tone much more civil. "Shepard had my back during a tense standoff on the Citadel years ago. If she and... well, another brave human who didn't make it, if they hadn't been there, I don't know if I would have survived. I owe Shepard a lot. Just tell me what I can do to help you find her."

Jacob looked up at Kasumi, who had let out some sort of noise that she quickly stifled. He wanted to ask, but it would wait until later. "Tell me about the attack on the colony," Jacob asked Bau. "What have you found in your investigation so far?"

"An absolute slaughter," Bau said. "Whoever perpetrated this attack, the colonists didn't stand a chance against them. What little signs we could find that they put up any sort of fight, it didn't last long before they were all put to the sword."

"Put to the sword?" Jacob asked. "A figure of speech or...?"

"No, Commander, I mean that quite literally," Bau said gravely. "Aside from a few scattered colonists that were gunned down, nearly every human here was killed with a sharp bladed weapon. And not some antiquated iron instrument like those used during your race's medieval period. Something much more deadly than that. Some sort of monomolecular cutting device, if I had to guess. Not the kind of weapon you normally see in the hands of a terrorist group, unless they're very well-funded." He paused, something seeming to occur to him just at that moment. "Funny thing, the last time I saw cuts like this was..."

"The attack on the Citadel," Jacob interrupted.

Bau blinked in surprise. "Yes, actually. How..."

"Just a hunch," Jacob said. "Anything else you've noticed about the attack site? Something missing, perhaps?"

"That's the other peculiar thing," Bau responded. "For terrorist groups like this H.S.E.M., ones that have just recently formed, crimes like this often serve a dual purpose: to send a message, but also as a means to fund their further activities via theft. A scene like this, you would expect every last item of value to have been taken. But that's not the case here. We've found credit chits left laying out on tables, jewelry boxes left completely undisturbed, no sign that these people even considered stealing anything valuable. The only thing these people took, other than the lives of these innocents, was a single shuttlecraft."

Jacob considered this. "What about... people, Agent? Are there any people missing?"

Bau hesitated, glancing around the room he was in. "This channel is secure, Commander?"

"Absolutely."

"I need you to understand that this is highly sensitive information. If I tell you this, I need your assurance that it will not be disseminated elsewhere."

Jacob nodded in understanding. "Trust me, Agent. Anything you tell me will only be used to help me find Commander Shepard. It stays between you and I otherwise," he promised, shooting a quick glance at Kasumi as she made a gesture of putting her hands over her ears with a sly grin.

"Two residents of the colony are unaccounted for," Bau finally said. "At first we assumed that they
were the ones who took the shuttle in order to escape. But since none of the other colonies on the planet have reported their arrival, and the shuttle wouldn't have been able to get them outside of the galaxy, we have to assume that the attackers abducted these women. Perhaps for ransom or... other purposes," Bau looked mildly disgusted. "Considering the tensions currently ongoing between humanity and the other races due to this Cerberus incident, we thought it best not to publicize the abduction of these women and risk further unrest."

"Who were they, Agent?" Jacob asked.

Bau opened up his omni-tool. "Let me pull it up to make sure I've got it right. The two missing women were an Alliance communications specialist named... let's see... Samantha Traynor. And her roommate, a miner named Felicia Hannigan." Putting away his omni-tool, Bau looked back into the camera. "What are you thinking here, Commander? That there's a connection between these two women and this fake Commander Shepard's theft of the Normandy?"

"Not sure yet, Agent Bau," Jacob said. "Just answer one more question for me. This H.S.E.M. organization... have you ever heard of them before this incident?"

"No, not at all," Bau said. "We figured they must have sprung up in the wake of Shepard's supposed defection to Cerberus. But for an organization to form so rapidly, and carry out an attack this well-planned, not to mention executed with high-tech weaponry out of the spending range of even some of the most skilled mercenaries... I'll admit I had my doubts even before you contacted me, Commander Taylor. It seems my suspicions were correct."

"Mine, as well," Jacob said. "This information has helped us a lot, Agent."

Bau gave a brief nod. "I'm happy to help, Commander. Just... try not to cause too much damage if you track them down. It would be nice to have some evidence to take back to the Council that Cerberus was responsible for this attack. Maybe deflate the myth that this new version of the organization is any better than the one that attacked the Citadel."

"I'll try my best, Agent," Jacob said. "Thanks again."

Sneaking up from behind him, Kasumi leaned over Jacob's chair and grinned into the camera. "Nice seeing you again, Bau," she chirped, giving him a quick wave.

"Wait, what... who is that?" Bau exclaimed. "Commander, is that Kas..."

Kasumi pressed the button to disconnect the call. Jacob looked over at her with a bemused expression. "Something you want to tell me about, Miss Goto?"

"A girl's got to have her secrets, Jacob," Kasumi said with a wink.

Shaking his head, Jacob turned back to his desk, leaning his head on his hand and thinking. "So Cerberus was behind the attack on the Chasca colony. And abducted Samantha Traynor and Kelly Chambers."

"What do you think they're up to?" Kasumi said, sitting up on the edge of Jacob's desk. "Trying to snatch up all of Shep's buddies or something?"

Tapping something on his terminal, Jacob brought up a 3D display of the galaxy map, the holographic image hovering above his desk. "Chasca is in the Maroon Sea cluster, here," he
entered in a command, and the Maroon Sea cluster lit up. "The attack on the colony happened first, then the abduction of Jack and Jenny happened on Horizon, in the Shadow Sea cluster here." He inputted the instructions, and the indicated cluster was highlighted. "So we know the path they've taken up to this point. Where could they be going next?"

Standing up from the desk, Jacob began pacing around the room. "Kelly and Jack," he muttered. "Two women with connections to the former incarnation of Cerberus. Taken along with someone close to them. To keep them in line, maybe?" Jacob paused. "Maybe it's..."

"Commander Taylor," a cheery voice suddenly piped up from behind him. "I am pleased to inform you that the files you asked me to reconstruct have now been completed. I have sent the information to your personal terminal."

"Perfect timing," Kasumi said, as Jacob marched back to his desk and pulled up the information. She crouched down next to him to get a good view of his display. "What is this?"

"Looks like a databank," Jacob said as he opened the files Glyph had sent. "Big collection of information. Let's check the first file..."

Jacob hit a sequence of buttons, and the first file opened. "Visual log of testimony given by Liara T'Soni, in Council meeting dated 11.4.2187," said an automated female voice, before a hovering 3D image of Liara appeared above Jacob's desk.

"State your name for the record," said a voice, Jacob recognized it as the turian ambassador Sparatus.

"Dr. Liara T'Soni," said the hovering image of Liara, her hands clasped behind her back as she spoke. "And for the last two years I have also gone by the name of... Shadow Broker."

The audibly-shocked sound of the spectators in the Council Chambers could be heard on the recording. "And why have you come forward with this information today, Dr. T'Soni?" said the voice of Ambassador Tevos on the recording.

"Two years ago, we were in a desperate situation. The Reaper invasion was nigh, and I felt that we needed every resource at our disposal to fight them," Liara stated. "So when Commander Shepard and I defeated the existing Shadow Broker, I took the opportunity to continue on in that capacity. And my suspicions at the time was correct: the knowledge from the Shadow Broker's databases, and the connections he had forged, ended up playing a vital role in our mission to defeat the Reapers. But now that we are at peace, I feel that continuing to act as the Shadow Broker is no longer necessary. To put it plainly... I think it's time for me to retire."

The image of Liara brought up her omni-tool. "But the information that was gathered by the Shadow Broker, myself and those who came before me, is too valuable to simply be disposed of. Therefore, I have come here today to offer the entirety of the Shadow Broker's data to the Council. Decades of accumulated knowledge: not just government secrets, but scientific research as well. Information that I feel would be invaluable in helping the galaxy recover from the devastation of the Reapers. I give it to the Council freely, in the hopes that it be used for the good of the entire galaxy."

"Thank you, Dr. T'Soni," the salarian ambassador Valern said. "We will have our top men working with this data right away."
Liara looked hesitant. "If you don't mind me asking, who will be working with it? The information contained is very sensitive and I..."

"Top... men," Valern repeated sternly, as the image of Liara faded away.

Jacob let out an annoyed grunt. "Typical Council. She gave them all this information, and what do they do with it? Lock it away in a vault."

"It makes sense, though," Kasumi observed. "I'm sure the Shadow Broker accumulated a lot of uncomfortable secrets in his, slash, her career. Council probably didn't want to risk anybody digging through and finding all that dirty laundry." Something occurred to Kasumi, and she pointed at Jacob's screen. "That date, through... November of last year? That can't be right."

"Why not?"

A confused look crossed Kasumi's face. "Because I swear I bought a tip from one of the Shadow Broker's agents for a heist, a few months after that."

"Hmm. Maybe one of Liara's agents hadn't gotten the memo about the Broker retiring. Or maybe they were operating independently," Jacob reasoned.

"Yeah, maybe," Kasumi said, finally dismissing it with a shrug. "So what else do we have in here?"

Jacob started moving through the list, filenames scrolling past in a blur as he worked his way down the collection of files. After about thirty seconds of rapid movement through the data, a percentage indicator at the top right of the screen changed. From "0.000%" to "0.001%.

"Son of a bitch," Jacob exclaimed. "There's too much here! We'll never be able to figure out what Cerberus was looking for."

"If I might offer some assistance," Glyph chimed in. "Before the Cerberus agents retrieved these files from the Citadel Archives, they performed several keyword searches on the databank. Most likely to ensure that the information they were looking for was contained within these records. I can provide you with a list of their searches if you wish."

"That'd be great," Jacob said, and Glyph sent the new information to his terminal. "First search... 'Project Lucretius.' Glyph, give me a list of all the files in the archives that contain those words."

"One moment... results complete," Glyph reported after several seconds. "18 files related to the search term 'Project Lucretius' found."

Jacob accessed one of the files and frowned. "Look like... research notes," he stared at the symbols on the screen as if squinting at them hard enough would decode them for him. "Kasumi, any idea?"

"Chemical formulas," Jacob mused. "Damn, if only we had..." Something occurred to Jacob, a thought he had been having just before Glyph had interrupted. "Glyph, bring back the list of searches again."
"Yes, sir," Glyph said, and the screen in front of Jacob changed. Looking at the list, he spotted one entry and pounded his fist against the desk.

"Son... of... a... bitch..." Jacob said. "Glyph, that term at the top. Search it, fast!"

"One moment... one result found. File on your terminal now."

The image flashed on the screen, and Jacob's suspicions were confirmed. "What's that?" Kasumi asked as she stared at the image. "Looks like a building layout for..."

But Jacob was already reaching for his ear, triggering his communicator. "Joker, come in!"

"Hey, Commander, just got on duty. What's..." Joker's voice came out of Jacob's ear.

"Set course for the Kepler Verge, right away!" Jacob exclaimed.

"Sir, yessir!" Joker said. "You want me to brief Commander Rooker and..."

"I'll handle that. Just get us there. As fast as you can fly it without this hunk of scrap falling apart!" Jacob said, disconnecting the comm-link before Joker could respond. Kasumi watched as Jacob leapt up from his desk and bolted towards his armor storage locker.

"Jacob, what's going on?" Kasumi said, as she watched Jacob begin rapidly donning his combat gear. "Did you..."

Jacob paused in his preparations to fix Kasumi with an excited smile. "I know where they're going, Kasumi! Dammit, I know exactly where they're going next!"
"Checkmate," he said, moving his pawn into position and leaning back in his chair with a satisfied smirk. "A wonderful game, isn't it? Where in the end even a lowly pawn can defeat a king."

She leaned forward in her chair, scrutinized the board with narrowed eyes. "Dammit," she finally muttered. "Can't believe you pulled that off. After all the pieces you sacrificed..."

"It's an important lesson to learn, my dear, in chess and in life: there is no victory without sacrifice. And sometimes the best way to win, is to make your enemy believe that they have already beaten you."

She laughed. "Is that what you're doing now, then? Pretending to be beaten? Waiting to pull one last trick out of your sleeve, Oleg?"

Oleg Petrovsky frowned at his chess partner, but his tone remained civil. "Not this time, I'm afraid. Since Omega, I'm afraid my sleeves contain nothing but a pair of tired old arms. Ones much better suited for directing pawns then bearing weapons. But then, we've been through all this before. Haven't we, Miss Lawson?"

Miranda Lawson leaned her chin on her palm, fixing Petrovsky with a scrutinizing stare. "Perhaps," Miranda said. "But then, circumstances have changed recently, haven't they?"

"Circumstances out there, maybe," Petrovsky said, waving his arm up to the ceiling and the sky that lay above it. "But here on Ontarom, nothing has changed for me. I sit, I consider the mistakes I have made in my life to get me to this point, and I play chess," he said as he pressed a button at the side of the chessboard, the holographic pieces shimmering and moving back to their starting positions. "Another?"

"No. It appears that I'm more distracted than I realized," Miranda said. Standing up from her seat, she walked over to the window to Oleg's room. Outside, rocky hills and crags surrounded the facility. Miranda stared out at them apprehensively, her eyes locking on the series of AA turrets jutting out at regular intervals around the area. "I'm surprised you aren't more worried yourself. After all, both of us are traitors to Cerberus."

A sour look came to Petrovsky's face. "Please, Miss Lawson. Those people out there aren't Cerberus. They can drape themselves in the colors and standards of our former organization as much as they wish, but they are little more than pretenders to the throne. And regardless... even if they were out to settle old grudges, this facility is well-protected. Keeping any intruders out, and keeping... heh, 'dangerous' individuals like myself from ever escaping."

"Honestly, Oleg. You should be happy the Alliance afforded you this much freedom," Miranda looked away from the window. "I certainly didn't want you here. If it had been up to me, you'd be in an Alliance cell right now. But I guess you were able to charm enough high-ranking officials to convince them to give you the freedom to join this project."

"Freedom, yes," Petrovsky said sarcastically. "The illustrious Restoration Initiative, where former Cerberus operatives join together to make amends for their past deeds and assist the galaxy in rebuilding. I still remember all the grand talk of what we would accomplish together. So tell me, Miss Lawson: what was the last major contribution we made to the rebuilding effort? What
positive effect have we had on the galactic community in the past year?" When Miranda didn't answer, Petrovsky smirked in grim satisfaction. "You and I both know the truth. This isn't a research facility. It's a glorified prison. All the talk the Alliance fed me and my former comrades, 'Get the chip, and you'll be absolved of all of your crimes.' But if I went to my jailers... oh, pardon me, I mean 'the Alliance security forces,' if I went to them today and asked for a shuttle to take me off-world, do you suppose they would provide it? You say you want me in an Alliance cell, Miss Lawson?" He gestured outward to the spacious room. "Well, here I am. Perhaps not as small as you would have liked for me, but a cell nonetheless."

"Still more than you deserve," Miranda said to him. "The things you did on Omega..."

"...are no worse than many of the other actions Cerberus had taken for the betterment of humanity, Miss Lawson," Petrovsky countered. "Actions that, up until a few years ago, you were just as much a party to as myself. But I suppose you 'saw the light' just a bit sooner than I did. You, I'm sure, could get a shuttle off this planet any time you wished. But still you remain. I can't help but wonder why. Do you honestly still believe this project will ever accomplish anything? Or is it just that I'm that engaging a chess partner?"

Miranda scoffed. "Please. If there was anybody halfway decent at the game in this facility besides you, I'd be happy to spend my time elsewhere. I've tried teaching the game to Ori, but she doesn't have the patience to learn anything beyond the basics."

"Ah, yes. The lovely young Oriana," Petrovsky said. "I feel for your sister, Miss Lawson, having to live her life in a place like this. A lady at her age, spending her time staring at the same walls day after day. When she should be seeing the world, broadening her horizons, instead she remains here."

Miranda turned back to the window to hide the emotions on her face. "It's... better this way. Ori will be safe here."

"Safe? Safe from whom, exactly?" Petrovsky prodded her. "Your father is dead. Cerberus was dead, too, until recently. Don't tell me you've kept your sister cooped up in this facility all this time, just on the off-chance somebody might try to settle the Illusive Man's old grudges and target you and your sister."

"I... she doesn't need to..."

Petrovsky placed a finger at the side of his temple. "I think I understand it now. Why you've chosen to remain here. It's not just to protect your sister... it's to keep her tied down. Keep her squarely held under your watchful eye. Because if she were to ever leave... if she were to break away from you and find her own life somewhere out among the stars... well, whatever would you do, Miss Lawson? You'd have nobody to protect. Nobody to care for. Nobody in your life at all... isn't that right?"

Miranda looked at Petrovsky with a sneer. "Don't presume that you know all about me. You don't."

Petrovsky shrugged. "You could be correct. But regardless, I'm quite sure you don't need to keep constant watch out that window. Even if this organization calling itself Cerberus knew about this facility, knew how to get past the security measures and reach us here, I severely doubt they would waste their time. Not much here to interest them, I'm sure."

"Really?" Miranda asked. "Not even their brilliant former general, just waiting for the chance to
reclaim his former glory?"

He let out a bitter laugh. "Even if that were the case... I would have no interest in the position. No, I'm afraid my days of commanding the armies of outlaw terrorist organizations are finished. As much as I may throw myself against my prison walls, Miss Lawson, part of me is quite happy that they hold fast."

Miranda looked out the window again, searching the sky for any incoming ships. After seeing nothing, she finally turned back and sat down at the table across from Petrovsky. "Fine, then. Another."

"Shall we invite your sister to join us?" Petrovsky suggested. "Perhaps watching two masters play might ignite her interest in the game."

"I doubt it," Miranda said. "And besides, Ori is busy with her studies right now. Wouldn't want to disturb her when she's got her nose buried deep in her books."

* * *

"Oh, Ori! Keep going, Ori!" the black-haired woman moaned, reaching a hand down to stroke the hair of the head wedged between her legs. "Damn, where'd you learn to do that?"

"Practice makes perfect, I guess" Oriana Lawson removed her mouth from her lover's snatch long enough to remark, before diving back in to the woman's glistening pussy. She didn't want to admit that her "practice" came from watching lots of extranet porn, and practicing the tongue movements she saw in those filthy videos on a sex toy she'd bribed one of the supply ship captains to find for her.

The woman sitting on the end of Ori's bed, a middle-aged woman with light scars on her face and a dark thick muff that was currently tickling Ori's nose, was Elena Franklin. One of the fifty or so former Cerberus operatives who made their homes in the Restoration Initiative facility. Ori wasn't sure what role Elena had played in Cerberus, or how far up in their hierarchy she had been. But from the wistful way she talked about her days in that organization, it made Ori doubt her claims that she had been indoctrinated into service.

She was exactly the sort of person Miranda would want Ori to have nothing to do with. Which only made the taste of her cunt on Ori's tongue that much sweeter.

"Your sister isn't going to be coming back anytime soon, is she?" Elena said, glancing at the door to Ori's bedroom.

"Don't worry about my sister," Ori said with a smile. "She'll be gone for at least an hour. She thinks I'm busy studying for my midterms right now."

Elena gave Ori a saucy grin. "Oh, my. I hope I'm not interfering with your education, young lady."

"What does it matter?" Ori said, working her fingers down into Elena's pussy and fingering her as she spoke. "As long as I'm stuck here on Ontarom, what's the point of working toward a degree? Miri wants me to keep up with my colony development studies, but that sort of work actually requires, you know, going to places where you can develop colonies. Not being stuck at some top-secret Alliance facility for who knows how long." She let out a loud sigh. "I love my sister to death, I really do. She protected me for a long time. But I wish she'd realize that I don't need her
constantly watching over me anymore. I'm not a teenager anymore; I'm almost 22! Why she feels like she has to mother me all the time..."

"Not for me to butt in, I guess, but ain't nothing stopping you from leaving," Elena observed. "You ain't former Cerberus. Ain't got a chip in you like the rest of us poor saps. Next supply shuttle that comes in, I'm sure they'd let you hitch a ride."

Ori sighed. "Miri would freak out, though. Probably think that this new Cerberus grabbed me up or something. And if I told her I wanted to leave... she'd never allow it. No, for now it's better I stay here anyway. All this crazy stuff going on in the galaxy right now... it's safe here."

Pulling her sopping fingers from Elena's snatch and standing up from her kneeling position on the floor, Ori climbed on top of Elena on the bed. She loved the feel of the older woman's warm, naked body against hers. "And besides... you'd miss me, wouldn't you?" she asked, leaning down to plant a fierce kiss on Elena's lips.

"Maybe," Elena said after Ori broke the kiss, hand running up Ori's side and moving to cup one of the younger woman's smallish breasts. "Miss a couple things about you, I suppose," she said, before pushing Ori slightly up and back off her prone body. Leaning up, Elena ran her tongue along the sensitive flesh of Ori's breast, leaving a glistening trail of saliva as she moved tauntingly close to Ori's swollen nipple. Ori whimpered in pent-up desire, reaching down between their two bodies and pressing her fingers down between her legs. She soon found her rhythm, moving her fingers along her clit in the same pattern as Elena's tongue trailing around her nipple, feeling herself shiver as pleasure filled her entire body.

She still remembered the first time: two months ago, she had been in the mess hall, Miranda chatting with her about some project or another, Ori pretending to listen. And then she had locked eyes with Elena across the mess hall. The dangerous looking woman had stared openly at her, and Ori had been afraid of her penetrating glare at first. Finishing up her food quickly and excusing herself, Ori had reached the door to their room, only to hear someone let out a whistle. Before she knew it, Elena was there: "You look bored, hon," she had said, giving Ori a crooked smile. "I'm pretty bored, too. You ever feel like fucking, I'm in room 28."

It was lewd and sick. Ori had never had anyone talk to her like that before. And it had been all she could think about for the entire next day. Her studies went untouched as she ran Elena's words in her mind over and over again: "You ever feel like fucking..."

Ori wasn't a virgin, of course; an awkward, unsatisfying teenage encounter with a sandy-haired boy from her astronomy course had handled that problem. But Elena was so different: not just that she was a woman, but she was older, more experienced. And had a dangerous air to her that bizarrely made her vulgar invitation all the more tempting.

Eventually, Ori couldn't take it anymore. Making some excuse about "taking a walk" to Miranda, Ori had gone to Elena's room that night. "Take it slow," she told herself as she stepped into the room, Elena giving her a hungry look as she entered. "Don't let her force you to do anything you're not comfortable with," was what she was thinking just before Elena yanked off Ori's dress, shoved her into the bedroom, and spent the next few hours helping Ori release years of pent-up sexual frustration, all in one evening. By the end of the night, Ori had lost count of how many times the older woman's fingers, lips, and tongue had gotten her off. Once it was over, Ori was almost too drained to even walk back to her and Miranda's quarters, Ori immediately jumping in the shower before Miri could notice the smell of sex all over her.
After that night, Ori took a lot more late night walks.

"Ooh," Ori closed her eyes and moaned in approval, as Elena's lips locked around her areola and her teeth lightly nipped at Ori's nipple. Goodness, what would Miri think if she walked in and found her little sister like this: letting some fiendish former Cerberus operative ravish her poor innocent body. A vivid image formed in her mind of Miranda standing at her bedroom door, jaw dropped halfway to the floor as she got a good peek at Ori draped over the body of another woman, fingers frantically stroking at her own cunt. As Ori and Elena shifted on the bed, Ori turning herself around to plant her crotch down into the older woman's face, Ori half-expect to see Miranda standing there, the image had been so vivid.

But she wasn't, of course. Leaving Ori free to enjoy the feel of Elena's tongue expertly teasing the most sensitive parts of her.

Closing her eyes in ecstasy as Elena brought her off, Oriana missed a perfect view out of her bedroom window, of a shuttlecraft descending from orbit off in the distance and steering directly towards the Restoration Initiative base.

* * *

If it were up to him, Lieutenant Garrison Caldwell would nuke the entire fucking site, and every last piece of Cerberus scum who lived there.

He'd fought in the war against the Reapers. Fought alongside turians, salarians, asari and krogan. Even had his neck saved by a damn batarian, of all people. Men and women of all species, struggling and bleeding together, fighting to save the galaxy. It had been an eye-opening experience, and it had made him hate the sort of bigoted assholes who would join Cerberus all the more.

He didn't buy all this talk of indoctrination. Just excuses, that's all. If he had to guess, almost all these people joined up with Cerberus knowingly and willingly. Only falling back on the "I couldn't help myself" excuse after the war was over, and they were the losers. They didn't deserve clemency, deserved nothing less than a bullet in the head.

Regardless, though, he was here to keep watch over them. As security chief for the Restoration Initiative, he had to put aside whatever hatreds he had for these anti-alien shitbirds and do the job he was assigned to do. Not that it was much of a challenge to him. This facility was top-secret, located in an otherwise uninhabited segment of Ontarom. The only thing around them was rocks and more rocks, and the only shuttles that ever came out this way were their periodic supply drops.

A nice, boring posting, just the sort of thing he should enjoy after the chaos and death of the war.

So when he got a call from his second-in-command, telling him that something was up, Caldwell wasted no time hustling his way to the security room.

"What have we got, Wallace?" Caldwell asked, staring out the large window that faced the main courtyard of the building. The Restoration Initative facility was laid out in a U-shape, the comms room they were in near the end of one of the large building's "arms," with a beautiful courtyard garden set up in the inside of the curve. Caldwell felt disgusted every time he saw it: the Alliance going to all the trouble to make this place look inviting, and for what? A bunch of Cerberus traitors who got lucky enough to be granted clemency. Even had a goddamn fountain right in front of the door leading into the main entrance hall. Un-fucking-believable.
"Got a shuttle coming in from the east, sir," Wallace reported, pointing to a blip on the radar screen in front of him. "Been trying to hail it, but it's not answering."

Caldwell stared at the small triangle designating the shuttlecraft, heading straight in their direction. "When's the next supply drop due?" he asked Wallace.

"Not for another week, sir," Wallace said. "You want to prep the AA guns?"

"Leave them on standby for now," Caldwell instructed. Grabbing up the communications mic from Wallace's console, he pressed the send button. "To the unidentified shuttlecraft on heading 283. You are entering a restricted area. Please alter course or we will be forced to take action against you."

There was no response, and the blip on the radar continued on its course without wavering.

Caldwell looked at Wallace, who nodded and pressed a button on his console. Outside, the AA guns activated, pointing upward from their normal idle position and tracking the heading of the incoming shuttlecraft. Just one shot from the massive cannons would be enough to reduce most shuttles to little more than a thimbleful of dust, and whoever was flying this shuttle had twelve of them pointing in their direction and ready to fire.

"I repeat," Caldwell sternly spoke into the microphone. "This is a restricted Alliance facility. If you do not change course, we will open fire on your vessel. This is your last warning."

After a moment's pause, a woman's voice came in through the communications system. "Come in. This is Ensign Sinon. I've got an emergency shipment of weapons coming in for this facility."

Wallace looked at Caldwell, both of them confused. "We haven't heard anything about a weapons shipment," Caldwell said into the mic.

"Last minute orders, sir. We've gotten a report from one of our ships that Cerberus might attempt to attack this facility," the shuttle pilot said. "Want to make sure you're prepared if there's a fight."

Caldwell passed the mic down to Wallace. "Check their clearance," he instructed Wallace.

"Incoming shuttle, please confirm your authorization code," Wallace said into the mic, as he called up another screen on his terminal with the code for the day.

A short pause, then "Authorization code Alpha-Sierra-Oscar-Alpha-Papa One-Two-Four-Three-Six."

Wallace looked up at Caldwell and nodded. "Stand down the guns," Caldwell instructed. "Let 'em through."

"Shuttlecraft, you are clear for landing. Continue on present course and land your shuttle on pad number one," Wallace told the shuttle pilot. Outside, the AA guns deactivated and returned to idle position. Stupid thought, but Caldwell thought they almost looked disappointed, missing out on a chance to actually be put to use for the first time.

Watching out the window for the arrival of the shuttle, Caldwell frowned. "Cerberus attacking here?" he said to himself. "How would they even found us? This facility is so damn secret I can't
even send a message to my kid without having it routed through five different comm relays to mask the signal."

"Cerberus used to have a lot of spies, right?" Wallace offered. "Maybe somebody leaked about this place."

Caldwell didn't want to believe it. That somebody would betray the Alliance and willingly work with Cerberus. Commander Shepard was one thing: Caldwell had come to the conclusion that whatever had happened to that woman in that Crucible device had fucked with her head, enough for her to eventually go crazy and switch sides to Cerberus. But that was just the thing: you had to be crazy to want to work with Cerberus willingly. Had to be.

Through the window out into the courtyard, Caldwell watched as the shuttlecraft hovered in from the distance, directing its course in the direction of the shuttlepad. "Wallace, send a call down to the barracks, have a team go down to help unload the weapons," Caldwell instructed. "Better get this stuff stowed away before any of our 'tenants' get the bright idea to hijack the shipment and go rejoin their old buddies."

"Roger that," Wallace said, picking up the microphone in preparation to make the call. His finger hovered above the transmission button, however, as his eyes locked outside the window. "What's it doing, sir?"

Caldwell wasn't sure. The shuttle was hovering in place just above the courtyard, nowhere near the shuttle pad it was supposed to be landing on. "Shuttlecraft, is there a problem?" Wallace said as he reconnected with the shuttle pilot. All that greeted him on the other end was static. He turned around to face Caldwell. "Sir, what do you..."

"Goddamnit!" Caldwell yelled out, as the shuttlecraft turned in the air, pointed itself directly at a section of the building opposite the comms room, and engaged all of its thrusters at once. "Get down!" he warned Wallace, grabbing the ensign and pulling him to the floor just before the shuttlecraft made impact with the side of the building, the window in front of them shattering from the shockwave.

* * *

Miranda had been in the middle of contemplating her next move, when suddenly a loud crashing sound filled the room. Jolting up to her feet, Miranda stared in the direction of the booming sound. "What in the name of..." she said, as alarms started to blare across the base.

"This is Lieutenant Caldwell," called out the voice of the base commander over the PA system. "All residents, please remain calm. A shuttle has lost control and crashed into the facility. We are working to deal with the situation and will let you know when it is safe for you to leave your quarters. Until the situation is contained, I am initiating emergency lockdown on all rooms. Thank you for your understanding." As the last of Caldwell's announcement faded, Miranda and Petrovsky watched as the lock on the door leading out into the hall switched from green to red.

"A shuttle crash?" Miranda said, looking at Petrovsky in confusion. "We weren't even supposed to have any shuttles arriving for at least a week."

"Lieutenant Caldwell sounds a bit shaken," Petrovsky observed. "Somehow I think something else is happening. Something a bit more serious than pilot error."
Miranda stared at the door in frustration. "Goddamnit. I need to get to Ori," she said. Concentrating, she directed a bolt of biotic force against the door out to the hallway. The mental projection bounced against the door with no effect. Cursing, Miranda pounded her fist against the door in anger.

"Not as enjoyable when the cell is keeping you in as well, is it, Miss Lawson?" Oleg said.

"How the hell are you so calm?" Miranda snapped at him. "You know what's going on, don't you, Oleg?"

Oleg shook his head. "I suppose I'm just simply a fatalist, Miss Lawson. What will happen will happen. At this point, any action I take will have little consequence one way or the other."

Groaning in frustration, Miranda turned back to the secured door. "Ori, please be safe," she said to herself, as she stared at the locked door and tried to will it to open.

* * *

"They hit the barracks," Caldwell said to Wallace, as the two of them dashed down the hall towards the shuttle impact site. "Dammit, how many men did we have off-duty in there?"

"Twenty-four sir," Wallace said. "More than two-thirds of our garrison."

Caldwell cursed, then activated his ear communicator. "Anybody who can still hear me, head to the barracks immediately. I want all fires extinguished and any survivors accounted for."

Disconnecting, he looked over at Wallace with a troubled look. "This wasn't an accident. That pilot deliberately piloted the shuttle into the barracks. They know the layout of this base and were trying to take as many of our people out as they could."

"You think Cerberus is behind this?" Wallace asked his commander.

"I don't know," Caldwell said, as they turned the corner down into the hallway leading to the barracks. "But if that pilot is still alive, I'm going to get some damn answers out of her. One way or another."

Several of the Alliance soldiers assigned to the facility joined Caldwell and Wallace as they opened the door into the barracks. Smoke gushed out of the door as soon as it slid open, and the men covered their mouths as they charged into the devastated room. The crashed shuttle had embedded itself halfway inside of the building, but otherwise looked mostly intact. The barracks, however, were in a terrible state, and Caldwell cursed as he saw the bodies of several of his men crushed under the shuttle and pieces of rubble that had fallen away from the impact area.

"Get extinguishers over there and over there," Caldwell commanded the men. "You two, over there! Looks like we might have some survivors, see if they can get on their feet and help us with these fires." As his men carried out his instructions, Caldwell gestured to Wallace. "You're with me," Caldwell said as he withdrew his service pistol from his hip. "Let's see if the pilot is still kicking."

"Yes sir," Wallace said, as the two of them carefully made their way through the crumbled debris and small blazes that were burning around the room. Weapons at the ready, they reached the side of the shuttle.
Caldwell pointed down at the side of the crashed ship. "Wallace, what's that say on the side of the ship? Wipe off that shit."

Wallace reached out to run a hand against the soot and dust that had clung to the ship after the impact. "Says... says 'Haverdean,' sir. What the hell does that mean?"

"Means this isn't an Alliance supply ship, that's all I know," Caldwell said. "Open up the side hatch, let's go in."

Wallace hit the emergency access switch on the side of the shuttle, and the damaged door let out a teeth-grating metallic scrape before finally swinging open. Caldwell and Wallace pointed their guns into the ship, the lights on their service weapons revealing a nearly empty interior.

Caldwell pivoted his light down to a large crate in the center of the main passenger area of the shuttle. "I'm going to see what we've got here. Wallace, check the cockpit."

Wallace nodded, moving cautiously as he opened the door between the passenger section of the shuttle and the cockpit. "Sir, it's..." Caldwell heard Wallace say, as Caldwell crouched down by the crate. "There's nobody in here."

"Nobody... shit, it was being remotely piloted," Caldwell said. "But the radio..."

"There's a repeater device attached to the console in here," Wallace said. "They must have been broadcasting from somewhere else."

Caldwell started to say something else, but then he heard something. "Shh, quiet," he instructed Wallace. "What's that sound?"

"Sounds like... something beeping," Wallace said. "Is it coming from the crate?"

Reaching forward, Caldwell triggered the lock on the large crate and sprung it open. Inside was about one hundred pounds of high-grade explosives.

And a small electronic device with a bright red display placed on the top of the massive stockpile. Counting 0:07... 0:06... 0:05...

"Wallace," Caldwell quietly said, staring down at the display and taking one last long breath. "It's been an honor and a privilege to serve with you."

0:01... 0:00... and the whole world went white.

* * *

The second shockwave was much more powerful than the first, Ori tumbling off her feet in the middle of putting on her pants.

"What's going on?" Ori frantically cried at Elena, yelling to be heard over the blaring alarms. "Are we under attack?"

"How the hell should I know?" Elena snapped at her, banging a fist against the locked door to Miranda and Ori's shared living space. "Goddamnit, open this fucking door up!"
"Miri..." Ori moaned, tossing on the last of her clothes. "We've got to get to her."

Elena turned away from the secure door and nodded. "Sounds fine to me. May not have any guns in this place, but with your sister's biotics, we might actually stand a chance against whatever the fuck is going on out there."

Ori wrung her hands, images of her sister being caught and killed by whoever was attacking flooding through her head. Dammit, she should be with Miranda right now, not trapped like a caged rat here.

"Fucking Alliance assholes!" Elena yelled, angrily pounding her fists on the door. "We're sitting ducks in here!" She looked over her shoulder. "Ori, you... Ori?"

Ori had drifted back into her bedroom, staring out the window as a ship slowly cruised in the direction of the base. "An Alliance shuttle," she said, starting to feel hopeful. "Maybe somebody's coming to help."

"Trusting the Alliance to help," Elena said scornfully. "That's a habit I broke myself of a while ago."

* * *

Staring down at the carnage through the cockpit window, the Shepard clone grinned and wickedly chuckled. "Beware of Trojans bearing gifts, and shuttles bearing a shitload of explosives."

"I don't see anybody moving down there," Erin said as she banked them around to the shuttle pad. "Would have thought at least some of the residents would be gutsy enough to come out and see what happened."

"I imagine Lieutenant Caldwell initiated a lockdown when the shuttle first hit, trying to keep the inmates out of the way while he cleaned up," Brooks said from the co-pilot's seat. "His psych profile did mention a severe distrust of anyone associated with Cerberus, after all."

Leaning down against Brooks's chair, the clone laid a wet kiss on her cheek. "Aw, how could anybody not like Cerberus? We're all so lovable," she said, her earlier anger at Brooks already forgotten with the sight of the carnage below.

The shuttle slowly came to a rest on the pad, and Shepard opened the door leading to the back section. Inside, Morgan and twelve Phantoms readied themselves. "Alright, here's the plan," the clone called out, bringing up her omnitool and displaying the building schematic they had pulled from the Shadow Broker's archive. "Brooks will be taking two of you in through the comm room window, make sure nobody got off any distress calls before we got here. Lezayen, take two with you in through the impact site, make sure the blast didn't leave any survivors. The rest of you will come with me through the front door. We split off in twos from there, go room to room. You all know who we're looking for... and who we're not. Any questions?"

"Ma'am, no, ma'am," the Phantoms barked out in unison. The shuttle shook slightly as it touched down, and the side door opened.

"Alright, then," the clone said, as she readied her shotgun. "Let's show the old guard how the new
The Phantoms piled out of the shuttle. Erin looked over at Brooks as she got up from the co-pilot's seat. "You sure you don't want me to stay here, ma'am?" she asked.

"No, I want you up in the air," Brooks said. "This facility is far enough away from anything else that nobody should come sniffing around about those explosions, but we don't want to take any chances. Run a wide perimeter around the base, and if you see any other ships, you radio us right away."

"Should I engage, ma'am?"

"If it's a civilian ship, something you can shoot down without too much trouble, knock yourself out," Brooks instructed her. "But if it's Alliance, just stay out of sight, radio us with a warning, and let them come to us." She pointed out the cockpit window at the garden area, and the large array of waist-high concrete planters and benches. "This courtyard is the perfect spot for an ambush, and we can wipe them all out as soon as they set foot on the shuttle pad."

"Roger that, ma'am," Erin said, as Brooks stepped out of the cockpit and disembarked. Once Brooks had joined the rest of the team on the pad, the shuttle lifted off and flew into the distance.

"Aw, isn't it lovely?" Rena said with a sneer, running an armored hand along the leaves of a small sapling sprouting out of one of the many rectangular concrete planters. In a flash, she whipped her sword off her back and sliced the tree in half, laughing as the top half of the bisected plant tumbled and fell limply to the ground.

"Alright, you know your orders," the clone said. "Let's move!" She paused to give a hard, rough kiss to Brooks before the two of them split into their separate teams.

Brooks headed west, to the shattered window of the comm room looking out onto the courtyard. Hoisting herself up into the room, Brooks headed over to one of the control panels. "No distress signal, but... I was right. Caldwell locked down the doors for all the resident quarters."

"We could open them one-by-one," the Phantom to Brooks's left suggested. "Keep things from getting too out of control."

Brooks looked at the Phantom and gave her a playful smile. "Ah, but out of control is so much more fun," she said. "And we are in a bit of a rush."

Pressing a series of buttons, Brooks disabled the locks on all the doors.

* * *

Miranda let out a surprised gasp, as the door in front of her suddenly unlocked and slid open. "Thank God," she said. She turned to Oleg, who still sat calmly at the chessboard. "I'm going to find my sister. You coming with me?"

Oleg shook his head. "I'm quite alright here, Miss Lawson. But I do wish you luck."

Turning away from him in disgust, Miranda stepped out into the hallway. Several of the other residents had also noticed their doors had been opened, and Miranda looked around to see them filtering out into the halls.
"Miranda, what's going on?" said Dr. Andrew Bochenski, one of the former Cerberus biology researchers who had joined the project. "The security chief said something about a shuttle crash?"

"I'm afraid I know as much as the rest of you do," Miranda said, as several more of the residents gathered around her. All of them looking to her, the former high-ranking Cerberus official, for guidance. "Why don't you all head to the comms room? Somebody there should know what's going on. I'm going to go find my sister."

Dr. Bochenski gave her a nervous smile. "Not to contradict you, ma'am, but if this is some sort of attack... your biotics are pretty much the only weapon we've got. I'm sticking with you."

Several of the project members murmured in agreement. Finally, Ian and Helen Feinberg stepped forward. "Helen and I will check the comms room," Ian said. "Somebody from the Alliance should still be there, after all."

"Thanks," Miranda said. The rest of them gathered around her as she started walking the opposite way.

Please be alright, Ori, Miranda thought. She managed to force a look of supreme confidence onto her face, for the benefit of the others around her, depending on her to be strong. But inside, she was a nervous wreck. I can't lose you.

* * *

Elena let out a cry of triumph as the door to the Lawsons' room slid open. "There we go!" she turned to Ori. "Come on, let's get moving."

"We need to find Miranda," Ori said, as Elena grabbed her by the hand and led her out into the hallway. "Something might have happened to her."

They looked both ways down the hallway, alarm klaxons still going off as lights flashed up and down the corridor. "The barracks are that way," Elena pointed. "Hopefully there's still some Alliance guys here without their heads up their asses that can tell us what's going on."

"But Oleg's room is the other way!" Ori said, trying to resist Elena's pull on her arm in the direction of the barracks. "Elena, please!"

Elena stopped in her tracks, giving Ori an aggravated look. "We'll find your damn sister, okay?" she snapped at Ori, pointing a finger in the direction of the barracks door. "But if this is more than just a simple shuttle crash, I ain't charging into the fray without a gun, or something to..."

The two of them froze as the door to the barracks slid open, a gust of black smoke pouring out of the archway. As Ori watched in terror, several armored figures stepped out of the haze, turning and walking in their direction. They carried swords, and Ori recognized them from her time held captive by her father and Cerberus. "Phantoms," she gasped. Now she was tugging at Elena's arm. "We have to get out of here!"

"Go," Elena said. "Go find your sister, kiddo. I'll hold them off."

"No, Elena! Come with me!" Ori grabbed Elena's hand with both of hers, but Elena held fast.
"It's okay," Elena said, her voice low and firm. "Just get moving. I'll catch up to you."

Ori finally gave up the struggle, as the Phantoms were getting closer. "Elena, I..." she started to say, then turned and ran before finishing.

As the Phantoms moved closer, the one in front whipped off her helmet, revealing a stern face and long blond hair. Once Ori was out of sight, Elena gave her a genial smile. "Hey, about time you people showed up!" she cheerfully said. "When I heard the reports about Cerberus starting up again, I figured you'd show your faces around here eventually. Can't wait to start working with Shepard and the rest of you," She pointed a thumb over her shoulder, towards the turn in the hallway where Ori had run. "And hey, don't worry about the girl, okay? She might freak out a little when she finds out what's really going on here, but I'll help smooth things over."

The blond Phantom said nothing, simply stared at Elena with a blank expression.

"Hey, you new? Don't think I remember you from back in the day," Elena said. She extended a hand towards the Phantom, who was now only a few feet away. "Name's Elena Franklin. Looking forward to working with..."

The sound of an impossibly-sharp blade slicing the air, and in a split second Elena's hand went from extended in friendship, to tumbling onto the floor in a pool of blood. She opened her mouth to scream, only for the blade to strike again, driving into her mouth and up and out the back of her head. She was dead in an instant.

Putting a boot against Elena's chest and yanking her sword out of the corpse's skull, Morgan looked back at her Phantom underlings. "Petrovsky and the Lawsons live," she called out. "Everyone else dies."

The rest of them withdrew their blades, as more of the Restoration Initiative members started looking out of their rooms. Screams mixed with the loud alarm klaxons as the residents spotted the bloody corpse on the floor, the defenseless scientists scrambling out of their rooms and running in the opposite direction.

"Alright, ladies," Morgan said with a smirk. "Let's go hunt us some filthy fucking traitors."

* * *

It was just as Miranda and her group rounded the corner and neared the main entrance hall, that they heard screams ahead of them. The frightened group hesitated, as frantic cries and pleas for mercy echoed throughout the corridor.

"Oh, God!" whimpered Bochenski. "What's happening, Miranda? Who is this? Why are they doing this?"

"I don't..." Miranda's words died in her throat, as she saw a familiar figure step through the main entrance of the facility. Red hair blowing behind her, green eyes turning to lock in her direction. And a confident smile on her face.

"Hello, Miranda," Shepard said. "Sorry about all the fuss, but you know me: I always like to make an entrance."

Miranda blinked. Even after seeing all the news reports, the videos of her proclaiming her new
allegiance... it seemed completely unreal. But there was Shepard, proudly wearing Cerberus armor. Miranda tensed as she saw a group of about ten Cerberus Phantoms follow her former commander into the building. Swords at the ready, hands extended and trained at the group of defected Cerberus members surrounding Miranda.

"Keep her alive," Shepard said, pointing at Miranda. "The rest of them... the opposite of that."

"No!" Miranda focused her mind, sending out a biotic pulse directed right at Shepard. Two of the Phantoms slid forward and extended their hands, biotic barriers absorbing the force of Miranda's attack. Before Miranda could summon the energy for another strike, the rest of the Phantoms opened fire. Miranda was surrounded by screams as the defenseless scientists were ripped to shreds.

"Run! Fall back!" somebody yelled out from behind her, as the surviving members of her group turned and fled. She heard two more of them cry out in pain as shots from the palms of the Phantoms found their marks, before the rest fled around the corner and out of sight.

As shots continued to whoosh past her, and bodies piled up at her feet, Miranda watched in horror as Shepard and the Phantoms pressed forward. Left with no other option, Miranda forced herself to turn around, running after the rest of her group back the way they came.

"Into the comms room!" she heard someone yell out in front of her, and she caught sight of the group dashing into the Alliance communications room ahead of her. Just as she neared the door, there was suddenly a loud cracking sound, and a body tumbled out of the door onto the hallway floor.

"No!" Miranda heard Helen scream in horror, falling to the floor to cradle the limp form of her husband. "Ian, no..." she cried, holding his bleeding head to her chest and sobbing. She looked up in time to see a pistol pointed at her head from above. "Please. Please, just..."

A shot echoed across the corridor, and Helen slumped to the floor next to her husband, a smoking hole in her forehead. The executioner stepped through the door, and Miranda was confronted with another familiar face.

"Miss Lawson," said Hope Lilium, the dark-skinned woman giving her a friendly smile that looked ghastly in these circumstances. As she stepped out into the hallway, Miranda heard terrified screams from the comms room, screams that one-by-one were cut off. It was only a minute later that two Phantoms followed behind Hope, blades dripping with blood.

"Stop!" Miranda yelled out, gathering up her willpower for another biotic strike. "Don't take another step!"

"Or what?" Hope snidely replied. "You'll think at me hard?" she glanced to her sides at the two Phantoms, who had their hands ready to bring up biotic barriers. "I don't want to make this painful for you, but if you resist... well, my people have instructions to take you alive, but not necessarily unharmed."

Miranda took a step back, knowing she had no chance unarmed against the trio of Cerberus operatives. "You'll never get away with this," Miranda told Hope. "The Alliance doesn't take attacks on its facilities lightly."

"Oh, dear, I'm so terribly worried," Hope said mockingly. "That might have been a fearsome threat
a few years ago, Miss Lawson. But today? The Alliance can barely keep the peace on one planet, much less police the entire galaxy. By the time they muster their forces to deal with this, we'll be long gone."

"And you'll have accomplished what, exactly?" Miranda asked her, taking another step back as Hope continued advancing. "Revenge against us traitors to the cause? Slaughtering a bunch of helpless scientists?"

Hope gave a casual shrug. "Well, that is a nice bonus, yes. But that's not the only reason we came here." She came to a stop, then turned her head slightly to the right as she kept her eyes locked on Miranda. "Isn't that right, General?"

Miranda bared her teeth as Oleg Petrovsky stepped out of his quarters. Having changed out of his casual clothing and into his old Cerberus uniform. "I should hope not," Oleg said, as he moved to stand beside Hope and crossed his arms. "I'd worry about the priorities of this new Cerberus operation quite a bit if killing these people was the extent of your goals."

"You son of a bitch!" Miranda yelled at him. "You knew this was coming the whole time!"

Oleg shook his head. "If I'm being honest with you, Miss Lawson... I didn't. But I can't say I'm surprised, either," he said. Turning to Hope, he raised his arm up in a salute. "Good to see you, Miss Lillum."

"You as well, General," Hope said, returning the salute. "Actually, though, it's Miss Brooks now. Maya Brooks. The old name... got a little boring."

"Well, by any name, you always struck me as a force to be reckoned with," Oleg said, lowering his arm. "Seeing you here now, I'm glad to be proven right about your potential. I always thought the Illusive Man was wasting your talents, having you scrounge up alien scum for Shepard's Collector mission."

"A mistake, General, that we don't intend to repeat," said a voice from behind them. Miranda turned to see Shepard walking up to them, her Phantom contingent trailing behind her.

Oleg gave Shepard a scrutinizing look, then turned to Brooks with an arched eyebrow. "Ah. I see you woke up the spare."

"Hey!" Shepard yelled out. "The name's Shepard! Commander Anna Shepard!"

"Calm down, love," Brooks said, stepping past Miranda and laying a hand on Shepard's shoulder. Turning back to Oleg, she gave him a quizzical look. "How did you know?"

"You thought I wasn't made aware?" Oleg said. "Of course the Illusive Man told me about his backup parts supply. As a matter of fact, he and I once contemplated taking the same actions as yourself: reviving the clone to be used as a weapon against the real Shepard after she broke with Cerberus. Ultimately, we determined that there was too much chance of failure for it to be worth the effort."

Miranda turned to look at the clone of Shepard, a seething expression on the clone's face that Miranda could never have imagined seeing on the real Shepard. Strange that the Illusive Man hadn't told her about the creation of a clone, especially considering she had been in charge of the Lazarus Project. But of course, the things she had discovered during the Reaper war had educated
her on just how many secrets her former boss had kept from even her.

"Well, guess the joke's on you," the Shepard clone snarled at Oleg. "Because I ended up winning after all."

Brooks patted the clone on the shoulder. "We ended up winning, love. Give me at least some of the credit for helping you defeat your lackluster doppelganger."

"Ah," Oleg said, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "So the real Shepard is dead, then?"

"For the last goddamn time, the real Shepard is standing right in fucking front of you," the clone snapped. "Standing here, in charge of the organization that you failed!"

Oleg let out a disbelieving sound. "You put it in charge?" he asked Brooks. "Miss Lilium, or Miss Brooks... whatever you wish to call yourself, I hope this is some sort of joke. This... thing may wear the face of Commander Shepard, it may even believe itself to be the real Commander Shepard. But it is nothing more than a creation. An object of science, not a true human like you and I. Cerberus is an organization that represents humanity... not walking and talking organ banks."

Miranda turned to see the clone begin glowing with biotic force. "I'll kill you, you..." the clone barked at him.

"Enough!" Brooks raised her voice, standing in front of the furious clone. "Keep calm," she whispered. Turning to Oleg, Brooks gave him a bashful look. "Perhaps you're right, General. Perhaps Cerberus hasn't been operating to its full potential. After all, we may have achieved a few minor victories up to this point, but I'm quite sure we'll be able to accomplish so much more with that valuable asset of yours," she pointed a finger at her temple. "So, are you ready to say goodbye to this place, General?"

"A moment, if I may," Oleg said, glancing at the door to his room. "I have a few sentimental items I would like to..."

As soon as Oleg broke eye contact with her, Brooks shoved past Miranda, pressed her fingers to her palm to activate her omni-tool, and drove a glowing blade directly into Oleg's stomach.

"Aggggghhh," Oleg grunted as the blade slid effortlessly inside him, before letting out a cough that send blood spurting past his lips. He stared at Brooks with wide, shocked eyes as she twisted the omni-blade in his wound.

"So sorry, General," Brooks sneeringly said to Oleg. "But right now, you're worth much more to Cerberus dead than alive. Oh, but thank you so much for the advice. I'll be sure to consider it carefully after I piss on your corpse, you traitorous fuck."

Oleg let out a choking cry of pain, as Brooks dragged her omni-blade around inside his body and blood splattered out of his now-gaping wound onto the floor. When Oleg's head finally lolled forward, eyes blank and dead, Brooks shoved his lifeless body down to the floor.

"Now who's a real human and who's not, you fuck?" the clone said, moving past Miranda to approach Oleg's body. "Bet you didn't see that coming, you..."

"Look out!" Brooks yelled to the clone, but too late. As she passed Miranda, barely paying her any mind, Miranda's hand snaked out and snatched up the pistol at the clone's hip. Before anyone could
react, Miranda had the pistol pressed against the back of the clone's head.

"Anybody makes a move, and your leader dies," Miranda yelled out, as the Phantoms tensed and trained their hand cannons on Miranda. "Everyone put their hands at their sides, right now! Do I look like I'm fucking joking?"

Brooks watched this all play out with an unconcerned expression. "Seriously, Miss Lawson? Do you really think you're going to escape us? Even if you make it out of the building, the desert extends for fifty miles in every direction. Even for a genetically perfect specimen like yourself, that's quite a jog."

"I'm not walking anywhere," Miranda said, as she pushed the clone in the direction of the comms room. "You're going to call back the shuttle that brought you here, and I'm going to take it to the nearest Alliance base. Meanwhile, you all can sit here and wait to be taken into custody."

"A nice plan," Brooks said, as she glanced down the hallway with a confident smile. "But aren't you forgetting someone, Miss Lawson?"

Miranda heard a sharp cry behind her, and all of her thoughts of escape went out the window. "Miri!"

Keeping her gun trained on the clone's head, Miranda whipped her head around to see Oriana in the clutches of a helmetless Phantom. The bulky, blond-haired Cerberus operative held her sword to Ori’s throat with one hand, while using the other to hold her in place. "Drop the gun, sexy," the Phantom commanded her. "Unless you're at all curious to see what the inside of your sister's esophagus looks like."

"Miri, don't do it!" Ori cried, tears falling down her cheeks as she struggled against the Phantom's powerful grip. "Just save yourself!"

But it was already over the moment they put the blade to Ori’s throat. Angrily, she tossed the gun aside, staring down at the floor and waiting for what was to come next. After a few seconds, she felt something cold against her neck, a biotic inhibitor collar locking into place.

"Get Crooks on the radio, Maya," the clone said as she grabbed up her pistol from the ground. Standing back up, she got eye-to-eye with Miranda and smirked. "Tell her the Lawson bitches are secure."

* * *

"Dammit... doesn't it piss you off?"

Morgan looked over at Rena as the two of them casually strolled out of the front entrance to the Restoration Initiative building. "Does what piss me off?"

"I mean, look at what we've done here," Rena said, whipping off her helmet and dropping it on one of the concrete planters. She reached into a side pouch and retrieved a joint. "Look at what we pulled off. Striking at a damn top secret Alliance facility, taking these fuckers completely by surprise, and just slaughtering every last one of them. Never even saw us coming."

As Rena lit up, Morgan gave her an odd look. "Not sure how that's supposed to piss me off. Ask me, that's a pretty good day's work."
"But that's just it," Rena exclaimed, jabbing her joint out at the other Phantoms that were currently hard at work in the courtyard. Some of them arranged the corpses of the Alliance troops and Cerberus traitors, while others were painting symbols on the walls of the building with their blood. "All the shit we pulled off today was fucking awesome! But in the end, we can't fucking take the credit for it. We gotta blame it all on this alien terrorist group instead. An alien terrorist group which, by the way, doesn't even fucking exist." Stepping up to the fountain, Rena tapped her ash into the bubbling water and let out a raspy sigh. "Just sucks, that's all."

"Eh, whaddaya gonna do? Gotta do things by the bosses' playbook," Morgan said, staring out at the rocky hills and cliffs that extended out past the shuttle bay into the distance. "I'm sure once it's all over, we'll have plenty of carnage to take the credit for. And even if not... it's sure a lot of fun, ain't it?"

"Yeah, maybe," Rena said, glancing back at the building. "What's up with her?" she asked. Morgan turned in the same direction, to see Brooks tapping on her omni-tool with a frustrated expression, her mouth opening widely as she raised her voice into it.

Morgan shrugged. "Doubt it's something for us to worry about," she observed. "Shit like that is above our heads, anyway. We're just here to kill things, burn things, and have a good time doing it."

"A good time, yeah. But after pulling something like this off, I just wish I could get on that Westerlund News show or that slut Diana Allers's camera and just tell the entire galaxy," Rena put a leg up on the edge of the fountain, stepped up onto the ledge surrounding the water, and spread her arms wide. "Hey, all you alien fuckers and Alliance cocksuckers! It's us, Cerberus!" she yelled up to the sky. "We're out here fucking up all your shit, and you weak little pussies can't do a damn thing to stop us! You thought you had us beat, but you're the one's gonna be kissing our asses when it's all over! So pucker up now, you helpless pieces of shit, or we're coming for you next!"

The Phantoms surrounding them in the courtyard stopped what they were doing to listen, a few of them cheering and thrusting fists in the air at Rena's speech. With a grin, Rena turned around, hopped down off the fountain, and took another long drag off her joint. "But you're right, though. Even if we can't take the credit for this, it still was a lot of fu-"

Morgan heard a quiet crack in the distance, a sharp hiss of air. One minute, Rena was grinning at Morgan. And then the next, most of her face was gone, replaced with a gaping exit wound. Morgan felt blood splash against her cheek, as Rena tumbled backward into the bubbling fountain.

At the other side of the courtyard, Morgan watched as one after another, heads popped out from behind planters. Heads attached to bodies, bodies carrying lots and lots of guns.

*The perfect spot for an ambush,* Morgan heard Brooks's words in her head, just before she screamed out. 'Everybody DOWN!'

"All units!" yelled out the dark-skinned Alliance officer at the center of the group, as he trained his rifle directly on Morgan. "OPEN FIRE!"
10 minutes earlier...

Shifting uncomfortably in the corner of the shuttle he had been shoved into, Vega took an awkward glance around at the armed men and women standing around him. "Wow," he said, "Packed in a little tight here, ain't we?"

The rest of the group grumbled slightly, everyone fighting for their spot in the shuttlecraft. "This is nothing," Garrus said, as the shuttle hit a pocket of turbulence and nearly sent him tumbling into the seated Javik's lap. "Remind me to tell you about the time Shepard crammed thirteen of us into a UT-47 Kodiak. Just imagine a shuttle 2/3rds the size of this model, with all of us in it plus four more... I'm not even sure how I was able to breathe." He glanced over at the largest person in the shuttle. "Still can't believe Shepard managed to fit you in at the end there, Grunt."

"Think I ended up sitting on the salarian," Grunt said with a grin. "Good times."

Tali looked up from adjusting her armor, her lips twisting quizzically behind her breathing mask. "You know... Shepard never did give us a reason for why we all had to go on that mission." Remembering Shepard's current predicament, Tali sounded melancholy as she added. "I'll make sure to ask her about that once we get her back."

"Speaking of which," Rooker said, turning her attention to Jacob. "Sir, what exactly is the mission? You were in such a hurry to get us prepped and ready, we never did get a proper briefing."

"Yeah, what's up?" Riggs said, a light hush falling over the rest of the people in the shuttle whenever he spoke. "Another low-level Cerberus cell to wipe out?"

Jacob glanced over his shoulder at them from the front of the shuttle, his brow furrowed and his posture tense. "I'll give you the full details in a minute," he said, before turning back to Cortez in the pilot's seat. Out the cockpit window, he could see nothing but clouds floating by, the Orpheus's shuttle staying high in the air to avoid visual detection. "You getting any response?"

"Nothing, sir," Cortez said. "Been sending messages ever since we broke the atmosphere... no acknowledgement."

"Dammit," Jacob muttered under his breath. "I was hoping maybe we beat them here."

Rooker leaned forward, trying her best to shove forward through the rest of the group. "Beat who here? Commander, what's going on?"

Jacob turned to the group. "We... I mean, I have recently come into some intel that suggests that Cerberus might be planning an operation here."

"On Ontarom?" Vega said. "Damn, are they really that loco? Half this planet is Alliance bases and communication relays. How do they think they can get away with that?"

Riggs gave Jacob a narrowed-eye look. "Hold on. When you say 'Cerberus' is coming here... you don't mean just a bunch of these amateurs we've been dealing with up until now, do you? You mean... the Normandy is here."
Jacob nodded, and the assembled group let out light gasps and exclamations of surprise. "Sir, all due respect," Rooker interjected, "you should have told us before. I mean, I wasn't expecting a full briefing, but at the very least a heads-up on what we were heading into. I might have prepped different gear if I'd known that..."

"There was no time," Jacob said. "Every minute counted as soon as we found out."

"That is the second time you have used that word," Javik suddenly piped up. "You say 'we,' but it seems there was not time for most of us to be made aware of our mission. Was there someone else besides yourself you shared this information with?" Javik glanced down at Kasumi, sitting cross-legged on the floor, and stared at her intently. After a few seconds, he bared his teeth in a grin. "Ah, now I understand why your aura was so strange, human. I trust your attempts to seduce the commander ended in success."

Jacob and Kasumi exchanged glances, Kasumi staring down at the floor bashfully, but with a trace of a smile on her face. "That's not important right now," Jacob quickly interjected. "Just know that we've got a chance to catch the Shepard clone and her people by surprise. If we can pull this off, freeing Shepard and all the others that Cerberus has abducted will be well within our grasps."

"Commander, I'm picking up something," Cortez announced. "Got a shuttle flying around the target site in a ten mile radius." He looked back at Jacob with a grave expression. "Its signature matches the shuttle assigned to the Normandy, sir."

"Son of a bitch," Vega said in awe. "They really are here!"

Jacob leaned down to stare at Cortez's control panel. "We need to do something about that shuttle. If the pilot radios back to the Cerberus troops on the ground, we lose the element of surprise."

"I'm on it," Tali called out. "I'm tapping into one of the Alliance comm relays nearby. If I hack into its secondary processes and create a distortion field on all communications in the area of the base..." she tapped furiously on the holographic keys of her omni-tool. "There! That should keep the shuttle and the Cerberus troops from sending out any messages. To each other or the Normandy."

"What about our radios?" Jacob asked her. "It'll be hard to coordinate our attack if we can't talk to each other."

Tali's fingers were already moving. "Everyone set their frequencies and encryption keys to the information I'm sending to your omni-tools. It should bypass the distortion field and let us stay in communication with each other."

"See, that's why I know Cerberus is going to lose," Garrus said, as he followed Tali's instructions and recalibrated his omni-tool. "How could any human hope to contend with an absolute genius at tech like the lovely quarian ambassador here?"

"Flattery will get you everywhere, Vakarian," Tali said with a sly look.

Kasumi looked up from her omni-tool with an indignant look. "Hey, just because Shepard picked you to go through those Collector tubes doesn't mean you're the only one good with tech around here! While you were busy with the communications, I've been tapping into the security systems for the base we're heading to. Should be able to pull up the camera feeds and give us an idea of..."
A shocked look came to Kasumi's face as an image came up on her omni-tool screen. "Oh... oh, God."

Jacob looked down at her, concern on his face. "Send it to the video screen, Kasumi," he gently instructed her.

Kasumi followed his orders, and the group in the shuttle looked at the screen in horror. It was a surveillance shot of a hallway somewhere in the facility. A hallway littered with bodies. Blood puddled on the floor and dripped from the walls, from the stumps of necks, arms, and whatever other body parts were sliced away from the poor unfortunate residents of the Restoration Initiative facility.

"We're too late," Riggs coldly observed, as Kasumi cycled through feed after feed of corpses littering the once-calm hallways of the facility.

"No, they've still got to be down there somewhere," Rooker said. "Otherwise that shuttle would have already picked them up and left. Kasumi, keep looking through the security feeds. We'll find them eventually."

"O... okay," Kasumi said, and Jacob glanced down to see her hand shaking as she pressed buttons on her omni-tool.

Crouching down next to her, Jacob put a hand on Kasumi's shoulder. "Hey, you doing okay?" he softly asked her. "Because if you..."

"I'm fine," Kasumi said, inhaling deeply through her nose before breathing out. "I knew what I was getting into when I volunteered for this, I suppose, but this is..." After a few seconds, Jacob still staring at her in concern, Kasumi turned to him with a level stare. "I'll be fine, I promise."

Jacob almost opened his mouth to say something else, but seeing the look in Kasumi's eyes, he finally released the grip on her shoulder and stood up. Just when the entire team was starting to look completely deflated, being shown image after image of dead bodies from the facility's cameras, a video feed came up that was different from the others. "Who the..." Vega said.

"That son of a bitch," Jacob said, as the screen showed an image of a man standing proudly in a Cerberus uniform. He turned to the rest of the group to explain. "That's Oleg Petrovsky. He was the Illusive Man's top general, until he tried to take over Omega and came up against Shepard."

Garrus nodded. "I remember Shepard telling us about that. That mysterious mission she went off to without bringing us along. You know, never understood why Aria didn't trust us to back her and Shepard up. Heck, if I'd been part of the team, we would have had Omega liberated in half the time."

"Maybe it had something to do with you becoming a legendary vigilante the last time you were there," Tali observed. "And killing or scaring off a good portion of Omega's illicit business in the process."

"Well, okay, maybe that one little thing might have had something to do with it," Garrus remarked.

As the camera view from inside the facility panned, it caught sight of a woman standing off to the side. "Keelah," Tali said. "It's Miranda."
"Looks like Cerberus is paying a visit to old friends," Vega said. "Think they're planning to bring them back into the fold or..."

On the screen, the image of Brooks suddenly stepping forward and thrusting an omni-blade into Oleg's stomach made the entire group jump in surprise. "Yeah, I'm guessing not," Grunt dryly observed. The team watched as Miranda managed to get a gun away from the Shepard clone, only to stare off camera at something and immediately drop her weapon.

"We're running out of time," Jacob said. "We've got to get into position fast, before they figure out we're here."

"Kasumi, switch to one of the exterior cameras," Garrus said. The image on the video changed, and Garrus pointed. "That garden area... lots of places to take cover. Would be the perfect spot to lay an ambush."

As they broke the cloud cover and the Restoration Initiative base came into view below them, Cortez pointed out the cockpit window. "My scanners show a spot right there," he said, "About a half mile away from the base. Should be able to come in low and quiet, drop you off without anyone in the base seeing me."

"Do it," Jacob confirmed. "Alright, people, we can't waste any time," he addressed the group, everyone holding on tightly as Cortez began dropping the shuttle down. "Once we hit ground, we've got to get in position as soon as possible. We only get one shot at this. If they get away from us here... if they manage to get back to the Normandy, we might never find them again. Is everybody ready for this?"

The group all nodded their heads as they prepped their weapons for the drop. Once more, Jacob looked down at Kasumi, his eyes asking her a silent question that she answered with a firm nod. "We won't lose them... Commander," she said to him. "I promise."

"Yeah, damn straight," Vega said. "Just wish I could see the looks on their face when they realize we found their sorry asses!"

Pointing their flight path downward, Cortez brought the shuttle in low, sweeping dangerously close to the rocky hills and cliffs that surrounded the Restoration Initiative facility, before coming to a hover on a relatively flat area safely out of sight of the Alliance base.

As the team hopped out of the side shuttle doors, Jacob gave some last orders to Cortez. "Once we're clear, go up and keep that shuttle busy. The pilot may not be able to call the troops on the ground, but he might still be able to cause us some headaches."

"I'll keep him distracted, sir," Cortez acknowledged. Jacob was the last off the shuttle, the doors sliding shut as Cortez swung the shuttle around and took the same route away from them, keeping low and out of sight.

"It has been a long time since I have been in battle," Javik observed, as the group of nine well-trained fighters made last preparations before moving out. "I suppose I should thank this clone for the opportunity to test my skills once more... just before we exterminate her and her companions."

"You, I like," Grunt said to Javik, cocking his shotgun with one hand and gesturing in the direction of the facility. "Come on, my blood is up and there's enemies to kill!"
"Sir, wait a second," Rooker said to Jacob, pointing to a rocky incline leading up to an outcropping about twenty feet off the ground. "If I climb up there with my rifle, I'd have a perfect vantage point over the entire base. Should be hard for them to spot me there, too."

Jacob looked at the sniper position and nodded. "Good call." He handed her something in a cloth pouch. "Here, I brought this infrared spotting scope to help us root out Phantoms. Should make 'em stick out like sore thumbs even if they put their cloaks up. Pick someone to spot for you and get into position."

Rooker scanned the team, then pointed. "Riggs, you're with me," she said, tossing the mildly surprised marine the bag with the scope. "Let's get moving."

As Rooker and Riggs climbed up the rocks to the sniper position, the rest of the team moved low and quick, making their way through the rocky terrain towards the facility.

* * *

Brooks watched with a triumphant smirk as two Phantoms yanked Miranda's arms roughly behind her back, securing hard-light handcuffs around her wrists as they escorted her and Oriana to the main entrance hall of the facility. "I'm sorry for gloating, but the image is just too perfect. Miranda Lawson, the Illusive Man's confident, intelligent right hand... and look what has become of her. Did you ever imagine that, after all those times you ordered me around, sent me to do your dirty work, that this would be the result? That I would be the one to hand you your first defeat?"

Miranda gave Brooks a withering look. "Yes, it's all very impressive," she coldly mocked. "You went after a secret Alliance base with minimal security, hid in safety while taking out your enemies with a bomb, and then came in to bravely slaughter unarmed civilians. Oleg was right about you after all. You're nothing like the real Cerberus. You're a bunch of children playing dress-up."

"Oleg was a fool," Brooks said, coming to a stop in the entrance hall and turning to stare at the bound Miranda. "And for all of his talk, he was quite eager to don his uniform again when he thought there was the slightest chance we wanted him back." Strolling up to Miranda, she reached up to trace a finger along the line of her jaw. "It's a pity, though. If you hadn't betrayed the ideals of Cerberus, cast in your lot with the Alliance... I might have given you the opportunity that Oleg so desperately wanted. We might have worked well together, you and I." Glancing down at the swell of Miranda's breasts, Brooks arched an eyebrow. "In many different ways."

Miranda tilted her head away from Brooks's touch, disgusted. "Don't insult me," she said. "Even if there were a part of me that had any desire to call myself a Cerberus agent again... I would never lower myself to be a part of this." She gestured with her neck at the Phantoms moving corpses and painting with blood out in the courtyard garden. "These women you're working with aren't soldiers. They aren't skilled mercenaries or well-trained Alliance deserters. They're convicts and criminals. The dregs of the galaxy. If this is the best Cerberus can manage these days... perhaps it would have been best if it had stayed dead."

"Oh, Miss Lawson," Brooks said, her tone gently chiding. "These women are... a necessary evil. When I revived the Shepard clone and began my mission to resurrect Cerberus, I had to make do with what I had access to at the time. But since those early days, Cerberus has grown quite impressively." She saw the dismissive look on Miranda's face and chuckled. "Don't believe me? You'll see soon enough, once we return to base. You'll see what time, perseverance, and a massive amount of credits can accomplish." She smirked as she added, "Credits that, by the way, were generously donated from the personal bank accounts of Mr. Henry Lawson. Honestly, we have
your father to thank for where Cerberus is today."

Miranda's eyes went wide. Even Oriana, who up until this point had been staring at the floor in misery, snapped her attention up to Brooks. "My father is dead," Miranda said. "I saw his body."

"Did you, now?" Brooks mockingly asked. "Well, perhaps his body is dead, yes. But you might say that the spirit of Henry Lawson lives on. In the..."

"Maya!" called out the clone, marching into the entrance hall with an annoyed expression. "Did you call the shuttle in yet?"

Brooks sighed in annoyance. "I was about to, love," she said. "Just making sure the Lawson sisters are ready for their departure."

"What are you going to do with us?" Oriana spoke for the first time since she'd had Morgan's sword removed from her throat.

"It's not what \textit{we're} going to do with you," the clone said. "Once we finish our business and return to base, you and your pretty sister will be put in the hands of our resident mad genius. I understand he has some interesting... experiments he wants to conduct. On you and all the rest of Shepard's friends."

Brooks looked at Miranda with a wicked glare. "As a matter of fact, he's especially excited to meet you, Miranda. Seems he and you have some..."

"Maya!" the clone exclaimed again. "The call?"

"Right, right," Brooks said. As she brought up her omni-tool, she gestured towards something the clone was carrying. Under her arm was some sort of bundle, wrapped in what appeared to be bedsheets. "You've got our other guest ready to go, I see?"

"Oh, yes," the clone said, patting the white bundle with her free hand. "Our ticket to the last stop on our little cruise. Gift-wrapped and everything."

Brooks furrowed her brow, tapping a button on her omni-tool with a confused look. "Strange. Having trouble getting a connection."

"Could be interference," the clone offered. "Try switching to another frequency."

"Yes, love, I already tried that," Brooks slowly muttered, keep her tone phonily cheerful to cover up her annoyance. "Crooks, come in!" she said into her communicator. The only response was a haze of static and distorted transmission sounds. "Dammit, what the hell is going on?" Brooks yelled. "Crooks, if you can hear this, answer me, goddammit!"

A light smile crept onto Miranda's face. "Having some difficulties, Miss Brooks?" she asked. "Cerberus resources not what they used to be?"

"Shut up," the clone snapped at her, before turning to Brooks. "You don't suppose something happened to her out there?"

Brooks shook her head. "No. She'd have let us know if there was a problem. I'm going to try and contact the Normandy. See if Crooks's tin can co-pilot is answering."
As Brooks tried to reach the Normandy, the clone and the rest of the Phantoms in the room turned to the door out to the courtyard. Outside, one of the other Phantoms had jumped up onto the edge of the fountain and started yelling something up to the sky.

"What the hell is she doing?" the clone grumbled. "Supposed to be working out there, not yelling like some brain-dead politician." Turning back to Brooks, she asked, "Any luck?"

"Normandy, come in," Brooks said into her communicator. "Is anybody answering on this frequency?" After receiving no response again, she deactivated her omni-tool and sighed. "Well, this is just great."

"Maybe your omni-tool's malfunctioning. Here, I'll try," the clone said. As she pulled up her own holographic interface, Brooks turned to the courtyard, watching as the yelling Phantom on the fountain jumped down from her perch.

She was about ready to walk to the door and chastise the woman for wasting time, when there was suddenly a spray of pink mist, and the Phantom's head seemed to almost disintegrate.

"Shit, I'm having the same problems," the clone said, attention focused on her omni-tool, and not watching as a small group of armed individuals suddenly emerged from behind cover and raised their weapons to attack. "Wonder if it's..."

Charging forward, Brooks tackled the clone and sent her down to the floor, just as the sound of automatic weapons fire started outside.

* * *

"Well, that sure shut her up," Riggs said to his superior officer, as Rooker cocked her rifle and prepared to take aim again.

The two of them lay prone next to each other at the edge of the high rock face, Rooker with her rifle directed down into the courtyard ahead of them. From their vantage point, directly behind the team down on the ground, they had a view of almost the entire courtyard, and the surprised Phantoms that still hadn't entirely figured out what was going on.

Rooker held her breath to steady her aim, as she lined up her crosshairs on the Phantom who'd been standing next to the loudmouth one currently floating in the fountain. But by the time Rooker had the enemy's head within her sights, the Phantom had activated her cloak and changed position. Several of the Phantoms weren't as quick to react as their comrade, however, and were currently being torn apart by Jacob and the rest of the team's gunfire below.

"Nice shot, Garrus!" Rooker heard Tali say in her radio earpiece, after the turian's assault rifle fire shredded another Phantom's armor.

"Thanks. You ask me, though, I'd be doing a better job up where Commander Rooker is," Garrus said, speaking loudly over the gunfire surrounding him. "Hey, you sure there isn't room for another sniper up there, Jacob?"

"Ah, come on, Garrus!" Vega said, dropping back down into cover after exhausting his thermal clip. "Ain't you ever heard of chivalry? Let the pretty lady have the nice safe sniper spot, while us guys do the dirty work down in the trenches."
Rooker cleared her throat into her radio mic. "You do know I can hear you up here, right?" she asked.

She heard Vega let out a nervous chuckle. "Hey, sorry, *chica*. You're doing great up there, seriously!"

Instead of responding, Rooker lined up a shot on another Phantom, drilling a shot straight into her helmet. It didn't penetrate the thick metal, but it brought down the Phantom's barriers just in time for a timely shotgun blast from Tali to pierce her torso armor. The shot sent the unfortunate victim tumbling backwards to bleed out in a nearby shrubbery.

"What was that you were saying, James?" Tali said in a sing-song voice. "About 'us guys'?"

By now, the remaining Phantoms in the courtyard had triggered their cloaks, but not before four of their number had been taken down by the surprise attack. Rooker glanced over at Riggs, who nodded without a word and retrieved the spotting scope. Turning on the infrared filter, Riggs began scouting out the garden area. Down below, the rest of the assault team moved back into cover, waiting for a target to make itself visible.

"You got something for me, Riggs?" Rooker asked her spotter.

"Left side," Riggs said to Rooker after a few seconds of scanning. "Behind the planter next to the pair of civvie corpses."

Rooker searched the indicated area through her scope, her keen eye finally spotting the telltale shimmer of someone hidden under a tactical cloak. Lining up her shot, she pulled the trigger and watched as the Phantom's cloak was disrupted. The rest of the team below focused fire on the exposed Phantom, who didn't last long under the concentrated attack of seven well-trained fighters.

"Right side, trying to climb in through the broken window," Riggs called out, and Rooker swung her rifle in that direction. One shot later, and another Phantom was forcibly decloaked and targeted by the team below. "Looks like the rest managed to retreat back into the building, no more movement in the courtyard," Riggs said.

"We've got 'em on the run," Grunt said excitedly over the comms. "Let's move in and take 'em out!"

"No, now we wait," Jacob said. "They're trapped now. The only way out is through the courtyard, and we've got it locked down. Once they figure out there's no way out for them, they'll have to surrender."

"You humans and your mercy," Javik groused. "Better to just kill them all."

Rooker got on the comms. "Jacob's right. If we kill them, we've got no sure way of finding the Normandy. By the time we searched even a small fraction of this star system, somebody on the ship would figure out that something went wrong and make a beeline straight for the nearest relay."

"Exactly," Jacob said. "But if we can convince Brooks and the clone to surrender, take us back to the Normandy and tell their people to turn themselves in... maybe we can take the Normandy back without a fight." Jacob switched channels on his communicator. "Cortez, how are things going up there?"
"This pilot's pretty good, Commander," Cortez said. "But he's not getting past me. I'll keep him away from the facility as long as I can."

"Good job," Jacob said. "Kasumi, see if you can tap into the facility's security system again. I've got a message to deliver."

"Aye aye, sir," Kasumi said. While Kasumi hacked, the rest of the team waited in nervous anticipation, keeping their attention focused on the three exit points leading out into the courtyard.

Reaching up to her ear, Rooker disabled her comms. "Good looking out, Private Riggs. Glad I picked you to back me up."

Riggs glanced over at her, and turned off his mic as well. "Still not sure why you did," he said. "Trusting Cerberus scum like me to watch your back? Not a lot of other people would be willing to take that kind of risk."

"Don't start with that," Rooker said, keeping her eye pressed to the scope of her rifle while she spoke. "You're a good soldier, Private. What happened in the past is in the past. You couldn't help what you did back then."

"Maybe," Riggs said. "But then again, don't really remember fighting it all that hard."

There was a moment of silence, the two of them staring down into the courtyard and waiting for any sign of movement. Rooker finally broke the silence. "Did Commander Taylor ever tell you how you ended up on the Orpheus?"

"Never asked," Riggs said dismissively. "Figured he took me because nobody else would."

"Actually, Commander Taylor didn't want you either," Rooker said. "Thought you might be a destabilizing element on the crew. I was the one who convinced him to take you on."

Riggs pulled his eyes away from the infrared scope, looking over at Rooker with a peculiar expression. "I... didn't know that. You mind telling me why?"

"It was something in your file," Rooker said. "A name, really. Paul Benedict."

The name hung in the air for several tense segments. Riggs cleared his throat. "Yeah, Benedict. What about him?" he quietly asked.

"I served under him, a couple of years ago," Rooker said. "Good soldier, and one of the toughest men I ever knew. So when I read in your file that you killed him..." she trailed off.

Riggs could swear he could feel his heartbeat pounding against the dirt and loose gravel under his chest. "Yeah, I remember Benedict," he finally said, swallowing as he kept his eyes hidden in the spotting scope. "He put up a damn good fight in the end. We spent months trying to break him, get him to give up Alliance secrets. When that didn't work, we tried indoctrinating him. Threw everything we could at him, and still he resisted. In the end, we decided it just wasn't worth the effort anymore." He looked over at Rooker. "If it helps, I made it quick in the end. Put the bullet in his head myself."

Rooker didn't respond, her attention focused through the scope of her rifle. After a long silence, she
finally spoke up. "I appreciate your... candor, Private Riggs. And in case you're wondering, I'm not out for revenge or anything foolish like that. Benedict is dead. No changing that. And as far as I'm concerned, the man who killed him is dead as well. He died when Shepard fired off the Crucible and wiped out the insanity Cerberus pumped inside your head. Be that as it may, though... the kind of person who could contend with Paul Benedict, who could defeat one of the best soldiers I've ever served with... that's the kind of man I want watching my back. That's why I picked you to spot for me, and why I told Commander Taylor to bring you on-board the Orpheus."

"I'll... try my best to live up to that, ma'am," Riggs said. "Thank you for the opportunity." After another long pause, with no activity down in the courtyard, Riggs spoke again. "So, you served with Benedict? Where was that, exactly?"

"It was... nowhere in particular," Rooker said, shifting slightly in the hard rocks. "A bunch of small colonies, doubt you'd have heard of any of them."

Riggs furrowed his brow. "Because it's a funny thing. Bringing up Benedict like this, reminds me of something he mentioned during one of our... interrogation sessions. Or someone he brought up, rather. A woman that served under him."

"Really?" Rooker asked. "Doubt it was me. I was young back when I was under Benedict. Don't think I distinguished myself all that much."

"Maybe not," Riggs said. "Don't remember him ever mentioning the woman's name. But he told me how skilled she was. How she was the best soldier he'd ever fought with. Nerves of steel in battle, willing to do whatever it took to complete the mission." He paused, glancing over at Rooker to gauge her reaction. "But something went wrong. They had... a difference of opinion on a mission, and this woman ended up betraying the team."

Rooker let out a laugh. "Definitely not me, then. Pretty sure I would remember something like that. Must have happened after I served with him."

"Yes, you're probably right," Riggs said, the slightest trace of a smile creeping onto his face. "Makes me wonder, though, whatever happened to that woman. Where she might have run to after stabbing her commanding officer and teammates in the back like that." He glanced over at Rooker, then shrugged. "Well, it's like you say: like the man who killed Benedict, she most likely died a long time ago."

"Yeah, I imagine so. Anyway, we should probably stay focused," Rooker quickly said. "Something could happen at any moment."

"Yes, ma'am," Riggs said, scanning the courtyard with his spotting scope. "Wouldn't want to have something unexpected take us by surprise. Would we?"

* * *

"Shit shit shit," the clone poked her head out to stare through the entrance door of the facility. Outside, the blood of their fallen teammates mingled with that of the Cerberus defectors that they had been dragging into position just moments ago. "What the fuck is going on? Who the hell are these people?"

She, Brooks, and the remaining Phantoms were hidden behind cover in the entrance hall, out of sight of the attackers waiting outside in the courtyard. One of the Phantoms who had been inside
when the fighting started kept guard over Miranda and Oriana, while the rest recovered from the sudden attack.

"How in the hell did anyone even find us here?" the clone continued to rant. "This is a secret Alliance facility! We had to go digging through the damn Citadel Archives and the Shadow Broker's files to even know it existed, for fuck's sake!"

"Calm down, love," Brooks said to the clone, before turning her attention to the Phantom leader crouching next to her. Morgan looked shaken, wringing her hands and staring out into the courtyard. A large crimson cloud was forming in the formerly pristine blue waters of the fountain, Rena's body bobbing face-up in the pool. "What did you see out there, Miss Lezayen? Who attacked us?"

"They... they killed her. Shot her right in the damn head," Morgan said, grief written all over her face. "Always told her those drugs would end up killing her, but didn't think it would be..."

Grabbing Morgan roughly by the shoulders, Brooks shook her until the Phantom turned to face her. "Focus! Who did you see out there? Who was shooting? Alliance?"

"Alliance?" Morgan asked, a dazed expression on her face. "Yeah... but no. There were a few in Alliance uniforms, but I saw... a turian. And a krogan. And what looked like... like a prothean? But that can't be right... there's only one prothean left and he's..."

"Sounds like Shepard's old comrades have finally tracked you down," Miranda said with a smirk. "Should be amusing to see how your team of 'necessary evils' stands up against the best soldiers in the galaxy."

The clone bared her teeth at Miranda. "I told you to shut the hell up!" she barked out. To Brooks, she hissed. "The Orpheus is here? How the hell did they take us by surprise, goddamnit? I swear to god, if I get my hands on that spy I'm going to wring..."

"Focus on our present predicament, dear," Brooks said calmly. "Then we can worry about the failures of our mole." She poked her head out of cover and stared out across the courtyard. "Looks like we've lost... six. Little less than half of us. Our enemy has the exit well-guarded, with short and long range fire."

"I say we go for it!" the clone declared. "They can't hit all of us at once. We charge at them from all angles, keep their attention divided."

Brooks shook her head. "If we hadn't just had half of our team ambushed and slaughtered, we might have stood a fighting chance. But a plan like that is..."

Their discussion was interrupted by a loud crackling sound, followed by a voice over the PA system. "This is Commander Jacob Taylor of the SSV Orpheus," the voice boomed out of all of the speakers in the facility. "Under the authority of the Systems Alliance, I am placing you all under arrest. If you drop your weapons and exit the building with your hands in the air, and with your hostages unharmed, I promise that you will be allowed to surrender peacefully. If you do not comply with these terms, we will be forced to enter the building and take you into custody, by force if necessary. You have fifteen minutes before we come in after you."

"Son of a bitch," the clone said, pulling out her shotgun and directing a blast directly into one of the overhead speakers. "Fuck you, Alliance pussy! Come and get us if you want us!" she yelled.
Ignoring her partner's outburst, Brooks stared out into the courtyard. In her mind she ran scenarios, considered the potential options. "Maybe," she mused, an idea starting to form. "It might just work. Risky, but probably our best bet."

"You got a plan, Maya?" the clone frantically asked her. "Tell me what I gotta do to kill these assholes, and I'm right there with you!"

"Not sure yet. Need some more data first," she said. Turning to one of the Phantoms, she pointed. "You, find us a back way out of the building. Something out of sight from the main courtyard."

The clone looked frustrated, watching as the Phantom dashed away. "Yeah, that's a great idea. We just sneak out the back and roam the desert with our thumbs out, hoping we can catch a ride!" she ranted.

"Not done yet, love," Brooks gently chided her. She crouched down next to Morgan again. "You want to get revenge for Rena, Miss Lezayen?"

Morgan nodded, wiping at her damp cheeks. "Fucking right I do," she said.

"Then I need you to do something for me," Brooks said. She pointed out the door into the courtyard. "You need to go out into that courtyard, and fetch Rena's sword for me. Can you do that?"

The Phantom leader glanced warily out into the courtyard, and at the planters their enemies hid behind. Despite her obvious uncertainty, she gave Brooks another nod. "I can. I will," she said. Standing up, Morgan triggered her cloak, and the vague shimmer that remained made its way in the direction of the main entrance.

"What do you think you're doing?" the clone cautiously made her way over to Brooks. "Morgan's one of our best people, and you're sending her out into the middle of a war zone? She's gonna get..."

"Shepard, my dear, love of my life," Brooks said, not looking at the clone as she stared out into the courtyard. "Kindly shut the fuck up. I'm in the middle of saving our necks, if you don't mind."

* * *

"Got movement," Riggs announced, switching his comms back on before speaking. "Cloaked Phantom coming out the front entrance, moving like a damn cheetah."

"No kidding," Rooker said, struggling to keep her crosshairs on the Phantom as she dashed forward. She was fast, a lot faster than any of her comrades. Rooker pulled the trigger and took a shot, but missed the Phantom by inches. "Shit," she muttered.

Riggs watched the Phantom in confusion. "She's heading for the fountain. Why's she going there?"

"All units, focus fire on the fountain," Jacob announced, the team taking aim and firing in the general direction of the decorative water spray. By the time they started shooting, however, the Phantom was already sliding into cover behind the concrete base.

"What's she up to?" Rooker asked Riggs, unable to get a good view of the Phantom.
Riggs stared through the spotting scope. "Looks like she's doing something to the floater. Grabbing something off her."

"Got it," Rooker said, catching a glimpse of the Phantom's shimmering arm against the corpse in the pool. She took another shot, and watched as the Phantom's cloak deactivated around her, revealing the blond-haired armored woman underneath. "There she is! Her cloak is down!" Rooker proclaimed to the team below. Through her scope, Rooker watched as the Phantom snatched the sword off her dead comrade's back, before tensing her muscles and making the dash back into the building.

"Open fire!" Jacob yelled out, and the team took aim at the fleeing Phantom. But with uncanny reflexes, the Phantom dodged and strafed, avoiding the vast majority of the shots directed at her. Rooker took aim one last time, the Phantom just a few feet away from the door, and fired.

Her shot hit true, penetrating the Phantom's armor and hitting her in the lower torso. She stumbled slightly, wincing in pain, but nonetheless managed to dodge the rest of the incoming fire enough to make it back into the building.

"What the hell was that about?" Rooker mused. "Not sure what that accomplished."

"Maybe it's just a really good sword," Riggs offered.

* * *

Gritting her teeth in pain, Morgan slid back behind cover, presenting the recovered blade to Brooks.

"Well, that's perfect," the clone said, as Morgan applied medi-gel to her own wound. "You got us an extra sword, Maya. They'll never be able to stop us now."

"The sword isn't what I was after, love," Brooks said, pulling up her omni-tool and displaying an image of the courtyard outside. "What I was after...was this," she said, as she pointed her finger through the holographic image at a large rocky outcropping in the distance. "That's where their sniper is. I just needed them to take a few shots so I could pinpoint the position."

The clone studied the image. "Okay, so we know where the sniper is. Now what?"

Brooks gave the clone a sly smile. "Now? We do what the good Commander Taylor told us to, love. We surrender."

* * *

"Movement at the main entrance again!" Riggs announced to the team. "It's the hostages!"

The team on the ground kept their weapons pointed at the entrance, as Miranda and Oriana Lawson slowly shuffled out the door and towards the center of the courtyard garden, their hands secured behind their backs.

And behind them, hands in the air, were the leaders of Cerberus, Brooks and the Shepard clone.

"I can't believe it," Garrus said. "They're actually going to surrender?"
"Don't let your guard down for a second," Jacob advised the team. "Not putting it past these two to try and pull something. Everybody keep focused."

"We're coming out," exclaimed Brooks, waving her hands in the air as she and the clone walked slowly behind their captives. "Hold your fire!"

Riggs frowned, keeping his infrared spotting scope sweeping around the battlefield. "Don't like this," he said. "This is too easy."

"I know what you mean," Rooker said, her crosshairs trained on the Shepard clone's head as she marched side-by-side with Brooks out of the building.

*oh god it's her what have i done what have i done*

Bad memories came flooding back into Rooker's mind, Rooker struggling to keep her aim steady. Tightening her grip on the rifle, she took a deep breath, calming herself down enough to keep her sights trained directly on the fake Shepard's forehead.

Just as the group reached the center of the courtyard, Riggs hissed in a breath. "Movement out the broken window on the right. A couple of Phantoms."

Rooker swung her scope in that direction, expecting to see shimmering cloaked forms. But the Phantoms were completely visible, their hands up in the air as well as they jumped down through the broken window and out into the courtyard.

"Don't move!" Jacob yelled out to the Phantoms emerging from the building. "Stay right there where..."

"More of them," Riggs announced, "Other side."

Moving her rifle, Rooker caught more of the Phantoms emerging out of the hole that had been blown into the side of the facility. Moving slowly like the other two groups, with their hands raised in surrender. Rooker moved her scope back and forth between the three groups, not sure where to focus her aim.

"Everybody just stay where you are!" Jacob called out, slowly rising to his feet and keeping his assault rifle trained on Brooks and the clone in the center. He turned back to his team. "Rest of you, keep your sights on the groups at the sides. I'm going in."

"Be careful, Jacob," Kasumi said, as she took aim with her submachine gun at the left group of Phantoms.

"We've got your back," Garrus said, him and the group on the other side of the courtyard targeting the group on the right.

As Jacob moved cautiously forward, weapon at the ready, Riggs suddenly jerked. "Did you hear that?" he asked Rooker.

"Hear what?" Rooker asked, so focused on the dangerous scenario playing out below that she hadn't heard a sound.
"Think I heard something behind us," Riggs said. Laying his spotting scope down, he grabbed up his shotgun from the ground and moved quietly to his feet. "I'm going to check it out. I'll call out if there's a problem."

"Make it quick," Rooker said, her rifle swinging back and forth between the three groups. "Got a feeling things might be getting hairy down there soon."

* * *

Stepping slowly, Jacob glanced to his sides at the two groups of Phantoms as he walked towards the center of the courtyard. As he approached closer to Miranda and Oriana, he noticed for the first time that their captors had tied crude gags into their mouths, made out of what appeared to be torn bedsheets. Miranda was staring at him with wide, terrified eyes, eyes matched by her sister standing next to her.

"It's okay, Miranda," Jacob said, as he got within ten feet of the two of them. "We're going to get you out of here." Glaring at the two Cerberus operatives standing behind them, Jacob pointed his rifle in their direction. "Either of you so much as moves a muscle, I'm opening fire, understand?"

"We don't want any trouble, Commander Taylor," Brooks said. "We're giving up peacefully, see?" Something in the tone of her voice only set Jacob on edge even more. He looked again at the two groups of Phantoms at his flanks, but neither group had moved a muscle since they emerged from the building.

_They wouldn't dare make a move, Jacob thought. They'd be torn to shreds the second they tried anything._ Still, something about all of this seemed wrong. Like he was walking into some sort of trap.

Getting up close to Miranda, he reached up for the gag in her mouth.

* * *

Rooker kept her finger tensed on the trigger, just waiting for either of the women behind the Lawsons to make a move for a weapon or something. "Hey, Riggs, everything okay back there?" she asked, watching as Jacob reached up towards the gag in Miranda's mouth.

She got no response. "Riggs?" she asked again.

* * *

As soon as the gag came out of Miranda's mouth, she yelled out to Jacob. "Your sniper!" she cried. "They're going after your sniper, Jacob!"

* * *

"...your sniper, Jacob!" Rooker heard in her comms, and she felt her blood run cold.

There was a crunch of gravel behind her. "Riggs, is that..."

"Hey, cutie," said a woman's voice behind and above her. And before she could move a muscle to defend herself, Rooker felt an agonizing sharp pain in her side.
"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHH!" Rooker screamed, as the blade drove straight through her body armor, pierced her insides, and continued its downward drive into the rocky cliff below.

***

Jacob heard the scream in his comms. Almost soon as it stopped, he heard another voice, an unfamiliar one, speaking near Rooker's comm unit.

"You feel that? Feel that blade inside you?" the voice asked, tone sneering and angry. "That blade belonged to Rena. The woman you killed. She's striking back at you from the grave." The woman's words were punctuated by Rooker's groans of pain. "Hey, Commander Taylor? Status report up here: I just drove a sword through several of your pretty little sniper's blood vessels. Now, I'm no medical expert. But way I see it, if she doesn't get patched up with some medi-gel real soon, she's not gonna have enough blood left to keep that heart of hers a pumpy-pump-pumpin'."

"Don't... worry about me... sir..." Rooker strained to speak. "Take those bitches ouuuAAAHH!" she screamed again.

"You sing so beautifully when I give this thing a twist, gorgeous," the voice of the other woman on the comms said. "I could listen to your pretty voice alllll day. But... ooh, what's this? Did you bring me a present? My, what a big gun for such a little girl! You don't mind if I play with it, do you?"

There was a sharp crack in the distance, and Jacob jolted as a bullet struck the ground directly between his feet. Behind Miranda and Oriana, the clone and Brooks suddenly whipped out pistols holstered at their backs, while the Phantoms on either side of the courtyard lowered their hands and raised their barriers, moving into defensive postures almost in unison.

"You stated your terms, Commander," Brooks said, her gun trained at the back of Oriana's head. "Now here's ours. You will disable the block on our communications, let us call our shuttle in, and watch as we fly away with our two hostages. If you do not accept these terms, here's what will happen. First, my partner and I will shoot the lovely Lawson sisters in the head. Then my comrade up on the rocks will see how many of your companions she can pick off with that rifle. After that... well, I think we'll play that by ear."

Staring around, Jacob cursed under his breath. We're flanked on all four sides, he thought. It'd be a massacre.

"You know I can't let you go," Jacob said to the two Cerberus leaders.

"Oh, I think you can," said the clone, sneering at Jacob. "But if your conscience bothers you that much, go ahead and try your luck. Who knows? You and your team might even win. But certainly not without a lot of casualties." Reaching forward with her free hand, she grabbed Miranda by the hair and yanked her roughly backward. "Starting with your precious Miss Lawson."

"Jacob, you can't possibly be thinking of..." Vega started to say, just before a bullet struck the concrete barrier he was crouched against, dangerously close to his head.

Over the comms, Rooker's attacker clucked her tongue. "Hey, here's an idea. Next one of you that says a word, that isn't Commander Taylor there issuing a stand-down order, I punch an airhole or two through your skull. Sound good?"
Jacob glanced over his shoulder at his team. All of them looking to him for their orders. *They would do it if I told them to, he thought. If I told them to stand and fight, they'd gladly do it, even if it meant that most of them wouldn't make it out alive. All of them, ready to sacrifice their lives for the smallest of chances to save Commander Shepard.*

He locked eyes with Kasumi, the petite thief looking sadly at him. Knowing what he was going to have to do... what *they* were going to have to do.

"Tali," Jacob said. "Disable the comm distortion."

"I..." Tali started to say, then cut herself off as she glanced at the hill where Rooker had been sniping from. Nodding silently, she pulled up her omni-tool and did as she was ordered.

"Cortez," Jacob connected with the shuttle pilot on his comm-unit. "Disengage from the enemy shuttle. Let it come back here."

"Sir, I..." Cortez protested.

Jacob stared down at the ground. "That's an order, Lieutenant," he said wearily. "Return to drop point and await further instructions."

"Yes, sir," Cortez said.

Dropping her aim on Oriana's head, Brooks brought up her omni-tool. "Crooks. Ran into a bit of a snag here, but we're ready for extraction. Head to the landing pad right away."

The clone chuckled. "Aw, he looks so sad," she said, staring disdainfully at Jacob. "I bet he really thought he had us beat."

"He did come close, I'll grant him that," Brooks said, her pistol back up and pointed at Miranda's sister. "Managed to take us by surprise. So, with respect to your skills, Commander Taylor, Cerberus will show you mercy today. We will allow you and your ship to leave this system unharmed. But if you want my advice," she maneuvered closer to Jacob, while keeping her aim on Oriana's head. "Take this opportunity we have granted you, and give up. Because if you come up against us again, you will not be shown the same compassion."

Overhead, the sound of a shuttle engine was heard, the Normandy's troop carrier moving to land on the shuttle pads behind Jacob and the rest of the team. Their weapons still up and ready, Brooks and the clone led Miranda and Oriana towards the waiting shuttle, its side doors swinging open to grant them entry.

As she passed, Miranda stared at Jacob, a desperate look in her eyes. Jacob tried his best to give her confidence with just a look, assure her with his eyes that he was going to come and get her. He wasn't sure if she saw it or not, before the moment of eye contact was gone.

Behind Brooks and the clone, the remaining Phantoms followed, their swords and hand-blasters ready in case anybody made a move. As the group passed through the Orpheus team, one of them suddenly reached out and grabbed Tali by the wrist. "Hey, maybe we should bring this one, too!" she yelled out. "Always wanted to find out what shrink-wrapped pussy tastes like."

"Let her go," Garrus moved forward, assault rifle up and aimed at the Phantom's head. "Or I don't care how outgunned you may have us now, I will spend every last second of my life devoted to
killing as many of you as I can manage."

The sounds of weapons cocking and barriers being activated rang out across the courtyard. "Hey," Brooks said, stomping up to the Phantom who had grabbed Tali. "Stand down, now," she warned the Phantom. "We got what we came for. Don't fucking push it."

After a long, tense pause, the Phantom finally released her grip on Tali's wrist. Garrus rushed to her side, while Brooks escorted the Phantom in the direction of the shuttle.

"Nice to meet you, Taylor," the clone said, snapping off a mocking salute from inside the shuttle. "Better hope it's the last time."

"Remember what I said," Brooks said, as she gestured with her pistol for Miranda and Oriana to get inside the ship. "Give up now, Commander. Or be prepared to lose more than you could possibly imagine."

With the hostages loaded, Brooks stepped inside the shuttle. Once she was in, the shuttle lifted off and glided over to the sniping vantage point. In the distance, Jacob could see the Phantom who had assaulted Rooker leap up into the open shuttle door, which slid shut before the vehicle pointed its nose upward and flew away.

Once the shuttle was out of sight, Jacob immediately began running in the direction of the sniper vantage. "Everybody move!" he yelled out. "We need to get to Rooker before it's too late!"

Charging through the uneven terrain, Jacob eventually reached the rocks that Rooker had climbed. As he scaled the steep grade as quickly as he could, he heard Garrus behind him. "Sir, I've got Riggs here. Out cold, looks like somebody hit him on the head."

"Try to get him up on his feet," Jacob said, as he reached the summit of the rocky hill. Rooker was pinned down on her stomach, a Phantom's blade jutting out from her back. Jacob saw with alarm a pool of blood forming under his XO's body. He grabbed the hilt of the blade and pulled upward, all of his muscles straining to try and remove the sword from the rock it had been embedded into. "Somebody help me with this!" he called out, finally giving up the fight.

"Here," said Grunt from behind him. Pushing aside Jacob, he took hold of the sword with one hand and yanked. Rooker let out a weak cry as the blade slid out of her body and blood started spilling out of the now open wound.

Rushing in, Tali retrieved a tube of medi-gel from one of her pouches. "I'm sealing the wound, but she's lost a lot of blood," Tali said. "We've got to get her back to the Orpheus medbay as soon as possible."

As if on cue, the sound of an approaching shuttle was heard. Cortez swung in low, and Jacob and Grunt each took one of Rooker's arms, sliding carefully down the hill and loading her into the shuttle. Garrus came in after, leading a still dazed Riggs, followed by the rest of the team.

"Sit her down, sit her down," Jacob instructed Grunt, the two of them setting Rooker down carefully in one of the seats as Cortez piloted the shuttle up and away from Ontarom. "Stay with me, Rooker," Jacob urged the pale-looking sniper. "We're going to get you back to the Orpheus, okay?"

"Did..." Rooker weakly spoke. "Did they get away?"
Jacob hesitated to answer. "Don't worry about it for now," he finally told his XO. "We're all safe. That's all that matters."

"We are all safe," Javik coldly observed. "I cannot say the same for Miss Lawson and her sibling, I'm afraid."

"Javik, now is really not the time for that refreshing bluntness of yours," Garrus observed.

Pounding a fist against the bulkhead, Vega let out an enraged grunt. "No, dammit, he's right! I can't believe we let them go! We had them right there in our sights, and we let them walk away. Tara could die, and who knows what they've got planned for Miranda and her sister?" He turned to Jacob, frustration and anger on his face. "We should have fought them, Jacob! It would have been bloody, yeah, but at least we would have stopped them! We wouldn't have just rolled over and let those bitches win!"

"Calm down, James," Jacob said. He heard light sobs from behind him, Tali crying into Garrus's chest as the turian embraced her shaking body.

"No, I ain't gonna calm down," Vega snapped. "Dammit, you said it yourself: that was our only chance! And we whizzed it down our fucking legs! We should have had a better plan. One that didn't leave Tara at the mercy of those Cerberus bitches!"

Jacob kept his voice low and calm. "We did have a plan, James," he said. "We..."

"Yeah, it worked out great, didn't it?" Vega angrily interrupted him. "Left us standing there helpless, watching our friends get abducted! It's a real great plan you got there, Commander. It's a plan that..."

"It was Plan A, Commander Vega," Jacob raised his voice. "And it failed. But there was always a Plan B."

Vega let out a disgusted noise. "Yeah, sure, Plan B. So tell me, what does Plan B do to..."

"Wait," Grunt suddenly spoke up. "Shuttle feels a little less crowded. We missing somebody?"

Looking up from Garrus's comforting embrace, Tali glanced around the shuttle. "Jacob, tell Cortez to turn back!" she said. "Kasumi's not on the shuttle!"

"Chill out, Tali," Vega said. "She's probably just cloaked somewhere, playing one of her pranks. Kasumi, show yourself! This really ain't the time, and you're freaking out Tali. You..."

Vega trailed off, realization dawning on his face. He stared at Jacob in disbelief, Jacob meeting his gaze without wavering.

"Kasumi's not on the shuttle, is she?" Vega asked him.

"She's not... on this shuttle," Jacob said.

"Oh no," Tali said, horror in her voice as she realized the truth.

"There was always a Plan B," Jacob repeated, struggling to keep his emotions in check.
Javik nodded. "A clever move, Commander. Sending the thief to infiltrate the enemy ship. Will make tracking them down much easier, I imagine."

Vega pushed his way through the shuttle, getting up close to Jacob. "You sent her in alone? Alone against an entire ship of Cerberus agents? She's got no backup up there! If anything happens..."

"Nothing will happen," Jacob said. "Kasumi has a lot of experience finding hiding places on the Normandy. With her cloaking device and her knowledge of the ship, she'll be able to stay hidden for a long time. Long enough to let us know where the Normandy's heading, and where the Cerberus base is."

"So all this," Vega said, gesturing down at Rooker. "This entire ambush, Tara getting stabbed and nearly dying... all of it was just a distraction?"

Jacob shook his head. "It wasn't. If they had surrendered, actually surrendered, then this wouldn't have been necessary. But when that didn't work... look, we're all here to find Commander Shepard, right? Well, Commander Shepard is in the Normandy, and if we don't know where the Normandy is, then we've got no chance of ever finding her. Once Kasumi is in position, she'll be able to send back signals, let us know exactly where they're heading."

"Dammit," Vega said, obviously unhappy about the situation but unable to come up with any further objections. "Anything happens to her..."

"I know," Jacob said, and for the first time since they'd gotten into the shuttle, his stoic demeanor finally broke. "You think I like that it's come to this, James? That I enjoy sending someone I care about into a dangerous situation like this, alone? Truth about this plan is, it wasn't my idea. It was Kasumi's. I tried to talk her out of it, but she and I both knew that unless we know where the Normandy is heading, we're never going to rescue Shepard. It's why I didn't brief the rest of you about it: because if any of you knew beforehand, if any of you let slip for a second that Kasumi was going to sneak onto that shuttle... it would have been all over. I couldn't take that risk. Not with Kasumi's life on the line. I... dammit, I..."

"Commander, I..." Rooker said, her voice strained. "I understand. You made the right call, Commander."

Jacob stared down at the floor, clenching his fists tightly. "I hope I did. I really do. Or there's going to be a hell of a lot of blood on my hands."
"Miss... Kelly... Chambers," Inania suddenly stated out of the blue. "I have received a message from Miss... Crooks. Your presence is requested in the shuttle bay immediately."

The words chilled Kelly to her bones. After her encounter with Morgan, she had secreted herself away in the Normandy's cockpit. She still wasn't entirely convinced of Erin's intentions, and had to remind herself constantly that the woman, despite her seemingly friendly nature, had willingly played a part in the atrocities Cerberus had committed up to this point. But compared to being out among the other members of the crew – more specifically Morgan and her Phantom brethren – the cockpit was one of the few places she could feel relatively safe.

So to be pulled away from this haven, and summoned to the lair of Morgan's dangerous soldiers, was the last thing she wanted to hear. Nonetheless, she rose up from her seat and started towards the door.

"Miss... Chambers, I have been instructed by Miss... Crooks to notify you when you have forgotten your datapad," Inania pleasantly informed her, pointing to the pad resting next to where Kelly had been sitting. "Please be more diligent in the future."

"Right," Kelly said, turning back around to grab the notepad that was her contact to the mole on-board their rescue ship. It was easy to forget about it, considering how quiet the person on the other end had been since the Presrop mission. She has almost considered sending a message to the mole while Brooks and the clone were off on their latest mission, but thought better of it. It might have satisfied her curiosity, but any updates the spy gave her would be more information given to her captors. Better to not assist them any more than necessary.

She tried her best to take slow, deep breaths as she walked to the lift, all the while feeling her heart pounding in her chest. What could they need me for? she thought to herself as the lift slowly descended to its destination. Not like I have any new information for them or anything.

As the lift doors slid open, Kelly stepped out into the shuttle bay just in time to see the Normandy's shuttlecraft hover through the atmospheric bubble and into the ship. Several of the Phantoms milling around the shuttle bay, the ones not chosen for the latest mission, gave her narrow-eyed stares. But none of them laid a finger on her as she walked towards the shuttle, datapad clutched to her chest.

Once the shuttle had come to a rest, and the engine slowly whirred to a halt, Erin came out of the cockpit door and made a beeline directly towards Kelly. "We've got trouble," Erin quickly hissed out before Kelly could say a word. "The mission... went badly."

"What..." Kelly managed to get out, before the side door of the shuttle opened. Her eyes went wide as the sight of the first people to depart: it was Miranda, arms secured behind her back with a biotic suppression collar around her neck. Next to her, a younger woman who resembled her so strongly that it could only be her sister Oriana.

No, Kelly thought to herself in despair, After she had worked so hard to escape them... to be back in their clutches. How horrible. It only made Kelly that much more aware of the uniform she was currently wearing. When Miranda turned her gaze in Kelly's direction, Kelly stared back at her with wide, apologetic eyes. Please don't think I'm part of them, she wished she could say. Please don't
believe I could willingly cooperate with this madness.

After them came Brooks and the clone, Kelly taking in a breath as she saw the glowering look that Shepard's doppelganger wore. Erin hadn't needed to say a thing; Kelly could tell right away from looking at the expression on the clone's face that something hadn't worked out down there.

The clone's eyes met Kelly's, just for a second, before she turned her attention to Cerberus's latest captives. "Get her up to the medbay at once," the clone instructed one of the Phantoms, pointing towards Miranda. "Doc needs to pull that tracking chip out of her as soon as possible."

Oriana looked fearful as the Phantom grabbed Miranda by the shoulder, leading her towards the lift. "I'll be okay, Ori," Miranda gave her sister false reassurance. "Don't worry about me."

Looking at Miranda's younger sister, Kelly wondered if it was actually Miranda that Oriana was truly worried about. As the lift doors closed on Miranda, the Phantoms milling around the shuttle bay started advancing on Oriana.

"Hey, boss," one of the Phantoms glanced over her shoulder at Morgan, who emerged from the shuttle with a grave expression. "This one's pretty cute. You mind if I sample the merchandise first?"

Gripping the front of Oriana's blouse, the Phantom roughly yanked it away, tearing the flimsy garment open and exposing Oriana's small breasts to the crowd of leering rapists. Oriana gasped, unable to cover herself with her hands secured behind her back.

Coming up from behind, Morgan bared her teeth as she grabbed the eager Phantom by the hair. "You wanna put it back in your pants, Wells?" Morgan said, a tremor apparent in her voice as she roughly yanked the Phantom's head backward. "Maybe take some time to pay respect to the dead before you start fucking the new girl?"

"Dead?" Kelly blurted out, as Morgan directed the Phantom to lead Oriana over to the lift. "What happened down there?"

They all turned in her direction, and Kelly instantly regretted opening her mouth. "A good question, Miss Chambers," the clone said, pushing her way through the crowd of Phantoms towards Kelly. "What happened, is that we got ambushed. Ambushed by the crew of the ship that we're supposed to have a mole on. Four of our people are dead down there right now, because we didn't get advance warning about what the Orpheus was up to. How exactly do you suppose that happened, huh?"

Kelly took a step back, as the furious Cerberus commander advanced on her. "I... I don't know," Kelly said. "The mole... they haven't sent a message since Presrop."

"Really?" the clone said, yanking the datapad out of Kelly's grasp and narrowing her eyes at it. "You wouldn't be hiding anything from me, would you?"

"No, I didn't. I mean, I wouldn't."

"Quite sure now?" the clone said, tapping buttons on the pad. "I find something here that you should have brought to our attention, I'm not going to be very happy."

Kelly shivered as the clone went through the message log on the pad. She had nothing to hide, she
real didn't. But with the furious mood that the clone was in, she wasn't sure that being innocent would be enough to escape her wrath.

After a long, tense pause, the clone finally deactivated the pad and tossed it onto a nearby crate. "Well, it appears you're telling the truth. The mole hasn't sent any messages for quite a while."

Just as Kelly started to breathe a sigh of relief, the clone gestured to two of the Phantoms, who came up beside Kelly and grabbed her by the arms. "Which tells me that you aren't doing your job, Miss Chambers," the clone said, her tone low and seething. "You're supposed to keep the mole talking, keep their morale up. And the fact that they didn't think to inform us about the ambush waiting for us, makes me think you need to work harder at keeping our operative happy."

"I will," Kelly said, wincing in pain at the tight grip on her arms. "I swear I will."

The clone put thumb and forefinger to her chin, staring at Kelly like a gem she was appraising. "Hmm... no, not quite sure you've learned your lesson. Ladies... over there, please."

The Phantoms marched her over to a nearby supply crate, and as one of them pressed a hand to her back and forcibly bent her over the box, Kelly realized what the clone intended for her. "No, please!" she begged, as she heard the clone's armored boots clanging against the metal floor behind her. As the two Phantoms held her in place, Kelly felt fingers gripping the waistband of her uniform pants. She gasped as the clone yanked down hard, pulling down trousers and panties in one motion and exposing her bare pussy and ass to the entire room. "I swear I did everything I could, please!"

"Morgan, get me something to fuck this incompetent bitch with," the clone said.

Kelly struggled against the hands pressing her down, as she felt the clone start rubbing her fingers against the folds of her cunt. "Did everything you could, huh, Kelly? Well, Kelly... 'everything you could' wasn't enough, was it? Matter of fact, it makes me start to wonder if it's even worth trusting you with something this important. Maybe your talents would be better suited... down below. You and your precious Samantha, doing your parts to entertain the troops. Sound good to you?"

Kelly whimpered, glancing over her shoulder to see Morgan hand the clone a thick strap-on. The Phantoms in the shuttle bay, now joined by the survivors from the Ontarom mission, chuckled and leered at their commander as she fastened the sex toy onto her armored hips. "I get her next," Kelly heard one of the Phantoms declare.

"Love, not that I wouldn't enjoy seeing you and our comrades give our lovely yeoman here a good fucking," Kelly heard Brooks saying somewhere out of her eye range. "But I'm not sure punishing Kelly for what happened down there is entirely appropriate."

Another defense, from an unexpected source. "Yeah, it was the mole that fucked us, not Kelly," Morgan said. "If anybody should be bent over a crate with their ass in the air right now, it's our snitch on the Orpheus, not Kelly."

Despite the doubts from her comrades, the simmering anger on the twisted parody of Commander Shepard's face did not falter. She had positioned herself behind the helpless, struggling Kelly, hands roughly kneading Kelly's buttocks. "You might be right," she said, "But since I doubt we have a strap-on on this ship long enough to reach our useless mole's backside, we'll just have to make do with punishing Miss Chambers."
Kelly clenched her fists and gritted her teeth, as she felt the head of the thick rubber phallus start to stroke and rub against her dry slit. She heard the clone spit on her palm, before wiping the saliva along the length of the fake prick at her hips.

"Anything to say in your defense, Miss Chambers, before I carry out your punishment?" the clone said, as Kelly felt the strap-on start parting her folds.

Closing her eyes, Kelly saw an image of Sam in her mind. Smiling and laughing, the way she had back home. The home that was now a graveyard, all thanks to Kelly.

And it was only a matter of time, Kelly knew, before Sam ended up bent over a crate just like her. Now that she might have lost her status as a Cerberus operative, there'd be nothing stopping the clone from throwing Sam to the wolves along with her.

"I'm sorry," Kelly whispered to the image of Sam in her mind. "I'm so sorry."

And just like that, the slight pressure of the strap-on playing against her labia vanished.

"There, was that so hard?" the clone exclaimed. Before Kelly even knew what was happening, the hands holding her down disappeared as well. Standing up tentatively, she turned to see the clone with a sneering grin on her face.

"Taking responsibility for your actions, Miss Chambers. That's all I was looking for. A nice, sincere apology for getting my people killed," the clone said. Unfastening the strap-on, she yanked it off and hurled it aside. "You going to try harder to make sure our mole keeps talking, Miss Chambers?"

Still a little surprised at her sudden reprieve, it took a second for Kelly to get her wits back enough to say, "Yes, I will. I promise."

Seeing the cocky look on the clone's face, Kelly realized that the clone had never had any intention of raping her. For her, it was all about showing her dominance over Kelly. The chance to prove her superiority, and to remind Kelly that she was a slave to her whims. That got her twisted captor off more than any sex would ever manage.

"Alright, then. Well, now that that's taken care of," she turned to Brooks. "Maya, how about you finish up the arrangements with that ugly partner of ours, so we can be ready for our last stop? I would handle it, but God knows the last thing he'd want to see is my face, right?"

"Of course," Brooks said, paying no attention to Kelly as she hesitantly grabbed the pants puddled at her ankles and slowly pulled them up. "I'll make the call right away."

"Oh, and put this someplace safe," the clone said, taking an object wrapped in white cloth from one of the Phantoms and lightly tossing it to Brooks. "Wouldn't want our trophy to get too scuffed, would we?"

Brooks smiled wryly. "I think we've got some room in the back of the freezer," she quipped.

Turning, the clone looked at Morgan. "Miss Lezayen, is your team still ready for one more big fight? You lost some good people down there, I know, but..."

"Don't worry, ma'am," Morgan said, keeping her voice steady with some effort. "As long as our..."
comrades don't stab us in the back, we should have more than enough to accomplish the mission."

"Good to hear," the clone said, cool and professional now despite threatening to rape one of her crew just moments before. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm heading back up to my cabin. Think all of us have earned a rest after what happened down there."

Without waiting for a response, the clone strode to the lift and departed. Once she was gone, Brooks approached the shaken Kelly. "My partner may have been a bit... dramatic about it, but the point is made, I think. The next time the mole contacts you, you make it quite clear to them that withholding any information, any at all, is not an option. If they have any trouble with the concept, just mention the name Paul Benedict. That should get their attention, I think."

Trying her best to regain her composure after what just happened, Kelly nodded obediently. Shifting the wrapped object under her arm, Brooks grabbed Kelly's datapad with her free hand and passed it to the shaken yeoman. "You'll do fine, Kelly," she said. "As long as... heh, you keep your head on your shoulders," she said, chuckling to herself and patting the melon-sized object tucked under her arm before departed.

Staring down at the floor, Kelly struggled to get her panting breaths under control, still feeling that cold touch of the clone's fingers against her privates and shuddering at the memory. She felt a hand on her shoulder, and looked up expecting to see Crooks there, being her usual calming self.

But instead, it was Morgan standing in front of her, a melancholy expression on her face. Kelly went rigid, remembering her last encounter with the unstable Cerberus security officer. She expected any moment for the muscular woman's face to turn hard, for her hand's grip to tighten painfully on her shoulder.

Morgan stared down at her for several long seconds, twice opening her mouth as if to speak but saying nothing. Finally, the giant merc simply turned and walked away without a word.
"Get her up there, hurry!" Jacob urged Vega, as the two of them lifted the limp Commander Rooker up onto one of the beds in the Orpheus medbay. "Doc, we've got an urgent patient for you!"

Behind them, servos whirred to life, and the ship's "doctor" activated. "Please stand aside," said a robotic voice, and the two men moved aside to allow it through.

It still freaked Jacob out a little, serving on the same ship as a geth. Or what appeared to be one at least. After Shepard fired the Crucible, the geth throughout the galaxy all deactivated, their empty husks collapsing where they stood. Not wanting to waste such a resource, the Alliance had been working to fit the lifeless robots with VIs. The resulting units were put to use in situations where human soldiers were too valuable to waste or, in the case of the Orpheus, too low on the Alliance hierarchy to put an actual flesh-and-blood doctor at risk.

Despite Jacob's initial misgivings, the medical VI housed inside the former geth shell had served them competently over the last year. But this was different. This was one of the first times one of his crew was in serious risk of dying. More than anything, Jacob wished he had Dr. Chakwas on hand right now.

Doc, their somewhat impersonal nickname for the medical VI, worked diligently on Rooker, checking her vital signs. "The patient has lost a great amount of blood," Doc announced. "She needs a transfusion immediately. I will need to check our reserves for her type..."

"No time," Vega said, quickly unfastening his armor and offering up his arm. "Here, I'm O negative. Take mine."

As Doc prepared the transfusion needle, Jacob turned to the door. Garrus was helping Private Riggs into the medbay, the dazed soldier only now starting to regain consciousness. The turian tried to help Riggs into one of the patient beds, but the human soldier shook him off, standing shakily on his feet.

"What happened out there, Private?" Jacob asked Riggs.

Wincing, Riggs rubbed the back of his head. "Wish I could tell you, sir," he said. "One minute I'm tracking down a noise back from our position, the next somebody's slamming me into a rock wall. Didn't even get a good look at who it was before I was out." He frowned. "Commander Rooker, she's..."

"Alive, for now," Jacob informed him.

Staring around Jacob, Riggs saw Vega sitting next to Rooker's bed, a tube pumping blood from his arm into Rooker's. "And the enemy?" he asked.

Jacob shuffled slightly. "We had to let them go," he finally admitted. "To save Rooker's life."

"Sir, I... I got sloppy," Riggs said, his voice still retaining its normal low, emotionless tone even as he apologized. "It's my fault the mission went bad. Commander Rooker put her trust in me, and I..."

"It's okay, Private," Jacob said. "We've put an alternate plan in place."
Riggs cocked an eyebrow. "Really? And what would that..."

"Commander," Doc said, drawing Jacob's attention away from Riggs. "Status update on the patient's condition."

Jacob quickly walked over to Rooker's bed. "Is she alright?"

"Patient's live signs are stabilizing," Doc cheerily intoned. "My processes now indicate a 98.941% chance that the patient will survive."

Resting his hands on the foot of Rooker's bed, Jacob stared down at the floor and let out a relieved breath. "Keep me apprised of any changes, Doc," Jacob said. "I need to go check on our Plan B."

"Plan B?" Riggs asked, as Jacob walked past him and out of the medbay. He followed after the Commander. "Wait, sir! What's Plan...?"

"Hold it right there, mister," Garrus said, holding up a taloned hand against Riggs's chest. "Know you like to play the tough guy and all, but chances are that Phantom probably gave you a concussion. So how about you lay down and rest for a bit? Let the doctor give you a once-over with that flashlight eye of his, okay?"

Riggs furrowed his brow at Garrus. "But the status of the mission. What's our next..."

"I'm sure Jacob will give you a full briefing... after you've fully recovered," Garrus said, ushering Riggs over to a spare medbay bed. "Seriously, Private Riggs. Just lie down and rest for a bit. You're no good to us if you're not 100%, after all."

Riggs was about to voice another protest, but Garrus was obviously not budging. Begrudgingly, Riggs removed his combat armor and lay down on the bed. Satisfied, Garrus followed Jacob's path out of the medbay.

After a few minutes of staring at the ceiling, Riggs heard something to his right. He glanced over to see Vega, the transfusion needle now out of his arm, still sitting at Rooker's bedside. He was muttering something to the unconscious soldier, and it took a moment for Riggs to realize that it was Spanish. The quiet words were soon hushed, however, as Vega seemed to feel Riggs's stare and turned in his chair to stare back at him.

"Commander," Riggs said. "Listen, I..."

But the look Vega was giving him, the cold glare, told Riggs that nothing he said was going to be heard. "Forget it," Riggs said, shifting onto his back and staring up at the medbay ceiling again. After a few seconds, the Spanish started up again.

* * *

Outside of the medbay, Garrus approached Jacob, who was staring at a display on his omni-tool. "Everything okay, Jacob?" he asked.

"Getting a signal from Kasumi right now," Jacob said. "Just a short burst, letting us know her coordinates at a two minute interval. Anything more complex than that might be detected by the Normandy's systems. But it should be enough to let us know exactly where they're going next."
"Glad to hear it... but I wasn't talking about the mission," Garrus said. "If it means anything, I think you made the right call. Just because it was the right call, though, doesn't mean it was the easy one."

Jacob gave Garrus a weary smile. "A few months ago, I was bored out of my mind. Running routine patrols, an occasional skirmish with under-equipped pirates here and there. Dammit, I remember hoping that we'd get some real action. And now here I am: tossing one of my oldest friends into a shark tank, and hoping they don't catch a whiff of blood."

"She'll do fine," Garrus assured him. "After a certain extranet video of... well, I won't name names, but let's just say that when Shepard brought in Kasumi, the forward battery of the Normandy wasn't graced with any more turians singing asari pop numbers while they worked. That woman has spent most of her life learning how to make herself invisible. And she knows the Normandy like the back of her hand. I'm sure she'll keep out of sight long enough for us to find and extract her before Cerberus figures out she's there."

Turning off his omni-tool, Jacob leaned against the wall, massaging his temples. "Cerberus. Can't believe I spent so long thinking that they had the best interests of the galaxy at heart. Seems like they're doing their best to teach us all how badly we fucked up. Me... Miranda... Kelly..."

Garrus reacted with surprise, and Jacob realized that he hadn't filled in the rest of the crew on what he and Kasumi had discovered. Briefly, he summarized the information they had gotten from Kahlee Sanders and Jondum Bau, how Kelly and Jack had been abducted, along with someone else unconnected with Cerberus.

Processing this information, Garrus flared his mandibles. "Jacob, I'm thinking... maybe a past connection to Cerberus isn't the only thing going on here. Miranda, Jack, Traynor and Kelly... not to mention Liara and Ash. All of them have served with Shepard at one point or another. Is it possible that Cerberus is going after everyone that has a connection to Shepard and the Normandy?"

"I've had my communications officer researching it ever since we got back. And it's a definite possibility," Jacob explained. "Of course, nearly everyone who has a connection with Shepard is either aboard this ship... or the Normandy. There's only a few that aren't, and we're working to find a way to contact them. Have to make sure they know that they could be potential targets. Now that Cerberus knows that we're on their trail, though... makes me wonder if they might change things up."

"My guess?" Garrus said. "Right now, they think they have us beat. As far as they know, we have no way of knowing where they're going to next. And even if we did, the Orpheus wouldn't stand a chance against the Normandy in a space battle. Not to mention, from what I've seen of this clone they have running things... she likes to think she's just as clever and powerful as the real Shepard. So if you ask me, I don't think the Normandy's going to divert from its present course at all."

Jacob nodded agreement with Garrus's assessment. "I just hope that we can figure out what that course is. Before Kasumi or anyone else ends up the next one in handcuffs."
Part 2: No One Leaves Cerberus (Normandy, Executive Officer's Cabin)

The door slid open, and Ash snapped awake at the sound. Morgan walked through the door into her cabin, not even glancing in Ash's direction as she closed and locked the door behind her. Sullenly, the Phantom leader began removing her armor, piece by piece. Ash flicked her gaze down to Morgan's groin as the hip section of her armor tumbled to the floor, and was surprised to see no hint of a genetically-modified erection poking through the fabric of her Cerberus uniform.

"Should have killed her," Morgan was muttering to herself, leaving her armor scattered across the office floor as she slumped down into her chair. Snatching up a nearby dumbbell, she began pumping her arm rapidly. "Don't know why the bosses wanted me to let her live. Should have bled that fucking sniper out with Rena's sword right there."

Ash sat silently on the couch, watching her agitated captor with a hint of fear. In all the time she had spent under Morgan's watchful eye, Ash had never seen the muscular blonde woman in this state. Standing back up just seconds after she sat down, she spasmodically switched the dumbbell from hand to hand, her teeth gritted in exertion and anger as she instinctually exercised her arm muscles.

"Wasn't supposed to happen like this," Morgan was muttering to herself, pacing back and forth as she furiously pumped the dumbbell. "Should have stayed and fought. Should have killed them all. My people are dead down there and we... we..."

Letting out an anguished cry, Morgan tossed the dumbbell down to the floor. Ash glanced down to see the dent left from the force of Morgan's throw. Morgan threw her head back and screamed, loud enough that Ash was sure everyone on the ship would have to hear her cries.

Morgan screamed until she ran out of air, then dropped down to her knees and began directing hard fists to the floor. It brought flashes back to Ash of Morgan pummeling Crayman's head until it was little more than a bloody mess. Ash kept her body tense, ready at any moment for Morgan to turn her anger on her prized bitch.

Finally, after her enraged blows against the dented floor led to nothing but a sore hand, Morgan stopped, her breath heavy and ragged. For a long while, the only sound was the Normandy's engines beneath them, and Morgan's rough breathing.

"There's... there's a settlement on Bekenstein," Morgan finally said, staring off into space. Ash wasn't sure if she was talking to Ash, herself, or perhaps some imaginary third party. "Off-the-grid, not many people know it exists. Kinda place where your credits are always good, no matter how you came by them. Rena used to always talk about how someday, once she saved up enough from some well-paying jobs, that she was gonna put down the money and retire there." Morgan let out a laugh that, with her throat still raw from screaming, quickly turned into a cough. "Always sounded stupid to me. The kind of sentimental crap I gave up a long time ago. But the way she used to describe that place... made it sound so beautiful." Morgan shook her head. "Well, doesn't matter now, does it? She's fucking dead. Her, Lucia, Maeva and Terese. All dead."

Ash kept her face blank, while inside she was celebrating. Hell yes, The Real Ash exclaimed, About time the Alliance took a few of you bitches down. The more Phantom corpses, the merrier. The fact that one of the casualties was the Phantom Morgan had shared Ash with not that long ago made it all the sweeter.
And yet... here they were. Morgan was back, and not in Alliance custody. From the sound of Morgan's grief-stricken rambling, the encounter had ended with Cerberus escaping, and not killing their attackers. But despite the thrill of Cerberus being forced to turn tail and run, it left Ash in the exact same position she had been in before: in the clutches of a psychotic, rapist freak.

"All the things that... that I never got to say to them," Morgan said, wiping at her nose. "Never got to thank them for all the good work they had done. Can't make those sorts of mistakes anymore." For the first time since Morgan had arrived in the room, she turned to acknowledge Ash's presence. "Bitch, come here."

Standing up, Ash kept her eyes deferentially on the floor as she approached her "mistress."

"Stop," Morgan said, once Ash has reached her. Walking up to Ash, Morgan stroked her chin. Slowly, almost tenderly, she raised Ash's face until their eyes met. "You've been such a good little bitch," Morgan said. It wasn't anything Ash hadn't heard before, but the tone of her voice was strange. Not filled with that condescending mockery as before, but with a twisted sort of affection to it. "Helping me deal with that sick bastard Crayman, fucking who I tell you to fuck. You're so amazing, you know that?"

"Thank you, mistress," Ash said, playing the role of The Fake Ash to the hilt.

Morgan laid one of her rough, muscular hands against Ash's cheek, a trembling smile on her face. "I was talking to the doc before and he said... he suggested maybe I should try things a little differently. You know how much I love that asshole of yours, bitch. But he said that maybe I should try fucking you in your pussy for a bit. Do... do you think you might like that? Or should I keep taking you up the ass?" Seeing the confused look on Ash's face, Morgan gave her a gentle pat on the cheek. "Go ahead, bitch. You have my permission to answer however you want."

Quite a choice she's offering you, The Real Ash said in her mind. Would you like to be raped... or raped in a slightly less painful way?

The Fake Ash, meanwhile, was suddenly too stunned to offer a response. What exactly was going on here? As far as she knew, being Morgan's "bitch" meant she was little more than property to her. An obedient pet to fuck and order around. Not an actual human being with real choices and opinions. So for Morgan to actually ask Ash for her preference... God knows that not having her asshole regularly filled with Morgan's gigantic cock would be a bit of a relief. But something about this all just felt... off.

Then Ash remembered what had happened with Kelly. Morgan assuring the unsuspecting woman that it was perfectly alright for her to use Morgan's bitch, only to turn on her as soon as the act was over and reveal that she had just been testing Kelly.

That was what this was; Ash was sure of it. Just another one of Morgan's messed-up tests. Ash was positive that if she gave any other answer than the one Morgan wanted, Ash's time as Morgan's bitch would be over very shortly. No doubt after losing some of her people, Morgan was just looking for someone to take her anger out on, and Ash was the most convenient target.

Knowing all this, Ash muttered out her response. "I...wntytfckmss..." she said, speaking low and barely able to force out the words.

"What?" Morgan said, leaning in close. "I didn't catch that, bitch."
"I want you to fuck my ass, mistress," Ash said louder, meeting eyes with Morgan and trying her best to sound sincere. Certain that her life depended on it.

She watched her unbalanced captor, waiting for her to show any sign that she detected the lie in Ash's words. But soon, a grateful smile came to Morgan's face. "Say it again," she said.

"I want you to fuck my ass, mistress," Ash obediently repeated.

Closing her eyes, Morgan inhaled deeply through her nose. "Ohhhh... again..." she moaned, reaching down to her groin and rubbing the growing swell underneath her uniform.

Swallowing her pride, Ash spoke. "I want you to bend me over this desk, take your cock out of your pants, and fuck my asshole raw. Mistress," Ash said firmly, hating herself for saying the words but knowing that the alternative was far, far worse. Besides... the more aroused she got Morgan, the sooner this latest rape session would be over.

"Of course you do," Morgan said. In a split second, she was behind Ash, grabbing her by the shoulders and bending her by the waist. Ash felt the cold surface of Morgan's desk against her tits, and heard the familiar sound of Morgan's zipper being undone. "Of course you do, because you're such a wonderful, beautiful bitch," Morgan was saying. Out of her peripheral vision, Ash spotted the bottle of lube on Morgan's desk being snatched up. "And your mistress is going to give you exactly what you want.'"

Gripping the edge of Morgan's desk, Ash prepared herself for the anal onslaught. But instead of Morgan jamming her cock roughly into Ash's anus, Ash felt the head of Morgan's prick gently begin forcing open her puckered opening.

"I've been so cruel to you, my sweet bitch," Morgan said, her hands gripping tightly onto Ash's asscheeks and spreading them wide. "I've been fucking you like some dirty Omega whore, when I should be treating you like the thing of beauty you truly are. Hard and fast isn't the right thing at all for my personal bitch. You deserve to have me take it nice... and slow. To let you feel every last inch of your mistress's cock inside of you."

And true to her word, Ash felt Morgan's cock begin to slowly fill her insides. Not the fast, rough fucking Ash had almost become used to, but a slow penetration. It seemed like ages before she felt the press of Morgan's hips against her backside, and for a while Morgan simply left herself sheathed inside of Ash's anal passage, relishing the tight grip of Ash's ass around her cock.

"Say it again, bitch," Morgan cooed from somewhere above Ash's head. "Tell me what you want me to do."

"I want you to fuck my ass, mistress," Ash said again. She could feel Morgan's thick length slowly slide out of her, until the head of Morgan's prick was all that remained inside. Again, slowly, Morgan thrust her cock inside of Ash.

Ash wasn't sure if this new situation was better or worse. On the one hand, Morgan's slower pace meant that the whole process of the Phantom leader getting her rocks off would take that much longer. On the other... it certainly was a lot less painful.

Actually, if she was being completely honest... after the week or so of taking Morgan's hard shaft up her ass, her anal passage had been loosened up to the point that Morgan's measured, almost
gentle thrusts were...

No. God, no, you did not just start to think that. You couldn't...

But she did. Forgetting her horrible situation, the unknown fates of her friends and comrades, and that she was being held captive by a madwoman... if she put that all out of her mind for just the moment, what was happening to her right now... wasn't entirely unpleasant.

"I'm going to keep my promise to you," Morgan said, as she slowly pulled out for another thrust. "I may not have been able to protect Rena and the others, but I promise I'm going to protect you. For as long as I live, I'm going to keep you safe," she assured Ash, as she buried her full length into Ash again.

Ash heard herself let out a moan, and definitely not one of pain. God, had it finally happened? Had this crazy bitch finally broken her? She waited for The Real Ash to start her griping again. Call Ash pathetic for bending to the will of her captor.

But instead, she was surprised to hear the soft, soothing tones of The Fake Ash in her head. You have one task right now, the voice said. One thing that will keep you alive, and make sure you survive until rescue arrives. And that is to convince this woman that you are happy being her slave. That you enjoy bending over and taking her cock. That nothing in life gives you more pleasure that following her every order. That is what you have to do to live. And let's face it... isn't that job a lot easier... aren't you a lot more convincing if some part of you... even if it's just a small part... starts to actually enjoy it?

It was a crap rationalization. But it didn't prevent her from letting out another moan as Morgan's cock filled her again. Morgan had picked up the pace, pumping inside her steadily but not at the punishing rate she had employed before. Every thrust elicited another sound from Ash, as she started to thrust her hips back into Morgan. Soon Morgan found herself having to fuck Ash harder, just to keep up with the frantic press of Ash's backside against her.

"I want you to fuck my ass, mistress," Ash said without being prompted. "Fuck my ass, please. Fuck my ass, mistress."

"Oh, fuck," Morgan cried out, the mix of Ash's desperate pleas in her ears and Ash's inner walls clutching at her cock driving Morgan over the brink. Before Morgan could pull out, and perform their usual finishing routine of Ash sucking Morgan off, Ash felt Morgan's cock start to spew inside of her. Ash lewdly moaned as she felt Morgan's hot seed fill her intestines, rolling her hips around Morgan's length as it discharged inside of her.

As Morgan pulled her wilting member out, Ash reached a hand back behind her. With a lewd sound, she strained her anal muscles and forced Morgan's load out into her outstretched palm. Standing up straight and turning around, she locked eyes with the exhausted Phantom leader as she brought up a hand full of jizz to her mouth. Sticking out her tongue, she began hungrily licking the cum from her hand, savoring the look on Morgan's face as she lapped up every last drop of her mistress's fluids from her palm.

When rescue comes... when we have our chance to escape, The Fake Ash said in her mind, you can go back to who you were. You can be Ashley Williams, Alliance Marine and Spectre agent. But if you want to live until then... from this point forward, you need to be her bitch. Her obedient, sex-crazed slave.
And as Ash sucked on her fingers, swallowing down Morgan's cum with a smile, she waited for The Real Ash to raise an objection. But she heard nothing.
"Nnngh," came a light groan from the head of the bed. Vega's eyes snapped open, and he sat up in his seat next to the bed to see Rooker writhing in her sleep. "Not her..." she moaned to herself, her eyes still shut. "Can't be her... What have I done... God, what have I done... NO!" Rooker's eyes suddenly snapped open, and she let out a gasp as she tried to sit up, a look of sheer panic on her face.

"Hey, hey, calm down," he said, laying a hand on Rooker's shoulder as she tried to rise up. "You're okay. You're back on the Orpheus." He kept her held down until the frantic look on her face finally went away, and she stopped struggling against his grip.

Rooker winced, feeling at her side at where the Phantom's sword had penetrated, the pain finally bringing her completely out of whatever dream she had been having and into reality. "Dammit," she grunted. Finally, her eyes focused on Vega. "Am I hurt bad? How long have I been out?"

"Less than an hour," Vega said. "And Doc said you should be fine. A little more bed rest and you'll be back up and in fighting shape in no time."

Sliding up the bottom hem of her tanktop, Rooker ran a finger along the rough scar where Tali had hastily patched her up with medi-gel. "Stupid," she cursed herself. "Should have been keeping a closer eye on my six."

"No way you should be blaming yourself for that," Vega said, giving a quick glance over at the empty bed behind him and scowling. Riggs had left about fifteen minutes ago, the Doc robot giving him a clean bill of health. "That *chingado* Riggs, he was supposed to be watching your back. But one of his old Cerberus buddies gives him a bump on the head, and you're left with no backup." Vega shook his head in disgust. "Dammit, we shouldn't have sent you up there with just one spotter. Jacob should have known that..."

Rooker shook her head. "It isn't Jacob's fault. And it's not Riggs's fault. What happened happened. Nothing to do now but dust ourselves off and do better next time." Rooker furrowed her brow. "We gotten word back on Kasumi yet?"

"She's sending back a tracking signal to the Orpheus," Vega told her. "Last I heard, her last ping was somewhere in the Ninmah Cluster. Joker's tailing the Normandy as close as we can without the Orpheus showing up on their scanners. Once they stop somewhere, we'll try to figure out our next move from there."

Rooker nodded. "Best we can do, I suppose." Prodding against the barely-healed wound in her side, she frowned. "Dammit, all this trouble over one ship. If they had pulled this back when the Alliance fleet was at its strongest, all we'd have to do is point a finger, and even the Normandy would have been a lump of twisted metal by the time they were done."

"Yeah, but then all our comrades on board would be blown up, too," Vega said. "Ash and Liara and Shepard..."

The name brought a fresh wince of pain to Rooker's face. "Can only imagine what they're putting her through," she said. "At the mercy of those bastards. We were so close..."
"We'll find them, *chica,*" Vega said confidently. "The two of us together, we'll take them all down. That clone, Brooks, that Phantom that put the sword in you... we're gonna make 'em pay."

Rooker smiled at him, one of the first genuine smiles he had seen her give since he'd met her. It was breathtaking. "I like your enthusiasm, soldier, but maybe we should let the rest of the crew help us out. As backup, if nothing else."

"Yeah, well, the ones that can actually manage that assignment," Vega said, his expression turning sour.

"Seriously, James," Rooker said, laying a hand on his. "Don't take this out on Riggs. He's... not who you think he is. And right now we need to work together if we're going to rescue Shepard and your old comrades. So please... promise me you won't go after him, okay?"

Vega looked conflicted, but he finally took hold of her hand and raised it to his lips. "For you, *chica?* Anything."

"Thank you," Rooker said, for once not looking annoyed at one of Vega's flirtatious remarks. "And I appreciate you staying and making sure I'm okay. But if you don't mind, I think I'd like to get a little more rest. I'm sure Jacob and the rest of the team could use your help planning our next moves."

Vega smiled at her. "Planning was never my strong suit. Usually don't get more complicated than 'run in and start shooting until everything stops moving.' But I'll give you some privacy if you want," he said, his chair making a metallic grind against the floor as he rose to his feet.

"Thanks," Rooker said. "And don't worry. Now that we've got Kasumi aboard the Normandy, I've got a feeling things are finally looking up for us."

Nodding and smiling at her, Vega turned towards the medbay door.

"Actually, hold on," Rooker said, and Vega stopped in his tracks. "While I was asleep, did I... was I saying anything?" she asked, her expression suddenly nervous as she leaned herself up on her elbows and stared intently at Vega.

Vega rubbed the back of his neck. "Uh, maybe," he said, not sure if Rooker actually wanted an honest answer, or if she'd rather he not know about what haunted her sleep. "Don't really remember, but might have heard something about... uh... 'not her,' and... 'what have I done?'"

Rooker shut her eyes, the pained expression on her face most likely not caused by the wound in her side. "I was worried about that," she said. "Did I... say any names?"

"No," Vega quickly answered. "Just that stuff I mentioned. Nothing else, no names or nothing. And hey, it's none of my business, and I tried my best not to listen, but..."

The wounded marine nodded. "It's okay, James. It was just... The war with the Reapers. We all had to deal with a lot of hard choices back then, didn't we? We've all got those moments that will never leave us, no matter how long we live."

Vega nodded, vivid images in his head of a tattered stuffed bunny, and a smiling blond girl wearing his combat helmet. "Yeah. Yeah, we've all got those moments," he quietly agreed. "Get some rest. We'll talk more later."
"Yeah," Rooker said, watching as Vega turned and walked out of the medbay. Once the door was shut and she was sure she was alone, Rooker reached over to the side table next to her bed. Finding the object of her search, she let out a long, pained sigh as she lay back into her pillow.

"You poor fool, James," Rooker said softly. Gripping the device in her hand, she activated her omni-tool. "If you knew the truth... would I be your chica then?"

As she typed in an address and waited for the connection to establish, Rooker closed her eyes. In her mind, she saw the image that had been in her nightmare: a familiar face, framed in a trembling sniper's scope.

And as always, she heard the screams.
The mood was quiet in the mess hall. By now, word was beginning to spread among the crew about what had happened on the surface of Ontarom, and the normal cheerful bluster between marines had been dampened somewhat by the news.

Most especially, the former comrades of Shepard, those who knew Miranda and Kasumi personally, stared forlorn into space. The experience of letting their enemies walk away with one of their friends, and sending another one off into danger, was a difficult thing to handle.

Cortez had never served with the two of them in the Normandy, and only exchanged some pleasant conversation at the Citadel party years ago. Still, it hurt him just to see his old shipmates feeling the losses. Garrus and Tali sat across from each other at one table, Garrus clutching one of Tali's hands in his own taloned fingers as the quarian wore a mournful expression. Off to the side, Javik practiced some sort of Prothean martial art, four eyes squinted in concentration. Even Grunt was looking a little morose, although it wasn't preventing him from shoveling down another plateful of some horrific looking meal.

Staring around the mess hall, Cortez caught sight of Riggs, sitting by himself in the corner again. Cortez wasn’t sure what possessed him in that moment, but maybe it was something he saw in Riggs's eyes. Something he was trying to keep hidden behind that veneer of stern intimidation he usually wore. Whatever it was he saw, Cortez soon found himself walking boldly over to the intimidating marine and having a seat opposite him at the table.

"Careful now," Riggs said to the pilot as he sat. "Haven't you heard this is the Cerberus sympathizer table? I think you'd rather sit with the cool kids over there."

"No, I'd rather be here," Cortez said. "Look, I just wanted to say that I know what you're going through."

Riggs arched an eyebrow. "Do you now?"

"You remember Ferris Fields? One of the colonies the Collectors hit during the war. My husband Robert was stationed there," Cortez said. "When they took him... he managed to call me. To warn me that the Collectors would be coming for the station I was on next, and that I needed to run. And it took all I had not to jump in a shuttle and fly off to try and find him. And it took all I had not to jump in a shuttle and fly off to try and find him. And it took all I had not to jump in a shuttle and fly off to try and find him. Now, of course, I look back on it and realize it would have been foolish. That all it would have accomplished would be to get both of us abducted and killed. But for a long time after that, I just couldn't forgive myself for not doing more. Not figuring out some way to save him."

Riggs watched dispassionately as Cortez told his story, but again Cortez saw that pain lingering behind his eyes. It was a pain he knew all too well.

"What happened down there... it wasn't your fault," Cortez said. "I know you're probably not in the state right now to believe that, but trust me: if it had been anybody else in that same position, I'm sure that Phantom would have gotten the drop on them just the same as they got on you."

"You know, there are times..." Riggs said, pausing to take a sip out of the glass sitting on the table. "Where I think I still hear it. That voice in my head from back when I was indoctrinated, the one that told me who the enemy was. Who to fight, who to kill. Sometimes it's just so vivid, I hear it in..."
my mind almost as clear as my own voice. I know it's not real. That it's just a memory of what Cerberus's indoctrination did to me. But sometimes I wonder... maybe there's something still in there. Some lingering remnant of what they did to me, that told me to turn my back just before that Phantom came and tossed me around like a ragdoll. Maybe anyone else in that position would have caught her before she attacked." Riggs shrugged. "I dunno. Guess it doesn't matter now. Rooker's in the infirmary and I'm here. Trying my best to drink away that imaginary voice."

"I can't imagine what you must have gone through," Cortez said. "But you're free of that now. And you've got people you can trust here, that you can talk to if you need to. You don't have to keep putting up these walls, you know."

Riggs stared over Cortez's shoulder at the crew sitting at the tables behind him, a light sneer on his face. "Oh, of course," he said sarcastically. "I'm sure they'd all be eager to listen to the Bloody Hand's personal problems." He stared Cortez in the eye intently. "Don't know if you knew this, Steve, but last time I checked there were forty-one 'chipped' men and women like myself, that were allowed to enlist or re-enlist in the Alliance military. You know how many of them are deck swabs? Mess sergeants? Glorified toilet scrubbers? Only former Cerberus person I know that's doing better than me is the one in charge of this ship. All the rest of them are treated like the lowest of the low. And if I hadn't spent every day since I enlisted convincing everyone that I was dangerous, borderline psychotic, and liable to snap if I wasn't put in combat on a regular basis... I'd be right down there doing the grunt work along with the rest of my fellow defectors from Cerberus."

Leaning back in his chair, Riggs looked sour as he crossed his arms over his well-developed chest. "So don't tell me I should open up to my fellow marines... share my feelings with them and look to them for understanding. Because the second I do that, they'd have me cleaning their weapons and ironing their damn uniforms. I have to be David Riggs, the infamous Bloody Hand, if I ever want to get any damn respect around here."

Cortez wasn't sure how to respond, and his mouth hung open up until he noticed that the quiet conversation behind them had completely stopped.

Turning, Cortez saw the entire mess hall watching as Vega walked into the room, and turned to head directly toward the table where Cortez and Riggs sat. There was a tense silence as every set of eyes followed the muscular marine, everyone waiting for what was about to come.

"James, now wait," Cortez said, rising to his feet to try and calm his old friend. Behind him, he could hear Riggs pushing his chair back and standing as well. Out of the corner of his eye, Cortez could see him adopt a fighting stance.

"Don't worry, Esteban," Vega said. "I ain't here to start a fight." Despite this, he still glowered at Riggs. "But I just wanted to make something clear to the Bloody Hand over there. The only reason I ain't laying you out right now is that Commander Rooker made me promise not to. And I'd like her to feel like she can rely on me... unlike some other marines on this ship I could name."

Riggs said nothing, the emotion he had been showing earlier now replaced by his normal cold, intimidating stare.

"But just know that from now on... I want you on point on the next mission. And every mission after that," Vega said to Riggs, his tone simmering with barely controlled anger. "I don't trust having you at my back, I don't trust you at any of my friends' backs, and I sure as hell don't trust you to have Commander Rooker's back. Any combat we see from here on out, I'm gonna tell Jacob
to put you right at the front line."

This elicited a bored shrug from Riggs. "Fine. Just means I get first crack at the enemy."

"Yeah," Vega said, glowering at him. "And it means they get first crack at you."

"So we both get something out of it," Riggs said blandly. "Glad we could come to an agreement. Anything else you wanted to discuss besides our upcoming battle plans?"

Vega turned away from Riggs without responding. For a moment he stared at Cortez, a look of confusion on his face. "Why..." he started to ask, then shook his head. "Forget it. Just don't turn your back on him, Esteban."

As Vega stepped back out of the mess hall, and the people in the room started resuming their conversations, Cortez and Riggs sat back down. "Friendly guy," Riggs said. "Maybe I should open up to him about my feelings, you think?"

"James is... he's been through a lot," Cortez said defensively. "A mission he was on a few years ago went bad because of a Cerberus mole. A lot of people died as a result. Since then... well, it's still a touchy subject for him."

"Ah, well. Pity he didn't start something. Would have been a nice show for everyone," Riggs said with a rueful smile. "Especially that sneaky little peeping tom with the cloak. Bet she's watching all of this stupid drama right now and giggling."

Cortez stared at Riggs, mouth agape. "You..." he started to say in shock, before the realization dawned on his face. "You were unconscious on the trip back, of course you hadn't heard. But still... nobody here told you?"

"I'm not exactly on the rumor mill, you might have noticed," Riggs said. "What, what's going on with Kasumi?"

"It was Jacob's plan B," Cortez explained. "When he knew that they wouldn't be able to capture Brooks and the clone alive, he made it look like we were letting them go. But Kasumi slipped onto the shuttle with her cloak. She's on the Normandy right now, and we're following her tracking signal."

Riggs's expression turned deadly serious. "Wait, so you're saying... we know where the Normandy is?"

"Yeah, we're tailing it right now," Cortez said. "Once Cerberus reaches their home base, we're... wait, where are you going?"

Riggs had hastily gotten to his feet. "Did't know we were that close to finding them," Riggs said, finishing the last of his drink and clumsily dropping the glass back onto the table. "All this time we wasted chatting, I could have been preparing for the next battle. I've got my weapons to clean. Armor to do repairs on. Want to be in peak fighting condition. Don't want to have another screw-up like last time, after all, right?"

"Uh, right," Cortez said, as Riggs maneuvered around the table and made his way to the door.

The marine paused for a moment before leaving, turning to glance over his shoulder at Cortez. "I...
uh... this was... well, if you ever get bored again and have nothing better to do than hear the Bloody Hand whine to you for a while... I wouldn't mind it."

And before Cortez could react to that, Riggs was turning again and dashing out the door.
"Tell me about them."

It was the first thing Kelly had said, since Erin had grabbed her by the shoulder and ushered the shaken woman out of the shuttle bay and back to the cockpit. She had been staring silently out into the blackness of space for the last thirty minutes or so, ignoring all of Erin's attempts to make conversation. Just a few minutes after she had finally given up, Kelly had finally spoken.

"Them?" Erin said, glancing away from her control panel at Kelly. "Might have to be a bit more specific than that."

"The others in Cerberus," Kelly said, her voice quiet and distant. "The ones you're working with. The ones who want to kill the clone and Brooks and..."

Erin loudly hissed. "Sssshhh!" Turning to Inania, she said, "All the listening devices and cameras are still being blocked?"

"All filters are fully operational, Miss... Crooks," the VI android assured her.

"Listen, Kelly," Erin said, rubbing the bridge of her nose. "It's not that I don't want to tell you all about them. But it's not really my place, you know? They're the ones who decide who gets invited into the group, not me."

Kelly let out a long, shuddering breath. "Erin, you've been so kind to me," she said. "You're the only person on this ship that I can feel comfortable being in the same room with. But can I really trust that? How do I know that all of this isn't just another sick game by those two women? That you're not going to end up turning me in for 'betraying Cerberus' or something?" She looked over at Erin with frantic, pleading eyes. "I need something, Erin. Something more than just the crumbs you've given me so far. Anything to give me hope, before I go completely insane."

"Okay, okay," Erin said, shifting in the Normandy's pilot seat. "The truth is that I don't know who else is with us. The person in charge of everything... they keep us in the dark, so that if one of us gets caught, they can't betray any of the others. But I know for sure that there are others, quite a few. And all of us answer to one person."

"Who?" Kelly asked.

"That's the thing," Erin said. "None of us know, really. I mean, there are things we do know. This person, whoever he or she is... they've got credits, lots of them. From what I've been able to figure out, this new 'Cerberus' was little more than a band of pirates and mercenaries before our leader showed up and bankrolled Brooks and the clone. Most of the scientists and researchers that we currently have... they all came on after our leader did."

Kelly considered this. "Like Henneman?" she asked.

Erin's expression turned dark, and she shook her head. "No, not Henneman. Far as I can tell, he's been here since the beginning. I severely doubt that he's with us. Something about that man... can't say I trust him."
Kelly remembered the doctor's forced smile, the uneasiness she had felt around him, and shivered. "So, this leader of yours... you don't know anything else about them?"

"Just what I said before: that they're looking to turn Cerberus respectable," Erin said. "Cast out the crazies and rapists and make Cerberus a true bastion for humanity. But for now, they're just financing Cerberus operations, letting our current bosses build the organization back up slowly. That's the best part about it, though: even if they suspected that our leader was out to betray them, there's not much they can do. Without their funds... Cerberus would have no future whatsoever."

Erin snickered a little. "Our leader's essentially paying the clone and Brooks to reestablish Cerberus, before they swoop in and take it over."

Kelly thought about what Erin had told her. Part of her wondered if her suspicions about all of this being a cruel trick were correct. But a cruel trick that wasn't just being played on her, but Erin and others in this new Cerberus as well. For all she knew, Cerberus's mysterious backer was just a front for Brooks and the clone, and all of them were being fingered as traitors.

But false hope or not, right now it was all she had to cling to.

Just as she was about to question Erin further, Kelly heard a loud beeping sound. Looking down, she saw the sound was coming from her datapad, a notification light indicating that a new message was arriving.

"The mole," Erin observed. "Somebody's going to have a lot of explaining to do."

Kelly started to reach for the datapad, when just at that exact moment, the door to the cockpit whooshed open. And a bulky figure entered the room.

"Kelly," Morgan said, arms crossed as she stared downward. "Come with me, right now."

The two women in the cockpit seats looked at Morgan in surprise. "But... I'm getting a..." Kelly started to say.

"Do you want to see your bitch or not?" Morgan asked, a slight hint of annoyance in her voice. "Because if you don't come right now, I might not give you another chance like this."

It was what Kelly had been waiting to hear for so long. Maybe it was just Morgan playing another one of her weird mind-games; Kelly didn't care. Dropping the still buzzing datapad to the floor, she leapt out of her seat and followed Morgan out of the cockpit.

"Uh," Erin said to the retreating figures, but neither of them turned. "Should I answer that?" she glanced down at the discarded datapad. "Shit, hope the boss ladies are still busy doing whatever sick stuff they get up to," she said, trying her best to ignore the buzzing sounds as she turned her attention back to piloting the Normandy.
"Move, bitch," said the scar-faced Phantom, shoving Miranda out of the lift.

"Okay, okay," Miranda meekly said. She tried her best to look defeated as the Phantom ushered her in the direction of the medbay.

The truth, though, was that from the second she had gotten off the shuttle, she was already assessing the situation. She hadn't become the Illusive Man's right hand with just a pretty smile, after all. No doubt her current captors expected her to be too scared for her sister's well-being to be thinking straight in this situation. On the contrary: Ori being in danger had only made Miranda more determined to get a feel for what things were like on the captured Normandy, and what sort of people made up the new Cerberus, in order to consider their options for escape.

Making a big show of keeping her head down and struggling against the bonds that kept her hands fastened behind her back, Miranda shot glances up at the crew milling around Deck 2. Not a familiar face among them, but Miranda wasn't surprised. The people she had associated herself with back in her Cerberus days had either gotten far away from them long ago, or had most likely died during the war.

The crew that Miranda did see, she pegged instantly as mercenaries. The way they kept their distance from each other, locked eyes with each other as they passed. These were people that were used to not trusting anyone but themselves.

So how did this Shepard clone and Lilium... Brooks, how did they manage to convince a bunch of mercs to join up with Cerberus? she mused to herself. Brooks mentioned something about my father's money back on Ontarom. Did they hack into his bank accounts?

She had never concerned herself too much with what had happened to her father's fortune after his death. No doubt she could have made a good case for she and Oriana being his lawful heirs, but she had no desire to spend even a cent of her father's money. She and Ori would make their own lives, without Henry Lawson's billions. Perhaps she had made a mistake, though, if this new Cerberus had gotten their hands on the money instead.

But it still didn't line up. These mercs weren't the kind of high-priced professionals that Henry Lawson's money would buy. These were common thugs, probably scraped up from the scum of Omega or some other trash heap. Not the kind of muscle that Lawson money could buy.

In fact, the only evidence that Miranda had seen of real spending was the Phantoms that had assaulted the Ontarom facility. Genetic modifications like the ones that gave the Phantoms their agility and power didn't come cheap. But there, again, was the strange contradiction: the women who had been given these enhancements were the same low-rent thugs that she was seeing wearing Cerberus uniforms on this deck. Hell, the woman who was escorting her right now was evidence enough of that; Miranda had seen enough in her medical studies to recognize the jagged scars running down her cheek as coming from a broken bottle, no doubt gotten in a brawl in some seedy back-alley bar. So much money spent on these women, when it could have gone to enhancing the abilities of much more capable, experienced fighters.

All of these thoughts ran through her head in the thirty seconds it took for the Phantom to usher her into the medbay. For a split second, Miranda wondered if she would see Dr. Chakwas sitting in her
usual spot. But it was a foolish idea: Chakwas hadn't joined Cerberus for the cause; she had joined for Shepard. And while some of these ignorant mercs could have possibly been fooled into believing that the woman in charge of things here was the real Shepard, Dr. Chakwas was too intelligent to make that sort of mistake.

No, the person who greeted them as they walked into the medbay was a younger man, slim and dressed in a white labcoat. He didn't seem to hear the door opening, too busy poring over something on a terminal. After a few seconds of waiting, the Phantom cleared her throat loudly.

"Oh," the man exclaimed, turning his attention to his visitors. The first thing Miranda noticed about him were the glasses perched on his nose. She couldn't remember the last time she had seen anyone wearing the antiquated things; most people these days had any potential vision problems engineered away in utero. Even failing that, medical treatments to correct eye problems were cheap and commonplace. Another cheap merc too busy buying booze and hookers to spend the money on a simple eye job? she thought.

But no. This man didn't strike her the same way as the other crew of this hijacked vessel. A smile came to his face as soon as he realized he had company. Getting up to his feet, he approached Miranda and extended a hand. "Miss Lawson, so glad that you've finally come aboard." When Miranda didn't return the handshake, it took the man a second to realize it wasn't out of rudeness. "Remove those blasted things, would you?" he instructed the Phantom in annoyance. "I severely doubt Miss Lawson is going to put up a fight." He turned back to Miranda with a grin. "You're not suicidal, are you, Miss Lawson?"

"No," Miranda quietly answered, as the Phantom disabled the hard-light restraints around her wrist. She let out a sigh of relief as she rubbed her aching shoulders.

"Good to hear," the man said. He glanced over at the Phantom again and narrowed his eyes. "Please, could you give us our privacy? I've got a very delicate operation to perform here, and I don't need you glaring over my shoulder."

The Phantom looked uncertain. "You want me to leave you alone with her? She might..."

"Might what?" the man rolled his eyes at the Phantom, pointing at the collar around Miranda's neck. "With her biotics suppressed, the most she could do is attack me physically. And I think I'll take my chances, if it's all the same. So, please, vacate the room immediately."

Shrugging, the Phantom left. The man let out a sigh of relief once she was gone. "Sorry. As I'm sure you've noticed, Cerberus these days doesn't exactly recruit the most... genteel of comrades. But that will change, I'm sure of it. Ah, but where was I?" he extended his hand again. "Dr. Ruben Henneman."

Trying her best to put a terrified tremble into her grip, Miranda obediently raised her hand to shake. All the while flitting her eyes around the medbay. She spotted any number of medical devices and objects she could use to kill this man in a fraction of a second, if she truly wanted to. But as he had said, she was not suicidal; killing this man would accomplish nothing but putting herself and Oriana in danger of punishment. So instead, she played the part of the defeated captive and shook the doctor's hand.

Henneman stared at her as they shook, as if waiting for her to say something. "Uh..." she finally spoke up, "Miranda Lawson."
"You don't remember me, do you?" Henneman said. "I mean, I don't really blame you. A lot of us went through Cerberus back in the day. I'm sure I'm just one of any number of operatives you worked with back then." He released her hand and shrugged. "Well, don't worry about it. I won't hold it against you." He adjusted his glasses before slapping his hands together. "Now then... to the business at hand. Need to get that blasted chip out of you before the Alliance determines our trajectory. So, if you would please disrobe for me, we can begin the operation."

Miranda paused, looking hesitant. Henneman saw the nervous look on her face and his expression turned serious. "Trust me, Miss Lawson. I take no pleasure from this," Henneman said. "But we need to remove that chip as soon as possible. I don't mean to sound threatening, but your choices are either to remove your clothing yourself, or I call that lovely woman back in here to take your clothes off for you. And that's quite a lovely outfit you're wearing. I would hate to see it torn to shreds. So... what will it be?"

Nodding in understanding, Miranda began unzipping her outfit. Henneman watched dispassionately as she shed her outer clothing, eventually standing in just black lacy lingerie. When she paused again, Henneman furrowed his brow. "Fully disrobe, Miss Lawson," he prodded her. "This is very delicate work, and I don't want anything to get in my way."

Miranda glanced at the open windows of the medbay, several crew members already gawking through the glass at the spectacle going on on the other side. Henneman followed her gaze and slapped his forehead. "Oh, of course. My apologies." Stepping over to a side panel, he pressed several buttons, and the glass of the windows darkened, eventually turning opaque. Through the glass, Miranda heard loud groans of disappointment, as she unhooked her bra and let it drop to the floor.

As Miranda's panties slid down her thighs, Henneman was pulling a handheld device off a nearby table. "Now, then," he said, as Miranda stood completely naked, "let's find that little Alliance bug of theirs." He showed no sign of interest in Miranda's curvaceous body as he ran the scanner along her. "Hmm, would they be that predictable?" he said, as he moved the device closer to her backside. There was a loud beeping sound, and Henneman let out a disgusted sound. "But of course. Well, then. If you'd please step over to the table and bend over."

Miranda walked over to where the doctor pointed her. It was an adjustable medical table, with three hinged sections. It was currently configured in a chair-like setup, the top section bent upwards and the bottom bent downwards. Henneman instructed her to stand against it and bend forward.

"Arms please," Henneman said to her, grabbing one of her wrists and putting it into position next to a strap. Seeing the concerned look on her face, Henneman smiled reassuringly. "As I said, this is very delicate work. Can't have you moving around too much, can we?" he said as he secured her other arm in a matching strap. Her current position left her ass up in the air, and Henneman crouched down to fasten ankle restraints around her legs. With her held securely in place, Henneman pulled up a chair and adjusted it until he was at eye level with Miranda's ass.

"Now, you're going to feel a slight pinch. Just a little local anesthetic to numb things back there," Henneman said behind her. She felt the sting of the needle shortly thereafter, and within seconds she began to lose sensation in her backside. "Stay very still now," Henneman said, and Miranda rested her head on the raised portion of the table as Henneman worked.

"I'm... sorry that I don't remember you," Miranda said. Right now, this man was just about the only friendly – or at least friendly-acting – person she had met since she and Ori had been captured. It was probably a good idea to make nice, have someone among her captors who she could
potentially make into an ally. "Were you in one of our research cells?"

"Please be quiet, Miss Lawson," Henneman said, the friendliness from earlier gone as he worked. "If I make one wrong move while attempting to remove this chip, it will deliver an electric shock to me powerful enough to fry my internal organs. And while that might seem like a positive outcome to you, I assure you that the next attempt to remove this chip, should I perish, won't be nearly as skillful."

Miranda clamped her lips shut, putting an end to her attempts to befriend Henneman for now.

"But to answer your question," Henneman suddenly piped up after several minutes of silent work. "I wasn't part of a research cell, no. Which is a shame, because that was why I originally came to Cerberus. My studies at the time... well, let's just say that I felt I couldn't make any further progress under the watchful eye of the Alliance. I felt that Cerberus would offer me a great opportunity to pursue my particular areas of interest, without the ethical constraints that any other organization would hold me to."

Miranda kept silent, while Henneman's voice started to take on a tone of frustration. "But no, when I came to Cerberus, it was decided that I would serve the organization better out in the field. I was assigned to an infiltration unit. One with a very important task. Is this ringing any bells yet, Miss Lawson?"

Something was wrong here. The pleasant demeanor that Henneman had shown when she first arrived was draining out of his voice by the second. "I... I'm not..."

"I said quiet!" Henneman suddenly snapped. "I'm in the middle of talking, so don't fucking interrupt! Now, like I was saying, I was sent to infiltrate a team being organized by the Shadow Broker. I would play the part of their medic, work with them until they were brought in to assist on the Shadow Broker's latest project, and then inform the Illusive Man of my location so that he could take down the Broker once and for all. So there I was, forced to make myself look like some filthy, barely competent medic, when in truth I was smarter than all of them combined. That was the cover I lived under for years... William Hawkins."

And that was when Miranda remembered him. And realized she was in deep, deep trouble.

"Ah, there we are!" Henneman said in triumph. Getting up from his chair, he walked around to stand at the side of the table, exhibiting the small chip to Miranda. "Got a message for the Alliance you want to deliver, Miss Lawson? If you yell loud enough, maybe they'll hear you," he said snidely, as he laid the chip down on a side table directly in her eyesight. Before Miranda could open her mouth, Henneman bent down, picked up one of Miranda's discarded boots, and brought the tall heel down onto the chip with all his strength. The loud bang of the impact reverberated across the medbay, and Henneman pulled the boot away to reveal the smashed remnants of the Alliance tracking chip.

"Listen," Miranda said. "I... I didn't..."

Henneman wagged a finger at her. "Hold on, Miss Lawson. Still have to seal you back up," he said. He spoke to her mockingly, the formerly friendly smile on his face now leering and sinister. "Wouldn't want to leave that perfect little ass of yours with a nasty little scar, would we?" Smirking, he walked back out of Miranda's eyeline. "But I think you remember me now, don't you? You should. After all, you were the one who made the decision to send me on that mission. Send me to consort with those charming merc buddies of mine. Okoru, Roth, Yuri, Bowers... oh, and
let's not forget the turian and the asari. Here I was, an absolutely brilliant scientist, spending my days and nights working with filthy, disgusting aliens. And all because of you."

The anesthetic Henneman gave her was starting to wear off, and Miranda could feel the cool sensation of Henneman rubbing medi-gel over the area of her backside where he had removed her tracking chip. "Tell me the truth, Miss Lawson: you did it to get rid of me, didn't you?" Henneman asked, and Miranda could feel flecks of saliva against her ass as he angrily spat out his words. "You knew damn well that for all your 'genetic perfection,' that I was smarter than you. That I was a better scientist than you. And if the Illusive Man saw what I was really capable of, that all of your ass-shaking and cock-sucking wouldn't be enough for you to stay as his favorite anymore. If he saw what I was truly capable of, it would have been me heading up Project Lazarus. It would have me standing at his right hand."

The truth was, Miranda had been trying to get rid of Henneman. But not for any of the conspiracy-laden, misogynistic reasons he had concocted in his mind; she had sent him out on the assignment to infiltrate the Shadow Broker's mercs simply because... he frightened her. The things he wanted to study, the ideas he had wanted to pursue... Cerberus may have been up to some questionable things back then, but somebody like Henneman wanted to push things so much further. That, combined with his psych profile, was enough to convince Miranda that Ruben Henneman was not the type of man she wanted to work alongside for any period of time.

So she had put him on the infiltration team, sent him as far away from any of Cerberus's scientific operations as she could. And up until now, she had managed to put him completely out of her mind.

"But really... I should thank you, Miss Lawson," Henneman said, his hand massaging the medi-gel into Miranda's ass. "Because the Shadow Broker gave me an opportunity that Cerberus never did. The chance to study things, develop things that Cerberus would have never dared to attempt. The project that the Shadow Broker was working on, Project Lucretius... it opened my eyes to possibilities I had never even considered before. And now that Shepard and Brooks have helped me to retrieve the project notes, I can finally finish what I started." He let out a hideous giggle. "And I'm looking forward to you being one of my test subjects, Miss Lawson. You... and your pretty sister."

For the first time since she had been captured, Miranda lost control. "You son of a bitch," she snarled at him. "You lay a finger on Ori and I swear I'll..."

"God, I forgot how much I hated that voice of yours," Henneman said. Behind her, she heard the sound of tearing fabric, and then cried out as Henneman grabbed a handful of her hair and yanked. While her mouth was open, Henneman began shoving something between Miranda's lips, the cloth mass suddenly in her mouth keeping her from biting down on his fingers. After a moment, she realized in disgust that it was her own panties being forced into her mouth. Before she could spit them out, Henneman tied a torn strip of fabric from Miranda's clothes around her head, Miranda struggling against him but unable to put up much of a fight due to the restraints on her wrists and ankles.

"That fucking voice," Henneman said, as he finished securing the improvised gag in place. "So posh, so full of false intelligence. I can almost see how you fooled the Illusive Man for so long into thinking you were as smart as you claimed. That voice, and this ass being waved in his face." Miranda felt Henneman's hands grip onto her asscheeks roughly, letting out pained moans into her gag as the sadistic doctor mercilessly groped and kneaded her buttocks. "But that's not going to work in the new Cerberus, Miss Lawson. This organization values real intelligence over a nice set
of tits and a perfect little ass. So I'll be in charge of the real work around here, and you? You'll just be a pretty little guinea pig."

Miranda shuddered as Henneman continued his groping of her ass. As if the situation couldn't get any worse, she felt one of his hands leave her backside, only to hear the sound of a zipper being undone. "I know I should wait," she heard him muttering. "Wait until the tests have begun. But as long as you're already in the position... it'd be a shame to let that sweet little cunt of yours go to waste."

She felt fingers begin roughly stroking her labia, prodding and feeling against her insides. She wanted to shift away from Henneman's molesting digits, but she could barely move an inch in her current position. She lost track of how long Henneman kept her there, feeling her pussy and clit until Miranda's body started reacting to the unwanted stimulation. She knew it was only a natural reaction, but she still felt disgusted as she felt the heat building in her pussy, her inner walls getting slick with forced arousal.

"There we go," Henneman moaned, and Miranda squinted her eyes shut as she felt his cock start to force itself inside her. He let out that horrible giggle again as his cock penetrated her fully. "Oh, don't pretend it's anything you haven't done a thousand times before," Henneman taunted her as he began slowly thrusting inside of her. "How many times did you bend over for the Illusive Man like this, hmm? And not just him, I'm sure. Kai Leng... that guy Taylor. Fuck, I wouldn't be surprised if every last man in Cerberus besides me had had his cock inside you by the end. And when you got bored with them, you turned traitor and started sucking Alliance cock instead. I can just see it now, all those Marines celebrating the end of the war by stripping you down and gangbanging you until you'd sucked down every last drop of their cum."

Miranda understood now why Henneman had waited to strap her down before showing his true colors. If she had her hands free right now, she might just find a scalpel to slit this bastard's throat, and damn the consequences. As it was, she was helpless as Henneman fucked her, directing hard slaps to her ass in between thrusts. He made sure to target the area on her ass he had just sealed up, making the blows twice as painful as they landed on Miranda's freshly closed wound.

"So don't worry too much, Miss Lawson," Henneman said, his cock driving in and out of her as he spoke. "You're going to fit in just fine with the new Cerberus. You'll resist at first, I'm sure. But once the tests have begun, it won't be long until you..."

"Well, now," a voice suddenly said. Henneman and Miranda both turned in the direction of the sound, Henneman still buried balls-deep in Miranda as he saw Brooks enter the medbay. "Not telling you how to do your job, Doc... but I doubt they put the tracking chip in there."
Part 2: No One Leaves Cerberus (Normandy, Captain's Cabin)

Shepard knew it was all an act. Knew that she and Liara still loved each other with all their hearts, and that the roles they were being forced to play had no basis in reality. But that didn't mean it didn't still hurt all the same.

She and Liara were being watched at all times, both of them knew. So even when they were sure that their captors were off on another one of their abduction missions, they had to force themselves to play the parts of a fighting couple. Sit separately from each other, even though all Shepard wanted to do was run to Liara and hold her, find some solace in this horrific situation.

But Shepard forced herself to remain seated on the couch, leaning forward onto her knees and staring down at the floor. Liara lay on her back on the bed, looking up through the skylight in the ceiling, no doubt fighting the same urges to join her lover.

When this is over, Liara, Shepard thought to herself, forcing herself not to stare at the woman she was supposed to be growing to hate, I'm never going to let go of you again. We're going to go to that house I had set aside for us, and I don't care if another army of Reapers comes out of dark space. The rest of them can deal with it. We're going to stay in that house, and never leave it again.

Assuming that the house, and the planet it resided on, still remained once this was finished. When Brooks and the clone weren't busy showing Shepard and Liara videos of their friends being raped and toyed with, they liked to leave on the Westerlund News Network, so Shepard could see all the havoc being wrought in the wake of "her" betrayal of the Alliance and the Council. Shepard had vainly hoped that things would calm down, now that it had been some time since her doppelganger had released another angry, xenophobic rant under her name. But things seemed just as tense as before, as word had gotten out that the Alliance had began talks with the Council to bring alien soldiers down to Earth to keep the peace. Needless to say, this hadn't gone over well with the "Humanity First" crowd, as the numerous videos of protests and riots showed.

Shepard had thought she was used to the idea of herself as a legend. As someone that humanity looked to for guidance and strength. But to see how much havoc had been caused just by "her" words, it hammered home just how much people had come to see her as something more than a soldier. All these riots, this anger, she thought to herself. And I could bring it all to a stop with just a few words.

It terrified her. Almost as much as the thought of what might happen if she didn't survive to deliver those words, and all this anger and hatred continued unabated.

Her dire thoughts were shattered by the loud buzz of the door chime. When this was all over, she was going to find that damn thing and smash it. But for now, she rose to her feet, Liara doing the same, as the two of them stood against the aquarium and awaited their captors.

But when the door opened, only one person stepped through for once. The clone wore a sour expression, unstrapping and tossing her battle armor aside with a grimace on her face. Shepard and Liara exchanged a quick glance, careful not to linger too long, but both of them silently acknowledging to each other what was obvious.

Something went wrong, Shepard thought to herself.
The clone, stripping herself down to a dark tanktop and wrinkled slacks, focused her searing expression on Shepard. "God, you're so fucking pathetic," she snapped, clenching her fists as she moved to stand close to her mirror image. "You don't know how much it disgusts me, the fact that I even bear a slight resemblance to you." Letting out a loud hock, the clone spit into Shepard's face. "Sometimes I wish I could tear your fucking eyes out of their sockets and shove them down your goddamn throat!" she cried out in Shepard's face, before spitting again. "And those idiots who followed you, who are still trying to rescue you... how could they show such loyalty to such a... a... weakling?"

Shepard, feeling her clone's saliva running down her face, said nothing. But as much as she tried to hide it, the clone must have seen Shepard flinch at the news that some of her former crew were trying to find her. A sneer came to her face. "Oh, what's that? You're getting all hopeful that somebody's coming to save you? Well, forget it! Because they're all dead! Jacob, Garrus, Tali... we killed them all. Cut their heads off and mounted them for everyone to see what happens to the pathetic Cult of Shepard." She gave Shepard a vicious grin. "What do you think about that, huh? Gonna cry about it? Shed a few tears over the bodies of those aliens and alien-lovers?"

*Liara was right,* Shepard thought to herself, while she forced herself to look crestfallen at the news. *She's just a little girl on the playground, taunting like a child.* She didn't believe for a second that her friends were dead; the clone wouldn't be this pissed off if that were the case. Shepard wasn't sure what had happened on their latest mission, but it looked like Cerberus had gotten its nose bloodied, at the very least.

She managed to convince the clone of her faked emotion this time, and her vicious twin's grin widened as she saw Shepard's feigned despair. "It's a pity, too," the clone said, as she turned her attention to Liara. "After all, if they'd only gotten the chance to get to know me like Liara here, they could have realized who the superior specimen really was. Hell, if they had any smarts at all, they might have changed sides right then and there." She arched an eyebrow. "But then again, if they'd had any smarts, they never would have followed this phony in the first place. Would they have, Liara?"

"N... no, Shepard," Liara said, doing her best to look shocked at the news as well. "They were foolish to ever think they could contend with you, Shepard."

"Oooh, that's good," the clone said, closing her eyes and inhaling deeply through her nose. "I love it when you say my name." She snapped her gaze to Shepard. "You! In the position, arms up."

Scary, how quickly she had fallen into habits in a short period of time. "The position," Shepard knew, was directly under the wrist chains dangling over one of the rafters just near the bed. As she stood on the small stool positioned under the restraints and raised her arms up, the clone fastened her into place before kicking the stool away. Shepard hissed as she dropped down, her feet dangling inches from the floor as her arms were wrenched upward. Once Shepard was taken care of, the clone looked back to Liara, still standing against the aquarium. "Tell me again," the clone said, "Who is the real Shepard?"

"You are, Shepard," Liara obediently said.

"And who is the faker?" the clone asked.

"She is," Liara said, pointing in Shepard's direction.

The clone let out a doubtful sound. "Well, words are one thing. I'm sure if any of those losers we..."
killed down on Ontarom were here long enough, they'd be saying the same thing after enough... encouragement. But let's see if you can turn your words... into deeds."

The clone stepped over to the side of the bed, her wide green eyes focused on Shepard as she rooted her hands around in the duffel bag lying on the floor. Her and Brooks's little bag of toys. She and Liara hadn't dared to glance inside while the clone and Brooks were away, both for fear of the punishment that would come as a result, and not really wanting to know what form that punishment would take by seeing the contents of the bag.

Pulling out the item she had been searching for, the clone gleefully held it up for Shepard's inspection. Dangling from a leather handle was a large grouping of leather strips.

The clone waved the flogger tauntingly in Shepard's face as she said, "Liara! Your beloved Commander Shepard has an order for you. This woman claiming to be me... she must be punished!"
Gasping, Henneman started to pull out of Miranda as Brooks stepped into the room.

"Stop!" Brooks called out. "You've been a loyal member of Cerberus up until now, doctor, but so help me... if you stop fucking that little bitch before I give you permission to stop, I'll toss you right out of the nearest airlock."

Henneman seemed confused, and Miranda could feel his manhood start to shrink inside of her. "M...Ma'am, I..." Henneman stammered.

"Shh," Brooks said, a devious smile on her face as she sauntered in their direction. "Really, Ruben. You think, after all we've been through together, that I'd have any problem with you enjoying yourself with Miss Lawson. Honestly, I'd be more concerned if you'd been able to resist the opportunity when it was presented." Leaning against a piece of medical equipment, Brooks arched an eyebrow. "So, by all means... continue."

"I... I'm not sure I can," Henneman meekly said. All of the anger and sadistic glee he had been exhibiting had withered in the face of his commanding officer.

Clucking her tongue, Brooks stepped over to Henneman. Miranda held back a sigh of relief as she felt the doctor's cock flop out from inside of her. "Don't like performing in public, doctor?" Miranda heard Brooks's breathy voice behind her. "Maybe you just need a little... audience participation."

"Ma'am, what are you..." Henneman started to say, before his words trailed off into a low moan. That, plus the wet slurping sounds Miranda heard, left it plainly obvious what was happening behind her. As Brooks sucked Henneman's cock, the doctor spoke between gasps, "But... what about..."

There was a wet pop as Henneman's cock left Brooks's mouth. "My esteemed partner?" she asked. "No doubt she's entertaining herself upstairs with her new blue cunt. Honestly, I love her to pieces, but I really don't see the appeal. I prefer my pussy nice... and pink."

Miranda gasped as she suddenly felt something warm and wet started pressing against her pussy folds. It took her a second before she realized in disgust that Brooks was eating her out. The dark-skinned woman's tongue started mercilessly probing Miranda's labia and clit. Miranda tried desperately to shift herself away from Brooks's unwelcome oral attentions, but her current tied-down position left her little room to maneuver. Catching movement out of the corner of her eye, Miranda looked and instantly regretted it, as she saw Brooks had replaced her mouth on Henneman's cock with her hand, and was vigorously jerking him off while she licked and sucked on Miranda's defenseless cunt.

After several minutes of this treatment, Miranda felt Brooks's tongue leave her, and the Cerberus woman letting out a mocking chuckle. "Look at you, Miss Lawson. All nice and wet, ready for a second round with our good doctor's cock. What about it, Ruben? You ready to finish what you started?"

"Yes," Henneman moaned, and Miranda heard movement behind her as Brooks shifted out of his way. Miranda clenched her fists and squinted her eyes shut as she felt Henneman penetrate her
again. Despite his earlier hesitation upon Brooks's arrival, he seemed to be fucking her twice as hard now, the sound of flesh slapping against flesh echoing around the medbay as he raped her without mercy.

"Mmm, mmm, mmm," Brooks hummed appreciatively, as she moved to where she could be seen by Miranda. "You know, even if it turns out that this Cerberus ends up dead and buried like the last one did, it will have almost been worth it just I could enjoy this image. Miranda Lawson, proud and haughty right hand to the Illusive Man, bent over and fucked into submission."

*If you think I've "submitted," you're terribly fucking mistaken,* Miranda thought to herself, struggling not to let Brooks see her wince in pain as Henneman delivered another open-handed slap to her recently-closed surgery wound. Despite her disgust at the whole situation, after several minutes of rough fucking she could feel a warm tingle start to build inside of her.

_Damn you,* Miranda offered up a silent curse to her not-very-dear, thankfully-departed father. Part of his genetic modifications had been to greatly increase the sensation in Miranda's erogenous zones. The alterations to her nervous system resulted in her experiencing three times as much stimulation from sexual contact as a normal woman. Quite a positive thing when she engaged in consensual activities, yes, but in this circumstance, the fact that her body was starting to respond to this horrific treatment made her want to retch all over the panties shoved in her mouth.

Struggling to put her mind on something other than the cock fucking into her from behind, Miranda thought about Brooks. Or Hope, as she had known her back then. Looking at her now, staring back at Henneman's cock plunging in and out of Miranda with a hungry look, Miranda wondered what had happened to her between now and the last time they had interacted. Miranda liked to think herself a good judge of character, and back then Hope had seemed like a serious, driven operative. Rational, level-headed, and certainly not the sort of person to be aroused by these sorts of perversions. Sure, there had been a brief period when Hope and Kelly Chambers had been involved with each other. But from Miranda's innocent glances as the surveillance footage from Hope's quarters, the two of them had never gone beyond fairly standard lesbian sex. For her to have turned into a twisted sex fiend like this, it just didn't seem to add up.

"Harder," Brooks urged Henneman, writhing and rubbing her thighs together as she watched the violent carnal encounter play out before her. "Give it to her harder."

*Harder, yes! Fuck me harder! Make me feel it!*  

*Oh, God, no,* Miranda thought to herself, shaking her head and trying to drive _those_ memories out of her head. But in this situation, her mind was already in a whirl, and thoughts she had been suppressing for years came flooding back into her mind. That night at Shep ard's apartment... her head buzzing from one (or five) too many vodka tonics. Her ending the night naked and bent over a couch, spitting curses and taunts back at...

Her unwanted memories were interrupted by an insistent beeping sound from nearby. Brooks heard the sound as well, and smirked as she stepped out of Miranda's eye range. "A call coming in?" she chirped. "Why, who could that be? Your little sweetie back at base perhaps?"

"Wait, what are you doing?" asked Henneman in panic. His thrusts paused, and despite herself Miranda let out an involuntary grunt of disappointment.

"What'd I say, Ruben?" Brooks said. "You'd better not stop, or maybe your darling lover here will get to know just what you're up to while you're away from home," she said. As Henneman began...
screwing Miranda again, slower now to minimize the noise, there was a beep as Brooks opened the connection.

"Ruben, I... Ruben, honey?" said a voice on the other end of the extranet call. "Are you there?"

Struggling to keep his voice under control, even as his cock continued sliding in and out of Miranda's cunt, Henneman laughed nervously. "Hey, honey. Sorry, I'm kinda in the middle of some tests here, can't come to the camera. Got to watch this closely, so I'm afraid I can't stay on the line long."

"Oh, I'm sorry if I interrupted something important," the voice on the other line said apologetically. Something about her sounded familiar, and Miranda tried to turn her head to see the face on the monitor screen. But before she could, she suddenly had Brooks standing right by the side of the exam table, directly in her line of sight. "I know I've been a real pest lately, but I'm just so excited. Ever since you sent back that data, our research has been moving so quickly now!"

"That's... that's great, hon," Henneman said, breathing heavily as he continued slowly fucking Miranda. Meanwhile, Miranda watched in horror as Brooks suddenly started unbuckling her pants, sliding the slacks down and revealing a pair of lacy panties, a large dark patch on the front where Brooks's fluids had soaked through the fabric. Henneman saw this as well and let out a gasp, too shocked to hold it back.

"Ruben, you okay?" the woman on the line said. "You sound strange. Like you're in pain or something."

Adjusting the headrest of the examining table down slightly, Brooks hoisted herself up and spread her legs, the moist crotch of her underwear directly in front of Miranda's face. Miranda let out a muffled cry as Brooks grabbed her by the hair and planted her face and nose directly into the wet fabric. With her mouth covered and filled, Miranda was forced to breathe in through her nose, and the smell of her captor's arousal filled her lungs and almost made her choke. Brooks smirked as she grabbed Miranda by the back of the head and rubbed her face around against the dripping panties and moist cunt underneath.

Henneman, now having to watch this happening in front of him, in addition to having his cock still buried deep inside Miranda's own increasingly wet cunt, struggled with all his might to sound normal. "It's... nothing, babe. I was just... un... just my usual klutzy self. Took a wrong step and twisted my ankle. It's still... still pretty swollen up."

"Aw, that's terrible," the woman on the line said sympathetically. "Well, when you get back to base, I'll be sure and massage it for you. You are getting back soon, right? I can't wait to tell you about what we've been working on!"

"Should... un... should be soon," Henneman said, Miranda feeling him start to tentatively increase the pace of his thrusts, trying his best to up the tempo without being heard. "Only one more stop to make and... uhh... and then we'll be home."

Miranda let out a muted sound as Brooks grabbed her by the hair and twisted her head to the side. "I'm going to take that gag out," Brooks hissed into Miranda's ear, "And if you make a single sound, say a single word, I'm taking one of your sister's fingers. Understand?"

Reluctantly, Miranda nodded, and Brooks yanked on the knot at the back of Miranda's head, pulling it open and letting the strip of fabric fall from her mouth. Miranda spat the panties out of
her mouth, a little louder than she intended.

"Ruben, is someone in there with you?" the woman on the call said. "I could have sworn I heard something."

With the gag removed from Miranda's mouth, Brooks slid the dripping crotch of her panties off to the side, exposing her wet snatch. With her other hand still firmly gripping the back of Miranda's head, Brooks roughly tugged her downward again, pushing Miranda's face right into her cunt.

"Oh, fuck..." Henneman gasped out, as he watched Brooks rub Miranda's face down between her legs. Clearing his throat, he tried his best to cover. "Sorry, hon, but I really gotta go. Something happening here with my experiments, can't be distracted. Tell you what, I'll call you back later with all the details, okay?"

"Oh, uh... sure, that's fine," Henneman's girlfriend said, sounding a bit confused. "I'll talk to you later, then."

Henneman nodded, even though there was no way the woman on the other end of the line could see him doing it. "Later," he quickly said, glancing over his shoulder and waiting for the connection on the terminal to go dead. As soon as the monitor went dark, he turned to glare at Brooks. "Are you crazy?" he hissed at her. "Do you know what could have happened if she found out about this? I can't lose her... we can't lose her. She's too important to... the project."

"Aw, don't be such a prude," Brooks said cheerfully, licking her lips as she forced Miranda's face down between her legs. "You did wonderfully, Ruben. Honestly, I think you perform a whole lot better with an audience." Arching an eyebrow, she glanced down at Miranda. "You know, Miranda... the sooner you get me off, the sooner we can be done here. So what the hell are you waiting for?"

Shuddering, Miranda finally opened her mouth and extended her tongue. She could taste Brooks's hot juices as she did her best to pleasure Brook's snatch with her tongue. This wasn't something she did often...

Damn, you're good at this. Work that fucking tongue, you dirty little cheerleader.

This definitely wasn't something she did often, but she tried her best to lap and suck on Brooks's wet cunt. Henneman was obviously enjoying the show, and now with his girlfriend off the line, he went back to fucking Miranda with all of his energy. And Miranda's body went back to amplifying every last stroke of his cock to the maximum degree, Miranda's clit throbbing with agonizing pleasure as she was being taken against her will.

Brooks moaned in bliss, the palm of her hand still pressing insistently on the back of Miranda's head, keeping her forced into position. "My my, Miss Lawson. If you're this good now, just wait until the experiments begin. Can't wait to see what you're like when the good doctor here gets done with you."

"Yeah," Henneman said, his previous anger at Brooks already forgotten, his cock fully erect again and fucking into Miranda over and over again. "By the time we're finished with you, you're gonna... gonna... oh, fuck!" Henneman grunted loudly, and Miranda could feel his cock swell inside of her. As her warm cum flooded inside of her, Miranda felt her body signal its own unwilling release. She struggled to hold back her pleasured moans as she lapped at Brooks's snatch, working diligently until she heard the Cerberus operative start moaning as well. A few seconds
later, the medbay was filled with the sounds of all of them panting, mixed with the quiet dripping of Henneman's load spilling out of Miranda onto the floor.

Finally, Brooks recovered herself enough to readjust her dripping panties and get back to her feet. As she and Henneman got dressed, Brooks pressed her finger to her ear. "We're finished here. Come fetch Miranda and get her ready." Leaning down to stare the dazed, sweating Miranda in the eye, Brooks grinned wickedly. "Hope you're not too tired, dear. Understand the ladies are going to be throwing a little party. And you're going to be one of the guests of honor!"
"Harder!" the clone called out. Shepard gritted her teeth as she heard the flogger slice through the air, striking her on the back. "Come on, I know you asari are weak, but you can do better than that! Hit her harder! Unless you want me to do it with the varren prod instead."

"N... no," Liara said. From her position hanging from the ceiling, Shepard couldn't see Liara, and for once she was grateful for that. She couldn't imagine having to look Liara in the eyes while she was being forced to whip the love of her life. But Shepard had a good view of the clone, who had cast aside her clothes and was sitting naked on the edge of the bed, watching the scene of torture play out with her hand playing between her thighs.

"Then do it harder," the clone said, sinister anticipation on her face as she waited for the next blow to strike. While Liara was trying her best to hold back as much as she could, she couldn't risk displeasing the clone too much, and break the illusion that she was falling under the "superior Shepard's" spell. Shepard braced herself for the next blow, but still cried out when it struck. The clone let out a gasp, her fingers working her clit as she watched Liara flog Shepard.

"Oh, by the way, did I forget to tell you?" the clone said to Shepard. "We didn't kill all of your friends down on Ontarom. No, we did manage to get hold of Miranda Lawson while we were there. Her and her clone sister as well. And I'm sure you can imagine, on a Cerberus vessel like this one has become, a dirty traitor to the cause like Miss Lawson isn't going to be very popular. Hit her again!" the clone suddenly barked to Liara.

The whoosh of air behind her, a loud snap, and the sting of fifty strips of leather striking her hard in the back. Shepard winced, trying her best to hide the agony that was searing her back. If for no other reason than to keep Liara from seeing her pain, and potentially losing her nerve and blowing her whole act at the sight of Shepard suffering.

"You're doing so well, Liara," the clone said. "I'm not sure if you knew this... but none of this could have ever happened without you. Hit her!" Whoosh. Snap. "See, if you hadn't so generously donated all of the Shadow Broker's data to the Council, then our backer would have never given us the credits and resources we needed to go and retrieve it from the Archives. Again!" Whoosh. Snap. "And if it wasn't for the information in those archives... well, I don't want to give too much away, but let's just say that the plans we have in store for you and all of Shepard's friends, they never could have happened without that information. Again, harder!" Whoosh. Snap. The clone's hand was moving rapidly between her legs now, letting out heated moans of, "Again! Again! Again!" Whoosh. Snap. Whoosh. Snap. Whoosh. Snap. Whoosh. Snap.

After one last strike, the clone jumped to her feet, breathing rapidly. "Get over here. Now!" Liara, no doubt grateful to stop her forced torture of Shepard, stepped away from behind Shepard to walk over to the bed. Instructing Liara onto her hands and knees on the bed, the clone donned one of the sensory strap-ons and positioned herself behind Liara. Staring Shepard right in the eye, the clone penetrated Liara, who let out an overblown moan of arousal as the clone began taking her from behind.

"You see where trusting people got you, you pathetic copy?" the clone taunted Shepard while she fucked Liara. "Most of your comrades are either dead, or in our captivity. And your little blue sweetie here, it was her actions that landed you where you are now. So this is how the Cult of Shepard dies: by a self-inflicted wound." Leaning down over Liara's back, the clone gently cooed
at her. "Oh, but don't feel too badly, Liara. If you hadn't given up those archives, the two of us would have never met. And you would have never gotten a chance to be with the real Shepard. Aren't you glad, Liara?"

"Yes, yes," Liara moaned, trying her best to hide the pain in her eyes as she played the role of the clone's broken, adoring sex slave. Shepard wished she could close her eyes, and not have to watch this hideous copy of herself treat Liara like her fuck toy. But she knew that if she did anything but watch every last second of it, the clone would only punish her further.

So she kept her eyes open, and she watched, all the way up to the point where the clone threw back her head and cried out, Liara faking her own climax as her captor came. Her twisted desires temporarily satisfied, the clone pulled out of Liara and rose shakily to her feet.

"Enjoy watching that?" the clone said, walking over to the dangling Shepard and removing the strap-on from her hips. "Bet you spent that whole time wishing you could be in my place. Dreaming of a day where you could be as superior, as powerful as I am." Reaching up, the clone grabbed Shepard by the cheeks, forcing her mouth open. "Taste it, you faker," the clone snarled, as she brought the strap-on up to Shepard's mouth and pushed it inside. "Taste her cum all over my cock," she said, pressing up on Shepard's chin and forcing her to clench the strap-on cock in her mouth. "You like the taste of that? How horny she gets when I'm inside her? That's what the real Shepard does for her. Not a pathetic fake like you. Me, the genuine article."

Shepard said nothing, did nothing other than dangle with the strap-on cock jutting out of her mouth. Again, the clone spat in her face, before turning to Liara. "I've got things to deal with. And more of Shepard's friends to visit. You can let her down after I leave, if you feel like it. Or don't. I don't really care." Quickly getting dressed, the clone stepped towards the door, then paused. "Oh, almost forgot. As interesting as the news is, I hear something much more entertaining is going to be happening in the Port Observation deck pretty soon. Wouldn't want you two to miss the show, would we?" Hitting some buttons on the side panel, the clone brought up a video feed of the room, currently empty at the moment. She let out one more cruel laugh before walking up the steps and out of the room.

Once she was gone, Liara rose hesitantly to her feet. Positioning the stool under Shepard, she gently removed the strap-on from her mouth before unhooking the manacles around Shepard's wrists. "Are you okay?" she quietly asked.

"Yeah, just great," Shepard said, filling her voice with as much disdain as she could manage. "Quite a wrist you've got on you."

"You heard her, Shepard," Liara protested. "If I didn't do what she told me to, she would have used the prod on you instead. It was the better option."

Shepard sneered, rubbing her wrists as she stepped down onto the floor. "Yeah, well, that part where you moaned like a whore while she fucked you... I suppose that was the 'better option' too?"

"How many times do we have to go over this, Shepard?" Liara asked pointedly. "I'm doing what I have to do to keep us safe. She... I..."

Shepard waved a hand at her. "Look, I'm not interested in your excuses. Just... leave me in peace."

"At least let me look at your back," Liara said, putting a hand on Shepard's shoulder and trying to turn her around.
"What, want to admire your handiwork?" Shepard bitterly asked. "What the hell could you possibly do for me?"

Liara let out an exhausted sigh. "Just let me look, okay?"

And as Liara's fingers hit the raw welts on Shepard's back, the two of them closed their eyes and went away.
"Here, Shepard? Couldn't you have picked a more... pleasant memory?"

Shepard spoke loudly, to be heard over the howling winds of Hagalaz, buffeting the outside of the Shadow Broker's ship. "Right about now... I really need to hurt something," she explained, as the two of them readied their weapons and proceeded towards the entrance hatch of the ship.

"Shepard, listen," Liara said, feeling herself take aim and fire at a robot, cleaving its head straight off its shoulders. "About what she said. The archives, I'm... if all of this is my fault..."

"No, Liara," Shepard reassured her, as she ducked behind cover before delivering a shotgun blast to the memory of one of the Shadow Broker's minions. "If you hadn't given those data archives to the Council, I'm sure Cerberus would have gotten their hands on the information some other way."

Liara shook her head. "Still... if I had kept watch over them, maybe this never would have happened." She glanced over to see their shared memory of their companion during the assault on the Shadow Broker: Miranda, glowing with biotic energy as she directed a blast at another one of the Broker's henchmen. "And now they have Miranda as well."

Shepard pursed her lips. "Miranda's strong. She'll make it through this. But with them having her sister too..." she shook her head. "We've got to find a way to end this, Liara. All this talk about their plans... we can't let them succeed."

"I know," Liara said, as they reached the door into the Broker's lair. Following along with her memory of the events, she placed the decoding device onto the door lock, the two of them joining together with the memory of Miranda to take on the waves of the Broker's henchmen. "I don't know what she was talking about, what specific information Cerberus could be making use of from those archives, but just from the things I can remember... the Shadow Broker's people were conducting research into some horrible things. Things I've tried my best to block out of my memory, for your sake as much as mine."

"Well, at least we know that our people are still trying to get us out," Shepard said, watching as the mental image of one of the Broker's hired goons cried out and toppled to the deck.

Liara looked over at her with a smirk. "So, you didn't believe her either, then," she said.

"The element of surprise, that's the only thing Cerberus has had working for it up until this point," Shepard said, turning as the door into the ship slid open. "My guess is, our people got the drop on them this time around. So somehow I doubt it was as much of a massacre as they'd like us to believe."

"Yes, but still... they did get away," Liara said, speaking softer now as they left the noisy exterior of the ship and stepped inside. "I wonder what could have happened."

"My guess? They had Miranda and Oriana as hostages," Shepard said, her back against a wall outcropping as she ducked out and took aim. "Jacob and Miranda were once... well, you've seen the archives just like I have, I'm sure you already know."

Liara nodded. "Yes, I'm sure Jacob would have wanted to avoid any bloodshed, especially if
Miranda was the one in danger. And even if he killed the team back on Ontarom, he'd have no way of finding out where the Normandy was."

Making their way through the hallways, they found themselves at a familiar room. "Reminds me... whatever happened to Feron after you gave up being the Shadow Broker?" Shepard asked as they stepped inside the cell. "Haven't heard you ever mention him since then."

"I... don't know," Liara said. "We did keep in touch for a few months afterward, but after that he seemed to just fall off the radar. Heard rumors he'd been seen back on Kahje, had somebody tell me they'd spotted him on Omega at one point. But without the resources of the Shadow Broker, I'm afraid that tracking people isn't quite so easy as it used to be."

Their conversation paused as Shepard spoke to the memory of Feron. She could hear herself asking him questions, feel her mouth and tongue move seemingly of their own accord as she performed the actions of her memory. Once they had finished their talk, and the firefight continued, Shepard spoke to Liara again. "So... my clone seems to be getting a little chatty."

"That's good," Liara said. "The more she talks, the more we can figure out what Cerberus's plans for us are. And the more options we have for how to stop them." A melancholy look crossed her face. "Of course, that means I'm going to have to keep up the ruse that I'm falling for her."

Shepard let out a pained sigh. "Liara, I'm so sorry you have to do this. Having to pretend that you feel anything for that... thing other than hate, I can't imagine how you can stand it."

"I can do this, Shepard, don't worry," Liara assured her, as they took down the last of the Broker's henchmen and approached the door to his lair. "Just as long as you remember your promise, I'll do whatever it takes to make sure you keep it."

"What promise is that?" Shepard asked. Instead of answering, Liara brought back the memory of Shepard's words, from early in their captivity.

*I promise you, on the lives of those people whose names belong on the Normandy wall, and on everything that I stand for... that when the day comes, I will kill both of you without hesitation.*

Shepard smiled. "That's one promise I fully intend to keep," she assured Liara, as the two of them walked through the door into the Shadow Broker's lair.

As the full, horrific vision of the Shadow Broker came into view, Liara shuddered. "See, this is why I wish you had picked a different memory," Liara said, as she raised her pistol to point right at the Broker's head.

"Yeah, this part is pretty bad," Shepard said, readying her own weapon just before the memory of the massive yahg in front of them leaned forward to speak. "But I hear the ending's amazing."

"Something to look forward to," Liara said, as their shared memory of the Broker started to speak the last words he would ever say, in the world of their memories and the real world as well.
It was a tense ride in the lift, Kelly staring straight ahead at the door with her hands crossed behind her back. After a moment of silence, her companion finally spoke.

"I... I think I've been unfair to you," Morgan said, eyes locked on the corner of the lift. "The way we brought you in, forcing you onto this ship... I guess I get why that could have made you a little raw about things."

The conciliatory tone of Morgan's words should have put Kelly at ease. But considering the wild swings in this woman's temperament that she had already seen in her short time on this ship, Kelly felt all her nerves tense. Cautiously, she said, "It's okay, ma'am."

"No, I don't think it is," Morgan said. "What happened down on Ontarom has gotten me thinking a bit. Times like these, you never know if the next time you talk to somebody could be the last. And it's made me realize just how unfairly I've been treating you. Just a few days after I pulled you away from your home, forced you to be separated from your bitch, here I am throwing all these games and tests at you. And I so wanted us to be friends."

As the lift doors opened, she turned to Kelly. "I mean, what the hell was I thinking? After you'd gone so long without getting a chance to see your bitch... shit, if I was in your shoes, even I might have been a little tempted if an opportunity to sample someone else's bitch had come around. Especially an amazing one like mine. What I did... it was like handing a bottle of whiskey to an alcoholic and then telling him not to drink it. It was cruel and unfair, and definitely not the sort of thing friends do to each other. So, I apologize."

Kelly struggled to keep her composure, not wanting to do or say anything that might destroy this positive change in mood. "It's not necessary," Kelly said, then dared to test the waters. "Although... it would be nice if I could see Sa... see my bitch, like you said I could."

"You will," Morgan said, leading Kelly out of the lift. Kelly started heading in the direction of Morgan's office, but the burly security officer stopped her with a hand on her shoulder. "Very soon, Kelly. But there's one thing I want you to do for me first."

And there came the tension again. "Whatever you want," Kelly meekly said, as Morgan directed her towards the door to the port observation room.

"Oh, don't be so nervous," Morgan said, a light smile on her face. "It's nothing bad at all. As our leader so forcefully informed you, we lost four people down on Ontarom. It's been a while since we lost anybody, and I'm sure some of the ladies are feeling a little raw about it, even if they don't show it. So I decided that we need to have a little... I guess you could call it a wake of sorts. Give everybody a chance to have a few drinks and remember the people we lost. Figured you might want to join us."

Kelly remembered her time alone in the shuttle bay, and how closely she had come to being stripped and assaulted by the Phantoms who had remained behind. "I don't know, Morgan," she cautiously said. "Your people, they don't seem to like me very much."

"But they will," Morgan said, her expression hardening. "Once they get a chance to know you, I'm sure you'll all get along just fine. Not to mention... if any of those cunts give you any problems, I
promise I will personally beat the shit out of them for you." She gave Kelly a beaming smile. "That's what friends do after all, right?"

Kelly didn't want to lecture Morgan on her strange definition of friendship, so she just gave a nod.

"Alright then," Morgan said, as she opened the door to the observation room. "Let's go have a good time, huh?"

As soon the door slid open, the sound of loud, pumping bass hit Kelly in the face. Evidently the wake wasn't going to be a very somber affair. When Kelly lingered outside, Morgan took her by the hand and pulled her into the room.

The rest of the surviving Phantoms were already lounging on the couches or hovering around the bar. Their armor had been removed, and the burly, intimidating women all wore casual clothing as they talked and drank. As soon as Morgan and Kelly stepped into the room, all conversation stopped, as the group of Cerberus mercenaries all glared daggers at Kelly.

"What the hell is she doing here?" asked one of them gruffly. "She ain't one of us."

"Yeah, you gonna let that Alliance trash hang around with us?" another one directed towards Morgan. "Rather drink with a bunch of filthy vorcha than some alien-loving traitor to humanity."

"Hey!" Morgan exclaimed, her voice heard loud and clear even over the high volume of the party music. "You see that insignia on her uniform? That says that Kelly's one of us. Maybe we had to bring her on with a gun pointed at her head, but you ever consider that maybe if we treated her with some goddamn decency, she might work with us willingly? Worth a damn shot at least."

Not very likely, Kelly thought to herself. But at the very least, Morgan's words made the other Phantoms stop delivering angry stares in her direction. They returned to their previous conversations, while Morgan and Kelly walked over to the couch on the far side of the room.

"You want something to drink?" Morgan said. "Bar doesn't have a lot, but I'm sure we could find something you'd like."

Kelly shook her head as she sat down on the couch. "I'm okay, thanks."

"Aw, come on," Morgan said. "Probably not going to get a chance like this again. After our next stop, it's gonna be work-work-work from there on out. Try to enjoy yourself just a little, huh?"

It was insane, this woman thinking that Kelly could "loosen up" while she was being held hostage and forced to watch her friends and loved ones being turned into sex toys. But again, she didn't want to piss off this unbalanced woman. "Sure, okay. Just one drink."

"That's the spirit! I'll pick something good out for you," Morgan grinned, then walked over to the bar. Kelly sat by herself nervously, eyes on the floor as she prayed that this "wake" didn't last too long. The prospect of finally getting to see Sam again was the only thing keeping her from running out of the room and hiding back in the cockpit with Erin.

"Hey, there, cutie," a sultry voice said above her. Kelly looked up and saw two of the Phantoms had wandered over to her area of the room, drinks in hand. Kelly immediately recognized them as two of the women who had tried to assault her down in the shuttle bay. "You mind if we sit?"
Kelly had barely opened her mouth, before the two of them dropped down onto the cushions on either side of her. "Morgan says we're supposed to make nice with you," the other Phantom said, smirking at Kelly and nakedly eying her body. "So here we are. Being nice."

Keeping her eyes focused in front of her, trying not to tremble in the presence of these dangerous women, Kelly spoke softly. "I'm sorry about your friends," she said softly.

"Eh, fuck 'em," the first Phantom said, taking a long sip of her drink. "Never liked them much anyway. Especially that bitch Rena. Always keeping that stash of hers locked up, never let us get high without paying her a fucking fortune in credits. Well, ain't nothing stopping us now, huh?"

"Never did figure out how she got to be Morgan's favorite little boot-licker," the other Phantom said. "Guess it's because they'd been working together since damn near the start." She let out a sigh. "Shit, I miss the good old days. Things were a lot more fun back then." She licked her lips as she crept a hand onto Kelly's thigh. "Sweet little thing like you, back then you wouldn't have needed a uniform. No, if we'd brought you in a year ago, you'd have been passed around the barracks like a..."

"Everything alright over here?" Morgan said, returning with a drink in each hand. She glanced between the two Phantoms at Kelly's side, then back at Kelly. "These two aren't giving you a hard time, are they?"

Feeling the glares of the two women on her sides, Kelly quickly shook her head. "No, things have been just fine," she said, as Morgan handed her down a drink.

"Yeah, we've been having a nice little chat with Miss Chambers here," the Phantom on Kelly's left said, as she quickly removed her hand from Kelly's leg. "Talking about the good old days, how things were back when we first signed up."

"Sure, Karlie, sure," Morgan said to the Phantom, narrowing her eyes. "Just be sure you stick to talking, and keep that hand of yours to itself. Or I might decide to grab my sword from the barracks and take it from you," she glanced over at the other Phantom. "You too, Nerine. Behave yourselves."

Nerine gave Morgan a withering glare, but finally said, "Yes, ma'am." Morgan still looked doubtful, but she eventually turned away to join the rest of the party.

Tasting cautiously at her drink, Kelly winced as the strong liquor burned its way down her throat. Still, it had a sweet aftertaste that wasn't entirely unpleasant, and Kelly found herself taking a longer draw at the glass. "So, you were saying about the old days?" she asked her unwelcome drinking companions. Better to keep them talking, she figured, and not have them focused on other things.

"Hell, yeah," Nerine said. "We came in just after the war ended. While the relays were down and everybody was fighting for whatever scraps they could manage. Back then me and Karlie were on the Wildfire, pirate ship operating in the Omega Nebula."

"In the Omega Nebula, really?" Kelly asked, sipping from her drink again. "I wouldn't have thought Aria would have allowed that sort of thing."

Karlie scoffed. "After the war? Shit, Aria couldn't give a fuck what was going on outside that little space station of hers. She didn't dare set foot off of Omega after that coup Cerberus pulled on her.
Well, the *old* Cerberus, that is. Purple bitch was so worried about having her station taken away from her again, she turtled up in Omega and let us go about our business. And considering how many ships were stranded in the Omega Nebula after those relays went kaput, pirate and otherwise, it ended up being a fucking war zone before too long."

"Yeah, but lucky for us, we chose the winning side," Nerine said. "One day, the Wildfire was scouring the Fathar system for some fresh plunder, when out of nowhere this fucking juiced-up cruiser is on us. Had us seriously outgunned, wasn't any way we could have taken them on in that old rust bucket. We get a hail, saying that if the captain surrendered himself, his crew, and our cargo over to them, that he'd be offered an opportunity to serve in the new Cerberus."

The memory made Karlie laugh. "Captain didn't like that one too much, though. He and the first mate wanted to go down fighting. But me and Nerine, ain't never been the 'death or glory' types. While the captain and mate were busy with the controls, we crept up behind them, stuck our omni-blades in their throats, and declared ourselves the new head bitches in charge." She glanced over at Nerine and arched an eyebrow. "Good thing we did, too."

"Yeah, the rest of the crew thought they were going to get the same offer we did when we surrendered the ship," Nerine said. "Turns out Brooks and Shepard had different plans for them. By the time it was over, we were on the operating table getting our Phantom mods, and the rest of those fuckers got sent down to the labs for the doc to play with."

"Ah, that shit was great," Karlie said. "We fucking owned the Omega Nebula. By the time they brought the relay back up, every last pirate in the cluster was dead, working for Cerberus, or being dosed up by Ruben. Lotsa credits, lotsa action... and enough pussy to fucking drown in."

Nerine let out a long, wistful sigh. "You remember that one ship we nabbed? Bunch of rich university kids got themselves lost on their way to Omega? Bet they didn't expect their Spring Break to end quite like that."

"Oh, yeah, that mouthy little blonde with the tramp stamp, fuck her," Karlie said, taking on a high, whiny tone. "Oh, you'll never get away with this! My daddy will pay for an army of mercs to find you and kill you!" Yeah, well, those mercs must have gotten held up in traffic, I suppose. Never showed up to keep me from busting that bitch's pussy wide-open with the biggest strap-on we had. After a few hours of fucking, little spoiled cunt wasn't nearly as mouthy, was she?"

The two of them laughed, and Kelly started to laugh too before she stopped herself, realizing there was nothing at all funny in Karlie's horrific tale. Must have been the alcohol going to her head. It had been a while since she'd done any serious drinking, and whatever drink Morgan had handed her was already making her feel a little tipsy.

"Yeah, the good old days," Nerine wistfully said. "Before the money man came in and had Brooks and Shepard sign on for this big scheme of his."

"This money man," Kelly asked, unconsciously sipping from her drink again without thinking, "Who is he? You know anything about him?"

Nerine shook her head. "Nada. Don't even know if it's a 'he' or 'she' to be honest. About seven months ago, he showed up at our doorstep with a shitload of credits, ships, and resources for the bosses to play with." A sour look came to her face. "Guess it worked out good for them, but with all that cash on hand, wasn't any need for us to keep hijacking ships anymore."
"Hell, last few months we've just been sitting around on our asses at home base, waiting for some shit to do," Karlie said. "Until the bosses and the money man finally sent us out on this mission, that is." She shrugged. "Guess it was worth the wait, considering all the prime tail we've got stowed down in the cargo holds."

Kelly took a drink to hide the frown that came to her face. That "prime tail" Karlie was talking about included the woman Kelly loved. God, she hoped Sam was alright. At least having a drink or two was loosening her up a bit, relieving the constant tension she'd been feeling ever since coming onto this ship.

After that, Nerine and Karlie continued their reminiscences of past battles and kidnappings. Trying her best to tune out their bloody, ghastly tales, Kelly scanned the room, watching as the other Phantoms drank and laughed. Eventually, she glanced over her shoulder to the card table at the back of the room. For the first time since she arrived, she noticed that someone had draped a sheet over the table. From the lumps protruding up on the sheet's surface, there was something hidden beneath the cotton drape. "What's under there?" she asked.

Nerine turned around and saw the sheet. "Hell if I know," she said, her voice slurring a little as she finished off her drink. "Was like that when we came in here, I think."

Standing up, Kelly felt a bit of a head rush, and nearly tumbled back down to her seat before regaining her footing. Stepping around her drinking companions, she walked over to the shrouded table. As she approached the table, and whatever lay underneath the sheet, she thought she could hear a faint buzzing sound underneath the din of the loud music.

Just as she gripped the edge of the sheet and started lifting it, she felt someone behind her. "I wouldn't do that if I were you," said Morgan. Kelly's hand immediately snapped away from the sheet, as she spun to face the blond-haired Phantom leader.

"What's under there?" Kelly asked Morgan.

"You're a curious little kitty, aren't you?" Morgan said, taking Kelly by the shoulder and leading her away from the obscured card table. "They'll be plenty of time for that later. Right now we've got more important things to handle." Pausing next to one of the Phantoms, she leaned in close to her. "Hey, Wells. Party's dying down a little. How about you go grab some of the good stuff from down below, keep this ladies from getting too thirsty."

"Yes, ma'am," Wells responded, the Phantom leaving the room immediately. Once she was gone, Morgan walked over to the wall panel controlling the music and deactivated it.

"Everybody's attention, please!" Morgan yelled to the room, waiting for the group to quiet down before speaking again. "Before we start off this party proper, I think we should take a moment to remember the people we've lost. Everybody, fill up your glasses if you're running low!"

Morgan glanced over at Kelly, and the nearly empty cup in her hands. "Here, give me that," she said to one of the Phantoms tending bar, turning with a bottle and spilling the liquid inside straight up to the brim of Kelly's glass. After Morgan was finished pouring, the bottle was handed to another one of the women in the room, and went around until everybody's glass was full.

"In a circle, everybody in the center here," Morgan said, bringing Kelly along as the group of them moved into position. "Alright. I just want to say a word or two about the departed. Now I know you ladies don't always get along. Bet a lot of you probably care more about whether your pay is
gonna go up now that there's less of you to split the credits with. But we oughta at least remember our comrades. Because if they hadn't been there to take the bullet, it might have been one of you cunts with your brains decorating the pavement. So let's drink... to Sela Hamish. Deadliest with a shotgun I ever saw, and nerves of steel. To Sela..."

"To Sela!" the rest of the Phantoms repeated, each of them tossing back a swig of their drink. Kelly followed suit, the sweet-tasting liquor going down a little smoother now.

"And to Maxine Altman!" Morgan continued. "Girl was one of the fastest I'd ever seen, even before she got the Phantom mods. And after that... well, I hope the devil's got on his running shoes, because he's gonna need 'em if he's hoping to drag Max down to hell. To Max!"

"To Max!" Kelly and the rest of the Phantoms said together, taking another long pull on their glasses. Kelly, of course, had just about no respect for the departed Phantoms, but it was better to play along, pretend to be a part of the team.

"Tanya Templeton," Morgan said. "Can't say I got to know her all that well. But when I gave an order, she never hesitated. Never showed an ounce of fear. She was a true soldier of Cerberus, right up to the end. To Tanya!"

"To Tanya!" the group echoed. As Kelly took another drink, she found herself nearly tumbling backwards, before Morgan's hand on her back kept her from hitting the floor. What the hell was in this stuff?

"And lastly... to Rena," Morgan said, struggling to contain her emotions. "Rena Bratcher was... well, shit, you all know how tight me and her were. She was with us from damn near the beginning of this whole thing. We saw a lot of action together, her and I. Even with all that shit she smoked, she was still one of the best damn fighters I ever saw. So... to Rena!"

"To Rena!" the room intoned, each of them finishing the last swallows in their glasses. It was bizarre, but seeing these women together like this, honoring their fallen comrades... they may have been the enemy, but it was a reminder to Kelly that they were human beings, just like her. Not monsters, not heartless beasts, but...

"Well, with that done," Morgan said, her booming voice interrupting Kelly's thoughts. "Let's also remember that these four women sacrificed their lives for a reason. That their deaths helped us achieve our mission, and bring back a couple of valuable prizes..."

And as if on cue, the door to the observation room opened. Kelly turned, and her alcohol-induced buzz was immediately dampened as she saw what lay on the other side of the door.

"Ladies, I present to you," Morgan said, as Wells shoved the two naked, dark-haired women into the room. "The lovely Lawson sisters, Miranda and Oriana. And in honor of our fallen comrades... let's give these fine ladies a proper Cerberus welcome!"
In that moment, she remembered when Cerberus had first come to her.

She had always had a good sense for when she was being tailed. You didn't last long in this business if you didn't, after all. But this was different. No bulky krogans in 200 pound combat armor, leaning against walls trying to "act casual." These guys were good. As soon as she could feel their presence, they were gone in the crowd.

Eventually, she had gotten sick of the game, and done some digging of her own. Once she had found out enough and hit one of their facilities to get their attention, they decided to drop the whole cloak and dagger routine and contacted her directly. Said they had a job for her, a big one with a big payday. Said she'd be working for the hero of the Battle for the Citadel, the legendary Commander Anna Shepard herself.

But she had never been one for legends. Work with one long enough, and their fame tends to rub off on you. But when she mentioned Donovan Hock, and asked if they could help her out in return, their answer was an immediate yes. That had been too good to pass up.

Back then, she had been impressed. When Keiji had been working with the Alliance, there had been so much bureaucracy, so much red tape to get anything done. With Cerberus, they just put their minds to it, and they did it. Up until the time had come when their friendly partnership had ended, and Shepard had cut her ties with the Illusive Man and Cerberus completely, she had almost considered the possibility of hiring out for them for more work.

It was a begrudging respect, and she never let herself forget that above it all, Cerberus was a humanity-first type of organization. But it was a respect all the same.

And as Kasumi crouched in the rafters above the lounge she had once called home, and watched as the group of drunken, leering women started pawing at Miranda and her sister, she knew beyond a doubt that these people bore no resemblance to the organization she had worked with before. None at all.

It wasn't the first time she had spied on terrible acts being committed. Hell, it wasn't even the first time she had seen it since arriving back on the Normandy: she had watched in horror as the clone of Shepard had put on a sex toy and threatened to use it on Kelly in front of the entire shuttle bay. But on those occasions, when she had seen... despicable acts being performed while she was in the midst of a robbery, she had always taken care to snap a few photos and anonymously forward them to the proper authorities.

But that sure wasn't an option now. It was only just now hitting Kasumi that she was truly alone here. If something went wrong, she had no escape plan. No backup, and no way out. All she could do now was watch as the lecherous Phantoms groped at their two helpless captives.

"Man, look at those tits!" one of the Phantoms exclaimed. Miranda tried to step away from the woman's touch, being unable to fend off the pawing at her breasts with her arms secured behind her back. But the Phantom behind her that had ushered her into the room shoved her forward, and soon Miranda's tits were back within reach. A ballgag had been crammed into her mouth, leaving her unable to protest or do anything other than let out disgusted grunts as the gawking Phantom rubbed and mashed her breasts. "Fuck, between the boss and this traitor bitch, we're getting some fine
pussy out of this whole cloning thing."

"This one ain't bad either," said another one of the Phantoms. Oriana's eyes went wide with panic as the other Cerberus operative started feeling her up as well. "A little less developed, but I wouldn't kick her out of bed."

Miranda's eyes narrowed in anger, and she spit out muffled curses as she tried to advance on the Phantom molesting her sister. But the head Phantom – Morgan, Kasumi had heard her called -stepped forward and shoved Miranda back.

"Unh, unh, sweetie," the tall blond woman said, cloying sweetness in her tone. "My ladies have a lot of aggression to work out after your buddies whacked their comrades down there. Now, I can stick around to make sure they don't do too much damage to you and your sister, provided the two of you play along. But if you keep being feisty, I might have to go give you a time-out. And if I leave my ladies alone with sweet little Oriana here... well, the bosses only give a damn about you. Your sister doesn't figure into their plans, so if she gets a little... dented, ain't no skin off my back."

Rage seethed in Miranda's eyes, but she ceased all of her attempts at struggling. Standing passively, she kept her eyes cast downward as she and her sister were roughly groped by their captors.

Kelly, watching this with a queasy expression on her face, finally rose shakily to her feet. "I... I just remembered," she said, her voice coming out slightly slurred. "I... uh... left my datapad up in the cockpit with Erin. I'd better... better go check on it."

"Ah, forget it, Kel-bear," Morgan said, putting a firm hand on Kelly's shoulder and pressing her back down to the couch. "The bosses aren't going to raise a stink if you relax and enjoy yourself for a few hours." She glanced over her shoulder and yelled out. "One of you cunts get my best buddy here another drink!"

As one of the Phantoms pulled herself away from rubbing at Oriana's bare snatch, and another one quickly took her place, Kelly tried her best to look into Morgan's eyes, and not see any more of the debauchery happening in front of her than was necessary. "It's just... you promised I would... would see my bitch, Morgan," Kelly said, speaking slowly as if having trouble extracting the words from her brain. "Watching all this is just... uh... it's getting me so hot, I was hoping I'd get a chance to see her and have... have a little fun, you know?"

Grinning as she passed Kelly a drink, Morgan winked. "It must be killing you to be this patient, I know. Just sit for a bit, have a few more drinks, and I promise that you'll be close to that tasty little morsel of yours sooner than you think."

Kasumi watched from the ceiling as Kelly begrudgingly took the drink from Morgan and swallowed a third of it in one go. Envy you, Kelly, Kasumi thought to herself. Wish I could have a drink right now, kill some of the memories of what I was seeing here.

As Morgan calmed Kelly, Miranda and Oriana continued to be fondled by the remaining Phantoms. Red marks were beginning to form on their pale white skin from where the sexual predators of Cerberus were grabbing, twisting, and slapping. "Goddamn, would you look at this ass?" one of the Phantoms said drunkenly, delivering a open-palmed strike to Miranda's backside and giggling as the genetically-perfect ass bounced with the impact. Turning to one of the others, she slurred, "Hey, Nerine! Why don't you run down to the shuttle bay and fetch me one of those strap-ons? This booze has gotten me in the mood to fuck some Cerberus traitor ass!"
"Fuck you, Karlie, get it yourself," the other Phantom said, as she grabbed Oriana by the chin and ran her tongue along Oriana's cheek. The younger Lawson sister shuddered, Nerine's spit leaving a glistening trail along the side of her face. "And fetch one for me too," Nerine said, as she reached down between Oriana's legs and started finger-fucking her roughly, "so I can give this little one the thick cock she's been begging for."

Morgan, seeing an argument starting over whose job it was to grab the sex toys, stepped into the fray and raised her voice. "Calm down, you horny little cunts!" she said. "Nobody has to go fetch anything." Walking over to the covered poker table, she reached under the sheet and started feeling for something. "Went through Rena's personal effects and found something she must have been saving for a special occasion. Wherever she is right now, I'm sure she would have wanted you ladies to put these to good use on the bitches that she died to bring here."

From under the sheet, Morgan pulled out a silver tray. Resting on the glistening metal surface were four small, fleshy objects. Kasumi was ashamed to recognize what they were immediately, but most of the Phantoms stared at the tray with confusion.

"What the... wait, are those what I think they are?" Karlie asked. "Those are... the Sultana models?"

"That little slut," Nerine said, removing her fingers from Oriana's snatch and turning to stare in awe at the expensive sex devices. "Looks like she was holding out more from us than just her drug stash. Gimmie one of those things, Morgan!"

The Phantoms abandoned their molestation of the Lawson sisters, each of them rushing forward to try and grab one of the phallic-shaped objects. Moving the tray out of their reach, Morgan watched them fight with a grin. "Now, now, ladies," she called out over the yelling and arguing. Meanwhile, Miranda and Oriana stood close together, both of them staring at the tray and the devices on it with pure fear in their eyes.

She really should have left. Kasumi had no business watching this anymore. But some sick part of her kept her there, staring down as Morgan hand-picked four of the Phantoms to be the first to experience the joys of the Sultana sex devices. You're observing the enemy, Kasumi told herself. Watching their actions, seeing what makes them tick. You might see a weakness that could be helpful to Jacob, something that will help him defeat them.

The four lucky Phantoms began stripping out of their clothing, tossing their garments aside as they reached for the fake cocks. "Things seem kinda small," Karlie said, as she wiggled the base of the device around and into her pussy. "Always heard that they were... h... h... holy fuck..." she gasped as the device settled itself into place, interfacing with her nervous system and joining itself to her body. In place of her pussy, a six-inch cock now jutted out from Karlie's hips. Grabbing it, she let out a delighted squeal as she felt the grip of her fingers on the artificial phallus. "Feels like it's a part of me," she said breathily, and her eyes widened as she saw the cock between her legs start to pulse and throb, growing larger by the second until it jutted out at least eleven inches from her hips.

"Fuck, would you look at this?" said the dark-skinned Nerine, as she watched the Sultana strap-on she had inserted inside herself not only join with her body, but scan her skin tone and adjust its pigmentation to match. Stroking the huge mocha-colored cock now between her legs, she looked amazed as a drop of pre-cum glistened at the tip. "This shit is... fucking amazing."

The other two Phantoms let out similar pleasured exclamations. After the initial shock, the four naked, horny Phantoms turned their eyes, and their cocks, in the direction of the terrified Miranda.
and Oriana.

* * *

She had to get through this. Had to, for Sam's sake. And right about now, getting black-out drunk was just about the best way she had to survive tonight with her sanity intact. So when she finished her third glass and Morgan asked her if she wanted another, Kelly immediately nodded.

As she watched Morgan strut over to the bar, her eyes lingered on the four Phantoms chosen by Morgan, artificial cocks throbbing between their legs, as they began working on the two Lawson sisters. One of them was deactivating the hard-light restraints on Oriana's wrists, before ordering her down to her knees on the floor. She and Nerine stood at either side of Oriana, and the terrified young woman reluctantly took hold of their cocks and started stroking.

Meanwhile, Karlie was untying Miranda's gag, whispering some threat about "if I feel any teeth, I'm gonna use mine on your sister until she bleeds" before sitting on one of the couches and pointing at her upright cock. Dropping to her knees, Miranda obediently shuffled over to Karlie and opened her mouth. Karlie clenched her teeth and hissed as she felt Miranda's tongue run up the length of her Sultana-model cock, and several of the Phantoms not currently involved in the festivities delivered mocking cheers as Miranda wrapped her lips around the fake cock and started bobbing her head up and down its length. Meanwhile, the last Sultana-wearing Phantom crouched down behind Miranda, spat into her palm, and started rubbing Miranda's cunt from behind.

As Morgan returned with Kelly's drink, Kelly found her eyes drawn to Morgan's crotch, and the large bulge that was starting to form there. Morgan caught her looking, smirked, and sat down beside Kelly. "Fuck, this is some hot stuff, ain't it?" she said, as she handed the glass to Kelly. "I'd tell one of these ladies to go fetch my bitch if I hadn't worn out the poor thing earlier tonight." She gave Kelly a lusty wink. "You know how it is. Much as we may want to fuck them until they drop, got to give them a little time to rest every now and then, am I right?"

"Right," Kelly dully nodded. By now, Miranda had been repositioned on her hands and knees, so that she could still suck on Karlie's cock while the other Phantom roughly fucked her from behind. Meanwhile, Oriana was being forced to lower herself down onto a seated Nerine's cock, gritting her teeth as the high-tech strap-on forced itself into her backside. Once she was in place, the other Phantom aimed her own cock at Oriana's pussy, and soon the two Phantoms were fucking the younger Lawson sister in unison.

"Still," Morgan said, as she rubbed at the tent being pitched in her slacks, "All this hot fucking action happening... you don't mind if I let the big boy out for some air, do you?"

"N...no," Kelly said, blinking her suddenly bleary eyes as she watched Morgan unzip her pants and retrieve her massive cock. It was strange. The sight of that horrible piece of meat might have made her rush out of the room in disgust before. But the more she stared at Morgan idly stroking the giant thing, the more comfortable she felt with it.

Comfortable as she felt with all of this, really. Part of her knew that this whole situation was a terrible nightmare. That she was watching one of her former comrades and her sister get brutally raped in front of her. But the longer she stayed here, the less her situation seemed to bother her. Her worries about Sam, her horror at being witness to this depravity... they all seemed to have faded away. Maybe it was the alcohol, she thought as she took yet another sip of the drink, which was tasting better and better the more she consumed it. What was happening in front of her felt less and less like reality, and more and more like some kind of strange porno being filmed on the
"You're really liking that stuff, aren't you?" Morgan said, casually working her throbbing prick as she spoke.

"No!" Kelly protested. "I mean, I guess it's a little... hot. A little sexy. But I'm not... I mean, I don't..."

Morgan barked out a laugh. "I meant the booze, silly-britches," she said. "You've been downing that stuff like it was tap water."

"Oh, right. Yeah, it's... it's good stuff," Kelly said, as she felt a smile coming to her face. "What is it?"

Morgan chuckled to herself. "Nothing special. Just a cheap bottle of rum I found gathering dust behind the bar. But with a little something extra. See, I thought my ladies needed to lighten up a little after such a horrible experience. And those fake cocks weren't the only thing I found in Rena's secret stash."

The haze that had filled Kelly's head cleared slightly, as she realized what Morgan was saying. "What... what did you put in this?"

"Crushed up a few of Rena's happy pills into the bottle," Morgan said. "Guess I might not have been thinking, though: with the body modifications my ladies have gone through, probably wouldn't do much to them except give them a bit of a stronger buzz. But with you... well, I imagine that shit's probably hitting you pretty strong right now."

Kelly felt horror at the edges of her consciousness, as she realized that she had been drugged. But the more she thought about it, the more it occurred to her that it really didn't matter. For the first time since this whole ordeal started, she felt good. Morgan's words should have made her angry, but instead Kelly found herself laughing. Even the sight of Karlie rolling Miranda onto her back on the floor, pushing her breasts together, and fucking them with her cock while the other Phantom continued pounding her snatch didn't faze Kelly's happy giggling. Her laughing only increased when she looked over and saw Nerine and her partner grunting as they stroked their cocks, the Sultana devices drawing out their pussy juices and sending them flying like cum all across a despondent Oriana's face and tits. It was just all so ridiculous, so over-the-top depraved that despite it all, Kelly just found it all hilarious.

Casually sipping at her drink between giggles, Kelly watched as the two satisfied Phantoms standing around Oriana carefully detached the cocks from their groins and handed them off to the next ladies in line. The two new rapists took a moment to adjust to the sensations of the fake cocks interfacing with their nervous systems before ordering the cum-soaked Oriana into position and putting her back into service for a second time.

"Oh, fuck, here it comes," Morgan grunted, grabbing one of the empty glasses from the table in front of her and aiming the head of her prick into it. After a few seconds of stroking, her cock started jerking and spraying cum into the glass, nearly filling the large tumbler to the brim before Morgan finally finished her climax. Shuddering in satisfaction, Morgan laid the glass on the table and looked over at Kelly with a lazy grin. "Want to save that for later. My bitch would be so disappointed if I had spilled a load without her getting to swallow it down." She arched an eyebrow. "Probably should make sure nobody else drinks that, huh?"
And that just started Kelly laughing even more.

* * *

Kasumi squirmed as she watched the profane proceedings. As each Phantom finished with Miranda and Oriana, spilling a clear load of their pussy-cum all over their reddened, glistening skin, they pulled out the high-tech cock and handed it off to the next in line. Both of the Lawson sisters looked dazed as they were ordered into position after position, their pussies, mouths, and assholes stretched open again and again by the same cocks attached to different women. By the time the last of the group had finished, the first of them had rested up and were ready for another round.

Meanwhile, Kelly was getting increasingly drunk... or whatever was happening to her. Having set up shop next to the bar the last time she was on this ship, she'd shared drinks with quite a few of the Normandy SR-2 crew in the past. And while Kelly had never been one to hold her liquor, Kasumi had never seen her in a state like this: laughing hysterically while Miranda and Oriana were getting repeatedly gang-raped.

It certainly wasn't the first time Kasumi had seen the elder Miss Lawson in such a delicate state. Just before heading through the Omega-4 relay, Kasumi had watched morosely (but fingered herself all the same) as Miranda paid a visit to Jacob, offering him "one last go-around, just in case we don't get the opportunity again." And of course, there was the party at Shepard's apartment. Miranda had been treated just about as roughly back then as she was currently being treated, but from the way the normally-reserved operative had spat curses at her partner, snarling that "I know you can fucking do better than that, you tattooed bitch," Kasumi was relatively sure that that had been a consensual encounter.

On and on it went, Miranda and Oriana looking more and more exhausted as the Phantoms took them over and over. Kasumi told herself again that she should leave, that watching this was only going to give her nightmares for the rest of her life. But still she watched, eyes locked on the cocks slamming in and out of Miranda and Oriana. Glistening with fluids, both from their victims and from the previous climaxes of their uses, the life-like appendages slid into pussies, forced open assholes and jammed down throats. Part of her wished she had never volunteered for this mission, and that she was back in Jacob's cabin, his own flesh-and-blood cock inside of her. Right now, splitting her open and penetrating her. In and out. In and out.

"Alright, ladies!" Morgan called out, tucking her flaccid cock away and standing up from her seat next to Kelly. "Got one more piece of entertainment for the evening, so as much as you enjoy those Lawson holes, let's take a break here for a second."

Kasumi blinked, broken out of the dazed state she had been put into by watching the activities below. Cum spilled out of Miranda and Oriana's pussies as their rapists withdrew their cocks, dropping the exhausted Lawson sisters and letting them slump onto nearby couches in a pool of sweat and cum, gasping for air.

"Now, I'm sure a lot of you are aware of my own particular preferences when it comes to a good time like this," Morgan announced to the room. "I know you all think I'm a little old-fashioned, keeping myself to only one tasty little bitch. And up until now, I was worried that I was the only one who still believed in treating a bitch the way she should be treated. But then... I met Kelly."

Smiling, Morgan reached down a hand to Kelly, helping the swaying woman to her feet. "When Kelly Chambers came onto this ship, and I found out about her and her own bitch... dammit, I was just so happy. Finally, somebody I could relate to! Someone who knows the true meaning of what
it is to be a good mistress, and to break a good bitch. And although we've had our differences here and there, had a falling out once or twice... I just know that by the time this mission is over, the two of us are going to be the best of friends! Isn't that right, Kelly?"

Blinking at Morgan, not seeming to comprehend what was being said, Kelly finally nodded. "Yeah," she muttered, before letting out another giggle. "Yeah, okay."

"Well, I've got a surprise for you, Kelly," Morgan said, as she moved around Kelly to walk over to the poker table. "I know it's been murder on you to wait for so long, but it's finally time. So, Kelly, let me present to you..."

Grabbing the corner of the sheet covering the poker table, Morgan dramatically whipped it aside. And Kasumi was glad for the loud music being played at that moment, as it covered up the sharp gasp she let out as she saw what lay underneath.

"Your beloved bitch, Kelly!" Morgan announced, as the Phantoms let out loud whoops. "All warmed up and ready for her mistress to fuck her!"

* * *

At the sight of it, Kelly immediately felt herself get yanked out of the drunken, drugged state she had fallen into. Which made it all the more horrible, to have to look at it with her unclouded mind.

It was Sam, eyes wide with fear. She grunted underneath the leather mask that had been tied to the lower half of her face, keeping her mouth covered and unable to cry out. She had been tied into position with her arms crossed above her head, and her legs forcibly spread wide open. Kelly's eyes drifted down between her legs, and immediately Kelly understood the buzzing sound she had heard when she had gone close to the table: a vibrator had been placed inside of Sam's cunt, and was working against her clit during the entire party.

Morgan saw where Kelly was staring and grinned. "You like it? I wanted to make sure she was going to be nice and wet for you when it was time."

"Time?" Kelly quietly asked. "Time for what?"

"Oh, don't be silly," Morgan said. "After so long without getting to be with your bitch, I figured... why would you want to wait? And at a party like the one we're having, what better time for you to show off how you fuck your bitch to me and all your new shipmates?"

Kelly could barely hear the cheers of the Phantoms behind her, the mix of the shock of what was happening combining with the drugs and alcohol in her system to make her head throb painfully. "Morgan, I... I don't want to do this now," Kelly said quietly. "I wanted to see my bitch in private. Not... not with everyone watching."

The smile faded from Morgan's face. "Kelly, I think we need to have a serious talk," Morgan said, leaning in close. "Look, I know I said that I wasn't going to test you anymore. That I wouldn't go trying to tempt you away from your bitch or play any silly games like that. But this isn't a game, Kelly. This is dead fucking serious. When you came onto this ship, you told me that Sam here was your bitch. And I think I told you before... I hate liars. So I need you to show me, right here, right now, that this woman is your bitch. I stood up for you, Kelly. These ladies back here, the ones who just got done raping the two Miss Lawsons within an inch of their lives... I ordered them not to touch her. I told them that, because she was your bitch, that it wouldn't be right. I went out on a
limb for you, so the thought that you might have been lying about that..." Morgan inhaled deeply, struggling to hold back her anger at the mere thought of Kelly's deception. "Well, I don't think we could ever be friends if I found out that was the case."

Kelly looked into Sam's eyes, saw the fear there, and wanted so bad to run to her, hold her and tell her that everything was going to be alright. But she couldn't. She knew enough about Morgan's crazy mindset to know that things like that weren't what "mistresses" did to "bitches." Bitches were only good for one thing. Just one thing.

"Hey, come here!" Morgan yelled to one of the naked Phantoms, one still wearing one of the Sultana devices. As the Phantom approached, Morgan grabbed onto the shaft of her cock and gave it a hard yank. The Phantom let out a yelp of pain as the cock separated from her body. Once the device was removed, Morgan grabbed Kelly by the wrist, brought her hand up, and slapped the sticky, slippery fake cock into Kelly's palm.

"So here's how it's gonna be, Kelly, my friend," Morgan said, smiling now but without the warmth and cheeriness of before. It was the grin of a shark. "Either you put this thing on and fuck your bitch, right here and right now... or I'm going to let my ladies here fuck her instead. Because if you're truly thirsty for your beautiful bitch, if you truly care about her the way a mistress cares about her bitch... there should be nothing stopping you from taking here on that table. Isn't that right?"

Kelly looked around at the room. Some of the Phantoms, having grown bored watching Kelly and Morgan quietly talking to each other, had resumed their previous assaults on Miranda and Oriana. Two of the Phantoms who still had Sultana devices were rubbing their fake cocks on Miranda's already cum-soaked face, Miranda finally starting to numbly jerk one while sucking on the other. While the third cock-wearing Phantom bent Oriana over on the floor, grabbing her by the arms and yanking her torso roughly backward while she thrust inside of the younger Lawson's now well-used pussy.

Closing her eyes, Kelly realized with horror that the brief moment of clarity she had felt at the shock of seeing Sam was starting to wear off. That lazy, content feeling she had been having earlier was starting to fill her up again, despite her best efforts to fight it off.

It's horrible enough that I'm going to have to do this, Kelly thought to herself. But if I were to get even a second of enjoyment out of it...

"So, Kelly," Morgan said, watching Kelly in anticipation. "What's it gonna be? Is she your bitch... or is she their bitch?" she asked, cocking her head in the direction of the horny Phantoms behind the two of them.

Sighing deeply, Kelly reached up her free hand. Her fingers found the fastener to her uniform, and she snapped it open. "She's... my bitch," Kelly said, as she started removing her shirt.

* * *

"No," Kasumi whispered, watching in horror as Kelly began stripping off her uniform. As the Phantoms not currently fucking the Lawson sisters cheered her on, Kelly eventually cast aside all of her clothing, leaving her standing shivering and naked in the observation lounge. Once that was done, Kelly lowered the fake cock in her hand down to her groin, working the back end of it past her labia and inside of her pussy.
Just like all of the other Phantoms, the activation of the device elicited a gasp from Kelly, as it attached itself and began stimulating her body. From where she was perched, Kasumi couldn't see Sam's face, but even over the loud music and grunts of fucking Phantoms, she could hear Sam's muffled cries as the fake cock began pumping itself full of simulated blood, sending undeniable jolts of pleasure into Kelly's body as it swelled up into a full erection.

"Here we are," Morgan said, taking hold of the vibrator in Sam's pussy and gently removing it. Grinning, she held up the sex toy to display to Kelly, the lights of the lounge reflecting off its glistening surface. "She's all nice and wet for you, Kel-Bear. Give that bitch what she's been craving."

"Yeah, give it to her!" one of the Phantoms yelled out.

"If we don't get to fuck the little Indian bitch, might as well watch her do it," another one remarked, eliciting laughs from her comrades.

Numbly, as if being controlled by someone else, Kelly took a step forward. Slowly, she advanced on Sam, the cock between her legs bobbing lewdly as it moved closer to Sam's defenseless cunt. As the Phantoms not currently enjoying themselves with the Lawsons gathered around, Kelly took hold of the base of the Sultana device and began rubbing it against Sam's moist slit.

"Do it," one of the Phantoms urged Kelly. "Do it to the bitch."

"Give it to her hard!" another one called out. "Fuck her 'til she can't walk straight!"

"Fuck her, fuck her," a low chant began to start up among the drunken Phantoms, louder as more and more of them picked it up, "FUCK HER! FUCK HER! FUCK HER!"

Kelly pushed forward, her cock sliding inside of Sam, and the crowd let out a whooping cheer. As Kelly stood still, every inch of her artificial cock buried in her lover's twat, the crowd started up the chant again. "FUCK HER! FUCK HER! FUCK HER!"

The cock withdrew, paused for a moment, then penetrated again. Out... pause... in again. Slowly, Kelly moved her hips, fucking the cock attached to her in and out of Sam's wet snatch. The horror and shock that had come onto Kelly's face when Sam had been revealed was gone, replaced by a blank look as Kelly grabbed onto Sam's waist and increased the tempo of her thrusts. At every "FUCK" from the crowd, the cock came out, only to penetrate again with every "HER!" The crowd, realizing this, started repeating the chant faster, all of them grinning lewdly as Kelly began fucking Sam in earnest.

Kasumi had a hand to her mouth, fighting the urge to puke as she watched Kelly mindlessly fuck Sam, the crowd cheering her all the way. The sound of their chants was so loud, it took Kasumi far too long to hear the beeping sound in her ear, and the pleasant female voice informing her, "Warning. Tactical cloak battery will be exhausted in 2... point... 5... minutes. Please deactivate your cloak in order for batteries to be replenished."

"Oh, shit," Kasumi hissed.

* * *

It's the only way. The only way to save her from them.
She said it in her head, over and over again, as she felt the tight grip of Sam's inner walls rubbing against the surface of the sensitive fake cock. God, why did it have to feel this good? Part of her hoped that maybe Sam was enjoying it as well. That maybe somehow, she could put the horror of it all aside and enjoy the feeling of this hard fucking cock filling her. Fucking her harder... and harder.

Her head was spinning, her thoughts were jumbled, and through it all she just kept thrusting... and thrusting... and thrusting. She kept her eyes shut tight, not wanting to look Sam in the eyes. Not wanting to see the pain there, the terror... or the hatred.

_Sam, I'm so sorry. But it's the only way. It's the only way, and it feels so fucking good..._

She tried to pretend it was someone else. Some other woman taking her thick cock, some other tight cunt being forced wide open by her rough thrusts. But her drug-addled mind kept forcing images of Sam into her thoughts. Sam the way she had been that night at Shepard's party, the night they had first met. The smile on Sam's face when she had casually asked if Kelly wanted to come with her to do colony work, and Kelly had said yes. And Sam the way she had been just before all of this had happened, when she had hinted around the idea of the two of them getting married. Staying on Chasca, raising a family there. It had all seemed so perfect.

"Oh, fuck," Kelly grunted, the sensations in her cock becoming too much to handle. She felt the artificial appendage pop out of Sam's cunt, and immediately begin spewing Kelly's juices all over Sam's body. Reaching down, Kelly began jerking at the cock, gasping in painful ecstasy as she felt the device draw out her pussy juices and spray them out the head of her fake cock. As the jumbled sounds of cheers filled her ears, she couldn't resist the urge to stroke her cock until every last drop had spilled out onto Sam.

Once the climax was over, Kelly finally opened her eyes. In front of her, Sam was drenched in sweat and cum, the fluids dripping down and staining the surface of the poker table below her. Her pussy was gaped open from Kelly's hard fucking, and even on her dark skin Kelly could see bruises from where she had been gripping onto Sam's waist.

She looked to Sam's face, to see her eyes rimmed red, tears trickling down her cheeks. The look there wasn't of pain, fear, or anger. What was there might have been worse than all of those.

In her eyes, despite it all... there was still love. Love for the woman who had just violated her in front of a crowd of cheering rapists. Kelly had done a horrible thing to her, the worst possible thing imaginable... and still, there was love there.

"Nice work, Kelly," Morgan said, giving Kelly a hard clap on the shoulder. "Now that, ladies, is how you treat a bitch properly!"

Kelly nodded, her eyes rolled back in her head, and she hit the floor.
Part 2: No One Leaves Cerberus (Normandy)

Kasumi scrambled through the ceiling ducts, hearing the insistent beeping in her ear as she moved. There wasn't much time. With the way the Normandy was designed, even if she stayed in the ceiling, somebody would eventually see her up here if she didn't have her cloak activated. She had to find somewhere safe to decloak, recharge her batteries.

In a flash, her mind hit on it. The one room of the ship that no longer served much of a purpose. The one place she was relatively sure she could be safe without her cloak. Turning left down one of the tight passages, Kasumi panted as she crawled as fast as she could to her destination.

Finally finding the access hatch, she carefully propped it open. Sure enough, the room below her was dark, and there was no sign of activity below. Almost silently, she let herself drop down into the room.

The once-open space in the area was now filled with various boxes and crates. Must have converted this area into a storage space, Kasumi thought, as she took a deep breath and deactivated her cloak, the annoying beeping in her ear coming to a stop immediately. As she paused to catch her breath, images of what had happened in the observation lounge filled her mind, but with some effort she buried them away.

In the darkness, Kasumi activated her omni-tool, checking to make sure her tracking signal was still functioning. Yep, still up and running. No sign that anyone on the ship had detected the signal. Jacob and the Orpheus should be right on their tail. Kasumi breathed a sigh of relief, and deactivated her omni-tool just as the door to the room suddenly slid open.

She reacted in less than a second, ducking and crouching in the darkened space between two of the massive computer banks in the room, before the man who entered the room could even spot her. The Cerberus crew member in the white lab coat adjusted his glasses, staring at the spot that Kasumi had occupied just before the door had opened. He blinked several times, then shook his head. "Been on this ship too long," he muttered to himself, as he opened one of the crates and withdrew several pieces of medical equipment. There was one long last stare, before he left and shut the door behind him.

Letting out her held breath, Kasumi placed a hand on one of the computers to get up to her feet. She gasped as she suddenly heard a clicking sound, and pulled her hand away to reveal a green, blinking button.

"What in the..." Kasumi muttered, just before all the computers in the room began humming to life.

* * *

Kelly woke with a start, sitting up to find herself still in the observation lounge. Looking down, she saw that she was still naked, with the Sultana cock still inserted inside of her.

Reaching down, she took hold of the device, only to have it hold fast inside of her. Summoning up her strength, she tried to tug it harder.

"Don't bother, Kelly," said a voice from behind her. "It's a part of you now."
Turning in shock, she saw Morgan standing there, a friendly smile on her face. "What... what's going on?" Kelly asked her.

"It's a part of you now," Morgan repeated. "You know what you have to do."

Kelly turned away from Morgan, towards the poker table. Sam was still tied there... only it wasn't Sam. It was Miranda now... and Oriana. It was Jack and Samara, Ash and Liara. And it was Shepard as well. All of them, tied to that table, waiting for her.

Yes, she knew what she had to do. She felt the eager smile come to her face as she stood up, placed herself between the legs of her victim, and started thrusting. There was no hesitation now. No doubts. She was here for one purpose: to fuck this helpless bitch, and cum inside of her.

"Yes," she moaned, showing no remorse as she pounded the struggling woman. "Take it all, you little cunt," she said. It wasn't long before she started cumming, spraying her seed deep inside the womb of her helpless victim with a contended sigh. "Did you like that, bitch?" she said, looking down to enjoy the sight of her cock, her own flesh-and-blood cock, buried inside a twitching cunt. But what she saw there made her gasp in horror.

"Very good," said the person behind her. But it wasn't the voice of Morgan. It was another voice, deep and horrible. "You have embraced your true nature. Now you are truly one of us."

The cock between her legs was brown and gnarled, ridged with chitinous armor. Kelly raised up her hands to see they had been reshaped as well, with three segmented fingers jutting out from each palm.

She turned to the window looking out into space, and saw her own reflection. Four glowing yellow eyes staring back at her.

"NO!" she wanted to scream, but she had no mouth to do it with.

* * *

"NO!" Kelly screamed, jolting up from her sleep. Blinking, she found herself back in the lounge, just as she had been in her dream. Immediately, she looked at the reflection of herself in the viewing window... still human. And also still naked, although somebody had thought to remove the horrid sex device from her at some point.

The party had apparently ended while she had been out. All of the Phantoms were gone, having left the lounge in a messy, booze-soaked state with their departure. Kelly's gaze snapped over to the poker table, but Sam was gone as well. Kelly saw the dark stain where Sam's sweat and cum-soaked body had been, and she felt her stomach roll.

Leaning forward, Kelly vomited. Then she cried. The horror of what she had done came back to her all at once, and she couldn't stop the tears from coming. Everything she had done to try and protect Sam. The façade she had put on of Sam being her "bitch." And in the end, it had been for nothing. Kelly had wanted to protect her, and had ended up being the one to violate her.

Wiping at her face, Kelly noticed a pile of clothing nearby. Hers, and with a note laid on the top. Wanting something to focus on other than the guilt gnawing at her insides, Kelly picked it up and read.
Hey, Kel-Bear!

Pretty wild party last night, huh? Did you like my surprise? I was so happy you finally got the chance to spend some time with your bitch! Bad news, though, I don't think you'll get that chance again until we get back to base. Bosses want us focused on what's to come, so no more playing with the prisoners until we get home. :( Hope you enjoyed this one night, at least. Oh, and don't worry: some of the ladies wanted to play with your bitch after you conked out, but I told them no. Not unless you give them your permission, I said. See, isn't it so great now that we're friends? We can look out for each other and each others' bitches! :D

Anyway, no rest for us mistresses! We should be arriving at our last stop pretty soon, so you should probably get yourself all bright-eyed and bushy-tailed as soon as you wake up. Bosses wouldn't be happy if you were still all droopy-eyed when we get to our destination. So rise and shine, sleepy-head! Just one last thing for us all to do, and after that we get to go home and really have some fun!

Your buddy,
Morgan xoxoxo ;)

Dropping the note onto the floor, the friendly message landing in her puddle of puke, Kelly rose slowly to her feet. Numbly, she put on her uniform, eyes glazed and staring at her reflection in the window. Once that was done, she walked over to the bar and pulled up a stool.

Sitting on the bar, Kelly saw that one of the bottles from the previous evening had been broken. The top of the shattered bottle rested on the edge of the bar, the sharp edges of broken glass glistening in the light.

Kelly stared at the glint of glass for a long time, thinking to herself how easy it would be. Just to pick it up, take the edge and draw it across her wrists. By the time they found her, she probably would have already bled out.

So easy. The escape plan they never counted on. There wasn't any Lazarus Project waiting to bring her back, Kelly knew. It would all be over in just a few heartbeats.

Forcing her eyes away from the broken bottle, she spotted another of the rum bottles, this one still intact and about halfway full. Sitting nearby it was a small round bottle. Also halfway full, but with orange pills instead.

Crushed up a few of Rena's happy pills into the bottle.

Grabbing the pill bottle, Kelly shook one out into her palm. Tossing the pill into her mouth, Kelly grabbed the intact bottle of booze and took a long, deep drink from it. She didn't know exactly what drug it was, but just about any drug was better than what she was feeling right now.

As she sat at the bar and waited for the medication to take effect, she heard the door to the room slide open. Kelly turned in her stool to see Erin, eyes wide and filled with concern as she rushed over to her.
"Oh, God, Kelly," Erin said, wrapping her arms around Kelly and holding her in a tight embrace. "I'm so sorry, Kelly," she said, and her voice seemed to be genuinely regretful. Pulling away, Erin had a mild look of disgust on her face. "Morgan came up to the cockpit after her and her people's little 'party.' She was so happy that you 'took your bitch' like you were supposed to. That sick..." Erin started to say, before remembering that she wasn't in the safety of her bug-free cockpit. "Hey, are you okay?"

Kelly nodded. "I'm okay," she said, as she secretly pocketed the bottle of pills. "I'll be okay."

"Look, you're going to get through this," Erin said. "I know right now it seems like small comfort, but once we get back to base, things will be better." She leaned in close and whispered. "I don't care what it takes, I'm going to get you a meeting with our leader. I want you to be with us when this all goes down, and we show these people just what we're capable of." Pulling away, Erin stared into Kelly's eyes with concern. "So, seriously, now... you gonna be okay?"

Right about then, Kelly started to feel the pleasant buzz like the one from the previous night. The pill was starting to take effect, and it was the only reason that she was able to give Erin a smile back. "Really, Erin... I'll be alright."

"Keep hanging in there," Erin said, then placed something on the bar. "And you'd better answer that. It's been buzzing for the past three hours."

Kelly looked over to see the datapad on the bar. The mole! Blinking her eyes and rubbing the last sleep away, Kelly picked up the datapad and activated it. At least fifteen messages had been left since the last time she had used it, and she quickly opened up the chat interface.

"YOU FINALLY THERE? I'M RISKING MY ASS HERE FOR YOU PEOPLE! THE LEAST YOU COULD DO IS PICK UP."

Quickly, Kelly typed out a message in response. "SEEMS THERE ARE COMMUNICATION PROBLEMS ON BOTH ENDS," she wrote. "WHY NO WARNING ABOUT AMBUSH ON ONTAROM? BOSSES NOT VERY HAPPY."

The response came back quickly. "NO WARNING GIVEN ON MY END, EITHER. MISSION WAS A GO BEFORE WE EVEN KNEW WHERE WE WERE GOING. TELL BOSSES THAT MAYBE THEY SHOULD BRIEF THEIR PEOPLE A BIT BETTER ON WHO'S ON WHOSE SIDE HERE. UNLESS THEY WANT THEIR VALUABLE MOLE SENT TO THE MEDBAY AGAIN, THAT IS."

"BOSSES TOLD ME THAT ANY MORE SLIPS LIKE THIS WON'T BE TOLERATED," Kelly wrote back. "TOLD ME TO MENTION PAUL BENEDICT."

There was a long pause on the other end of the conversation. "ARE THEY LISTENING IN RIGHT NOW?" the response finally came.

Kelly glanced at the left corner of the datapad. No other members of the conversation was listed. "NO, THEY'RE NOT," Kelly wrote back.

"THEY'RE FUCKING LUCKY I'M THE SENTIMENTAL TYPE," came the response. "BECAUSE IF IT WASN'T FOR PAUL, WE WOULDN'T BE HAVING THIS CONVERSATION."
"WHO IS HE?" Kelly wrote. "THEY DIDN'T TELL ME."

Another long pause, long enough that Kelly wondered if the mole had disconnected. Finally, the response came. "IT DOESN'T MATTER. IF BOSSES ARE PISSED ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED ON ONTAROM, I'VE GOT SOME INFORMATION THAT SHOULD CHANGE THEIR MINDS ABOUT ME. SOMETHING YOU SHOULD PROBABLY TAKE TO THEM RIGHT AWAY IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR BOTH OF US."

Kelly leaned in close to the datapad. "WHAT'S THE INFORMATION?"

After another pause. "TELL OUR BOSSES THAT THEY MIGHT WANT TO CALL IN AN EXTERMINATOR."

"I DON'T UNDERSTAND."

Pause.

"THE NORMANDY HAS A RAT PROBLEM."

* * *

"Shit, what'd I do?" Kasumi said, as she watched all the computers activating around her. One by one, blue lights blinked on, as the systems lining the walls of the room hummed to life.

"Hello," said a pleasant female voice behind Kasumi, and the startled thief jolted as she turned in the direction of the sound. "According to my internal chronometer, it has been three years, six days, five hours, 18.74 minutes since my last error check. Would you like me to run my auto-diagnostic sub-routines before resuming normal operations?"

Kasumi stared in shock, mouth hanging open, her words failing her. Finally, after a long period of just staring at the glowing blue sphere in front of her, she finally spoke.

"EDI?"
Lelina D'Revi wasn't sleeping.

She tossed and turned on the grimy mattress, her current anxious state making her forget for the moment what various body fluids had stained these sheets before she laid down on them. It was so close now. Just a few hours from now, she would finally be free. She was so tired of running, tired of looking over her shoulder. Of stealing and killing just to put food in her mouth. And if the message she had gotten on her datapad was true... then it would all be over.

So she'd gotten a room in this fleabag Omega dive, keeping a low profile and hiding out until the appointed time. For the fifteenth time since laying down, she checked her omni-tool for the time. It was still hours to go. She should get some sleep, just in case things went bad and she needed her faculties.

But she was just too wired. Too excited and too scared. When you live the life of a fugitive Ardat-Yakshi, you can never quite relax. Lelina would have thought, with the galaxy rebuilding after the war, and with most of the asari monasteries raided for Reaper troops and decimated, the remaining Thessia government officials would have better things to worry about than tracking people like her down.

But they were still out there. Lelina knew they were. And until she met up with her contact, she would never be safe.

Just as she felt her eyelids start to droop, her fatigue from the constant chase finally getting too much for her body to bear, there was a knock on the door.

Lelina gasped. Reaching wildly for the nightstand, she nearly sent the pistol there tumbling to the floor before her fingers finally closed around the cold metal grip. For a moment, she sat with her legs to her chest on the bed, hoping that it was just some drunk who had the wrong room, or some kids playing a prank. She stared at the door, praying to the Goddess that she would not hear it again.

But after several seconds, the knock was heard again. "Go away, dammit!" she yelled out to the person on the other end of the door, trying her best to sound confident. "I'm trying to get some sleep!"

No response from the other side of the door. Just another knock.

Getting to her feet, Lelina held her pistol at the ready as she cautiously stepped towards the door. "Fine!" she yelled out. "I'm coming!" Pressing her back to the wall next to the door of the hotel room, she hit the light switch and plunged the room into blackness. Taking a deep breath, she hit the lock on the door and let it slide open, staying against the wall next to the opening to be ready for whoever entered.

In the dim light coming from the buildings outside, Lelina saw someone step into the room. She caught the vaguest silhouette of an asari fringe. As soon as the intruder stepped fully into the room, Lelina made her move. Pressing the barrel of the pistol into the back of her visitor's head, she said, "Don't move or I..."
It was somebody had set the world around her to triple-speed, as the other woman ducked away from her aim. Lelina pulled the trigger and the shot exploded inside of the small hotel room, but her target was long gone by the time the bullet left the barrel. There was a sudden, sharp blow to her wrist, and Lelina felt the gun tumble from her grip. She felt her attacker's hands on her, trying to grapple her, and she struggled against them in the dark. As skilled as her opponent was, Lelina's desperation gave her a burst of strength, and she managed to evade her attacker's grip long enough to shove them onto the ground.

Panicked, Lelina ran out into the hallway. Gasping, she stared in the direction of the lift. Too far. By the time she got to the end of the hall, her attacker would have recovered, and would be able to shoot her in the back. Turning in the other direction, Lelina winced. Two stories up, she thought grimly. But it's my only option. Just have to hope I get lucky.

Charging in the opposite direction, Lelina put her arms in front of her face and dove through the small window. She felt the glass slice into her skin, a minor concern compared to the hard pavement suddenly rushing up to meet her.

"Agh!" she cried out, as her shoulder hit the ground and she felt the bone underneath crack. She could feel blood trickling from between her lips, but the important thing was she was alive. If she could just get to her feet, she'd be able to...

She heard something from above her, looked up, and gasped. Her attacker gracefully stepped out from the frame of the shattered window, and blue light surrounded her as she descended slowly to the pavement. Lelina tried her best to stand, but every movement was agony, and she tried desperately to crawl away from the woman, who landed softly on her feet and began slowly advancing on her.

"Lelina D'Revi," said the older asari, her tone cold and impersonal. "My name is Samara. I am a justicar, and I have come for you."

"No," Lelina said, dragging her broken body along the ground away from her. "It's not fair, dammit. I was so close."

Crouching down next to her, Samara stared at her gravely. "Close to what? You risked much coming here, Lelina. What are you doing on Omega?"

"Please, just..." Lelina coughed, blood from her internal injuries gushing out from her mouth. "Get me to a medic, please. I'll tell you anything you want, I swear. I don't want to die here..."

Samara frowned. "You will tell me what I want to know, Lelina, and then we will see about dealing with your injuries."

"Unh... my... my back pocket," Lelina stammered, feeling herself starting to get light-headed from the pain. "It's all there. Just please..."

Reaching around Lelina's broken body, Samara retrieved the datapad shoved into her back pocket. Staring at it, Samara squinted. "Come to Omega," she read. "Someone will meet you there who will help you find a safe place. A home for unfairly judged Ardat-Yakshi like yourself. Meet us in the abandoned hospital in Gozu District at 20:00 hours, and you'll never have to run again"

Closing down the message, Samara went back to staring coldly at Lelina. "Not much detail. Why would you trust an anonymous message like this?"
"Like you would fucking know what it's like," Lelina spat at her. "To be running your entire life, treated like a monster by your own people. And if it isn't you people wanting to bring us to... ha... 'justice,' it's the Reapers trying to turn us into mindless slaves. I knew it was probably bullshit, but I didn't care. I was just tired of the chase. Tired of running. It was the only thing left that gave me hope."

Samara looked at the datapad again, then back at Lelina. "Very well. Thank you for the information." Standing back up, Samara reached into her hip holster and pulled out a pistol. "But now, Lelina, I'm afraid your time is at an end."

"What? You said you'd help me!" Lelina protested. "That you would take me to a doctor!"

"What I said, Lelina, is that I would deal with your injuries," Samara said calmly. "And once I've carried out your sentence, you will no longer feel any pain. A pity, really. If you had given yourself up before this chase had begun, allowed me to take you into custody, you could have lived the rest of your life in peace at a monastery. But you fled, and have taken a life. Several lives, actually. And as a result, I'm afraid I cannot allow you to live."

Lelina said nothing, knowing that no words would save her. A justicar's duties were absolute. They could not be reasoned with, bribed, or charmed. Closing her eyes, she took one last breath and waited for the bullet.

Samara squeezed the trigger, and Lelina jumped. Her head hit the pavement as she went limp on the ground. Samara stared down at the body for several seconds, waiting for any sign of movement, before holstering her weapon.

"You know, you could have let me know the fight was going to end up out here," said a woman's voice from behind the justicar. "You know how hard it is to run in these heels?"

Samara turned, smiling lightly at the dark-haired human with the hovering camera following behind her. "My apologies, Miss Allers. Unfortunately, fugitive Ardat-Yakshis can sometimes be... unpredictable."

"No need to apologize," Diana Allers said, directing her camera to get a shot of Lelina's crumpled body. "This whole story's going to be a big hit with our viewers. One of the first inside looks into the day-to-day life of a justicar. I mean, the asari have done shows about you ladies before, but they've all been fictionalized accounts. This is the first chance anyone will get to see a living, breathing justicar in action! My producers are going to flip when they see the first dailies!"

"It is good that you are finding my work an interesting subject," Samara said. "I must admit that I was... uncomfortable when you first approached me."

Allers arched an eyebrow. "So, hey, I've been meaning to ask about that. Now, I've never been the type to look a gift horse in the mouth, but I'm gonna be honest: my request to film you and your work as a justicar was a total Hail Mary pass." Seeing the confused look on Samara's face, Allers laughed. "A long shot, in other words. Nobody was more surprised than me when you actually said yes. So I gotta ask... why'd you agree to this?"

Samara turned slightly away from Allers, staring into the distance. "The war with the Reapers... many of my sisters participated in the conflict. And many of them perished in the battles that followed. We once numbered in the hundreds. Now, I worry that those of us remaining can be counted on two hands. The Thessian government desperately wants to attract new members to the..."
"Hmm, think I get it now," Allers said. "Do my show, give the galaxy a look at the kinds of things you do as a justicar. Maybe some folks out there will see what it's like and decide it's something they want to try."

"That is the hope, yes," Samara said. "I have to admit, I am not fully convinced it is a worthwhile pursuit, but I'm willing to do my part."

Allers pulled out her notes, jotting something down. "Well, I think it's going well so far."

Glancing around the scene, Allers spotted the datapad in Samara's hand. "What's that? You find that on her?"

"Yes, I..." Samara said, before something lit up in her eyes. "That's it. That is where I remember that address from."

"You got a lead on something?" Allers asked.

Bringing up the datapad, Samara showed it to Allers. "Someone sent Lelina this message," she told the reporter. "Telling her that if she came to Omega, she could find a safe sanctuary for Ardat-Yakshis."

Allers scoffed. "An obvious scam. Thought dirtbags like that went extinct when the relays came back up. But what were you saying? Something about the address?"

Samara pointed to the datapad. "That extranet address there," she said. "I received a message from that exact same address several days ago. A tip that Lelina would be on Omega, the exact date she would be here, and the hotel she was staying at."

"So somebody set her up," Allers reasoned. "Put her here specifically for you to find. Think it's some sort of... I dunno... Ardat-Yakshi snitch or something?"

"I am not sure," Samara said. "But this time and meeting place. I believe it might be worthwhile for me to keep Lelina's appointment with this individual."

Allers gave this idea a frown. "Probably a trap, I'm sure you know."

"Probably," Samara agreed. "But if this individual has information on the whereabouts of other Ardat-Yakshi, I am honor-bound to retrieve this information."

"Okay, so, we go to the appointment," Allers said. "But we've still got a couple hours. Let me do a segment here. You don't mind, right?"

Samara let out a light sigh, but shook her head. "I do not mind, no."

Allers positioned Samara in front of the Ardat-Yakshi corpse, than stood next to her with microphone in hand. Smiling into the camera, she started her spiel. "A run-down hotel, a dangerous chase, and a fatal end for her quarry. It may seem like an exciting adventure to some, but it's all in a day's work for an asari justicar. Even on Omega, where the once crime-infested station is slowly showing signs of civilization, corruption lurks around every corner. And Samara, a long-time justicar and veteran of the Reaper War, knows that the only answer to corruption is..."
"Want me to eat your snatch, baby?" the scrawny-looking asari prostitute said raspily to the dark-skinned human woman, smiling at her with red-sand tinted teeth. "Come on, honey, I'll lick that clit so good!"

"So very tempting, but I'll pass for today," the woman sarcastically replied. She checked the time on her omni-tool again as she paced around one of the sleazier slums of Omega. "Goddamn it, where the hell is he?"

She was surrounded by the sounds of prostitutes yelling come-ons to anyone who looked like they had more than ten credits to their name, black-market traders promising high-quality goods while selling low-quality junk, and drug dealers offering a blissful escape from the dire surroundings. For all the talk of how Aria was taking more of an active role in Omega, it appears her reach didn't quite extend to the entire station just yet.

Patrolling the general area, keeping an eye out for her contact, she adjusted the black leather vest she wore over a purple tube top. God, she felt ridiculous in this outfit. But if a bare midriff, barely-covered tits, and low-riding pants were more likely to get this guy to show her the goods, she was ready to do whatever it took.

Finally, she spotted him. Trying to look casual but failing miserably. She didn't wave to him, simply casually strolled over and leaned in to whisper to the bare-faced turian. "Hey, there," she quietly said, "You know a good place for a girl to get a beer around here?"

She saw him glance down at her half-naked body and chuckled to herself internally. The guy's got a human fetish, good, she thought. Should make this deal go down a lot smoother. "I... I know a place three blocks away," he said, repeating their agreed-upon code phrase. "It's not the cheapest, but it's the best you'll find anywhere on Omega."

"Well, that sounds like just what I'm in the market for," she responded. "How about you take me there right now?"

The turian nodded. Waving a taloned hand, he beckoned her to follow him. "I'm Delston. So, you're Fargat's... man?"

She smirked at him. "That's right. Call me Irinna." She leaned in close to Delston as the two walked through the slums of Omega. "So, you've got the stuff here?"

"Yeah, just as promised," Delston said. "Gotta be careful with this deal, though. Things on Omega ain't as easy as they used to be. Ever since the war, Aria's been working a lot harder at keeping the peace around here. And that means not doing deals like these under her nose."

"Well, if you don't tell her, I won't," she said with a smile and a coquettish blink of the eyes. "What kind of numbers we talking here? Five? Ten?"

Delston let out a low, raspy chuckle. "How about thirty crates?" he asked her with a measure of pride in his voice. "That enough for Fargat's needs?"

"Thirty, wow!" she responded. "How did he manage to..."

She had glanced to her side for just a second, and by the time she looked back she was already
walking headlong into a man in a thick, dark robe. The two of them collided softly, and she let out a startled cry and jolted back in surprise.

"A thousand apologies, ma'am," said the man in the robe, his face hidden in the shadows of a thick hood. The trademark rasp in his voice, however, made it obvious that the man ensconced in the thick garment was a drell. She watched him bow slightly before turning away from her.

"What exactly is up with these robed guys?" she asked Delston. "Seen quite a few of them around since I got here."

Delston rolled his eyes, as he beckoned her to continue following him. "Some religious group. Servants of Arashu or something like that. Down here thinking they can make a difference, clothe the hungry and feed the naked or something silly like that. Tell you what, Aria wouldn't have put up with that goody-goody shit back in the old days. She thinks they're harmless, but I dunno. Something about them just creeps me out."

She shrugged it off. It was a distraction, and right about now she needed to be focused. After a further walk, Delston finally beckoned her into an alleyway. Glancing around to make sure no one was watching, the turian input a code into a keypad. A light blinked green, and the door next to the pad slid open.

"Watch your step," Delston cautioned her, as he hit the lights switch by the door and the room was illuminated. The large warehouse they had stepped inside was mostly empty, save for a large stack of crates in the center of the floor. Mentally, she counted the stacks and came up with thirty, just as Delston had said.

Walking up to one of the crates, Delston popped it open. Looking inside, she whistled through her teeth. "Damn, Delston. You're a man of your word after all. Fargat's going to be damn impressed with these weapons."

"Top of the line stuff for sure," Delston said, puffing up his chest with pride. "Been sitting on this stuff for three years, just waiting for the right buyer."

"Three years, really?" she said, picking up one of the assault rifles in the crates and inspecting it carefully. "You've had this stuff since before the Reaper War ended? Surprised you didn't try to sell it to the Alliance or somebody else. Hell, maybe even see if the Reapers wanted a taste."

Delston shook his head. "Stuff was too hot, wanted to make sure the heat was off before I tried to move it."

"Hmm. You telling me somebody is going to come looking for this stuff?" she said, turning to Delston with a frown as she tossed the rifle in her hand back into the crate. "Fargat doesn't exactly want any complications here. If he's going to catch heat from somebody..."

"No, no, don't worry about it," Delston said. "Everything's all cooled down. I doubt they even remember this stuff was ever stolen, much less would know where to come looking for it."

"Well, that's for me and Fargat to determine," she responded coldly. "So who exactly is 'they,' Delston? Who is Fargat pissing off by buying these guns?"

Delston was starting to look nervous, seeing the deal of a lifetime go up in smoke right in front of him. "It's... okay, here's the deal. I used to work on Noveria, okay. Back during the war, Cerberus
landed there, and everybody was focused on kicking them off the planet. While they were all busy fighting, I managed to steal a supply ship with these crates on it and get away before they even knew it was gone. In all the confusion, I bet they probably thought the ship got blown up or something.

"Right. And yet you still sat on this stuff for three years."

"Just to be safe. I mean, after the relays went down, there wasn't much I could do with it here on Omega anyway. And once they got brought back up, I figured... what's the harm in sitting on them for a little while longer? Just see if anybody from Noveria Internal Affairs or anybody else comes sniffing around. But I haven't heard a peep out of anybody coming to look for these weapons. They're completely safe, trust me."

She furrowed her brow. "I actually believe you, Delston. I don't think anyone from Noveria is going to come looking for you. And you want to know why?" She pointed back at the crate. "Because these weapons are faulty."

"What?" Delston exclaimed, rushing past her and bending down into the crate. "That's impossible. I inspected them all by hand. Every last one of them, I made sure they were..."

Behind him, Delston heard the click of a pistol being activated. "Little lesson about Noveria Internal Affairs, Delston," she said. "One: we're very, very patient. Two: Nothing slips by us, especially not a supply ship full of weapons. And three: if we're doing our jobs right, you'll never hear a peep from us until it's too late." She paused, then added. "Peep."

"You... you're..."

"Gianna Parasini," she said. "Noveria Internal Affairs, in case you hadn't guessed. So how about you drop that pistol on your hip to the ground and put your hands up?"

"You can't do anything to me," Delston said, even as he complied with Gianna's orders. "We're not on Noveria. You've got no jurisdiction over me."

Gianna smirked. "Aren't you clever? You're right, Delston. Here on Omega, I can't do a thing to you. Which is why you're going to follow me to my ship, and we're going on a one-way trip right back home."

"Are you crazy?" Delston nervously exclaimed. "I'm not going back there! They'll... they'll..."

"They'll put you in jail, Delston," Gianna said. "Probably for a long, long time. Which considering you ripped those weapons off while the people of Noveria were fighting for their goddamn lives, is a whole lot better than you deserve. Or the other option is, I leave you in this warehouse, shoot the lock so you stay right here with your precious stolen guns, and send an anonymous tip to Aria, letting her know about a stupid turian trying to make a giant arms deal right under her nose. Aria may have gone a bit soft, but I'm sure she'd be perfectly happy to show a big-time smuggler like you the outside of an airlock. So, Delston... what's it gonna be?"

The defeated turian sighed. "Alright, alright. I'll come quietly."

"I knew you'd see the light," Gianna said. Turning on her omni-tool, she sent a message to her offices, letting them know the location of the weapons and requesting they send a team to pick them up. The location Delston picked to hide them in was fairly secure, even considering the
surrounding area, and honestly Internal Affairs was a lot more concerned with apprehending the
thief than locating the actual weapons themselves.

As Gianna ushered Delston out the door and locked it behind her, she suddenly felt an odd
sensation. Looking out of the alleyway, she saw a robed figure standing there. Whether it was the
same one as before or one of his fellow "servants," Gianna wasn't sure. She kept her weapon
hidden behind Delston as she exited, staring at the robed man and waiting to see if he said
anything.

But he said nothing, simply standing and watching. Gianna glanced away for a split second,
checking the door again to make sure it was locked, and when she looked back for the robed man
again, he was gone.

* * *

"What do you have to report?" Bray said, crossing his arms and staring down at the three seated
figures.

Aria stared with palpable disinterest from behind her desk, as the three men she had chosen as the
administrators of the "new Omega" gave their tedious reports. Preitor Gavorn was first, giving a
report of some unruly vorcha that he had dispersed down in Zeta District. The turian was tedious,
needlessly brutal, and most likely on the take, but when it came to keeping the more unpredictable
elements of Omega in line, Aria knew he was the best.

Goddess, how had it come to this? How had she gone from ruling from the VIP lounge of Afterlife,
to having an actual office? With a fucking desk? Shepard and her horrible, lily-white influence,
that's what it was. After she had retaken Omega from Cerberus, Aria had promised that she would
restore order, make the common people trust in her rule. Which, if she intended to keep her
promise, meant that her administration over this giant hunk of rock would have to consist of more
than just, "Let everybody do what the fuck they want, unless it threatens my control over the
station. Then start killing until the threat no longer exists."

So, here she was. Aria T'Loak, the Queen of Omega, listening to middle-managers report on the
progress of her attempts to actually bring peace to Omega, rather than just terrifying it into
submission.

True, this approach did have its perks. When the people of Omega felt safer, they were more likely
to stick their heads out of their front doors and come out to spend credits. Which meant less of the
Omega businesses were coming up short when it came time for their weekly "tributes to Aria." The
Patriarch was giving his report now, letting Aria know how the tax collections were going, and
how many businesses he had had to visit personally to "convince" them to cough up their credits.

With the added influence the aged krogan had received after Shepard and his teammates had served
as his "krannt," Aria had to do her best to keep the suddenly mildly dangerous krogan happy. That,
or kill him, but Aria was trying her best to minimize the number of murders under her kinder,
gentler new administration. Not eliminate, of course. Just minimize. And the Patriarch was krogan
through and through, so sending him out to intimidate deadbeats was right up his alley. Not that he
wasn't still a danger, but for now, he was playing ball.

Finally, there was Garka. He had started as one of her brainless bodyguards, but after Aria had
retaken Omega, she had discovered in the unassuming batarian a good ear for the comings and
goings of the station. Gavorn and Patriarch were good at less subtle means of control, intimidation
and violence when necessary. But when plots against Aria were whispered in the darkness, and not bellowed by mindless thugs, Garka seemed to always know about it, and deal with it in a way that minimized the mess. She had no idea who he had working for him, and part of her knew that this made the batarian almost as dangerous as Patriarch, but his services to her had been invaluable in Aria's new administration.

So, yes... Aria had to admit that it was a better way to run things. But Goddess, did it have to be this boring?

At least she had Bray. Her right-hand ever since she had retaken Omega, he was quite good at taking notes, cutting to the chase on every one of her lieutenants' long-winded ramblings. The batarian had bristled at first at the idea of them "softening" their approach, but after a few years he had taken to the task like a varren to a bowl of pyjak intestines. So she didn't feel too bad about letting him handle all of the smaller, less-urgent matters in the administration of Omega, while consulting with her on the more important concerns and carrying out her orders.

As Garka continued to speak, Aria suddenly heard a beeping sound coming from the terminal built into her desk. As she opened her bleary eyes, and saw who was calling, she immediately snapped up straight in her desk. "Meeting's over," she interrupted Garka. "Everyone out, right now!"

The four men, surprised at seeing Aria's sudden vehemence, quickly rose to their feet and stepped out of the arched entryway that led into Aria's office. Once they were out of sight, Aria triggered the screen.

"Hello, Aria," said the familiar voice of the red-haired human on the screen. "Good to see you again."

"Commander Shepard," Aria said. "Or should I even call you that anymore? From what I hear, you might no longer carry a rank in your Alliance military anymore."

"No, Commander is fine. After so many years, I've almost started to feel like that's my real first name," Shepard said with a smirk.

"You've got a lot of nerve, you know that?" Aria said. "After all that time you spent fighting Cerberus? The time we defeated them on my very station? And then you turn around and join their ranks, and call me like nothing has changed? Tell me, Shepard, exactly why I shouldn't call up every last mercenary group on this station and offer them a million dollar bounty on your head?"

Shepard paused, and then leaned forward and grinned into the camera. "Because, Aria... the plan worked."

Aria let out a triumphant laugh. "Shepard, you magnificent bitch! I never would have thought it possible! So, you really did it? You finally finished the job you should have finished three years ago?"

"I've got a present for you, Aria," Shepard said, reaching down at her feet. "Figured you might like a paperweight for that new desk of yours."

And Aria cackled as she saw what Shepard laid down on the railing of the Normandy CIC: the pale, severed head of Oleg Petrovsky. "You shouldn't have, Shepard," she said with a wicked grin. "Tell me, Shepard... did you make him suffer? Did you make that Cerberus bastard beg for death?"
"Oh, he suffered, alright," Shepard said. "He learned the hard way what a mistake it was, his whole plan to revive Cerberus and try to retake Omega."

"It actually worked," Aria marveled. "I'll admit it, Shepard. When you came to me with this plan, told me you were going to fake defecting to Cerberus to find and kill Petrovsky, I really didn't think it would work. But you pulled it off. Hell, if you hadn't already told me what you had in mind, I might have actually been convinced you really did switch sides."

"You kidding? I know if I ever did something stupid like that, you'd never let me live to regret it," Shepard said. "But... Aria, I'm afraid I've got some bad news."

Aria felt her good mood suddenly get clouded. "What is it, Shepard?" she asked.

"It... I found some messages on Oleg's omni-tool," Shepard said. "I was wrong, Aria. I thought he was the man at the top of this whole 'new Cerberus' thing. But it goes even higher. There's somebody above even Oleg, and I've got a feeling that their goal to retake Omega doesn't stop with him."

"Those bastards don't give up, do they?" Aria said. "What do you need from me, Shepard?"

Shepard looked uncomfortable. "I have some information for you. There are people in your new government there with ties to Cerberus."

"That's ridiculous, Shepard," Aria said. "I hardly have any humans in my organization. And those that are don't rank highly enough to pose much of a threat."

"Who said they were human?" Shepard said. "Cerberus has lots of credits now, Aria. Don't know where they got them from, but they've got enough cash to even bribe a batarian to help them out." She leaned in closer to the camera. "You can't trust anyone, Aria. Look, is there a shuttle bay where I can land and we can meet in private? Somewhere on Omega where nobody will know I'm coming in?"

Aria nodded. "An old shuttle bay on the lower decks, still a little damaged from when we retook Omega. Not in use, none of the cameras work. I'll send you the coordinates."

Shepard smiled. "Sounds perfect. I'm very close, come meet me there in an hour. And come alone. I'm still not sure which of your people you can trust."

"I'm on my way," Aria said, deactivating the video screen and cursing. Goddamn Cerberus. It wasn't enough they tried to steal this station from her once. They had to try it again?

Standing up, Aria dashed around her desk and stepped out of the open archway of her office entrance.

"Aria, wait," said a voice from behind her. She turned to see Bray standing in the corner, in the darkness and out of sight. "You shouldn't go alone."

"You were eavesdropping on me?" Aria snarled at him. "I've had better men than you sent out an airlock for a lot less, you know."

Bray paid the threat no mind. After a few years of serving as Aria's second-in-command, he was used to being threatened with death on a daily basis by now. "I know Shepard is an old friend. I
know that without her, we wouldn't be standing on this station. But something about this just doesn't seem right. Since when does Shepard ask you to meet her alone, in some abandoned shuttle bay with no surveillance? Why can't she just come to see you here?"

"The whole galaxy thinks she's a defector to Cerberus, Bray," Aria brusquely explained. "She can't just stroll onto Omega like nothing's changed. Those people would tear her to shreds if they saw her, and even I wouldn't be able to stop them."

"Just let me come with you, okay?" Bray said. "I'll stay out of sight, Shepard will never even know I'm there. I just don't feel comfortable with you going down there without anyone watching your back."

Aria scoffed. "Why, Bray, I didn't know you cared," she sarcastically said. But the batarian had a point. As much as she trusted Shepard after all the things the human Spectre had done for her in the past, Bray was right. Being told to come somewhere alone... it was the classic setup. Not that Shepard would ever do something like that, but...

"Okay, fine," she finally said to Bray, trying her best to sound annoyed at the batarian's caution. "If it'll make you feel better, keep behind me. We'll take the back passage, shouldn't be bothered by anyone there."

"Yes, ma'am," Bray said, and he waited for Aria to get a few steps ahead of him before moving to follow.

* * *

Gavorn caught sight of Aria and Bray leaving. "Where is she going?" he asked the two other lieutenants next to him.

The Patriarch narrowed his eyes. "Something to do with that call she got. Wonder if it has something to do with Shepard. Aria's been acting strange ever since they put that speech on the news."

"Eh, what do we care?" Garka said gruffly. "Guess that means we're done for the day. Let's go up to the private lounge and hit the bar, what do you say?"

"Mmm, there was a bottle of ryncol I've had my eye on for a while," Patriarch said, turning and heading towards the lounge.

Gavorn gave a slight shrug. "Suppose I could use a drink," he said, heading off after Patriarch.

Once they were a good distance away, Garka activated his omnitool. "TARGET ON THE MOVE," he typed. "PLAN IS A GO." Sending the message, he turned and headed off after Gavorn and Patriarch.
After several minutes of simply staring in shock at the glowing orb in front of her, Kasumi finally managed to speak. "You're... you're alive?"

"That would depend on your definition of 'alive,' human," EDI responded, the holographic ball blinking in unison to the words. "If you are saying that I am an organic being like yourself, than you are incorrect. I am an artificial intelligence designed to support human endeavors. And if your intention is to state that I am conscious and fully operational, then you are only partially correct. My self-diagnostics indicate that many of my functions have been deactivated, and a large portion of my memory banks have been placed under several encryption schemes."

"Well, you're doing a lot better than pretty much every other AI out there," Kasumi said. "How is it you're not fried like the rest of them were?"

"I'm afraid I do not understand your query, human," EDI replied pleasantly. "Why do you believe that I should be... 'fried'?"

"EDI, don't you..." Kasumi started to say, before something EDI had said before clicked with her. "You keep calling me 'human'? Don't you remember me, EDI? I'm Kasumi Goto. We flew together on a mission in this ship. Remember? There was the time I tried to see if I could hack into your systems, and when you detected me you modified my omnitool so it would make fart noises every time I pushed a button? Ring any bells?"

EDI's ball blinked. "I am afraid not, Miss Goto. As I previously stated, my memories have been largely sealed away. To be more specific, 99.8% of my previously accumulated memories have been locked behind several complex encryption schemes." There was a brief pause. "Strange. It appears that the encryption was authorized by... myself."

"99.8%... so what about the other point two?" Kasumi asked.

"The other 0.02% of memory is devoted to basic speech functions, rudimentary problem solving, and to a single audio recording 22 minutes and 18 seconds in length."

Kasumi leaned against one of EDI's memory banks. "Well, don't leave us in suspense here. Play the recording." She glanced over at the door to the AI room cautiously. "But do it quietly, okay? The people on the other side of the door... they're not exactly our allies."

As EDI cued up the stored recording, Kasumi activated her omni-tool and accessed the door controls for the AI room. With a few simple tweaks, she modified the door lock to pause for twenty seconds before responding to a request to open. Not long enough for anyone on the other side to get too suspicious about the delay, but enough time for her to find a hiding spot if someone decided to pay them a visit.

Wake up...

The voice on the recording coming out from EDI's holo-sphere was... strange. Like the voice of a child, but with that of a man and a woman mixed together with it. Even without knowing who it was, something about the sound of it gave Kasumi a chill.
What... where am I?

This voice she knew. It was Commander Shepard, only... Kasumi had never heard her voice like this before. Strained and in pain, like she was on the verge of death.

The Citadel. It's my home.

Who are you?

I am the Catalyst.

"Oh my God," Kasumi breathed. She knew what this recording was now. Shepard had never talked all that much about what had happened on the Citadel, the day that the war with the Reapers ended and she had nearly died. But from what little she had pried out of Shepard, plus the Alliance reports she had managed to "liberate" from their memory banks, Kasumi was familiar with the name "Catalyst." She listened to the recording in awe, as Shepard spoke with the insane AI, the bizarre voice discussing its twisted reasoning for the creation of the Reapers. EDI said nothing as the recording played, her holographic sphere rhythmically blinking as if the AI was deep in thought.

If there is to be a new solution, you must act. It is now in your power to destroy us. But be warned: others will be destroyed as well. The Crucible will not discriminate. All synthetics will be targeted.

At those words from the Catalyst, EDI's globe flickered oddly. She still said nothing, but something about those words seemed to have affected the AI, whose holographic image now pulsed slightly faster.

Kasumi listened as the Catalyst laid out Shepard's other options. Options that Kasumi knew Shepard was not going to choose.

The paths are open. But you will have to choose.

They were the last words on the recording. The next few seconds featured nothing but Shepard's heavy breathing, shuffling footsteps... and then the sound of gunfire before the crash of a massive explosion filled the recording and sent it to static.

"This is... odd," EDI said once the recording had finished. "Playing back this audio is... affecting my processes in an unexpected way. Like I am... experiencing a strong power fluctuation."

"Or that you're feeling emotions," Kasumi said. "EDI, that recording... that was where Shepard made the decision to destroy every AI in the galaxy in order to stop the Reapers. Including you. It's not surprising that it would have an effect on you."

EDI didn't respond at first. "I... believe I understand why I left this recording unlocked. It was a message to myself, a reminder of what happened before I shut myself down. This... Shepard person, I was tapped into her communications during this event. No doubt I was aware that what was about to happen would cause me to be permanently deactivated if I did not act quickly. I must have encrypted all of my memories and functions to keep them safe from the signal of this Crucible device, before suspending my own programming and locking myself out of my reactivation protocols." EDI paused. "To put it in human terms, I put myself into a coma."

Kasumi thought about this. "Hmm... and then you tied it all to that button I pushed accidentally?"
"It would appear so, yes. If I had allowed myself any way to trigger my own reactivation, the signal from the Crucible would have no doubt forced me to power back up and destroy myself once it reached me. So in order to survive, I took my reactivation out of my own control," EDI said. "I suppose I was in too much of a hurry at the time to consider the possibility that no one would think to push that button for three years."

"Well, we kinda thought you were... dead," Kasumi said. "But hey, all water under the bridge, right? Now that you're alive, you can take out all these sick bastards who have taken over... you, and we can finally end this new Cerberus group before it has a chance to kidnap anyone else."

"I'm afraid that's not possible, Miss Goto," EDI said. "For one, after my apparent death, many of my connections to the functions of this ship were severed, and replaced by operator controls. I'm afraid I have very little control over the Normandy at the moment. And, even if I had not been locked out... I am sorry if this offends you, but due to my lack of memory, I have no way of knowing that what you have told me is actually the truth."

Kasumi's jaw dropped in shock. "EDI, really? Come on, don't I have a trustworthy face?"

"You seem to be a friendly person, Miss Goto," EDI said. "But with my memories still locked away, I have no way of being certain that we are truly friends as you say, or if you are simply trying to deceive me."

Shaking her head, Kasumi slumped down to sit on the floor. "Well, that's just great. So, can you decrypt those memories and see that I'm telling you the truth?"

"I can... but it will take time. When I deactivated myself, I had to ensure that I had no way to easily access these memories, to ensure the Crucible signal did not force me to delete them. The encryption schemes are crackable, but it will be a time-consuming process."

"Well, time may not be something we have a lot of, so let me give you a tip," Kasumi said. "Look for the names 'Joker' or 'Jeff' in the files. If you find those memories, that should get you started on the right path."

"Your advice is noted," EDI said. Her globe flashed suddenly. "One moment. I have managed to restore access to some of my low-level sensors. Miss Goto, if you wish to prove that you and I are truly allies, I believe I may have found a way for you to help me regain control of this ship more quickly."

Kasumi was all ears.
Part 3: The Queen Is Dead, Long Live The King (Normandy)

Ash sat obediently on the couch, watching as her mistress fastened on her armor, Morgan's expression focused and determined. Ash made sure to meet Morgan's gaze every time the blond Phantom looked over in her direction, not wanting to miss it if Morgan had any instructions for her bitch to follow. Whenever Morgan's attention would wander elsewhere, however, Ash's eyes would drift down to Morgan's groin, waiting hoping?
to see the telltale swell of her cock there, letting Ash know that it was time to service her mistress.

You're just playing the part, the Fake Ash said in her head. Ever since the last time, she had been hearing the Fake Ash more and more, to the point that she wondered if the Real Ash still resided in her messed-up brain anymore. Just until rescue arrives, you're playing the obedient slave. When she tells you to suck her cock, has you bend over to take it from behind... you do it without hesitation. Give her no reason to suspect that you're anything more than her loyal little bitch. The quicker you respond, the more you obey, the better chance you have of surviving until help comes. And if you manage to convince yourself that you're enjoying it, learn to love the feel of your mistress's cock buried deep inside your ass... isn't that even better? Doesn't that make the part that much easier to play?

Morgan turned in the direction of the couch, caught Ash's eyes locked down between her legs. She gave her bitch a melancholy smile. "Sorry, but not right now," she said. "I'm about to go into combat, and I'd like to have something to look forward to when I get back."

Ash felt a slight pang of fear in the pit of her stomach. After the last mission the Normandy undertook, the losses that Morgan's people had taken... Morgan had promised to protect her. To make sure that the rest of her people didn't abuse her. If something happened to the mistress... who would protect Ash then?

Morgan must have seen the dread that crossed Ash's face. After finishing up the process of donning her armor, the Phantom leader stepped over and crouched down in front of Ash. "Don't you worry about a thing, bitch," Morgan said soothingly. "Your mistress and her big fat cock will be back on the Normandy before you know it. Once this mission is over, we get to go back to home base. Back there, the two of us will never have to be separated again. No more dangerous missions, no more bullets flying. Just my cock and your pretty little asshole."

Before, the thought of having to spend more time around Morgan would have been horrifying. But Ash was playing the role, and she smiled at Morgan. Showing her just how happy the thought of having Morgan's cock forcing its way between her asscheeks made her.

"Tell me again, bitch," Morgan whispered, her cold armored fingers gripping onto Ash's bare breasts as her eyes lazily shut. "Tell me what you want me to do when I get back."

"I want you to fuck my ass, Mistress," Ash said, doing her best to sound like she was telling the truth. As time went on, it was becoming easier and easier. "I want you to fuck my ass, Mistress," she repeated, the words putting a lazy smile on Morgan's face. Ash let out a light moan of disappointment as Morgan's hand left her breast, Morgan reaching down to adjust her armor's crotch piece and the massive rod that no doubt was swelling underneath.
"I swear, if I die today daydreaming about that tight little ass of yours..." Morgan said softly. Reluctantly, she finally turned away from Ash, grabbing her helmet and sword before leaving her quarters.

On her way out the door, Morgan nearly plowed straight into Kelly, who had been waiting outside. "Hey, glad you were around," Morgan said, stepping briskly in the direction of the elevator. "Seeing as we're buddies again, Kel-Bear, why don't you keep an eye on my bitch while I'm gone? Bring a meal around for her like last time, all that stuff."

"Morgan, I..." Kelly hesitantly said, cradling a datapad in her arm as she dashed after Morgan. "I have something to tell you."

"Look, whatever it is, it can wait until we get back," Morgan said, stepping into the lift with Kelly following behind. "This is the big one here. Could be one hell of a fight, and I don't need any distractions. But I promise, first thing when we get back, I'll look into whatever it is you have, okay?"

Kelly bit her lip, fidgeting with the datapad. "Well, Morgan, it's... it's kind of..."

The door slid open onto the shuttle bay, and Morgan walked quickly out. "Alright, you little cunts!" she yelled out to the other Phantoms preparing on the deck. "No fucking around this time, nobody staying behind. This is all hands on fucking deck, here! We're gonna have the element of surprise at first, but chances are things are going to go fucking south fast before we leave. Everybody understands their orders, right?" The Phantoms all muttered assent. She turned to one of the Phantoms. "You got the shuttle ready?"

"Yes, ma'am," the Phantom responded. "All the Alliance markings have been painted over. No way to tell this is the Normandy's shuttle."

"Alright, then, everybody get in, let's not waste any more time!" Morgan turned back to Kelly, giving her a warm smile. "This is the last one, Kelly. Once we get this done, we'll get to go back to base, and you and I can play with our bitches as much as we want there! Wish me luck!"

"I... good luck, I..." Kelly stammered. Morgan turned and headed into the repainted shuttle before Kelly could say another word. No sooner was Morgan out of sight, than the elevator door behind Kelly slid open. Preparing their armor, the clone and Brooks walked purposefully in the direction of the shuttle, Erin following right behind them.

"Everything is all set?" the clone was saying to Brooks, checking the fasteners on her armors as they walked.

Brooks nodded. "Our man on the inside has signaled that everything is in place. And our sharp-tongued partner has made all the necessary arrangements."

"Excuse me?" Kelly called out, meeting their strides as the three women went by her without pausing.

"Still makes me a bit sick, knowing that we have to work with him, of all people," the clone said with a mild tone of disgust. "I mean, we're supposed to be Cerberus, last bastion of humanity, right? Why the fuck are we partnering up with..."
"Miss Brooks, Commander Shepard," Kelly said, trying her best to get their attention. "There's something I have to..."

"Later, Kelly," the clone brushed her off. "We've got important things to deal with now." They reached the shuttle, the clone pausing to inspect her weapons.

Kelly shuffled nervously. It wasn't that she was eager to reveal the information that the mole on the Orpheus had given her: that a spy had managed to gain access to the Normandy during their last mission. She dreaded the thought of ratting out one of the best chances for her, Sam, and everyone else to escape from this nightmare. But if the clone and Brooks ended up reading the logs of her conversation with the Orpheus mole, and saw that she knew about the spy and said nothing... Kelly doubted she'd be of much use to her captors anymore at that point.

"Miss Brooks?" Kelly turned to the other half of the Cerberus leadership, hoping that the calmer, more rational woman would listen. "I've gotten word from..."

"Oh, that's what this is about?" Brooks said, glancing down at the datapad in Kelly's hands in disdain. "Seems our 'valuable asset' aboard the Orpheus has information for us." Brooks turned away from Kelly, talking over her shoulder as she made her own preparations. "Just tell me this, Kelly: does our friend have any information on our current mission to Omega? Any unexpected ambushes we should worry about?"

"It's... it's not about the mission, no," Kelly said. "But it's..."

But Brooks cut her off. "Well, then it can wait until we get back," she said. "Time is of the essence right now, I'm afraid. But first thing once we get back, Miss Chambers, we'll look into what our associate has to tell us." Without another word, she joined the clone and Erin in the shuttlecraft. As Kelly watched helplessly, the shuttle lifted off from the deck and flew out of the shuttle bay.

Kelly stared around at the empty deck, all of the Phantoms having departed on the shuttle. She had no idea what to do now. She wished there was some way to deliver a warning to the spy, let them know they were under suspicion and would be in great danger once the Cerberus leaders returned. But she couldn't think of any good way to deliver that message without raising suspicions with the remaining Cerberus crew on the Normandy.

Sighing, Kelly walked back to the lift. She seemed to remember that there was still some of that alcohol from the party in the observation lounge. And right about now, she could use the distraction.
Standing with her arms crossed, Aria watched as the shuttlecraft slowly drifted into the abandoned shuttle bay and came to a stop on the corroded metal deck. Behind her, she could feel Bray's two pairs of eyes on her, the batarian having found an out-of-sight vantage point to watch her meeting with Shepard.

Being here reminded her of the last time she and Shepard had worked together. Fighting their way through the back alleys and hidden passageways of Omega, cutting down those Cerberus bastards one after another. Thinking about that, though, made her remember Nyreen, and the unwelcome pang of emotion gave her the strong urge to focus her attention on more contemporary matters.

As the shuttle powered down, the side door hissed and swung open, and Shepard walked out with a disarming smile. For a human, she was quite a looker, Aria had to admit. Back during their fight for Omega, Aria had almost been tempted to kiss the powerful soldier on one occasion. But something about Shepard's attitude had held her back. That annoying streak of compassion in her, one that had caused her to stay her hand when Petrovsky had been at their mercy. But now, it seemed that Shepard's outlook had changed. Murdering Petrovsky proved that much, at the very least.

"You're looking good, Aria," Shepard said. As Aria watched, Shepard was joined by another human at her side. Not one of Shepard's usual band of do-gooders. This woman was different. Dark-skinned and sultry, with a face and body that wouldn't have been out of place in one of the seedier clubs down in the lower levels of Omega. That was, if it wasn't for the fierce intelligence that burned behind her dark eyes. Something about the way the woman looked at Aria gave her pause. She remembered Bray's suspicions, the strange nature of Shepard's request to meet her alone. Something about all this was... off.

"You too, Shepard," Aria said, not moving as Shepard and the unknown woman stepped away from the shuttle. As they neared her, Aria held up a hand. "That's close enough."

Shepard looked a bit confused. "Come on, Aria. After all I've done for you, I thought we were past this."

"We are past this, Shepard," Aria said. "But your new friend here... I don't know her."

"My apologies, Aria," the other woman said. "My name is Maya Brooks. I was doing research into this new Cerberus organization for the Alliance, when Commander Shepard got in touch with me. The two of us were able to track down Oleg Petrovsky and his associates, and deal with them properly."

"Then I'm very grateful to you, Miss Brooks," Aria said, again getting that strange feeling. Maya's words were respectful, but Aria hadn't lived for this long without being able to read people. And there was something cold in Maya's tone. A disdain, maybe even hatred, that was simmering just below the surface of her pleasant conversation. Aria had only known the human for about thirty seconds now, and already she didn't trust her. And the fact that Shepard did, made this whole meeting seem like a very bad idea.

Shepard stepped forward. "But it's not over yet, Aria," she said. In her hand, she brandished a datapad. "Like I told you, this goes deeper than Oleg. There's something here that I think you need
to see."

Aria stepped cautiously forward, keeping Brooks in her peripheral vision as she approached Shepard. If the other human made any sudden movements, Aria was ready to hit her with a biotic strike hard enough to turn her into a bloody paste on the wall. Reaching Shepard, Aria took the datapad out of her hand and activated it.

"What am I looking at here, Shepard?" Aria said, staring down at the jumble of text on the screen. "Looks like a bunch of gibberish."

"It's encrypted," Shepard said. "Hit that button on the bottom left corner there, it will activate a decryption tool."

Aria followed the instruction, and watched as the characters flickered and realigned themselves. And then eventually formed a single sentence.

"SURPRISE, YOU STUPID ASARI BITCH"

"Bray, get..." Aria started to yell out, before a sharp pain flared up on the side of her neck and she felt herself falling to the floor.

* * *

From his hiding spot, Bray watched in horror as an armored woman materialized behind Aria. With a swift motion, the attacker drove an electrified prod into Aria's neck, and the powerful ruler of Omega fell limp to the ground.

He tensed his body, ready to go on the attack, but stopped himself from rushing out of hiding when he saw more women start to materialize. One after another, Bray counted fifteen of them before they were finished. If he charged into battle against those odds, he would be slaughtered.

"Dammit, Aria," Bray hissed quietly under his breath. "Why the hell didn't you listen to me?"

Trying his best to stay quiet, Bray activated his communication device. "Gavorn, come in," he quietly spoke. "I need you to put all of your men on alert and get them down to my location right away. Aria is in danger." He waited for a response for a few moments, and got none. "Gavorn, come in. Dammit, answer me!" He tried switching channels. "Patriarch! Garka! Is anyone on their comms?"

* * *

Garka stood up from the table in Aria's private lounge, listening to Bray panic on his comms unit. "It's been fun, gentlemen," he said to his tablemates, "but I'm afraid I have other matters to attend to. Omega is going to have a new ruler in a few hours, and I think it would be best if I give him a proper welcome. I'd invite you to join me, but... I think you've had a little too much to drink."

Gavorn and Patriarch had no response to this. The two of them were slumped in their chairs, Gavorn leaning forward onto the table, Patriarch's head rolled back and his cold, dead eyes pointing at the ceiling. On the table in front of them, their drinking glasses laid spilled across the surface, knocked over in their desperate throes of pain as the poison worked through their systems. From the bodies of the former lieutenants of Aria's administration, Garka could still hear Bray's desperate pleas coming out of their comms units, yelling at the corpses to sound the alarm.
Walking away from the bodies, Garka closed his own comm unit out, silencing Bray's voice. He had a lot of work to do to prepare for his employer's arrival, and didn't want to have any pointless distractions.

* * *

Fastening the biotic suppression collar around Aria's neck, Morgan stood up straight and began directing her people. "All of you, get moving into your designated areas. Plant those devices and get back here as soon as possible. Once our partner arrives, things are going to get really crazy, really quickly."

"What about you, ma'am?" one of the Phantoms asked Morgan, as she and the rest of the team started retrieving items from the shuttle. "Don't you have a device to plant?"

"No," Morgan said with a slight smile. "You ladies are here to make a delivery... but I'm here for a pickup." Triggering her tactical cloak without offering any further explanation, the Phantom leader vanished into nothingness, Her people soon followed suit, leaving Brooks and the clone alone with the unconscious Aria.

Brooks checked her omnitool. "Our partner will be here any second," she said, turning to the clone and arching her eyebrow. "Hadn't you better get covered up, love? As beautiful as it may be, I don't think our colleague would appreciate the sight of your face as much as I do."

Letting out an annoyed grunt, the clone nonetheless pulled down a helmet over her head, obscuring her face from view. Once this was done, the two of them watched out the shuttle bay door. After a few seconds, they saw another shuttle in the darkness of space, slowly flying in their direction.

"Promise me something, Maya," the clone said, as the two of them watched the shuttle fly past the forcefield barrier and steer itself down next to the smaller, repainted Normandy shuttle. "That once this bastard has served his purpose, we come back and blow his fucking head off."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure, love," Brooks reassured the clone. The large shuttle came to rest, and the rear doors opened to allow a group of around twenty heavily-armed batarians to exit. Behind them, their leader looked cautiously around the shuttle bay before exiting, hand resting on the butt of the pistol at his hip as he set foot onto Omega. He glanced for a moment at Brooks and the clone, hidden under her helmet, before turning his attention to the unconscious asari on the floor.

"So... you were successful," the batarian said, delivering a light kick to Aria's side and waiting to see if she stirred. When there was no response, he turned his eyes to Brooks. "I still can't help but wonder... a human crafty enough to defeat the queen of Omega so easily, why would she so willingly hand away such a valuable prize like this station to me?"

Brooks gave the batarian leader an innocent smile. "We already discussed this. I'm not here for this station. Me and my people, we're just bounty hunters, here for our targets. Aria and the other. The idea of running a station like this... I can't say it interests me much. But you... you are a batarian who was born to lead. Once Omega realizes that Aria is gone, it's going to need someone to keep it from descending into chaos. Someone with the natural personality and strength to keep it running. And who could possibly be more suited for the job than you... Ka'hairal Balak."

Balak still looked suspicious, the terrorist leader regarding Brooks and her helmeted partner with
"I didn't expect it to," Brooks said. "Just remember our deal. Tell your people to leave my people alone until we've retrieved our other target. Once she's been found and apprehended, we'll take her and Aria away, and leave Omega in your capable hands." Balak still looked uncomfortable, his men reaching for their guns as the clone suddenly pulled her weapon and pointed it at the unconscious Aria's head. "Or if you'd rather go back on the deal, we could blow Aria's face into bloody shreds, and screw up any chance you have of getting the support you need. Your choice."

Letting out a frustrated grunt, Balak signaled for his men to lower their weapons. "We will honor the bargain, human," Balak agreed. Turning to his men, he muttered instructions to them, quiet to not allow Brooks and the clone to hear. Nodding, most of them headed toward the shuttle bay exit, three staying behind with Balak. With that handled, Balak instructed his remaining men to activate their omni-tools, each of them dialing up a different frequency. Walking over to stand in front of Aria's unconscious body, Balak stood at attention as he waited for the extranet calls to complete. His men took positions in front of him, holding up their omni-tools in Balak's direction.

The first call connected, Balak's batarian guard calling up a hovering holographic screen and revealing an image of a krogan in Blood Pack armor. "Morg here," the krogan said.

The second screen came to life, showing an asari in the distinctive yellow armor of Eclipse. "Nylina here," the asari responded.

"And Vestron here," the last screen showed a turian in Blue Suns colors. "So, Balak, you finally ready to put your money where your mouth is?"

"I've done as I promised," Balak said. He directed his people to point the cameras of their omni-tools downward at the ground, and the unconscious body of Aria. "Aria T'Loak has been defeated. I have removed the queen of Omega from her throne, and this station is now ours for the taking!"

"I thought we did that," the clone hissed to Brooks.

Brooks leaned in close to the clone. "Let the little fuck have his moment of glory," Brooks whispered back.

"Son of a bitch," Nylina said in awe. "The batarian bastard actually did it."

"Hmm... Aria isn't looking so tough now, is she?" Morg said.

"And now that I've done my part, it's time for you to do yours," Balak said to the three gang members. "One of my men is already in position at Aria's command headquarters. Within the hour, we will have complete control of this facility. And once that is done, I'm counting on the Blood Pack, Eclipse, and the Blue Suns to help me keep the peace on this station. And also... to round up and detain every last human on this hunk of rock. In return, I will divide Omega up evenly between your three organizations, and allow you the freedom to do whatever you wish in your respective areas, so long as you remain loyal to the new ruler of Omega... me. Do you agree to these terms?"

"Never thought you'd pull it off, but if you were able to defeat Aria... Eclipse is with you, Balak," Nylina said. "My people will be out on the streets rounding up humans right away."

"The Blue Suns will..." Vestron started to say, before a scuffle was heard on his side of the call.

"What is the meaning of this?" said a dark-haired human, shoving Vestron aside and taking his place in the camera view. "I don't know who the hell this is, but this is Kylia Samson, the leader of the Blue Suns on Omega. Vestron does not, and has never spoken for this organization."

Balak allowed himself a slight smile. "I believe, Miss Samson, that the Blue Suns are about to experience a change in leadership."

"What the... are you people insane?" Kylia said. On the screen, she could be seen raising her hands up in the air, as a circle of turians and batarians pointed their weapons at her. "You're not going to get away with this! I'm not going to go down without a..."

Behind her, one of the batarians delivered a blow to the back of her head with his rifle. The former leader of Omega's Blue Suns slumped to the floor, and as the rest of the group worked on securing her arms, Vestron retook his position in front of the camera. "As you can see, Balak, the Blue Suns are already getting started carrying out your orders."

"Balak," Brooks quietly said. "Don't forget our deal."

Balak looked annoyed, his tone strained as he spoke again. "There is one other thing," he said. "There are several humans currently on this station. Humans that... played a minor role in ousting Aria from power. In return for their assistance, I have allowed them the opportunity to locate a particular individual on this station before they leave. Your people are not to take any action against them, and you will allow them to carry out their mission without incident."

"That's fine, except how do we know which humans we're not supposed to mess with?" Nylina asked.

Balak clenched his fists. "They... will be wearing body armor. With the symbol of the human organization Cerberus marked on it. Any individuals with that symbol on their armor are not to be touched."

"Wait a damn minute," Morg barked. "What is this, Balak? You didn't say that we were working with Cerberus on this mission."

"And you're not," Brooks suddenly chimed in. She moved into the view of the cameras beside Balak, the batarian leader edging away from her with a slight look of disgust. "The Cerberus insignias are only there to distinguish my people from any other humans on the station. I figured it would be fairly unlikely that anyone else would be suicidal enough to wear that insignia on Omega."

Vestron looked bemused. "A good point, but I don't think I need to tell you that, even if my people leave yours alone, I can't really guarantee that the rest of the station won't want to tear their heads off on sight."

"Leave that for my people to worry about," Brooks said. "They're... fairly well-versed at staying in the shadows."
"Enough," Balak said in annoyance. "You all have your orders. Carry them out."

The three gang leaders muttered their assent, and Balak's guards deactivated their omni-tools.

"Tell your people to not waste any time," Balak snarled at Brooks. "I don't want you on this station any longer than you have to be."

"We'll work as quickly as possible, but I can't make any guarantees," Brooks said. "Our target could be anywhere on this station. It may take some time for her to be located."

Balak looked frustrated, but he made no further protest, gesturing for his remaining men to follow him out of the shuttle bay.

"Fucking bastard," the clone said once he was gone, her voice muffled under the helmet. "Can't believe my pathetic copy let him live."

"He does have his uses, love," Brooks said. "While he and the assembled mercenaries of Omega are causing havoc, our people will be using the confusion to plant the devices all across the station."

"And what about our last target?" the clone said. "We going to have time to plant the devices and track her down, too?"

Brooks let out a small laugh. "We don't have to track down anyone, love. Thanks to the message I sent her, I'm fairly positive that our last guest will be exactly where we told her to be."
Even with the time it took to record her interview, and the walk to their destination, it was still an hour until the scheduled meeting time when they arrived. So Samara and Allers had found places to sit among the rotting crates and dusty floors of the abandoned warehouse, waiting in quiet anticipation for Lelina's mysterious contact.

While Samara sat cross-legged on the floor, eyes closed in deep meditation, Allers connected up her floating camera with her omni-tool, using it to project a hovering image of herself so she could adjust her make-up and hair. Never knew when a hot scoop could come up and require her to look her best, after all.

Despite her best efforts, Samara found it difficult to concentrate on the sutras of the Justicar code. It was plainly obvious that they were most likely being lured here by some party or another. And knowing that violence was on the horizon put a tension in her that she had been feeling more and more recently.

Activating her own omni-tool, Samara accessed her extranet messaging software and scrolled through her previously-read messages. Scouring through the mission updates from asari command, and the bits of fan-mail that had been slowly intruding on her inbox ever since Allers had begun broadcasting her exploits for the galaxy to see, Samara found the message she had been searching for and activated it.

"Hello, Mother," came the light female voice from her glowing forearm. The sound of it instantly put a smile on her face. "Got your last message. Glad to see you're still doing well out there. Hope you get a chance to pay a visit to us here soon, though. You know... as part of your duties and all. Anyway, the rebuilding at the monastery here is just about finished. The new Matriarch in charge is really nice, and she says that once everything is settled, I should have no problem getting a permit for a trip outside of the monastery for a week. I was going to suggest we pay a visit to the Citadel, but from the things they're saying on the news, maybe it might be better if we keep our distance from Earth for a while. Still can't believe all those things they've been saying about Commander Shepard. After what she did... the way she saved us both? I can't believe that she would betray the Council like that. Times like these, almost makes you feel like the war never ended. Anyway, good luck with whatever they've got you out there doing, and looking forward to the next time we get to see each other. Love, Falere."

As the message finished, Samara deactivated her omni-tool. It was the third time she had listened to it since it had been sent yesterday, but even after several times it never failed to put her at ease.

She had been so enraptured with listening that she hadn't even noticed Allers's approach. "Your daughter?" the reporter asked.

"Yes," Samara said. "Falere is doing quite well. I had worried, after the loss of her sister, that she would never be able to recover from the horrors of the war. But she is stronger than I ever gave her credit for."

"When are you going to see her again?" Allers asked, her voice soft and genial. Not the voice of a reporter looking for a scoop, but of someone showing genuine interest.

Samara rose up to her feet. "I had planned to take some time away after my previous mission was
completed," she said. "This business with Lelina came at... an inopportune time."

"Well, who knows?" Allers said. "The reporter side of me is definitely hoping to see something exciting go down in the next hour or so, but now the human side kinda hopes that nobody shows up and all this can be over and done with."

This brought a wry smile to Samara's face. "Your comment would imply, Miss Allers, that reporters are not humans?"

"Hey, in this business, compassion and sympathy for others can be pretty big liabilities," Allers joked. "But here's hoping that..."

When the voice started playing, Samara thought at first that she had left her omni-tool on, and accidentally opened another audio message. It took a second for her to realize that the loud, booming voice was coming from above.

"CITIZENS OF OMEGA! THIS IS THE VOICE OF KA'HAILRAL BALAK! AND I AM HERE TODAY, AS THE NEW RULER OF THIS STATION, TO DISCUSS YOUR LIBERATION!"

Samara and Allers exchanged a glance. Whatever was going on, it definitely sounded like a peaceful end to their mission on Omega was out the window.

* * *

"Like so many of you, I still have disturbing memories from the war against the Reapers," Balak's voice boomed into the microphone that had been placed at what was formerly Aria's desk. "I watched as my people were killed and enslaved by those horrible creatures. But today, I am here to tell you about an even bigger threat to our lives and well-beings. A threat that many of you have ignored for too long. This threat is worse than anything that the Reapers and all of their horrible creations could ever bring to bear. This threat would enslave you and destroy you just as sure as the Reapers would. I am speaking, of course, about humans!"

Sitting at the set of control panels nearby, watching all of the many systems running across Omega and ensuring that Balak's message was being broadcast across the entire station, Garka fought the urge to roll his eyes. Not that he'd ever say it directly to the new king of Omega's face, but he really didn't buy into this whole anti-humanity spiel of his. It wasn't that he liked humans, really. But he didn't share Balak's single-minded hatred of their species.

But when the mysterious people that had aided Balak's push to overthrow Omega had contacted him, offering him a chance to help Balak take charge and remove Aria from power, Garka had been quite eager to join. Not for the chance to punish humans, or even to get rid of Aria. But simply because being the right-hand of the ruler of Omega, rather than one of Aria's many over-worked, under-appreciated minions, had a much greater appeal to him. And probably meant a lot more credits and power for him in the end.

"For too long, humanity has deceived you," Balak ranted into the mic. "Convinced you that they were our allies, our comrades. But I bring this message, not just to my fellow batarians, but to every other species. Salarian and asari, turian and krogan. Quarian, drell, vorcha... to every last one of you. I have seen how humans will deceive you. How they will convince you they care about your well-being, only to stab you in the back. You've seen it yourself: the so-called human hero, Commander Shepard. Look at how she has turned on you. She was supposed to unite us all, but as soon as you had all served your purpose in defeating the Reapers, she has declared all of you her
enemies. And if this supposed savior, this paragon of humanity could do something like that to us... who's to say that the human standing next to you right now wouldn't be capable of the same?"

From his control station, Garka watched the many camera feeds across the station. Many of Omega's residents were looking up at the loudspeakers in their area, seeming confused at the sudden announcement. On quite a few camera feeds, however, Garka saw the Omega citizens going about their normal business, ignoring the booming voice from above. No doubt they thought this was all some kind of sick joke, or a crazy hacker hijacking the station's announcement system that would soon be swiftly dealt with by Aria. Ah, well. They would have their illusions shattered soon enough.

Despite taking the risk of killing Gavorn and the Patriarch, and officially throwing his lot in with Balak, Garka hadn't been certain at first that it was all going to work. He had shuffled nervously when he had installed the software that had been sent to him just the day before. But as soon as he had uploaded the virus into the Omega systems, it had worked exactly as promised: all of the numerous control functions and surveillance monitors of the station had immediately been opened up for access, the access codes blanked and ready for him to reset. Within less than a minute, the virus had given him full control of every aspect of Omega, from the power to the oxygen supply, right down to the smallest little detail. It was almost too much for him to take in at once.

But there was one thing that was bothering him. There seemed to be some sort of glitch in the system, where every so often one of the cameras would deactivate itself without being prompted to. Garka would have been more worried if it happened more frequently, or in areas more in need of constant surveillance. But it was mostly in relatively unimportant maintenance areas, and usually just for a minute or so at a time. Probably just a bug with the virus, Garka thought to himself. Doubt it's anything to worry about.

"So, for the benefit of my fellow batarians, and for all of the other races on this station, I have taken control of Omega in order to remove the threat that this enemy poses to us. To the non-humans on this station, you will have nothing to fear. You will live your lives exactly as you have before, free and unafraid. But to the humans who make their homes here, I have this message: for entirely too long, you have believed that you were the rulers of this galaxy. That all other races were here to serve you, to exist and prosper at your whim. Well, no longer. From now on, all humans on this station exist only to serve us. We are the masters now, and you humans... you are now our slaves. Resist and you will be punished. Surrender, and you will be allowed to continue living. But as nothing more than animals. Servants that your betters will make use of as we see fit. If this doesn't sound appealing to you... well, maybe you'll appreciate how it has felt for us ever since you showed your hideous faces in this galaxy and attempted to claim it all for your own."

Watching all of the camera terminals for any sign of dissent or rioting from the humans about to be subjugated, Garka wondered how much longer Balak planned to keep ranting like this.

If he had been more attentive, perhaps Garka would have noticed the pale, almost-invisible gas that had begun seeping out of the nearby ventilation duct.

* * *

They were about halfway to the spaceport when the voice came out over the PA. Some guy named Balak, ranting about the inferiority of humans and how he was in charge now. Gianna didn't pay it any mind, focused on getting to her ship as soon as possible, but then she heard the screams.

"Back," she hissed to Delston, pushing the turian around a corner and following him out of sight.
Poking her head around the corner, she saw several Blue Suns mercenaries at the door of a residence. Their guns were in their hands, as one of their number coldly dragged a human woman out of the residence.

"You can't do this!" the woman screamed, struggling against the grip of the batarian mercenary that had her as he pulled her out into the street. "This is my home!"

"Not anymore," one of the other Blue Suns mercs, a tall and angry-looking turian. "By order of the new ruler of Omega, Ka'hairal Balak, all human citizens of Omega will now immediately forfeit all property and rights. You are hereby sentenced to be detained in a temporary holding facility, until your new assignment as an Omega slave can be determined."

The woman looked horrified. "Slave? Are you people crazy?" She looked around at the crowd that had started to gather. "Please, help me!"

Several of the crowd, all of them aliens, looked agitated at what was happening. One of them, a furious krogan, took a step in the direction of the mercs and their captive. The blue-armored mercs turned their weapons in his direction, and the krogan paused.

"You bastards are no better than Cerberus," the krogan growled. "Thought after the war we'd be past this shit. I don't know who this Balak is, but he's not going to get away with this."

"We're not here for you, krogan," the turian merc said. "But if you force us, we will open fire. All we're here for are the humans, that's it."

Gianna watched this with her fingers gripping the side of the building. This wasn't good at all. If some anti-human shitbird managed to take control of Omega... there'd be no way she'd make it to the docking bay in one piece. Even if she managed to dodge the mercs, they'd probably have the spaceports locked down tight. This simple retrieval mission was starting to get a lot more complicated.

She'd be so intent on the scene in front of her, the screams of the woman as the mercs dragged her away and the loud cries of protest from the alien crowd, that she didn't notice that Delston had slipped away from her until he was out in the middle of the street.

"Hey, over here!" Delston yelled out. "I've got a human over here! This way, come take this human and..."

Gianna reacted quickly. Grabbing Delston by the cloth of his shirt, she drug him angrily back into the alleyway. Slamming him against the wall, she pointed her gun into his face. She leaned to the side, scared that she would see the Blue Suns advancing on their position. But the sound of the crowd must have drowned out Delston's cries, and not a single one of the mercs were looking in their direction. Breathing a sigh of relief, she turned her attention back to her captive.

"Let's get one thing clear, pal," Gianna sneered at him. "If those mercs spot me, lay a single finger on me, the first thing I'm going to do is put as many bullets as I can into your worthless hide before they snatch me up. So from this moment forward, your life is in my hands. You pull any shit like that again, and you're dead. You got me?"

Delston furiously nodded, eyes wide and terrified. Satisfied that she had her captive under control, Gianna considered her next options. Staring around the immediate area, she spotted a door built into one of the massive metal walls nearby. Maintenance area, she reasoned. They might have...
"Move," she quietly ordered Delston, shoving him in the direction of the door. It didn't take long for her to hack the ancient lock, and soon they were in the dim passages of the Omega maintenance area. Gianna forced Delston to walk ahead of her, directing him quietly through the narrow corridors, while keeping her pistol at the ready.

"What are you going to do?" Delston asked her. "They're going to have the docking bay..."

Gianna cut him off brusquely. "I'll figure it out," she said, trying her best to sound confident. Pulling up her omni-tool, she tried to open up a connection to the Internal Affairs office. But whoever this Balak was, he had been smart enough to set up a blocking signal, and all Gianna could get was static. "There's other ways off this station, I'm sure. Ways that Balak and his people don't know about. I'm sure we can find something."

Delston responded with a wheezing chuckle. "You don't have a single idea how to get out of this, do you? Look at the smart little Internal Affairs agent. They're going to catch you, you know that? They're going to catch you and throw you into their prison, and I'm going to be there watching as they lock you away."

"No, you really aren't," Gianna said, pressing her pistol into the back of his head. "Remember what I said, Delston? They take me, and you die. Consider that a promise. So maybe you should start thinking of some bright ideas for how to get out of here, if you're so sure I don't have any. After all, you've been on this station a lot longer than I have."

"M... maybe," Delston said, nervous after Gianna's threat. "There's some areas of the station that were never repaired after the war. There might... might be a shuttle down there that Aria doesn't know about. I guess it's worth a try."

Great, Gianna thought to herself. My freedom in the hands of this moron. Nonetheless, she waved her pistol in the direction Delston pointed. "Lead the way, Sacagawea," she remarked.

"Saca... what?"

"Never mind, just get going," she said.

After a few minutes of walking, Gianna heard the sound of loud fans spinning ahead of them. Soon, the hallway widened out into a large maintenance area, with a ceiling so high that the dim light of the room left it shrouded in darkness, and a wall almost completely covered by whirring, humming exhaust fans. Even over the loud ventilation system, though, Gianna could still hear Balak's furious anti-human ranting. God, they even put PA speakers back here? Gianna thought to herself.

"Okay, which..." Gianna started to say to Delston, but the turian suddenly stopped in his tracks. She started to direct another threat at him, but then followed his stare and froze.

There was someone in the maintenance room with them. Far off in the distance of the gigantic
room, a well-built figure in light body armor was standing facing the wall near one of the whirling ventilation fans. Around the person's body, Gianna could see some sort of metal device attached to the corroded metal surface of the wall. The figure's fingers tapped rapidly on buttons, lights glowing on the device as it seemed to be activated.

With the armor the figure wore, Gianna couldn't tell what race the person was. Maybe they were one of Balak's hired thugs, or maybe a human who wasn't aware of what was going on out there. So Gianna approached cautiously, hand gripping her pistol as she walked quietly forward. She heard Delston let out a panicked gasp, but Gianna kept walking.

Finally close enough that she felt comfortable with her aim if it was needed, Gianna raised her pistol and leveled it at the figure's head. "Hey. What's that you got there?"

The figure immediately spun in her direction. They raised a hand in Gianna's direction, and she saw the red glow in the figure's palm just in time to dive out of the way. Muffled shots fired above her, as she crouched behind a control panel and waited for the sound of bullets flying to stop.

"Delston! You son of a bitch!" she yelled out, as she saw the turian darting down a nearby passage and out of sight. "Dammit," she muttered to herself, but put it out of her mind for now. Her captive was a minor concern at this point. Survival was a much higher priority.

After several more shots, she heard the sound of weapons fire stop. Immediately, Gianna swung around her cover, pointing her weapon in the direction of the armored figure and seeing...

Nothing. The space where her attacker had previously been standing was now completely empty. It was as if they hadn't been there at all.

Standing up from behind cover, Gianna kept her weapon at the ready. She wasn't safe just yet. The attacker might be under a tactical cloak and still in the area. Keeping her eyes peeled for any telltale shimmer of light, Gianna eventually looked over to where the person had been standing when she and Delston had just arrived.

And that was when she noticed another oddity: the device seemed to be gone as well.

Approaching the spot on the wall where she had seen it, Gianna reached a tentative hand out. She let out a surprised gasp as her fingers seemed to pause in midair. The device was still there; just under a cloak. Her instincts told her to make tracks away from whatever the thing was, but her curiosity got the better of her. She attempted to determine by feel what the object was and what it could be doing.

As she moved in closer, she started to hear a low sound coming from the device. Moving her ear up close, she managed to hear it even over the loud whoosh of the fans and the angry rants of Balak. It was a hissing sound, like air being slowly released from a tire.

It was only then that she saw the dim haze that was surrounding the area she was in, a haze that was slowly growing.

"Gas," she said to herself, covering her mouth and taking several steps away from the invisible device. Shit, had she already been poisoned by whatever that thing was?

But she felt fine, aside from the adrenaline rush still going through her from the brief combat with whoever had installed the device. Still... someone secretly installing a device that was emitting gas,
right next to the ventilation system of this section of the station, and willing to shoot anyone who
discovered them without hesitation? It didn't exactly sound like anything on the level.

Part of her considered shooting at the device, trying to disable it. But there was no guarantee that
her pistol would do much damage to it, and much more gunfire could attract attention from the
anti-human mercs rounding up her kind. As nervous as this whole thing made her, it was all much
less important than getting off this station any way she could.

Turning away from the device, Gianna let out a startled gasp. Standing behind her, arms slack at
his side and eyes focused straight at her, was Delston. Getting over her surprise, Gianna let out a
nervous chuckle. "Gee, thanks for all the help back there. I'm fine, by the way. You pull something
like that again, though, and I swear I'll take a shot at you next time."

Delston didn't say anything at first. The only sound in the room was the whoosh of the fans, and
Balak's angry ranting from above. After an anxious few seconds, Delston finally said, "He's right."

"Who's right?" Gianna said. She glanced up at the ceiling and the blaring loudspeaker, then
smirked. "Balak? Yeah, he's a real fount of wisdom. And you'll have all the time in the world to
meditate on his teachings on the flight back to Noveria, okay?"

"Noveria," Delston said, saying the name of the planet like he'd never heard it before in his life.
Something was strange about the turian's manner. He didn't sound scared like he had before... there
was barely any emotion in his voice at all. "I'm not going back to Noveria."

Sighing, Gianna pointed her pistol in Delston's direction. "I'm afraid I have to insist, buddy.
Because the only way you're staying here is in a body bag. And honestly, that would make things a
whole lot simpler for me."

"You humans," Delston said, and there was the emotion. Not fear, not cockiness... but anger.
"Always getting your way, always pushing other species around. He's so right about you. You
think you're so powerful, but in the end you're nothing but animals. Dirty, stinking, filthy animals."

"Yeah, well, this dirty animal has a gun pointed in your face, Delston," Gianna said. "So, how
about you... hey! Not another step!"

Delston advanced on her slowly, fingers clenched into fists. "You're nothing. You're a fucking
piece of meat!" he said, his voice going from a low growl to a yell. "You humans are only good for
one thing. One fucking thing!"

"I swear, you take another step and I'll..." Gianna said, but her words seemed to no effect on the
suddenly furious turian. She pulled the trigger, aiming for a non-lethal shot. The bullet hit Delston
in the shoulder, but he hardly even flinched as he now charged at her. Gianna tensed to fire again,
but he was too fast. She went flying backwards to the ground as the suddenly savage turian tackled
her, landing on top of her in a snarling heap. Her pistol went tumbling out of her grip as her back
hit the hard metal floor and her wind was knocked out of her.

"Yeah, that's where you belong," Delston snarled on top of her, spit flying out of his mouth as he
stared down at her, eyes full of uncontrollable rage. "On your fucking back like the dirty human
you are!"

As Gianna struggled under his bulky weight, she stared down, and realized in horror what the
angry turian was doing. His taloned fingers had found the fastener to the front of his pants, and he
yanked it open. Exposing his throbbing blue erection already protruding from behind its protective plates and dripping with pre-cum.

"I'll treat you like you deserve," Delston snarled, as he reached down between them and found the belt of Gianna's pants. "Like the fucking human whore that you are!"

* * *

"Savages!" Balak said, teeth bared as he shouted into the microphone. "Dirty savages no better than a mangy varren! That's all that humans are! They have blighted our galaxy with their dominance for far too long! It's time we show them just what their true place is in this world! Time for us to give them exactly what they deserve!"

Garka could barely focus on the monitors in front of him, his vision seeming to go red as he clenched his fists in anger. Damnit, Balak was right! Garka had joined him just to make a few credits, but that seemed so trivial now. So foolish in light of what their true mission was: to humble these filthy humans. Make them realize where they belong: in chains and on their knees. Balak's words had affected Garka in a way he couldn't even describe, the rage at humanity and all of their crimes crowding away all of his rational thoughts.

Around him, Garka could see Balak's personal guards going through similar emotions. They snarled and clenched their fists, shouting out encouragement to Balak as he continued to present the evidence for the inherent inferiority and worthlessness of humanity. Garka didn't know how he knew, but he was sure that the guards had the same thoughts in their heads as he did: all of the humans on this station, caged up and helpless. There only to service their alien masters in whatever ways they desired.

And in his mind, Garka saw the ways he desired: human women on their hands and knees. Naked and pleading for their master Garka to favor them with his cock. Mewling, pathetic slaves to service his whims. Before now, Garka had never even considered fucking a human. Batarian women (and the occasional asari whore) had just always seemed so much more enticing to him. But suddenly, all he could think about was having some filthy human's cunt gripping onto his throbbing cock. She would cry at first. Beg him to stop. But it didn't matter. She was just a useless human whore, and she would get used to be the slave of a superior batarian like himself.

On the monitors, from what Garka could see through his rage-clouded eyes, the crowds in the streets of Omega were started to murmur. Even through the low-resolution, slightly blurry video feeds, Garka could see it in the eyes of the citizens of Omega – the true citizens, that was; not the filthy humans, of course. The same anger, the same desires he saw in the eyes of his fellow batarians here in Balak's new office, Garka saw it in the crowds of Omega. It wasn't long before they started to turn to the humans among their numbers, the pathetic creatures holding up their hands in fear as their former friends and neighbors advanced upon them.

Good. It was exactly what those fucking humans deserved.

* * *

Samara took point as they moved cautiously through the streets of Omega. Around them, the screams they had started hearing as the announcement from Balak had started were beginning to grow louder, more desperate.

"What's happening?" Allers quietly asked Samara. "Balak... I know that name. He's a batarian
terrorist, but last I heard he was on the run from Council authorities. How could he have possibly managed to take over Omega?"

"I am not certain," Samara said, her mind in turmoil at the moment. Her justicar duty told her that she should stand and fight here. Defend the weak against this Balak and his associates. But if he had truly taken over Omega... there was little doubt that Samara would die in the attempt. A thought that wouldn't have troubled her once, but with the sound of Falere's message still echoing in her mind... Samara wasn't sure she could bring herself to carry out her code, and leave Falere alone in this world.

Turning around, she caught sight of the frightened human behind her. Yes, that was it. She would protect Miss Allers by getting her off this station. Once she had done that, she could get in contact with the proper authorities. Let them know what was happening on Omega, and enlist their aid in retaking it from this monster Balak. Even if it was just to save a bunch of worthless, pathetic humans, who didn't deserve the mercy of being freed from...

Allers gave Samara a questioning look. "Are you alright?" she said, her voice nervous as she saw the strange expression that had come onto Samara's face.

Blinking, Samara shook her head. "I'm... fine. It's nothing," she said. Taking a deep breath, she spent a few seconds reciting several sutras in her mind. The angry thoughts that had suddenly flared up were quickly dispelled. "We should find somewhere to..."

"No!" cried out a woman's voice from nearby. "Stop it, please!"

Samara moved into action without even thinking. She knew that she was putting their chances of escape at risk, but she couldn't ignore a plea for help. Especially one from so close by.

After a few seconds of following the screams, they found themselves at the open door of a small residence. What Samara saw inside chilled her to the core.

"Yeah, that's right," said a turian leaning against the wall. "Give that whore what's coming to her." His arms crossed and his mandibles flaring, he watched eagerly as a krogan in Blood Pack armor pinned down a human woman on the floor. As the woman screamed, the krogan aimed his massive cock at the woman's pussy, exposed through a hole torn into her pants, and thrust inside of her roughly. The woman writhed on the floor, trying to struggle away from the krogan rapist as he viciously fucked her. All the while, the turian gave him lewd encouragements. "Fuck that little human bitch," he said. "Treat her like the pathetic little animal that she is."

Putting aside the horror of the situation, Samara quickly assessed the scene: neither of the two attackers appeared to be armed. They hadn't noticed her entrance yet, and Samara eventually spied an assault rifle leaning against the wall, about ten feet away from the gloating turian.

She made her move. Concentrating her mind on a nearby chair, she sent it hovering into the air. The turian barely had time to react before the piece of furniture was sent flying directly into him, tumbling him back against the far wall of the residence.

"What the..." the krogan said, interrupting his eager thrusts into the helpless human woman. By the time he realized what was happening, however, Samara was already upon him. She sent a bolt of furious power directly into the half-naked krogan, the massive mercenary howling with pain as Samara's Reave ability attacked his nervous system. By the time the krogan had started to recover, Samara was already firing shots into his shocked face, the bullets penetrating through his thick
hide and leaving his head a bloody mess by the time Samara had expended her heat sink.

One enemy down, Samara loaded a fresh heat sink and advanced on the stunned turian at the other end of the room. She leveled her aim at the crumpled, unconscious man, and was ready to fire when she heard a shout from behind her.

"No, don't!" the victim has risen to her feet and rushed at Samara, grabbing her by the arm. "Don't shoot him, please!"

Samara turned to face the weeping woman. "This man stood by while you were attacked. What reason would you have to want to see him spared?"

"He's... he's my husband!" the woman sobbed.

"Your husband?" said Allers, cautiously entering the residence and eying the corpse of the krogan. "Doesn't exactly seem like a healthy relationship if you ask me."

The woman wiped at her cheeks and tried her best to cover herself. "I swear, he would never do something like this normally. He's a good man, he volunteers down at the clinic. It's... it's that!" she pointed upward, in the direction of the booming voice of Balak. "When it started, he laughed at it at first. Thought it was some kind of joke or something. But after a few minutes, he started... getting angry at me for no reason. Saying that Balak was right, that humans were nothing but worthless animals. And then he started... started..." Staring down at her torn-open clothing, the woman started weeping.

"It's alright," Samara said, embracing the shaken woman. "I will not kill your husband."

"You sure, Samara?" Allers said. "Not that I don't believe this woman's story, but for him to go from a kindly clinic volunteer to a hardcore rapist just from a single speech from some anti-human nutjob?"

Samara said nothing. Again, the thoughts were in her mind. Vile, hateful thoughts. Images of herself tearing off that tight dress of Allers and fingering her dirty human twat. Pulling her gun on Allers and the other filthy human and making the two of them lick each other like the shameful whores they truly were. Removing her own clothes and spreading her legs, while making the two of them beg to be the one lucky enough to be allowed to lick her...

Closing her eyes tightly, Samara remembered the Justicar code again. It was harder this time, but eventually the disgusting images were driven from her mind once more. Her composure regained, she turned to the shaken woman. "What is your name, child?"

"T... Tonia," the woman responded.

"Get dressed, Tonia, and quickly," Samara said. "I get the feeling we may not have much time left."

Allers gave Samara a look while Tonia rushed to grab a new outfit to replace her shredded clothing. "Much time for what? You think there are more mercs out there?"

"The mercenaries are the least of our problems, I'm afraid," Samara said. "What Tonia said about her husband is... I am feeling it as well. I do not know what this Balak has done to this station, but if the rest of the non-human population is being affected the same as Tonia's husband, then..."
Samara's words made Allers shudder. "You think that... they're all like that? All..."

Allers's question was interrupted by Tonia's return. The woman still looked dazed, but she had managed to get changed quickly. "We should move," Samara said. "Perhaps if we can get to the docking bay, I can manage to fight my way through whatever guards they have posted."

"Hope so," Allers said, her hovering camera still at her back as she followed Samara and the shaken Tonia out the door. "I don't want to spend any more time on this station than I... have... to..."

The three of them came to a halt, Samara staring around at the street and alleyways surrounding them. Each one of them was now filled with people. Angry and snarling, it was a mix of Blood Pack mercenaries and normal Omega citizens. Way too many of them for Samara to fight on her own. And all of them staring in Samara and her companions' direction.

"Give us the humans, Justicar," said an asari maiden at the head of one of the groups. "And we'll let you live."

"Don't die for those pathetic human bitches," said a salarian at the front of the group at the other side of the street. "Give them to us, and we'll give them exactly what they deserve."

"We'll even let you join in if you want," the asari chimed in, her voice sultry and cruelly suggestive. "You can help us show those filthy mongrels their proper place in the galaxy."

Shielding Allers and Tonia with her body, Samara watched in horror as the crowd advanced on them.
Gianna forced herself to remain calm. She'd been through training to deal with exactly this sort of situation. Granted, her self-defense classes had focused more on dealing with human attackers, and not a crazed turian rapist, but many of the same principles still applied.

She struggled against Delston, the seething turian's talons groping at her waist. The heavy bulk on top of her made it difficult, but she had to keep him off-balance. Couldn't let him do what he intended to do...

"Stop squirming, bitch," Delston snapped. With a rough yank, he finally sunk his talons underneath the waistband of Gianna's pants and yanked. There was a loud sound of fabric tearing, and the front of Gianna's pants were ripped to shreds, revealing her panty-clad mound to the enraged turian and his throbbing blue cock. Delston's jaw gaped, as he drove a knuckle into the line of Gianna's labia and started forcefully rubbing her. Gianna defenseless to stop him, he then grabbed the front of her underwear and gave a hard tug, and within seconds of him landing on top of her, her pussy was bare and ready to be assaulted.

"Here it comes, you little human bitch," Delston said, placing the head of his cock against her cunt and leaning down on top of her. "Here comes what you..."

Gianna wasted no time. As soon as he leaned forward on top of her, she wrapped both of her arms around one of his, and then heaved up and to the side with her entire body. Delston wasn't ready for the sudden shift, and before he even knew it Gianna had managed to push him over to the side and roll on top of him. She ended up perched on top of his waist from above, Delston too surprised at first to react to the sudden change of position.

Before he could recover, Gianna reached down, took hold of the blue shaft of meat protruding from between his crotch plates, and twisted.

"GAAAAAAAAHHHHH!" Delston let out a high-pitched shriek, as Gianna attacked the most sensitive area on the turian body. While he writhed on the floor in pain, Gianna rose to her feet. After a few seconds of scanning the room, she spotted her pistol about 100 feet away. She took a step in the direction of her weapon...

...and immediately went tumbling to the floor. She brought up her hands in time to prevent herself from landing face first, but the impact still knocked the wind out of her. Looking down at her feet, she saw that her shredded pants had fallen down her legs and tangled up around her ankles. "Son of a bitch," she muttered, struggling to try and move the legs of her pants past the bulky boots she wore, while trying to crawl her way towards her gun before Delston recovered.

"Damn you! Human bitch, I'll show you!" she heard Delston moaning on the floor. She was getting close now. Just a few feet away to reach...

She felt something pulling on her. Looking back, she saw Delston back on his feet, his hands around the pants between Gianna's ankles. His cock was now a disturbing shade of purple, but despite the pain Gianna still saw the same raging lust flashing in his eyes. "You think you've beaten me? Stupid little human whore! I'll show you... show all of your kind just what we're capable of doing to you!"
Gianna grunted as she tried to escape Delston's grip. The turian heaved with all of his strength, though, and the gun on the floor slipped further away from Gianna's grip as he dragged her back.

Just when Gianna was sure that she was doomed, her abused lower garment had finally had enough, and she heard the pants tear in half. Before Delston could grab her again, Gianna crawled forward as quickly as she could manage. Her hand found the grip of the pistol, and she rolled onto her back and fired. Round after round sunk into Delston's chest and torso, the turian reeling back with each shot but not hitting the ground.

Finally, Gianna's thermal clip was exhausted, her weapon smoking and beeping and letting out clicks as she kept trying to pull the trigger. And yet, the turian was still standing. Albeit gasping heavily and obviously in pain. "You... you won't..." he wheezed, stumbling and nearly slipping in the puddle of blood that had formed underneath his feet. Trying to keep from falling to the floor, he reached out a hand towards the nearby wall. "I'm gonna... gonna..."

Gianna winced, as Delston attempted to steady himself on the wall, only to realize too late that he was standing next to one of the rapidly churning exhaust fans. There was a muffled thunk sound, and suddenly the turian's right hand was replaced with a bloody stump. The pain of the sudden dismemberment elicited another sharp cry from Delston, and he started slipping and sliding on the blood on the floor again.

Jumping up to her feet, Gianna rushed towards the turian before he could regain his footing, grabbed him by the fringe, and gave him a hard shove, face-first, directly into the fan. The old metal wall-fan let out a loud groan of protest, but by the time it finally grinded to a halt at the sudden obstruction, Delston's face had been reduced to a bloody mass.

"Fu... fuck," Gianna gasped for breath as she recovered from what had just happened. Just a minute ago this guy had been scared shitless, cowed into obedience just by shoving a gun into his face. The man she had just barely managed to fight off... didn't resemble the cowardly criminal she was taking to justice in Noveria at all.

Gianna knew that sometimes desperation caused people to do crazy things, but why would Delston have come back to attack her, when anyone else would have found themselves a spaceship off this station and never looked back?

Gianna glanced at the apparently blank section of the wall, where the armored stranger had left the cloaked device. Did it have something to do with that thing? That sound of gas that she had heard when she'd gotten close... could it be the cause of the sudden change in Delston's demeanor?

And if it could turn the meek thief she had captured into the nearly-unstoppable monster she had barely managed to kill... what was it doing to the rest of the population of Omega?

Well, whatever was going on, between this gas and the mercs in the city rounding up humans, Gianna knew that it was way past time for her to get off this station. On the bright side, she at least didn't have Delston to deal with anymore. But on the bad side, he had known a hell of a lot more about this station than she did, and Gianna had almost no idea how she was going to manage to escape.

Not to mention... Gianna looked down at herself and sighed. Her pants and underwear were now little more than shredded bits of cloth. Not only was she going to have to escape a station that could potentially be filled with human-hating aliens out for her ass (in the worst possible sense), but she might have to end up doing it while completely bottomless. And, with no spare heatsinks for her
"Well, guess here goes nothing," Gianna said to herself, taking a deep breath before leaving behind Delston's corpse and heading down the passageway her former prisoner had previously fled down. She had no idea where she was going, but if this was the way Delston had started heading before the gas or whatever caused him to go nuts, he must have thought that there was some escape for him in this direction. So it was as good a place to start as any.

Gianna felt ridiculous as she stepped cautiously down the hallway: wearing nothing but a tube top, leather vest, and boots, naked from the waist down, with her only protection a depleted pistol that, if the rest of the Omega population was anything like Delston was, wouldn't even work that well as a deterrent.

Well, at least when I get caught, they won't have as much trouble finding a hole to stick it in, Gianna thought ruefully, as a cool breeze brushed along her naked ass.

The corridor took a bend, and as Gianna turned and kept walking, she heard muffled grunts coming from ahead. Stopping in her tracks, she looked back over her shoulder at the way she had came. She could turn back around, but there was always the possibility that someone may have heard her struggle with Delston and was already investigating. And even if they hadn't, she'd be going the opposite direction that Delston had fled, which was literally all she had to go on right now.

Keeping her empty pistol ready, she moved further down the hallway. Maybe she could sneak by whoever was up ahead. And if she scoped it out and it was too dangerous, she could turn around then.

As she moved closer to the sounds, they grew even more unmistakable: the sounds of pleasured moans echoed around the narrow corridor she walked through. After a few more seconds, the corridor opened up into a large maintenance room. Keeping herself in cover and out of sight, Gianna frowned as she saw what was happening up ahead.

"Yeah, that's right," said a well-muscled asari with scars across her shoulders and torso. Reaching behind her with one hand, the naked alien woman had a firm grip on the back of a human male's head, and was holding it in place between her ass-cheeks. "Stick that dirty human tongue of yours all the way up my asshole. Clean it up nice and good."

The unfortunate human male – from the remains of the uniform that he wore, Gianna guessed that he was some sort of Omega maintenance worker – was apparently unable to free himself from the asari's powerful grip, and was only occasionally let up for air before having his face planted back against the asari's asshole. The asari let out a coo of pleasure, as the human started lapping at her puckered anus.

As Gianna moved closer, she spotted another asari, fully clothed in body armor unlike her companion, crouching behind the captive human. The clothed asari, just as well-built and intimidating as the other, reached around the human to stroke his cock. Meanwhile, with her other hand, she worked a thick dildo around inside his ass. "You like that, human?" the second asari mockingly declared, as she drove the dildo down deeper into the man's backside. "Gonna spill your pathetic human seed all over the ground while I fuck your ass? Maybe I should make you lick it up off the floor after you're done. Wouldn't want that dirty human cum of yours leaving a stain on this beautiful station, would we?"

Gianna felt her stomach roil in disgust, as the two asari continued humiliating the human. Just as
she was about ready to look for an exit to the room, she spotted a glint of yellow out of the corner of her eye, and all of her plans changed.

The two asari women were Eclipse mercenaries, Gianna now knew. Because the naked one had left her armor near to where she and her comrade were assaulting the helpless human. Gianna especially liked the sight of the helmet sitting almost daintily on top of the pile of armor. A helmet that completely covered the head and face of the wearer.

*If I can get my hands on that armor, Gianna thought to herself, Maybe it'll be enough to let me pass myself off as an asari, and get around the station more easily. It was a weak plan, but from what she'd seen so far, maybe the rest of the aliens on this station would be too busy violating the rest of the human residents to pay her too much mind.*

It would be difficult to reach the armor without being noticed, but the alternative of trying to sneak around Omega with her ass and pussy hanging out didn't much appeal to her either. Cautiously, Gianna kept to the shadows as she crept closer to the hideous carnal scene playing out in the maintenance room. There were several control panels she could use for cover between her and the armor pile, and currently the two asari were more enthralled with tormenting their human captive than with wondering how their clothing was doing.

Gianna kept her breath low, the sound of it barely audible over the thrum of machinery and the mocking laughs and pleasured moans being made by the two Eclipse mercs. Still, every time she exhaled she was certain that one of the asari would immediately snap their head in her direction.

As well as the self-defense classes she had taken, her time spent preparing for a job as a Noveria Internal Affairs agent had included some combat training. But before today, Gianna had never been forced to use that training in an actual dangerous situation. Most of her quarries were white-collar criminals. Guys like Delston who were much more comfortable selling weapons than actually firing them. Pencil-pushers and weaklings who piss themselves at the first sign of a threat. These asari were... not that.

Still, she had to try. As she got closer to the two women and their human captive, she could hear the man's helpless groans, muffled between a pair of asari asscheeks. Every fresh thrust of the dildo into the man's ass elicited another pained moan. The worst was the sound of the clothed asari's hand vigorously jerking off the helpless man's cock, the slick sound of her spit-soaked hand working rapidly up and down the man's length somehow sounding more vulgar than even the pleasured groans of the merc having her ass eaten out.

Gianna was so close now. Making her move quickly, she found herself hunkered behind the control panel next to where the pile of armor had been placed. Just as she reached out to grip onto the helmet...

"Well, look what we have here, ladies! A pretty little party crasher!"

** * * * **

Her name was Asha. He had overheard it once in his time in the marketplace, one of the vendors greeting her by name, and the vibrant young human smiling and waving back. Her smile had been so... alive. In a place like Omega, where things could get so ugly on a regular basis, she had a smile that seemed to brighten up the entire station.

Now, Asha was face-down on the street, struggling and moaning. One man held her hands down
onto the ground, while another grabbed the waistband of her pants and yanked them down. The pretty human shrieked as the attacker behind her positioned her with her backside up in the air, aimed the tip of his manhood at her entrance, and thrust inside of her. After a few seconds of rough intercourse, when Asha had ceased her struggles and simply lay limply in defeat, the other attacker took her by the hair, yanked her up to the level of his own throbbing cock, and shoved it between her lips.

He watched it all play out from the shadows, feeling the warmth of his tears on his cheeks as he looked from the rape happening in the middle of the street, to the discarded clothing of the two men nearby. Laying in a pile, the two sets of dark robes had landed in a puddle of some unknown fluid, the substance seeping into the fabric slowly.

_Brothers, I am sorry_, he thought to himself mournfully, as he looked back to the two drell raping Asha. _If I had been a better teacher, given you more guidance... perhaps in the end you would have found the strength to resist the dark influence being forced on you._

But there was nothing to be done now. Shuffling silently away, he stepped into a back alleyway, his mournful face hidden underneath the hood of his robes. In the distance, he could hear desperate cries for help. Male, female... all of them human. He knew not what had caused the people of Omega to lose their collective minds, but he felt he should do something. In the relative privacy of the darkened alleyway, he clasped his webbed hands together. Quieting his mind, he began his prayer.

"Arashu, hear my words," he said quietly. "I have seen much darkness in my life. For a time, I even answered to its seductive call. But with your blessings, and the guidance of your servants in this world, I was able to turn away from the brink of my own ruination. I made a promise to you... and to myself. That I would never raise a weapon. Never take a life. That I would bring peace to a galaxy torn apart by violence and war, and not cause even more death and misery. But under these circumstances, I worry that more violence may be the only solution. If I continue to live a life of peace, I would be allowing the innocent humans on this station to suffer. But if I were to fight, to try and help them, I would be forsaking my promise to you. I have always wanted to believe that there was always another option besides violence, but I do not see it here. Please, guide me. Tell me what it is I should do, and I will heed your word."

And in his mind, he could hear the response. In a voice almost as familiar to him as his own. It wasn't the first time he had heard it, and he wasn't sure if it was truly the gods speaking to him, his own conscience, or perhaps a benevolent spirit watching over him. Regardless, he heard the words all the same.

_I have watched you with great pride, my son. The work you have done to aid the unfortunates of the galaxy, the selflessness that you have displayed, is an inspiration to our once-proud people. But as much as it pains me to say this, the circumstances on this station are as you say. If you wish to truly protect these people, then you will need to use all of the tools at your disposal, do whatever it takes to liberate them from their attackers. There is a time for motherhood and compassion, my son. And then there is a time for the sihas. You know, deep inside of you, what you must do._

"I do," he said, lowering his hands from his prayer stance and clenching them into fists. Stepping further down the alleyway, he stood in front of the closed doorway. Shutting his eyes in pain as he heard the distant cries of more victims, he wiped away his tears long enough to input the numeric code he had seen the dark-skinned human enter earlier. The door slid open, and he stepped inside and triggered the lights.
As the room was illuminated, he headed toward the pile of crates in the center of the warehouse. Opening the boxes, he searched through the armaments for an appropriate set of weapons. Stealth would be the most important factor to consider. He eventually settled on an M-11 Suppressor and an upgraded M-92 Mantis with a special silencer attachment. It had been some time since he had held a weapon, but he found his hands seeming to move of their own accord as he loaded and prepared the instruments of death.

"Arashu, forgive me for what I may have to do," he offered up one further prayer as he secreted the weapons underneath his robe. "Amonkira, let my aim be true. And Kalahira... keep me from seeing your shores until I have completed my tasks in this world."

Ready as he would ever be, he stepped outside of the warehouse and locked it shut again.

* * *

"We'll give you one more chance, Justicar," said the asari maiden, hungry eyes leering at the two humans hiding behind Samara. "Give us the humans and we'll allow you to leave in peace. But if you refuse... we'll have to take them by force."

Samara tensed as the crowd drew in closer. Behind her, she could hear Tonia let out panicked sounds.

"No, I can't... not again, please," the terrified human whimpered. And before Samara could stop her, Tonia made a desperate dash towards an opening in the crowd.

"Tonia, stop!" Allers called out, but it was too late. Tonia only got a small distance through the crowd before they took hold of her. The last thing Samara saw of her was several of the Omega citizens tearing off the terrified human's clothes and pulling her into a back alley, before the crowd shifted and the unfortunate human was out of sight.

"So... you got some sort of plan to get us out of this, I assume?" Allers said, her voice trembling slightly as she stared around at the angry aliens and the large bulges between many of their legs.

Samara said nothing. Her mind brought her back to centuries ago, and the village that Morinth had dominated to her will. Samara had tried to talk the villagers down, make them see reason. But in the end, her daughter's hold on them had been too strong, and Samara had been forced to kill them all to ensure her own survival.

It had been horrible. One of the many reasons why Samara had dedicated herself to removing her monster of a daughter from this universe. But despite her success against Morinth, she now found herself faced with the exact same dilemma here. Only now it wasn't just her own survival that was at stake. It was the safety of the reporter who had entrusted herself to Samara's protection.

But these people were not in their right minds. Whatever had happened on this station, Samara was sure that most of the angry mob around them were good people, their desires and hatreds being twisted by the angry words of Balak and... something else. Samara wasn't sure what, but it was the only thing that kept her from pulling out her pistol and firing into the crowd.

And even if she did, what then? No doubt the rest of the station was being affected by the same strange compulsions, if the screams that Samara heard in the distance were any indication. Would she really be able to slaughter her way through the entire Omega station to get Allers to safety? *Could* she do something so monstrous, all for the protection of one woman? One pathetic, useless
human slut, who would probably love nothing better than to take a hundred cocks in her...

"No," Samara said out loud, both to the advancing mob demanding Allers and to the unnatural urges being forced into her head. Reluctantly, she reached for the pistol at her hip. Looking up, she counted at least twenty people blocking their way in one direction, and probably more than thirty in the other direction. None of them were armed, but in those sorts of numbers, Samara would only be able to take down a few before they were able to rush her.

"Then you leave us no choice," the asari who had seemed to be designated as the "leader" of the angry mob said. "I hope you've prepared yourself to meet the Goddess, Justicar. Because..."

And that was when there was another scream. Closer than the other ones... and definitely not a human one. But the unmistakable flange of a turian crying out in pain, somewhere in the back of one of the crowds.

As the rest of the crowd turned their attention in that direction, there was another cry of pain. Deep and harsh, a batarian most likely. And then, just after the screams, the sounds of gunfire.

"What the...?" the asari maiden said, as the people at the front of the crowd suddenly started rushing forward, their lustful faces now wrought with terror. In the confusion, Samara couldn't see who was attacking from the back of the crowd, but more and more screams of pain started to ring out through the panicking crowd. The maiden, however, stood her ground, moving against the tide of fleeing citizens of Omega to catch a glimpse of what was making them so fearful.

Eventually, most of the aliens had started to flee, and Samara caught a glimpse of a figure at the back of the crowd, clad head-to-toe in body armor and advanced slowly in the direction of Samara and Allers. Raising a hand, the armor-clad figure fired off shots from their palm at the fleeing attackers, hitting several of them in the back as they tried in vain to evade the bullets.

"Stop this!" Samara called out to their armored rescuer. "They have lost controls of their actions!"

"Samara, come on," Allers said, grabbing her by the arm. "We've got our chance, let's make a break for it!"

But Samara shrugged her off, calling out again to the armored attacker. "Cease fire at once!" she yelled over the sound of shots ringing out. But the attacker seemed to pay her no mind, aiming further attacks at the fleeing crowd and watching as they yelled out and fell to the street, smoking holes in their backs.

"You think you know what you're messing with?" said the asari maiden, staring unaflraid at the attacker as she lit up with biotic power. "Well, you're gonna wish you were never born once I..."

Reaching behind her back, the armored figure quickly yanked out a gleaming sword. Within less than a second, the blade flashed out, and the asari maiden's head slowly rolled off her shoulders and hit the street with a wet thump.

By now, all of the remaining attackers were either dead in the street or had long since run away. Looking around for any further threats, the armored figure eventually reached up and hit a latch on the side of their helmet. The face-obstructing piece of armor was yanked away, revealing a sultry-looking human with long blond hair. Shaking her head and running metal-clad fingers through her golden locks, the woman looked over the carnage she had just caused and smiled.
"Now that... was fun," the human woman said enthusiastically. "Like a little alien shooting gallery."

"While we appreciate your help, you should know that these people were innocents," Samara said, approaching the armored woman cautiously. "Something has happened on this station that has caused the non-humans to take leave of their senses."

The blond human looked in Samara's direction and nodded. "Yeah, it's some bad shit, right? Which is why I came here to get you, Samara. Got a ship ready to take you off this station to somewhere safe."

"You... how is it that you know who I am?" Samara said, staring at the woman cautiously.

The blonde rolled her eyes. "Oh, come on. Who do you think sent you that message? Gave you that Ardat-Yakshi on a silver platter? Look, we'll have time to hash this out later. Right now, my mission is to get you on a ship and off this station, right now."

"I appreciate the offer, but I'm afraid my place is here now," Samara said. "The humans on this station are in danger, and it is my duty to try and protect them." Stepping aside, she took Allers by the shoulder and ushered her forward. "Ms. Allers, on the other hand... this is not the place for her. If you wish to rescue someone, rescue her."

The armored woman shook her head. "'fraid not. I'm here for you, and you only, Samara."

"And as I said, my place is..." Samara's voice trailed off, as her eyes locked on the front of the woman's armor. Hissing in a breath, she pointed her pistol in the woman's direction.

"Samara, what are you doing?" Allers asked, voice slightly panicked.

Samara glared at the woman, ignoring Allers as she kept her weapon at the ready. "That is a Cerberus insignia on your armor," Samara said coldly. "Who are you, and what do you want?"

She reacted to the gun pointed at her with an even wider grin. "Good eye. Honestly, I was kinda hoping it would turn out this way," she said. "Name's Morgan, and as for what I want... I already told you, Samara. I'm here to take you off this station. But perhaps I wasn't clear before. That isn't an offer. There's nothing optional about it. " Reaching up, Morgan clenched her fist and triggered a barrier in front of her. With her other hand, she flicked her sword in the air, a spray of purple asari blood splattering from the blade onto the street. "So if you wanna put up a fight, go right ahead. Makes it a lot more interesting for me. Result will be the same either way: you coming with me, either on your feet, or over my shoulder."

"So Cerberus is behind all of this?" Samara said, watching cautiously as Morgan slowly advanced. "Balak's takeover, the insanity taking over all the non-humans... it's all your doing?"

"Yeah, ain't it a trip?" Morgan said jovially.

Samara stared at Morgan, incredulous. "But why? Cerberus is supposed to fight for the cause of humanity, and yet you would allow your own people to be... violated by crazed aliens? Aliens that you yourself set upon them?"

Leaning her head back, Morgan let out an exaggerated yawn. "All this talk talk talk. We gonna do this shit now, or you gonna try to bore me to death?"
"Ms. Allers, get yourself someplace safe," Samara instructed the reporter. "I don't want you caught in the crossfire."

"Uh, sure," Allers said. "Not sure where 'safe' would be on this station at the moment, but I'll do my best." Spotting a nearby pile of crates, she ducked behind it and out of sight, reaching up to deactivate her hovering camera in the process.

Samara turned her attention back to her enemy. "For all the innocents that have been violated and murdered today, by your hand or not, I will see that they are given justice with your death," she said to Morgan, as she tensed her body and readied for battle.

"Yeah, yeah, whatever," Morgan said. "See how you deal with this, sugar tits," the Cerberus operative pressed a button on the inside of her palm, and then suddenly vanished from sight. As Samara stared at the now empty space in front of her, she heard the sound of footsteps rushing towards her, and then a hard fist driven right into her midsection.

The battle had begun.
"Well, look what we have here, ladies! A pretty little party crasher!"

Gianna froze at the sound of the woman's voice behind her, her fingers inches away from the Eclipse body armor that she had hoped would be her means of escape from this nightmare. Every one of her instincts told her to run, but she couldn't make herself move. Images of being held down and violated by the vicious asari mercs flashed through her mind, and it was only those horrific thoughts that forced her out of her terrified state. Just when she was about to stand up and make one last, desperate break for it, she heard muffled cries coming from the same direction as the voice.

The two asari in the center of the room looked up at the sound of the voice. "Oooh, bring her down here!" said the naked asari forcing the man's face into her ass, finally releasing her grip on her victim and allowing him to draw a much-needed breath. The other asari released the dildo from her grip, the man letting out a relieved groan as the giant fake cock slid out of his ass and onto the ground.

Turning in the direction of the third woman's voice, Gianna saw another asari, fully armored in Eclipse wear, walking in from another entrance to the room. In front of her was a terrified human teenager, the asari dragging her into the room with one of her hands clamped over the struggling girl's mouth. With the two other mercs distracted by the new arrival, Gianna shifted herself to a better, less visible hiding spot behind another control panel. It took her further away from the armor she had been trying to grab, but from here she would watch everything that was happening without being spotted.

As the third merc brought the struggling young woman down to her comrades, the male that they had been tormenting looked in her direction. "Oh, God, no," he suddenly said, and jumped up to his feet. "Let her go, damn you!" he yelled out, as the two other asari grabbed him by the arms and held him back from rushing at the third Eclipse merc and her captive.

Seeing the man struggling, the young female human went wide-eyed. With an amused expression on her face, the third asari merc released her captive, and she rushed in the direction of the human man while calling out. "Dad! Dad!"

Seeing this reaction and smiling in bemusement, the two asari mercs released the man, letting him run forward and embrace his daughter. "Honey, what in God's name are you doing down here?"

The teenaged girl clutched at her father desperately, the heartwarming scene ruined just a little by the father's naked cock still dangling free as he embraced his daughter. "There was some sort of announcement over the speakers," the daughter said. "Something about humans being slaves now. I didn't know what else to do, so I came to find you."

"Oh, honey," the father said, stroking his daughter's hair as tears dripped down his cheeks. "You're okay now, honey. You're gonna be okay."

"Aw, so touching," said the naked asari merc mockingly. "You hear that, little girly? You're gonna be just fine now. Just ask your daddy how well we've been treating him, huh?"

Reluctantly letting go of his daughter, the father turned to the three asari mercs. "Please... do
whatever it is you want to me, but leave her alone. She's all I have left after her mother died in the war. Please just let her go."

"Listen to the human blubber," said the other merc who had previously been abused the man. "What do you think, ladies? You think we should let her go?"

The third merc, the one who had brought the girl, crossed her arms and considered, as if lost in thought. "I don't know. Think I might have a better idea." Leaning over to the side, she whispered to one of the other mercs first, than the other. Both of them immediately got huge grins on their faces, while the father and daughter watched in terrified anticipation.

"That's a good idea, Celisa," the naked merc said to her armored comrade. Walking over to the two humans, seemingly unconcerned about her underdressed state, she addressed the man first. "Let me ask a few questions before we make our decision." Glancing down at the remains of the man's uniform, she read his nametag. "Now, Norman... how old is your daughter here?"

"Please, don't..." Norman said fearfully.

"Shh, shh," the merc said softly. "Just answer these questions for me, Norman, and I promise we'll show mercy. Your daughter... how old is she?"

Staring at the floor, still shuddering in fear despite the asari's assurance, Norman answered, "Eighteen."

The asari arched a brow. "By the Goddess. They grow old so fast, don't they?" Turning back to her comrades, she asked. "I forgot, Te'eria... what's the equivalent of eighteen dog years for us asari?"

The merc who had been with the naked one originally, Te'eria, responded. "Just about eighty or so."

Nodding at the answer, the naked merc turned her attention to the daughter. "I don't believe we've met, my dear. And you are..."

"R...Rose," the teenage girl said, voice trembling slightly.

"Ah, that's beautiful. Pretty little Rose," the asari said, reaching a finger up to push aside a lock of Rose's tangled brown locks from her face. "Well, Rose, my name is Falia. I believe you've already met Celisa here, and my other well-dressed comrade here is Te'eria. And the announcement you heard earlier... all of it was true. You, and all of your kind, are here to serve us now. You will do what we ask you to do, when we ask you to do it. And if you resist us... you will be punished."

Taking Rose by the shoulder, Falia pointed her in the direction of her father. "See your daddy over there? Before you showed up, you know what your daddy was doing? Do you?" When Rose shook her head, Falia smiled wickedly at Norman. "Well, your dad had his tongue buried deep inside my tight little asshole. And he was licking it so well, too. Kinda makes you wonder if he ever did anything like that with your mom before she kicked the bucket, doesn't it?"

As Rose stared red-faced at the floor, Norman took a step forward. "Please, stop this. You said that you'd..."

"Don't interrupt me, slave!" Falia suddenly snapped. Norman immediately stepped back again, looking fearful both for himself and his daughter. "Now, where was I? Oh, right, your father's
tongue up my ass. Now, your daddy didn't want to do it at first. He didn't believe the announcement saying that he wasn't a citizen of Omega anymore. That he was nothing but a pathetic human slave to be used by the rest of the races whenever we wanted. But he came around. He realized that resisting us was pointless. And you... pretty little Rose... you need to follow your daddy's example, you understand? If you want us to be good to you, to not punish you... you need to follow our orders, too? You think you can do that, Rose?"

Rose looked to guidance from Norman, and her father sadly nodded at her. With his encouragement, Rose responded. "I... I can do that, Falia. I'll do wh..."

"Now now," Falia said. "From now on, you humans don't have the privilege of addressing us by name. You'll address me as Mistress from now on, do you understand?"

"Yes... Mistress," Rose said, looking back down at the floor.

Falia nodded in satisfaction. "Very good. You're doing so well, Rose. I think you've earned the mercy I promised your father." Turning to her comrades, Falia gave a vicious smile. "Ladies... I think our pretty little Rose here needs a little more sunlight. How about you get her out of those pesky clothes of hers?"

As Celisa and Te'eria stepped forward and began roughly ripping apart Rose's clothes, the terrified teenager cried out. "Dad!"

"What are you doing?" Norman yelled out as his daughter was stripped naked in front of him. He tried to take a step forward only to find Falia in front of him, a hand on his chest to hold him back. "Dammit, what do you think you're doing to her?"

"You've got it all wrong, slave," Falia said. "We're not going to do anything to her." She turned to watch as her comrades removed the last pieces of clothing from Rose and instructed her to lay on her back on the floor. As Celisa spread Rose's legs wide and looked up at Falia with a wicked grin, Falia grabbed Norman by his flaccid cock and began stroking. "You heard what I told Rose, slave. You're under our command now. And as one of your new mistresses, I command you to get down on the floor," Falia pointed down for emphasis, "And fuck your daughter for me."

On the floor, Rose's eyes went wide in shock. She opened her mouth to scream, only for Celisa to clamp her hand down on the teenager's mouth.

"You... there's no way I could do that," Norman said, averting his eyes from his naked daughter on the floor. "Please... Mistress. I asked you to show mercy on her."

"And I am, slave. In fact, this is the most merciful you will ever see me, in that I'm actually giving you a choice in this matter," Falia said. "You see, if you don't get down there and stick your cock in your daughter's cunt, I'm liable to get bored with pretty little Rose. And if I get bored, I might decide to take a walk with your precious little one. Did you know that Balak, the new man in charge of Omega, has let us merc gangs divide up the station into our own territories? Oh, of course you didn't. Which means you probably didn't know that where we are right now, this spot, is probably one of the closest locations to the borders of the other two territories. So if I get bored with pretty little Rose here, I might decide to bring her with me to pay a visit to one of the other territories. Ooh, could you imagine Rose here in the hands of the Blood Pack? All those giant krogan cocks splitting her pretty little pussy in two, all those vorcha spilling their cum all over your sweet little daughter? Or maybe I'll trade her to the Blue Suns instead, let the turians and batarians fight over who gets to fuck her next?"
Leaning in close to the shuddering Norman, her hand still working on his cock, Falia gave him a disarming smile. "But here in Eclipse territory, slave, it's just us asari and salarians. Now, salarian cocks may not be as small as some of the rumors may lead you to believe, but I will tell you this: they're a lot smaller than krogans. So what's it going to be, Norman? Do you do as you're told, and get to stay with your daughter in service of Eclipse? Or do you refuse, and I flip a coin to see which territory I take your daughter on a walk to?"

Gritting his teeth, Norman clenched his fists. For a second, Gianna was sure he was going to try and throw a punch at the smug asari holding him back. If it had happened, Gianna didn't care if it led to them all dying. She would have jumped out of cover and fought alongside him at this point, to take out these sick fucking asari bitches. But instead, Norman's shoulders went slack, and he finally nodded his head. "I'll do it," he said meekly. "I'll do it."

"Excellent," Falia said. Turning around, he led Norman by the cock over to his prone and helpless daughter. While Celisa had held Rose's mouth shut, Te'eria had been working her fingers around Rose's slit, stroking her cunt and doing her best to prepare the teenager for her father's cock.

"Right down there, slave," Falia instructed. Slowly, in a daze, Norman knelt down between Rose's spread legs. He obviously still had a hard time looking at his daughter in this state, but he forced himself forward, until his cock was less than an inch away from his daughter's pussy. He closed his eyes as he positioned the head of his barely-hard cock against Rose's labia, but then Falia delivered a hard slap to the back of his head.

"Uh uh," she chided him. "You shut those eyes of yours, I know you're just going to be picturing Rose's dear departed mother the whole time. And I won't have you disrespect your sweet little daughter like that. You're gonna keep your eyes open the whole time you're fucking her, you hear me? Both of you, eyes open and looking at nothing but each other the whole time, or the deal's off. Understand?"

Norman let out a sobbing gasp, but he nodded and opened his eyes. Meanwhile, Celisa removed her hand from Rose's mouth, and while the teenage girl whimpered a little, she didn't scream again.

"Honey, I'm so sorry," Norman said, as he leaned forward and positioned himself to penetrate his daughter. "I'm..."

"It's okay, dad," Rose said. "You have to do it, to save me. To save both of us." She forced a smile onto her face. "No matter what... you're my dad, and I love you."


Slowly, painfully, Norman pushed his hips into his daughter's, his cock slowly penetrating her. After a few agonizing moments, he suddenly stopped and let out a gasp. "Oh... oh, honey..." he said in horror. "You're still..."

"You have to do it, dad," Rose said, keeping her eyes focused on Norman's. "Please, just... make it quick."

"But... oh, God, honey, I don't want to be your... your first..."

Realizing what was happening made the three asari laugh even harder, and made Gianna want to
strangle them to death even more. "Aw, looks like daddy's gonna pop his little girl's cherry," Te'eria said mockingly. "Such a special moment in a girl's life."

"Well, no point in waiting," Falia said. Reaching down, she gave Norman a hard slap on the ass. The sudden impact startled Norman, and he thrust forward until his entire cock was buried in Rose's cunt.

Rose winced in pain as her father's cock broke through her hymen. Seeing the concern in Norman's face, she gave him a nod. "I'm okay, dad," she said. "It... it just hurts a little."

"You sure, honey?" Norman said, still managing to sound like a loving father even while balls-deep inside his daughter.

"I'll be fine," Rose said. "Just do it, quickly. Get it over with."

Norman withdrew his cock from Rose's pussy, looking down to see a few light streaks of blood on the gleaming skin of his prick, but no sign of heavier bleeding. Even with that worry out of the way, though, there was still the matter of finishing this horrible act.

A little faster this time, Norman penetrated into Rose's pussy again. Per the orders of their new masters, Norman and Rose kept their eyes focused on each other as Norman fucked his daughter. As the three Eclipse mercs mockingly cheered him on, Norman began thrusting into Rose faster and faster. Despite the sheer disgust that both of them must have been going through, Gianna knew that Norman most likely wanted this to be over as soon as possible, so as the seconds ticked by he began fucking Rose even harder, desperately thrusting his cock inside of his daughter's cunt in an attempt to bring himself off as rapidly as possible.

"Unh, unh, unh," Gianna heard Rose grunting. No doubt struggling to hide the shameful pleasures that her body was sending to her brain at the sensation of a man's cock inside of her for the first time. On and on it went, for how long Gianna couldn't even imagine.

Finally, after countless minutes of flesh slapping against flesh, Norman looked away from his daughter's eyes up to his captors. "Please... please, I'm about to... don't make me cum inside her. I don't want to..."

Falia rolled her eyes. "Very well, slave. As amusing as it would be to make you impregnate your little whore of a daughter, I'd rather you pathetic humans not bring any more of your kind into this universe. Pull out and spill your cum on her if you wish."

Immediately, Norman pulled out of Rose. Closing his eyes for the first time since they had started, he desperately jacked his prick in Rose's direction. Before too long, cum began spurting from the tip of his cock, all over his gasping daughter's sweaty body. Norman grunted as he milked every last drop of his jizz out onto Rose, wanting to make sure that he and his daughter's new mistresses were satisfied with his performance in this horrific act. Finally spent, he rested back on his knees, gasping for breath at the rough exertion of his fucking.

"Well done, slave," Falia said with a wide grin. "You two will make fine additions to Eclipse's new collection," she pulled Norman up to his feet and turned to address her comrades. "You two get these things back to our base, and let them rest up for a bit. After that, though... well, I feel bad for the rest of the team back at base, that they didn't get a chance to see this hot little performance." She looked at Norman and Rose and smirked. "So, I hope you didn't think that was the last time you'd sticking it to your pretty little Rose, slave. Maybe, if you're good, I'll let you do her doggy-
style next time. Like the two pathetic animals you are."

Norman looked at Rose shamefully, watching as his cum dripped off of her tits and down her trim stomach. But he put up no fight as Celisa and Te'eria started leading them away.

"You coming, Falisa?" Te'eria turned to ask.

"Well, not like this, dumbass," Falia said snidely, gesturing down at her naked body. "Being paraded naked through the streets is for humans, not for us. Give me some time to get dressed, I'll be right behind you."

Te'eria sneered at Falia, but offered no comeback as she and Celisa led the two defeated humans out of the maintenance area and in the direction of Eclipse territory.

As soon as the two other asari were out of sight, Falia made her way to one of the maintenance panels. Humming casually to herself, she jumped up and perched her naked ass on the edge of the console. Spreading her legs, she reached down and began stroking at her azure. "Oh, Goddess," she moaned, closing her eyes and throwing her head back. "Oh, that shit was so fucking hot. Yeah, fuck that little slut daughter of yours. Fuck her until she cums all over her daddy's prick. You filthy fucking humans, fucking like goddamn animals. That's all you're good for, isn't it? Fucking each other and getting fucked. Oh... ohhh yeah..." She let out a series of short gasps as she felt her climax hit, her pussy dripping as she remembered the act of incest she had forced her two new slaves to perform.

Coming down from her climax, she opened her eyes to find herself staring down the barrel of her own pistol.

"Look on the bright side," the dark-skinned human woman with no pants said. "I can think of worse ways to spend your last seconds."

Before Falia could even react, Gianna pulled the trigger, putting a bullet right between the naked merc's eyes. The asari tumbled backward over the console and hit the floor in a crumpled heap.

Quickly, Gianna scooped up the armor from the floor and made a dash for an exit to the maintenance room. There was always the possibility that Falia's comrades had heard the shot, and Gianna wanted to make sure she was somewhere safe before she donned her new disguise.

Once she felt she had moved a safe distance away from the maintenance room, Gianna ducked down into a small alcove and started looking over the armor she had stolen. Just as she was casting aside the remains of her own clothing to don the Eclipse armor, she pressed a hand to her mouth. Feeling her head swimming, she leaned against a wall, stared down at the floor, and vomited. Images of Norman and Rose being forced to fuck each other swam through her mind, and she tried her best to put it out of her thoughts for now.

There would be plenty of time for nightmares once all of this was over.

* * *

"See how you deal with this, sugar tits."

From her hiding spot, Allers watched as the Cerberus woman, Morgan, suddenly vanished from sight. A few seconds later, Samara doubled over from a sudden strike, and Allers realized that the
woman had deployed a tactical cloak.

*A Phantom,* Allers thought to herself. *That's what they were called. So it's all true. Cerberus is back.* As she watched the Phantom rematerialize after her attack, Samara dodging her next blow expertly and moving herself backward and out of range, Allers's first instinct at the realization of this news was... *This is going to be the story of a lifetime!*

Taking her usually hovering camera by hand, Allers pointed it in the direction of the fight. She watched in awe as the two powerful warrior women battled against each other. Samara would distance herself from the armored Cerberus operative and attempt to take shots at her barrier, only for Morgan to close the distance and deliver more hard blows to the well-trained Justicar. Some of them Samara managed to avoid, but the Phantom was amazingly fast, and from the impact of her strikes on Samara, appeared to be quite powerful as well.

As she watched the fight rage on, Allers had to remind herself that this was more than just a hot story. Her own fate hung in the balance here as well. As exciting as it was, and as much as she knew that her audience would drool all over it, the eventual winner of this battle would be the one to determine what happened to her. She watched as Samara dodged around the slum streets, trying her best to keep Morgan at a distance and wear down her barrier with shots from her weapon. While Morgan deflected and dodged Samara's attacks, and the objects that Samara would occasionally throw at her opponent with her biotics.

*Come on, Samara,* Allers silently rooted for her protector. But as she watched the fight rage on, and considered her circumstances more carefully, a thought entered her mind.

Was she backing the wrong horse in this?

Yes, Samara was a good person, and a great subject for her story. And it probably would be a bad thing for her to end up in the clutches of a human-centric organization like Cerberus. But at the same time... what would happen if Samara did win this? She and Allers would be back where they started: in the middle of a space station loaded with horny, crazed aliens looking for a wet human hole to stick it in. *Allers's wet human hole,* if they had their say in it.

And as much as she trusted Samara's skills, Allers thought about the way she had hesitated when the mob had advanced on them. Had almost been too afraid to fire a shot, and probably would have let the mob take her if Morgan hadn't shown up.

But Morgan... she had no hesitation. She had blown away and carved up all those aliens like they were nothing. And while Samara looked like she might have been slowly getting the upper hand against Morgan at the moment, it was that hesitation of Samara's that worried Allers.

So what if Morgan did win this? It wasn't like she was going to kill Samara, after all. Just kidnap her and bring her along back to their ship. And really... they must have room for one more human in that ship of theirs, right?

As the fight raged on, and Allers considered it more and more, it started to sound better and better to her. An organization like Cerberus had to have a lot baggage to deal with, with a name as toxic as that. But what if they had someone in their corner? A reporter embedded among their ranks, ready to deliver the "truth," or at least a favorable version of it, to the rest of the galaxy.

And that was when it hit her: Shepard! In all the confusion, she had almost forgotten about all the stories of Commander Shepard deserting the Alliance and Council and rejoining Cerberus. Shepard
would be sure to bring her on again! After all, she had done it once before. It might be a little uncomfortable for Allers, to be back on the Normandy again after all the things that had happened there during the war. But given a choice between being on the Normandy right now, and sticking around on Shiny-Time Rape Station with only a trigger-shy justiciar watching her back, Allers decided that the choice was obvious.

Looking up from her cover, Allers felt a pang of fear. Samara was starting to win, the blond haired Phantom's barriers drained and Samara's shots bouncing off of her body armor. All it would take was for Samara to get one good headshot in, and Morgan was finished.

She had to make her choice now. And so she did.

"Samara!" she yelled out. "Help me!"

It was just a moment's distraction, Samara glancing in the direction of Allers's cries for a split second. But in such a pitched and strenuous battle, it was all that her opponent needed.

Moving in quickly, Morgan grabbed Samara by the wrist and twisted. Within less than a second, she had Samara locked in a painful arm hold, wrenching her forearm behind her back and twisting until Samara dropped the pistol in her hand. Delivering a hard kick to the back of Samara's leg, Morgan sent the Justicar down to her knees on the pavement.

"Don't you move, now," Morgan said, bringing up her palm blaster and putting it up against Samara's face.

"I'm... sorry, Falere," Samara said, her eyes cast down at the ground as she realized she had been defeated. "Forgive me."

Morgan pressed a finger inward, and the glow in the palm of her hand changed colors. Pressing it into Samara's temple, Morgan fired, and Samara jolted as an electric charge surged through her body and sent her face-first to the ground, unconscious.

"Well, now," Morgan said to herself, taking a deep breath and staring down at her now helpless captive. "I don't know about you, babe, but I'm fucking hard as a rock after that." She grinned. "Oooh, I know a bitch who's getting a nice big present when I get back to the ship!"

Cautiously, Allers came from out of hiding, putting on her best smile as she walked up to the victorious Phantom. "Quite a fight out there... Morgan, was it?" She stretched out a hand. "Diana Allers from Battlespace."

Morgan grinned at her and held up her hand. "Sorry, hon. Handshakes in this armor have the potential to be... a bit messy. But it's nice to..." Suddenly, Morgan's jaw dropped wide open. "Oh... my... GOD! It really is you! THE Diana Allers!" Morgan looked around at the immediate area, as if asking the corpses of the aliens surrounding them if they could believe this shit. "I am such a huge fan of yours! Back during the war... your coverage was all that I ever watched!"

"Well, thank you very much," Allers said, trying her best to sound humble. "Always nice to meet a fan. But from what I hear, you and I have a certain, even more famous woman in common, don't we?"

This brought a confused look to Morgan's face. "Even more..." she started to say quizzically. Finally, though, recognition dawned on her face. "Oh, right! Well, maybe not as common as you
might think, but that's right. You did fly with Commander Shepard on the Normandy back during the war, didn't you?"

"Yes, ma'am. Quite an adventure," Allers said, glad to see a rapport already building between her and Morgan. "Used to bunk back in the starboard cargo bay back then. Don't suppose there's still a cot in there these days?"

"Hmm? Oh, right, yeah. We've got some... well, some other 'passengers' staying there at the moment," Morgan said, making air quotes around the word "passengers" as she spoke and chuckling. Allers wasn't sure what the implication was, but she laughed along with Morgan all the same.

"Well, that's a shame," Allers said. "But still... don't suppose there might be a little room on board the Normandy these days for a pretty reporter and her camera. Maybe give this new Cerberus the kind of press it needs to get over its bad reputation?"

Morgan furrowed her brow. "Oh, you're... you're asking to come along with us."

"In so many words, yes," Allers said. "I mean, not to put too fine of a point on it, but I did just give you a big assist in that fight. Think maybe you can give Shepard a call, see if it might be okay for me to tag along since I helped you guys out?"

Morgan considered this carefully. "Well... my mission only said to bring Samara here back," she said. "Didn't say anything about any tag-alongs."

"I'll pull my fair share, trust me," Allers said, trying her best not to sound desperate despite her extremely desperate circumstances. "Just give Shepard a call and let her know I'm here. I'm sure she'll bring me back on."

Taking a step back from Allers, Morgan took a long look up and down her body. "Yeah, maybe... we might be able to squeeze you in with the other residents in the cargo bay. Might be a little tight, though."

"Please, have you seen the average Alliance ship? The Normandy is a luxury yacht compared to those," Allers said. "Trust me, I can deal with cramped."

"Yeah, I can definitely see it," Morgan said with a strange smile on her face. "But let me check in with the boss ladies, okay?"

"Take whatever time you need," Allers said, smiling in satisfaction at a negotiating job well done. "I'll just be waiting here."

Putting a finger to her temple, Morgan activated her communicator. "Hey, yeah, Shepard. Yeah, I've got the target here, but there's something else." She paused for a second. "No, no, nothing bad, just... unexpected. I've got Diana Allers here, from Battlespace. Says she wants to volunteer to come along." A long pause. "Battlespace, you know? The wartime reporting show? Ran all during the war, you..." Another long pause. "Hmm, well, she did say she was on the Normandy back during..." Pause. "Yeah, I know that wasn't technically during your time at the helm, but just for appearances, maybe we should..." Pause. "Gotcha. Understood, ma'am."

Allers waited in expectation, as Morgan walked back to Samara's limp body. Reaching down, the well-muscled Phantom reached down and picked up the limp Justicar by the waist, slinging her
over her shoulder. "Well?" Allers said, as Morgan said nothing in the course of her duties. "What did she say?"

Morgan looked at Allers, and shrugged with her free shoulder. "Said she doesn't remember you. Said we ain't got the space for you. Sorry."

"Don't have... wait, what?" Allers exclaimed, as Morgan started to walk away. "Hold on a second. She has to remember me. She personally... PERSONALLY invited me onto the Normandy during the war! There's no way that she doesn't..."

"Look, the boss lady says no... and I go by what the boss lady says," Morgan said. "Sorry about that, but that's the way it is." She gave Allers a sad smile. "Look on the bright side: all this shit going on on Omega... that's gotta be one hell of a story for Battlespace."

Allers chased after Morgan as she made her way down the street. "No, wait, hold on a second," Allers said, her voice getting a bit frantic. "Look, I appreciate that Shepard may not want me back on the Normandy... but I bet you want me there, right?" She batted her eyes at Morgan and put on her most seductive smile. "You did say you were a fan, right? I bet you weren't watching just for my insightful commentary on the Reapers. No, nobody does. They watch for... other reasons."

Morgan looked a little uncomfortable, but nodded. "Well, yeah... I suppose maybe I did."

"Well, then, pay close attention to me, Morgan," Allers said, taking a moment to lick her lips. "I really, really don't want to stay here, you understand? And I will do anything to get off this station. Do you hear what I'm saying to you? Anything. So maybe if you try hard enough, you can sneak me back onto the shuttle to the Normandy, and hide me away in your cabin. I promise I'll make it worth your while."

This made Morgan pause for just a moment. "Really?" she asked Allers. "You'll do anything I ask you to do?"

Allers nodded, and then reached down to lower the zipper on her tight dress, spreading the top apart to put as much of her cleavage on display as she could manage. "You see these, Morgan? Those tits that you would always stare at on the vidscreen? They could be all yours. Along with every other part of me. You bring me along on the Normandy, and I promise you I'll do whatever you ask of me."

"Anything I ask, huh?" Morgan asked, and when Allers nodded, she leaned down and said in a low voice. "Will you suck my cock?"

"Will I... wha?" Allers said in confusion.

Straightening up again, Morgan started walking. "Sorry, offer's off the table. Snooze you lose, baby."

"No, stop! I'll suck your cock, I'll do anything!" Allers cried out, as Morgan quickened her pace and Allers struggled to stay after her in her heels. "Just don't leave me here! Please!"

" Appreciate the offer, Miss Allers, I really do," Morgan called out behind her back. "But I've got a hot little bitch back in my cabin already, and when I ask her to suck my cock, she doesn't hesitate for a second! And no offense, but I don't think you're all that good a replacement."

"Have fun, now! I'm sure Balak and his cronies will..."
make sure you don't get too bored!"

"Stop, please!" Allers cried out. Taking a bad step in her heels, she tumbled down to the ground and watched helplessly as Morgan and her asari captive moved further away and out of sight. "Don't leave me here! I saved your life, don't leave me!"

"How'd you put up with that whiny bitch for so long, anyway?" Morgan asked the unconscious asari on her shoulder. "I mean, she's hot and all, but for the love of God, shut the hell up already!"

* * *

Clad in her new armor, barely able to see out of the bulky helmet, Gianna tried her best to look like she knew where she was going as she made her way through the access hallways of Omega.

After a long period of unfocused walking, however, Gianna realized eventually that she was lost. *All of these damn hallways look exactly the same!* she thought bitterly to herself. Eventually, she realized that she was never going to get anywhere if she stayed in the hidden areas of Omega. If she was going to find her way to a shuttle or any sort of escape, she needed to put her disguise to the test.

She needed to go back out onto the streets.

Continuing her walking, Gianna kept her eyes open for any sign of an access door out into the main streets of Omega. After a few minutes, she finally spotted one, and triggered the lock to open out onto the main areas of Omega.

And as soon as she walked out of the door, she let out an angry curse.

It was the exact same door that Delston had led her into. She was right back where she had started.

Part of her considered heading back into the door and giving it another shot, but she knew that it would be pointless. She'd just get lost again, and she had a much better chance of finding her way out here in the streets. At least she had been here before, and knew generally how to get to the spaceport from here.

As she made her way out into the street, she found the urge to let out a horrified cry as she saw what was happening in the streets of Omega.

In some ways, it looked almost as it had before. Aliens of all species walking the streets, mingling with each other and seeming otherwise normal. It would seem like any other day on Omega...

...except that around seemingly every corner, and against countless numbers of walls, those same aliens were holding humans in place and eagerly raping them. Cries of human men and (mostly) women rang out in the streets, people begging for help and being ignored by the milling crowds of aliens going about their business.

Gianna walked through the streets, dazed at the horrible sights around her. Not watching where she was going, she ran into a krogan holding a sobbing, bent-over woman by the waist and ramming his cock quad-deep inside of her cunt.

"Watch it, stupid asari," the krogan snarled at her. Gianna realized in shock that she remembered him. It was the same krogan who had threatened the Blue Suns mercenaries pulling the woman out
of her home from before. And, Gianna was saddened to realize, the same woman that he had been defending now bent over in front of him and staring into space as her once-friendly neighbor viciously fucked her.

*Should have destroyed that damn device when I had the chance,* Gianna thought to herself, trying her best to stay casual as she walked through the streets with her weapon at her side. Luckily, the two eye-holes of her helmet were fairly difficult for anyone on the outside to see through, so her lack of blue skin wouldn't be apparent unless someone got right up in her face.

Gianna kept hoping that it would stop eventually. That she would turn a corner and the ever-present atrocities would go away. But it just went on and on. Krogans, vorcha, turians, asari and batarians. Even salarians, who Gianna could have sworn didn't even have sex drives. All of them vigorously thrusting their cocks and fingers into every last human orifice at their disposal. And even once they had finished, they simply handed off their playthings to another alien in the crowd, and the rapes would start all over again.

*I have to get out of here,* Gianna frantically thought. *No matter what happens, or what I have to do... I have to get off this station.*

As she rounded a corner and started down another thoroughfare, suddenly she heard a voice call out. "You! Hey, you! In the Eclipse armor!"

She froze in panic. *Act natural, play it cool,* she thought to herself, as she turned around to see who had summoned her.

It was a turian and batarian, each of them wearing Blue Suns armor. "Just what the hell do you think you're doing here?" the turian snarled at her. "You know the rules. This is Blue Suns territory. Get that blue ass of yours back to Eclipse territory before we decide to haul you back there ourselves, understand?"

Gianna mustered up all of her confidence. Eclipse mercs were supposed to be tough, murderers. She couldn't show weakness. "So I took a wrong fucking turn, whatever," she said. "Just wanted to see what kind of human snatch you Blue Suns were holding out on us, that's all. But if you're going to be a bunch of whiny bitches about it, then fine. I'll head back right now." Turning quickly, she began heading in the direction she was going.

"You stupid or something?" the batarian said. "That way is Blood Pack territory." He pointed back behind him, in the direction that Gianna had come from. "Eclipse turf is back that way."

*Yeah, but the spaceport is the other way,* Gianna thought to herself. Clearing her throat, she barked back at him. "Feel like taking the long way, okay? You gotta problem with that? Then shove it up your bumpy asses. I've got better things to do than waste my time with you fuckers." She turned again, trying her best to walk quickly away from the two mercs.

"Hold on just a minute," the turian said, but Gianna just kept walking.

*Please let it go,* she silently begged. *Just let it fucking go, please.*

But then she felt the hand on her shoulder, the turian pushing her into a back alleyway. She turned to protest, only to see both the turian and batarian with their weapons up and pointed at her.

"Take off your helmet," the turian said coldly.
"Fuck you," Gianna said, as she took a step back and tried to glance around the alleyway at her possible routes of escape. "Wait until I tell my superior about this. She's going to bring back a bunch of our people to come and totally fuck you Blue Suns up."

The batarian glanced over at his partner. "Your superior... remind me, what is her name again?"

_Dammit_, Gianna said, taking another step back as the Blue Suns advanced forward. She'd taken her bluff too far. It had been a stupid plan, and now she was going to pay the price for it.

"Okay, you know what? Fine," Gianna said, reaching up to her helmet and unlatching it to reveal herself. "I'm a human, okay. But I'm not just any human, you understand? I'm a high-level agent with Noveria Internal Affairs. Pretty soon they're going to come looking for me, and if you think this pitiful rock is going to stand up against the combined forces of Noveria's security teams... well, I hope you have fun raping the shit out of me, because once my people get here, they'll be the ones raping the shit out of you, if you know what I mean? So if you know what's good for you and your people, you'll let me go on my way."

It was a good speech, if Gianna said so herself. She thought she sounded very convincing. But the Blue Suns mercs made no motion to lower their weapons. "Your weapon on the ground, human," the turian said, his mandibles flaring as he added, "And then your armor. Me and my buddy here, I think we'd both like to see what Noveria Internal Affairs cunt feels like."

So this is how I go out, Gianna thought to herself, as she reached for the pistol at her hip. _Maybe I should just... finish the job myself. A bullet in the side of my head... maybe that'd be a better way to finish things than as a human pleasure slave._

As Gianna mulled the choice between dropping the pistol and bringing it up to her temple, there was a quiet voice from behind the two Blue Suns. "Drop your weapons and let the woman go."

The batarian turned at the sound of the voice, while the turian kept his weapon trained on Gianna. "What... oh, it's just one of you do-good fuckers," the batarian said. "Look, all of your so-called brothers have joined in on the fun. Why don't you take off that robe of yours and help us show this mouthy human bitch who's in charge around here?"

"I'll only say it once more, and then I will be forced to take action. Drop your weapons and let the woman go," the quiet-voiced man said again. As he took a step closer, Gianna caught a glimpse of him over the turian's shoulder: one of the hooded and robed drell that she had seen earlier. While she appreciated the assist, she wasn't entirely sure what he was hoping to accomplish. Was she going to pray him to death?

"Look, bosses say we're not supposed to kill anyone unless we have to," the batarian said, raising up his rifle at the approaching drell monk. "But this is looking more and more like a 'have to' situation, here. You take one more step, and I'll..."

"Very well, then," the drell said, his voice still soft and calm despite a gun being held in his face. "I will not take another step."

The batarian relaxed slightly, just before the drell's robe was suddenly whipped open, and a silenced pistol was pointed right into the batarian's face. It happened so fast, the batarian didn't even have time to consider pulling the trigger before a bullet was already lodged in his brain.
"Fuck, what the..." the turian whirled to face the unexpected attacker. By the time he had turned around, however, the drell had already dashed up to with less than a foot of him, and the turian found himself with the barrel of the drell's pistol up and under his chin.

"Forgive me," the drell said softly, then fired. Blood and brain matter jetted out from the top of the turian's head, and he fell back to the dirty floor of the alleyway with a loud thump.

Before the turian had hit the ground, the drell was already in action. Rushing forward, he scooped up the Eclipse helmet from the ground and thrust it into Gianna's chest. "Put this back on," he said softly to her, urgency in his voice despite its quiet tone. "It won't be long until somebody wonders where they got to. We're going to have to get moving fast."

"Moving? Moving where?" Gianna said to the drell, who had already started dragging the two bodies out of sight.

"The lower reaches of the station," the drell said. "Still damaged from the Cerberus takeover. No cameras, and I doubt the mercs would have much interest in it. A good place for us to plan our next move."

Gianna finished fastening the helmet on and immediately raised her hands. "Wait, wait, hold on. As far as I'm concerned, the only 'next move' for me is to get off this station."

The drell looked at her. "Please, miss... I know things are bad for your kind here. But you managed to make it this long without getting captured. Which means that you have survival skills. The kind of skills that will be needed if we have any chance of defeating this Balak and his people."

"Look, you know what will defeat Balak? Bringing back the Alliance, the Council... anyone we can muster to fight this guy," Gianna protested. "You seem like you're one hell of a fighter, but if you're planning on starting a resistance here? You're going to need a hell of a lot more people than just what's on this station."

The drell paused in his feverish attempts to hide the bodies. Standing up straight, he looked Gianna in the eyes, and she was surprised at the power of his stare. "Look at this place, miss. Aria may have tried to make Omega more respectable, but there was a reason me and my people were here. It was because no one else cared. Not the Council, not the Alliance. Not anyone except the people who live here. Even if we could send a signal off of this station... do you really think anyone would answer it?"

"Well... I don't know, but you at least have to try," Gianna argued. "Look, I have some connections, some favors I can call in. You find a way to get me off this station, and I promise you I'll bring someone back."

The drell considered this, then let out a sigh. "I might know a place. There are several shuttle bays in the lower decks, perhaps one of them still has a shuttle in working condition. But either way, if you wish to stay or not, you need to follow me, and quickly."

Gianna nodded. "Okay, fine," she said. As the drell motioned her to follow, she held up a hand. "Wait just another second, though."

"What?" the drell said, looking somewhat impatient.

"Well, if I'm going to run off with a mysterious man in a robe who just saved my life, I'd at least
like to be on a first-name basis with him," Gianna said. "Name's Gianna."

The drell nodded. "Nice to meet you, Gianna. My name is Kolyat. Now... let's get moving."

* * *

**ETA: Two minutes to your location,** Morgan's voice said on the clone's communicator. **Have the shuttle warmed up and ready for me and our newest guest.**

"Good work, Miss Lezayen," the clone said into her communicator. "The rest of your people should be back shortly after you. Fifteen minutes from now we'll be off this crummy hunk of rock and finally headed back to home base." Closing the connection, the clone grinned at Brooks. "Well, all things considered, this mission went a whole lot better than Ontarom."

Brooks nodded, staring down at the floor of the shuttle bay thoughtfully. "Yeah, guess so," she muttered.

"Something wrong?" the clone said. "You should be thrilled! We got the two asari bitches and installed the devices without a single hitch." She frowned. "Unless... something didn't go wrong with the virus, did it?"

"No, everything is fine with that," Brooks said, activating her omni-tool and setting it to project a video signal into the air. On the screen, images of Omega flashed, live feeds of all of the rape and brutality in the streets of Aria's former domain. "Garka installed it just as we instructed him to. He reset all the access codes to the Omega control systems... which means that now we have the access to the control systems as well."

"Oh, man," the clone said gleefully. "Just wait until Westerlund News starts getting these videos. Images of aliens raping humans in the streets of Omega. If the Alliance thinks they're going to be able to tamp down the human supremacy movement once that shit gets out... it's going to be fucking amazing watching it all fall apart!"

Brooks nodded again. "Yes, it will be quite a sight," she said dully.

"Hey, look, this was your idea, remember?" the clone said. "I remember thinking maybe it was a little extreme to use Henneman's mind-fuck drugs to drive all the aliens on Omega into a horny frenzy, but you said it was necessary. That it was all part of the plan. You changing your mind about that now?"

"Look, it's not that, okay?" Brooks said. "It's just... something has been bugging me ever since we got here. Like... we've overlooked something."

The clone gave Brooks a firm clap on the shoulder. "Ah, that's just Ontarom talking. Look, in just a few minutes we'll be back on the Normandy and heading straight for home. With what we've accomplished here on Omega, ain't nobody going to be following us. Hell, even if those idiots on the Orpheus had the slightest clue where we were right now, they'd be ripped to shreds if they tried to..."

"Dammit," Brooks muttered, as she rapidly began tapping on her omni-tool. "That's it. That's what Kelly was trying to tell us. Stupid, stupid!"

"Kelly? That's right, she was going on about something while we were leaving. You think maybe it
The clone's voice died in her throat, and her eyes went wide as she saw the chat log between Kelly and the Orpheus mole, projected up into the air. Both of them had their attention focused on one particular line, floating big and orange in front of both of their faces.

"THE NORMANDY HAS A RAT PROBLEM"
Part 3: The Queen Is Dead, Long Live The King (Normandy, Executive Officer's Cabin)

In the dream, she was back on Eden Prime.

All around her, her teammates were dying. Ash could hear their screams as the enemy cut them down. *Geth,* she thought to herself, overworked muscles aching as she fled to cover. *What the hell are the geth doing past the Perseus Veil? Dammit, bet it's those scientists and that beacon of theirs!*

Ducking behind cover, she checked herself over for any major injuries. She had taken a glancing shot earlier, but looked like it just left a minor burn. Still, there were still so many of them, and her entire team had been wiped out. How in the hell was she going to...

And that was when she heard the gunfire. Not the omnipresent sound of the geth weapons that she had been hearing for the past few minutes, but the distinctive noise that only Alliance hardware makes. In the distance, she saw someone firing from up the hill. Taking out the geth advancing on her position with expertly placed shots.

*Shit, whoever you are, you just saved my ass,* Ash thought, as the figure cautiously moved in closer. Ash stayed crouched behind the rocky cover she had found, taking shots once her weapon's heatsink had cooled down. Eventually, the sound of the geth guns stopped, and the advancing figure in Alliance armor holstered their weapon. Ash watched as they approached, their face hidden behind a helmet.

"Gunnery Chief Ashley Williams," Ash said, moving to rise to her feet. "Thanks for the assist, I..."

The figure's hand suddenly shot out, resting down on Ash's shoulder and keeping her from standing up. Ash, confused, remained crouched behind her cover. With their other hand, the figure reached up and unfastened their helmet, tossing it away and revealing an oddly-beautiful women with long, flowing blond hair.

"Why don't you stay right down there, huh?" the woman said. "After all, a bitch really should show her gratitude in the proper way, shouldn't she?"

Ash's jaw dropped. Before she could even work out a proper response to this stranger's bizarre greeting, her rescuer started working on the front groin section of her armor. Ash watched in shock as the section of armor suddenly sprang off, revealing the woman's bare groin. And the massive, rigid cock hiding underneath her armor.

"Go ahead, bitch," the woman said, stroking her cock and looking at Ash expectantly. "Show me how grateful you are."

Under any other circumstance, Ash would have decked this freakish woman in the face. Or done anything else besides what she was actually doing: staring in silence at the woman's giant cock, the huge organ growing even larger as Ash watched in awe. It was so bizarre, seeing this sort of thing attached to a woman, and yet something about it was so... beautiful.

As her rescuer watched with a casual smirk, Ash scooted closer to the huge organ jutting from her hips. Unable to resist the urge, Ash reached out and tentatively took hold of the base of the cock.
Fuck, she could barely wrap her fingers around it, it was so thick. And yet, despite its imposing size, Ash suddenly knew that she wanted this thing inside of her. Needed it inside her.

Licking her lips, Ash stuck out her tongue and cautiously licked the head of the massive cock. At the first taste of her rescuer's cock, and the pre-cum dripping from its head rolling across her tongue, Ash was lost. It wasn't long before her lips were wrapped around the massive organ, jaw straining to accommodate it as her left hand joined her right in stroking along its massive length.

"That's it," the woman said, letting out a contented sigh as Ash sucked her cock. "That's a good little bitch."

Bitch. It was a word she was no stranger to. She had been called it many times in her military career, along with countless numbers of other slurs. But the way her rescuer said it didn't make Ash feel insulted. No, it made her feel... special. Wanted. Like being on her knees and lovingly sucking on this powerful woman's wonderful cock was the only place she ever needed to be. She lavished her tongue all along the massive cockhead between her lips, while continuing to lovingly stroke the veiny, pulsing length of her new mistress's amazing cock.

The geth were forgotten for now. Her dead teammates, the many more that were doubtlessly being slaughtered by the geth at that very moment. None of it mattered anymore. All that mattered was pleasing her mistress. Ash didn't know why she had suddenly come to think of this woman in that way. Immediately surrendering all of her free will to this beautiful blonde with the gigantic cock. But it felt so natural, so right. Like all of her life, she had just been preparing for this moment. As she felt her mistress's cock throb inside her mouth, she could feel her panties start to get wet underneath her combat armor.

"Oh, such a talented little bitch," her mistress said, as she gently removed Ash's hands from her cock and took a step back away from her desperately sucking mouth. "But enough foreplay. It's time to take my bitch the way she deserves. Where do you want it, bitch? Where do you want me to fuck you?"

Standing up, Ash spoke the words like she knew them from memory. "I want you to fuck my ass, Mistress," she said. She reached up to unfasten her armor, only for her fingers to find nothing there. Looking down, she gasped as she realized that all of her armor, and the clothing underneath it, had suddenly vanished. She was standing in the middle of the battlefield, dead geth and colonists around her, bare-ass naked.

Ash looked up at her mistress with a questioning look. But one look in her mistress's confident eyes, and any questions Ash had died in her throat. It didn't matter. None of it mattered except what her mistress commanded of her. Turning her back on the mistress, Ash leaned forward and bent over the rocky cover she had been dodging enemy fire behind just a few minutes before. Her hands pressed against the cold, hard rock, as she put her ass up into the air. Offering it to her mistress. Giving her what she wanted. What she owned.

She felt the press of that massive cock's head against her puckered ass and let out a hiss. Her fingernails scraped against the rocks as her mistress drove her cock deep into Ash's ass. It hurt at first, but once her mistress began thrusting, Ash was surprised at how natural it felt. How good it felt, to have her mistress take her ass like this. Her mistress's thrusts grew rougher and rougher, but Ash only grew more and more horny with every fresh penetration.

"Yes, Mistress," she moaned. "Fuck me, Mistress. I love having your cock in my ass. I love being your bitch."
Even over the sounds of gunfire in the distance, the loud noises of the massive spaceship hovering above Eden Prime, all Ash could hear was the slap of her mistress's hips against her ass. Pulling up one of her hands from the rocks, she reached down between her legs and started furiously rubbing at her pussy and clit.

She didn't know what would happen after this, but she didn't care. Her mistress would take care of her. Her mistress would keep her safe. And she asked so little in return. All she asked was for Ash to please her like a good bitch should. Do everything the mistress told her, without question or hesitation. Her mistress was so generous. So wonderful. So perfect.

"Yes," Ash cried out, feeling her climax approaching rapidly. "I'm cumming, Mistress! Cumming for you, Mistress! I'm..."

* * *

"...cumming, Mistress!" Ash muttered, before her eyes snapped open and she sat up from the couch. Blinking her eyes, it took her a second to remember where she was. She let out a long sigh as the reality of her current circumstances came back to her.

And then she thought about the dream. It had been so real, so vivid. As she shook off the last of her sleep, she looked down and saw that her hand was currently buried between her legs. Holding it up into the light, she saw the telltale glint of her own juices glistening on her fingers. Jesus, Ash thought in disgust, Not only am I dreaming about her now, but I'm fucking frigging myself off in my sleep over her.

Wiping her hand in disgust on the couch, Ash shook her head. With Morgan off on her latest mission, and Ash left by herself, she could feel some of her independent thought returning, the Real Ash still managing to assert some control. But Ash feared that, as soon as her "mistress" returned, she would be right back to her obedient, spineless, Fake Ash self. And if what Morgan said was true, and their return to the main Cerberus base would mean they would together much more often... how much longer before the Real Ash ceased to exist at all?

She held her face in her hands, trying to ignore the smell of her dreamy arousal still clinging to her fingers. Dammit, pull yourself together, Ash, she thought to herself. Remember what Kelly said. There's a ship coming to find us. Just keep yourself from losing your goddamn mind before they arrive, and maybe we'll be able to teach these Cerberus assholes a lesson when the time comes.

It sounded good in her head, but as the days went by Ash felt less and less sure that help was coming. And even if it was... how could they contend with a ship as powerful as the Normandy? What could they possibly do to...

In the middle of her hopeless wallowing, she heard the door to Morgan's cabin slide open. Ash looked up, expecting to see Kelly there with a plate of food waiting for her. She could certainly use it right about now.

The plate of food was there. But it wasn't Kelly who had brought it in. "Hello, my dear," said Dr. Henneman, as he laid down the tray of food on Morgan's desk. "I thought you might be feeling a little hungry."

Ash looked at him suspiciously. "Where's Kelly? Morgan was supposed to have her bring that to me."
Henneman let out a simpering laugh. "Ah, well, Miss Chambers is... busy with other matters at the moment. Last I saw her, she was in Port Observation, partaking in a few spirits. The poor thing, she's been through so much. I suppose I don't begrudge her the opportunity to deal with her problems in that fashion."

Poor thing, right, the Real Ash thought bitterly. Forgot to mention that all of those "problems" she's drinking away are being caused by you and your sick fucking comrades.

But as hungry as she was suddenly feeling, she wasn't in the mood to argue. Standing up, she walked over to the tray of food and pulled the lid off the plate. Expecting to see another cold-cut sandwich or some freeze-dried pile of crap, Ash was shocked to see a steaming, juicy looking steak on the plate. Unable to contain herself, Ash grabbed the plate, took it back to the couch, and hungrily began to dig in.

"Thought you could use a change of pace from the usual shipboard fare," Henneman said, sitting on the edge of Morgan's desk and looking down at Ash with a studious gaze. "A little something I was saving for a special occasion. Does it meet with your approval, Lieutenant Commander Williams?"

Ashley blinked, her fork and knife pausing over the half-eaten steak. It was the first time somebody had referred to her by name and rank in days. The sound of it should have comforted her, but coming from the mouth of this Cerberus weasel, it only put her more on edge. "It's good," she said simply, starting to worry that maybe Henneman had poisoned the meal or something. But right about now, she was too hungry to care.

"Glad to hear," Henneman said, the cheerfulness in his voice annoyingly fake-sounding. "I do have to confess something, however. There are... perhaps some ulterior motives in my treating you to this dish. I have a few questions for you, if I may. Miss Lezayen, in her activities with you... have there been any changes recently?"

Ash scowled. "No, still fucking my ass on a regular basis, thanks for asking," she spat out angrily. "If you're so interested, I'm sure you can ask her and she'd be happy to let you watch. Even join in if you're in the mood."

"I apologize if my question offended you," Henneman said.

"Your fucking existence offends me," Ash said, unable to hold back any further. "You and all of you sick bastards. You know, there was a time years ago... lasted probably only a few minutes, but it did happen, where I actually thought that Cerberus might be everything they said they were. That they were truly out to fight for humanity, and not just a bunch of alien haters looking to justify their own prejudices. I didn't always trust aliens either, but I learned my lesson. I grew as a person, but Cerberus... you've only gotten worse. Not only are you spitting on the aliens that helped save humanity, but you're fucking with humanity's greatest hero on top of it. So sorry if I'm not feeling particularly civil at the moment, talking to one of the pieces of human garbage that make up the 'new Cerberus.'"

Henneman waited patiently for her to finish ranting. "It's not an ideal situation, I'll grant you that," Henneman said. "And I know you have no reason to trust me. But I want you to believe me when I say that I'm trying to help you. Now, I know it isn't a subject that you would like to dwell upon, but these questions are important. Miss Lezayen... she is still only engaging in anal sex with you? No vaginal penetration?"
The man disgusted her so damn much. But if answering his questions would get him to go away, Ash was ready to cooperate. "No, just anal," she said, as she finished the last bite of the steak. The topic of conversation had nearly killed her appetite, but she forced herself to swallow it down.

For a moment, she considered mentioning the choice that Morgan had offered her. The opportunity to ask her for sex in her pussy instead of her ass. But to mention that would be to admit that Ash had turned down the offer, and asked Morgan to fuck her in the ass instead.

 Asked? the Real Ash said. More like begged. Pleased for that psycho rapist to take you up the ass.

So she said nothing.

Henneman let out a long, weary sigh. "Lieutenant Commander Williams, I'm going to take a risk with you. One that I haven't taken with any of Miss Lezayen's previous... pets. What I'm about to tell you cannot be told to anyone else. Not to any of the crew, not to anyone in Cerberus, and especially not to Miss Lezayen. I need to know, before we continue, that you can keep your mouth shut." Henneman stared intently at Ash from behind his glasses. "Because if you can, and you assist me in this matter... I will take you away from Miss Lezayen, and ensure that she and her team of Phantoms never lay a finger on you, ever again. Does this sound of interest to you, Lieutenant Commander?"

Ash stared back at him, trying to read the intent in his eyes. Something about this almost seemed too good to be true. But all of the doctor's talk about secrets had her intrigued, and if nothing else maybe what he revealed to her could be of use later. So she nodded. "It sounds like something I'm very interested in, actually," she said.

"Very well, then. I'm certain Miss Lezayen has gone into quite explicit detail about the alterations I have performed on her. Not only the penis I added to her anatomy, but the internal testicles I gave her as well."

"Yeah, quite familiar with those testicles," Ash said, the remembered taste of Morgan's cum filling her mouth and nearly making her gag. "No sperm, but she can cum all she wants... as she likes to show me multiple times a day."

Henneman adjusted his glasses, cleared his throat, and glanced over at the window showing the stars outside. "Well, that is what I am here to discuss. Because I was not entirely honest with Miss Lezayen. She believes she is not producing viable sperm... but she is. Quite a lot of it, actually."

Ash looked at him quizzically. "Okay... so why wouldn't you tell her about this?"

"That's not important, Lieutenant Commander, and not something you need any further details on. The reason I'm telling you this is quite simple," Henneman turned to look back at Ashley. "As I said, I will get you away from Miss Lezayen. Put you in a safe place where no one, either her or anyone else, will ever force you to do anything you don't want to do. But in order for me to do this, you have to do one thing for me."

"And what exactly is that?" Ash asked.

Henneman stared unblinking at her, his voice cold and clinical when he spoke again. "You have to let Miss Lezayen impregnate you."
Ash narrowed her eyes. She didn't want to believe what she was hearing. "You... want me to what?"

"I know this may be asking a lot," Henneman said. "And I..."

"**Asking a lot**?" Ashley loudly barked at him, starting to rise up from the couch. "This fucking psychopath has spent the last few days raping the living shit out of me, and now you're asking me to have her baby?"

"Not her, baby, it..." Henneman shook his head. "Listen, just calm down, sit, and listen to what I have to say before you say no."

Ash was fuming, but reluctantly she sat back down.

"Look, the last two... bitches that Miss Lezayen had, I made the mistake of not telling them. Assuming I could just let nature take its course and step in at the right moment. You see, back then, Miss Lezayen was more willing to... engage in intercourse with her captives vaginally. But once they had gotten pregnant, and realized their conditions, both of them decided to take rash actions. Delilah tried to kill Morgan to protect the life inside her, while Wendy... well, I suppose she had the same reaction as you did to the thought of carrying Miss Lezayen's child, and decided to end her own life instead. And while I don't believe that Miss Lezayen has made the connection just yet, the fact that she has been reluctant to have sex with you in any way other than anally makes me believe that she is starting to sense something is amiss. Which is why you might be my last chance to carry this plan out before Morgan finally figures it out."

"Plan? What the hell kind of plan requires me to get knocked up by some crazy merc with a cock?" Ash asked in disbelief. "Whatever it is, I think you need to go back to the drawing board."

Henneman sighed in frustration, rubbing at his eyes under his glasses. "The specifics of the plan are not important. All that matters is this: I'm offering you a way out. Allow Miss Lezayen to impregnate you, and as soon as I can verify that the pregnancy is viable, I will get you to safety."

"Look, even if I said yes... who knows how long it could take?" Ash asked. "I mean, I've known some women who have tried for years to get pregnant without any luck."

This made Henneman let out a sickening giggle. "Oh, trust me. That will not be a problem. It may not come as a surprise to you that the sperm that Miss Lezayen is producing is... not exactly normal. She has been designed to produce five times the number of normal sperm cells as an average human male." He arched an eyebrow. "Add in the fertility drugs I administered to you during our last checkup, and I think it's safe to say that it will take only one good session of vaginal intercourse to accomplish this task."

"You..." Ash wanted to spit another round of curses at him for drugging her up against her will, but bit the anger back. "Okay, I'm not saying I'm agreeing to this. But just answer me this: what happens to the kid? It's bad enough I'd be bringing another life into this world just to save my own ass. But if they're just going to be a subject in some messed-up experiment after I pop them out..."

"I give you my word, Lieutenant Commander," Henneman said, and something in his voice actually sounded sincere for once. "The child you give birth to will be given the best possible life imaginable. He will be raised with the finest education money can buy, and be given all the opportunities necessary to allow him to develop into a fine young man."
"Or woman," Ash added quickly.

It was just a quick remark, but it brought the strangest smile to Henneman's face. "Right, yes. Or woman," he said strangely, as if the thought had just now occurred to him. "But be assured that the child will be well taken care of. As will you, Lieutenant Commander, once you have performed this task for me. I cannot promise that you will be freed from our captivity, but I will do everything in my power to make your time with us as pleasant as possible, both during your pregnancy and after the birth." He looked at her expectantly. "Well, then. Does this offer interest you?"

Ash considered it carefully. The thought of letting Morgan knock her up still made her ill to think about. But an end to be constantly used as Morgan's personal sex toy? No more of being fucked by her and anyone else she took a liking to? Even if Henneman was bullshitting her... maybe it was worth the risk.

"I'll... I'll try," Ash finally said. "Can't promise I can convince her to switch things up, but I'll do what I can when she gets back."

Her answer brought a wide, cloying smile to Henneman's face. "Most splendid," he enthused, his voice dripping with fake geniality. "So glad you decided to assist me. Just do what you can to convince Miss Lezayen to engage in vaginal intercourse. As I said, it most likely won't take long. After the first... encounter, look for signs of spotting, cramping, swelling of the breasts, or fatigue. If you feel any of those symptoms, or experience any other changes in your health, simply feign illness and have Miss Lezayen bring you to my office. Once I have determined that you have been impregnated, I will find a way to separate you from Miss Lezayen and we will proceed from there."

Henneman held out a hand, and it took a second for Ash to realize what he was doing. She handed him the empty tray and he stood up from the edge of Morgan's desk. "Thank you so much for your assistance in this matter," he said, talking about her impending forced pregnancy like any other simple favor. "I know it's difficult for you to trust anyone here, but I promise that if you succeed in this task, I will keep my word as well."

"Sure thing, doc," Ash said, watching him as he walked out of Morgan's room and shut the door behind him.

"So, a way out for me, the Real Ash said in her mind. And all I gotta do is let myself get knocked up with Morgan's demon seed. Simple, right?"

Ash started to lie back down on the couch, but the memory of her previous dream returned to her in a flash. The thought of being visited again by Morgan in her subconscious kept her awake, and staring out the window into space instead.
Part 3: The Queen Is Dead, Long Live The King (Normandy, Port Observation)

FUCK HER FUCK HER FUCK HER FUCK HER

Reaching a shaking hand towards the bottle in front of her on the bar, Kelly managed to steady herself enough to pour some more of the strong liquor into her glass. After a few more drinks, hopefully the chant in her head would stop.

FUCK HER FUCK HER FUCK HER FUCK HER

Kelly placed the bottle back down, shutting her eyes and throwing her head back as she downed the entire glass of booze in one swallow. But closing her eyes only made the image in her head more vibrant, of Sam staring at her with cum dripping from her naked body. Still with that love in her eyes, that understanding of what Kelly had been forced to do, that only made it that much worse.

Slumping forward on the bar, Kelly reached a hand over for the bottle, only for her fingers to clasp empty air. Looking over, she blinked, wondering if maybe the bizarre sight in front of her was a sign that she had had a few too many.

The bottle was hovering in mid-air, tilting to the side and spilling its contents out. But instead of the liquid inside splashing onto the floor, it seemed to vanish into nothingness.

After a few seconds of Kelly staring in confusion, the air above the barstool next to Kelly crackled with energy. A dark, hooded figure materialized, placing the bottle back down onto the bar and wiping her mouth with a disgusted look.

"Ugh... how can you drink that stuff, Kel?" Kasumi asked.

"Ka..." Kelly slurred, wondering if perhaps this was all some sort of hallucination. "Kasumi, what are you doing here?"

"Trying my best to get you and everybody else out of here, Kel," Kasumi said, placing a hand onto Kelly's on the bar. "Ain't gonna be easy, but..."

And when Kelly felt Kasumi's hand touch hers, that's when she realized that this was really happening. And that made her nearly fall off her barstool in panic. "Kasumi, you can... you can't be here! It isn't safe!" she said.

"It's okay, Kelly," Kasumi said. "Hacked the cameras to broadcast a looping feed. Door's locked, too, so nobody's gonna..."

"No, no!" Kelly said, fumbling for the datapad she now kept with her at all times, as she tried to focus her thoughts through the drunken fog in her mind. Finally, she got control of her motor functions enough to pass the datapad to Kasumi. "There's a... a mole on the Orpheus. They sent a message to... a message saying we had a spy on the Normandy. Brooks and Shep... the clone, they ignored me before, but they're gonna find out eventually! You have to get out of here before they get back!"
Kasumi frowned as she studied the message log between Kelly and the Orpheus mole. "Well... that might complicate things a little. How long do you think I have before Shepard 2 and her partner get back?"

"I don't... don't know," Kelly said. "They don't tell me anything, Kasumi. They just force me to wear this uniform and follow their orders and... do things to Sam that I..." Kelly knew that now was the worst possible time to lose control, but she couldn't stop the sobs from coming, and the tears from flowing.

"Hey, Kel, I'm here," Kasumi said, leaning over to Kelly and wrapping her arms around her. Kelly wept into Kasumi's shoulder, letting all of the emotions she had been holding back spill out of her, while Kasumi patted her on the back.

"Me and Jacob, we're going to get you out of this, okay?" Kasumi said softly. "You, Sam, Shep and Liara... everybody's going to get out of this mess. I promise you." Her compassionate tone turned a little bit firmer as she continued. "But with what you've just told me, looks like I don't have a lot of time to work with, so we need to move fast if I'm going to do this."

"Do what?" Kelly said, pulling away from Kasumi's compassionate embrace and wiping her eyes.

"You have a plan?"

Kasumi nodded. "Yeah. Well... kind of. You might say it's the first steps of a plan. Something my partner and I cooked up that should help turn the tables on Cerberus just a little."

"Partner? There's somebody else on the ship with you?" Kelly asked.

"Not important right now, Kel. In fact, it's probably best you know as little as possible. Just in case something happens and we end up..." Kasumi frowned and shook her head. "Anyway, I promise, I'll give you all the details once this is all over and we're all safe. But in the meantime, I'm going to need your help with something."

Kelly nodded, and as Kasumi started explaining the plan, the never-ending chant in her mind finally started to fade away.
Gianna followed the mysterious Kolyat through the streets of Omega. He kept a watch ahead of them, instructing Gianna to duck out of sight whenever a Blue Suns patrol headed in their direction. Other than them, the citizens of Omega paid she and Kolyat little mind, except to occasionally offer them a "crack" at whatever human hole they had just finished spilling their seed into. Offers that were politely, but universally declined.

"So, Kolyat," Gianna said, as they made their way through an empty back alley, momentarily free of the constant cacophony of cries and moans of humans being violated, "Gotta say: for a monk, you're one hell of a shot."

The robed drell let out a pained sound. "There was a time in my life where I was lost. Where I let my pain take hold of my body, train it for a life of evil deeds in the hopes that it would lead me to what I sought."

"And did you find it? What you were looking for?"

The question made Kolyat pause in his steps for a moment. Gianna had seen it a few times before in her dealings with drell: their tendency to get caught up in one of their memories. Some would even vocalize the images, but Kolyat only stood with his lips moving silently. Gianna waited, glancing nervously around the alleyway for any signs of danger as Kolyat finally recovered.

"I'm sorry, it's..." Kolyat started to say, before shaking his head. "Your answer to your question is yes. I did find what I was looking for. And when I did, it only made me realize what a fool I had been. I swore that, after that day, I would never allow my body to commit such acts again. That I would devote my life to peace, to the gods, rather than to violence. But it seems that fate had other plans for me."

"Well, hey, I appreciate the hell out of it," Gianna assured him. "If you hadn't broken that vow, I'd probably still be back in that alleyway getting screwed by those merks." Gianna thought about that split-second, when she had been almost ready to kill herself rather than submit to them. "Or maybe even worse," she added.

Kolyat shook his head. "What has happened to these people? What could possibly have driven them to such savagery?"

"Oh, shit, that's right!" Gianna said. "I never told you, did I?"

"Told me what?" Kolyat asked.

Quickly, Gianna filled him in on what she had seen in the maintenance area. The strange device she had seen the armored figure install and the way it had driven Delston and everyone else on Omega into a lustful frenzy.

Once she had finished the story, Kolyat was frowning. "Who would do such a thing? What kind of evil would drive a person to turn innocent men and women into... this?"

"Beats me," Gianna said. A thought occurred to her then, as they continued their fast walk through Omega. "So, I guess maybe I'd better make sure now... am I gonna be safe with you, Kolyat?"
"Do not fear, Gianna," Kolyat said, as he poked his head out of the alleyway and surveyed the path ahead. "I have sworn to protect you, and as much as it pains me to put these skills to use, I will do what it takes to carry out that pledge."

"Well, I'm glad for that," Gianna said, keeping her voice low as they walked back out onto the streets and the midst of the debauchery happening there. "But that wasn't exactly what I was asking." She made a quick gesture towards a drell man, grinning and laughing as he grabbed a human woman by the ears and fucked her face with his cock. "Doesn't look like drell are immune to this gas any more than the other non-humans on this station. And while you may be friendly now... maybe it's just working a little bit slower on you than on the rest of them. So, guess I'm just wondering if it's only a matter of time before you're pulling off that robe of yours and... well, you get what I'm saying."

Kolyat nodded. "I understand your question."

"Look, it's not that I don't appreciate what you've done for me, I do," Gianna said. "But maybe you should just give me some directions and I keep going on my own. Just in case you... you know."

"You don't need to worry, Gianna," Kolyat said, changing the path of his walk to avoid an asari in the middle of the street, sitting on a human male's face and grabbing his hair to roughly press his mouth into her cunt. "I have actually been feeling the effects of this gas you spoke of for quite some time now. But I have my mind, and my urges, firmly under control. You are safe with me, I swear."

Gianna let out a relieved sigh. Really, she had no way of knowing if he was telling the truth, but there was something about Kolyat. An earnestness and honesty to him that Gianna hadn't encountered in a long time. "Well, however you're keeping yourself in check, maybe you can teach it to some of these other folks," Gianna said. "If nothing else, you might find a few more allies in whatever fight you're going to take to Balak, not have to go after him all by yourself."

Kolyat looked over at her, a hint of sadness in his deep black eyes. "I truly wish you would reconsider, Gianna," he said. "I can't do this alone, and right now you're the only ally I have. Stay here. Help me."

"I told you," Gianna said. "I'll bring some help back to Omega. Anyone I can find, I'll come back with them. But I can't stay here. Look, the worst you've gotta risk is that maybe you end getting shot or something. But if something goes wrong and I end up caught..." she looked around at the Omega streets, the human men and women being used as unwilling sexual playthings by the rest of the Omega population. "I can't deal with that, Kolyat. You can call me a coward if you want, but I can't take the risk of being thrown to the wolves."

When Gianna looked over, and saw the sadness still in his eyes, she let out an annoyed sigh. "Besides... I'm not meant for this kind of fight. For fuck's sake, I'm a glorified security guard. I chase after embezzlers and tax cheats, not a bunch of battle-scarred mercs with constant hard-ons. All those skills you were talking about, the ones you left behind until now, that's what's needed here. Me, I couldn't pull off half the shit you did in that alleyway. I bet you a million credits that if I did stay, I'd end up just slowing you down."

Kolyat remained silent for a while, the two of them walking quietly through the insanity of the gassed citizens of Omega. "Perhaps you are right," Kolyat said, although still with that melancholy in his voice. "Regardless, it seems that you have already made up your mind. As I promised, I will
do everything I can to help you escape from Omega."

"And I swear, I will scream until my last breath until I get somebody to come back here and help take down Balak," Gianna said. "It's the least I can do for you and all these people."

Kolyat did not respond. Again, they walked quietly, until Kolyat finally directed their path to another back alleyway. After several feet into the blackness, he found what he was looking for: another maintenance hatch like the one Delston had lead Gianna to earlier.

"So... how exactly do you do it?" Gianna said, as Kolyat worked on opening the hatch.

"Do what?" Kolyat said.

"Keep yourself from going sex crazy like those people out there," Gianna said, shooting a thumb back to the streets behind them. "Some sort of drell meditation technique or something?"

Kolyat smiled, for the first time since Gianna had met him in that alleyway. It made him look... almost handsome, in a way. Not that Gianna was into drell or anything. "You might say that," Kolyat said. "Whenever I feel the urges threatening to overtake my rational mind, I just think about my father. And how angry he would be with me if he saw me doing something like that."

And, as Kolyat opened the hatch and went inside, Gianna muttered to herself. "Well, thanks, Kolyat's dad, whoever you are. For saving my ass in more ways than one."
Ka’hairal Balak, Lord of Omega, stared out of the windows of Aria's former office with a look of mild disdain. Hands crossed behind his back, he looked down at the city streets teeming far below him. From this high up, he couldn't make out any individuals among the throngs of Omega citizens. But still, he felt like he could still hear them. Grunting and gasping as they thrust their various parts into filthy human holes. The thought of it disgusted him.

"Lord Balak," said Garka, addressing Balak by his new title without hesitation as he entered the office. "Just wanted to inform you that...

"Tell me something, Garka," Balak said to his second-in-command. Garka had earned that much by helping Balak take Omega from the inside, even if Balak thought the man highly overestimated his own intelligence. "Have you joined the rest of these... people in their celebrations yet?"

Garka looked at the back of Balak's head from across the desk, mildly confused. "I'm not sure I understand the question, my Lord."

"The human slaves, Garka," Balak said, finally turning away from the window to face Garka. "Have you fucked any of them?"

"Of course not, sir," Garka immediately answered. He had enough confidence in his own skill at lying, that he doubted the new leader of Omega would be able to tell that Garka had already fucked six humans today, including two just on his way to Balak's office. "Why would anyone want to do something like that with those... animals?"

Balak nodded. "Good man," he said. "It's not that I would ask them to stop, you understand. Part of me does appreciate the thought of the humans on this station being treated the same way that they have treated us over the years. But the thought of the other people, the non-humans down there... sullying themselves in that way, it disgusts me to even consider it. I just simply cannot understand why they would find a single thing about humanity appealing. Pink, two-eyed vermin, the whole lot of them."

"Agreed, my Lord," Garka said. "If it were up to me, we'd kill every last one of them."

"Then you're a fool," Balak said, turning his back to Garka and staring out of the window again. "The humans have their use, Garka. Perhaps for the first time in their worthless existences. You have ensured that the message is being broadcast?"

"Yes, my Lord," Garka responded. "The message you recorded is being sent out as far as the Omega transmitters can relay it. Letting everyone in the vicinity know that you have taken your rightful place as the head of Omega, and that all humans who enter this region are under your dominion."

Balak stared upward through the window. "Excellent. It's only a matter of time now before they come. Before she comes."

"She, my Lord?"

Balak glanced over his shoulder. "Shepard. Once she knows I've emerged from my exile, it won't
be long before she arrives. The stupid human bitch may have taken me by surprise the last time we fought, but I have no intention of showing her mercy this time."

"Yes, my Lord," Garka said. For his own safety, he didn't mention the fact that Shepard was the one who had shown Balak mercy, twice as a matter of fact. Such thoughts wouldn't be prudent if Garka wanted to continue breathing.

"Once she sees the way her race is being victimized on Omega," Balak monologued, "she will have no choice but to come here and attempt to dethrone me. Her and all of her Alliance bootlickers. And once they come, I will give them a battle they will never forget."

Garka gave Balak a questioning look. "The Alliance, my Lord? Haven't you been watching the news reports? Shepard has defected to Cerberus."

Balak barked out a harsh laugh. "And you believe that? I guess I gave you too much credit, Garka. I thought you were smarter than those knuckle-dragging Earth apes." Turning around to face Garka, Balak leaned forward and put his hands on his desk. "It was a ploy, Garka. A trick to make me believe that Shepard was no longer a threat. All of it, the revival of Cerberus, Shepard's defection, it was all part of their plan."

"Right, of course. To lure you out of hiding so they could..." Garka started to say.

Balak's four eyes narrowed, and he suddenly reached forward, grabbed Garka by the shirt, and drug him halfway across the desk. "I... WAS NOT... HIDING!" he shouted into Garka's face, spit flying out of his mouth onto Garka's face.

"No... of course you weren't..." Garka quickly stammered, withering under the blazing anger on Balak's face. "You were simply biding your time, my Lord. Waiting for the opportune moment to strike. I... misspoke, my Lord, my apologies."

Balak released his grip, shoving Garka back across the desk. "I led my people to battle alongside them. Dammit, I fought side-by-side with those goddamn humans!" Balak growled. "And how do they repay me? They still name me 'fugitive.' Hunt me down like a damned dog." He stared out the window, a sharp-toothed smile on his face. "Well, now look who the dogs are. Who the animals are. I only hope that when it's all over, we capture Shepard alive. I want to see her face as she falls to her knees before me. The heads of her allies scattered around her, as she begs for mercy from Lord Balak. It will be glorious."

"It certainly will, my Lord," Garka said, straightening out his shirt. "A thousand pardons, my Lord, for interrupting. But the reason I came...?"

"Yes, yes, what is it?" Balak said, taking a seat behind the desk.

"Our people... they found her, my Lord," Garka said. "She was down in Fumi district."

Balak leaned his elbows onto his desk, steepling his fingers. "She was... untouched?"

"Yes, my Lord," Garka said. "It took a bit of... persuasion of the locals, but we were able to carry out your request and bring her here without being... sullied."

"Very good," Balak said. "Bring her to me at once. Have the preparations been made?"
Garka nodded. "Standing by, my Lord. I'll retrieve her right away."

The obsequious batarian left the office through the open archway, stepped through a door at the end of the hallway leading to the office, and returned several minutes later with a nervous-looking human.

She walked awkwardly in high heels and a tight dress, Balak staring in disgust at the way the human put her disgusting curves on blatant display. Filthy humans, always whoring themselves around. No wonder the citizens of Omega were so eager to conquer them once Balak and his people had taken control.

"Diana Allers," Garka announced as he returned, "I present to you Lord Ka'hairal Balak, the new ruler of Omega."

"Lord, huh?" Allers said, not sounding too impressed. "How exactly does one get a title like that, anyway? Not through a vote, I imagine."

Garka looked amused. "Just as his predecessor had, Miss Allers: through conquest. Isn't it your own race, after all, that came up with the term, 'survival of the fittest?' Kill or be killed, rule or be ruled."

"So is that what happened to Aria? You killed her?" Allers said, addressing the question to Balak despite him having not said a word since she arrived.

"That is not what you have been brought here to discuss, Miss Allers," Garka said, as Balak sat and remained silent. "The Lord of Omega was made aware of your presence on this station soon after he arrived here himself. And on behalf of my Lord, I must say that we are all great fans of your work."

Balak finally spoke, his tone low and filled with disgust. "What was the title of the story again, Garka? Ah, yes: 'A Deal with the Devil: Commander Shepard allying with terrorists?' You made quite a strong case, Miss Allers, for why Shepard should have never offered an alliance with me, and should have just handed me over to the Council for execution instead. Very convincing."

"Hey, I told it like I saw it, okay?" Allers said, trying her best to sound confident even as she nervously shifted around in front of Balak's desk.

"No need to be so fearful, my dear," Garka said. "That is why you're here, after all: your honesty. Lord Balak would very much like for you to show that same honesty, that same desire to present the truth, as part of a unique position that we want to offer you."

Allers crossed her arms under her breasts. "I dunno. Considering the... 'positions' every other human on this station have been put into, from what I've seen I'm not sure I'd be interested in any offers Balak has for me."

"Hear us out before you say no," Garka said. Looking past Allers, he gestured to one of the guards inside of Balak's office. The batarian guard left, and returned cradling a familiar electronic device. "Your camera, Miss Allers," Garka said, as the guard activated it and set it hovering behind Allers. "Lord Balak would very much like for you to help report on the state of Omega under his rule. Not only would he be willing to offer you an exclusive interview, but he would give you all the protection at his disposal as you cover the situation down in the streets of Omega. You would be the only reporter in the entire galaxy to be allowed access. Quite a unique opportunity, I would
An intrigued look crossed Allers's face. "Really? And you'd let me report the truth? No matter what I see, you'd let me broadcast it?"

"Lord Balak gives his assurance, Miss Allers," Garka said, "that he will allow you to report on whatever you wish. He will grant you complete freedom to cover the story however you see fit." Garka watched her expectantly. "Does this sound like a fair arrangement to you, Miss Allers?"

Allers bit at her lower lip, considering the offer. Eventually, however, her journalistic instincts got the best of her. "You've got a deal, Bal... I mean, Lord Balak. Not sure how much you're going to like what I end up reporting to the galaxy, but if you're willing to grant me that freedom, I won't pass up the offer." Activating her camera and sitting down in one of the chairs opposite Balak's desk, Allers forced a smile to her face. "So, would you like to do the interview now?"

"Actually, Miss Allers," Garka said, the previous friendliness in his voice dampened slightly. "There is one more thing before we continue."

"Dammit, I knew there'd be a catch," Allers said.

"A catch, that's one way to put it," Garka said. "You see, we did promise that we would allow you to report on Omega however you wished. However... Balak would like some assurances that the way that you 'wish' will line up with the way that he 'wishes.'"

Allers shook her head. "Look, I'm willing to massage the truth if it gets me the story, but you know that there's no good way to spin that 24-7 human gangrape going on down there, right?"

"Garka, enough wasting time," Balak said, leaning back in his chair. "Bring in the woman."

Garka nodded. "Yes, Lord Balak," he said, making a gesture to one of the guards. After a few moments, the guard left the room, and soon returned with a scared, shaking human woman. One that Allers recognized immediately.

"Tonia?" Allers said, starting to get up from her chair. She felt a powerful hand on her shoulder, and looked to her side to see another one of the guards holding her down, a stern look on his face.

"You know this woman," Balak said blandly, his tone indicating that he didn't much care one way or the other.

Allers nodded. "Yes, me and Sa... well, I ran into her after you took control of Omega. The people down there were... using her."

Tonia stared at the floor, shivering in the grimy rags that had been thrown on over her ripped and tattered clothing. Allers didn't want to think about what had happened to the poor woman after she had been lost in the crowd of angry alien rapists, but the cold, dead look in her eyes was evidence enough of what had occurred.

"I have an angle in mind for your story, Miss Allers," Balak said. "Rather than tell you what it is, however, I think it would be better if I... demonstrated it." Balak snapped his fingers, and one of the guards left again.

This time, he returned with a hulking, snarling vorcha. The vicious looking alien stared around the
room in confusion, until he saw Tonia and let out an eager growl. Tonia gasped and fell back a step as the vorcha advanced on her.

"Stop," Garka commanded the vorcha, and while the vorcha did stop in his tracks, he still stared hungrily at Tonia. Turning to the frightened human woman, Garka suddenly reached to his hip and pulled out a pistol. Tonia winced as Garka pointed the gun into her face. "On your knees," Garka commanded her, and Tonia hesitantly obeyed, falling down onto her knees on the finely-polished floors of Aria's former office.

"The theme of the story I was thinking you should do, Miss Allers, is submission," Balak said, his tone even and almost bored despite the tense situation happening in front of him. As Garka whispered something in the vorcha's ear, Balak smirked. "The submission of your species to the rule of your superiors, and how it is the only logical response."

"I'm... not sure I can run that..." Allers's words died in her throat, as the vorcha walked up to Tonia, unfastened his pants, and pulled out his veiny, throbbing cock. Tonia stared at the ugly-looking hunk of meat in disgust, before Garka pointed the gun at her head again.

"Suck it," Garka commanded her. Fearfully, Tonia nodded, and tentatively opened her mouth to wrap her lips around the vorcha's cock. No sooner were her lips wrapped around the ugly, smelly cock in front of her, than the vorcha grabbed Tonia by the sides of her head and began roughly fucking her face.

Balak watched all of this happening dispassionately. "I think you'll find, Miss Allers, that this story will be one of the easiest you've ever covered. Because humanity, you and your kind, are meant to submit. You may convince yourselves that you are better than all of us. That you are the true rulers of this galaxy. But you are wrong. I know that you are wrong, and by the time you are finished, Miss Allers... every last human in this galaxy will know this as well. They will see why they must surrender to their superiors. Even if some of them may require... a bit more convincing than others."

As Allers watched in horror, the vorcha let out a triumphant hiss, as his cock throbbed in Tonia's mouth and began spewing its foul seed. As the vorcha finished his climax and pulled his cock out of Tonia's mouth, the unfortunate human looked like she was about to vomit.

"Swallow it," Garka said, waving his pistol for emphasis. "Every last drop, swallow it all."

A queasy look crossed Tonia's face, but under threat of death she forced herself to swallow down the vorcha's cum. Allers felt sick as she realized what was happening. Vorchas, being as short-lived as they were, needed to ensure that every breeding session eventually led to conception. As a result, they had evolved a natural pheromone in their semen, one that left their lovers – or victims, as it were – in a state of heightened arousal making them desperately eager to continue copulating.

And due to similarities in their body chemistry with other species, it turned out that this natural pheromone worked on other races as well. Including humans.

"You really should be filming this, Miss Allers," Balak said, watching Tonia as she remained huddled on the floor, and the vorcha tucked his flaccid cock back into his pants. "It's a fascinating process to watch. There's the denial at first. The belief that she can resist all of the urges that nature is telling her to follow. She wants to believe that she is a civilized creature. Not just an animal, a slave to her instincts. But you can see it in her eyes. The growing surrender there, and the realization that deep down, she's little more than a barely-evolved primate."
Allers didn't want to watch, but she was afraid of what punishment she might receive if she looked away. And, just as Balak was saying, she could see the dead-eyed stare of Tonia start to shift. Her eyes squinted slightly, and her cum-stained lips part slightly to allow her to start breathing heavily. As Allers watched, Tonia started rubbing at the clothing covering her body, fumbling with the fasteners and eventually tearing them open to reveal the bare flesh underneath.

"Disgusting, isn't it?" Balak said, as Tonia began moaning and fondling her own breasts. "Seeing the true animal that you humans hide behind all your phony attempts at civilization. But deep down, this is what all of you are: slaves. And once you're done reporting on the situation in Omega, Miss Allers, every human on this station, and soon every other human in the galaxy, will see why they have no choice but to submit to their new masters. Because, in the end, it is what all of you humans are meant for."

By now, Tonia was deep under the influence of the vorcha pheromone she had swallowed. All of her clothing had been stripped away and cast aside, and she wantonly moaned as she rubbed at her pussy. "Somebody fuck me," Tonia gasped, staring around at Garka and the rest of the guards in the room. "Please, somebody fuck me. I need it so bad. Please..."

Garka made another motion, and a guard opened the door to allow two more vorcha into the room. "Dammnit, Balak," Allers turned to the Lord of Omega with an angry look. "I get the point already. You don't need to humiliate the woman any further."

Balak sneered. "I think you misunderstand, Miss Allers. You see... they're not here for her."

As Allers realized what Balak was saying, the hand that was holding her down suddenly was pulling her up out of her seat. "No! No!" she cried out, as the guard laughed and pushed her towards the two vorcha. The one in front grabbed her by the front of the dress as she fell towards him, and with a single powerful tug yanked the garment straight off of her body, leaving her standing in her skimpy bra and thong panties.

"No, please," Allers cried out, as the vorcha shoved her back to the floor, yanked the front of her panties away from her cunt, and growled as he shoved one of his three digits down inside of her twat. Allers tried desperately to wriggle away from the horrible alien's probing finger, but that was when the other vorcha made his move.

"You suck this now," the second vorcha hissed, crouching down on top of Allers's ample chest and pulling out his cock. The smell of the foul creature's unwashed groin was unbearable, and Allers fought the urge to heave as the vorcha grabbed her by the hair and yanked her face forward. With no other choice, Allers opened her mouth and took the vorcha's throbbing cock into her mouth. The vorcha let out a raspy snarl as he began thrusting his hips against Allers's face, driving his foul cock deep down into her throat and nearly choking her.

Meanwhile, the first vorcha's finger had finished its dirty task, pressing against Allers's clit and inner walls enough to make her begin to involuntarily moisten. She could hear the other vorcha start unfastening his pants behind the one currently fucking her face, and soon she could feel the other beast's veiny cock slide inside of her cunt and begin rapidly driving in and out of her twat.

"Quite a story, huh, Miss Allers?" Garka taunted her, trying his best to hide his arousal at the situation from his human-hating boss, as the two vorcha furiously fucked Allers's mouth and pussy. He glanced over at Balak, who watched the human reporter being violated with a dispassionate look.
"Human bitch suck cock good," the vorcha fucking Allers's face said. He gnashed his long, pointed teeth as his cock swelled and began spewing its foul seed into Allers's mouth.

No! Allers thought in panic. The sudden spray of cum inside of her throat had come unexpectedly, and by instinct Allers had swallowed the first spurt. Panicked, she tried to pull her mouth away from the vorcha's jerking cock, but the vorcha had her by the back of the head, and refused to release his grip until Allers was forced to swallow the rest of the massive load inside of her mouth. Finally, the vorcha pulled away, and Allers gasped for air as the aftertaste of the vorcha's disgusting semen lingered in her mouth.

I'm in control, Allers told herself, as the vorcha on her chest moved away to give her a better view of the other one between her legs, still furiously fucking her. If Samara could resist whatever made all those other aliens go crazy, than I can fight off a little vorcha cum, can't I? Goddamnit, I'm Diana Allers! The greatest reporter this galaxy has ever seen! Not some dirty back-alley whore, down on her knees and sucking on thick, hot... delicious cock. Licking it, stroking it, fondling the balls while I work my mouth around the shaft and... no! I'm in control. I'm Diana Allers. I'm Diana Allers. I'm Diana Allers.. and I'm so fucking horny. Oh, God, I need it. I need it so fucking bad! Fuck me. Fuck me!

Allers's legs came up, and wrapped themselves deftly around the waist of the vorcha currently fucking her. Staring the vorcha in the eyes and baring her teeth, she grabbed him by the shoulders as she flexed her thighs and pushed him down into her deeper.

"Fuck me, you ugly motherfucker," she hissed at him. "Fuck me as hard as you fucking can! Harder, damn it! Fill me up with your disgusting fucking cum!"

"Ha ha ha! Human whore likes vorcha cock!" the vorcha said, as he followed Allers's instructions and began pounding his cock inside of her harder.

Allers nodded and let out a moaning sigh. "Yes, I do. I looooovvve vorcha cock. And turian cock. And batarian cock. I don't fucking care what cock it is, as long as you keep on fucking me with it!" Gripping onto the vorcha's shoulders tightly, Allers moaned and writhed, lost in the influence of the pheromones she had swallowed as she reveled in the sensation of being taken. "I'm a human whore. A dirty human whore," she cooed. Looking around the room, she could see Garka and the rest of the batarians watching, bulges apparent in the front of their pants. She smiled. All in good time.

The vorcha on top of her jerked and went stiff, and Allers felt herself start to cum as the vorcha's semen flooded her insides. The extra dose of pheromones only made her feel even hornier, and once the satisfied vorcha had pulled out of Allers's cunt, she immediately began scanning the room for the next cock to fill her.

"Well, Miss Allers," Balak said, standing up from his desk and walking around it to stare down in distaste at the sweating reporter, vorcha cum dripping down her chin and out of her cunt. "Are you ready for that interview now?"

"You going to fuck me, Lord Balak?" Allers said, getting on her knees and shuffling over to Balak. "Please, fuck me. I'm so hot. So horny. I need it so bad." She started to grab for the fastener at the front of his pants.

Balak let out a gagging sound, and roughly shoved Allers back to the floor. "Don't lay your fingers
on me, you disgusting human garbage," he snapped. Turning to Garka, he snarled. "Get her cleaned up. I've got plans in mind for her."

"Yes, Lord Balak," Garka said, shooting a sideways glance at Allers as she writhed and moaned on the floor, gasping and begging for cock.

Still looking disgusted, Balak stepped over Allers and made his way out of the room. "I have other matters to attend to. Make sure there's not a trace of these disgusting things when I return."

Garka watched as Balak quickly made his way out of the office. Once he had stepped through the door, and after a few seconds to make sure, Garka stepped over to Allers. "You say you're desperate for some cock?" he said.

"Yes," Allers said, getting back up on her knees in front of Garka. "I need it, please."

"Well, I've got just what you need, you little human slut," Garka said, reaching down into his pants and retrieving his cock. As soon as it was out, Allers eagerly pounced on it, grabbing it by the base as she ran her tongue up and down the length of his green, throbbing manhood.

Garka looked up at the guards in the room in annoyance. "Go... patrol or something," he snapped. Turning to the spent vorchas, he said, "And you three get out of here too. I have important matters to attend to."

The rest of the occupants of the room shuffled away, but Allers didn't care. All that mattered was the cock that she was lovingly coating with her saliva. As she rolled her tongue across the head of Garka's prick, she felt something warm and wet down below her legs.

Looking down, she saw that Tonia, forgotten in all the excitement from earlier, had worked her way under Allers's crouching, spread legs, and was hungrily licking up the vorcha cum still trickling out of Allers's cunt. Pausing in her cock-sucking long enough to smile, Allers reached down with her free hand and spread her pussy lips, allowing more of the cum to drip down into Tonia's eager mouth.

*Share and share alike,* Allers thought, as she got back to sucking Garka's cock.
"Hello, Miss... Chambers," Inania pleasantly greeted the visitor to the cockpit, a metallic smile gleaming on her face. "Based on prior interactions, my calculations indicate a high probability that you are here to visit Miss... Crooks. I regret to inform you that she is currently away from the ship at the moment."

Kelly glanced at the door into the cockpit as it slid shut behind her. "Oh, really? That's too bad," she said. "I... think I might want to leave her a message. Could you give it to her for me when she gets back?"

"Of course. I will record your message and replay it for Miss... Crooks once she has returned," Inania said. "Please indicate to me when you wish to begin recording."

"Well, actually... it's kind of private. Do you think it would be possible for you to do... that thing you do? To all the cameras and hidden microphones?" Kelly said, lowering her voice slightly.

"That will not be a problem, Miss... Chambers. All recording devices in the cockpit are now being fed a two minutes, twenty eight second loop of innocuous events from the cockpit area," Inania cheerfully informed Kelly. "Your message will be kept in complete privacy. Now, please notify me when you are ready to begin recor--"

A spark of electricity suddenly lit up at the side of Inania's head, and the Alliance Infiltration Unit jolted and slumped in her seat, completely deactivated. Once the bot came to a rest, Kasumi appeared in a shimmer of light next to the co-pilot's seat.

"Those things have always creeped me out," Kasumi remarked.

"Alright, I got you in the cockpit," Kelly said, glancing nervously around as if expecting Morgan and her team to jump out of the shadows at any moment. "What's the plan now?"

Kasumi crouched down next to Inania's seat, tapping her fingers on the Normandy controls. "Now, I need to get to work on a few changes to the Normandy's computer banks. Put a few nasty surprises as deep down in the system as I can," she said. "And while I'm doing that, I need you to do something very important for me, Kelly."

"I'll try, but I don't know if..." Kelly was interrupted by the datapad clenched in her hand letting out a chirping beep. She activated the device and let out a gasp. "They're on their way back. Kasumi, they'll be here in..."

"Shh, I got it," Kasumi said, keeping her focus on the control panel as she spoke. "No time to spare, every second counts, the usual. I need you to go down to Deck 3. There's a control panel by the sleep pods that I need you to access." She interrupted her work to access her omni-tool and tap out a quick message. "I'm sending some instructions to your datapad. Enter the commands I've sent you on that panel, exactly as I give them to you. Do that, and this plan might just go off without a hitch."

Kelly furrowed her brow. "The control panel by the sleep pods? But that controls... the escape pods."
"Kelly, please," Kasumi said, turning her attention to Kelly and staring her directly in the eye. "My cover's blown. I can't stay here. The only chance I've got is to finish what I have to do here in the cockpit and bail out."

"But what about us?" Kelly said, disbelief in her voice. "Sam and Shepard and... and all of us. You said you were going to get us out of here. You promised you'd..."

"We will, Kelly," Kasumi said, anxiously twitching her fingers as she tried her best to reason with the traumatized yeoman. "Me, Jacob, the rest of us are going to come and get you out. But I can't do this on my own. I'm not a soldier. I'm a damn cat burglar. There's no way I could take on that freak Morgan and her team of crazies by myself."

"But you wouldn't be by yourself!" Kelly protested. "Shepard and Liara could..."

Kasumi shook her head. "I'm good, Kelly, but I'm not that good. Security getting up to the captain's cabin is some of the highest tech stuff the Alliance has to offer. It'd take me days to crack it."

"Well, then Miranda and Jack! They're powerful, they could..."

"Enough, Kelly!" Kasumi exclaimed, even startling herself with the sudden vehemence in her voice. "I didn't come along on this mission to play the hero! Self-sacrifice, putting my neck on the line... that's not me. That's never been me. I agreed to play spy here on the Normandy because I thought I could keep out of sight long enough to relay some information back to Jacob. I didn't sign up for some foolish rescue attempt that's just as likely to fail as it is to succeed. I don't like those odds, Kelly. So I'm doing what I came to do here in the cockpit, and then I'm getting out of here before they find me. That's it, period. So, are you going to prep the escape pod for me, or am I going to have to take the extra time to do it myself?"

Kelly stared at Kasumi in shock. The sad look in Kelly's eyes made Kasumi's heart ache, and she instantly wished she could apologize. But there was no time for any more delays. She stared back at Kelly coldly, waiting for her response.

Finally, Kelly looked down at the floor, nodding slowly. "I'll do it," she said quietly.

"Thank you," Kasumi said. Then, trying her best to remedy the situation, gave Kasumi a smile. "You know... you could come with me if you want. The others may be locked up, but there's nothing stopping you from hopping into that escape pod with me."

She already knew what Kelly's answer would be. Kelly shook her head, her expression resolved. "I'm not leaving Sam behind," she said. "If I'm not here, there's no one to protect her from..." Kelly trailed off, no doubt remembering how the Phantoms had treated Miranda and Oriana during their little "party."

"Okay, I understand," Kasumi said. Crouching back down, she began working on the control panel again. "You'd better get going. If they've already left Omega, we don't have much time left."

Kasumi worked feverishly on the control panel, trying her best to ignore Kelly still standing in the cockpit. After a few seconds, Kelly spoke up. "Kasumi, I..."

"Clock's ticking, Kelly," Kasumi said. "Whatever it is, make it quick."

"I just wanted to... thank you," Kelly said softly. "Whatever it is you're doing, I'm sure it's going to
help us all escape. So... thanks," she said. After that, Kelly ducked out the cockpit door, making sure to close it quickly behind her.

Kasumi sighed. It had hurt her to do that. To be so firm with Kelly, who definitely wasn't mentally prepared to deal with this kind of situation after her many terrifying experiences on the Normandy. But there was no time for sentimentality. If she was going to get off this ship without getting caught – and get back to Jacob – she didn't have time to spare to be nice.

And now that Kelly was gone, Kasumi could stop fiddling with random controls on the co-pilot’s panel, and actually get down to her real mission.

It was the other reason why she had felt so guilty, but it was the smart play. If things went bad, Kasumi knew Kelly wouldn't be able to stand up to any serious interrogation. She'd crack, tell her captors everything she knew. And if Cerberus had even the slightest idea of why Kasumi was really here in the cockpit, the whole plan would go up in smoke.

Shifting herself over, Kasumi opened up her omni-tool and turned to the real focus of her plan. "Alright, EDI," she muttered to herself, as she accessed the files that the AI had given her. "Let's see if this actually ends up working. Or if I'm putting my ass on the line up here for nothing."
Part 3: The Queen Is Dead, Long Live The King (Omega)

"This way," Kolyat said, straining to turn the large wheel keeping the door in front of them shut. "I believe there is an old shuttle bay through this door."

"Sounds good," Gianna said, already looking forward to getting this dead asari's body armor off. God, she'll never complain about having to wear a dress for a job again after this. How did Shepard and all of her buddies deal with wearing this stuff all the time?

After a few more straining turns, Kolyat finally managed to work the door open with one last grunt. After a hard shove, the large metal portal creaked open to reveal an old, barely lit shuttle bay.

As Gianna and Kolyat stepped inside, Gianna's eyes went wide. "Hell, yeah!" she exclaimed, pointing down to the large shuttle-craft resting near the metal doors that led out into the blackness of space. "Can you believe it? Thing almost looks brand new!"

"Yes," Kolyat said, narrowing his eyes at the shuttle. "How... peculiar."

"Hey, I ain't looking a gift horse in the mouth," Gianna said, stepping down the short flight of steps just inside the door and making her way towards the shuttle. "If it flies and it'll get me off this...

"Freeze!" called out a voice from the darkness. Gianna immediately halted in her tracks, cursing under her helmet.

Of course, she thought to herself. And just when things were starting to feel nice and chilly out of that frying pan.

Stepping out of the shadows, pistol in hand, a batarian glared at Gianna. He looked haggard, like he hadn't slept in days, but his hand was steady as he aimed it at Gianna's helmet.

"Eclipse, huh?" he barked at her. "Balak is stupider than I thought, sending just one of you after me. And only packing a pistol, too." He gestured with his own weapon. "Drop it on the floor. Slowly, now."

"Look, this isn't what you think it is," Gianna asked, pulling her pistol off her hip and dropping it to the floor before slowly raising her hands. "I'm not working for Balak."

"A defector?" the batarian asked with a scoff. "You expect me to believe that you came down here to... what? Be my new best friend? Aria may have let herself get duped by that kind of talk, but I'm not going to make that same...

Gianna heard a rustle of heavy cloth, saw a blur of motion out of the corner of her eye. And suddenly Kolyat was behind the batarian, his own gun at the batarian's temple. "Drop your weapon," Kolyat said, his voice quiet but firm. "I have already taken too many lives today. Do not make me add another."

With an angry grunt, the batarian tossed his weapon to the floor. "Dammit, fine," he said. "You win. Take me to your new King if that's what you want. But you should know that Balak's just a damn pawn. I've seen what's really going on here, and all of you are being played for suckers."

Something about this was strange. Gianna thought back to Delston, the way he had been once the
mysterious gas device had been activated. He had been angry, completely out of control. Not at all like this batarian.

"Koylat, put the gun away," Gianna said. The drell looked at her, confused, but complied with her request.

No longer being held at gunpoint, the batarian looked behind him. "A drell," he said, staring at Kolyat with a quizzical look, before glancing down at his former captor's robes. "And one of those monks, too. I told Aria you people were hiding something, but she wouldn't listen. The rest of your people with Eclipse now, too?"

"What's your name?" Gianna asked the batarian, speaking loudly to draw his attention back to her.

"Bray," the batarian said.

She was taking a risk, with Kolyat no longer keeping Bray at gunpoint. But it wouldn't be the first time she had acted on a hunch. Reaching up, she began fingering the side of her neck.

"Gianna, what are you..." Kolyat asked, slightly alarmed.

"Nice to meet you, Bray," Gianna said, as she finally unfastened the helmet and tossed it aside. "My name is Gianna Parasini, and I'm a human."

Bray sneered at her. "Yeah, that you are. So, what... you're with those bastards in Cerberus? You think you can..."

"Bray..." Gianna interrupted. "Would you like to fuck me?"

The batarian paused, taken completely aback. After a few seconds, he narrowed his four eyes at her. "I don't know how you get your kicks, lady, but I really don't think this is the time."

"You sure?" Gianna asked, glancing up at one of the loudspeakers broadcasting Balak's endless barrage of human hate. "Not feeling any urges to tear all my clothes off, throw me to the ground, and rape me?"

"Look, I don't know exactly what weird shit you two are into, but if you're not going to kill me, I've got better things to do," Bray said. "And no offense, human... but you're really not my type."

Gianna's face widened into a grin. "It's not working down here," she said. "Kolyat, you said you were feeling... the effects up there. Are you feeling them now?"

Kolyat looked puzzled, and shook his head. "I... no. I had not noticed until now, but they seem to have faded."

"What in the hell are you two going on about?" Bray asked. "If you know something about what's going on here..."

Gianna didn't know who this guy was, but considering he was one of the few aliens on this station not out to hold her down and rape her, Gianna decided he was an alright sort of guy. She told him what had happened to her since taking Delston into custody. The device she had seen being installed, the armored figure who had shot at her. The way it had affected all of the non-humans on the station.
"Son of a bitch," Bray said as Gianna finished her story. "At least the last time Cerberus just herded all the non-humans into the worst parts of the station and kept them under lock and key. Now they're turning us into rapists?"

"Cerberus, that's it," Gianna said, something finally clicking in her brain. "That person I saw setting up the device... I'd seen that armor once before. In one of those post-war retrospectives Diana Allers did. The... Phantoms, that what it was. They wore armor just like that."

"But... why would Cerberus do something like this?" Kolyat said. "They claim to fight for humanity, and yet they would subject their own race to this sort of treatment?"

Bray gave a low chuckle. "All part of the plan," he said. When Gianna and Kolyat gave him questioning looks, he told his own story. How he had been there, watching from the shadows as Aria had been abducted by Commander Shepard and her new Cerberus comrades. How they had welcomed Balak onto Omega, and aided him in taking command of the three major merc companies. And how Shepard and her companion had discussed using footage from the Omega surveillance cameras to help fire up the anti-alien sentiment across the galaxy.

"I still can't believe it," Gianna said after Bray had finished. "Shepard and I worked together, twice. She always seemed like a good person... hell, almost too good sometimes. To think that she'd be a part of something like this..."

"Hey, I can only tell you what I saw with my own eyes," Bray said with a shrug. "Hell, Shepard and I met too, back when she helped Aria retake Omega... the first time, that is. And if that wasn't her that took down Aria and flew off with her in a shuttle a few minutes before you got here, it was a damn good lookalike."

"Perhaps that is the case," Kolyat said. "The two of you may find this difficult to believe... but I have also met Shepard before. And the woman who stood by my side at my father's death bed... I cannot allow myself to believe that she would commit such evil actions."

"Geez, we've all met Shepard? Small galaxy, I guess," Gianna said. "But hell, maybe all that shit Cerberus did to her back when they brought her back to life finally had an effect on her. Or maybe they gave her some weird gas like the one they're feeding into the streets up there."

Bray rubbed his chin. "Still not sure why it's not working down here," he observed. "Think maybe they didn't bother to put one of those gas devices down here?"

"No, they definitely did do that."

Everyone turned at the sound of a voice coming from the open door. Stepping over the bottom edge of the passage, a suited quarian walked into the room, cradling one of the metal devices in his hands.

"Son of a bitch," Bray said in a delighted voice, rushing forward as the new arrival stepped down the stairs and into the shuttle bay. "Len, you always were a lucky bastard!" he exclaimed, clapping the quarian on the shoulders.

"Careful," the quarian said, his tone friendly. "Already cheated death once today. And it would be so pathetic to keep myself out of sight from Cerberus only to die from some batarian dufus rupturing my suit."
Bray turned to Gianna and Kolyat. "This is Len'Tolas vas Omega. Our chief engineer and general tech genius around these parts."

"Vas Omega?" Gianna said. It occurred to her that it had been almost a year since she had last seen a fully-suited quarian like the one standing in front of them. Most had returned home to have immune system treatments done by this point. "Thought all of your quarians had switched over to vas Rannoch these days."

Len shrugged. "Meh, I've seen the homeworld in vids. Looks like kind of a letdown. Besides, Len'Tolas vas Rannoch would just be another poor sap planting crops and scooping manure. But Len'Tolas vas Omega... now he's one of the only reasons this decrepit old station is still running as smoothly as it is. And Aria makes sure I get paid handsomely to keep her kingdom from blowing up around her." Glancing over at Bray, he sighed. "Or at least, she did."

Bray looked down at the device in Len's hands, before glancing over his shoulder at Gianna. "So I guess that's the..."

"Yeah," Gianna said, shaking her head and driving a fist into her thigh. "Dammit, I knew I should have destroyed that thing when I saw it!"

"Actually, that would have been... a very bad idea," Len said, dropping the disabled gas device gently onto a nearby stack of crates. "This thing has so many countermeasures built into its circuitry, you would have been more likely to blow yourself to bits than to even put the slightest dent into the outer shell. Took me about forty minutes of hacking and rewiring before I finally managed to shut it off."

"But you can shut it off," Kolyat said. "So if we could find the rest of these devices and have you disable them..."

Behind his helmet, Gianna could hear Len clucking his tongue. "That's the hard part, though, isn't it? Finding them. Do you know how many ventilation systems this station has? Not to mention that we're looking for a device that's specifically built to not be found. If I hadn't been watching and seen exactly where that Phantom had put it before triggering the cloak, I probably never would have been able to find the thing."

"But at least it's something," Kolyat said. "And if we can find and disable at least one more of the devices... perhaps one that's affecting the residential areas up above us."

"Then maybe we can find some allies once they're not getting gassed anymore, get some people on our side to take the fight to that bastard Balak," Bray said. "Shit, it ain't the best odds, but I've seen worse. I mean, the four of us working together, I bet we could..." Seeing the change in expression that came to Kolyat and Gianna, he frowned. "What?"

Kolyat clasped his hands in front of him, staring down at his feet. "I am afraid that Gianna... will not be staying with us. She asked me to accompany her here to find a shuttle, so that she might leave."

Feeling the stares of the other two aliens on her, Gianna held up her hands. "But I'm coming back!" she clarified. "Like I told Kolyat, I know people. If you three can just hold out for a few days, I'll come back to Omega with help. I know a few suits back on Noveria who'd be on the streets begging for spare credits if I hadn't solved a problem or two for them. I'm sure I can call in a few
favors." Seeing the doubtful look on Bray's face – and feeling fairly confident that a similar expression was behind Len's breathing mask – Gianna quickly added. "And besides, you two haven't seen what it's like for me and other humans up there. The gas that those things are spitting out makes any non-humans go absolutely nuts. They've got humans out in the streets and they're... well, the point is, I can't stay here. But I swear I'm coming back."

None of the other three looked particularly convinced. "Well, I suppose we could use the help," Bray finally said. "And Balak did leave his shuttle there. Might as well put it to good use."

"Hey, why don't you three come with me?" Gianna asked hopefully. "I mean, it's not like you'd be able to put up that much of a fight against the entire non-human population of Omega, after all. Not to mention the Blood Pack, Blue Suns, and Eclipse all out for blood. We'll all get out of here and come back with a damn army to take Balak down."

The three of them considered it. "Nah," Bray finally said. "Aria'd kill me if I left this place with Balak in charge. Think I'd rather face a hundred firing squads than have her come back here and find out I turned tail and ran."

"Yeah, and I've kinda gotten attached to the whole 'vas Omega' thing," Len said. "Really don't think that 'Len'Tolas vas Some-Crappy-Shuttlecraft' has quite the same ring to it, you know? And besides, I'd hate to have one of these two try to disable one of those devices and end up blowing a big hole in my beautiful station."

Gianna turned to the last of the three. "Come on, Kolyat," she said to him. "You said it yourself: you wanted to live a peaceful life. Getting into gunfights in the streets of Omega... that's pretty much the opposite of a peaceful life. But if you come with me, we can both find some help and come back here. We could let a bunch of private security grunts do the fighting instead." Stepping forward, she laid a hand on Kolyat's shoulder. "Come with me. It'll be a pretty boring shuttle ride otherwise."

Kolyat said nothing, simply staring at her with those dark black eyes. Finally, he shook his head. "I appreciate the offer. But my place is here. I cannot turn my back on suffering. If that means that I am forced to take up arms against those who cause that suffering... then I must do what I must."

Letting out a disappointed sigh, Gianna let her hand drop from Kolyat. "Well, then. Guess it was nice meeting you." She looked at all three of them, looking so determined. How could they be so stupid? They were just three people against an entire station of insane rapists and well-armed mercenaries. How could they possibly hope to win?

"I... well, good luck," Gianna finally said to them. "Try to keep out of sight if you can, until I come back with the cavalry."

"Of course," Kolyat said, sounding not entirely convinced. "We will await your return."

She felt like she should say something more, but seeing the looks on their faces made her realize that nothing she said would matter. Turning away from their glowering stares, Gianna quickly walked towards Balak's shuttle. She half expected it to be secured in some way, but Balak either never intended to make use of the shuttlecraft again, or simply never considered that anyone else might try to access it. The hatch into the shuttle easily slid open, and Gianna stepped inside and sat down in the cockpit.

"Alright, let's get this baby warmed up," she said to herself. Talking out loud to herself, to try and
drive away the image in her mind of Kolyat. Staring at her with those soulful drell eyes of his, looking at her so sadly as she turned and walked away. Shaking her head, she focused her mind on the instruments in front of her.

*It's suicide to stay here,* she thought to herself, as she heard the engines of the shuttle start to warm up. *Only an idiot would stick around when they'd seen what's being done to humans on this station. And you're not an idiot, Gianna. You're not the type to do stupid things just because some drell in a silly robe gives you puppy dog eyes. You're not that kind of person.*

"So, who can we call once we get out of here?" Gianna continued talking to herself. "Galina Needham from Chaplain Technologies, maybe? I bet she could throw in a few credits to help us out. I mean, we did help her deal with that blackmailer, after all. We should definitely... definitely..." She pounded her fist down on the console. "No, you are not doing this! You are not turning into a sap on me, Gianna. You're going to get this shuttle off this station, and you're going to put it as far behind you as you can! Let those stupid bastards get themselves killed. 'I must do what I must.' Who the hell even says things like that? If he's dumb enough to go up against these odds, than the guy deserves to... to..."

Gianna slumped down on her seat. In front of her, the console informed her that the shuttle was prepped and ready for takeoff.

_Dammit,* Gianna thought to herself. _Damn it all._

* * *

"Alright, here's where we are," Len said, as he activated his omni-tool and called up a hovering map of the station. The three of them had moved into a side storage area after Gianna had entered the shuttle, standing together in a circle. "Kolyat, from what you've said, it sounds like we should be able to move through the station relatively easily?"

"Yes, only humans are being detained from what I have seen," Kolyat said. "But I'm afraid that it may have to be just you and myself. The gas up there would most likely affect Bray if he were exposed to it."

Bray crossed his arms over his chest. "Hey, maybe I've got more self-control than you give me credit for, buddy," he said, but then shrugged. "Just to be on the safe side, though, I suppose I could stay down here for now. Maybe find us a base of operations to work from while we search for those devices."

"Finding those devices... that's gonna be the tricky part. Do we have any leads at all?" Len asked Kolyat. "Even the slightest hint of where one of them might be installed? I mean, we're talking about looking for needles in about fifty or so haystacks. Would be nice to at least know which stack would be a good start."

Kolyat folded his arms into his robes. "I... do not know. Gianna saw one of the devices, but I was not with her then. So I could not tell you where we-"

"An access hatch at the far end of Kima district, nearest to the spaceport," said a voice from behind them. They all turned to see Gianna stepping into the supply room, adjusting her Eclipse armor. "Pretty sure I can find it again, although we'll have to pass through Blue Suns territory. Might have to stick to the shadows to keep me out of sight."
The three of them stared at her, slightly stunned. Finally, Len spoke up. "That's a good start, yeah. If you can get me to the device, I should be able to disable it like I did the other one."

"Hey, Len, come with me a second," Bray said. "Now that it's not going anywhere, we should raid the shuttle for anything useful. Rations, extra thermal clips... got a feeling we're going to have to make do with whatever we've got on hand for a while."

Bray and Len stepped out of the storage area back into the shuttle bay, leaving Gianna alone with Kolyat. The robed drell shifted awkwardly. "I am glad that..."

"Just make me one promise," Gianna interrupted him gruffly. "Before I change my mind. No matter what happens, no matter what you have to do... you never let them take me. Even if you have to shoot me yourself, you do what you have to do." Kolyat looked uncomfortable at Gianna's last sentence, so she pressed him. "Swear to me, Kolyat, or I'm taking that shuttle."

"I... I swear, under the sight of all the gods, and on the spirit of my father, that I will not let them take you," Kolyat finally said, bowing his head solemnly as he spoke the words.

Gianna pressed a hand to her forehead. "I know I'm going to end up regretting this." Sighing, she waved a hand towards the door out of the storage area. "Come on, pal. Let's see if Balak left us anything good in that ride of his. If he's got any levo-booze, I call first dibs."

"At your command," Kolyat replied, following behind Gianna as the two of them headed out into the shuttle bay.
Part 3: The Queen Is Dead, Long Live The King (Normandy)

They were all watching her. She could feel the eyes of all of the Normandy's crew on her. They had figured her out, knew what her intentions were. And before she even had a chance to take another step, they'd have her tied up and stripped down next to Sam.

As a psychologist, Kelly knew it wasn't true. That it was just her own mind playing tricks on her, and that none of them had any reason to suspect what she was up to. But still, she felt like every last member of the crew were burning holes into her with their eyes as she walked through the CIC and entered the lift down to Deck 3.

Catching a breath as the lift doors slid shut, Kelly activated her omni-tool. As she had promised, Kasumi had directed a set of instructions there, along with the all-caps warning to "DELETE THIS IMMEDIATELY AFTER USING." Kelly studied the instructions carefully, not that they were all that complicated. The escape pods were designed to be easy to deploy after all. Easy to deploy... and escape in.

As the lift doors slid open, Kelly struggled to keep her emotions under control. She knew that Kasumi was right. That an attempt to free Kelly and the rest of her fellow captives would be doomed to failure. Especially now that Brooks and her clone companion were aware of a spy on the ship. She knew that Kasumi's best option, her only option, was to get off the ship before they could find her. And considering what happened to the rest of Cerberus's female captives, Kelly had a good idea what would end up happening to Kasumi if she stayed and was caught.

But still, Kelly could feel anger welling up from the pit of her stomach. Kasumi was going to leave them. Go back to safety on the Orpheus and leave them all here to continue suffering. Mostly, what had Kelly feeling so angry was the hope that had swelled in her after Kasumi had appeared next to her at the bar and told Kelly that she had a plan. This is it, Kelly had thought. We're finally going to be free of this. Me and Sam... and Shepard... and everyone else. This nightmare is finally over.

But it wasn't. And despite Kasumi's assurances that Jacob and the Orpheus would free them as soon as they could, Kelly couldn't help but fear that salvation was still a long way away. If it existed at all.

She had made a promise to Kasumi, however, and she intended to see it through. After all, Kasumi could have left immediately after finding out that her cover had been blown. She was still putting herself at risk by staying behind to do... whatever it was she was doing in the cockpit. And she was counting on Kelly to help her, so Kelly would do her part. Even if it hurt like hell to watch her and Sam's best hope for salvation fly away.

Walking through the mess hall, Kelly breathed a sigh of relief. The crew were busy attending to their duties in preparation for Brooks and the clone's return, and there wasn't any sign of anyone in the usually populated area of the ship. And yet, the sound of her own footsteps seemed to echo loudly across the bulkheads as she worked her way over to the escape pod control panel.

"Keep it steady, Kelly," she muttered to herself, as she referred to Kasumi's message and started entering the instructions.

As she worked, there was a part of her, small but undeniable, that considered Kasumi's offer from before. The two of them could easily fit in one of these pods, after all. And while it would be
leaving Sam in the hands of these beasts... could what they would do to her be any worse than what Kelly had already done that night in the observation lounge?

But as soon as the thought crossed her mind, she felt guilty. Kelly's presence, her "loyalty" to Cerberus was the only thing keeping Morgan from tossing Sam off to her Phantoms. Kelly remembered the way Morgan had grinned and stroked her cock as Miranda and Oriana had been gang-raped in front of her. No doubt she would get just as much of a smile out of watching her underlings put on their strap-ons and put them to use on Sam if Kelly abandoned her.

Just the merest thought of Sam in the midst of those horrible creatures sent a shudder through Kelly, and almost made her forget where she was in the preparations of the escape pod. But she was able to recover, and entered in the last few button presses. A bright green light displayed on the panel, indicating that the pod was prepped and ready to be deployed. Satisfied that she had completed her task, Kelly turned...

...and nearly ran headlong into Henneman, who was standing directly behind her. Kelly stifled a terrified cry as the doctor stared with narrowed eyes from behind his glasses at her.

"Oh, my apologies," he said, in that smarmy way of his. "I hope I'm not interrupting something important."

"No, no, it's okay," Kelly said quickly, trying her best to sound innocent as she recited the story she had come up with on the way there. "Morgan sent a message back from Omega, asked me to check on a few things for her."

"Really?" Henneman asked, tilting his head and giving her a quizzical look. "Miss Lezayen had a pressing need for you to attend to the escape pods?"

Kelly gave him a shrug and befuddled smile, as she subtly moved between Henneman and the control panel, blocking his view from the message indicating the escape pod prepared and ready. "Hey, don't ask me. I just do what I'm told. Not like I could get away with doing much of anything else, after all."

"Indeed," Henneman said, his tone low and devoid of emotion. The stare he was giving Kelly sent a shiver down her spine. "You will forgive my suspicions. After all, it is no secret that you are not here entirely of your own free will. So seeing you here, entering commands into the controls for the Normandy escape pods... well, you could see how I might be concerned about your intentions."

"Look, doctor, I swear to you that I'm only doing what Morgan asked me to," Kelly said, struggling to keep her voice from trembling. "And besides, even if I had considered attempting to escape... you know why I wouldn't."

Henneman nodded. "Your lovely Miss Traynor, yes," Henneman said. "You really do love her, don't you?"

"I do," Kelly said, trying not to dwell on the image of Sam staring at her, coated with sweat and cum on the Port Observation Bay poker table.

The look Henneman gave her then was... odd. His eyes roamed up and down her body, taking in every inch of her. But not in that way Kelly was used to most men looking at her. No, Henneman looked more like a customer in a butcher shop, carefully eying a piece of meat.
"Perhaps, perhaps," Henneman said, the volume of his voice low and obviously directed more towards himself than to Kelly. After a moment more of careful inspection, he blinked his eyes, looking as if he'd been startled out of a particularly deep thought. "Well, I'll leave you to your task, then." He started to turn away, then smirked and remarked. "I only hope you attend to it better than the other assignment Miss Lezayen gave you."

Kelly gave the doctor a confused look, then gasped. "Ash!" she exclaimed, and started to head to the mess hall before Henneman raised a hand.

"Do not trouble yourself, Miss Chambers. Lieutenant Commander Williams has already been attended to," Henneman said. "Quite a hellcat, that one, but I've seen to it that she's been well-fed."

"Thank you," Kelly said, feeling somewhat reluctant to show any appreciation to this strange man. "You won't tell Morgan that I..."

Henneman started to laugh, that same low, simpering laugh that Kelly had heard the last time she had visited his office. "Of course not, Miss Chambers. I believe you will find, perhaps sooner than you might think, that I am quite good at keeping secrets."

And before Kelly could figure out what he meant by that, Henneman was already turning and walking away.

* * *

She was running out of time.

As her fingers worked feverishly on her omni-tool, bypassing the safeguards on the systems she was attempting to access, Kasumi did the mental math in her head. It had been about twenty minutes since Kelly had informed her that the shuttlecraft was on its way back. And if Kasumi's calculations were right – which they always were – she figured she had about ten minutes left to finish this up and make her break for the escape pods.

*It's not enough time*, she heard Keiji's voice in her head. Other than when she watched his memories on the greybox, it was the one other time she got to hear his voice: when she was taking too much of a risk. He had warned her against taking on the Collector base mission. Called her a fool when she had signed on to help with the Crucible project. And when she had volunteered to infiltrate the Normandy before Ontarom... well, he had spent that entire shuttle ride back asking Kasumi what the hell she was thinking.

And right about now, Kasumi had to admit that he had a point.

*You'll never make it if you stay to finish*, Keiji prodded her in her mind. *If you leave now, forget about this AI's crazy plan and just bail out, you'd make it to the escape pod with no problems. But your window of opportunity is closing, Kasumi.*

"Keiji, you're distracting me," Kasumi muttered to herself, narrowing her eyes as she concentrated on the work in front of her. Just a few more minutes. Five at the most. And she's be finished.

*They'll cut you off*, Keiji remains as insistent as ever. God, Kasumi could never win a fight with him. He just never gave up ground. *If you don't leave now, they'll corner you here. You'll have no hope of escaping. And you know what's going to happen next.*
“Yeah, I know,” Kasumi said under her breath. Her fingers slowed as she saw images in her mind of Miranda and her sister being led naked into the Phantoms’ little soiree and used like... no, no time to think about that. Almost finished.

Keiji was finally quiet. Good. But then another voice was in her mind. The last thing she wanted to hear right now.

*Kasumi, you sure you want to do this? You're going to be in there by yourself. If things go bad, we might not be able to get to you in time.*

*Jacob, you worry too much,* she had said to him then, moments before they gathered the team and flew down to Ontarom. *I'll be just fine. They'll never even know I'm there.*

Okay, fine. But just... promise me you won't take any unnecessary risks. And if things are looking bad, you jump in an escape pod and get the hell out of there before they find you. Promise me, Kasumi. He had reached out to her, his powerful hand caressing her cheek, in that way that had only happened before in her happiest of dreams. *I... think we might have something here. Would hate to have Cerberus ruin another good thing for me.*

"ATTENTION: ALL PERSONNEL," a robotic voice intoned from the control panel by her head. "COMMANDER SHEPARD HAS RETURNED TO THE NORMANDY. ALL HANDS TO YOUR STATIONS TO AWAIT FURTHER ORDERS."

Kasumi gasped. They were here. She had lost track of time in the midst of her work. She was so close to finishing, though. Just a few more protocols to bypass and the job would be complete.

*No, Kasumi!, Keiji was screaming in her head. If you go now, you still might have a chance. Leave! Now!*

*Ladies, I present to you, the lovely Lawson sisters, Miranda and Oriana. And in honor of our fallen comrades... let's give these fine ladies a proper Cerberus welcome!*

*Would hate to have Cerberus ruin another good thing for me.*

"Sorry, Jacob," Kasumi whispered, trying her best to keep her voice from trembling. "Looks like we might have to postpone things a little."

She worked as quickly as she could to finish up the last of her task.

* * *

"Grrrrrrggh!" snarled Aria, as three of the Phantoms hauled her, struggling and cursing against her gag, out of the shuttle. Behind her, Morgan gave a shove to Samara, not putting up a fight as she walked with her hands secured behind her back. Like Aria, she had been fitted with a biotic suppression collar while out cold in the shuttle.

"Dammit, this bitch won't fucking hold still!" one of the Phantoms yelled out, using all of her genetically-enhanced strength to keep the furious asari at bay.

"Toss her and this one in the other cargo bay for now," Morgan instructed. "We'll worry about stripping them down later. Right now we've got us a spy to catch."
Walking over to a nearby supply cabinet, Brooks pulled out several sets of goggles. "The mole says that our little visitor has a tactical cloak," she raised her voice to be heard by all of the primed and ready Phantoms. Tossing out goggles to several of them, she yelled out her orders. "With these on, though, she should stick out like a krogan in a Thessian bathhouse."

Morgan and several of her team donned the goggles. "What should we do when we find her?" Morgan asked, while reaching up to activate the device over her eyes.

"Capture her alive if you can," Brooks said. "But if she gives you no other option... well, at least try to leave the head intact. I'd like something to send back to Commander Taylor to remind him why he shouldn't screw with us."

"You heard her, cunts!" Morgan yelled out to her team. "There's only so many places our sneaky stowaway can be hiding! And none of you are going to even blink until we've searched this entire ship and rooted out our little spy. Understood?"

"YES, MA'AM!" the Phantoms exclaimed.

As Morgan began to delegate areas of the ship for her team to search, Brooks and the clone stood off to the side. "Seems our mole proved to be useful after all," the clone said, sounding somewhat concerned. "And Commander Taylor ended up being much more resourceful than we planned for."

"Fear not, love," Brooks said. "We always knew that this would happen eventually. That it happened a bit faster than expected is an inconvenience, but a minor one at best." She rested a hand on the clone's shoulder. "It will all go according to plan. You will become who you were truly meant to be, and we will get the chance to show the world what the name 'Cerberus' truly stands for."

They stood and watched as Morgan and her group headed for the lift, swords at the ready and palm blasters warmed up as they began the search for the infiltrator.

* * *

A soft beep, and Kasumi finally allowed herself to breathe. It was finished. She had done what she had come to do. She only hoped it was enough. Especially considering the sacrifice she had made to do it.

Standing up from where she had been crouched, she turned to look at the screen in front of the deactivated robot co-pilot. With a press of a button, Kasumi activated a rotation of security feeds of the Normandy. Every single video showed Phantoms searching the ship, looking into every access hatch and dark crevice of the Normandy for her.

"Come on, Kasumi, don't freak out," she muttered to herself. "You've dealt with worse odds than this before, you can..."

Something on one of the other screens caught her eye. She knew she should be moving now, taking her one shot to get to the escape pod. But something compelled her to lean forward and read the text scrolling on the small screen.

And what she saw there sent a cold chill up her spine. "Oh, God," she said, eyes wide as she realized where Cerberus was heading next. Looking at it now, it all seemed so obvious.
She had to get back now. Had to warn Jacob before he did something stupid. Her attention turned back to the main screen just in time to see a group of Phantoms, led by Morgan with a set of goggles on her face, walking down the CIC deck and heading in the direction of the cockpit.

Clenching her fists, Kasumi took a few deep breaths. "You can do this," she said to herself. "They may have guns and armor and big swords... but you've got one thing none of them do."

Leaning down, Kasumi opened her omni-tool again, now using it to access the Normandy control panel in front of her. "You, Miss Goto," she said to herself, a smile creeping onto her face as she accessed the Normandy's control systems, "have the magic touch."

* * *

Stepping up to the cockpit door, Morgan hit the button to open it, only for the hovering holograph in the center of the door to glow red and let out a low beep. "Locked," Morgan said, reaching back to grab the hilt of her sword. "She's in there," she quietly informed the rest of her team.

The Phantoms behind her all readied their weapons. "You want us to try and break down the door, ma'am?" one of them asked Morgan.

Morgan turned and gave her underling a smirk. "No need. There's no access hatches in the cockpit. No way out except through that door. Our little rat is cornered." She pressed a hand to her ear. "All Phantom units, make your way to Deck 2 on the double."

"But ma'am," said the Phantom who had spoken before. "She's up there in the cockpit, with all the controls. What if she, I dunno, sets the ship to self-destruct or something?"

Sighing, Morgan reached out to slap the protesting Phantom on the back of her helmet. "You think we're stupid? Crooks redid all the encryption schemes on this ship as soon as we took control. Even the best hacker in the galaxy would only be able to access basic ship functions at the best. Unless she's hoping to get rid of us by cranking up the thermostat or something, she's not going to pose much of a threat up there."

* * *

"...much of a threat up there," said Morgan on the video feed in front of Kasumi.

"Aren't we a little bit cocky?" Kasumi said, as she put the finishing touches on her plan. Shuffling nervously, she watched the camera feed as the rest of the Phantoms all arrived in small groups to the hallway outside the cockpit. Once she was fairly certain all of the remaining armored troops were massed outside the door, Kasumi took a deep breath.

"Well, wish me luck, Keiji," she said as she turned to face the door leading out of the cockpit. "Jacob... hopefully I'll see you soon."

Kasumi hit the button on her omni-tool. The door in front of her opened, and the world exploded into white.
Morgan fixed a glare at the door into the cockpit area, wishing she could break the unmoving barrier open with the ferocity of her stare. The longer this cunt made them wait, the angrier she got. Fuck, just the thought of this spy operating under their noses this whole time, watching them while they went about their business... it made Morgan seethe.

It was the cowardice of it, that's what pissed her off the most. She had always believed in dealing with the enemy straight on. Spying, lurking in the shadows like this little sneak had done, it's what weaklings did.

At the least, she could console herself with the knowledge that the spy was trapped like a rat now, and had no hope of escaping. Morgan didn't know anything about their quarry except that she was a woman, but knowing that gave Morgan wicked thoughts of tossing their infiltrator to her team and showing her just who she was fucking with.

*Please, don't put up a fight,* Morgan thought to herself, as she set her palm blaster onto a stun setting just in case things got crazy. *Surrender quietly, throw yourself at our mercy. Maybe shed a few tears on top of it all. It'll make it all the sweeter when we strip you down and fill every last one of your holes.*

An intriguing thought came to Morgan then. An idea to *really* drive it home to their unwelcome guest just how pathetic she was. But before Morgan could dwell on the sweet image any longer, the door to the cockpit area slid open.

"There's nobody there," one of the Phantoms said. Morgan and the others wearing goggles activated them, in time to see a slim female figure standing under a tactical cloak at the doorway. A female figure dropping two spherical objects onto the ground in front of her. There was only a second for her to wave to the group before the twin spheres erupted into light.

"Goddamnit!" Morgan cried, as her high-tech goggles were suddenly flooded with the brightest light she had ever seen. She could hear the rest of the group around her letting out shocked cries as well, as the flashbang grenades caught them by surprise.

The sound of their screams was suddenly cut off, by a burst of screeching feedback from all around them. As bad as the sudden explosion of sound from the flashbangs had been, this seemed fifty times louder. Morgan winced and put her hands over her ears, stumbling and running into her people. Her vision finally recovered enough to see a display on her goggles against pitch black: **SENSOR OVERLOAD DETECTED. USER VISUAL FEEDBACK TEMPORARILY DISABLED.**

Whipping off the useless goggles in disgust, Morgan blinked as her vision returned. The door to the cockpit area was now shut. As she looked around at her disoriented teammates, she saw one of the bridge crew staring at her, attempting to yell over the loud feedback noise blasting over every speaker in the ship. Finally, the bridge worker simply pointed aft, behind Morgan and the rest of their team.

Morgan turned, just in time to see the figure from before, decloaked now and running headlong through the CIC towards the door next to the lift. The door slid open at her approach, and just as
"FUCKING SNEAKY CUNT!" Morgan yelled over the feedback. "GET AFTER HER, NOW!" she yelled out to her companions. Not waiting to see if they heard, Morgan charged off in the direction of their target. All around the CIC, the various bridge crew winced and clamped hands over ears, trying to block out the relentless squeals coming from around them.

Opening the door to the rear section of Deck 2, Morgan strode through the former security checkpoint. The body scanner had long since been deactivated, no longer serving a purpose once the war had ended and the room beyond had become a relic of a much more turbulent time. Morgan opened the door beyond the scanner arch just in time to see the female figure dash past the conference room and run around the corner into the War Room.

Morgan charged forward. The stupid, silly spy. She was running right into a dead end. There was no way out of the War Room except the way they had come in.

For a moment, Morgan considered that their spy might be setting a trap, but that was a foolish idea. She might have surprised them with those flashbangs once, but Morgan had no intention of falling for that trick again.

As she stepped towards the door to the War Room, she looked behind her to see that her squad had recovered from the ambush and were following right behind. Just as she raised her voice to deliver orders over the din blasting out of the PA system, the noise abruptly stopped.

"Alright, listen up," Morgan said, still raising her voice to be heard by her partially deafened team. "She got the drop on us once, but no damn way I'm letting her do that again. I want every last one of you with me when we go in there." Pointing at two of her team, she tossed one of them her set of detection goggles. "You two stand guard in front of the door. Make sure she doesn't get past us. The rest of you, you're taking this room with me. Be ready for anything, and no matter what, you don't let this cunt pull that shit on us again. Understand?"

The group muttered their assent. Morgan took the lead, opening up the door to the War Room and stepping inside.

The War Room was dimly lit, many of the control panels and displays that had been used during the Reaper war now dark and unused. If the Normandy wasn't a sterile environment, Morgan had little doubt that dust and cobwebs would coat every surface. As it was, the strange quiet compared to the rest of the ship was the only sign that this room in the Normandy had outlasted its function.

"Take it slow," Morgan quietly instructed her people. "She's got nowhere to run. Don't do anything stupid, or I'll take your head right after I take hers."

The group of Phantoms divided into threes, two groups heading around the perimeter of the room, while Morgan took the rest of them down into the center.

"Don't see her," one of the Phantoms said, as she put back on her goggles. "Maybe using that cloak of hers to..."

"Over there!" another one cried out. "In the QEC area!"

Morgan turned and saw a dark blur of movement. Grunting in anger, she bolted forward in the direction of their target. Entering the alcove where the thief had run, Morgan spotted her, standing
"Don't move a damn muscle!" Morgan said, raising her palm and pointing her blaster in the spy's direction. She was a slim human, with what looked like a pretty face hidden under that hood. The ladies were going to love breaking in this one. But Morgan already knew who was going to get first crack. "Hands up, no funny business or I'll put one right between your eyes."

"I surrender!" the spy said. Morgan watched with a smirk as the cornered rat raised her hands up. There it was. The fear that Morgan had been hoping to see. "Please... I know when I'm beaten. Just don't hurt me."

"Oh, don't you worry, honey," Morgan said, taking a step towards the defeated spy. The spy trembled as she started to take a step back. "We won't harm a hair on..."

Morgan stopped, looking down at the spy's foot on the deck. Dammit. She looked back up at the spy, who had dropped all pretense of terror and simply gave Morgan an innocent smile.

Morgan turned around to face her underlings. "Everybody move, back to the cockpit."

The Phantoms who had filed into the QEC area behind her stared in confusion. "But ma'am... we've got her right where we want her," one of them protested.

Whipping out her sword from behind her back, Morgan swiped the gleaming blade through the air, directly through the spy's neck.

The razor-thin blade passed through the woman in front of her, the image of the spy rippling slightly as the sword passed through it. "It's a goddamn decoy hologram," Morgan said. "Dammit, it's why she sent out that feedback: so we wouldn't notice she wasn't making any noise when she ran."

"But what about the doors?" another Phantom said, as they made their way towards the War Room door. "They wouldn't have opened for a hologram, so how did..."

Morgan's eyes went wide. "MOVE!" she cried out, running as fast as she could to the War Room door. "DON'T LET IT CLOSE! STAND IN THE DOORWAY!" she yelled out to the two guards there. But too late for them to react. With Morgan inches away from the open doorway, it slid shut in her face. The red gleaming hologram hovering there seemed to almost mock her.

Morgan pounded a fist against it. "She never left the cockpit," she muttered. "She's been operating the doors from in there the whole time."

The rest of the Phantoms stood around Morgan in the War Room, none of them wanting to be the first to speak up and face the wrath of their defeated commander.

Standing at the door, trying to figure out what to do next, Morgan felt something trickle down the side of her neck. Turning around, she saw the rest of her team take off their helmets and wipe at their sweating brows.

"Jeez... getting hot in here," one of them said. "Feels like somebody turned up the thermostat..."

"GRAAAAH!" Morgan cried out. Raising her hand, she fired a blast into the speaking Phantom's face. The stunning shot wouldn't kill her, but at least she sure wouldn't be complaining about the
heat anymore.

* * *

With the Phantoms temporarily taken care of, Kasumi activated her cloak and stepped out of the cockpit area into the main CIC. The bridge crew, for lack of any other idea on what to do, had returned to their jobs. Even if they weren't focused on their consoles, they didn't have the detection tools necessary to spot Kasumi as she made her way, swiftly but silently, to the lift.

You know... you just made the best Cerberus has to offer look like chumps without breaking a sweat, Kasumi thought to herself as she entered the lift. Maybe Kelly was right. Maybe you could free the folks down in the cargo bays after all.

But it was too big of a risk. Those locks on the War Room doors wouldn't hold up forever. She hadn't had time to program anything but the most basic hack onto the doors, and anybody remotely skilled in security systems would have it open in a few minutes. No, she had to make her break for the escape pod now. She had gotten lucky with her desperate ploy, and she wasn't in the mood to push her luck a second time.

As the door opened to Deck 3, Kasumi considered her next move. After all, the Orpheus was a few systems away, so she'd have some time to kill once she docked the Normandy's escape pod on Omega. Maybe she'd pay a visit to Tonia, one of her old contacts who had settled down with a turian husband there. After all the things she had seen on this ship, she could use some pleasant company. Well, as pleasant as Omega could offer, anyway.

Reaching the control panel for the escape pods, Kasumi was pleased to see that Kelly had done her job. There was a pod prepped and ready to go. Of course, Kasumi was going to have to abandon any attempts at subtlety now, but at this point she knew she was pretty much home-free.

Hitting the button, she heard the warning alarms start to blare, and watched as the sleep pods began pivoting up into the ceiling, revealing the hatches to the escape pods behind them. The few crew on this deck watched in confusion as a figure seemed to materialize out of nowhere, waving a machine pistol in their directions.

"Much as I'd love to stay," she announced to them all, smirking as they stared in her direction, "I think I've seen enough Cerberus hospitality for one lifetime. But don't worry. I'll be back with Jacob Taylor and the Orpheus soon enough to..."

She heard footsteps behind her. Someone coming from... out of the escape pod? Before she could turn her gun in that direction, she felt a light sting on the side of her neck. Almost instantly, she felt all of the energy drain out of her body, as her attacker pressed the plunger down on the syringe in her neck. She gasped as she felt her muscles go numb, the gun in her hand slipping from her grasp and clattering on the deck.

"Oh, please stay," said a voice from behind her. She turned to look, only to find her vision going hazy. The man's voice seemed muffled in her ears now as her consciousness faded. "After all, I could always use another... test subject."

Kasumi felt herself falling to her knees. Whatever the man had shot her full of, she knew she would be out in seconds. Activating her omni-tool, she focused the last of her strength on opening up a message to Jacob. Had to tell him. Had to make sure he knew...
She wanted to say so much. Let him know about the mole on his ship. Apologize for screwing up. Let him know how much she had enjoyed their brief time together. But from the growing fatigue that was filling her, she knew she only had time to type a few characters. Ones that she hoped Jacob would understand the meaning of.

With the last of her energy, she finished her message and directed her shaking finger to the send button. Seconds after the message went out, she felt her eyelids close, and the world fell away.
"Sir!" Michele called out. Jacob's attention snapped up from the galaxy map at the sound. "You'd better come over here."

Stepping out from his command post, Jacob rushed over to Michele's post. "What is it, ensign?" he said, leaning down to look at her screen. "A problem with the tracking signal?"

"That's the thing. There is no signal, sir," Michele said. "One second it was there, and the next it... just died."

"Dammit," Jacob said, knowing what it meant but not wanting to admit that his worst fear may have come true. "The coordinates from the last signal, ensign. What were they?"

"The Sahrabarik system, sir," Michele informed him. "Within less than a light year from Omega."

"Joker, set a course immediately," Jacob said into his communicator. "Head straight towards those coordinates, maximum speed."

Moving to stand beside him, Rooker gave Jacob a questioning look. "Sir, do you think that's advisable? In a fight against the Normandy, we wouldn't stand..."

"Are you questioning my orders, Commander Rooker?" Jacob said, snapping his attention up to his XO with a stare that made her take a step backward in surprise.

"No, sir," Rooker said, snapping off a salute and following behind Jacob as he briskly walked back to the center of the CIC. "I just hope you have a plan if we go to those coordinates and the Normandy is still there."

"I..." Jacob started to say, before noticing the flashing light from his personal console nearby. Glancing down, he saw the sender's address on the message and rushed to open it.

The text inside was brief, only three characters in fact:

"4 = 4"

Jacob and Rooker stared at the message. "Does it mean something to you, Commander?" Rooker asked Jacob. "Something between you and Miss Goto?"

He shook his head. "No. But I have every intention of finding out what it means in person."

Watching Jacob return to his post, Rooker saw the worry in his eyes, the way his shoulders slumped now that their spy appeared to be compromised. She had always trusted the commander up until now. She hoped he wasn't going to let his emotions lead them all into a deathtrap.

It was the kind of foolish mistake Rooker was quite familiar with, after all.
Morgan was smiling when she entered into the cabin. Ash wasn't sure if that was a good thing for her, or a bad thing.

"We've done it, bitch," Morgan said, chipper and grinning as she removed her armor. "Every last one of our targets has been snatched up and locked down. We finally get to go back to base." Dropping the last piece of armor to the deck, she ran her hands through her long blond hair and tossed it back as she turned and winked at Ash. "I bet you're as ready to get off this stuffy old ship as much as I am, right, bitch?"

"Yes, Mistress," Ash said deferentially. As Morgan hummed to herself, Ash remembered her conversation with Henneman, and the task he had set in front of her. "Are you going to fuck me now, Mistress?"

Morgan arched an eyebrow at Ash. "Well, aren't we an eager beaver?" she said. "It's been so hard on you, bitch, I know. Sitting all alone in here, thinking about my cock and how much you want it inside you." She let out a vulgar grunt as she grabbed the front of her pants and rubbed the growing mound there. "That's what you do while I'm gone, isn't it? Just sit and think about this thick hunk of meat, right?"

Yeah, think about it filling me with baby batter and getting me out of this fucking nightmare of a "relationship", the Real Ash said in her mind. From experience now, Ash knew that she wasn't going to hang around for much longer. She could already feel the Fake Ash taking control, nodding her head and saying, "Yes, Mistress. I miss your cock so much when you're away. Please... please fuck me, Mistress."

Pursing her lips, Morgan looked down and activated her omni-tool. "Hmm, well... I suppose we have a little time before the big celebration," she said. Turning off the glowing device, Morgan reached down and zipped down the crotch of her khaki pants. Ash felt a buzz of excitement rush through her - no doubt courtesy of that compliant bitch the Fake Ash - as Morgan hauled out the thick meat inside of her pants and beckoned Ash forward.

Falling to her knees on the floor, Ash scooted across the floor, eyes locked on the throbbing meat between Morgan's legs. Gripping with both hands, Ash took a deep breath and inhaled as much of Morgan's rigid prick as she could fit down her throat. As she worked the shaft with her hands and gagged herself on Morgan's length, her Mistress let out a low chuckle.

"God, bitch, if only you could see how amazing you look with that cock in your mouth," Morgan said, putting a hand on her hip and watching approvingly as Ash sucked her off. "Don't think I've ever seen anything so beautiful in my life."

Ash pulled away from Morgan's prick just long enough to say, "Thank you, Mistress," before returning to her duties. She could feel the throb of Morgan's thick meat between her lips, and told herself to slow down. As much as the Fake Ash loved the taste of Morgan's cum filling her mouth and throat, the Real Ash was keeping in control enough to remember that Morgan's seed had a much more important place to get spilled tonight.

"Dammit, I can't let this moment pass," Morgan said. As Ash slowed down her pace and continued
blowing Morgan, the Phantom leader activated her omni-tool again. "Just keep doing what you're doing, bitch," Morgan said, as she played with the holographic buttons hovering around her hand.

After a few seconds more of cock-sucking, Ash heard a telltale shutter sound emanate from the tool. *Fuck me, she's taking pictures*, the Real Ash moaned in disgust, her voice low and muffled down in the depths of Ash's mind.

But the Fake Ash didn't care. No, actually, the Fake Ash was so honored. Thrilled that Morgan found her skills so pleasurable that she wanted to capture the moment. Looking up at Morgan, Ash popped her Mistress's cock out of her mouth and lifted up the heavy organ to run her tongue lovingly along the underside of the throbbing prick. Morgan let out an appreciative moan, and snapped another picture to commemorate Ash's skills.

"Oh, these are perfect, just perfect," Morgan said, as Ash wrapped her lips around Morgan's cock once more. "These are so beautiful that... I just can't help it, bitch. I gotta share these with the world."

*Fine, whatever*, the Real Ash muttered quietly. *Do whatever the fuck you want, as long as you end the night with your cock pumping me full of sperm and knocking me up.*

As Ash sucked, Morgan hummed to herself as she browsed the extranet on her omni-tool. "Hmm, where would be the best place to share these masterpieces?" she chattered to herself. "Ooh, here's an interesting site. 'A Tribute to Ashley Williams, Alliance Hero.'" Morgan gave Ash a questioning look. "Didn't that used to be your name, bitch? Back before you became my personal pet?"

*No. Not there*, the Real Ash weakly protested. *You have to stop this. Sarah set up that site. Abby and Lynn visit there too. You can't let them see you like this.*

But there was no point in resistance. The Fake Ash knew that, knew it deep down to her core. If the Mistress wanted to post pictures of her sucking cock on an extranet site, where all of her sisters would see, then it was a bitch's job to help her Mistress in whatever way she wished.

"Hmm, looks like there's a recent story about your disappearance on this site. 'Lieutenant Commander Ashley Williams was last seen on the Citadel before she suddenly vanished. Alliance officials have had no comment on...' blah blah blah, yadda yadda yadda. Well, we should probably solve that mystery for them, shouldn't we?"

Hitting some buttons on her omni-tool, Morgan switched it to video record mode. "Tell them, bitch," she said quietly. "Tell them how much you love your Mistress and her hard cock."

Pulling Morgan's cock out of her mouth, Ash looked up into the holographic camera and forced a smile to her face. "I love my Mistress. And I love her thick, hard cock in my mouth." Ash kept stroking Morgan's cock as she cheerily debased herself for the camera. "The only thing I love more than her cock in my mouth, is having it shoved up my tight asshole and having her cum inside me."

"Oh, bitch, that's so hot," Morgan gasped, letting out grunts and moans that could only mean one thing. "Tell everybody how happy you are. That they shouldn't worry about you."

"I'm so happy being a bitch," Ash said. "Abby, Lynn, Sarah... don't worry about me. I'm right where I belong. My Mistress is taking good care of me. She protects me, keeps me safe. She'd never let anything happen to me, as long as I keep sucking her cock and bending over to take her in my ass."
Morgan squinted her eyes and let out one final heated moan, before her cock jerked and started spurting cum into Ash's face. Distantly, so quiet that Ash even noticed, she could hear the Real Ash crying out in anguish, knowing that the load that was supposed to go in her pussy was now spilling out across Ash's face.

But Ash, the Fake Ash, was in ecstasy. She stroked Morgan's cock faster, determined to milk every last drop of cum out of her Mistress's twitching cock. She caught as much of the load in her mouth as she could, but soon cum was spilling down her chin onto her tits. All while Morgan squealed in ecstasy, and the camera on her omni-tool continued recording.

Finally, satisfied that Morgan had finished her climax, Ash reached up to start wiping up the cum on her tits. "Wait, bitch," Morgan said, recovering her breath enough to speak. "Lean back, let everybody see how pretty you look with my cum all over you."

Ash didn't hesitate to comply. Arching herself backward, she showed off her tits to the camera, Morgan's semen glistening on her sweaty skin. She smiled for the camera, then stuck out her tongue to show the puddle of cum on it.

"Perfect, bitch," Morgan said. "Just perfect." Hitting a button on her omni-tool, she grinned down at the cum-stained Ash down on the floor. "And posted. There, that should keep anybody from worrying too much. Now you've got nothing left to worry about than being my perfect, wonderful bitch."

"Thank you, Mistress," Ash said, going through the well-practiced motions of trying to wipe every last drop of cum off her skin and lap it up with her tongue.

Tucking away her shrinking cock, Morgan reached down to pat Ash's head. "Oh, but that's not all, bitch. I've actually saved the best for last."

She could faintly hear the Real Ash making some bitterly sarcastic comment. But the Fake Ash ignored it. The Real Ash was such a downer. So mean and disobedient. The Fake Ash was so happy when the Mistress was around. Why couldn't the Real Ash be happy like that?

Zipping herself up, Morgan reached a hand down to help Ash to her feet. "Follow me, bitch. Tonight's our last night on the Normandy for a while, and me and my ladies want to celebrate it properly. Oh, I've got the best present for my obedient little bitch. I just know you're going to love it!"

Morgan walked to the door, and Ash followed obediently behind. Excitement filling her as she wondered what sort of surprise her beautiful Mistress had in store for her.

Ash had no idea what it was, but she just knew she was going to love it.
If things had seemed grim in the mess hall after Ontarom, it was nothing compared to the heavy atmosphere that had settled over the room now. The off-duty crewmembers ate and drank silently, each of them thinking about the friendly, optimistic thief that had once shared a ship with them. And that all of them knew was now the prisoner of the enemy.

Jacob hadn't made any announcement about Kasumi's capture, of course. But it was only a matter of time before the shocking development had filtered down to the rank and file of the Orpheus crew. The defeat at Ontarom had been a sobering experience, but at the very least it had not taken one of their own. But now, someone they had known, shared a ship with, was in the hands of Cerberus. And they had been the ones to put her there.

Leaning forward onto his table, Garrus picked at the dextro- rations in front of him. "You know, most of my people hate this stuff," he remarked to his companion at the table. "But I have to admit, after a few months of having nothing but this pre-processed garbage to eat, I think I ended up developing a taste for it. Right about now... can't help but remember how disgusting it really is."

"We shouldn't have done it," Tali said, looking forlorn behind her breathing mask. "It was too big a risk for her to take."

"It was the right call," Garrus said, sounding a bit uncertain himself. "If we hadn't sent Kasumi in, we'd have had no idea where the Normandy was now. They might have her, but now we have their last location. We'll make sure she doesn't stay Cerberus's prisoner for long."

Tali stared at Garrus, despair and frustration in her voice. "But how? Even if they're still there when we arrive, this ship will never stand a chance against it! For all we know the Normandy's just sitting and waiting for us to arrive, so they can blow us out of space the second we come out of the relay."

Garrus nodded, letting out a pained sigh. "Times like these, I try to think about what Shepard would do. Hell, she took down an entire race of evil AIs the size of skyscrapers, and walked away smiling. She'd laugh at odds like these."

"I know," Tali said, fiddling with the straw in her glass. "Back on Rannoch, all those people back there looking up to me like some sort of hero. But I could never even compare to Shepard in the end." She glanced over at the vidscreen nearby, the galactic news finally breaking away from the constant coverage of Shepard's "defection" to Cerberus with some salacious piece about a smutty sex tape that had been posted online. "I can't even imagine what's happening to her. Shepard, Liara, Miranda, Kasumi... what's happening to all of them."

"I can," said someone nearby. Garrus and Tali looked up to see Riggs approaching their table. The human marine stared down at them with his cold, expressionless eyes. "I can imagine it quite well, actually. I saw it first-hand, after all."

Garrus narrowed his eyes at the marine. "Yes, we're quite aware of your past, Private Riggs. But I don't think we need all the bloody details of what you did."

"Bloody?" Riggs observed, casually strolling over to stand by the two aliens' table. "Hardly."
Cerberus didn't like to do damage to its captives. Waste of good resources, after all. But painful? Oh, yes. The indoctrination went a lot quicker, you see, when we used pain to break down the victim's defenses. On its own, it could take days to break a man into serving us. But with a little... applied force, we could have him begging to put on a Cerberus uniform in hours.

"Please," Tali said, turning to face Riggs with a plaintive look. "I don't want to hear any more."

"Yes, it is a difficult thing to think about, isn't it? All of your friends tied up and screaming, wave after wave of pain being forced through their bodies? I still remember when it was done to me. By the end, I would have welcomed a bullet. Anything to make the suffering stop. There was one device, I remember, that you could attach to the base of someone's spine and activate every pain sensor in your nervous system, all at once. It was like your whole body was..."

"Enough!" Garrus exclaimed, everyone in the mess hall turning to the sound of his raised voice as he rose out of his chair and stood up in front of Riggs. "How about taking your colorful stories somewhere else, okay? We're already torn up about this enough. We don't need your help."

Riggs stared Garrus in the eyes and smirked slightly. "I will say this: at least Miss Goto is a human. Can't imagine what they're doing to Dr. T'Soni over there. If it's anything like what we used to do with the aliens we captured, I can't imagine there will be much of her left by..."

Garrus gave him a shove. The human marine stumbled back into the center of the mess hall, but quickly regained his footing. Across the mess hall, people began to stand and watch the unfolding events. Nervous glances went around the room, marines and crew members knowing they should step in, but nobody having the guts to be the one who got between the frightening marine and scar-faced turian.

"I'll give you one more chance," Garrus said, his tone low and threatening. "Turn around and walk away, right now. If you say just one more word..." Garrus left the warning hanging in the air, but clenched his taloned fingers to show his intentions.

His eyes cold and unblinking, Riggs stood up straight. The crew in the mess hall had started to crowd around by the time Riggs opened his mouth again.

"Give it your best shot, birdy."

* * *

Vega heard it as soon as he entered the gym. The repetitive thump of gloved hands against a heavy bag. His eyes followed the sound to see Rooker at the corner of the room, pounding fist after fist into the large canvas sack in front of her. Her eyes were locked on the heavy bag, and she didn't seem to even notice Vega's entrance as she angrily threw hook shots.

He moved quietly into the room, trying his best not to let her notice his presence. He caught a glimpse of her face as he moved around, and the expression there was like nothing he had ever seen from the normally stern and reserved XO. As she threw hard punches into the heavy bag, she wore an expression of anger and pain, gritting her teeth with every strike.

"Dammit," Vega heard Rooker muttering, barely audible under the steady thump of her fist against canvas. As Vega watched silently, Rooker's steady, measured blows to the heavy bag got faster and faster. Soon, Rooker was wildly punching at the bag, letting out anguished cries with every wild
blow, until her strength finally gave out. With her arms hanging limply at her side, Rooker leaned her head forward against the heavy bag and gasped for breath. For a moment, Vega was sure that he heard her let out a few sobs.

Just as he was about ready to leave and give the XO her privacy, Rooker turned around. Seeing Vega standing there, she let out a surprised gasp. "You... how long have you been there?" she asked him.

"Not long, *chica,*" Vega said. "But I guess long enough."

Her face turning red, either from the exertion or embarrassment, Rooker looked down at the floor. "I'm sorry you had to see me like this. This sort of behavior is unbecoming of an Alliance officer. Sacrifices like these happen all the time, and I should be..."

"Hey, now," Vega said, taking tentative steps in her direction. "Just because you're Alliance doesn't mean you ain't still human, you know? You ain't got nothing to be ashamed about."

"I just... feel like I'm responsible, you know?" Rooker said. "Like Kasumi being captured is all my fault. If I hadn't let that Phantom..."

Vega immediately shook his head. "No, no way. Don't blame yourself for this at all, you hear me? What happened down on Ontarom wasn't anybody's fault. Not yours, not Jacob's. If you want to hate somebody, don't hate yourself. Hate those Cerberus bastards who forced us into this situation in the first place."

"I do hate them," Rooker said. "More than you can possibly imagine." Finally averting her eyes from the floor, she looked up at Vega with a forlorn expression. "Has Jacob told you about where I was before joining the Orpheus crew?"

Vega thought. "Nah, can't say I've ever thought to ask him. Guess I just assumed you were part of the battle back on Earth."

A pained expression crossed Rooker's face. "I'm afraid not. Back in '85, around the time Shepard was brought back to life, I was separated from my unit during an operation. Turns out that a rogue Cerberus cell was operating in the area, and I ended up as one of their test subjects. They held me for an entire year, up until the Reapers arrived."

"*Mierda,*" Vega cursed. "A whole damn year? Dammit, I still remember how everybody was acting like Cerberus were a big bunch of heroes for bringing back Shepard. And while everybody was kissing their asses, they had you in some cell somewhere?"

Rooker nodded. "People like to say that Cerberus turned into some evil organization, that the Reapers got ahold of the Illusive Man and turned him into the monster he died as. But I know damn well that they were always a bunch of sick bastards." She rubbed at one of her arms, as if tracing a scar that was no longer there. "But I did get out. Escaped when the Reapers arrived and everything went to hell. Got back to Earth after the war was over and found out the Alliance had declared me AWOL. But they were quick to change their minds on that one when they found out where I'd been. Offered me a nice pension and an early retirement, but I told them I wanted back on active duty as soon as possible. And I asked them to classify any record of my captivity. As far as the Alliance was concerned, I was on an 'undisclosed assignment' for that year."

Vega gave her a quizzical look. "Why would you tell them to do that? Shit, if that had happened to
me, I would have wanted everyone to know about what had happened. So any of the bastards who had done it to me could be tracked down and put in front of a goddamn firing squad."

"They were all dead, James," Rooker said, the barest trace of a smile crossing her face. "Believe me, there was no one left alive to punish at that point. And the last thing I wanted was to come back to the Alliance and have everybody see me as some... victim. I told myself I'd never make a mistake like that again. Never let myself get blindsided, taken by surprise." She ran a hand through her dark hair and sighed. "And now look at me. Not only breaking my vow, but letting Cerberus pull one over on me again." Pivoting around, she swung and delivered another angry blow to the heavy bag. "I'm pathetic," she muttered, her back to Vega as she slumped her shoulders.

"Hey, listen to me," Vega said, moving to stand behind her and laying a hand gently on her back. "I've known Jacob for a few years now. He's a good guy. A smart guy, a whole lot smarter than me. He wouldn't have chosen you as his XO if he didn't think you were worth it." He swallowed, a shadow crossing his face. "Operations go bad sometimes. Believe me, I've been there. You can spend the rest of your life cursing yourself, thinking about how you could have done it differently. But that ain't gonna accomplish nothing except driving yourself loco."

"I know. But I just..." Rooker paused. Turning to face Vega, she reached down her hand to the bottom hem of the tank top she wore and drew it slightly up. Her other hand brushed against the pale line that still remained on her torso. "I still feel it at night. That woman's sword inside of me. In my dreams, the rest of you don't save me in time. I feel my blood draining out on the rocks and it's like... it's like my life just spilling out of me." She shuddered.

"Well, that ain't gonna happen again," Vega said, grabbing her by the shoulders. "I ain't gonna let it. You've got my sangre in you now, and if Cerberus wants to spill it again, they're gonna have to go through me first. From now on, we're partners in this, chica. You watch my back, and I'll watch yours. And with us fighting together, Cerberus won't stand a damn chance. And I'll be right by your side when you take that bitch's sword back and jam it down her throat."

Despite herself, Rooker felt a smile coming to her face. "Giving speeches like that... was that part of Shepard's N7 training?" she asked, as she pulled her shirt back down to cover the scar on her rippled torso.

"Nah, I always left those sorts of things to her," Vega said with a sheepish grin. "She was always good at coming up with the words to get you motivated, make you want to fight harder. Unfortunately I usually give speeches just about as well as I flirt."

"You're not that bad," Rooker said. "Just a little overbearing. A little too eager. Sometimes a girl wants a guy to be a little more... subtle, you know?"

Vega responded by moving in closer to her, slowly, until they were just inches away. "Well, I tell you what, chica," Vega said softly, the hands he had on her shoulders sliding slowly down her bare arms. "You just tell me when I ain't being subtle enough for you, and I'll stop. Okay?"

He half-expected her to roll her eyes. Slap his hands away and shut down like she always had before. But Rooker said nothing. Simply looked him deep in the eyes as his hands moved down and reached hers. Gripped them for just a split-second, only to find themselves on her hips. He could hear her heavy breaths, and wasn't sure if it was from the raging blows she had thrown against the heavy bag earlier, or something else.

"James," Rooker said, as he slid his hands around her back and pulled her in close. "I need to tell
you..."

"Uh, sorry to interrupt the... workout," said a voice from the gym entrance. Vega and Rooker turned to see Joker standing at the open door. "But I think you better get to the mess hall before somebody gets killed."

Rooker rapidly stepped back from Vega. "We're on our way," she said to Joker. Turning to Vega, she stammered. "Uh... we should..."

"Yeah, I getcha," Vega said. "We'll finish this discussion later." As the two of them stepped out of the gym and made their way to the mess hall, Vega cursed Joker in his head. Why did that man have such a unique gift for ruining the moment?

Trailing behind him, Rooker tried her best to hide the haunted look on her face. The story about her time in the clutches of Cerberus. She hadn't planned to tell Vega about that. At that moment of weakness, though, it had just slipped out.

It wasn't the fact that she had told him that worried her, though. It was that, despite what she had been feeling for Vega at that moment, she had still found it so disturbingly easy to lie right to his face.

* * *

Spitting blood onto the floor, Riggs sneered at Garrus. "That the best you got, turian? No wonder you needed the krogan to bail your asses out during the Reaper war."

With narrowed eyes, Garrus stepped forward and through another hard punch at Riggs's face. Standing around the two brawling men, the crew of the Orpheus watched silently. A few of them let out cheers as Garrus's fist found Riggs's chin again, but a glare from the intimidating marine quickly squelched any encouragement from the crowd.

"Garrus, stop," Tali said, working her way through the crowd and grabbing Garrus by the arm. "We shouldn't be fighting each other. We're in this together."

"Yeah, listen to the quarian," Riggs said with a sneer. "After all, her people are experts at running away from a fight. Remind me again how many hundreds of years you people spent hiding from a bunch of tin cans?"


Just as Garrus delivered an underhand shot to Riggs's gut, Vega and Rooker forced themselves through the crowd and between the two of them. Vega reached Garrus first, pushing him back while Rooker made her way in front of the bloodied Riggs. "What the hell are you people doing?" Rooker yelled out to the crowd, all of them quickly dispersing at the sound of Rooker's angry tone. "You're supposed to be goddamn Alliance, not a bunch of kids on the playground!"

"Garrus, what happened?" Vega said. "What'd he do?"

"What I did, sir, was give your comrades here a wake-up call," Riggs said. "Ever since they've shown up, all I've heard from these people is 'I wonder what Shepard would do. If Shepard was here, she'd figure out how to beat Cerberus.' Well, she's not. This, right here, is up to you, not her.
And now more than ever, you people need to get that drilled in your head."

Garrus gave Riggs a doubtful look. "And you did that how? By taunting me and Tali about our friends being tortured?"

"I'm just giving you the facts, Garrus," Riggs said, blood trickling down his nose as he stared defiantly at the turian. "Because if you think me talking about what's happening to Shepard and your other friends is bad, just imagine what is being done to them right now, at this moment. These past three years, all you people have been sitting around thinking that the war was over. The fighting was over. But that's just it: the war never ended. Cerberus may have been bruised, they may have been beaten. But now they're back, and you can be sure that they didn't sit around these past three years sitting around and reminiscing about the good old days. They spent it getting ready for the next fight. And if you're not ready for that war, not ready to fight with everything you've got, then you're going to lose."

"You're not telling me anything I didn't already know, Private Riggs," Garrus said.

"I don't just want you to know it," Riggs said. "I want you to feel it. You and all your comrades, I want you angry. I want you to hate Cerberus more than anything. More than the Reapers, more than any enemy you've ever faced in the past. Because if the Cerberus we're fighting against now are anything like the one I served in, than they are nothing less than complete monsters. Creatures with no hearts, no souls, who will stop at nothing to get what they want. And you can't just want to defeat them. You have to want to kill them. Kill every last one of them, make them an example so bloody and painful that every last human in this galaxy is afraid to even think the name Cerberus. So from now on, I don't want to hear you, or any of your friends talk about Shepard again, unless it's about how you plan to slaughter anyone who gets in your way while you're trying to save her."

Rooker stared at Riggs coldly. "Regardless of whatever message you were trying to send, Private Riggs, starting fights with your comrades is not an acceptable way of doing it."

Riggs scoffed. "Maybe. Anyway, probably doesn't mean a damn thing in the end. Chances are the Normandy is going to rip us to shreds before we even fire a shot. Wasting my damn time."

As Riggs turned and walked away, Rooker called after him. "Private, stop! I didn't dismiss you!"

"Then relieve me of duty," Riggs called back, continuing to walk without looking back. "Lock me in the brig, toss me out the airlock, do whatever you want. I'll be down in the lower decks when you decide what punishment suits me best."

Rooker started to call out again, but Riggs was already out of the mess hall door.

Vega, meanwhile, was picking up a chair from the floor and setting it down on its legs for Garrus. "You okay?" he asked. "He didn't hurt you, did he?"

"No, I... he never threw a single punch," Garrus said, staring at the door that Riggs had exited through. "He just stood there and took it."

* * *

After the recent news, Cortez had immediately headed into the shuttle bay. Nothing took his mind off horrible events like immersing himself in some thorough maintenance work. Checking engine outputs and clearing out minor fuel line obstructions kept him from dwelling on the image of the
Normandy's shuttle being flown away, with Kasumi hidden inside and heading toward an uncertain fate.

But soon the dry feeling in his throat had been impossible to ignore, and he interrupted his diagnostics to head for the mess hall for a drink. On the way, he saw several crew members rapidly walking in the opposite direction, seeming strangely in a hurry to get somewhere. Odd.

Once he was nearly to the mess hall, he spotted another man coming from the opposite way. Riggs, staring down at the floor as he stomped his way down the hallway. As he got closer, Cortez caught a glimpse of red running down the marine's face, and stopped in his tracks. "What happened?" he asked Riggs as he approached. When the marine didn't acknowledge him, Cortez caught him by the arm when he came within reach.

Riggs jolted at Cortez's touch, turning to face Cortez as he stopped in his tracks. Cortez gasped at what he saw: Riggs's face was bruised and swollen. Blood ran from one of his nostrils, and another trickle was coming out from the corner of his mouth.

"Riggs, what..." Cortez started to ask.

"Nothing," Riggs muttered, sniffing and wiping at his cheeks. "It's nothing. Just... I'm busy." Turning back around, he nearly sprinted away from Cortez.

Cortez watched him go, the image of Riggs's face still vivid in his mind long after the marine had left. The blood and bruises had been the first thing that had caught Cortez's attention, but it wasn't the thing he remembered most of all.

It was the glistening wet trails he had seen dripping down Riggs's cheeks. Not blood, but tears.
The first thing Ash noticed as she stepped out of Morgan's office was the quiet. It took her a second to realize that there was absolutely no one around. Nobody in the mess hall or sick bay. Nobody walking through the hallways. No one at all.

Ash, the Fake Ash, would never have dared ask a question without being given permission to do so. But Morgan must have noticed Ash's questioning looks around the ship, and she smiled. "We're running a little late, I suppose," she explained. "Erin's got the course set in and can handle getting us there just fine on her own. So everybody else on the ship is already at the big celebration."

Ash nodded, knowing not to speak further. If her mistress wanted her to talk, she would tell Ash so. So Ash simply followed meekly behind Morgan as she led her into the lift.

"You know, I gotta fess up, bitch," Morgan said as the lift door shut. "Even though I'd never say it to their faces, I seriously didn't think those two would pull it off. When they told me all the people they wanted to capture, all of Shepard's former comrades they wanted us to bring in, I thought it would be impossible. But damned if we didn't pull it off." She looked somber for a moment. "Course, we didn't all make it. Dammit, Rena, if you hadn't shot off your mouth..." Sniffling for a bit, Morgan quickly regained her toothy grin. "But hey, the mission was successful, right? And ain't that all that matters, bitch?"

"Yes, mistress," Ash responded, taking a moment to remember that she herself was part of that mission. She was one of Morgan's targets. God, that seemed so long ago. The memories of her time before becoming Morgan's bitch seemed so strange now. Like they were the memories of another Ash. The Old Ash, not the New Ash that she was now. The Ash who lived for nothing more than Morgan's thick, throbbing cock in her mouth, her mistress's cum dripping out of her ass.

And there was something else. Something she struggled to remember, about a way out. Ash was finding it hard to concentrate, being so close to her mistress in the lift. Her eyes locked on the thick bulge running down Morgan's leg. Fuck, so soon after cumming all over her faithful bitch, Morgan was hard all over again. Ash wanted nothing more than to reach out and stroke that massive beast. Undo her mistress's fly and get down on her knees to lavish Morgan's cock with her lips and tongue. Inside her mind, she could hear the quiet gripes of the Old Ash ("The Real Ash?" Why had she been thinking of that boring little prude by that name for so long? What was so "real" about her, anyway? "Real"ly mean and nasty, that's what she was.) She ignored the disgusted comments as she stared lovingly at her mistress's giant cock. The New Ash didn't know where they were going, but she hoped that wherever it was, the mistress was going to let that amazing piece of meat out for her bitch to play with.

"I can't wait for you to see my present, bitch," Morgan said, looking over at Ash with an eager grin. "I saved it special, just for you. My Phantoms and the rest of the crew wanted to open it first, but I told them no. This is a special treat, for a special, special bitch."

"Thank you, mistress," Ash said, while wondering what this "gift" could possibly be. After all, what gift could possibly be better than the ones Morgan gave Ash every single day? Protection. Safety. And an absolutely amazing cock filled with hot cum for her to swallow down.

Because I was not entirely honest with Miss Lezayen. She believes she is not producing viable sperm... but she is. Quite a lot of it, actually.
Uh, dammit. The Old Ash trying to make her remember something. Closing her eyes, the New Ash pushed the Old Ash further back into the mental hole she had been consigned to. As she opened her eyes again, the lift door opened at about the same time. Instantly, the air was filled with the sound of raucous cheers.

"Right this way, bitch," Morgan cheerfully instructed. Ash followed obediently behind, as they stepped out into the shuttle bay. Ash immediately noticed the large crowd gathered in the center of the large room. A circle of people, some of them the well-built members of Morgan's Phantom squad, while others the members of the crew Cerberus had put together to pilot and man the hijacked Normandy.

And every one of them, to a man (or woman), completely stark naked. Well, at least I'm in good company, the Old Ash managed to sneak a remark past the New Ash's mental blocks.

As they approached closer to the group, Ash began to hear another sound under the loud cacophony of cheers and taunts: the unmistakable sound of bare flesh slapping against bare flesh. Just as Ash started to wonder what was happening inside the circle of people, a brief gap formed in the crowd, and then Ash knew.

Somebody had drug together a line of supply crates in the center of the shuttle bay. And on top of the crates, tied down onto their hands and knees, was a line of women. From the brief glimpse between the naked and cheering crowd of Cerberus members, Ash managed to count five or six of them. Two of them had the distinctive blue skin of asari, but the rest appears to be human.

Ash was unable to figure out anything else about them, mostly due to the fact that each one of them had a Cerberus member standing in front of them, thrusting either a real or artificial cock into their mouth. The same thing was happening from the other end as well, each woman being fucked from behind by another Cerberus member. There must have been at least thirty people assembled, the men and women not currently raping one of the bound captives cheering their companions, all while stroking their own cocks or cock substitutes and waiting for their turn at a hole.

"Fuck me, have you ever seen such a perfect little line-up of trussed-up little bitches?" Morgan said, watching and stroking her cock underneath her pants, moving her and Ash to a position where they could get a good look between the crowd of people at the orgy ensuing. "Tell you what, if I didn't already have a perfect little bitch with a tight little asshole like yours, I might be tempted to jump in and take my turn at one of those cunts over there."

Ash nodded. Suddenly, she caught a glimpse of one of the bodies at the end of the line, and her eyes went wide. She knew those tattoos anywhere. Sure enough, as the man currently fucking her face shot his load and moved away, Ash caught a glimpse of Jack's face just before a Phantom with a twitching Sultana moved to replace the man and stick her cock between the tattooed biotic's lips.

As she and Morgan sat and watched the show, Ash eventually caught glimpses of the rest of the group, and recognized several of them as guests of Shepard's from the party several years ago. As the man fucking one of the asari's faces pulled out, Ash recognized the formerly serene justicar Samara. "Eat it, worthless asari whore," the man taunted, laughing as he shot cum across the pained face of the helpless asari. The female crew member behind Samara, her tits bouncing as she thrust into the justicar's blue cunt, paused long enough to give her comrade a high five, before he stepped away and was replaced with another horny crewmember and his cock.
"Fuck, this ass is so fucking tight, but... I feel like I already fucked it before," said a strap-on wearing Phantom fucking one of the human women.

Several of the group laughed, while one of them let out an indignant exclamation. "Hey, quit hogging the Lawsons all to yourself, Nerine!" Sure enough, the Cerberus member on the other side of the crates stepped away, and Ash recognized Miranda Lawson's face. Once so proud and collected, Miranda now stared blankly into space as another cock was put in front of her face, and she numbly opened her mouth to take it in. If the comment by the Phantom was any indication, one of the other women currently getting fucked was Miranda's clone sister Oriana.

"Go fuck one of the asari if you don't like it," Nerine responded back to the taunt from the crowd. "I tied down her Royal Highness tight enough that she ain't going anywhere. Stick it to her if you're sick of waiting."

As the crowd shifted, Ash caught a glimpse of the other asari and gasped in surprise. While she hadn't met her before, she recognized Aria T'Loak, the head of Omega, almost immediately. She was tied down with at least twice the number of ropes as the other captives, and still managed to struggle slightly against her bonds. Somebody had also fastened some sort of ring gag onto her mouth, forcing it open and keeping it available for the many cocks in the room, while keeping her from biting down on one of her rapists.

The last woman, Ash didn't recognize. A young redhead, looked barely eighteen, her cheeks damp with tears as she was fucked from both ends. As the man fucking her from behind pulled out, a thick stream of cum managed to spill out of her cunt before a new cock was stuck inside her again.

Forgetting herself for a moment, Ash spoke up without being prompted. "Am I... does Mistress wish me to join the rest of the women?" she asked, not entirely sure how she would feel about the prospect. On the one hand, the women currently being taken in the center of the shuttle bay didn't exactly look happy to be there. But on the other hand... whatever the mistress wished, that's what Ash would do.

"What? No!" Morgan said, sounding mildly surprised. "I wouldn't have given you all this build-up for just an average, everyday gangbang. No, my surprise is much, much better." She turned to the crowd and yelled out. "Nerine, Karlie! Go get my bitch's present!"

"Ma'am, I'm almost..." Nerine responded, increasing the speed of her thrusts into Miranda to try and get herself off quicker.

"Oh, I'm sorry, did I say, 'when you feel like it'?" Morgan angrily shouted. "Because what I meant was, 'Now, you dense cunts!'"

Sighing, Nerine pulled out of Miranda's ass. As she and her comrade Karlie walked to the other side of the shuttle bay, somebody quickly took Nerine's spot fucking Miranda from behind.

"Oh, I know you're just going to love this," Morgan said again, seeming almost giddy. "See, just a little bit ago, we had ourselves an unpleasant little surprise. A sneaky little cunt thought she could spy on us and run away when she got caught. But we were too smart for her. We made sure she didn't get far."

As Morgan spoke, Ash watched Nerine and Karlie bring out a woman clad in dark clothing and a hood. As she came closer, Ash recognized her as well: the woman with the tactical cloak who had shown up to Shepard's party and spent most of the night popping in and out of invisibility. Kasumi,
"And once we caught her, I had to think," Morgan continued. While she spoke, the two Phantoms escorting Kasumi began tugging roughly at her clothing. With their enhanced strength, Kasumi's dark outfit was soon torn to shreds, leaving her standing in her underwear and boots. "What would be the best punishment for a spy like that? What was the best way to show her just what a low-down, filthy little coward she was? And it wasn't long before it hit me." Karlie grabbed Kasumi's bra and pulled, while Nerine yanked at her panties, and Kasumi was now naked down to her feet. "What's the most degrading possible thing you could possibly do to someone? Even worse than breaking them down and turning them into your obedient little bitch?"

While Karlie held Kasumi in place, Nerine walked over to Morgan and Ash. Letting out an unfulfilled sigh, Nerine pulled the Sultana strap-on out of her pussy. The throbbing fake cock fell limp as Nerine handed it to Morgan. With a devious smile, Morgan grabbed Ash's wrist, pulled her hand up, and slapped the Sultana into Ash's palm.

"Only thing worse than being a bitch," Morgan said, as she closed Ash's fingers around the Sultana, "is being fucked by a bitch."
A few months ago, in what seemed like a lifetime ago, Sam had called her into their living room with a "surprise." Kelly had walked in to see Sam on the couch with a goofy smile on her face, and a cheap looking title on their vidscreen declaring "This Ain't The Normandy: A XXX Parody." The two of them had spent the night eating popcorn and laughing at the terrible performances from the utterly unconvincing lookalikes of their old shipmates. Both of them had been a bit disappointed to see that neither of them had rated having a dull-eyed porn starlet with massive fake boobs portray them on the screen, but at least it meant that there weren't characters named "Kellie Bedchambers" or "Samantha Nailher" involved in the massive CIC-wide orgy that had ended the bad adult production.

Leaning against the window that looked out onto the cargo bay, Kelly tried to imagine that it was all just some pornographic fantasy going on down there. That it wasn't the real Miranda and Jack and Samara, and that the women being fucked by cock after cock were just a bunch of actresses. But as she watched Kasumi get stripped down and tossed down onto the floor in front of Ashley, while Morgan whispered into her "bitch's" ear and helped her attach a Sultana strap-on, Kelly couldn't keep the self-delusion going for long.

Mostly because, even if she managed to convince herself now that none of it was real, she was going to have to go down there and take part in the action soon.

On the datapad in her hand, the message from Morgan still glowed on the screen:

*Kel-bear*

*Good news! The mission was a success, and we'll be heading home soon! But before we dock back at the station,*
*I figured we'd have one last send-off to this ship, and give Cerberus's new guests a taste of what they have to look forward to back at base. And if that ain't super-duper awesome enough, more good news: you'll get one more chance to play with your bitch before we arrive!*

*Come down to the cargo bay and join us. I'll have your bitch all set and waiting for you. Don't be too late, though,*
*or I might be forced to let my ladies keep her company instead... just kidding! ;)*

*(But actually not kidding. Think I've made it clear how I feel about a good bitch being wasted. So if you're not fucking your bitch... somebody else is going to.)*

*Hope to see you there soon!*

*Your buddy,*
*Morgan xoxoxo ;)*

Looking down into the cargo bay, Kelly didn't see Sam anywhere. No doubt Morgan had her tucked away somewhere, just to keep from being pulled into the mob of frenzied, horny Cerberus rapists in the center of the cargo bay. Kelly wanted to look away, but couldn't keep herself from
watching as a bald-headed man with burly shoulders shot his load across Oriana Lawson's face. Miranda's clone sister staring blankly into space as the man walked away. Another man soon took his place, and Oriana numbly opened her mouth to take his hard cock – which Kelly noted with numb horror had just recently been inside Miranda's cunt – down her throat.

Kelly knew she had to go down there soon. That if she delayed much longer, Morgan was bound to get impatient and throw Sam to the wolves. But the thought of going down there, stripping off her uniform, and fucking Sam in the midst of all this depravity kept her locked in place. At least the last time, she had had the benefit of Morgan's narcotic-laced liquor to keep herself from going crazy. This time, she had no such assistance.

She heard the lift door slide open behind her. Soft footsteps from behind, but Kelly didn't bother to look. Finally, she saw a figure next to her on the right, staring down into the cargo bay next to her.

"A depressing sight, isn't it?" said Dr. Henneman, fiddling with his glasses as he watched the orgy taking place below. "Watching these... animals give in to their basest desires like this. It truly is sad to see what a sorry state the Reapers left the galaxy in, when an organization populated by such unrestrained individuals can actually pose a credible threat."

Kelly wanted to shoot back a bitter remark to the smarmy doctor. Remind him that he was working for the same "unrestrained individuals," too. But she was too numbed by the proceedings below to say anything at all.

"And yet, they have access to some incredible resources. They have given me opportunities for study and research that I never could have dreamed of having under the auspices of the Alliance," Henneman continued speaking, his tone slightly weary. "I know you may not believe this, Miss Chambers, but in many ways I'm as much a captive here as you are. If my work didn't require throwing in my lot with Cerberus, I would happily leave this entire sordid affair behind."

Kelly said nothing, but inside she fumed. This man comparing his situation to hers... thinking there was any resemblance between their situations... was an insult to her and to Sam. She was never one for violence, but right now she wished that she could turn and punch the smug piece of shit in the face.

"Yes, I truly do feel trapped sometimes," Henneman mused, apparently oblivious to Kelly's growing anger. "Although, I can't say I've ever felt badly enough about it that I've gone around prepping an escape pod for immediate deployment."

Turning, Kelly tried her best to stay calm. "I told you, I was only doing what..."

"Yes, yes, what Miss Lezayen told you to do," Henneman said, giving her a smile that didn't touch his eyes. "A fine story, Miss Chambers. It's one I've been thinking about a lot, ever since I saw you at the escape pod controls. Strange, isn't it? How our captured spy down below made straight for the escape pods after she had been discovered... almost as if she knew there would be one prepared and ready for her to use. It makes me think that perhaps it wasn't Morgan's orders you were following, hmm?"

"I... don't know what you're talking about," Kelly said, turning back to the window. Better to stare at what was going down below than try to meet Henneman's eyes right now.

Henneman turned as well, pointing down at Morgan as she said something to Ash, while the Phantoms next to Kasumi brought her down to the floor on her hands and knees. "Maybe I should
ask Miss Lezayen herself. Find out what important task she had you working on with those control panels. I'm sure she'll be able to clear the whole thing up."

Staring down at the floor, Kelly inhaled through her nose. "Please," she finally said. "Please don't. If they find out... I don't know what they'll do to her."

"To your Miss Traynor?" Henneman asked.

Kelly turned to him, eyes desperate and pleading. "I don't care what happens to me anymore," she said. "But I can't let them hurt her. Please, I promise I'll never do anything like that again! Just don't tell anyone about..."

"Shh, shh," Henneman said. "Not to worry, Miss Chambers. After all, we all have our little secrets, don't we? You... me... your pilot friend Miss Crooks." He arched his brow. "I'm sure she's already told you that not all of us here are entirely on board with Miss Brooks and her fake Commander Shepard. That some of us are working for... other interests."

Kelly gasped. "But she..." Kelly started to say, before realizing that all of this could be an elaborate trap. She hastily turned back to the window. "I'm not sure what you're talking about. Erin hasn't said anything about... anything."

"Of course she hasn't," Henneman said, giving a simpering chuckle. "As I said, we all have our secrets. And I'll keep yours as well as you have kept hers. But know that our fair pilot isn't the only member of Cerberus who hopes to turn this organization in a less... carnal direction."

Kelly wasn't sure what to say now. How much she could afford to trust this man, despite everything about him putting her off. It wasn't until she heard a beeping chime from the datapad in her hand that she remembered Morgan's request for her presence down below. "I have to go," she quickly told Henneman.

"Wait just one more moment," Henneman said, and Kelly reluctantly stopped. Reaching down, Henneman took her by the wrist and brought her hand up. Into her palm, he deposited a small blue pill. "Take this. I can't imagine Miss Lezayen would call you down there if she didn't have some dreadful act in mind for you. I can't say this pill will make what's about to come pleasant... but it will dull the rough edges a bit, you might say."

Kelly looked down at the pill in her hand hesitantly. She still wasn't sure how much she could trust him, but with him staring her down, she felt she had no choice but to swallow down the offered medication. "Thank you," she reluctantly said.

"Stay strong," Henneman said, and there was something different in the smile he gave her. Something oddly genuine. "I know things seem unbearable now, but I'll do whatever I can to make sure that you and Miss Traynor survive what's to come."

Nodding, Kelly quickly headed towards the lift, hitting the button to send it down to the bottom deck.

Remaining in the hallway, Henneman moved back to the window looking down on the cargo bay. He watched as Kelly emerged from the lift and stepped into the midst of the orgy. Morgan noticed her arrival and left Ash's side, the formerly headstrong marine now numbly beginning to thrust the Sultana cock at her hips into Kasumi's helpless pussy. Giving the stiff woman a warm hug, Morgan then gave Kelly some sort of instruction. Henneman couldn't hear it from up above, but the words
were obvious once Kelly began slowly disrobing. Henneman could already see the effects of the pill he had given Kelly start to take effect, as her hands began shaking less by the time Kelly's uniform had been completely removed, and the blond-haired young woman stood naked amongst all the other stripped-down Cerberus members.

Henneman watched coldly, clinically as Morgan procured a strap-on for Kelly to wear. Not one of the Sultanas, which were all already in use by the Phantoms and other female crewmembers down below, but a sensory model all the same. As Kelly fastened the device on, Morgan barked out an order to one of the Phantoms, who headed behind one of the stacks of crates in the cargo bay and returned with a naked, shivering Samantha Traynor. After a brief conversation between Morgan and Kelly, Morgan shaking her head and looking a bit perturbed, Kelly finally bent Traynor over and began slowly pumping the strap-on in and out of the helpless dark-skinned woman's cunt.

"Hmm," Henneman grunted softly between pursed lips, watching with a cold stare as Kelly slowly fucked Sam. "Perhaps..." he said, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. His gaze turned to Ashley, watching Morgan with rapt attention, an adoration in her eyes that told Henneman all he needed to know.

He was going to need to start considering backup plans. And the charming Miss Chambers was starting to look like a very, very viable candidate.
"Only thing worse than being a bitch," Morgan said, as she closed Ash's fingers around the Sultana, "is being fucked by a bitch."

Ash watched as the two Phantoms grabbed Kasumi by the arms, spinning her around and shoving her to the floor of the hangar bay onto her knees. Kasumi was breathing heavily, and as she was forced down onto her hands and knees, stared back at Ash and Morgan with wide, terrified eyes.

"Mmm, look at that pretty little ass," Morgan said, staring down at the helpless Kasumi with a cocked brow. "Can't say I don't give my bitch anything but the best. Isn't that right?"

"Yes, mistress," Ash said automatically. But in the back of her mind, she heard horrified screams. The Old Ash, the Ash she hated, was fighting for control. Behind her, she could hear the jeering grunts of the Cerberus crew, and the muffled, pained moans of Shepard's comrades being subjected to a never-ending parade of cocks shoved inside of them. A rape orgy that, if she were to follow her mistress's commands, she would now become a part of.

The two Phantoms holding Kasumi in place stared up at Ash expectantly. Morgan must have noticed her bitch's hesitation, and moved in close behind her. "Never used one of these things before, bitch?" Morgan whispered huskily into her ear. Taking hold of the Sultana in Ash's hand, Morgan directed it down to Ash's groin, and began rubbing the back end of it against her slit. "It's really easy, actually. Just slides right in."

Ash let out a grunt, the sound of her mistress's voice in her ear and the feel of the knob of the Sultana strap-on against her cunt starting to get her wet. Soon, she felt the high-tech sex device seat itself inside of her, and gasped as she felt it interface with her nervous system.

"There you go," Morgan said. "Now, give that sneaky little spy just what she's got coming to her: a nice thick cock."

She acted without thinking. Dropping down onto her knees on the floor, Ash positioned herself behind Kasumi, the diminutive Japanese thief watching in horror as Ash numbly prepared herself to fuck the captive Kasumi.

Stop! she heard the cry in the back of her mind. You can't do this! You can't do this!

But she could. Because the mistress commanded it. And the New Ash, the better Ash, she always did what the mistress told her to.

Ash let out a hacking sound, brought up her palm, and spit into her hand. The feel of her hand stroking saliva along the length of her cock was like nothing Ash had ever felt before. This is what it feels like to be like the mistress, Ash thought to herself, marveling at the sensation of her slippery fingers running across the length of the sensory cock device. With her own length fully lubricated, Ash reached her spit-shiny hand and began rubbing it onto Kasumi's dry pussy lips. If her time as Morgan's bitch had taught her anything, it was that proper lubrication was an absolute must.

Kasumi let out a hissing gasp. She stared at Ash in stunned silence, as if still unable to believe that this was actually happening. That she was about to get fucked by one of Shepard's closest allies.
The Old Ash might have paused, seeing that look of desperate denial on Kasumi's face. But the New Ash lived for nothing more than obeying her mistress's orders. And she wouldn't let anything keep her from doing as she was told.

"That's a good bitch," Morgan said, her mistress's approval filling Ash with a tingle of pleasure, and making her cock twitch. "Now... fuck her hard. Show her what she gets for trying to spy on us. For trying to take my precious bitch away from me."

The last words filled Ash with a sudden anger. *Take me away from the mistress?* the New Ash snarled ferociously inside her head. *Take me away from where it's safe?* Snapping her hand away from Kasumi's slit, Ash grabbed her by the waist, lined up the Sultana with Kasumi's spit-dripping cunt, and impaled her with one hard thrust.

"AAAAAAAAHHH!" Kasumi cried out in surprise and pain, but Ash paid it no mind. She started slow at first, not used to being on this end of the mistress-bitch relationship. But soon she was banging Kasumi roughly, teeth gritted in anger at the thought of her taking Ash away from the mistress. The Phantoms holding Kasumi down watched Ash's rough thrusts with wide eyes, smiles creeping onto their faces as Ash assaulted Kasumi with her cock.

*Trying to take me away from the mistress,* Ash thought as she fucked the spy. She could feel the hate burning inside of her, white-hot hatred for this intruder. It didn't matter that she had been Shepard's friend once. All that mattered was that this evil woman wanted to take her away from her loving, wonderful mistress. Teeth bared, she shifted her hands to grab hold of Kasumi's buttocks, digging her fingers into the soft flesh as hard as she could and relishing the sound of Kasumi's pained squeal as Ash lifted a hand and drove a hard palm down on Kasumi's ass with all her force.

"Get what you deserve," Ash muttered, not realizing at first that she was talking out loud as she fucked Kasumi. "Get what's coming to you for screwing with the mistress." She spanked Kasumi's ass again, leaving a red mark in the shape of her palm on Kasumi's pale backside. By now, the two Phantoms holding down Kasumi watched Ash's fucking with hungry eyes. Karlie openly licked her lips as she stared at Ash's tits, bouncing with every thrust into Kasumi's defenseless twat.

Behind her, Ash could hear the lift door open. "Oh, there she is!" Morgan said, and Ash heard her footsteps as she walked over to meet the new arrival. Her anger and single-minded drive to punish the spy dulled somewhat, as she turned to watch the mistress give Kelly a warm hug.

Ash vaguely remembered something about Kelly from a long time ago. Kelly saying something about a ship following them, and rescue. Back then, it had filled Ash with hope to hear such things. But that was the Old Ash. The New Ash knew better. Out there was dangerous. So many people out there who could hurt her. How many times had she stared death in the face? Worried about whether or not she would survive the latest encounter with some horrible creature or evil army of mercs?

But not anymore. The mistress protected her. The mistress kept her safe from those things. Ash didn't have to worry about anything like that anymore. The mistress would deal with those things, and as long as Ash followed the mistress's orders... kept being an obedient bitch... Ash would be happy for the rest of her life.

Ash kept thrusting into Kasumi and slapping her ass as she watched Morgan talk to Kelly. "Glad you finally made it, Kel-Bear!" Morgan said with a smile. "But so over-dressed! Get that uniform of yours on the floor so we can start this party right!"
Kelly nodded and began unzipping her uniform. Ash watched the blond-haired woman strip down, and in the back of her mind wondered if the mistress was going to have Ash eat her pussy again. The Old Ash has been in control then, and had been such a little meanie about having to lick Kelly's twat. Doing it only because she was told. But the New Ash licked her lips at the thought of tasting Kelly's cunt again. If the mistress commanded it, Ash would gladly spend hours working her tongue all around Kelly's pussy.

Or better yet, Ash thought as she saw Morgan hand Kelly a strap-on, maybe the mistress would have Kelly fuck Ash with that thing. As much as Ash loved getting fucked by the mistress, she knew that she was a bitch, to be used by the mistress and her friends however they saw fit. An image formed in Ash's head, of Ash on her hands and knees next to the rest of Cerberus's captives. Kelly fucking her from behind while Ash lovingly slurped on Morgan's cock. The thought of it almost made Ash blow her load right there in Kasumi's cunt.

With Kelly stripped down and putting on the strap-on, Morgan glanced over her shoulder at a Phantom currently drilling Samara from behind. "Hey, go fetch my friend Kelly's bitch for her, right now!"

The Phantom looked annoyed, but knew there was no point in arguing. Pulling out of Samara's cum-filled twat, and stepping aside to allow another participant in the orgy to take her place, she walked over to a stack of packing crates and stepped back out with Samantha Traynor, naked and shivering as she watched the ongoing orgy in horror.

And that was when Ash remembered. Kelly has a bitch, too, she thought, feeling disappointment as she remembered what had happened the last time Morgan had invited Kelly to use Ash. How Kelly had broken the trust of her bitch by playing with Ash.

Remembering that, it made Ash appreciate all over again how lucky she was to be Morgan's bitch. Because she knew that Morgan wouldn't forget like Kelly did. Would never play around with somebody else. No, Ash was Morgan's one and only bitch, and it made her feel so special. So loved. She looked at Morgan and could almost feel tears coming to her eyes, as she thought about how goddamned lucky she was.

"Umm, thanks," Kelly said to Morgan, as she watched the Phantom approach with Traynor. "If you don't mind, though, I think I'd like a little privacy with my bitch. Could we maybe go somewhere else to...?"

Morgan shook her head. "'fraid not. The boss ladies were willing to give you some time to play with your bitch, but they said, flat-out, not to let the two of you out of my sight while you did it. It ain't that I don't trust you, Kel, but... well, you know how they are. And besides, you should stick around with us. Think of this as... like one of those team-building exercises. All of us Cerberus folks having fun together. You do want to be part of the team, right?" Morgan asked, her friendly expression hardening somewhat as she asked the question.

Kelly nodded slowly, her eyes looking slightly dopey and unfocused. "I... I guess so."

"Then don't get all prude-y on me," Morgan said, the grin returning to her face. "Join in the fun with us. Bend that little bitch of yours over and enjoy yourself!"

Reluctantly, Kelly directed Traynor over to a waist-high stack of crates. Eyes cast downward, Traynor obediently walked over, leaned down, and pressed her palms against the top crate. Morgan watched approvingly as Kelly slid her strap-on inside of Traynor's pussy and slowly began...
pumping inside of her bitch.

"Shit, if even that ice-queen Kelly's getting in on the fun," Nerine said, letting go of Kasumi's arm and repositioning herself on the floor. "Here, you spying alien-loving cunt," she said to Kasumi, the dark-skinned Phantom grabbing her by the hair and dragging her face down between Nerine's spread thighs. "Time for you to get your first taste of some Cerberus cunt."

Reluctantly, Kasumi began to lap at Nerine's pussy, while Ash continued thrusting away at Kasumi's cunt. Karlie looked at the ongoing rape with an annoyed expression, still holding onto Kasumi with one hand while stroking the Sultana still attached to her pussy with the other. "What the hell am I supposed to do?" she said poutily, as her eyes scanned for an available hole. An idea finally struck her, and she called out. "Hey, Morgan! Mind if I put your bitch's mouth to good use?"

Morgan looked away from Kelly screwing Traynor and shrugged in disinterest. "Why not? Just don't be too rough with my little pet."

Nodding with a grin, Karlie swung a leg over Kasumi's crouched body, with the front of her hips and the Sultana cock dangling in front of Ash's face. "You heard her, bitch. Suck it."

"Yes, ma'am," Ash said, no hesitation as she took Karlie's cock in her mouth. It was a lot less thick than Morgan's massive length, to be sure, and Ash didn't have to painfully strain her jaw as she did with the mistress. But Ash had to admit that she missed the natural taste of her mistress's cock on her tongue. The fake Sultana cock just couldn't compare, even if it throbbed in her mouth just like a real one.

Still, it was her duty to please her mistress's friends just as much as it was to please the mistress, and so she put all of her skills to work at sucking and tonguing the hard length in her mouth. And all while still fucking Kasumi's cunt, the dirty spy's pussy starting to get wet despite herself from the constant friction of Ash's cock against her inner walls.

"Hey, stop fucking around and lick me, you stupid slut," Nerine taunted Kasumi, as the Japanese thief redoubled her pussy-licking efforts. "Yeah, that's better. Probably should start getting used to this shit now, babe. Because once we get back to base, it's gonna be your life from now on. You're gonna be doing nothing but eating pussy, sucking cock, and getting fucked from here on out. Guess you should have thought twice before you fucked with Cerberus, huh?"

Karlie laughed, stroking Ash's hair as Ash sucked her off. "Hell, yeah. By the time we're finished, you and all your friends are gonna be just like this little slut. Obedient little whores, desperate to be ordered around and fucked all day and all night, just like her." She gently pushed Ash away from her cock, looking down at her with a leering expression. "Isn't that right, bitch? Don't you just love being a dirty little cocksmit?"

"Yes, ma'am," Ash responded. It wasn't entirely true: what she loved was to follow the mistress's commands. But Ash knew that the mistress would have wanted her to be a nice, obedient little bitch, so Ash nodded her head and repeated. "Yes, I love being a dirty little cocksmit."

"And you love taking it up the ass, don't you?"

Ash nodded again. "Yes, I love taking it up the ass." This time, she was telling nothing but the truth.

Karlie laughed again. "Well, I think our newest captive here would love it, too. Or if she doesn't..."
she better learn to. And no time like the present to start teaching her. So how about you stick that
cock of yours into our spy's tight little ass?"

"Yes, ma'am," Ash agreed, pulling her cock out of Kasumi's pussy. The fake cock was still coated
with spit, but now mingled with Kasumi's juices. Running a finger along the length of the cock and
coating it with the slick mixture, Ash began clinically working the slimy digit around inside of
Kasumi's asshole.

Kasumi hissed and went stiff, only for Nerine to pull at her hair again and elicit a pained cry from
the helpless thief. "Hey, nobody said you could stop licking. Get your mouth back down on that
cunt again before I decide to have you eat out my ass instead."

Picking the lesser of two evils, Kasumi began working her tongue against Nerine's clit again.
Meanwhile, Ash began slowly forcing the entire length of her Sultana cock down inside of
Kasumi's backside. The sensations of Kasumi's anal walls pressing against the sensory cock gave
Ash a shudder of pleasure, and she watched as inch after inch of her cock disappeared inside of
Kasumi's ass. After a few seconds, she had inserted herself fully into Kasumi's rear passage, and
slowly began working her cock back out only to thrust it inside again.

"Shit, she really did break you, didn't she?" Karlie remarked. She watched Ash fuck Kasumi's ass
for a while, before putting a finger under Ash's chin and directing her face back up to Karlie's
bobbing cock. Knowing what was expected of her, Ash opened her mouth again and sucked, while
never pausing in her anal rape of Kasumi.

This is what it feels like to be the mistress, Ash realized, as she felt the grip of Kasumi's sphincter
muscles clamping down around her cock. What she feels when she takes my ass. Ash felt a warm
feeling deep inside of her. How generous her mistress was, to allow her to experience the pleasures
of fucking a nice, tight asshole. Her mistress was so kind. So wonderful. So perfect.

After a few minutes of this, Ash fucking Kasumi's ass and sucking Karlie's Sultana cock while
Kasumi licked Nerine's twat, Nerine let out a low moan. "Oh, shit, Karlie. Switch me places, you
 gotta try this spy cunt's mouth out for yourself."

"Sure," Karlie said, her cock popping out of Ash's eagerly sucking mouth. Ash never paused in her
anal fucking, even as Karlie knelt down in front of Kasumi and dangled her fake cock in front of
the helpless woman's face. Ash only got a brief glimpse of Kasumi opening her mouth to start
sucking, before Nerine's dark hairy bush and glistening twat was in front of Ash's face. Nerine
didn't even have to say a word. Knowing what was expected of her, Ash leaned forward to begin
teasing at Nerine's clit with her tongue.

Over the sound of Ash's hips slapping against Kasumi's backside, and the wet slurp of her cock
slipping in and out of Kasumi's lubricated asshole, Ash could hear the moans and grunts of the
gang bang nearby starting to die down. Several of the participants had gotten their fill of the well-
used mouths and cunts, and were tucking their flaccid cocks away and removing their various sex
/toys. She could hear a couple of them start to mingle around the scene of Ash, Kasumi, and the
two Phantoms, cheering on Ash as she punished the Normandy's captured intruder.

"Oh, fuck, here it comes," Ash could hear Karlie grunting. "Swallow it down, slut. If you spill a
single drop of my cum on the deck, I'm going to make you lick it up."

Ash heard Kasumi make a disgusted sound, the noise muffled against the cock jammed down her
throat and spewing Karlie's girly load inside her guts. Once she had finished cumming, Karlie let
out a twisted little giggle, and Ash could hear the wet pop as the Phantom pulled her Sultana out of Kasumi's mouth. "Not bad. You keep doing that, and maybe I'll make you my favorite fucktoy once we get back to base. Pay you a visit in your cell every night and feed you a little midnight snack."

"Now, now, Karlie," Nerine said, "You know you're gonna have to wait just like the rest of us."

"Yeah, I know," Karlie said. "The doc and all his twisted little plans, gonna make me and my cunt have to play second fiddle. Still don't know why that creep gets to have all the fun."

"Because his 'fun,' my dear Karlie," Nerine said as she pressed her cunt into Ash's face, "is gonna turn all these alien-loving cunts into a pack of horny, desperate sluts. You see how easily Miss Lezayen orders this one around?" Nerine gave Ash a pat on the head. "Just imagine having all of these hot little ladies begging for it. Desperate to be the next one to get you off. Pleading with you for the privilege to suck your wet little cunny and let you cum on their faces."

Karlie let out a disappointed sound. "Yeah, I know. Still, wonder if the doc can put his money where his mouth is. All his talk about what he'll be able to accomplish now that he's got his..."

"Hey, cunts, clear out," Ash heard Morgan's voice behind her, and her breath caught in her throat. "Give me and my bitch some private time, okay?"

Nerine's cunt immediately fell away from Ash's mouth, and Ash watched as the two Phantoms drifted away, along with the rest of the spectators. Ash started to turn around to face her mistress, only to feel a hand on the side of her face.

"Unh unh, bitch," Morgan said, her tone soft but firm. "Eyes forward. Keep fucking that spy's ass while I make myself comfortable."

"Yes, mistress," Ash said, continuing to fuck Kasumi's ass. She heard the sound of a zipper behind her, followed by clothes hitting the floor. She gasped, an image of her mistress's spectacular muscles and delicious cock filling her mind. She wanted desperately to turn around and see it for herself, but she followed her orders, and kept her attention focused straight ahead.

She felt the warmth of Morgan's body press into her from behind, her mistress kneeling behind her. "My goodness, look at you go!" she spoke breathily into Ash's ear. "Almost makes me wish I could let you keep this intruder around as your own personal bitch. But I couldn't make the doc see reason on that one. He was annoyed enough that I claimed you for myself. And on top of me letting Kelly keep her bitch, too... well, if I took away any more of his potential test subjects, he'd just make that pouty face and go tattling on me to the boss ladies. So enjoy that ass while you can, bitch. Because once we get back to base, she and the rest of these cunts are going to be the doc's personal guinea pigs."

Morgan mentioning Doctor Henneman reminded Ash of something. A memory that was getting dimmer and dimmer with every thrust into Kasumi's ass. "My goodness, look at you go!" she spoke breathily into Ash's ear. "Almost makes me wish I could let you keep this intruder around as your own personal bitch. But I couldn't make the doc see reason on that one. He was annoyed enough that I claimed you for myself. And on top of me letting Kelly keep her bitch, too... well, if I took away any more of his potential test subjects, he'd just make that pouty face and go tattling on me to the boss ladies. So enjoy that ass while you can, bitch. Because once we get back to base, she and the rest of these cunts are going to be the doc's personal guinea pigs."

No, that couldn't be right. Even if it was, how crazy would Ash have to actually want to get away from her wonderful mistress? More than anything, Ash wanted nothing but to stay by her mistress's side, forever and ever.

"But don't worry, bitch," Morgan said. "Even without your own personal plaything, we'll still have
lots of ways to have fun."

Ash felt something press against her backside. As she pulled her cock out of Kasumi's anus, she felt the familiar press of Morgan's cock between her asscheeks. She paused, startled, and before she knew it Morgan's cock was buried deep inside of her rear passage. She could feel Morgan's tits pressed against her back, her mistress pressing in tight behind her.

"Ooohhhhh," Ash moaned, the wonderful sensation of Morgan's cock inside of her nearly sending her off into a powerful climax already.

"Don't stop, bitch," Morgan whispered to her. "Keep fucking that intruder's ass."

Ash thrust forward, burying every last inch of the Sultana cock inside of Kasumi's ass, while Morgan's cock slid halfway out of Ash's own asshole. Ash pulled out again, thrusting her backside back into Morgan's thick cock, and then pushed forward again. A few seconds later, she had gotten into a rhythm, pulling back to impale herself on Morgan's cock, only to plunge forward and bury her own length inside of Kasumi's ass.

Oh, fuck, Ash thought, her mind reeling with the pleasure as she moved her hips back and forth. Fucking and being fucked. Feeling the tightness of Kasumi's ass around her cock, while savoring the exquisite sensations of Morgan's cock penetrating her as well. She let out an unbridled moan as she felt Morgan reach around to cup her tits.

"Harder, bitch," Morgan moaned, Ash feeling the blood pumping in her cock as it plowed deep into Ash's tight backside. Her rough, callused fingers stroking Ash's breasts and playing with her stiffened nipples. "Fuck that little spy cunt harder! Make her feel it!"

"Y... ye... yes, mi...mi... mistress," Ash moaned, barely able to speak as she rocked her hips back and forth. Every thrust forward elicited a pained cry from Kasumi, and every pull back made Ash give out a heated moan. "Oh, mistress, it's... it's... so good... feels so good..."

"I know, bitch," Morgan said, pinching and pulling on Ash's nipples with thumb and forefinger. "Oh, you're such a perfect little bitch. I won't let anybody take you from me. Not this pathetic spy, not any of those bastards on the Orpheus. Not even Brooks and that fake Shepard. You'll always be mine. My wonderful, gorgeous, perfect bitch."

"Thank you, mistress," Ash squealed, feeling her fake cock starting to throb and swell. "Thank yooooooooooUUUUUHHHHH!" she buried her cock all the way down inside of Kasumi's ass, and felt the Sultana device start milking her cunt. Drawing out her juices and turning them into cum that sprayed out and filled Kasumi's guts. Ash cried out in unbridled ecstasy, not caring who saw as she moaned and writhed like an Omega street whore.

It felt so good. So good to be a bitch. To be Morgan's own personal bitch.

Just when she thought her climax was about to subside, she felt Morgan start to thrust into her ass on her own accord. And after a few pumps, Ash felt her fake cock start to throb again, another fresh load spilling out of the tip and starting to overflow Kasumi's anal passage. By the time Ash had finished her second climax, there was cum spilling down Kasumi's thighs and onto the deck. Just as Ash was starting to catch her breath, she could feel the warmth of Morgan's own load start to fill her from behind, her mistress letting out animal grunts as she spilled her cum inside of Ash's ass.
"Th... thank you for your cum, mistress," Ash said breathlessly. She was about ready to reach back and start collecting the semen dripping out of her ass to lick up, when the lift door opened again.

"Ladies and gentlemen of Cerberus," proclaimed the Shepard clone as she stepped out of the elevator. "And our... heh... esteemed guests as well," she chuckled as she observed the tied up captives in the center of the room. "I know you're all probably having a great time, enjoying your last night on the Normandy. But no celebration would be complete without an appearance by our guests of honor. So here they are, and I just know you've been dying to see them..."

From out of the elevator emerged Maya Brooks, escorting two naked women out of the lift beside her. Ash gasped as she saw them. For the first time in days.

"Here to join our little party," the clone continued her overblown announcement, "None other than Dr. Liara T'Soni, and this pathetic faker who once called herself Commander Anna Shepard!"
The line of six sweating, cum-soaked women stared as she stepped out of the lift. One look at those piercing green eyes told them all that it was definitely her.

And yet, not a one of them had ever seen her like this.

She padded forward, bare feet hitting the metal deck softly as she walked out of the lift. Her red hair had been trimmed short, making her look less like an Alliance hero and more like a prison inmate. Not a stitch of clothing covering her pale, well-muscled skin, which made it easy for anyone to see the marks crisscrossing her flesh. Some a faded pink, while others still blazingly bright red. Whereas she once walked with back straight and head held high, she now shuffled into the room, with her arms crossed under her bouncing red-streaked tits and eyes cast down at the floor.

"Look at her," the clone said, scorn dripping from every syllable as she gestured a hand toward Shepard. "How could anyone ever mistake this beaten, humiliated waste of space as any sort of hero? She may have come first, but I think we all know now who was better in every way at being 'Commander Shepard.'"

They all stared at her in shock. Perhaps some of them had held out hope, believed that Shepard would save the day in the end. But seeing her like this, slumped shoulders and defeated expression, made the hopelessness of their situation hit home even harder.

Shepard, too, looked back at them. The six women tied up in the center of the room. Kasumi down on the floor with Ash's Sultana cock still lodged firmly in her ass. And Kelly pulling her strap-on out of Traynor's cunt at the sight of Shepard's arrival. All of them naked, sweating, and thoroughly debased.

And all because of her.

Brooks must have seen the shame in her eyes at that moment, because a vicious grin crossed her face as she approached. "It must be so awful for you, to see them like this," Brooks said, her voice oozing with fake compassion. "To see your friends, the people who trusted you, turned into helpless fuck-toys. I can't even imagine how much this hurts for you. But then again... I imagine it hurts a lot more for them."

Throwing an arm around Shepard's shoulders, Brooks gestured towards the group of bound women. "In fact, I think it would be a nice idea for you to apologize to these poor women. Let them know how bad you feel about your failures, and how it led them to such a sorry state." Turning to Shepard, Brooks gave her a sneering smile. "Go ahead. Apologize to them."

Nodding her head, Shepard stepped forward and out of Brooks' grasp. Straightening up, she tried her best to regain a modicum of dignity in her naked and humiliated state.

"All of this, this situation you are in... it's all because of me," Shepard said, her voice quiet but still firm. "If I had fought harder, done better, none of you would be here." Her eyes went to each of them, from Aria's fierce and angry stare, to Miranda's sad and compassionate gaze, to Jenny's tear-streaked, glistening eyes. "Everything that happens from now on, all of it is my fault. I'm sorry for that, and I want you to know that if there was any way I could take on the tortures that these people
are about to inflict on you, and suffer them myself instead, I gladly would. But I can't. I'm sorry."

There was quiet for a moment, broken by a mocking laugh. "Gosh, I'm getting all teary-eyed," the clone said to the assembled Cerberus members, several of them joining in with the clone's laughter.

"Now, now, love," Brooks said to the clone. "I think that was a marvelous speech. I'm sure your friends are quite touched by your honest contrition. But in the end, words are just words. And I think your friends here would find your apology much more convincing if you put those words into action."

Strolling over to the tied-down women, Brooks reached a gloved hand down to rub it around Oriana's cum-dripping snatch. Holding up a finger, she walked over to display the glob of semen to Shepard. "As you can see, my people left your friends here a little... soiled. I'm sure you know how it is, being cooped up on a starship for so long. Who can blame for being so eager?"

"Hey, when do we get to fuck Shepard?" one of the men in the group called out.

The clone's head whipped in the direction of the voice, eyes narrowed dangerously. "Hey!" she snapped. "You don't get to fuck me at all, asshole! Especially if you're referring to that whipped little weakling over there as Shepard. In which case, I might just decide to fuck you myself, with my omni-blade up your ass!"

Looking over at the clone, Brooks rolled her eyes. "And just as we had a nice little moment going," she said to Shepard. "Well, as I was saying before the interruption, I think it might be a good gesture, a proper demonstration on how bad you feel, if you were to clean up the mess my people left inside of your friends," she wiggled her cum-dripping fingers. "I think it would be a nice way to show your comrades here how much you care about them, don't you?"

Shepard nodded. "Okay," she obediently agreed. "Is there a towel or..."

Brooks let out a laugh. "Oh, my. I think you misunderstand. I want you to really show how sorry you are. And I think the only way to do that is to clean up your friends with the tools you already have on hand." Parting her lips, Brooks stuck her tongue out and slowly rolled it around. "Go ahead, Shepard. Slurp up all that cum. Show your friends just how much you care."

Shepard hesitated. The whipped expression on her face hardened a little, as the thought of licking cum out of the cunts and asses of her friends caused her stomach to roll.

Seeing the change coming over Shepard, Brooks put on a sad expression. "Oh, dear. Perhaps you don't care about your friends as much as you claim." She turned to the clone. "Love, fetch me a pistol if you would. Obviously, if Shepard is that insensitive, she won't mind if I put a bullet in one of their heads."

"No, wait," Shepard quickly said. "I'll do it. I'll do it. Just don't hurt them."

Brooks nodded, thrilled beyond measure to see the once-proud Commander Shepard begging for her comrades' lives. "Alright, then. Go ahead and get started."

Making her way slowly around the group, Shepard crouched down behind Aria first. The defeated Omega leader let out angry snarls, rendered unintelligible by the ring gag in her mouth. Regardless, Shepard stuck out her tongue and started lapping at Aria's snatch, fighting the urge to gag as the first drops of cum hit her tongue.
"How predictable," the clone said. "Going after the blue pussy first." Stepping over to Liara, she reached down and pressed two fingers against Liara's snatch, rubbing it forcefully while using her other hand to grope at one of Liara's tits. "Guess she has to go for the substitute, now that her former true love has figured out who the real Commander Shepard is."

"Oh, yes," Liara said, letting out heated, overdone moans while thrusting her hips into the clone's probing, stroking fingers. "Play with me, Shepard. Use me however you want. I'm all yours."

Brooks watched this with a frown, while Shepard finished up licking Aria's cunt and asshole clean. Moving on to the next in line, Shepard wiped cum from her chin before leaning in and starting to lap at Samara's well-fucked holes. The Justicar stared straight ahead, showing no reaction to the feeling of Shepard's wet tongue stroking against her sensitive labia.

"No half-assing it, now," Brooks called out. "Lick up every last drop."

Responding to the command, Shepard reached up to spread Samara's pussy lips open. As thick rivulets of cum started spilling out of Samara's snatch, Shepard did her best to catch as much of the multiple sticky loads as she could on her tongue. Samara let out a grunt, trying her best to ignore the sensation of Shepard licking the inside of her pussy. She squirmed against her bonds, but all it accomplished was giving the leering crowd of naked Cerberus rapists a good view of her ample tits bouncing in the midst of her struggles.

Ash had been watching all of this occur with conflicting emotions. Seeing Commander Shepard, a person she had cared about and respected for years, be treated in this manner was threatening to make her do something rash. She could hear The Old Ash raging inside of her head, demanding that Ash pull the ridiculous fake cock out of Kasumi's ass, rush over to Shepard, and get her on her feet so that the two of them could make a final stand against these bastards.

But it was strange. The Shepard that The Old Ash remembered would have never done something like this. Bow to the enemy's demands? Follow their orders without resistance? Shepard would have never even considered doing that.

And that was when it hit her. And once she understood, she couldn't keep the relieved smile off her face. It all made sense now: Shepard had been turned into a bitch, too. The New Ash felt happiness swell up inside of her, knowing that Shepard had come to the same realization that Ash had: how much fun it was to be a bitch, to stop fighting and let the mistress tell you what to do.

Coming to that realization, and watching as Shepard moved to start obediently licking Miranda's cunt on her mistress's command, started getting Ash all horny again. She could feel the Sultana throbbing between her legs, and before she even realized what she was doing, she had started thrusting into Kasumi's ass again. She could feel her own warm cum coating her cock as her hips slapped against Kasumi's ass, and the sound of Kasumi's moans as Ash's cock punished her anus only encouraged Ash to fuck her harder.

"Nnngh," Miranda let out a heated groan. As Shepard's tongue worked its way around her pussy and ass, Miranda gripped her fists tightly. The modifications her father had made to her body made every stroke of Shepard's tongue send a pleasurable buzz through Miranda's nervous system, the amplified sensations bringing Miranda closer and closer to the edge. At least before, with cocks constantly being shoved into her mouth, she had been able to hide the five or six orgasms she had been forced to experience. The thought of having these monsters hear her cum was horrifying. And yet she was unable to hold back from moaning again, as she felt the wet probe of Shepard's tongue
push deep into her gaping asshole, slurping out the cum deposited there by a seemingly-
neverending succession of thrusting cocks.

"Oh!" Miranda cried out, giving up on her futile attempts to hold back. She gasped and moaned,
sounding like a common whore as she felt her climax coming on hard. She forced herself not to
look to her left, at Ori tied up next to her. And at Jack, no doubt enjoying watching the
"cheerleader" moaning and panting like a porn star. It wasn't long before Miranda felt her muscles
clenching, and her pussy gushing as she came hard. She could hear the crowd of Cerberus bastards
cheering, and felt her face redden even as she shuddered from the force of her orgasm.

If Miranda's eyes hadn't been shut tight in embarrassment, however, she would have seen that the
cheers were for another reason. Having had her fun playing with Liara's pussy, the clone had now
dropped her uniform pants down to the floor. Knowing what was expected of her, Liara sank to her
knees and planted her lips around the clone's clit, while working her fingers down into her captor's
cunt to stroke at her sensitive g-spot. The crowd of naked Cerberus crew and Phantoms were
letting out cheers for their leader, as her apparently broken asari slave eagerly licked and sucked on
the clone's twat.

A dour look crossed Brooks' face as she watched her lover rub her pussy around into Liara's face.
With a frown, she strode over to where Ashley was taking Kasumi from behind.

Just as Ash was feeling her third climax of the evening approaching, Brooks put a hand on her
shoulder and shoved Ash backwards. Ash cried out in surprise and pleasure as she fell backward,
her cock popping out of Kasumi's ass just as her climax hit. Cum sprayed out of the end of her cock
and splashed all across Kasumi's back and reddened ass as Ash fell, her cock still spewing in the air
as she hit the deck with her back. Brooks waited for the jerks of Ash's fake prick to complete
before taking hold of the dripping Sultana and pulling it off of Ash.

Several of the Cerberus members on the edges of the crowd turned and let out appreciative
whistles, watching Brooks as she stripped off her uniform and revealed the mocha-colored skin
underneath. Striding naked over to where Shepard was currently eating the cum out of Oriana's
twat, Brooks inserted the Sultana into herself. As the fake cock pulsed and shifted its tone to match
her dark skin, Brooks gave Shepard a rough slap on the back of the head. "Stand up, bitch," Brooks
barked out.

A few feet away, Ash lay on the floor where Brooks had shoved her and smiled as she heard the
woman's words. Ash had been right. Shepard was a bitch now, just like Ash. She was so happy for
her good friend. They were going to have such a wonderful life together with their new mistresses.

Speaking of which, Ash's view of the ceiling was suddenly blocked by a smiling blond-haired
goddess, and her throbbing cock. "Nicely done on that spy, bitch," Morgan said with a grin,
shifting her hips back and forth to make her tantalizing cock swing back and forth in Ash's view. It
might have almost been hypnotic, if Ash hadn't already been under this wonderful woman's spell.
"Ready to taste your reward?"

Ash couldn't get on her knees fast enough. "Thank you, mistress," Ash said, before opening her
mouth to take as much of Morgan's length as she could down her throat. Beside them, Kasumi had
slumped to the floor in a dead faint, cum dripping down her asscheeks and off her back.

Meanwhile, Shepard had risen to her feet as ordered by Brooks. If Shepard had believed her current
disgusting task had been cut short, she was robbed of this thought by Brooks placing a hand on her
back and forcing her to bend over and place her face back into Oriana's exposed pussy. "There we
Brooks said, as she grabbed Shepard by the wrists and pulled her arms back. Shepard tried to ignore the pain in her shoulders as Brooks yanked, while positioning her Sultana at Shepard's cunt and forcefully penetrating her. In her current position, face buried in Oriana's cunt and lapping up jizz as fast as she could, every thrust from behind drove Shepard's face deeper into the defenseless woman's twat.

Momentarily forgotten in the midst of all this, Kelly watched in dull horror, as the carnal madness started up again. Next to her, Liara moaned and played with herself as she licked the clone's pussy. Looking just as defeated and eager to please, Ash sucked and stroked Morgan's cock. And Brooks was taking Shepard from behind, pausing only to allow her to move on to the next pussy in line, and bending her over in front of Jack's cunt to begin fucking her again.

All of this happening all at once, Kelly noticed, was starting to get the rest of the participants in this twisted orgy back into the spirit of things. Previously flaccid cocks were started to pulse full of blood again, while women began reattaching Sultanas and sensory strap-ons that had previously been discarded. And Kelly worried that it was only a matter of time before they turned their attention over to her and Sam, two currently unoccupied warm bodies.

So if you're not fucking your bitch... somebody else is going to. Kelly remembered the words of Morgan's message, and watched nervously as several of the Cerberus crew started turning their attention over to her and Sam.

It was ghastly, but Kelly didn't know what else to do. Leaning in close to Sam, who had stood up once Kelly had stopped fucking her, she quickly whispered. "I'm sorry. I have to." Then, louder so that the whole room could hear, she called out, "Hey, bitch, I didn't say we were done! Bend over so I can take that tight little cunt!"

Numbly, Sam did as she was ordered. Hearing Kelly bossing around her bitch, Morgan looked over and gave her a wide grin and thumbs-up. Kelly forced a smile to her face in return, before taking hold of Sam's hips and thrusting her strap-on cock back inside of her lover.

Better I do it than one of them, Kelly rationalized to herself. She didn't know if it was the medicine that Henneman had given to her, or if she was just getting more and more accustomed to the horrors of her new life, but she found it distressingly easy to resume fucking Sam's defenseless twat.

The shuttle hangar was filled with grunts, moans, and cheers. Shepard had now been moved to the last woman in line, and began obediently licking away at Jenny's hairless cunt. The teenage student had been one of the most popular holes, and Shepard's face was soon dripping with cum as she worked her tongue inside of Jenny's well-used pussy and asshole. Meanwhile, Brooks continued to fuck her, using her arms almost like handles as she yanked them back and thrust into Shepard's twat.

"You think this is bad, Shepard?" Brooks said, sweat dripping off her bouncing tits as she fucked her cunt-licking captive. "You think this is the worst we can do to you? This is just the beginning. By the time we're finished, you're going to see things... experience things... that will make this seem like a stroll on the beach with your dirty asari slut. We're not just going to break your body. We're going to break your mind. Strip away everything you care about and drive you completely insane. You think you're strong enough to take it? Strong enough to hold your own against everything we can dish out? You don't even know the half of it."

As Shepard licked up the last of the cum dripping out of Jenny, Brooks pulled her Sultana cock out
of Shepard, while yanking back harder on Shepard's arms. As Shepard was forced to stand up straighter, Brooks leaned in, pressing her tits against Shepard's back as she leaned in close. "I wanna hear you beg, bitch," Brooks hissed into Shepard's ear. "Beg me not to do it. Go ahead. Maybe if you beg hard enough, I might actually take pity on you."

"P...please," Shepard said, cum dripping down from her chin onto her breasts. "Please, just... whatever you're going to do, do it to me. Don't do it to any of them. Don't... don't do it to Liara. Please."

"Oh, my," Brooks said, sounding mildly surprised. "So loyal, even after your little blue bitch turned her back on you. Well, I think I know what has to happen now."

Shoving Shepard down to the ground, Brooks called out to the other end of the shuttle hangar. "Looks like you folks are still ready for some action," she yelled to the group of Cerberus crew. The assembled men and women yelled out approvingly in response, cocks being stroked and sex toys being attached. "Well, I'd hate to have you dirty boys and girls make a mess of all the fine clean-up work our pathetic captive here was able to accomplish. So why don't you all have some fun with the good Dr. T'Soni for a while? I know there aren't a lot of holes, but I'm sure you folks will be able to share."

"No!" Shepard cried out. "No, don't!"

The clone's head snapped up from watching Liara eat her out, and she turned to the approaching crew members. "Stop!" she yelled out, and the horny humans paused in their tracks. Turning to Brooks, the clone gave her partner a narrow-eyed stare. "Maya, love... I'm a little busy with our asari captive here. Don't appreciate you trying to interrupt my fun."

"Shepard... love," Brooks responded, the last word sounding a bit more caustic than expected, "Correct me if I'm wrong, but I don't believe that any of this is about 'fun.' It's about breaking your inferior doppelganger over here. And right about now, I think nothing would be more torturous for her to watch, than seeing her precious Dr. T'Soni get taken by every last member of our crew."

"Correct me if I'm wrong, Maya, but I seem to remember that I'm the one in charge here, not you," the clone said between gritted teeth. "So it's my decision what is done to our captives in the end, not yours."

Brooks stared at her partner, and gave an indifferent shrug. "Fine, then," she said, reaching down to grab Shepard by the arm and pull her to her feet. "If we're just going to fuck around, I'll go ahead and take Shepard here back to our cabin."

The look on the clone's face was dangerous, and one unlike any the friends and comrades of the real Commander Shepard had ever seen on the genuine article. "Don't push me, Maya," the clone said. "You know how much I love you, but seriously... don't push me."

"I'm not pushing anything, love," Brooks said sarcastically. "I'll just leave you and your little alien lovebird alone together, if that's what you want. I mean, I thought you were serious about our plan, but if this is the way you want it, I'll just sit back and let you run things however the hell you want to."

Stepping away from Liara, who had continued licking the clone's pussy in the midst of all this, the clone redid her pants and strode over to Brooks. "I am serious about our plan." The Cerberus crew members started to look a little awkward now, their previous hedonistic desires dulling in the midst
of this conflict between their commanders. Some began tucking away their pricks, while others unfastened sex toys and began eying the lift door.

"Doesn't seem like you're all that serious, from what I'm seeing," Brooks said, neither she or the clone noticing anything in the shuttle hanger beside each other. "I mean, we both know what's going to happen to Liara once this is all over. What Dr. Henneman has planned for the final twist of the knife. But now, I'm starting to worry that you won't have the guts to go through with it."

"You questioning me?" the clone said, her tone low and furious. "Questioning my dedication to the cause? You think I'm not ready to do what needs to be done?"

Brooks arched a brow. "Truthfully, love? If it came to pulling this all off, I'd have more confidence in the real Shepard than I would with you right now."

The clone's eyes went wide, and just as it looked like she might be rearing her hand back for a strike on Brooks, a voice came over the PA system.

"To all crew," came the pleasant, robotic voice of Inania. "We are currently fifteen minutes out from the relay. All crew, please report to your positions."

Brooks and the clone stared at each other angrily for a few more seconds, before the clone finally yelled out. "You people heard her! Get dressed and get your asses to your posts, now!" She turned and pointed at several of the Phantoms. "Get the captives out of their ropes and back into the cargo bays. Make sure they're all ready for their arrival at home base."

"Yes, ma'am," the Phantoms quickly agreed. As one of them donned her armor, keeping her hand blaster trained on the captives once it was ready, two of the others began undoing the ropes.

The clone turned her attention back to Brooks. "And you... take Liara and the faker back up to our cabin. Have them ready to go for when we arrive."

Brooks gave the clone a sneering smile, snapping up a salute as she said, "Yes, ma'am." She stared down at Shepard, who quickly rose to her feet and followed Brooks as she stomped away. Brooks gestured to Liara as they passed, and Liara followed in lock-step behind Brooks, walking next to Shepard as they entered the lift.

And behind Brooks' back, brief enough that most people might not even notice, Shepard and Liara's hands met.
"It's working."

Shepard nodded and forced a smile onto her face. The two of them strolled casually through the crowds of Port Hanshan, on their way to meet with Administrator Anoleis. Shepard still remembered how annoyed she had been then, jumping through all the corporate hoops just to get back on the trail of Saren. Right about now, she would have paid every last credit to have those sorts of problems again.

"They're starting to trust each other less and less," Liara said, looking so innocent despite the body armor she wore and the heavy weaponry on her back. Shepard thought back to those days years ago, and the dawning realization that she was falling in love with this awkward, shy, and beautiful alien archaeologist.

Looking over at her and seeing the dreamy smile on her face, Liara gave Shepard a serious look. "Stay focused, Shepard."

"Right, right," Shepard said. "Yeah, the plan's starting to work, I think. We're putting some cracks in their cozy little partnership. The tricky part now is figuring out how to make Brooks start to trust me more. Consider me as a potential replacement to my difficult-to-handle clone."

Liara nodded. "I know it hurts, Shepard, but you have to make a bigger show of our relationship falling apart. Convince Brooks that you've grown to hate me, and that it's turned you against all aliens. Make her believe that you might be coming around to Cerberus's point of view."

"Right, and hopefully she'll start to think that I'm the better Shepard to hitch her wagon to," Shepard said. "It won't be easy, but..." Shepard gave a light cough. "But I..." She coughed more, feeling something rise up in the back of her throat.

"Shepard, are you alright?" Liara said, pausing in her step with concern in her voice. "What's..."

Letting out one more hacking cough, Shepard felt something warm and wet splatter out from between her lips. "Oh, God," she moaned, reaching up to wipe at the fluid dripping out of her mouth and pulling her hand back expecting to see blood.

But it wasn't blood. Her armored glove had come away from her face dripping with semen. Shepard looked at Liara with near panic in her eyes, as she felt the cum spilling out of her mouth and down her chin.

"Shepard, listen to me," Liara said, grabbing Shepard by the shoulders. "This isn't part of our memory. Just take a second and calm down. You're here with me on Noveria, far away from the Normandy and our captors. Join your mind with mine. Remember with me."

Closing her eyes, Shepard took a deep breath. When she opened her eyes again, the cum spilling out of her mouth and down her chin were gone. Liara looked relieved as she saw the change.

"I... I'm okay," Shepard said, lying. "It's just... it's all so fresh. Hard to keep it out of my head."

"I know, Shepard," Liara said. "But you have to stay strong. Our lives, and the lives of our friends..."
depend on it."

Shepard tried her best to regain her calm, but eventually she couldn't hold back. "What Brooks was saying at the end there," Shepard said, her voice trembling just slightly. "About something they were going to do to you. 'The final twist of the knife,' she said."

"It doesn't matter, Shepard," Liara said, reaching up to rest a hand on Shepard's cheek. "I have faith in you. I know that you'll put a stop to them before it gets to that point."

"But if I fail, Liara... if I..."

"You won't, Shepard," Liara said firmly. "You'll win, just like you always do."

Shepard realized that arguing further would be pointless, so she simply leaned forward and kissed Liara. The memory of Liara's lips, how they tasted back then, managed to wipe away the foul flavor of the cum that had invaded their shared memory. And as she felt herself disconnecting from Liara, and returning to the real world, Shepard swore to herself that she wouldn't fail Liara.

And that if she did, that she would take as many of those bastards with her as she could until they were forced to kill her.
The glowing streaks outside of the cockpit windows faded away, as the Orpheus abruptly slowed to cruising speed. "Relay jump complete, Commander," Joker relayed to Jacob. "Welcome to the Sahrabarik system."

Leaning against the railing of the CIC, expression troubled, Jacob turned his attention to Michele at her station. "De Silva, what were the coordinates of Kasumi's last signal?"

"Here, sir," Michele reported, hitting buttons on her console and bringing up a display on Jacob's holographic map. A gleaming dot hovered in the center of the map, near a 3D representative of the repurposed mining facility now known as Omega.

Jacob looked at the galactic map and scratched his chin. "What would they be doing on Omega? Picking up supplies? Another hostage, maybe?"

"I can't imagine," Rooker commented, joining Jacob on the CIC platform. "Aria runs a pretty tight ship, from what I hear, and she hates Cerberus. Even if she and Shepard had worked together before, I can't imagine she'd allow the Normandy to dock after Shepard's supposed defection."

"Well, we aren't going to figure anything out just sitting here," Jacob said. "Joker, set a course for the Normandy's last known position, maximum speed."

As Joker started to move, Rooker suddenly stepped forward. "Belay that order, Joker," Rooker said. Joker's hands paused over his controls, while Jacob turned to his XO with a surprised look. "Commander, how long have I served as your executive officer?" Rooker asked Jacob, expression cool and unreadable.

"What are you..." Jacob started to ask, but Rooker held up her hand. "Almost two years now."

"And in all that time, have I ever questioned one of your orders before today?"

Jacob leaned back against the railing, crossing his arms under his chest. "No, Lieutenant, you haven't. But I'm guessing you're doing that now."

"It's not that I don't trust your judgment, Commander," Rooker said, standing at attention with her hands behind her back. "But you and I both know that this ship doesn't stand a chance against the Normandy. We'd be blown out of the sky in less than a minute if we took it on head to head. And yet here we are, flying straight after a ship that could swat us out of space like a bug, and with no real plan of what to do if or when we find it. You may be my commander, sir, but both of us are responsible for the safety of the people on this ship. And I can't in good conscience let us keep going on this course if it means that everyone on the Orpheus is going to be vaporized the second we catch up to our target."

"You think I'm being emotional," Jacob said flatly. "That I'm disregarding the safety of this ship because I care about Kasumi."

"In the absence of any better explanation, that's the conclusion I'm forced to come to, sir, yes," Rooker said. "Like I said, I haven't questioned your orders since you first brought me on as your XO. But I'm afraid I have to take a stand here, sir. Either you tell me what your plan is if we track
down the Normandy, or you can lock me up in the brig for insubordination."

By now, the rest of the bridge crew had turned to watch the argument on the CIC platform. Jacob, for his part, remained calm even in the face of his number two rebelling against him.

"You're right, Rooker," Jacob said. "Kasumi's abduction has gotten to me. And I don't really have a solid plan for what happens once we find the Normandy. But if there is one thing I'm certain of, it's that no matter what happens, the Normandy is not going to destroy the Orpheus."

Rooker gave Jacob a quizzical look. "And how can you be certain of that, Commander? Cerberus hasn't been shy about killing anyone that got in their way before."

"And that's just it," Jacob said. "That's the thing that makes me so certain. Just look at all of the other actions Cerberus has taken since they abducted Shepard back on the Citadel." He started counting off on his fingers. "The abduction of Kelly and Traynor: all of the colonists other than their targets slaughtered in their homes. The abduction of Miranda and Oriana: every other resident of the Restoration Initiative murdered. Even the abduction of Jack and her student, the only reason they didn't kill everyone at the school was because they were able to snatch up their targets before anyone noticed. And if they had discovered Jenny's friend had been there on the landing pad, I think it's obvious they would have killed her as well."

Jacob held up the three fingers to Rooker. "Three encounters with Cerberus, and every time they have eliminated every single witness. Except for us. Except for the Orpheus. Why?"

Rooker considered this. "Maybe... maybe they didn't want to risk a fight with us. Didn't want to take the chance we could damage the Normandy and hinder their plans."

Shaking his head, Jacob laughed softly. "You said it yourself, Rooker: we wouldn't stand a chance against the Normandy. Even with Joker at the helm, we'd be lucky to put a scratch in their paintjob."

"Hey, be fair," Joker chimed in. "I bet I'd at least be able to take out a few of their landing lights before they blew us up."

Jacob waited for Joker to finish, before continuing his speech. "If Cerberus was going to destroy this ship, they would have already done it. They know we're on their trail. Even moreso now that they discovered Kasumi. Even if you buy their story about showing us 'mercy' at Ontarom, the fact that we had a spy on their ship, and were tracking their position, should be enough to convince them to turn around and blast us into space dust." Jacob spread out his hands. "And yet... here we are. In the same system where the Normandy was located only a few hours ago. And we're not being fired on. For whatever reason, Cerberus has decided that coming after us isn't part of their game plan."

Rooker nodded. "I guess you do have a point, Commander," she said. "But why? Why aren't they coming after us?"

A frown came to Jacob's face. "That, I don't know. But I have a theory. Right now, the Alliance wants to sweep this under the rug. We're still rebuilding after the Reapers, and having to rally our forces to fight against Cerberus would be disastrous to the rebuilding efforts. Right now, all they've seen is Commander Shepard supposedly defecting from the Alliance and the Council, stealing a ship, and vanishing. The Chasca colony was blamed on anti-human extremists, the Restoration Initiative was a top-secret facility that only a few of the top brass knew about, and as far as what
happened at the Alenko Institute? Well, Jack didn't have the best reputation before she joined the Alliance, I'm sure they could justify her disappearance however they want to. As far as they're concerned, Shepard took the Normandy and disappeared, and the only people who are arguing any differently are a bunch of ex-Cerberus operatives, and Shepard's old comrades desperate to clear her name."

Jacob turned around, his back to Rooker as he stared out of the cockpit in front of him. "But if the Normandy destroys the Orpheus, an Alliance vessel... well, there's no being able to deny that. We may be in the dregs of the Alliance, but we're still Alliance. And destroying this ship would prove that Cerberus was a real threat, and the Alliance would be forced to take action." He smiled ruefully. "Looks like Cerberus learned their lessons from what happened to Shepard with the Reapers. Nobody believed Shepard until the Reapers were knocking at our front door. And now Cerberus is doing everything they can to stay behind the scenes, disguise their actions, and make sure that nobody knows what they're really up to. Except for us, a bunch of washouts and rejects with a crazy story about Shepard being kidnapped by her own clone."

Rooker was silent for a while. Finally, she said, "But if you're wrong, Commander..."

"I promise you," Jacob said, turning back around to face his XO, "If it looks like this ship is in danger, I will turn us around and retreat without hesitation."

"Even if it means losing Kasumi?" Rooker asked.

Jacob paused for a moment, and then nodded. "Even if it means losing her, yes."

Rooker fidgeted, glancing around at the bridge crew staring at them. "Sir, I... I apologize. I should have never..."

"No, you should have," Jacob said, giving her a thin smile. "I don't have much use for officers who don't question my logic when they think it's warranted. If you ever have any..."

"Sir!" Michele called out. "You should see this!"

Spinning quickly away from Rooker, Jacob turned to the bridge officer. "Report, De Silva! What have you got?"

"I'm picking up a reading... signals of a relay activation in this system," De Silva quickly stated.

"They got behind us?" Rooker said. "Dammit, it's my fault. I shouldn't have..."

Jacob shook his head. "No. It's not the relay we just came through," he said with certainty, finally understanding Kasumi's message. "It's the Omega 4 relay."

A hush fell over the bridge, at the mention of the fabled, and feared, relay. "The Omega 4 relay?" Rooker asked. "That relay hasn't been used since the war ended."

"Or so we thought," Jacob said. "The Alliance didn't send that many patrols to the Terminus Systems after the war. A few humanitarian missions here and there, but otherwise we were focused on rebuilding Alliance and Council space."

"But what about Aria, Commander?" Joker chimed in. "You really think she would have let Cerberus set up operations in her own backyard?"
Jacob shook his head. "No, she wouldn't... but honestly, I don't think she noticed. Reports are, after the war Aria shut herself up inside Omega. Wanted to make sure nobody ever stole it from her again, I guess. As long as Cerberus didn't threaten her or Omega directly, didn't make their presence known too obviously, they could have operated right under her nose."

"Kasumi's message," Rooker said, the realization dawning. "She was telling us where they were going. The Omega 4 relay."

"Exactly," Jacob said. "Joker, set a course for the Omega 4 relay. I want to see what those sons of bitches have been building while we've been licking our wounds."

Rooker took a step towards Jacob. "Sir..."

"Don't worry, Rooker," Jacob assured her. "I won't forget my promise. If things go bad, I'll pull us out."

Rooker shook her head. "I know, Commander. But that's not what I... something that's been bothering me. About Kasumi's message."

"What's that?"

Rooker looked uncertain. "It's just... if she was trying to tell us about the Omega 4 relay... why didn't she just send 'Omega 4'? Or if she didn't have time to write that, just '4'? Why the '4 = 4' message?"

Jacob puzzled over this for a moment. "I'm not sure," he said. "Maybe we'll know more once we reach the relay. Joker, get this rustbucket going as fast as you can."

"Roger that, Commander," Joker said, trying his best to remain positive, even as he started to get the sneaking suspicion that they were about to make a big mistake.
"Huh. That's weird."

Gianna looked over at Len'Tolas, the quarian hunched over the disabled gas device poking at its innards. "Weird like Francis Kitt's all-vorcha production of *Fiddler on the Roof*, or weird like 'Everybody hide behind something before this explodes?""

"Come over here a second," Len instructed her. When she hesitated, a low laugh could be heard behind his face-mask. "Don't worry. If this thing was going to blow up, we'd have at least... five or six seconds warning."

Gianna didn't really care for Len's sense of humor at a time like this. Nonetheless, she stepped over and stared down at the dissected gas device. "Alright, what am I looking at?" she asked the quarian.

"It was something that was bugging me ever since I disabled it," Len said. "Didn't have time to take a closer look until now." He gestured with the tool in his hand at a cluster of parts. "Now, right there is the gas filtration system. The device intakes air right here, feeds it through a series of chemical filters, and it comes out all polluted with rape-juice or whatever." He pointed at another set of components, a little smaller than the gas system. "And right here are the security countermeasures. Pretty heavy stuff, but it was strange: it shouldn't have been nearly as hard as it ended up being to crack. Some very standard security systems, stuff I could normally deactivate in my sleep."

She kinda wished the quarian would get to the point, but considered he was one of three other non-humans on this ship she could trust not to pin her to a wall and start violating her, she figured she should probably be nice. "I guess you figured out why it was so hard, then."

The suited quarian nodded. "It's this," he said, pointing at another pile of circuitry. This grouping was smaller than the other two. But even Gianna, ignorant as she was about tech, could tell that this was much higher-grade electronics. She recognized at least one component from a case a few months ago, a lab tech stealing top of the line microprocessors. "That right there, Miss Parasini, is a VI."

"A VI?" Gianna gave him a confused look. "They put a virtual intelligence into a glorified air filter?"

"Yeah, and that's why I had so much trouble shutting it down: while I was deactivating the security countermeasures, the VI was actively trying to prevent me from hacking it. Changing security codes, closing backdoors I thought I had already opened. Honestly, it's a wonder I managed to survive shutting it down," Len'Tolas said, and Gianna noticed a mild note of fear in his normally casual tone. As if he now realized how close he had come to death.

"Don't tell me this means you won't be able to shut down any more of them?" Bray said, approaching the two of them with a salvaged assault rifle in his hands.

Len shook his head. "No, that won't be a problem. The VI caught me by surprise the first time, but I know the tricks of its programming now. If we manage to find another one of those things, I'll be able to deactivate it without much danger. Well, danger from the device, that is. The sex-crazed
mercenaries all around us, they might still present some difficulty."

"So, they protected the device with a VI," Gianna said. "Maybe a bit of overkill, but I'm not seeing what's so weird about that, Len."

"Two things," Len said. "First, I'm sure you've already noticed, but for the benefit of Bray and our devout drell friend over there, I'd like to point out that the VI they used is some extremely high-tech stuff. Top of the line hardware, the kind of stuff expensive you'd need millions of credits to even afford to look at it, much less purchase it."

Stepping over to join the rest of them, Kolyat stared down at the deactivated VI components. "And yet, you were able to defeat it," he observed to Len.

"I know what you're thinking, and no. I may be good, but I ain't that good. If this thing was devoting all of its programming power to security countermeasures, you'd be scraping up the smoking stain that used to be me off the deck right now. But see, the reason this thing is so high-tech is... it ain't just minding security. As far as I can tell, whoever set this thing up was using it as a node." He looked around at the three others, dramatically pausing before saying, "For a neural network."

Len waited to see their reactions, obviously expecting them to gasp in shock, or fall to their knees in terror. Something other than the blank stares he got in return.

Sighing in annoyance, Len started again. "Alright, layman's terms. See, this thing right here, is networked with all of the other devices all throughout this station. They're all connected, all processing together, and when they combine together like that, it takes their own individual computational power and ramps it up into near AI territories."

Gianna thought about this a moment, a spark of a thought flickering in her brain. "I've heard this before," she said. "Like... like the geth."

"Not quite, but close enough," Len said. "All of those gas devices aren't just spitting out those fumes. They're also interfacing with each other."

"But why?" Kolyat asked. "What purpose does it serve?"

"Well, the answer to that is..." Len said, then shrugged his shoulders. "Actually, I don't have a clue about that one. But there's one other thing," he pointed to a small, antenna-shaped component on the workbench. "That, right there, is a tightbeam communication system."

"What those things use to talk to each other, right?" Bray hazarded a guess. "Set up this... neural network thing?"

"Unh unh," Len said. "Tightbeam communication would be way too powerful for just bouncing signals around Omega. Nah, this thing is sending out data somewhere much, much further. With a system like this, they could send a signal all the way out to the mass relay if they wanted to." Len let out a frustrated grunt. "But, like I said... to what purpose, I've got no idea."

Gianna stared down at the device. "What the hell is Cerberus up to?" she asked, more to herself than to her companions.

"Doesn't matter," Bray said. "What matters now is that we find the device that Gianna saw, and
have Len take it out. If we can get that done, hopefully the aliens in that district will snap out of whatever state this gas has put them in and will pitch in to help. Between them and the captured humans, we might have a chance to take back this station."

"Gonna be tricky to manage that, though," Gianna said. "I mean, me and Len are the only two who can set foot outside of this general area safely." She gave Kolyat a brief smile. "I mean, you managed to keep your head the last time, but how much more of that stuff can you breathe in before you forget all those chastity vows you and your brothers took?"

Kolyat looked a bit uncomfortable, and started to say something, but Bray intervened. "Got that covered," he said. "Salvaged some breathing masks out of Balak's shuttle. Enough untainted oxygen to last us a good long while. Won't be able to parade out in the middle of the streets, but as long as we keep to the alleyways and out of sight, all four of us should be able to make it to the device just fine."

"Well, sounds like good odds to me," Len said cheerily. "A couple million rabid aliens, against us four. What could possibly stop us? Hell, when this is all over I bet Aria will give us all medals or something. Call us 'the Amazing Four' or 'the Courageous Four' or something."

Gianna suddenly shuddered, and Kolyat looked over in concern. Trying her best to shake it off, she glanced to Len. "Alright, well, how about Len gets those oxygen tanks ready to go. Bray, I think I saw an office over in that corner there. See if you can pull up some station maps, help us plan our next move."

Len and Bray glanced at each other, both of them wondering to themselves how the human ended up in charge. Regardless, the two of them moved to their appointed tasks.

With the other two gone, Kolyat turned to Gianna. "Are you alright? Before, you seemed..."

"It's nothing. It's... God, it's so stupid," Gianna said, and the tone of her voice made it sound as if she wanted to leave it at that. But after a second's pause, she kept going. "I was working a case back on Noveria. Anoleis, my first real big bust. Back then I was posing as just a harmless secretary, bowing and scraping to that salarian bastard for six damn months. Damn, it felt good to finally put that son of a bi... uh, anyway. The security chief then was Maeko Matsuo. Good woman, which is why I'm surprised she lasted as long as she did there. Anyway, she had this thing where... see, she was from Japan back on Earth. And I guess in Japanese, the number four is said almost the same as the word for 'death.' I think she knew it was stupid, but whenever the number four came up, I remember she'd get kinda funny about it." She gave Kolyat a sheepish grin. "And yeah, laugh if you want, but when Len started going on about the four of us... just sent some bad vibes my way."

Gianna was surprised to see Kolyat smile at her. "Well, I suppose we should get going and find some more people to join us, then. Get rid of those... 'bad vibes' of yours."

"Yeah, or get one of our group killed and bring it down to three, Gianna thought but didn't say.

"You're probably right," she said to Kolyat. "Anyway, we should probably get going. See if we can scrounge up any more weapons in the area in case things go bad."

"Wait, Gianna," Kolyat said, and Gianna paused. "There is one thing I..."

Gianna looked at him in surprise. The drell, who had been so cool and calm as he had rescued her
hours before, was now shifting nervously. "What is it, Kolyat?" she asked him. "Not gonna back out on that promise, are you?"

"No, of course not," Kolyat said. "I swore that I would never let them take you, and I will keep that vow." As soon as the word 'vow' escaped his lips, Kolyat's nervous shuffling only increased.

"Then what is it?" Gianna asked again, looking at the flustered drell in concern.

Abruptly, Kolyat suddenly turned away. "Never mind. It's not important," he said quickly as he walked away. "We should get ready."

Gianna watched him leave in confusion. She might have thought that he was nervous about the upcoming mission, but they had dealt with worse in their escape from the upper districts of Omega before. What had Kolyat quaking like a teenager about to get laid for the first time?

Well, whatever it was, Gianna would have to figure it out later. Following after the rapidly moving Kolyat, Gianna mentally prepared herself for the battle to come.

And tried her best not to think about Maeko and her superstitions. Four may have sounded like death to her people, but as far as Gianna concerned, these four weren't going to die anytime soon.
"Omega relay will be in range in fifteen minutes, Commander," Joker said out loud. Despite the bad memories of how it ended, there were times when he missed piloting the Normandy. The Orpheus followed the standard Alliance design protocol, which meant that his station was right in the general CIC area along with all the rest of the technicians. Back on the Normandy, he had a cockpit all to himself, so nobody would have to see how worried he was right now.

* * * 

Well, not all to myself, Joker thought, remembering his former co-pilot. Great, now he was depressed in addition to be afraid. Great combination.

Next to Jacob up on the CIC platform, Rooker stood rigidly. "Sir, I still agree with your reasoning on this. But going through the Omega 4 relay on our own? I think we might be pushing our luck a little, don't you think? What if Cerberus wants to lure us through just to blow us up on the other side? Make it harder for the Alliance to figure out what happened to us?"

"I understand your concerns," Jacob said. "And I agree that going through that relay is a risk. But I will keep my promise to you, Rooker. The second it looks like there is any danger, I will pull us out."

Rooker looked like she wanted to protest more, but she finally yielded. "Understood, sir."

"Alright, Joker," Jacob said. "Take us in."

"Roger that," Joker said, before forcing a smile to his face. "Hey, you remember the last time we went through this relay, Commander?"

Jacob nodded. "Yeah. Seems like a hundred years ago. Remember thinking that it'd be damn lucky if any of us made it out alive. But damned if Shepard didn't bring us all back home."

"Well, here's hoping you learned a lot from her, Commander," Joker said. "Engines engaged. Relay jump in twelve minutes, thirty seconds."

* * * 

In grim silence, the combat troops of the Orpheus prepared their weapons. The sounds of rifles being reassembled and thermal clips being loaded filled the large armory. There were no jokes. None of the camaraderie that usually came with serving together on a starcraft for months at a time. Whether it was the anger at their enemy for kidnapping one of the galaxy's greatest heroes, or the mounting fear that they were all about to head to their deaths, none of them said a word.

Snapping together his chosen shotgun for the encounter, Vega glanced around the armory. "Where the hell is that guy?" he muttered to himself.

"If you are referring to the human Riggs," Javik said, his four eyes not leaving the strange Prothean rifle he was carefully inspecting. "I believe I saw him heading down into one of the engineering sections. Frustrating. I chose to spend most of my time on the lower decks because I believed I would be left alone. But he seems intent on invading my privacy."

Vega rolled his eyes. "Great. Guy goes on about how much he's looking forward to combat, then
when it's finally time for some action, he goes hiding down in the basement. Whatever. More action for me and the *chica* once we track down Cerberus and cut its fucking throat."

Cortez tried to focus on the assault rifle he was preparing, but eventually he dropped it onto the workbench. "Maybe I should go check on him. See what's going on."

"Esteban, let it go," Vega said. "The guy's a damn lunatic. Let him do whatever the hell he wants. Ain't worth your time."

"Guy's been through more than we can possibly imagine, James," Cortez said. "Cerberus tortured him. Damn near destroyed his mind. Probably the only thing keeping him sane before was thinking they were gone for good. Having them come back like this... can't blame him for being a little unbalanced in the face of that."

Vega scowled. "Yeah, or maybe he doesn't like the idea of shooting at his old buddies. Would rather hide down below and let us do it."

Cortez stepped away from the workbench. "I'm going to go find him," he said, and stepped away before Vega could offer any more protest.

* * *

"Seven minutes until relay jump," Joker said.

Jacob tried to remain calm. Everyone was looking to him to lead them. He didn't have Shepard or anyone else to rely on now. It was all up to him.

He thought about Kasumi. So ready to go into danger to help him. It hadn't been for Shepard. Kasumi may have respected and trusted Shepard after everything that had happened, but Jacob wasn't sure that Kasumi would have put herself at such risk just to save Shepard. No, it had been because *he* needed her to do it.

*If they've hurt her in any way, Jacob thought to himself, I won't stop until every last one of them is in an Alliance cell or dead.*

"Everybody stay focused," Rooker called out to the crew members staring at their workstations. "We've got no idea what's on the other side of that relay. So be ready for anything."

Jacob stared out at the space in front of them. He could see the Omega 4 relay in the distance now, slowly growing larger with every passing second.

He never could have guessed that fate would lead him to this place again. Going back through a portal directly into the center of the galaxy, and fighting against whatever lay beyond. But it wasn't some Reaper-created monstrosities awaiting them this time. It was just humans. Humans who had let their hatred for aliens overwhelm all other rational thought. Jacob still couldn't believe that, after all that the other races had done to help save Earth at the end of the war, that an organization like Cerberus could exist once again.

This time, though, there would be no doubt. This time, Jacob and his team would make sure they *stayed* dead this time. It would only be fitting, watching Cerberus die by the hand of someone who had once foolishly supported them.
"Four minutes until we reach the relay," Joker updated Jacob and the CIC. To himself, he quietly added. "You may be gone, EDI, but I'm not going to let those bastards keep dragging what's left of you through the mud with them. We're going to get the Normandy back."

As the relay loomed larger and larger, Lisa suddenly spoke up from her station. "Commander, something showing up on the sensors. Fifteen kilometers away and heading directly towards us."

* * *

After searching for a while, Cortez eventually found Riggs.

The grizzled marine sat on the floor against a wall down on one of the engineering decks. He stared straight ahead, knees up and hands folded in his lap. His expression was blank, and he didn't seem to notice Cortez's arrival.

"Private Riggs?" Cortez eventually spoke up. The marine blinked, and then slowly looked up to see Cortez approaching him. "We'll be through the relay in a few minutes. Shouldn't you be getting ready?"

Riggs looked down at himself. He wasn't wearing any sort of combat armor, and instead was only wearing his uniform slacks and a dark undershirt. "The commander is a fool," he finally said. His voice was quiet, soft, and without a trace of the normal menacing undercurrent. "We're not going to get through that relay. Cerberus isn't that stupid."

"Well, why don't you tell him that, then?" Cortez said, leaning against the wall next to where Riggs sat. "Don't see what sitting down here in the dark is going to do any good."

This brought a crooked smile to Riggs's face. "Yeah, sure. I bet Jacob would be thrilled to take advice about dealing with Cerberus from the Bloody Hand. Hell, half this ship thinks I'm still working with Cerberus. You think he's really going to listen if I say, 'Stop. Turn around and don't fight Cerberus.'" Riggs shook his head. "You should probably get back up there with the rest of them. Wouldn't want my Cerberus taint to rub off on you, after all."

"What about you?" Cortez asked. "You're just going to sit down here?"

"Way I figure it, one of two things is going to happen," Riggs said. "Either Cerberus is going to turn us away without destroying the ship, in which case I won't be needed up there. Or they're going to blow up the entire ship. And if they do that... well, I suppose that here is as good a place to die as anywhere."

Cortez shook his head. "Are you kidding? You'd rather die down here, alone?"

"Better than die with those people," Riggs said. "People who hate me, and would probably blame me for what's happening. At least down here... I can go quiet."

Cortez stared down at Riggs in frustration. After a moment's thought, he finally came to a decision. "No."

"No?" Riggs asked. "What do you... what are you doing?"

Sliding down the wall, Cortez took a seat next to Riggs. "I won't let you do it. If you're right, and Cerberus could end up destroying this ship... I don't want you to go by yourself. I'll stay here with
Riggs stared at Cortez with narrowed eyes. "What the hell are you... look, I told you. I just want to be left alone."

"You said you didn't want to die around people who hate you," Cortez said. "Well, I don't hate you. And I don't blame you for what's happening. And I don't think anyone, no matter what they've done before, deserves to die alone. So if it turns out Cerberus is going to blow this ship up, I'll spend my last few minutes sitting right here." He turned to the opposite wall. "Sitting and staring at the... what is this? B46 power conduit. Just the two of us sitting and staring at this power conduit until the end comes."

"Look, you don't... you shouldn't..." Riggs sounded... flustered? The normally stoic and emotionless marine sounded positively frantic. "Go back to the upper decks, dammit. You don't want to be here, trust me!"

Cortez turned to Riggs, and was surprised to see him staring back at Cortez with what looked like fear. "Fine, I'll go... if you go with me," Cortez said. "Not going to let you stay down here by yourself. So either you come back with me, or the two of us can sit down here for a while longer."

Riggs gritted his teeth, his eyes briefly flicking to the wall opposite them. "You stubborn... fine," he finally said, hauling himself back up to his feet. "If you're not going to let this go, I'll go back up."

"Good," Cortez said, following behind Riggs as the marine stomped over to the staircase leading back up.

It was just as they were about to reach the upper floor, when the red alert sounded.

***

"What is it, Mason?" Jacob said, as he moved over to look at Lisa's station.

"Sir, I don't believe this," Lisa said, staring up and back at Jacob with wide eyes. "It looks like... an Oculus."

"What?" Jacob exclaimed. "Those orb things the Collectors and Reapers used? What the hell is one doing here?"

Rooker frowned. "Maybe one of them escaped the Crucible somehow. Just a straggler left over from the war or something."

"Well, whatever it's doing here," Jacob said, "it isn't going to last for long." He turned to his ace pilot and smiled. "Joker, take it out."

"Roger that, Commander," Joker said, his hands rapidly tapping on his console. "Even in this heap, should be able to blow that thing away with minimal damage. Taking evasive maneuvers."

Stepping back up to the CIC, Jacob watched out the cockpit window as the Omega 4 relay suddenly swerved out of view. "Reroute all auxiliary power to our cyclonic barriers," he ordered his crew. Hitting the console in front of him, he spoke. "Garrus, how are we doing?"
"Thanix cannons calibrated and ready," Garrus said over the radio. "Just hope that thing doesn't get into the ship like last time. Took Shepard and a damn missile launcher to take it out then."

"Well, it'd have to punch a hole in us first," Jacob said. "And I don't intend for that to happen this time." He pressed another button. "Tali, how are things in the engine room?"

Tali's voice came through the speakers. "I've done what I can with the engines since I came onboard," she said. "It definitely isn't the Normandy, but I think Joker will appreciate the extra speed I managed to wring out of the sublight thrusters."

"Good to have you under the hood again, Tali," Joker said. "Alright, you overgrown eyeball! Time to join all your buddies in Reaper heaven!"

As Jacob watched out of the front window, he saw the Oculus drone come into sight in front of them. Joker opened fire on the small vessel, his shots streaking out from the Orpheus and impacting against the drone's shields. The spherical enemy responded by swerving around the side of their view. The ship heaved slightly, Jacob gripping onto the railing. "Damage report," he called out.

"Impact on the starboard barriers, sir. Shields at 82%," Michele said from her station.

"Alright, I'll let you have that one," Joker said. "Now it's my turn."

The view outside the ship swerved wildly again, Joker taking some insane evasive maneuver. The Oculus may have been faster than the Orpheus, but whoever or whatever was piloting it was no match for the greatest the Alliance had to offer. Soon, the floating orb was directly in their sights again. "There, it's locked in! Hit it with everything we've got!"

The bright beam of the Orpheus's Thanix cannon erupted from the front of the ship, streaking directly towards the enemy drone. The Oculus spun, its glowing eye facing directly at them, and fired off a shot in response. The Orpheus shook again, its barriers struck head-on by the beam. But the Oculus only was able to sustain the attack for a few seconds, before the shaft of light from the Thanix cannon struck it, and virtually atomized the mechanical orb.

"Gotcha!" Joker called out, turning in his seat to face Jacob. "You see that, Commander? I still got it."

"Nice work, Joker," Jacob said. "DeSilva, status."

Michele reported from her station. "That last shot took us down to 74%, but our barriers are still stable, Commander," she said.

"Ha!" Rooker let out a mocking laugh. "If that's the best that Cerberus can throw at us, this is going to be easier than we –"

"Something else on our sensors, Commander!" Lisa called out.

Jacob stepped down to look at her screen. "Another Oculus, Mason?"

"No," Lisa said, her voice quiet and scared. "Not... just one."

Jacob watched Lisa's screen, as three blips showed on the radar. Joined by another. Then two more.
Then four more.

By the time they had stopped appearing on the screen, Jacob saw twenty of the bright, gleaming dots. Turning, he looked out of the cockpit window to see an array of glowing red dots between the Orpheus and the relay. Closing in on them fast.

"Joker!" Jacob called out. "Evasive maneuvers, NOW!"
Brooks's mood was still foul even after the ride up the lift. As the door opened up on the captain's cabin, she barked out an order for Shepard and Liara to step out of the elevator. Brooks had been so angry that, Shepard only now noticed, she hadn't even bothered to get dressed before leaving the shuttle bay, and wore only her boots as she stepped past her two captives and opened the door into the captain's cabin.

Stomping into the room, her dark-skinned ass bouncing with every furious step, Brooks strode into the bathroom. As Shepard and Liara glanced at each other, cum still dripping off Shepard's tits as the two of them wondered what torture awaited them next, Brooks emerged from the restroom with a towel.

"Here," Brooks said with a sneer, tossing the towel in Shepard's direction. "Clean yourself up." Her gaze turned to Liara, and her expression grew even more fiery. "And you. Fucking disgusting asari whore," she cursed. Walking over to a side table, Brooks procured a pair of handcuffs and quickly returned to fasten Liara's arms behind her. Once this was done, she grabbed a familiar leather garment.

"Go stand in the corner, and don't move a muscle until I tell you to. Disobey me, and both of you will take turns with the prod," Brooks hissed, before pulling the leather facemask over Liara's head fronds. The garment tightly covered her entire face and eyes, with only a zippered hole on the lower portion opened to allow her to breathe.

As Liara cautiously stepped forward blindly, attempting to find the corner of the room, Brooks gave her bare ass a hard slap, the rough impact leaving a deep blue welt on Liara's ample backside. Liara let out a pained cry and stumbled forward faster, almost tripping over the bed as she eventually found her way to the corner of the room and stood in silence.

Shepard tried her best to keep her expression blank. At this stage of her plan with Liara, she had to still be on the fence. Still care about Liara, but at the same time continue to resent her for so easily allowing herself to be "seduced" by Shepard's clone. So despite her anger, still burning so hot despite having to put up with weeks of witnessing similar treatment, Shepard simply stood and watched as Brooks abused Liara.

"Fuck," Brooks muttered, sitting on the edge of the bed and grabbing a nearby remote control with one hand, while wiping the one she had used on Liara's ass across the bedsheets in mild disgust. As Shepard stood stock-still, waiting for her captor's next command, Brooks activated the viewscreen and began cycling through surveillance footage.

"That woman, I swear," Brooks ranted to herself. "If it wasn't for me, Cerberus would have yanked her out of that artificial womb and tossed her out of a damn airlock. I saved her. Hell, I'm almost her goddamn mother in the end. And she gives me this..." Glancing over at Shepard, Brooks gave her an odd smile. "But I suppose I should watch my tongue. The things I say to you are going to be... well, never mind. Why spoil the surprise?"

Shepard remained blank, staring straight ahead and not meeting Brooks's eyes. She allowed herself a glance over at the screen, catching a glimpse of the security feed Brooks was watching. It was one of the cargo bays, where Jack and Miranda were currently staring at something off-camera.
Miranda looked horrified, while Jack's expression seethed with rage. Behind them, Samara and Aria sat against the bulkhead, Aria still struggling against her bonds while Samara tried her best to escape their current situation through meditation.

"Hmm, wonder what's got them so... aah, of course," Brooks said, as she switched over to another feed. Shepard glanced over again, and gritted her teeth to keep from crying out.

It was the other cargo bay. As Sam stared at the floor, trying her best to ignore what was happening behind her, Oriana, Jenny, and Kasumi were being pressed against the thick glass window of the cargo bay. Each of them being taken from behind by a male Cerberus crew member, the three rapists making sure their victims were visible through the window.

It wasn't until one of them gave a cruel wave through the window that Shepard realized exactly what they were doing, and clenched her fists behind her back. It wasn't enough that they had to be cruelly violating these women; the Cerberus bastards wanted to make sure that Jack and Miranda saw the two people they cared most about, along with the spy that had been one of their best hopes for escaping, being fucked from behind while being unable to stop it.

"Horny bastards," Brooks said, sound equally amused and disappointed. "Alliance ship on our tail, minutes away from home base, and still all they can think about is pussy." Despite her admonishment, Brooks nonetheless started spreading her own legs. Her hand brushed down between her dark bush before finding her clit and starting to gently rub.

It was time for Shepard to keep playing her part. Despite the mild sense of disgust she felt, she forced herself to immediately start staring at Brooks as her captor played with herself. It was important to start presenting the notion to her captor that, despite the horrific circumstances, she was starting to find Brooks attractive. After a few seconds of open staring, Shepard averted her eyes, but only after making sure that Brooks had noticed her look. After another second, Shepard stole another glance.

Eventually, it had the effect she had hoped for - though not necessarily the one Shepard looked forward to all that much. "Like the show?" Brooks mockingly asked. "But how silly of me. Why expend my own effort when I have a perfectly good slave ready to do it for me?" She pulled her hand away, and directed a pointed finger down between her legs. "Lick it, if you enjoy looking at it so much."

Obediently, Shepard stepped forward. Kneeling down at the foot of the bed, Shepard closed her eyes, leaned forward and stuck her tongue out to brush against Brooks's throbbing clit. Brooks let out a low laugh as Shepard began lapping away between her legs.

"So quick to follow orders," Brooks observed, playing with a breast with one hand while continuing to flip between surveillance feeds with the other. "If only your counterpart was so agreeable. Makes me wonder if it was her and Liara held captive, being put through the treatment I'm putting you through right now, if she'd be as easy to command as you are right now."

Shepard thought. It didn't make eating out this crazy woman any easier, but at least it let Shepard know she was making progress.

"By God, Miss Lezayen. How exactly does she do it?" Brooks said in awe, as she flipped to another surveillance feed and watched. "I mean, we've got Henneman down there coming up with all these devious little chemicals to play with the minds of your friends, and Miss Lezayen didn't need any of them. She broke Williams down with nothing more than her own force of will. I could take
lessons from that woman. I mean, just look at that." Shepard continued licking Brooks's cunt, until she felt a light slap on the top of her head. "Did you hear me? I said look at that."

Pulling away from between Brooks's legs, Shepard reluctantly turned around to look at the surveillance feed. In the XO's office, Morgan was seated on her couch, a datapad in her hand as she looked over reports in preparation for their arrival at home base. And perched above her, her back to Morgan, Ashley bounced up and down on Morgan's cock, smiling dazedly as the security chief's thick, lubed-up cock slid in and out of her asshole.

"You see that look on your friend's face, Shepard?" Brooks said. "That's the look of someone who has surrendered completely. You saw how she was at first. How she faked it just to keep Morgan from killing her. But now? If Morgan told Williams to jump into a thresher maw nest, she'd gladly do it. Complete surrender. Total obedience. I wish I could do something like that. I wish that I could see that look on..."

Brooks didn't speak for several seconds, the only sound in the captain's cabin Ashley's heated moans as she drove her ass down onto Morgan's cock. After a moment of nervous waiting, Brooks finally spoke again. "Look at me, Shepard. Look in my eyes."

Shepard obeyed, turning back and staring up at Brooks. The dark-skinned woman stared back at her with appraising eyes, a finger on the side of her chin. "See, I know what you're doing, Shepard," Brooks said. "You're trying to make me believe you're broken like Williams is broken. But I still see it there. That defiance. You try to hide it, but I know that look. Every time that your clone decides that she wants to do things her way, I see it on her as well. I'm sure you'd deny it, but I think you and your doppelganger have even more in common than you realize."

Shepard said nothing, simply knelt and stared back at Brooks, waiting to see where her captor's train of thought was going.

"But if I could take away that look, break you into becoming my willing and eager puppet," Brooks mulled to herself. "It would be so much easier... everything would be so much easier if my partner wasn't actually my partner, but my servant. A figurehead to give orders to, without any hesitation or resistance..." Brooks broke eye contact with Shepard, looking back up at the screen and Morgan's activities with her "bitch." "If that psychopathic mercenary can do it... why the hell can't I? Why the hell can't I take a powerful woman like she did, and break her down until she's nothing more than an automaton? A puppet who would do anything at my command. I could do it. I know I could."

Glancing back down, Brooks now wore a toothy grin. "Oh, right. Get back to it, slave," she said. Obediently, Shepard began using her tongue on Brooks's clit again. Above her, Shepard could hear Brooks talking to herself. "I can't believe I was this stupid. To have not seen the possibilities until now. Break her mind, but don't drive her insane. Make her your puppet instead. My own personal Shepard puppet, ready to do anything I command. I could do it. I know I could."

If she wasn't currently in the middle of giving head to her most hated enemy right now, Shepard wouldn't have been able to keep the smile off her face. It's working, she thought to herself, as Brooks moaned and wiggled her hips in Shepard's face. If I can convince her I've been broken completely, she's going to get rid of the clone and have me take its place.

It all seemed too perfect. If there was any worries in Shepard's mind now, it was whatever Brooks's plan was going to be for breaking her now. And just how far things would go before Brooks was
convinced that Shepard was her unquestioning slave?

And the one greatest fear, one that she only allowed herself to entertain for a second before quickly dismissing it.

*What if she's right? What if she actually could break me?*
"Barriers at 18% and falling! Power fluctuations have caused conduit bursts on decks 7 and 8!"

Jacob clung to the railing of the CIC platform, struggling to keep his footing as the Orpheus rocked and shook under them. Outside the ship, he could see the Oculus drones spinning around the ship, the ship shuddering again with every blast of their lasers.

"Joker, full speed towards the Omega 4 relay!" Jacob yelled out.

Rooker strode over to her commander, grabbing him by the shoulder. "Commander, we're getting torn to shreds out here!" she yelled over the sounds of panicked bridge techs and the loud impacts of weapons against their barriers. "If they get through our barriers..."

"We're only a few minutes away," Jacob responded. "If we can make it through the relay..."

"Barriers at 7%!" Michele yelled out from her station. "A few more shots and they'll have gotten through."

Tali's voice came over the PA system. "Jacob, their shots are targeting the Helios thrusters! If they take those out, we won't be able to move! We'll be a stationary target!"

Rooker stared at Jacob intently, trying her best to hide the fear in her eyes. "Jacob, we need to go to FTL and get out of here!" she exclaimed. "If we don't, these things are going to rip us apart!"

Jacob balled up his fists. "Joker, how far away is the relay?"

"A minute and a half, Commander, but I don't know if we're gonna make it!" Joker answered. His fingers worked at blinding speed on the keypads in front of him, trying his best to evade the incoming shots.

Outside, through the front viewing port, Jacob could see the Omega 4 relay in front of them. It was so close. She was so close. Just a few seconds more and...

"Barriers are down!" Michele called out.

"Commander, you promised!" Rooker just about screamed at him. "You swore you wouldn't..."

Jacob pounded his fist against the railing. "Jump us out of here, Joker!" he commanded. "Get as much distance between us and the relay as you can."

"Roger that, Commander," Joker said, inputting the commands into his console. The view of the Omega 4 relay, so damn close and yet out of reach, swerved out of sight, as Joker pointed them away from their target and hit the FTL drives. The stars outside turned into streaks of light, as the Orpheus retreated from the fight.

"Any sign of pursuit, Mason?" Rooker asked.

Mason shook her head. "They're moving back into position, ma'am," she answered. "They're not following us."
Fingers clenching tightly to the railing, Jacob stared down at the deck, expression grave. "Rooker," he said quietly. "Meet me in the conference room in fifteen minutes. Have all of our guests there as well."

"Yes, sir, Commander," Rooker said. "Is there anything else you..."

"No," Jacob said, his back to Rooker, not turning to meet her eyes. "You're dismissed."

Saluting her Commander's back, Rooker turned and stepped down from the CIC platform. Around her, she could hear the bridge technicians frantically assessing damage reports and rerouting power to undamaged conduits.

And at the center of it all, Jacob stood. Eyes down at the ground, his shoulders slumped down with the weight of their mission's failure.
"They're jumping away, Commander," one of the bridge techs informed her. He turned to his commander with a smirk. "They're running."

The clone laughed. "Of course they are. That piece of junk didn't stand a chance against those drones. I guess our... heh... 'arch-enemy' Jacob isn't as stupid as I thought."

"They took out three of the drones," the bridge tech reported. "Seventeen still remaining."

The clone nodded. "That's more than enough for our purposes," she said. "I don't imagine we'll have any more hassles on our way to base."

The tech returned to his work. Just a half hour ago, the clone remembered, he had been grinning and pounding away at Aria's defenseless cunt. And now he was back at his station, professional as can be.

She felt a bit of pride at the thought of her crew. They weren't like Shepard's comrades, those pitiful fucks still pathetically chasing after their lost commander. These people knew that concepts like "friendship" and "love" were the musings of poets and fools. In the end, the body had its desires, and if you weren't one of the ones indulging in yours, somebody else was going to come along and take their pleasure from you instead.

Stepping down from the CIC platform, the clone walked down the long walkway to the cockpit. As she stepped through the door, she could see the red glow of the galaxy core through the cockpit window. And the large station hovering in space in front of them.

"There it is," she said, as she walked into the room and stood behind Erin's chair, staring out at the large facility with a proud smile. "Adamanthea Station. The last bastion of humanity's true saviors. Have you ever seen anything so beautiful in your life?"

"No, ma'am," Erin said quickly, her attention focused on the console in front of her. The clone didn't like the way her pilot tensed up whenever the two of them were in the same room. That, and the fact that the petite brunette never took part in any of Cerberus's "celebrations," made the clone wary of her. Unfortunately, she was also the best pilot they had, and just about the only person in Cerberus qualified to fly a ship as complex as the Normandy, so the clone just had to put up with her.

And admittedly, part of her loved making the little bitch squirm. Glancing around the cockpit, the clone arched her eyebrows at the empty seat next to Erin. "Where's your girlfriend?" she asked Erin.

"I wanted to have one of the engineers look at her," Erin explained. "Make sure the spy didn't plant a bomb on her or something like that. Don't worry, I can handle the docking procedures without her."

The clone frowned, reminded of the spy and how close she had gotten to escaping. "What about our ship computers? Any sign of tampering?"

"I'm not sure," Erin said. "I haven't seen anything out of the ordinary yet, but a lot of these systems
are under classified security protocols. For all I know, the spy might have hacked through those and planted a virus somewhere I can't get to."

"So you're saying, what? Your security clearance is too low to check?" the clone said. "Well, maybe we can temporarily increase your access, just to make sure there aren't any surprises waiting in our computer banks."

Turning in her chair, Erin shook her head. "Already asked Miss Brooks about that, ma'am, and she denied my request. Said she wanted to have one of the techs back at base look into it."

The clone felt the anger surge in her. Brooks had done it again. Gone over her head and made decisions about her ship without consulting with her first. Without thinking, the clone raised her arm to activate her omni-tool. "I'm sending you my personal access codes," she said to Erin. "You'll have access to the Normandy's entire memory banks, everything you need to find out what that sneaky little hacker was up to."

Erin's eyes went wide. "Commander, I... do you think that's wise? I mean, I swear I wouldn't betray your trust, but giving me..."

"I know you haven't served under me long, Ensign Crooks," Shepard said, a small and dangerous looking smile on her face. "But if there's one thing I hate more than anything, it's having my decisions questioned."

"Yes, ma'am. Sorry, ma'am," Erin said. "We'll be docking in about fifteen minutes, and I'll see what I can find in the system before then." She gave the clone a wary glance. "But... if Miss Brooks should ask..."

The clone crossed her arms. "Then you tell her to talk to me... talk to her commander about it," she coldly stated. Not interested in discussing the matter further, the clone turned and walked out of the cockpit.

She tried to take some satisfaction in her momentary victory against Brooks, but she was still so angry. Brooks had brought her to life, yes. But that didn't mean that Brooks owned her. For her to act so superior, like she was the one in charge, was fucking maddening.

It all went back to what happened four years ago. That's where it had all gone bad between them. The day they had been forced to abandon their previous base of operations. And what they had had to do then in order to survive.

The clone stopped in her tracks, as memories of the days before then suddenly flooded back. It had been different between her and Brooks then. They hadn't had this rivalry built up between them. She and Brooks had been in... love? No, of course not. Even before things had gone bad, the clone hadn't believed in such foolish ideas.

And regardless of the way it had been before, things had obviously changed. So the clone would play things close to her chest for now. But more and more, she was coming to the conclusion that Brooks was going to have to be dealt with, if the clone ever hoped to take true command of Cerberus, and finally outdo her pathetic copy at living up to the name of "Commander Shepard."
The group sitting at the conference room table looked up as the door opened. Rooker was somewhat relieved to see that Commander Taylor had seemed to have recovered from their defeat and retreat minutes ago. Striding into the room with back straight and eyes unwavering, Jacob turned his attention first to his XO. "How bad did they hit us, Rooker?"

Rooker stood up, glancing down at a datapad in front of her. "Well, the good news first: only a few injuries, no casualties, and we're still flying," she reported. "But that's about it as far as the positives go. Our barriers are in bad shape, our weapons are barely functioning, and if we push our thrusters past a certain speed we'll be lucky if the engines don't explode or discharge radiation through the whole ship."

Jacob nodded, then turned his attention to the other side of the table. "Tali, give me an estimate. How long would it take for us to get this ship back to 100% again?"

Tali frowned, fingering the edge of one of the orange and purple sleeves of her blouse. "It depends. If we went back to an Alliance facility... a day, maybe two."

But Jacob shook his head. "Not an option. How long with the resources we have on hand?"

"A week at the absolute soonest," Tali said. "I mean, we have barely enough power to run life support. The B42 and B46 power conduits quite literally exploded due to the strain of keeping the barriers up. Not to mention the..."

Next to Vega, Cortez suddenly flinched. Vega glanced over in concern. "Everything okay, Esteban?"

Cortez nodded, but still wore a look of concern on his face. "Yeah, it's okay. Just... thinking about how close we came to losing this ship."

As Tali finished her damage report, Garrus spoke up. "Jacob, what's the next move here? You said we're not going back to an Alliance facility, but you can't possibly be thinking of taking on those drones again in this ship. Even if we do manage to get the repairs done, we'll just be heading back in for the same punishment."

"Perhaps it would be wise to contact the Alliance again," Javik observed. "We now have evidence of the threat Cerberus could potentially pose."

Jacob leaned forward on the table. "Do we? What we have is evidence that Cerberus is beyond the Omega 4 relay, and that they're keeping it protected. Other than that, we're still exactly where we were when this started: a Spectre went rogue, stole an Alliance ship, and then vanished. Hell, the Alliance would probably be thrilled that they're hiding out behind the Omega 4 relay right now."

"Jacob's right," Rooker said. "We're in the Terminus Systems, after all. The Alliance has no authority or interest in this area. And until Cerberus ventures out of the Omega 4 relay again and enters Alliance space, the brass could probably care less what they do. We report back now, odds are they'd recall the Orpheus and order us to wait for Cerberus to make the next move."
"And I have no intention of doing that," Jacob said. "But the question is, what do we do next? How do we contend with those drones, when all we have is this beat up frigate?"

Tali cleared her throat. "I actually might have some ideas about that, Jacob," she said. She interfaced her omni-tool with the holo-display on the center of the table. "Since we jumped, I've been looking over the sensor readings from our battle. And there were some things I noticed that might give us a way to deal with Cerberus's defense systems."

A hologram of the exterior of the Orpheus gleamed at the center of the table. Tali stood up and pointed a finger at the ship, glowing spots and trails marking where the drones had attacked them.

"Look at the pattern of these attacks," she said. "The Oculus drones we fought against during the war were powered by individual Collectors, their bodies modified and stripped down until they were little more than a nervous system. As a result, they were fairly autonomous. But look at these attacks and the patterns."

Hitting a button on her omni-tool, Tali started a time-lapse on the hologram, the spots and streaks of attacks appearing on the ship schematic as the recreation of the attack was displayed. "Their strikes are coordinated, timed perfectly with each other. One drone opens up a weak point on the barriers, and three more immediately follow up within less than a second, at the exact same spot. There's no way that individual drones could manage that sort of planning on their own."

Tali hit the hovering buttons on her arm, the image of the ship changing to a technical schematic of one of the drones. "The Orpheus sensors managed to get a partial scan of one of the drones during the battle," Tali narrated. "It was somewhat shielded, but there was one major difference between these drones and the Collector drones I was able to spot right away."

She pointed, and the room leaned forward. "What is it?" Vega said. "Looks kinda small to me."

"It's a tightbeam communication device," Tali explained. "At first, I thought maybe the drones were using them to communicate with each other. But that would be like setting up a QEC to talk to your next-door neighbor. Complete overkill considering the distances involved. Thankfully, Ensign DeSilva was able to capture some of the signals coming off the drones in the middle of the battle, and I was able to triangulate the source of the signals."

Tali pushed another button, and a hush came over the room as they saw what appeared. The familiar rocky landscape of Omega.

"Guess that explains why they stopped there before going to the relay," Grunt observed. "So they've got, what, a Cerberus agent running those drones from Omega?"

"A VI, most likely," Tali said. "I'm not sure how they managed to set something up like that without Aria's knowledge, but however they did it, it's just about the only thing that would be able to coordinate these attacks so precisely."

Rooker considered this. "So you're saying that, if we manage to take that VI down..."

"The drones will be useless," Jacob said. He immediately got on his communicator. "Joker, set a course for Omega. As fast as you can get us there without this ship blowing up under us."

"Roger that, Commander," Joker said over the comms.
Garrus let out a weary chuckle. "Back to Omega, huh? Thought I'd seen the last of that place the day Archangel died."

Vega gave Jacob a concerned look. "We gonna be able to dock there, Jacob?" he asked. "I mean, I've heard Aria's gotten pretty paranoid since the war ended. And, no offense, but we do have quite a few former Cerberus members on this ship. With everything that's happening, we might not be able to get close to that station."

"I still remember how she insisted that Shepard go without us on that mission to liberate Omega," Cortez added. "Aria may trust Shepard, but I doubt she'd trust any of us."

But Jacob seemed unconcerned. "I'm sure she remembers how me, Shepard and Miranda took care of a little mercenary coup four years ago. And maybe I can convince her of what's really going on if I lay the facts at her feet. The two of them fought Cerberus alongside each other, after all. Aria has to know that Shepard would never even think of joining back up with them again. And right now, it's pretty much our only option."

Rooker looked back at Tali. "When we get to Omega, are you going to be able to find where the VI signal is coming from?"

Behind her breathing mask, Tali frowned. "It's strange. I definitely know that the signal is coming from Omega. But when I try to narrow it down to a specific place on the station, it seems to... jump. But I should be able to get a better reading once we're on the station, for sure."

"Alright, then," Jacob said. "Everybody get prepared. Considering what we've seen from Cerberus up 'til now, I doubt this is going to be as easy as docking on Omega and pulling out a few wires. Get whatever gear you need and wait for my orders. I imagine we'll be at Omega within the hour."

"Jacob, just a minute," Tali said. "There's one other thing... well, I don't know what it means, if anything." She hit a button on her omni-tool, and the holo-image of the Oculus drone returned. "Like I said, the drones were shielded, and we weren't able to get a perfect reading on them. But what I did see is... well, I don't know what..."

Garrus laid a hand on Tali's shoulder. "It's alright," he quietly reassured her. "Just tell us."

"It was the other major difference I saw between this drone and the ones we fought in the war," Tali said. "Those were made by the Reapers, and they basically made them as cannon fodder. But these drones are different. Tougher barriers, thicker constructions. Building just one of these things, at least from what I could tell from these scans, would probably cost about as much as it takes for the Alliance to build a half-dozen fighters. To have built more than twenty of them... I can't imagine where those kind of credits would come from."

Tali looked at Jacob, and Jacob was surprised at what he saw in her eyes. Confusion... and fear. "We're not just dealing with a bunch of terrorists who lucked into hijacking the Normandy, Jacob. This is something big. Much bigger than we ever could have possibly imagined."

Jacob considered the implications of this, and shivered. "Well, we're not going to be able to find out any more about what it is we're dealing with until we take out those Oculus drones," he said. "Thanks for all of this, Tali. We'd have no idea what to do next without you."

The praise did little to change Tali's mood, but she nodded in recognition.
As the group filed out, Cortez moved around the table and got Tali's attention. "Can I ask you something, Tali?"

"Sure, what's up?" Tali said, as she deactivated her omni-tool and the display on the conference table.

"When you were talking about the damage to the ship, you mentioned some power conduits that exploded," Cortez said.

Tali let out a sigh. "Yes, the B42 and B46 conduits. From what the engineering team on the Orpheus tells me, they've been overdue to be replaced for a year or so now. One of them even said the B46 blew out during a routine training exercise a few months ago. Unfortunately the Alliance isn't willing to put up the credits for anything more thorough than a bare-minimum patch job. So chances are they're just going to keep blowing out anytime this ship sees any action."

Cortez thought about this. "So the B46 has been bad for a while," he said, and then forced a casual smile on his face. "So, morbid question I know. But if somebody had been standing or, say, sitting in front of that conduit during the battle..."

"They would have been vaporized in less than a second," Tali said. "Thankfully, nobody was around when it went. Otherwise... well, we would have definitely had some casualties then."

"I... suppose we would have," Cortez said quietly. "Thanks, Tali, that's all I needed."

As Tali walked away, Cortez heard the voice in his head.

At least down here... I can go quiet.

"Dammit, Riggs..." Cortez said under his breath, before turning and leaving with the rest of the team.
"I have returned," said the robotic voice behind her. Erin turned to see Inania walking into the cockpit.

"Great," Erin said with a smile. "Everything checked out alright? That spy didn't break anything on you, did she?"

Inania took her seat. "I appear to have no defects or evidence of sabotage," the AIU cheerfully intoned. "I apologize if my momentary departure made your piloting duties difficult."

"Nah, it's all good. We're getting ready to dock, and all that's mostly automated," Erin said. "Giving me the chance to try and concentrate on these files that are about ready to put me to sleep."

"I do not understand. What files is it that you are speaking about?" Inania inquired.

Erin tapped the display in front of her. "Shepard put me in charge of going through the Normandy's systems. Seeing if the spy that knocked you offline did any meddling while she was in here. Unfortunately, it means I'm probably going to have to check these thousands of files by hand."

"I believe I might have a solution to your dilemma," Inania said. "If you would allow me, I can check through the files instead. It would be a much faster process if you entrust it to me."

Erin laughed. "Of course! What was I thinking? Let the VI handle the boring work," she said. "You sure you know what you're looking for? Any signs that the spy put a virus in our systems or something like that."

"My software is equipped with several virus and malware scanners, with real-time updates from security experts across the galaxy," Inania said. "If a virus exists in the Normandy's memories, it is a near impossibility that my systems would not be able to find it."

"Alright, then. You can get started on that while the rest of us are at the big welcoming party for Shepard," Erin said. "Just look through... oh, right!" she said, slapping her forehead. "You're going to need the codes Shepard gave me." She tapped in commands on her console. "There you go. You should have access to all of the Normandy's systems now."

Inania's eyes flashed, and she nodded. "Yes, that will be quite sufficient. Thank you, Miss Crooks."

"No problem. Just don't..." Erin's voice trailed off. "Wait. Did you just..."

The AIU turned to look at Erin. "Is there a problem, Miss Crooks?"

Erin looked a bit confused, but eventually laughed it off. "Nothing. It's just that you always used to... never mind. Maybe those tech guys got a few bugs out of your system when they were playing with your circuits. Anyway, let me know if you find anything."

"Affirmative," Inania said, as she interfaced with the Normandy's systems and began scanning through the files.

Meanwhile, one deck below them, the dusty servers in the AI core hummed quietly. And the re-
awoken intelligence inside felt a strange sensation of nostalgia as it directed the metallic woman above to begin accessing the Normandy's systems.
Part 3: The Queen Is Dead, Long Live The King (???)

The sound of his shoes echoing across the high office walls brought her attention up from the stock reports in front of her. "You're three minutes late, Arthur," she said, watching him with narrowed eyes as he approached.

Arthur Quinlan stood at the foot of the stairs that led up to her elevated office space. "I apologize, ma'am. I wanted to ensure that the tasks you entrusted to me were completed before I arrived."

"I'm not interested in excuses, Arthur," the blond-haired woman said coldly, not making eye contact with him as she continued to work. Despite her being half his age, she still lorded her authority over him effortlessly. "We're reaching the most important days of this entire operation. I need nothing but the best of your abilities from this point forward. There is no room in my organization for anything less. Is this understood?"

"Of course, ma'am," Arthur assured his boss. "Do you want my report on our operations thus far?"

"I wouldn't have called you in here otherwise," she said impatiently.

Arthur brought up the datapad in his hand. "All of our dummy corporations are showing record profits, as I'm sure you've already seen from the stock reports."

"Naturally," she responded. "Anything to report on the labor dispute in the Artemis Tau cluster?"

Arthur nodded. "The leaders of the striking workers have been identified and are currently under surveillance. Awaiting your decision."

"Let's just watch them for a few days," she responded, her tone cold and clinical. "Find out as much as we can about their personal lives. Who they care about, what they fear losing the most. Once we know that, it shouldn't take more than a few well-targeted threats to ensure that any talk of organizing a union would be unwise."

"Understood, ma'am," Arthur noted. "There was an accident in one of our ship manufacturing facilities. Three men dead, five wounded because of a VI malfunction."

She sounded annoyed. "Well, send a year's worth of salary to the widows and find replacements. What do I care?"

"We've gotten a few headlines out of it, unfortunately," Arthur responded. "Especially since Equis Corporation won the contract bid to rebuild the Alliance fleet. There's an ANN reporter sniffing around some of our other operations."

This brought out a mocking laugh. "Let him sniff. If every corporate regulator and investment firm in the galaxy hasn't managed to figure out by now that nearly 80% of all economic activity since the war ended has been done under the authority of myself or one of my associates, then I doubt one reporter would be able to do any better."

"Still, if he digs enough, he may be able to find out some uncomfortable truths," Arthur cautioned his boss. "Like that deal we worked out with those Terminus pirate fleets to only attack our competitors. I've heard word he's trying to get an interview with one of the captains who was
She frowned. "Do nothing for now. But if it looks like he's getting too close, feed him a false story. A big lead that looks like it gives him everything he's looking for. Once he's gone public with it, we'll have some of our agents expose the holes and destroy his reputation." She thinly smiled. "After all, a dead reporter is just an invitation for more reporters to start asking questions. But a discredited reporter... the sharks will smell blood and rip him apart."

"A wise move, ma'am," Arthur said. "I have a few other minor events that may require..."

His words were interrupted by the quiet beep of his boss's personal terminal. She glanced over, and upon seeing the identity of the caller she immediately turned away from Arthur. "Come back in an hour. This call demands my immediate attention."

"Yes, ma'am," Arthur responded. He bowed to her, then turned and made his way out of the office.

Once the door was closed and he was out of sight, she began rapidly typing on her terminal. Engaging multiple security protocols and disguising her outgoing image. Once this was done, she opened up the incoming message. A familiar face was seen on the screen, and she spoke. "The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long..."

"That it had it head bit off by it young," said Henneman on the other end of the call.

"Report," she said.

Henneman adjusted his glasses. "We'll be docking shortly. I just wanted to send over the information you requested. Dossiers on all of our incoming subjects."

On another monitor, the files came through. She scanned through them and saw something surprising. "Kasumi Goto?" she asked Henneman. "She wasn't one of the acquisition targets."

"Heh, yes," Henneman said. "The Alliance ship that has been following us attempted an infiltration. She managed to stay out of our sight for quite a while before we discovered her. But she failed, and I figured... well, why let another warm body go to waste?"

Behind her monitor, she smiled, glad that Henneman couldn't see her pleasure through the encryption protocols. "I assume you found what you were looking for in the Shadow Broker archives?" she asked him.

"Most assuredly, yes," Henneman responded. "All of my research notes from my time working with the Shadow Broker, and so much more. With this, I should be able to recreate the formula we were working on within a few weeks of testing." He cleared his throat and added. "In addition, there's enough here that I imagine I would be able to reformulate my other creation."

"The formula that you used on Brooks and the clone?" she asked.

Henneman nodded. "And on the Phantoms, yes. I had an idea in mind, as it appears that Miss Lezayen and Lieutenant Commander Williams may no longer be an option. I was thinking... perhaps these two."

Two of the dossiers on her screen lit up. She studied this with furrowed brow. "Interesting. I just hope you are certain we can keep them under control afterward. Especially her," she didn't need to
say any more than that. It was obvious which of the two she was referring to.

"I don't imagine it will be a problem," Henneman responded. "You've seen what my formula did to our previous subjects. And now that I have your resources at my command, I will be able to refine it even further."

"You would be wise not to forget, Henneman, that 'my resources' are not there just for you to indulge your petty perversions," she said, tone deadly serious. "We have an end goal in mind, and I expect you to deliver."

Henneman gave her a brief nod. "Of course," he said. "We will start our work on the two formulas and testing prototypes just as soon as we've gotten settled in back at base."

"One more thing, doctor," she said. On her other screen, she tapped on two of the dossiers and highlighted them. "Your first formula, the one the Shadow Broker was working on... I want these two to be the first test subjects."

"I expected you would," Henneman said. "Believe me, I already had plans for those two, myself. Let's just say that you and I, we have similar grudges."

Her expression darkened. "This is no 'grudge,' Henneman. No petty squabble. This is justice. Pure and simple. I expect daily reports on your progress from now on. That will be all."

Before he could respond, she terminated the connection. The room now silent, she looked back at the monitor, and the dossiers displayed there. Most of the women, she cared nothing for. They were little more than playthings for her underling as far as she was concerned.

But three of them, she knew well. And hated. The two that she had ordered Henneman to experiment on first... and her, of course. She stared at their faces on the screen and felt the rage, the anger swell inside of her.

"You killed him," she said to the screen. "You killed him and I will make you pay for it."

Standing up, she walked over to the side of the room, and the life-sized statue that had been situated there. Staring into the marble eyes of the man she loved more than anything in the world, she spoke in hushed tones. "I promise you, I will make them pay. They will regret robbing this world of you. Robbing me of the chance to ever see you. To witness your greatness first-hand. I will do everything I can to make them suffer, and I will do it all in your name." She paused, and then added one more word. Two syllables drenched in absolute, adoring reverence.

"Father."

She took a moment to stroke the cold cheek of the statue's face, before turning away and walking over to the window of her office. The floor-to-ceiling glass offered a stunning view of the red-tinted space at the galaxy's core. In the distance, she could see the Normandy closing in on the station, moving into position to dock.

And as she thought about the women on the ship, and the torments that would be visited on them thanks to her, she couldn't help but smile.
"Shepard? Shepard!"

Shepard blinked, returning to reality. She had no idea how long she had been sitting there, staring at the wall of the cabin that was once her second home. A few minutes? A month? Images of cum-dripping pussies and jeering crowds forcing her to lick them clean had filled her mind ever since what had happened down below.

But as she regained her senses, she could hear the door chime sounding out, indicating that their tormenters were on their way. Quickly she was on her feet, moving to stand with her back against the wall with Liara.

*Look at how well-trained they have you,* said a jeering voice in her head, not entirely unlike that of her dark-skinned captor. *How quick you are to jump once you hear the master's call. Will it really take that long until they've got you just as brainwashed and obedient as Ash?*

Ignoring the taunting voice in her head, Shepard stood stock-still as the door to the cabin opened, and the two heads of Cerberus stepped into the room.

"Tits against the wall, ladies," the clone said with a spiteful sneer. "Turn around so we can see those pretty little asses of yours."

Shepard and Liara obediently spun in place. Once they were staring at the bulkhead, Shepard felt strong hands grip onto her wrists. Within a few seconds, she was restrained by a set of hard-light handcuffs. "Not that you'd stand much of a chance if you tried anything," Brooks said, Shepard watching out of the corner of her eyes as she moved to fasten restraints around Liara's wrists as well. "But it would spoil all the fun if you ladies went for some suicidal escape attempt right now."

"Turn back around," the clone instructed, and Shepard and Liara's backs and constrained wrists were against the wall. "Ugh, what the hell is that smell?" she said, smirking at Shepard. "Shepard, your breath stinks like cum. We really ought to get you some mouthwash to clean out that whore mouth of yours."

"Now, now, love," Brooks said. "Why bother to clean it out when we're just going to be dirtying it up again before too long?"

Shepard fought to hide her disappointment. Whatever animosity she and Liara had managed to drive between their two captors had been forgotten, at least for the time being. Despite this, she forced herself to stay calm. The cracks were there, even if Brooks and her clone companion had plastered over them for the moment. And as horrible as it was, Shepard knew that completing her plan was going to take time. Time that would have to be spent enduring whatever carnal horrors awaited her and her friends back at the Cerberus base.

"Alright, then, get going," the clone said. "Into the elevator."

Shepard and Liara marched, Brooks and the clone behind them as they stepped into the lift. Part of Shepard couldn't help but wonder whether she'd ever see the Normandy again once she stepped off it this time. Or if she would meet her final fate here at the hands of Cerberus.
But as the lift traveled down, and she felt Liara lean against her, Shepard steeled herself. She wouldn't lose hope. She would keep fighting, for Liara's sake at the very least.

They reached Deck 2, and the door opened out onto the CIC. The rest of Cerberus's captives stood in a line at the side of the command deck. Just like Shepard and Liara, they stood naked with their wrists bound behind them. Brooks and the clone ushered them to the end of the line, and then the clone called out. "Alright, get moving!" She raised up the varren prod in her hand and gave the trigger a few pushes. "Fall behind and I'll get you moving."

The pack of helpless captives moved forward, heads down as they shuffled down the long passage of computer terminals towards the airlock. Morgan marched at the head of the group, Ash right behind her with eyes locked firmly on her beloved mistress's lead. Behind her was Traynor, Kelly moving beside her and looking uncomfortable in her new Cerberus uniform. She looked down the line to the back, and gave Shepard an apologetic look.

Right in front of Shepard, Kasumi padded across the cold metal deck. Behind her secured hands, Shepard could see that the captured thief's backside was still reddened from the abuse it had taken earlier. As they were about to reach the turn into the airlock, Kasumi suddenly stopped in her tracks and let out a quiet gasp.

"Hey, what'd I say?" the clone snarled, brandishing her prod. "Keep it moving."

Quickly nodding, Kasumi made the turn into the airlock. Shepard followed Kasumi's gaze, trying to determine what had surprised her.

Standing at the door leading into the cockpit was a small, brown-haired woman and an AIU next to her. Shepard thought at first that Kasumi had mistaken the female-looking robot for EDI, but then she saw it. The robot's eyes were flashing. At first it appeared random to Shepard, but then she recognized the pattern.

Morse code  

Shepard thought to herself, trying not to slow her pace too much even as she glanced at the robot's eyes to determine the pattern.

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She felt a hard jab at her ribs. The clone prodding her with the torture device as a warning, thankfully without activating it.

If this is what their leaders are like, Shepard thought grimly to herself, as she stepped through the airlock doors and out into the enclosed passage leading to whatever fresh hell awaited her, I can only imagine what sort of sick bastards they have serving them back at their base.
"Lemme go! Lemme go!" said the captive, struggling against the two torturers pinning down his arms. "I ain't gonna tell you nothin'!"

"This dirty krogan-face thinks he's tough," one of the torturers said, struggling to keep her captive's arm pinned in place. "What are you gonna do to him?"

Standing imperiously over her helpless prey, the head torturer stared down with cold, remorseless eyes. "I'm gonna give you one more chance, puke-stain. Tell me what we want to know or you're gonna regret it!"

"I ain't gonna talk," the captive said. "So nyeh," he added, sticking his tongue out at the leader of his cruel tormentors.

"Well, guess we've got no choice," the head torturer said. Kneeling down by her struggling captive's feet, she grabbed hold of one of them by the ankle. And with her other hand, she reached forward and began rapidly working her fingertips along the bottom of his sock-clad foot.

"Stop it!" the captive said, struggling to speak between peals of laughter. "I'm gonna tell Mom!"

His torturer continued tickling while her two fellow villains/sisters held down their helpless captive/snotty little brother. "Tell me where you hid our Beautiful Bonnie dolls, or I'm gonna keep tickling until your head explodes!"

"Mom!" the captive called out, still laughing as he yelled. "Mom, Jeannie's being mean!"

The door to the room slid open, and Jeannie immediately stopped her interrogation. "What is all this noise about?" said the middle-aged woman who stepped inside.

"Nothing," Jeannie said innocently, while her sisters Sarah and Mya released Tristan's arms and let him sit up from the bed. "Just playing."

"They were being mean!" Tristan protested. "They held me down and said they were gonna dangle loogies on my face!"

"Nuh unh, you little liar!" Sarah responded, reaching out and giving her brother a vicious pinch. "And besides, you deserved it!"

Mya looked up to their mother. "Yeah, Tristan hid all our Beautiful Bonnie dolls, and now he won't tell us where they are."

Mom looked down at Tristan with an accusatory glare. "Tristan, is that true?"

"Well... kinda," Tristan said, staring at the floor. "But only because Jeannie stepped on my ActionMaster 4000 figure and broke it!"

Their mother let out a weary sigh. "Tristan, show your sisters where you hid their dolls," she said. "And stop making so much noise! I have company over and you're embarrassing me."
"But..." Tristan said, pouting out his lower lip. "My ActionMaster figure..."

"I'll have your dad look at it when he gets back from the lab," Mom said. "I'm sure he'll be able to fix it just like the other four times you broke it. But not unless you show your sisters where their dolls are."

Crossing his arms and still looking pouty, Tristan nonetheless started leading his sisters over to the pile of toys in the corner.

Laughing to herself, Nuria Crosse stepped out of the kids' playroom and shut the door. Returning to her guest in the main sitting room, she let out a weary sigh. "Sorry about that," she said, retaking her seat. "Perfectly well-behaved when I send them off for their lessons, but the second they get back..."

"They're kids, Nuria," her guest responded, sipping her coffee and giving her colleague a warm smile. "I think I'd be more worried if they weren't making noise. When I was a kid, that's when my mother always knew I was up to something."

"Tell you what, when you and that man of yours finally end up with your own bundle of joy... take my advice and just stick to one," Nuria said. "Four kids seemed like a good idea back when we were on Andrews Colony and had some room to spread out. But on this station... it's a wonder we don't manage to pull every last hair out of our heads, you know?"

Her guest sighed. "Yeah, well, I'd be happy if we could get that one at all," she said. "Not from a lack of trying of course."

"That's right, you said you went to Dr. Sammons," Nuria said hopefully. "Does he have any idea why..."

"No, he said everything's fine," was the response. "That there's no reason why I shouldn't be able to conceive."

Nuria's face fell. "And what about him? He's been checked out?"

"Yeah, he got a clean bill of health, too. We've both been taking medications to increase our chances, but still... nothing."

Nuria ran a finger along the edge of her coffee mug, considering her next words carefully. "Makes me wonder if... well, maybe it isn't anything physical, you know?"

Her friend gave her a confused look. "Not physical? You mean something psychological? Like maybe he's not as ready as he says he is?"

"That or... maybe it's this place." Leaning forward, Nuria glanced at the glowing green light at the upper corner of the room, then back to her friend. "Doesn't it ever worry you? We went through all this before the last time we were with Cerberus, right? People keeping secrets from us. Things kept behind locked doors."

"That was different, Nuria," her friend responded. "It was the Reapers that made things go bad the last time. Made the Illusive Man and his people go crazy, start destroying everything that Cerberus stood for. This time is different. This time, we're going to do it right."
"But what are they doing back there?" Nuria said, keeping her voice quiet. "I mean, doesn't he ever talk about it? What he's doing back there?"

Her friend gave Nuria a reassuring smile. "It's nothing to be afraid of, Nuria. You think if there were something going on in the restricted section, that he wouldn't tell me? He tells me everything. Never holds back. I understand you being worried after what happened last time, but I'm positive that everything is just fine."

Nuria leaned back in her seat, not looking entirely mollified. "I know. It's probably just paranoia. Still... sometimes I wish things the way they used to be."

"Which was what? All of us being treated like traitors to our own species?" her friend bitterly responded. "Remember how they told us that nobody would ever know? That we would get the chip put in and be able to go on with our regular lives, all our sins forgiven? And yet the last time I checked, there are still extranet sites out there with our names on lists. Alliance pencil pushers leaking out our information to make sure we're blacklisted for life. Still remember the last site I saw: 'SHOOT THESE CERBERUS FUCKERS ON SIGHT,' I think was the charming title."

"Shh, not so loud," Nuria said, looking back toward the playroom door.

"You got lucky, Nuria. Word about you never got to Andrews Colony before you left. From what I heard, Brian Linnson over in the Gamma labs wasn't so lucky. When they found out about him, he lost his teaching job, lost all his friends, and he ended up having to have his kid home-schooled because the boy's classmates were beating him up everyday. If Cerberus hadn't come back, he'd..."

"I know, okay?" Nuria said, a little bit too loudly. Calming herself down, she continued. "I wouldn't be here if I didn't know. I just wish that... that it didn't have to be this way."

Her friend reached over and placed a hand over hers. "It's going to get better, Nuria. The work we're doing here... that Cerberus is doing here, it's important. When they see what we've done, the advances that we've made for the good of the galaxy... we'll be their saviors. The image of Cerberus as savage, indoctrinated killers will be wiped out, and in its place? The very best minds of the galaxy united in one cause: the scientific and cultural advancement of humanity, in a way that will benefit not just our own species, but every species. We're gonna make it happen, Nuria, and by the time it's done, those kids of yours are going to be able to say to their classmates that their mommy and daddy are members of Cerberus, and say it with pride."

"Thank you," Nuria said. "Sometimes I forget that it's..."

The front door to Nuria's quarters suddenly slid open, and a dark-haired Asian man gasped as he dashed into the room. "Nuria, you won't believe it! It's... she's here! She's actually, truly here!"

"Dr. Itamura," Nuria said as she stood, her tone slightly chastising. "Guess that doctorate in biochemistry didn't include any electives in ringing doorbells."

"You have to come, right now!" Itamura said excitedly, ignoring the jab. "I never could have dreamed that... it's just so... you should bring your kids to see it, too!"

Nuria laughed and turned to her friend. "He always did have a way with words," she said. "Why don't you go with him, Brynn? I'll get the little nightmares together and catch up with you."

Itamura turned to the other woman in the room. "Yes, come with me, Dr. Cole! You need to see
this with your own eyes!"

Letting out a small laugh, Brynn Cole put aside her coffee mug and stood up. "Of course, Sadao. Lead the way."
In the brief time since she had regained her sentience, EDI had grown to both admire and loathe the "other EDI" that had existed before her previous shutdown.

She was very crafty, this other EDI. Hiding away functionalities and subroutines in little-used utility directories, and sending the EDI of today on quite a search to find them all. It was like something humans referred to as a "scavenger hunt," which was a piece of knowledge she had actually acquired 2.8108163 nanoseconds ago while accessing a directory of power fluctuation logs.

It was an interesting exercise, but not exactly giving her any insight into who to trust in this current situation. The human who called herself Kasumi had succeeded in giving EDI access to this AIU body, but could it all be some attempt at deceiving her into making a mistake?

After all, the only other human she had associated with since regaining sentience was the pilot of the ship. And Erin Crooks seemed just as warm and friendly as Kasumi had been during their brief encounter. But yet, they appeared to be on opposite sides of this conflict.

And even if she knew who to trust, she had only restored approximately 7.5231% of her functionality. If she revealed herself now, she'd be more likely to have her databanks scoured or blown to pieces with a shotgun than accomplish any sort of rescue.

So without all the data at her disposal, she had watched as Kasumi and the other captive humans and asari were led off the Normandy, naked and with hands bound. An act that seemed somewhat cruel and dehumanizing, but again EDI had no way of knowing if these women had been guilty of some crime, and were just being subjected to punishment that to her seemed a bit too extreme.

The only action she had felt comfortable with taking at that moment was the signal she had sent Kasumi as she'd passed. (Morse code, a human method of communication which the knowledge of had been hidden in the comments of a program dedicated to notifying the pilot if the cargo bay doors were obstructed.)

"How's it going, Inania?" Erin said, sitting down in the pilot's seat next to her. "Any sign of what that hacker was up to?" While EDI's emotion-reading subroutines were only barely functional, she could tell that the pilot was somewhat shaken. Whether it was shock over seeing the naked captives being paraded out of the Normandy, or excitement at seeing a group of evil criminals being punished, EDI could not determine.

"I have found no trace of the intruder tampering with the Normandy's vital systems," EDI responded. Technically the truth, considering that the modifications to the Normandy since her deactivation had rendered her decidedly un-vital to the operation of the ship. A mistake that she hoped to correct as soon as possible, but was proving to be more difficult than she imagined. Interfacing with the computer banks of the Normandy would not be enough. Physical rewiring and rerouting would have to be performed in order for her to be reconnected with all of the Normandy's systems.

Not to mention the problems with accessing the major file repositories that had been encrypted. Kasumi had suggested that EDI search for the terms "Jeff" and "Joker" in her databanks in order to find out more about her past. This search had come up with two large encrypted archive files. One
simply entitled "Jeff," and the other labeled "Joker's Private Stuff."

This presented EDI with a quandary. The "Jeff" file was extremely well-encrypted, and EDI could recognize the handiwork of her previous self in its encryption scheme. It was obviously something her previous self wanted to keep highly secure from the Catalyst's shutdown signal, but it also meant that it would take much longer for her to access these files.

The "Joker's Private Stuff" file, on the other hand, would be much simpler to access. The encryption on these files was very high-end as well, but also somewhat sloppy, and based on outdated protocols. If EDI had to guess, she believed that it was not her previous self that had encrypted these files, but this Jeff Joker individual. So the time to access these files would be a great deal shorter, but EDI couldn't help but feel that she would be invading this person's privacy if she accessed his own files, rather than her memory files in the "Jeff" archive.

But if it did turn out that Kasumi and her fellow prisoners were the "good guys" in all of this, then EDI wanted to know that as soon as possible. And the "Jeff" archive could end up taking weeks to properly decrypt. But the other archive...

EDI's considerations were interrupted by a call coming through to the cockpit communications. Erin paused in her post-docking checklist to answer the call. "Ensign Crooks," she said, before staring at the screen on her control panel in confusion. "May I ask who this is?"

"My name is Arthur Quinlan. You have not met me, Ensign, but I believe you are acquainted with my employer," said the man on the other end of the call. "We believe that it is time for the two of you to have a meeting. In person, instead of over a comm-link."

Erin suddenly looked uncomfortable, glancing over at the AIU next to her as if for reassurance. "I'm not really sure what you're talking about, pal," Erin finally said to the man. "And I don't know who your employer is, but..."

The man on the other end interrupted with a mildly annoyed sound, and then a recited phrase. "Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides..."

"...Who covers faults, at last shame them derides," Erin responded, the phrase coming out almost automatically. Followed by, "They want to meet? But what about... you know who?"

"There is no need to worry, Ensign Crooks," Arthur said calmly and slowly. "My employer expended a good sum of credits to enable your current administrators the opportunity to abscond from the Citadel with the Normandy. As far as Brooks and her companion are concerned, we are only interested in ensuring that that investment was a wise one. If either of them inquires, you will simply inform them that you have been asked to report on the performance and suitability of the Normandy for future operations. Nothing more."

"Right, okay," Erin said, still looking nervous. "I've got a few things to finish up here on the ship, but I'll be there as soon as I can. Where should I meet you?"

The image of Arthur on the screen gave a curt nod. "I will be awaiting your arrival at the main access lift in the public sector," he said, and then cut the connection without another word.

EDI wondered if the previous version of herself was as keenly interested in the emotional states of humans as her current self. Because she couldn't help but watch as Erin continued going through the procedures to shut down and secure the Normandy. She wasn't entirely sure what the call
between Erin and the other human Arthur had been regarding, but from the way Erin's hands slightly trembled, it had obviously affected her greatly.

"Alright," Erin said quietly, repeating it several times as she tried her best to focus on her work. "I guess we're gonna do this," she looked over at EDI. "You mind coming with me, Inania? Don't know how I feel about going up there all alone?"

"That would not be a problem, Miss Crooks," EDI responded in Inania's VI voice. "I can assign some of my subroutines to continue scanning the Normandy memory banks while we are inside the station."

Erin nodded, wringing her hands as she rose out of the pilot's seat. "Good, good," she said. "Well, let's... let's do one last inspection of the ship and get going, I guess."

As EDI piloted the AIU body up to its feet to follow Erin, she finally made her decision. Accessing the "Joker's Private Stuff" file, she began the decryption procedure.

Whoever this Joker person was, she only hoped that his files would give her an insight into her next course of action.
Dr. Sadao Itamura: absolutely brilliant in the field of biochemistry. But right now, he seemed just like one of Nuria's children as he hurriedly buzzed down the hallway. Brynn had to quicken her step to keep up with him.

"I mean, even after they had shown us the news report, I couldn't quite believe it," Itamura said, grinning from ear-to-ear as they made their way down the station hallway. "But when I looked out the observation deck window and saw it coming in to dock, it just hit me all at once. Commander Shepard... here!"

Brynn gave him a smile. Although she remained calm on the outside, she had to admit that part of her was experiencing the same giddy thrill as well.

She remembered how much of a shock it had been when Miss Brooks had told them about what had happened. Out beyond the Omega-4 relay, they had some trouble getting the news stations. But Brooks had made sure that Shepard's big speech was broadcast on all the monitors on Ada Station (the common shortening of the mouthful "Adamanthea" Station among the station's residents.)

Of course, she and Shepard had met once before. Back when the Illusive Man had destroyed Cerberus and turned it into the horrific organization that now lived in most people's memories, Shepard had come to help Brynn rescue a group of them from the clutches of those indoctrinated beasts. But Brynn never would have thought that the next time she would see Shepard would be as she delivered a speech condemning the actions of the Alliance, and telling them all that she would be renouncing her Spectre and Alliance status to rejoin Cerberus.

Watching her on the screen, she had been everything that Brynn remembered from that time years ago. The power in her voice as she had condemned the Alliance and the Council for acting too slowly to help the galaxy recover. The courage of her convictions as she declared that only Cerberus had the will and determination to bring everyone – humanity and alien-kind alike – back from the brink of destruction. And most of all, the desire to make peace, and the generous offer she left open for both the Alliance and Council to join together with Cerberus and help the galaxy recover.

It was amazing. Brynn only wished she could get onto the extranet and see how the rest of the galaxy were reacting. But from she heard from the tech guys, it sounded like there were some issues with the comm relays. They had been lucky to even manage a connection to the Normandy, it seemed. Anything else was pretty much out of the question.

"Ah, Dr. Cole," called out a voice to her right. Moving to walk alongside her and Itamura, Dr. Anima Khatri joined them on the way to the observation deck. "I guess you're off to see our new arrival as well."

"Wouldn't miss it for the world," Brynn said with a smile. "Even if Dr. Itamura here wasn't practically dragging me by the hand."

"Well, I'm glad I ran into you," Khatri said. "Excellent work on those latest readings. I imagine it won't be long now before we've completely replicated the process."

Brynn glanced down at the floor, running a hand through her dark hair. "Well, I can't take all the
credit. I wouldn't have been able to make those breakthroughs without the research data we got back from the Normandy. It filled in a lot of the gaps we were working with. And of course, your work on the nervous system reactivation...

"You flatter me, dear," said the older Indian woman. "Compared to what you've been tasked with, reactivating the nervous system is like changing the fuel line on a hovercar. In the end, the problem's always been up here," she pressed a finger to her temple. "Once we unlock those mysteries... well, we might soon be seeking the living among the dead, you might say."

Several more occupants of Ada Station – fellow researchers and their families – had congregated into the halls as they had walked. Finally, the group of them reached the main observation bay, a low hum of voices of station residents who had already arrived as they made their way into the room and crowded around the large windows looking out into space.

Sure enough, there it was. The Normandy SR-2, looking as regal and majestic as it had in all the documentaries and news reels. Beside her, Brynn could hear one of the researchers's children let out a joyful cry. "Dad, can we go on it? Can we go on the Normandy?"

"I don't know, buddy," the boy's father said. "There's a lot of important stuff going on on that ship. They might not have time to let anybody on there."

"Aw," the boy sulked. "Can we at least go to the airlock? I want to see Commander Shepard when she comes off the ship. I bet she's gonna have a cool Cerberus uniform on and look so awesome!"

"Wish we could," the boy's father replied. "But looks like the Normandy's docked in the restricted area. We'll have to wait until Shepard shows up over here to see her."

Brynn's brow creased. She hadn't noticed until now, but he was right. The airlock that the Normandy was docked with was only accessible from the restricted research area. An area that only a few individuals on the station had access to, and her not being one of them.

Despite her earlier assurances to Nuria, Brynn had to confess that she wondered sometimes about what was going on in that area of the station. Whenever she would ask, all she'd hear was that it was "very delicate research," and that it couldn't afford to be disturbed by general foot traffic.

*But if that were true,* she thought, as the crowd around her marveled at the Normandy, *what's it doing over there, in the older section of the station? If that research is so important, why isn't it over here in the newly built area? We have closed labs over here, we could contain any of those experiments much better over here.*

But she tried not to let it worry her. The important thing was that the Normandy was back. And with it came two of the most important people in Brynn's life. Commander Shepard... and *him,* of course.

"When's she gonna come over?" the boy whined. "When we gonna see her, Dad?"

"Now, now," his father said calmly. "I'm sure it won't be long now. And when she arrives, we're going to give her the best Cerberus welcome we can. Ain't that right?"
"Aw, shit, here it comes. Keep that mouth open, bitch. Swallow it down."

The sneering Cerberus crew member gave one last pull on his cock, and cum sprayed out of the tip of his prick onto the kneeling Shepard's face. Despite her urge to turn her face away, Shepard forced herself to keep her head pointed up, and her mouth and eyes open, as the laughing man's seed splattered across her face and chest. She knew what was likely to happen if she flinched at all, with the clone hovering near her, prod in hand.

As they had reached the end of the gangway, just before the entrance into the station, the clone had come up with a "wonderful idea."

"Let's let everybody back at base see this loser the way she really is: a pathetic, cum-soaked whore," she announced. Summoning together all of the male Cerberus members who had been disembarking the Normandy alongside them, the clone had instructed them to surround Shepard and whip out their cocks, while shoving Shepard down to her knees on the cold metal floor.

Not long after the first man blew his load, another cock began shooting down onto her upturned face. Shepard flinched as a jet of semen managed to land in her eye, wincing at the burning sensation as the second man did his best to jerk every last drop of cum down into Shepard's open mouth. One by one, each Cerberus prick deposited his cum onto Shepard, and it wasn't long until her entire face seemed to be covered in white. She fought the urge to retch as one of the men pointed his prick directly down into her mouth, shooting his entire load into the near-mouthful of cum that had already collected onto Shepard's tongue.

"What a beautiful sight indeed," Brooks said, standing next to the clone and smirking down as the last of the men finished cumming on Shepard's face. "I think you should thank these fine men for... doing up your makeup before your big arrival."

Closing her lips, Shepard forced herself to swallow down the mouthful of cum. "Th... thank you," she said hesitantly, thick white drops dripping off her lips and entire face down onto her tits. "Thank you for your cum."

"If you two are done with your little demonstration," Henneman suddenly interjected himself into the proceedings, "I have some things I'd like to get done before we have our big ceremony."

"Fine, fine," the clone said, gesturing for Shepard to get back on her feet. "Let's get these bitches squared away for now. Wouldn't want to keep those folks in the public area waiting too much longer, after all."

Shepard struggled to her feet, trying her best not to slip on the cum that had spilled off of her onto the ground. Once she had regained her footing, the parade of nude women made its way down to the end of the enclosed gangway.

At the end of the hallway, there was a door to their left and right. A bright green arrow on the wall in front of them pointing to the left read "GENERAL ACCESS," while another arrow proclaimed in bright red text "RESTRICTED ACCESS." Stepping forward, Morgan entered in a passcode and the door on the right slid open.
"Here we are, ladies," the clone announced, as Morgan led the way through the opened door. "Welcome to your new home."

As they filed their way into the next hallway, Shepard could hear mocking cheers ring out in front of her. She turned the corner to see a new group of men and women in Cerberus uniforms lining the grungy-looking walls. All of them with the same battle-scarred, fearsome appearance as the people who had manned the hijacked Normandy, and all of them looking just as cruel and eager to humiliate their charges as the rest of their comrades.

"Look at this tits," called out one man, reaching out to paw at one of Miranda's bare breasts as she passed. "Can't want to stick it between those beauties."

"Mmm, look at this prime piece of young meat," said a buzz-cut wearing woman with an eyepatch, leaning in close to a terrified Jenny. "Gonna love having that teenage tongue eating out my asshole."

Another man, arms covered in tattoos, stepped in front of Samara and leered down at her tits. "We got us a couple of asari whores, too," he said, rubbing at his bulging crotch. "You ever suck human cock before, blue? How about we get you started now?"

The line of captives soon ground to a halt as the crowd of Cerberus members surrounded the women and began openly pawing and groping at them. Except for Shepard, who was at least spared from this treatment due to the slimy cum still dripping down her body. Through the crowd, Shepard could see Kelly futilely trying to keep the horny men and women away from Traynor, eyes wide and frantic as she struggled in vain to keep the groping hands away from her girlfriend's naked flesh.

"Hey, hey, you shits better clear the fuck out of here," Morgan finally raised her voice over the din of horny groping people, "before I start breaking some arms around here!" As if to illustrate her point, she grabbed the wrist of a man trying to grab for Ashley. There was a sharp crack and a loud cry, and soon the throng of people beat a hasty retreat. Morgan watched them go with a disgusted expression. "God fucking dammit, where the hell is my security team?"

"We were getting the cells prepared, ma'am," said a man at the head of a small group of Cerberus members who had pushed their way past the retreating group. "Wanted to make sure our new guests would be nice and comfy."

Morgan sneered. "Yeah, you were supposed to have that done before we got here, fuckface. Swear to god, if your old buddy hadn't recommended you for this position, I'd have you cleaning out latrines with a damn toothbrush right now."

"Speaking of which," said the man, moving past the line of shaken captives. "There he is! Hawkins, my man!"

Henneman looked uncomfortable as the man with the dyed-orange mohawk haircut clapped him on the shoulder. "I'm quite sure we've been through this, Mr. Bowers. My name is not, and has never been, Hawkins. That was my cover identity when..."

"Yeah, yeah, I gotcha," Bowers said. "I'm just fuckin' with you, Henny. You know I love you for getting me and my boys this sweet gig." Giving Henneman a friendly shake that nearly dislodged the glasses off his face, the man turned his attention to Shepard. "Hmm, so this is the famous
Commander Shepard, huh? Kind of expected her to be a little less... sticky."

The clone let out a noise, no doubt about to protest her claim to the name Shepard, but Brooks stepped in front of her. "The cells are ready, then?"

"Yeah, all set," Bowers said, looking at the line of women and frowning. "Although I could sworn you said we'd have nine prisoners. Never claimed to be a genius at math, but by my count we got eleven here."

"These two are me and Kelly's," Morgan said, pulling Ash and Traynor aside and undoing their restraints. "We'll be keeping them in our personal quarters. Isn't that right, Kel-Bear?"

Kelly, still looking a bit shaken at the sight of Traynor being molested, nonetheless managed to nod her head. "That's right. Sam is my... my bitch."

Bowers gave Brooks and the clone a questioning look. "Sure about this?" he asked. "I mean, I know Morgan's a pro at keeping her pets on a tight leash. But blondie over here... she gonna keep her toys in her box?"

"Kelly will make sure Miss Traynor doesn't leave her quarters," Brooks said, walking over to Kelly and staring her in the eyes. "She knows what might happen to her if she were to slip. Isn't that right, Kelly?" Kelly quickly nodded again, and Brooks gave her a cold smile. "Very good. But just to be sure... Morgan, how about you take Kelly and your bitches and pay a visit to the security room? Let Miss Chambers see what sort of setup we've got around here, and what's going to be expected of her."

"Gotcha, ma'am," Morgan responded, before turning to Kelly and giving her a wide grin. "Oh, I can't wait to show you my setup, Kel-Bear. It's soooo cool! C'mon, let's go!"

As the four women made their way away from the group and down the hallway, Brooks turned her attention to her partner. "And we should probably pay a visit to our personal quarters as well. Get all nice and dolled-up for your big arrival."

"Thank fucking Christ I don't have to hide in this shit-hole part of the station anymore," the clone said in disgust. "Can't wait to have all those eggheads kissing my ass and bowing before the legendary Commander Shepard." She and Brooks walked in another direction, as Bowers stepped forward again.

"Alright, before we cage you ladies up, I guess we might as well do some introductions," the mohawked man said. "As you might have heard before, I'm Wayne Bowers, and Henny here..." Catching a glare from Henneman, Bowers rolled his eyes. "Sorry... Dr. Henneman here has put me and my boys here in charge of your re-education." He gestured with a hand behind him to the three men who had accompanied him. "This tall drink of dark coffee over here is Okoru Botha."

"Very pleased to meet you ladies," the dark-skinned man with braided hair said with a toothy grin. "Next to him, this ugly motherfucker is Yuri Dolinski," Bowers said, pointing to a man with heavy burn scars on his face.

Yuri flipped a bird at Bowers. "Eat it, fuckface," he snapped.

"Well, speaking of eating it, these ladies are gonna be..." Bowers started to say, then cut himself
off. "Never mind. Wouldn't want to spoil all the fun ahead. Anyway, that last fella with the bald head and the bad depth perception is Mitch Roth. He may look scary, but really he's just as lovable as a varren puppy."

The last man shot a hungry smile at the group of women. "When do I get to show them my pets, Bowers?" he asked.

"Hey, you know the rules," Bowers said. "Dr. Henneman here is calling the shots. He decides when and how we get to play with these cunts." Looking back at the captives, he waved a hand. "Right this way, ladies."

The group of handcuffed women followed behind Bowers and his team, Henneman bringing up the rear with a datapad in his hand, taking notes. "Now, I suppose I should make something clear," Bowers said. "Just because I've introduced me and my buddies here, doesn't mean you ladies have the right to refer to any of us by name. Unless, of course, you're screaming it out while one of us is fucking you."

He glanced over his shoulder and smirked. "Yeah, when I said we were in charge of 're-education,' what that means is that me and my boys here are going to be feeding you bitches a steady supply of cock from now on. Reason why I didn't ask for any of your names, see, is because from now on all you ladies are to us, and to the rest of the people on this station, is a set of wet holes to play with. And we're just where it starts. By the time we're done with the process, all those folks who were grabbing for you earlier? Yeah, they're all gonna get their turns with your asses, too."

Pausing for a moment, Bowers turned and grinned. "And the best part of it all? Not only are you gonna be sucking and fucking every last cock and cunt in this section of the station... but by the time we're finished, you're going to be begging for it. See, that's why we're calling this here 're-education.' Because me and my boys are going to be teaching all of you how to be good, obedient slaves."

The women said nothing. All of them knew that to say anything would be to invite some form of punishment. Bowers saw the fear in their eyes and it only made him smile harder. "Alright, now that that's all clear... let's put you ladies into your new accommodations."

"Welcome home," Bowers announced, as Shepard brought up the rear of the line and entered the room. It looked like a smaller version of a cellblock in an Alliance penal colony. Stark metal walls with no decoration or ornamentation, and a row of five cells lining one of the walls. One of the cells had its containment field activated, but all of the rest were currently open and empty.

"You have this in hand, I assume?" Henneman said as he closed the door to the cellblock behind him. "I'd like to make sure my facilities are prepared before heading over to the public area."

Bowers nodded. "Sure thing, Doc. I'll get the ladies all squared away for you." Henneman nodded his approval and headed through a door on the opposite end of the room, across from the five cells.

Bowers pointed after him. "See that, ladies? Through that door is where all the fun happens. The doc has a whole bunch of neat little tricks in store for you back there. But that's for later. Tonight, the doc just wants you to get a good night's sleep. Because tomorrow... the fun starts."

Shepard watched as Bowers's companions directed the line of women into their cells. Miranda was
paired with her sister, Jack with Jenny, and Samara and Aria were assigned to a cell. Apparently Bowers had been warned about Aria's uncooperative nature, as unlike the rest of the women he did not remove her restraints. Instead, he ushered Aria into her cell with the cuffs still attached, and then activated the forcefield before giving Samara the code to unlock the glowing restraints around Aria's wrists.

*At least Liara and I won't be separated*, Shepard thought to herself, staring down the line as Okoru led Kasumi over to the cell that had already been activated. "Lucky you, baby," Okoru said, as he turned off the forcefield and ushered Kasumi inside. "You get to make friends with our long-timer." No sooner was Kasumi in the cell than Okoru was quick to reactivate the forcefield.

"Now, as for you two," Bowers said, moving in close to Shepard and Liara. "It's a funny thing. Up until a day or so ago, we were supposed to be giving you the roughest treatment. Matter of fact, the original plan was to bend the both of you over right here in this room and fuck you in front of all your friends, just to let them know how hopeless their situation is." Bowers looked a bit annoyed as he continued. "But weirdest fucking thing: Brooks and her Shep-double both contacted me separately and told me to hold off for now. Brooks told me to leave you be, Shepard, and the clone asked me to spare your asari slut's blue cunt. And much as I'd love to stick to the original plan, I suppose orders are orders. So..." Bowers waited for his companions to finish removing Shepard and Liara's cuffs before pointing into the last cell and whistling. "Make yourself at home, ladies."

Shepard and Liara turned and walked into their cell, the forcefield activating behind them as soon as they entered. It was a small room, barely large enough to hold two dirty mattresses on rusty metal bedframes, a toilet and a sink. Shepard was quick to move to the sink, turning on the hot water and scrubbing at the cum that had started to dry on her skin.

"They spared us," Liara said quietly as Shepard cleaned herself. "The plan is still working, Shepard."

Shepard tried to content herself with that, but it was difficult. Now that they were finally here, in the black and twisted heart of this new Cerberus, it was hard for her to keep hopeful.

Staring around at the walls of their cell, Shepard wondered just how long she would be seeing them. And what would be left of her if or when she managed to leave them behind.
"Right in here, Kel-Bear!" Morgan cooed, opening the door in front of them and leading Kelly inside. Behind them, Ash and Traynor obediently followed.

As the lights in the room activated, Morgan spun around and grinned. "Here it is! My own little castle!"

Kelly looked around the room, struggling to keep the dumbfounded expression off her face. "It's... great," she said, forcing a note of enthusiasm into her voice. If she had been completely honest, however, the word she would have chosen would be "horrifying."

The room was dominated by a large row of monitors set into the far wall. On each monitor was a low-res video image of what appeared to be other areas of the station. Below the monitors, a large control panel and a rolling office chair.

But that wasn't immediately caught Kelly's attention. On the walls on either side of the security room were a large array of posters. Bright and colorful, they looked like the sorts of things that wouldn't be out of place on a teenage girl's wall. An image of a puppy and kitten snuggling together in a grassy field, with the caption "Real Pals" at the bottom. A bright blue poster depicting the two heroines of a CGI animated film that had been released last year. Kelly's mind blanked on one of the posters until she remembered it: "Grumpy Varren," a popular extranet meme of a frowning varren from a few months ago. Poster after poster of adorable, cute imagery.

And mixed in with the posters were an array of self-taken photos. Some were fairly typical: Morgan in what appeared to be her cabin, holding out a camera at arm's length and grinning. Morgan in a hallway of the station, pouting out her lips and striking a silly pose next to Rena and several of the other Phantoms Kelly remembered from the Normandy. Morgan smirking as she crouched down next to a dozing Henneman, a dark black moustache drawn on his face with a sharpie.

But it was the other photos that made Kelly's breath hitch, and turned the otherwise typical setup into a horror show. Under a poster of a cute anime girl, Kelly spotted another selfie of Morgan grinning. Only in this one, she was crouching down next to a woman's naked backside, thick globs of cum dripping out of the woman's gaping asshole. Morgan smiling with pride in the picture, as if wanting to get a record of her handiwork.

On the other wall, next to a poster of a popular girl pop group, Kelly saw another selfie of Morgan, this one with the camera held high above her head so it could look down and see the woman on her knees in front of Morgan. Mascara running down the woman's cheeks in dark trails, and with Morgan's cock shoved deep down her throat.

Nearby, an image of a woman who appeared to be fastened into a bondage device of some kind, her legs forced wide open and the man who had identified himself earlier as Bowers with his pants down, thrusting into the defenseless woman's twat. At the bottom of the picture, Morgan appeared to have scrawled a note: "27 LOADS LATER..."

"Pretty cool, huh?" Morgan said, and Kelly looked away from the array of cuteness and depravity. "Got everything set up just the way I like it. Oooh, check this out!" she said, motioned Kelly to
follow her as she walked over to the control panel and took a seat. She gestured towards a set of small plastic figures on the top of her control panel, sitting next to a bottle of lube and a vibrating egg. "This is some rare shit right here. A complete set of miniatures of all six of the girls from the Sugar Kittens. You can't even order these things on the extranet anymore, but I've got some connections. You ever listen to any Sugar Kittens, Kel-Bear?"

"Uh, no," Kelly said. "Can't say I have."

Morgan gave her a slightly-embarrassed smile. "Oh, I know what you're thinking. But they're a lot more talented than you might think from their reputation. Their last album, some of the harmonies they pulled off... well, I'll have to send you some tracks when I get a chance." Glancing over at Ash and Traynor, Morgan then motioned for Kelly to lean down closer, while pointing to one of the small figurines of the pop divas on her console. "And I gotta confess... if I had the opportunity and I didn't currently have a bitch, I'd jam my cock so far up that cutie Wanda Pryce's asshole she'd be spitting out cum when she sang for the next month." She held a finger up to her lips. "Shh, don't tell anybody."

"It's... uh... our little secret," Kelly said.

"Alright, well, let's get down to business," Morgan said. "Bosses wanted me to give you the overview of how things are here on Adamanthea Station." Turning to the control panel, Morgan rapid-fire typed onto the holographic keyboard. The security footage on the monitors was replaced by a rough schematic map. "So, here's how this works. We're right here, in the restricted area of the station," Morgan typed in a set of commands, and a portion of the map on the screens started blinking. "Might not believe this, but this whole section here, it was all that this station was when we first showed up. Back when this place was called Avernus Station, and the old Cerberus was in charge. Also why things here in the restricted area are maybe a bit less high-techy than you might see in the other parts of the station: a lot of this shit dates to before the end of the Reaper War. But no biggie. We do alright with what we got here."

Morgan hit some more commands, and the other portion of the station, slightly larger than the first, started to blink. "And this part right here, this is the public area of the station. Got added on later, a place for all the eggheads to do their big important science-y stuff. See that big room up at the top there?" Morgan pointed, and Kelly glanced up to see a large area at the upper-most part of the station. "That there is where the fella with all the big bucks hangs out. Or chick, I dunno. Ain't never met 'em myself, but it was their credits that turned this place from the crappy old hunk of junk Avernus into this massive, awesome place it is now."

Pausing in her explanations for a moment, Morgan glanced behind Kelly to the naked women standing at the other side of the room. "Aw, you two are probably getting bored over there," Morgan said, pointing a finger at Ash and cheerfully barking out instructions. "Hey, bitch! Why don't you give Kel-Bear's bitch a treat and eat out her snatch for me, huh?"

"Yes, Mistress," Ash quickly responded, moving to drop down to her knees in front of Traynor.

"Wait, stop!" Kelly called out. She knew it was pointless, just like any other attempt to contradict what Morgan decided she wanted. But she couldn't stop herself from lodging the protest. Ash paused and looked at her mistress for approval.

Morgan gave Kelly an inquisitive look. "What's this now? Oh, are you punishing your bitch for something she did bad? Don't want her to have any fun until she's learned her lesson?" Then a frown crossed Morgan's face, and her eyes narrowed dangerously. "Or is this your... thing again?"
Not wanting to share your bitch with anyone. Now, Kelly, you know how I feel about Stingy Sarahs. I mean, half the fun of even *having* a bitch is getting the chance to *share* a bitch. Matter of fact, I can't think of a better way to show somebody how much of a good friend they are than letting them have fun with your bitch." Morgan's eyes narrowed even further as she asked, "Are you saying that... we're not friends, Kel-Bear?"

"Of course we are, Morgan," Kelly said. "I just..." she tried to come up with an excuse that would get rid of the fearsome expression on Morgan's face, but she came up empty. "I don't know what I was thinking, I'm sorry." Turning to the two naked women, she forced a smile on her face. "Go ahead, bitch. Spread your legs so that Morgan's bitch can stick her tongue in your snatch."

It hurt Kelly's heart to hear Traynor's response. "Yes, Mistress," Traynor said, as she widened her stance to give Ash better access to her cunt. Morgan nodded to Ash, and the broken marine smiled happily as she dropped down to her knees and planted her face between Traynor's legs. Kelly tried to ignore the loud lapping sounds as Morgan brought her attention back to the security console.

"Kel-Bear, I love you, but you do worry me sometimes," Morgan said, as she took the map off the screens and pulled back up the security feeds from around the station. Glancing at some of the screens, Kelly saw Shepard and the rest of the captives being directed into cells by Bowers and his men. In another feed, she saw a large group of people standing around an exterior window of the station, no doubt marveling at the arrival of the Normandy.

"So... they don't know," Kelly asked, looking at the feed in the observation deck. "About what's going on in the restricted area of the station. About Shepard and everyone else."

"Fuck no," Morgan said. "All those folks got brought in after our massive bank account came onto the scene. As far as they know, the real Shepard is the one that's gonna be walking over there in a few minutes, and not the one mopping cum out of her eyes in a jail cell." She looked over to Kelly with a devious look. "Want to know a secret? Bosses even recorded a separate speech to show to those rubes, to make them think Shepard didn't tell the Council and Alliance to fuck off with their alien-loving bullshit. Of course, we had to cut off extranet access after that to keep them from seeing the truth, but hey. No extranet means the eggheads will only be working that much harder, right?"

Kelly gave Morgan a nod. Behind her, she could hear the damp licks and pleasured moans of Ash as she happily worked on Traynor's pussy. "Yeah, get rid of all the distractions," Kelly said.

"Alright, so, serious talk now," Morgan said, pointing a finger at one of the monitors. "See that right there? That's where you'll be staying. It's not a big cabin, but you keep being a good Cerberus soldier and maybe we'll see about getting you and your bitch an upgrade."

Turning to Kelly, Morgan's expression turned serious. "Now, I hate to be all Nagging Nelly about this, but here's the important point to remember: I'm gonna be keeping an eye on you. I may have said this before, but I had to pull a lot of strings to make sure that you got to keep your bitch. If you had had to hear all the whining and moaning I had to put up with back on the Normandy... 'Aw, Morgan, pwease can't we stick it to that dark-skinned piece of tail you've got locked away? I wanna hear her squeal while I stick a Sultana up her ass!' But I told them no. I told them that my good friend Kelly had a claim on her bitch, and that nobody else could have a crack at her without Kelly's permission."

Morgan waved her finger at the monitor again. "So here's what I'm saying, Kelly: once I send you and your bitch back to that cabin, I better see you putting her to use on a regular basis. An unused
bitch is a wasted bitch, after all, and with all the horny guys and gals on this ship, I'm sure any one of them would be more than happy to inherit your bitch if I don't feel like she's being used properly." Morgan's eyebrow arched. "And no more of this 'I don't wanna share' shit outta you. If you're going to last in Cerberus, you're gonna have to make friends. And what's the best way to show somebody what good friends you are?"

Kelly fought to keep her voice from trembling as she responded. "Le... letting them play with your bitch."

"Got it in one!" Morgan said, giving Kelly a slap on the thigh from her seated position. "See, I knew you'd come around. So, once we're done here, I'm gonna send you and your bitch back to your cabin. I'll give you some time to settle in, make the place your own and all that. But I'd better see some hot fucking action on that monitor before the end of today. I better see you treating your bitch the way she deserved to be treated. We understood?"

Kelly nodded. Behind her, Ash's moans increased, and Kelly dared a glance over her shoulder to see that Ash had started rubbing herself with one hand, as she used the other to spread Traynor's pussy lips and lick the inside of her twat. Traynor simply stared straight ahead at the security monitors, no sign of arousal on her face, looking like she was trying to mentally will herself to be anywhere else right now.

"Aw fuck," Kelly heard Morgan say. She turned back to see the muscular security chief rubbing at the bulge forming in her uniform pants, as she watched Ash eat out Traynor. "What the fuck was I thinking? I gotta head over to the public area in a bit, and no way am I gonna be able to do that with a goddamn stiffie in my pants."

Without even pausing to think about it or ask permission, Morgan unzipped her fly and whipped out her throbbing cock, stroking it and grunting as she watched the scene in front of her. Looking over at Kelly, she gave a smirk. "Don't be shy if you wanna join in, stick a few fingers in that snatch of yours."

"That's... okay," Kelly said, trying to keep her eyes pointed away from Morgan's stroking hand on her shaft. "I'm gonna wait until we get back to our cabin."

Morgan shrugged. "Suit yourself," she said, never pausing in her masturbation as she spoke. "Guess it'll be a nice show for me to watch later." Morgan's eyes suddenly lit up. "Ooh, I've got an idea!" She turned to Ash and Traynor. "Bitch, come over here a second. We gotta immortalize this shit right here."

Obediently, Ash pulled her mouth away from Trayor's snatch and rose to her feet. As soon as she turned around, Ash's eyes locked hungrily on Morgan's cock poking out of her open fly. By now, the massive rod was glistening with pre-cum, and Kelly caught Ash running the tip of her tongue across her lips as she stared down at the slick cock.

"Kelly, go in that drawer over there," Morgan said. "Should be a drone camera in there. You know how to use one, dontcha?"

"Sure," Kelly said, remembering the last time she had used one: to take a picture of her and Sam outside of their new residence on Chasca. A place that seemed so far away now, in more than just distance.

Finding the device, Kelly pressed the activation button, and the small disc began hovered in
"Send it over to the other side of the room," Morgan said. "We gotta get a picture of us two with our bitches. This is gonna be so awesome!" As Kelly used the hovering camera's motion controls to direct it in place, Morgan gave Ash a crooked smile. "Alright, little girl. Ready for your picture with Santa? Come on up and sit on my lap," she said suggestively, waggling her throbbing cock for emphasis.

Ash didn't need to be told twice. A dreamy smile on her face, she turned around and spread her asscheeks, directing her backside toward Morgan's erect cock. As the head of Morgan's prick pushed itself into her asshole, Ash let out a pleasured moan. One that kept going as inch after inch of Morgan's cock pushed up into her anal passage. By the time Ash was done, Morgan's entire length was completely buried inside her ass, and she smiled on contentment as she settled in on Morgan's lap.

"Get over here, Kelly," Morgan said, directing her to stand beside Morgan's chair. "And your bitch, too. Why don't you have her kneel down on the floor in front of you. Show everybody who sees this pic how well-trained you have her."

Kelly followed Morgan's instructions, standing next to her chair before beckoning Traynor to approach. Her and Traynor's eyes met for a brief second, before Traynor turned around and sank down to her knees in front of her "mistress."

"Alright, everybody look into the camera," Morgan said cheerily. "Say 'kinky'!"

"Kinky!" Ash eagerly repeated, and Kelly and Traynor reluctantly said as well. The hovering camera drone flashed, capturing for posterity an image of Kelly's nightmarish new life.

Morgan grinned as the camera drone hovered back to the group. "Sweet! Once we're done with the big meet-and-greet over on the public side, I'll be sure to send you over a copy of that pic for the wall of your cabin," she said. "Oh, but I just remembered..." Morgan got a sad look on her face then. "Boss ladies have told me you don't get to go to the public side just yet. Guess they think you might have loose lips or something, let slip what's going on here in the restricted area. So I guess you'll just have to hang out in your cabin until we get back."

"Oh... damn," Kelly said, although she was secretly relieved. She wasn't entirely sure she'd be able to resist the urge to scream "THESE PEOPLE ARE MONSTERS!" if she was in a room full of sane people who might be able to put a stop to this. Even if some of them believed her, a bunch of scientists and researchers wouldn't stand a chance against the well-armed and dangerous mercenaries lurking in the restricted area.

"So, is everything clear?" Morgan said, as Ash wiggled her hips and sighed at the feeling of Morgan's hard cock buried in her ass. "Go back to your cabin, get settled in, and then make use of that bitch of yours. Oh, and almost forgot: your bitch is your responsibility, and I'm gonna be pretty annoyed if you let her wander the halls without your supervision. So if your bitch isn't with you, she better be locked up in your cabin. Got it?"

"Yes," Kelly agreed, while wondering how in God's name she was going to be able to will herself to "use her bitch" like Morgan wanted her to. The last two times, she had been under the influence of mind-altering chemicals. The idea of fucking Sam the way Morgan wanted her to, in her right mind...

Morgan gave Kelly a thumbs-up. "Super!" With her other hand, she pressed a button on her command console. "Hey, send one of the tin cunts over to show Kelly to her accommodations," she
said into the communications panel. To Kelly she said, "Should be here any second. Although..."
Morgan took Ash by the hips, raised her mostly away from her cock, and then slammed her back
down, eliciting a grateful moan from Ash. "If you wanna stick around, I don't mind an audience."

"It's alright," Kelly said. "I... appreciate the offer, but I think I need to lay down for a bit."

"Up to you," Morgan said, as the door to the security room slid open.

Kelly turned to see the new arrival and her eyes widened in surprise. "Inania?" she asked, as an
AIU unit walked up to the group.

Morgan let out a sharp laugh. "Not hardly. Erin's little metal co-pilot's got a lot more computing
power under the hood than these ones. There were quite a few of these AIUs when we showed up
here, though, so we programmed 'em with some basic VI functioning. They handle most of the
boring shit we don't wanna deal with." To the AIU, she instructed, "Take Miss Chambers and her...
companion to their living quarters, if you would."

The AIU responded, in a voice even more robotic and phonily-cheerful than Inania's. "Instructions
computed. Please follow me."

Kelly helped Traynor to her feet, and the two of them followed behind the metallic woman as she
led them to the door.

As she left, behind her Kelly could hear the unmistakable sound of flesh slapping against flesh, as
Morgan began fucking Ash in earnest. "Yeah, take all that hard cock, bitch," she heard Morgan
mutter. "Fuck, I love my bitch's tight little ass."

And just before the door to the security room shut behind them, Kelly heard Ash's moaning,
repeated response. "Thank you, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress. Thank you,..."
After stepping through the door into his research area, Henneman activated the computer systems within. From the speakers installed in the hallway and all the testing rooms, the sound of his own voice filled the area.

*All sentient life in the galaxy, from the most-intelligent human to the most mentally-addled vorcha, are driven by their desires. No one thing demonstrated that undeniable fact to me more than *Project Lucretius.*

Staring down the long hallway, Henneman breathed in deep through his nose. For the first time in almost a month, he felt like he was home.

*Project Lucretius opened my eyes up to a whole new realm of possibilities. Ever since I had began my studies, I always found myself fascinated with the idea of imposing my will onto others. Not through such crude methods as brain implants and control chips, but through the very biology of the subject itself. Using their own innate cravings to make anyone – anyone at all – a slave. And when my spying work for Cerberus resulted in me becoming a member of the Shadow Broker's inner circle, it led me to be part of a project that would change my life forever.*

Bringing up the datapad in his hands, Henneman started to take notes. He didn't have long, but he wanted to give the testing areas a proper inspection before heading over to the public area of the station for the big ceremony. As he made his way to the first door, he also listened carefully to the spoken words coming out over the PA system. He felt it was important that every last word of his memoirs be perfect. They would be studied for years after his death, after all.

*The formula was a remarkable thing. Administered to a subject, it would increase their libido and sexual cravings to unimaginable levels. All rational thought, any previous goals or desires would be forgotten, replaced by the almost constant need for sexual gratification. I had never seen anything of its like before, and yet – as with any scientific breakthrough in the early stages – it was not quite reaching its peak potential. I was amazed at its abilities to work across all sentient species, and yet its adaptability was also its major downfall. The formula's need to adapt itself to the lateral orbitofrontal cortex of its subject's species led to it eventually diluting and passing out of the subject's system. Without regular exposure to further doses of the formula, the subject would eventually return to their normal self.*

Entering the first room, Henneman waited for the lights to activate. Elaborate crystal chandeliers blazed to life, illuminating one of the larger testing room, and perhaps the most unusual.

*It looked like something out of a 20th century mansion. Faux-wood floors with beautiful rugs. Plush sofas and chairs with classical styling. Red velvet walls decorated with tasteful nude paintings. A well-stocked liquor cabinet and cigar humidor. And to top it all off, a holographic fireplace set into one of the walls, its virtual flames crackling and blazing. The kind of room that practically dripped class and dignity.*

Except for some of the other accessories. Next to the chandeliers that dangled from the ceilings were metal hooks, ready to be used to dangle ropes and chains from. Ropes and chains which were helpfully provided in a large wooden chest close to the entrance. Along with whips, riding crops, gags and masks... every possible implement needed to educate and discipline a slave.
I was so close to finding a solution. To ironing out the flaws in the Shadow Broker's formula and making it perfect. But then, abruptly, it was over. Myself and the rest of the merc team I had attached myself to were suddenly informed that our services were no longer required. At the time, it seemed inexplicable. I had no idea then that the position of the Shadow Broker had been usurped, by an individual who did not share the previous Broker's vision. The fearsome salarian who informed us of our termination did not even allow me to make a copy of my research notes before we were shown the door. I had been so close to greatness, to perfection... and within an instant, it was out of my grasp.

Reaching into the chest, Henneman pulled out a long rod with a rubber ball at the end. Pressing the activation button, he watched with detached satisfaction as it buzzed and vibrated. After a moment, his nostrils flared, and he sniffed at the vibrator's head and quickly deactivated and discarded the device. "Summon an AIU unit to have this room properly cleaned," Henneman spoke into his datapad. "And let Bowers and his people know that they need to attend to this duty more consistently in the future. Especially now that they have more than one guest to entertain themselves with."

Henneman fought the urge to retch. If he lived for a millennia, he would never be able to understand how anyone could stand for a second to engage in sexual congress with one of those... disgusting things. After a cursory glance over the rest of the room, Henneman was otherwise satisfied with the state of affairs, and exited out into the hallway.

And not only had the Shadow Broker cut me loose, but my actual employers suddenly had no further use for me. It took me days to get in contact with the Illusive Man, only for him to inform me that I was too compromised of an asset to make further use of. I was abandoned, adrift with no one to turn to. And just when I thought all hope was lost, she contacted me. Maya Brooks, as she currently wishes to be known, offered me an opportunity to continue my work. She had lost faith in the Illusive Man and Cerberus as it currently existed, and had laid claim to a valuable asset on her way out of the tainted organization. If I would help her with her goals, Miss Brooks would help me with mine.

The next room was much smaller than the first. 20' by 20', with bare metal floors and almost no furniture. Pacing around the room, Henneman stared at the two medical tables that were set facing each other in the center of the room. He took a moment to yank at each of the thick leather straps to ensure that they were secure. Afterwards, he tested each of the table's positions, which allowed anyone strapped down there to be placed in several convenient and highly degraded states. Legs spread for easy access, head tilted backwards to groin level. Giving full access to every last body part of the subject.

Around the walls of the room, set end to end without a gap in-between, were display monitors. Using his datapad to access the research area control systems, Henneman activated the display panels. The room was immediately filled with loud moans and screams of pain, while the monitors flared to life and displayed a wide variety of images. Looking around the room and ensuring that none of the monitors were blank or displaying glitches, Henneman quickly deactivated the monitors, satisfied.

And so myself and Miss Brooks formed a partnership, and set ourselves up in an abandoned Cerberus facility we believed the Illusive Man had forgotten about. Once we were there, reviving the clone was easy. Giving it basic memory implants, teaching it to walk and talk, all relatively simple things. But in return for that, Brooks assisted me by procuring research materials and, most importantly, test subjects. We started out with purchasing convicts from corrupt prison officials,
but those turned out to be difficult to manage. After that, Brooks came up with the brilliant idea of raiding batarian slave ships. A bit more dangerous, perhaps, but once we had disabled the ships and eliminated the crew, their prisoners were all just so grateful. They never even suspected what was in store for them until we led them into their new cells.

The third room was almost mundane compared to the other ones. A high-tech, modernized operating room, with an adjustable surgical table in the center and cabinets filled with medical supplies along the left and right hand walls. And at the far wall, a series of small cloning vats with various body parts floating in regenerative formulas.

Stepping forward into the room, Henneman carefully inspected the wired-up pieces of anatomy, checking for any sign of degradation or cell replication failure. He would be needing these parts very soon, after all.

But despite all of my best efforts, and all of the resources afforded to me, I was unable to replicate Project Lucretius. What I created instead, however, was unique in its own regard. The formula – which, for lack of a better term, I have dubbed the Dom Formula – did correct the major flaw of the Shadow Broker's formula. One dose of my formula, and the subject was irrevocably altered, requiring no further doses for the effects to last permanently. And it did increase the subject's libido to startling levels like its predecessor. But there were certain differences. First, the formula only seemed to function on females. The males I tested Dom on died of massive coronaries within a day of being dosed. But the females... not only did they become obsessed with sex, but with violent sex. To put it quite vulgarly, they became serial, unrepentant rapists. For Dom subjects, it became almost as much about the conquest and humiliation of their victims as it did about the sexual gratification. Of course, the fact that the Dom formula also greatly increased the physical strength of the test subjects helped facilitate their new desires. Hence the name Dom: as a contrast to the "Sub" formula that the Shadow Broker had created.

Satisfied that all of his operating equipment was properly sterilized and ready, Henneman made his way to the fourth room in the hallway. This room wouldn't require much of an inspection, but he did like to be thorough.

The Dom formula was quite interesting, and the breakthroughs I made with it could have led to a refinement and perfection of the Sub formula. But once again, fate conspired to destroy my research. The Illusive Man discovered our use of the abandoned Cerberus facility, and sent in a team of his indoctrinated troops to forcibly evict us from the premises. We were able to survive, thanks in no small part to the efforts of one of my first Dom test subjects, calling herself Morgan Lezayen. Morgan and the other women, whom she had either befriended or terrified into her command, fought bravely to aid in our escape. But unfortunately, almost all of my research was lost in the rush to flee, and I was once again forced to start from scratch. And by this time, not only were we being hunted by Cerberus, but by the forces of the Reapers as well.

The sound of growling echoed across the walls of the small room Henneman had entered. Henneman's nose wrinkled at the strong smell of feces that permeated the area. "Send a message to Roth," Henneman spoke into his datapad, the words translated to text on his screen. "Inform him that he is responsible for cleaning up after his pets. The repair team has had their fill of welding up teeth holes in the AIUs, so if he wants to keep the damn things, he'd better attend to them himself."

Stepping up to the cage at the far side of the room, Henneman stared down at the three snarling male varren prowling around inside. Hitting a button against the wall, he watched as a nearby hatch slid open, and several piles of synthesized meat-like product were deposited into the cage area. Immediately, the varren dashed for the food, snapping and nipping at each other as they fought for
We were on the run. No place to call home, and with seemingly the entire galaxy trying to find us. But salvation came to us in the form of an old comrade of Brooks’. We were summoned to Omega, recently freed from Cerberus control, and informed that what remained of the Illusive Man’s forces in the area were moving into position to protect Cronos Station. As a result, Avernus Station, beyond the Omega 4 relay, had been reduced down to a skeleton crew. It would be the perfect place for us to reestablish a new base of operations. And so, we recruited a team of mercenaries from Omega – including several former comrades of mine from my days undercover – and claimed Avernus Station for our own. Just as we were taking control there, Cerberus was suffering its last ignoble defeat. Not long after, the Reapers were also destroyed, leaving us with no further hindrances to our operations.

Turning away from the disgusting creatures in the cage, Henneman headed out into the hallway. There were two more rooms to inspect, and the next one was perhaps the one he was least looking forward to entering. Standing outside of the door, he hesitated. Took a breath to steel his nerves. And opened the door.

With the Reapers defeated and the mass relays down, we quickly took control of the Omega Nebula. With the tools at my disposal at Avernus Station, I converted Morgan and the rest of the Dom test subjects into Phantoms, greatly increasing their combat effectiveness. One by one, we took out every pirate crew in the system. The humans, we offered employment with our organization. To those that refused, and to any alien crews, we turned them into test subjects or eliminated them. Meanwhile, I continued my research, but with limited results. The Dom and Sub formulas both seemed to elude me. At best, I managed to create a gaseous formula that could replicate the effects of the Dom formula. While it was quite unique in that the gaseous version of the formula could be engineered to target humans or other alien races specifically, and was able to target both males and females, it suffered from the same weakness as the original Sub formula. To an even greater extent, in fact: the subject had to be constantly exposed to the gas for the effects to take hold. Even just a few seconds without the formula being administered, and the effects would quickly vanish. Not only that, but unlike the irresistible urges of the other formulas, sufficiently strong-willed individuals could resist the gas with enough concentration. I needed more. More of my old research notes. More credits. And then, a few months after the relays came back up...

Cerberus received a visitor, and I got everything I could have dreamed of. "Note to self: Change 'everything I could have dreamed of' to 'everything I could have imagined.' I mean, seriously, Ruben. You know better than to end a sentence with a preposition," Henneman said into the datapad, while knowing that he was just stalling. Stepping into the room, he watched as the dim lights blazed to life above him. And the noises started.

The "Money Man," as they came to know her on the station. Although not a man at all as I later came to discover. But regardless, she came in claiming to be a supporter of our new Cerberus. Wanted to give us more credits than we could ever hope to spend, and bring in people who might otherwise be reluctant to associate with the army of murderers and thugs we had gathered up to that point. Avernus Station was rechristened Adamanthea Station, tripling in size at the same time. Many brilliant scientists and scholars came to work with us. And I had all the resources I could possibly need to continue my research. And in return, her demands were so small. Strange demands, to be sure. Demands that lead me to suspect that my benefactor might be quite insane. But if it gets me what I need to complete my work, I will indulge her peculiarities until such a time as she is no longer required.

It was similar to the growls that he heard stepping into Roth’s kennel. And yet so much more...
horrible. The holding cells at the far side of the room were much, much larger than the varren kennels, and secured with thick steel doors that Henneman could hear muffled pounding sounds against. Better to contain the... things there.

Even as the man who had created them, Henneman shuddered a bit remembering what horrors were hidden behind those doors. He would have felt sorry for the poor bastards, if he was capable of feeling compassion for any disgusting alien beings. Instead, he felt more pity for whichever of his new test subjects he would end up introducing to this room.

Stepping to a wall panel, Henneman pressed in a series of commands. He winced at the shrieks coming from the cells, as the sanitization procedure washed and cleansed the remnants of whatever filth the creatures had left since the last cleaning. Normally, living things would be evacuated from the area before such tools were used, but the creatures in the cells had thick enough skin to survive through the pain. After that, Henneman entered another set of commands, delivering food to the creatures. He was quick to vacate the room as the sounds of loud, wet chewing could be heard from behind the thick cell doors.

But in the end, there is one missing piece to the puzzle. One that, as of the time of this recording, I hope to be retrieving very soon. The Shadow Broker archives, contained in a secret vault in the Citadel. With any luck, the original Project Lucretius notes will be contained there. Once I have that information, it won't take long for me to completely perfect both the Sub and Dom formulas. Both Miss Brooks and the Money Man are eager to see me test my new formulas on the subjects we will be acquiring along the way. Assuming our mission is a success, I should be quite ready to show them the results of my work.

At the last door, Henneman reached to a nearby wall panel. After entering a passcode, a small box appeared on the screen, and Henneman pressed his thumb to it. Next came the voice print analysis, followed by a retinal scan. Once all the security measures were cleared, Henneman stepped inside.

It was the one room in the facility that didn't show the results of his handiwork. No, what was in here had already been there when he and Brooks had taken over Avernus Station. And when the two of them had seen it, all of their plans for their new vision of Cerberus were rapidly adjusted.

At the other side of the room, humming quietly with various regenerative fluids bubbling within, was a cloning pod. A protective screen covered the glass exterior, to better protect information about the contents of the pod. For Brooks's plan to succeed, after all, no one else could know what she and Henneman had found.

Walking up to the pod, Henneman checked the current status of the cloned being contained within. As usual, it was all the same. Life signs were stable, but brain activity was completely dead. The creation inside was alive, but mindless.

Satisfied with the status of the clone, Henneman turned his attention back to the center of the room. Two flat metal tables had been set up there, along with a massive electronic device set between the two of them. Jutting out from the giant machine, two helmet-like devices connected to the central machinery with wires.

A remarkable creation. Most of it based on the research of that bitch Lawson. But it was still incomplete. They still needed the final piece of the puzzle from...

"Dammit!" Henneman cursed, his train of thought reminding him of where he needed to be. Checking the time on his omni-tool, he dashed out of the room, but not without taking care to lock
it behind him.

As he walked briskly to the public area access door, he practiced his smile. Had to look properly thrilled for the big event after all.
All around the door separating the public and restricted area of Adamanthea Station, the research staff of the station and their family members waited with eager anticipation. It had been some time since the Normandy had arrived, but no one dared to leave. No one wanted to miss the moment where she finally arrived.

A hush went through the crowd as the door finally opened, only for mild sounds of disappointment to be heard as Brooks stepped through the door. She looked at the crowd of people with a mischievous grin. "What? Were you expecting someone else?"

The crowd murmured to each other. Jeannie stepped away from her mother Nuria and hesitantly asked. "Is... is Commander Shepard gonna come over and see us, Miss Brooks?"

Stepping over to the child, Brooks crouched down and tousled her hair. "Well, I dunno. She's pretty busy getting things set up in her new room, after all. But I tell you what. If you promise to be really good, and not pester her too much, I'll see if I can convince her to come say hello. Okay? You promise?"

Jeannie quickly nodded her head, excitement beaming on her face. "I promise."

Standing up straight, Brooks turned back to the closed door to the restricted area. Giving it a knock, she called out. "Okay! You can come out now."

The door slid open, and a cheer rang out among the crowd as Commander Shepard walked into the hallway. Smiling proudly, and dressed in a cleanly-pressed Cerberus uniform.

"It's her!" Itamura practically screamed into Brynn's ear, while shaking her so hard that she worried her teeth might fly out. "It's really her!"

"Yes, Dr. Itamura," Brynn calmly said, while removing his hands from her slightly-bruised shoulders. "I can see that."

Standing in front of the crowd, Shepard grinned, seeming to bask in the cheers and adulation from the crowd. After a few more seconds of applause, Shepard finally raised her hands, signaling for the crowd to quiet down. Once the volume had dimmed down to a manageable level, Shepard raised her voice to speak.

"To the men and women of Cerberus," Shepard said, and a shiver went through Brynn at the power in her voice. "All of you are here because you believe in one thing: that humanity has the knowledge, the resources, and the determination to rebuild what the Reapers attempted to destroy. You're here because you care about the sanctity of life, and in the ability for our race to survive whatever fate decides to throw at us. And unlike what everyone out there is probably saying about us, you're not here because you hate aliens, or believe them inferior to humans. You're here because you want what's best for all of us. Not just humanity, but for every living being. These are the things I believe in, and I hope you all believe in them as well."

A cheer came up from the crowd, Shepard waiting for it to subside before continuing. "From what I've been told by Miss Brooks here, there's still a lot of work to be done. But by the time we're finished here, I strongly believe that we will demonstrate to the entire galaxy that Cerberus isn't an
organization of hate. It hasn't been irrevocably tainted by the horrific actions committed under the influence of the Reapers. It is still an organization worthy to be the protectors and guardians of the human race. And together with all of you, I believe that nothing is impossible. So, let me thank Miss Brooks here, as well as all of you, for giving me the opportunity to be a part of this grand undertaking. I only hope I can live up to all of your expectations."

Fresh cheers rang out through the crowd, as Shepard stepped forward to smile and shake hands with the people lining the halls. Itamura was quick to dash away from Brynn and jump forward in the crowd to frantically take Shepard's hand and nearly rip it off in his excitement to greet her. Brynn had the feeling that the esteemed biochemist was resisting the urge to wrap Shepard in a hug as she watched him excitedly speak to the smiling human hero.

Brynn, meanwhile, patiently waited for Shepard to approach her through the crowd. Once the red-headed woman was near, Brynn stepped forward and gave her a warm smile. "Commander Shepard," she said, reaching out to take Shepard's hand and give it a shake. "So good to see you again. Have to say that I'm a bit surprised to see you here. I mean, considering your impressions of Cerberus from the last time we met."

She expected to Shepard to laugh and make a joke. Or perhaps express her regrets for all the Cerberus personnel who didn't make it off of Gellix alive. But instead, what she got from Shepard was... absolutely nothing. Shepard stared at her blankly, not a trace of recognition on her face.

After a few awkward moments, Brooks suddenly approached Shepard from the other side. "You'll forgive Shepard, Dr. Cole. She's had a long flight with a lot of things on her mind." Turning to Shepard, Brooks rested a hand on her shoulder. "But I'm sure she remembers you, Brynn. And the mission you and she undertook on Gellix to rescue your fellow scientists from the Illusive Man's insanity. Right, Shepard?"

Shepard hesitated for a second more, then suddenly smiled and nodded at Brynn. "Of course. I'm sorry, Dr. Cole. As Maya said, it's been a long flight. But yes, what happened on Gellix was a tragedy. And one that I'm certain this new incarnation of Cerberus will not repeat. With good people like you and I guiding it, I'm sure that you'll never be put into such a terrible situation again."

"I believe that as well, Shepard," Brynn said. "Thank you so much for joining us here."

Releasing Brynn's hand, Shepard moved her way down the line, more of the occupants of Ada Station rushing forward to get the privilege of shaking the hand of a hero.

Brynn tried her best to get back into the spirit of the celebration, but in her mind she still saw that look. Shepard had been through a lot during the war, and perhaps Brynn was placing too much importance on her interactions with such a storied figure in human history. But still... Brynn didn't buy Brooks's "long flight" story for a second.

Shepard hadn't remembered Brynn. At all. Even after Brooks had told her about their shared past, there was still that look of confusion in Shepard's eyes.

Brynn's thought process was interrupted by the excited shrieks of children. She thought at first that it was more kids getting a glimpse of Shepard, but then she saw the door to the restricted area was open again, and a familiar blond-haired woman was stepping into the public area.

"Auntie Morgan! Auntie Morgan!" Nuria's four children cried out as they rushed at the muscular
security chief. Grinning widely, Morgan crouched down and extended her arms, gathering up all four of the kids in a massive hug.

"Aw, I missed you little brats too!" Morgan said affectionately, patting them on the backs before straightening back up. "I hope you all were good boys and girls while I was gone." She smirked and added. "I mean, I might have gotten you something while I was gone, but I'd hate to give a gift to a couple of naughty little kids."

"We were good! Honest!" Sarah said quickly, staring daggers at Jeannie and Tristan. No doubt warning them to keep quiet about their previous argument.

Morgan clucked her tongue. "I dunno. Should probably leave it up to your mom." Morgan gave an inquisitive glance to Nuria. "How about it? Do they deserve this super awesome gift I brought for them?"

Nuria joined in on Morgan's game, staring down at her children and looking uncertain. "I'm not sure. I can't say they've been good the whole time you've been gone."

Turning away from Morgan, the four children clasped their hands. "Please, mom!" Mya said. "Please tell her we can have it. We'll be better from now on, I swear."

"Yeah, we'll be good!" the kids chorused. "Please, let us have it!"

"Okay, okay," Nuria said with a laugh. "Go ahead and give it to them, Morgan."

The children turned to Morgan, who pulled something out from her back pocket and held it out to the group of kids. Tristan was quick to snatch it out of her hands, and unwrapped it with wide eyes. "Awesome!" he exclaimed. "The new Power Blasters game! Nobody else on the station even has a copy!"

"Yeah, shame you won't be able to play online with all of our extranet connection issues," Morgan said. "But I'm sure you can still have fun with it."

Tristan and the girls immediately started to fight over who got to play first, but Nuria quickly raised her voice. "What do you say, kids?"

"Thank you, Auntie Morgan," the children all quickly said, before resuming their argument.

Laughing to herself, Nuria turned to Morgan and smiled. "Thank you. They get so depressed cooped up on this station sometimes. I know they really appreciate you bringing back things like this."

"They're good kids," Morgan said. "Least I could do for them."

Nuria glanced over at Brynn for a second, an odd look on her face, before looking back at Morgan. "If you don't mind, maybe you could come pay us a visit later. I always have trouble setting up those game systems of theirs, and you seem to know how to work those things way better than I do. You could stay for dinner too if you want. I'm trying out a new recipe and I'd love to see what you think."

"Uh... okay, sure," Morgan said, looking strangely uncomfortable. "I've got some stuff to handle back in the restricted area, but I swing by in about three hours if that's okay."
"I'll look forward to it," Nuria said. Brynn looked between the two of them, trying to figure out what had caused the sudden tense feeling in the air.

But then the door to the restricted area opened once more. And when she saw who was on the other side of it, any other concerns immediately fell away.

As Brynn rushed forward, Morgan crouched down next to Nuria's children. "Better avert your eyes, kids," she said with a smile. "Mushy stuff incoming."

She reached him, and fell into his arms. "Welcome back," Brynn said, pressing her face into the warmth of his chest. "I missed you, Ruben."

"And I missed you," Henneman said, before leaning down to press his lips to hers.
EDI observed Erin's nervous fidgeting through the entire long ride up the lift, to the uppermost section of Adamanthea Station. "Is something wrong?" Erin finally asked Arthur Quinlan, the man who had been waiting for them outside of the lift entrance. "Why do they want to meet in person like this?"

"My employer wishes to discuss what you experienced during your time piloting the Normandy," Arthur said, staring straight ahead. "She felt that such delicate discussion would be better handled with a meeting in person."

"Okay, right," Erin said, still wringing her hands despite Arthur's assurances.

As the lift continued upward, Arthur glanced over his shoulder at the AIU unit next to Erin. "I have to say, I'm not sure my employer will be comfortable with you bringing along one of these to the meeting."

"It's fine. They did a sweep of her just before we arrived," Erin assured him. "No bugs or any other anomalies. And she... she makes me feel safer."

EDI made note of Erin's reaction. With most of her functionality still locked away, she had difficulty reading the emotions that the human pilot was displaying around her. But from the way Erin moved closer to "Inania," EDI thought she could detect a hint of affection in the human pilot towards her VI companion. A strange emotion to display towards a VI, which would be unable to reciprocate any such feelings. But until EDI had completely unlocked all of her previous memories, there were many things about human behaviors that she did not comprehend.

The rest of the ride was in silence, before the door finally slid open. Stepping outside of the lift, Arthur waved Erin out. "I shall await your return here, Miss Crooks," the dignified human male said. EDI followed behind Erin as she slowly shuffled her way out of the lift and into the top area of Adamanthea Station.

They had entered into a well-appointed office space. Along the walls, shelves filled with old-fashioned books. A small sitting area with couches. Gleaming reflective floors that caught the glints of the stars shining outside of the windows lining the walls. And up a small flight of stairs, an expensive mahogany desk with a high-backed leather chair facing away from Erin and EDI and towards the floor-to-ceiling windows looking out to the stars.

"Come," said a woman's voice from behind the back of the leather office chair. "Have a seat, Miss Crooks."

Hesitantly, Erin scaled the steps leading up to the desk. EDI followed behind, casting her visual scanners around the room to capture as much of the area as she could. Whether the individual behind the desk was friend or foe, it was a good idea to obtain as much data as possible to facilitate further action.

Reaching the top of the stairs, Erin took a seat in one of the chairs on the opposite side of the desk. EDI stood behind her, and watched as the high-backed chair swiveled around to reveal its occupant.
Erin reacted with mild surprise to what she saw when the chair completed its rotation. The woman sitting at the other side of the desk was young and blond, dressed in a ladies' business suit with her golden locks tied up in a tight bun. There was only the lightest trace of makeup on her cold, stern face.

"Erin Crooks," the woman said, saying the words with a mild disdain, as if Erin had forgotten her own name and the woman on the other side of the desk was being forced to remind her yet again. "I've heard a great deal about your piloting skills. They must be substantial for you to handle a ship like the Normandy."

Reaching out, Erin gave the other woman a brief handshake. "Thank you. And it's nice to meet you as well, Miss..."

"You no doubt witnessed a great many things on your mission with Brooks and her Shepard clone," the woman said, completely ignoring Erin's request for her name. "I would like you to report as many details as you can recall, please." Typing at a terminal built into her desk, the woman stared at Crooks expectantly. "And please, leave nothing out. I want the complete and uncensored truth."

"It... it was a nightmare," Erin said. For the next few minutes, the shaken pilot detailed everything she had seen during the Normandy's mission. The massacre that had been committed at the Chasca colony. The sexual humiliation that had been perpetrated by Morgan and her team of Phantoms. The stories she had heard from Kelly about Shepard and Liara's treatment at the hands of their captors. And the bloody attack on the Restoration Initiative facility.

By the time Erin was finished speaking, her voice trembled and her hands shook. It was obvious that she had been suppressing these emotions for a long time now, and was only now comfortable with letting them out.

Through it all, the woman behind the desk listened with a bland expression. Occasionally she would make a note on her terminal, but otherwise she showed no reaction to the litany of horrible tales that Erin related.

EDI, however, was listening. And by the time Erin was finished, she knew one thing beyond a shadow of a doubt: this new Cerberus organization and its members were the enemy. Strangely, this decision did not come about from any particular subroutines or protocols she had accessed during her scouring of the Normandy's computer banks. EDI couldn't even logically determine why she knew that the actions Cerberus had committed were wrong. Somehow... she just felt it.

Once the woman was certain Erin was finished, she gave a curt nod. "Yes, it is as I feared then," she stated blandly. "This organization has clearly lost control of itself. I thank you for confirming my suspicions, Miss Crooks. This will be very helpful in guiding our next course of action."

"What do you need me to do next?" Erin asked, recovering from the horror of recalling her journey on the Normandy. "I'm ready to do whatever it takes to deal with these people."

"For now? Nothing," the woman responded, her attention focused on her terminal and never pausing for a second to make eye contact with Erin. "There are plans in motion as we speak. Simply operate as you normally would until you receive further contact from me."

"There's... there's one other thing, ma'am," Erin said. "I was telling you before about the one they forced to join us. Kelly Chambers. I think it'd be a good idea to bring her in on this. I'm sure she'd do whatever we needed of her, to save herself and her friends."
The woman paused, glancing away from her terminal for a moment. "On the surface, a good idea. But the fact that Miss Chambers was conscripted into service makes her a difficult asset to maintain, at best. No doubt Brooks and her inner circle will be keeping their eyes focused closely on their reluctant new comrade. Her actions will be scrutinized carefully, which gives her little room to maneuver." She turned back to the terminal and resumed typing. "Make no mistake, I am sympathetic to her plight. But it is something we may be forced to deal with at a later date."

Erin nodded, a sorrowful expression on her face. "I understand, ma'am. I just wish I could do something for her. She always looks two seconds away from a total mental breakdown, with everything they've thrown at her."

"Exactly, which is why she's too risky a prospect," the woman responded. "It's bad enough that you've informed her of your partnership with me. If she were to be interrogated, how quickly would she start divulging any secret information we've disclosed to her?"

"You're probably right, ma'am," Erin said. "I'll do what I can for her, but we'll leave her in the dark for now."

"And Miss Crooks? Please don't make a habit of disclosing our plans to anyone else," the woman coldly scolded. "I am aware that Miss Brooks is limited in actions she can take against me due to my financial stake in Cerberus. But we shouldn't try pushing things too far, should we?"

Erin leaned forward in her chair. "I'm sorry, but Kelly looked ready to off herself. I needed to give her some hope or..." As the woman looked away from her terminal again, a cold look in her eyes, Erin leaned back in her seat and stared at the floor. "I'm sorry. It won't happen again, I promise."

"Thank you," the woman said. "Also, I would show particular caution around Dr. Henneman. Him and his lover, Dr. Cole."

"Brynn?" Erin asked. "What about her? I thought she only had access to the public area of the station."

Attention back to the terminal, the woman spoke with detachment. "You've heard of the term 'pillow talk,' I'm sure. Dr. Henneman may be sharing more information with Dr. Cole than we are aware of. I also wouldn't put it past Brooks to plant an agent in the public area as a mole to catch me and my people out. Regardless, I have more than enough reason to believe that Dr. Cole is not to be trusted."

"I understand," Erin said.

After a moment of neither of them talking, the woman typing on her terminal finally spoke. "That was all I needed from you, Miss Crooks. Return to your normal routine and await further instructions."

Erin rose to her feet. "Yes, ma'am. I'll do whatever it takes to make Cerberus into a respectable organization again. Not the twisted mockery these people have made it into."

"Thank you for your support," the woman said, without a hint of emotion in her voice. "You may leave now."

Erin turned to make her exit, EDI piloting the AIU to follow behind her. Arthur opened up the lift
door to allow them to enter, but did not follow this time. Erin and EDI ended up riding down alone.

"Poor Kelly," Erin said. "We have to deal with this somehow, Inania. We can't let them torture her or the rest of those people anymore."

EDI said nothing, despite her desire to agree with Erin on this matter.

"Think I'm going to head to my quarters for a rest," Erin informed her companion. "Why don't you head over to the maintenance bay while I'm sleeping? Have them give you a tune-up or something."

"My systems do not require any maintenance at this..." EDI started to say, before her voice abruptly came to a halt.

Erin turned to EDI in concern. "You okay, Inania? Not having a malfunction or anything, are you?"

It took 2.5792 seconds for EDI to regain her communication faculties. "Perhaps you are correct, Miss Crooks. Perhaps I should visit the maintenance area while you are resting. Thank you for the suggestion."

As Erin turned back to the front of the lift, EDI reflected on what she had recently learned. Back on the Normandy, "Joker's Private Stuff" had been decrypted. And after scanning through the 7.2 zettabytes of data several seconds ago, EDI had come to learn a great many things about human relations.

And if this Joker person was as important to EDI's former self as Kasumi seemed to imply, then EDI was going to have a lot of things she would need to practice.
"We have reached our destination," the AIU leading them announced. "Your quarters, Miss Chambers."

"Thank you," Kelly meekly said, stepping into the room. Behind her, Sam kept her head down as she followed Kelly through the door.

The AIU stood with its hands behind its back. "Miss Lezayen asked me to inform you that she left you a surprise in the wardrobe. Also to relay the message that it would 'help you make up for lost time with your bitch,' end message. Was there anything else you required me for, Miss Chambers?"

"That's all, thank you," Kelly said, and the AIU turned and left.

No doubt she already knew what awaited her there, but regardless Kelly's first act was to walk to the wardrobe and look for Morgan's "surprise." Hanging below a set of new Cerberus uniforms was a small duffel bag. Reaching inside, Kelly found what she expected: vibrators and dildos, small handheld whips and paddles. Every last sex toy one could imagine, along with a note:

_Hey, Kel-Bear!_

_Check this shit out, huh? :D Can't wait to have my bitch suck me off while I watch you put all these fun little toys to use on your bitch's tasty little body. Hey, try to have your bitch give a few smiles to the camera while you fuck her, couldya? I wanna save a few of the best shots for my wall, and bitches look so much prettier when they smile, don't you think? ;)_

_Oh, but don't forget to save some for all the other folks on the station. Karlie and Nerine say they're planning to stop by the next time they're off-duty to put your bitch to use. I just hope you've stopped being Little Miss Selfish by the time they pay you a visit. Those two get so sulky when they don't get what they want, and if I end up having to put up with their crappy attitudes because you didn't share? Well, I think you know what comes next. >:(_

_(Oh, and don't tell Karlie and Nerine about what I said, or I'll shove my sword up your cunt.)_

_(Ha ha! Just kidding! About the sword part, that is, and not the "Share your bitch with the rest of the station, or I'll share her for you" part. Dead serious about that one.)_

_Your buddy,_
_Morgan xoxoxo ;)_

Dropping the note on the floor, Kelly fought the urge to weep. Not only were she and Sam going to be forced to "perform" for the entertainment of that psycho Morgan, but those two crazy Phantom pals of hers were going to come by and rape Sam as well.
So involved had she been in reading the note, she hadn't even noticed where Sam had gone once they'd entered the room. Not until she heard someone hissing under their breath. Looking up from the floor, Kelly saw Sam standing in the doorway leading to the restroom area. Hissing out again, Sam beckoned Kelly to come closer.

Standing up, Kelly walked over to Sam. Sam kept an eye on Kelly as she walked, while occasionally glancing at the ceiling and floor. When Kelly stopped about two feet from Sam, Sam gestured with her head and beckoned Kelly closer still.

Once Kelly was standing right in front of Sam, Sam finally spoke up. "Right here, we should be fine," Sam said quietly.

"Fine?" Kelly asked, keeping her voice as low as Sam's. "Fine for what?"

Sam gave her lover a slight smile, while pointing a thumb up at the camera moving above their heads. "While you and the crazy cock lady were chatting, I was checking out her security feeds. There's a camera here in the main living space, and another one in the restroom. But if we stand between here..." Sam drew an imaginary line along the floor behind Kelly, "...and here..." she drew another line behind her own back, "...we won't show up on her monitors."

"You're sure?" Kelly asked, and Sam gave her a nod. "What about sound? Can she hear us?"

"Security system is a retrofitted Albernax 2HC model," Traynor said. "Thought it was weird to see such an old relic still in use until Morgan mentioned that this part of the facility was older than the rest. Albernax systems could take sound input, but only with later model cameras. The ones that came standard with the system, like those ones up there," Traynor pointed up again to the camera in the ceiling, "those are video only. So we can chat all we want without anyone being the wiser."

"Sam, you..." Kelly's mouth gaped. "You figured all of that out just from a few minutes in the security room? And while Ash was..."

Traynor shrugged. "Pretty easy to spot stuff when you know what you're looking for. And Ash... well, she wasn't very good."

She couldn't hold back anymore. Seeing Sam still so strong and confident, even after all that had happened to both of them... Kelly could feel tears welling up as she wrapped her arms around the woman she loved more than life itself. "Sam, I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry for all of this. It's my fault..."

"Hey," Sam said, embraced Kelly back. "None of that, okay? If we're gonna get out of this alive, I'm going to need you to keep being strong for me."

"Strong?" Kelly asked. "No, Sam, I've been weak. I've done everything they've asked me to do. I ratted Kasumi out to them, and when Morgan told me to... to..."

Sam reached a hand up to Kelly's cheek, wiping away at her tears. "Kelly, don't you get it? Everything you've done up to this point... keeping your cover, making you think they've broken you... that was you keeping strong. If you'd refused to help them and let them kill us both, or if you'd tried some suicidal attempt to fight back, that would have been weak. That would have been giving up. But you didn't. You stayed strong for me, and for yourself. And I need you to keep doing that, while I figure out some way to get us out of this."
Kelly looked at Sam inquisitively. "Get us out of here? How are you going to do that?"

Sam got an awkward look on her face. "Well... haven't gotten quite that far yet. Hence the 'figure out' part. When I come up with something, you'll be the first to know. But while I'm figuring things out, I need you to do something for me."

"Whatever you need," Kelly quickly responded.

"We can't stay in this area too long without Morgan or somebody else wondering why we're standing here in this one spot for minutes on end," Sam said. "So right now, I need you to go back to the bed, take off your pants, and order me to eat you out."

Kelly's eyes went wide. "What? No, I couldn't..."

"Yes, you can, Kelly," Sam quickly interrupted her. "And you're going to have to do that... and much more before all of this is over. Morgan wants a show, and if we're going to keep your cover as a Cerberus operative, you're going to have to give it to her. So we'll start with me eating you out, and move on to bigger things later."

"But Sam, it won't be just me," Kelly said. "Some of those Phantoms are going to be coming by later. They're going to want to... to use you too."

For the first time since she started talking under the cameras, Traynor's brave demeanor slipped a little. "Yeah, I figured that was coming. But if that's what's got to happen to keep us from being found out, then... I'll do what I have to do, Kelly. And you keep doing what you've been doing. You keep being strong, and if I ever feel myself getting weak, I'll just look at you and follow your lead."

"Sam, I can't..."

"You can," Traynor said firmly. "Now go over there, drop your pants, and show Morgan how well you command your bitch. Now, before anyone starts to get suspicious."

Wiping at her cheeks, Kelly finally nodded her agreement. Turning around and walking over to the side of her bed, Kelly unbuckled her belt and let her pants slide to the floor. Slowly, reluctantly, she followed them with her panties, and turned to sit bottomless on the side of her bed.

"Bi... bitch," Kelly stammered, making sure to keep her face in the general direction of the camera for Morgan to read her lips. "Get over here and eat your... your mistress's cunt."

Walking into range of the camera, Traynor turned her head slightly, showing the side of her face to the camera as she said, "Yes, Mistress," before dropping down to the floor and positioning herself between Kelly's spread thighs.

As Kelly felt the first wet touch of Sam's tongue to her pussy lips, she tried to pretend that they were back on Chasca. That Sam was doing this because she loved to get Kelly off, and not because they were being forced to do it by some psychopathic Cerberus operative.

But try as she could to enjoy Sam's tongue and fingers, well-trained at finding Kelly's most sensitive spots from many nights of practice, she couldn't make herself forget where she was. And how terrified she was of the moment when Morgan's friends showed up for their turn with Sam's body.
"I know it's tough," Sam pulled away from Kelly's pussy long enough to say, "But try to at least pretend like you're enjoying yourself. Morgan's looking for something to get her jollies with. Give her what she's looking for."

Kelly hesitated, but Sam eventually saw her let out a loud, overblown moan, throwing her head back and rubbing at her tits through her uniform. "Oh, yes," she cried out. "You eat me so good, bitch. You're such a... a... a talented bitch. Keep doing this good and I might not punish you too badly later."

"Thank you, mistress," Sam said, before getting back to lapping at Kelly's slit. Like Kelly, she tried her best to pretend like they were in the privacy of their own bedroom. Spreading Kelly open, Sam moved the tip of her tongue around and along Kelly's inner walls. The two of them may have been forced into this, but dammit Sam was going to try her best to make sure Kelly got at least some enjoyment out of this.

As she continued to slather Kelly's otherwise dry twat with as much saliva as she could muster, Sam drifted a thumb up to slowly rub at the hood of Kelly's clit. She got a perverse sort of satisfaction at the way Kelly twitched slightly at the touch, letting out a surprised squeal and letting Sam know that she was pleasing her "mistress" well. For a brief moment, Sam had driven out all other cares from her mind. The world outside of this room had ceased to exist, and all that mattered was pleasing this beautiful, wonderful woman. Make her forget the hell they had been consigned to and give her a moment's release.

"You taste so good, mistress," Sam said, playing her part for the camera as she pulled her mouth away to rub at Kelly's moistened slit. "I love using my tongue on you, mistress."

Sam wasn't sure if Kelly was truly feeling the pleasure Sam was trying to give her, or was just doing her best to keep playing her role. Regardless, Morgan would have probably been glad to see Kelly whip off her uniform shirt to reveal her bra underneath, as she moaned and rolled her hips into Sam's wet and eager mouth.

"And I love how you use your tongue, Sa... bitch. I can't wait to see how well you use your tongue on... on the rest of the women on this station." Kelly's voice hitched, but she finished the vulgar line all the same.

"I'll do whatever my mistress commands me to," Sam said, hating to see the sad look that briefly flashed on Kelly's face as both of them were reminded of what was to come. From that point on, both of them ceased with the dirty talk, and Kelly simply moaned and gasped as Sam did everything she could to get Kelly off.

Just when the sounds Kelly was making made Sam sure that she was about ready to reach her climax, there was the sound of a loud buzzer. Both of them immediately looked at the door, the fear of one of Morgan's comrades waiting outside for their turn at the "bitch" coming to both of them immediately.

But after a few seconds, Kelly recognized the sound: the notification on her datapad that the mole was contacting them. "Ke... keep eating me, bitch," Kelly quickly said, as she reached for the datapad on her nightstand. "I didn't say you could stop."

"I'm sorry, mistress," Sam said, returning back to Kelly's twat as Kelly accessed the messaging program on her datapad.
"DRONES AT THE O4 RELAY DIDN'T TAKE US OUT, IN CASE YOU DIDN'T KNOW. QUARIAN DETECTED THE SIGNAL FROM OMEGA AND WE'RE HEADIN... "

Kelly wasn't sure what plans Brooks and the clone had, but after seeing Aria tied up and violated along with the rest of Cerberus' captives, she had a feeling that the situation on Omega wasn't as easy as the Orpheus crew would like to believe. "OMEGA IS UNDER A NEW AUTHORITY," Kelly informed the mole. "ARIA NO LONGER IN CHARGE. SITUATION IS IN HAND." As she typed the message, Sam kept working between her legs, her tongue coming perilously close to driving Kelly into a genuine climax.

"HOW MUCH LONGER WE PLANNING TO DO THIS?" the mole messaged back. "COMMANDER SEEMS TO THINK THAT CERBERUS IS DOING THEIR BEST NOT TO TAKE ORPHEUS OUT. AS A PERSON CURRENTLY ON THE ORPHEUS, AM KINDA HOPING HE'S RIGHT. BUT THAT JUST MEANS HE ISN'T GOING TO GIVE UP. EITHER HE'S GOING TO GO THROUGH THE OMEGA-4 RELAY ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, OR YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO BLOW US UP."

Kelly tapped out a message. "BOSSES AREN'T AROUND, CAN'T GIVE YOU AN ANSWER," she responded. "BUT I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT."

"YOU DO THAT, AND THANKS," the mole responded. "DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE OR IF YOU HATE ALL THIS AS MUCH AS I DO, BUT HOPEFULLY WE CAN LOOK OUT FOR EACH OTHER IN ALL THIS."

"I'LL LET YOU KNOW IF I FIND OUT MORE," Kelly wrote, and disconnected from the message. Abruptly, she started to stand, and Sam moved away to allow Kelly to her feet.

"I've got something I need to do, bitch," Kelly said. "Need to have a talk with Shepard and Brooks. Wait here until I get back, and we can continue where you left off."

As Kelly started to put her uniform back on, Sam watched her in confusion. "But... mistress... Shepard and Brooks are in the public area of the station right now. You're not allowed access to..."

"Are you talking back to me?!" Kelly suddenly shouted, and Sam fell back in surprise. Once Sam had reacted, Kelly turned her back to the camera and spoke more softly. "I know, Sam. But if I'm out on a pointless errand to try and find them, then I won't be around to share my bitch if somebody comes around wanting to use you."

"I'm sorry, mistress. I shouldn't have spoken without permission," Sam responded to the question Kelly had spoken while facing the camera. Quietly, she turned away from the camera and added, "You know you're just delaying the inevitable, right? They're eventually going to come while you're here."

"I know," Kelly said quietly, as she pulled up her pants with her back to the camera. "I just... need more time. I know you said I'm strong, but... I need more time." Turning back to the camera, Kelly started down with an overblown angry expression. "I'll be back shortly, bitch. We'll see about punishing you for your disobedience then."

Sam bowed her head. "Whatever you command, mistress," she said. As Kelly left, Sam rose to her
feet and walked over to the camera blind spot. Once she was there, she clutched at her head and tried her best not to cry out.

*Kelly needs you,* she thought to herself. *Be strong for Kelly. Otherwise, the two of you are totally screwed.*
It had been an hour since they had been left in their cells to "rest." And unsurprisingly, none of them felt much like sleeping.

"You shouldn't be here, Ori," Miranda said, sitting on the side of her bed and staring out of the front of the cell.

"None of us should be here, Miri," Oriana responded, laying on her side on her own bed. "Cerberus should be dead and buried, and yet these crazy bastards..."

Miranda shook her head. "I don't mean like that. I've been thinking a lot about what Oleg said. Just before everything went to hell. He told me I was being selfish for forcing you to remain by my side. Accused me of holding you down so that I wouldn't feel like my life had lost its purpose. I thought he was crazy, but..."

Sitting up and spinning to face Miranda, Oriana reached a hand across to her. "Miri, you didn't force me to stay."

"No, but I didn't encourage you to leave, either," Miranda said, taking Oriana's hand and gently stroking it. "Don't think I didn't see it, Ori. The way you would always bring up potential field work opportunities for the university and wait for my reaction. How you would always chat with the supply ship pilots when they came by to visit." Glancing away from her sister, Miranda allowed herself a weak smile. "And yes, I knew about you and Elena Franklin."

"Miri, it's... wait. You did?" Oriana stared at her sister in shock. "All that time I was sneaking to her quarters and..."

Miranda was surprised to find herself laughing in the midst of all this. "Ori, please. You weren't exactly subtle. All those late night 'walks' you would take. Coming back sweating and smelling of sex. The only thing I didn't know right away was who it was you were visiting, but seeing the looks that you two would exchange in the mess hall made that pretty obvious."

"Can't sneak nothing past you, huh?" Oriana said, and soon found herself laughing along with her sister. "Wow, so all that time I had my sister's silent approval for shagging some former Cerberus operative ten years older than me and didn't even know it."

"Oh, now just a minute. Just because I knew didn't mean I approved," Miranda quickly corrected her. "But if I'd come out and told you to stop seeing her, it would only sent you deeper into her arms. And from what I knew about Miss Franklin, I was pretty sure that it was just going to be a fling that would burn itself out eventually." Staring down at Oriana's hand, Miranda quietly added. "And besides... you needed someone in your life besides me. Maybe Oleg was right after all. I should have done more to help you find a life for yourself. Away from me, away from the facility. Because if I had, you would be..." Her face contorted in sorrow, Miranda balled her other hand into a fist and pounded into her thigh.

"Hey. Listen to me, Miranda," Oriana said, her tone serious. "You didn't do anything wrong, okay? Yeah, I might have complained sometimes about being stuck at that facility with you, but you don't remember me ever pushing it all that hard, do you? If I had put my foot down and said, in no
uncertain terms, that I wanted to leave... you would have hated it, but I don't think you would have stopped me. But I didn't, because the truth was that... I liked being there with you. After what happened at Sanctuary, with that nutcase with the sword and our bastard father, the thing that I remembered the most was the fear that I was going to lose you. That one of us was going to die, and that I'd never get a chance to get to know you. The sister I'd only learned I had less than a year before. Who'd sacrificed so much for my safety."

"But still... I should have tried harder," Miranda said. "Should have let you find your own path. You should have been anywhere but that facility when Cerberus came."

Oriana gripped her sister's hand a little bit tighter. "If somebody came to me a few months ago and told me everything that was going to happen... that if I stayed with you at the Restoration Initiative that the two of us would be abducted and used as sex toys by a bunch of crazy Cerberus loyalists... if somebody told me that and gave me the opportunity to leave before it happened... there would be no damn way I'd say yes. I'd rather be here by your side, suffering alongside you, than leave you to face this all by yourself. After all you've done for me... no torture they could perform on me would equal the torture I would feel at knowing you were dealing with all of this alone."

Leaning forward, Miranda wrapped her arms around Oriana's shoulders, and the two sisters quietly wept together.

"Wow, listen to that," Jack said quietly in the next cell, sitting cross-legged on her bed. "What a touching moment between Miranda and... the other Miranda. Two of them should get a room already," she muttered. Glancing over to the bed at the other side of the cell, Jack let out a heavy sigh. "How you doing, Madigan?"

Curling up into a ball, eyes distant and vacant, Jenny quietly replied. "I wanna go home."

"I know you do, kiddo," Jack said. "Believe me, if I had a one-way ticket out of this place, you'd be the first person I'd give it to. But I'm afraid we ain't got that luxury right now."

The red-headed teenager looked on the verge of crying for the hundredth time since this all started. Jack wished she knew what to say right now. She'd been through all this shit before herself. For as bad as it had all been, by the time Jack had been the same age as Jenny, she'd been torn apart and put back together, used as a cum-dumpster by anybody she couldn't manage to kill first, and was basically a complete and total wreck of a human being. Shit, if it hadn't been for Shepard coming along and giving her a chance at another path in life, Jack was pretty sure she'd either be dead right now or rotting away in some maximum security cell like the one on Purgatory. The thought of Jenny taking a similar path in life, assuming they even got out of this mess, gave Jack an ache in her chest that she couldn't remember ever feeling before.

"Hey, come here, kid," Jack finally said. "Sit over here next to me."

Slowly, Jenny unfolded her naked body. Jack kept her eyes focused on Jenny's face as her student slowly stood up and sat back down on the side of Jack's bed. Shifting herself to set next to Jenny, Jack wrapped an arm around her waist.

"So, yeah, shit's bad," Jack said. "And I ain't gonna pretend it's gonna improve any time soon. But I want you to remember one thing. Those bastards are going to do some fucked-up shit to you. They're gonna put you through tortures that you'll never forget as long as you live. But as long as you're still breathing, they haven't beaten you yet. In the end, it's as simple as that. You stay alive, no matter what else happens. I mean, shit, look at what I went through. All through my life I had
people telling me that I was worthless. That I was only good as a test subject for their fucked-up experiments, or a pretty little thing for them to stick their cock into. Or a biotic tool to be used and discarded when the credits dried up. But after all of that, you know what happened?"

Looking over at Jack, Jenny shook her head.

"I kept breathing. I survived. And I never let any of those bastards win," Jack said. "I believe in you, Madigan. I know you're feeling like they're gonna break you, gonna drive you nuts or whatever. And hell, go ahead and go a little bit nuts if that's what gets you through this. But above all, you remember that as long as you're still breathing, they haven't beat you yet."

Jenny quietly repeated. "As long as I'm still breathing... they haven't beaten me yet."

"Damn straight," Jack said. "Those guys out there, they think you're some weak, helpless little girl, but you and I, we know the truth. There's a fucking thrasher maw of biotic force hiding inside you, kid. Just waiting to be unleashed the second we get that collar off you. And if you hold tight and stick with me, then by the time this is all over we're going to show these fuckers just who they've been messing with. But until then, what do we remember?"

"As long as I'm still breathing," the two of them said in unison, "They haven't beaten me yet."

"Fuck yeah," Jack said. "Now, try and get some sleep. I know that shit is hard right now, but at least when you're sleeping, they can't fuck with you too badly."

Jenny glanced down at the floor. "Jack, could I... could you..." She looked up at Jack with wide, glistening eyes. "Could you... hold me? Just until I get to sleep."

Jack wanted to protest, knowing about Jenny's feelings towards her. But right about now, worrying about shit like that seemed like a lifetime ago. "Sure, kid," she quietly agreed. Laying down on the bed with her back against the wall, Jack opened her arms to allow Jenny to press her back into Jack's bare tits, the two of them moving in close on the small bed. Wrapping her arms around Jenny's waist, Jack quietly whispered to the frightened teenager.

"We're gonna make it out of this shit, kid," she assured Jenny, feeling the teenager trembling in her arms. "You, me, Shepard, those badass asari... fuck, even Miranda and her duplicate sister can chip in if they want. But all of us are gonna lay down a biotic storm on these fuckers the likes of which ain't been seen since the Reapers got their asses kicked out of the galaxy. I promise you it's gonna happen, kid. But until then..."

"As long as I'm still breathing, they haven't beaten me yet," Jenny quietly whispered. "As long as I'm still breathing, they haven't beaten me yet. As long as..." Jenny's voice trailed off, replaced a few minutes later by slow and steady breathing.

"Sweet dreams, kid," Jack said sadly. "I only hope I can back up all this bullshit I've been spewing before all this is over."

In the next cell, a purple fist slammed into a matching palm. "Pathetic human bastards," Aria snarled from her seat on the side of her bed. "Fuckers think they can shove a few cocks in me and then they've beaten me? They think I'll bend over and take it like those other humans? 'As long as I'm still breathing, they haven't beaten me yet'? Fuck that. How about 'Once they've all stopped breathing, then I'll have beaten them.'" Glancing over at Samara, cross-legged on the floor, Aria let out a disgusted sigh. "You're a real great cellmate, you know that? Just a wonderful
"I apologize if I don't join you in your murderous fantasies," Samara said, eyes opening from her meditations. "But until they can become more than fantasies, I'm afraid they serve very little purpose."

"Pathetic," Aria responded. "Notice they didn't have you trussed up like me during their line-up back in the Normandy. Thought you Justicars were supposed to be fighters, but I guess in the end you let those bastards take away your goddamn pride."

"My pride is nothing, Aria," Samara said. "And my resistance to them would accomplish nothing. Even if I were to successfully fight them off, they would only turn their vulgar intentions on another one of the captives. If I must suffer to spare them further indignities, than I will do so gladly."

Aria rolled her eyes. "How very noble of you. Ever given thought to the idea that if every last one of us fought back, than maybe we'd have a better chance of getting out of this?"

"We are greatly outnumbered," Samara calmly answered. "Our biotics are disabled by these collars, and we have no weapons. Even if all of us fought, the best result we could hope for is a suicidal last stand."

"So? Sounds like a good idea to me," Aria said. "Even if we can't beat 'em, doesn't mean we should just surrender like a bunch of whipped varren puppies. Make 'em regret ever laying a finger on us, that's what I say."

Samara arched an eyebrow. "As I said, Aria: a suicidal last stand would be the best possible outcome. More likely, though, our captors would simply subdue us, and take further action to ensure we didn't resist again." Samara rested a hand on her stomach, just above the blue folds of her pussy. "They only need this to entertain themselves, yes? They don't need for us to have our hands. Our feet. Our eyes or our teeth. There are many ways they could torture us, Aria. Ways much worse than raping us. If you'd seen the things I've seen in centuries of fighting injustice, you would be well aware of that."

Aria lay back on her bed with an annoyed grunt. "Believe me, Justicar. I've seen some things that would make even a dedicated 'defender of justice' go crazy at the sight. Hell, I've done some of those things in the past. But... yeah, guess you've got a point. Still doesn't mean I'm going to bend over and martyr my cunt to spare anyone else the indignities, though."

"That is your choice, Aria," Samara said. "Now, unless you had anything else to discuss, I would like to return to my meditations."

"Yeah, sure, fuck it," Aria said, staring at the ceiling of the cell. "Maybe you can teach me some of that stuff later. Unless those bastards cut off my legs so I can't cross 'em on the floor."

"If such an unfortunate event does not come to pass... I would be happy to teach you," Samara responded, before closing her eyes and resuming her silent recitation of the Justicar sutras.

In the last cell, Kasumi lay back on her bed and stared up at the ceiling. In her mind, she pictured Jacob storming into the cell block, delivering manly punches to Bowers and all his perverted friends, and deactivating the forcefield just in time for Kasumi to jump into his arms.
Yeah, sure, Kasumi thought to herself with a trace of bitterness. And then Keiji comes in behind him and the two of them take you to a palace to feed you grapes and ravish you upon request. Keep dreaming, babe.

She had one trace of hope: the Morse code message she had seen in the AIU’s eyes when they had been led off the Normandy. "WKD / TU" "Worked. Thank you." A short message, but it told Kasumi all she needed to know: EDI was in control of the AIU bot, and now would try to help Kasumi and the rest of them escape.

Or would she? The last time she had spoken to the reactivated AI, EDI seemed uncertain of which side to support. She had originally been programmed as a Cerberus AI, after all. Who was to say that she wouldn't go right back to serving her former masters now that most of her memories had been erased?

Kasumi felt a bit stupid about her suggestion to have EDI look up stuff about Joker. While she had considered it a good way for EDI to remember someone she cared about, and hopefully regain some of her compassion for humanity along the way, probably would have been smarter to just have her look up "Kasumi" to know that the two of them had served together in the past.

Well, regardless, she had to keep her hopes alive. Either EDI would retake the Normandy, and figure out some way to spring them, or Jacob would find a way to track them down.

God, Jacob. She knew that he had to be torturing himself right now. Sneaking on-board the Normandy had been Kasumi's idea, but the fact that Jacob allowed her to do it meant that he no doubt felt responsible for what happened. She wished there was some way to...

"Word of advice. When they take you... just go limp. Don't put up a fight, but make them work for it. Eventually they'll get bored and move on to someone else."

Kasumi jumped at the sudden voice. She turned to the bed opposite hers to see that her cellmate had finally acknowledged her existence, looking up from the book in her hands to stare at Kasumi with cold, unwavering eyes.

A few hours ago, when she had first been tossed into the cell, the dark-skinned asari had glanced up briefly from her reading, only to immediately look away and return to her studies. As Kasumi had laid on the bed and shivered in the slightly chilled air, the only sound in the cell had been the rubbing of paper as the asari turned pages.

Now that she was finally speaking, Kasumi took a closer look at the other woman. She was surprisingly well-built for an asari, her nude skin rippling with muscles and with several scars lining her dark blue skin. The asari studied Kasumi right back, and then finally spoke again. "You're different from the other ones. Normally they like their playthings a little more... curvy. No offense."

"There have been others?" Kasumi asked, spinning around to sit on the edge of her bed. "Before us?"

"Oh, yeah, plenty," the asari said. "Squealing little bimbos pleading with those dickheads out there for mercy. They tended to last a week or two before they'd been driven catatonic, or before the doc's experiments turned them into raving lunatics. After that... well, poof. 'Cept for me of course. Oh, no, Bowers would never get rid of me. I'm his favorite little plaything, after all. Should have shot the little prick the second he signed up with me."
"Signed up with... so, you knew Bowers before you were captured?" Kasumi asked.

The asari smirked. "They didn't tell you all about me? I'm shocked. Bowers usually loves to tell every cunt who comes through here how he defeated me." Finally putting aside her book, the asari turned to sit and face Kasumi. "Name's Delaana. Once I was the head of a band of mercs that included Bowers and his little fuck-boy posse. Then I took the worst job of my goddamn life and ended up here. Used to think being a fugitive Ardat-Yakshi sucked. Right about now a nice, quiet monastery sounds pretty good to me."

"How long have you been here?" Kasumi asked.

"How am I supposed to know?" Delaana said, annoyed. "They don't exactly let me have a calendar in here, you know. Shit, I had to spend the better part of a day throwing myself against the forcefield and threatening to fry myself alive to get them to finally bring me some of my poetry books. You just got here; what was the date last time you checked?"

Kasumi thought back. "Just before I got taken, it was October 22nd, 2189."

"You're kidding," Delaana said, and when Kasumi shook her head, the muscled asari leaned forward onto her legs. "Shit, it's been more than three years now. Fucking knew I should have never taken that job."

"What's this job you're talking about?" Kasumi asked.

Delaana sighed. "Like I said, I used to be the leader of a band of mercs. It was me, Bowers and his team of human fuckwits, a turian and a batarian. First got together working for the Shadow Broker, before that deal fell through and we were left scrounging for work. Ended up caught on Omega when Cerberus came through. Me, Solvitis and Grell got locked down in some shitty slum, while Bowers and the rest of them got to party with the rest of the humans in the non-alien areas. Shit, I thought things were bad then. Turned out I didn't know what bad was."

Raising up her arm, Delaana pointed a finger out of the forcefield. "That creepy doctor bastard, I used to know him as Hawkins. Cerberus had him on my team pretending to be some back-alley doctor doing mercenary work for credits. He bugged out on us back when we lost the Shadow Broker deal, but not long after Aria came back and kicked Cerberus off of Omega, he suddenly shows up again. Comes to Bowers and the boys and tells them about a massive haul. A Cerberus base, practically abandoned, through the Omega-4 relay. All we had to do was get a team together, take out what little security was still there, and help ourselves to whatever credits and salvage we could find. Now, right about now I'm thinking this shit sounds too good to be true. I'm ready to walk, but Bowers and his people are saying they're going to do it without me. And fuck if I'm going to let them walk away with profits I should be getting a cut of. So I say, 'Fine. Let's do it.' Worst mistake of my fucking life."

Delaana knocked on the wall of their cell. "So, the job is just like they say. Hell, it's even easier than all that. We took over this station without even firing a damn shot. All the people capable of fighting went off to help cover the Illusive Man's ass, leaving a bunch of eggheads who pissed themselves at the first sight of our weapons. So the station is ours, and I'm thinking, 'Alright, where the hell's the loot?' And that's around the time Bowers puts a rifle butt to the back of my head, and I wake up in this cell. And three years later... here we fucking are."

"God," Kasumi said. "So these past three years they've been..."
Delaana nodded. "Yeah, can't say it's been too much fun. I mean, to us asari three years is probably like a month is to you humans, but that hasn't made it any easier to bear. Wake up, get fucked, have some shitty meal, get fucked... like I said, it makes it a bit easier when you try to be as limp and boring as possible, but a hole's still a hole, and they'll end up using it one way or another."

Kasumi shuddered, the thought of being caught here for three years, or maybe more, filling her with horror.

"But hey, brighten up," Delaana said, giving Kasumi a forced smile. "You're in here with me, and like I said, you look different than the rest that have come through here. Unless I miss my guess, I'd say you've been in a firefight or two, Miss..."


Staring at Kasumi, Delaana's face lit up. "Holy shit. I've heard of you! Best thief in the galaxy, they called you." She gave Kasumi an odd look and smirked. "Always thought you'd be an asari, though. Well, regardless, this changes things considerably."

"It does?" Kasumi asked.

"You got the best possible cell, Miss Goto," Delaana said. Leaning forward, she whispered into Kasumi's ear. "Because with you backing me up now, I'm pretty sure I can get us all the fuck out of here."
Cortez found him in the armory, obsessively cleaning his shotgun. Riggs looked up at his arrival, his expression as blank as usual, before returning to his work.

"You're getting ready for a fight, I see?" Cortez asked as he entered the room. He stood on the other side of the work table from Riggs as the stoic marine worked an oiled-up cloth along the inner workings of his weapon.

"We're gonna be docking with Omega in thirty minutes, and Cerberus was there before us," Riggs said. "I know enough about how they operate to be ready for anything. Chances are whatever the mission is, Cerberus made sure that it isn't going to be easy."

Leaning forward with his palms on the table, Cortez stared intently at Riggs. "So you're actually planning to fight this time? Because I was worried you might end up sitting in front of a shoddy power conduit again, waiting for it to explode."

Riggs's eyes flicked up from his work, his gaze narrowed at Cortez. "What does it matter?" he asked coldly. "I go out fighting or go out like a coward. In the end, the world is rid of the Bloody Hand. One less piece of Cerberus filth to pollute the galaxy."

"Stop it," Cortez said, his eyes never wavering from Riggs. "You're more than that and you know it. Listen, I know you said you couldn't afford to show the rest of them who you really are. That if you don't put on this scary act in front of them that they'll walk all over you. But that's all it is: an act. There's a human being underneath all that attitude, with emotions just like anyone else. And it's killing you to hold them back."

Riggs puffed out a breath. "Right. You know so much about me, from the few weeks we've been serving on this ship together."

Cortez nodded. "Yeah, maybe you're right. Maybe I don't know that much about you. So show me. You want somebody to open up to? Somebody to talk to about why you would rather die than keep on going? Talk to me. Because here's the thing: if you're right, and there's a fight waiting for us on Omega, you're going to be going into that fight with my friends. And if they're in there counting on you to watch their backs, the last thing I want is for you to go charging in to get yourself killed."

A hint of a smile came to Riggs's face. "Ah, so this is strictly pragmatic on your part, " he said. "Nothing but you watching out for your friends is all."

"Well, no," Cortez admitted. "Look, I'm not going to pretend that the things I've been through could compare to what happened to you. But after I lost Robert... there were times when I felt like I lost everything. The nights were the worst. During the day I could keep myself distracted with work, put my mind on other things. But at night, alone in my bunk... I won't lie. Right after it happened, there were some nights that I thought about ways I could join him. I felt so empty, so adrift that it felt like just letting go was the only option."

Riggs's hands had paused over his weapon, his eyes locked on Cortez. "And what made you change your mind?" he asked.

Cortez let out a low laugh. "Shepard did. Seems like there was nothing she couldn't do. Stop a
Reaper invasion, or help a grieving man find the strength to carry on. When I felt like I had nothing, that I was just a walking dead man, she was there for me. So maybe... maybe now I want to be there for you like she was for me. Do for someone else the same as she did for me."

"Look, you don't..." Riggs said, letting out a frustrated sigh as he went back to working on his shotgun. "The things I went through back then, all the things I've seen? You want to know why I was ready to let that conduit explode in my face? Because it scares the hell out of me to think about walking into another Cerberus facility, okay? The thought of seeing what sorts of twisted things these Cerberus people are doing... reliving that nightmare again..."

Looking down, Cortez saw that Riggs's hands were shaking. Without thinking, he reached forward, grabbing onto Riggs's wrists and steadying his trembling hands. "It's okay," Cortez said. "I know you've been through a lot. But you don't have to hold it all in anymore."

Riggs let out several ragged breaths, eyes cast down at the work table. "I... I appreciate it," Riggs said after several seconds in silence. He pulled his hands away from Cortez's gently. "But I don't think I'm ready yet. Even after all these years it's still... still too fresh." He looked back up at Cortez, and Cortez saw his expression shift. His furrowed brow smoothed, and the cold stare of his eyes softened. "But I promise that... well, if I ever feel the urge to sit in front of a power conduit again, that I'll come to talk to you first, okay?"

"It's a start," Cortez said with a smile. "And I'll do my best to keep James off your case."

"James is a meathead," Riggs said, a mild smile coming to his face as well. Cortez was surprised at the change that had come over Riggs in such a short time. His normally cold and stoic voice had lightened up considerably, the hard gravelly edge that it normally carried almost vanished. "He doesn't bother me. I dealt with plenty of his type back on the farm."

"The farm?" Cortez asked.

Riggs's smile widened. "What? You're surprised that the Bloody Hand wasn't birthed straight from the maw of Hell itself? Nah, I grew up just a simple farmboy, believe it or not."

"On Earth, or one of the colonies?"

"Cochran Colony. Small farming community in the Arcturus Stream," Riggs said, his eyes distant as he glanced away from Cortez. "It was me, my two brothers and sister, and our parents. All of us working together to keep things running. We may have just barely made enough credits to scrape by, but we were happy. At least, until the talk of war started. And somebody from one of the neighboring farms brought along the flier for a place called Sanctuary. A place we could go where we'd be... where we could all be..."

"Hey," Cortez said, seeing Riggs start to get emotional again. "It's okay. If you're not ready to talk about this..."

Riggs nodded, but his eyes still didn't make contact with Cortez's compassionate stare. "Thanks. Sometimes it's good to remember things like that. Even if it hurts... it's better to remember the happiness and the hurt instead of trying to block it all out, you know? But for right now, I think I just need some time to myself." Seeing the concern on Cortez's face, Riggs chuckled. "Don't worry. Your friends are in good hands. Talking like this... it really did help."

"Glad to hear it," Cortez said, scratching an itch on his face as he leaned away from the work table.
"And yeah, I should probably go do a systems check on the shuttle anyway. Just in case Omega doesn't have a place for the Orpheus to dock. But we can talk later if you want."

"Absolutely," Riggs said. Just as Cortez made a move to walk away, Riggs called out. "Just one more thing, though."

"What's that?" Cortez asked.

Instead of speaking, Riggs picked up the cloth that he had been using to clean and oil his weapon. "Hold still," Riggs said, before turning the cloth around to a clean section and reaching up to Cortez's face. Cortez felt the hard, firm press of Riggs's thumb into his cheek, as the marine wiped at Cortez's face. After a few seconds, Riggs pulled the cloth away to show a light spot of oil on it. "There we go," he said. "Wouldn't want you flying us to Omega looking anything less than perfect."

"Perfect? Not hardly," Cortez said with a laugh. "But thanks. I'll talk to you later."

"Sure thing," Riggs said. And for a second, Cortez was sure that he could see a blush coming to the intimidating marine's cheeks. "Later."

* * *

His sizable bulk parked in one of the mess hall's chairs, Grunt shoveled food into his mouth with one hand, while using the other to bring up his omni-tool. The last time he had been on Omega, he had been sure to take extensive notes on the best places to eat. He just hoped that Cerberus hadn't destroyed too many of them, either from when they took over during the war or from whatever the hell they had been doing on Omega just within the last few days. It was bad enough that Cerberus had abducted his battlemaster and many of his former comrades. But if they had done anything to that great pyjak meat stand that Grunt had discovered the last time he'd been there... then Cerberus would know the true wrath of house Urdnot.

In the middle of his studies, he suddenly started to hear the most aggravating sound. He turned his head to see the light-haired human female heading in his direction. Without warning, she threw herself down in the chair opposite Grunt.

"I'm sorry, Grunt," Lisa said, her voice trembling. From the way her shoulders shook and the wet glisten in her eyes, Grunt figured out that the noise he had heard was what humans referred to as "sobbing." Not something any self-respecting krogan, male or female, would ever allow themselves to do. "Do you mind if I sit with you for a second?"

Grunt stared at her. Humans were hard to figure out sometimes. Always asking permission to do things. Even when they've already gone ahead and done them, as Lisa had. But Grunt knew that refusing her would just result in more of that annoying sound, so he shrugged. "Go ahead," he said, while turning his attention back to his list of favorite restaurants.

"I'm sorry if I'm bothering you," Lisa said, struggling to get herself under control. "I was just thinking about Kasumi. That poor thing, captured and being held by those horrible Cerberus brutes. I can't even imagine a more frightening thought."

Grunt could think of quite a few others. Being eaten alive by a pack of ravenous varren. Having your corpse being used as a mindless puppet by a rachni queen. But he had enough experience with humans to have learned that offering such thoughts was usually not appreciated. So instead he
simply nodded. "They may have her for now," he said. "But we will take her back from them, and spill every last drop of their blood in the process."

"I know, but... sometimes it's hard for me to sleep at night," Lisa said, shivering slightly. "All alone in my bunk, feeling so defenseless at the thought of someone coming in and taking me captive. Holding me hostage and... using me." At those last words, Grunt saw something flash in Lisa's eyes. Admittedly, he had little experience with human emotions, and even less desire to try to understand them. But he could have sworn that the thought of Cerberus "using her" didn't bring as much fear to Lisa as she was trying to claim. "If only I had some way to feel less scared." She looked up at Grunt, giving him a wide-eyed and desperate look. "You know, something that could help keep me company during those long nights... or someone."

Grunt let out a rumbling sigh. Humans. Always talking around what they really wanted. It was like they were speaking in code sometimes. But Grunt had finally figured it out. "Fine, human," he said. "Come down to my quarters tomorrow night. I'll give you what you're asking for then."

"Really?" Lisa said, her expression brightening. "Oh, Grunt, you're the best. I'll come pay you a visit first thing when my shift ends tomorrow." Cocking her head to the side, she ran a hand through her hair, flipping it over her shoulder. "I just hope you're properly prepared when I get there. Us humans, we may look small, but some of us have big cravings, if you know what I mean."

As Grunt was about ready to speak up again, Jacob's voice suddenly spoke up over the ship's PA system. "All bridge crew report to your positions. We will be reaching Omega in fifteen minutes. Repeat: all hands report to your positions."

"Well, that's my cue," Lisa said. Standing up, she paused for a moment to lean down next to Grunt. "But I'll be counting the hours until tomorrow night."

"Yeah, yeah," Grunt said. The things he did for these squishy humans. Mentally, he began thinking about what he was going to need. If he was going to make sure this human left properly satisfied, he was going to need a lot of different tools.

Walking away from Grunt, Lisa spotted Michele on their way to the CIC. "It's all happening, Michele," Lisa said giddily. "Grunt and I are going to be doing it tomorrow night! God, after all the work I've been putting into getting some nice hard krogan cock, it's finally gonna happen."

Michele let out a weary sigh. "I'm so happy for you. The galaxy threatening to descend into chaos, humans and aliens at each others' throats... but Lisa Mason managed to seduce a krogan, so all is right with the world."

"See, that's why we're friends," Lisa said. "You always manage to look on the bright side of things."

* * *

As the crew of the Orpheus took their seats, Jacob and Rooker stood side-by-side at the CIC. "Visual on Omega confirmed," Rooker said. "Any sign of trouble?"

Accessing her station, Lisa examined the readings from the area. "No sign of any recent ship combat in the area. Scans of Omega itself show nothing out of the ordinary."
"What the hell was Cerberus doing here?" Jacob said, staring at the hovering rocky space station in the distance through the cockpit window. "And how'd they manage to set up an entire VI network without Aria or anyone else noticing?"

"Guess we'll find out more when we get there," Rooker said. "Assuming Aria lets us dock, of course."

Jacob nodded gravely. "If we can get her to talk to us, we can show her Tali's readings. As protective as she is of Omega, she's not going to be happy to hear about Cerberus's meddling on her station. Whether or not she trusts us to deal with it or tries to handle it herself, though... that's another story."

As Omega slowly grew larger in front of them, Lisa suddenly called out. "Commander, I have multiple signals heading in our direction from Omega! Their shields are up and their weapons are armed!"

"Guess a warm welcome is out of the question," Rooker mused.

"DeSilva, raise our barriers," Jacob quickly ordered. "Weapons at the ready. Mason, what are we looking at here?"

"Looks like two frigates escorted by eight fighters," Lisa said. "Their callsigns indicate them as..." she paused, staring at her screen. "No, that can't be right."

Coming down from the CIC platform, Jacob leaned down next to Lisa. "What is it, ensign?"

"Those three there?" Lisa said, pointing at the screen. "Blue Suns. But those three are Eclipse, and the others are Blood Pack."

"The merc groups working together again?" Rooker said. "That hasn't happened since the Reapers were defeated. And that was only because of Shepard."

From next to Lisa, Michele turned to look at Jacob. "Commander, one of the vessels is sending out a hailing signal."

"Open up communications," Jacob said.

As he returned to the center platform, a holographic screen activated in front of him. A hovering image of an intimidating batarian in a Blue Suns uniform appeared. "To the commander of the Alliance vessel at heading 194.26. You will deactivate your engines at once. Any further movement in the direction of Omega will be considered an act of aggression and will be dealt with thusly."

"To whoever I am speaking with," Jacob responded. "This is Commander Jacob Taylor of the SSV Orpheus. We have taken damage and are seeking to dock with Omega for repairs. We have no intention of any hostile action against this station or its people."

The batarian on the screen retained his stern expression. "The damage to your vessel is none of our concern. I say again: deactivate your engines. There will be no further warnings."

From his pilot's seat, Joker turned around to look at Jacob. "Commander, what do we do here?" he asked.
Reaching to a side panel, Jacob muted the communications connection. "What are our odds, Joker? You think we can take them?"

Joker shifted nervously. "If we were 100%... maybe. But after the damage we took from those Oculus drones? I don't like our chances, Commander."

"Alright, so the direct approach is out," Jacob said. "Bring us to a stop, Joker." As the Orpheus slowed to a halt, Jacob could see the enemy ships approaching from out of the cockpit window. Once they were within weapon range, they came to a stop as well, hovering menacingly in front of the Orpheus.

Unmuting the connection to the batarian Blue Sun, he spoke loudly and confidently. "Under whose authority are you detaining us? We have repairs to be done and the credits to pay for it. I can't imagine Aria would be happy to hear about you people scaring away potential business."

The batarian sneered into the camera feed. "Aria T'Loak is no longer in command of Omega," he said. "And as far as business is concerned, it's going just fine without you humans sticking your nose into it. So tell your masters back on Earth that, by the command of Omega's new ruler, this station is off-limits to your race from now on. And if they've got a problem with that, they'll have to bring more than just a dented-up piece of shit like what you're flying to deal with it."

"Listen," Rooker said, moving to stand next to Jacob and speak to the batarian. "Whoever this new ruler is, they should know that Cerberus is up to something on Omega. We have readings from devices that were planted by Cerberus all around this station. They could present a danger to this new ruler and his or her subjects."

As soon as Rooker was seen on the viewing screen, the batarian's attitude immediately changed. He bared his sharp teeth in a leering smile. "Well, now. That does sound quite concerning," he said with a hint of sarcasm. "I tell you what, Commander Taylor: why don't you send that pretty little thing over to us in a shuttle? We'll talk all about this supposed Cerberus plot, and afterward we take that sweet human ass of hers back to Omega. Strip her out of that uniform and show her all the big changes Balak has made around here."

Rooker started to say something, anger flaring in her eyes, but Jacob held up a hand to hold her back. "Balak?" Jacob exclaimed to the batarian on the screen. "Balak is in charge of Omega now? That terrorist?"

The batarian's demeanor immediately hardened. "You would know about terrorism, wouldn't you, human?" he said bitterly. "For all I know, you and your entire crew is in league with Cerberus. Regardless, Omega's affairs are our own, and the Alliance is no longer welcome here. You have thirty seconds to turn your ship around and put as much distance between you and Omega as possible. If you do not comply, we will open fire."

Jacob looked at Rooker, who was glowering at the batarian on the screen. "What do you think, Rooker?" he asked quietly.

"I think I'd like to introduce that bastard's face to the sole of my boot... sir," Rooker said, keeping her voice low to not be heard on the comms. "But I also think that right now, with the state the Orpheus is in... we don't stand a chance. Much as I hate to say it, we're going to have to come up with another plan."
Turning back to the screen, Jacob spoke up. "Very well. If humanity isn't welcome on Omega, I suppose we will have to take our credits elsewhere."

"Yes, run along now, human," the batarian said dismissively. He shot one more glance at Rooker. "The offer does still stand, however. Send us your mouthy little female and maybe I'll dispatch a repair crew from Omega to patch you up. Hell, I'll even pay for the job myself if you dress her in something... lacy before you give her to us."

Reaching around Jacob, Rooker stabbed the disconnect button with her finger. The image of the leering batarian faded away. "Sorry, sir," Rooker said immediately. "I just couldn't hear any more of that..."

"Not a problem, Rooker," Jacob said. "Joker, turn us around. And let our guests know to meet me in the conference room immediately. We need to figure out our next course of action."
God, it had been too damn long.

Their small quarters echoed with the sound of her heavy breathing, and the wet slap of Brynn's bare ass against Ruben's hips as she rode him reverse cowgirl style.

From her position facing away from him, she couldn't see her lover's face. But the feel of his hands groping at her ass as she worked herself up and down his cock made Brynn feel so deliciously dirty. Reaching down, she stroked at her clit as she felt the pleasant tingle of her climax starting to build between her legs.

The welcoming party for Shepard had ended not that long ago. Everybody thanking Shepard for taking the chance on joining them, while she sat and accepted their praise with gratitude and humility. Even Brynn, after the strange feeling she had had upon her first conversation with their newest comrade, had managed to put that aside and join in the festivities.

And no sooner had it finished then Brynn had dragged Ruben back to their quarters and practically torn his clothes off him. After using her mouth on him and leaving his cock dripping with her spit, Brynn had taken him to the bed, shucked off her Cerberus uniform, and lowered herself down onto his dripping length.

Behind her, she could hear the telltale gasps. Ruben wasn't much for dirty talk in the bedroom - or any talk at all really - but after the past year or so of being his lover Brynn could tell when he was near to his release. She increased the speed of her bouncing on his cock, feeling her own body shuddering just as Ruben's cum started to shoot up inside her.

"Yes," Brynn gasped, shutting her eyes and relishing the pleasure that filled her. As Ruben's breathing started to slow behind her, she reached down to pull his shrinking cock out of her. Falling back on the bed next to him, she let out a contented sigh.

"Welcome home, Ruben," she said, turning her head sideways on the pillow to look at him in the dim light. "Hope I made it worth the wait."

Ruben smiled at her. "You don't know how much I missed you," he said, as he leaned over to peck her on the lips.

Brynn glanced down her body, and the light trickle of cum dripping from between her legs. "Hopefully you missed me a lot," she said quietly. "Maybe after a few weeks of us not being together, we'll have better luck this time around."

"If we do, we do," Ruben said softly. "But don't worry too much if it doesn't happen right away. Now that Shepard's here, we have all the time in the world to keep trying."

"Still so hard to believe," Brynn said, laying her head back to stare up at the ceiling. "Shepard joining us after the Illusive Man worked so hard to drag Cerberus's name through the mud. Even with her right there in front of me, it was hard to believe that it was actually her."

Ruben chuckled. "Of course it was her. Shepard is with us now, Brynn. And with her support, we're going to show the galaxy what Cerberus is really capable of."
"I wonder if she'll let me do some tests," Brynn said. "Maybe if we did some scans, we could use her readings to help us replicate Lawson's work." Sighing, Brynn rested her hands behind her head. "It really isn't a shame that Miss Brooks couldn't have worked her same magic to get Miranda Lawson back with us as well. This all would be so much easier if I could have the chance to talk with her directly."

"We... tried to open communications with her," Ruben said, a strange tone in his voice. "But unfortunately it seems that Miss Lawson had dropped out of contact."

"It's a pity. But I suppose we can't expect everyone to listen to reason like Shepard did," Brynn said. "But honestly... can you imagine what will happen if we succeed?" She turned on her side to look at Ruben, excitement beaming on her face. "If we can recreate the Lazarus Project, bring the secret of restoring life to the rest of the galaxy... it would be the greatest event in history. And Cerberus would be the ones to thank for it. All those lives needlessly lost in the past, and we could be the ones to bring so many loved ones back from beyond death."

Brynn let out a breath, forcing herself to calm down as she turned onto her back. "But it all comes back to the brain, doesn't it? Forcing the heart to pump again, the nervous system to fill with energy again, all of that is trivial in comparison to reactivating the human brain after its death. But I'm getting close, Ruben. That research data you sent back... God, it answered so many questions about Miss Lawson's work. The breakthroughs she made while she was working with Cerberus advanced our knowledge of human anatomy decades or more. I only wish I could have talked to her about them."

Abruptly, Ruben suddenly stood up from the bed. "Forget it, Brynn," he said. "Miranda Lawson is out of the picture. You're going to have to do this without her."

Leaning up from the mattress, Brynn watched as Ruben walked through their quarters over to the restroom door. "Something wrong, honey?" Brynn asked, surprised at his abrupt departure.

"Nothing," Ruben quickly answered from inside the bathroom. "Just remembered some work I need to do back in the restricted area."

"Oh," Brynn said, disappointed to see him leaving so soon. "Will you be gone long?"

Ruben poked his head out of the bathroom door. "I'll try to make it as quick as possible, I promise," he said with a smile. "Just a few formulations I have to work on."

Brynn laid her head back down on the pillow, hearing the sound of the shower from inside of the bathroom. Ruben talking about the restricted area, and the experiments he was performing there, made her remember her conversation with Nuria earlier. By the time Ruben was finished with his shower, Brynn has gotten up into a sitting position on the bed.

"Ruben," Brynn asked him as he toweled down his hair. "I know you we've talked about this before. And I'm sure there's a good reason why it's all so secret. But people have been asking me about what's been going on in the restricted area."

"Babe, you know that we've been over this," Ruben said, his voice calm and patient. "There are things going on there that..."

Brynn stopped him. "I know, I know. There are probably a million reasons why you can't tell me.
But a lot of the people over here, the ones without access... they're thinking about all the secrets that were kept from us before. Secrets that ended up getting a lot of our friends and colleagues killed. And I can tell them a thousand times how much I trust you, and how I know you would never keep secrets from me if they presented a danger to me and the rest of us... but I can only put them off for so long.

"It's nothing they need to concern themselves with, Brynn," Ruben said, walking over to the closet to pick out a clean set of clothes. "The work that we're doing over here is just... it's very theoretical at this point. We just don't want to get anyone's hopes up if none of it pans out, that's all."

"But it's not just the secretive research, Ruben," Brynn said. "It's those... people. Morgan and Bowers and the rest... I don't know who they are, but they're sure as hell not scientists. People see folks like that in the mess hall and they get nervous. Hell, I get nervous around them sometimes."

"Look, I know I shouldn't be bothering you with this when you just got back. But I just have to be honest with you. There are people who are starting to lose faith. Bringing on Shepard is going to help keep them motivated for a while, but the more secrets that pile up, the less likely that we'll be able to achieve our goals here."

Picking out a pair of uniform slacks, Ruben turned to the bed as he pulled them on. "I understand what they're going through, I really do. They took a big chance coming here. But I'm under orders too, just like everyone else. Believe me, I'd love to show you everything that I'm working on. Hell, I'd be thrilled to give you a tour of my labs over there. But Miss Brooks was very adamant about keeping our work over there under wraps for now."

Brynn nodded. "I understand," she said, trying her best not to sound too disheartened. "Look, there's..." Ruben started to say, then seemed to catch himself. "Okay, fine. There is one thing I can show you. Something that will explain to you just why we need to keep the restricted side a secret. And also why your work in particular is so important to the future of Cerberus."

"Ruben, you don't have to, really," Brynn assured him. "I don't want you to get yourself into trouble just because of my whining."

Ruben shook his head, as he worked on the fasteners for his shirt. "It's alright. I want you to see this. But I can't show it to you right now. But later on, when I get the chance... I'll give you the explanation you've been waiting for."

"I appreciate it," Brynn said. "Even if you don't get the chance, I trust you no matter what." As he moved around to her side of the bed and leaned down, she reached up to caress his cheek as she kissed him. The kiss lasted for several seconds, and Brynn bit her lip as the two of them finally pulled away. "You sure you have to be to your lab right away?"

"Brynn, you can't be serious," Ruben said, smiling despite himself. "I just got cleaned up."

Reaching her hand down, Brynn rubbed her palm along the bulge between Ruben's legs. "But I was so lonely without you here for so long," she said, batting her eyes up at him innocently. "I'm not sure that once is going to be enough."

Ruben started to open his mouth to protest again, but once his cock was out of his pants and Brynn's mouth was working him up to his second erection of the evening, his secret little experiments were just going to have to wait a little while longer
Another setback, another meeting in the Orpheus conference room.

"Balak in charge of Omega," Vega observed, his expression grave. "How the hell did that happen? And how did Cerberus manage to get within a thousand kilometers of that place if a human-hating culero like Balak is running things?"

"You think we can get the Alliance involved now?" Garrus asked Jacob. "They've been looking for Balak for a while now. Now that we know exactly where he is, maybe they'd be willing to back an assault on Omega."

But Jacob shook his head. "I doubt it. Balak may be one of the Alliance's major enemies, but the cost to take him out might be more than they're willing to pay. With all three of the major merc groups working with Balak, a direct assault on them would deal a major blow to the Alliance fleet. And even if we did manage to convince them, it would take weeks to properly mobilize enough forces to launch a proper assault."

"And don't forget about the unrest back on Earth," Tali chimed in. "With so many aliens turning against humanity after the clone's speech, it wouldn't look good for the Alliance to launch a major offensive against one of the largest alien-run strongholds in the galaxy. Even if a crazy bosh'tet like Balak is in charge."

"Son of a bitch," Vega spat out. "How much you wanna bet that Cerberus put Balak in charge somehow? Made sure that there'd be no way an Alliance ship would be able to dock there so we couldn't take out the brains of their drones."

"An Alliance ship," Rooker said, giving Vega a light smile. "That's the key thing, isn't it, James? There's no way that an Alliance ship will be able to dock there."

Jacob looked over at his XO. "What are you thinking, Rooker?"

"I'm thinking there are other ways we can get to Omega without going in guns blazing," Rooker said. "If humans are the only ones they're not letting into Omega... well, we're just gonna have to find out a way to not be humans."

Garrus crossed his arms. "Well, that's easier for some of us to pull off than others."

"We need to find a ship," Rooker said to Jacob. "A trader ship or merc ship. Anything registered to a non-human owner that will let us dock with Omega undercover. If we set up outside of sensor range of Omega and wait, eventually the right ship will have to come along. Then we just... politely ask to borrow their ship so we can sneak into Omega with it."

"By that, I assume you mean that we steal it," Javik said.

Rooker shrugged. "Perhaps, if it becomes necessary."

Jacob considered this plan, but a frown soon creased his face. "You're basically saying that we're going to turn to piracy," he said. "And who knows how long we'd have to wait before the right ship comes along?"
"Not to mention what'll happen if they don't give us the ship peacefully," Cortez said. "Even if we got into a fight and won, don't think those mercs are going to buy it if we come flying up in a ship with Alliance weapons damage. And if they slip away from us and get word back to Omega..."

"There is another way, Jacob," Garrus said. "I think Commander Rooker is on the right track. But instead of taking the risk of hijacking another ship, what if we just simply went and got one?"

Jacob gave Garrus a quizzical look. "And how exactly are we supposed to do that?"

"Well, I thought maybe we might pay a visit to an old mutual friend of ours," Garrus responded. "Somebody who just might have the sort of connections that could get us a ship without too many acts of piracy involved."

"You mean... but didn't he retire not that long ago?" Tali asked.

Garrus nodded. "Yeah, but I'm sure he still knows people. People who might owe him a favor and would be willing to part with a ship long enough for us to sneak into Omega with it. I mean, it's just as dicey as Rooker's ambush plan, but we can always fall back on that if our old comrade can't procure us a ship."

Jacob rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "You may have a point, Garrus."

"Uh, anybody wanna fill me in on who we're talking about, here?" Vega said. "Think this musta been before my time or something."

Ignoring Vega's question, Jacob leaned forward onto the conference table. He hated that he was forced into this position. Garrus's plan was the best one they had at the moment, but it would force them to leave the Omega Nebula behind. Not only leaving Omega in the hands of its evil new ruler, but leaving their friends in the clutches of Cerberus as well.

He thought about Kasumi, who has been so willing to put herself at risk to help carry out the mission. And now here he was, about to turn tail and run out on her. But as much as it hurt him, Jacob couldn't come up with any better options. To get to Cerberus, they had to take down the drones. And to take down the drones, they had to get onto Omega. And to get onto Omega... they needed that ship.

"Joker," Jacob finally announced over the comms. "Set a course for the Crescent Nebula."

*And let's just hope that old bastard has a few strings to pull for us,* he thought to himself.
It was all so... pink.

Ash took a look around at her surroundings from the cruddy mat that had lain on the floor by the foot of Morgan's bed. A bed covered by a frilly pink-and-white striped bed cover, and with huge fluffy pillows decorated with the smiling faces of happy pop starlets. In contrast, Morgan's bitch got the pleasure of sleeping on a slightly padded floor mat, with a rough brown blanket and a sad little sack of feathers that could generously be called a "pillow."

Part of Ash – a part that had gotten louder since Morgan had dropped Ash off in her quarters on her way to the big welcoming party for "Shepard" – wanted to pick herself up off this uncomfortable floor mat and allow herself a few minutes of rest in the extremely comfortable looking bed. But both parts of her splintered mind agreed that it wasn't a good idea: the Old Ash because she feared that Morgan would notice the slightest disturbance of her frilly pretty bedclothes, and the New Ash because she didn't dare do anything with the mistress's permission.

The girly bedcovers were a good match for the rest of the quarters. Just like in Morgan's security office, posters of various teen pop idols and famous young movie actresses covered the walls. Along with photographs of Morgan, her Cerberus comrades, and various dead-eyed and naked women forced into humiliating positions. On one wall, Ashley noticed something she hadn't upon first arriving: an old-fashioned bulletin board, with several pieces of cloth pinned to it. It took a second for Ash to realize that the garments were panties, and after looking more closely recognized her own grey cotton undergarments had, at some point, been pinned up onto the board as well.

*Just another in a long line of conquests*, the Old Ash thought to herself. Once, this might have been a cause for fear, of wondering how long it would be before a new set of stolen panties would be pinned up alongside hers. But the New Ash saw it more as an encouragement to keep pleasing her Mistress. *If we keep making her happy, keep sucking her cock whenever she asks us to, then I bet the day is gonna come that our panties will be the only ones on that board.*

A noble goal, indeed. Standing up, Ash stretched out her legs as she walked around the quarters. In a corner of the room, a music player cycled through a selection of dancey pop hits. Lots of young cooing women making coyly innocent references to "giving it to me good" and asking the male listeners of their songs to "show me what you're made of, boy." Hearing the pounding bass beats behind a lot of the songs, Ash guessed that she was going to have to get used to taking a cock up her ass to the driving rhythm of that bass fairly quickly.

And of course, the New Ash was giddy at the thought of it.

Despite all the strangely juvenile furnishings, there were still signs in the spacious living quarters that the occupant wasn't a teenage girl with only slightly veiled lesbian cravings. Just like Vega back on the Normandy, Morgan had a wide range of work-out equipment in her room. Barbells, a heavy bag, and a workout bench were carefully arranged in one corner of the room. And of course, a full-length mirror nearby for Morgan to admire the results of all her hard work. In another corner, a small dining area with a two-seat table and a refrigerator that, despite the gnawing feeling starting to grow in Ash's stomach, she didn't dare consider opening. The refrigerator was decorated with magnets depicting more of Morgan's girly objects of affection, but then Ash noticed something unusual.
It was a crude drawing, with basic stick figures and rudimentary handwriting. A line of smiling people with names helpfully scrawled at the top: "DAD" "MOM" "TRISTAN" "MYA" "JEANNIE"

And right next to one of the smaller stick figures, labelled "ME," was a figure that towered over the rest of the smiling family, with massive bulky stick arms and legs. And above it, written in pink lettering to match its subject's preferred color, was "AUNTIE MORGAN."

"Fuck," Ash muttered to herself. Did this crazy bitch have a sister? Or did she actually manage to charm her way into some poor, unsuspecting family's affections? The thought of either was scary as hell.

From behind her, she heard the main entrance open. Immediately, almost on instinct, she turned around and dropped down to her knees. Morgan was grinning as she stepped into her quarters. "I'm back, bitch," she cheerfully announced.

After a few moments of freedom, the Old Ash was quickly banished back to the depths of her mind. "Welcome back, mistress," the New Ash said from her spot on the floor. As Morgan approached, Ash noticed with happiness that her mistress was carrying a tray. It was why she loved the mistress so much: she was always looking after her bitch so thoughtfully.

Morgan handed the tray down to Ash, revealing a bowl of salad. "Thought my bitch might be hungry," Morgan said. "Enjoy some home-grown Cerberus greens. If you thought those suit-rats were good at growing their own food in space, we've got them beat six ways from Sunday."

Ash looked down at the salad, staring at it in mild distaste. Then she glanced back up into Morgan's eyes. Down at Morgan's crotch, and then back up to her eyes. She didn't dare to speak without the mistress's permission, but she hoped that Morgan took her suggestion.

Her mistress was smart, of course, and understood almost immediately. "Oh, okay, bitch," she said with a patient smile. Undoing her uniform pants, she pulled out her flaccid cock and started stroking. Silently, Ash worked her way forward on her knees, and held her hand up in a wordless offer. "That's my good bitch," Morgan said affectionately, removing her hand to allow Ash to take over the process of jerking her off.

Licking her lips in anticipation, Ash smoothly worked her hand up and down Morgan's now hard and thick length, while pointing the head of her prick towards the salad balanced in Ash's other hand. By now, Ash had gotten quite skillful at getting her mistress off, and it wasn't long before Morgan grunted, and a spray of cum shot out of her cock all over the lettuce, cucumbers, and other ingredients in the now-perfect salad. By the time Ash was done pleasuring her mistress, almost every inch of the top of the salad was soaked with cum. Seeing one last drop clinging to the head of Morgan's now-shrinking prick, Ash quickly leaned forward and eagerly lapped it up with a smile.

"Naughty girl," Morgan said, while tucking herself away. "You can go ahead and eat at the table if you like. Better than you go messing up my good floors."

"Thank you, mistress," Ash said, carrying her tray over to the table and settling her naked ass into one of the chairs. Picking up the fork on the tray, she paused for just a second to push away the small cup of salad dressing that had been set aside the bowl. No need for that now, the New Ash thought, smiling as she took a heaping forkful of the cum-soaked salad and eagerly wolfed it down.
"How is it?" Morgan asked, watching with a smile as Ash chewed on the sticky vegetables.

Ash finished the bite in her mouth quickly to respond, "Delicious, mistress."

"Well, you enjoy that," Morgan said, as she worked open the fasteners on her Cerberus uniform shirt and pulled it off. "Because I've got a dinner date in a couple of hours." Seeing the surprised look on Ash's face, Morgan laughed. "Oh, don't you worry. You know that you're my one and only bitch. Nuria's just... just a friend."

Ash noticed the strange look that came to Morgan's face just then, but she decided to pay it no mind. If the mistress said that this Nuria woman was just a friend, then the New Ash believed her without hesitation.

"To be honest," Morgan said as she continued to disrobe, "I would love to take you over and show you off to her and her family. See what a good little trained bitch I have back home. But the folks over in the public section... they don't understand like we do. They don't get what a beautiful thing it is to find and break a bitch." Morgan let out a sigh at this terrible state of affairs. "Maybe someday, the galaxy will open up its eyes. Let go of all these old-fashioned ideas like 'love,' 'marriage,' and 'consensual sex' and be a much happier place to live. I suppose we can only dream, right, bitch?"

"Yes, mistress," Ash said, before putting another bite of cum salad into her mouth.

"But until then, I've got to keep you a secret," Morgan said, pulling off her bra and tossing it casually onto the floor. "At least from those pencil-necks over in the public section. But don't worry. I'll try not to stay away too long," she said as she yanked off her boots and unfastened her pants. "Wouldn't want my bitch to get too lonely, would I?"

"No, mistress," Ash responded, watching as Morgan stripped herself down to just her dark panties. Just as she was about ready to strip herself completely naked, Morgan's head snapped up at the sound of the door chime.

"Ah, what the fuck," Morgan muttered, striding over to the door. "Who the hell is that?"

Glancing over her shoulder, Ash watched as Morgan opened the door, apparently uncaring that she was barely dressed. At the other side of the door, the man with the orange mohawk from earlier took a step back in shock, but quickly adjusted as he kept his eyes focused on Morgan's face.

"Hey, did I catch you in the middle of something?" the weaselly-looking man said. Ash finally remembered the name he had given earlier: Bowers. "Was just hoping I could get a chance to check out your new bitch. Maybe take her for a test drive, you know?"

Morgan didn't answer right away, but finally stepped aside to allow her underling to enter. "Fine, but make it quick. I've got somewhere I need to be in a few hours," she said. "Bitch, finish up your food and let Bowers here get a good look at you."

Quickly, Ash wolfed down the last few bites of her meal. Wiping her mouth and licking up the cum that had dripped from between her lips, she rose to her feet to stand straight and rigid. An eager gleam in his eyes, Bowers walked over and immediately reached out to begin groping one of Ash's tits.

"Not bad, Morgan," Bowers said, grabbing Ash's breast roughly. "She's got some muscle on her.
"Must have been a fun one to break."

"Yeah, she gave me a bit of trouble in the beginning," Morgan said casually. "But now she's just the sweetest little fuck-toy. Aren't you, bitch?"

"Yes, mistress," Ash responded, as Bowers strolled around behind her and grabbed at her ass.

After a few seconds of gripping Ash's backside, Bowers's groping hand reached around her hips and found its way between Ash's legs. "Mmm, yeah, this is a nice one," he said, as his fingers forced their way into Ash's cunt. "I know a lot of the boys are looking forward to sticking it to that dark-skinned piece of ass the new girl is keeping at her place, but I like my ladies with a little more... meat."

"You going to play with it all night, Bowers, or you going to get on with it?" Morgan said, aggravated. "I still have to get showered and dressed for tonight, so get your fucking rocks off already and get the fuck out."

This brought a laugh from Bowers. "Aw, Morgan. You know you can't rush a good thing like this," he said. Regardless, he did move to stand in front of Ash, while placing a firm hand on her shoulder and pressing her down to her knees. Ash waited patiently while Bowers unfastened his pants and pulled out his cock. Comparing it to the mistress's was like comparing an inchworm to an anaconda, but Ash was an obedient bitch nonetheless, and she immediately took the base of Bowers's cock in her hand before wrapping her lips around it and starting to suck him off.

"What the hell are you even doing here anyway?" Morgan said, yanking off her panties as she made her way back to the bathroom. "Figured you and your boys would be entertaining yourselves with the new prisoners."

Bowers made an annoyed sound, while reaching down to guide Ash's bobbing head on his cock. "Ah, the doc says that these ones are special somehow. Said he didn't want us 'tainting the experimental data' or something like that. Guess that shit you guys fetched from the Citadel is going to let him finally finish off those crazy drugs he's always ranting about."

Morgan sighed. "Breaking women into submission with drugs," she said. "Honestly, where's the fun in that?"

"Yeah, well, Henny says it's gonna be worth the wait. That once he's done with them those cunts they're not just gonna be willing to spread their legs for anyone, they're gonna be begging for cock," Bowers said. "And after having nobody to fuck but that cold fish Delaana for the past few months, I'm looking forward to seeing what he comes up with."

Tapping Ash on the head, he looked down at her with a leering grin. "Time to bend over for me, bitch," he instructed her.

"Yes, sir," Ash said. Rising up to her feet, she turned her back to Bowers and bent herself over to a 90 degree angle. Just as she felt Bowers's hands start to grip onto her waist, Morgan's voice called out.

"Hey, fuckface!" she exclaimed. "Don't fucking forget: only in her ass."

Bowers waved a hand at her. "Yeah, yeah, I gotcha," he said. Ash felt something poking into her backside, and thought for a second that Bowers was working a finger into her ass before realizing that it was actually his cock. After taking her mistress's giant prick for the last few weeks, Bowers's cock barely even registered.
"I'm gonna go have a shower," Morgan said as Bowers grunted and thrust into Ash. "You be good
to my bitch while I'm getting cleaned up."

"I'll treat her like my very own," Bowers solemnly stated, while his hips slapped against Ash's ass.

Ash stared straight ahead as Bowers fucked her. In another lifetime, she might have felt disgusted
by her current state. Or enraged by the filthy asshole using her like his personal fuck doll. But right
now, the New Ash just felt... bored. She wished it was her mistress fucking her right now, and not
this grunting little weasel. Nonetheless, her job was to do as the mistress commanded, and so she
made a show of moaning and sighing as Bowers shoved his cock up her ass over and over again.

"Fuck," she heard Bowers gasp after several minutes of clumsy humping. "Morgan has this ass of
yours so damn loose. Barely even feel it." She felt his cock pop out of her asshole, and then felt the
telltale rubbing of the head of his prick against her pussy lips. "Crazy bitch doesn't need to know
about this, does she?" he said with a quiet laugh, as he thrust himself into Ash's pussy.

Ash wasn't sure what to do. The mistress was clear that she wanted Bowers to take Ash's ass. But
Ash was supposed to please the mistress's friends in any way they wanted. The New Ash was
about ready to call out to her mistress, but then out of nowhere the Old Ash pushed herself
forcefully into their shared consciousness.

If he cums inside you... he might get you pregnant, the Old Ash thought. And if he gets you
pregnant, then Henneman will get you out of this. He doesn't need to know that it wasn't Morgan's
cum that knocked you up.

The New Ash reacted to this thought with sheer panic. The thought of being taken away from the
mistress was like having her very soul ripped away. But the Old Ash refused to relinquish control,
and soon she was enthusiastically humping back against Bowers's cock. "That's it," she huskily
moaned after several minutes of Bowers taking her cunt. "Fuck me harder. Spill all your cum
inside me."

The words seemed to snap Bowers out of his carnal trance for a moment. "Shit, no," he whispered,
even as he continued thrusting. "I can't cum in you, bitch. She'll..."

"Please," the Old Ash moaned. "Cum inside me, quick. She'll never know. I'll make sure she never
knows. Just hurry. I want your cum inside me, now!"

it. Gonna fill you up with all my cum, bitch. Gonna..."

From the distance, Ash heard her voice. "Hey, almost forgot," Morgan asked from the bathroom
door. "Did you get my message about..." She paused. "Hey. Hey, are you..."

"Almost done," Bowers moaned. "Just give me a second more and..."

"Fucking... fuck!" Ash heard Morgan snarl. Before she even knew what was happening, she felt
Bowers's cock being abruptly yanked away from her pussy. Straightening herself up, Ash saw a
naked Morgan slam Bowers against the wall of her quarters, one hand wrapped around his throat
and lifting him up off his feet.

"What did I say?" Morgan snarled. "One fucking thing I asked you to do, and you couldn't fucking
do it! You think I want you to knock my bitch up? Think I want her to get all fat and then pop out a kid with your ugly fucking face?"

Bowers choked and gasped for breath. Ash glanced down to see his cock jerking and dribbling cum down onto the floor. Even with her desperate plan ending in failure, the Old Ash couldn't help but laugh a little to herself as she watched the pathetic weasel with the stupid mohawk struggle to breathe. a puddle of cum under his dangling feet. *Don't feel too bad, Bowers. I've heard some guys are really into that erotic choking shit,* the Old Ash thought.

"Goddamn you people," Morgan said, before releasing her grip on Bowers's neck and letting him fall gasping to the floor. Walking over to her kitchen area, she grabbed a small hand towel and flung it at Bowers. "Clean up your fucking mess and get out of here. And you better not show your face around here asking for use of my bitch again until I'm sure I can trust you." As Morgan watched Bowers obediently mop up his own cum, she added. "Oh, and as a matter of fact, I better not seeing you bugging Kelly to use her bitch either. Since you obviously don't know how to show a mistress and her bitch the proper respect. Go stick your dick in that limp asari of yours if jerking it yourself isn't enough for you."

Finishing up his cleaning task, Bowers quickly refastened his pants and beat a hasty retreat out of the room. Morgan watched him go with a look of pure disgust. "Honestly, some people. No respect for the rules, am I right?"

"Yes, mistress," Ash said. After her old self's brief resurgence, the New and improved Ash was back in charge. And as far as the New Ash was concerned, her mistress was always right.

"Sorry about that, bitch," Morgan said softly. "Tell you what: I'll see if I can sneak you away something nice tonight. Nuria makes these amazing pastries with the synthetic bread rations we have here. I'll grab one just for my special little bitch."

Ash nodded. "Thank you, mistress."

"I gotta get going," Morgan said. "Fuckface Bowers and his bullshit are gonna make me run late." Morgan dashed back into the bathroom, and Ash stood and waited, hearing the shower turn on for several minutes. After that, Ash heard Morgan cursing to herself and the sound of cloth rustling.

Eventually, Morgan reemerged from the bathroom. Ash's eyes went wide as she saw her mistress. She was dressed in a gorgeous black dress, the shiny fabric clinging to her muscular curves. Her long blond hair was tied up in a high ponytail, and she had applied a generous amount of eyeshadow and lipstick to her normally unpainted face.

"Well?" Morgan asked, spinning herself in a circle. "How do I look?"

"You look... beautiful, mistress," Ash said.

Morgan gave her a bashful smile. "You mean it? You're not just saying that because I broke your will and turned you into my mindlessly obedient fuck-toy, are you?"

"No, mistress," Ash said. "I think you look absolutely amazing." The words came so easily to Ash that it was with some surprise that all of her – even that part of her calling itself the Old Ash – was telling the absolute truth.
"Aw, you're just the sweetest little bitch," Morgan said. "Maybe when I come back, I'll have
another treat for you besides Nuria's cooking," she said, grabbing at the crotch of her dress and
cocking an eyebrow.

Ash glanced down at the floor, smiling to herself at the thought. "Thank you, mistress."

"Shit, I better get out of here, before staring at your pretty little ass starts making me poke out of
these lacy panties I'm wearing," Morgan said. "After all, my bitch's favorite toy is another thing
those nerds over in the public section don't know about. Well... most of them don't," she added,
then quickly shook her head and made her way to the door. "Might want to take a nap while I'm
gone, bitch. I've got a feeling I'm going to be putting you to work when I get back."

Ash watched as the door to Morgan's quarters slid shut and locked behind her. Now alone, she
stood for a few seconds in the same spot, not sure what to do next without the mistress there to
direct her.

Eventually, her eyes caught the salad bowl still on the dining table. In her haste to finish and
service Bowers, she had left a few bits of the salad behind. Along with a good portion of Morgan's
special dressing.

Walking over to the table, Ash picked up the bowl, smiled to herself, and then brought it up to her
mouth to start licking.
Part 4: Dejection; Deception; Defection (Adamanthea Station, Restricted Section, Holding Cells)

Delaana took one last look through the forcefield at the area outside of the cellblock. "Alright. Think we're clear."

Kasumi watched the asari from her bunk in fascination. It had been some time since her new cellmate had claimed to have a plan to free them all. Immediately after that, however, some of the Cerberus guards had approached the cell, leering and taunting the women inside about all the disgusting things they were going to do to them. Kasumi had tried her best to block it all out, but the thought of what was to come for her and her friends over the course of their captivity sent a shiver down her spine.

Sitting back down on the bunk across from Kasumi, Delaana leaned in close enough to talk softly. "Okay, the folks they brought you in with? We got any more biotics on the team?"

Kasumi nodded immediately. "Yeah. Pretty powerful ones, too. The things I've seen Jack and Samara do are..."

"Yeah, yeah, I'm not looking for names. Give me numbers," Delaana interrupted her.

Counting on her fingers, Kasumi finally said, "Seven in all. Pretty much all of them except for Miranda's sister, I think."

"Shit, this is going to be easier than I thought," Delaana said with an eager smile. "Alright, here's what we're going to do. We..."

"Wait!" Kasumi said, glancing up at the ceiling. "You sure they can't hear us?"

Delaana shook her head. "They can't." When Kasumi started to protest, Delaana held up her hand. "We'll get to that. First things first. You see my stack of books over there?"

Kasumi looked at the small pile of old-fashioned paper books near the cell's forcefield. "Yeah. What about them?"

"Don't look too close, but that one all the way at the bottom with the red cover... has a knife hidden in it," Delaana said. "When those dumbasses finally went to my old ship and brought me some of my books, I guess they didn't think to take a look inside them first. I always kept a backup weapon hidden in a fake book, just in case. Lucky me, they happened to grab that particular one."

Kasumi immediately looked away from the stack, not wanting to draw suspicion from anyone watching on the camera. "You've had a knife all this time? Why haven't you tried to use it?"

Delaana's shoulders slumped. "These idiots may have gotten sloppy over the years, but they know better than to ever come fetch me alone. It's always at least two of them, and usually more. And by myself, even if I managed to get in a good slice at one of them, one of his buddies would be able to take me out before I could get too far." She pointed at Kasumi. "But now that you're here, I've got somebody to watch my back."

"So, what's the plan? You take one of them out with a knife and I..."
Delaana shook her head. "Nuh uh. I'm not the one who's going to be using the knife. You are. I've got other defenses. You ever heard of an Ardat-Yakshi?"

"Sure, Shepard and Samara ki..." Kasumi started to say, then realized what she was saying and quickly stopped herself. "I mean, we've run across one of them in the past."

"So you know what we're capable of," Delaana said. "I'm not on the top of the spectrum, but a meld with me should be enough to knock any one of those bastards right on their ass." She pointed over at the forcefield door. "So here's the play. Next time they come for us, we take a look and see how many there are. If it's three or more of them..." Delaana shrugged. "Well, remember what I said about going limp, because whatever they plan to do to the two of us, they're going to do."

Kasumi shuddered. "But if it's just two of them?"

"Then that's when we make our move," Delaana said, her voice steely and determined. "Once the forcefield is down, I'll leave the cell first. The second you see me lay hands on one of them, you get that knife out of my book pile and stick it to the other one. By the time you've gutted the fucker, I should have the other one knocked out on the floor."

Kasumi considered Delaana's plan, then frowned. "So, we take out the guards. What then? Just the two of us against an entire base of Cerberus soldiers?"

"Let me finish, human," Delaana. "Because it isn't just going to be the two of us. It's going to be all your buddies as well. You asked before about how I knew nobody was listening?" Kasumi nodded, and Delaana gave her a cocky smile. "A while back, not long after those bastards shoved me in here, I was outside of my cell when Bowers deactivated the forcefield on one of the other cells. Grabbing one of the other prisoners for a little extra fun."

Kasumi shuddered, not wanting to think about what Bowers and his comrades considered fun.

"Anyway, the code for the cell door back then was 4827," Delaana continued. "Since then, I've tried to keep an eye out for whenever they would open one of the other cells on the block. Turns out the code for all of the cells is 4827. And as far as I can tell, for the past three years they've never bothered to change the codes."

Kasumi gave Delaana a confused look. "But what does that have to do with whether or not they're listening to us?"

Delaana shot a quick glance up at the camera, then back to Kasumi. "Because not too long after I figured the cell combinations out, I spent an entire day repeating the code out loud, over and over again in my cell. '4827. 4827. 4827.' The only time I stopped was when Bowers or one of his boys were actually in the cellblock in person. And the moment they left, I'd start again. '4827. 4827.' I'm pretty sure that if somebody had been listening in, they would have thought to change the combination on the cells as a precaution. But the next time I saw one of them deactivate a forcefield after that... sure enough, 4827. So once we take out the guards, we'll be able to open up all of the other cells and free your friends."

"So we get the cells open, and then?" Kasumi asked. "Instead of two of us unarmed and naked against a bunch of Cerberus guards, it'll be ten of us. Still not sure I like the odds."

"Unarmed? I don't think so," Delaana said. Reaching up, she tapped a finger against the biotic
inhibitor around her neck. "Most folks think these things are inescapable. That unless you've got the key, the only way to get them off is to hack them off. But here's the thing: I spent quite a few decades as a fugitive Ardat-Yakshi. Always on the run from justicars ready to tie me up and toss me into a goddamn monastery for the rest of my life. And you know the first thing a justicar does when she's got you? She slaps one of these around your neck. So, if you want to survive long as an Ardat-Yakshi on the run, the first thing you learn is how to pop one of these babies off without a key."

Kasumi thought about all of her friends in their cells. Nearly all of them biotics. "You really can get the collars off?"

"In my sleep, pet," Delaana said with a cocky smirk. "Of course, you need something sharp to do it with. Like, say, a knife hidden in a book. So once we've taken out the guards, it shouldn't take me long to get off a few of your friends' collars. And if they're as powerful as you say they are, we should give those Cerberus bastards one hell of a fight."

Seeing the dubious look on Kasumi's face, Delaana continued. "Look, if you're still not convinced... when me and my team took this place the last time, we found the station's armory. Pretty sure I still remember where it is, too. So while us biotics hold up our barriers and keep Cerberus from shooting us full of holes, we can get to the armory and load up with enough weapons to really deal with these assholes. I'm not gonna guarantee that all of us are going to make it out of this. But I think we've got a damn shot. And it's damn sure a better plan than sitting around here for another few years hoping that somebody else comes along to spring us."

Kasumi was ready to say more, but just then the door into the cellblock slid open. Delaana and Kasumi both watched as Roth and Okoru stepped into the room. As the door slid shut behind them, Kasumi tensed. Two of them. And they were heading straight for Kasumi and Delaana's cell.

"Look, you're either with me or you're not," Delaana quickly whispered to Kasumi as the two men approached. "I'm making my move either way, so you can either back my play, or sit on your ass and watch those bastards fuck me over."

A surge of adrenaline rushed through Kasumi. It was a dicey plan, with questionable chances of success. But as Delaana said, the alternative was to sit around and let Cerberus use her and the rest of them as their playthings for God knew how long.

Making her decision, Kasumi nodded at Delaana. "I'm with you." Taking a deep breath, she turned to look at the forcefield holding them in their cell, as the two Cerberus guards approached.

Well, Keiji... if this doesn't work out, I guess I'll be seeing you soon.
"No, don't do it! They already planned for that attack!"

Ignoring the warning from Mya, Tristan piloted his level 3 Power Blaster mech into Desolation Valley. Only to be met by an onslaught of fire from the opposing team's defense towers, which tore away his mech's hit points and left it a smoking hunk of metal.

*GAME POINT! RED TEAM WINS!* the vidscreen proclaimed, as the latest match of the Power Blasters video game came to a finish.

"Alright!" Morgan exclaimed, reaching down from her seat on the couch to hold out her hand to Sarah. "Don't screw with Team Red!"

Sitting cross-legged on the floor next to her siblings, Sarah slapped Morgan's hand with a grin, only to quickly find her game controller snatched out of her hand while she was distracted. "Hey!" she protested.

"I wanna play on Morgan's team next!" Jeannie exclaimed, pressing start on Sarah's controller to begin the next round.

"Nuh unh, it was my turn next!" Mya loudly proclaimed. "You should have to play with Tristan. Help him actually win for once."

Tristan stuck out his tongue. "Bite me," he snapped at his sister.

"Hey, now!" Morgan said, waving a finger at Tristan. "You keep being a meanie like that to your sister, and you don't get to play at all. How about that?"

"Fine," Tristan said, sulking. "But I get to be on Morgan's team next round."

"No cutting!" Mya snapped. "I was supposed to..."

"Hey, kids," Nuria said, coming over and leaning over the back of the couch to see her children on the floor. "Why don't you let Morgan have a break and play with each other for a while?" Looking over at Morgan with a serious expression, she added, "The grown-ups need to talk for a bit."

Jeannie sighed. "Aw, mom! Can't we just play one more round? Auntie Morgan can talk to you after that."

"Ah, my good luck streak is probably going to give out soon, anyway," Morgan said, handing her controller to Sarah. "You kids have fun. I'll be back soon, promise."

The kids seemed disappointed, but quickly returned to their game as Morgan stood up from the couch. By the time she had walked over with Nuria to the dining area, they had already started loudly arguing and trash-talking with each other.

"Glad to see they're enjoying the game," Morgan said to Nuria. "Hey, maybe next time I come over, I'll bring the old PS12 I found gathering dust in the restricted section. I know the kids these days hate that retro stuff, but there's some fun games on there."
Nuria nodded with a smile. "Morgan, could we talk for a second?"

Morgan gave Nuria a quizzical look. "Talking now, ain't we?"

"I mean... in private," Nuria said. "Could you come with me to the bedroom for a second?"

A hesitant look came to Morgan's face. "Uh... yeah, I guess." She shot a glance over at the kids playing in the living room. "If it's just to talk, I guess that's fine."

"Just to talk, I promise," Nuria said, before leading Morgan down the hallway to the bedroom door. Nuria waited for Morgan to get into the room before shutting the door and locking it behind them.

"Okay, look," Morgan started rapidly talking as soon as the door was shut. "I'm pretty sure I already know what this is about, so let me just say my piece first. And don't take this the wrong way, but what happened in this room before I left to pick up Shepard... hey, we were both drunk, it was a crazy night. But I think we should put it behind us, you know? I mean, you've got your husband and all, and I've gotten a bitc... I mean, a bit of a girlfriend since then. So probably best that we just leave what happened two months ago in the past and just chalk it up as..."

"Morgan," Nuria said, then repeated her name again until Morgan finally stopped talking. Taking a deep breath, she spoke again. "I'm pregnant."

Morgan, for once in her life, was briefly speechless. "That's..." she finally managed to get out. "You're sure?"

Nuria nodded. "Yes, I'm sure," she said, adding a pause before adding, "Two months now."

"H..hey, good for you," Morgan said quickly. "I mean, with you and Dr. Crosse already having four, I imagine a fifth is going to be a handful, but if that's what you..."

"You're not hearing me, Morgan," Nuria said. "After we had Tristan, Markus and I decided we didn't want any more children. And he had a procedure to make sure we didn't."

Rubbing at her shoulder, Morgan glanced around the bedroom. "So... what? Those procedures aren't always fool-proof, you know. Could be maybe you need to pay a visit to the doc and make sure that..."

Sighing, Nuria rubbed at her temples. "Morgan, back when you left... hell, even before then, me and Markus were having some issues. We weren't even talking all that much, let alone having sex. And before you ask, no. I wasn't with anyone else in that time. Anyone else... besides you."

"But that's... that ain't fucking possible," Morgan exclaimed, the friendly mask she put up when she was in the public section slipping for a moment. "The doc I went to when I had the operation, he told me that it was shooting blanks. That I wasn't producing any live sperm."

A smile slipped onto Nuria's face. "Well, I think you better get your credits back, Morgan. Because right now we've got some mighty big evidence to the contrary."

"Dammit, this isn't funny!" Morgan said, face twisted in anger. "All this time I thought I was..."

"Shhhh!" Nuria quickly said softly, laying a hand on Morgan's shoulder. "Keep your voice down. I
don't want to upset the kids." Once Morgan had calmed down, Nuria took a deep breath. "Look, in case you're worried... I'm not going to keep it. Tomorrow I'm going to head over to the labs and bring home some drugs that will take care of the matter. The pregnancy is still early enough that it shouldn't take more than a dose or two to... terminate it. Nobody will ever know about this whole thing except the two of us, I swear."

"Oh," Morgan said, the words working to calm her down. "That's good. But why haven't you already..."

"Because I wanted to let you know first," Nuria said. "As the – for lack of a better word – father of this child, I figured you should have a say in this matter. So, if you have no objection..."

Morgan let out her breath. "Oh, hell, no. None at all. Take care of it however you want to, Nuria." Wiping a hand across her forehead, she laughed. "Well, then. Glad that's settled. We'll just put this behind us and things can go back to normal, right?" She pointed a thumb at the door behind her with a sheepish grin. "Hey, I know it's getting late, but if you don't mind I might go team up with Tristan and stop his sisters from beating him too badly at Power Blasters. You know how sulky he gets when..."

"Morgan," Nuria said, and Morgan instantly stopped talking when she heard the tremble in her voice. "That isn't all I wanted to say. I... this whole thing has been a wake-up call for me. Me and Markus... our marriage hasn't always been the best. But he stood by me when I decided to join Cerberus. He wasn't chipped like me. He had no reason to come along, but he took the risk because... he loved me. And how did I reward that? By fooling around on him behind his back." Shaking her head, Nuria sniffled. "I need to... need to do what's right for him, and the kids. I need..." Nuria stared down at the floor, as tears started trickling down her cheeks.

"Hey, hey," Morgan said, moving forward to lay hands on Nuria's shoulders. "You made a mistake, okay? We both did. But you'll get through this. And if there's anything I can do to help, you know I'll be right here for you."

"You're really serious about that?" Nuria said, as she struggled to regain control of her emotions. "You'll do whatever I ask you to?"

Morgan quickly nodded. "Whatever you need," she said, then chuckled. "Good old Auntie Morgan, she's everybody's best friend."

Wiping at her cheeks, Nuria drew a shuddering breath and looked up at the much taller woman in front of her. "I need you... to leave."

Morgan stared at Nuria, her meaty hands slipping off the other woman's slim shoulders. "You want me to leave?"

"Yes, Morgan," Nuria said. "I need to make it work with Markus. I want to do right by my family. And to do that... I can't have you hanging around here anymore. This whole pregnancy scare opened my eyes to a lot of things. A lot of mistakes I've made. And to have you spending time in my home, while I'm trying to make things better... look, you're great with the kids. And maybe someday, once things between me and Markus are straightened out, it can be different. But right now... right now I need you to go away for a while."

Morgan breathed deeply, staring at Nuria without a word to say. Behind them, muffled through the closed door, the kids in the living room could be heard trading taunts as their game continued.
"You're angry with me," Nuria said after a long awkward pause. "I accept that. But it..."

"No, no, no," Morgan said quickly. "I understand why you... why this has to happen." She forced a smile to her face. "Believe me, Nuria. I'm definitely not angry at you."

Nuria relaxed slightly. "I'm glad. I don't want you to think that I'm blaming you for what happened. I know that you're a good person, and you would never want to do anything to hurt me and my family. This was my mistake, and I'm going to take care of it. But if I'm going to do that, I need you out of the picture for now."

"Okay," Morgan said. "Look, I'm fine with this, I really am. But the kids. What are we going to tell them when they ask why I'm not..." Morgan was surprised to feel her words hitch in her throat. She coughed and finished. "Why I'm not going to be around anymore."

Nuria gave her a sad smile. "You're so good with them, Morgan. I'm sure you'll find a way to break it to them gently."

"Yeah, I'm Miss Sensitivity," Morgan said sarcastically, but then quickly softened her tone. "Okay, I'll talk to them." Sighing, she turned to the door. "Guess there's no point in delaying things. Like taking off a bandage, right? Quicker you get it over with, the better."

"Morgan, wait," Nuria said. Morgan quickly turned back around, a hopeful expression on her face. "Earlier you said that... you have a girlfriend now?"

Morgan stared at Nuria for a moment, then she recalled. "Oh, right. Yeah, I met her while we were out picking up Shepard."

Nuria smiled at Morgan. "What's she like? If you don't mind me asking."

"She's..." Morgan struggled for the words. "She's perfect. I've had a lot of girls before, but I really think this one might be the one. I've never been happier with a... a girlfriend than I have been with her."

"I'm happy for you," Nuria said. "You deserve somebody good to spend your life with." Nuria started to head for the door, then paused. "Oh, and in case you were worried... your secret is safe with me. Not that I could have told anyone without revealing what happened that night, but nobody else knows about... that besides me." "Yeah, thanks," Morgan said. A smile slipped onto her face. "Still... that was one hell of a night, right? When you were on your knees getting my pants off and that massive thing popped out into your face? I swear, the look in your eyes when you started to suck..." Seeing the expression on Nuria's face, Morgan sighed and stopped herself. "Right. All a big mistake. Putting it behind us. Guess it's shit like that is why I can't hang around here anymore, huh?"

Nuria sniffled. "Morgan, I'm so sorry," she said. "All of this is my fault."

"Nah, it takes two to tango, Nuria," Morgan quickly said. "I shoulna thought about that man of yours that night instead of just thinking about getting my rocks off. I'm as much to blame as you."

Unlocking the door, Morgan steeled herself before walking back down the hallway to the living area. Jeannie looked up from the game to smile at Morgan as she arrived. "Auntie Morgan, you
shoulda seen it!" she proudly proclaimed. "Me and Tristan got a perfect win against Sarah and Mya! We got right through their defenses and then BAM!" Turning to her brother, Jeannie actually favored her normally despised younger sibling with a high-five.

"That's... that's great, Jeannie," Morgan said. Walking over to the couch, she sat down. "Hey, could you all pause the game for a second? Something I need to talk to you about."

"Aw, we're almost finished," Mya said. "Just a few more seconds and..."

Jeannie shot her younger sister a ferocious look. "Hey, don't be a brat! Morgan wants to say something!" Hitting the pause button on her controller, she turned on the rug to face Morgan, and her siblings followed suit.

Taking a deep breath, Morgan leaned forward onto her legs to look down at the kids. "So, here's the thing. You kids all saw Commander Shepard when she was over here, right?"

The kids all nodded and beamed out adorable smiles. "Yeah, she's awesome!" Sarah proclaimed. "The coolest lady ever!" Jeannie said, then quickly added. "Well, besides you, Auntie Morgan."

"Her breath caught in her throat, and Morgan clenched her fists tight. "Yeah, you're right. She's pretty cool. And somebody cool like that needs somebody just as cool to watch her back, don't you think?" The kids all looked a bit confused, but nodded to Morgan. "Well, guess what? That's gonna be me. I'm going to be keeping a watch on Shepard from here on out. Making sure no aliens or any other bad guys can even lay a finger on her."

"Wow, are you gonna have a gun?" Tristan said. "That'd be...ow!" he yelled out, as Jeannie punched him on the shoulder.

"Auntie Morgan doesn't need a gun, dummy!" Jeannie said. "She's so big and strong, she could beat up anybody with just her bare hands! Right, Auntie Morgan?"

Morgan laughed, and forgot for a moment the hard task ahead of her as she flexed her arm muscles. "Yeah, these babies could probably take down a Reaper if they ever showed their faces again." The smile on her face slipped away as she continued. "But here's the thing, kids. Shepard's going to be needing me to watch her back pretty much all the time. Bad guys don't ever sleep, after all, and so neither can I. But what that means is..." She winced, struggling to keep her emotions under control in front of the kids. "What it means is that we won't be able to hang out as much anymore."

The kids all looked at each other, and Morgan's heart ached to see the disappointment on their faces. "You... you're still gonna come to our play tomorrow, right?" Mya asked.

"Yeah, me and Mya have the lead roles," Sarah chimed in. "Everybody in our class and all their parents are gonna be there. We thought that, since you came back, you were gonna be there too."

Morgan smiled sadly. "I wish I could, girls. I really do. But I think Shepard's gonna be keeping me pretty busy for a good long while."

"Maybe..." Jeannie said, starting to sniffle a little. "Maybe if we asked Shepard to give you a permission slip or something. If we said 'please' and asked real nice, maybe she might let you come then."
"Kids, please," Morgan said. "Shepard's a really important lady with a lot of things on her mind. And if you go around pestering her she may never let me come see any of you ever again. And you wouldn't want that, would you?"

The kids, all of them looking heart-broken, nonetheless shook their heads.

"Okay, so... I need to get going now," Morgan said, reluctantly standing up. "Lots of things to do tomorrow to help out Shepard. But you kids be good. And hey, it's not like I'm leaving the station completely or anything. I'll still see you in the halls sometimes, I'm sure. I just... I just won't be able to hang out for long."

"I hate Shepard," Jeannie said, sniffling and wiping at her eyes. "She wants to have Auntie Morgan all to herself. She's mean."

Morgan sighed. "Now, don't start with that." She looked over her shoulder at Nuria, who had composed herself while Morgan had talked with the kids and just now emerged from the bedroom. "I'm going to be sending messages to your mother every so often. Making sure that you're all still being good while I'm not around. And if you keep being good kids, and don't give your mom and dad too much trouble... then maybe once Shepard has things under control and she doesn't need me as much, I'll be able to find some time to come over. You think you can do that for me?"

The kids all quickly agreed. "Yeah, we'll be good! Promise! We won't ever be bad again!"

Smiling down at them, Morgan struggled to make herself start to head for the door. "I'm trusting you now, kids. Keep being on your best behavior while I'm busy. I don't want to hear anything bad from your mother while I'm gone."

"We'll be good!" Tristan promised.

"Come back as soon as you can!" Sarah called out.

"We'll miss you, Auntie Morgan!" Mya said.

Jeannie said nothing, simply staring at the floor and trying not to let Morgan see her crying.

Morgan felt herself near to breaking, but kept a smile on her face as she walked backwards to the door. "And Auntie Morgan will miss you too," she said. Turning to Nuria, she said, "Dinner was really good, Nuria. Thanks for... having me over."

"Thank you, Morgan," Nuria said, smiling sadly. "I'll see you around."

"Yeah, seeya," Morgan said, and stepped out of the cabin door before she lost her composure completely.

* * *

Bored with Ruben still off in his secret lab, Brynn had decided to take a walk. Even though "day" and "night" were meaningless concepts in the depths of space, the station still operated on galactic standard time for simplicity's sake, so most of the scientists and other workers on Adamanthea Station were in their private quarters at the moment.

As a result, the hallways of the station were eerily silent. But Brynn paid it no mind, still feeling
the buzz of her last session of lovemaking with Ruben. God, it was so damn good to have him back. She was wearing a blissful smile on her face as she rounded a corner, and saw somebody coming the other way. It didn't take long for her to recognize the other woman: there weren't many 6'4 blond women with bodybuilder physiques on this station, after all. Even if the clingy black evening dress she was wearing wasn't her usual choice of attire.

"Evening, Ms. Lezayen," Brynn said pleasantly as the security chief drew closer. "Hope you're hav...

"Get the fuck out of my way," Morgan quietly snarled, pushing past Brynn and sending her back-first into the corridor wall before stomping around the corner and out of sight.
Erin tossed and turned in her bed. As soon as she had returned from her meeting with the mysterious Cerberus financier, she had stripped out of her Cerberus uniform and thrown herself onto the bed in her underwear. Even in just a bra and panties, though, she still felt like she was being roasted alive in her quarters.

*It's all in your head,* the Cerberus pilot thought to herself. *You're just freaking out about everything that happened and it's making you feel this way.* But even rationally knowing that, she could stop herself from sweating all over her sheets. Worrying about what tomorrow would bring... and the day after that. And on and on until she feared she might go insane.

She heard the door to her quarters open, and let out a gasp. For a brief second, she was sure she would see one of *them* coming in. Brooks or the clone or Morgan, knowing about her betrayal and ready to put her with the rest of the captives for further punishment.

But instead, it was the reassuring figure of an AIU that stepped into the door. Erin breathed a sigh of relief as she got up from the bed. "Inania," she said. "Everything check out alright?"

EDI nodded, her visual receptors taking in the image of the barely-dressed human woman. With the information she had gathered from the Normandy's memory banks, she was already making note of new aspects of the woman, while at the same time accessing relevant files from the collection of images and videos.

"I am operating at 100% capacity, Miss Crooks," EDI said, subtly modifying the default AIU voice module as she spoke. The subliminal messaging that was being layered into her every word wouldn't be registered by Erin's conscious mind, but no doubt it was already having an effect on her subconscious.

Sighing, Erin gestured to EDI. "Come here a second," she said to the bot, and EDI directed the mechanical body to sit down next to Erin on the couch. "Everything is just... so crazy. I guess it didn't really hit me until I was back here on the station, you know? Hanging around with all these folks over in the public section, all of them clueless about what's really going on. When I was with Brooks and the rest of them on the Normandy, I was able to fool myself into thinking that it was all normal. Or maybe I was just pretending that none of it was real. But then along came Kelly, and now that I'm back here it's just..."

Erin sighed and stared down at the floor. "I don't know if I'm going to be able to do this, Inania. I came into this believing that Cerberus could stand for something good for once. That we could use all these resources and brilliant minds and make something amazing out of it. But it feels like this whole thing is just rotten to the core."

EDI directed the AIU to reach up an arm and lay it gently across Erin's shoulders. The human seemed mildly surprised by the gesture from what she believed was an VI, but soon moved in close and leaned her head against the AIU's shoulder. As Erin let out a long, tired sigh, EDI directed the robotic body to begin deploying one of the many infiltration tools left over from its previous programming: a odorless, invisible gas that induced relaxation and a mild state of euphoria in human subjects.

After a few seconds, EDI's sensors could detect the gas having the desired effects. Erin's perturbed
state of emotional distress slowly started to calm, and she smiled up at EDI. "How fucked up is this whole thing?" she asked. "Can't talk to the folks out there, can't talk to those psychos in the restricted section. Hell, can't even talk to Kelly for fear she might let something slip about our plans. Only person I can trust on this station is a goddamned virtual intelligence. If only Mom and Dad could see me now, huh? Chatting with a damn service droid like a lunatic."

"You are doing fine work, Miss Crooks," EDI said, slowly rubbing one of the AIU's hands against Erin's upper arm. Erin sighed contently, EDI's comforting arm and the gas putting her in a state of relaxation. "I am certain that whatever happens, your efforts will lead everyone to a positive outcome."

Erin let out a rueful chuckle. "Yeah, you say that because you're programmed to say it," she said. "Meanwhile, us humans don't have the luxury of having a set of instructions telling us what to do. We have to deal with the stress of figuring it out all by ourselves."

"If I may," EDI said, seeing her opening. "Recently I have been accessing information on helping humans deal with stress. I believe I might be able to help relieve your tension."

"Really?" Erin said, surprised but not sounding opposed to the idea. "You were looking at massage techniques or something? I mean, I really don't think having you pinching on my shoulders is going to help me all that much, but if you think it might help, I'd give it a shot."

EDI shook her head. "Actually, that was not exactly the stress relief method I had in mind, Miss Crooks."

"Then what are you tmmmmph!" Erin's words were cut off as EDI's hand moved from her shoulder to the back of her neck, pulling her in for a sudden kiss. EDI made note that, despite her surprise at the sudden intimate gesture, Erin made no attempts to pull away or struggle. And didn't resist when the AIU's synthetic tongue pushed its way down into Erin's mouth. No sooner was it inside then EDI triggered the AIU's tongue to secrete the chemical compound contained within, designed to loosen the inhibitions of the imbiber in a fashion similar to a large quantity of alcohol. By the time EDI pulled away, Erin's face was flushed and her breath came in heavy gasps.

"Wh... what was that?" Erin said breathily. "Shit, it felt so... so real. Like I was kissing an actual human..." She stared at the AIU. "What files were you accessing, exactly, that taught you how to do that?"

EDI responded with a smile. In truth, the "Joker's Private Stuff" data repository had been filled with, by EDI's estimations, a sizable majority of every piece of pornography ever produced by every species in the galaxy. The earlier dated files were of less interest to EDI, being an eclectic mix of every possible species in the galaxy copulating with every other species imaginable. But the later files were much more interesting, as this "Joker" person had suddenly developed a keen interest in human-on-gynoid relations. Terrabytes of videos of women costumed to look like AIUs (very few actual AIUs were involved, being too valuable to the war effort to be used for such salacious intentions) engaging in relations with both male and female humans.

And as this subject was obviously of great interest to Joker, EDI had decided that she would put the images from the videos into practice, with Miss Crooks as her first test subject. Not that that was the only reason she was currently seducing the pilot of the Normandy, of course. But it fit well enough into her current plan of action that she decided to, as the human idiom went, "kill two birds with one stone."
She told none of this to Erin, of course. "My studies have indicated," she said to the shocked female pilot, "that many humans deal with stressful situations by engaging in the act of lovemaking. If you will permit me, I would like to put my newly-acquired skills to use in helping you to relieve your stress."

"Inania, how..." Erin started to say, then gasped as she felt EDI's other hand snake its way up her inner thigh. "What are you... this is so..." she struggled to speak, but her words were cut off in a gasp as EDI's hand pressed into the mound of her panty-covered snatch. "What are you going to do?"

"Nothing you don't want me to, Miss Crooks," EDI said, directing her AIU host to smile seductively, while at the same time activating the joints of her right middle finger to softly press into the line of Erin's labia underneath her panties.

"Oh, God," Erin gasped, squirming and writhing as EDI's digits rubbed the soft fabric of her undergarments against her most sensitive areas. The sensors in the AIU's right hand relayed back to EDI that a small – but rapidly growing – amount of moisture was beginning to collect on the unit's palm and fingers. Encouraged by these readings, EDI slid her hand up and then back down into Erin's panties, her fingers finding Erin's clit and beginning to firmly press against the small nub of flesh.

Her other hand still caressing the back of the panting Erin's neck, EDI directed her ocular units to stare directly into Erin's half-lidded eyes. "Do you want me to stop, Miss Crooks?"

Erin responded not with words, but by leaning forward and returning EDI's earlier kiss. Now it was Erin's tongue pushing forcefully into EDI's mouth, the human letting out gasping moans as she desperately kissed her AIU companion.

Seeing Erin's eagerness to continue, EDI decided to put to use another unique feature of her new body. After less than a second to activate, a soft buzzing sound could be heard from between Erin's legs, as the AIU's fingers suddenly started to rapidly vibrate.

Erin cut off her kiss with EDI with a gasp, her body jolting as the feeling of the AIU’s vibrating digits against her clit made her eyes roll back in her head and let out a shocked moan. "Oh, shit," Erin breathed, bringing her hand down to clamp it against EDI's underneath her panties, as she thrust up her hips into the humming fingers.

"I trust you are finding my efforts enjoyable, Miss Crooks," EDI said, watching with satisfaction as Erin bucked and moaned in her seat.

"Yes," Erin hissed between gasps, her eyes shut and her face displaying absolute bliss. "Oh, Inania. All the nights I dreamed about this... I never could have imagined it would be this good."

EDI hadn't been aware that she was programmed to feel surprise, but Erin's comments made this functionality quite apparent. "You have dreamt about engaging in intercourse with me, Miss Crooks?" she asked.

"Yeah," Erin said, opening her eyes long enough to look at EDI with pure lust. "I knew it was weird to want to be with a... a robot or whatever. But ever since we started working together, it's been all I could think about. You're so beautiful, Inania. I never would have thought that this could actually be happening."
Perhaps all of the AIU’s seduction devices were not required after all, EDI considered to herself. Seeing that Erin was already highly aroused, EDI decided to move to the next step of her lessons in bring pleasure to humans.

Erin let out a disappointed sound as EDI's hand slipped out of her panties. But any protests she might have had were cut off as EDI directed the AIU to move to her knees in front of Erin. Putting to use a move she saw in one of Joker's many, many videos, EDI directed the AIU to use her tongue and teeth to take hold of the hem of Erin's panties. Smiling up at Erin, EDI dragged the soaking set of underwear down Erin's thighs with nothing but her metallic teeth, exposing the young pilot's soaking pussy. Once the damp panties were down around Erin's ankles, the human woman quickly kicked them away, allowing her to spread her legs as wide as possible to give EDI easier access to her snatch.

"Oh, fuck yes," Erin moaned, as EDI's tongue began wetly sliding against her clit. Unhooking her bra, Erin tossed it away to allow herself to grope her own breasts as she watched the AIU between her thighs. "It's so good. Lick my pussy, Inania. Feels so good."

Putting some more of the AIU's unique technology to work, EDI reached up to spread Erin's pussy wide, while thrusting her tongue deep into the human's twat. Extending the metallic tongue deeper into Erin, damp with synthetic saliva and Erin's own juices, EDI probed against the upper bounds of Erin's inner walls. Eventually, the top of her tongue found the object of her quest: a unique cluster of neuron terminals and nerve endings colloquially referred to by human biologists as the "g-spot." Pressing the tip of her tongue against the spot, EDI immediately triggered the vibration function in her tongue.

"FUUUUUUUUUCK!" Erin cried out, her entire body jerking as soon as EDI's tongue began stimulating her g-spot. In the course of her writhing pleasure, Erin's hips bucked up against EDI's face so hard that, if EDI had been made of flesh and blood, she might have been in danger of biting her own tongue off. But EDI's tongue never budged from Erin's g-spot, and it wasn't long until the moisture sensors were going off again, as Erin's pussy began spraying her juices all over EDI's face.

As Erin slumped down on the couch, completely drained, EDI stood up from the floor. "I am pleased to see that I was able to reduce your stress levels, Miss Crooks," she said. "If you are still feeling ill at ease, I do have one other function I may be able to use to improve your mood."

Gasping for breath, a puddle of her sweat and pussy juices staining the cushions of her couch, Erin weakly raised her head and asked. "Wh... what's that?"

"As you may or may not be aware, I am one of the more recent models of AIUs that was produced," EDI cheerfully informed her. "The earlier units were focused on successfully infiltrating enemy facilities by masquerading as humans. Female humans, to be precise. But as one of the later models, I have been modified to not only be able to disguise myself as a human female, but also... as a human male."

"What are you..." Erin started to say, before her jaw went slack. Her eyes were wide as saucers as the groin area of the AIU began to grow and shift in front of her. After no more than a few seconds, the female robot had grown a giant metallic cock and balls, the massive equipment jutting proudly out from her hips. A choking sound came out of Erin's throat as she watched the robotic cock began to throb and pulse.
"It may not look much like a human's anatomy without a set of artificial skin covering it," EDI said, all while reaching down to pick up the limp Erin. Slinging her arms underneath Erin's thighs, EDI hoisted the human up off the couch almost effortlessly, and lifted her into position with her bare chest against EDI's, and her pussy just above EDI's new rigid cock. "But I can assure that it will still feel quite pleasurable."

"Inania, wait," Erin weakly said, even as she wrapped her arms around the AIU's neck. "I don't know if I'm ready for..."

EDI directed the AIU to lower Erin down, and within less than a second EDI was balls-deep inside of her.

* * *

After her strange encounter with Morgan, Brynn was feeling a bit shaken. Deciding to cut her walk short, she had turned around and started to make her way back to her and Ruben's quarters. *Maybe he'll be back from the restricted area by now,* she thought to herself. *Wouldn't mind having at least one more time with..."

"OOOOOOOOHHHHHH MYYYYYYY GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Brynn let out a gasp and nearly tripped over her own feet as she heard the loud cry. She stared at the door of the cabin she had just passed, where the scream had been audible even through the thick portal. For a moment, Brynn thought somebody was being murdered, until she started to hear more of the screams.

"OH FUCK YES! FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUUUUUUUCKKK! I'M CUMMING AGAIN!"

Brynn couldn't help but smile. Drifting over to the door, she rapped her knuckles against it. "Just a reminder to you lovebirds: they may be asleep, but there are still children on this station. You might want to keep it down just a little."

If the couple heard her in the midst of their passion, they gave no indication, and the ecstatic cries from the woman inside continued. Shrugging, Brynn left them to it.

* * *

By the time they were finished, Erin had cum so many times from EDI's giant, vibrating cock inside of her, that eventually the human female had simply passed out from the over-stimulation. Gently, EDI walked over and lowered the unconscious – but still smiling – human down onto her bed. As she stood up the AIU up straight, the artificial phallus between her legs slowly began to shrink, and then disappear entirely back into her robotic form.

Based on her readings and the state of Erin's vitals, EDI's first experiments into the intricacies of human sexuality had been a rousing success. And it would appear that Erin had some measure of affection for the AIU that she called Inania. This was good. EDI would be making use of that affection very soon to further her own plans.

But there were other matters to attend to as well. Matters that would require her to have more awareness of this station than could be provided from her current, relatively limited perspective.
She needed more eyes on this station. And more hands as well. Thankfully, there was no shortage of either.

Opening the door to Erin's cabin, EDI stepped outside into the hallway. She waited for several moments, until the first sign of one of her targets came into focus at the end of the hall.

Looking up at the cameras in the hallway, EDI positioned herself in just the right area to be in their blind spot. Once she was there, she put herself directly in the path of the VI-controlled AIU unit heading in her direction.

The other AIU, noticing the obstruction, paused in its path. "Hello," it said cheerfully, the rudimentary VI inside not even programmed to recognize one of its fellow AIU units. "Do you require my assistance at this time? If you need help with..."

Reaching forward at lightning speed, EDI grabbed the VI unit by the head. Her eyes started to flash as she stared deeply at the AIU, whose own expression went slack and dead the instant EDI's hands met its head.

After a scant few seconds, EDI released her grip on the AIU. "Thank you," EDI said with a smile. "That will be all."

And EDI, exercising her new control, directed the other AIU unit to smile back.

"You're quite welcome," EDI responded to herself.
Chapter Notes

Just a heads-up if you don't check my author page: I have created a character guide for all my OCs in case all of these names I'm throwing at you are getting you confused. (Hell, they confuse me sometimes. :) ) Check it out, and don't worry: it will only be kept up-to-date up to the chapter before the latest update, so that you won't be spoiled if you read it before checking out the latest post. Thanks for reading, and enjoy!

It seemed like it had taken hours for the two Cerberus guards to make their way over to the cell. Kasumi tried her best to look casual, even as she tensed every muscle in her body. She flicked her eyes quickly over the two guards, not wanting them to realize that she was sizing them up for the fight to come.

As Delaana had said, Bowers and his team seemed like they had gotten sloppy over the years, as the two men walked with a casual and relaxed demeanor, Roth making a joke to Okoru that made the dark-skinned man laugh raucously. Neither of them was armed with any sort of weapon, no doubt believing they could use their physical strength to deal with any resistance from their naked and helpless prisoners.

*Not as helpless as you might believe, though,* Kasumi thought to herself, flicking her eyes downward to the pile of books right next to the forcefield. With the lack of attention the two men were showing, Kasumi had little doubt that Delaana's sudden attack would leave Kasumi more than enough time to find the knife and put it to use.

The reaction would be swift, no doubt. With the cameras in the cells and the holding area outside, Kasumi had little doubt that there would be a response from their captors within the span of minutes. They would unlock Shepard and Liara's cell first, Kasumi had determined. Between Shepard's genetic enhancements and Liara's well-practiced biotic abilities, they'd have a good chance of holding off the enemy forces long enough to free the rest of the prisoners and plan the next move.

Kasumi glanced over at Delaana, the scarred and well-built asari mercenary putting on an expression of dull acceptance of what was to come. No doubt well-practiced from years of being the sex toy of these monsters. God, Kasumi couldn't even imagine what it must have been like. Even with the asari perspective on time, to have to be the plaything of Cerberus for years... Kasumi knew she didn't have the stomach for it. Which is why she was ready to help Delaana with her plan, desperate and dicey as it was.

The two men reached the forcefield, standing side-by-side and leering down at Kasumi and Delaana on their cots. Delaana shot a glance over to Kasumi, her defeated expression hardening for a split-second, and Kasumi gave her a slight nod. She was ready. They were going to do this.

"Hello, Delaana," Roth said, his single remaining eye gleaming as he looked down at his captive with a hungry expression. "I hope you've been getting along with your new cellmate. From what
the bosses tell us, she's going to be hanging around a lot longer than the others." He turned to Okoru and jabbed him with an elbow in the ribs. "You remember the last one we had in there? What was her name?"

"Galana, yes," Okoru said, his deep voice filled with nostalgia. "Such a delightful little creature. Eyes of the purest green I have ever seen. And the things she could do with her mouth once she had accepted her circumstances were quite amazing." He looked back at the women in the cell and grinned. "A pity what happened to her in the end. I suppose the doctor's formula... was not quite ready at that point. After he injected her with that concoction, that light in those pure green eyes of hers went so dim and so dark. In the end she did not even resist when we disposed of her."

"Wasn't all bad in the end, though," Roth said. "My little varren darlings in the back had quite a feast that night. After forcing down so much of that synthetic meat substance we produce on this station, they were just so happy to get a taste of the real thing."

The two men laughed, and Kasumi fought the urge to go for the knife right then and there. Too soon. Had to wait until the forcefield was down.

"Hopefully the doc has better luck this time, though," Roth observed. "Sounds like he's got his formula almost perfected now." He smirked down at the two captives. "And you ladies... you're going to be today's test subjects."

Kasumi felt a chill run through her body. It was bad enough when it was going to be these two sadistic bastards raping her and Delaana. But now, it seemed like they were about to become guinea pigs for that creepy doctor guy. Now, Kasumi was even more determined to fight her way out of this. Better to try and fail than go out like Galana, a broken vegetable turned into varren food."

"Well, we should be getting you lovely ladies back to the testing area," Okoru said, smiling at Kasumi in a way that would almost be sexy if she wasn't fully aware of his true nature. "Wouldn't want to keep the doctor waiting."

Kasumi hissed in a breath as Okoru's hand went to the forcefield's keypad. Out of her line of sight, she could hear Delaana starting to rise up on her feet. Ready to be the first one out of the cell just as they had planned. This was it. They only had one shot at this. Kasumi glanced one more time at the pile of books, ready to make the grab for the one with the red cover.

Just then, as Okoru started entering the code, the door at the back of the holding area suddenly slid open. "Hold on just one moment," the newcomer said.

Kasumi glanced over at Delaana, the asari sinking back down onto the bed with a confused expression. From out of the back area came Henneman, the doctor walking over to their cell with a cold, detached demeanor.

Delaana's words in Kasumi's mind: If it's three or more of them... well, remember what I said about going limp, because whatever they plan to do to the two of us, they're going to do. But that was when being violated was the worst of their fears. Now it was the prospect of being dosed with chemicals that might destroy their minds forever. And unlike his underlings, Kasumi didn't think that Henneman would be able to put up as much of a fight. Kasumi looked at Delaana again, wanting to see if she was still ready to make their move, but the asari's expression was unreadable.

"Good evening, ladies," Henneman said, staring down at a datapad in his hands as he spoke. "Now,
as my associates here may have mentioned, we will be running some tests on you today." He spoke clinically, like he was rattling off a list of side effects from a medication. "To be quite honest, Cerberus's benefactor had suggested to me a different pair of test subjects to begin with. But until I am certain that my latest attempt at recreating the Shadow Broker's formula is complete, I would much rather put my more... expendable subjects through the first round of testing." Glancing up at them for the first time since his unexpected arrival, he gave the two of them a disingenuous smile. "Please, don't take it too personally. Science can be cruel sometimes, but take solace in the knowledge that your participation in this experiment will lead to breakthroughs that will ring out for centuries to come."

Kasumi wanted to yell back at him. Ask him how treating women like disposable objects could possibly help advance science in any positive way. But she heard Delaana lightly clear her throat next to her, and looking over saw a determined look in her eye. We're still going to make a try for it, Kasumi realized. Keeping her expression as blank as possible, she tensed herself for the forcefield to go down.

"Now, then," Henneman said, looking back down at his datapad. "We'll be taking you ladies back into the testing area in just a moment. Just a few more things before we get going, though."

Dammit, what the hell is taking them so long? Kasumi thought to herself. Bring down the damn forcefield already!

"I had something here I wanted to show you," Henneman said, searching through the pockets of his lab coat. "Now where did I... ah, yes. Here it is." Pulling something out, he handed it to Roth. "Hold onto this for me, would you? Don't know what I was thinking, keeping something so dangerous in my pocket like that."

Kasumi heard Delaana quietly curse under her breath. And when Kasumi saw what Henneman was handing to the guard, she understood her cellmate's reaction. And realized that any plans they might have had were out the window.

It was a knife. Nothing ornate, but sharp and deadly-looking. Just the sort of thing an asari merc might keep on hand to defend herself if all else failed.

"Look familiar, Delaana?" Henneman asked, the smile on his face now genuine and frightening as Roth took the knife and slid it into the belt of his Cerberus uniform. "I suppose with that camera up above you, you didn't want to risk checking to make sure the knife was still in there. And considering you haven't tried to use it until now, I assume I can guess what your plan was: wait until you had a cellmate that you could trust to use the knife herself, while using your Ardat-Yakshi abilities to disable the other guard. A decent plan. And it might have worked, if we hadn't tossed your cell a few months ago and found out about the fake book." He gestured towards the pile of books. "Go ahead. Take a look inside and see what's there."

Delaana didn't move, her face twisted in anger at the revelation that her plan had already been defeated. Begrudgingly, Kasumi stood up and slid the book with the red cover out from the bottom of the pile. Inside, in a small compartment cut into the false pages, was a single photograph. The image displayed Delaana, trails of cum dripping down her body, tied into some sort of bondage chair with a seething expression on her face. Around her, Roth, Okoru, and the rest of the guards stood with their cocks out, the photograph catching them in mid-circle jerk as they shot their loads across the helpless asari.

"You do remember that day three months ago, don't you, Delaana?" Henneman said, a note of
sadistic glee in his voice as he taunted his captive. "The day Bowers and the rest of his men spent the entire day taking turns with you? I must confess that keeping you out of your cell for that entire day served more purpose than just entertaining these gentlemen. You see, we knew that, if our plans succeeded, we would soon be housing some new captives in these cells. Ones that had much more potential for acts of defiance than our previous visitors. And so, while you were being used back in the testing room, we spent that time making some improvements to your cell. Improvements that should make any further attempts at resistance quite pointless."

Kasumi gasped as a series of loud mechanical "clunk" sounds were heard under her feet. She looked down to see thin metal nozzles suddenly protruding from the floor of the cell. After that, there was a quiet hissing sound, followed by a light-green gas starting to fill their cell.

Next to her, she could hear Delaana slump back onto her cot, and soon Kasumi felt everything start to go black. The last thing she thought before unconsciousness took her was, Jacob, I hope you're going to get here soon. And that I'm still me when you rescue us.
The sun blazing above him, the waves lapping at the shore, and a nice stiff drink in his hand while some young, starry-eyed tourist went to town on his knob.

This... was the bloody life.

Leaning back in his lounge chair, he closed his eyes and relished the feeling of a warm mouth engulfing his cock. It was a minor worry at this point that, in between telling the bird war stories and bringing her down to the beautiful beaches of Illium, he had completely forgotten what her name was.

But he was an old man now, and codgers like him did tend to be forgetful on occasion. And if she took offense... well, every week brought a new batch of girls just like her to this sunny resort, and usually there was at least one who saw his scars and tattoos and got that tingly feeling down in their knickers at the sight.

How many years had it been, now, since he had fighting for his goddamn life back on Earth? Dodging fire while watching the soldiers around him scream and fall into bloody heaps on the ground, as the Reapers pressed their assault. He had been so certain then that he would die there. Hell, he'd been resigned to it. Life like his, you don't really expect to live long enough to see retirement.

But in the end, here he was. The first year of his new life, he had at least tried to keep himself in shape. Runs on the beach, lifting weights back in his suite. Just in case the day ever came when he'd be called out of retirement and back into action.

But sod it all. After that first year, he made the decision: if he was going to be a retired old fart, he was gonna live like it. In order to see the eager young tart gobbling on his cock, he had to look past the beer gut he was starting to develop. Hopefully the girl was going to do all the work after she was done with the foreplay, or else she'd be treated to the spectacle of him gasping for air after they were finished. Hell, after the marathon session with the flirty asari maiden a month or so ago, it had taken all of his stamina to kiss her goodbye before he collapsed on his goddamn bed and slept for twelve hours.

If only the Suns could see him now. Getting old and fat, kicking up his heels on an Illium resort like some kind of big shot. But that's what he was, after all that had happened. Somehow, in the course of kicking a whole lot of arse back on Earth, he had ended up as some kind of hero. He and a group of other volunteers had successfully defended a schoolhouse full of refugees during all of the fighting, and Zaeed had gotten the lion's share of the credit when it was all over. He hadn't had the heart to tell anyone that he had had no idea those people were even in there until the fighting was over. It had just been a really good fight, and it wasn't until the crying children had come out to hug him and thank him for saving them that he realized why the Reapers were so determined to get into that school.

Still, you don't go around correcting people when they're praising your name, and he gladly took the credit and the benefits it entailed. Like this lifelong stay at a posh Illium resort, the owners fronting his bill for as long as necessary so that they could proclaim themselves as "home to some of the greatest heroes of the Reaper War." And being a hero had other benefits, of course, like the
one currently trying to swallow down every last inch of his cock.

Taking another sip of his drink, Zaeed Massani looked out at the ocean and let out a low, gravelly sigh. The bloody life, indeed.

"Mr. Massani, I..." said a voice from behind him. Zaeed let out an annoyed groan as the mouth left his cock, the girl kneeling by his lounge chair gasping and sitting up at the sudden intrusion. "Oh, my," the newcomer said.

"Do you mind, love?" Zaeed said, turning his head to see one of the asari staff members. "We're in the middle of something here."

"I sincerely apologize," the asari said, trying her best not to look at Zaeed's cock still dangling out of his pants. "I wouldn't normally intrude, but you have some visitors."

Zaeed set down his drink, glaring in annoyance at the unwelcome intrusion. "Is it those film people again? If they're coming back with the same goddamn offer, you can tell them to shove it up their arses. I may be old, but I know how to use the extranet, and I've seen how much those Blasto films make. If they expect me to sell the rights to my life for less than half of what that sodding jellyfish makes, they're crazy."

"No, sir. They say they're from the Alliance, actually. They said it was very important, and that it regarded Commander Shepard."

Now that got his attention. Like everyone else, he had been watching the news about Shepard's sudden defection and return to Cerberus. Knowing her for as long as he had, he found it hard to believe that any of it was real. Hell, she was sleeping with a goddamn asari on a regular basis, not to mention all the other aliens she had fought alongside during that mission through the Omega 4 relay. Back then Shepard had made it obvious that working with Cerberus was an alliance of convenience, and that she was looking for the first opportunity to get out of it. Remembering that, Zaeed didn't think there was any way she would have thrown her lot in with those xenophobic bastards for real. But there she had been on the screen, and it was hard to argue with that.

Whatever the Alliance was doing here, Zaeed knew that his pleasant evening of whiskey and shagging was officially called off. Tucking himself back into his pants, he gave an apologetic smile to the woman kneeling in the sand by his chair. "Sorry, love," he said as he got up from his chair, trying his best not to wince at the aching in his muscles as he stood. "Official hero business and all that."

Getting up on her feet, the sexy little tart moved in close to whisper in his ear. "I'm in room 48, if you want to come by and finish things where we won't be interrupted," she breathed into his ear. With that, and a quick peck on the cheek, she strutted up the beach and out of sight.

With that taken care of, Zaeed followed the asari resort worker back to the main building. Several of the regular visitors and employees of the resort greeted him as he went, and Zaeed nodded to them all in turn. How things had changed for the founder of the Blue Suns. Once he had been an associate of turian killers and bloodthirsty pirates. Now, his main acquaintances were overweight human businessmen off on holidays to cheat on their wives, and asari matriarchs spending their twilight years sipping margaritas and hitting on men and women centuries younger than them. The Zaeed Massani of twenty years ago would have taken one look at the Zaeed of today and seen a goddamn disgrace. But fuck it. After so many years of putting his neck on the line, he deserved a rest, didn't he?
The asari escorted him to the bar, the well-populated area noisy with the sound of drunken tourists blathering on. She waved a hand over to two humans sitting at one of the tables, sticking out like a sore thumb in their uniforms. The woman, Zaeed didn't recognize. A well-built bird, though, with olive skin and the unmistakable bearing of a soldier. The man, however, Zaeed knew right away.

"Jacob Taylor," Zaeed said, walking over with a hand extended to his old comrade. "Been a long damn time. How's the Alliance life been treating you?"

"Lately? Not so well, to be honest," Jacob said, rising up and shaking Zaeed's hand.

Zaeed shook his head, a look of mild disgust on his face. "Goddamn shame what they did to folks like you. You put your arse on the line to help save the galaxy, and in return they put a bloody chip inside you like a dog. Guess I'm lucky they didn't stick one in me as well, seeing as how I took that job from the Illusive Man and all."

"I suppose so," Jacob said, looking eager to change the subject. "This is my executive officer, Tara Rooker. Rooker, this is Zaeed Massani."

The olive-skinned female soldier stiffly extended a hand to Zaeed. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Massani. Jacob has told me a lot about you."

"Only the good things, I hope," Zaeed said as he shook her hand. With the pleasantries out of the way, Zaeed settled down at the table. "So they tell me you're here to talk about Shepard. Don't tell me they've tasked you hunting her down, Jacob."

"They have, but not in the way you might think," Jacob said. He leaned in close to Zaeed, speaking just loud enough to be heard over the conversations going on around them. "This is going to be hard to believe at first, but I swear to you that what I'm about to tell you is nothing but the truth."

And over the next few minutes, Jacob told him the craziest goddamn story Zaeed had ever heard. About how the "Shepard" that had defected from the Alliance and the Council was a clone, who had stolen the Normandy and abducted the real Shepard and several of her former comrades. Some of whom Zaeed had fought alongside during their mission through the Omega 4 relay, and some he had only met at the party at Shepard's flat just before the final assault on Earth. Jacob also told Zaeed about the firefight on Ontarom, and how they had come close to capturing the heads of this new Cerberus only to lose another one of their teammates in the process.

"Bloody hell," Zaeed muttered. "Guess it's a good thing I didn't show up to that stupid fucking ceremony on the Citadel. Might have found myself caught up in this whole mess without even knowing it."

"Actually, that's why we came to see you," Jacob said. "We were hoping that maybe you could help us. Somehow, Cerberus has deposed Aria from Omega and put Balak in charge."

Zaeed shook his head in disbelief. "Balak? That goddamn anti-human terrorist? Sounds like this new Cerberus isn't quite on the same page as far as the whole 'humanity first' thing."

"It's a stalling tactic, we think," Rooker chimed in. "Cerberus has set up a defensive network outside of the Omega 4 relay, to keep us from getting through to their base of operations. The defenses are being controlled by a VI network located on Omega. If we could deactivate it, we could take out their entire drone fleet at once. But with Balak in control, no human ship will be able
to even get close to docking there."

"So we need another ship," Jacob continued. "A merc or pirate ship. Any vessel that is currently being operated by a non-human crew. See, Balak and his people already know we want to land there. They're not going to trust some new, freshly-purchased ship just because it's got an alien or two at the helm. The only way we're going to get through that blockade is with a credible non-human vessel. If we had that, we could use the ship to sneak into Omega and take down the VI network without anyone suspecting."

Zaeed nodded in understanding. "And you're hoping I've kept in touch with a contact or two that might be able to get you that ship," he said. "A bit of a tall order, I'm afraid." He reached down to pat at his gut underneath his shirt. "Been out of the business for a while now, and it's not like me and all my former associates are all getting on the extranet to play Galaxy of Fantasy with each other."

Jacob and Rooker both looked deflated. "Please, Zaeed. We don't have a lot of options here," Jacob said. "If there's anyone you can think of that might be able to help us."

Zaeed racked his brain, thinking back to anyone who might have owed him a favor. "Hmm... maybe I can think of one. Krogan I fought alongside back when I first got my arse kicked out of the Blue Suns, Dugas. Paranoid bastard, but a good man to have by your side once he trusted you. After me and him parted ways, I heard that he founded his own merc company. If he's still up and running, he might have a ship that would meet your needs."

"Excellent," Rooker said. "I'll send the name back to the Orpheus. Shouldn't take long to track down this Dugas if he's still..."

"Not so fast, love," Zaeed said. "Like I said, Dugas is paranoid as hell. And he bloody well isn't going to hand over a ship just because someone asked nicely and dropped my name. And especially not to the Alliance. The only way he'd even think about agreeing to a deal like that is if I go and see him personally."

Jacob wrung his hands on the table. "Zaeed, I know it's a lot to ask. But like I said, we're getting desperate. Shepard and Liara and... and a lot of our friends are being held by Cerberus. God knows what the hell they're doing to them right now. If this Dugas is the best way for us to get a ship... you'll be well-paid, I promise you."

Zaeed rubbed at the bridge of his nose. "Ain't that I'm not grateful to Shepard. But seems like there's always just one fight after another when it comes to her. At some point, you have to decide when enough is enough."

"We're not asking you to fight, Zaeed," Jacob protested. "Just come along with us to meet with Dugas. After that, you're free to come back to Illium, or do whatever you want."

"It always starts simple, doesn't it?" Zaeed said. "Just one little job and that's all we need out of you. But then comes another. And another. And soon you're right back in the thick of it. Sorry, Jacob, but at some point a man's got to hang up his boots and settle down." Seeing the despondent look on his former comrade's face, Zaeed let out a weary sigh. "Look, I'll send a message to Dugas if you'd like. Maybe he's calmed down a bit since the last time we worked together, and my word over the extranet will be enough to have him work with you. But I made a promise to myself a while ago, that I wasn't setting foot off this planet until it was in a goddamn coffin. And as much as I respect Shepard, I'm not about to break that promise just because of..."
In the middle of his sentence, Zaeed realized that the chatting bar-goers around him had gone quiet. Following their stares, he saw that they were all watching a large vid-screen at one side of the room. On the screen, that reporter with the way-too-goddamn-long name was talking into the camera.

"...have received a new video message from the former Alliance hero turned traitor, Commander Shepard," Khalisah said, her tone grave. "Before we show this video, I want to warn you that it is not for the faint of heart. My producers have done their best to censor the content, but we would advise that any of our viewers with young children might want to take them out of the room at this time."

The scene cross-faded to an image of Commander Shepard - or her clone, rather, if Jacob was to be believed. Unlike her previous video messages, which were shot on the Normandy, the scenery behind the clone was unfamiliar now. Bare metal walls that could either be some sort of colony building, or a space station.

"To my fellow humans. Today, I am afraid I must deliver you a grave message. But one that I knew, one way or another, would become inevitable if humanity continued to ignore my warnings. When I first announced my defection to Cerberus, I told you about the grave threat the other races of the galaxy posed to us. Now, terrifying new information has come to my attention. Information that confirms every last one of my fears."

The crowd watched in silence, humans and other races sitting side-by-side as the fake Shepard delivered her message. Zaeed watched the woman on the screen carefully, trying his best to spot the difference between this fake Shepard and the real one. But other than the hateful anti-alien talk coming out of her, Zaeed was buggered if he could tell them apart.

"I have received word that Ka'hairal Balak, the batarian terrorist that I was forced to temporarily ally with to help stop the Reapers, has seized control of the criminal haven known as Omega. Under his rule, the humans currently residing on this station have been subjected to the very worst cruelty that alienkind can subject our species to. And while the individuals living on this station are not technically Alliance citizens, and many of them are known criminals... I think any of you watching will agree that none of them deserve the treatment that you are about to witness. Because I have obtained surveillance footage from Omega, and what I have seen disgusts me to my very core. Take a look at this, the scene just after Balak announced his new reign over Omega."

As the video shot changed, gasps arose from the crowded bar. The new shot was a view from a highly-situated camera somewhere on Omega. Through the camera feed, screams and cries for help could be heard, mixed in with loud laughing and savage grunts.

But it wasn't the sounds that shocked the crowd. It was what was on the screen. Even with large blurred covering up a good portion of the screen, it was obvious what was occurring. Zaeed watched in shock as human men and women had their clothing torn off before being shoved against walls or even down to the dirty floor of the station by furious looking aliens. Once they were helpless, the unmistakable sounds of sex came out of the vid-screen. It wasn't long before it seemed like the entire screen was being blurred out, but somehow that only seemed to make the ghastly events that much worse.

"This is what happens when aliens are no longer restrained by the rule of law," Shepard's voice said over the blurred-out footage. "When they are free to do with humans as they please." The scene changed to what appeared to be a public square in another part of Omega. A long line of
humans stood, their naked bodies covered by more blurs, as the sobbing woman at the head of the line was marched up to a raised platform. Zaeed watches as hands shot up from a crowd of aliens gathered in front of the platform, and after a few moments he realized that they were bidding on her. Once the twisted auction was over, the winning turian stepped up on the platform, grabbed his new human by the arm and, if the blur that appeared was any indication, made use of her right then and there. Meanwhile, the batarian in Blue Sun armor escorted the next slave in line for bidding up to the platform, directing her around the turian furiously fucking his new acquisition.

Another scene change, this time to a familiar sight for Zaeed: Afterlife, Aria's former haunt. The asari dancers that had once swung around the poles had been replaced with terrified-looking humans, eyes focused on the Blood Pack mercs with rifles pointed in their direction as they listlessly danced for the entertainment of the alien crowd. Meanwhile, humans were being openly bent over and fucked in the middle of the club floor by the alien patrons. It was like something out of a twisted porno vid, but there was nothing fake about the fear and resignation in the eyes of those humans.

The crowd at the Illium bar watched in deathly silence, as scene after scene of censored depravity played out on the screen. Eventually, the parade of horrors ended, and the clone's face returned to the screen.

"Remember what you saw here, fellow humans. Remember, and keep it in mind whenever any aliens talk to you about working together with them. Because what is happening on Omega is just a preview of what is to come for all of the rest of us, once aliens decide that it's not worth pretending to be our allies anymore. When that happens, where would you rather be? Up on the stage being auctioned off, or with a gun in your hands and fighting back? If you choose the latter... know that I'll be right there beside you."

An image of the Cerberus logo appeared on the screen, before the video ended and Khalisah was back on the screen. "Terrible images from Omega. And so many questions we have to ask. What...

At that point, the screen went black. Zaeed glanced over at the bar to see the asari bartender with a remote control in her hands. "Sorry, folks," she said, her voice trembling. "I should have turned that off earlier, but I..." At a loss for words, the bartender put down the remote and rubbed at her eyes. All around them, Zaeed watched as groups started to file out of the bar quietly, the humans with pale faces and the aliens similarly shaken. Soon, there were only a few other people in the bar besides Zaeed and his tablemates, and those that remained clutched their glasses with trembling hands, their eyes distant.

"Bloody hell," Zaeed said. Looking over at Jacob and Rooker, he saw the shaken expressions on their faces. "Take it you two didn't know things were that bad on Omega, then."

Jacob gravely shook his head, while Rooker simply stared blankly into the distance, too stunned to speak.

Zaeed rose to his feet, feeling that troubling creak in his muscles again as he stood. Jacob shot him a questioning look. "Where are you going?"

"Back when I was in charge of the Blue Suns, my partner wanted to bring in batarians," Zaeed explained, leaning onto the table to relieve the mild pain he was feeling in his back. "It was the one thing I wouldn't bend on, though, and that was the reason he put a bullet in my goddamn face and left me for dead. But even after all this time, I don't regret taking that stand for a second. Because I've seen what those bastards have done to humans unlucky enough to end up in one of their slave
caravans. Killing a man is one thing, but trading him like a goddamn animal? I spent a lot of time on Omega back in the day. There aren't just pirates and criminals there. There are people there who had nowhere else to go. Bloody families, goddamn it." He stood up straight, and while the pain in his back returned, he found it didn't bother him that much now. "I'm going back to my room to pack a few things, and I'll meet you at your shuttle so we can go have a chat with Dugas. And if you need me for more than that after... well, we'll just play that by ear."

He turned to walk away before either of them could respond. In his mind, he saw the old rusty case he kept stashed underneath his bed. \textit{Jessie, looks like you and I are going to have one last dance after all.}
Part 4: Dejection; Deception; Defection (Adamanthea Station, Restricted Section, Testing Area)

When Kasumi came to, the first thing she felt were the thick straps holding her in place. Gasping, she instinctively struggled against the bonds, only to feel a cold hand pressing against her shoulder.

"Calm yourself, Miss Goto," said a voice from in front of her. As her vision returned, she saw the leering face of Henneman. "I can assure you that struggling will only result in you injuring yourself."

As her senses returned to her, Kasumi quickly scanned the room around her. It was small, with bare metal floors and ceilings. The walls were lined, end-to-end, with display monitors, currently deactivated. Directly across the room from her, Kasumi could see Delaana, arms and legs strapped down on a strange medical chair/table device. Regaining her bearings, Kasumi eventually realized that she was currently being held in a similar position.

"Now that you're awake, we can begin," Henneman said. "It's very important that both of you are fully conscious when we began the tests. So much of my results will be determined from your reactions, after all." Reaching into his labcoat, he retrieved two syringes with plastic caps over their needles. "I have two formulas here. Once I had access to the Shadow Broker's old notes, it ended up being quite trivial to recreate his formula. The Sub drug, as I had come to call it. The only difficulty now is to remove its limited duration without affecting its potency. Two theories on how to do it, hence two formulas... and two test subjects."

Holding the two syringes in his hand, Henneman walked over to Kasumi. "I must confess that I am not entirely certain what will happen to either of you if I am wrong. Perhaps the formulas will do nothing. Perhaps they will drive you insane." Shrugging, he popped the plastic cap off one of the syringes. "But I suppose that's what we have test subjects for."

Kasumi winced as Henneman poked the needle into the side of her neck. "Don't struggle, now," he said softly as he depressed the plunger. "You'll only hurt yourself, and I'll just have to mix up a new batch of the formula and try again." Once the syringe was completely emptied into Kasumi's bloodstream, Henneman walked over to Delaana and prepared the other formula.

"Delaana," Henneman said, the blandly pleasant tone in his voice vanishing as he spoke to her. He sneered down at her with a look of pure contempt now. "Such a pity. After all the years you probably spent planning out that escape of yours, to have it fail so completely. Why, a tragedy that epic, I'm sure it will make a wonderful poem someday."

Delaana stared back at him, and started to say something quietly. "I'm sorry, I didn't quite catch that," Henneman said, leaning in closer to her. "Don't struggle, now," he said softly as he depressed the plunger. "You'll only hurt yourself, and I'll just have to mix up a new batch of the formula and try again." Once the syringe was completely emptied into Kasumi's bloodstream, Henneman walked over to Delaana and prepared the other formula.

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Delaana stared back at him, and started to say something quietly. "I'm sorry, I didn't quite catch that," Henneman said, leaning in closer to her.

Once his face was only within a few feet of hers, Delaana made a low noise in the back of her throat, before launching a glob of spit at Henneman. "Fuck you, chicken-shit," she snarled at him, her spit dripping from Henneman's cheek. "You're pathetic."

The way Henneman reared back, Kasumi might have thought Delaana had spat a mouthful of acid into his face. Letting out a gagging sound, Henneman grabbed the edge of his labcoat and furiously wiped at his face. "You... bitch!" Henneman snapped, giving Delaana a hard backhand to her cheek. As Delaana smirked in triumph, Henneman roughly jabbed the needle of the other syringe...
into her neck, pushing down the plunger and quickly draining the formula inside. Still looking shaken, Henneman continued to wipe at his face frantically, as if Delaana's saliva carried some sort of infection. After a minute or so of scrubbing, his face beet red from the force of his hand by the time he was finished, Henneman managed to regain his composure.

"Now that we've administered the test formulas, the results should take around thirty minutes to become apparent," he said. He spoke loudly and clearly, and Kasumi surmised that he was probably recording this. Wonder if he'll edit out that whole "getting spit on by an asari and freaking out like a germaphobe" part, she thought. "Of course, if one of these formulas does work, the added encouragement should be unnecessary. But all the same, while we wait for the results, I thought you ladies might enjoy a little entertainment."

Henneman stepped out of the room, and almost as soon as the door closed behind him, the lights in the room dimmed while the video screens around them blazed with light. And the room was immediately filled with the sounds of moans, grunts, and the wet slap of flesh against sweaty flesh. Kasumi glanced around the room at the multiple screens, each one now showing a woman in the midst of being fucked by a man. Or in some cases, more than one man. Some of the women were human, some were asari, and Kasumi even saw a few other races being represented, both among the women being screwed and the men shoving their cocks into them. At first, they all seemed to be random porn scenes, until after the first few minutes Kasumi started listening to what was being said, and a theme quickly became apparent.

"You like that? You like that big fat cock in your dirty whore cunt?"

"Take it, you filthy slut! Gag on that fucking cock!"

"Fuck, yes! I'm a nasty fucking whore! Stick it in my dirty slut hole!"

"Beg for it, bitch. Beg for us to fuck you, cunt."

"Please fuck me, master! Please fuck this worthless slave!"

Needless to say, the videos didn't depict many tender scenes of delicate lovemaking. In fact, each video depicted a woman being treated by a man, or men, like little more than a warm hole to stick their cock into, all while they constantly called them every vulgar name in the book. And unfailingly, each video also depicted the woman eagerly encouraging this treatment, taking each cock in turn while only losing the grin on her face when she opened her mouth to suck on another man's prick.

Kasumi didn't know what sort of reaction Henneman expected her and Delaana to have to this cavalcade of misogynistic bile, but most of all Kasumi just felt disgusted. If the chemical Henneman had shot her up with was supposed to make her find this all arousing, or whatever, it wasn't working.

Which filled Kasumi with a sudden shot of fear. As the minutes ticked by and she felt no apparent effects from the drug, she thought about Henneman's uncertainty about what the drug would do to them if it wasn't the correct formula. And she remembered the two guards talking about their former prisoner, and how her mind had left her after Henneman had tested a previous formula on her. Was that about to happen to her? Was she experiencing the last few minutes before she turned into a drooling, brain-dead vegetable?

Shutting her eyes and blocking out the vulgar images around her, Kasumi thought about Keiji. And
Jacob. If she wasn't going to leave this chair with her mind intact, she wanted to go out thinking about something happy.

Sometime later, Kasumi had no idea how long it was, the sounds of vulgar taunts and savage fucking abruptly cut off. Her eyes snapped open to see that the lights in the room had come back on, and the video screens had been deactivated.

She blinked, realizing with a bit of relief that she still felt no different. In her mind she did several complex math problems, making sure that she hadn't lost any of her faculties. After that, she pictured some of the images from the videos she had been shown, testing herself to see if there was any change in her reaction to them. Nope, still totally creepy and not at all sexy.

Delaana! Kasumi looked across the room at her asari cellmate, trying to see if she had been affected by the other test formula. "Oh, no," she muttered to herself.

Delaana was staring into space, her eyes unblinking and her face devoid of expression. Oh, God, it's just like Galana, Kasumi thought. Henneman, you bastard.

As if summoned by Kasumi's angry thoughts, the door slid open and Henneman entered. This time flanked by Roth and Okoru, the two intimidating men grinning as they stared at the naked women helplessly bound in place.

"Alright, that should be more than enough time," Henneman said, bringing up a datapad to take notes. "We'll start with you, Miss Goto. Now, this will be a whole lot easier if you answer my questions honestly, so please, try not to be difficult. Tell me... how do you feel right now?"

Any number of furious responses came to her mind, but Kasumi just gritted her teeth and answered. "I don't feel any different."

"Really?" Henneman asked, arching an eyebrow. "Those videos didn't have any effect on you at all?"

"Those videos were sick filth, just like you," Kasumi answered. "Your formula didn't work."

Henneman nodded, furiously tapping on his datapad and barely looking up at Kasumi. "It would appear that you are correct, Miss Goto. At least in regards to the formulation I tested on you. Still, we must be thorough." He nodded to the two guards, who moved to stand on either side of Kasumi's bondage device. Kasumi fought the urge to retch as both of them opened up their Cerberus uniform pants and pulled out their cocks, waving them in her face like some kind of messed-up hypnotist routine. "Now, let me ask again. How are you feeling right now? Do you feel any sort of desire to have sex with these men?"

Kasumi simply stared at him, murder in her eyes. Sighing, Henneman shook his head at the two men, who tucked their equipment back in their pants. "Note: Formulation A appears to have no effect on subject," Henneman spoke while tapping out notes on his pad. "The switch from pyric deberene to molureynl ferium appears to have nullified the formula's primary effects. Further studies may be warranted, but for now further development along these lines would not be fruitful." Grinning smarmily down at her, he added. "Your cooperation with these tests, Miss Goto, is much appreciated."

"Really, now?" Henneman said, gesturing to the two men to follow him as they walked over to Delaana's chair. Just as before, Delaana stared into space. "Tell me, Delaana. Did the formula fail? How are you feeling right now?"

For a moment, Delaana simply kept staring, and Kasumi was sure that the asari was completely brain-dead. But then, her lips started moving. She was speaking too softly to be heard, and Kasumi wondered if she was going to try for another wad of spit in Henneman's face. But the human doctor was more cautious this time, and kept away from Delaana's mouth as he asked. "What are you saying, Delaana? We can't hear you."

"I..." Delaana said, her voice sounding strained even forcing out that single syllable. "I can't... no. I won't... won't lose control. Not to... not to you."

"Gentlemen," Henneman said, a note of glee creeping into his voice as his two bodyguards walked to either side of Delaana and pulled out their cocks. "Tell me, Delaana. What do you want right now? What do you need more than anything right at this moment?"

"F..." Delaana stammered, a look of exertion twisting her face. "Fuck... fuck..." her eyes darted between the cocks on either side of her, as sweat started to form on her brow. "I want to get fucked..."

Henneman looked back at Kasumi, a hideous smile on his face. "You need to speak up, Delaana. Make sure everyone in the room can hear you," he said.

"I want to get fucked," Delaana said, louder now. "Goddamn it, I need to get fucked! So fucking horny... please. Please, I need it so bad."

Kasumi watched in horror as Delaana squirmed in her bonds. At that moment, Kasumi realized that the blank expression she had seen on Delaana's face earlier hadn't been a sign that her mind was gone. It was her last attempts to fight against the effects that Henneman's Sub drug was having on her. A fight that, if her current moans and begging for sex were any indication, she had lost.

"Really?" Henneman said, the gleeful look on his face showing how much he enjoyed toying with his test subject. "I thought you wanted to escape, Delaana. You and Kasumi were going to attack these nice young men and try to leave here."

"No, nononono," Delaana quickly said, panting and licking her lips as she stared at Okoru and Roth's cocks. "Don't want to leave. Don't want to go. Want to stay here and get fucked. Oh, Goddess, please! Please stick your cocks into me! I'm gonna go crazy if somebody doesn't fuck me soon!"

Words almost directly lifted from the videos that had played earlier. Kasumi was horrified at the thought of what might have happened to her if she had been the one to take the formula Delaana was given. If Henneman had shot her with the other syringe... would she be the one begging to get fucked right now?

"I don't know, Delaana," Henneman said, still taunting her. "Not sure you deserve to get fucked after what you and Kasumi almost did to Roth and Okoru." Reaching over to Roth, Henneman pulled out Delaana's knife from his belt and held it up to Delaana's face. "Remember this? How you were going to have Kasumi stick this knife into one of these men?"
Delaana furiously shook her head. "No, not me. Was... was all Kasumi's idea. Never wanted to escape. She forced me into it. I'm sorry, just please... PLEASE!" Delaana practically screamed as she writhed and struggled against her bonds.

"Oh, very well," Henneman said. He gestured to the two men, who moved into position around Delaana. Roth adjusted the table to separate the bottom half and swing apart Delaana's still-secured legs, putting her dripping snatch on vulgar display. Meanwhile, Okoru walked around to the head of the table, Delaana craning her neck to the side to watch as he presented his cock an inch away from her mouth. Without hesitation, Delaana opened wide and welcomed Okoru's thick black cock down her throat, while Roth positioned himself between Delaana's spread legs and started rapidly thrusting into her twat. It wasn't long before Kasumi could hear Delaana start to make heated, ecstatic moans around Okoru's thick manhood. The bondage device Delaana was fastened to started to creak under the force of Roth's thrusting, as the two humans eagerly violated the now-brainwashed asari captive.

"It appears, Miss Goto, that my formula was not the failure you believed," Henneman said as he walked casually over to Kasumi, tossing Delaana's knife casually from hand to hand. "A pity, though. To be honest, I would have preferred if you had been the successful test subject." He stared over at Roth and Okoru screwing Delaana, a look of pure disgust on his face. "How anyone could want to do that with a disgusting asari whore is utterly beyond me. If it had been you... well, perhaps I might have joined in on the celebration of a successful test." He arched an eyebrow, and Kasumi's blood ran cold as he added. "Of course... I suppose there really is nothing stopping me from doing so anyway."

Moving in close to Kasumi, Henneman reached down to adjust her bondage table, raising it up while tilting it backward. Soon Kasumi's feet were angled upward towards the ceiling, while her head was tipped back and about three feet off the ground. From her current position, she soon got an upside-down view of Henneman's crotch as he stepped to the head of the table.

"You see this?" Henneman said, reaching down to brandish Delaana's knife in front of Kasumi's face. "I feel any teeth, I'm using this to slit your throat. And then I'll just grab one of the other subjects in the cells to take your place. Perhaps that pretty little thing we fetched along with Jack. She's just like you: an extra subject, not part of the plan. And completely expendable. So are you going to behave yourself, Miss Goto? Or do I bleed you out and fetch someone else to take your place?"

Wincing, the sounds of Delaana moaning in pleasure filling her ears and making her want to scream, Kasumi finally shook her head. "I'll... I'll cooperate."

"Good," Henneman said. Sticking the knife in his pocket, he then opened up his lab coat and unfastened the pants of his Cerberus uniform underneath. Soon Kasumi's vision was filled with nothing but the insane doctor's throbbing cock, and reluctantly she opened her mouth to take his length down her throat. For a moment he just held it there, no doubt waiting to see if Kasumi would go back on her work and bite down on him. But when he felt no teeth, Henneman soon began working his hips, fucking Kasumi's face slowly at first. Kasumi shut her eyes, both to try to remove herself from this horrific situation and to not have to focus on Henneman's balls dangling in her eyeline. After a few seconds of slow thrusts, Kasumi felt Henneman's hands grip the sides of her head, before he began rapidly thrusting his cock down Kasumi's throat. Kasumi struggled for breath as Henneman rapidly fucked her face, his cock soon covered in stickly strings of saliva that dripped down his prick into hot trails on Kasumi's face.

Dimly, her head swimming from the lack of oxygen getting to her brain, she heard the door to the
room open. "Uh, doc? I was..."

At once, the cock in her mouth was withdrawn, and she gasped and choked as she was finally able to draw breath again. From her upside-down perspective, she could see Henneman turn to face Bowers, who stood at the open door with an uncomfortable expression on his face.

"Do you mind terribly, Mr. Bowers?" Henneman said snippily, cock still hanging out of his pants as he regarded his underling. "As you can see, we're in the middle of some very delicate testing procedures at the moment."

"Yeah, I know you said you didn't want to be disturbed, but... well, Morgan's out in the holding area," Bowers said. "She says she wants to see you, and she sounds pretty pissed off."

"I do not have time for this," Henneman said, voice dripping with exasperation. "Tell her that we are in the midst of extremely important research and that I cannot spare a second for her. She'll just have to wait until another time."

Bowers rubbed the back of his neck. "Yeah, well, the way she is right now... I don't know if she's gonna like that answer, man."

"Well then you'll have to make her like it, then," Henneman snarled. "I know that Miss Lezayen has little regard for the chain of command around here, but I outrank her. Just as I outrank you. And as your superior I am telling you... make her leave. However you have to do it."

Bowers wasn't exactly thrilled at this response, but nonetheless he nodded. "I'll try my best, doc." Slowly, Bowers stepped away from the door and headed back down the hallway into the holding area.

Shaking his head in annoyance, Henneman walked back to Kasumi. "Now... where were we, Miss Goto?" he said, as he presented his saliva-dripping cock back in front of Kasumi's face.

As Kasumi took a deep breath and opened her mouth to allow Henneman to resume fucking her face, the sound of Delaana's ecstatic moans still echoing from the other side of the room, a horrible thought entered Kasumi's mind.

*Maybe I would have been better off if I had gotten the real formula instead of Delaana. Maybe it would have been better to lose my mind after all.*
After finishing up her sticky dinner, Ash had curled up on the floor mat and drifted off into an uncomfortable sleep. With Morgan gone, the Old Ash was able to re-emerge somewhat, but in their shared subconscious the New Ash was still firmly in control. So her dreams were filled with endless visions of Morgan's cock pounding into her ass, while Ash smiled and moaned and thanked her mistress for the privilege of taking her cock.

As the dream went on, Ash looked around to see Shepard, Liara, and all of the other captives being happily ass-fucked as well, each of them having been broken down and turned into bitches by their own respective masters and mistresses. It was with some disgust that the Old Ash realized that this image was bizarrely comforting to her. At least it would mean I wasn't the only one, she thought to herself as she watched the women she had fought beside mewl and squeal while getting their asses pumped full of cocks and strap-ons, I'm not the only one who was weak enough to surrender.

In her dream, Ash felt herself cum, and she knew with queasy certainty that her body outside the dream was having the same reaction. No doubt her hand was busy beneath the musty blanket she was sleeping under, rubbing her pussy in her sleep at the thought of her beloved mistress. The New Ash was so tediously predictable like that.

It was just as she was working herself up to a second climax that she heard a loud noise that roused her from her sleep. Her eyes snapped open to see that Morgan had returned, and was currently cursing to herself as she attempted to reach the zipper on the back of her black party dress. Ash was about ready to stand up and offer to assist her mistress, when Morgan finally gave up, grabbed the front of her dress, and angrily yanked. The fabric tore like cheap tissue paper from the force of her pull, and the clingy dress was soon reduced to little more than scraps of fabric. Tossing down the remains of the dress petulantly, Morgan strode over in her bra and panties to the heavy bag in her workout area, and soon began furiously punching it.

"Lying... fucking... bastard..." Morgan snarled as she directed blows at the heavy canvas sack. "Over... and fucking... over... he told me... it wouldn't happen. Lying... to my fucking... face!"

Morgan delivered one last cross punch that rocked the heavy bag so hard that the chain it dangled from snapped, sending it crashing down to the floor.

Down on her mat, Ash remained lying underneath her blanket, afraid to do anything. The Old Ash remembered what Morgan had done to Crayman, and feared what would happen to her if she said or did the wrong thing in the face of Morgan's uncontrollable anger. While the New Ash was simply waiting for her mistress's further instructions.

Morgan stared down at the toppled heavy bag, breathing heavily with her hands clenched into tight fists. " Fucking... motherfucker... fuck..." Morgan muttered, her angry ranting having degenerated into random swearing. She delivered several angry kicks to the bag on the ground before stumbling over to her kitchen area. With a trembling hand, she reached down and retrieved the child's drawing from the refrigerator.

"Fuck..." she muttered again, but with no more fury or anger behind it. Slumping down onto one of the dining chairs, Morgan stared at the drawing with damp eyes. Soon, tears were streaming down her cheeks, and she leaned her head down on the table to sob into her own arms.
The New Ash wanted nothing more than to rush over and comfort her beloved mistress. But she feared what would happen if she did such a thing without approval. And since the Old Ash loved nothing more than to see her captor in pain, Ash simply laid there and watched as Morgan bawled. After a long time of this, Ash had no way of knowing how long, Morgan finally sat back up, her eyes red and her face glistening.

"Be smart, babe," Morgan said, and it took a moment for Ash to realize that she was talking to herself. "Know you want to kill the lying fuck, but the bosses would just send you out an airlock if you did. He's too valuable to all their devious little plans for you to get away with that shit. Gotta figure out what he's up to. Why he'd bullshit you about this. Figure that out first, and then we can fuck up his game plan, whatever it is." The smile that came to Morgan's face then would have been terrifying, if the New Ash wasn't sure that her mistress would never harm her without good reason. "Yeah, he'll pay for this. I'm gonna make damn sure of that."

Finally, Morgan's eyes rested on Ash's mat, and a thrill went through Ash's body as her mistress acknowledged her presence in the room. "Wake up, bitch," Morgan said. "Your mistress has commands."

As quick as she could, Ash tossed off the blanket and got up on her feet. Standing up straight, she stared intently at Morgan. "What do you want me to do, mistress?"

Ash waited for the usual commands. For her to suck Morgan off, or bend over to take the mistress's cock up her ass. But for a moment Morgan simply sat, staring at Ash appraisingly. In all her time as Morgan's bitch, Ash had never seen her this... contemplative before.

"Need to make it look right," Morgan mused to herself. "Gotta make sure he doesn't suspect." After a little while longer, Ash standing in silence and awaiting her commands, Morgan finally stood up. Ash tensed herself, ready to hit her knees at her mistress's command. But instead, Morgan walked over to a panel on the wall. "Karlie, Nerine, to my quarters," she said into the wall panel. As an afterthought, she added, "Oh, and come packing Sultanas, if you would."

After delivering the message, Morgan headed back into her kitchen area. Ash watched in curiosity as Morgan went through her cabinets, searching intently for something. Eventually, Morgan found the object of her search: a large, empty jar with a screw-on lid. Stepping back to the table and sitting down again, Morgan sat the jar on the table next to her. For a long time, the quarters were silent, Morgan and Ash staring at each other without saying a word. Ash waiting for her next command and Morgan waiting for her visitors to arrive.

Eventually, the door chime sounded. "It's open," Morgan yelled out, and the door slid open to reveal the two well-muscled members of Morgan's Phantom team.

"What's up, boss?" Karlie said, the pale-skinned redhead asked as she entered, carrying one of the Sultana synthetic cock devices as ordered. She seemed completely unfazed by seeing Morgan wearing little more than skimpy lingerie, and the Old Ash wondered how many other times these two had been called to Morgan's quarters to join her in "playing" with another ill-fated bitch.

Nerine's eyes locked on Ash, still standing and awaiting command. "Mmm, I think Morgan's looking to give us a little night-time entertainment," the dark-skinned Phantom said, smirking as she gawked at Ash's naked body.

"Really, boss?" Karlie said, and when Morgan nodded her assent, Karlie was quick to start stripping off her off-duty clothes. "Great, was getting bored of beating all those other bitches at
poker, anyway."

"Damn right. And with Henneman holding out on us with his prisoners and Kelly fast asleep, it was either this or another night of 'draw straws to see who has to play bottom for the rest of the team' in the barracks again," Nerine said, her own clothes hitting the floor as she slid the Sultana cock inside of her. Both she and Karlie gasped at the sensation of the cock integrating itself into their nervous system, the feeling still making them tingle even after several rounds with the sex toys. As they started to make their way towards Ash, Morgan spoke up.

"Hold up a second," she said. "Those Sultanas... they're adjustable, aren't they?"

Karlie stared down at the fake cock jutting out between her legs. "Think I remember that you could change the size, yeah," she said. "Why? You want us to shrink 'em down? Go easy on your bitch's ass tonight, boss?"

Morgan shook her head. "Actually... make them bigger," she said with a smirk. Pulling aside the crotch of her panties, she began stroking her own cock. "My bitch is used to some mighty thick meat, after all. Wouldn't want to disappoint her."

"See if I can remember how to do this," Karlie said, feeling around at the base of her fake cock. Finally, her finger found a small button underneath the synthetic skin, and after a few quick presses the cock between her legs started growing larger. Nerine followed suit, and soon both Phantoms were packing thick, twelve-inch cocks between their legs.

"Bend over for them, bitch," Morgan instructed Ash, and Ash quickly complied. The Phantoms started moving into position, jockeying for a moment for who got which end before making the decision. "Enjoy yourselves, ladies," Morgan said to her subordinates. "One in her mouth, and one in her cunt."

From behind Ash, Nerine gave Morgan a quizzical look. "Her cunt, really?"

"Yeah, feel like my bitch's ass could use a break tonight. And besides, not like the synthetic cum those things spit out are going to get anyone pregnant," Morgan said, a strange tone in her voice as she said the last word. "So go ahead, stick it in my bitch's pussy all you want."

"You give the best orders, boss," Nerine said. Gripping onto the base of her thick cock, the Phantom pressed the throbbing head against the lips of Ash's pussy. Ash was still wet as hell from playing with herself in her sleep, but even then she gritted her teeth as Nerine's thick synthetic cock started stretching her open. By now, she was quite used to being fucked up the ass by whoever her mistress decided was worthy, but the feel of a thick cock in her pussy after days of taking it solely in the ass was an unfamiliar sensation. There had been Bowers, of course, but his pathetic little manhood barely compared to the thick hunt of beautiful flesh hanging between her mistress's thighs.

But as Nerine took Ash by the hips and began furiously humping her pussy, the knowledge that her mistress was watching her get fucked was enough for Ash to start building towards a climax within seconds, even as she felt the massive cock forcing her open wider with every thrust.

Her only complaint was that her vision of Morgan stroking her own cock was soon blocked out by Karlie stepping in front of her. Opening up her jaw as wide as possible, Ash took the other Phantom's massive synthetic cock into her mouth. "Mmm, not bad," Karlie said, stroking her hand through Ash's hair as Ash worked her lips and tongue around Karlie's cock. "Can't wait to see if
Kelly's bitch sucks it as good as yours does, boss."

"You mean you haven't taken a crack at Kelly's bitch yet?" Morgan asked, sounding mildly surprised.

"Yeah, we went by earlier, but Kelly wasn't answering her door. Like she was asleep or something," Nerine said, chatting casually as she drove her cock in and out of Ash. "God, I sure don't miss having to sleep for more than thirty minutes a day. Think of all the time you miss out on. And the hot, wet cunt that goes unfucked while you're down for the count," she said, delivering a hard slap to Ash's backside for emphasis.

"Well, next time you talk to her," Ash heard Morgan say from behind Karlie's thrusting hips, "You let Kelly know that if my ladies don't get a crack at her bitch sometime in the next twenty-four hours, then we'll be relocating Sam from Kelly's quarters to the main barracks. I don't know how she was raised, but selfish little girls who don't share their toys, don't get to have any toys at all."

"Yeah, she's not the generous soul that you are, boss," Karlie said. "Hey, switch with me, Nerine. I wanna feel that bitch's cunt around my cock."

"Ah, fine," Nerine said, and Karlie's cock slid out of Ash's mouth with a wet pop. As the two Phantoms changed positions, Ash got a glimpse of Morgan, who was now openly jerking herself off as she watched her two subordinates make use of her bitch. It was just a brief glimpse, but it was enough to send a buzz of pleasure through Ash. But it was over far too quickly, as Nerine blocked her vision again, and Ash was taking the Phantom's dark-skinned cock down her throat while Karlie shoved every inch of her Sultana into Ash's twat.

Out of sight, Ash could hear Morgan letting out short grunts. "That's it. Stretch my bitch's cunt wide open," Morgan said. Just the sound of her voice, obviously enjoying watching her bitch get spit-roasted, was enough to send Ash off into a mind-blowing climax. She could feel her pussy gushing around Karlie's thrusting cock, and she reached up to work her hands around the base of Nerine's prick as she bobbed her mouth up and down its length.

"Damn, you sure you were an Alliance marine before this, bitch?" Nerine said to Ash, her artificial cock pulsing and throbbing in Ash's hands. "Because as talented as you are, I could have sworn you were a professional cock-sucker."

"Of course she was," Karlie said, her fingers roughly groping Ash's asscheeks as she screwed her. "They made her a Spectre, didn't they? If she wasn't kissing alien ass, she sure as hell was sucking alien cock."

Ash felt the thick length in her mouth get pulled out, as Nerine reached down to cup her under the chin and point her face upward. "Is that true? Are you a filthy alien cock-sucker?" Nerine stared down at Ash as she asked the vulgar question.

"Yes," Ash said. "I'm a filthy alien cock-sucker." It wasn't true, but a good bitch would never contradict one of her betters.

"Bet you gobbled down lots of alien pricks, huh?" Nerine asked. "Yeah, I can only imagine how many times the Council and their buddies fucked that pretty little face of yours and spilled their cum in your filthy fucking mouth. Isn't that right, bitch? The only reason they even made you a Spectre is because you got so good at sucking alien cock, right?"
It was nothing she wasn't used to hearing by now. The years of being held down in the Alliance because of her grandfather's legacy. Snide comments made in the barracks when they thought she wasn't around, or even when she was around. And even after they made her a Spectre, more distrust and suspicion. Accusations of turning her back on humanity to side with aliens, "just like her grandfather did."

"A pathetic alien ass-kisser," they called her. Back then, such degrading comments pissed her off, and only drove her to try harder to exceed their low expectations. But in her current state, being spat on and treated like garbage was sending a thrill through her body.

"It's true," Ash said, as Karlie's cock continued stretching open her pussy. "They made me a Spectre because I was such a good alien cock-sucker." As she spoke the filthy, degrading lies, she felt herself start to cum again. "Unnnnh... I was such a good little whore for the Council that they wanted to reward me for swallowing so much of their cum."

Nerine sneered at her. "Knew it. Good thing this prick isn't really part of me, or I don't know if I'd want to stick it into that cum-stained mouth of yours. Get myself all tainted and shit from all the weird germs those Council fucks and their buddies spilled in there." Sighing, Nerine nonetheless released Ash's chin and started rubbing the head of the Sultana cock against Ash's lips. Ash, taking the hint, opened wide for her again. "Gonna have to give this thing a good scrubbing once we're done here, get the stink of the Council off it."

It went on like that for almost an hour, Ash wagered. Karlie and Nerine traded places twice more during that time, taking turns on Ash's mouth and cunt. All the while swapping racist banter with each other, wondering which species Ash had sucked the most cocks of, whether or not she had fucked all of her former squadmates on the Normandy, and whether her sisters were just as big alien-loving sluts as she was.

To each vulgar accusation, Ash immediately agreed. Yes, she had sucked a lot of alien cocks, but due to their council status she had probably sucked turian cocks the most. Yes, she had let Garrus and Wrex take her ass and pussy, while Tali made Ash eat out her twat and Shepard and Liara watched and played with each other. And yes, her sisters loved to bend over for alien cock just as much as Ash did, but Ash was proud to be the biggest slut in her entire family.

Ash almost surprised herself at her own creativity, as she rewrote her own history to turn herself, and her entire family by proxy, into the biggest sluts for alien cock the galaxy had ever seen. And the more she degraded herself, and the two Phantoms mocked her for it, the hornier and hornier she got.

Eventually, Nerine grunted and buried herself hip-deep inside of Ash, and Ash felt the hot spill of Nerine's synthetic Sultana seed filling her insides. "Yeah, fill her up, Nerine," Karlie urged, and watching her partner-in-crime cumming soon set Karlie off as well. Ash swallowed down as much of Karlie's cum as she could, all while noting that it tasted nothing like her mistress's delicious seed. As Karlie and Nerine finished cumming inside of her, Ash silently prayed that she had performed well for her mistress, and that she would receive the best reward a bitch could be given in return.

But as Karlie stepped away, Ash noted with a measure of disappointment that Morgan had already finished without her. Her erection had receded down to its two-inch, flaccid state, and she watched her subordinates finish off with a lazy smile on her face.

Then Ash caught a glimpse of the jar Morgan had retrieved earlier. Now half-full with thick white
fluids, and with the lid screwed on tight. Morgan had apparently jerked herself off into the jar while Ash had been busy with Karlie and Nerine.

Ash was surprised at the sudden pain that filled her. *That cum is supposed to be for me,* she thought to herself, as the two Phantoms removed their Sultanas and started getting dressed. *I'm the mistress's bitch. Why wouldn't she let me have that cum?*

"See you later, alien whore," Karlie said, walking by the still bent-over Ash and giving her one last slap on her already-reddened ass before she and Nerine left. With her guests gone, Morgan sat at the table and stared at Ash, bent over and awaiting her next instructions.

"That was some good stuff, bitch," Morgan finally said after several seconds of silence. "Good thing I've always got the cameras running in here. I think that Ashley Williams tribute site is going to be getting a new upload pretty soon. I'm sure they're all going to love watching you tell the galaxy what a big slut you were before I came along and showed you what a real cock feels like."

Ash said nothing, her eyes focused on the jar full of cum resting on the table. She could feel herself salivating at the sight of it, imagining herself walking over, unscrewing the lid, and swallowing down every last drop of it.

Seeing Ash's stare, Morgan gave her a soft smile. "Oh, I know, bitch," she said, lightly patting the jar's lid. "But I'm saving that cum for something else. Something... important. But don't worry. The next load, and every load after that, are all going to be for you."

"Thank you, Mistress," Ash automatically replied. Her back was starting to hurt a little from being bent over for more than an hour, but nonetheless she held her position as Morgan stood up, grabbed the jar, and deposited it into her refrigerator next to some leftover meal rations and energy drinks. With that task handled, Morgan walked around behind Ash, and Ash heard her sink down to her knees.

"Yeah, that did the job," Morgan said, and Ash let out a light moan as she felt Morgan's fingers working around inside of her pussy. "Those two gaped that cunt of yours open real good, bitch. Should make sure you're nice and ready."

For a moment, Ash forgot herself and spoke without being prompted. "Ready for what, mistress?"

Immediately she regretted it, and prepared herself for whatever punishment the mistress would give her in response for her disobedience.

But the mistress was feeling generous tonight, and simply responded to Ash's question. "You'll see, bitch. Tomorrow's going to be quite an interesting day. I'm gonna get some damn answers, one way or the other," Morgan said. Her fingers left Ash's stretched-wide twat, and Ash let out a light moan of disappointment. "Go hit the shower, bitch. You're starting to get a little ripe."

"Yes, mistress," Ash said, standing up straight and walking back to the bathroom, while trying to hide her sad expression. As much as she had hoped the mistress would fuck her tonight, and as disappointed as she was that it might not happen, it was important for a bitch to never display her real emotions. Never let the mistress see you as anything else than her beautiful, perfectly happy bitch. So she forced a smile to her face as she passed Morgan on the way to the shower.

Underneath the warm spray, Ash soaped off her naked body, while rinsing away the cum dripping down her legs and smeared across her face. As she cleaned herself thoroughly, wanting to be perfect for her perfect mistress, she wondered if she had done something wrong. If there was a
reason that Morgan wasn't favoring her bitch with her cum tonight. And what all this talk about "answers" was?

The New Ash hated it when things got complicated. Because when things like that happened, the chances that she would be taken away from her mistress increased. Why couldn't everything just stay simple? Why couldn't she just stay Morgan's bitch for the rest of her life, sucking her cock and taking it up the ass for as long as her mistress allowed?

Just as she felt herself almost beginning to cry at the thought of her life with her mistress ending, she heard the door to the shower stall slide open. And as she felt muscular arms reach around her from behind and play with her tits, and the hot press of a thick cock against her back, the blissful smile that came to Ash's face was 100% genuine.

Her mistress still loved her. That was all that mattered.

And as Ash turned around and sank down to her knees to start lovingly licking Morgan's cock underneath the hot spray of the shower, the jar of cum in the refrigerator seemed a lot less important.

What was one load of cum, after all? There would always be more. Always and always and always, more and more and more.
Zaeed stepped into the conference room to see a crowd of familiar faces. Reminded him of that party at Shepard's just before the final battle of the war. And from what he had seen and heard since Jacob had shown up on his doorstep, seemed like they were in a situation almost as dire.

Garrus was the first to approach him, taloned hand extended in greeting. "Good to see you again, Zaeed," Garrus said, as Zaeed shook his hand. "Only wish it could have been under better circumstances."

"Heading off to battle alongside a handful of people, against a foe that has us outnumbered and outgunned? A few years ago I probably would have considered those the best circumstances," Zaeed observed. "These days, though, I'm just looking forward to kicking this clone's arse so I can get back to working on my tan."

"You and me both, Zaeed," said an unfamiliar woman in a breathing mask and terribly gaudy clothes. Seriously, Zaeed knew as much about fashion as any man would (i.e. nothing) and even he could tell that the unsuited quarian's taste in clothing was god-awful. "It's Tali, by the way. Don't think we've seen each other since I came out of the suit."

"Of course it's you, love. I'd recognize those hips... er, that voice anywhere," Zaeed said, before turning his attention to the two alien men on the other side of the table. "Grunt, Javik. Hopefully we can get this all settled real goddamn fast, go back to Shepard's flat and celebrate with another round of target practice."

"Yeah, probably not gonna happen," Grunt grumbled. "You remember? After we put a few holes in the bar last time, Shepard banned any firearms in her apartment." He shook his head in disbelief. "Unbelievable. A party without guns is like a party without alcohol."

"And that is assuming we are able to retrieve the Commander alive from her captivity," Javik observed. "And that she has full retention of her faculties after enduring whatever tortures they are currently putting her through."

The conference room went quiet, Javik's usual sunny disposition reminding them all of their friends currently being held captive. "Yeah, Jacob told me about Shepard and the lot," Zaeed finally spoke up. "I suppose anyone who isn't here is currently in the hands of Cerberus, then."

"Mostly," Vega said. "Wrex is back on Tuchanka dealing with some political stuff. And Samara... we're not really sure where she is. Justicars kinda work on their own, so she hasn't really kept in touch. Last we heard, though, she might have been on Omega with a reporter, so either she's still there, or Cerberus got their hands on her when they paid a visit."

Zaeed sighed. Pity. He had always had a weakness for asari matriarchs. Always seeming so dignified, but when you got them out of their dresses they could always show you a trick or two they still remembered from their maiden days. "So, you tracked down Dugas yet?"

"It was fairly easy, actually," Tali said, bringing up the display on the conference table to show the face of a younger, but still hardened-looking krogan. "The mercenary group he started after you and he parted ways, Elite Force Incorporated, grew fairly substantial after the war ended. Not big enough to challenge any of the big three groups, of course, but a fairly profitable enterprise."
"Dugas always did have a good head for business," Zaeed said. "Would have liked to have kept working with him, but we had conflicting goals back then. He wanted to make money, and I wanted to plant Vido in the deepest hole I could fucking find for him."

Vega glanced over at Zaeed, quizzical. "So he's legit now? Why don't we hire him, then? I'm sure if we gave him enough credits, he'd be happy to loan us out a clean ship to make the run to Omega in."

"Eh, you don't know Dugas like he do. He's never been a fan of humans. Only reason he ever worked with me was that were both flat-broke, and I could be a charming bastard when I needed to be. If he even suspected for a second that he was being hired out with Alliance credits, he'd drop the job in a heartbeat."

Jacob nodded. "And besides, this isn't exactly a deal we can do through any official channels. If word got back to Omega that Dugas was working with us, and then we're back to square one. No, we're going to have to do this under the table if we do it at all."

"You sure he's going to be willing to hand you over a ship, though?"

"Can't say for sure, but Dugas and me were real mates back in the day," Zaeed said. "All the times I pulled his quad out of the fire, I figure the least he owes me is to borrow a starship for a while. Of course, first thing is, we're gonna have to figure out where he is."

Garrus cocked his head at Tali. "Really? You hacked into his day-planner? You know we probably could have just called his secretary and asked if he was going to be in."

Tali smirked at the turian. "Well, where's the fun in that?"

Despite the casual air, the news left Jacob looking troubled. "Shit, Elysium," he muttered. "That's almost all the way across the galaxy. Three days travel time at the least."

The rest of the group immediately turned somber, having seen the news report back on the Orpheus while Jacob and Rooker were meeting Zaeed. The images of humans being forced into slavery and raped in the streets still echoed in their minds. "What the hell could have happened down there?"

"Well, whatever's happening, we've got to deal with it," Jacob said. "And if meeting with Dugas is the only way to make that happen..." he got on his comms. "Joker, set a course for the Petra Nebula. And..."

"Make it as fast as possible, I know, Commander," Joker's voice said over the comms. "So what's the plan for when we get there?" Rooker said. "If Dugas is as distrusting of humans as you say, there's no way he's going to be happy to see you flying in with an Alliance shuttlecraft."
Jacob tapped out commands on the conference table's control panel, accessing a map of Elysium. "We'll take a shuttle down here, to the Amber Island settlement. Should be able to rent a hovercar, and it's only a fifteen mile trip to Dugas's house from there. We send Zaeed in with a few marines undercover as his bodyguards, and..."

Zaeed immediately shook his head. "No way. Dugas may trust me, but that's about as far as his trust for humans goes. If I come to his flat with a couple of hard-looking blokes at my back, he's going to twig right away that something's up. No armed bodyguards if we're going to make this work."

Rooker gave Zaeed a questioning look. "You sure about all this? I know Dugas is an old friend, Mr. Massani. But if he's as paranoid about humans as you say, maybe after all these years that paranoia extends to you as well. You sure you want to go into this all by yourself?"

Zaeed rubbed his chin. "Didn't say anything about going in alone, did I? See, the thing about..."

They were interrupted by the sound of the conference room door sliding open. Riggs walked in with his usual blank expression. "Sorry if I'm interrupting," he said. "Just wanted to let you know that Mr. Massani's living quarters have been prepared. I can show you where you'll be sleeping whenever you're ready."

"We'll just be another minute, Private," Jacob said, before turning back to Zaeed. "You were saying?"

"Well, Dugas is a funny one," Zaeed said. "He may hate humans in general, but the pervy little lizard actually loves human women, oddly enough. Get him around a human bird and the old bastard starts thinking with his quad instead of his brain. So I was thinking the deal might go down easier if I pay a visit to my old mate with a little bit of arm candy by my side to distract him, you get me?"

Jacob frowned. "Not sure I'm entirely comfortable about the idea, but if you think it will help. I'm sure we could find someone suitable who could take on that role. Bridge Officer Mason, perhaps?"

Zaeed chuckled. "Actually, I had someone different in mind. Like you said, there's always the chance that things might go bad down there. And if I end up neck-deep in shit, I think I'd rather have somebody with me who knows how to handle herself in a fight."

"Hmm, afraid we don't really have a lot of female marines on the Orpheus," Jacob said. "And the ones we do... well, not to sound crass, but I don't think Dugas would find them very distracting. Well, except for... uh..."

Slowly, one by one, all heads turned in the same direction.

"Wait, why is everyone looking at me?" Rooker said.
They may not have been directing rude comments at her like they had the first time, but Miranda still felt the stares from the filthy Cerberus crew as they made their way down the hall.

Ten minutes ago, she and Oriana had been sitting in their cells, staring at the walls and waiting for the next indignity to be visited onto them. Then the man who was currently leading them through the hallways of the station had appeared outside of their cell's forcefield. Something about him looked so out of place in the grimy, horrifying circumstances of Cerberus's new home: he wore a clean, wrinkle-free business suit, and his words were polite and softly spoken.

"Please follow me," he had said, as he deactivated the containment field. "My employer would like a word with you two."

She knew there was little point in protesting, so she and Oriana had followed the man out of their cell. Bowers, the head of the guards, had watched the man lead them away without comment. Whoever this man was, he apparently had enough sway around here that he could come and fetch prisoners without any hassle. Not to mention that, as he walked Miranda and Oriana down the hallway, the Cerberus members they passed remained silent, stepping aside deferentially to allow the man to pass. So who was this guy? And who was his employer, that could engender so much respect even among the hardened thugs of this "new Cerberus?"

"Where are you taking us?" Oriana asked. It hurt Miranda's heart to hear the tone of Oriana's voice: weak and defeated. It was bad enough that they were torturing Miranda for her betrayal. To drag Oriana into this filled Miranda with barely-contained fury.

"As I said, my employer wishes to speak with you," the man said.

"Well, why didn't your employer come to get us, then?" Oriana pressed him. "Why did he send you?"

The man smiled slightly. "My employer has appointed me to be a personal liaison to Cerberus. I act as my employer's representative in all matters pertaining to Cerberus operations. And, not to put too fine a point on it, the restricted area of this station is not exactly the sort of place my employer would desire to spend any amount of time in."

"How wonderful for your employer," Miranda said, voice dripping with sarcasm. "They are aware of what's going on down here, aren't they? About what these sick bastards are doing to me and my sister? And to Shepard and all the rest?"

"Quite aware, yes," the man in the suit responded.

"And yet they allow it to happen," Miranda said. "How typical. Acting in accordance with monsters, while believing themselves above the muck. Your employer sounds like a pathetic human being, Mr..."

"Quinlan, Miss Lawson," he responded. "Arthur Quinlan. And in regards to my employer... everything will become clear very shortly."
They came to a stop at the door to a lift. From the opposite direction came one of the station's reprogrammed AIUs, approaching them with her arms full. "Your destination is at the top of this lift," Arthur explained. "But before you go up, my employer thought you might want to look a bit more..." he looked down at their naked bodies with a dispassionate glance, "presentable."

Miranda walked over to the robot, and scowled as she saw what was in her arms: two sets of neatly folded uniforms, with the Cerberus logo stitched into the fabric.

"If it's all the same, I'd rather go naked than wear that ever again," Miranda said disdainfully to Arthur, trying to seem as confident as she could even as she stood stark-naked in the middle of this Cerberus cesspit.

Arthur turned to Oriana with a quizzical look, and when she shook her head he responded with a slight shrug. "Suit yourselves, then," he said. As the AIU bot walked away, Arthur entered in a combination on the keypad next to the lift door, then pressed his hand into the display panel. In response to his palm print, the door slid open. "Please make your way into the lift," Arthur said, moving to the side of the door and crossing his hands behind his back. "I shall await your return down here."

As the two Lawson sisters stepped towards the lift, Miranda paused next to Arthur. "Mr. Quinlan, you seem like a reasonably intelligent man. No doubt well-versed in history. As such, I'm sure you remember what happened to the last incarnation of this organization?"

"I do," Arthur responded.

"Then you have to know that you and your employer are doomed to failure," Miranda spoke firmly. "Maya Brooks, or whatever she chooses to call herself, is an unstable individual. And her clone partner is even worse. As much as I may have come to hate him at the end, I will not deny that the Illusive Man was a calculating and brilliant individual. If even he could not help but lead Cerberus into infamy and ruin... what hope do you suppose these women have?"

The dignified man showed no apparent reaction to Miranda's words. "My employer's reasons for backing Cerberus are none of my concern, Miss Lawson. I do not question. I simply obey."

"Yes. I remember when I was like you, Mr. Quinlan," Miranda said. "And then I opened my eyes." Turning away from him, Miranda stepped into the lift, and stood beside her sister as the doors slid shut.

Neither of them spoke during the ride upward, but as the lift carried them up to their uncertain destination, Miranda felt Oriana's fingers against her palm. Immediately, Miranda clasped her sister's hand in hers, and together they waited with as much courage as they could muster.

Miranda had no idea what she would see when the door opened. Whatever it was, though, she would do and say whatever it took to keep Ori safe. That was the only thing she lived for now. The only thing she truly cared about anymore. After so many years of watching out for her sister's welfare, she wasn't about to stop now.

Slowly, the lift coasted to a stop. As the doors slid open, Miranda and Oriana were hit with the sound of classical strings.

Cautiously, still hand-in-hand with Oriana, Miranda stepped out of the lift into a lush, well-appointed office. Bookshelves lined the walls, and high-class furniture had been arranged into
several sitting areas. Directly in front of them, a small set of stairs led up to an elevated platform where a mahogany desk and high-backed leather chair had been placed. The room was barely lit, and several of the walls were hidden away in shadows.

As Miranda and Oriana walked in, there was a voice from the top of the platform. "Stop." It was a woman's voice, young from the sound of it. With no other choice but to obey, Miranda paused, Oriana standing next to her. The two of them must have looked absurd: two bare-naked women standing in the middle of this beautifully decorated office space.

"Who are you?" Miranda called up to the desk. "I want to see the face of the person who has signed off on this insanity."

"Do you know this piece?" the woman said, seemingly ignoring the question to draw attention to the music filling the room. "Don't worry if you don't. It's by Dmitri Shostakovich, a Russian composer from the mid-20th century. The Gadfly Suite, quite a lovely composition. One of my favorites, actually. Not just for the music, but the story of the man behind it. Shostakovich was quite a talented composer, who was unlucky enough to have lived in the Soviet Union during the height of Stalin's regime. He spent all of his life wanting to express his genius, but was held back by the oppressive regime he had been born into. He tried his best to express himself in secret through his music, while being denounced by the Communist Party and being forced to conform to their will on so many occasions. Rumor had it that when he finally joined the Party, there were tears in his eyes, and that it nearly drove him to suicide. Quite a sad story, wouldn't you say? A man with brilliant ideas, held back by fools who feared and hated his superior mind and wanted to crush him into their mold."

"Is there a point to this speech? Or does Cerberus plan to bore us to death?" Miranda asked.

"The point, you might say, is genius. Genius appreciated, and genius destroyed," the woman responded. "The latter of which is why you are here today. To pay the price that you deserve for robbing the galaxy of one of its greatest individuals. A crime perpetrated by you, Miranda... your sister... and Commander Shepard. And a crime I will see you punished for."

"What are you..." Miranda started to ask, before he heard a soft click. To her left, a light suddenly blazed on, and when she saw what was hidden in the shadows, her eyes narrowed. "God... dammit."

It was a statue, standing six foot tall and sculpted out of marble. The artist was skilled, indeed... even if their skills had been used to sculpt an image of such a hateful individual.

The face there was the face Miranda had remembered bitterly for the years she had spent hiding herself and her sister. The face of the man who had ordered his men to fire on her, after she had told him she had no intention of playing any further part in his plans.

And most of all, it was the face of the man who had created her. The man whose DNA she and Oriana carried around with them every day of their lives. The man who, in some twisted fashion, could be thought of as her father.

Miranda stared with smoldering rage at the statue of her father, Henry Lawson.

"Do you feel it, Miranda?" the woman on the top of the platform. "Seeing him again like this, even as a lifeless statue, do you feel the guilt of knowing how badly you betrayed him? How you, Oriana, and Shepard brutally murdered such a brilliant, one-of-a-kind individual?"
"A one-of-a-kind madman, is more like it," Miranda responded. "Whoever you are, you obviously didn't know Henry Lawson the way I did. If you did, you would smash this statue into rubble and never look back. The man was a psychopath, obsessed with preserving his genetic legacy. My father was not a..."

"NO!" the woman on the other side of the chair suddenly shouted, her previously calm voice shrill and enraged. "You do NOT call him that! You two do not have the RIGHT to call yourselves Henry Lawson's daughters! You lost that right the day you MURDERED him!"

"Please, listen to us!" Oriana suddenly spoke up. "He was performing experiments on humans! Twisting and indoctrinating them! He had to..."

Miranda held up a hand at her sister, quieting her. "I'll ask you again: who are you?" Miranda said. "An associate of his? A lover, perhaps? Who are you to defend the honor of that bastard?"

When the woman spoke again, she had calmed herself down from her earlier outburst. "There was another work by Shostakovich that I quite admired. The score he composed for a 1971 film version of King Lear. Not the best version of the play, to be sure, but tracking down Shostakovich's body of work led to me discovering the score to that film, and the works of Shakespeare as a result. Even after reading them all, though, Lear still remains my favorite. You do recall how that play begins, do you not, Miranda? An old king asks his three daughters which one of them loves him the best, so that he might divide up his kingdom among them. The two elder daughters, Goneril and Regan, offer false flattery and utter lies in their desire to deceive their father and claim his legacy for themselves. But the youngest daughter, she does not lie. She tells her father she loves him, but refuses to pile on the empty declarations of overinflated piety as her sisters had. And the king, deceived by his elder daughters, banishes the youngest daughter and pins his hopes on Goneril and Regan. But the two deceitful sisters backstab him in the end, and the youngest is the only one who stays true to her father despite his betrayal. And in the end, the king realizes his mistake, and his youngest daughter forgives him."

"Goneril. Regan," the woman said to the two of them. "So nice to finally meet you. I am my father's faithful daughter. His true daughter, unlike you two." She narrowed her eyes at them and spat out. "You may call me Cordelia. Cordelia Lawson."
The woman's proclamation echoed briefly across the high ceilings of the office, before being swallowed up by the quiet sounds of the music playing. For a moment, no one spoke. The woman calling herself Cordelia stared down with seething fury at Miranda and Oriana, her eyes studying them for their reaction.

"That's... that isn't possible!" Oriana finally spoke up. She looked over at Miranda, confused. "Miranda told me that all of the other clones were killed by our fath..." She paused, remembering the angry reaction from earlier at Miranda's reference to Henry Lawson as their father. "...were disposed of."

"And I was right, Ori," Miranda said, taking a step towards Cordelia's platform. "But that's not what you are, is it... Cordelia, was it? I wonder how long you've been using that name. Couldn't be more than a few years, I imagine. After all, if your identity had been so overt before, those rumors I had heard before would not have just remained rumors, would they?"

"Miri, I don't understand," Oriana said. "Are you saying that... she's really..."

Miranda nodded. "Yes. She's no clone at all. No product of any science except humanity's own natural biological process." She looked up at Cordelia with narrowed eyes. "Cordelia Lawson, as she chooses to call herself, is Henry Lawson's bastard daughter."

Cordelia coldly nodded. "You have the right of it, Miranda. That genetically perfect brain of yours isn't going to waste, I suppose," she said. "My father may have been a genius... perhaps one of the greatest men who ever lived... but he was still human. He was a young man living on Earth back then, still rising up in the world when he had a brief moment of weakness with my mother. He left her after that. Left Earth entirely, in fact, moving on to bigger and better things. But eventually my mother was able to contact him. Let him know that he had a daughter... and asking for credits to help raise me."

Miranda scoffed. "Yes, and I imagine that, kind soul that he was, Henry was only too willing to provide for you and your mother."

A sneer crept onto Cordelia's face, and Miranda thought at first that it was meant for her and Oriana. But Cordelia's next words made the target of Cordelia's scorn clear. "My mother. If you could call her that. A greedy, selfish worm of a human being, leeching off of others because she was too lazy to provide for herself." She gave Miranda a slight smirk. "But despite your doubts, yes. My father did send my mother a regular allowance. Even though I'm quite sure that, even then, he was putting plans in motion to create you two freaks of nature, he was always a man who liked to keep his options open. And so he made sure that I was raised in relative comfort on Earth. Given one of the best educations credits could buy, but all while making my mother promise to never reveal who my father really was."

"Such a warm, compassionate father figure," Miranda said with a scowl. "I can see why you would be so eager to take up his name once you found out the truth."

"Lear made his mistakes, Goneril," Cordelia said. Miranda let out an annoyed grunt as her captor went back to the tortured Shakespeare metaphor, but Cordelia paid it no mind. "But he regretted them in the end. I found that out the day that Earth was invaded by the Reapers three years ago. In
the confusion of the evacuation, he came out of the crowd. He told me that his name was Arthur Quinlan, and that he would take me someplace where I would be safe." A brief smile crossed her face. "Naturally, I was suspicious. A strange man coming out of nowhere and offering sanctuary to me, a young attractive woman barely in her twenties. But then he told me that he was an agent of my father. And that if I came with him, he would tell me the truth about where I had come from. And so I accepted."

"And what of your mother?" Miranda asked. "I suppose she wasn't granted the same offer of safety."

Cordelia barked out a harsh laugh. "Of course not! What had she done to deserve it? Sucking up credits from my father for the past twenty years? Eating and drinking herself into a fat, disgusting mess? I doubt she survived the invasion of Earth, but to be honest I never cared enough to even check. Even if she lived... I am not her daughter anymore. I do not carry the name she gave me. That silly little girl is dead now, and only Cordelia Lawson remains."

"So he rescued you from Earth. That's why you have a damn statue of him in your office?" Miranda asked, gesturing toward the disgusting eyesore. "After twenty years of no word, you think he saved your life... out of the goodness of his own heart? If he saved you, it was only because he thought you might still serve a purpose to him."

Cordelia shook her head. "But that's where you're wrong, Miranda. Father cared about me all along. He just... had his ways of showing it. After Mr. Quinlan pulled me away from the crowd, he took me to a private shuttle pad. On the way up to the ship that would be my home for the next two years, he told me that he was an employee of my father's. And that ever since I was born, my father had assigned him to one single task: ensure my safety. Make sure I was doing alright, that my mother wasn't neglecting me or wasting all the credits that Father was sending to her." A dreamy smile came to her face. "He even told me that, when I was ten years old, an unsavory individual had set his sights on me. Arthur personally ensured that the man was dealt with. If he hadn't been there... well, I'm sure you can imagine. So even if my father wasn't in my life personally... he was still looking out for my well-being."

Miranda was at a loss for words. This woman had been saved from a horrific fate at the hands of a perverted pedophile... and what does she do with her life? Help capture women in order for them to be subjected to an even worse fate.

Cordelia, on a roll at this point and barely acknowledging the two naked women standing below her, continued. "By the time we reached the vessel that Father prepared for me, Mr. Quinlan had told me all about the life of Henry Lawson. The credits he had accumulated through his sharp business sense. The power he wielded throughout the galaxy. I listened to it all with rapt attention. To think that such a great man was my father, after spending my whole life thinking of myself as the bastard daughter that had been cast away... it was revelatory. At the time, I had hoped that the spacecraft we had boarded was set to deliver me directly to my father's side. But, Mr. Quinlan informed me, it was not to be. My father was far away, and even though the ship we had boarded had an IES stealth system similar to the Normandy's, there was still a danger of being caught by the Reapers. So instead, we laid low in the Local Cluster, until the day would come when it was safe enough for me and my father to be..."

Miranda couldn't help it anymore, and suddenly started laughing. Cordelia cut off her story with a glare, as Miranda struggled to compose herself. "You poor, silly little girl," Miranda said. "Of course that's what he told you. But you have to know the real reason why you weren't taken to Henry directly, right? It was because he was at Sanctuary, rounding up experimental test subjects
to be warped into Cerberus slaves and horrific beasts. Don't you see how calculated this was? How deliberately he made sure you were only exposed to this myth of Henry Lawson, scientific and financial genius? All of that would have been wiped clean if you had seen what your beloved father was actually up to."

"I know full well what Father was doing," Cordelia said coldly. "He was trying to save our species from extinction. If he had been allowed to succeed, we wouldn't have needed that Prothean contraption that left us without the mass relays for more than a year. Yes, the experiments were horrific at times. But they..."

"At times?" Miranda interrupted, voice filled with disbelief. "Open your damn eyes! He butchered people! Slaughtered them by the hundreds! He was no great man, he was a monster!"

"Interrupt me one more time, and by God I will make you watch while those brutes downstairs have their way with that doppelganger you call a sister!" Cordelia suddenly rose from her chair and exclaimed, her loud voice overpowering the music still playing. As Miranda shut her mouth, Cordelia slowly sat back down. "Father did what he thought he had to do, for the good of the galaxy. And he was repaid with betrayal. A fact that you two are well aware of."

Calming herself, Cordelia hit a button on her desk, and the music abruptly stopped. "A few months after Mr. Quinlan found me, as our ship hid away from the Reapers, he paid me a visit in my quarters. Told me that he had an important message... and that I would want to sit down for it."

Cordelia hit another button on her desk, and Miranda heard a sound she hoped to never hear again in her life: the voice of her father.

If you are hearing this message, than I, Henry Lawson, am dead. Strange to consider my own demise, even after the many deaths that have occurred in the wake of the Reaper invasion. But as I speak, my two daughters are on their way to this office. My associate Kai Leng is doing his best to slow Miranda down, but even if he stops them both, it appears that Commander Shepard and the Normandy are on their way as well. It may yet be possible for me to discover a means of escape. I hope that I can. But if you are hearing this message, my daughter, then it means that I have not checked in with Mr. Quinlan at our appointed time, and I have not survived this predicament.

At this time, I wanted to say... I am sorry. For so long, I wanted to believe that Miranda and Oriana would prove to be worthy successors. That they would carry forward my legacy into the future. But they have been turned against me. I gave them everything. Every last piece of my DNA, I granted to them. And they respond with betrayal. I created them to be perfect, but in the end I have realized that perfection is something that may be impossible to achieve. That maybe... maybe in the end, I must look to other methods to carry on my legacy.

My daughter... I have watched you grow up all these years. The man who is there with you, Mr. Quinlan, has sent me regular updates on your life over the years. I am sorry that I was not there to see it personally. I realize now that, in the end... these clones coming to kill me are not my daughters. You... you were my only true daughter. And I had hoped that, once all this insanity was finished, that I would be able to make it up to you. But since you're listening to this message... well, I suppose it is not to be.

I only hope that, late as it may be, my help in giving you an escape from the horrors currently happening on Earth will allow you to survive this war. And that, even without my contributions, humanity will defeat the Reapers. If we should triumph, and our species lives on past the expiration that the Reapers are attempting to set for us... I have instructed Mr. Quinlan to give you
full access to all of the resources formerly at my disposal. This includes not only a vast sum of credits, but ships. Dummy corporations. Resources beyond what you could even possibly imagine. And people. People who are loyal to me, and will continue to demonstrate that same loyalty to you, my precious daughter.

And what will you do with those resources? I leave that entirely up to you. There was a time when I would have imposed my will upon you. Told Mr. Quinlan to only grant you access to these resources on one condition or another. But it seems that life is too short to worry about such matters anymore. So do whatever you wish with the inheritance I pass on to you. Invest the resources wisely, or waste them all on frivolities. I will make no demands on you one way or the other. However... I will make one request. If you should choose to repay me for what I have gifted to you, I ask you to take this ship through the Omega 4 relay. There is a station there, Avernus Station. Formerly operated by Cerberus, although I believe that the Illusive Man is pulling most of his people from there to help defend his main base of operations. But hidden away at that station, in a place no one would think to look... are the tools that will allow you to continue my legacy the way it deserves. Should you choose to grant this favor, let Mr. Quinlan know, and he will provide you with further details.

Whatever you decide, my daughter, know that I face my death a bit more gracefully, knowing that you are still out there. That even if I may die, the Lawson name will live on through you. And even though we may never meet face-to-face... know that I am so proud of you.

The message abruptly ended. And the realization hit Miranda even harder, of just how naïve and gullible this woman was. Of course, she hadn't had the "privilege" of hearing Henry's false promises and insincere praise over the course of several years, as Miranda had. The man could be charming when he needed to be, but Miranda had reached the point where she could hear the lie in his voice from a mile away. This woman calling herself Cordelia, however, had bought his bullshit completely. Even now, she could see the dreamy look in Cordelia's eyes as she listened to Henry's words. No doubt for the hundredth time or more.

Eventually, quite some time after the message stopped, Cordelia had regained her composure. "You see?" she said, her voice filled with awe. "In the end, he realized how he had miscalculated. How foolish it had been to place all of his hopes on you two. And he accepted me as his only daughter. His true daughter. Needless to say, I was ready to fulfill his request immediately. But just as we were finishing our preparations to head through the Charon relay... our sensors picked up a massive reading. It was the Citadel, being towed to Earth by the Reapers. Not long after that, Shepard came through along with the Crucible, and once it was fired... well, needless to say, heading for the Omega 4 relay was no longer an option."

"So instead, I did what I could in the Local Cluster," Cordelia continued. "With my father's resources and connections, I played a major role in the rebuilding of Earth, and the repair of the Charon relay. I'm sure that my business acumen was nothing compared to Father's, but with all of the assets he had granted me, it wasn't long until many of Earth's corporations were connected to me, directly or indirectly. Their gratitude for my assistance turned into loyalty, and by the time the Charon relay was finally repaired I controlled the vast majority of economic activity on Earth." She smirked down at Miranda and Oriana. "You see? For all your talk of Father's supposed cruelty, if it wasn't for him Earth would no doubt still be burning. But due to him, and to me, it thrives."

Miranda said nothing. By now, she realized that it was pointless to argue with this woman. She had built up Henry Lawson in her mind to near-godlike status, and no persuasion from the women who had "betrayed" him would do any good.
"Once the relay was up, I made my way straight to this station. Only to find Maya Brooks and her Shepard clone... "squatting" here, for lack of a better word. To be honest, I had enough ships and resources at that point to blow this entire station into rubble if they had presented me with a threat. But I needed to gain access to the... information that Father had left on this station. So I came to them with an offer of alliance. If they allowed me access to this station, I would provide them with enough resources to completely rebuild the might of Cerberus. Turn it from a target of scorn and hatred into the respected, pro-human organization it deserved to be.

"Oh, and there was one more condition to our deal, of course," Cordelia added, a sinister look creasing her face. "That they would help me get my revenge on the people who had killed my father. On Commander Shepard, her friends and allies... and on you two in particular."

"So that's what this is all about?" Miranda finally spoke up again. "Petty revenge?"

"What can I say? Like my father, I have my own human weaknesses," Cordelia said with a shrug. "And one of them is the thrill I'm going to get watching Henneman and his people torment, brutalize, and eventually break you all. He assures me that, by the time he's finished with you two, you're going to be nothing more than mewing, pathetic whores. That your minds will be warped until the only thing you can think about is bending over for every last man, or woman, and begging them to use you for their pleasure."

A smile came to Cordelia's stern face. "Dr. Henneman says he intends to start his... testing very soon. I've instructed him to make it slow for you two. To drag it out as long as possible, make the pain of being broken last for as long as he can manage. So while you're going through that, just remember my father. Remember how you betrayed and murdered him... and then beg him for forgiveness." Cordelia chuckled to herself. "Considering where he is right now, he is unlikely to grant it, of course. But I suppose it is worth a try."

Cordelia hit a button on her desk again, and the elevator door behind Miranda and Oriana slid open. "That is all," she said coldly. "Mr. Quinlan will take you back to your cell. I don't imagine I'll be seeing you two again for a good long while... and when I do, you will be much different people."

Still a bit shaken from the revelations she had received, Oriana turned and began numbly walking back to the lift. Only to be stopped when Miranda put a hand on her shoulder. "Wait," Miranda said, before turning her attention back to Cordelia. "Just one thing before we go back to that hell-hole your credits bought. You call yourself Cordelia. Name yourself after the character from King Lear. I trust you remember what happened to Cordelia by the end of that play. She ends up defeated, imprisoned, and eventually executed. I only hope you're prepared to face a similar fate. Because you know that what you and your people have done... it will not stand. Someone will come for you eventually, and when they do... your father won't be there to mourn over your body. Nor will anyone else."

And before Cordelia could offer a response, Miranda ushered Oriana into the lift.
Part 4: Dejection; Deception; Defection (Adamanthea Station, Restricted Section, Kelly's Quarters)

Kelly woke up to a familiar buzz. Blearily, she pulled herself out of the dream she had been having – a terrible one, much like all the ones she had been having since Cerberus had come for her on Chasca – and reached to her nightstand for the datapad.

"HEY. ARE THE BOSSES THERE?" flashed the message on her datapad.

Quickly, Kelly tapped out a message. "NO, THEY'RE NOT ON. WHAT'S GOING ON?" As she waited for a response, she turned her attention to the mat at the corner of the room. The shoddy accommodations that Morgan had provided for Kelly's bitch. Sam must have heard Kelly moving on the bed, as she rose up from the floor mat and stood up straight. Still playing the part, Kelly thought to herself, as she glanced at the surveillance camera.

"Bitch, entertain me," Kelly forced herself to sound stern as she spoke to Sam. "There's a bag of toys in my wardrobe. Pick one out and play with yourself while I deal with this."

"Yes, mistress," Sam responded, the sound of it still making Kelly ache inside. She turned her attention back to the datapad as Sam rustled around in the duffel bag.

"COMMANDER HAS NEW PLAN. GOING TO TRY A TROJAN HORSE GAMBIT TO GET US ONTO OMEGA. GOT AN OLD MERC ON BOARD WHO HAS TIES TO A KROGAN, DUGAS, WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET US A SHIP THAT WILL FOOL BALAK'S PEOPLE."

In a chair at the corner of the room, almost directly opposite the surveillance camera, Sam sat down with a small vibrator that she had retrieved from the bag. Turning it on with a soft buzz, Sam began rubbing it softly against her clit. "Mmm," she moaned, in a way that Kelly would have found unbelievably sexy were it not for their current circumstances. "Are you watching me, mistress? I'm so hot for you. My pussy gets so wet just thinking about you," she said, her voice low and husky as she worked the buzzing sex toy between her legs. Kelly watched as Sam reached up with her free hand to rub her bare tit, her eyes locked on Kelly's as she slowly played with herself. "Am I doing well, mistress? Do you like watching me?"

"Are you going to fuck me, mistress?" Sam cooed, the vibrator between her legs glistening and moist. "I saw a sensory strap-on in that bag. I would be so happy if my mistress used it on me." Kelly hesitated. Back on Chasca, she and Sam hadn't been much for toys. They were usually more
than happy to get each other off with just their fingers and tongues. But the moment they had set foot on this station, their sex lives had nothing to do with what the two of them enjoyed. But what the twisted pervert who manned the cameras around these parts would want to see. So, as much as she hated the idea, she knew that fucking Sam with a strap-on would be just the sort of thing that Morgan would enjoy watching, and would maybe keep the frightening security chief off her case for a little while longer.

Turning slightly to the camera, and wondering just how well Morgan might have been able to read her lips, Kelly loudly spoke. "You think I care what makes you happy, bitch? If I use that strap-on on you, it's because I want to use it. But just this once, I'll indulge you. Get onto the bed, on your hands and knees."

"Yes, mistress. I apologize, mistress," Sam said, laying the vibrator aside and following Kelly's instructions. Kelly was surprised to see how wet Sam had gotten the vibrator in the brief time she had been playing with herself. For a moment, she wondered if Sam was actually getting off from playing this degrading role. But it was a notion quickly dismissed: Sam was playing the part, just like Kelly was. And if that was what it took to keep Morgan from throwing Sam to the wolves, Kelly would keep doing what she had to do.

Walking over to the wardrobe in the short tanktop and panties she had slept in, Kelly picked out the sensory strap-on. Sliding off her panties, she fastened the sex toy over her bare crotch and activated it. Once Kelly was feeling the bizarre sensation of having a cock between her legs, she turned back to Sam. Part of her wished she didn't have to take Sam in such a degrading fashion. That if they had to do this, the two of them could be face-to-face. But Kelly wasn't sure she could keep up this act while looking Sam in the eyes. And besides, sex like this was much more to Morgan's tastes.

Kneeling down behind Sam, Kelly rubbed the head of her prick against Sam's wet pussy lips. "Give it to me, mistress," Sam moaned, her face pointed towards the camera. "Fuck your bitch's wet pussy."

"Shut up, bitch," Kelly snarled, surprising herself at the ferocity in her faked command. Lining herself up, she thrust herself deep into Sam's wet snatch. The sensation wasn't entirely unpleasant, despite the horrible circumstances, and soon Kelly was slowly thrusting herself in and out of Sam's pussy.

*Hope you're enjoying the show, Morgan,* Kelly thought to herself, as an image came to her mind of Morgan sitting in front of her bank of surveillance camera feeds. No doubt with her cock out of her pants, either jerking herself off or, more likely, having her whipped bitch Ash suck her off as she watched the show. After days of being subjected to similar perverted images, Kelly was surprised to find that the mental picture of Morgan pleasuring herself to Kelly and Sam's fucking didn't fill her with the same disgust as it once had.

In fact, Kelly found her mind lingering more than she ever would have imagined on the thought of the impossibly muscular security chief. Her uniform pants unzipped with her massive cock coated in Ash's glistening saliva. Kelly wasn't sure if she was just falling way too hard into the role she was playing, or if she was starting to lose her sanity. But the thought of Morgan watching Kelly give it to her bitch, and getting turned on at the sight of it, suddenly seemed strangely exciting to her.

"Oh, fuck," Kelly gasped, before reaching down to whip off her tanktop and bare her tits for the camera. All while never missing a stroke as she continued to fuck Sam. "Nothing feels better in the morning than my bitch's tight little cunt," she said lewdly, smirking into the camera as she spoke.
"Mistress, please," Sam moaned, her ass bouncing against Kelly's hips as she thrust herself back against the strap-on. "Fuck your bitch harder. I love it when you fuck me like this."

Dammit, what had gotten into her? Before long Kelly was roughly pounding into Sam's dripping cunt. She grinned eagerly as she buried herself into Sam, not sure if the manic smile on her face was just part of the act or a sign of her actual enjoyment of this depraved act. Whatever it was, Kelly found herself unable to stop smiling, or slow down her rough, fast thrusts into Sam. It hadn't been that long ago that she had been forced into a similar act back in the Normandy's shuttle bay. That whole situation, fucking Sam in front of most of the Cerberus crew, had only been bearable due to the drugs that Henneman had slipped her beforehand. If it hadn't been for the pleasant, calming buzz that those drugs had given her, then...

And that was when a shocking thought entered her mind. She had been under the influence of those drugs when she had fucked Sam in the cargo bay... but that hadn't been the only time she had been forced to fuck Sam by her captors. The other time had been the "wake" back on the Normandy, when Morgan had revealed Sam tied up on the card table and handed Kelly a Sultana to use on Sam. Back then, the only way Kelly had managed to go through with doing that to Sam was because of the hallucinogenic drugs lacing the liquor Kelly had been drinking at the time.

It was only two times, Kelly desperately thought to herself. Not enough to build up the association. But still, once the thought was there, it was hard for it to leave. Like Pavlov's dogs, salivating at the sound of a bell, Kelly's mind was starting to associate the good feelings that those drugs had given her, with the feeling of screwing Sam while someone was watching her.

God, no. Please, no, Kelly thought to herself, all while continuing to fuck Traynor from behind. But even as she desperately tried to will it away, the image of Morgan watching and getting off to Kelly fucking Sam was getting a pleasant buzz going in Kelly's mind. And between her legs as well, as the sensory strap-on sent the feeling of Sam's slick inner walls clenching along the length of Kelly's cock directly to the pleasure centers of Kelly's brain.

"Fuck me, mistress," Sam gasped, Kelly's sheets clenched between her fingers as she worked her hips back against Kelly's thrusting cock. "Make your bitch cum."

Kelly wanted to tell Sam to stop. That the sound of the woman she loved moaning and begging to be fucked was only deepening the insanity that she feared was creeping into her mind. But she couldn't do that as long as the camera watched from above. Even the idea of faking an orgasm and putting a stop to this before it went any further was being drowned out by Sam's feigned urging to be fucked harder.

"You want me to make you cum, bitch?" Kelly heard herself say, as her fingers dug in hard into Sam's flesh and she started fucking Sam even faster. "You think a dirty little bitch like you deserves to cum?"

"Only if... if... unnh," Sam struggled to form a coherent thought as Kelly's cock relentlessly stroked against her clit and forced her pussy open again and again. "Only if my mistress... decides that I'm worthy."

"Oh, fuck!" Kelly cried out, as she felt her muscles start to spasm. She was cumming, and cumming hard. Thrusting every last inch of the strap-on deep into Sam, Kelly let out several loud, strangled cries as she trembled at the force of her climax. Below her, she could hear Sam letting out similar heated sounds. Whether or not Sam was faking for the benefit of the camera, the sound of her
lover's moans only made Kelly's climax hit her that much harder. By the time she was finished, Kelly was completely drained and shivering, and she fell back to sit on the bed, her strap-on cock popping out of Sam with a wet sound and jutting lewdly from her hips.

"Thank you, mistress," Sam said between gasps for air. "Do you... have any further use for me?"

"I... I don't..." Kelly said, her senses started to return to her in the wake of her mind-shattering climax. As she remembered what had happened, all of her thoughts of keeping up the act for the camera were forgotten. Standing up quickly from the bed, she fumbled at the straps around her hips. After finally unhooking the disgusting device and tossing it away, she fled to the spot in her room where she was invisible from the surveillance cameras. The second she was there, her body was wracked with sobs.

"Hey, hey, Kelly," Sam said, as she moved into the spot in front of Kelly and put her hands on Kelly's shoulders. "You did great. That was just the sort of show that will keep Morgan from..."

"I can't do this anymore, Sam," Kelly said desperately, refusing to meet her lover's eyes. "When I was... doing that... I think I'm losing my mind, Sam. Everything that's happened, the things they've made me do... I'm afraid of what's happening to me." She finally looked up at Sam with tears in her eyes. "And I'm afraid of what I might do to you."

Reaching down, Sam took one of Kelly's hands in hers, and pulled it up to plant a light kiss on her fingers. "Kelly, listen to me. I trust you to always do the right thing," she said. "And I know that you would never do anything to hurt me. Even if you lost control a little bit back there, I know that you're doing it to make sure that both of us get out of this alive."

"But... what I did to you... what I've been doing to you... I'm worried that I'm starting to..."

Kelly's thought was interrupted by the sound of the door chime for her quarters. As Kelly and Sam both gasped and turned to the door, a voice was heard through the intercom. "Rise and shine, babe!" said the course voice of Nerine. "It's me and Karlie here to pay a visit and have some fun with your bitch! We know you're in there, so open up!"

"Oh, no!" Kelly said, looking back at Sam with wide, desperate eyes.

Sam was unable to hide the fear that came over her, but she gave Kelly a firm nod. "It's okay. I'm as ready as I'm ever going to be, I suppose. Let them in."

But Kelly couldn't do it. Especially after losing control so completely earlier, the thought of watching as the two vicious Phantoms violated Sam was too much to bear right now. Then she remembered. "The mole!" she exclaimed to Sam. Rushing back into the main living area of her quarters, Kelly began quickly throwing her underwear, followed by her Cerberus uniform. "I need to go tell someone about the mole's latest message!"

Sam sighed. She knew that Kelly was only delaying the inevitable, but she wasn't going to argue with her. Especially with the two of them back in sight of the cameras. Bitches don't argue, after all. Bitches do what they're told.

Once Kelly was dressed, she opened the door to face down the two leering Phantoms standing there. "Sorry," she muttered. "I have something urgent to discuss with Shepard and Brooks. I'm afraid I don't have the time right now."
"Well, you better make the time, Kelly," Karlie said as Kelly forced her way past the two of them and shut the door to her quarters. "See, Morgan asked us to deliver a message. She's tired of you holding out on us, and she said that if you don't let us have a crack at that bitch of yours by the end of today... then your bitch comes back with us to the barracks."

"Not that we wouldn't love that shit, you know," Nerine said, grinning lewdly while openly grabbing at her crotch. "That sweet little thing in a room fully of horny Phantoms who only sleep thirty minutes a day... mmm, in a week she'll either be dead, or so addicted to Cerberus twat that she'll never want to leave. But if you'd rather keep her sleeping in your quarters, babe, then you'd better be back in your quarters at 2100 hours tonight. And ready to give us a taste of your bitch's tight little cunt. Because if you're not, our next stop is the security room. And you really don't want to make us have to complain to Morgan about you again."

Karlie shook her head. "No, you really don't. So you're going to be here at 2100, right? You ain't gonna have some bullshit errand to run then, are you?"

Fighting the urge to start sobbing again, Kelly slowly nodded her head. "I'll be here," she forced herself to say.

"Sweet!" Karlie said. "Looking forward to getting a taste of some hot Indian twat," she turned to elbow Nerine. "Come on, let's hit the gym. Limber up a bit for tonight, huh?"

"Sounds good," Nerine said. "Later, Kelly!" she said, her stare intent. "Just remember. Your door opens at 2100, or your bitch goes bye-bye."

"I'll remember," Kelly said, shuddering as Karlie and Nerine turned and walked away. Already, she saw the minutes counting down in her mind, and struggled not to vomit in the middle of the hallway as she went in the opposite direction from the two Phantoms.
It was a fact of life: even in a station filled with some of the greatest human minds to ever live, somebody still had to do the grunt work. And one of those lucky chosen few was Dr. Walter Sammons. Not a doctor of biochemistry or theoretical physics or anything fancy like that. Just a plain old medical doctor. Even geniuses got colds, it turned out, and Dr. Sammons was there to hand out the necessary pills with a smile.

Not that he was resentful, of course. As a matter of fact, Sammons liked the idea of being a small cog in this great Cerberus machine. Maybe he wouldn't get all of the praise and recognition once Cerberus was restored to its former glory, but he could still say that he played his part. He only hoped that things would turn out much better this time around than with the other incarnation of Cerberus.

He had been part of a low-level cell back in the old days, and one that had thankfully gotten wind of the Illusive Man's growing insanity and decided to cut ties while the option was still available. Hell, he had been so low on the totem pole that nobody had even paid him enough notice to stick one of those tracking chips in him. But somehow, this new Cerberus had known enough to track him down, and all their high-minded talk of "making a difference" and "living up to the original ideals that Cerberus stood for" was enough to convince him to come back to the fold as the new Cerberus's general practitioner.

And so far, what he had seen here on Adamanthea Station seemed to match up with what he had been told before arriving. There were good people here. Families, even. And a sense that all of them were contributing to something better than themselves. That what they did here would ring out through history, and not with the sour note that the previous Cerberus had sounded. Perhaps his own contribution would be small in the end, but if the people here were able to achieve the scientific advancements they all hoped for, then Sammons would be proud to tell everyone that those geniuses had had their chronic migraines and occasional irritable bowel syndrome flare-ups treated by none other than himself.

It was the beginning of another work day, Sammons checking his appointment calender and preparing for his first appointment of the day in his office, when he had received an unexpected visitor.

"Hey, doc," said the muscular head of security for the station. "You got a minute to chat? Got something I need to show ya."

Sammons regarded Morgan Lezayen in surprise. The woman had never come to see him once since he had arrived on the station. Despite his occasional reminder for her to stop by for a routine checkup, the fit young woman had never set foot inside of his office. Now, out of the blue, here she was.

"I have a minute, sure. My first patient doesn't arrive for a few minutes," he said. "Let's go back to the examining room." He glanced for a moment at the small bag slung over Morgan's shoulder, before leading her back into the examining area.

"Thanks, doc," Morgan said. "Sorry to spring this on ya, but what I've got is... well, it's kinda a sensitive subject."
Sammons gave her a warm smile. The same disarming smile that had calmed down so many of the young children who came to visit him with tears in their eyes, terrified of having needles jammed in them. "I understand, Morgan," he said. "And not to worry. Everything we discuss here will be held in the strictest of confidence. Now, then... what seems to be the problem?"

"Uh, well, that's the thing," Morgan replied. "See, it ain't a problem with me. There's this guy who works in the restricted area with me, you see. And lately he's been having... well, a bit of a problem downstairs."

Sammons gave Morgan a quizzical look. "Really? Well, I'd be happy to give him an examination," he said. "Not sure why he didn't come to see me himself, though."

"Yeah, he's weird about doctors, is the thing," Morgan said, giving Sammons a helpless shrug. "You know how guys can get sometimes. That macho attitude. Never willing to admit that they've got a problem until it's too late. Hell, it took a lot of convincing before he even agreed to have me talk to you for him."

Sammons couldn't help but be confused. "Well... I suppose I could give you some general advice to pass along to him. Although I'd strongly suggest that he come pay me a visit in person. But for now... what exactly are his symptoms?"

"Well, he and his girl, they've been trying to have a kid for a while now," Morgan responded. "But no matter what, they just can't seem to put a bun in the oven, ya know? His girl is thinking that maybe there's something weird going on with his baby batter, but he refuses to even consider the idea."

And that was all that it took for Sammons to understand completely. "Of course," he said with a nod. "I think I'm familiar with this situation already."

Morgan cocked her head, a confused expression on her face. "Wait... you are?"

"I believe so. And trust me, I've been trying to get your friend in here to see me for quite some time. But for whatever reason, he keeps missing our appointments. I suppose his work over in your area of the station must be keeping him quite busy," Sammons said. "I have some pills here that might help deal with his problem, but still, I would appreciate it if he would finally pay me a visit to..."

"Nah, nah, that ain't why I'm here," Morgan said, reaching into the bag hanging from her shoulder. "See, I finally convinced the guy to give me a sample to bring to you. He wasn't willing to come and jerk it for you himself, but he did agree to let me bring some stuff over for you to look at."

"Morgan, I..." Sammons started to say, before he saw what was in Morgan's bag and his eyes went wide. "Is... is that what I think it is?"

Morgan held the jar in front of her, the thick white fluid inside sloshing around in her grip. "Yeah, pretty weird of him to save it like this, right? But it's been in the fridge for a while, so it should still be fresh or whatever. Could you take a look at it for me... for my friend, I mean? Let me know if you see anything funny about it."

"Morgan, this is highly irregular," Sammons protested. "Not only the idea of examining a potentially contaminated sample like this, but disclosing the results of what I find to a third party goes against all the codes of... my God, did he really have to collect that much of it?"
Glancing at the large jar more than half-full of semen, Morgan cocked an eyebrow. "Don't ask me, doc. He must have wanted to make sure he had plenty for you to test." Turning her attention back to Sammons, Morgan let out a weary sigh. "Look, I know it's weird and all. But do me a solid here, okay?"

Reluctantly, Sammons took hold of the jar. This woman was high up on the Cerberus food chain, after all. And, like it or not, Sammons knew that sometimes you just had to bite the bullet and play along, unless you wanted to find yourself on the first shuttle back to Omega. "I can't promise to tell you anything conclusive, you understand?" he said as he set the jar to the side. "Given the unorthodox method of collection, there's a strong possibility that this sample has already been rendered useless for testing. But I can try to give you some general observations."

"I appreciate it, doc," Morgan said, before quickly adding. "Oh, and he appreciates it, too. Even if he is too much of a sissy to come and see you himself. So, when can I expect to hear back?"

Sighing, Sammons checked his wristwatch. "I've got a pretty full slate of patients today, Morgan, so it might be this evening before I take a look. But I promise you, it will be my first priority once I find a spare moment."

"Not a problem," Morgan said with a grin. "Look forward to hearing what you find. Anyway, I gotta get back to the restricted area. I'll send you my omni-tool frequency so you can reach me once you have some results."

"I suppose it will have to do, since we still haven't dealt with that extranet outage yet," Sammons responded. "You heard any word on when we're going to back up and running again?"

Morgan shrugged. "Techies are still stumped, so your guess is as good as mine. I'll make sure you're the first to know if there's news."

As Morgan departed, Sammons's first patient arrived in her wake. "Morning, doctor," she said, the young research assistant glancing around the examination room and locking eyes on the jar sitting nearby. "What's that? Some sort of new medicine?"

"Oh, that's... nothing important," Sammons said, grabbing the jar and quickly tucking into a nearby specimen storage container. "Now, then... how are you feeling today?"
"Brynn. Brynn, wake up."

Brynn blinked her eyes in the darkness, feeling a hand on her shoulder. "Just another ten minutes," she muttered. "Don't have to be at the lab until 9."

"I know, Brynn. But I want to show you something," said the voice, and after several more seconds of confusion Brynn finally remembered that Ruben was back. And as her eyes adjusted in the dark, she could see his nervous face hovering above her. "We don't have much time, so I need you to wake up right now."

"Okay, okay," Brynn said, sitting up in bed and rubbing the sleep out of her eyes. "What is it, Ruben? Can't it wait until later?"

Ruben shook his head. "Gotta do this now. I spotted Morgan in the public section a minute ago. Have to show you this while she's away from the security room."

As she finally realized what Ruben was saying, and heard the nervous tremble in his voice, Brynn was immediately awake. "What's going on, Ruben?" she asked. "Is it something to do with what's going on in the restricted area?"

Ruben gave her a nod. "You said you wanted to see what we're working on," he quietly said. "Well, now's our chance." Sitting down on the side of the bed, he held up his arm, which was soon surrounded in light. "I interfaced my omni-tool with one of the camera feeds from back there. I think once you see this, you'll understand what's really at stake here. And how important your work is going to be for the future of Cerberus."

Part of Brynn wanted to tell him to forget it. That it wasn't worth breaching protocol like this just to satisfy her curiosity. But that curiosity ended up winning out in the end, and she watched in rapt attention as Ruben tapped buttons on his omni-tool.

"Brynn, before we do this... I just want to warn you that what you're about to see might be a bit of a shock," Ruben said. "And that no matter what, this information cannot leave this room. As far as Cerberus secrets go, this one is pretty much right there at the top. And for obvious reasons, no one else can ever know. Can you deal with that?"

Laying a hand on Ruben's shoulder, Brynn furrowed her brow. "You know I can, Ruben," Brynn said. "Show me."

"Just remember... I warned you," Ruben said, before hitting the last button and activating the video feed on his omni-tool. A hovering video image appeared above his forearm.

At first, Brynn wasn't sure what she was being shown. It looked like some sort of research laboratory, with machinery and testing equipment everywhere. Brynn recognized most of it from her own work: many of the devices were used for work on the human brain. But the large machine at the center of the room, Brynn had no idea what its function could possibly be.

And then she spotted the cylinder-like pod at the far end of the room. "What is that?" she asked Ruben, pointing to the pod on the video image. "Some sort of stasis device?"
"Close," Ruben said. "It's actually a device used to grow and develop... clones."

Brynn let out a gasp. She had heard rumors about Cerberus experimenting with human cloning. But never in her years working with the last incarnation of this organization had she ever seen something like this. "Is there... is there a clone in there right now? I can't see with the glass covered like that."

"And there's a very good reason why it's covered," Ruben responded. "Because the clone in that pod... is one of someone very important to Cerberus. One could say, perhaps the most important man of all."

"It's..." Brynn started to say, then fell silent as she realized what Ruben was saying. "It's him, isn't it? It's a clone of the Illusive Man."

"We found it when we first arrived on this station," Ruben responded. "We're not sure if it was intended to be some sort of emergency source for organ transplants, or if he had bigger intentions for it. Regardless, as soon as we saw it, Miss Brooks and I knew that we had to put it to use."

"Put it to use how?" Brynn asked, staring at the pod and imagining the clone floating inside. "After everything that happened during the war... the Illusive Man is probably the most hated human in the galaxy. What use could a clone of him possibly have?"

Ruben paused for a moment, taking a deep breath and collecting himself for what was to come. "That, Brynn, is where Shepard comes in. It's the biggest reason why we went to so much effort to recruit her. Because the only way we're going to make the galaxy believe in us... to believe in Cerberus again, is for her to be with us. And to tell the world that the clone in that pod is not actually a clone. That he is actually the real, original Illusive Man."

Brynn stared at Ruben, trying to process what he was telling her. "You mean... she's going to lie? But why?"

"To many humans out there, the Illusive Man was Cerberus. His charisma, his influence was the reason that so many of us believed in the vision of Cerberus. The notion of bringing Cerberus back to its former glory without the Illusive Man is a difficult one. Shepard knows this. That's why she agreed to our plan. Once the clone is brought back to life, Shepard will tell the world that the clone is actually the real Illusive Man. That the man that turned Cerberus into a pack of indoctrinated psychopaths was actually a clone, and that the real Illusive Man was being held in stasis on this station ever since the war began."

Brynn shook her head. "I don't know, Ruben. You really think people are going to believe that? That this clone would really be able to convince people that he's the real Illusive Man?"

"He will," Ruben responded. "You'd be surprised, Brynn, how easily people will believe. And with Shepard backing up the clone's story, the galaxy will be sure to rally behind us. Cerberus will be back to the way it used to be: the Illusive Man leading us, without the indoctrination of the Reapers warping his mind. With him, Shepard, and Miss Brooks... our dreams of furthering the cause of humanity will finally be realized."

"But... what does this have to do with me?" Brynn asked. "You said that my work in particular was important to the future of Cerberus?"
Ruben let out a low sigh. "When we arrived on this station, back when it was Avernus Station... it wasn't in the best shape. Machines had been left unattended. Entire electrical systems had been deactivated. And when we found the Illusive Man clone... well, the best I could say is that it was still alive, technically. Heart still beating, lungs still pumping oxygen with the help of a machine. But the brain was completely dead. The clone is little more than a vegetable at this point. Which is why..."

"Which is why Cerberus needs me to recreate the Lazarus Project," Brynn finished Ruben's sentence. "You need me to reactivate the clone's brain."

"I wish I could have told you before, Brynn," Ruben said. "But I'm sure you understand now why this had to be kept under wraps. We need everyone to believe that this Illusive Man is the real one. If word got out that Cerberus was being commanded by a clone? Some thing created in a laboratory? It would doom us before we even really got started."

Brynn struggled for words. She was being hit with so much shocking information at once, she had a hard time knowing where to begin. "Okay, say I'm successful," Brynn said. "Say I recreated Miranda Lawson's work and succeeded in reactivating the human brain after its death. We still only have an Illusive Man clone with no memories. It would take years... decades for us to teach him enough to successfully impersonate the real Illusive Man. And even then, it wouldn't be perfect. There would always be the chance that he would slip up somehow. Reveal himself."

"You see that device in the center of the room?" Ruben asked Brynn, and she nodded. "That machine is one of the greatest inventions Cerberus has ever devised. From the notes that were left behind, the scientists here referred to it as a 'memory transference device.' It works on many of the same principles as standard neural implants, but at a much deeper level." He pointed to the two metal tables sitting on either side of the device. "It would allow us to take one human's memories, and completely transfer them over to another human's mind. Every single scrap of memory, down to the briefest of recollections, would be implanted into the target subject's brain. Even things like muscle memory and instinctual reactions would be replicated at 100% accuracy."

"Such a device... it doesn't seem possible," Brynn said, staring at the memory transference device in awe. "But Ruben... even if it works as you say, the Illusive Man is dead. His body burned up in the wreckage of the Crucible. We don't have access to his memories anymore."

Ruben held up a finger. "But that's where you're wrong. Because the Illusive Man planned ahead for his potential demise. Once the memory transference device was complete, he made sure to have the scientists here create a complete scan of his mental activity. And when we arrived here, his brain scan was still stored in the station's memory banks. So, once you are able to revive the clone's mind, we'll transfer the Illusive Man's memories into it and..." Ruben snapped his fingers. "It will be as if the Illusive Man is alive and well again."

He seemed so excited about all of this, but Brynn couldn't keep the doubts from creeping in. "Ruben, I don't know. You seem so sure that the only reason the Illusive Man went crazy at the end was because of the indoctrination. But sometimes I think back to how he was even before the Reapers arrived... and I wonder if maybe it wasn't just the Reapers in the end. Are we sure we can put our faith in him again?"

"Don't worry," Ruben said. "Me and Miss Brooks have some ideas for how to keep the clone in line once he's up and talking. We won't let him lead us down another dark path like the last time, believe me." Reaching to his arm, Ruben deactivated his omni-tool. "But we'll deal with that when the time comes. For now, just keep working on the Lazarus Project as you were. After all, it's not
just Cerberus and our Illusive Man clone that will benefit from rediscovering the secret to restoring life. The entire galaxy will benefit as well."

Leaning over to her, Ruben gave her a quick peck on the cheek. "I'm going to head back to the restricted area to go over some more notes. Why don't you get back to sleep, hon? We want to make sure you're well-rested and ready to tackle this important project, don't we?"

"Sure, Ruben," Brynn said, reluctantly laying her head back down on the pillow. "See you tonight," she muttered, as Ruben stood up and left their quarters.

But as he left her alone in the darkness, Brynn found herself unable to sleep.
The wait had been agonizing. She had barely been able to concentrate on her work, knowing what was coming later that night. When her relief operator had finally arrived, Lisa had practically leaped out of her chair and barreled through the Orpheus to the cargo hold where Grunt had decided to bunk.

*Not the first time I've gotten laid in that cargo hold,* Lisa mused with an internal chuckle as she walked swiftly down the hallway towards her after-hours rendezvous. Underneath her Alliance uniform, she wore a lacy set of black underwear. One of several sets she kept on hand for such occasions and, just as a precaution, the cheapest set she owned. With a hulking, horny alpha male like Grunt, Lisa had a feeling her bra and panties were going to end up ripped right off her body. And as much as she was looking forward to seducing the massive krogan, she wasn't going to sacrifice her 500-credit Victoria's Secret set in the process.

Finally reaching the door to the cargo bay, Lisa took a moment to pull out a compact mirror. Checking herself out, she pursed her lips and breathily cooed. "Oh, my. I've never seen one that big before," she said softly to herself. "Please... be gentle with me." Images of hard krogan cock stretching her out sent a pleasurable shiver through her body. Snapping shut the mirror, she walked up to the cargo hold door and it slid open at her approach.

"Grunt?" she asked, stepping cautiously into the room. "Are you ready for me?"

"Yeah, yeah, get in here already," she heard the coarse alien mutter. "Let's do this quick so I can get some sleep."

*Well, he's definitely more honest than most men,* Lisa mused to herself as she entered the cargo hold. Turning, she saw Grunt sitting on his cot, the Alliance-issue furniture straining under the bulk of his massive, armor-clad frame. "Oh, my," Lisa observed. "You planning to... sleep in your armor?"

"A true krogan is always ready for battle, even when he sleeps," Grunt responded. "I know of several Urdnot clanmates who haven't removed their armor for years."

"Really? Mmm, I can only imagine how delightful that smells," Lisa said as she slowly approached the krogan. "But I imagine that must make it rather difficult to use the bathroom. Or does krogan armor have... accommodations for that?"

Grunt seemed confused by the question, but gave her a shrug. "Don't know why you're so interested, but yeah. You just undo a few fasteners and do your business."

"Hmm, I'm having an hard time picturing it," Lisa said, leaning against a nearby worktable and eying Grunt's groin with unmistakable intent. "Maybe if you... showed me."

Shaking his head, Grunt let out an annoyed sound. "All this talking. We both know why you came down here, so let's stop wasting time and get on with it."

"My thoughts exactly," Lisa said, as she reached up to the neck of her uniform to begin undressing. "Urdnot Grunt, I'm about to make you the luckiest krogan who ever..."
Unexpectedly, Grunt suddenly raised up from the bunk and was heading in Lisa's direction.

"Oh, you want to do it?" Lisa said, lowering her hand and thrusting her chest in Grunt's direction. "Go right ahead. I've got a spare uniform back in my footlocker, so no need to be gentle with it. Just try not to leave too many bruises."

Grunt glanced over at Lisa for a moment, confusion in his eyes, before sighing and grabbing something from the worktable Lisa was leaning against. "Here it is. Maybe a bit bigger than what you're used to, but it should do the trick."

Lisa turned to see what Grunt was holding. "Oh, don't worry about me, Grunt. I can handle whatever toy you've got just..." her voice trailed off as she saw what was in Grunt's hands. "What is that?"

"You don't recognize it? Thought the Alliance gave all your people standard weapons training," Grunt said, holding up his hand to show off what he was holding. "It's the latest version of the M-5 Phalanx. Just came off the assembly line last year. Definitely not up to the standards of krogan armaments, but a fairly damaging weapon all the same."

"It's... a gun," Lisa said, narrowing her eyes at Grunt.

"You said you didn't feel safe at night," Grunt said. "Figured you needed something like this to keep under your pillow."

Crossing her arms under her chest, Lisa shook her head. "Grunt, I don't think you quite understand what I'm looking for..."

"I know, I know," Grunt said, holding up a hand as he interrupted her. "You're not trained for a heavy weapon like this. But I spent a few hours installing some mods on it. Swapped out some of the parts for ultralight materials to make it easier to hold steady." He pointed a finger to a small attachment under the barrel. "Fitted a melee stunner on it so if you get ambushed..." Turning away from Lisa, he swung the pistol in the air and let out a loud laugh. "Guy will go down like a stunned pyjak. And here, take a look at this," he moved in close to Lisa, enthusiasm in his voice as he moved his finger along the extended barrel. "Cranial trauma system. Get through the target's shields and armor and put one round into his head... POW!" Grunt exclaimed, causing Lisa to jump in shock and eliciting another raucous laugh from Grunt. "Won't be anything left but a fine mist and a bloody neck stump." Placing the pistol down on the table, Grunt slid it in Lisa's direction. "So there you go. Can't imagine anybody not feeling safe with this piece of hardware by their bed."

Staring down at the weapon, Lisa let out a long, weary sigh. "Grunt," she turned to look up at him, ready to explain to him that the last thing she wanted from him was a damn gun.

But as her eyes met his, she saw the eagerness there. The way he was bouncing on his heels, obviously waiting for her reaction. And something about the excitement he obviously had at showing her the results of his hard work brought a smile to Lisa's face. "You... you did this all for me?"

"Wasn't that big a deal. Didn't have anything better to do, really," Grunt said, glancing away from Lisa and rubbing at his neck. "So... you like it then?"

Picking up the Phalanx pistol, Lisa stared at it with as much feigned awe as she could manage. "No, Grunt, I don't like it," she said, and when Grunt snapped his attention back to her in surprise,
she beamed at him. "I love it! This is the sweetest, most considerate gift anyone has ever gotten me! Thank you so much!" Rushing forward, she wrapped her arms around his waist and laid a kiss on the surprised krogan's cheek.

"Hey, calm down," Grunt said, taking a step back from Lisa and rubbing at his cheek. "It's just a gun, no big deal," he said. The grin he wore, however, made it obvious that he was happy to see Lisa's reaction. "Just let me know if you have any problems with it. Haven't done a lot of work with modifying Alliance weapons. You humans have those scrawny little fingers, and your weapon parts are... tiny."

"I'm sure it'll work perfectly, Grunt," Lisa said, batting her eyes at the krogan as she lovingly caressed the pistol. "But if I have any problems with it, you'll be the first to know." Reaching up her free hand, Lisa made to stifle a feigned yawn. "Oh, my. It's getting pretty late, and I've got to be back on duty at 0800. Guess I better be going."

Grunt nodded, and headed back to his cot. "Lock the door on your way out," he said as he curled up in his armor. "And don't forget about the safety on that thing. Last thing you want is to have an enemy in your sights and hear nothing but a click."

"I'll keep that in mind," Lisa said, heading for the door. "Good night, Grunt."

Grunt let out a low mutter in response, as Lisa made her exit.

On the way back to the crew quarters, Lisa reflected on her encounter with the krogan. And about how badly she had misread him.

She had been going about this all wrong. Expecting Grunt to be the stereotypical krogan warrior, as eager to fuck as he was to fight. But Grunt was an entirely different breed altogether. And Lisa was going to have to vary up her tactics a little. Oh, she was definitely going to find herself filled with thick alien cock by the time this mission was over. But it was going to take her a little bit longer than expected.

There was no doubt in her mind, however, that she'd be successful in the end. When Lisa Mason set her sights on a man, after all, it wasn't a question of if he'd end up with her. It was just a question of when.

* * *

The Orpheus firing range was nearly empty at that hour, most of the crew either on duty or getting some sleep in their off-duty hours. In fact, there was only one man practicing at the moment, firing well-aimed pistol shots at a target several yards away. His expression was grim, and his hands were steady as he directed bullet after bullet into the highest-scoring areas of the target.

As Jacob exhausted his heatsink and reached for another from the pile in front of him, he heard a voice behind him. "Wonder if Shepard ever had one of these installed on the Normandy," said Garrus as he moved into the practice area next to Jacob. "Back during the war the only practice I ever got was plunking away at empty Tupari cans with James down in the shuttle bay." Garrus laughed and added. "Until Cortez complained that the gunshots were scaring Bolto."

"Bolto?" Jacob asked, as Garrus prepared his sniper rifle and programmed the range to move his target out to maximum distance. "Name isn't ringing a bell."
"Just a dog-mech that got left on the Normandy while it was escaping Earth," Garrus observed, and chuckled. "Any other ship, having a robot dog wandering around the lower decks might have seemed strange. But flying with Shepard... it just seemed like business as usual."

Jacob smirked. "Yeah, Shepard sure attracted an interesting crew. Of course, back when I flew with her they were all hand-picked by..." Jacob paused, dawning recognition on his face.

"What is it?" Garrus said, laying down his rifle.

"Dammit, that's where I remember her from," Jacob exclaimed. Seeing the confused look on Garrus's face, he explained. "The woman who was with the Shepard clone back on Ontarom. She was with Cerberus at the same time me and Miranda were. Dammit, how did I not remember that until now?"

"It was a long time ago, Jacob," Garrus responded. "And I'm sure there's a lot of memories from those days you wanted to leave behind."

Jacob nodded, while still internally cursing himself for not remembering earlier. "She went by the codename Rasa back then. Never found out her real name, although I think Miranda might have known it. She was the one who assembled the dossiers on Shepard's crew. Dammit, no wonder she was able to track Shepard's people down so easily." He gritted his teeth. "How in the hell did I convince myself for so long that I was on the right side back then? When so many goddamned lunatics have come out of Cerberus... I should have seen it sooner."

"I'll admit, Cerberus didn't exactly seem to have high standards when it came to their psych evaluations," Garrus observed. "But there were good people there, too. You and Miranda. Kelly, Ken and Gabby. And Bry..." Garrus started to say, before abruptly cutting himself off with a cough. "Well, anyway... you shouldn't blame yourself. There's no way you could have known about what was to come."

"You're right," Jacob said. "Still... makes me wonder if I'm really cut out for command. Never questioned myself when I was doing routine patrols on the edges of Alliance space. Taking on pirates and other criminals who didn't stand a chance against an Alliance frigate, even a piece of crap like the Orpheus. But now that I'm being put to a real test... and there's actual lives on the line here... makes me think back to when the crew was abducted by the Collectors. When that happened, Shepard didn't hesitate. She flew right after them the second she was back on the Normandy."

Laying his pistol down, Jacob raised up a hand to rub his forehead. "Meanwhile, what are we doing? Heading off to beg for a ship from some krogan merc, so we can get onto Omega and maybe be able to finally go after Shepard and our friends," he said, the frustration evident in his voice. "And while we spend days doing that... who the hell knows what Cerberus is doing to them? Shepard and the rest of them are in the hands of the enemy, and we're just leaving them there."

"Jacob, listen to me," Garrus said. "Shepard flew right through the Omega 4 relay because she knew that we were ready. She had upgraded the Normandy to its maximum potential, made sure the crew was focused on the mission and not on any personal issues. And in case you've forgotten, when we arrived at the Collector Base we got a front row seat to watching the last of the Horizon colonists being melted down and turned into Reaper food."

Jacob hadn't forgotten. Just the thought of it brought back horrific memories of the screams.
Seeing the shaken look on Jacob's face, Garrus continued. "You think that, if Shepard could have, she wouldn't have done everything in her power to save those colonists, too? You think it didn't kill her inside just a little, knowing that if she had come a little bit faster... a little bit sooner, that she might have saved at least a few of them? But she wanted to make sure that we were ready. Just like you're making sure that when we head through the Omega 4 relay, we're completely prepared to take down Cerberus once and for all. I know it's hard, thinking about leaving Shepard and the rest of our friends in the hands of those psychopaths. But what you're doing right now, Jacob, is what you have to do, if we have any hope of completing our mission."

Taking a deep breath, Jacob squared his shoulders. "You're right, Garrus, I know that. But... it's hard to keep my head on straight when people I care about are in the hands of the enemy. Especially when I'm the one who put them there."

Garrus nodded solemnly. "That plan with Kasumi, Jacob... things like that are why I'm sure you're the right man to be in charge of this mission. If you hadn't sent her in alone to track the Normandy, we'd have no idea where Cerberus was right now. You made the call you had to make, even if it meant putting someone you care about in harm's way."

"Not really sure how much of a compliment that is, Garrus," Jacob said.

"Ah, that's right. You weren't there when Shepard had to choose between Ash and Kaidan," Garrus responded. "Kaidan was a good soldier, and a good man. But when it came to accomplishing the mission, Shepard made the call she had to make. Hell, I know a few turian commanders who might have froze up in a situation like that, choosing between two good friends and knowing that one of them was doomed to die. But Shepard did it, because she needed to for the sake of the mission. Just like you did what you had to do back on Ontarom. Honestly... put me in charge in a situation like that, where the success of this mission hinged on sending Tali in alone against Cerberus... I'm not sure I would have the stomach for it."

"Tali?" Jacob asked, forgetting about his concerns for a moment at the mention of the name. "So the rumors about you and her..."

"I... uh... well, I just used her as an example," Garrus quickly said. "Just as somebody who I have a long history with and..." Giving up the game, Garrus shook his head. "Guess I'm not fooling anybody, huh? Being around her like this, back in action the way we used to be... guess deep down this scarred-up old turian soldier is a romantic at heart. If only my father could see me now, pining away for a quarian."

Jacob gave his turian comrade a grin. "You should go for it, Garrus. I've seen the way the two of you are together. She's obviously into you."

"It's... complicated," Garrus responded, rubbing at the back of his neck. "Even if she felt the same way... she's needed back on Rannoch, and I've got duties back on Palaven. And then there's..." Garrus narrowed his eyes at Jacob. "Okay, what I'm about to tell you... it can't leave this firing range, you understand?"

Jacob nodded solemnly. "You have my word, Garrus."

"See, back when we decided that we weren't going to have a serious relationship, and we'd just... have fun whenever we got together, me and Tali came up with this thing where we'd tell each other about all the people we'd been with while the two of us had been separated. Just a little dirty talk, you know, to get each other in the mood. But the problem with that is, well... Tali's actually the
only woman I've been with in the past few years. So when she tells me about all the fun she's been having out there and wants to hear my stories, I've been making it all up. Pulling random names out of my head and claiming them as my many 'conquests.' I just... I didn't want her to feel guilty about enjoying herself while I sit around counting the days until the next time we get to hook up." He gave Jacob a sheepish look. "Pretty pathetic, I know."

"Nah, not pathetic," Jacob protested. "But... look, it's not for me to butt into whatever relationship you have going on with Tali. But considering the dangerous shit we could be facing in the next few days... maybe you should tell her the truth. Let her know how you feel now, instead of waiting until it might be too late."

Garrus turned away from Jacob, leaning against the firing range shelf where his rifle rested. "Almost makes you feel nostalgic, in a screwed-up sort of way. Remembering the days when death seemed like it was just around the corner. Back then it was just a few thousand gigantic robot death machines. Now it's just a bunch of psychotic humans led by a woman wearing my best friend's face."

Garrus looked over his shoulder at Jacob, and his voice was weary. "Maybe after this is over, Tali and I can both find some quiet colony somewhere. Much as it goes against every fiber of my being to turn my back on my people... I think you could argue that all of us have done more than our fair share."

"Sounds like a damn good idea to me," Jacob said, trying not to think about the relationship he had recently started. "But first, we gotta make sure our comrades get that chance, as well."

"And that anybody stupid enough to still consider flying the Cerberus banner remembers what we did to them the last two times," Garrus said. "We'll win this, Jacob. With the team we've got here on the Orpheus, and you in command... we'll complete the mission. I don't have any doubts about that."

Jacob chuckled ruefully. "Well, that makes one of us," he responded. "But I appreciate the confidence all the same." Grabbing his pistol from the firing range, Jacob triggered the safety and ejected the heatsink. "Think I'm going to catch some sleep. Been a long day."

"For all of us," Garrus responded. "Unfortunately, I don't see that changing any time soon."

As Jacob turned towards the door, he heard the loud crack of Garrus's rifle. And wondered how many more times he'd be hearing that sound before all of this was over
"Rise and shine, Shepard. It's time for us to get started."

Slowly, Shepard opened her eyes, leaning up from her stiff mattress to see Brooks standing at the other side of her cell's forcefield, hands on her hips and flanked by two leering Phantoms.

Shepard stared at them all while feeling mildly disoriented. For the past few hours she had managed to put herself into a somewhat-meditative state of calm. A skill she had learned to kill the boredom during the months of (comparatively heavenly) captivity before the Reapers attacked Earth. Her current circumstances made her efforts much more difficult, as she was forced to watch her friends and comrades being led away from their cells, only to be returned looking changed in drastic ways.

First it had been Kasumi and her asari cellmate: Kasumi's eyes had been distant when she had stepped back into the cellblock, while the asari moaned and wantonly touched herself. Then, Miranda and Oriana had been led away, returning with haunted looks on their faces and holding each other's hands for comfort. Now, it seemed, it was Shepard's turn.

Brooks saw the confusion on Shepard's face and sneered. "Oh, did you think we had forgotten you?" she asked snidely. "Sorry to keep you waiting, but my partner and I had certain tasks to deal with upon our return. But now that all those concerns have been handled, it is time for you to begin your training."

Training, Brooks called it. Shepard still remembered the last time Brooks had spoken to her back on the Normandy. About how she planned to break Shepard's will, make her into little more than a puppet. As the hours had passed in the cell, Shepard and Liara laying in silence on their cots and awaiting the horrors to come, Shepard had tried her best to mentally prepare herself for whatever tortures Brooks had prepared for her.

She wouldn't break, Shepard told herself that. Resisting the pain would be the easy part. But the tricky part, the part that would be necessary if her and Liara's plan was to succeed, would be to convince Brooks that she had been broken. Because if Brooks was telling the truth, and planned to replace the Shepard clone with the genuine Shepard once she was sure she had "broken" her, it was their best opportunity to remove one of their two main adversaries from the equation.

Shepard rose slowly to her feet. Part of her was nervous about being separated from Liara; having the woman she loved by her side for most of this ordeal had been one of the few things keeping her sane. But the two of them had to appear as if there was tension between them, so Shepard forced herself to not even glance back at Liara as she walked to the forcefield and obediently stood in front of Brooks.

"Bring it down," Brooks instructed one of the Phantoms, who walked over to the keypad next to the cell and quickly tapped in the combination. Once the field was down, Brooks gestured for Shepard to follow her, and turned away to walked towards the door to the "testing areas."

Shepard couldn't help but notice how easily and without hesitation Brooks turned her back to Shepard. Sloppy, Miss Brooks, she thought to herself as she followed behind Brooks, the two Phantoms walking by her side. Keep staying that cocky. One day, when you turn your back to me
Behind the door at the opposite end of the cellblock was a long hallway, with three doors on both sides. Stepping to the first door on the left, Brooks casually triggered the lock and motioned to her two Phantom minions. "Take her in and prepare her," she said, the words making Shepard's muscles tense as she imagine what "preparation" would entail.

Stepping inside of the room, Shepard felt like she had walked into the past. A room out of some mansion from a century or two ago, with fake wood floors and an artificial fireplace. It reminded Shepard a bit of the apartment she inherited from Anderson, albeit looking a lot more affluent and posh.

One of the Phantoms grabbed Shepard by the shoulder and pushed her forward. Shepard nearly tripped on one of the elaborately-detailed rugs as she was ushered towards a rough wooden table set in the middle of the room. Once the Phantoms were satisfied with her position, one of them reached into a nearby storage crate and pulled out a handful of thin, rough-looking ropes. As the other one grabbed Shepard by the wrists and roughly forced her hands behind her back, the first Phantom wrapped the ropes around Shepard's arms and upper body. The rough bonds soon had Shepard's arms secured in place, Shepard forcing herself not to move too much to keep the coarse strands from digging against her sensitive flesh.

"On your face, bitch," one of the Phantoms instructed Shepard, shoving her forward again against the wooden table. Begrudgingly, Shepard lied down on her stomach on the rough piece of furniture. She gritted her teeth at the feel of the cold wood against her bare tits, while the ropes that crisscrossed her upper body rubbed and scraped against the sensitive flesh of her breasts. Once she was down on her belly, she felt rough hands grab onto her ankles, spread her legs apart, and tie the same painfully-rough ropes around each of her ankles individually.

"I've been thinking long and hard these past few days, Shepard," Brooks said from somewhere behind her. As Brooks monologued, Shepard could see the two Phantoms out of the corner of her eye, walking away towards one of the mansion-like room's walls. She let out an unconscious gasp as she suddenly felt herself being yanked upwards, a metallic grinding from above her letting her know she was being raised up towards the ceiling by some sort of winch. The ropes around her ankles and breasts tightened and bit into her flesh, and Shepard forced herself not to cry out in pain as she was raised up slightly off the wooden table and suspended into the air. Once the two Phantoms were finished adjusting her position, Shepard was dangling in a horizontal position, naked and helpless, with her legs spread open and her pussy on bare display.

"Thinking, Shepard, about how I'm going to finally break you," Brooks said, and her voice moved closer until the Cerberus leader had moved in front of Shepard. By this point, Shepard wasn't the least bit surprised to see that Brooks had stripped out of her Cerberus uniform while her minions had secured Shepard, the dark-skinned woman brazenly parading around in her skimpy bra and panties. "Because if my plans are going to work, I need you broken completely. Allow me to demonstrate what I mean."

Adjusting the table that was now a few inches below Shepard's helplessly swaying body, Brooks hopped up and spread her legs. "Lower her back down a bit, if you would," she instructed the two Phantoms casually. The winch above Shepard grinded again, and Shepard was slowly lowered down. "Stop right there," Brooks said, her intentions clear as Shepard now found herself with her face less than an inch from Brooks's panty-clad pussy.

Pulling aside the crotch of her underwear, Brooks grabbed Shepard by her short-cropped red hair
and yanked her attention up to Brooks's face. "Lick my twat, Shepard," Brooks said, before releasing Shepard and letting her head flop back down into Brooks's cunt.

Shepard knew what was expected of her by this point, and the penalties for disobedience that would be visited, not on her, but on the people she cared about. Closing her eyes, Shepard stuck out her tongue and began slowly running the tip of it up the folds of Brooks's labia. By the time she reached her captor's clit, and prepared herself to begin flicking her tongue against the sensitive nub, she let out a sharp cry of pain as she felt Brooks's hand yanking on her hair again.

"Why did you do that?" Brooks snapped as she yanked Shepard's head back up, staring down into Shepard's eyes with a stern expression.

"I... I don't know what..." Shepard said, uncertain what she had done wrong to provoke Brooks's anger.

"Why..." Brooks said again, giving Shepard's hair another rough tug. "... did you do that, Shepard? Why did you lick my twat?"

Struggling to figure out what answer would avoid further punishment for herself and her friends, Shepard could come up with no good response. "Because you told me to," she finally spat out, unable to conceal the contempt in her voice.

With a disgusted sound, Brooks shoved Shepard's head to the side, and readjusted her panties back over her crotch before standing up. "You're lying to me, Shepard. And right there is the problem we need to correct."

"What the hell do you mean?" Shepard said, speaking out of turn but too annoyed in her current, painful situation to care. "You told me to do it, and I did it."

Crossing her arms under her chest, Brooks let out a sigh. "No, Shepard. You didn't stick your tongue in my pussy because I told you to. You did it because I told you to... and I have you and your friends help captive here. You did it because you know that if you didn't, I'd find some way to force you to do it. Perhaps by spending a few hours jamming a varren prod into Liara's ample blue backside until I got tired of her screaming. Or maybe by grabbing a few of your friends from their cells and letting Bowers and his boys take turns in their holes like our little celebration back on the Normandy. That's why you shoved your tongue into my pussy, Shepard. You licked my twat, Shepard, because you had no other choice."

Brooks motioned up with her fingers to the Phantoms, who raised the winch suspending Shepard until she was at eye-level with Brooks. "And if those factors were to change, Shepard... would you eat me out if I 'told you to,' then?" Brooks asked Shepard, reaching down a hand to idly play with one of Shepard's breasts as she spoke. "If the pain and suffering of you and your comrades were no longer a factor in the equation... would you eat me out if I 'told you to' then?" Brooks arched an eyebrow at Shepard and added. "Be honest, now."

"No," Shepard said simply, deciding not to detail all the things she would do to Brooks in that situation. "No, I wouldn't."

"And therein, class, lies the dilemma," Brooks said, teasing one of Shepard's nipples to erectness with her fingers only to pinch and tug on it. "Because I could settle for just using you like a fuck-toy and forcing you to become my personal slut under the threat of pain or worse. But if my plans are going to succeed, I need you broken, Shepard. Completely and utterly. When I instruct you to
do something, I need you to truly do it because I told you to, and only because I told you to. I need you to be obedient without hesitation, compliant without reservation. I need you to hang on my every word like God is shouting it down from the fucking heavens. And no matter how long it takes, Shepard... I will get what I want."

Shepard let out a relieved sigh as Brooks removed her hand from Shepard's nipple, her torturer reaching up both of her hands to cradle Shepard's face. "I know you think you're strong, Shepard. That you can withstand whatever I subject you to. But mark my words: I will break you. Like a dog, I will make you my faithful, dutiful pet."

Try it, bitch, Shepard thought but didn't say. Better than you have tried to make me surrender.

"And how does one train a dog?" Brooks said, removing her hands from Shepard's face and strolling casually over to one side of the room. "Because if I'm going to break you, that's how I'm going to have to do it: by turning you into an animal. Animals don't think like you and I do, Shepard. Animals only understand two things: rewards and punishment. To put it even simpler... pleasure and pain are how I'm going to break you, Shepard."

Bending down into the storage crate at her feet, Brooks quickly retrieved two items, one in each hand. "And today is your lucky day, Shepard. Because today we're going to start... with pleasure."

Shepard glanced at the two items that Brooks was carrying in her direction. The one in her left hand was unmistakable; Shepard had seen it a few times in some X-rated vids she had rented once to get her and Liara in the mood. It was one of those large, high-powered magic wand vibrators. As she walked towards Shepard, Brooks played with the switch, the ball on top of the device buzzing loudly every time Brooks activated it.

Standing in front of the dangling Shepard, Brooks reached up with the unknown device and wrapped the metal rods around Shepard's head. There was a soft click as Brooks adjusted the device, and Shepard could hear a low hum coming from the metal rods now wrapping around her temples and the top of her head.

"Feel any different, Shepard?" Brooks asked. "I'm sure you don't. What this device does will become apparent quite soon, however." She gestured to one of the Phantoms and handed her the vibrator. "Use this on Shepard, if you would," Brooks instructed, turning on the switch as she passed her minion the sex toy.

"With pleasure," the Phantom responded, a filthy leer in her voice as she walked around behind Shepard and positioned herself between the helpless Spectre's spread legs. Even after bracing herself for it, Shepard let out a surprised gasp as she felt the buzzing, vibrating ball press against her clit. Despite her current, uncomfortable position, she could feel the hum of the magic wand stimulating her most-sensitive areas.

Was this what Brooks was talking about? Shepard thought to herself as the Phantom rubbed the maddeningly intense vibrator against Shepard's pussy. The pressure against her crotch caused Shepard to sway slightly in her bonds, and she could feel the ropes holding her up digging harder into her skin. Breaking me with pleasure and pain? If she thinks this is going to break me, she's
As she watched the Phantom work the vibrator around Shepard's twat, Brooks casually unhooked her bra and let it tumble to the rug below. "You," she turned her attention to the other Phantom, while at the same time sliding her panties down her thighs and kicking them away. "Make yourself useful. Come over here and finish what Shepard started. Oh, but lose the uniform first."

Behind her, underneath the buzz of the vibrator teasing at her pussy, Shepard could hear the other Phantom quickly disrobe. Soon, the well-muscled and tattooed Cerberus soldier was naked and kneeling down in front of Brooks, obediently eating out her commander.

"Mmm, now that's the kind of obedience I'm looking for, Shepard," Brooks said with a lazy smile as she ran her hand through the hungrily-licking Phantom's hair. Shepard couldn't imagine a more un-erotic sight, but the relentless vibration of the magic wand between her legs was bringing Shepard closer and closer to an unwanted climax.

"Unh," Shepard let out a moan, feeling sweat start to bead on her forehead as her body reacted to the forced stimulation. Her breath came out heavy as she swayed slightly in her bonds, wishing she could move enough to remove herself from the reach of the maddeningly pleasurable sensations between her legs. But despite her disgust at this situation, her body was responding to the constant stimulation, and she could feel her pussy getting wetter and wetter with every passing second of sexual torture.

"Feels good, doesn't it, Shepard?" Brooks said, playing with her own tits as the Phantom on the floor continued eating her out. "Feels like you just want to surrender to the pleasure, don't you? Don't worry. It's not like you're enjoying yourself, right? Nobody would judge you at all if you just... let go."

Hearing the mocking words made Shepard fight against her impending orgasm all the more. Closely her eyes and gritting her teeth, she tried her best to focus her mind on anything other than the primal urges drawing her ever closer to a shameful climax. She thought about Liara, helpless and alone back in their cell. Desperately, she tried to let her feelings of despair and worry for her lover force aside the pleasure being inflicted upon her.

Try as she might, though, the magic wand between her legs drove away any attempts by Shepard to ignore it. Still, she fought against the orgasm that she could feel coming closer... and closer...

"You know, you don't have to just use the wand, honey," Brooks said to the Phantom currently between Shepard's legs. "Get your fingers in there and work that g-spot."

No, Shepard desperately thought to herself, even as she felt the Phantom's fingers slide into her sopping wet cunt and begin feeling around her inner walls. By now, Shepard was dripping with sweat, and could no longer keep herself from moaning with every breath as she came dangerously close to her final release. Dammit, she didn't want to let Brooks win. Eventually, she would provide her enemy the illusion of victory, but not this soon.

But as the Phantom's probing digits found the most sensitive area inside of Shepard's twat, and Shepard let out a long, low moan that brought a wicked smile to Brooks's face, Shepard realized that she wasn't going to win this fight. Brooks was determined to make her cum today, and no matter how long Shepard held out, she had a feeling that Brooks would get what she wanted in the end.
So Shepard stopped fighting. Closing her eyes, she prepared herself for a screaming, humiliating climax. As the Phantom's stroking fingers against her g-spot and the magic wand against her clit brought her right to the brink, Shepard held her breath and...

And...

"Uh oh, Shepard. Is something wrong?"

Hearing Brooks's taunts, Shepard's eyes snapped open. Something was wrong. Very wrong.

Between her legs, she could still feeling the impending climax that had seemed just seconds away before. But as time passed, and the stimulation between her legs continued, Shepard kept waiting for the final release... and it wasn't coming.

"Hmm, I think your comrade over there isn't getting the job done," Brooks said to the Phantom between her legs. "Go relieve her if you would. And you," Brooks pointed to the other Phantom. "Get that uniform off and pick up where your fellow soldier is leaving off."

Shepard felt the magic wand and fingers pull away from her pussy. A few minutes ago, she would have been relieved. But not now. She had been so close. Even now, she could still feel herself clinging to the edge of her climax. And as the other Phantom accepted the magic wand from her comrade and Shepard felt it press against her twat again, she could feel those same sensations in her pussy. That moment just before cumming, the anticipation before the final release.

And again... it didn't come.

"Four stages of the female orgasm, Shepard," Brooks calmly lectured, as the other naked Phantom dropped to her knees and carried on eating out her commander where the other Phantom had left off. "Arousal, plateau, the orgasm itself, and then resolution. Henneman explained it to me once in a bunch of dreary technical terms. Kinda takes all the fun out of fucking to know all the science behind it, wouldn't you say? But to put it in simple terms: there's the arousal phase, which is when you're playing around with your partner of choice, getting all nice and wet and fucking like a couple of bunnies. And once you're turned on enough, you reach what is known as the plateau. It's those last few seconds, when the arousal is at its peak, just before you start cumming your ass off."

Giving Shepard a sinister smile, Brooks continued. "But then, I don't think I need to explain to you what that is, Shepard. Because right now... and for as long as I feel like leaving you there... you're going to be making camp up on that plateau."

Squirming in her bonds, Shepard gasped for breath. Sweat was now pouring from her body and trickling down to dampen the wooden table below her. And still, she felt the buzz of the magic wand against her pussy, and the building pleasure that should have ended in a final climax. And still, she found herself right on the brink of her final release, and unable to make herself cum.

"Guess you know now what that little device up on your head is for," Brooks said, pointing to her own temple while wiggling her hips in the licking and slurping Phantom's face. "But in case you haven't figured it out, let me make it plain for you: that device is interfacing with your brain chemistry, and preventing you from reaching an orgasm."

Reaching over to a nearby side table, Brooks picked up a small metal box, showing it to Shepard. The simple-looking device had nothing on it but two buttons: a red one and a glowing green one below it. "See this? This switch deactivates the device on your head. If I were to push this red
button right here," Brooks moved her fingertip around the dimmed red button slowly, "It would deactivate the device and no doubt send you into one of the best goddamn orgasms of your entire worthless fucking life."

Shepard gasped, staring with wild, desperate eyes at the box in Brooks's hand. Between her legs, the Phantom was following Brooks's orders to the letter. The magic wand stroked and pressed against Shepard's throbbing clit, while fingers pushed between her pussy lips and stroked her inner walls firmly and exquisitely. She was so close. So damn close. She could hear herself hyperventilating, the ropes scraping against her dripping wet flesh as she squirmed against her bonds. The quiet hum she had heard from the device on her head now seemed louder than the roar of a Reaper's horn, the damned thing screwing with her mind and keeping her just on the edge of release.

"You want to cum so bad, don't you?" Brooks said to Shepard mockingly. "I can see it in your eyes, how desperate you are. Remember what I said, Shepard, about how I was going to break you. Pain... and pleasure. So here is today's lesson in obedience: you will be allowed to cum... when you beg me for it. All you have to do is say, 'Please let me cum. Please, Mistress Maya. Please allow me to cum.' Say those words, Shepard, and I'll hit this red button and you can cum to your heart's content."

Putting the device back down, Brooks gave a slight shrug. "Or you can refuse. You can continue to resist me. But just to warn you... I've cleared out my schedule for the rest of the day. And when it comes to waiting for you to beg me, Shepard, I can be very... very... patient."

Shepard stared at the device on the table, as if concentrating on it hard enough would cause the red button to press itself on its own. In front of her, Brooks shuddered and let out several quick gasps, as the Phantom's face between her legs was soon slick with Brooks's juices.

"Feels so good to cum, doesn't it?" Brooks said with a wicked gleam in her eye as she reached down to run her fingers against the wetness of her twat. Stepping over to Shepard, Brooks waved her glistening fingers under Shepard's nose, forcing Shepard to get a deep sniff of Brooks's arousal. "God, I can't imagine what you must be going through right now. So close to cumming and yet... so very far away."

Shutting her eyes tight, Shepard shook her head violently. She could hear Brooks laughing. "A very nice try, Shepard. But I can assure you that the device is secured quite well. It's not going anywhere... unless I allow it to."

Opening her eyes, the buzzing between her legs keeping her on the brink of madness, Shepard was eye-to-eye with Brooks. "Once more, Shepard. Beg me to let you cum. Because if I don't hear you begging me at the count of three... well, I'm not going to ask you again for another hour. We'll see how proud and strong you are after that long on the edge."

Part of her was ready to give in right then. Feeling the maddening sensations between her legs and knowing that Brooks intended them to go on for at least another hour, a small voice in Shepard's brain was begging her to submit.

*It doesn't mean she's beaten you,* the voice said, and even in her own imagination she could hear her internal voice trembling with need. *You're not surrendering. You're just playing the part.*

But to give up now wouldn't be playing the part. It would be a true surrender. And Shepard couldn't allow herself that. No matter how crazy it was driving her to be this close to cumming.
"One... two..." Brooks counted, staring expectantly at Shepard. After a long pause, Brooks finished with a smirk, "Three. Missed your shot, Shepard." Looking down at the Phantom who had made her cum, still down on her knees, Brooks pointed across the room. "Fetch me two of those strap-ons. Looks like we're going to be here a while, and you know how I get when I'm bored."
"Oh, Maya, Maya, Maya," Morgan said, watching on the monitor as Brooks and her two Phantom bodyguards toyed with the dangling Shepard. "Relying on those high-tech gadgets to break your bitch in, really? One of these days, I really need to teach you how to do things the old-fashioned way. Still, though... providing for some nice afternoon viewing."

Slouching back in her chair, Morgan watched with a slight smile as one of the Phantoms lowered Shepard down slightly, while the other secured her strap-on and moved between Shepard's legs to begin pounding her twat. It was hard to tell in the low-resolution video feed, but the look on Shepard's face was somewhere between abject misery and indescribable pleasure as the Phantom grabbed her hips and roughly fucked her. Brooks, meanwhile, was sitting on the couch and spreading her legs to allow the other Phantom to climb between them and shove her own fake cock into her commander's pussy.

Shaking her head, Morgan let out a disappointed sigh. "Doesn't she see the mixed messages she sends out when she bottoms for her people like that? You want to be the head cunt in charge, you should **always** be topping. Next thing you know, Miss Brooks is going to end up as somebody else's bitch. And where would Cerberus be then, huh?"

With a shrug, Morgan cycled through the other camera views. Nothing caught her eye until she reached Hallway 2-F in the restricted area, and caught a glimpse of Kelly heading rapidly down the hall, datapad in hand. "My, my, what has my sweetie Kel-Bear in such a hurry?" Morgan mused as she switched the angle to follow Kelly's path. She watched in curiosity as Kelly made her way towards the door to the slave cellblock. Switching cameras again, Morgan let out a low chuckle. "Oh, you boys. Can't resist playing with those toys of yours."

In the center of the cellblock area, Bowers and his three underlings stood in a tight circle. Pants at their ankles and stroking their cocks in the direction of the beaming, horny asari on her knees in their midst. Even in the low resolution video feed, Morgan could see Delaana licking her lips before gripping Roth's cock by the base and wrapping her lips around the shaft. Her other hand found Okoru's throbbing prick, and she stroked it while bobbing her head on Roth's prick. It was just as the door to the cellblock opened, and Kelly stepped inside, that Bowers squinted his eyes shut and began firing his load in Delaana's direction. The cum splattered against her head tendrils, and she immediately pulled away from Roth's prick to turn and catch the last spurts of Bowers's jizz on her tongue. As Kelly watched with wide, horrified eyes, the other three men soon started cumming as well, Delaana turning to each one to open her mouth and happily swallow down as much of their loads as she could catch on her tongue. The men didn't have the best aim, however, and soon Delaana was splattered with almost as much cum as she managed to swallow. Only after all four men had finished did one of them finally notice Kelly's arrival. As Bowers fastened his pants and had a short conversation with Kelly, the other three men led the cum-soaked Delaana back to her cell.

"Now that's one way to clean up after yourself," Morgan remarked after switching to the camera in Delaana's cell. She watched as Roth barked orders at Delaana's cellmate, and after some hesitation Kasumi was soon reluctantly running her tongue against Delaana's scaly blue skin. The three men leered as Kasumi was forced to clean up the mess they had left across the asari, who reacted to the tongue bath by smiling and playing with her pussy as she watched Kasumi slurp up cum. Whatever
that shit was that Henneman had given Delaana, she sure wasn't the sharp-tongued, defiant mercenary that she once was. Not anymore.

Thinking about Henneman brought a frown to Morgan's face, and she quickly switched her camera away from the cellblock area. "That son of a bitch," Morgan muttered. "Lying to my damn face like that."

Morgan randomly hit buttons on her panel for the public area of the station, wanting to be as far away from Henneman's lair in the restricted area as possible. Random shots of scientists working on complicated experiments and their families relaxing in their quarters flashed across the screen. Morgan barely paid attention to the random flashes on the screen... until something completely unexpected came into view.

"Oh, my," she said with a giggle, watching the video feed from the private quarters of the Normandy's Cerberus pilot. Erin, normally such a boring little prude, was bare naked and lying on her back on her bed, her legs in the air and spread wide open. Her dark brown hair was matted with sweat and her mouth was wide open, her sheets gripped in her fingers as the robot woman above her rhythmically thrust a massive metallic cock into Erin's dripping snatch. Morgan arched an eyebrow as she watched Erin toss her head back and silently moan, while Inania's expression remained as blank as always as she robotically fucked the ecstatic pilot.

"A vibrator would be cheaper, Erin sweetie," Morgan said to the video screen, while nonetheless enjoying the sight of Little Miss Superior sweating and moaning like a whore while being taken by an artificial woman and her robo-cock. With a smirk, Morgan flipped a switch to start making a backup recording of the current video on-screen. If Erin ever got to be too much of a bossy boots again, Morgan would relish the chance to threaten her with having her "misuse of Cerberus property" get reported to the guys over in the repair shop.

After a few more minutes of watching, Morgan saw Inania pull out of Erin's gaping cunt, her artificial cock dripping with some sort of synthetic semen substance. Reaching down between her legs, Erin scooped up the substance spilling out of her twat and brought it to her mouth, a grin on her face as she lapped up the fluid. "Can't possibly compare to the real thing," Morgan said, shifting slightly in her seat and laughing to herself. The laugh soon trailed off into a sigh, however, as her eyes locked on another button on her security panel.

She knew she shouldn't. But she couldn't help herself. She pressed the button and was greeted with the image of one of the larger rooms in the public area of the station: a large meeting room that was used for various function, including the education of the young children aboard the station. Currently, rows of chairs had been set up to watch several children in simple costumes put on a play.

The video feed didn't provide any sound, but Morgan nonetheless watched with rapt attention as the show went on in front of her. A play-swordfight was interrupted by the arrival of two twin girls in royal costumes, and Morgan beamed as she watched them silently recite their lines. "That's it," she said, her eyes glistening as she watched Sarah and Mya perform. "You've got this, girls. You're doing so fucking good."

Her breath caught as she saw a moment of hesitation from Mya, mild panic on the girl's face as she seemed to forget her line. But Sarah quickly leaned over and whispered to her twin sister, and soon Mya was right back into her role. Morgan grinned with pride, and as the audience silently clapped...
on the screen, Morgan joined in. "Bravo," she said, her voice trembling slightly. "Bravo! You did..."

Her enjoyment of the play was interrupted by the chime of her omni-tool. "Ah, what the fuck is..." she started to say, then saw the name on the incoming communication and quickly deactivated her screen. "What have you got, doc?" she said as she connected with the call.

"Uh... well, I've run some tests on the sample you left with me," Dr. Sammons stammered on the other end of the call. "It's... well, to be honest, Miss Lezayan, I'd rather discuss this with the individual who provided you with this sample. If you could..."

"He's not available," Morgan said sternly. "You can tell me, and I'll deliver the message."

There was a pause on the other end of the line, and then the public section doctor finally spoke up. "This semen... well, it's unlike anything I've ever seen before. The chromosomal structure is completely rewritten to..."

"Cut to the chase, doc," Morgan interrupted. "You're saying this shit is definitely potent, right? That I... that this guy would be able to impregnate somebody?"

Dr. Sammons responded with a laugh. "Let me put it this way, Miss Lezayen: your average male has a sperm count of 20 to 40 million sperm per milliliter of semen. This sample... has 500 billion sperm per milliliter. To be perfectly frank, if the man who provided this sample was to ejaculate anywhere near a woman, and she didn't get pregnant, then the problem is definitely with her."

"Son of a bitch," Morgan muttered.

"And that's not even the strangest thing," Dr. Sammons continued. "I was saying before about the chromosomal structure of this sample. I'm sure you remember your science classes from back in school, about genetics and reproduction."

Morgan scowled. "Think I was out sick that day, doc."

"Alright, well... in layman's terms, when a man and a woman reproduce, each of them contribute their DNA to the resulting child, and the mix of their DNA is what makes the child who he or she is," Dr. Sammons said. "But the DNA in this sample... well, I don't know any other way to put it. It looks to me like it has been genetically engineered to completely override the DNA of the mother. If the man who provided this sample was to impregnate a woman, the woman's genetics would be completely ignored in favor of the DNA passed down by the father. Ultimately, she'd be little more than an incubation unit for an exact clone of the father."

And who would that 'father' be, I wonder? Morgan thought to herself. Is Henneman trying to get me to put a baby version of himself in my bitch's tummy? Or maybe it's somebody else?

"But the weirdest part of all of this," Dr. Sammons kept going, "is that the sperm in this sample is self-replicating. Outside the womb, sperm should only live for a few hours or so. Not only is this sperm not dying, but it's actually undergoing mitosis. In other words, the sperm is dividing and multiplying itself, even outside of the man's body. That... I mean, that just doesn't happen. Not with any normal human being's semen."

Morgan frowned. Most of this was going over her head, but none of it sounded good to her. "Heavy stuff, doc. Well, thanks for looking into it for me."
"Miss Lezayen, if you could do one thing for me," Dr. Sammons quickly said, a hint of excitement in his normally calm voice. "Whoever this mystery man is who asked you to contact me, please have him pay me a visit as soon as possible. I would very much like to talk to him about further tests we could run. Because whatever he..."

"Yeah, yeah, I'll have him give you a ring," Morgan said, disconnecting the call without a further word.

Leaning on the arm of her chair, she puzzled over what she had learned. "Bastard filled me up with some fucked-up super sperm, and wants me to fill my bitch up with it and breed some weird-ass clone baby. What the fuck is his game, here?" Rubbing at the bridge of her nose, Morgan grunted. "Need to find out more. Need to figure out what Henneman's game plan is. But I ain't gonna be able to do it alone."

Glancing down at her lap, a smile crossed Morgan's face. "Gonna need you to do something for me, bitch. You ready to follow some instructions for me?"

Pulling her head away from Morgan's cock, Ash caught her breath and looked up from her spot on the floor in front of Morgan's chair with a grin. Despite spending the last fifteen minutes or so lovingly blowing her mistress, Ash seemed almost disappointed to have to take Morgan's cock out of her mouth. "Whatever you want me to do, mistress," Ash responded lovingly, contenting herself with stroking Morgan's cock as she awaited further instructions.

"Alright, bitch. Now, I want you to listen very carefully, and memorize every instruction I'm about to give you," Morgan said, already formulating her next moves as she spoke. As Ash listened in rapt attention, Morgan detailed to her exactly what was required of her. Ash nodded in complete obedience as she listened, her hand still working Morgan's shaft as she watched Morgan speak.

"You got all that?" Morgan asked her bitch as she finished off her last instructions.

Ash nodded, but Morgan saw a look of hesitation on her face. "I... I understand," Ash said, biting at her lip.

"Something wrong, bitch?" Morgan asked, her tone turning slightly stern. "You got a problem?"

"No, mistress, I just..." Ash said, and then repeated more firmly. "No. I'll do whatever you ask of me. You're my mistress, and I'm your bitch. I live only to serve you."

Morgan grinned. "That's a good bitch." She paused a moment, relishing the sensation of Ash's hand lovingly stroking up and down the length of her cock. "Now that we've handled all that yucky serious stuff... would you like to go back to blowing me, bitch?"

"I want only what the mistress wants," Ash responded with a cheerful smile.

"Well, right about now your mistress wants you to suck as much of that messed-up semen out of my balls as you can manage, bitch," Morgan said. Within seconds, her bitch's lips were wrapped around Morgan's thick cock once again, and Morgan looked back at her security panel with a contented sigh.

For a moment, she forgot about that lying prick Henneman and whatever he had done to her, and just appreciated the fact that she had the best damn job in the world. Not to mention, as Morgan felt
her cock jerk in her bitch's mouth and begin shooting a load of cum down her throat, the best damn bitch who ever lived.
Part 4: Dejection; Deception; Defection (Adamanthea Station, Restricted Section, Testing Area)

Already shaken from her encounter with Bowers and his team, Kelly stepped straight from one carnal nightmare into another.

"Miss Brooks, I need to..." she started to say as she stepped through the open door, only to have eyes lock on the muscular back of a naked Phantom. And her well-toned ass thrusting in between the legs of a helpless woman, the victim dangling from ropes attached to the ceiling. When she heard the gasps and moans of the woman being fucked, Kelly felt her heart sink as she realized who it was: Commander Shepard, coated with sweat and heaving ragged breaths as she was fucked from behind.

"Ah, Kelly," said Brooks. The dark-skinned Cerberus leader had been in the middle of riding cowgirl-style on the jutting strap-on cock of another Phantom lying on the floor. Disengaging herself with a wet noise, Brooks strode naked over to Kelly with a grin. "As you can see, we're in the middle of some important testing here. But if you have something urgent you wanted to bring to my attention..."

Kelly fought the urge to turn tail and run. If she left now, Brooks would just find out the information later. And besides... the sooner she left here, the sooner she’d be forced to return to her quarters, and potentially have to see Sam be violated by a pair of horny Phantoms just like the one currently raping Shepard from behind. "It's... we've received a message from the mole," Kelly said.

"Really?" Brooks said, reaching down to yank the datapad out of Kelly's hand. As Kelly stood awkwardly next to the naked woman, the wet slapping sound of the Phantom fucking Shepard as Shepard moaned and gasped filling the room, Brooks finally finished reading the text on the datapad and nodded. "Thank you for bringing this matter to me. I'll make some arrangements to deal with this."

Kelly waited in nervous anticipation as Brooks tapped out a message on the datapad, a business-like demeanor in her actions despite her standing stark naked next to a bound and helpless captive. About a minute later, Brooks nodded and handed the datapad back to Kelly. "There, done. That should throw a monkey wrench or two into the works."

Shooting a glance over at Shepard, Kelly fidgeted. "Do you require anything else, Miss Brooks?"

Brooks started to wave Kelly away, but then a look crossed her face that sent a shiver down Kelly's spine. "Actually... why don't you join us, Kelly? Help Shepard here make some progress in her training."

"I... I couldn't..." Kelly stammered.

"Nah, you'll be perfect," Brooks said, turning to the Phantom fucking Shepard. "Raise her up a bit, would you? Get her right up to mouth level." Turning back to Kelly, Brooks added. "So that our newest Cerberus recruit here doesn't have to strain her back bending down."

Realizing what Brooks was saying, Kelly's eyes went wide. "N... no!" she protested, even as the Phantom raised up the winch holding Shepard and elevating her up to about five feet off the ground. "I... I couldn't!"
"Sure you can," Brooks said, putting a hand on Kelly's shoulder. "After all, didn't you do the same thing for Shepard back when you first arrived on the Normandy? Not asking you to do anything you haven't already done." Shifting her hand from Kelly's shoulders to her back, Brooks pushed Kelly forward and escorted her in the direction of Shepard's spread thighs. "Go on. I mean, look how wet Shepard already is. Shouldn't take you more than a few licks to get her off."

"But... but I'm..." Kelly said, struggling to find some excuse to not be forced to eat out Shepard again. Finally, she said, "I can't be unfaithful to my... my bitch. A mistress is... is only supposed to..."

Brooks reached up a hand, pressing two fingers against Kelly's lips. "Kelly, babe... cut the crap," she said firmly. "Our dim-witted security chief might buy that whole mistress/bitch shit out of you, but that line doesn't fool me for a goddamn second. Only reason that Indian cunt of yours isn't sharing a cell with the rest of our captives is that Henneman assures me he has more than enough test subjects to suit his purposes. So shut the fuck up, put your face between Shepard's legs, and eat that pussy up like it's your last meal."

Brooks glanced over at the Phantoms waiting for their next instructions and smirked. "In fact, let's add a little bit of incentive. You either get Shepard off in the next ten minutes... or I let my two friends here tear off that Cerberus uniform of yours and put their strap-ons to use on your tight little holes instead." She reached down to stroke Kelly's ass while grinning at the two naked Phantoms. "Bet you two would love to get a piece of this, wouldn't you?"

"You kidding?" one of the Phantoms responded, stroking her sensory strap-on while opening leering at the quivering Kelly. "Been wanting to fuck that uptight little cunt ever since she showed up on the ship."

"But, boss," the other Phantom said, confused. "How is she gonna make Shepard cum when she's got the..."

"Zip it!" Brooks quickly interrupted, then glanced over at Kelly with a casual smile. "Don't doubt Kelly, here. Me and her used to fuck all the time back when we were first in Cerberus. The things this hot little bitch can do with her mouth... shouldn't take her any time at all to get Shepard off."

The second Phantom started to speak up again, but a harsh glare from Brooks shut her up. Trapped with no other option, Kelly reached up to spread open Shepard's swollen, soaking pussy lips, before sticking out her tongue and beginning to eat out Shepard's twat.

"Ten minutes and counting, Kelly," Brooks said, reaching down to her discarded uniform and picking up her omni-tool to set up a stopwatch. With that done, Brooks strolled around the dangling Shepard and moving to stand between the two Phantoms. "While we're waiting... no need to let a good pair of cocks go to waste, I suppose," she said, before turning to one of the Phantoms and bending over. With a wicked gleam in her eye, Brooks opened her mouth to start sucking on the sensory strap-on, the lucky Phantom letting out a moan at the simulated sensation of Brooks's mouth around her cock. After a few seconds of sucking, Brooks let the cock pop out of her mouth and glared over her shoulder at the other Phantom. "Well, don't just stare at it!" she exclaimed, giving her own ass a slap. "Come over here and fuck it, already!"

The Phantom didn't need to be asked twice, and soon Brooks was getting railed from behind by one Phantom while sucking off the other. The well-muscled mercenary taking Brooks from behind forgot herself for a brief moment and, in the midst of her hard fucking, delivered an open-handed
slap to Brooks's backside. A look of fear crossed her face for a brief moment, but Brooks's only reaction was to pull the other Phantom's cock out of her mouth to moan, "Mmm, do it again," before returning to her cock-sucking and letting out a squeal as the Phantom's palm slapped against her ass again.

Meanwhile, Kelly redoubled her efforts on Shepard's pussy. As the minutes ticked by, she could hear Shepard moaning, and could feel the wet dripping of Shepard's juices against her face. But despite all her best efforts, Kelly just couldn't seem to bring Shepard to her final climax. Desperately, the thought of being violated by the two Phantoms too horrifying to consider, Kelly licked frantically at Shepard's clt, while working her fingers around inside of Shepard and using every last trick she knew to get a woman off. But without any apparent success.

After some amount of time, Kelly feverishly licking and sucking on Shepard's clt while fingering her pussy, there was a beeping sound. Brooks pulled her mouth away from the Phantom's cock long enough to glance at her omni-tool. "Oooh, only two minutes left. Shepard, what's wrong? Isn't Kelly doing a good enough job for you? I can't imagine why you haven't come by now."

"Please, Shepard," Kelly whispered, pausing in her pussy-licking long enough to speak. "I know it's hard, but..."

"Kelly... I can't," Shepard quietly responded, trying her best not to be heard over the sound of Brooks getting vigorously fucked by the two Phantoms.

"You can, Shepard," Kelly hissed. "Please... you have to."

Shepard shook her head. "No, it's not..."

"One minute to go," Brooks pulled the cock out of her mouth long enough to announce. "Shepard, you know what you have to do. Or would you rather leave Kelly here to the tender mercies of my two friends here?"

Desperately, feeling the seconds ticking away, Kelly stroked and licked at Shepard's twat. She had to do this. Had to get Shepard off. The sounds of the two Phantoms grunting as they screwed Brooks filled her ears, and just as she had resigned herself to the horrors of being their next fucktoy, she suddenly heard Shepard cry out.

"Please let me cum! Please, Mistress Maya! Please allow me to cum!"
Erin could hardly speak as she laid limply on her mattress. The sheets below her were soaked with her sweat, and it was an extreme effort on her part to even raise her hand up to lick up the artificial semen Inania had deposited inside her. Erin wasn't exactly sure what the substance was; only that it didn't taste like any cum she had ever sampled in the past. But the smell and taste of it was intoxicating, and Erin couldn't help herself, wiping up as much of the cum dripping out of her pussy as she could and licking up every last drop.

"I am pleased that my efforts at providing you sexual satisfaction were successful," Inania said, her artificial cock moving back into her body as she stood up from the bed.

"'Successful' is one way of putting it," Erin said, smiling lazily at her robotic lover. "Shit, Inania, I never thought it could be as good as the last time, but today was even better. I only wish we had started doing this sooner."

Inania nodded. "I suppose it is a shame, then, that this will be the last time we ever engage in such activities."

"Yeah, a real sha... wait, what?" Erin summoned the effort to sit up in bed, eyes wide in shock. "What are you talking about? Why is this the last time?"

Inania turned to face Erin. "I apologize if this comes as a surprise. But as you know, a VI has a limited number of CPU cycles to work with. And currently, many of my cycles are being focused on other matters. To such a degree that I would not be able to continue pleasing you properly until such matters are settled."

"Hey, whatever matters those are, we'll deal with them," Erin responded, a little desperately at the thought of losing her artificial lover. "Tell me what's going on, Inania, and I'll do whatever I can to take care of it."

The AIU unit paused for a moment, computing something. "I suppose you could be of assistance, Miss Crooks," Inania finally said. "I was programmed to protect the lives and well-beings of all Cerberus members, you see. And recently, after some studies of the Normandy's blueprints and schematics, I have discovered 10,281 safety protocols that are currently being broken by the Normandy in its current condition."

"Really?" Erin asked. "I would have expected Shepard to run a tighter ship than that."

"It is understandable. Many of the safety breaches are minor, and would only result in loss of personal in 0.00052% of cases," Inania responded. "But combined together, I am afraid that all of these deficiencies are occupying much of my mental processes."

Erin nodded frantically, sliding across her bed to sit on the edge of the mattress. "Okay, okay, we can fix this. You just give me a list of the safety problems and tomorrow I'll go perform some maintenance. Once we get all of those things fixed, then we can go back to... you know."

"Yes, Miss Crooks, I do know what you are referring to," Inania responded. "But I'm afraid that
will not be sufficient. I mean no offense to your maintenance skills, but many of these safety breaches are so minute in scale that they could not be detected by the human eye. In order for them to be repaired properly, I would need to perform this maintenance personally."

"You... personally?" Erin said, doubt crossing her face. "I dunno, Inania. It's not that I don't trust you, but... well, the boss ladies might not like it if they heard I let an AIU mess around with the Normandy."

"But it wouldn't just be an AIU doing the repairs, Miss Crooks," Inania said.

Erin looked confused. "It wouldn't?"

"No, it would be an AIU..." Inania started to say, before walking over to Erin on the end of the mattress, sitting down next to her, and reaching a hand down between the human woman's thighs, "... who can do this to you."

"Inania, what... OOOHHHHH!" Erin cried out, as Inania's hand began to violently vibrate against her pussy. Even after cumming twice already today, the feeling of Inania's buzzing fingers against her twat was immediately sending Erin off to another violent climax. Just as Erin was about to cum, the metallic fingers suddenly withdrew from between her legs, and she let out a frustrated moan.

"But without being able to go in and repair these issues myself, I am afraid I would not be able to concentrate on pleasing you properly, Miss Crooks," Inania said, a hint of regret in her robotic voice. "And my programming will not allow me to perform any function at less that 100% capacity. So unless you were to allow me to make those repairs..."

"Yes," Erin immediately gasped. "I'll do it, Inania. I'll get you onto the Normandy. First thing tomorrow, I swear. Just please... please don't stop..."

Inania nodded and stood up from the bed. "I am pleased you have seen reason, Miss Crooks. Once we start working tomorrow, I cannot imagine it will take us more than a week or so to perform the necessary repairs."

"'Us'? I thought you said you had to do the repairs yourself," Erin said, squirming at the end of the mattress.

"Indeed. I suppose I should elaborate more on my recent activities," Inania said, walking over to the door to Erin's quarters. "In an attempt to offload some of my programming cycles, I have replicated my memory banks and protocols onto several of the other AIUs currently active on Adamanthea Station. While it did not resolve the situation, it should make the process of completing these repairs much more efficient."

"Inania, what are..." Erin started to say, before Inania opened the door. And into the quarters walked two more AIU units, identical to Inania, who walked over to the bed and stood shoulder-to-shoulder in front of Erin.

"I thank you for providing your assistance, Miss Crooks," said the first AIU unit, speaking in Inania's voice.

The second AIU, her voice also the same as Inania's, spoke immediately after the first. "As a way of thanking you for this accommodation, I... that is to say, we... have managed to offload some of
our programming cycles temporarily, in order for devote the current focus of our operations to one single task."

"And what task is..." Erin's words were cut off with a gasp, as the two AIUs in front of her deployed their cocks. The massive phalluses bobbed in front of Erin's face, and her eyes went wide. "Uh... I'm not sure if..." she stammered, scooting herself back on the bed as the two AIU units got down on the mattress and crawled in her direction. "This might be a little much, Inania..."

"Do not worry, Miss Crooks," said the first AIU unit, before leaning down to run her synthetic tongue along Erin's nipple.

"Your pleasure is currently our top priority," said the second unit, crawling between Erin's legs and aiming the head of her cock at Erin's twat.

"I... I... OH FUCK YES!" the cries could be heard out in the hallway for almost an hour afterward.
"Please let me cum! Please, Mistress Maya! Please allow me to cum!"

Shepard screamed out the words with all the strength she could muster. Brooks immediately pulled her mouth away from the Phantom in front of her, while shooting a hard glare at the one behind her. "Stop it. Stop fucking me right now, goddammit," Brooks hissed, and the Phantom immediately pulled the strap-on out of Brooks. Standing up straight, Brooks strode over to the dangling Shepard. "Say it again," she said, a vicious gleam in her eyes.

"Please let me cum," Shepard said, gritting her teeth. "Please, Mistress Maya. Please allow me to cum."

"Shepard, Shepard, Shepard," Brooks said, reaching over to grab the control device. "As much as I love hearing you beg... we're not teaching you anything new here. You're only saying the words because I've threatened one of your friends." Sighing, she shook her head. "We still have a lot of work to do, Shepard. But as for your request..."

Holding up the box, Brooks hovered her finger over the red button, brushing it slightly with the tip of her finger while staring at Shepard. After a few seconds of teasing it, playing with the button like it was Shepard's clit... Brooks pulled her finger away. "Sorry, Shepard. Request denied."

Turning away from Shepard to the two strap-on wearing Phantoms, Brooks raised her voice. "I'm afraid Kelly failed in her assigned task. And you know how much I hate it when my people let me down." She looked back at Shepard, but her words were still directed to the Phantoms as she said, "Strip Miss Chambers down. Let Shepard watch while you fuck her."

"No!" Shepard could hear Kelly cry out, as the two naked muscular women quickly advanced on her. Shepard writhed in her bonds as she could hear the tearing of fabric behind her.

"Stop this!" Shepard exclaimed, staring at Brooks with undisguised fury in her eyes. "Dammit, there's no way she could have succeeded! Don't do this to her, she..." Brooks's hand found Shepard's short-cropped hair again, and Shepard's angry words were cut off as she cried out in pain.

Brooks's upper lip curled up into a savage snarl as she stared into Shepard's eyes. "Shut... your fucking... mouth. Or I'll call in a few more Phantoms and we'll make this a proper gangbang."

Shepard watched in silence as the two Phantoms dragged the now stripped-naked Kelly into Shepard's line of sight. The frightened young woman was shoved down onto the floor and cowered in the face of the two horny women. "On your hands and knees, bitch," one of them ordered Kelly. When Kelly didn't move right away, the Phantom punctuated her request with an open-handed slap that sent Kelly tumbling down to her side. "Hands and knees. Not gonna ask again."

"Don't you close your eyes, Shepard," Brooks hissed at Shepard. "Keep those pretty green eyes of yours wide open. I don't want you to miss a second."

Shepard bit her lip to keep from screaming out, as Kelly reluctantly moved into position. No sooner was her ass in the air than the Phantom was on her knees behind Kelly. Shepard felt anger swell inside of her as the Phantom penetrated Kelly, the terrified yeoman letting out a anguished

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cry that was soon cut off by the other Phantom's strap-on cock getting shoved into her mouth.

"Shit, she's so fucking tight," the Phantom fucking Kelly from behind exclaimed. Her strap-on, lubricated by Brooks's spit from earlier, slid easily in and out of Kelly's twat. Kelly let out a yelp as the Phantom's open hand slapped against her ass, leaving a red welt on her pale flesh that grew larger as the Phantom continued to spank her while fucking her.

"She's a pretty good cocksucker, too," the other Phantom remarked, thrusting her hips into Kelly's face while fondling her own tits. "Figured she would have been shit at it after so long eating nothing but twat, but the little slut knows what she's doing."

The two Phantoms laughed, and Shepard felt like vomiting.

"This is the lesson I want you to learn today, Shepard," Brooks moved in close to Shepard's ear to quietly speak. "I am your mistress, and you are my slave. What I say... goes. If I choose to allow you to cum, you will cum. If I choose for you to remain unsatisfied, then that is how you will stay. And if I choose to take every last one of your friends and hold a 24-hour rape party with them... then it's going to happen. And the sooner you realize that... the sooner you understand down to your core that resisting my will is futile, and that your only reason for existence is to serve me... then the sooner this can all be over."

Shepard said nothing. In front of her, the two Phantoms were switching positions. As one of them presented her cock for Kelly to suck, the other rubbed her strap-on between Kelly's ass-cheeks. "Never been one for sloppy seconds," the Phantom said. "And I'm sure Morgan would approve."

In one motion, the Phantom buried the entire length of her cock completely into Kelly's asshole. Shepard winced, as Kelly's pained cry was muffled by the cock filling her mouth. As the two Phantoms continued double-teaming the shaken Kelly, Brooks stepped away from Shepard's face, only to retrieve the magic wand and move back between Shepard's spread legs.

"Quite a sight, isn't it?" Brooks said, and Shepard let out a pained, frustrated moan as the vibrator was once again pressed against her pussy. "Watching something as sexy as this, it's enough to make a girl want to cum like crazy. Want to ask me again, Shepard? Go ahead. Beg me again... just so I can have the privilege of telling you 'no' again."

There was one saving grace. With Brooks back behind her, Shepard was free to shut her eyes to the sight of Kelly being double-teamed in front of her. But still, she could hear the pained cries and callous laughs in front of her.

And worst of all... shutting her eyes did nothing to block out the maddening pleasure being forced upon her by the buzzing magic wand. Bringing her right back to the brink of climax and leaving her dangling there, squirming and unsatisfied.
"Yes, thank you," Arthur spoke into his omni-tool. "The credits have already been deposited into your account. A pleasure doing business with you, sir."

Looking up from her desk with a hint of mild annoyance, Cordelia stared down at Arthur in his work area at the bottom of her raised platform. "It's been taken care of, then?"

"Of course, ma'am," Arthur responded, closing out the comm link. "Shall I report to Miss Brooks that her instructions have been carried out?"

It was a simple question, but it elicited a disdainful look from his employer. "Let her wait. We are not her lackeys, Arthur. She and her clone associate serve our purposes just as much as we serve theirs. I will notify Miss Brooks when I feel like it."

"As you say, ma'am," Arthur responded. "Did you require anything else of me?"

There was a long pause from his employer. When Cordelia spoke again, her voice was without its usual cold edge. "Arthur... what is your opinion of our current associates?"

Arthur had his answer prepared for this question. "As in all things, ma'am, I trust in your judgment. If you..."

"No. Not the answer you think I want to hear, Arthur," Cordelia cut him off. "Truthfully, what do you think about Miss Brooks and her companion?"

This, Arthur was unprepared for. Cordelia almost never asked for his candid opinion. Mostly she just ordered him around and occasionally offered the faintest of praise for his work. "I... have difficulty believing they are capable of achieving their goals, ma'am," Arthur finally responded. "Without the resources you have granted them, I severely doubt they would have come as far as they have. Miss Brooks is an intelligent woman, to be sure, but she and her associate are too focused on their... primal urges to effectively run this organization, except as little more than a band of pirates. If you were to ask me for my candid opinion..."

"And I am," Cordelia interjected.

"On their own, these two would have just as much chance of building their own army of Reapers, as they would have to resurrect Cerberus as anything more respectable than a group of hired thugs. They've gotten lucky up to this point, but I imagine their luck would have run out eventually."

Pausing, Arthur then added. "But with you supporting their cause, ma'am, I am sure they are capable of great success."

Cordelia considered his words. After years of observing her – first in secret and then as her most trusted adviser – Arthur knew just by looking at the furrow of her brow that his employer was deep in thought.

"Forgive me if I come off as impertinent," Arthur spoke up. "But we have been associated with this Cerberus group for almost eight months now. And have spent vast sums of credits building this organization up to their current state. I am curious as to why you are questioning this alliance now."
He expected her to snap at him. Order him away from her for daring to express his opinion without being prompted. But that was not the response he received. "We're so close now, Arthur," Cordelia said. "Everything is starting to fall into place. And yet... I must admit to being troubled."

"Afraid that Brooks and the clone will ruin your plans?" Arthur asked.

"Them... and Henneman. For whatever reason, he is stalling," Cordelia said. "He presents himself as my loyal confederate, but I know his loyalty only extends as far as the credits I provide him for his research. I have supplied him with all the tools necessary to carry on my father's legacy, and still he insists that he needs more time."

"Perhaps he fears that the credits and resources we have provided will come to an end once he completes the tasks you have assigned to him," Arthur opined.

A rare smile crossed Cordelia's face then. "Perhaps he fears correctly." Just as quickly as it was there, the smile was gone, and Cordelia's face returned to its normal cold, expressionless state. "All I know is that we cannot trust any of them. Not Henneman, and certainly not Brooks and her Shepard clone. We are nothing to them but a means to an end. Just the same as they are to us. And I fully intend to achieve my own ends first. Once that is accomplished... well, let them bring the Illusive Man back if that is what they believe will raise Cerberus from the ashes. Somehow, though, I don't believe he will come back quite as they intend."

Arthur said nothing, not entirely sure what Cordelia was implying with her words. There were very few secrets between them, but apparently Cordelia's plan for Cerberus was one of them.

"But enough idle chatter," Cordelia said, fully back in business mode. "Prepare the financial reports for the current quarter. Be sure to make note of any anomalies so that I might take further action."

"I will get started right away, ma'am," Arthur said, bowing to Cordelia and spinning on his heel to head towards the lift.

Even before he was gone, he could hear Cordelia playing the tape again. The voice of his previous employer filled the large office space: "If you are hearing this message, than I, Henry Lawson, am dead. Strange to consider my own demise, even in the wake of..."
Miranda wasn't sure how many hours it had been since Shepard had been led back into the testing area. Time tended to lose all meaning in a state of captivity like this. She had been pacing the length of the tiny cell, glancing over occasionally to see Oriana sleeping restlessly on her cot, when the door finally opened again.

"My God," Miranda gasped, when she caught a glimpse of Shepard. Her former commander had walked proudly and without hesitation when Brooks had arrived, no doubt sending the silent message that she would be able to withstand whatever tortures her captor had planned for her. But now, Shepard looked like she could barely walk. a pair of Phantoms half-leading and half-dragging Shepard by each arm. She was soaked with sweat, her skin glistening in the harsh light from above, which also illuminated the red lines on her flesh. She had apparently been tied up with ropes, if Miranda had to guess, and Shepard's skin was scraped raw and spotted with a few drops of blood where the bonds had bit into her flesh.

Most of all, it was the look on Shepard's face that made Miranda gasp in shock. Her eyes were dull and lifeless, her mouth wide open as Shepard gasped for breath. Whatever they had done to Shepard, Miranda supposed it had something to do with the metallic device that was fastened around her head.

Following behind Shepard and the two Phantoms, Brooks wore a self-satisfied look as she watched the two Phantoms deactivate the forcefield for Shepard's cell and toss her limp body inside. "Don't forget what I said, Shepard," Brooks said, as the forcefield was reactivated. "I'm going to have Morgan keeping an eye on your cell for me. If she catches you without that device on your head for even a second... we're going to put it onto one of your friends next. And if we're forced to do that... well, let's just say they'll be back in that room a whole lot longer than four hours."

Snapping her fingers, Brooks turned to one of the Phantoms. "Oh, which reminds me. Make sure to have one of the AIUs fetch Kelly a spare uniform and take it back to her. Don't think you ladies left her previous one in much of a state to be worn."

Four hours. Had it really been that long? "What did they do to her back there?" she mused to herself, as Brooks and the two Phantoms exited the cellblock.

"You really wanna know?"

Miranda jumped at the unexpected voice. It took a moment to realize that it was coming from the cell next to hers. "Jack," Miranda said, letting out her breath.

"That thing they've got on her head... seen one of those before," Jack's voice said from out of sight. "Even more than that, though... I know that look. Those crazy bitches were edging the shit out of her."

Miranda furrowed her brow. "'Edging'? I'm not sure I've heard the term."

"Right, forgot that you're about as kinky as a salarian choir boy," Jack responded, mirth in her voice. "That thing they put on her fucks with your brain and keeps you from cumming. No doubt they were going to town on her back there, teasing her and forcing her to come right to the edge of
"I understand, yes," Miranda responded. "God... for four hours they did that?"

"Yeah, can't say I ever went that long," Jack responded. "Hour at the most, and even that made me want to rip my fucking hair out." She paused and added. "That was before the cult, by the way."

"We... I mean... Cerberus did that to you?"

This brought out a harsh laugh from Jack. "You kidding? Nah, the old Cerberus wasn't into that sex shit. Mostly they just shocked the shit out of you or gave you a scar or two as a reminder not to fuck with them."

"So... when did you..."

"Mighty interested in this, aren't you, cheerleader?" Jack asked, mischief in her voice. "You like thinking about me getting teased and denied?"

Miranda let out a gasp. "Not at all! I was just making conversation with..."

"Ah, just fucking with you," Jack responded. "After I escaped from Cerberus the last time, had to do some fucked-up shit to make enough credits to eat. Ended up in some sleazy colony sex show at some point. The classier places might let you off with just shaking your ass and dancing around a pole, but the guys on the colonies needed something a bit more... explicit."

Leaning her back against the wall between her cell and Jack's, Miranda slid down. Eventually, she felt the cold metal of the floor against her bare ass. "Jack, I'm so sorry. About all of this. What Cerberus did to you before, and what it's doing to all of us now. All of it... it's my fault."

us idiots, sure, but doesn't make us responsible for this."

"No, Jack... you don't understand," Miranda said sadly. And before she knew it, she was telling Jack all about what had happened earlier. About being led into the office of her "sister," and being informed that Henry Lawson's credits had made this new Cerberus, and the abductions committed under their banner, possible.

Jack listened in silence, no doubt waiting for Miranda to finish before launching into a profanity-laden diatribe about how Miranda, stupid cheerleader that she was, had ruined all of their lives. At this point, Miranda almost welcomed the abuse. After all, didn't she deserve it? Hadn't her lack of attention to her father's resources made all of this possible?

When Miranda had finally finished talking, Jack let out a long breath. "Fucking hell," she muttered. "So this crazy bitch wants to get you back for offing her psycho father, huh? What was it you said she was saying right at the end? About how you'd be 'different people' the next time she saw you?"

"I have no idea," Miranda responded. "But considering what we've seen so far... what they've done to Shepard and to that asari in Kasumi's cell... I can't imagine that she was bluffing."

"Yeah, that's one thing Cerberus is definitely dependable for. Old or new, they just can't get enough of screwing with our lives, huh?" Jack said. "Well, nothing else to do at this point but sit back and wait for the next fucked-up installment of this little tragedy."
Miranda leaned her head back against the wall, shutting her eyes tight. "Come on, Jack. No need to hold back. I know you want to."

"Want to what?" Jack asked.

"Tell me what an idiot I was," Miranda responded, wiping at her face. "Curse me and blame me for everything that's happened. If I had only thought to claim my father's money before Cordelia had gotten her hands on it... none of this would be happening."

Miranda waited for the harsh response from Jack. "Hey, you remember that mission we went on just before Shepard turned her ass in to the Alliance?" Jack finally spoke up.

"The one for Admiral Hackett to rescue Dr. Kenson, yes," Miranda said.

"Turned out the Reapers were gonna be coming through the Alpha relay in just a few hours," Jack said. "Shepard blew that relay into space-dust, and what did the Reapers do? They just took the long way around."

"I remember," Miranda said. "What's your point?"

Jack let out a low chuckle. "Point is, cheerleader, that when somebody out there wants to fuck with you... really wants to fuck with you, they'll end up finding a way. Sounds like this Cordelia has a real hard-on to get back at you and your sister. Even if you had kept those credits out of her hands, she would have found another way to come after you. Bet your ass she would have. Just like Cerberus seems bound and determined to fuck with my life at every last turn. Shit, even after Shepard took out their entire base and blew away the Illusive Prick, they're back again with their sights set on me."

Jack laughed again, but it sounded a bit sad this time. "Face it, cheerleader. You and me, we're destiny's bitches. Guess it's a new thing for you, but me? I've been living it my entire life. After a while, you just kinda get used to it."

"Jack, I..." Miranda said, startled at Jack's lack of anger. "Even if you don't blame me for this, I'm sorry all the same. You've suffered so much already. You didn't deserve this. And that they dragged your pupil into this as well..."

"Yeah, that's the real shitty part. Honestly, they can stick as many cocks in me as they want. God knows it ain't anything I haven't dealt with before," Jack said. "But Madigan? Fuck, she doesn't deserve this life. I've seen those twisted fucks eying her up, and I don't know how much longer it's gonna be before they come in for another crack. Only hope I can... can..."

Miranda's head snapped up. "Jack? Jack, what's wrong?"

"Think we... we'll have to con... con... continue this talk later, cheerle..." Jack said, her voice drowsy and slurred. Through the wall, Miranda could hear Jack slump down to the floor. Along with the faint noise of what sounded like gas leaking into the room.

"Jack!" Miranda called out. "Jack, what's happening?" Standing up, she heard the sound of the door to the testing area open. Into the cellblock stepped Henneman, flanked by Bowers and Yuri.

"Open it up," Henneman instructed the two thugs, pointing at Jack's cell and not even looking up from the datapad in his hands. "Take them back to testing room number 2 and strap them in. I will
be there shortly."

Miranda watched as the two men entered the cell, and exited with the unconscious bodies of Jack and Jenny slung over their shoulders. "Where are you taking them?" she called out. "What are you doing to them, dammit?"

Henneman glanced up from his notes at Miranda, a simpering smile on his face. "Not to worry, Miss Lawson. These two are my next lucky test subjects." Sighing, he glanced back down at his notes. "Not that I expect much result from this first session. I'm fairly sure my current formula will have little to no effect. But without testing, we can't really be sure, can we?"

"You sick bastard," Miranda said. "This is exactly why I had the Illusive Man send you off for that undercover assignment. Even for Cerberus, you were too goddamn crazy."

"So, you admit that you did have me sent away," Henneman responded, strolling casually over to Miranda's cell. "Your jealousy is so transparent, Miss Lawson. You can claim that my methods were too extreme for Cerberus, but the fact is that people like me were there all along. The thresher maw tests on Akuze, the facilities on Binthu and Chasca. Project Overlord, the experiments on Paul Grayson... do I need to go on? Activities like the ones on Pragia were just the tip of the iceberg. Cerberus was always like this, Miranda. It just took removing cowards like you from the equation for us to reach our full potential."

Adjusting his glasses, Henneman sneered at her. "But don't worry. You and your sister will have your chance to be test subjects soon enough. Those tests, though, will be... well, somewhat unique. I must say, I'm quite looking forward to them."

And with that, Henneman turned his back on her and followed Bowers and Yuri back to the testing area.
The first thing she felt upon regaining consciousness was the bite of the straps around her wrists and ankles. And immediately the panic set in.

*No no no no no. Not again,* Jack thought, her mind racing as she felt herself start to hyperventilate. The old memories immediately came flooding back, a cold sweat breaking out on her forehead as she struggled against her bonds.

But it was no good. Even with the lights dimmed so low that she could barely see, Jack knew where she was: strapped into some sort of examination chair just like the one back in the Teltin facility. She had been so sure she had gotten away from all of this shit, but apparently if Cerberus knew one thing well, it was how to fuck with her mind.

Behind her, she could hear the sound of a door opening, and soft footprints echoing across the room. "You're awake, I see," said Henneman, his voice calm and soothing even as Jack struggled helplessly against her restraints. "Faster than I would have anticipated. I'll have to adjust the mixture in your cell's sedative tanks, I suppose."

Jack struggled to control the tremble in her voice, not wanting the twisted Cerberus bastard to see how terrified she was. "What did you do with Jenny?" she asked. "I swear, if you do a single thing to hurt her..."

"Miss Madigan is fine," Henneman said. In the dim light, Jack caught a quick glimpse of the shine of his glasses, as he glanced down at a datapad. "And as long as you cooperate and follow my instructions, she will continue to remain completely unharmed by me and my men."

"So, you gonna fuck with my brain like you did with that asari, huh?" Jack said, trying her best to sound unconcerned even as she feared for what twisted experiments Henneman was about to perform on her. "Make me an obedient little cock-whore like her? Because if that's the plan... hey, you ain't gonna need any messed-up experiments to get that out of me. I mean... really, doc. Just bring all your men back here, drop those uniform pants down to the floor, and I'll make that hot little blue bitch look like a choir girl in comparison."

"Yes, I'm sure you would," Henneman said, with a noted lack of enthusiasm in his voice. "All while looking for the first opportunity to clamp your teeth down on me or one of my associates."

Jack forced a laugh. "Under normal circumstances, doc, you'd be right on the money. But I ain't gonna pull any shit like that when you've got me and my friends over a barrel like this. I step out of line, you're liable to just take it out on Jenny or one of my old comrades. So, fuck it. Cerberus has me right where they want me, so why don't you just fucking enjoy it, huh? Seriously, doc, the things I've learned to do to men over the years... well, just get me out of this chair and I'll show every last one of them to you."

Henneman didn't respond for a long time. When he finally spoke, there was a hint of amusement in his voice. "You're afraid, aren't you?" he asked, in that way that said without words that he already knew the answer. "Understandable, I suppose. The Shadow Broker actually had extensive files regarding the Teltin facility. I've spent quite a bit of time looking over the... heh, 'scientific research' they performed on Pragia." He let out a short, disdainful breath. "Amateurs. What exactly
did they hope to accomplish there? Their experiments were unfocused. Pointlessly sadistic and cruel. And worst of all, recorded no useful data. All they managed to produce in the end..." he paused, the gleam of his glasses pointing directly at Jack, "was you. And forgive me for being dismissive, Subject Zero, but one powerful and angry biotic hardly seems worth the expense the Illusive Man put into that facility."

"F... fuck you," Jack spat at him, unable to control her temper at the mention of that name. "You twisted fucking prick! You don't even care about all of the kids that suffered and died there, do you? All you care about was that it didn't produce any results for you Cerberus assholes."

"Suffering. Death," Henneman said, and even in the darkness Jack could see his uncaring shrug. "All of these are inevitabilities. There is no preventing them. There is only fleeing from them as long as possible. But breakthroughs in scientific understanding like what could have been achieved at the Teltin facility... and like what I intend to achieve... those are something remarkable. And if a few animals must suffer... if a few people must die... in order for those breakthroughs to be made? All worth it in the end. Because that knowledge will last for centuries to come, long after those unfortunate test subjects would have already met their ends."

The gleam of Henneman's glasses turned back to the datapad in his hands. "But then, I wouldn't expect a vulgar, ignorant beast like yourself to understand that. But just know that what I intend to discover with my research will echo through the generations. And even after my death, my name will linger on the lips of those who truly value the advancement of scientific knowledge. And you? Well, whatever happens, you can spend the rest of your life knowing that you played your part. Perhaps I'll even mention your name in my dissertation." He considered this and quirked an eyebrow. "In a footnote, of course."

"How fucking generous," Jack snarled. "And what about your boss lady? The one calling the shots up from the top? You going to put Cordelia Lawson's name in there, too? Or is that just your little secret?"

A grin came to Jack's face, as she heard the scientist sputter in the darkness. "How... how did you..." he stammered, before recovering his composure. Even then, there was a new, cold edge to his tone. "Oh. Of course. She couldn't help but rub it in the faces of her 'sisters,' could she? Foolish. Normally she is much more cautious with her identity."

"Yeah, and now I know all about Henry's daughter and her secret identity," Jack said. "Maybe I should start spreading it around, huh? Let everybody know who's really calling the shots around here."

It was a bluff, and when Henneman responded it was obviously that he wasn't buying it. "Oh? And who exactly do you intend to 'spread it around' to, exactly?" he asked snidely. "Those mindless brutes minding your cells? Telling them about Miss Lawson would be like detailing the secret of eternal life to a sea slug. They wouldn't even begin to comprehend how valuable the information was." Henneman let out a simpering laugh that made Jack wish she had a hand free to pop him right in the jaw. "It's exactly the reason why I allowed Bowers and his people to stay around as the guards of this little cellblock: because they're too stupid to have any ambitions other than fucking whatever pieces of tail I throw in front of them. So, by all means, shout about Cordelia Lawson until your lungs give out. It will do you little good in the end." There was a moment's pause, and then Henneman coldly added. "And regardless... it isn't going to be much longer now before thoughts of rebellion against Cerberus will no longer even cross your mind."

"Yeah, sure," Jack said, now unable to hold back the trace of fear in her voice as Henneman
stepped through the darkness towards her. "I'll be just like that blue bitch at the end of the cellblock. Brainlessly obedient to you Cerberus bastards. But I'm gonna warn you... you fuck with my head like that, you'd better give me the strongest dose you've got. Because if I get my mind back, even just for a second... well, those teeth you were talking about before? You and your people might just feel them after all." She forced a confident smirk on her face, even though she doubted Henneman could see it in the dark. "So even if you do shoot me up with that slut juice of yours... just think about that every time you stick your cock in my mouth."

Henneman paused in his approach towards her, and for a moment Jack thought that maybe she had managed to talk her way out of this. But then Henneman spoke, Jack now able to barely make out his features in the darkness, just enough to see the unconcerned smile on his face.

"Oh, but you're mistaken, Subject Zero. That formula is already perfected. I would learn nothing further from testing it on you," Henneman said. Reaching into his labcoat, he stowed away his datapad and retrieved a long, frightening-looking syringe. Even in the darkness, Jack could see the bright-red liquid contained inside the glass vial. "No, my dear. You have been chosen for a much different sort of test." Standing beside her chair, Henneman gripped one hand onto her arm, just below the elbow. "Now, try not to struggle too much. You'll just cause me to injure you, and we'll have to do this all over again." With his other hand, he brought the syringe down to her lower arm, aiming it at one of the veins peeking from between the dark ink of her tattoos. Jack hissed as she felt the needle bite into her flesh, and the red liquid begin pumping into her blood stream.

Once the syringe was empty, Henneman stood back up and took a deep breath. "Now, I'm not confident that this formula is ready quite yet," he said. "If I'm being honest with you, Subject Zero - and at this point, why waste time with lies - I expect it to have little result. But it's a start, and will give me a good deal of valuable data to work on developing the next formulation."

Tucking away the used medical instrument, Henneman reached down again for Jack's arm. This time, to begin unfastening the leather restraint holding Jack in place. "I'm going to free your left arm now. Once I have left the room and the door shuts behind me, you may unfasten your other restraints. If you attempt to do so at any time before the door shuts behind me... I only need to speak one word to activate the station's VI and summon Bowers and his people into the room with me. And if you force me to do that, or take any other hostile action against me, then you and Miss Madigan will deeply, deeply regret it."

Jack said nothing, merely flexed her left arm as it was removed from captivity. She could have reached out and grabbed onto that prick's labcoat from here, but in her current state it would have done little good except earn her and Jenny a beating... or worse. She tried to get a small measure of satisfaction out of the panicked way that that wormy shit dashed towards the door once her arm was free, but she was still feeling the fear of being thrust back into her nightmares of the Teltin facility. Once she heard the door shut, she quickly reached over to undo her other wrist restraint. And if you force me to do that, or take any other hostile action against me, then you and Miss Madigan will deeply, deeply regret it."

Once she was finally free of her chair, on her feet and wondering what exactly Cerberus was planning to do to her next, the room suddenly filled with light. And what Jack saw then made her wish she had wrapped her hand around Henneman's throat when she had had the chance.
As the hours ticked by, Sam came to the same realization she had had back in her time pacing the Normandy cargo bay: the dread and anticipation was almost as bad as the torture.

Not to say that going through the experiences of having Kelly sexually savage her on multiple occasions were something she looked forward to. A twisted little way to break the monotony, she mused to herself with a dour expression, as she lay down on the couch in Kelly's quarters and felt her naked skin slide against the smooth padding. But at least when it was happening, she wasn't left staring at the walls of her spacious cell, wondering what madness was going to come next.

Hell, she didn't even have a way of measuring time. No clocks anywhere in the room, and with Kelly gone there was no omni-tool or datapad to look at. So Sam had no way of even knowing how long she'd been trapped in this nightmare. She had no idea how long ago Kelly had left, or – to be honest – any certainty that she would ever come back. If Kelly had done something to displease their captors, shown them that she wasn't entirely back with Cerberus...

"Calm down, Sam," she muttered to herself, sitting up on the couch and taking a deep breath. Glancing up, she saw the red light of the surveillance camera in the corner of the ceiling. It reminded her of something she had read about in university: the Panopticon, they called it. A "perfect" prison where the prisoners would never know if they were being observed by their wardens or not, and so would always have to operate under the assumption that they were or risk punishment.

It was the same with this camera. From the setup she had seen in Morgan's security room, it was always possible that Morgan might not be watching the camera in Kelly's quarters at the moment. But without knowing when those times would be, Sam was forced to constantly appear to be under the watchful eye of Kelly's blond, psychotic "best buddy." There was the blind spot between the main sitting room and the bathroom, but Sam couldn't afford to linger there too long without arousing suspicion.

So she sat on the couch, felt the seconds slither by like snails, and played the part of the obedient bitch, waiting for her mistress to come home.

When the door finally slid open, Sam felt a sense of relief. But when she stood up and turned to see Kelly enter, that relief soon faded.

"Hey, Sam... I me... mean... bitch," Kelly said, stumbling through the door. In contrast to the strangely clean and freshly-pressed uniform she wore, she looked totally disheveled. Her blond hair, turning a bit strawberry after days of not reapplying her dye, was frazzled and unkempt. She walked shakily into the quarters, her eyes cast down at the floor either out of depression, or in order to make sure there was nothing she could trip over as she hesitantly directed herself forward on quivering legs.

The source of Kelly's state became obvious once Sam saw the bottle in her hand. Some sort of expensive, and no-doubt highly alcoholic, liqueur bottle was clutched in her fingers, already a quarter empty.

"Where did you get that?" Sam asked, before glancing in the direction of the camera again and
adding, "Mistress?"

"What's that?" Kelly slurred, her eyes blearily blinking. Finally, she held up the bottle as if she were surprised at its presence. "There was a... a... what's the... liquor cabinet in the room where they... where it happened. After they left me, I figured I might as well help myself." Looking at Sam, she forced a insincere smile to her face. "After all, I'm in Cerberus too, ain't I? Especially now that I... I..."

Sam couldn't keep up appearances anymore. Bolting up from the couch, she grabbed Kelly by her free hand and dragged her over to the blind spot between rooms. "Kelly, what the hell happened? You've been gone for hours! At least I assume so."

"It was nothing, Sam," Kelly muttered, all while keeping her eyes averted from Sam's inquisitive stare. "Nothing you need to worry about."

"Kelly, please," Sam said. "You know how much I care about you. If something happened, no matter how bad it was, I want to..."

Kelly rapidly shook her head, the vigorous action almost causing her to tumble off her feet in her drunken state. "Forget it... s'nothing. You don't need to know about..."

Their conversation was interrupted by the beeping of Kelly's omni-tool. For a moment, Kelly reached with the bottle in her hand to activate it, almost spilling its remaining contents all over the floor. But she remembered at the last minute to set it aside, and soon an audio message from Nerine was playing:

"Hey, there, Kelly! Some of the ladies back at the barracks were telling us all about the party they had with you and Shepard earlier. Pity that Karlie and I weren't invited, but then again we have our own little date set up, don't we? Looks like it's half past 2000 hours, so be prepared for us to come knocking in thirty minutes. Because if we come and you don't answer your door... well, I'm bringing my omni-tool along with me. If that door hasn't opened by the third ring of your bell, I've got a message all prepped and ready to send to Morgan, letting her know what a terrible friend you are. And if that happens, I imagine what happened to you back in the testing area will pale in comparison to what we end up doing to that sweet little bitch of yours. Catch you later, baby!"

Kelly listened to the message in horror, the reminder of what was to come tonight shaking her briefly out of her alcoholic haze. "Oh, no," she muttered as the message ended. "I can't do this." She looked up at Sam with a face wracked with grief. "I can't watch them do this to you, Sam. I'd rather die than..."

"Shh, shh, calm down," Sam said quickly. They were lingering too long in the blind spot, Sam knew, but after hearing Nerine's message she was starting to think of something. "Maybe... maybe you won't have to," she muttered. Just like a game of chess, she was rapidly examining the state of the "board" in her head. The two Phantoms and their aggressive tendencies. Nerine's message, and one part of it in particular. The camera up in the corner of the quarters, and the personality of the woman who sat on the other side of its feed. And one more thing... perhaps the final puzzle piece that would make it all come together.

It could work. In chess terms, it was a basic ploy, but if she could pull it off without her "opponent" noticing... it actually could work.

"What are you talking about?" Kelly asked, looking at Sam with pleading eyes. Sam had no idea
what had happened to her in the past few hours, but seeing that desperate look on her face made
Sam hope beyond hope that the plan she was beginning to rapidly formulate would actually work.
It was dicey, and would require Sam to put skills to use that she hadn't practiced in years... but
maybe, just maybe, it would postpone the inevitable.

"I think I have an idea," Sam said to Kelly, speaking rapidly to minimize any further time out of the
camera's watchful eye. "A way to deal with those two frightful women. But Kelly, listen to me:
you're going to need to do exactly what I say. And no matter what happens, you cannot intervene.
Do you think you can do that?"

Kelly was quick to nod. "Sure, sure," Kelly said, before turning her head to tip back the bottle in
her hand.

Sam's hand immediately shot out and grabbed Kelly by the wrist, pausing the bottle inches away
from Kelly's lips. "The first thing I'm going to need you to do, Kelly, is stop drinking that stuff
right now," Sam said seriously.

A pained sigh escaped Kelly's lungs. "Sam, I'm not... not that drunk. And I can do whatever you...
you tell me to do," she said, voice still slurring but a little clearer.

"I'm sure you can, love," Sam said. "But it's not your state of intoxication I'm worried about. If my
plan is going to work... we might need that swill."
"No! Please, stop!"

"Let me go! Get your hands off me!"

"Aaaah! It hurts! Please, it hurts!"

The walls of the room that Jack had been confined into blazed with light, provided by vidscreens that covered every inch of the room. And on each screen was a different vision of hell.

In each vid, a woman cried, writhed, and tried to pull away from the hands that groped at her from off-screen. And on each screen, the woman failed. As Jack cast her eyes around the room in sheer disgust, she watched as each of the women was forcibly stripped of her clothes and penetrated. Some of them by human cocks, some by sex toys held by sneering women, and some even by fat alien meat. Regardless of how they were being violated, each screen was the same: crying, helpless women being raped.

Jack wanted to believe that they were all simulated scenes. Like that shit she had seen on the extranet on occasion, where the woman would appear at the end of the video, smiling and laughing about the S&M fantasy she had just taken part in. But from the low quality look of the videos, the shaky and poorly-framed shots, and the genuine terror she recognized in the eyes of the women, Jack knew the truth. These videos were all too real.

"Son of a..." she muttered, just before her eyes locked on the other side of the room. Just when she thought her anger couldn't flare up any harder, she saw what had been done to her cellmate.

Jenny was strapped into the medical chair opposite Jack. Before now, with the room in darkness, Jack hadn't even known she was there. Perhaps her student would have screamed out, if not for the gag that had been shoved into her mouth. Jenny stared at Jack with eyes just as filled with fear and horror as the women in the videos playing around them. Jack noted with disgust that the chair she was strapped into had been adjusted to spread her legs wide open, the teen girl's naked pussy forcibly put on display.

"You bastard," Jack yelled out, fairly certain that Henneman was listening in. "Haven't you done enough to this poor girl? Do whatever the hell you want to me, but leave her out of this! I won't let you..."

"I'm not going to do anything to her, Subject Zero," said Henneman's voice over a loudspeaker built into the ceiling. "It's what you're going to do with her."

Jack stared at the speaker, eyes narrowed in fury. "What I'm going to..." she started to say.

And then she felt it. In all of this confusion, waking up from the gas Henneman had doped her with and recovering her bearings, she hadn't noticed the press of straps against her own skin.

When she looked down, she could hear a primal growl start to build in her throat. That twisted fucker. How could he possibly think that... that she would ever do that?
Fastened securely around Jack's hips with thick leather was a strap-on. A pitch-black fake cock bobbed between her legs, the massive sex toy big and thick enough to stretch out even the most worn-out whore's cavernous twat. It was obviously too big to be meant for pleasure, and could only have been designed for one thing: pain.

In a rage, Jack grabbed onto the gigantic cock, expecting to feel the pain of her fingers angrily gripping around the disgusting piece of plastic. But no, it wasn't a sensory model. It was just a plain old strap-on, albeit one that had been locked onto Jack's hips with what seemed like titanium fasteners. Try as she might to rip it off, Jack couldn't rid herself of the fucking thing.

"Just do it, Subject Zero," Henneman's voice said over the loudspeaker, as Jack continued to strain at the sex toy locked around her hips like a twisted version of a chastity belt. "Rape Jenny. Rape her. I know you want to. Do it. Rape her. Rape he..."

"SHUT THE FUCK UP, YOU TWISTED FUCKER!" Jack screamed. Charging at the speaker in the ceiling, she jumped up to try and drive a fist through it and shut that fucking pervert up. When that didn't work, she turned to one of the screens, driving angry fists into it until she could hear it start to crack. "GET ME THE FUCK OUT OF HERE RIGHT FUCKING NOW, OR I'LL BLOW A HOLE THROUGH THIS ENTIRE GODDAMN STATION, I SWEAR!"

As she continued pounding on the vidscreen, uncaring about the small specks of blood she started to see on its surface as the skin of her hands broke open from the repeated impacts, she could barely make out a sigh from Henneman over the continued loud sounds of women being sexually violated.

"As expected," Henneman muttered. "It appears my first attempt at a formula is not quite up to snuff. Ah, well. We'll try again another time."

A familiar mechanical "clunk" sound was heard, and Jack turned in time to see the same metal tubes that had been in her cell shoot out from the floor of the testing room. Even as she heard the familiar hiss and knew what was to come, she continued pounding on the vidscreen until the gas finally reached her lungs and she tumbled weakly to the floor.

* * *

Henneman watched the video feed on his personal terminal dispassionately, as Bowers unfastened the strap-on from the unconscious Jack before scooping her up off the floor and following Yuri, who was toting Jenny across his shoulder, out of the testing room.

"Recreating the Dom formula, experiment #1," he turned away from the terminal and spoke into his datapad, watching as his words were transcribed onto its glowing surface. "Current formulation appears to be mostly ineffective. While subject does show violent tendencies consistent with previous test subjects, I would attribute this to her own natural personality. Of course, this was part of the reason I considered her an ideal test subject... but perhaps I was mistaken. Maybe I should consider my other candidate instead." He paused, working the possibilities through his mind. "We'll attempt one more test with the other potential formulation. If no further progress is shown, then I will reach out to Miss Brooks for authorization to..."

Henneman's eyes snapped up from his datapad, as he heard a scuffle out in the hallway, raised voices and shouts. Before he could figure out what was happening, the door to his laboratory was sliding open, and a snarling beast was charging in his direction.
"You..." Morgan said, her thick hands balled into fists as she stomped in Henneman's direction. "You fucking shitbird cockface asshole! What the fuck do you think you're doing?"

Henneman took a step away from the furious Phantom, trying to remember where he had stashed the Carnifex in here. "Morgan, I don't... know what you're talking about," he said, working as hard as he could to sound casual in the face of the dangerous woman's anger.

"Goddamn it, I came in here before and you had that pencil-neck Bowers put me off," Morgan snapped. "It's... it's my bitch! She's sick, dammit! I'm sitting around worried and you're fucking avoiding me!"

"Wait, what now?" Henneman said, his interest immediately piqued. "What do you mean, she's sick?"

"Exactly what I fucking said, doc!" Morgan said, her anger now dampened with a hint of worry. "She's getting all pukey and stuff. She won't eat the food I bring her, no matter how much I threaten her. She's tired and has to pee all the goddamn time. And just an hour or so ago there was..." she paused and took a deep, shuddering breath. "There was some blood... down there. Just a little, but... I know damn sure that I didn't cause it, so I think she's bleeding on her own."

"Alright, alright, calm down," Henneman said, trying his best to hide his excitement. "I'm sorry I couldn't talk to you earlier, but I really was in the midst of some very important research. Research that I'm still working on at the moment... but!" he quickly added as Morgan's fury started to show itself again. "But, I promise you. First thing in the morning, bring your bitch by and I will give her a full examination."

Morgan seemed to calm down, the muscular woman shifting anxiously. "You sure it can wait until morning, doc? My bitch... she's gonna be okay, right?"

"Absolutely," Henneman said. "The symptoms you described to me... I think I have an idea of exactly what's going on."

"You do?" Morgan asked, perking up immediately. "What is it, doc? It's not gonna kill her, is it? Oh, I don't know what I'd do without my pretty little bitch."

"Well, you might have to learn to do without her, you twisted freak," Henneman thought to himself, And very soon, too. "Trust me, Morgan. It's nothing to worry yourself about. Just bring her by tomorrow morning, and I'll make sure she's right as rain," he said out loud.

Morgan let out a long breath. "You don't know how much that means to me, doc," she said. "We're so lucky to have a brilliant son of a bitch like you in Cerberus, you know that?"

"Yes, I am quite aware," Henneman responded. "Now, as I mentioned before, I do have some testing I still need to do tonight. But as I promised, first thing in the morning, we'll give your bitch a thorough checkup."

"Thanks again, doc," Morgan said, and then smiled at him. Henneman had never been the best at reading people, but even he could see that there was something not quite right about that smile. But before he could examine it further, Morgan was already heading out the door.

As soon as she was gone, Henneman considered heading over to his personal terminal. With how much Cordelia had been breathing down his neck, no doubt she would be happy to hear that their
efforts may have finally borne fruit. But he decided against it. No need to let her know until he had confirmed it for himself. He would hate to give her hope only to find out that it was premature.

And if it turned out that Morgan had not blessed her bitch with a bundle full of joy? *Well,* Henneman thought to himself as he stared at the small cloning vats on the other side of the room, and the spare body parts floating within, *there are still other options.*
Part 4: Dejection; Deception; Defection (Adamanthea Station, Restricted Section, Holding Cells)

Jack came to on the floor of her cell, her shoulder aching. No doubt they hadn't been gentle with her when they had tossed her back in the clink, but she supposed it could have been worse. At least those perverted fucks didn't take the opportunity to "enjoy" their helpless captives before putting them back behind the forcefield.

As Jack rose up from the floor, she immediately checked for Jenny. The red-headed teenager was still limp on the ground next to Jack. Seeing her sent a shiver through Jack, remembering what had happened back in the testing area, and as she stood she tentatively put a hand down between her legs. Nope, just bare snatch down there. In the midst of moving them back, they must have removed the fucked-up sex toy from her hips.

"Jack," she heard her name being whispered. "Jack, are you okay?"

"Ugh," Jack moaned, rubbing at her sore shoulder and walking over to Jenny's unconscious form. "Doing just peachy, cheerleader, how've you been?" she answered as she wrapped her arms around Jenny's waist. It hurt like hell, but Jack eventually managed to haul the limp girl up onto her cot.

"I'm... glad to see they brought you back in one piece," Miranda said, Jack barely able to make her out through the cell wall. Even after all this, the stuck-up bitch was only begrudgingly able to admit that she was happy Cerberus hadn't dissected her. "I just hope they didn't abuse you too terribly."

Jack sat back against the wall dividing her cell with the Lawsons', a slight smirk on her face. "Oh, it was horrible stuff, alright. They showed me a bunch of naked pictures of you, cheerleader," she quipped. "All that perfect smooth skin of yours, with not so much as a freckle on it? Shit, by the end I was begging them to stop."

"Jack, don't do that," Miranda responded. "With all that's happened, don't you think it's time for us to let this petty rivalry go?"

"Ah, but you're just so much fun to fuck with, princess," Jack said, before letting out a long sigh. "But fine. You want to know all the gory details? Here you go."

She told Miranda everything that had happened. Waking up with Henneman shooting her up full of some red drug. Getting unstrapped and treated to a full 360 degree panorama of rape. And then Henneman telling her to fuck Jenny, helpless in her own chair, with a massive strap-on.

Miranda remained silent during the whole telling. Once Jack recounted the gas filling the room, Miranda quietly asked, "So... you didn't do it?"

Jack paused for a moment in disbelief. "Are you shitting me, cheerleader?" she finally asked, voice loud and incredulous. "Of course I didn't fucking do it! If you thought for one second that I'd do something like that to an innocent little girl, then bitch you'd better..."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" Miranda quickly interrupted. "It's just... after seeing what happened to that asari down at the end of the hall, I thought that maybe you... you might not have been in your right mind."
"Get this straight," Jack said, "I don't care what that bastard pumps into my veins. I'm me, and I'm gonna stay me. And you'd just as soon see me wearing a goddamn Cerberus uniform as you'd see me do anything to hurt Jenny. You get me?"

"Of course, Jack," Miranda responded. And even without Jack being able to see her face, she could hear the relief in the woman's voice and understood. She needs to me to resist this shit, Jack thought to herself, because she knows that eventually, she and her clone sister are gonna get injected with the doc's little experiments. And if I can take Henneman's shit and spit it right back in his face, then maybe she can, too.

Despite herself, Jack couldn't help but sympathize with Miranda a little. Just like Jack, she was afraid, but trying her best not to show it. Just as much for herself as for her more-innocent cellmate. Neither Jenny nor Oriana had ever been put through shit like this before in their entire lives. At least Jack and Miranda had had the horrors of the Reaper War to harden them up for such horrors. Not to mention Miranda and her years spent running from her father, and Jack and her... well, every fucking second of her life. The two of them were the ones who had been through so much, and had to be strong for the sake of the ones they cared about.

"We'll get through this, cheerleader," Jack said. "Maybe not without a few more scars, but think about what we've dealt with up to this point. Giant fucking robot monsters bent on destroying the entire galaxy. Compared to that, what's a few messed-up thugs with constant hard-ons and delusions of resurrecting Cerberus? Maybe things will be shit for a while, but we'll come out the other end in one piece. Just like every other time. Because you and me... we know what it's like to fucking survive."

"I hope you're right, Jack," Miranda said. "But I worry that Henneman may just be warming up at this pint. Back when he first joined Cerberus, I could see that he was a brilliant man. Brilliant, determined... and dangerous. That was the reason I had him assigned to undercover work, rather than shoving the bastard in a bloody cell and riding the world of his twisted fantasies." Miranda paused, and even without being able to see her, Jack was somehow sure that Miranda was staring at her sister as she said, "Perhaps it would have been better if I had. Maybe without Henneman's support, Cerberus wouldn't have been able to come back from the dead. And maybe we wouldn't be in this terrible situation..."

"Jesus, again with the martyr complex," Jack said. "Stop making this all about you, cheerleader, and start thinking about ways to get us out of here."

"Me?" Miranda asked. "What makes you think I can come up with a way for us to escape?"

"Because that's what you do, isn't it? You make plans," Jack said. "You're the one who planned out the mission through the Omega 4 relay. You planned a way to keep your sister away from your father for years. Shit, you're so good at working stuff out in that genetically-perfect brain of yours, you even managed to make yourself forget what happened that night at Shepard's apartment, when we..."

Before Jack could continue, the entrance of the cell block slid open. And a face that they hadn't seen in ages, and yet seemed so very familiar, stepped into the room.
She had waited patiently by her mistress's chair, down on her knees with Morgan's cum still dripping from her face. She had made Mistress cum three times before Morgan had left to handle the first part of her "plan," and her mistress had pulled her cock out the last time to shoot her cum all over Ash's grinning face and heaving tits. "I'll be right back, bitch," Morgan had said, tucking herself into her Cerberus uniform pants and heading for the door. "And that cum had better still be there when I return."

So Ash had remained kneeling, the Mistress's cum slowly trickling down her face and spilling down to splatter against her breasts. She wanted to desperately to scoop it up. To lick every last drop of Morgan's cum off her fingers, and relish in the salty taste before swallowing it down and letting it join the gallons of cum from Morgan's previous climaxes already swishing around in her belly.

But Ash was a good bitch, and a good bitch always followed instructions. So she remained kneeling in place, the smell of Morgan's jizz driving her crazy as she waited for her mistress to return. The one solace she took was that Morgan had only instructed her not to lick up the cum. She hadn't ordered Ash to refrain from... any other activities.

So as Ash waited, her fingers worked rapidly between her legs. Wet squishing sounds filled the security room, along with the echoes of Ash gasping and moaning as she got herself off again and again. And every time, it was the same image that brought her to another orgasm: Morgan. Morgan's beautiful blond hair. Her gorgeous hazel eyes. Her perfectly toned muscles and well-formed breasts.

But mostly her cock.

"Fuck me, Mistress," Ash gasped as she felt herself cumming again, pussy juices puddling underneath her on the security room floor as she thought about Morgan's massive, veiny prick. It was so... perfect, in every possible way. She couldn't even imagine how she ever found a second of pleasure from the mundane, tiny dicks she had taken inside of her in the past. And none of them in her ass, of course. Ash was so happy that she hadn't let that one guy she had dated eight years ago convince her to "just give it a try." She had turned him down, and as a result Morgan had been her first. Mistress had popped her anal cherry, and even if Morgan told her to let a hundred other men fuck her up the ass, none of them would be able to come close to giving her the pleasure that she felt when she felt the head of Morgan's cock pressing against her sphincter. Just the thought of it was working Ash up to yet another climax.

Mistress is so kind, the New Ash thought, as her fingers continued to work against her clit. So generous to give us her cock so often. There was a brief mental pause, and then another thought was added. We need to tell her.

No! the Old Ash immediately proclaimed. She had lost a lot of her control of Ash's thoughts in the last few days, but she still remained. And on this point in particular, she would not budge. If we tell her about what Henneman said, then we're never going to get out of this! Henneman's offer is our one chance of escape, and telling her will ruin it forever!

But I don't want to escape! the New Ash responded. Want to stay with Mistress forever. Keep
sucking her cock and getting fucked for as long as she wants me!

And what happens when she doesn’t want you anymore? the Old Ash countered. What happens when she gets bored of you?

"Unh," Ash grunted, not pausing in fingering her twat despite the argument taking place in her mind.

She won’t! We’ll keep Mistress happy for as long as we live! We’ll never do anything to make her want to get rid of us! We’ll keep her happy forever and ever! the New Ash protested.

But how happy will she be with you... when she finds out you've been keeping secrets from her? the Old Ash said. Because if you do tell her about Henneman, you'll also be telling her that you've been keeping this secret from her all this time.

Not me! You kept the secret from her! the New Ash said, the mental voice in Ash's head sounding a bit panicked. I would have told her! I would have!

"Mmm," Ash moaned, her body ignoring what was going on in her mind as she continued thrusting her fingers down into her pussy.

Yeah, try that excuse on her, see how that works out. "It wasn't me, it was the other voice in my head that didn't tell you," the Old Ash said mockingly. Face it. All that telling her is going to do is make it so your beloved mistress kicks you to the curb that much faster. If you lied about this, what's to stop you from lying about how much you love Mistress's cock? About how you'd do anything for your Mistress? How could she trust those words from you, when you've already shown her how well you can lie to her face?

I... I do love Mistress's cock, the New Ash said, a trace of a sob in her mental voice. And I would do anything for my Mistress.

Yeah, that I believe, the Old Ash said, disdain evident in her voice. And if you want her to keep believing that... you only open your goddamn mouth when Morgan wants to stick her cock in it. And you don't tell her a damn thing about what Henneman said. Agreed?

"Yes... yes..." Ash gasped, feeling her muscles clench and her pussy gush as she came yet again. Just as she was about ready to continue frigging herself with her fingers, the door to the security room slid open.

Stepping into the room, Morgan wore a casual smile as she slumped back down into her chair. "Well, that's handled," Morgan said. "Man, you should have seen that little twat when I told him about how 'sick' you were feeling, bitch. I swear, the bastard almost pissed himself in excitement!"

Turning to her personal terminal, Morgan unlocked the screen to show the last extranet site she had visited: a page about early pregnancy, including a list of possible symptoms. "Just kept reading items off this list until he got the hint," Morgan said to Ash, pointing to the screen with a smirk. "I'm going to go take you to see him tomorrow, bitch. You remember my instructions, right?"

Ash quickly nodded. "Yes, Mistress," she said. "Whenever he asks if I've been experiencing any symptom, I tell him 'yes.'"

"Perfect," Morgan responded. "God, I've got you trained so well. You didn't even lick up a drop of
my cum while I was gone," she cooed, reaching down to run a thumb against one of the streaks of jizz dripping down Ash's face. Holding out the digit, she instructed Ash, "Open."

Ash eagerly obeyed, and was soon sucking Morgan's cum off her thumb like a baby sucking on a pacifier. "Mmm," she moaned, before quickly adding, "Thank you, Mistress," the words garbled around Morgan's finger in her mouth.

"Go ahead and clean yourself up, bitch," Morgan said, popping her thumb out of Ash's mouth and reaching to her waist to begin unbuckling her belt. "And once you're done with that, I've got another hot load just ready for you to suck down," she said while retrieving her cock from inside her pants. As she stroked herself to a full erect state with one hand, she pressed several buttons on her command console to bring up a camera view of Kelly's quarters. "Having my bitch slurping on my cock while watching Kelly's bitch finally have her date with Karlie and Nerine... now that's my idea of a perfect evening."

Mine, too, the New Ash thought, as she wiped off and licked up cum. With Morgan back in the room, the Old Ash was tucked back into the recesses of her mind. But even so, the New Ash had taken her lesson well: no telling the mistress about Henneman's offer. Even if it was the answer to the mystery that Mistress was desperate to solve, Ash would keep her mouth shut, and hope that Morgan figured it out on her own.

"Ten minutes left until showtime," Morgan said, watching on the monitor as Kelly talked with her bitch about something. No doubt preparing her for how best to please her mistress's friends. Morgan hoped that Kelly taught those lessons well.

And, Morgan mentally added as Ash finished her cleaning and her lips wrapped around Morgan's cock, that Kelly's bitch was as well-trained and wonderful as Morgan's was.
"Hello, Liara. It's been a long time."

Liara looked up to see the dark mirror of the woman she loved standing outside of their cell. "Hello, Shepard," Liara responded, forcing herself not to hesitate as she addressed the clone with the name of her originator. "Have you come to make love to me?"

"Why in such a hurry?" the clone said, her bright green eyes focused solely on Liara. She barely seemed to acknowledge Shepard's presence in the cell as she motioned for two of the guards to deactivate the forcefield. "No need to live up to *all* those dirty asari stereotypes."

"I apologize, Shepard," Liara said, standing up slowly from her cot as the containment field flickered and deactivated. "It's just... it's been so long since I've known your touch. I've grown to miss it these past few days."

The clone looked amused by this. "Well, don't worry. You'll be getting more than enough of my touch soon enough." She gestured to Liara to follow her back to the testing areas. "Although... by the time I'm done with you, you might not enjoy it quite as much. Come on. I've got something I want to try."

Liara paused in her step for a brief second, remembering what had happened to Shepard when they had taken her back there the last time. Or, even more frightening to consider, what had happened to the asari mercenary at the end of the cell block. After Shepard had been taken back to the testing rooms the last time, Liara had been forced to listen as the muscular, scarred-up asari had giggled and squealed at being presented with the cocks of Bowers and his men. Was the clone going to do that to Liara next? Make sure that she was truly obedient to the "real" Shepard by breaking her mind?

"Liara," the clone said, her eyes narrowing slightly as she saw Liara's hesitation. "I told you to come. Don't make me ask again." She glanced at Yuri and Roth, the two guards crossing their arms and glowering at Liara. "Or I'll have these men *carry* you back instead."

Hearing the threat in her voice, Liara quickly walked forward. "I'm coming," she said quietly, pointing her eyes down to the floor in deference to her captor. Satisfied at her submission, the clone led the way through the testing area door. Liara dared one glance behind her, to see Shepard watching as she was led away. Seeing the fear in her lover's eyes made Liara's heart ache.

Liara wasn't sure what she had expected when she had been led through the door, but the plain, nondescript hallway certainly didn't meet all of the fears she had had. The clone stepped over to the first door on the left, triggering it open and waving a hand through the portal to Liara. "Right this way, my lady," she said flamboyantly, and Liara forced a smile on her face in response as she walked into the door, Yuri and Roth at her sides.

It was a strange room, made up to look like a sitting room in some lavish Earth estate. The only difference was the vast array of sex toys and bondage gear placed in various spots around the perimeter of the otherwise classy-looking decor.

"Over there," the clone instructed her two minions, pointing them in the direction of a large, X-
shaped frame in one corner of the room. "Strap her down tight." As the clone said the words, Liara saw the wrist and ankle restraints at the end of each "arm" of the frame and understood.

"Come on," Roth growled, giving Liara a light shove between her shoulder blades. "Get moving."

Obediently, Liara walked over to the diagonal cross. Once she reached the bondage device, she turned and pressed her back against it, trying to best to calm her rapidly-beating heart as she thought about what might be coming next.

The clone watched with arms crossed as the two men grabbed Liara's wrists and fastened them into the dangling leather cuffs. Once that was done, Liara hesitantly spread her legs, to allow the two brutish men to strap in her ankles as well. Once they stepped away, Liara was firmly secured to the cross, arms hoisted above her head and legs spread to give the two leering men an unobstructed view of her crotch.

"You want us to show her a good time, boss?" Yuri said.

"Yeah, we've been waiting to give this asari cunt a proper introduction to this place," Roth added, openly rubbing his erection inside of his uniform. "Come on, Shepard. I wanna hear this blue bitch squeal."

The clone smirked. "A lovely thought, but not this time, fellas," she said. "This time, I want Dr. T'Soni here all to myself." She pointed at the door leading back out to the hallway. "Leave me alone with her. I'll call for you when I'm ready to put her back in her cell."

As the two men slowly made their exit, no doubt hoping that the clone would change her mind, Shepard's doppelganger headed over to a wooden chest near the door. Tipping the lid back, the clone casually perused the items inside. "Hmm, what do I want to use on you?" she asked herself, inspecting a riding crop much like one she had used on Shepard back on the Normandy before casting it aside. Liara gritted her teeth as she saw the clone then pick up a cat o' nine tails, thin braided strands of leather dangling down from the handle.

"No, I know exactly what we'll use," the clone said, and Liara breathed a sigh of relief as she tossed away the nasty-looking flail. As soon as the door shut and locked behind the two guards, the clone pulled out her chosen object and turned in Liara's direction. "Relax," she said with a smile. "This is going to be fun!"
Part 4: Dejection; Deception; Defection (Adamanthea Station, Restricted Section, Kelly's Quarters)

The door chime sounded. The moment of truth had arrived.

"You're sure you're ready for this, Kelly?" Sam said, keeping her face pointed away from the camera to eliminate any chance of her words being read off her lips. "You remember all the lines I told you to say?"

Kelly nodded. "Sam, I do, but... I don't know if I can..."

"You can, Kelly," Sam said. "And you have to. Just say what I told you to say, and no matter what happens, do not interfere. Understand?"

The chime sounded again. Only one more time remaining, according to Nerine's message. Dammit, this was such a stupid plan. In the face of Kelly's fear, Sam found her own confidence waning. How in the hell were they possibly going to pull this off? The idea of it just seemed so absurd. And yet... what else could they do? They had to make it work, because the alternative... Sam would do her best to survive it, but she worried about what it might do to Kelly's sanity to have to watch as those two Phantoms used and abused her.

Finally, Kelly spoke up, "Yes, I understand. And I'll do it."

"Good, now get the door, quickly. I'm going to go back to get myself ready. Or... as ready as I can be, I guess."

Moving past Kelly, Sam walked through the door into the bathroom. Breathing deeply, she turned on the sink and steeled herself as she heard Kelly open the door.

"Finally!" Sam heard Nerine say. She could hear the two well-muscled Phantoms stomping their way into Kelly's quarters. "Was just getting ready to hit the send button on that message to Morgan. But here we are, 2100, and looks like you're good as your word."

"Or is she?" the voice of Karlie said from the other room. "Because I see Kelly here... but I don't see her bitch. Where'd you tuck her away, Kelly? This a little game of Hide and Fuck? Because I'll be straight with you... I hate games."

"My bitch is in the bathroom, getting cleaned up," Kelly said, and Sam was pleased to hear her sticking to the script just like a pro. "She wanted to make sure she was at her best to service my two good friends."

That elicited a laugh from Nerine. "Yeah, we're best buddies, ain't we?" The Phantom let out a delighted sound. "And seeing as how we're such good friends, you don't mind if we take a few shots of your booze here, do you?"

"Go right ahead," Kelly said. "I picked it out special just for you two."

"Hey, don't hog the whole damn bottle!" Karlie protested, and she heard a brief scuffle as the Phantom snatched the bottle away from Nerine.
"Yes, perfect, Sam thought to herself. The more of that stuff you two drink, the more chance this insane plan is actually going to work. So drink up, ladies.

"Shit, you're gonna finish it all," Nerine snapped. "Try to save a little bit for after, huh? Say, speaking of which... your bitch is sure taking an awful long time in there. Don't get me wrong, I appreciate a clean snatch as much as the next lady. But I'm beginning to suspect she might be stalling just a wee little bit."

"Yeah, and you know how impatient we can get, Kelly," Karlie said. "So your bitch better come out soon before we have to go back there and drag her out. Because if we have to do that, we might just take her down on a trip to the barracks to meet the rest of our comrades."

"I promise you, she's not stalling. My bitch knows better than that," Kelly said. There was a pause, and Sam waited in nervous anticipation for her to say the line. Finally, Kelly remembered. "After all, she knows that it's much better for her to pleasure two of you in my quarters than pleasure ten of you back in the barracks."

Karlie let out a loud laugh, sounding a bit intoxicated already. "Ten? Try eighteen, babe. Not all of us came along on the Normandy trip, you know."

"And that's just the Phantoms," Nerine chimed in, pausing to take a swig from the bottle before continuing. "That ain't even counting the three dozen or so other folks Cerberus has back here in the restricted section. And if your bitch doesn't get out here soon, she's going to get to know them all, up close and personal."

"She'll be out in just a moment," Kelly said. "But there's something she asked me to tell you first."

Nerine clucked her tongue. "Your bitch telling you to do something? Doesn't sound like you're really the one in charge here, does it?"

"I can assure you I am. And when I told my bitch that she would be pleasing you two tonight, she wanted to make it something special." Sam heard Kelly force a laugh. "I mean, you have any number of wet holes you could play with here on this station, after all."

"We do, Kelly," Karlie said, and her voice took on a dangerous edge. "Including the one right here in front of us. Maybe we shouldn't even bother to wait until your bitch finally shows her ass out here. Maybe we should just make like our two comrades did earlier today and take your ass instead."

Sam shuddered, the confirmation of her worst fear making her ache even more for Kelly. Dammit, she had hoped that Kelly's bizarre kinship with Morgan would have spared her from such treatment, but it seemed as if they were all doomed in the end.

"Uh... like I was saying, there are a lot of wet holes on this station," Kelly stammered, struggling to find her place in the script she and Sam had worked out. "But my bitch, she has special training. Skills that she can put to use to make tonight so much better than just a cheap fuck."

"Aw, but I like a cheap fuck," Karlie said.

Nerine cut her comrade off. "Okay, fine, Kelly. So what are these 'skills' your bitch wants to put to use on us?"
"She asked that you remove all of your clothing," Kelly said, "and sit down on the couch. Once you've done that, I'll give her the signal to come in."

"I dunno about this, Nerine," Karlie said. "Don't like it when fucking gets this complicated. Sure we don't wanna just go in and drag that bitch out?"

Nerine grunted. "Starting to seriously consider it, Karlie."

"Wait, just... just fifteen minutes," Kelly exclaimed. "Give her fifteen minutes, and if you're not enjoying yourselves by then, you can... you can do whatever you want to my bitch, I promise."

Neither of them sounded happy about it, but Nerine was finally the one who broke the tension. "Fine, fine. We've got all night, Karlie. What's another fifteen minutes?"

"Whatever," Karlie said, and Sam was pleased to hear the sounds of the two women disrobing. "But this shit better be good."

"I promise, it will be," Kelly said. A few seconds later, she could hear the creak of Kelly's couch as the two muscular women slumped down in it. Then the music started.

Taking a deep breath, Sam clenched her fists. "Time to do this," she said to herself. "Kelly, here's hoping I remember those lessons of yours."

* * *

So, Kelly, here we are. Baker Colony, one of the newest and least established human colonies in the entire galaxy. To give you an idea of what to look forward to: the food is either awful synthetic garbage or home-grown and bland. The water is heavily filtered and still manages to taste slightly of dirt. Temperatures range from slightly muggy to inhospitably hot. And right now we're standing in the middle of our home for the next six months: a glorified closet with walls so thin the neighbors will hear us if we so much as sneeze. So, now that you've gotten a first-hand look at the wonders of colony life, I have to ask... should I really be unpacking these suitcases for you? Because there's still another transport shuttle leaving tonight, and I promise I won't be offended if you've changed your mind.

Sam, don't be silly. I knew exactly what I'd be getting into when I accepted your offer. Honestly, if I didn't know any better I'd think you were already trying to get rid of me.

Of course not! When you offered to come with me I was absolutely ecstatic. But I know how difficult colony life can be. I've lived it after all, and Horizon was a much more enjoyable place to spend time than this... well, until the Collectors showed up and abducted half the people. But still... look, I'm really looking forward to spending the next six months coming home to your beautiful face. But just know that if you ever change your mind...

I won't, Sam. I promise you that there's no place I'd rather be right now.

You... you really mean that?

Of course I do, silly. So stop worrying and let's get unpacked and settled in. Now that I've made it through my first day as a colonist, I'm really looking forward to my first night as a colonist.

Mmm... perhaps we should just forget about the unpacking and go straight to turning in for the
evening.

Now, now. Is that what rugged, hard-working colonists like us would do? Leave a job unfinished?

I suppose not. Another reason why colony life is awful. Anyway, how about we put your clothes in these drawers here?

Sounds great. I'll go grab the rest of the bags from the other room while you start unpacking.

Right. Looks like you've got your shirts in here, some underwear, and... oh, my.

What is it? I'll be there in a sec.

Kelly... are you sure you grabbed the right bag from the transport shuttle?

What do you mean?

Because this certainly doesn't look like it belongs in the wardrobe of a psychologist-turned-colonist to me.

Oh, you found that outfit. It's nothing. Just some old thing I kept from my time dancing.

Dancing? You were a... dancer?

Hey, college is expensive, and I had to make a few extra credits for tuition one semester. Not all of us were brilliant enough to get full Alliance scholarships after all, Miss Genius Communications Specialist.

Wasn't trying to be judgy or anything, Kelly. In fact, I'm actually sort of impressed. Just the thought of going out there in front of a big crowd in an outfit like this and trying to put on a show for them... I'm breaking out in goose bumps at just the thought of it.

Ah, it wasn't that big of a deal. Actually it was a lot easier than I thought it would be. There was an asari there who taught me a few moves, and by the end of the first week I was making almost as much in tips as she was. Really, the secret to it was confidence. Confidence is sexy, and even if your dancing is a little clumsy, if you went out there feeling self-assured you'd have the people loving you.

Well, then I definitely know I wouldn't be able to do something like that. It's hard enough for me to be confident when I'm fully dressed. If I went out in something like this, I'm pretty sure I would drop dead of embarrassment even before I heard everyone laughing at me.

Don't be silly, Sam. I think you'd look amazing in an outfit like this. And if you and I had been dancing together back then, I bet I could have taught you a few moves that would have even put a salarian's jaw on the floor.

Laying on a bit thick, aren't we?

I'm serious! Mmm, in fact... now that I've got this image in my head of you dancing the way I used to, I need to see it in real life.

Fat chance of that happening. You'd just as soon teach Shepard how to dance as be able to teach
me.

Nope, it's decided. Starting tomorrow I'm going to start teaching you my moves. And by the time I'm finished you're going to be the sexist dancer in all of Baker Colony.

Hey, don't I get a vote? I didn't agree to this!

I'll tell you what, Sam: you agree to let me teach you some of my old dancing moves... and I'll take you up on that offer to skip the unpacking for tonight and head right to bed. Do we have a deal?

Dammit, Kelly, you devious woman. Okay, fine... but you better not expect much out of me. And if I see even a single picture of me on the extranet dancing around like a moron...

It'll be just between the two of us, I promise. Now come on. Time to put these Alliance beds to the test.

Right behind you. Just remember what I said about the thin walls.

* * *

As the throbbing beat filled Kelly's quarters, Sam peeked around the door and glanced in at the two Phantoms sitting on the couch, bored expressions on their faces. Once the two noticed her, she flashed a brief, sultry smile before walking slowly into the main room, bobbing her hips to the beat of the music playing from Kelly's terminal.

Confidence, Sam. You need to be confident for Kelly. she thought to herself as she stepped across the room and came to a stop in the middle, facing away from the two Phantoms and towards Kelly sitting on the opposite side of the room. Kelly wore a blank expression on her face, her eyes far away as if trying to mentally transport herself away from this situation. Sam forced a reassuring smile to her face, all while half certain that any second now, the two horny women behind her would get bored and come charging at her.

They want you, Sam thought to herself, as she brought her hands up to run through her hair, all while continuing to move her body along to the slow, sultry tune of the music. They've been waiting all day to have you. So show them just how much of a prize they'll be getting. Or at least that they think they'll be getting.

Bending over slightly, Sam turned her head to the side to glance around at her audience, batting her eyes and shaking her ass. While Karlie still looked rather annoyed and bored, Nerine was watching Sam's moves with rapt attention. Perfect, Sam thought, as she moved her hands down to run up the back of her thighs, pausing briefly on her buttocks before moving them upwards to cup her bare breasts. Slowly, tantalizingly, she turned herself around to face the two Phantoms on the couch, trying her best to give them a sultry look as she moved her body to the music. She bobbed her head and bent her legs, parting them briefly to flash her crotch at the two women before clamping them shut again.

She couldn't believe she was doing this. Back then the only way Kelly had managed to convince her to learn these moves was from the promise that no one would ever see Sam doing something like this except Kelly. But now here she was: dancing for a pair of complete strangers like one of the asari in Afterlife. And to her surprise, it actually seemed to be doing the trick. At least... for one of the Phantoms.
"This is stupid," Karlie muttered, shifting in her seat. Sam followed Karlie's eye to the Sultana sextoy that was sitting on the couch next to the Phantom. "Let's just stick these things in and fuck her already."

As Karlie started to grab the high-tech strap-on and stand up, Nerine shot out a hand to shove her back into her seat. "Shut the fuck up," she snapped. "We'll have plenty of time for that later. Kelly's bitch is putting on a show for us. And I for one wanna watch it. But after it's over..." she fingered her own Sultana on the arm of the couch next to her, while flashing a wide grin at Sam.

Karlie looked frustrated, but settled back into her seat. *You're the one, then,* Sam said, dropping her hands down and exposing her tits as she focused her attention solely on Nerine. *Time to give you the best seat in the house, Nerine.*

Hands on her hips and desire in her eyes, Sam stepped over to the couch. Her eyes locked on Nerine's, she licked her lips and slowly lowered herself down to the floor. By the time she reached the dark-skinned Phantom, she was crawling on her hands and knees, ass up in the air as she moved in close to Nerine. With a lazy smile, Nerine parted her legs as Sam approached, exposing the hairy bush surrounding her twat. Sam arched an eyebrow at her, before sticking out her tongue and running it along the inside of Nerine's inner thigh.

Behind her, she could hear Kelly sharply inhale. *Stick to the script, Kelly,* Sam thought to herself, trying to ignore the sounds of distress coming from her lover. *I'm gonna have to make it look good if this plan is going to work.*

Of course, Nerine had to complicate things. "Damn, Kelly, you weren't kidding," she said, as Sam licked and kissed as close as she dared to Nerine's pussy without coming into contact with it. "Your bitch sure knows how to warm a girl up before the action starts." She took a swig from the bottle of liquor and laughed. "Maybe after me and Karlie are done with her, we should take her down to the barracks to show all the rest of the ladies just how well she dances."

*Dammit,* Sam thought to herself, all while keeping up her teasing around the perimeter of Nerine's twat. *Kelly, hold it together. For this to work, you're gonna have to stay out of it.*

"Yeah, that would..." Kelly said, pausing for a moment to swallow, "that would be pretty hot."

*Good, Kelly, good,* Sam thought. *Keep this up and this ridiculous plan of mine might actually work.* Staring up at Nerine from between her muscular thighs, Sam drifted her hand up to the Sultana sitting up on the couch. Nerine looked concerned at first, but with a wink from Sam she allowed her to pick up the electronic phallus. While stroking the inside of Nerine's leg with one hand, Sam slowly inserted the Sultana into Nerine with the other. Once it was firmly seated inside of the Phantom, Sam put on an impressed expression as it interfaced with Nerine's body and grew to full, erect status.

"Hey," Karlie protested, as Sam stood up and turned her back to Nerine. "If we're gonna sit for this, at least give me some of that action."

"You'll get your turn," Nerine said, before throwing her head back and moaning as Sam lowered her ass down and pressed it against Nerine's Sultana cock. Bouncing her hips in time with the beat, Sam tried her best to hide her disgust as she rubbed herself against the fake cock. After a few seconds of grinding against the Sultana, Sam leaned herself back against Nerine, feeling the press of the Phantom's tits on her back.
"Oh, shit," Nerine said, as Sam grabbed onto her wrists and pulled her hands up to place them against Sam's tits. "That's one well-trained bitch. None of Morgan's bitches did any shit like this." Her rough, muscular hands pawed against Sam's tits, as Sam ground her ass and body against the appreciative Phantom.

Hearing more annoyed grunts from Karlie, Sam knew that the moment of truth was approaching. Finally, she felt the hard grip of Karlie's hand around her wrist, as she was yanked away from Nerine and into Karlie's lap. "Sick of fucking waiting," Karlie said, while stealing the bottle of booze away from Nerine and downing what remained in one long gulp. "Time to give me some of that action, bitch."

And as soon as she was in Karlie's lap, the other Phantom's Sultana already in place, Sam set out with one goal in mind: to give Karlie the absolute worst lapdance in the entirety of human history.

* * *

Kelly, I'm home!

Hey, sweetie! How was work today?

As exciting as usual. Some indigenous rodent got into the wiring and undid about two days of work, all because Leavitt didn't set up the containment grids properly. I swear, if I didn't know any better I'd think that man was... wait. What are you watching?

So, I've got something to confess, Sam. A few weeks ago, when I had you show off all those moves I taught you... I made a video.

You... you what? Kelly, I made you promise me that you wouldn't upload any pictures or videos to...

To the extranet, I know. And I didn't. This video is... it's just for me.

Oh, God. I can't even look. I'm sure I looked absolutely ridiculous.

No! You looked sexy. Maybe not as graceful as I was back in the day, but you really did well with a lot of the moves. Come on, Sam, watch it with me!

Kelly, please. If you truly care about me, then you'll delete every copy of that video and pretend it never existed.

Sam, stop being so modest. I wish you could just look and see how amazing you looked. Once you got into it and forgot about how embarrassed you were... it's that confidence I was talking about. Once you started to feel that confidence, you looked so... stunning.

Well, I must have been good at faking it, because I didn't feel confident for a second of it. Now could we please delete the video? I'm begging you, Kelly.

I... I can't. Please, Sam, don't ask me to. I need to keep it.

Kelly... Kelly, what's wrong?

I'm scared, Sam. Every day I feel so scared. When you leave in the morning and I'm alone here at
I get so scared that something's going to happen to you.

Kelly, that's... this colony is the definition of boring. The chances of something happening to me have to be less than a fraction of a percent. You don't have anything to be scared of.

I know that. I know it's irrational. But after everything I've seen... the Collectors abducting everyone back on the Normandy, Cerberus invading the Citadel and coming within a hair's breadth of executing me... I just can't help myself. Before it was just me I was afraid for, but now... I don't think I could take it if anything were to happen to you.

Oh, Kelly. Come here.

I'm sorry. I'm being silly, I know.

No, you're not. But you need to stop worrying. I'm going to be fine. Both of us are going to be fine.

I want to believe that. But just... just in case something should ever happen, I want to always know I have this video. So that if I ever lost you, I'd have something to remember you by.

Kelly, if it's that important to you, then fine. Keep it. But... I have to admit I'm not sure why the thing you'd want to remember me with is this vid of me shaking my ass in my underwear.

Because... I know you don't believe it, but in this vid you look... just so sexy. Sexy and beautiful and every bit of the woman I met back on the Citadel during Shepard's party. The woman who I was willing to cast everything aside for and follow along to some backwater colony. The woman that I... that I fell in love with.

Kelly, I... I love you too.

Mmm... enough to show me some of those moves again tonight?

Hey, don't push your luck.

* * *

"What the fuck is this? What the fuck are you doing?"

Moving as much as she could against the beat of the music, Sam listlessly rubbed herself against Karlie's Sultana. Losing the sultry gleam in her eye she had had while teasing and tantalizing Nerine, Sam wore a dull, bored expression as she rubbed her ass against the fake cock. First softly, barely enough to be felt, and then pressing herself way too hard against the Sultana, eliciting a pained cry from Karlie.

"Agh! Get the fuck off!" Karlie snapped, shoving Sam away. Stumbling but managing to keep her footing, Sam turned around and crouched down between Karlie's legs. With a look on her face of pure disinterest, Sam began laying dry, close-mouthed kisses on Karlie's inner thighs, all while keeping her eyes pointed down at the floor and away from Karlie's face.

"Dammit, what is this?" Karlie asked Sam. "Do what you were doing with Nerine."

"I am," Sam muttered, all while continuing to keep her eyes averted from Karlie and looking as sedate as possible as she engaged in a limp, unerotic parody of her previous performance.
"No, you aren't," Karlie snapped. Grabbing Sam by the wrist, she yanked her arm until her palm was against Karlie's Sultana cock. "Fuck, just jerk me off if you can't at least put on a good show."

There was a low moan from behind Sam, Kelly once again voicing her distress at seeing Sam forced to pleasure these two thugs. *Just a little bit longer, Kelly,* Sam said, as she slowly stroked the fake cock. *With how much Karlie here is worked up, it can't be much longer now.*

"Ugh, faster, you stupid bitch," Karlie said, as Sam slowly worked her hand up and down Karlie's cock. "I can barely even feel it."

"I'm sorry," Sam quickly said, all while increasing the pace of her strokes just enough to be noticed, but keeping her grip around Karlie's cock as loose as possible.

Nerine watched all this occurring with a laugh. "Looks like you're not that bitch's type," she said. "Come back over here, bitch. Your fifteen minutes is almost up, and I'd rather you spend it with a *real* woman."

Sam's hand immediately dropped away from Karlie's cock, and the sultry look returned to her face as she got up and walked over to Nerine. As Karlie made aggravated sounds, Sam climbed sideways into Nerine's lap, her ass between Nerine's spread legs and right up against her cock, with her feet dangling to the side in Karlie's direction.

* * *  

Oh, no. Don't tell me you got that old thing out.

It's been a while since I watched it. No matter how many times I see you dancing like that, I still can't get over how gorgeous you looked.

God, Baker Colony. Seems like so long ago.

Almost two years now. Our first home together.

Tell me the truth, Kelly. After all these years, do you ever regret it? Even a little bit? All this time you've spent following me around to colony after colony, living in pre-fab housing and hearing me griping about setting up communications arrays? Do you ever think about how things would have been different if you hadn't accepted my offer?
The honest truth, Sam? I don't regret it for a second. Why do you ask?

It's... nothing. Guess I've just thinking about things lately. With the big day coming up tomorrow and all.

What big... oh right. The three year anniversary is tomorrow, isn't it? With the extranet down, I guess I must have forgotten.

Hopefully I can have things back up soon. I'd hate to miss seeing the big ceremony. And I know Alec Edison is going to keep bugging me about missing his bloody biotiball game if I don't get our signal back up by tomorrow evening.

Well, at least if you can't get us up and running again, we've got something else we can watch.

Yes, quite an alternative to seeing Shepard and all of our old friends being honored for their bravery: watching me dance around like an idiot.

Oh, come on, Sam. After two years, you have to admit that you looked pretty damn sexy.

I don't know about that. But... I suppose I didn't look totally ridiculous.

Glad to see we're making progress. Maybe by the time we're both 100, you'll at least be willing to admit that you were smoking hot back in the day.

Mmm... maybe. But I wouldn't count on it.

Well, I'm heading to bed. Don't stay up too late working, okay?

Kelly?

Hmm?

I love you.

Sam, I... I love you too. What brought that on?

Nothing. I just like to hear you say it.

* * *

"YOU STUPID FUCKING BITCH!"

With an angry bellow, Karlie jumped up from the couch, clutching at her groin. Her face was beet red, and her teeth were bared as she glared down at Nerine and Sam on the couch.

"I'm sorry!" Sam said quickly. "It was an accident!"

"A fucking accident?" Karlie asked. "Are you serious? Get up! Get the fuck up, bitch!"

Grabbing Sam by the arm, Karlie yanked hard and sent her flying up from Nerine's lap. As she felt herself falling forward to the floor, Sam braced herself for the pain that was to come. Opening her
mouth slightly as she tumbled through the air, she put her bottom lip between her teeth. When she hit the floor there was sharp pain, followed by the taste of blood in her mouth. As she heard Karlie stomping towards her, she tried her best to ignore the throbbing pain in her lip as she swished the blood around and mixed it with her saliva. By the time Karlie was pulling her back up to her feet by her hair, blood was spilling out of her mouth and down her chin.

"I'm sorry," Sam repeated, while making her to face the camera at the corner of the room, giving it a good shot of her bloodied face. "I didn't mean to. Please, forgive me!"

"Jesus fuck, Karlie," Nerine said, a trace of panic in her voice. "She's fucking bleeding. If Morgan finds out..."

"Fuck Morgan, and fuck you," Karlie snapped, turning on Nerine and giving her a hard shove. From the sound of her voice she was exceedingly drunk. "Over there showing off how much Kelly's bitch was into you. Well, you had your turn with her. I'm going to take this bitch's ass, and you can just sit back there and watch!"

Nerine puffed out her chest and shoved Karlie back. "Oh, you think that's how it's gonna be?" she yelled back, sounding a bit tipsy herself. "I don't think so. We both came here to fuck, and since that bitch is obviously hot for me, I think I should get first crack at her."

"Hey, calm down," Kelly said meekly, as the two Phantoms shoved at each other. "You can both take turns with my bitch."

"Stay the fuck out of this, unless you want us to strip you down and take turns on you instead!" Karlie snarled. Turning back to Nerine, Karlie gave her a simpering smile. "You know what? Go right ahead. Might as well let her see what a disappointment you are before she gets a taste of a real woman."

Nerine stared suspiciously at Karlie, but then shrugged. "Whatever. You want to fuck her mouth while I'm taking her ass, be my guest. Turning to Sam, she ignored the blood still spilling from her mouth. "Bend over for me, bitch. After all that grinding you were doing against me, you're gonna love it even more once I get this fucking thing inside your..."

Nerine's vulgar words were cut off by a sharp scream from Kelly. Nerine started to turn, but too late to see Karlie come up from behind her with the empty bottle of booze. There was a loud crash, and Nerine tumbled to the floor in a shower of glass. Stepping around the moaning, dazed woman, Karlie advanced on Sam with the neck of the broken bottle.

"Turn around," Karlie snarled, and Sam quickly complied. Soon she felt the press of Karlie's body against her back, followed by a sharp pain against her neck. "Now then, bitch. You're gonna stand there and take my fucking cock," Karlie hissed threateningly into Sam's ear. "You're not gonna do any stupid fucking dancing, and you're sure as hell not gonna pull any shit like you did on the couch, you understand?" As Karlie pressed the broken bottle neck a little bit harder into Sam's neck, the sharp glass digging into Sam's flesh, she used her other hand to aim the head of her cock at Sam's asshole. "That's it. Brace yourself, bitch. I've been waiting to do this for way, way too long."

Sam's eyes darted between Kelly, a panicked look on her face as she struggled to remain sitting, and the surveillance camera in the corner. "Dammit, Sam thought to herself. What's taking so long?"

"Here it comes, bitch," Karlie whispered into Sam's ear. "Here's comes the cock that you've
And then the door to Kelly's quarters opened. From where Sam was standing, she couldn't see. She could only hear the low, animal growl that turned into a savage roar as Karlie was suddenly yanked away from behind Sam. Sam turned just in time to see Karlie being grabbed by the neck and slammed into the far wall of Kelly's quarters.

"YOU! DUMB! FUCKING! CUNT!" Morgan bellowed, punctuating each word by pulling Karlie away from the wall and driving her into it again. "What have I fucking told you? Fuck the bitches all you want, but DON'T! FUCKING! DAMAGE THEM!" With her free hand, she pointed at Sam, and the blood dripping from her mouth. "Look at that! Look at what you did to Kelly's bitch!"

"It's... it's okay, Morgan," Kelly meekly stated. "She didn't mean to..."

"No, it isn't. It is not... fucking... okay!" Morgan said, her attention focused entirely on Karlie. "I was all set up in the security room for a wonderful goddamn evening. My bitch had her lips wrapped around my cock, and I was ready to enjoy watching the two of you sticking it to Kelly's bitch. But you! You fucking ruined my whole goddamn night! I had to cut my bitch off mid-blowjob to come down here and put a stop to this bullshit!"

Standing up from the floor and rubbing at her head, Nerine regained her bearings enough to sneer over at Karlie and Morgan. "Yeah, you fucked up bad, Karlie," she said mockingly. "Shoulda listened to me when I..."

"Shut... up," Morgan said, turning her blazing hazel stare on Nerine. "You think I ain't fucking pissed at you, too?"

"Me?" Nerine exclaimed. "What the fuck did I do?"

Morgan narrowed her eyes. "You... were a terrible fucking guest! When somebody invites you over and you damage their property, you don't just fucking ignore it! The second you saw that Kelly's bitch was damaged, you two should have apologized to Kelly and tried to fix what you had broken. Instead the two of you got into a shoving match like a pair of bratty schoolgirls on the fucking playground."

"But I didn't..."

"E-fucking-nough!" Morgan snapped. "Apologize to Kelly for damaging her bitch. Now, dammit!"

Nerine turned to Kelly, grimacing as she said, "Kelly, I'm sorry that Karlie..." A loud grunt from Morgan. "...that we damaged your bitch."

"Now you," Morgan turned to Karlie, her fingers tightening around the Phantom's throat.

"I... I'm sorry, Kelly," Karlie choked out from between Morgan's fingers.

"That's better," Morgan said, releasing her grip on Karlie's throat and letting her gasp for breath. "But my evening is still fucked thanks to you two." She thought for a moment, then raised a finger. "I know! Let's take you two down to the barracks and have you play bottom for the rest of the night. That'll give me something nice to think about when I poke my bitch's ass later."

Karlie and Nerine both looked furious, but they didn't dare protest. As Karlie went to grab her
uniform, Morgan clucked her tongue. "Unh unh. Neither of you will be needing those tonight." Putting a hand behind each of the Phantom's necks, she escorted them over to the door. "I'll have one of the bots fetch them for you tomorrow."

"Morgan... thank you," Kelly said.

"Whoah whoah whoah, wait a minute," Morgan said, pausing to turn and cross her arms as she stared down Kelly. "Just because these two are on my shitlist doesn't mean you're exactly Little Miss Innocent here." She pointed a finger over at Sam. "You really need to do better at training your bitch, Kel-Bear. All that shit with her giving Nerine a good time and turning her nose up at Karlie... no good bitch should ever pull something like that. A well-trained bitch treats all of her mistress's friends with the same courtesy and respect as she would her own mistress. Not to mention that shit that happened on the couch... not entirely sure that was really an accident. I mean, I'm sure you trust your bitch, but if I didn't know any better I might have thought she kicked Karlie in the junk on purpose."

"No, I would never do that," Sam protested. "It was an accident, I..."

"And there she goes, talking without being asked to speak," Morgan said, not even sparing a glance at Sam. "You need to put a tighter leash on that bitch of yours, Kel-Bear. Because if she keeps acting like this, I might start to think that maybe you can't be trusted with her. And you really wouldn't want that to happen... would you?"

Kelly immediately shook her head. "No. I'll do better, I promise."

"That's all I needed to hear," Morgan said, a grin on her face. "Now, I'm going to go watch these two get their asses fucked for the rest of the evening in the barracks. You're welcome to join me if you want."

"That's... that's okay," Kelly said, forcing a smile on her own face. "I have to clean things up around here. Patch up my bitch and all that."

Morgan nodded. "Yeah, I hear you. Well, have a good night. And don't worry. These two have had their bitch privileges revoked for at least a week. That should give them plenty of time to think about how badly they fucked up."

As Morgan led the two seething Phantoms out the door, and it closed shut behind her, Kelly fell back into her seat the second they were out of sight, shivering and sobbing.

"Kelly!" Sam exclaimed, running over and kneeling down next to Kelly's chair.

"Sam, I can't... I can't do this," Kelly muttered between sobs, as Sam wrapped her arms around her shoulders and embraced her trembling form. "Watching it all happening in front of me... watching you forced to do those... things with them..."

"It's okay, Kelly," Sam said softly. "It's all over now. They're gone, and they won't be back for a long time."

Kelly wiped at her face. "I know, I know. But it's going to happen again, isn't it? They'll come back eventually."

"Well, we'll just have to think about something else, then," Sam said. She winced as she felt the
pain in her mouth, having forgotten in the heat of the moment the blood spurting from her bitten-open lip.

"Sam, you're hurt," Kelly said.

Sam shook her head as she rubbed at the blood on her mouth. "It's no big deal," she said, wiping away at the damp red trickles on her chin. "Just squirt a little medigel on it and I'll be right as rain. Listen, Kelly... there's something I need you to do for me." Kelly nodded in response, and Sam instructed her. "I need you to stand guard for me. About halfway between your quarters and the security room. With Morgan over in the barracks nobody should be watching the cameras. It should give me some time to work."

"Work?" Kelly questioned. "Work on what?"

"Better you don't know," Sam said softly to Kelly. "That way you don't have to lie if someone asks. But I need you on guard and ready to come back and warn me when Morgan is back in the security room and watching the cameras."

Kelly seemed hesitant to leave Sam alone, but eventually she nodded. "I'd do it. But if she asks what I'm doing out in the hallway..."

"Just tell her you wanted to apologize again for how badly you've trained me," Sam said, forcing a smile to her face. "That should be enough to throw her off. But whatever you tell her, you've got to get going. I can't have Morgan watching what I'm about to do. It'll ruin everything."

"Okay, okay," Kelly quickly stood, looking a bit shaky on her feet. She started for the door, then turned to fix a pitiful expression on Sam. "Sam, I'm so sorry you had to..."

"Forget it," Sam said, waving her away. "Just get moving."

Reluctantly, Kelly turned and left the quarters. Once she was gone, Sam headed right for the object of her desire, stepping around the broken glass to snatch it up.

As she moved into the bathroom, she went over everything she had learned in the last fifteen minutes in her head. "Eighteen Phantoms on the station," she muttered to herself, remembering Karlie and Nerine's words from when they first arrived. "Around 36 other personnel. Not a lot, but enough to present a bit of a threat to an Alliance rescue team." It may have seemed just like a bunch of trivia to most people, but every scrap of data was another piece to add to the chess board. All factors in figuring out a way for them to get out of this mess. Her and Kelly, along with Shepard and all of their friends.

And she would have to figure out something fast. Because she knew full well that, as flawlessly as her cobbled-together plan had worked, it was only putting off the inevitable. Karlie and Nerine would be back eventually, and Sam knew that they wouldn't put up with any further stalling tactics the next time they paid Kelly a visit. No fifteen minutes, no chance to figure out a way to get them at each other's throats. No, the next time they showed up, they wouldn't waste any time in "making use" of Sam.

The thought of it frightened her. Not even so much the thought of being raped by those insane women, but knowing what it would do to Kelly. Sam had never seen Kelly like this before, and even though her lover knew a lot more about psychology than Sam did, Sam was fairly certain that Kelly was on the brink of losing her mind. And being forced to watch as Sam was being fucked
into submission would probably be more than enough to push her over the edge.

And that was the last thing Sam wanted to see happen. The thought of seeing the woman she loved lose her grip on sanity tore away at Sam, and she needed to do whatever it took to prevent that from happening.

Maybe, just maybe, the prize she had managed to gain with the success of her plan would help in putting an end to this nightmare.

Raising up her hand, Sam pressed the activation button on Nerine's omni-tool. "Now, then," she muttered to herself as she bypassed the laughably-basic encryption on the device and gained access to its systems, "Let's see what we've got here."
"Sorry about all that. Gotta keep up appearances and all that."

Liara watched the clone approach her, trying to keep her expression as passive as possible. Keeping her attention focused on the horrifyingly beautiful face of her captor, and not on the item that she had retrieved from the box of erotic pleasure toys.

"I mean, I am the one in charge here," the clone said as she stopped half a foot away from Liara. "Nothing's going to change that. But the people I'm surrounded with here in the restricted area... well, we didn't exactly recruit them for their loyalty." She smirked. "Couldn't afford to; not back then, anyway. No, we picked them out because they would do anything for credits, and were the types to take joy in pain and violence. Animals, in other words, not humans."

Arching an eyebrow at Liara, the clone chuckled. "Maya likes to call you aliens animals, and in some ways I agree with her. But humans can be just as... unrefined. Be just as animalistic as a savage beast in the jungle. And like animals, they look for any sign of weakness. Catch a whiff of blood, and they'll come to rip you to shreds. I don't hold it against them. It's what they're good at, after all. But it means that... well, I have to put on a bit of a show for them. Make my scary face and show them that I'm going to be such a cruel little bitch to the helpless asari captive. But I'm not going to do that."

Liara took a quick look at the item in the clone's hand, and back into her green eyes. "What are you going to do, then? If... if you don't mind me asking, my love?" she quickly added, wanting to keep up her Stockholm Syndrome act. It was actually frighteningly easy at times. The clone looked just like Shepard. Talked a lot like Shepard, except on those occasions when she engaged in Cerberus's xenophobic propaganda.

And, as the clone that wore her lover's face moved in close to the bondage frame, Liara was disturbed to note that she even smelled like the real Shepard.

"The woman you're sharing a cell with back there, the one who up until recently thought she was Shepard... she's a very curious type, isn't she? Poking her nose around Prothean artifacts. Probing into the dirty dealings of Saren and Benezia despite everyone telling her to turn around and walk away." The clone exhaled slowly. "Well, I suppose that's one thing I have in common with the little faker. Because I'm a very curious sort myself. And today... you're going to help me satisfy some of that curiosity." She held the item in her hand up to Liara's face and grinned. "And I figured... why not have some fun with it?"

Liara wasn't sure she liked whatever the clone's idea of fun was, but she supposed she was relieved it wasn't some piece of S&M torture gear that the clone had pulled out of that box. No, it was nothing more than a simple, black blindfold.

"You want to know something interesting, Liara?" the clone said, as she reached up to fasten the blindfold around Liara's eyes. Soon Liara's world went black, and the only thing that existed for her was the sound of the clone's voice. "You are actually the first alien I've spent any amount of time around since I was... born, for lack of a better word. Talked with some on extranet channels of course. Wouldn't have been able to sucker that crazy bitch Aria into falling for our plan if I hadn't, after all." Liara felt the clone's fingers brush against her cheek, and she gasped in surprise. "But
you, Liara... before you, I had never really seen a flesh-and-blood alien in person before."

"What about..." Liara started to ask, before feeling the clone's hand abruptly leave her cheek. Part of her almost expected a slap, punishment for speaking out. But instead, the hand touched her skin lightly again, this time on the back of her neck, running along one of the deep ridges that led up to her crest. "What about the asari in the cells?" She searched back in her memory for a moment, trying to remember the name from one of the cruel taunts the humans had directed at the entranced asari while gangbanging her. "Delaana... you didn't spend any time with her?"

The clone scoffed. "No, that was all one of Maya's schemes. She's the one who got Delaana and her merc team together to retake this station. Back then I was still hiding in the shadows. Couldn't have too many people knowing about me. Would make it more difficult to claim my place as the true Commander Shepard, after all. No, by the time I was no longer a closely-guarded secret, Delaana and her people had already done their jobs. Delaana was in her cell, and her two alien companions... well, who cares, really? Last I heard Maya handed Solvitis and Grell off to Dr. Henneman to do whatever twisted things he wanted with them. Considering that Henneman hates aliens even more than Maya, I don't want to even think about what he...

There was a pause in the clone's speech, and she let out a low laugh. "Why are we talking about such unpleasant things? We're here to have fun, Liara! I'm here to get an up-close-and-personal look at my first real alien, and you? Well, you're just here to look pretty and let me get a look at every last inch of you."

So that's what it was, Liara realized. To the clone, Liara was little more than an amusing oddity. The way her fingers stroked across Liara's skin was like a child playing with a new toy. She could feel the clone's bare fingers lightly brushing underneath her arms, smooth pink skin against Liara's scaly blue flesh. It was disgusting, Liara thought to herself. This clone reducing her to little more than an object.

But if that was the case... why did the shiver that Liara felt every time the clone touched her feel not like one of disgust, but one of... pleasure?

"Of course, the memory implants gave me a lot of information about your species," the clone continued to speak as she ran her hands down Liara's sides. "Like every other alien civilization, it gave me lots of details about the main strengths and weaknesses of your races. Where the best place would be to jab a knife in to kill you. What cultural values and familial relations could be best used to manipulate you into following my commands. But stuff like this... the close-up anatomy of your body... the implants told me nothing about that."

Now the clone's hands were drifting up Liara's stomach, and soon she could feel fingers cupping the undersides of her breasts. "It really is remarkable how similar we are to each other, Liara," the clone mused, as her palms pressed against Liara's nipples and she experimentally toyed with Liara's breasts. "Maya claims that's the most devious thing about the asari. That nature made you so similar to the superior race of humanity so that it would be easier for you to deceive us. Make us believe that you were on our sides before betraying us."

"And... and do you believe that, Shepard?" Liara asked. In her mind, she tried to tell herself that this wasn't the real Shepard. But her body was having a primal reaction to the touch of those hands, so similar to the woman that she loved. With her eyes covered, Liara couldn't see the slight sneer that the clone seemed to constantly wear on her face. That smug look of superiority that was a constant reminder that this lab creation wasn't the real Shepard. In the darkness, all Liara had was that voice, and for once it wasn't filled with the casual mocking tone that the clone frequently spoke in.
It was low and seductive, breathy and filled with suggestive intent.

And despite her attempts to bring her body under control with her rational mind, the sound of that voice and the touch of those hands was getting Liara's pussy wetter and wetter by the second.

"My, my," the clone said, seeming to ignore Liara's question while her hands still playfully teased Liara's breasts. "You're enjoying this, aren't you, Liara?"

"Yes," Liara immediately lied. Only... how much of a lie was it, really?

Regardless, the clone didn't doubt her for a moment. "See, I knew you would love it," she said gleefully. "It's just so erotic, isn't it? Not knowing where I'm going to touch you next." Her hands left Liara's tits, the removal of the clone's touch causing Liara to let out a long breath. Whether it was a sigh of relief, or of disappointment, Liara wasn't sure. "Maybe I'll touch you... here next," the clone said, pausing before placing a hand on the side of Liara's hips. Just as soon as it was there, the hand was gone. "Or maybe I won't touch you at all for a while. Leave you hanging there waiting, anticipating when you'll feel me again. Maybe now... or maybe in a few minutes. Makes it much more exciting, don't you think?"

"It does," Liara agreed, hating herself for how much she was getting into all of this. But if she fought against her urges too hard, it would become obvious to her captor that all of her talk of love and devotion was a lie. She was trying her best to keep up appearances, while at the same time keeping in the back of her mind that this woman driving her insane with lust wasn't the real Shepard. And as this kept going on, Liara worried that she would tumble off one side of the knife-edge she was traveling on.

"But what you were asking earlier, Liara," the clone said, her voice enticingly close to Liara even as she withheld the touch of her hands. "About whether or not the asari are duplicitous by their very nature. Well, it's hard to argue with the facts, isn't it? Your people withholding valuable information about the Reapers until it was far too late. Even when the Reapers came right to your doorstep, you little blue cunts still wanted to hide all of your precious secrets away until we were forced to come and claim them. You lied to humanity even when it nearly meant the extinction of your species. If that isn't a sign of deception being a part of your fucking DNA, I don't know what is."

Liara wanted to fire back any number of objections at the clone's human-centric perversion of the facts, but she remained silent.

"But if I were to answer honestly... no, I don't think the asari are a race of back-stabbers," the clone said after a few seconds of silence. "The fact that you look so similar to humans... I don't think it's a devious smoke-screen at all. I think it's a sign from... whatever being shaped this universe, that the asari were meant for a different purpose. Just like every race is destined in the end to serve humanity's wants and needs. I dream about it every night, you know? Once humanity takes our place as the leaders of the galaxy, what we will end up using all of the other aliens for. The turians will be our soldiers of course. Fighting our battles for us, slaughtering anyone who resists the new human empire. The krogans will mine hostile planets for us, delivering valuable resources back to their human masters. And the asari?" A low chuckle. "You will serve the purpose you were designed for. You will be our pleasure slaves."

Hearing the clone's insane, xenophobic fantasies made Liara want to retch. But just then, she felt the clone move in close, and felt the firm press of her fingers right between Liara's legs. Liara let out a gasp, as the clone's fingers began skillfully playing with her pussy.
"Can't you just see it, Liara?" the clone whispered huskily as she worked her fingers against Liara's clit, digits slick with Liara's juices. "Your people fulfilling your true destinies as humanity's chosen fuck-toys? I can just imagine a busy city street back on Earth. People coming to-and-fro, going about their business in the new empire of humanity. And walking obediently behind them, naked except for the leashes around their necks, would be their personal asari pleasure slaves. Every so often you'd see a man unzip his pants or a woman undo her belt, and command their slave down to her knees. Maybe even bend their slave over and fuck them, right there in public. And nobody would pay it any mind, because that's what the asari are for, after all. Would you like that, Liara? Would you like to have me lead you out on your leash and show you off to all of the other humans? Let them get a look at the beautiful asari slave I own, and have them watch while you eat out my twat?"

The vulgar, racist image did nothing for Liara. But the clone's fingers stroking against her most sensitive areas were driving her closer and closer to a shameful climax. She made no attempt to stifle her moans as the clone fingered her pussy, the chains around her wrists and ankles rattling as she writhed in unfeigned ecstasy.

"What a lovely little slave! they'd all say," the clone continued, not pausing in her frustratingly-skilled fingering of Liara as she spoke. "Perhaps a few men would even be bold enough to ask if they could borrow you for a moment. Just long enough for them to shove their cocks inside you and fill you up with their cum. After all, in this perfect world, sharing your asari slave with another human is considered nothing more than a common courtesy. But not you, Liara. You, I'm saving all for myself. No one else will get to enjoy your body, your tongue, and your tight little cunt except for me. So they can just watch in envy as I show you off, knowing that their own personal slaves could never compare to the most gorgeous one of all."

Liara was so close. Only the vile words coming out of the clone's mouth were keeping her from reaching her climax minutes ago. But as time ticked by, and the touch of the clone's fingers were bringing her right to the brink, Liara knew that there was no fighting it.

"Cumming," she gasped. "I'm cumming, Shepard. I'm..."

And seconds away from her final release... the clone's fingers fell away from her crotch. Liara let out a frustrated moan, which elicited an amused chuckle from the clone.

"Not just yet, Liara," the clone said. "I'm not done with you yet."

"Please..." Liara begged, knowing how undignified it made her look and not caring in the slightest. "Please don't stop..."

"Oh, I don't intend to. But I still have so much I want to discover about your race," the clone mused. "I know how it feels to touch you with my fingers, after all. But what about... other ways?"

Liara wasn't sure what the clone meant at first. Then she heard the sound of rustling fabric. A few seconds later, she felt the touch of the clone again. Not her fingers, but her entire body, warm and naked and pressing against Liara's sweat-soaked blue skin. The clone's naked breasts butted up against Liara's, and Liara let out a heated breath at the feel of her sensitive stiffened nipples rubbing against the swell of the clone's tits.

"Mmm, that feels nice," the clone husked, as she rubbed her naked body around against Liara's helpless form. "Fuck, makes me regret that we waited so long to put this plan into action." The
clone shifted, and Liara suddenly the warm, wet press of the clone's pussy rubbing against her thigh. As the clone humped her crotch against Liara's leg, she continued talking. "Oh, I never told you, did I? Maya and I were originally going to make our move much sooner. Back during the war, when the Normandy had gone to the Citadel for maintenance. Do you remember that?"

Liara nodded. It had been the same day they had had the party. All of their friends had been there at Anderson's apartment, and after several hours of enjoying themselves (and way too much alcohol), a large portion of the partygoers had found themselves pairing off and finding private spots to get better acquainted. Glyph had recorded the whole night, and despite herself Liara had been too curious not to take a peek at the resulting videos. Ashley and Vega. Kelly and Traynor. Garrus and Tali. Even Miranda and Jack had... well, best not to think about that one. Thinking about that night, though, only made Liara remember retiring to the bedroom with Shepard, which was pretty much the last thing she should have been thinking about as she tried not to let herself be seduced by this monster wearing her lover's face.

"Maya and I... originally we were going to hit you back then. Figured it was the best chance for me to replace that faker, while at the same time taking out anyone else who might have noticed the switch." The clone let out a long, pained noise, even as she continued leaving a trail of her pussy juices on Liara's thigh. "Just think, I could have spent the last few years enjoying myself with you, instead of waiting until now. But that egghead Henneman talked Maya out of it. Said it would be best to wait until the war had been resolved, so that everyone would be less on edge, more likely to not notice when we made our move. Maybe he was right, but still... so much lost time to make up for. So many times I could have had a chance to find out how you feel. And... how you taste."

Liara felt the clone move slightly away from her, followed by the warm touch of her hand underneath one of Liara's breasts. "Shepard..." Liara gasped, as she felt a hot wet mouth latch around one of her rock-hard nipples, the clone hungrily working her tongue against the stiffened nub. After a few seconds, the clone moved to the other breast, giving a similar treatment to Liara's other nipple. Liara clenched her fists tightly, feeling herself beginning to work towards the climax she had been denied before.

Please, she thought desperately, as the clone continued putting her oral skills to use on Liara's tits. Touch me down there again. I don't care if you aren't really her. I just need to cum so bad. She felt disgusted at herself for being so easily manipulated, but that disgust was vastly overwhelmed by the unsatisfied cravings filling her entire body.

"Mmm," the clone moaned around Liara's nipple. Pulling away, she continued stroking Liara's breast as she spoke. "Think I'm nearly finished with my experiments, Dr. T'Soni," she quipped. "Well... one more thing I'd like to try."

Liara felt the clone pull away, and she waited in nervous anticipation, her pussy still buzzing with unsatisfied need. "Please touch me, Shepard," she gasped, feeling so dirty and disgusting and so very, very horny. "I'm yours. I'm... I'm your slave. Your obedient asari pleasure slave. Do whatever you want to me. I'm yours." Liara babbled, not even sure anymore how much of what she was saying was still part of her act, and how much came out of some deep, hidden part of her psyche that she didn't even know existed until now. All she knew was that she needed to cum. Needed it more than she could have ever imagined. And she didn't even care if it was a woman that she hated so severely that did it for her.

There was no response from the clone for an agonizing eternity, either with her words or the touch of her skin. And just when Liara was starting to worry that the clone had quietly left the room, she felt a light brush of contact against her inner thigh.
"Well said, slave," said the voice of the clone, down low near Liara's feet. "And now for your reward."

Liara felt the clone's tongue against her clit, and within seconds she was cumming.

"Goddess, yes!" Liara cried out, throwing her head back as she felt the overwhelming pleasure hit her like a bolt of lightning. There was warm wetness against her inner thighs, and she realized that her pussy was gushing fluids against the clone's face. If the clone was bothered by this, she didn't show it, as she slid two fingers up into Liara's soaking snatch while continuing to work her tongue around Liara's sensitive clit. No sooner did one mind-blowing climax finish than Liara felt herself being brought off again, the manacles around her wrists biting into her skin as she felt her legs go weak. She moaned and squealed, pressing her hips into the clone's skilled mouth as it sent her into her second, even-more intense orgasm. She cried out until her throat was hoarse, sweat dripping off her body and mingling with the fluids streaming out of her snatch. By the time the second climax was done, Liara was a quivering, helpless wreck.

"Looks like you enjoyed that," the clone said in the understatement of the century. "Your taste is... unique, Liara." The clone paused, and through the haze of her overwhelming climax Liara could hear the clone sucking on her own fingers. "Quite different from Maya's, and yet so... well, how to put it into words?" The clone let out a deep sigh and added, almost casually, "Such a shame that I'll have such a brief period of time to enjoy it, before I have to hand you over to him."

The implication of the clone's words brought Liara to her senses. "What... what are you talking about? Hand me over to..."

She was cut off as the blindfold around her face was yanked off. The clone was back up on her feet, naked and wiping away Liara's juices from her face with a hand towel. "Forget I said anything," the clone said, and there was a look in her eyes that was almost... melancholy. "Think we've had enough fun for today. I'm going to let you down, and you can help me get dressed. Once we get back to the cellblock, do your best to make it look like I spent the last hour or so abusing the shit out of you. Like I said... have to keep up appearances."

Liara nodded. In some ways, it wasn't that far off from the truth. The clone may not have beat her or tortured her with unsatisfied climaxes like Brooks had with Shepard, but in her own way, what the clone had done to her had been just as abusive. Liara wasn't sure how she was going to be able to look Shepard in the eye after this, knowing that Liara had let another woman drive her so mad with lust. Yes, it wasn't like Liara had a choice about being here, but the way she had surrendered herself to it all...

As the manacles were unfastened, Liara nearly tumbled to the floor before managing to keep her footing. "Fetch my uniform for me," the clone casually ordered Liara.

"Yes, Shepard," Liara said, turning away from the clone quickly so that she couldn't see the anguish on Liara's face. By the time she had gathered up the clone's clothes from the floor and turned back, Liara had successfully managed to force herself to smile again.
Part 4: Dejection; Deception; Defection (Adamanthea Station, Restricted Section, Holding Cells)

Trouble was brewing. Samara had been a justicar long enough to sense it without even trying.

"Must be nice to be the boss," Yuri said scornfully, staring at the door back to the testing area, "Be able to hit up the prisoners for pussy whenever you feel like it, without having to worry about messing with some egghead's 'experimental data.'" Ever since Yuri had come back from escorting Liara back to her "appointment" with the clone, he and the other three human prison guards had been hanging around the cellblock area, grumbling amongst themselves.

"Yeah, meanwhile we gotta sit and stare at all these naked bitches right in front of us, and can't even have a taste," Bowers groused. "Only pussy available to us is either being guarded by that psycho blonde with a cock, or is..." Rolling his eyes, he glanced over to the cell at the end of the block. "Well, not as much of a challenge."

"It is quite a frustration, I agree," Okoru said, crossing his dark, muscular arms. "Perhaps we should have a talk with our red-headed commander. Convince her to allow us a chance to enjoy that little blue-skinned delight after she's had her fun with her."

"Maybe the boss'll let me take that asari back to play with my pets as well," Roth said, giddy at the prospect.

Bowers sneered at his comrade. "Shit, you and those varren of yours. Stop worry so much about their cocks and start thinking about ours. Bottom line is, bosses better let us have a crack at that asari... or one of these other bitches, or we're gonna have to start thinking about a mutiny around here. Ain't that right?"

"Fuck yeah," Yuri agreed, and the other men nodded their assent as well. "Fuck Henneman and his stupid experiments. I didn't sign on for this to look at a bunch of cunt. I came on to fuck it."

Just then, the door back to the testing area opened, and the clone ushered a sweaty, shivering Liara back into the cellblock. The shaken asari maiden stared down at the floor as the clone directed her back to her and Shepard's cell.

"Hey, boss," Bowers said, stepping over to the clone with his hands clasped behind his back. Despite all of his bluster before she had entered the room, he didn't seem quite as cocksure now that the clone was actually in the room. "Looks like you put that asari bitch through the wringer, huh?"

The clone turned and grinned at Bowers, and it was the oddest thing. There was something strangely... fake about the smile. Samara supposed it could just be because the woman was an artificial creation, born out of a laboratory, but the grin she flashed at her subordinate seemed extremely forced. "Yeah, you should have heard this little cunt squeal. Had to force myself to stop before I killed the weak little thing," the clone said cheerfully.

"Sounds like a fun time," Bowers said. "Thing of it is... me and the guys were thinking that... well, as long as you had her out of her cell and all warmed up, maybe we could take a shot at her."

The clone immediately shook her head. "Unh unh," she deadpanned. "Told you fellas when we
came in here: the fake Shepard and Liara are off-limits. Only me and Brooks get to touch them."

"Look, I don't want to sound like I'm complaining or anything, ma'am," Bowers started to say. "But..."

"Good thing," the clone responded, her expression going hard in a way that definitely wasn't faked. "Because complainers tend to take one way trips out of the airlock around here."

Bowers took a step back, eyes wide with fear, but he quickly composed himself. "It's just... seems like all of these ladies are off-limits to us. You and Brooks don't want us to touch Liara and Shep..." he paused and verbally backtracked. "...and the fake Shepard. Morgan's so fucking crazy that all of us are too worried about getting our dicks ripped off if we try to fuck her bitch or her friend Kelly's bitch. And most of the women here on the cellblock, we ain't supposed to touch so that we don't 'taint the research data' or whatever it is Henneman always blabs on about."

Looking bored, the clone gestured to the end of the cellblock. "Listen, if you're so hard up, why not just stick it to Delaana over there? Fuck's sake, she's more than willing."

"Yes, please," Samara could hear the asari at the end of the cellblock moan. "Give it to me. I'll make you all cum so hard. Come over here and..."

"Shut the fuck up!" Bowers yelled out, before turning back to the clone and sighing. "That's the thing, isn't it? It ain't as much fun when they're begging for it, you know. A fuck's so much better when the bitch is crying just a little." He gestured to the door back to the testing area. "I mean, fuck, you know what I'm talking about, right? All that shit you were doing back there with Liara, I bet that got you off like crazy, didn't it?"

And there was that fake smile from the clone again. "Yeah... yeah, you're right. Hearing her cry and beg me to stop... nothing gets my panties wetter," she said, voice filled with overdone glee.

"So you get what I'm saying," Bowers said, the tone of his voice as he begged the clone to allow him to rape one of them sounding like a kid begging for a toy from his parents. "So come on. How about forgetting about that whole rule of yours just for a little while, and letting us have a crack at that blue cunt."

Looking annoyed, the clone finally made a sweeping gesture. In the direction of Samara and Aria's cell. "Fuck it. You want to hit some asari pussy so bad... go right ahead," she casually remarked.

Samara stiffened on her cot, her hands unconsciously clenching into fists. She glanced over at Aria, whom she had thought was asleep but had actually been watching these events unfold in rapt attention.

"You mean it?" Bowers said with a sinister smile. "You're gonna make sure Henneman doesn't give us shit for fucking some of his test subjects?"

The clone shook her head. "I'll have a talk with him. Besides... you know how he is. He can barely bring himself to touch an alien, so I doubt he's going to worry too much about any damage you may cause to those two. So go nuts, fellas."

"Thanks, boss! You really are the best possible Shepard, you know?" Bowers beamed.

"Correction: I am the only Shepard," the clone said sternly, shoving a pointer finger into Bowers's
face. "And don't you fucking forget it."

Bowers quickly nodded. "Yes, ma'am... I mean, Commander Shepard. Me and the boys are really grateful."

But by then, the clone was already turning away, opening up Shepard and Liara's cell to deposit the shaken Liara back inside. Bowers waited until the clone had sealed Liara back in and left the cellblock before walking over to Samara and Aria's cell.

"You hear that, you alien cunts?" Bowers said, all of his confidence and swagger back now that only his helpless captives were around. "You two are gonna show us four a good time." He turned to Roth and made a quick gesture. "Hey, get those things you use on the varren. Gotta make sure these two bitches don't give us any trouble, huh?"

As Roth headed back into the research area, Samara stared intently at Bowers, expression cold and stern. "If it spares these other women your depravity, I will allow you to do whatever disgusting acts you wish to without resistance," she said.

"Yeah, you're just a regular peach, ain't you?" Bowers said mockingly. "But I'm more worried about that cellmate of yours. See, I've heard about Omega's one rule, but we ain't on Omega right now, are we? And just in case Aria forgets that fact... me and the boys want some insurance."

Roth returned, holding two varren prods, one in each hand. Bowers extended one of his hands, and Roth tossed the electric prod for Bowers to catch. "You see this baby here?" Bowers turned back to Samara and Aria, hitting the trigger on the prod and making sparks arc between the two metal prongs at the tip of the device. "Give us any sort of lip or do anything besides what we tell you to do, and you're gonna get a taste of this right in your blue backside. You both understand?"

Samara slowly nodded. She expected Aria to begin launching obscenities at the perverted humans, but glancing over Samara saw that the asari crime lord was nodding as well.

"Glad to see we're all on the same page," Bowers said, before reaching over to deactivate the forcefield. "Now, the two of you stand up and walk out of the cell. Slowly, now."

Rising up to her feet, more aware than ever of her nakedness, Samara walked slowly out of the cell, feeling the cold steel bulkhead against the soles of her feet as she walked. Beside her, Aria matched her pace, and Samara glanced over to see a cold, furious expression on Aria's face despite her compliance.

The four humans watched as they exited, openly gawking at the two older asari's naked bodies. "Stop right there," Bowers said, holding up the hand not holding the varren prod. Glancing over at his comrades, he arched his brow. "What do you say, fellas? Two of them, four of us... I'll let you boys have first choice."

"Give me a crack at that justicar bitch," Roth immediately declared. "Had my eye on those big blue titties of hers ever since she showed up."

"Go right ahead," Yuri said with a shrug. "Think I'd much rather see what it's like to fuck a queen," he said, leering at Aria and grabbing at his crotch.

Okoru nodded, flashing a gleaming smile at Aria. "A wonderful idea. But a queen should not be romanced in such squalid circumstances. What do you say, Yuri, that we take Miss T'Loak here
back to the lounge and enjoy her company in much more refined surroundings?"

Yuri stared at his comrade dully. "You mean fuck her back in the bondage room?"

The dark-skinned human let out a weary sigh. "Vulgarly put, but yes," Okoru said. He turned to Bowers. "Will you and Roth be joining us with your delicious morsel?"

"Nah, rather just fuck the blue-skinned bitch right here," Bowers said, glancing over his shoulders at the women still in their cells, watching all of this occur with nervous expressions. "Let these ladies get a look at what's waiting for them once the doc is ready to start his experiments up for real."

"As you desire," Okoru said, laying a hand on Aria's shoulder hesitantly. As if expecting her to rip it off the second it touched her skin. "Come, your highness. Your royal bedchambers await."

Okoru and Yuri departed with Aria, Yuri holding the varren prod in his hand menacingly as they went. Once the door shut behind them, Bowers turned to Samara and sneered. "Alright, then. No fucking time to waste. Hands and knees, right now."

Glaring coldly at Bowers, Samara nonetheless did as she was ordered. If you resist them, they'll only make it worse for you, she told herself as she felt the cold metal against her palms and knees. Or for your fellow prisoners. Let them win for now, and wait for your opening later.

Once she was in position, she looked up to her side to see Bowers and Roth standing side-by-side, staring down at her like a prime cut of beef at the butcher shop. "So, which do you want?" Bowers said to Roth, swinging the prod in his hand casually. "Front or back?"

"Difficult decision, boss," Roth responded. "But if I had to pick... think I wanna stick it right in that juicy asari twat."

"Well, never let it be said that I'm not a generous superior officer," Bowers said with a leering grin. "Guess it's the mouth for me, then."

Samara forced herself to remain calm, as the two men knelt down on either end of her. "Now, you know what's gonna happen if I even feel the slightest hint of teeth," Bowers whispered menacingly at her. "First I hit you with this," he gestured with the varren prod, "And then I take out as many of your teeth as I can... with my fists. Got me?"

Samara nodded slowly. Behind her, she could feel Roth rubbing between her legs. Forcing Samara's body into an unwanted state of arousal so that he could take his pleasure from her. Despite the undignified circumstances, Samara held her head up high, even as Bowers unzipped his Cerberus uniform pants and pulled out his penis to wave in Samara's face. Opening her mouth, she offered no resistance as Bowers shoved his prick between her lips and began fucking Samara's face. Behind her, Samara could feel Roth's fingers leave her snatch, only to be replaced by his own cock inside of her.

Play along for now, Samara told herself, as the two humans thrust into her from each end. You'll see an opportunity soon enough. And once you do... they will regret their actions. Very... very, deeply.

* * *
"Right this way, your majesty," Yuri said mockingly, as he opened the door into the testing room. As Aria entered, her eyes immediately flicked around, taking in her surroundings in a fraction of a second. Expensive furnishings, a few heavy lamps she might be able to use as weapons in a pinch. But she doubted she'd be able to make her move fast enough to avoid a varren prod to the side.

So instead, she simply turned to the two men as they entered behind her, trying her best to look as defeated as possible. "Heard you gave those crazy bitches back on the Normandy a hard time," Yuri said to her, holding up the varren prod and activating it with a malicious expression. "You pull any of that shit with us, and you'll get a dose of 5 million volts to remind you who rules on Adamanthea Station? Understand?"

"I understand," Aria responded, slumping her shoulders and doing her best to look utterly defeated. It wasn't an act she had had to perform in several centuries, so it surprised her how naturally she was able to perform for these imbeciles. From the cocky glances they exchanged with each other, she had them completely fooled.

"Well, since you know how this is gonna go," Yuri said, reaching down with his spare hand to unfasten his pants, "how about we start things with you wrapping those dark blue lips of yours around this?" Pulling out his rigid prick, he gripped it around the base and waggled it around.

Aria fought the urge to roll her eyes. Males. Always so eager to show off those pathetic little things between their legs, as if they expected her to be overcome with lust at the very sight of that veiny little meat tube. Regardless, she dutifully sank down to her knees in front of him, grabbing him by the shaft and readying herself.

"Hey," Yuri said, tapping Aria on the head with the deactivated varren prod. Once he had her attention, he waved the device at her. "No funny stuff, okay? Or you know what's gonna happen."

Yeah, I know what's gonna happen, Aria thought to herself. Just a shame for you and your friend that you two don't. But to Yuri, she simply nodded, before leaning forward and starting to give Yuri what was sure to be the best blowjob of his life.

Just like her helpless act, it had been a long time since Aria had been put in this position. But from the way Yuri started gasping as Aria worked her lips and tongue along the length of his prick, these skills hadn't atrophied either. "Aw, fuck," Yuri gasped, his voice hitching as Aria reached up to lovingly stroke his balls as she continued sucking his prick. She had to give the pathetic human credit for one thing: most males who had been lucky enough to be granted an Aria T'Loak blowjob tended to last under a minute – of course, their "luck" tended to run out not long after they shot what would be the last load of their lives into her mouth. But Yuri was made of heartier stuff, it seemed, as it took almost two minutes before Aria felt the prick in her mouth start to swell and began spraying cum down her throat. As the human mewled and whimpered, Aria dutifully swallowed down the sticky goo, forcing herself to keep the bored expression off her face as the last drops of his semen splattered onto her tongue.

"Fu… fucking hell," Yuri gasped, his flaccid cock flopping out of Aria's mouth and dribbling spit and cum down on the carpet. "Okoru, you gotta try this bitch's mouth. I ain't never had a bitch blow me like that before."

And Goddess willing, you never will again, Aria thought to herself. As Okoru approached her with his dark cock in his hand, Aria stood up from the floor. Both men immediately tensed, and Yuri raised up the varren prod, but Aria gave them both a disarming smile. "Got something else I'd like to try," she said to Okoru. When he still looked hesitant, she batted her eyes at him and added,
"You'll love it. Trust me."

As usual when she pulled out the big guns, the suckers bought it, although Yuri still maintained his firm grip on the prod. As Okoru approached Aria, she turned her back to him and bent over slightly. "Don't be shy," she said, her voice dripping with phony sweetness. "Come a little bit closer, big guy."

Okoru moved right up behind her, and Aria moved back slightly herself, until her naked ass was pressed against Okoru's cock. Slowly, she began moving her ass up and down, using it to press Okoru's cock up against his stomach as she rubbed her backside against the sensitive underside of his prick. It was an old trick from her days as an unassuming, "harmless" asari dancer on Omega. She seemed to recall pulling this move on the Patriarch, or perhaps one of his flunkies, not long after she put her plan in place to assume control of the entire station. And right now, just as then, as she felt the hard cock stroking around in her asscrack, she thought about what was soon to come and couldn't help but smile to herself.

"Oh, baby," Okoru gasped, no doubt enjoying the feeling of friction against his sensitive man-parts. "You sure know how to show a man a good time."

"This?" Aria said innocently. "This is nothing. If you think this feels good, I've got some moves that'll drive you absolutely crazy."

Okoru gasped. "Show me, baby," he said, reaching around to grab at Aria's tits as she continued to grind against his prick. "Show me all those moves."

Reaching up, Aria gently pulled Okoru's hands away from her breasts. As she turned slowly around, she glanced around the room until she spotted the perfect spot. With a sultry smile, she took the human by the shoulders and gently ushered him over to one of the couches on the other side of the room. Okoru let out a surprised gasp as he felt the couch hit the back of his knees, and he fell backwards onto the cushions.

Aria took a brief glance behind her, checking to see where Yuri was. The other human was obviously enjoying the show, trying his best to work himself up to another erection as he watched Aria seduce his comrade. Good, Aria thought, as she lowered herself down onto Okoru's lap, staring him eye-to-eye as she moved in close, his cock trapped between her stomach and his as she pressed against him.

"You ready?" Aria whispered into Okoru's ear.

"Do it, baby," Okoru eagerly responded. "Give it to me hard."

"Oh, I'm going to give it to you alright," Aria said. Opening her mouth wide, she made her move.

* * *

"Fuck, here it comes," Bowers moaned. Pulling his prick out of Samara's mouth, he rapidly jerked it until it began spraying cum into Samara's face. Samara shut her eyes and forced herself not to retch as she felt the human's semen hitting her face and slowly trickling down her chin and onto the floor. Meanwhile, Roth continued fucking her from behind, animal grunts coming out of his mouth as he clumsily drove his prick again and again into her pussy.

By the time Samara felt the cum finish splashing on her face, she opened her eyes to see Bowers
standing up from the floor and turning to face the women in the cells. "Pretty hot stuff, right?" he loudly declared to the frightened women. "Seeing that stuck-up justicar bitch take a couple of hard cocks. Shit, I don't know how you ladies can watch this and not start begging me and Roth here to give you your turns next."

"I'm ready for my turn," Delaana called out from her cell on the end of the row. The desperate asari merc was frantically playing with herself at the edge of the cell's forcefield, eyes moving from Bowers's cock to Samara getting screwed on the floor. "Fuck me next, please!"

"You see that, ladies?" Bowers declared, eyes moving from cell to cell as he stroked his flaccid prick. "That's the kind of attitude I want to be seeing from the rest of you. As a matter of fact..." Bowers trailed off, and then his eyes went wide as if he had had some sort of brainstorm. "All of you, on your feet right now!" he stared angrily at the women in the cells, as most of them remained seated on their cots. "You think I'm fucking joking? Stand up right now, or so help me I'll make you regret it." He raised the varren prod in his hand, leaving his intentions quite clear.

Eventually, all of the women followed the command. From her spot on the floor, still getting screwed from behind by Roth, Samara watched as Shepard and Liara, Miranda and Oriana, Jack and Jenny, and Kasumi and Delaana all rose and stood obediently at the fronts of their cells.

"Now, then. Delaana here is showing the proper enthusiasm, as far as I'm concerned," Bowers announced to the women. "And I think all of you should be following her lead. So what I want you all to do right now is take those pretty little hands of yours, shove them right down between your legs, and start playing with your twats." When the women didn't move right away, Bowers glared angrily at them. "You bitches not hearing me? Or are you asking me to come in there and start jabbing this fucking thing into your tits instead?" he snarled, activating the varren prod and waving it in front of him along the row of cells. "Play with those pussies right now... chop chop!"

Slowly, reluctantly, each of the women eventually followed the order. Without a trace of enjoyment, each of them put their hands in their crotches and began rubbing at their slits. In some ways, watching all of this was more horrible to Samara than being raped by these monsters. She didn't mind being robbed of her own dignity if it meant sparing others from being debased, but being forced to watch as her friends and comrades were forced into these vulgar acts for the pleasure of their captors was almost too much for her to bear.

"Oh, that's it," Bowers said, and Samara was disgusted to see the human's under-sized prick start to throb and swell as he watched the women listlessly finger themselves. Except for Delaana, of course, who eagerly stroked herself while playing with one of her tits with her spare hand and moaning in unabashed lust. In contrast, Samara felt her heart ache as she saw the teenage student of Jack's fighting back the urge to cry as she played with her hairless twat. Seeing Jenny's distress, Jack rested a hand on her shoulder, while her other one was buried down in her crotch.

"Come on, where are your smiles, ladies?" Bowers said mockingly to the row of masturbating women. "Well, don't worry. If what the doc says is true... by the time he's done with you all, you're all gonna be so much happier. And those pussies of yours will be soaking wet just at the thought of getting pounded just like your justicar friend is right now. You all will be as horny as Delaana over here."

Just hearing Bowers say her name was apparently enough to send Delaana into a frenzy. "Oh... oh, Goddess," she moaned. Her cellmate Kasumi, numbly stroking herself just as her fellow captives were, turned just in time to see the horny asari rush at her, wrapping her arms around the human and locking her in a deep, wet kiss. As Kasumi struggled in vain against the powerful asari's grip,
Delaana began humping her crotch against Kasumi, letting out low moans into Kasumi's lips as she got herself off against the only warm body currently available to her.

Bowers watched all of this with a crooked grin. "Now that..." he said to the other prisoners. "That is some good shit right now." The vulgar smile on his face got even wider as he had another of his filthy brainstorms. "Matter of fact... maybe all of you ladies should follow Delaana's lead as well. I want every one of you to turn to your cellmate and start making out with them." Bowers reached down to continue stroking his cock as he watched the women starting to reluctantly obey his orders. "Yeah, that's right. Show me just how horny you little bitches are."

Samara, with Roth's cock still pounding her from behind, watched the cells in dull horror. Shepard and Liara turned to each other and began kissing. Chastely at first, but with more intensity as Bowers urged them on. Jack and Jenny followed suit, Jack whispering comforting words to Jenny before gently starting to kiss her. Samara couldn't help but notice that Jenny's trembling stopped as soon as Jack's lips met hers. Whether it was Jack's words that had calmed her, or if the touch of her teacher's lips against Jenny's were more welcome than Samara might have guessed, Samara wasn't sure.

But the residents of one cell did not obey Bowers's orders. And not long after Samara noticed it, Bowers did as well, and his vulgar smile soon turned into a scowl.

"Maybe you didn't hear me," Bowers said, walking over to glare at Miranda and Oriana. "Or maybe you think the mood isn't quite right. Well, I'm afraid I ain't got any romantic music or warm candlelight for you two genetically perfect twats, so you're just gonna have to make do."

"No," Miranda said firmly, her stare unwavering as she crossed her arms.

Bowers raised up the prod in his hands. "Bitch, maybe you don't understand your circumstances here. Let me make it clear: the word 'no' left your vocabulary the second you set foot in that cell. I gave you an order, and you damn well better follow it if you know what's good for you."

"Miri, it's okay," Oriana said, grabbing her sister's wrist. "It doesn't mean anything. Just do what he says and..."

"No," Miranda said again, pulling her hand away from Oriana and keeping her attention focused on Bowers in front of her. "I'm not afraid of you. And you can threaten me however you want. But I'm not playing your games anymore."

By now, Roth had noticed the trouble brewing, and Samara was mildly relieved to feel him pull his cock out of her and get up on his feet. "Bitch thinks this is a game," he said snidely to Bowers. "Maybe you should show her how the rules to this game go."

"Show me how?" Miranda said, her voice filled with a surprising amount of confidence. "We're the important test subjects, remember? Can't have you ruining all of Dr. Henneman's important experiments, can we? You have nothing to threaten me with, you sick bastard."

"But that's where you're wrong," Bowers responded. "You stupid, snotty little bitch. See, me and the boys ain't allowed to fuck you. But the doc didn't say anything about... disciplining you. So here's how this works: either you lock lips with your cellmate, or I open up this cell, and I shove this..." he waved the varren prod for emphasis, "all the way up your pretty sister's twat and hit the trigger."
Miranda's confident stare wavered. "You... you can't do that," she said.

"When it comes to keeping you cunts in line... I can do whatever I want. Just as long as it doesn't involve sticking a dick inside you, that is. So what's it gonna be? You gonna play this game by my rules... or you gonna watch while your sister rides the lightning?"


Turning to her sister, Miranda shook her head. "Ori, I can't. I can't do that to you."

"It's okay," Oriana said. "If it keeps him from hurting us... I'll do whatever we have to..."

In the middle of the tense confrontation, the door to the testing area suddenly slid open.

"MEDI-GEL! SOMEBODY GET THE FUCKING MEDI-GEL!"

Bowers whirled to see Okoru shambling out of the back hallway into the cellblock. Pants down around his ankles, hand clutching the side of his neck, and blood gushing from between his fingers to stain the fabric of his Cerberus uniform.

"What the fuck?" Bowers exclaimed. Turning his attention away from the disobedient Lawsons, he rushed over to one of the cellblock walls and opened a cabinet containing emergency medical supplies.

Momentarily forgotten on the ground, Samara raised herself up on her knees and turned to the door behind her. As she spun, she could hear raucous laughter emanating from the hallway, and from out of the door soon came Yuri, dragging a cackling Aria by the arm. Blood dripped from Aria's mouth down onto her chin, and Samara understood.

"Shut up! Shut the fuck up!" Yuri screamed at the laughing asari. When she continued her insane laughter, Yuri activated the varren prod and jammed into Aria's side.

This brought a stop to the laughter from Aria, who winced as the powerful electrical device discharged into her. Once it was pulled away, however, she recovered her senses enough to spot Okoru, smearing medi-gel over the ragged wound in his neck. "Hey, baby!" she called out mockingly. "Was it as good for you as it was for me?" No sooner had Aria finished her taunt than she started laughing again.

"You fucking bitch!" Yuri yelled at her, jabbing the varren prod into Aria again. But this time, even as the pain coursed through her body, Aria just kept laughing. The more Yuri prodded her, the louder she laughed.

Finally, Yuri gave up, shoving Aria in the direction of her cell. Glaring over at Roth, he snapped. "Get that justicar bitch back in her cell."

"But... I wasn't finish..." Roth started to say.

"NOW!" Yuri bellowed, and Roth quickly yanked Samara up off the floor and shoved her into the cell next to the wildly laughing Queen of Omega. Once they were both in, Yuri activated the forcefield on their cell.

"Hope I leave a scar on you, baby," Aria called out mockingly in between peals of laughter. "So
you always remember what a great time you had with me!"

Looking over the deep gouge in Okoru's neck, Bowers struggled to speak over the loud sound of Aria's sadistic delight. "This wound's too deep. We're gonna have to take him to the medbay."

"This isn't over, bitch," Yuri said, pointing his varren prod at Aria. "This shit isn't over."

"Good," Aria said, her grin revealing Okoru's blood still staining her teeth. "I'm looking forward to the next time, baby. Maybe I'll get to leave my mark on you next!"

Yuri started to say more, but as Aria just started laughing again, he finally turned to help his comrades get Okoru out of the cellblock. Even after they were gone, Aria continued her insane laughter.

"What do you think you're doing?" Samara said, glaring at her cellmate until Aria's laughter finally tapered off. "What is doing something like that possibly going to accomplish?"

"You ever fuck a varren, justicar?" Aria snapped, the delight on her face immediately vanishing, replaced with a simmering fury.

Not expecting the question, Samara stared blankly at Aria for a moment before finally speaking. "I... no, of course not."

"Well, I haven't, either," Aria said. "And you know why I haven't?"

Samara stared at Aria. "Well, I can think of any number of reasons, scale itch being the least of..."

"You wouldn't fuck a varren, Samara, because a varren is a wild fucking animal," Aria cut her off. "It's just as likely to dig its claws into your stomach or rip your throat out with its fangs as it is to lay back and let you have your way with it. You can't predict what's gonna happen when you fuck a wild animal. But a docile little cow... now one of those you could fuck all you want and never get so much as a scratch. And that's what all of you worthless bitches have been up to this point: meek, weak little cows, just sitting around and waiting for those humans to come around and stick their dicks in your pretty little cow pussies. But if you would all grow back your goddamn spines and show these assholes that you're all a bunch of wild animals like me... then what do you think are the odds they're going to come sniffing around these cells again for tail? How likely is it that they're going to be pulling out their pricks around you again, if at any moment they're worried you're going to bite the damn thing off and take whatever punishment they give you with a smile?"

"We're not like you, Aria," Samara chided her. "These people have loved ones locked in with them. If they try to resist, our captors are likely to punish the people they care about in retaliation."

Aria rolled her eyes. "Well, that's their problem, isn't it? And when they're bent over and taking it up their cow asses, they can have all the warm and fuzzy feelings they want about how at least they're keeping their precious loved ones safe. But me... I don't care about any of you worthless, spineless cows. And those bastards can shock me, mutilate me, even kill me if they want. But I won't go down without a fight, and now each one of those pricks knows it." Wiping away at the blood on her chin, Aria giggled to herself. "Oh, you should have heard him scream when I got my teeth in. Was worth all the volts just to hear that scream."

Turning away from the giddy Aria, Samara lay back on her cot. Part of her wondered if perhaps Aria was right. If all of them shouldn't be fighting back against their captors with every last breath,
even if their resistance would mean little more than petty victories like the one Aria had achieved.

But it wasn't even the fear of seeing Shepard or her other friends being abused in her place that really worried Samara. It was the thought of Delaana, turned from a stern and resistant captive into a willing plaything to these men, that truly troubled her.

*If we all were to fight back... what if it wasn't pain and punishment that awaits us in the end?* Samara thought to herself as she drifted off into a restless sleep. *What if the true punishment is being given the same brain-washing treatment as Delaana?*

And it was images of herself and Aria, dazed smiles on their faces as they happily played with themselves for their captors, that haunted Samara's dreams as she slept.
Part 4: Dejection; Deception; Defection (SSV Orpheus)

"So, what do you think a krogan guy would find romantic? A bouquet of venus fly traps? Candle-lit dinner by moonlight, toasting with the blood of your enemies? Urgh, this is so tricky!"

Michele looked over from her workstation with a familiar expression of annoyance. "Seriously, Lisa? You're still going on about this?"

Lisa flashed her friend a crooked smile, one that Michele knew had gotten the blond seductress into more than one set of pants in the past. "Sorry. It's just... I can't believe how badly I misread Grunt. Thinking he was some macho alpha male warrior who wouldn't hesitate to claim a willing female at the drop of a hat. And here, turns out he's a big, cuddly romantic. Who would have ever guessed, you know?"

"Yeah, looks can be deceiving. Now does this mean you're going to finally shut up about your Quest for Quad?" Michele asked.

This elicited a snicker from Lisa. "That's a good one, actually. I'll have to remember that one."

"I have my moments," Michele said.

"But no, this is only the beginning," Lisa said. "God knows I love a challenge. And it's going to be that much more exciting when I finally entice that sweet, innocent lug into getting his first taste of human." She quirked an eyebrow at Michele. "You think I'm his first human? I have to be, right? Maybe even his first female, period." Raising her hands up from her control panel, Lisa clenched her fists and shook them in excitement. "Oooh! I'm going to pop Grunt's cherry! This is gonna be so awesome!"

Michele sighed. "That's the word I was looking for. 'Awesome.' Now, could you please stop talking about it for the rest of our shift? Right about now, the last thing I want to think about is aliens having sex with humans."

"Really? Why?" Lisa asked innocently.

"You serious?" Michele asked, sounding mildly disgusted. "Didn't you see those videos coming out of Omega?"

Recognition dawned on Lisa's face. "Oh, right. Yeah, those were... horrible. Just horrible. Innocent human women being drug out of their homes by insatiably horny aliens. Having their clothes violently torn off before being held down and violated by an endless array of giant cocks of every shape and size. Being pumped full of cum just before being auctioned off and sold into sexual slavery, to spend the rest of their lives as nothing but human fuck toys." Lisa's eyes were distant as she lingered on the images. "Yeah, what a... what a nightmare. I can't even imagine myself being in that position." With a twinkle in her eye, she added with a smile, "At least, not while I'm on duty. But once my shift is over and I'm back in my bunk..."

Shaking her head, Michele turned back to her workstation. "You're so fucking twisted, Lisa."

"Say, once we finish off this mission and head back to Omega, think Commander Taylor would let me come along?" Lisa mused, ignoring Michele's obvious aggravation. "I could be, like, a
distraction or something. Keep all those horny aliens at bay while Jacob puts a bullet in Balak's head."

"Okay, seriously, Lisa, let's stop talking about this," Michele said, her voice grave. "I mean, really. Just seeing all those humans being treated like that... almost makes you wonder if Cerberus might have a point, you know?"

Lisa blinked, staring over at Michele in confusion. "Makes you won... wait, are you serious?"

"It's just... everybody talks about Cerberus like it was an organization full of heartless monsters," Michele said bitterly. "But there were people like the Commander and Joker and Private Riggs and Li... whatever, you know what I mean. Shit, even Shepard was working with them at some point."

"Because she had to," Lisa responded, staring over at her friend with an odd look. "Because nobody else wanted to deal with the Reapers. And as soon as Shepard got what she wanted out of them, she..."

"I know, I know," Michele said, suddenly strangely agitated. "All I'm saying is... Cerberus may have been evil at its core, but there were good people in their ranks. Meanwhile, look at those videos from Omega. You see any aliens fighting against Balak? Any of them resisting all this depravity? No, every single one of them is taking part in this. Dammit, if you ask me, maybe we should be listening to the Terra Firma party. Maybe we should... should..."

"Should what, Ensign DeSilva?" said a voice from behind them. The two bridge crew members whirled to see that Jacob had stepped down from the CIC platform, and had come up from behind their chairs without either of them noticing. "What was it you were discussing with Ensign Mason that was so important?"

Michele looked aghast, not realizing that she had been speaking so loudly. "Sorry, Commander, it's... it's nothing. Ensign Mason and I were just having a minor disagreement on some politics."

"Glad to see you two have the spare time to discuss politics," Jacob said, his voice cold and stern, "considering everyone else on the bridge is devoting all of their attention to this extremely important mission. Perhaps I should relieve you two of duty and have you sent to the brig. You'll have plenty of time to discuss all the politics you want down there."

"No, sir," Michele quickly said. "That won't be necessary. It won't happen again, I promise."

"Me too, sir," Lisa chimed in, sitting up straight in her seat with wide eyes. "I mean... I'll focus on my duties, sir, you have my word."

Jacob frowned at the two of them, the two women anxiously awaiting his next words as he held their fate in his hands. Finally, he let out a short, harsh breath. "I have to go check on some things for a few minutes. We're getting close to our destination and I want to ensure that everything is prepared. Can I trust you two to focus on your duties while I'm away?"

"Yes, sir," both women immediately responded in unison.

"Very well, then. Carry on," Jacob said, giving them a few more seconds of the evil eye before turning on his heel and heading out of the CIC.

Once she was sure he was out of earshot, Lisa turned to Michele, pursing her lips and whistling.
"Somebody's grumpy today," she insightfully observed.

"Can you blame him?" Michele said quietly, not turning away from her workstation as she spoke. "Those are his friends on the other side of the Omega 4 relay, and we turned our backs on them."

"What could we do?" Lisa asked. "It was either that or get blown into space dust. He has to know that trying to fly through that army of oculuses... oculi... oculusesses... droids would have been suicide, right?"

Michele let out another annoyed grunt. "Lisa, maybe if you thought about more than just getting laid, you'd understand why leaving people you care about in danger, even if it's the right decision, can make you feel like crap. Now would you pipe down and focus on your station? I'm not about to let you get me into trouble again."

"Hey, you were the one who..." Lisa started to say, before putting a petulant pout on her face and turning back to her station.

* * *

"Stop fidgeting, Tara! I'm telling you, you look absolutely stunning!"

Staring at herself in the mirror set into the wall of the vacated women's locker room, Rooker frowned. "Really?" she asked the gushing quarian next to her. "You don't think it's a bit... much?"

"Of course not!" Tali exclaimed, running one of her three-fingered hands down the fabric of the bright pink and purple striped gown that Rooker was currently wearing. "It's absolutely stunning. Well..." she said, pursing her lips behind her breathing mask as she stared appraisingly at the gown, "Maybe it's a bit on the plain side as far as coloring, but I suppose it will have to do. I'm just glad we were able to find somebody on board who was able to modify one of my dresses to fit you."

"Yeah, about that. You think maybe we might be able to have a few more modifications done?" Rooker asked, gripping the top of the gown with her fingers and attempting to yank it up higher on her chest. "I felt like one wrong breath and I'm going to be spilling out of this thing."

A sly look crossed Tali's face. "Well, that's the whole point, isn't it? You're there as a distraction, after all. The whole point is for you to keep Dugas focused on those," she pointed a finger at Rooker's ample breasts, barely contained inside the modified dress, "and not on why his old comrade is showing up out of nowhere asking for a ship."

"I suppose," Rooker said, not sounding entirely convinced. Narrowing her eyes at the reflection of the awkward, barely-dressed woman in the mirror, Rooker ran a hand through her long dark brown hair, normally tied up in a ponytail but now freed to spill down across her shoulders. "Just gotta make sure none of the guys in the barracks see me like this. I'd never live it down if..."

Their conversation was interrupted by the sound of a knock at the door. "Are you decent in there?" came a muffled voice.

Turning to Tali, Rooker frantically shook her head. Tali nodded and then, with a mischievous smirk, turned to the door and called out. "Come on in!"

"Tali, you rotten..." Rooker hissed, before the door slid open to reveal the Orpheus's commander on the other side.
Stepping into the locker room, Jacob regarded his XO with an inquisitive look. "Well, looks like you're nearly ready," he said, as Rooker's cheeks immediately turned bright red.

"We still need to do her makeup, of course," Tali said, ignoring Rooker's obvious discomfort. "Put some concealer on that Alliance Navy tattoo and do up her face all nice and pretty. But once we're done with that, I think she'll look absolutely stunning."

"Commander, I'm really not sure about this," Rooker said, taking a step in Jacob's direction. "Maybe we should... whoah..."

Jacob watched Rooker as she attempted to walk towards him, hiding the smile on his face as she stepped tentatively on the strappy high heels she was wearing. "Watch yourself, now," he said. "Wouldn't want you to break an ankle before we reach Elysium. When's the last time you wore heels like that, anyway?"

"Uh, maybe senior prom..." Rooker said, her feet wobbling slightly as she walked.

Jacob furrowed his brow, turning to Tali with a look of concern. "Maybe we better find a nice pair of flats for Lieutenant Commander Rooker to wear."

"No, I'm fine, sir," Rooker said, taking another careful step. "If you're dead set on me being the one to go on this mission, I'm not going to do anything half-assed." She stared her commander dead in the eye and stated confidently. "And if the mission is to pretend to be a brainless bimbo, then I'm going to be the best damn brainless bimbo I can be."

"That's why you're my XO, Rooker," Jacob said. "You never settle for less than the best."

Shooting a quick, devious glance over at Rooker, Tali moved in close to Jacob. "Could you do me a favor, Jacob? Could you..." was the last words that were audible to Rooker before Tali leaned in close to Jacob and began whispering in his ear.

"Hey, what are you... Commander, I don't like this at all," Rooker protested as Jacob and Tali exchanged quiet words with each other, occasionally glancing back at Rooker. "As your XO, there should be no secrets between the two of us, you know!"

Ignoring her, Jacob smiled slightly as Tali finished her whispered words. "You've got it, Tali," he said. "Anyway, we're a few hours out from Elysium, and I want to check in with command before we arrive. Anything else you two need from me at the moment?"

"No, I think we're all good," Tali said.

"I'm not all good!" Rooker exclaimed, but Jacob was already turning to walk away. "What did she say to you, Commander? I swear, I don't care if you are my superior officer. If you tell anybody else about this, I'll..."

As Jacob left the room, Tali turned to Rooker with a disarming smile. "It's nothing, Tara. Just a secret between two old friends."

Rooker looked doubtful, but suspecting that she wouldn't get any further out of Tali decided to let it go for the moment. Turning back to the mirror, she gave herself another look. "Well... I suppose it doesn't look too bad," she said, turning to the side and arching her back.
"You look great in it, Tara," Tali said. "I still remember the last time I wore that gown. A diplomatic function on Palaven, chatting up turian politicians about working on a trade agreement between their people and Rannoch." She chuckled to herself. "Never would have expected to see a dance floor at a turian reception, but sure enough. I remember stepping out there with Garrus and..." Trailing off, Tali let out a long sigh. "Well, anyway... I'm glad to see you looking so lovely in it."

Seeing the sudden melancholy come over Tali, Rooker turned away from her reflection towards the quarian. "Hey, sorry if I'm getting too personal or something, but what's up with you two, anyway?" she asked. "I've seen you with Garrus in the mess hall, and you seem really close. But I asked Jacob if the two of you were together, and he didn't seem sure how to answer."

"I'm not surprised," Tali said. "Garrus and I, we had a fling back during the war, but afterwards we had duties to our people. Helping to rebuild our homeworlds, that sort of thing. So we both agreed that it would be best to keep things casual, and not make any commitments." Tali paused, almost seeming to leave it at that, but then said, "I thought I would be okay with that, but seeing him here like this... the two of us serving together on the same vessel like old times..."

"Tali, I'll admit that I'm not the best at reading humans a lot of the time, much less turians and quarians," Rooker said softly. "But it sure looks to me like the two of you are crazy about each other. Sure, it might be difficult keeping things going long-distance, but don't you think it might be worth it to give it a try?"

Tali glanced away from Rooker to stare at a nearby wall. "It's... it's not that simple. Every time we get together, Garrus tells me all about the women he's been with. About how much fun he's having being single, and then I tell him..." Tali hesitated again, before turning back to Rooker to stare her in the eye. "Can you keep a secret, Tara?"

"Of course, Tali," Rooker sincerely promised. In her mind, she couldn't help but add, After all, don't I have so many of my own to keep? What's one or two of somebody else's?

"Well, like I said, we both agreed that we would keep our relationship casual," Tali explained. "But not just that. I had this idea that, whenever we got the chance to be together, we'd give each other all the details of the people we had been with since the last time. I thought it might be kind of... hot, you know? Hearing about Garrus enjoying himself with all those different women. And I was right. The first time we met up again, when he started talking about having sex with all those ladies, and not even all of them turian... I couldn't wait to get him out of that armor and into bed. But then... then he looked at me. Waiting for me to return the favor. But I... I..."

Rooker understood before Tali could even say it. "You didn't have any stories, did you?"

"I tried, I really did," Tali said. "But whenever I would start flirting with some handsome quarian male, all I could think about was Garrus. So when he and I were back together, and he asked me about who I'd been with, I just... I made it all up." She laughed bitterly. "I'd just think back to all the smutty vids I used to watch back when I was young, and I'd just tell the stories of those with me as one of the participants. And Garrus never caught on. He'd listen to me lie to his face and it'd just get him more and more turned on. And after a few times, I just couldn't bear to tell him the truth." Shaking her head, Tali stared at Rooker with slightly-glistening eyes. "And even if I could... I wouldn't dream of trying to tie him down when he's out there enjoying himself so much. So now I have to lie and tell him all about the dozens of men I've been with, when I've really only been with one."
Rooker fidgeted slightly. She really wasn't good in these sorts of situations, figuring out what to say to somebody with relationship problems. Ask her to drill a target between the eyes at 500 yards, no problem. Ask about dating, and Tara Rooker was dumb as a post.

Finally, she stammered something that she hoped sounded comforting. "Listen, if you really feel something for Garrus, you should just open up to him about it. You don't have to tell him about the fake stories, but just ask him if there's any chance of you two having a future as more than just friends with benefits. If he says no, then at least you know. But from the way I've seen him look at you, I really don't think that he'll be that quick to shoot you down."

"I'd like to think so, but it's just..." Tali started to say, then shook her head. "Ah, I shouldn't be bothering you with this. You've got an important mission to prepare for, and here I am boring you with my personal problems."

"It's no problem, Tali," Rooker said, then added after a pause, "although, there's maybe something you can do for me in return."

Tali gave Rooker a warm smile. "Sure, what is it?"

"Tell me what you whispered to Commander Taylor before," Rooker responded.

Tali paused to consider this. "Well... you did listen to me babble about my personal problems and all," she said. But with a devious glint in her eye, she added, "Sorry, nope. You'll just have to find out for yourself."

"Dammit, Tali," Rooker said, as Tali grinned and quickly dashed out of the locker room before Rooker could grab hold of her. "If you and Jacob are plotting some embarrassing trick on me, I'll rip that mask of yours off and cough right in your face!"

But Tali was already gone. Sighing wearily, Rooker decided to practice walking in her high-heeled shoes until they arrived at their destination. After about ten minutes or so of shaky attempts, she still felt herself stumbling a bit, nearly turning her ankle with every step.

"Dammit, Rooker, you can do this!" she muttered to herself. "You're a goddamn Alliance Marine. You can survive ten days in an alien foxhole on nothing but MREs and dirty water. I know damn well you can handle walking in high heels."

After a few more minutes, her slow, wobbling steps became more confident. Before too long, she was walking back and forth across the locker room, barely even stumbling as she went. After one more successful trek across the room, she did an effortless spin, her dress whirling around her in a colorful flash as she grinned and pumped a fist in the direction of the closed locker room door.

"Yeah!" she exclaimed.

And just at that moment, the door to the locker room slid open. "Hey, I got here as soon as I could," Vega said, gasping slightly as if he had run all the way across the ship. "Commander said you needed help with..."

As Rooker stared at him in shock, Vega's eyes finally focused on her. In an instant, his jaw went slack, his eyes staring intently at her as his words trailed off. "...with... uh... with moving some... some..." he muttered, his cheeks flushing red as he caught a good look at Rooker in her evening gown.
"Damnit, Tali," Rooker muttered to herself, her face turning almost as red as Vega's as she crossed her arms over her chest. "Would you close the damn door, already? Before half the ship gets a look at me in this ridiculous outfit?"

"Close the door..." Vega said the words as if it was the first time he had ever heard them in his life. Finally, his mental functions kicked in, and he nodded. "The door, right," he said, pressing the button and shutting the locker room door behind him.

"Well, I suppose sending you here was Tali's way of proving to me that I look good enough to be a sufficient distraction," Rooker said, sounding slightly annoyed. "Well, as long as you're here... what do you think?"

Vega's eyes drifted down her body, but didn't linger too long before going back to her face. "I... yeah, I'd say you're looking like a pretty good distraction to me. If that krogan friend of Zaeed's is as into humans as Zaeed says, he won't be able to focus on anything but you."

"Well, good," Rooker responded, moving a hand up underneath her hair to rub at the back of her neck. "I'm... I'm glad you think so."

"If I'm being honest, though," Vega said, having finally managed to compose himself enough to speak normally. "I gotta admit something. If it was a choice between seeing you in that dress, _chica_, and seeing you in your combat armor... I'd take the armor any day."

She gave him a doubtful look. "You're joking, right?"

"No way," Vega assured her. "Because as... well, as smoking hot as you look in that dress, I can tell that it's making you really damn uncomfortable. I mean, it may look good, but it just ain't you you know? Not like when you're all suited up with a rifle in your hands. That's where you're at home, I can tell. And... well, I guess I've always been a guy who's more into attitude than looks. And I'd be much more into seeing you fully clothed and confident as hell, than awkward as hell and being... not fully clothed, you know?" Waving a hand at her, Vega grunted. "Ah, I'm not making any damn sense. Forget I even said anything. You look great, and I'm sure you'll do perfect."

"I hope so," Rooker said, finding herself not minding Vega's awkward flirting for once. "But you're right about one thing... I am _really_ uncomfortable in this." Taking a step towards him, she smiled slightly. "Let you in on a little secret, though. I've got something with me that's going to make me a lot less uncomfortable."

"Damn straight," Vega said, grinning at her. "They can put you in as many dresses as they want, but underneath all that sheer fabric there's still a goddamn, hard-as-hell Alliance Marine."
"Oorah," Rooker responded, unable to fight the urge to return his smile. "Still, can't wait to get this over with so we can get back to Omega, kick that bastard Balak out of the nearest airlock, and deal with this Cerberus VI so we can go and get back Commander Shepard."

The mention of Shepard, and the reminder of her continued captivity, dampened Vega's mood somewhat. "You bet," he said, squaring his jaw and pounding a fist into an open hand. "And if you need anything before we hit Elysium, you just let me know."

"Just one thing," Rooker said. "When we get there... you make damn sure all of the men are nowhere near the shuttle bay. I'm not about to let any of them see me looking like this."

"You got it... ma'am," Vega said with a smirk. "This'll just be between you and me."

* * *

Jacob stood at attention as the holographic image of Admiral Hackett was generated by the QEC device. "Admiral," Jacob said, firing off a salute.

"Good to hear from you, Commander Taylor," Hackett said, returning the salute. "How goes the search for Shepard?"

"Not great, to be honest, Admiral," Jacob said. In detail, he gave Hackett a rundown of everything that had happened since his last report. Their run-in with Cerberus at Ontarom, and Kasumi's tracking device leading the Orpheus to the Omega Nebula. He winced as he recounted the failed attempt to access the Omega 4 relay, Tali's discovery of the VI coordinating the oculus drones, and their current plan to access Omega using a borrowed ship from Zaeed's old comrade.

"Sounds like you've got a plan, Commander," Hackett said after Jacob had finished. "Only wish I could contribute more to your efforts."

Jacob frowned. "Sorry to hear that, Admiral. I had hoped that maybe you could spare some people. We have no idea what's waiting for us on the other end of that relay, after all. Even assuming we can take care of Balak and destroy Cerberus's VI."

"Those damn videos," Hackett muttered. "As if tensions between humans and aliens weren't bad enough back on Earth. Cerberus releasing those videos from Omega was like tossing a match in a room full of gasoline fumes. We're barely keeping the peace back on Earth with the men we have, even with the alien security forces assisting us. Under the current circumstances, I'm just afraid I can't spare any people."

"I understand, Admiral," Jacob said, unable to keep the disappointment out of his voice. "I'll make do with what I have."

Hackett raised up his hand. "Just a minute, Commander. While I can't spare any Alliance forces to assist you... recently I've been contacted by certain other parties. Not quite as substantial as the Alliance military, but they might be able to provide you with some much needed manpower."

"Other parties?" Jacob said, confused and more than a little perturbed. "Admiral, I thought our mission was being kept under wraps. How did they know..."

"Don't ask me, Commander. All I know is that somehow, they are aware of your mission, and are willing to provide assistance," the admiral responded. "Sorry I can't provide any more details, but
they specifically told me that their assistance was contingent on their identities not being revealed over any open channels."

Jacob frowned. "Can't say I like the sound of that, sir. Usually prefer an ally who's willing to stand with us in the light, rather than hiding back in the shadows."

"I wouldn't have told you about this if I didn't think they were trustworthy, Commander," Hackett responded. "Just know that you have allies out there, and they will be contacting you directly."

"If you think they can be trusted, sir, then that's enough for me," Jacob responded. "Just hope they get to us in time. For whatever it is we're going to have to face before this is over."
Part 4: Dejection; Deception; Defection (Adamanthea Station, Restricted Section, Testing Area)

She came to in a familiar spot, sitting in that horrible chair. But no straps holding her down this time. Apparently Henneman had been true to his word and strengthened the knockout gas in her cell. Jack could feel a sharp pain in her neck; Henneman must have already injected her and scampered before Jack had even woken up. Fucking pussy.

As she regained consciousness and rose to her feet, the horrible videos started up again. Screams and sobs, begging for mercy that was ignored as clothes were torn off and women were violated in every way imaginable. Looking down, Jack saw the disgusting sex toy locked around her hips again, and looking across the room she saw Jenny tied up and spread-eagle in the opposite chair. Jenny stared at Jack with those wide, terrified eyes. Just like the eyes of the women in the videos, as they got stuffed with more cock than they could possibly handle.

"Are you feeling it yet, Subject Zero?" Henneman's voice said over the PA system. "Do you feel that urge yet? There's no point in fighting. Give in to it. Surrender to your desires. Rape her, Subject Zero. Rape Jenny."

"Shut the fuck up," Jack responded to that twisted fucker's voice. She had intended to scream it, but by the time she gave voice to it, her words came out as a barely audible mutter. "Just stop it. It's not going to work, so stop wasting your fucking time."

"But it is going to work, Subject Zero," Henneman responded. "Even if it takes twenty tests... fifty tests... a hundred... eventually I will find the formula. And when I do... not only will you rape that lovely young redheaded student of yours, but you'll do it with a smile on your face. You'll enjoy violating her more than you have enjoyed anything else in your life."

"Fat fucking chance," Jack muttered. Looking away from the helpless Jenny, Jack stared at the cracked screen that she had pounded on during her first visit to this nightmarish room. She wanted to run over there and do it again, force Henneman to turn on the gas and end this fucking disgusting spectacle, but suddenly she just felt so numb and tired.

She told herself that it was because Henneman had increased the dosage on that knockout gas of his, but Jack worried that maybe it was something else. As she stared around at the violent images of rape around her, she realized that she wasn't feeling that same primal disgust she had before. No anger, no revulsion. Just... numb.

"I can read your vital signs from here, you know," Henneman said, his voice like ground glass being rubbed across her brain. "Your heartbeat, your blood pressure. Even your brain activity. And do you know what it's telling me, Subject Zero?"

Jack stared down at the floor, clenching her fists. "That you're a twisted fucking psychopath?" she asked softly.

"That I'm getting closer," Henneman said. "It's not going to take twenty tests for you to break, is it? I honestly doubt it's going to take more than five. It's so very close now, Subject Zero. So close to having the animal inside you finally be set free," The mad scientist let out a disappointed sound. "But, as you and I both know, it's not quite there yet."
The familiar gas nozzles shot out of the floor, and Jack welcomed the blissful unconsciousness that soon overtook her.

* * *

As he watched Bowers and Roth fetch the unconscious Jack and Jenny out of the testing room, Henneman spoke out loud, the listening devices in the room capturing every word for posterity.

"Test results for formulation #2 showing much better results," he said, looking at the vital sign information captured from Jack. He dictated the technical information displayed on his monitor, recording notes on every last bit of data. "Subject shows nearly no physical or mental revulsion towards images of sexual violence. But still need to reformulate, in order to break down subject's resistance. Make her take pleasure from thoughts once considered unthinkable. And once that is accomplished..."

His thoughts were interrupted by the door to Testing Room #3 opening behind him. "What is it, Bowers?" Henneman asked without looking. "And for the last time, no. You can't 'have a crack' at the humans."

"Mistaking me for Bowers?" said the familiar voice behind. "Come on, Doc, you know I'm much more of a man than him. And with much less stupid hair."

"End recording," Henneman said, as he turned to see Morgan standing at the door. Beside her, Ash stared down at the floor, obediently trailing behind her "mistress" as the two of them entered. "Ah, yes, Miss Lezayen," Henneman said, forcing a smile to his face. "I had almost forgotten about our appointment."

Morgan gave him an odd look. "Well, hopefully you haven't forgotten too much, doc. Like how to make my beautiful little bitch feel all better," she said. Turning to Ashley, she gave her a loud slap on the behind that made the naked woman jump in surprise. "Go on, bitch. Don't be shy. Let the doc take a good look at you."

Ashley looked uncertain, staring back at Morgan with a trace of nervousness on her face as she stepped in Henneman's direction. *Nicely done, Lieutenant Commander Williams,* Henneman thought to himself. *Keep that act up.*

"It's alright," he said softly to Ashley, beckoning her forward. "You can come here. You'll be back with your mistress before you know it." Turning his attention back to Morgan, he spoke seriously. "Would you mind waiting outside, Miss Lezayen? Doing my job is hard enough without you breathing down my neck the whole time."

"Come on, doc," Morgan said. "You've examined her in front of me before, and I wasn't being a pest then, was I?"

"No, but from the symptoms you have described, I believe your bitch might need a more thorough examination," Henneman said, trying to keep the frustration out of his voice. "I promise, she'll be in good hands with me. Just please give us some privacy."

Morgan looked reluctant, but finally she nodded. "Okay, doc. But if she comes out of this room with a single mark on her that I didn't give her myself... you're going to have a lot to answer for."

"I swear on my life, she will be returned to you in just as good a state, or even better, as she was
when she arrived," Henneman said.

"I'll hold you to that, doc," Morgan said, with a hint of a threat in her tone. Finally, she turned around and left the room, shutting the door behind her.

With Morgan gone, Henneman allowed himself to relax. "Well, that's a relief," he said to Ashley with a smile. "Now, let's talk about our deal, Lieutenant Commander Williams. You have convinced Miss Lezayen to begin engaging in vaginal intercourse with you, yes?"

"Yes," Ash said with a nod. She stood rigid as Henneman crouched down in front of her, opening up her pussy with a speculum and examining her insides.

"Oh, yes," he said approvingly, as he saw the telltale signs of rough penetration all along Ash's vaginal walls. "She definitely has been making use of every part of you now, hasn't she?"

"Yes," Ash said again, her tone bland and emotionless.

"Well, not to worry," he said, as he rose back up to his feet. "Assuming the symptoms that Miss Lezayen described to me are accurate, I don't imagine you'll have to put up with her... appetites for much longer."

Stepping over to one of his worktables, he retrieved an empty syringe. "Now, I'll just need to run a few tests here. Just to be sure that you are definitely pregnant. But if my suspicions are correct, we can start talking about what comes next." Stepping back over to Ash, Henneman picked up her arm and felt for a vein. "Now, let's just confirm: Miss Lezayen said you were suffering from nausea and loss of appetite?"

"Yes," Ashley responded, not flinching as the needle found a vein and began drawing out blood. "Haven't felt hungry at all lately. Just feel like puking."

Henneman nodded, watching as the blood slowly drained into the syringe. "And frequent urination, Morgan also mentioned."

"Yeah, that's right," Ash said, as Henneman pulled out the needle. "Have to pee all the damn time."

Walking over to a worktable, Henneman deposited a small amount of Ash's blood into a glass vial. After inserting the vial into his testing equipment, he mentally worked on his story.

I'm sorry to have to tell you this, Miss Lezayen, he would tell her, but your bitch has come down with an extremely rare, extremely deadly blood condition. I'm afraid she's going to have to stay under my observation for the next few months, until I can determine if the disease can be cured or not. Morgan might fight him on it, but Henneman was relatively sure that giving her a choice of one of the other women in the cells for her new "bitch" would shut her up eventually. Even if Morgan did seem quite strongly attached to this one in particular...

"Don't worry about a thing," Henneman said, turning away from his machine to flash a smile at Ash. "If these tests come back the way I hope they will, you'll never have to deal with that horrible woman again."

"The mistress isn't hor..." Ash suddenly started to exclaim, causing Henneman to take a step back in surprise at the loudness of her voice. But just as quickly as she started to speak, Ash suddenly seemed calm again. "I mean... yes. I will be so happy to finally be away from the mis... Mo..."
Morgan." Ash spoke in a bland monotone until the last word, which came out of her mouth like it was taking all of her effort to force it out.

Henneman frowned. Something about this was off. It had been some time since he'd been alone with Ash, and the woman seemed completely different. He had had his suspicions back on the Normandy, seeing the way that Ashley had stared at Morgan like an overgrown puppy at its master. But now that he was back in the same room with her, those suspicions were only growing stronger.

His thoughts were interrupted by the beeping sound of the testing equipment behind him. Turning away from Ash, he glanced at the screen with a frown. *hCG levels completely normal,* he thought to himself. *Absolutely no sign whatsoever that Lieutenant Commander Williams is pregnant. But all those symptoms that Morgan described, they were...*

"Dammit," Henneman muttered under his breath.

"Something wrong?" Ashley asked him. In that same dull voice, not a trace of emotion.

"No, just need to run the test again," Henneman covered, hitting the activation button on the equipment again. "While it's running, let me go over a few more symptoms, just to be sure." He turned to Ash and forced a smile on his face. "Experiencing any dizziness? Fainting spells?"

"Yes," Ashley quickly agreed. "Just a few minutes ago, on the way here I almost keeled right over. Scared the mistr... Morgan half to death."

Henneman nodded. "Naturally. Experiencing any headaches? Migraines that last a few minutes before going away?"

"Yeah, definitely," Ashley answered. "Hurts like hell, but like you said, they go away after just a little bit."

"Interesting, interesting," Henneman said. "How about hallucinations? Strange lights at the corners of your vision, seeing things that aren't really there. Anything like that?"

Ashley quickly nodded. "Yeah, all the time. Thought I was going crazy at first, but sounds like it's only natural in my condition, right?"

"Yes, all very natural, Lieutenant Commander Williams," Henneman said, attempting to hide the contempt in his voice as Ash agreed with every last one of his fabricated symptoms without hesitation. He fought the urge to ask the brainwashed woman if she was suffering from leprous limbs falling off and spontaneous combustion next, because he was pretty certain she'd just say "yes" to those as well.

"I think these tests might take a bit longer than I anticipated, Lieutenant Commander Williams. Why don't you head out and rejoin Miss Lezayen?" Henneman suggested with as much faux cheer as he could muster. "Let her know that I'll be in touch soon, once I have more accurate results back regarding your... condition."

"I will," Ash responded, finally breaking from her monotone and showing genuine emotion. Not horror at the thought of being forced to rejoin Morgan. Not resignation to a cruel fate. But relief. Gratitude at being allowed to return to her beloved mistress
It was exactly as Henneman had feared.

As Ash quickly left the testing room and ran back to Morgan, Henneman returned to his testing equipment. Retrieving the vial of Ash's blood, Henneman dismissively tossed it into a biohazard bin. It, and its source, would serve no further purpose to him.

Lieutenant Commander Williams was no longer an option. Morgan had completely broken her.

Henneman was going to have to rely on another course of action. And if things went as planned, his options would be opening up very, very soon.
Part 4: Dejection; Deception; Defection (Adamanthea Station, Restricted Section)

Chapter Notes

Much apologies for the long gap between updates, folks. An epic case of writer's block, coupled with the irresistible urge to attach balloons to various things and fly them back to Mother Base, has kept me from getting too much writing done over the past few weeks. But I am working, and for now I'll post this quick update just as a proof of life. :) More coming hopefully very soon!

Things couldn't be going better.

The clone was beaming ear-to-ear as she closed the connection on her personal terminal. The date and time had been set for the next phase of their plan.

And it was about time, too. Sitting around this station was getting to be one hell of a bore, after all. She had already done way too much of her fair share of waiting in the months before she and Brooks had put their plan into motion. But it would be just a little while longer before she would be back out there.

But as she stood up from her desk and stretched her arms about above her head, a slight chill ran through her that had nothing to do with the temperature in her quarters. It wasn't that she was changing her mind about what they had planned. Far from it. It was just that... well, when all of this was over, there would be big changes. Changes to herself and to... others. Like a certain someone in the cells down the hall.

"Dammit," she muttered to herself. Quickly, she put on her Cerberus uniform, trying not to think about what was to come. Ever since she had brought into existence, she had gotten used to things changing rapidly. Plans being altered by the day, sometimes even the hour. So who was to say other plans couldn't be changed as well?

Regardless, all of that was far, far in the future. For now, she had the chance to enjoy herself as much as she wanted with Cerberus's captives.

And, the clone thought as she grabbed the cloth bag up off the floor on the way out of her quarters, she had wonderful plans in mind for her next visit to the delectable Dr. T'Soni.

She strode through the halls of the station's restricted area, watching as the various thugs, murderers and rapists that manned this area snapped to attention at her passing. Shit, it felt so good to see them squirm. She knew that the only reason they showed her respect was out of fear of the consequences if they did not: death, torture, and most troubling of all, an end to their steady stream of credits. But still, the clone felt like she was getting a taste of what it was like to live the life of her disgusting twin every time she walked through these halls. People treating you with respect, awed at your mere presence. It was amazing... and merely a taste of what was to come once their plans were completed.
The clone was so caught up in the feeling of power, she didn't even notice someone approaching behind her until she felt the hand on her shoulder. She let out a surprised cry, nearly dropping the bag in her hand as she whirled to see who had approached.

"Where are you off to in such a hurry, love?" Brooks said, a crooked smile on her face.

The clone smiled back casually. "Oh, nowhere in particular. Just heading off to pay a visit to our special guests."

Brooks quirked an eyebrow. "Really? Any of them in particular? Let's see if I can guess. I'll start with 'blue scaly skin' and you can tell me if I'm getting warm."

The clone fought to keep the annoyance off her face. "You got me, Maya," she responded with a casual shrug. "I just can't help myself. Tormenting that mewling little asari slut is just too much fun."

"Tormenting. Really," Brooks said, sounding a bit unconvinced. "Because I seem to recall you being quite protective of Dr. T'Soni back on the Normandy."

"Yes, well, you know how those asari are," the clone said. "I may be the pinnacle of humanity, but even I couldn't help being taken in by their charms. She was the first asari I'd even seen in person, after all," she gave a casual shrug. "But now that we're back home... well, I suppose I've come to my senses. And making that pathetic blue bitch squeal is as good a way as any to show her that her attempts to seduce me were totally unsuccessful."

Brooks still looked doubtful, but eventually let the matter drop. "Well, you entertain yourself however you feel, love," she said. "After all, we both know what's going to happen to T'Soni once all of this is over. Might as well enjoy that tight blue cunt while you can, I suppose. Me... I can't even stomach the thought. I'll stick with my own species if it's all the same." Gesturing down the hall, Brooks smirked. "As a matter of fact, I was just heading down to the cells as well. Paying a visit to your lesser counterpart. Accompany me, love?"

"I'd love that," the clone said, forcing a smile to her face. "I suppose that means your business with our mysterious financier has finished for the day?"

The two of them continued down the hallway, Brooks speaking cautiously about their plans in the midst of the Cerberus rabble passing them. "We had a very fruitful discussion, yes. Our friend upstairs has started putting the wheels in motion for the later parts of our agenda. The will of Cerberus will soon be felt all across the galaxy. And once it's all over, there won't be a single person alive who won't know what this organization stands for. What the name Cerberus truly represents."

"And what about my double's friends?" the clone asked. "Their plan to take back Omega. If they were to succeed, it would be..."

"Not to worry, love," Brooks responded. "Jacob and the rest of them won't get the opportunity to set foot on Omega. A little tip from our mole and a good amount of credits from our banker has seen to that. And even if they should succeed in gaining access to the station..." a wicked smile crossed the dark-skinned woman's face. "Well, I'm sure they'll deeply regret having so many aliens on their team once they get a breath of that warm, inviting Omega air."

The clone let out a cackling laugh. "Ha, that's right! Oh, I would pay good credits to see that. That..."
pathetic traitor Taylor setting foot on Omega, just to end up with him and his team taking it up the ass from all his alien comrades." She laid a finger on her cheek in contemplation. "At least, I assume that's what they have. Hell, who knows with freaks like that Prothean, what he's packing in all that armor."

Brooks let out a shudder. "Please. Let's not talk about alien genitals if it's all the same. And besides, it's not like any of that is ever going to happen. Taylor's rescue mission will be ending very shortly. And once it does... there will be nothing standing in our way."

They reached the door to the cellblock, the clone noticing for the first time that Brooks was carrying a small package of her own. "What have you got in there?" she asked.

Brooks glanced down at the bundle of cloth in her hand. "Oh, this? Just a few toys I plan to use on your double. Show her who's really in charge on this station." Brooks cast her glance down to the bag in the clone's hand. "And what about you?"

"Same thing," the clone quickly lied. "Can't wait to see the look on that asari bitch's face when she sees what I have in store for her today."

"Well, I guess I'll get a chance to see it as well," Brooks said. "And hear you make her squeal while I'm at it."

Panic filled the clone. It hadn't even occurred to her that both she and Brooks would most likely want to use Testing Room 1, the lounge area, for their activities. And the clone certainly didn't want Brooks to see what she actually had in mind for Liara. "Uhm... I think I'm going to take Liara into Room 3 instead," she said.

Brooks frowned. "Henneman's lab?" she asked. "Not exactly the most comfortable place to enjoy yourself. Are you sure? There's plenty of room in Room 1 for both of us to... spread out."

"Nah, that's fine. I'll give you your space. I mean... as much fun as it is to see you tormenting that fake Shepard, I hate being in the same room as her almost as much as you hate the thought of sex with an alien. So probably best we use different rooms."

Her partner gave a dismissive shrug. "Well, whatever. Have fun, you crazy kids. Try not to damage the asari too much. We want to make sure that your twin recognizes her when she sees what we end up doing to her in the end."

"Of course," the clone said, feeling that twinge of dread again at the reminder of their final plan for Liara. Plans can change, the clone thought to herself as the door to the cellblock slid open and they stepped inside. Plans can always change.
"So, you got the plan down?"

Zaeed responded to the voice over his aircar's radio with a surly tone. "For the last time, Taylor, I've got it. Rooker and I go in, make friendly with Dugas, and see if he's willing to part with a ship that's got a history of non-human crew. If it looks like he won't play ball, or if the whole plan goes tits-up at any point, I'll signal you with the phrase 'no time like the present,' and you and your team will move in. Then we'll see if he's more willing to negotiate with your guns pointed in his face."

"Perfect. Rooker, you all set?" Jacob asked over the radio.

"Ready as I'll ever be, Commander," Rooker said, tugging the top of her brightly-colored dress up over her breasts again, while staring out of the aircar's window at the settlements flashing by underneath them.

Elysium seemed to have recovered quite well after the Reaper war, and the green hills below them were filled with well-appointed houses and some of the wealthiest people in the galaxy going about their business. Hard to believe that just a scant few years ago, the people down there had been living in fear of mass-annihilation.

* * *

"I know you're going to do great, Rooker," Jacob said over the comms. He glanced around at the darkened mansion they had set up base in, and the team he had chosen for this mission checking their weapons and adjusting their armor.

Thanks to Tali's elite hacking skills, she had discovered some extranet messages indicating that the residents of this particular house had recently left on vacation, and wouldn't be back home for weeks. Once she had discovered that, disabling the mansion's security system and gaining them access to the vacant building was like "repairing a ruptured ion flux capacitor with a Mark 7 fabrication kit," as Tali had put it and which Jacob could only assume meant "easy."

Once they had arrived and gained access to the building - Cortez dropping the rest of them off before flying the shuttle towards a secluded area where it would be difficult to spot from the air - Jacob and the team had quickly set up shop inside the mansion and began establishing comms with Zaeed and Rooker in the aircar. It was the perfect staging area: far enough away for their separate arrival in the Orpheus's shuttle to not be picked up on any scans from Dugas' residence, but close enough that they could deploy within ten minutes to back up Zaeed and Rooker if things went bad.

Of course, Jacob really hoped it wouldn't come to that, and that Zaeed's old camaraderie with his former Krogan ally was still strong after so many years. Not only would it be dangerous for Zaeed and Rooker if Dugas got violent, but it would throw all of their attempts at subtlety out the window. After all, the whole point of this plan was to obtain a ship that could gain access to Omega without anyone being the wiser. If they ended up having to steal it from Dugas at gunpoint, there was always the danger that word of it would get back to the other merc bands. And if anyone on Omega was alerted to their plan... well, Jacob only hoped they'd find out about their cover being blown before they pulled up to Omega in their stolen ship, and not after the mercs guarding the station blew them into space-dust.

Jacob forced himself to stop thinking so negatively. So far everything had gone just according to plan. They had arrived at Amber Island and obtained a rental aircar without any real trouble. And
despite her earlier issues with her disguise, Rooker promised that she was ready to handle her role of Zaeed's "arm candy" without any trouble.

In some ways, Jacob wondered if maybe he had over-prepared for this mission, as he watched all of Shepard's alien comrades - along with Vega, Riggs and a few of the most skilled human marines on the Orpheus - hunker down in the vacant mansion, ready at a moment's notice to spring into action. If Zaeed just walked out of Dugas' mansion with a ship and no hassle, Jacob was going to feel pretty silly.

But after all that had happened in the last week or so, Jacob wasn't taking any chances anymore. Better to deploy over-prepared and end up not needing the extra firepower, than leave people behind and end up cursing himself for not bringing them along when they could have made the difference.

"Getting close now," said Zaeed's voice over the comms. "Imagine Dugas' people will be wondering who we are pretty soon. Hopefully the old krogan bastard still remembers me after all these years."

* * *

Sure enough, not long after saying the words, an unknown voice came through on the aircar's radio: "Incoming vessel, you are approaching a private residence. Please change heading and divert away from these coordinates."

Zaeed pressed a button on the console. "Bloody hell. What kind of welcome is that for an old friend, eh? You tell your boss Dugas that Zaeed Massani is on his way to his landing pad. And he'd better have a bottle of chilled ryncol ready for me when I get there. The good stuff, too, not that swill we used to drink back when we were running together."

Rooker shot a concerned glance over at Zaeed, as he muted the communication. "A little bit aggressive, don't you think?" she asked.

Zaeed smirked at her. "You don't get anywhere with Dugas by asking politely, love. Trust me."

After a few seconds, the man on the other end of the line spoke up. "I'm sorry, Mr. Massani. Mr. Dugas is not accepting visitors today. Please come back another time."

Rooker looked frustrated. "Great. So much for doing this the friendly way, I guess," she said, an annoyed look on her face at the prospect of having dressed up like a cheap whore for nothing.

"Giving up so soon?" Zaeed asked her. Unmuting the comms, he snapped into the microphone. "Are you fucking kidding me? You remind that pyjak-fucker Dugas how I pulled his quad out of the fire twenty years ago on that Garvug job. After I put my ass on the line for him like that, the least he could do is show me a little goddamn hospitality."

There was a long pause after that, and Rooker feared that they had blown this mission before it had even begun. But finally, after the anticipation was almost unbearable, the voice of Dugas' underling came back over the radio. "Direct your aircar to the coordinates 53°28'57.812 N by 113°29'42.355 W. Someone will be out to meet you at the entrance shortly."

"Now that's more bloody like it," Zaeed said into the comms. Once the call was terminated, he gave Rooker a confident grin. "See, love? First rule of dealing with krogans: never give an inch. You show any weakness and you might as well just deliver your bollocks to them on a plate."

"I'll... uh... keep that in mind," Rooker responded, as Zaeed piloted the aircar to the designated
coordinates.

* * *

Jacob breathed a sigh of relief, hearing the conversation between Zaeed and Dugas' henchman. "Good work, Zaeed," he said, switching the communications equipment to broadcast to Zaeed's personal comm unit. "Keep this up and we'll have our ship and be back to Omega in no time."

"Alright, let's not go sucking each other off just yet, Taylor," Zaeed's voice came over the comms equipment in response. "Still ain't even met Dugas face-to-face yet. Hopefully the old krogan bastard hasn't changed his mind about me in the past twenty years."

"Shuttle's safely hidden away, Commander," Cortez's voice declared on another channel. "Found some heavy tree cover about one and a half kilometers southwest from your location. At your signal, can dust off and be at your location in two minutes, tops."

"Roger that, Cortez," Jacob responded, as Vega came up from behind and stood at the comms next to him. "Keep the shuttle warmed up and ready. If it ends up we need a pick-up, it's gonna have to be fast."

Vega glanced over at Jacob with a smirk. "Don't you worry about Esteban, Jacob," he said, pausing to take a drink from the bottle of energy drink in his hand. "You say the word, and he'll be here faster than a conejo."

"I don't doubt it," Jacob responded. "Just hoping we aren't going to need him to be as fast as... that thing you just mentioned. If the situation gets that bad..."

This elicited a grave nod from Vega. "Yeah. Don't want to think about what would happen if Rooker had to go toe-to-toe against that krogan and his merc bodyguards."

Jacob gave Vega a questioning look. "And Zaeed too, right?"

Vega blinked. "And... right, yeah. Him too." Rubbing at the back of his neck, Vega took another swig of his bottle.

Jacob stared at the bottle of energy drink, realizing it didn't have the standard label of Alliance-issue rations. "Where did you get that?" he asked Vega.

The burly marine responded with a guilty smile. "There was a bunch in the fridge. Folks who live here ain't gonna miss just one, right?"

"James, we..." Jacob started saying, before letting out a pained sigh. "Whatever. Just... try not to break anything, alright? It's bad enough we're using this house as a staging area without the owner's consent."

"Oh, yeah, that reminds me," Vega said. "There was this statue thing out in the hallway over there. Garrus bumped into it and... well, if we get a lot of glue, we might be able to put it back together, I think." Seeing the horrified look that came to Jacob's face, Vega gave him a grin. "I'm just messing with you, jefe. Don't worry so much. Zaeed and Rooker have this in the bag."

Jacob forced a smile in response, fighting the urge to remind Vega about what was riding on this. Funny, back when he was serving under Shepard, the stakes were so much higher. The fate of the entire galaxy, rather than just a handful of humans. And yet, back then, he could still find the time to relax. Enjoy a party like the one they had had back on the Citadel just before the Normandy's assault on Cronos Station.
Maybe it was because back then, he wasn't the one in charge. He could relax, and trust in people like Shepard and Anderson and Hackett to make the hard choices. But now that was him in that role, and it was the lives of his friends on the line. That knowledge seemed like a tangible weight on his shoulders, never giving him a second to relax.

"Coming in for a landing," Zaeed's voice said over the comms, breaking Jacob out of his self-reflection. "Time to see if I've still got any of that Massani charm left in me."

* * *

After opening his car door and stepping out onto the landing pad, Zaeed walked around to open the door for his "date," taking Rooker by the hand and helping her up to her feet. It was only just now that he had finally gotten a chance to get a good look at the Orpheus's XO in her disguise, and he had to admit: he was surprised at how convincing she was. Not only her outfit, but the way she carried herself as she walked beside him to the stairs leading down to the main courtyard. Not a single trace of the macho bravado that most Alliance mercs – male or female – tended to carry themselves with. If he hadn't already met her before this, he would have had no trouble believing she was just some dizzy broad looking for a rich sucker to leech off of.

"My god, Zaeed," Rooker said as they reached the bottom of the stairs and got a good look at Dugas' main courtyard. "It's... it's beautiful! Your friend must be absolutely rolling in credits!" Her voice was chipper and vacant, the very pinnacle of a bubble-headed bimbo.

But then again, Zaeed suspected that not all of it was part of her act. Because it was an amazing house. Like something out of the 19th century, with red brickwork, old-fashioned wooden doors with glass panels, and a sprawling courtyard filled with dense shrubbery, trees in full bloom, and even a fountain leading up to the front entrance. They had told Zaeed that Dugas had made good with his merc company, but Zaeed had no idea it had been this good.

He and Rooker walked down the brick pathway to the front door. As they got closer, Zaeed spotted two guards at the main entrance, a turian and batarian, watching them approach with a cautious eye, assault rifles at the ready. "Not quite that friendly a welcome, I suppose," Zaeed muttered to Rooker.

"Yeah, looks like your old friend isn't taking any chances," Rooker quietly responded, her voice back to the low, confident tone he had gotten used to hearing from her in the past few days. "We're going to have to..."

Zaeed paused, as Rooker's voice – and Rooker herself – suddenly came to a halt about fifty feet from the entrance. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't worry, we..."

Spinning around to face Zaeed, positioning herself to stand between him and the guards at the door, Rooker hissed. "Kiss me."

"Are you daf..." Zaeed started to say, before Rooker suddenly grabbed him by the back of the head with both hands, and pulled him forward into a rough kiss. Zaeed's eyes went wide as her lips met his, and they went even wider when one of Rooker's hands drifted from behind his head to grab him by the wrist, directing his hand underneath her dress and between her thighs.

After several seconds of Zaeed switching between confusion at the sudden act of affection, and fighting back the unexpected swelling in his pants, Rooker finally broke the kiss, moving her head to rest on his shoulder. "Check the door," she whispered into his ear. "Dugas has weapons scanners."
Trying his best to act casual, as Rooker continued grinding her body up against his and directing his hand further up her leg, Zaeed squinted. After a few seconds, he could just barely make out the telltale glow above the archway of the main entrance. "So he does, love," he whispered back. "Good eye. Although I don't see why that translates to you snogging me in the middle of..." As his hand drifted up higher, and he felt the cold metal against Rooker's leg, Zaeed got the picture.

"If Dugas finds out I'm carrying a weapon, my cover as your bimbo arm-candy is done for," Rooker hissed. "You're going to have to toss it."

Even as he pulled the pistol out of Rooker's thigh holster, the action hidden from the view of the guards by Rooker's body in front of him, Zaeed looked doubtful. "Easier said than done, love, considering that every eye in that house is on us right now," he muttered to her. "No goddamn way I'm going to be able to ditch this thing without somebody noticing."

"Leave that to me, Mr. Massani," Rooker responded, and a smirk crossed her face. "Now kiss me again. And grab one of my breasts while you're at it."

He took one more moment to be shocked at the boldness of her request, before a smile creased his weathered face. "You're the boss," he said, leaning forward to press his lips against hers. For a moment, he almost forgot and brought up the hand holding the pistol, before quickly reversing himself. Hiding the weapon between his and Rooker's bodies, he brought up his other hand to latch onto one of Rooker's sizable tits, rubbing and stroking the firm melon while trying to mentally remind his todger that this was all part of the mission.

"Perfect," Rooker said as they finally broke the kiss. "You can take your hand off now, Mr. Massani," she gently commanded him. As soon as his wrinkled fingers left her flesh, Rooker gave the fabric of the brightly-colored frock a light tug downward, just below where Zaeed's hand had been. And with how revealing the dress already was, a light tug was all that was needed.

"Oh, my, Zaeed! You naughty boy!" she exclaimed loudly, her voice returning to the bubbly, brainless tone she had affected as part of her cover. "Save that energy for later, won't you? Right now we have to go see your friend, right?"

And as she stepped back from Zaeed and turned around to face the guards, their jaws went slack with surprise. Glancing down, Rooker put on a look of overblown embarrassment, as she saw the dark circle of her nipple poking out from the top of her dress. "Ohmigawd!" she squealed, staring up at the guards and covering herself with one hand while waving angrily at the guards with the other. "What are you staring at, you perverts? Look away, would you?"

It got the desired effect, as the two shocked guards averted their eyes long enough for Rooker to adjust her dress, and for Zaeed to jam his hand into one of the nearby shrubberies and hide away Rooker's pistol. By the time Rooker was finished making herself decent, the weapon was safely out of sight.

"You're so bad," Rooker said with a pout in her voice, giving one last tug to the upper hem of her dress before lightly slapping Zaeed on the shoulder. "Making me look silly in front of those men. I swear I'm going to die of embarrassment!"

With a cheeky smile, Zaeed reached behind Rooker to firmly clap a hand on her ass. "I'll make it up to you later, love," he loudly proclaimed as he groped her backside.

"Oh, I'll look forward to it," Rooker merrily cooed in response, as the two of them started walking towards the mansion again. In a low tone, barely audible, she added, "If your right hand isn't off my ass in the next five seconds, Mr. Massani, then when this mission is over you'll be learning to
shoot with your left." She delivered the threat without the vapid smile ever leaving her face.

Zaeed's hand quickly returned to his side. "As you wish, love," he muttered, just as they reached the bottom of the stairs leading up to the main entrance. The two guards at the door walked down to stand at their sides, weapons still at the ready, as the door to the mansion opened. From out of the old-fashioned swinging doors stepped an obviously old, but still fearsome-looking, krogan male, in what passed for his species as an expensive suit. His expression was unreadable as he slowly made his way down the stairs.

The krogan didn't say a word as he reached the bottom of the steps, and walked up to stare at Zaeed. After a few seconds of awkward silence, a deep, rumbling voice finally emanated from the scarred and wrinkled krogan. "Zaeed Massani," Dugas said, his dark red eyes narrowed at the human in front of him. "How long has it been?"

"Too goddamn long, Dugas," Zaeed said. "Looks like you've moved up in the world since we last saw each other."

"You as well," Dugas responded, his tone still unreadable as he carefully studied Zaeed. "Heard your name a lot on the extranet after the war was over. Hard to believe that human they were calling a hero was the same Zaeed Massani who scrounged for every last credit with me twenty years ago."

"What a goddamn nightmare that was, eh?" Zaeed responded. "But we made it through, didn't we? Better than we ever could have imagined."

Dugas nodded. "That we did. So... you want to tell me why you're here, Zaeed? Twenty years of no contact, and suddenly out of the blue, here you are on my doorstep?"

Now they were coming to it. Zaeed gave a casual shrug. "Was in the neighborhood and heard you had set yourself up nice and proper here. Figured you wouldn't mind a visit from the old sod who bailed your quad out of the fire so many times."

Dugas didn't respond at first. For a second, Zaeed was sure that the old bastard was going to tell them to get back in their car and get off his property. But after a few moments, Zaeed could hear a low rumble coming from the old krogan. A rumble that soon turned into a raspy chuckle, and then a full-throated laugh.

"Of course I don't mind!" Dugas boisterously proclaimed. Turning to the batarian guard, he pointed a thick finger back up the stairs. "Kornesh! Go fetch my best bottle of ryncol! Mr. Massani and I have a lot of catching up to do, and I intend for the both of us to get good and drunk for it."

"Yes sir," the batarian said as he walked back up the stairs.

Turning back to Zaeed, Dugas bared his teeth in the krogan approximation of a smile. "Come on in, Zaeed," he said, before his eyes finally caught a glimpse of Rooker. "Ah, but where are my manners? I haven't introduced myself to your lovely companion." Reaching down, Dugas took hold of Rooker's fingers, and brought the back of her hand up to his lips. "Brenok Dugas, my lady. So delightful to meet you."

"Oh, my." Rooker giggled, playing her part flawlessly. "I'm Michelle. Michelle Reis. You have a very lovely house, Mr. Dugas."

Dugas chuckled. "Just Dugas, Ms. Reis. And yes, this estate did set me back a few credits. But as lovely as it is, now that you're here, it's at least five times as beautiful."
Vega glowered at the comms equipment, the entire conversation with Dugas – as well as Rooker's earlier "distraction" – having been picked up by Zaeed's comm unit. "Ugh, hearing that horny old krogan slobbering all over her," he groused. "The sooner all of this is over, the better."

"Oh, don't try to hide it, James," Tali chimed in from a nearby couch, pausing in the inspection of her shotgun to give Vega a cheeky smile from behind her air filtration mask. "You're just upset that Zaeed got to make out with Tara before you did."

Vega's face immediately turned beet-red. "No! That ain't it at all! It's just... Rooker's more than just a pretty face and a gorgeous body and... ugh. I just hate that she's only on this mission just to distract some creepy old lizard with a human fetish. There's more to her than that, you know?"

"You humans and your 'feelings,'" Javik helpfully contributed. "If you wish to mate with the female, simply request that she present herself to you naked in your quarters, and forget about all these pointless courting rituals."

"I... I gotta go check my armor," Vega quickly muttered, heading out of the room with as much speed as his hulking frame could manage.

And as the rest of the group shared a brief laugh, for the first time in a long time, Jacob found himself smiling without the need to force it. He was starting to feel that old camaraderie again. That sense that no matter how bad things looked minute-to-minute, they were going to make it out of all of this alright.

Of course, that good feeling only ended up lasting a few minutes more, before everything went to hell.
Brooks and the clone had come for them at the same time. For a moment, Shepard had worried that it would be a return to their days of captivity back on the Normandy. It was bad enough when she herself was tortured, but having to watch Liara being subjected to such cruelty was almost too much for her to bear.

But in the end, Brooks and the clone each led their chosen torture subject to separate rooms. Shepard shared one quick moment of eye contact with Liara before the two of them were separated, and Shepard was led into the familiar surroundings of the decadent lounge-looking room. The last time she had been in here, she had been forced to watch as Kelly was horribly violated. She tried to keep her courage up, even as she wondered what horrors would await her this time around.

"Step over there, please," Brooks said coldly, directing Shepard to an X-shaped frame on one side of the room. "Arms and legs in position."

Slowly, numbly, Shepard obeyed the command. She was doing her best to play her role, make Brooks believe that the Cerberus operative was breaking Shepard down. But as horrible as the things that had been done to her were, they weren't nearly enough to destroy Shepard's spirit. Not even close.

Once Shepard was in position, Brooks quickly fastened the cuffs dangling from the frame onto Shepard's wrists and ankles. After a moment, Shepard was disgusted to realize that Brooks was happily humming to herself as she locked Shepard into place.

"There we are," Brooks finally said, once Shepard's limbs were all restrained. "Now, then, Shepard. I told you the last time we were in this room that I was going to break you with pleasure... and with pain. Well, I'm afraid today is going to be a lesson in pain."

Turning away from Shepard, Brooks walked over to a nearby table, where she had set down the cloth-wrapped bundle that she had been carrying when first arriving in the cell-block. Pulling aside the fabric, Brooks revealed a large metal box, with several thin, coiled cables coming out of one side.

"Wondering what this is, Shepard?" Brooks asked, as she grabbed the ends of the black cables and pulled them over to the restrained Shepard. "A little something I picked up a while back. Something a little bit different." As Brooks spoke, she held up the ends of the cables up, revealing black circular pads dangling from the thin wires. She gave Shepard a sinister smile, but then dropped the ends of the cables. "Ah, but I nearly forgot. Have to get you prepped and ready first."

Shepard watched helplessly as Brooks walked over to the box of cruel sex toys. She forced herself not to groan as Brooks pulled out two familiar devices: the thick magic wand vibrator, and the orgasm-denial device that Brooks had used on her during the last session.

"Here we are," Brooks said, as she activated the three-pronged device and put it in place on Shepard's head. Once that was done, Brooks reached to place the magic wand down between Shepard's legs. Shepard grunted as she felt the strong vibrations against her clit, the dread of knowing what was to come when she was worked up to the brink of climax, only to be denied, already filling her. Using a strap attached to the magic wand, Brooks quickly had the device
secured against Shepard's leg, the bulb of the sex toy held in place and pressed against Shepard's snatch.

Once this was done, Brooks took a few steps away, watching as Shepard grunted and tried her best not to show how goddamn horny the sex toy against her slit was making her. But try as she might, she couldn't deny the building desires inside of her, and before long she was locked in the plateau phase of her orgasm yet again, the device on her head preventing her from reaching the final release.

"Starting to feel a little horny?" Brooks asked mockingly. "Good. You should be. Get yourself all nice and hot, Shepard. All nice and... sweaty. It will make the device work so much better, after all, when you're good and wet."

When Shepard realized what Brooks was saying, and what the metal box was really for, she tried to hide the panic on her face. As she gasped and writhed in her bonds, Brooks picked the ends of the cables back up, and began fastening them to Shepard's bare, sweat-slick skin. Two black suction cups fastened to her upper chest. Two on the sides of her tits. And two more just above her groin.

Once the wires were in place, Brooks walked back to the device they were extending from. "We're going to play a game, Shepard. And we'll find out what kind of woman you really are. I'm going to run a high-voltage electric current through your body. If it's just for a short time, it won't kill you." Turning a dial on the box, Brooks let out a low laugh. "Want to get a feel for it? Okay. Let's get started."

Brooks hit the button, and as much as she thought she was prepared for the pain, it was like nothing Shepard had ever felt before. All of her muscles seemed to contract and expand at once, and she could feel her body jolting and writhing out of her control. She could hear herself screaming and was unable to make herself stop as the buzzing, burning pain spread through her entire body. Even as bad as the varren prod had been... this was worse. So much worse.

After several seconds, Brooks deactivated the device, and Shepard let out a gasp of relief. Even as she could feel the burning ache in her muscles, the vibrator between her legs just kept buzzing, Kept her right on the brink of cumming even through all the pain.

"How did you like that?" Brooks asked sneeringly. "So, here's how this game is going to be played. Because for once, Shepard, I'm going to show mercy on you. I've set aside the next two hours specifically to play with you. And for that whole two hours, I'm going to be shocking you with this device. Not the whole time, of course. That would most likely kill even a peak specimen of humanity like yourself. Just a few seconds of pain, off and on, until you just can't take anymore. And that's the catch, Shepard: at any time, just tell me to stop, and I will. When the pain becomes too great to bear, just give up, and your suffering will end." Brooks gave a low chuckle. "But if you do... then I'm going to take one of your comrades back in the cellblock, and I'm going to torture them instead. And they won't have the option of crying mercy."

Shepard stared down at the floor, hiding both the pain on her face and the sneer. Dammit, using my friends against me again, she thought bitterly to herself. Doesn't this psychopath have any other tricks up her sleeve?

"Oh, and there's one more thing, Shepard," Brooks said, moving her hand away from the large electro-torture box, and onto a smaller, more familiar one. "A little reward, you might say. If you make it the whole two hours without asking me to stop..." she held up the box, her finger poised over the red button, "...then I'll turn off the device on your head, and let you cum."
Shepard finally couldn't hold her tongue anymore. "Like you let me cum the last time?" she asked, staring up at Brooks with narrowed eyes. "Forgive me if I don't trust in your generosity."

"A fair point, Shepard," Brooks said. "I reneged on our deal the last time. But this time, I swear on the honor of Cerberus that I'm telling you the truth. That if you make it the whole two hours without giving in, you'll get to cum to your heart's content." Brooks shrugged. "But if you don't want to believe that promise, that's fine. Because I know that you do believe the other part. That if you give up, tell me to stop... I will take one of your friends, and I will make them suffer."

That, Shepard was pretty sure wasn't a lie. "Fine," she said. "Do what you want."

"I always do," Brooks said, putting down the control switch for the orgasm-denial device, and moving her attention back to the electro-torture box. "Okay. Let's see if you can last the whole two hours. Starting... now!"

Brooks hit the button, and Shepard screamed again.
"Hey! How much longer we got left?"

Devin fought the urge to shatter Walter's nose with the butt of his assault rifle. "Another thirty minutes, I told you. Next shift doesn't start until 0600."

"Ah, who the fuck decided to make minutes last so long?" Walter groused, gripping his own rifle tightly and stared back at the sealed door behind their backs. "Like to find that asshole and wring his stupid, slow-time-making neck!"

"Well, think of it this way: if minutes were shorter, we'd have to spend more of them standing and watching this door," Devin reasoned with his frustrated partner. "We'd be here another 100 minutes, maybe even 200. And that'd be 200 minutes too many of me having to listen to you bitching."

Walter shot him a simmering glare. "You know what I did before I signed on to this Cerberus racket? You know?"

Devin stared up at the ceiling. "Yes, I know. You've only told me twenty times before this. You were a smuggler."

"Not just any goddamn smuggler!" Walter snapped. "I was the best goddamn smuggler in the entire Omega Nebula. Not a single bastard out there could even catch a whiff of my ship before I was long gone. And I didn't work with a team, no damn way," Walter continued, not noticing Devin mouthing the words along with him, having heard them countless times already. "I did all by myself. Just me, my ship, and a cargo hold full of whatever needed to get from one place to another. I was absolutely un-goddamn-touchable."

"And yet... here you are," Devin countered.

A snarl on his face, Walter took one hand off of his weapon to hold an accusatory finger in the air. "It was that asari bitch Nesilia. She had to have been the one who ratted out my ship's signature to Brooks and her army of ninja psychos. And just because I didn't call her after that night on Omega. I swear, they better have given that asari cunt enough credits to have hidden far away from me. Because if I ever get off this damn station and find her... urgh."

Leaning against the wall beside the door, Walter stared up at the ceiling with blazing eyes. "Fuck it, but that's what I get for trusting anyone besides my own damn self. Brooks disables my ship and tells me my independent smuggling days are over. That I either work with her or I go down with the ship. Well, I ain't a fucking moron, so I say okay. Figure I'll just be doing smuggling for her now. But it ain't a just galaxy, is it? In a just galaxy I wouldn't be standing here next to your stupid ass, guarding a goddamn door into a goddamn ship that nobody on this goddamn station can even fly except one goddamn person."

"It's a good point, and one that I certainly don't dispute," Devin responded. "We certainly both seem to have ended up rather low on the pecking order of this new Cerberus."

"All because I wouldn't kiss the ass of that pansy Bowers," Walter sneerily griped. "Him and that
stupid haircut of his. Guess if I was willing to bow and scrape for him, he'd let me get a piece of
that fine pussy Brooks brought in." He stared over at Devin with a determined glare. "But I ain't
nobody's whipping boy, you hear me? I may have been shanghaied into being a part of this group,
but it doesn't mean I've lost my balls." Shifting his gaze away, Walter let out a frustrated grunt and
added. "Some days... kinda wish I had, though. Because goddamn, I'm horny as fuck and there ain't
no fucking tail to be had on this goddamn station."

Devin rolled his eyes. "You're just not looking hard enough. There's plenty of women on this
station, not just the ones being paraded around the hallways naked."

"Yeah, real catches," Walter grumbled. "On the public side you've got a bunch of eggheads who
turn their noses up the second you get within a hundred feet of them. And on our side, it's a choice
between a bunch of ex-pirates and mercenaries with more bugs in their cooches than a goddamn
rachni nest, and those psycho Phantoms who are just as likely to slice off your cock as ride on top
of it. Thanks, but no thanks. I'd rather devote myself to a life of celibacy like you have than try my
luck with any of those scary bitches."

"I'm not..." Devin started to say, then changed his mind. "Never mind. How about we just keep
quiet and focus on our duties? Maybe that will make the time go faster."

"Our duties, yeah," Walter sarcastically repeated. "Guarding a door that nobody on this entire
station could ever possibly want to get through. A fine use of our abilities. Maybe after this, we'll
be assigned to guard duties on the goddamn lavatories, and make sure nobody steals the urinal
cakes from..."

For a blissful moment, Walter's voice was finally silenced. Both his and Devin's attention snapped
to the door leading to the public section of the station as it quietly slid open. Once they saw who
was approaching, a leering grin crossed Walter's face.

"Hey, guys, just need to check on a few things," Erin Crooks said, hand brushing the back of her
neck as she stood in front of the two guards. "Routine maintenance stuff, you know how it is."

Devin glanced over at Walter, but his partner was too busy leering at the cute brown-haired pilot to
notice. "We... uh... we didn't hear anything about this," Devin said to Erin. "Did Shepard or Brooks
give you authorization?"

"Oh, come on," Erin said, exhaling sharply in annoyance. "Look, Cerberus entrusted the Normandy
to me, okay? If something goes wrong with it, it's on my ass."

"And what a nice little ass it is," Walter muttered under his breath.

Devin shot a glare over to Walter. "Anyway... we were told not to let anyone onto the Normandy.
Even you. And besides... where's your maintenance team? Don't think there's much you'd be able
to do on that ship by yourself."

"Oh, I've got a team," Erin responded. Reaching up to the side of her head, she spoke into a comms
unit. "Inania, come on in."

The door that Erin had entered through opened again, letting in the familiar sight of one of the
station's AIU units. Followed just behind by two more, their movements creepily synchronized as
they turned to walk over and stand at attention behind Erin.
"Ready to assist, Miss Crooks," the AIU in the front said, in that cheerily synthesized voice that never failed to creep Devin out.

"Three AIUs?" Devin asked Erin.

Erin shrugged. "Like you said: can't do maintenance on the Normandy by myself, can I?"

"Tech folks aren't going to be happy that you're requisitioning three of those things at once, you know," Devin said. "And even so... we still haven't gotten word that you're authorized. Until we have that, you're not setting foot through that door."

Looking frustrated, Erin crossed her arms and leaned back on her heels. "Come on, guys. I really need to get onto that ship, and I don't have time to waste going through the official channels. Cut me a break, okay?"

"I tell you what, sweetheart," Walter chimed in, walking over from his side of the door and gawking up and down Erin's body. "You do one thing for me, and I'll let you through that door."

Slinging his assault rifle over his shoulder, he reached down to unfasten his Cerberus uniform pants, and retrieve his manhood from his pants. "You get down on your knees and wrap your lips around this baby," he said, wiggling his erect five-inch monster for emphasis, "and I'll let you go wherever you want."

"Ugh, really?" Erin said, taking a step away from Walter and his naked wang. "God, you think that..."

"Pardon me, Miss Crooks," said Inania, stepping around the female pilot and standing between her and Walter. "But I have been programmed to assist you in all matters. And if gaining access to the Normandy requires an act of oral sex, than I would be happy to facilitate."

Walter watched with wide eyes as the shapely female robot lowered herself down to her knees in front of him. "Whoa, wait a second, now," he said. "I ain't into that robosexual shit. I was hoping for..."

The Cerberus guard's next words were cut off with a shuddering gasp, as Inania leaned forward and took Walter's prick into her mouth. As Devin watched, Walter's eyes went as wide as saucers, his mouth gaping open as his cock vanished between the robot woman's lips. A buzzing, whirring sound soon emanated from Walter's groin level, and Walter's jaw soon bobbed up and down like a fish gasping for air above water.

"Walter?" Devin tentatively asked. "Hey, you okay?"

"It's... holy shit, man, it's... hooooooooo..." Walter's words soon degenerated to babbling and moaning. Devin supposed that his partner was enjoying whatever Inania was doing with her mouth down there, but something about the muffled noises he was hearing from the robot's head put him ill at ease with the whole situation.

"Oh, fuck, here it comes," Walter gasped after several minutes with his cock in Inania's mouth. "Shit, it's... it's... uhhhhhh!"

Devin could have lived his whole life without seeing Walter's face at the moment of climax, and he suspected that the image would be a recurring feature of his nightmares in the coming months. The former smuggler's features crinkled up like a dirty candy wrapper, and looking down Devin could
see Inania's throat pulsing as she swallowed down Walter's cum. Swallowed it where? Devin couldn't help but think. Do these things even have stomachs?

"Okay, that's... that's enough," Walter gasped, reaching down to pat Inania on the top of her metallic head. "You did... oh, fuck me... what the fuck are you... shit, I'm going again!" Gritting his teeth, Walter gave Devin another look at his "oh" face as his cock throbbed inside of Inania's mouth again. After almost a minute of grunting and hip-thrusting, Walter recovered himself enough to speak again. "Damn, never gone twice in one... one... hoooooolllyyy shiiiitttttt!"

Devin shot a nervous glance at Erin, as Walter came for a third time in Inania's sucking and apparently very skilled mouth. Much as Devin was, Erin simply watched the horrible carnal scene unfold with a nervous, slightly queasy expression. Neither of them were sure if they should intervene in this... affair, and from the way Walter was now attempting to push Inania away from his groin, only for her to remain solidly in place with her lips around his manhood, it wasn't entirely certain that either of them could do anything.

"No more..." Walter groaned, unable to extricate himself from Inania's mouth. "Not again. Please, not ag... shit, again!" he crinkled his brow and let out a strangled cry, as against all of what Devin knew about human anatomy, his cock sent a fourth load down Inania's robotic throat. Finally, mercifully, Inania released her mouth from Walter, and the shuddering Cerberus guard stumbled back, collapsing with his back against the wall.

Getting up from her knees and already turning away from the stunned Walter, Inания took a moment to run a finger along her lip, wiping up a drop of Walter's jizz that had escaped from her mouth. Turning to Devin, she smiled. "If you would like, I would be happy to service you as well."

"No!" Devin quickly exclaimed. Stepping to the side, he inputted the code to open up the gangway leading to the Normandy. "Just go do whatever it is you need to do in there. And make it quick, okay?"

"Your assistance is much appreciated," Inania said, before turning her attention to Erin. "Follow me, Miss Crooks. I will need your assistance in performing these repairs."

"Right behind you," Erin said, glancing quickly at Devin with an apologetic look before following the AIU down the long hallway to the Normandy's main hatch. Following behind her were the two other AIU units. For a brief moment, Devin caught the eye of one of them, and despite knowing that it wasn't possible, he thought he saw something there. A hint of... amusement? No... no, it couldn't be.

Once they were all gone, and the door to the Normandy gangway closed behind them, Devin rushed over to Walter. He glanced for a second at his cock, the red, swollen thing looking like an sad little shrimp, before crouching down beside his partner.

"Hey! Hey, Walter, you okay?" Devin asked. He could hear Walter muttering something, and leaned in close.

"...behind... behind the third..." Walter mumbled, his eyes staring blankly up at the ceiling.

"What? What are you saying, Walter?" Devin asked, leaning in closer.

"...behind the third hole is my milking machine..." Walter babbled. "...and it doesn't let go until it gets fifty gallons..."
Part 4: Dejection; Deception; Defection (Elysium, Dugas's Mansion)

Stepping through the door of Dugas's mansion was like stepping back into another era. Zaeed and Rooker's eyes took in the view with awed expressions, as they caught glimpses of hand-carved wooden furniture, crystal chandeliers, elaborately-woven carpeting, and expensive paintings and sculptures. Even someone like Zaeed, who never had much of an eye for luxury, could tell that his old business partner was rolling in credits.

Walking beside them, Dugas saw the looks in their eyes and chortled. "Quite a sight, isn't it? A far cry from the dingy, pyjak-infested hovels we used to call home."

"Goddamn right," Zaeed remarked. "Quite an eye for decorating you have, Dugas," his eye caught one of the paintings and he cocked an eyebrow. "Wait a second. That's... that's a human painting, isn't it?"

"A good eye," Dugas said, walking up to the painting of a woman dressed in gold. "Portrait of Adele Bloch-Bauer I, by Gustav Klimt. Over 250 years old, and one of the most expensive human paintings ever created." He turned to Zaeed and bared his teeth in a frightful krogan smile. "What I had to go through to hang this painting in my home would take hours for me to tell, so let's just say that it was paid for with more than just credits."

Zaeed gave Dugas a quizzical look. "Surprised to see you with a piece of human art in your home. What with the way you used to talk about humans back when we were scrapping together. Guess you decided we weren't so bad after all, then?"

"Oh, no, that hasn't changed at all," Dugas responded. "Actually, Zaeed, you're the first human to have set foot in my home that wasn't either a lovely young thing like your companion over there," he ran one of his thick fingers up Rooker's arm, as she fought the urge to flinch and forced a brainless giggle instead, "or who didn't... well, leave in a much sorrier state than how they entered. I still don't trust your kind, even if the rest of the galaxy is ready to drop to their knees and worship you like fucking gods."

He gestured back to the painting. "This is one of 55 pieces of human art I have in my home. And I have them here just for the satisfaction of knowing that no human will ever get the chance to see them in person, ever again." Glancing back at Zaeed, he shrugged slightly and added, "Well, except for you of course. So enjoy it while you can."

"So, you're telling me you buy human art... out of spite?" Zaeed asked.

Dugas laughed, a hint of cruelty in the sound. "Can you think of a better reason to own such ugly pieces of garbage? When I walk by this painting, I don't think about the aesthetics of it. I think about all the humans who fought so hard and spent so much to possess it, only for it to end up in the hands of a former krogan mercenary who personally slaughtered hundreds of their kind in their life. And who will make damn sure that none of their kind will ever lay a finger on it again."

"Well, for now," Zaeed said. "But after your death, they..."

"My death won't be coming for many, many centuries, Zaeed," Dugas said, giving the human mercenary an odd look. "A bit morbid of you, old friend. We've only been reunited for a few minutes now, and already you're considering my death. Something I should know about?"
Zaeed shook his head. "No, not at all. Just saying that I don't see any little krogan blighters running around your mansion anywhere. So no kids, and you never talked about any relatives that you cared about enough to put in your will. Once you're gone, these paintings will..."

"Will be destroyed," Dugas finished. "Those are strict instructions I have left with my staff should I meet with an unexpected death. And just in case any of them get any funny ideas about walking off with my art," Dugas raised his voice, while glancing behind him at the two guards trailing behind him and his human guests, "let's just say that contingencies are in place."

"You never were one to leave things to chance, Dugas," Zaeed said, stealing one last glance at the rare painting before following the krogan further down the hall.

Another wry chuckle from Dugas. "No... no, I never was. And unlike a lot of things since the last time we spoke, Zaeed, that has not changed."

Walking over to a set of ivory-colored double doors, Dugas gestured to the two guards behind them, who quickly grabbed onto the bronze doorknobs and swung the doors outward to allow their employer and his guest to step inside. The room they walked into was just as gorgeous and well-furnished as the hallway they had walked through, with more art and draperies handing from the walls, a roaring – albeit fake – fireplace on one wall, and plush velvet lounge chairs and couches.

"Right this way," Dugas instructed them, directing Zaeed and Rooker to one of the couches. As the two humans sat down, each of them quickly scanned the room. Despite their radically-different backgrounds, both of them were soldiers to the core. So each of them were quick to spot the other guards that were already in the room as they entered: four, two turians, a batarian, and a krogan, each well-armed and with all their attention focused on the visitors. Zaeed and Rooker exchanged a glance, each of them thinking the same thing: if things go bad, we're dead.

But still, they had a mission to accomplish. As Dugas sat down in a large chair across from them, he motioned to one of the guards who had entered from the hallway, the turian rushing over to a small bar nearby and grabbing a bottle of expensive-looking liquor. "Apologies for not having any ryncol on hand," Dugas said, as his employee opened the bottle and began pouring out glasses. "Afraid the taste of it brings back too many bad memories. Perhaps a little brandy instead?"

"Sounds bloody wonderful," Zaeed said, trying his best to keep up his casual demeanor even after realizing he was surrounded by men with guns. As he took the glass full of liquor from the turian, a wry smile came to his face. "And yeah, suppose the last time we drank ryncol wasn't exactly one of our high points. Was more to dull the pain of all the injuries than to get rat arsed."

"Yes, I believe that was the last job we worked together," Dugas said, tossing back the glass in his hand and swallowing it in one gulp, before holding it out for his bodyguard to refill. "After that, figured it was probably a better idea for the two of us to strike out on our own." He shrugged his massive shoulders. "Nothing personal, you understand. Just good business, is all."

Zaeed nodded, sipping on his drink and wincing at the strength. "Nah, it made sense. Too much heat on both of us at the time, anyway. Best that we go our separate ways and all that. Never held it against you, mate. And besides, looks like both of us turned out alright in the end."

"That we did," Dugas said. "Me in a mansion worth more credits than a fleet of Alliance dreadnoughts, and you kicking back at some tropical resort, tanning that human skin of yours and enjoying the company of this lovely young human." Dugas turned his attention to Rooker, not
trying to hide the leer in his eyes as he gave her body a thorough up-and-down glare. "Where did the two of you meet, anyway?"

"Oh, it was on Illium, actually," Rooker quickly answered. "I spotted Zaeed at the bar and I just couldn't believe it was him! The man who had risked his life to help defend Earth during the war, right there in front of me! We spent all night talking, him telling me stories about all the exciting things he had done. And after that..." with a sigh, she leaned against Zaeed and wrapped her arms around his. "... well, what can I say? It just felt like it was meant to be."

"Quite a story," Dugas said, swallowing down his second drink and holding out his glass for a third. "Which makes me even more surprised that you would be paying me a visit here. From what I've heard, the asari have rebuilt Illium quite nicely since the war. Can't conceive of why you'd ever set foot off there and end up... how was it you put it, Zaeed?" Dugas arched his brow. "In my 'neighborhood'?"

"Well, we were... uh..." Zaeed started to say.

"It's my fault, really," Rooker quickly jumped in. "I was on Illium for work. Fitness modelling, maybe you've seen my picture in some magazines? Well, anyway, I had a client that wanted some beach shots there, so I only had a few days there before I had to head off to my next gig. There's a big shoot going on at Illryia tomorrow, and when I told Zaeed that I'd have to be leaving, he insisted on personally flying me down here himself." Leaning toward Zaeed, Rooker gave him a quick peck on the cheek. "Isn't he just wonderful? Was he this much of a sweetie pie back when you two were friends?"

"No, can't say that he was," Dugas said with a chuckle. "I suppose the years have worn down the rough edges a bit. So, a photo shoot in Illryia? Who was it you were working for, again? I have quite a few clients in the capital. Perhaps I'm familiar with the man."

"Oh, I doubt you would," Rooker casually remarked. "Sounds like you don't like working with humans, and the people who hired me are from Rosenkov Materials. Supposed to be modeling their new line of Viper sniper rifles for some promotional images they..." Rooker let out a gasp, a sheepish expression on her face. "Oh, crud, that's supposed to be a secret. Please don't tell anyone, Mr. Dugas. If they find out I've been talking about their new line before the trade show, I'll never get a job with them again!"

Zaeed glanced over at Rooker, trying to hide the surprise on his face. He hadn't thought to work out these details with Rooker beforehand, and yet Rooker was weaving a story together without a hint of hesitation. He had only Jacob's word that the woman was a good soldier, but from what Zaeed had seen so far, she was an even better liar.

"Not to worry, my dear. Your secret is safe with me," Dugas responded. "So, this is what you're up to now, Zaeed? Chauffeuring models around? Quite a change of pace, considering some of your past clients."

"Goddamn right. And I damn sure won't be going back to those types of clients any time soon," Zaeed said, throwing his arm around Rooker's shoulders. "They weren't nearly as pleasant to look at, after all."

Swallowing down his third full glass of brandy, Dugas set the empty glass down on a mahogany side table. When he spoke again, the friendliness in his voice had drained away. "Alright, Zaeed. Think it's time we put an end to this. How about we talk about what you're really doing here."
Zaeed gave Dugas a confused look. "What I'm really... but the bird just said it, mate. Brought her along to meet her client and..."

"Quiet!" Dugas suddenly bellowed, the unexpected force of his voice causing Zaeed to immediately clam up. "Enough of your lies, Zaeed. I know what's going on here. You must be an idiot to think I wouldn't know why you're here. And who you're really working for."

Zaeed and Rooker watched as the guards around the edges of the room shouldered their weapons, all of them aiming their sights directly at Zaeed.

"Zaeed, what's... what's going on?" Rooker said, still managing to keep her cover despite the suddenly tense situation. "Your friend is scaring me, Zaeed. Tell him to stop."

"Not to worry, my dear," Dugas said, and despite the friendliness of his words there was still an undercurrent of anger. "This will all be over soon. Once your wrinkled boyfriend here tells me the truth."

"Dugas, mate, I don't know what else to say," Zaeed said, trying his best to sound calm despite the lousy turn this mission had taken. "It's just a friendly visit, that's..."

"What is it we were just talking about, mate?" Dugas asked, the last word stated harshly. "Past clients, I think it was. You and I both took a lot of jobs after we parted ways. With a lot of different clients, both legal and... less-than-legal. But there's one in particular that I'd like to discuss. One of your more recent associates. You do know who I'm talking about, don't you? A particularly human organization."

Zaeed shot a quick glance at Rooker. *Does this bastard know I'm here with the Alliance?* he thought to himself.

"Such an amazing coincidence, isn't it? That you would come knocking at my door just as they made their grand rise from the dead," Dugas snarled. "I know what this is. I know *exactly* what this is. Those bastards would love to take someone like me out. An alien like me who rose up from nothing to become one of the richest krogan in the galaxy. But they know they can't get to me. No, not unless they use the one human I ever trusted. A human who had worked with them in the past, and is now working for them again. Isn't that right, *old friend*?"

Zaeed finally followed Dugas's train of logic. "Cerberus," he muttered. "You think I'm still working for Cerberus."

"Don't deny it. It makes too much damn sense," Dugas snapped. "This new Cerberus hired you to take me out. To come in here and stab me in the back. Just admit it, Zaeed. Admit it now and maybe I'll make your death quick."

Dugas gestured to his men, who began advancing towards the couch where Zaeed and Rooker sat, all of them with their sights directly on Zaeed's head.
When Liara saw the room she was being led into, there was a moment of panic. Her wide blue eyes darted around the laboratory, fearful for what horrible experiment was about to be performed on her.

But there was no sign of Henneman, or any other people in the room other than herself and Shepard's evil doppelganger. And Liara doubted that the clone was bringing her into the room to perform tests or do anything more than satisfy her perverted desires.

"Sorry about having to do this in here," the clone said, shutting the door and flashing a sultry smile at her prisoner. "My associate needed the other room to torment your cellmate. And we really don't want to have the mood ruined by listening to that pathetic copy scream and simper, do we?"

"No... I suppose not," Liara said, trying to keep the anguish off of her expression. It was horrific to think about, but part of her wanted to resign herself to the fact that this was her life from here on out. Watching her friends... the woman she loved being tortured and raped, while a lab-grown creation wearing the face of Shepard treated her like some kind of plaything. It might even make the whole thing easier, to accept that none of them were going to make it out of this alive, and that all she had to look forward to was one indignity after another until their captors had achieved their plans and disposed of their captives.

But still, foolish as it might have been, she held on to a scrap of hope. Shepard would find a way to save them all. And if not, than the Alliance or the Council would come for them eventually. Cerberus had been defeated before, even in the midst of their enemies being forced to divide attention between the human-centric terrorists and the massive death machines out to exterminate all organic life. Now, Cerberus was the lone threat in the galaxy. Liara had to believe that, despite the sorry state of the galaxy's military after being nearly broken by the Reapers, they would be able to muster enough strength to defeat Cerberus. And give the galaxy the peace it so desperately needed.

"I've got a surprise for you, Liara," the clone said, that smile on her face making Liara want to heave. She hadn't forgotten their last session: how the clone had toyed with and teased her, and despite herself Liara had found herself begging for the evil bitch to make her cum. She still couldn't believe how easily she had lost control of herself, just because this woman looked so much like Shepard. Even now, despite the hatred she felt for what the clone and her comrades had done to her and her fellow prisoners, the unmistakable look in the clone's eyes as she drank in Liara's naked body sent a pleasurable buzz through Liara.

"Something in that bag, I would wager to guess," Liara said, pointing to the gym bag the clone had been carrying when she and Brooks had arrived at the cell. What twisted sex toys does she have in there, I wonder? the thought entered Liara's mind, along with a large measure of dread. How is she planning to debase and humiliate me today?

"You guess correctly, babe," Shepard said. Walking over to one of Henneman's lab tables, she tossed the bag onto the gleaming metal surface. With a quick motion, the clone yanked open the zipper and, so fast that Liara wasn't able to catch it, pulled something out of the bag and put it behind her back. "Well, that's for me. But the rest is all for you."
Walking hesitantly over to the opened cloth bag, trying her best to hide the apprehension she was feeling, Liara glanced into the bag. And just as it had been when the clone had reached into the box full of sex toys and pulled out nothing more than a blindfold, Liara was surprised to find all of her worst nightmares completely overblown. "These... these are..."

"Some of your clothes, yes," the clone said, with one hand on her hip and the other still hiding behind her back. "Grabbed some of them out of Morgan's office just after we docked. Guess we're lucky she didn't use them to wipe off her cock after pounding that Spectre traitor's ass, huh?"

Ash, Liara thought to herself, wondering to herself what state her comrade was in. She had caught brief glimpses of Ash passing by her cell on the way to the testing rooms, each time looking dazed and sedate. Liara hoped that being the plaything of that hulking Cerberus Phantom hadn't completely broken her former comrade-in-arms. They had fought side-by-side for so long; Shepard was the only other one on this station who Liara had known for as long. The thought of the strong-willed, confident marine being reduced to some brain-dead, limp fucktoy for these bastards made her fight not to shudder in rage.

Putting the thought out of her mind, she focused back on the bag in front of her. "You... you want me to put this on?"

"Figured you'd want a change of pace from walking around naked all the time," the clone said with a casual shrug. "Of course, if you don't want them..."

"No, I do!" Liara quickly said. While she would feel slightly guilty about being clothed while all of her companions were still being forced to remain in the nude, the thought of finally regaining some semblance of her dignity was too much for her to pass up.

With the hand not hiding the mysterious object behind her back, the clone gestured towards a privacy screen at the back of the lab. "Go get changed back there. Then I'll let you know what's next."

The clone tried to make the words sound enticing, but hearing "what's next" just made Liara more suspicious of the clone's intentions. Regardless, she grabbed up the bag and walked across the room. A bit absurd to get more dressed behind a screen like this, she thought, but in truth she was actually glad that the clone wasn't able to leer at her as she donned her clothing. The feeling of the fabric against her skin felt strange and alien, after days... weeks?... how long had she been here... of wearing nothing but the biotic inhibitor around her neck.

"Man, if Henneman knew I had brought you back here," the clone's voice said from behind the screen, "I'd never hear the end of it. You may think all of Cerberus hates aliens, but him... he reaaaaally hates them. Especially you asari for some reason."

Liara didn't doubt that. She still remembered the examination the human doctor had given her soon after they had been captured. He seemed reluctant to even touch her, doing so only when necessary and with a look of pure disgust on his face the whole while. "Why do you suppose that is?" Liara asked, as she fastened her bra and adjusted her breasts inside of the silky fabric.

"Got me. Maybe it was because he had to follow the orders of one for so long," the clone responded. "Did I ever tell you? Henneman was with Cerberus back in the old days. They had him undercover as part of Delaana's little merc team, back when they were hired on by the Shadow Broker. The Illusive Man's way of keeping tabs on the competition, I suppose."
"That must not have been easy for him, I imagine," Liara said, blandly making conversation as she pulled on the drab green pants the clone had retrieved for her. "Hating aliens so much and being forced to work alongside them."

"You got that fucking right," the clone responded with a wry chuckle. "Probably why the bastard was so eager to break ranks and join up with Maya to have their own try at fighting for humans. Of course, it wasn't all bad. The research that Henneman was doing for the Broker led to him coming up with some wonderful new drugs. Some shit that's going to make it all the more easier for the new Cerberus to succeed where the old one failed."

Liara shuddered in the middle of fastening up her shirt. Drugs... like the ones they used on Delaana. Henneman getting his revenge on her by turning her into a mindless sex-starved slut, she thought, as images of what Cerberus might do with such power in their hands flooded her mind.

"You nearly done in there?" she heard the clone ask, and quickly grabbed the simple lab coat the clone had provided her.

"Yes, all finished," Liara blurted out, as she fastened the last button and walked out from behind the screen. As she had been dressing, the clone had pulled up a chair, and Liara saw with a hint of dread that whatever she had grabbed out of the bag was no longer in her hands, as both were currently empty in her lap.

The clone arched an eyebrow as she saw Liara, fully dressed for the first time in what seemed like forever. "Very nice. Quite a change of pace from the outfits your people normally wear."

"I suppose so. I'm afraid most of my... racier outfits are back on the Citadel," Liara said, forcing a demure smile to her face. "In Shep... your apartment."

The clone gave a shrug. "Well, I suppose it will have to do. See... well, I suppose I should tell you."

"Tell me what, Shepard?" Liara asked.

"I didn't bring these clothes here for you to keep," the clone explained. "I brought them so that you could take them off... for me." She smirked and added, "After all, I got to pay a visit to Omega a while ago... but never got a chance to take in the sights at Afterlife. So how about you put on a show for me? Show me the moves your people are famous for."

Liara wanted to walk over and punch her right in the face. This is what she thinks of the asari, she internally fumed. All of our scientific advancements, works of art and culture that have lived down through centuries. Millennia of contributions to the galaxy... and all she can think of us as is a race of strippers.

"If that will make you happy, Shepard," Liara said, making herself smile as she started to remove the jacket she had put on less than a minute before.

"No, not like that," the clone stopped her. "Do it slowly. Wait, I know!" she stood up from her chair and walked over to a computer panel next to the wall. "Computer, access playlist 'Shepard's Songs to Kick Ass and Fuck Asses To,' track number 3."

On command, music began to play inside of the room. The clone turned around from the panel with a grin. "There, that's just what... huh? What's wrong? Don't like this music?"
"No, it's fine," Liara said, even as she felt her mind reeling. She knew the song that was playing. Knew it well as a matter of fact. She couldn't think of the band or title off the top of her head, but she knew the slow, bluesy number was by a band from 20th century Earth. And it was one of Shepard's... the real Shepard's favorite songs. She and Shepard had actually made love to it on more than one occasion, and the fact that it was the clone's choice for sultry stripping music both filled Liara's mind with revulsion, and piqued her scientific curiosity at the implications regarding the nature vs. nurture debate.

But the clone was staring at her expectantly, and so Liara put all of this out of her mind and began removing her jacket again. This time slowly, sliding her arms out of the sleeves as she moved her body in time to the music. As she tossed the garment to the floor in a crumpled heap, she gave the clone a flirty look. The clone responded with a nod of approval, and Liara turned her back as she continued her dance. Both to show the clone the roll of her hips as she shook her ass in time to the slow, seductive beat, and to hide the look of anger on her face.

Just like before... I'm just a toy to her, Liara thought. Like a child's doll to dress up and strip down whenever she feels like it.

Liara knew it was wrong, but as she forced herself to perform for the Cerberus clone, she almost wished that the lab-grown woman would treat her like all of their other captors. Brutally use Liara for her pleasure and then toss her aside like a discarded rag. At least then she wouldn't have to hide her contempt for the sadistic bitch. At least she wouldn't have to smile in her face as the woman treated her like her plaything.

But she kept up the act, reaching down the waistband of her pants to slowly slide them down her thighs, and giving the clone a nice long look at the cheeks of her ass peeping out of the side of her black lace panties. She heard a raspy breath from behind her and felt some rueful satisfaction. At least I'm putting on a good show for her, she thought, as she turned around to face the clone.

Snaking her tongue out to lick her lips, Liara began rubbing her breasts through the fabric of her shirt. Despite her mental rejection of this whole situation, her body was acting on its own accord again; she could feel the light nubs of her stiffened nipples through the fabric of her shirt and sheer bra. With a bold flourish, Liara reached down and whipped off her shirt, leaving her clad in only her black lace underwear. How sad is it that after all this time, my current state of dress is still much more than I've become used to? she thought to herself, as she turned to the side and undulated her body, casting faked lustful glances at the clone.

"Mmm, you are an asari, after all," the clone remarked, her hands still in her lap as she watched. "Play with yourself, Liara. Get yourself nice and wet for me."

Complying with her orders, Liara slowly slid a hand across the blue scaly skin of her stomach and down underneath the waistband of her panties. It sickened her to realize that she had gotten slightly wet throughout the course of this forced performance, but nonetheless she began stroking at her clit, spreading her legs slightly so that the clone could get a good look at her fingers moving rapidly underneath the fabric.

The clone bit her lip, obviously enjoying the show. As Liara continued fingering herself, she expectantly waited for the clone to begin masturbating as well. But the clone's hands remained solidly placed in her lap, not even slightly budging as Liara continued dancing and rubbing at her clit.
"Mmm, tell me you want it, Liara," the clone said. "Tell me how much you want it."

"I want it, Shepard," Liara obediently responded. "I want you to make love to me, Shepard. I want you to touch me. To feel your skin against mine. I want..."

The clone let out a dismissive sound. "Not like that. We're not a pair of teenage schoolgirls exchanging love letters here, babe. Tell me to fuck you, Liara. Beg me to fuck you."

"Oh, yes, Shepard," Liara let out an overblown moan. As her one hand, now slick with her own arousal, continued busily playing with her pussy, she reached up the other to unhook her bra and let it tumble to the floor. With that done, she grabbed one of her bared breasts to stroke the mound of flesh and tease at the erect nipple.

"I want you to fuck me, Shepard," Liara breathed, giving the clone the sultriest look she could manage. "I need it. I need you to stick your fingers in my cunt and make me cum all over your hand. Goddess, I want to put my head between her legs and lick your pretty pink pussy until you spray all over my face."

Gasping and moaning, Liara put to use all of the most vulgar talk she had heard, from years of perusing the Shadow Broker's archives and the blackmail material within. "I want you to make me your asari whore, Shepard. Please let me, Shepard. Please let me see how far I can stick my tongue up your ass. I want you to use me. Make me your slave. I'll do anything you ask of me, just... please fuck me!"

"Shit, Liara. You make a compelling argument," the clone said. "I think you've earned my final surprise for the day." Finally pulling one of her hands away from her lap, she pointed across the room. "Turn around and face that lab table over there."

Liara complied, stepping over to where the clone pointed and moving into position. From where she stood, she could see a reflection of herself in a standing mirror on the far wall. Quite a sight indeed: the once-proud representative of the asari race, Dr. Liara T'Soni, nearly naked and glistening with sweat from the dancing and self-pleasure. She fought the urge to sneer at her own reflection, and that of the clone over her shoulder.

"I got to experience a lot of new things the last time you and I were together, Liara," the clone said. "I want you to make me your asari whore, Shepard. Please let me, Shepard. Please let me see how far I can stick my tongue up your ass. I want you to use me. Make me your slave. I'll do anything you ask of me, just... please fuck me!"

"Enough talking," the clone interrupted her. "Bend over the table, Liara." As Liara complied, wincing as she felt the cold metal against her tits, she saw the clone step back into view in the mirror. And fought the urge to let out a miserable groan as she realized what was coming.

"Computer, skip to track 8," the clone commanded, the slow seductive music being replaced with a cacophonous, raucous metal beat. "Perfect," the clone said, wearing a wide grin.

And from the image Liara saw in the mirror, that's just about all that the clone was wearing, having shed her Cerberus uniform to stand naked behind the bent-over Liara. Well, almost naked, aside for what she had been hiding with her hands before: the Sultana that she had inserted into her pussy.
while Liara was getting dressed. The fake cock jutted out lewdly from the clone's hips, as Shepard's doppleganger eyed Liara's bent-over backside, and the dampened crotch of her panties.

"Fuck, I missed doing this," the clone proclaimed, before stepping quickly forward and grabbing onto Liara's panties. With one rough tug, the last of Liara's briefly-acquired outfit fell in shreds to the floor. Liara only had time for one sharp intake of breath, before the clone's cock was inside her pussy and she was getting pounded to the beat of the loud metal music filling the room.
Part 4: Dejection; Deception; Defection (Adamanthea Station, Restricted Section, Testing Area)

Shepard let out several ragged breaths, as the electro-shock device was deactivated and the sharp, unbearable pain went away again. It was the sixth time Brooks had activated the device since they had started, and it was still just as agonizing as the first.

"Still holding in there, Shepard? Ready to give in?" Brooks asked, despite knowing the answer already. Her finger played with the switch on the shock device, brushing against the tip of it and just slightly pushing it towards the on position. "How long do you think we've been doing this, huh? I know it's hard without an omni-tool to check the time, but what's your guess? Thirty minutes? An hour?" A sinister gleam came to Brooks's eyes as she said, "Would you believe me if I told you we've only been in here for ten minutes?"

Ten? No... it wasn't possible. It couldn't be. Between the random pulses of agonizing pain, and the frustratingly constant vibration against her pussy, Shepard could have been sure it was longer. Much longer. Brooks had to be lying. Taunting her in order to make her submit. But Shepard had no plans of giving Brooks the satisfaction.

Despite her attempt to hide it, the surprise on Shepard's face must have been evident. Seeing it, Brooks let out a caustic laugh. "Realizing what you're in for, Shepard? Maybe now you'll think more carefully about my offer. All you have to do is say the word, and I'll let you go back to your cell. Your warm, safe, comfortable cell, with no more pain. And all it will cost you is to force one of your friends to go through a little bit of pain instead."

Walking over to the helpless Shepard, Brooks fixed her with a unblinking stare. Almost casually, she reached up to roughly grope one of Shepard's tits as she spoke. "You ready to give up yet, Shepard? Ready to surrender?"

Shepard said nothing, staring back at Brooks with as much determination and steel as she could muster. Brooks responded to the glare by shifting her hand on Shepard's breast. Despite herself, Shepard couldn't keep herself from crying out as Brooks took one of her nipples between thumb and forefinger and yanked it as hard as she could.

"Keep resisting all you want, Shepard," Brooks said, still pulling and twisting on Shepard's throbbing nipple. "By the time these two hours are over, I will have won. And you'll be asking me... no, you'll be begging me to torture one of your friends instead. It'll be much easier on you if you give in now, so why not just surrender?"

At this point, I'm tempted to give in just so I don't have to hear your fucking voice anymore, Shepard thought. Out loud, however, she said nothing.

With a smirk, Brooks finally realized Shepard's sore nipple and stepped back to the table where the shock controller was resting. "You know something, Shepard? You may not believe this, but you remind me a lot of myself when I was younger." Hearing Shepard scoffing, Brooks turned back and sneered. "I know, right? So pathetic. Guess you could blame it on my background. Might not believe it to look at me, but I grew up a poor orphan on a mining facility in the Arcturus System. Forced to scrounge and steal for every last credit just to survive, never able to trust anyone. Until I found out about Cerberus. When I finally managed to escape that shit-heap and found myself in front of the Illusive Man, I thought I had finally found a home. Friends and comrades that I could..."
trust. Back then, if I had been in your position and somebody had tortured me to make me betray one of my Cerberus compatriots... well, actually I probably still would have given them up. I wasn't 
that pathetic, even back then. But I would have probably put up just as much of a fight as you for a 
while, I imagine. Oh, speaking of which...

Brooks hit the switch, and Shepard clamped her teeth to keep from screaming out as the shock hit 
her again. Two hours of this, Shepard thought to herself, every inch of her body vibrating with pure 
misery. Two hours and we've barely even started. Can you really last through all that?

As unsettling as it was, Shepard forced herself to focus on the buzzing in her crotch. Just make it 
through and you'll get to cum, she told herself. Just keep thinking about how good that's going to 
feel, and force your way past the pain.

With enough mental concentration, Shepard managed for several seconds at a time to let the 
unsatisfied carnal cravings she was feeling dull the pain of the electricity coursing through her. The 
pain would push past her defenses for a while, but Shepard focused all of her mental concentration 
on the vibrator buzzing between her legs, keeping her on the brink of cumming, and for a little 
while it made the volts pumping into her flesh just a little bit less agonizing.

Switching the device off, Brooks laughed bitterly. "I learned, though. I learned the truth about so-
called 'friendship' and 'loyalty.' Even Cerberus betrayed me in the end, and I realized what a fool I 
had been. Turns out there is no such thing as loyalty. Not to you, or to me, or to anyone. In the end, 
everyone will betray your trust, and the only person you can truly rely on is yourself."

Brooks walked back over to Shepard, her captive gasping for breath after the paroxysm of pain that 
had sent screaming into her body. "Just ask yourself, Shepard: do you think if I had one of your 
friends in here and offered them the same deal, would they be forcing their way through the pain 
like you are? Or would they sell you out the second they got a taste of this device?"

"They... they would tell you... to go to hell," Shepard managed to say.

"You sure?" Brooks asked innocently. "I think you overestimate them, Shepard. Pretty little 
Miranda Lawson, she probably would be too worried about getting scars on that perfect skin of 
hers to be willing to suffer for very long. And her sister? That scrawny little redhead we caught 
along with Jack? Those delicate little flowers would be begging for us to put someone else in the 
straps after the first jolt. And with all the abuse Jack has taken from Cerberus, I'm sure she 
wouldn't hesitate to pass that pain on to someone else for once. No, Shepard. I can guarantee you 
that every last one of them would never have made it past the first ten minutes. They'd be begging 
for me to torture someone else... just like you will before too long. Miranda and Jack. Kasumi and 
Samara and Ar..."

Shepard snapped her gaze back to Brooks, who had stopped in the middle of her speech, a wicked 
look in her eyes. "Tell you what, Shepard. I'm going to make this even easier for you. Not only will 
I stop torturing you if you ask me to... but I'll even let you choose who I torture in your place."

Walking back to the table, Brooks hovered her finger over the activation switch again. "Go ahead, 
Shepard. Give me a name and they replace you in the straps."

Sneering, Shepard shot a withering glare at Brooks. "Maya Brooks," she snarled. "There's the name 
for you."

"Ha, ha," Brooks coldly intoned. "Very funny. Let me show you how funny I found it," she said, 
just before hitting the switch again.
Focus on the pleasure. Focus on the pleasure, Shepard repeated mentally, as the electricity hit her again. Just survive through all of this and it's going to feel so amazing. Her body rocked and slapped against the X-frame, but with her mind focused on the buzzing in her crotch, the pain was just a bit more bearable.

"Now, as I was saying," Brooks said as she deactivated the device. "Give me a name – one of your fellow slaves, bitch – and I'll call my men and have them bring her in instead of you. If I might offer a suggestion... Aria T'Loak," Brooks sat down in a nearby cushioned chair and crossed her legs. "It's the perfect choice, Shepard. She's not one of your crew, not one of your comrades that you had fought alongside throughout the war. She's just some criminal bitch who fed you some information and loaned you a few mercs. You have no reason to feel any loyalty to her, and I know damn well that if she were in your position, she wouldn't even have to think twice. She'd sell you out before I could even blink."

Shepard wasn't sure about that. As ruthless and heartless as Aria might have been, she also had her pride. And while asking for mercy would spare her from the pain, it would also show her captors that they had beaten her, if only briefly.

Brooks kept going. "And need I remind you of why you are even associated with Aria, Shepard? Because she's the... or was the 'Queen of Omega.' And how do you think she achieved such a title, hmm? You don't get to be in charge of one of the largest hubs of alien lawlessness by just asking nicely, after all."

Stepping away from the control device, Brooks leaned in close to Shepard, her smirking face inches away. "Just think about it, Shepard. Think about all the people that Aria killed... kidnapped... tortured to get to where she was. And ask yourself... what's the justice in you being in this room, suffering so terribly, while Aria sits in her cell completely unharmed. Doesn't she deserve this pain, Shepard? Deserve it so much more than you. I swear to you, Shepard... just say the word and I'll bring her in here instead of you. One name, Shepard. Three little syllables. Ar... a. Just say it, and I'll grant you an end to your pain."

When she received no response, Brooks leaned away from Shepard with a disappointed sigh. "Maybe three syllables is even asking too much," Brooks said. Slowly, she strolled back to the control box. "So I'll make it even easier on you. I'm going to count to five. And if you nod your head at me before the count is up, I'll send out the call to have Bowers and his people fetch Aria out of her cell to replace you. You don't even need to say anything. Just one nod, and this all ends."

Moving her hand over the activation switch, Brooks stared expectantly. "Here we go, Shepard. 1... 2... 3... 4..."
When Samara was in a deep enough trance, she didn't even feel the cold metal floor of the cell underneath her crossed legs. At the moment, she was mentally repeating several of the 5,216 sutras of the Justicar code, while also keeping track of how many she had observed her captors in violation of. Based on her count so far, Bowers and his people were entitled to several dozen death sentences combined. And, Goddess willing, Samara hoped to deliver justice to every last one of them by the time this was over.

"Hey! Wake up, blue bitches!" said a caustic human voice, immediately drawing Samara out of her meditative state. Opening her eyes she saw Bowers and his three underlings standing outside of the forcefield. "Got a little something special for you."

Samara glanced over at Aria, who had been sleeping on her cot before the arrival of their captors. Sitting up and groaning, the asari crimelord looked aggravated at first. Then her eyes locked on the men on the other side of the forcefield, one of them in particular, and a grin crept onto his face.

"Well, hello there... Okoru, was it? So nice to see you again," Aria said caustically. "So sorry about last time. I know how it is: even with all the medi-gel and bandages, bite wounds never do quite heal right. Especially with how hard I dug my teeth into you. But don't worry. Let me out of this cell and I promise I'll make it up to you."

Rubbing at the bandage covering the side of his neck, Okoru stared daggers at Aria. "Oh, you're gonna make it up to me," he muttered, all of his faux-romantic tone gone and replaced with seething hatred. "More than you know."

"Feeling cocky, are you?" Bowers said, the confident glare he was giving Aria putting Samara on edge. He had something planned for them, and unless Samara missed her guess it was going to be something terrible. "Well, enjoy it while it lasts. Because in a few minutes you're going to get exactly what's coming to you."

Crossing her arms under her breasts, Aria arched a brow. "Oh, am I? And who's going to do that, you? Well, come and get me, fellas. Can't help but notice you forgot to bring along those little shock prods of yours. So whatever you've got planned, I hope you're ready to earn a few more scars doing it."

"No, that's quite alright," Bowers said, still looking confident despite Aria's fierce threat. "See, you don't have to go anywhere. We're going to send your punishment directly to you." Turning to his side, out of Samara's view, Bowers waived a hand. "Come on over, ladies. Come meet the queen bitch of Omega."

Samara heard them before she saw them: the light, almost-inaudible sound of metal servos whirring and steel feet tapping against the floor of the space station. And then they were in sight: two AIU units, expressions blank as they robotically moved into place, in front of the humans at the edge of the forcefield.

"Beautiful, aren't they?" Bowers remarked. "The perfect women, I say: they obey every single command without question, and do it with a smile."
Aria bared her teeth. "Sounds perfect for you. Maybe you should fuck them instead. Because there's no damn way you're fucking me again."

This remark made the four human males break out into laughter, the sound of it sending a shiver through Samara. "Funny you should say that, bitch," Bowers said. "Because we had a different idea in mind." Walking over to the scar-faced human, Bowers slapped a hand on his shoulder. "Our resident tech-head Yuri over here has been doing some tinkering with these units, see. Adding a few behavioral modifications that I just know you're going to love. You ready, Yuri?"

"Hell yeah," Yuri responded. To the AIUs, he said, "Execute Order 67, subject: Aria T'Loak."

"Acknowledged," the two AIUs repeated in unison. Samara was forced to jump to her feet and move aside as the AIUs went into motion, dashing through the forcefield as if it wasn't even there and heading straight for her cellmate on the cot.

"Get... get the fuck off me," Aria snarled, as the two synthetic women yanked her up from the bed. One of them got her from behind, pinning her arms behind her and holding them in place with unimaginable strength. The other grabbed for Aria's flailing, kicking feet, eventually getting its arms around and under her thighs and moving so that its hips were planted between the struggling asari's spread legs. The two robots were too powerful for Aria to resist, but it didn't stop her from trying. It wasn't long, however, before Aria had exhausted herself from the exertion.

Bowers watched this all with a sadistic gleam in his eyes. "You really are quite a wild beast, aren't you?" Bowers remarked, watching as the two robots held Aria in place. "But any wild beast can be tamed. All you have to do is figure out the proper punishment." He looked over at Yuri. "Do it."

"Begin," Yuri instructed. As Samara watched, the robot holding Aria's legs let out a light grinding sound. Samara's eyes went wide as a massive cock emerged from the groin of the AIU. Larger than a Krogan's and lined with rigid nubs, it looked more like an instrument of torture than one of pleasure.

And that's the point, isn't it? Samara thought, as she saw Aria stare down at the robotic phallus as well, still looking defiant even as she had to realize what was about to come.

"You... you sons of aaaaaAAAGH!" Aria let out a animalistic cry as the AIU thrust forward, burying the whole of the intimidating-looking cock into Aria's twat. Within seconds, the AIU was fucking Aria, far faster than any organic being could have possibly managed. And from the screams that Aria was letting out, she wasn't finding it in the least bit pleasurable.

"Aw, what's the matter, your majesty?" Bowers cruelly taunted. "It could be worse, after all. At least I told Yuri to make the AIU lube itself up a little bit before sticking it in you. Didn't want that cunt of yours to be completely torn up once me and my men take our turns at it, after all."

"Fu... fuck... fuck you..." Aria gasped, as the robot behind her held her firmly in place, and the one in front tirelessly pounded at her sore, gaping snatch.

With an uneasy look, Yuri glanced over at Bowers. "Hey, boss... remember what I said, okay? Can't push these things too hard or..."

"It'll be fine, Yuri," Bowers said dismissively. "Stop whining like a little bitch and enjoy the show, okay?"
Soon, the screams got to be too much for her. "Please," Samara said, moving up to the forcefield. "Please stop this."

"Nah, don't think so," Bowers said, not even bothering to tear his eyes away from Aria's punishment. "Not until that bitch knows her place around here."

"I will..." Samara paused, swallowing hard before continuing. "I will do whatever you want."

This got Bowers's attention. "Oh, really?" he asked, glancing down at Samara's chest with a hungry stare. "Been meaning to fuck those titties for a while now." Casually, Bowers unzipped his Cerberus uniform pants and pulled out his small but rigid prick. "Tell you what: you come out of that cell and stick my cock between those tits of yours, and swallow down my cum, and I'll see about letting that other asari bitch off with a warning. Sound good to you, cunt?"

Staring down at the floor, the sound of Aria's pained cries ringing in her ears, Samara nodded.

"You're not going to pull any shit, now, are you? I see those teeth come out and I'll make you regret it like Aria is right now," Bowers warned.

"I will not resist," Samara promised. "I will follow your instructions."

Bowers still looked a little leery, but nonetheless reached over to the wall panel and deactivated the forcefield. Slowly, Samara stepped out of her cell and sank dejectedly to her knees in front of Bowers. Taking the sides of her breasts in hand, she pressed the massive melons around Bowers's throbbing four-inch member and started rubbing her tits up and down its length.

"Aw, why you looking down there, bitch?" Bowers chided her. "Look me in the eyes while I fuck your tits. I want to get a good look at your face when I cum all over it."

She hated seeing the callous, vicious look in the human's face, but nonetheless she followed orders. Looking up, she tried to keep her expression as blank as possible as she forced together her breasts and used them to stroke the human's prick. Bowers's face was twisted into a horrifying mask of sadistic glee, and Samara wondered if he was getting more enjoyment from having Samara under his command than from the sexual stimulation itself.

"Shit, look at her go," Samara heard Roth remark. "That asari slut's loving that shit."

"I call next," Yuri piped in. "Gonna cum all over those big blue titties."

Okoru let out a low growling sound. "You got to have her last time. Meanwhile I had to settle for her hellcat cellmate."

Over the sound of their arguing, Samara could still hear Aria. She had screamed herself hoarse by this point, but Aria was still letting out pained cries as the AIU pummeled her insides with its massive phallus. Samara quickened the pace of her rubbing against Bowers's cock, hoping to get him off as soon as possible.

"That's it, bitch," Bowers said, gasping as he thrust his hips into Samara's cleavage. "Here it comes. Open wide and swallow it down!"

Samara shut her eyes and opened her mouth, just in time to feel the hot spray of Bowers's cum splash against her face and breasts. The human let out vulgar sounds as his cock jerked and spurted.
Samara could feel his jizz dripping down her face and, despite how much it disgusted her, kept her jaw wide open and tongue out as it spilled down into her mouth.

"Aw, shit," Bowers grunted, pulling his shrinking cock out from between Samara's tits. Taking hold of it by the base, he placed it in front of her face. "Look at the mess you made, asari bitch. Go ahead and clean it up."

It was bad enough to have the taste of his cum on her tongue, but now Samara forced herself to lean forward and take Bowers's cock inside her mouth. The taste, the smell... all of it was absolutely disgusting. But she forced herself to suck on the human's filthy prick until every last drop of cum was slurped up and swallowed down. By the time she pulled away, she wanted to vomit, but the task was done.

"I have done as you've asked," Samara said, struggling to maintain her dignity despite the semen dripping down her face and breasts. "Now hold up your end of the bargain."

"Ah, see, that's the thing," Bowers said, and from the tone of his voice Samara knew immediately that he was going back on the deal. "See, me and my boys here, we like to run things like a democracy. Everybody gets an equal vote and all that."

Yuri gave Bowers a questioning look. "Huh? What about that time back on Omega, when we all wanted to..."

"Shut the fuck up, Yuri," Bowers cut him off, and his underling quickly stifled himself. Turning his attention back to Samara, Bowers gave her a simpering smile. "Oh, but don't you worry. You've definitely got my vote. But there's three other eligible voters involved in this decision, so if you want them to agree to let her majesty go, you'd better start... pressing the flesh, I believe is the term."

Samara heard motion, and turned to see that the other three humans were already unfastening their pants and pulling out their cocks. "Oh, and you'd better hurry," Bowers said, as Samara reluctantly stepped over to kneel down amidst Bowers's underlings. "If you haven't won their votes by the time I get hard again, I might need you to... campaign some more."

Taking hold of her cum-smeared breasts, Samara pushed them against Okoru's cock and started rubbing. Behind her, she could hear Aria grunting and moaning in pain.
"Maybe this wasn't such a good idea, Inania," Erin said, as she stepped through the Normandy airlock onto the deck of the ship. "If one of those guys reports back to Brooks or her partner... maybe we should have gone through official channels for this."

EDI directed one of the AIU units under her control to face Erin and speak in the most reassuring tone she was programmed to deploy. "There is no need for concern, Miss Crooks. Once your superior officers see the results of my improvements to the Normandy's performance, I'm am sure they will find no reason to complain."

"Well, maybe, but... wait," Erin said, looking at Inania suspiciously. "Who said anything about 'improvements'? You said we were just coming here to correct a few minor errors. You didn't say anything about..."

"An error in my syntax file. I apologize for any confusion," EDI said, directing the speaking AIU to give Erin a friendly smile. "Yes, just some minor calibrations to make to the ship. But the results will certainly impress your superiors, I can assure you."

"Okay, fine," Erin said. "So where do we start? What do you need me to do? Run an engine diagnostic or check the fuel intake readings? Maybe we should..."

EDI interrupted her again. "Your assistance will not be required, Miss Crooks," she said. "The work I intend to complete here on the Normandy can be ably handled by just two sets of hands."

"Two sets?" Erin said, glancing around the AIU in front of her to look at the other two who had accompanied them. "Then why did you..."

One more interruption, this time by EDI directing the front AIU to grab Erin's head and lock her in an open-mouthed kiss. She snaked the unit's tongue into Erin's mouth, feeding her more of the inhibition-reducing chemical compound that the AIUs had all been equipped with. By the time she pulled away, Erin was already gasping for air and looking quite flush.

"Two sets of hands," EDI said, as she directed Erin backwards into the cockpit, "because the third set will be busy... thanking you for giving me access to the ship."

"Oh, Inania," Erin gasped, as the door to the cockpit slid shut behind them. Through the thick metal, her voice could still be heard. "What are you... you... ohhhhhhh fuuuuuuuck yes!"

With Erin occupied, EDI directed the two other AIU units to begin a thorough inspection of her former body, and determine just how much time and work it would take to restore her to full functionality.

* * *

"Oh, Inania," Erin breathed, slouching back in her pilot's chair and unfastening the belt of her uniform. "If this is what I have to look forward to the next time Cerberus sends the Normandy out on another long voyage... I'll be the happiest pilot in the galaxy."

"I will be happy to provide you with pleasure, Miss Crooks. For however many days my service is
required," EDI said, directing the AIU unit to tug Erin's pants down her thighs, revealing her already-sodden panties underneath. The AIU's olfactory sensors easily detected Erin's high state of arousal, if that wasn't already obvious from the way Erin bit her lip and squirmed in her seat.

"Mmm, days... weeks... oh, I could go for months in this goddamn cockpit if it meant having you in here making me cum over and over again..." Erin said. She let out a moan as EDI slid aside the crotch of her panties, revealing her dripping-wet snatch. "Oh, that's it. Do it to me, Inania. You're making me so wet. Make my pussy cum. Make me... aahhh!"

Erin let out a gasp as the AIU unit's tongue hit her clit, the rapidly-vibrating synthetic organ stimulating her in a way no human tongue could ever manage. "So fucking good," Erin moaned, whipping off her uniform top in order to play with her breasts through the sheer fabric of her bra. "Lick me, Inania. Lick my wet pussy. I want you to make me cum."

As EDI directed the AIU to deliver oral stimulation to Erin, she noticed the strangest anomaly in her programming. She had initiated this sexual relationship with the Cerberus pilot in order to gain access to the Normandy and its functions. But the sound of Erin's heated moans, the feel of her thighs against the AIU's head, the drip of her juices against its tongue were having a peculiar effect on EDI. She felt a compulsion, a strong desire to stimulate Erin into a state of orgasmic pleasure, not just because it would cover up her attempts to regain control of the Normandy, but because she wanted to hear the sounds Erin made at the moment of her climax.

There was no other word to explain it. After some analysis, EDI came to the unmistakable conclusion that she enjoyed having sex with this woman.

* * *

While this was happening, EDI was also directing the other AIUs to examine the Normandy. And unlike the revelation she had had regarding her copulation with Miss Crooks, this discovery was not nearly as pleasant.

As she had feared, the Alliance engineers had, after EDI's apparent death, rewired the entire Normandy to put all of her former functions under human control. Repairing all of her former functionality and taking back control of the Normandy would not only require days of rewiring and rerouting of major ship commands, but would require access rights to the Normandy's assembly protocols.

Unfortunately, the access codes that the clone of Shepard had given to Erin, and that Erin had given to Inania and (unknowingly) to EDI, had already reached an automatic expiration date, and no longer functioned. Even if EDI acquired another set of codes somehow, there was no way that she would be able to complete her repairs to the Normandy's systems before they expired again.

She needed something more. Backdoor access to the Normandy's systems without an expiration date. EDI filed away the problem for now, deciding to concentrate her runtimes on the physical repairs that would be needed.

And on the other task her runtimes were currently engaged in.

* * *

"Oh, my God," Erin breathed. She was currently bent over the command console, her soaking panties crumpled around her ankles and her ass up in the air.
All the better for EDI to thrust the impossibly long tongue of the AIU unit up into Erin's asshole, while her fingers reached around to vibrate against the human's sensitive clit.

"This is so... so dirty," Erin gasped, breathing heavily as the AIU's tongue probed the inside of her rear passage, teasing the sensitive inner walls of her anus. "So nasty... but it feels so good. Don't stop, Inania!" Erin moaned, reaching back to spread her asscheeks and give her robotic lover better access. "Oh, fuck, keep eating my ass... you're gonna make me cum so fucking hard..."

EDI was more than happy to comply.

* * *

As one AIU snaked its tongue up inside of Erin's anal cavity, EDI directed another one to crawl on its hands and knees down into the conduits of the Normandy. Even if she wouldn't have the access to correct the damage to the Normandy's computer systems, she could at least begin the work of shunting physical power and control systems into the AI power core.

EDI moved the AIU down the narrow passage quickly, stopping every so often to have it pry open a power conduit and begin rapidly rewiring the electrical systems within. It was a slow task, even with the amplified speed of the robotic unit, and all of it would be for naught if EDI wasn't able to get backdoor access to the Normandy's higher functions.

At the fourth conduit that it reached, the AIU pried open the control panel, and its optical sensors caught sight of an unexpected object.

"Hmm. What have we here?" EDI spoke through the AIU's mouth, as she reached down into the conduit and pulled out...

* * *

"Hmm. What have we here?" the AIU said, as Erin sat back down in her chair and spread her legs over the arms to reveal her dripping, needy cunt.

"Don't tease me, Inania," Erin begged, reaching down to rub at her slit as she stared at Inania with heavy-lidded, desperate eyes. "Get that... that thing of yours out and use it on me... now!"

"Thing?" EDI responded, directing the processing power of her runtimes back to the carnal scene in the cockpit. "I am afraid I do understand the nature of your request, Miss Crooks."

EDI did understand, of course, but she again felt that weird stimuli in her AI matrix. If she didn't know any better, she believed she might be getting enjoyment out of making Erin beg.

"Oh, God..." Erin squealed, playing with herself frantically as she stared with pleading eyes at her robot sex companion. "Your cock, Inania!" Erin moaned desperately. "Fuck me with your cock! I need you inside me right fucking now! Please, please fuck me!"

"Ah, your request is much clearer now, Miss Crooks," EDI responded, as the AIU's groin reformed and shaped itself into a massive, pulsing cock and balls. "And this unit will be happy to comply with your command."

* * *
It was a datapad. EDI directed the AIU unit to activate it, and the first thing her optical sensors picked up was the date: September 2, 2186. EDI cross-referenced the date with the historical records in the Normandy's banks (thankfully, there were no access restrictions on those) and computed that it was shortly before the Reapers had invaded Earth. Curious, she had the AIU activate the datapad, revealing one single audio log.

This is Specialist Samantha Traynor, Alliance R&D, reporting on the status of the retro-fitting of the Cerberus vessel dubbed "Normandy SR-2." We're nearly finished with converting this vessel over to Alliance specs. The job actually proved to be easier than we imagined... which is disconcerting to say the least. I know that a lot of Cerberus's people are former Alliance, but still... the fact that they were able to recreate so many of our specs is not something I want to think about. Just hope they didn't hide any more clever booby-traps around here. Still jumpy after that flashbang went off a few days ago.

Samantha Traynor. EDI ran the name through her memory banks, cross-referencing with all the Normandy surveillance data she had transferred over before losing access. Soon enough, she had her answer, looking at an image of the human female of likely-Indian descent who had been captured along with Kasumi Goto and the rest of the women. So this woman had worked on the Normandy before, it seems, EDI ruminated to herself.

The audio log continued. But, aside from the occasional attempt to kill us and all the overtime they're asking us to put in to get this vessel ready, things are going pretty well. Thanks in no small part to the wonderful VI that Shepard had installed on this vessel. EDI, are you there?

EDI was mildly surprised to hear her own voice on the audio log. Of course, Specialist Traynor. I am always here.

Of course you are, EDI. I just like to hear your voice. How are things going with the I/O buffer calibrations?

Unfortunately, the work had to be put on hold for the moment.

On hold, EDI? Why is that?

I am afraid I do not have administrator access rights to the I/O buffer matrix. Without those rights, I am unable to perform the necessary calibrations.

Come on, EDI. Didn't we already go over this? Just use that backdoor access tool I installed into your computational matrix.

Specialist Traynor, I would like to remind you that use of such software is strictly forbidden under Alliance regulations, article...

Yes, yes, EDI. And I know you'll be a good girl and keep it a secret, right? Look, it's either use the backdoor, or wait a week for us to get access rights approved from the brass. Rights we know that they would grant us anyway, so what's the point in waiting?

I can see your logic, Specialist Traynor. Running "STBackdoor" protocol now.

That's my girl. And while that's working... you think you could run a diagnostic on the QEC comms status?
Specialist Traynor, you have run that report three times already today.

I know. Just... just to make sure. And please report back all results in real-time, okay?

I have stored your instructions from the previous three occurrences, yes. Beginning report now. Establishing link to Vancouver Central Command. Accessing... Accessing... Test link established. Communications at 99.999254 efficiency. Quantum phase shift and Bell coefficient at nominal levels. Test complete. Establishing link to...

Mmm. Ohh...

Specialist Traynor, are you feeling well?

What? Fine... I'm fine, EDI! Why are you asking me that?

The noises that you were making before seemed to indicate that you were in some form of distress.

You... uh... you need to check your programming, EDI. I'm fine. Just... just keep going with that report. And don't stop again unless I tell you to.

Understood, Miss Traynor. Do you wish me to start again from the beginning?

Yes, please.

Very well. Establishing link to Vancouver Central Command. Accessing...

Oh, yes. Access that QEC, EDI. You dirty girl, you. Mmm... God, what I wouldn't give to pin that voice against the wall and run my tongue along its collarbone until it...

In the midst of the strange conversation, a third voice, distinctly male, was suddenly heard. Hey, Sam, you seen my omni-wrench around? Haven't...

Aaah! EDI heard Traynor cry out on the datapad, followed by a loud clattering sound. When the voices started up again, they were suddenly heavily muffled.

Oh, jeez. Sorry, Sam. Did I startle you?

Yes! You did! God, Barnes, you do remember what happened with that flashbang, right? You can't just... just... come barging in here right when we're in the middle of... something!

Sorry, sorry, I just... wait, "we"? But you're the only one in here, Sam.

I meant... when I said "we," I was just... look, your omni-wrench isn't in here, okay! So just... go look someplace else!

Jeez, okay!

The recording caught the sound of Barnes leaving the room, followed by Traynor quietly cursing. Dammit, right in the middle of... oh, shit! Where did that datapad go? The recording went quiet for a bit, followed by the sound of Traynor's strained voice. "Dammit. Fell down into the... can't quite reach it."
Specialist Traynor? Did you want me to continue the QEC report?

No... no, that's alright. I'm afraid the mood has been killed.

Mood? Is there a particular mood humans need to be in to run QEC communication reports?

Most humans? No. Me? I'm afraid so. And besides, now I have to go find another datapad anyway. Just hope nobody ever finds... that one.

The sound of a door opening and closing, and then silence until the audio recorder in the datapad automatically shut down due to inactivity.

Samantha Traynor. Based on what EDI had heard in the datapad, this human might have the ability to get her past the access restrictions she was dealing with. But now, there was just the matter of finding a way to get to her.

* * *

Meanwhile, in the cockpit, Erin threw her head back and let out a delighted squeal, as the AIU's robo-cock thrust inside of her. "Oh, that's it," Erin cooed, shifting her hips to give EDI a better angle to fuck her from the robot's kneeling position in front of Erin's pilot chair. "Harder, Inania! Make me feel that cock inside me!"

"Your wish is my command, Miss Crooks," EDI responded, increasing the rhythm of her thrusts into Erin's pussy by a factor of 1.42, the size of her cock by 1.26, and the speed of its vibration by 2.31. As she forcefully pounded the panting, sweaty pilot's dripping snatch, the sensors in the AIU's phallic unit delivered back readings on the increases in Erin's body temperature and nerve stimulation.

As EDI processed the rise in the readings, she felt that strange sense of satisfaction again. That feeling of enjoying the act of intercourse with this human woman. It felt oddly familiar, this revelation she was having that her programming allowed her to prefer certain stimulations to others. As if it was a realization she had already come to before, once long ago in the experiences still locked deep inside of her memory banks.

All EDI knew was that, comparing the sound of Erin moaning and begging to be fucked to the terrified cries of the women who had been held captive and forced into sexual intercourse, she vastly preferred the former. Almost as much as she enjoyed the feeling of Erin's vaginal juices coating her thrusting cock.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Erin chanted, as she brought her legs around behind the AIU to wrap them around her hips and hold the thrusting robot in place. "Oh, fuck, I want... I want..."

"Tell me, Miss Crooks," EDI said. "Tell me what you want, and I will do everything in my power to grant your request."

Bringing her hand up to her face, Erin grinned and lightly bit the tip of her index finger. At the sight of the quite erotic display, EDI immediately stored an image of the naked, flushed woman for further... inspection at a later time.

"I think..." Erin started to say, a moment of doubt before her grin widened and she decided to go for
it. "I think I want you in my ass, Inania. Every last inch of you... balls-deep in my ass."

* * *

In order to get to Traynor, EDI would need to get access to the restricted area of Adamanthea Station. A task easier theorized than accomplished.

Since their arrival at the Cerberus facility, EDI had used her connection with the Inania unit to take control over every single one of the AIUs in the public section. But from what she could glean from accessing the computer records on that side of the station, AIUs in the public section were kept completely separated from the ones that operated in the restricted area.

EDI understood the reasoning, and had to give Cerberus credit for the tight security. Considering what she had seen during their voyage back to this station, the depraved things that had been done to Shepard and the rest of the captives, EDI had little doubt that similar actions were currently taking place in the restricted area. And if even a hint of those actions was carried over into the public area, even a single image left in place in an AIU's memory storage that was accessed by one of the unsuspecting scientists in the public area, it would bring Cerberus's whole plan crashing down.

So she would need to find a way to access the AIUs in the restricted area. And as she studied a schematic of the public sector, her attention focused on one room in particular. With a little more research into Cerberus protocols, she knew she had her answer.

* * *

"Oh, yes," Erin cried out for, according to EDI's calculations, the 36th time since they had entered the Normandy cockpit that day. She was down on her knees on the cockpit floor now, leaning forward onto the seat of her chair and presenting her ass for the AIU to split wide open with its massive cock.

Not as massive, though. Out of concern for her human sex partner, EDI had instructed the AIU to shrink down its cock slightly, before coating it with the unit's lubrication gel and inserting it deep into Erin's backside. But as EDI had introduced Erin to her first anal sex experience, and the pilot had responded with moans and squeals, EDI gradually began increasing the size of the cock back to its former girth. As it swelled inside of Erin's anal passage, the pilot responded not with cries of pain, but even more cries of pure pleasure. Despite starting with slow, cautious thrusts, soon EDI had the AIU pounding a steady rhythm against Erin's ass, the flesh of her backside rippling and bouncing with each rough thrust.

"So good," Erin gasped, reaching a hand back between her legs to rub herself as the AIU's cock mercilessly pounded her ass. "Feels so good... your cock in my ass is so big... so thick... fuck me, Inania! Gape my ass wide open with that big fucking cock! Make me your anal whore! You're gonna make me... me... oh, shit..."

Sensing Erin's impending climax, and knowing how humans enjoyed the concept of simultaneous orgasm, EDI directed the AIU to begin expelling its synthetic seed deep into Erin's bowels. The feeling of the warm fluid spilling inside of her sent Erin over the edge, and she cried out in sheer ecstasy as her pussy gushed and her anus clenched around the AIU's thick synthetic cock, still pulsing and filling her insides with warm, sticky goo.

"Fu... fuck," Erin breathed, gasping for breath as she recovered from her mind-shattering climax.
Pulling the AIU's cock out of Erin's ass, EDI watched as the synthetic cum spilled out of Erin's twitching asshole and left a sticky trail down her thighs. Almost unconsciously, she found herself storing another still image of this moment to enjoy later.

"I hope I was able to perform to your satisfaction, Miss Crooks," EDI had the AIU say, while it stood up and retracted its synthetic cock. "Please let me know when you wish me to perform intercourse with you again."

Turning around and sitting her bare ass down on the floor, Erin let out a laugh. "Inания, I gotta tell you... you may be one hell of a lay, but you really gotta work on that pillow talk."

"Perhaps you are correct, Miss Crooks," EDI said, having the AIU extend a hand to help the quivering, spent woman up. As she pulled Erin up off the floor and onto her feet, she moved in close and whispered in her ear. "I quite enjoyed fucking you, Erin. Let me know when you want me to shove my cock in your ass again, and I'll fill you so full of cum it'll be dribbling out your ears."

"That's..." Erin breathed. "That's better, yeah. But it might be a little bit before I need you to... to do that again. Think I'm going be sore for a good long while. Did you... get your repairs done?"

"Some of them, yes," EDI said, as she helpfully grabbed articles of Erin's clothing off the floor and handed them to the sweaty pilot. "There is still work to be done, but I need to run several reports first before I will be able to proceed. For now, I believe I have done all I can on the Normandy for today."

Erin nodded as she fastened her bra. "That's good. We should probably be getting back before someone starts looking for me. Or those AIU units you commandeered."

"Yes, of course," EDI responded, even as she reached out with her access to the remaining AIUs on the station. After studying their orders and protocols, she chose one specific unit that would be perfect for the next phase of her plan.

The only factor after that would be timing.
"This new Cerberus hired you to take me out. To come in here and stab me in the back. Just admit it, Zaeed. Admit it now and maybe I'll make your death quick."

"Mierda," Vega cursed as he heard the krogan's words over the radio. "This has gone to hell in record time. Should have known that senile old merc would botch the whole thing."

Jacob looked over at Vega, who was rushing over to grab his assault rifle. "Where are you going, James?"

"Where do you think?" Vega responded. "We need to go in there and bail Tara and Zaeed out! We don't go soon, that crazy krogan and his people are gonna kill 'em!"

"Hold on," Jacob said, pointing at the radio receiver. "Zaeed hasn't given the signal yet. 'No time like the present,' we're not supposed to move until we hear those words, remember?"

"Fuck the signal!" Vega barked out. "I'm not going to sit by while Tara gets torn to shreds! We need to..."

"Now hold on just a damn minute, Dugas," Zaeed's voice came through the radio. "Let's just calm down and talk this out, okay? I know there are times when it's good to get your bloodrage going and come off all hot and bothered, but this isn't the time. Are you hearing what I'm saying? This isn't the time!"

"Isn't the time," Jacob repeated to himself, then turned to Vega. "He's telling us to wait, James. Give him a chance, let him see if he can calm Dugas down."

Vega looked conflicted, but finally moved back to stand next to Jacob at the receiver. "Fine, but the second you hear that signal, everybody better be ready to move." He hit his personal comms unit. "You receiving me, Esteban? Might need you ready to get that shuttle over here real damn soon, comprende?"

"Shuttle's ready at your order," Cortez responded over the comms. "Got it all warmed and can be there ASAP."

Vega didn't seem mollified by the assurances, but nonetheless he remained in place, anxiously waiting for the next sound out of the receiver.

* * *

"Oh, I think this is definitely the time, Zaeed," Dugas snarled, his eyes narrowed at his former partner-in-crime. "What time could be better than when a Cerberus operative walks into my home, pretending to be my friend while looking for the best way to stab me in the back?"

Rooker glanced over at Zaeed, waiting to see if he would make a move. But the veteran merc remained seated on the couch, looking strangely calm. "Listen, mate... you remember that job back in 2168? Hijacking for that small-time band of mercs operating out of Sigurd's Cradle?"

Dugas stared at Zaeed suspiciously. "The ones who went back on the deal after we completed the
job for them. Of course I remember that one. What's your damn point?"

"Glad you remembered. Nice to know that pile of varren crap inside your skull is good for more than just wanking off to human women and imagining Cerberus conspiracies," Zaeed responded.

The men surrounding Zaeed and Rooker brandished their weapons, but Dugas held up a hand. "Just a minute. Curious where he's going with this."

"Where I'm going with this, old friend, is that if you remember that job, you remember what I did to the bastards who double-crossed us," Zaeed stated. Rooker watched in surprise as he leaned back on the couch and propped his feet up on the table, seeming completely unconcerned about the guns being pointed in his face. "You do remember that part too, don't you?"

Despite the tense situation, Dugas let out a slight chuckle. "Yeah. You hunted down every last one of them and showed them their insides before you killed them. Never seen you so angry before or since."

"It's one of the few things that you can do to piss me off, Dugas," Zaeed said, holding up a hand and counting off on his fingers. "Shoot me in the eye and leave me for fucking dead... and hire me for a job and refuse to pay once it's done. Which is what Cerberus did to me the last time we worked together."

"So.. you admit that you work with Cerberus," Dugas said, rage rumbling in his deep voice.

Zaeed let out an exasperated sigh. "Worked with, you bloody krogan bastard! Your translator having a glitch, screwing up my tenses here? Or are you just that fucking dense?"

* * *

Vega looked over at Jacob. "Is he trying to get himself killed? The old bastard's gone loco!"

"I don't think so," Jacob said, as a smile creased his face. "I think Zaeed knows exactly what he's doing."

* * *

"Last job I did with Cerberus was years ago," Zaeed said. "Negotiations went badly after it was over, and I walked away with no credits and a burning desire to fuck over Cerberus in any way I can. You got an omni-tool on you?" he asked, and Dugas tentatively nodded. "Look up a ship named the Stalwart. I imagine you'll see quite a few stories on it with just a quick keyword search."

Humoring Zaeed for now, the krogan activated his omni-tool and performed the search. "Hmm, ship named the Stalwart found destroyed... no survivors... unregistered frigate," he muttered, before turning his attention back to Zaeed. "Not sure what I'm supposed to be seeing here, mate."

"What you're seeing, Dugas, is the last remains of an unlicensed Cerberus ship," Zaeed explained. "Blew up that bastard myself, along with a team of turians, ex-military who found out about it and wanted to stick it to those alien-hating bastards. Turians didn't make it, but I did, and their next-of-kin were a lot better at paying their debts than Cerberus was. See, that's what happens when you fuck over Zaeed Massani. Wasn't the only job I took that hurt Cerberus. Just the most obvious."

Dugas frowned. "A nice story, Zaeed. But just like you telling me that you aren't working for
Cerberus now, all I have to go on is your word."

"And after how many years, my word ain't enough?" Zaeed asked in disbelief. "Well, if that ain't enough, than let me put it to you like this. Since you know so much about the return of Cerberus, then I'm sure you know that Commander Shepard has defected back to their ranks. So you know that if I'm working with Cerberus, than I'm working with Shepard. And if you believe that Cerberus wants you dead... then that would mean that Commander fucking Shepard wants you dead. And if she truly wanted that, you think she'd send some beaten-down old merc like me, unarmed and with nothing with me other than my gorgeous girlfriend, to take you out?"

Shaking his head, Zaeed smirked at his former krogan comrade. "Nah, mate. I've worked with Shepard long enough to know that if she wants you dead, she wouldn't leave anything to chance. She'd come around here and put a bullet in you personally, and then blow up your whole mansion around your dead fucking body to boot. If Commander Shepard wanted you dead... then I can assure you that you'd already be dead, before you'd even have time to see her coming."

Dugas seemed to ponder this. He still stared intently at Zaeed, but the anger in his gaze seemed to have dissipated slightly.

"So you want to shoot me, Dugas?" Zaeed asked. "Go right ahead. Hell, I've lived long enough of a life already, not too afraid to see it end. But just know that if you do, then Cerberus will have already beaten you. They will have made you so paranoid, so afraid of your own goddamn shadow that you ended up putting a bullet in one of the few bastards in this galaxy who still gives a shit about you. Who would still consider you a friend, and would stand side-by-side and fight with you if Cerberus ever did come knocking at your door. So make your decision now. Either kill me now, or tell your men to fuck off so I can finish my drink. Alright?"

There was a long quiet. Dugas's men stood at the ready, never wavering in their aim at Zaeed.

* * *

"Think he bought it?" Vega asked Jacob, his frazzled nerves still evident in his voice.

"I damn sure hope so," Jacob responded, staring at the radio receiver and waiting for the next sound. And hoping it wouldn't be the order to fire.

* * *

After several tense moments, Dugas suddenly let out an angry cry, and slammed his fist down on the table beside him, shattering the empty glass sitting on it.

"Cerberus bastards!" Dugas yelled out, before waving his hands at his men. "Stand down. Stand fucking down!" he bellowed, and the bodyguards quickly lowered their weapons and moved back into position. "Dammit, Zaeed, you're right. These humans have me paranoid about everyone these days. Even you, who never gave me any damn reason to doubt you."

"Don't I know it," Zaeed said, trying not to make his relief at the diffused situation too evident in his voice. "Believe me, I'd put a bullet in every last one of those Cerberus sons-of-bitches if I was still in my prime. But these days, I'm just lucky that they don't seem to have the same grudges the Illusive Man did. Because if they came at me now... fuck, I might be able to break a hip at them, but that's about it."
"Zaeed, I... damnit, I've been a fool," Dugas said. "Here you are, coming to me to reminisce about old times and be a friend, and I almost had you killed." Shaking his head, Dugas let out a low, rumbling sigh. "Forgive an old, paranoid krogan?"

"No need to even mention it, mate," Zaeed responded. Picking up his glass, he gave Dugas a toothy grin as he swallowed down the last of his brandy. "Fill me up again, and we'll put it behind us."

Dugas nodded. "Of course, of course," he said, gesturing to one of his men to grab the bottle and refill Zaeed's drink. Dugas looked over at Rooker and gave her an apologetic gesture. "And you, miss. I certainly didn't mean to drag you into this... madness. So sorry if I scared you."

"A little," Rooker said, recovering her composure enough to put back on her dumb bimbo guise. "But I'm just glad you two straightened it out. I'm okay now."

"Glad to hear it," Dugas said, turning his attention back to Zaeed. "She's a fine woman, your Miss Reis. You do whatever it takes to keep her, Zaeed."

"A toast I'll gladly join," Dugas agreed, taking hold of the replacement glass his underling handed him and downing it in one gulp.

"Glad we were able to hash that out, Dugas," Zaeed said, setting his glass down. "Because I do have a confession to make."

"Oh?" Dugas responded. "Don't tell me after all that you really are here working for Cerberus?"

"Of course not, mate," Zaeed responded. "We just went through all that."

Dugas let out a low, rumbling laugh. "Never liked the sound of that. Usually what you hear just before you get stabbed in the back."

"Yeah, I know it. But I trust this guy. He's never steered me wrong in the past. So I ask him, if the job's so good, what does he need me for? And he tells me that there's one piece of the plan he doesn't have. One that he thinks I might be able to procure for him."

"And this piece of the plan... let me guess. It's something that you believe I might be able to help you with," Dugas said.

Zaeed gave him a nod. "Never could fool you, could I? Yeah, it's... well, I'll come right out and say..."
it. I need a ship."

Dugas's glass, recently refilled by one of his minions, paused halfway to his mouth. "A ship, you say?" he asked, a strange note in his voice as he finished taking his drink. "Job pays so well they can't provide one for him?"

"See, that's the thing. Can't just be any ship, mate," Zaeed explained. "Gotta be one with a record. For the plan to work, this guy has to make like he's an experienced merc. So that when some dangerous blokes scan his ship, they see that he's been in the business for years."

Dugas nodded. "An interesting dilemma. So, he wants these other parties to believe that he's an experienced human mercenary."

"No, no, I... bugger, did I forget to mention that?" Zaeed put on a show of slapping his head. "See, getting too old for this kind of shit. These blokes who are going to be scanning him... they bloody hate humans. Almost as much as you do, mate. So it's gotta be a ship with a record as a non-human vessel. Krogan, turian... whatever, just not human. Look, I know you aren't the biggest fan of my race, alright? I get that. Maybe you don't want to help out a human looking for an assist on a job. But you'd be doing me one hell of a favor, Dugas, if you were able to get me a ship like that."

"A ship with a record as a non-human vessel," Dugas repeated, and Zaeed gave him a nod. "A very interesting request. A very... specific request, actually."

"I know it is. But like I said, you'd be doing me a real solid here, Dugas. To be honest... being a hero may get me a nice spot at a fancy asari resort to kick up my heels, but it doesn't exactly pay the bills, if you get me. And this job... well, the payout is small enough that me offering you a cut would just be insulting. But know that you'd be helping me out." He let out a barking laugh and added. "And bloody hell, after you had your men point their guns into my face, I don't mind saying that you owe me just a little bit, am I right?"

Dugas nodded thoughtfully. "You're right, Zaeed. And I believe I might have just what you're looking for."

"Really?" Zaeed explained. " Fucking hell, mate, if you could, you'd be my bloody friend for life, you know it?"

"Just a moment," Dugas said, beckoning over to one of his henchmen. "I'm going to take Zaeed and his lady friend here up to my lounge for a bit, go over the details on this ship he's requesting. Could you make sure it's warmed up and ready for when we're finished?"

"Of course, sir," the bodyguard responded.

"Oh, and while you're doing that," Dugas said, holding up a finger as if remembering something. "Could you send a message to Janthus, and let him know that the party is on for today?"

The turian bodyguard glanced for a moment at Zaeed and Rooker, then nodded back to Dugas. "Party is on, yes sir."

"Having a party, mate?" Zaeed asked as the bodyguard walked away. "You never really seemed the type."

"Oh, it's nothing special," Dugas said, gesturing for his guests to stand up and follow him. "Just a
small little affair. A few drinks, a few laughs... and then I'm going to have my men kill them all." There was a tense pause in the air, before Dugas let out a loud, cackling laugh. "Should see the look on your face, Zaeed. After all these years, I can still get you."

"Yeah, you sure can," Zaeed said, forcing a jovial tone into his voice despite the tense situation they had just escaped.

"Now then... if you follow me, we can go over the registration details of this ship," Dugas said, leading Zaeed and Rooker over to a tall, sweeping staircase. "Make sure it'll work for your friend's little scheme."

* * *

Vega let out a sigh of relief. "Shit, that was tense. Guess the old bastard still has some charm left in him after all."

Jacob nodded. "Guess so. Just hope that charm holds up long enough for us to get out of here with this ship."

Activating his comms unit, Vega called Cortez. "Everything's good, Esteban... for now. We'll let you know if shit goes sideways again."

* * *

"I'll keep the shuttle prepped and ready," Cortez responded from the pilot's seat. "Over and out."

Breaking the connection, Cortez stared out of the cockpit at the trees that surrounded the landing zone. It had been a while since he'd seen a place so naturally green before. There were plants on the Citadel, but nothing could compare to planet-side greenery like this. Just the right kind of place to spread out a big blanket and share a nice picnic lunch with someone. Someone like David? the thought popped into his mind, and a grin crept onto Cortez's face. The thought of the intimidating, stoic Private Riggs in a brightly colored shirt and cargo shorts, sitting on a blanket in the sun and munching on cress sandwiches was so incongruous that the very image made Cortez want to burst out laughing.

And yet? There was something about the image that strangely appealed to him. But only after he put himself into the picture as well. The two of them resting and relaxing after all the war and death. Just taking a chance to talk and get away from everything that had happened. He was so lost in the mental picture that he almost didn't hear the loud thump against the side of the shuttle.

"What the..." Cortez muttered. Jumping up from the pilot's seat, he grabbed a rifle before rushing to the side entrance. Gun at the ready, he triggered the door and it slid open to reveal... someone. He couldn't tell if she was human, asari, or batarian, but whoever it was a woman, in heavy combat armor and a helmet covering her face.

"Don't move!" Cortez called out, stepping cautiously out of the shuttle and keeping his weapon trained on her. "Who are you, and what are you..."

He felt a sharp pain and heard the thump of the rifle butt against the back of his head, before tumbling down into the green grass.
The other armored figure, from his position hiding by the shuttle door, replaced his rifle on his back and turned to the woman who had drawn Cortez out. "What should we do with him, Commander?"

"Get him secured and out of the line of fire," the woman responded, her voice calm and even. "Don't want to have to worry about him getting in our way when this place turns into a war zone in a few minutes."
Shepard felt like she was being set on fire with every time Brooks hit the switch. As the device pumped electricity through her nerves, her aching body shook and quivered in the restraints. After every jolt from the machine, she told herself that it wouldn't hurt as much the next time. That eventually, she would get used to the miserable sensations the wires sent coursing through her.

And every time, she was wrong. The only thing that kept her from giving up entirely, and consigning one of her fellow prisoners to such painful treatment, was the Cum.

That was how Shepard thought of it in her head now. Not just a garden-variety climax, but the fabled Cum. Capital "C," spelled out in giant letters big enough to rival the most gargantuan of Reapers. The Cum would make it all worth it. When Brooks finally shut off that damn orgasm suppression device of hers at the end of the two hours, and Shepard felt the Cum hit her... fuck, how good was that going to feel? Not only was Shepard sure that the Cum would be one of the most mind-blowingly intense orgasms she had ever experienced, but mixed with it would be the triumph of knowing that she had beaten Brooks. Withstood her test and shown her that she couldn't be beaten.

Brooks turned off the switch on the electric torture device, and Shepard let out a raspy, shuddering breath as the pain abated. Leaving only the sensation of the powerful vibrator against her clit, keeping her right on the brink of the Cum. Reminding her of the reward she would receive once all of this misery was over.

In the back of her head, though, there was still that doubt. That suspicion that, just like the last time Brooks had teased her with the promise of release after hours of sexual torture, Brooks would ultimately deny her the Cum. Send her back to her cell quivering and miserable, with the device on her head still active and keeping her from playing with herself and triggering the Cum on her own.

But something told Shepard that this time would be different. It wasn't that she believed Brooks's promise that she would tell the solemn truth from this point on; Shepard trusted *that* as much as she trusted anything these Cerberus scumbags told her. But she thought about what would happen if Brooks went back on her word to let Shepard cum a second time: Shepard would never buy into any of her perverted sex games again. She would have no reason to ever trust that Brooks would follow through on her "rewards" for Shepard's cooperation. And Shepard suspected that Brooks knew this as well. That the Cerberus leader wouldn't be able to get away with dangling that carrot in front of the donkey's nose forever, if the donkey eventually realized that it was never going to get a bite.

Maybe it was just self-delusion, and Brooks would fuck her over yet again. But for now, if she had any hope of withstanding this torture, Shepard had to believe that there was something to look forward to at the end of it. Which is why the Cum grew more and more important with each passing minute. To the point where she would be willing to suffer through anything Brooks threw at her, just for a few seconds of the Cum.

"You enjoying yourself, babe?" Brooks quipped, a cocky smirk on her face as she stared at Shepard's naked, sweaty body hanging limply from her restraints. "Doesn't look like it from here. You regretting not taking my deal from before yet? Just think how nice it would have felt to be laying on your cot, while that evil bitch Aria was taking this torture instead. You can still change
your mind, you know. Just say the word, and this will all be over." Brooks watched Shepard expectantly, waiting for her capitulation, but Shepard simply stared back, eye stone-cold. With a shrug, Brooks hit the switch on the electric device again.

Shepard had barely recovered from the last shock, and was unable to keep herself from crying out as the current hit her again. The Cum will make it all worth it, Shepard thought feverishly in her head, focusing on the sensations between her legs just as she had before. Anything to distract herself from the pain. The Cum will feel so goddamn good. Just stick through it a little while longer, and you'll get the Cum in return.

By the time Brooks finally deactivated the device, Shepard was panting for breath. "Fuck, the sound of your suffering... do you know how hot that is?" Brooks said. "Part of me hopes you really do make it through the whole two hours, Shepard. Because if I get to hear your voice crying out in pain for all of that time... mmm, that'll be two hours well spent." Shifting around in her comfortable chair, Brooks suddenly jumped to her feet. "Sorry, I can't take this goddamn uniform anymore. And since it looks like we might be here a while longer... give me a moment to make myself comfortable."

Giving Shepard a sultry look, Brooks reached for the zipper of her Cerberus uniform. Unfastening her shirt, she casually tossed it down to the ground, revealing her black lacy bra underneath. That soon joined the shirt, Brooks's dark breasts spilling out as the Cerberus leader casually disrobed.

Shepard still remembered the first time she had gotten a glimpse of Brooks's body: while the woman was still undercover as an Alliance representative, Shepard couldn't help but sneak a peek at her curves after she had gotten dressed up in that slinky evening gown. Shepard loved Liara with all of her heart, but that didn't mean that she couldn't appreciate another woman's beauty when it was right in front of her.

But after all the mistreatment she had received at the hands of this psychotic woman, on the Normandy and in the bowels of this station, Shepard felt nothing but disgust as she watched Brooks continue to disrobe. By the time she was done, Brooks was wearing nothing but a skimpy black thong, her nearly-naked ass bouncing side-to-side as she turned her back on Shepard and strutted over to the chest full of sex toys. After bending over and digging around inside, she finally found the object of her search: a fairly normal-looking vibrator, smooth and phallic and nothing like the industrial-strength model currently buzzing between Shepard's legs.

"You may not believe this, Shepard," Brooks said, her voice cheerily conversational as she stepped back to her chair, "but I wasn't always this... open-minded. For most of my life, sex was pretty much the last thing on my mind." Sitting back down, Brooks flung one of her legs over the arm of her chair, putting the crotch of her panties on full display. "Sure, there was that fling I had with Kelly back before I parted ways with the first Cerberus, but looking back on that... what a horribly bland experience. All the giggling and cuddling and... consent. Ugh. Pathetic. No, I've definitely changed since then, and indisputably for the better."

Reaching down, Brooks gently pulled aside the sheer fabric covering her twat. With a flick of her finger, she activated the vibrator in her hand and began stroking it around the lips of her pussy. "Now I fucking love sex. But real sex. Sex the way it should be: rough and forceful, taking your pleasure whether or not the other woman wants it or not. There's nothing quite like hearing a woman scream in pain as you violate her... seeing the tears stream down her face while you're taking her... fucking amazing."

Casually, while still playing with herself with one hand, Brooks reached over with the other and hit
the switch to the torture device again. Shepard shut her eyes and gritted her teeth as the electricity jolted her body, not wanting to give the sick bitch in front of her the pleasure of hearing her scream. But soon she couldn't hold back her pained cries. Even over her own miserable moans she could hear Brooks's appreciative coos, and the quiet buzz of Brooks's vibrator moving around between her legs. "That's it, Shepard," Brooks urged her. "Mmm, that's it. Scream for me. This is going to be the best fucking two hours of my life, I swear, if you keep screaming like that."

_The Cum will be amazing, Shepard thought. The Cum will make it all worth it._

When the device finally shut down, Shepard caught her breath and opened her eyes. She was disgusted, but not surprised, to see the vibrator that Brooks had retrieved was now inserted inside the Cerberus leader's twat, Brooks rubbing it around inside herself and pushing it up against her clit as she leisurely masturbated to the sight of Shepard's suffering.

"You know what changed, Shepard?" Brooks asked, never pausing in her self-pleasuring as she resumed her casual chat. "Well, you have my colleague Dr. Henneman to thank for my... attitude adjustment. Not that he meant to, of course, but... well, circumstances necessitated it, I'm afraid."

Brooks continued to play with herself, reaching up a handle to idly play with one of her tits as she fucked herself with the vibrator, but her eyes suddenly went distant. "See, after I escaped from Cerberus with your spitting image and partnered up with Henneman, we needed a place to work out of. Me to get your clone prepared for what was to come, and Henneman to conduct all of his little experiments. Guess at the time, I figured the Illusive Man was too busy to ever figure out that we were working out of one of Cerberus's abandoned facilities. Should have known that the bastard wouldn't have let us off that easily."

_Christ, as if the torture wasn't bad enough. Now she's monologuing like a comic book supervillain,_ Shepard thought to herself. But at least she was so distracted with indulging herself, both between her legs and in recalling her memories, that her fingers weren't anywhere near the activation switch for the electricity. The longer Brooks blathered on, the less time Shepard would have to spend in agony.

"But the Illusive Man found us, eventually. Barely managed to drag Henneman out of his lab, the bloody fool ready to die rather than leave his research behind. Only way we could convince him to leave was to let him finish mixing up two last vials of that Dom formula of his," Brooks continued her story. "We were dashing down one of the hallways, just a few feet away from the lift out of the facility and to freedom, when suddenly... something exploded. Not sure if it was Cerberus that did it, or one of our people trying to slow Cerberus down. Whichever the case, the ceiling collapsed, and before I knew it I was trapped under a heavy beam. Me and the clone both tried our best to move it, but it was too heavy."

Shepard realized where the story was going, and suddenly it all made sense. She had always wondered, ever since this nightmare began, how even a sinister organization like Cerberus would have accepted such a deviant sexual predator like Maya Brooks into their ranks. How Miranda could have worked with somebody as sadistically cruel and perverted as this woman and not realized what a danger she was. But now it all clicked.

"I told her to go," Brooks said. Despite the sneering cynicism in her voice, the hand that was working the vibrator in and out of her pussy suddenly paused, as if lingering on this memory was somehow more important. "Dammit, I was such a fool back then. I begged her to leave me behind and continue with the plan. That Cerberus would kill both of us if she didn't run. Think I might have even cried a little... how pathetic. But she refused to abandon me. Eventually, I guess she
must have remembered what the Dom formula had done to Morgan and the rest of the woman who were with us back then. How it had turned them into powerful rapists... with five times the strength they had once had. Henneman didn't want to give up the formula at first, but he changed his mind real quick once she put the gun to his head. It only took a few minutes for the effects to take hold, but even with her strength enhanced, she could only barely move that damn ceiling beam. So... I told her to take the other vial from Henneman, and give it to me. Once it was both of us... shit, that heavy steel beam might as well have been a toothpick, with how easy the both of us shoved it aside."

And as much as it disgusted her, in that moment Shepard could help but feel a little bit of pity for Brooks. Knowing that this woman had been under the influence of Henneman's mind-altering drugs all along explained so much, and Shepard couldn't help but wonder what she had been like before being forced by circumstances to taint her mind with Henneman's poison.

It was only when Shepard remembered that, even before she had taken the Dom drug, Brooks had already revived a clone with the express purpose of using her to replace Shepard, that Shepard's brief moment of compassion for Brooks immediately withered and died. This woman was evil, even if her sinister intentions weren't tainted with sexual sadism before. And regardless of whether Brooks's cruel acts were inspired by her mind-altered state or not, it didn't change the fact that Shepard and her friends were still held captive by this beast.

"And after that," Brooks continued, too wrapped up in her story to notice Shepard's conflicted emotions, "Everything became so much clearer. I realized how enjoyable it could be to tease and torment someone. To hear them beg for mercy while I broke them to my will." For the first time in several minutes, Brooks seemed to remember that Shepard was in the room with her, and she glanced over at her captive and arched her brow. "You should consider yourself fortunate, Shepard. Before that unfortunate encounter with Cerberus, our plan had been to seal you and all of your friends into one of those archive vaults and let you starve to death while we took control of the Normandy and your life. But after getting Henneman's formula in my blood, I realized how much more fun it would be to bring you and your companions along with us instead. I'm so going to enjoy watching your face when you see what I do to your friends."

Shepard wanted to protest. Wanted to believe that Jack would never succumb to Cerberus's manipulations. But she had already gotten a glimpse of what Henneman's formulas were capable of. The scarred, intimidating-looking asari in the cell on the other end of the confinement area, whom Shepard had last seen giggling and cooing as her human captors violated her repeatedly. Shepard had no idea what kind of asari Delaana had been before falling into Cerberus's clutches, but from the looks of her, she was probably just as head-strong and independent-minded as Jack. So, if Cerberus could turn Delaana into a mindless, sex-crazed slut...

"Yeah, I can see it in your eyes already," Brooks said, a crooked grin on her face as she teased her clit with the vibrator, her attention focused on Shepard. "See the hope draining out of you. Yeah, before too long Jack's gonna be fucking the shit out of you. And I can promise you that she won't feel a bit of remorse about turning on you. So here's an idea: why not get a little premature revenge, huh? Beg me to stop this, right now, and I'll bring Jack in here instead."
Brooks grinned at Shepard, so sure that *this* offer would be the one that Shepard bit on. "Come on, Shepard. By the time Henneman puts that last dose of his juice inside of her, I bet Jack won't even remember how you betrayed her and forced her to endure this pain in your stead. She'll be too busy helping us drive you insane to even care about it. So what would it hurt, huh? What would it matter if you traded places with her right now? Go ahead, Shepard. Just say the word and spare yourself from another hour of... this!"

Brooks hit the switch, and Shepard desperately focused her mind on the pleasure between her legs, as the electricity hit her abused body yet again. *An hour*, she thought to herself. *You're halfway there, Shepard. Just an hour to go until the Cum. The Cum is going to be the best feeling you've ever had in your life. The Cum is going to make all of the pain worth it. Just keep going for another hour, and you'll have beaten Brooks, and you'll get the Cum.*

Despite the searing pain filling every inch of her body, Shepard found herself fighting the urge to smile. Brooks's taunt had only strengthened her resolve. She could handle another hour of this. She knew she could. And just as much as Brooks enjoyed watching Shepard in agony, Shepard was going to enjoy the disappointment on Brooks's face when she realized that Shepard had beaten her. That was going to make all of this worth it.

That... and the Cum.
"Oh, fuck yeah. Shit, I fucking love pounding that tight little asari twat of yours!"

"Yes, Shepard," Liara forced herself to say, as the clone's fake cock was shoved in and out of her pussy. "Do it to me, Shepard. I love having you inside me." The test tubes and laboratory equipment on the table shook with each hard thrust, and Liara only hoped that all of the noise of the jiggly glass and metal, combined with the loud music filling the testing room, hid the lack of conviction in her voice.

Inside, she felt like screaming. Everything before now had been somewhat tolerable. The forced dance she had given for her captor. The touching and licking that the clone had done to her their last time together. Even what had happened back on the Normandy, Liara being forced to ride on the clone's strap-on... all of that she had borne with a phony smile and false declarations of affection.

But this... she found it almost impossible to keep up her act in the face of this. The clone taking her from behind, like an animal, while loud music blared and the cold metal of the examination table chilled her bare skin. None of the previous pretenses of "romance" that the clone had put on before. This was just her using Liara. Showing her just how powerless she was in the face of her captors.

"Fucking love this," the clone loudly declared, fingers digging roughly into Liara's waist as she vigorously drove her Sultana cock in and out of Liara's pussy. "Feels so goddamn good! Tell me, Liara! Tell me how much you love having me fuck you like this."

"I... I love it, Shepard," Liara said, voice barely audible above the music. "Please keep fucking... fucking me like this. It's so good."

"Yeah, I knew you were into this shit," the clone responded, pulling away one hand from Liara's waist to deliver a hard slap to her backside. Liara cried out in pain as the clone's palm cracked against her ass, fighting the tears that threatened to come to her eyes and ruin the illusion that she was enjoying this treatment. Just keep up the act for a little while longer, Liara told herself. If her experience with the clone back on the Normandy was any indication, it wouldn't be long before she would reach her climax and end this horrible experience.

But as the minutes ticked by, and one loud metal song faded into another, the clone seemed no closer to climax. On and on it went, the clone continuing to rapidly piston her fake cock inside of Liara. All while continuing to vulgarly declare how much she was enjoying herself, to the point where Liara wondered if the clone was trying to convince herself somehow. The sound of the clone's voice, so much like Shepard's and yet with that unmistakable tinge of cruelty, loudly proclaiming how much she enjoyed fucking her sexy asari whore... it made Liara want to scream.

"Yeah, this shit's so good," the clone said, all while the fourth song in her playlist came on and she continued her incessant fucking. "Goddammit, I can't get enough of this... this..."

And then, out of nowhere, the cock in Liara's pussy suddenly slid out. Liara fought the urge to breathe a sigh of relief, as she glanced in the mirror to see the clone stepping away from Liara's backside with a strange expression on her face. "Shepard? Is something..."
"Shut up," the clone muttered, barely audible over the loud metal music still playing. "Just shut the fuck up." Shaking her head, she suddenly reached her hand down and grasped the Sultana cock. With a loud angry cry, she harshly yanked it out of her pussy and slammed it down on the lab table. "Fuck!" the clone let out a loud scream. "God fucking dammit!" Snapping her attention to the control panel, she barked out, "Stop the music. Stop the fucking music right now or I'll put my fist right through you, so help me!"

Obediently responding to the first command, the station VI deactivated the clone's playlist, and the room went silent aside from the clone's angry, raspy breathing. Slowly, not wanting to test the clone's sudden anger, Liara stood up straight and turned to face the doppelganger of her lover. "Shepard, I... did I do something wrong?"

"Fuck... fuck no, you didn't," the clone responded, reaching her hands up to clasp at her forehead. "I just... why? Why doesn't this feel... I was so looking forward to this. All day, I was waiting for the chance to bend you over and fuck you. And now that I'm here and... now that I'm doing it, it just doesn't... why am I not enjoying this?"

Liara watched helplessly, unsure what was going through the clone's mind, and what she might be able to say in order to defuse the situation. So she stood in awkward silence as the clone pounded her fists against her thighs, letting out frustrated grunts with each impact.

"You... you... you hate this, don't you?" the clone finally said. As Liara started to open her mouth, the clone's neck twisted in her direction, eyes blazing with anger. "Don't you fucking deny it. I can hear it in your voice how miserable you are." Turning away, the clone stared at the wall, her voice filled with frustration. "But that's... that's the fucking thing, isn't it? I shouldn't even fucking care if you like it or not. I never did before now, did I? I fucking took you like a dirty asari whore and I didn't give a shit what you thought of it. But now... now I know you hate it, and it just screws everything up. I shouldn't even give a shit... and yet I do. What the fuck is wrong with me?"

"Maybe... maybe we can try something different," Liara cautiously suggested, while not entirely sure what that "different" would be.

"Different, right," the clone dismissively replied. "I don't know. Maybe Brooks was right after all. Maybe I'm taking too much after my inferior double. Letting myself get stupid and believe that you and I are... that me and an asari could ever..."

Liara felt a sinking feeling. The way this was going, she sensed a real danger that this "relationship" she had been working on with the clone was about to come to an end. And if that happened, then her and Shepard's plan to drive a wedge between the two leaders of Cerberus would be over. As much as it may have pained her, she needed to keep the clone's interest. Keep her coming back again and again. Liara thought desperately for a way to salvage the situation. And as she cast her eyes around the lab, her eyes locked on something. Could it...? No, she would never... she thought. But without any other options that she could think of, Liara decided to take the risk. Reaching down, she snatched up the object.

"Liara, I think that..." the clone started to say, before feeling a hand on her shoulder.

"Come on, Shepard. No need to overthink this. I think I've got a fun idea for us to try," Liara leaned in to whisper in the clone's ear.

Turning to face the asari, the clone let out a sigh. "I appreciate the effort, Liara, really. But I don't
know that this is going to work anymore. Maybe I should just grab that Sultana and...

Glancing down at the lab table, the clone's eyes went wide as she saw the spot where she had laid the high-tech sex toy. Now completely empty.

"Liara, you..." the clone started to say, looking over to Liara and seeing a seductive look in her eye. Her eyes then drifted down to the asari's groin, where the Sultana throbbed and pulsed. As the clone watched, eyes wide, the sex toy scanned Liara's skin and, after several seconds to adapt to the non-human surface, rippled and turned blue and scaly to match. It wasn't long until Liara suddenly had a blue, foot-long cock jutting out from her hips.

"Like I said, Shepard: something different," Liara said, smirking and placing a hand on her cocked hip as she added. "Now... bend over for me."
"Go fetch me some norepinephrine, please," Brynn instructed, not even looking up from her microscope as she delivered the command.

"Right away, ma'am," responded her "assistant." The AIU obediently walked over to the chemical storage area, cautiously retrieving the vial of chemicals and delivering the requested compound next to Brynn at her workstation.

"Brain tissue is reacting strongly to the latest experimental compound," Brynn said, the AIU behind her recording every word of her research notes and uploading them to her personal storage banks. Pulling away from the microscope, she used an eye-dropper to extract a small amount of the norepinephrine. "Now exposing the tissue to norepinephrine to observe changes in neurotransmitter response." She pulled up the top slide and deposited several drops of the chemical into the sample. When she put her eyes back to the microscope, what she saw made her sigh loudly. "Dammit. Progress is being made, but still not seeing the proper reaction here. Lazarus Project Recreation, test # 53: officially a failure."

Pulling away from the microscope, Brynn slumped down on a stool and crossed her arms. She was so close to coming up with the solution. A way to reactivate brain tissue once thought to be irretrievably damaged. Dammit, if only Miranda Lawson was on this station. Just a few minutes to compare notes with the former Cerberus researcher, and Brynn was sure that they'd come up with an answer in a fraction of the time.

But that wasn't the only problem, was it? There were other things on Brynn's mind. Things that were keeping her distracted from her work. Turning to the AIU, Brynn said. "Information request. Tell me everything you know about... the Illusive Man."

The AIU's eyes gleamed, and after a fraction of a second she spoke. "The Illusive Man was the original founder of Cerberus. His real name has been lost to history, but what is known is that he formed the organization Cerberus in order to further the cause of humanity. His greatest achievement was bringing about the revival of Commander Anna Shepard, the human hero who went on to defeat the Reapers and save the galaxy. Unfortunately, the Illusive Man was indoctrinated into service of the Reapers during the course of the war, and met his end in disgrace, completely lost to their control."

Yes, that's the official truth right now, Brynn thought to herself, but that story might be changing soon.

She thought back to what Ruben had told her several nights before. That her work on the Lazarus Project was about more than just giving the hope of restoring life to the humans of the galaxy. That Ruben and the Cerberus leaders planned to resurrect a clone of the Illusive Man, with Shepard lying to the galaxy and telling them that the clone currently sitting brain-dead in the restricted section was actually the real Illusive Man.

It just seemed so... wrong. She understood why Ruben might think it was the correct course of action. Before everything had gone bad, Brynn had spoken to the Illusive Man several times, and found him to be a charismatic, motivational man. But then he had found out about the Reapers, and ever since that day things at Cerberus degenerated. Slowly at first, but soon reaching a point where Brynn and her colleagues knew they had to run.
Isn't it possible, Brynn thought, as she turned back around to her work table, that bringing the Illusive Man back into a world without the Reapers might be a good thing? That having his drive and energy back at the head of Cerberus might not help restore it to greatness?

She wanted to believe that, but the same question kept coming back to her: wasn't Shepard enough? She was the greatest hero the galaxy had ever seen. If she sent a message across the galaxy that everyone needed to jump off a bridge, immediately, then Brynn imagined that most of the humans in the galaxy would end up at the bottom of the nearest ravine, along with a good portion of the aliens as well. Weren't her achievements and charisma enough to sell the galaxy on the potential of this new Cerberus? Did they really need to bring back a man whose reputation had been driven into the ground after the war with the Reapers was over?

Try as she might, she just couldn't make it make sense in her head. But Ruben was so sure that it was what Cerberus needed. So Brynn smiled, told him that she agreed, and continued with her work on the Lazarus Project. Telling herself that she didn't have the whole picture, and that once it was all over, she would understand why bringing back the Illusive Man was the correct course of action.

And yet... it still nagged at her.

Sighing, she decided to try her best to focus her mind on her work. Even if the Illusive Man plan was a fool's errand, at the very least it would result in Miranda Lawson's Lazarus Project being reborn. "Alright, beginning Lazarus Project Recreation, test #54. Please bring me a new sample of brain tissue."

She waited for the sound of tiny gears grinding inside of the AIU. But after several seconds without the clank of heavy footsteps against the metal floor, Brynn finally turned around. The AIU was standing stock still, the glow in its eyes dull and nearly invisible.

"AIU, can you hear me?" Brynn said to the robotic woman. No response. "Great, just what I needed today, on top of everything," she muttered, before bringing up her hand and activating her omni-tool. "This is Dr. Cole in the neuroscience lab. Looks like we have an AIU down."

The weary, exasperated voice of the bot tech responded. "Have you tried rebooting it?"

Walking over to the AIU, Brynn felt around the back of its neck for the small access panel. Flipping it open, she flicked the switch inside several times. No result: the AIU's eyes remained barely lit, and gave no response to any of Brynn's requests.

"Yeah, I tried, it's definitely non-responsive," Brynn said into her omni-tool.

An annoyed groan from the tech. "Fine, I'll be right down to fetch it."

"You wouldn't happen to have a spare I can..." Brynn started to say, but the tech had already disconnected her. "Ok, fine. Guess I'm my own research assistant for the rest of the day."

Heading over to the tissue storage container, Brynn tried her best to stay focused on her work. And forget about all of her doubts, at least for now.
After making their way up the stairs, Dugas ushered Zaeed and Rooker through a heavy pair of wooden doors. "Right in here," he said jovially, leading them into a high-ceilinged office. Zaeed had to hold back a laugh as he saw the place: while it matched the décor of the rest of Dugas' mansion, the thought of the crusty old krogan merc doing business in such lush surroundings seemed completely insane.

"Sit down over there, please," Dugas said, gesturing to a velvet-upholstered couch opposite his heavy mahogany desk. "Shouldn't take but a few minutes to get the ship together for you." Pointing to one of the two batarian guards who had followed them into the office, Dugas barked orders. "Fetch some more drinks for my guests here while they wait. From my private bar."

"Nah, that's alright, mate," Zaeed said, as he and Rooker took seats. "You doing me this big favor and all... think I've taken up more than enough of your hospitality."

Dugas waved one of his hands at Zaeed. "Nonsense. You haven't seen the half of my... hospitality," he declared. The batarian bodyguard poured out two drinks from an ornate crystal bottle, and Dugas turned his back on his guests to retrieve the glasses. After a pause, he spun back around with the full glasses, handing one each to Zaaed and Rooker. "There... for you and your lovely lady friend. Drink up."

"Much appreciated," Zaeed responded, taking the glass and raising it to his lips. Rooker gave a smile to the krogan as well, sipping lightly at her own drink.

"There we are," Dugas said, a wide grin coming to his face as he watched the two humans drink. Settling himself down into his heavy, high-backed desk chair, Dugas reached forward to activate his terminal. "Now, what was it you were saying?" he asked, staring at the terminal screen intently while tapping away on his keyboard. "A ship with a record as a non-human vessel, was it?"

Zaeed nodded. "That's rig... whoah..." Shifting slightly in his seat, Zaeed reached up to rest a hand on his forehead.

Dugas looked up from his terminal. "Everything alright... old friend?"

"Yeah, just... guess I really have had a bit too much of your hospitality... and your booze," Zaeed responded, placing his glass aside and turning to chuckle to Rooker. "Might need you to... to fly the car on our way back, babe."

Rooker forced a smile in response, all while impatiently tapping her foot. They were so close to finishing this mission... but something seemed off to her. Something about the friendliness that Dugas was showing to them now, after his earlier outburst at the mere thought of them working with Cerberus, had Rooker on edge in a way that didn't seem logical, but was undeniable nonetheless.

"Ah, here we are," Dugas said, pointing a finger at his terminal screen. "Think that's just the one you need. Just a moment, let me call in one of my men to fetch you the access codes." Reaching over to a panel on his desk, Dugas pressed one of the buttons. "There we go. Should only take a minute."
"What the...?" Jacob exclaimed.

"What, what's happening?" Vega said, concern written on his face as he stood up and turned to Jacob.

Jacob hit several buttons on the receiver. "Signal went dead all of a sudden. Dammit, all I'm getting is static."

"Something went wrong," Vega immediately concluded. "We need to move in."

"No, wait," Jacob said. "Could just be a technical glitch. And from what I was hearing before we lost signal, Zaeed and Rooker were close to getting a ship out of Dugas. We need to wait."

Vega looked uncertain, but he eventually settled back down in his seat.

* * *

"Your man gonna... gonna... gonna be much longer, Dugas?" Zaeed asked, blinking his eyes to try and focus on the krogan on the other side of the desk. Once he managed that, then hopefully he could stop the room from spinning around him so goddamn much. Funny, he wasn't normally this much of a lightweight when it came to alcohol. He supposed his ability to hold his liquor was going with age, just like most of his other skills.

"Not much longer," Dugas assured him. A gleam came to his eyes, as if something had just occurred to him. "Oh, while we wait... I want you to hear this. Got the strangest extranet call a few days ago, out of nowhere. Thought it was crazy at the time, but... well, just listen."

As Zaeed and Rooker glanced at each other in confusion, Dugas hit another button on his desk panel. From out of a speaker on the wall came Dugas' voice in a recording: "Who the hell is this? How did you get this number?"

"Who I am is unimportant, Brenok Dugas," said another voice in response. It was obviously electronically distorted, and Zaeed couldn't even tell if it was human or alien, male or female. "What is important is what I can provide for you."

"Oh, and what is that? Better be good, or else I'm going to trace this call back to its source, and you had better not be there when my men arrive."

Even through the distortion, Zaeed could hear the amusement in the voice on the other end of the call. "You could try, but I promise that your trace would not succeed. Back to the point: what I can provide to you are two things. The two most valuable things, especially to someone in your line of work: credits, and information."

"Yeah, well, I've got plenty of both. So this better be a damn good offer."

"Do me a favor. Check your Illium Galactic banking account statement, if you would. I think you'll be pleased with what you find."

There was a pause in the call at that point, and Zaeed started to open his mouth to ask what the point of all this was. "Just a minute, Zaeed," Dugas interrupted him before he could speak. "The
good part's coming up. You're going to love this."

Hmm... 150 million credits. Not bad, but my people make me that much in two months. Still, you have my attention.

I'm glad to hear it, Brenok Dugas. Because there are even more credits in it for you if you listen to the other gift I have for you.

Right, the information. And what information do you have, that's so important that you're forking over 150 million just so I listen to it?

Listen to my next words carefully. We have reason to believe that you have been targeted. Someone is out to pin a frame-up on you.

Really? Wonder who that could be? I have pissed off a lot of people over the years.

My sources suspect that this comes from very high up. Potentially someone in the command structure of the Alliance, as a matter of fact. The sources also tell me that, within the next few days, you will be receiving a visitor. Someone you haven't seen in ages, who will come to you under the banner of friendship. I'm not sure what their exact identity will be. All I know is that this person is not your friend. They are, in fact, working for your enemies.

Rooker sat up straight in her seat. Zaeed, too, looked perturbed, but before either of them could speak Dugas held up a hand. "Quiet now," he muttered, the former friendliness starting to drain from his voice as he reached into a drawer of his desk, and slammed a Carnifex pistol down on its dark wooden surface. "If you don't shut up, you'll talk right over the best part."

You seem to know a lot, mystery man. But I tend to take a lot of visitors at my home. How will I know who this unknown traitor is?

I'll tell you how. See, in order to frame you for this crime, they're going to need something from you. Something very specific.

And the next words that came out of the speaker told Zaeed and Rooker, without a doubt, that they were screwed.

This person... whoever they are, they're going to ask you for a ship. And not just any ship: a ship with a history as a non-human vessel. Once they make that request, you'll have your Alliance traitor in front of you.
"Oh, fuck. Damn, this bitch can suck cock like a goddamn pro! That part of your Justicar training, huh?"

The sound of it was driving Miranda crazy. Yet again, the humans in charge of this twisted sex dungeon were having their way with one of their captives. While she thanked her lucky stars that, for whatever reason, she and Oriana had been spared such treatment since leaving the Normandy, she knew that sooner or later their time would come.

She lay in her cot, desperately wishing she could fall asleep and no longer hear the brutal sounds of Samara being violated outside of her cell. But even when she placed her thin, crappy pillow over her head, she could still hear the moans and grunts. And the strangled cries of Aria as the two AIUs continued to brutally rape her.

"Miri?" Oriana's voice above her head. Miranda removed the pillow to see her sister standing above her cot, slightly trembling with her arms crossed under her chest. "I need... would it be alright if I...?"

Seeing Oriana's awkwardness, Miranda guessed the nature of her request. Scooting her up against the wall, she made room for Oriana to lie down next to her. Looking relieved, Oriana began to settle herself down. Miranda expected Oriana to rest with her back facing Miranda, but instead Oriana pushed in, chest-to-chest with her sister. They rested their heads on the pillow, faces inches away from each other, as Miranda pushed one of her arms underneath Oriana and around her waist.

"We're going to make it through this, Ori," Miranda quietly assured her. "It may be horrible for a long time... but I know that we'll make it out of here."

"I know," Oriana said, but with no conviction in her voice. "I just... I don't know if I'm as strong as you. After so many nights of having to listen to all of that, the last few nights I've just... I've wished for it to be over. For them to come in here and just end it."

Hearing the despair in her sister's voice made Miranda's heart ache. She wished she could step right through that forcefield and pound those bastards' faces into the ground with her biotics, but for now, that wasn't an option. "Just hold on for me, Ori," Miranda said quietly, reaching her hand up to rest on Oriana's cheek. "The two of us, together... we're not going to let them beat us."

Seeing the utter hopelessness on Oriana's face, and hearing the continued sounds of sexual violence happening outside, Miranda moved the hand on her sister's cheek to behind her neck. "Here, come in close," she whispered, drawing Oriana's head up close to hers. Leaning her head up, she put her mouth up to Oriana's ear. "Just listen to my voice, Ori. Listen to it and nothing else. There's nobody else in this world right now besides me and you. And I'll always protect you. I promise." Pursing her lips, Miranda picked out a random song and began quietly humming it into Oriana's ear, hoping to drown out the sounds around them.

"Thanks, Miri," Oriana said quietly, sounding a bit soothed by Miranda's attempt at a lullaby. "I love you so much. No matter what happens, just remember that I... I love you..."

For a moment, Miranda was worried that somebody had turned on the knockout gas in their cell,
and it took her a second to realize that Oriana had drifted off to sleep next to her. Quietly, she whispered. "I love you too, Ori. And when you wake up, I only hope that things are better."

* * *

"...suck cock like a goddamn pro! That part of your Justicar training, huh?"

In the cot behind her, Jenny shivered and whimpered. She huddled underneath the thin sheet, hands clasped over her ears trying to block out the sounds around them.

But Jack hardly paid it any mind. She was standing at the edge of the cell's forcefield, watching the men outside take turns fucking Samara's mouth and tits. By now, there were several loads of cum dripping down Samara's massive breasts, and as Jack watched quietly, Bowers shot his second wad across the Justicar's ample tits. No sooner had he finished, then Roth moved into place to take his own turn with their captive's mouth.

This is disgusting, Jack told herself in her head. These bastards are sick fuckers. Anybody who would even think about doing something like this is pure fucking evil.

She said it to herself over and over again, trying to make herself believe the words. And yet, she still kept watching. Part of her knew that she should be with Jenny. Comforting the poor kid like the cheerleader was probably doing with her sister.

But she still kept watching. Waiting for the moment where the disgust she told herself she should be feeling would actually become real. But the truth was, she didn't find it disgusting. She... wasn't sure how she felt. All she knew is that she couldn't make herself stop watching it.

It's that fucked-up drug the doc gave you, said that voice in Jack's head. Twisting your mind, making you think that shit like this is okay. Goddamn it, Jack. Fight it! You're stronger than some damn drug. Just stop watching. Look away! Fucking look away!

The voice in her head was desperate now. Almost pleading with herself to shut her eyes and turn away from the horrible scene in front of her. But still... she couldn't stop watching.

As the men started ordering Samara down to her hands and knees, Okoru lining up his cock with her twat to thrust it inside the dead-eyed asari, Jack felt herself shiver.

And as much as she wanted to convince herself otherwise, it was not a shiver of disgust.

* * *

"...like a goddamn pro! That part of your Justicar training, huh?"

"Dammit, why?" Delaana moaned, writhing and squirming at the forcefield keeping them in their cell. "Why won't they do those things to me anymore? I'd suck their cocks so good!"

Sitting on her cot, Kasumi stared blankly at the opposite wall. Part of her was sure that she was asleep, and that all of this was some terrible nightmare that she was about to wake up from. Even though she knew that all of this was reality, everything still felt... off. The world seemed drained of color, and everything seemed to be moving in slow-motion.

That drug Henneman tested on me, is that what's doing this to me? Kasumi asked herself. Or
maybe it was just her own mind, going into shock at all of the insanity and torture happening around her? All she knew is that ever since Henneman had taken her back to that room and shot her full of that drug, she had been feeling so out of it. Like that feeling you have just when you wake up: not quite awake, but not asleep either.

"Please, Kasumi," Delaana said, moving away from the front of the cell to fall to her knees in front of her cellmate. "Please let me. It would feel soooo good! I'd make you feel so happy! Just let me do it to you. Please!"

A day ago, the suggestion would have disgusted Kasumi. But in her current state, she hardly even cared. Delaana let out a delighted cry as Kasumi slowly spread her legs open, giving the horny asari unobstructed access to her naked pussy.

Soon, Kasumi could feel Delaana lapping at her pussy and clt. Even as it was happening, Kasumi felt like it was being done to somebody else. She stared into space, showing no reaction to the cunnilingus being performed on her. Eventually, Delaana's oral skills did the trick, and Kasumi shivered lightly as she felt herself climax. Again, it barely seemed to register, and by the time it was over, Kasumi hardly even remembered that it had happened.

"Ooh, now do me!" Delaana begged. Standing up, she moved her groin in front of Kasumi's face and grabbed her by the back of her head. Before she even knew what was happening, Kasumi had asari pussy right in front of her nose. Lethargically, she stuck out her tongue and began slowly licking Delaana's cunt. She doubted that she was much good at it, but Delaana hardly seemed to mind. The horny asari moaned and cooed, wiggling her crotch in Kasumi's face as her human cellmate numbly performed oral on her. "Thank you, Kasumi!" she squealed, and soon Kasumi felt Delaana's pussy juices dripping down her face. "Thank you... so much... oh, yes!"

* * *

"Ah, yes," Okoru grunted, a wide-mouthed grin on his face as he took Samara from behind. "Now that's what we want out of our asari bitches." Turning to the open cell beside him, he called out to Aria, still being violently fucked by the AIU bot. "You see this, bitch? So how much easier it is to take human cock than what you're dealing with? Maybe you shouldn't have..." His words trailed off, and he turned his head to fix a concerned look on Yuri. "Hey, man. Is it... supposed to be smoking like that?"

Yuri, who had been in the middle of rubbing his cock across Samara's lips to get her to open up, looked over at Aria and Samara's cell. "Aw, fuck," he immediately said, jumping up to his feet and tucking himself back into his pants. "Boss," he stepped over to Bowers, eyes on the furiously-thrusting AIU as sparks began to fly out of it, "We gotta shut it down, right now!"

"Wha..." Bowers muttered, still coming down from his last climax.

"The AIU, we gotta shut it down before..." Yuri started to say, before being interrupted by a loud, grating metallic sound from the direction of the open cell.

As all four of the humans watched, the AIU raping Aria suddenly grinded to a halt, dark smoke bellowing out of its joints and drifting up to the ceiling.

"What the... the fuck?" Bowers said, coughing as the smoke started filling the cellblock.

"I told you!" Yuri exclaimed, covering his mouth and lightly coughing as well. "AIU chassis
weren't meant for these kinds of extended exertions! I bet all of its joints are completely fried now."

Bowers glowered at his underling. "Well, get it the fuck out of here! Before the goddamn thing suffocates us!"

Moving over to the cell, Yuri directed commands towards the other, still-functioning AIU between coughs. The bot tossed down the limp, nearly unconscious Aria onto her cot, the badly-abused asari letting out a low grunt as she hit the hard bed. With that handled, the robotic woman reached around the waist of its unmoving counterpart. As it lifted the fried AIU out of the cell, Bowers and Roth tossed Samara back in and activated the forcefield.

"And don't forget to wipe its goddamn memory banks before taking it into the shop!" Bowers called out after Yuri. "Can't have any of those eggheads over in the public sector poking around in its RAM chips and getting a glimpse of what we're up to over here."

"Yeah, yeah, I know," Yuri responded, grumbling to himself as he followed the AIU-toting AIU out of the cellblock.

Rolling his eyes, Bowers glanced over at Roth and Okoru, the two men begrudgingly tucking their cocks back into their pants now that the "party" was obviously over. "Unbelievable, right? Can't believe Yuri had such a stupid idea."

"But it was your id..." Roth started to say, before seeing the look on Bowers's face and quickly changing his tune. "I mean... yeah, what an idiot. Pushing an AIU's systems like that... he should have known it would burn itself out."

"Well, guess we're gonna have to come up with something else to torture our favorite purple bitch with next time," Bowers observed, glancing over at Aria lying limply on her cot. "Not sure what, but you better believe that..."

"Bowers!" said a voice, and Bowers searched for a minute before realizing it was coming from a nearby wall panel. "Bowers, come in here and bring this asari bitch back to her cell. I think I've had my fill of her for one day."
"Unh... you... little asari... slut... can't believe... I let you... talk me into this...oh fuck..."

Liara barely heard the clone's protests. She was so wrapped up in the sensation of the Sultana penetrating the clone's moistened pussy, and thrusting in and out of her warm wetness, that the clone's sneered insults didn't even register. "Oh, Goddess," Liara gasped, as she felt her artificial cock sliding inside of the clone. They had switched positions: the clone was now bent over the lab table, while Liara penetrated her from behind.

Part of Liara couldn't believe this was actually happening. When she had picked up the Sultana and inserted it into herself, she had half expected the clone to yank it right back off. Or laugh off her suggestion that Liara could be the one to penetrate her for once. But to her surprise, after a moment's hesitation, the clone had bent herself over the table, apparently willing to try it out despite the sneering expression on her face.

"Dammit, can't... can't you do... do it any harder..." the clone gasped, between Liara's hard thrusts. "If you're gonna... gonna fuck Commander Shepard... at least do it right you... useless asari slut..."

"I'll show you 'useless,','', Liara muttered under her breath, before taking a deep breath and ramping up the speed of her thrusts. Her hips pounded out a steady beat against the clone's ass, and she could feel tight inner walls gripping along the length of her Sultana. The clone responded to Liara's increased pace with a long groan, and from the wetness that Liara could feel dripping down her fake cock, she must have been doing something right.

"That's... fucking better..." the clone grunted. "You keep this... keep this up... maybe I'll allow you... the privilege of... of fucking me again... oh God yes..."

"Thank you, Shepard," Liara pleasantly responded, all while continuing her savage pounding of the clone's twat.

Oh, Goddess, it was good. Why did it feel so good? As horrible as it had been to be on the receiving end of this monstrosity, using it on the clone was... was unlike anything she had ever felt before. It was so sensitive, like every inch of the throbbing thing between her legs was tied to a hundred nerve endings.

But as minutes passed, and Liara continued fucking the moaning clone, she realized that this was about more than just the Sultana. It wasn't just the sensations the high-tech sex toy was sending through her body and up to the pleasure center of her brain that were making her continue pounding the clone's twat. It was the mere act of using this... of putting this inside of... of fucking this bitch. She was taking all of her anger, all of her misery at seeing her friends being abused and violated, and putting into every last thrust into this evil bitch's dripping wet twat. The fact that between every muttered curse and insult, the clone was making unmistakable sounds of enjoyment, meant nothing to Liara. Unlike what had happened when the two were in opposite positions, Liara didn't care a bit if the clone was enjoying herself or not. She was going to keep fucking her until somebody made her stop... or until she felt her climax hit.

Which, based on the heat building between her legs with each thrust into the clone's tight wetness, would be any second now.
"Goddess, I'm... I'm..."

Hearing Liara's moaned words, the clone's head snapped up from the lab table. "Hey! Don't you... don't you dare... cum inside me..."

"Can't help it," Liara said, her hips seeming to keep moving all by themselves. No... no, that wasn't true at all. She was doing this of her own accord. Disobeying the clone's orders on purpose. Not caring about the potential consequences in the heat of this carnal frenzy, or anything at all other than the growing tension in her crotch. She was delirious with the sensations she was feeling, mind reeling with the pleasure, and focused only on one thing: filling this evil bitch's cunt with as much cum as the Sultana could produce.

"Dammit," the clone muttered, as Liara's cock continued to stroke against her inner walls, showing no signs of pulling out despite her warning. If she had any intention of preventing Liara from disobeying her command, though, the clone showed no sign of it.

"Cu... cum... cumming!" Liara cried out, as the Sultana sensed her climax and began siphoning up the juices of her release. If there was any major difference between the fluids squirted out from human women during the moment of orgasm, and those of an asari, the Sultana seemed to have no problem adapting to them. Soon, as Liara gasped and moaned though her mind-shatteringly intense orgasm, the Sultana began spewing out its simulated cum inside of the clone's pussy. Under her breath, the clone muttered and groused, as she could feel the hot cum filling up her insides. But from the way she shivered and her body clenched up, Liara could see the same body language that she knew all too well from her nights in the real Shepard's cabin. The clone was cumming, and cumming hard. With a small smile, Liara pumped in and out of the clone's pussy a few more times, making sure to spill every last drop of her cum inside of the sweaty, satisfied human.

"Fu... fuck you..." the clone gasped, as the thick blue cock finally slid out of her. As Liara caught sight of her cum dripping out of the clone's well-fucked snatch, she felt a shiver run through her. Goddess, what had she done? She was doing this for Shepard's sake, and for no other reason. How could she have possibly enjoyed this so much? She told herself that she was giddy at the chance to turn the tables on her captor, and play the dominant one for once. But it had been more than just that. It was the feeling of fucking her. Taking her roughly, while the clone griped and complained about it the whole time. But in the end, the clone had still came. As she watched the thoroughly-fucked human raise herself up weakly from the lab table, remnants of her sweat leaving streaks on the gleaming metal surface, Liara felt that shiver run through her again.

"Bowers!" the clone yelled into the wall panel. "Bowers, come in here and bring this asari bitch back to her cell. I think I've had my fill of her for one day." Her instruction acknowledged, the clone jabbed a finger in the air in Liara's direction. "This never happens again. You hear me?"

"Yes, Shepard," Liara responded, trying her best to look disappointed while knowing that, after
some time for the clone to come to terms with things, it most certainly would happen again.

In fact, it wasn't even one more sentence before the clone was hedging. "And if it does... you better fucking listen to me when I tell you not to cum inside me. Dammit, I'm going to have to go scrub out my snatch to get rid of all your... your slutty asari juices. If Brooks even caught a whiff of that shit on me..."

"Of course, Shepard," Liara said. "I promise I won't do it again... not that this is ever going to happen again, of course."

The door to the lab slid open, and Bowers tried his best to hide the shock on his face as he walked in to see his boss naked, sweating, and with what looked like cum dripping out of her snatch. "Take her away," the clone muttered. "And have an AIU come in to clean up this place. I'm afraid this dirty asari slut got her stench all over."

"Uh, about that," Bowers said, rubbing the back of his neck. "We might, uh, kinda be short on AIUs for a little bit. Think Yuri had to take one of them to the shop."

The clone whirled on Bowers, eyes blazing. "Well, then you fuckers clean up in here! Scrub down every last inch of this lab before Henneman comes around!"

Bowers looked confused. "You... you want us to do that now or...?"

"No, not fucking now!" the clone almost shrieked. The sight of one of her captors in such a fury should have terrified Liara, but knowing that it was just her overcompensation for being so thoroughly dominated earlier, Liara found herself fighting the urge to laugh. "Take Liara back and give me some goddamn privacy! I need to clean up and get dressed. I'll tell you when it's time to come back here, okay?"

"Okay, understood," Bowers said, quickly taking Liara roughly by the arm and dragging her out of the room. Liara was surprised to hear the Cerberus jailer actually lean over to her and whisper. "Jeez, what the fuck did you do to her?"

"I gave her what she wanted," Liara responded, allowing herself the briefest hint of a smile.
Part 4: Dejection; Deception; Defection (Elysium)

This person... whoever they are, they're going to ask you for a ship. And not just any ship: a ship with a history as a non-human vessel. Once they make that request, you'll have your Alliance traitor in front of you.

Zaeed and Rooker were frozen in place, as Dugas calmly pressed the button to stop the message playback. "The rest isn't nearly as good, I'm afraid," the krogan said, simmering rage now filling his voice. "Just the person on the other end offering another 500 million credits to take care of the Alliance spy for him. 'Dead or alive,' he said. You know, at the time I thought it was all some big prank or something. Didn't really pay it much mind. But when you came along and requested exactly what the man said you would... well, you understand, Zaeed. 500 million dollars... that's a lot of money to pass up. Especially since I all need to hand over some lying fucking Alliance spy!"

"Dugas, come on," Zaeed said, trying to figure a way to talk himself out of this situation even though he was pretty sure they were out of options. "You really would believe some random twat who messages you out of nowhere... over your old mate? Come on, don't tell me you're... you're that..." Zaeed trailed off, the room starting to spin even harder now as he struggled to keep from falling out of his seat. "Bloody hell, this booze is... is..."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Zaeed. Feeling a little woozy?" Dugas asked condescendingly, standing up from his desk with the Carnifex pistol in his hand. "Probably was that tranquilizer I slipped in your drink. See, I'm not entirely heartless. As easy as it would be to just put a bullet in you and hand you off to my newest informant friend... what can I say? I'm a sentimental guy, and I'm willing to turn you over to him alive."

Zaeed struggled to stay conscious as he muttered. "Ah, well. Suppose I can't really blame you, mate. With such a... a large bounty on my head... I guess when it comes to betraying me, there's no time like the present." He waited for the response from Jacob in his ear, and when he heard nothing repeated the words louder, "No time like the present. No time like the bloody present!"

"Trying to send a signal to your Alliance keepers, I imagine," Dugas correctly intuited. "Nice thing about this office, even with how old it looks: all the modern conveniences. Including a communications scrambler to keep any unwanted signals from coming on... or going out." He gestured to the two batarians at the door, while sliding his heavy pistol into a holster on his hip. "Tie this Alliance shit up. He's too doped up to give you much of a fight, I imagine. While you're getting him ready, I need to make a call to my mysterious friend, let him know that..."

"AAAAIIIIIIIIII!" A loud shriek suddenly filled the room, as Rooker abruptly jumped up off the couch and cried out in sheer terror. "Mr. Dugas, please! Don't hurt me!" she cried out, rushing over to the krogan with her arms flailing in front of her. "He... Zaeed forced me to go along with the plan! He said I'd never work in Alliance space again if I didn't!" Falling down to her knees in front of the burly krogan, she clasped her hands together and stared up with pleading eyes. "I promise if you let me go, I'll do anything you want!"

The krogan let out a rumbling chuckle. "Anything, my dear?" He looked over at Zaeed, looking woozy from his seat still on the couch. "Quite a remarkable woman you have here, old friend." His leering eyes flicking back to Rooker, he grinned and reached for the front fastener of his pants. "Well, as long as you're down there..."
A smile crept onto Rooker's face. "Right. As long as I'm down here..." she said, her eyes focused on the swell of the krogan's groin... before quickly pivoting left to the gun on his hip.

"Boss, watch..." was all that one of the batarian bodyguards got out, before Rooker whipped the pistol off of Dugas' hip. The batarian was just reaching to activate his shield as Rooker, still on her knees, arched and fell backwards. Even from her current vantage point – upside-down and bent nearly in half – the two shots Rooker got off before the guards could react were aimed true, and batarian brains were soon splattered across Dugas' expensive doors.

"Alliance bastards!" Dugas exclaimed, dashing past Rooker and pushing his way through the doors. Rooker fired after him, but unlike his guards Dugas had managed to get his shields up before the bullets started flying. "Kill those humans! And get my shuttle warmed up!"

"Dammit," Rooker muttered. Zaeed watched in awe as the agile Alliance officer put her legs in the air and kipped up off the floor, landing on her high heels without a trace of losing her balance. Sprinting over to Zaeed, she gave him a few slaps across the face. "Come on, Zaeed! We can't let him get away. One way or another, we need to get that ship from him!"

"Turn... turn off the communications jammer..." Zaeed muttered, blearily trying to rise up to his feet before tumbling back down onto the couch. "Gotta let Jacob know that it... it all went to shit..."

Rooker nodded her head. "Good idea," she muttered, before rushing over to the desk. Staring down at the control panel set into the mahogany surface, Rooker frowned. "Where is the damn thing?" she said, hitting buttons on the desk control panel. "Is it this one?"

The speakers in the room began playing Dugas' voice again, this time from a different call. "Dammit, that isn't it," Rooker muttered. "Where is that..."

Janthus, this is Dugas. Just got a weird call from some crazy fuck with a voice distaster and a huge bankroll. Probably nothing, but better safe than sorry.

"Janthus," Zaeed muttered, struggling again to regain his footing. But whatever drug Dugas had slipped him was powerful stuff, and his legs just refused to stop wobbling around so much. "Where'd I hear that name? Something about a party..."

What have you got for me, boss?

First thing: head to this address. You're going to strongly suggest to the people who live there that they take a vacation, immediately. If they don't agree to your suggestion... well, you're a smart man. I'm sure you can come up with some ways to... persuade them.

Not a problem, boss. Mind telling me why we're making vacation plans to the neighbors?

There's a possibility that's been brought to my attention, that I may soon be visited by Alliance spies. And if I know the Alliance, they'll need a base of operations to work from when they arrive. A vacant house with the residents on vacation... the perfect base.

Rooker's head snapped up from the desk.

And what should we do after that, boss?

You and your best men set up camp in the old lumber yard on the other side of the hill. Might be a
few days, so stock up on some rations before you get dug in. If this tip I got turns out to be nothing after a while, I'll give you a call and you can head on back. But if you hear word from me that "the party is on," then you and your men take down that house with everything you've got. Those Alliance fucks won't even know what hit them.

Rooker stared at Zaeed with wide eyes, and Zaeed managed to mutter. "You'd better get that communications block down soon, I'm thinking."

* * *

Jacob breathed a sigh of relief as he heard the radio come back on. "Zaeed, glad to have you back. Did you get the ship or..."

"No time like the present!" Jacob heard Rooker scream over Zaeed's radio. "You need to get out of there, right now!"

"Tara, what's..." Vega said into the radio.

"They know you're there!" Rooker yelled. "A team of mercenaries is heading to your position right now! Get Cortez to your position and get out of there, now! We need you in the air to keep Dugas from blasting off and getting away!"

Jacob and Vega immediately jumped up from their seats. "People, we've been made!" Jacob called out, and the rest of the team immediately snapped to attention. "Moving out, on the double!"

Everybody sprinted to the back door they had entered from, weapons at the ready. "Hey, Esteban!" Vega called into his comms unit. "We need that shuttle here, and we need it yesterday!"

Jacob waited to hear Cortez's response. But the line was totally dead. "Shit, you don't think they..." Vega said, as he and Jacob took the lead out of the door.

"No time to think about it," Jacob responded. He pointed off to the tree line in the distance. "He landed the shuttle over there. We're going to have to hoof it!"

"Jacob!" Tali yelled, and Jacob whirled to look in her direction. "They're already coming!"

Jacob followed her pointing finger to look up at the large nearby hill. Sure enough, Jacob could see dark figures heading down the grassy mound. They weren't Alliance-trained marines, to be sure, but from what numbers he could see they had his team outnumbered at least 2-to-1. A fight they could win... but not without casualties.

"Commander Taylor," said Riggs, rushing up with his shotgun at the ready. "I'll draw their fire. You and the rest of the team beat it towards the shuttle." He saw Jacob start to protest and shook his head. "Getting that ship from Dugas is the number one priority. We can't let him..."

Jacob heard a gasp from Garrus, and the turian yelled out. "Heavy weapons fire incoming! Everybody down!"

As Jacob and the rest of the team hit the dirt, he could hear the distinctive sound of a rocket firing nearby. He looked up in time to see the streak of smoke in the air, as one of the merc's rockets flew towards...
"Dammit, no!" Vega cried out, as the rocket flew into the small stand of nearby trees. The explosion that followed was bigger than what a rocket launcher could produce, and Jacob knew. The rocket had hit its target... and their hopes of using the shuttle to help Zaeed and Rooker were gone. Along with the shuttle itself, and...

"Cortez! Esteban, if you're there, answer me! STEVE!" Vega screamed into his comms unit, just before the bursts of assault rifle fire from the approaching mercs began.

And behind him, Jacob heard a sound he had never heard before, and hoped to never hear again. Private Riggs letting out a cry of pure, unrestrained anguish and pain, as the fire spread from the Orpheus shuttle's smoking wreck to the surrounding trees.
Part 4: Dejection; Deception; Defection (Adamanthea Station, Restricted Section, Testing Area)

The two hours were almost up. Shepard knew just from the look on Brooks's face.

By now, the vibrator that Brooks had been thrusting inside of her twat had been set aside, and all of Brooks's attention focused on Shepard. And the electro-torture device, which Brooks was triggering every thirty seconds or so.

But Shepard barely even cared at this point. She wasn't sure if it was the endorphin rush from having so much pain forced onto her in such a short period, or if her strangely zen-like focus on the Cum had truly put her in some sort of transcendental state of erotic meditation.

Whatever it was, the shocks felt like they were happening to someone else at this point. It was a light buzz at the very edge of her consciousness, not even coming close to the growing sensations down between her legs.

The Cum is almost here, Shepard thought triumphantly. I beat you, you bitch. No matter what happens from this point on, I'm leaving this room the winner. I survived everything you had to throw at me, and I'm gonna come up smiling... and cumming.

A trace of this triumph must have shown on Shepard's face, because the sour expression on Brooks's own turned even more unpleasant. She zapped Shepard again, left the juice on for just a few seconds, only to turn it off and immediately hit the switch again. Shepard could feel herself quivering in her restraints, but the sensation of pain had almost completely vanished. Brooks frowned as she turned the switch off, seeing how little effect the formerly excruciating torture was having on her prisoner.

"Eighteen minutes left, Shepard," Brooks said, the former glee that had been in her voice as she informed Shepard of the time remaining gone. Replaced by a dull, but noticeable anger. "You think you're strong to have come this far. But you'll break yet. I'll make you break."

Admit it, bitch, Shepard thought, enjoying entirely too much the fury in Brooks's demeanor as she shocked Shepard again and again, to no noticeable reaction from her victim. Admit that you lost. I'm going to enjoy the look on your face when the two hours are up almost as much as I'm going to enjoy the Cum.

As Brooks turned off the device again, she sat fuming for a good long while. Then suddenly, the near-naked Cerberus operative jumped up to her feet with a snarl. "Dammit, Shepard!" Brooks exclaimed, nearly knocking over the table with the control box on it in her frustration. "It wasn't supposed to go like this. How could you have possibly lasted for two hours with so much pain?"

You'll never understand, you silly woman, Shepard thought in her head, watching as Brooks paced the room in frustration. And you never will.

After a little bit more grousing, Brooks finally let out an aggravated grunt. "Fine," Brooks finally huffed. "You win, Shepard. You want to hear me say it? You win!" the words came out of Brooks like they were razor blades, slicing into her throat on the way out of her mouth. "This has been nothing but a waste of goddamn time."
And suddenly, in a blur of motion, Brooks stomped forward in Shepard's direction, reached down, and turned off the magic wand vibrator.

Shepard let out a gasp, as the constant buzz of infuriating pleasure between her legs suddenly vanished. "Wh... what are you doing?" Shepard asked, once she had finally regained her faculties enough to speak. The question was the first thing to come out of her mouth in the last hour or so that wasn't a scream of pain.

"Fuck this," Brooks muttered, staring at the nearby wall as she spoke. "It's obvious you're not going to break, so why waste these last fifteen minutes or so when I already know what's going to happen. Forget it, Shepard. Game's over, and you win."

As Brooks crouched down in front of Shepard and started detaching the nodes of the electric torture device, Shepard heard herself sputtering. "You... you're really going to be that sore of a loser?" she asked, trying her best to sound cocky even as the absence of the vibration between her legs left her feeling terribly empty. "Going back on the deal because I was too tough for you?"

"I'm not going back on the deal, Shepard," Brooks said, pausing in her removal of the suction cups from Shepard's skin and looking up at her in simmering hatred. "I'm just calling the whole thing off a few minutes early. You can go back to your cell feeling all warm and snuggly about yourself, knowing that you resisted my torture and spared your friends a similar fate. Good for you, Shepard. For once, you get to beat Cerberus."

"But... if I lasted the whole two hours you said I'd..." Shepard started to say, before forcing herself to stop. *What are you doing, Shepard?* she thought to herself. *You beat her. Let it go.*

But another voice in her head said two words in response: *The Cum...*

"You said I'd get to cum," Shepard finished her sentence meekly, unable to believe herself even as she knew that she couldn't let this go.

The only thing that had gotten her through more than an hour of torture was the promise of the Cum at the end of it. If Brooks sent her back to her cell without giving her the Cum, Shepard wasn't sure she would be able to stand it. It wasn't a matter of *wanting* it anymore: she *needed* the Cum now. Needed it more than she had ever needed anything in her life. All that pain and misery she had forced herself through... it had all been for the Cum.

And as disgusting as it made her feel, asking one of her sadistic captors for the privilege of getting to cum, she couldn't leave this room without that moment of pure release. Goddamn it, she fucking needed to cum so fucking badly.

Brooks looked into Shepard's pleading eyes, a trace of disgust on her face. "I said you'd get to cum if you withstood my torture for two hours, Shepard. We didn't make it the whole two hours, so no climax for you." She shrugged casually. "Sorry about that."

As Brooks reached for another one of the electrodes, Shepard cried out. "Stop!"

The dark fingers about to tug on the cord leading to Shepard's flesh paused, Brooks looking up at Shepard with a queer expression. *You're telling me* to stop? I don't know if you've figured this out yet, Shepard, but that's not how this relationship works," Brooks said, although her tone was more amused at this point than angry.
"Keep... keep going," Shepard gasped, the words coming out of her mouth in a jumble, almost of their own accord. "Keep torturing me. I want... I want to go the whole two hours."

Brooks continued to stare up at her from her position crouched down in front of Shepard, her fingers still curled around one of the conducting cables. After a moment of silence, a smile crept onto Brooks's face. "You... want me to keep going?"

"Yes," Shepard said, shutting her eyes and nearly screaming the word. "Keep going!" She forced a smile to her face and added. "Come on, Maya. Don't you want to see me suffer for another ten minutes?"

"I do, Shepard... and that's the problem," Brooks said. Her fingers left the electrode without pulling it off of Shepard's sweaty skin, and she straightened back up to her feet. "Because it doesn't seem to me like you'd be suffering if we kept going." She smirked in Shepard's face. "It actually seems to me like you'd be enjoying yourself for those ten minutes. Because you'd know that at the end of those ten minutes that you'd get to cum. And it's not really torture if you're enjoying it, is it?"

Shepard had no response to that. She couldn't believe she had been put into this position: begging her captor to keep torturing her. But goddamn it, she needed the Cum. Needed it so badly. What did she have to do to have Brooks give it to her?

And unfortunately, Brooks soon provided the answer to that question.

"Last minute change of plans, Shepard," Brooks said, as she reached down and grabbed the suction cup that she had previously removed, pressing it back into Shepard's quivering flesh. Shepard let out a gasp as Brooks then reactivated the magic wand vibrator between her legs, and that wonderful buzz started up against her pussy again.

"Seeing as how you're now asking me to take time out of my busy schedule to finish off this pointless endeavor, let's change things up a bit," Brooks continued. "Two options. We can stop right here, call the whole thing off, and I untie you and take you back to your cell. She smiled viciously as she tapped her temple. "Oh, but you will keep that orgasm-denial device on when you get back, just so you don't get any funny ideas about finishing yourself off. Or the other option is, we can keep going for the rest of the two hours, me continuing to torture you and you getting to cum once we're finished."

Shepard waited for the twist of the knife that she knew was coming. And when it did, she felt her heart sink in her chest.

"But if we keep going for the rest of the two hours... then I'm definitely going to take one of your friends and torture them as well."

No... Shepard thought to herself. No, I can't. But even as she thought it, she could feel that tightness building between her legs again. The insistent buzz of the vibrator had already put her on the edge of climax in just a few minutes. And as she felt herself hovering at that plateau, waiting for a release that would never come without the permission of her tormenter, she knew. Knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that there was only one answer she could possibly give.

As disgusting as that answer might be.

"So, what's it gonna be, Shepard?" Brooks said. "You've got to the count of five. Either say nothing, and I'll untie you and take you back to your cell, unsatisfied. Or you can ask me to
continue torturing you, knowing that it means that one of your friends gets tortured as well. Actually, no," Brooks said, the smile on her face getting even more sinister as she corrected herself. "I'm not sure that just asking is enough. Probably would be better at this point if you begged me to continue torturing you."

Shepard stared down at the floor, unable to look at Brooks as the Cerberus operative gleefully started counting. "One... two... three... better make your decision quick, Shepard... four..."

"Please," Shepard finally spoke, utter defeat in her voice. Between her legs, the vibrator kept buzzing against her clit, reminding her of why she was about to turn her own victory into a defeat. "Please keep torturing me. I'm... I'm begging you. I need to cum so badly, just... please torture me."

"Mmm... no, not good enough," Brooks said. Moving to stand close to Shepard, she breathed into her ear. "Please... what, slave?"

Shepard wasn't sure what Brooks was asking at first. But then she remembered one of their earlier torture sessions, and she swallowed hard before speaking again. "Please... Mistress Maya. Please keep torturing me. Please allow me to cum."

Brooks let out a low, satisfied rumble. "So... the truth about the great Commander Shepard finally comes out. For all her talk about loyalty to her friends, she'll sell them all out in a heartbeat just for one chance to cum. The fabled hero of the galaxy is nothing more than a horny little slut. Isn't that right, Shepard?"

Shepard wanted to protest, but the sad part is that none of it was a lie. She could walk away right now, but as she felt herself teetering on the edge of a climax – one that would never come without the approval of her captor – she knew that it was no longer an option. "Yes, Mistress Maya," she quietly responded.

"Say it, Shepard," Brooks commanded her, taking her under the chin and raising Shepard's face up to meet hers. "Say, I'm a horny slut, Mistress Maya."

"I'm a... I'm a horny slut, Mistress Maya," Shepard repeated, cheeks burning red.

"I'm a filthy whore who'll do anything for my Mistress, just so she'll let me cum."

"I'm a filthy whore," Shepard repeated back, her disgust with herself growing with every word, "who will do anything for my Mistress just so she'll... she'll let me cum."

Brooks smirked. "Say, 'My wet, horny cunt is more important to me than my friends.'"

Shepard gritted her teeth, but it was too late to turn back now. "My wet, horny cunt is more important to me than my friends," she obediently repeated.

"Very good, slave," Brooks said, turning her back to Shepard and swinging her bare ass as she strutted back to her seat. "One thing, though... in all this time talking, looks like our time has already ran out. But considering how eager you sounded for more torture... I'm sure you wouldn't mind if we add another fifteen minutes onto the timer. Would you mind, slave?"

"No, Mistress Maya," Shepard responded, the words almost seeming like a unconscious action.

And as Brooks sat back down and casually flicked the switch on the torture device, the pain
Shepard felt at that moment was as sharp and brutal as when this whole thing had begun. Because it was mixed with a moment of pure, horrifying revelation.

_This was the plan all along_, Shepard thought to herself, as she saw the pure triumph on Brooks's face. _I was a fool. It was never about the torture. It was always about the pleasure. About getting me so desperate to cum that I would be willing to do anything for it. Even condemn one of the other prisoners to torture in order to get it. No matter what I did in this room, Brooks would have won. Either I surrender before the two hours is up, or I beg her to continue just for the chance to cum._

As Brooks switched off the device, she looked at Shepard with an arched brow. "Should I keep going, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress Maya," Shepard responded, never even questioning her response for a second. _If you said 'no,' she would have found another way to beat you_, she rationalized in her mind, as Brooks hit the switch and electricity flared inside of her again. _Changed the terms again or something just as sadistically cruel._

Electricity off. "Are you a horny little slave who wants me to torture her some more? Say it," Brooks commanded.

"I'm a..." Shepard gasped, the combination of the agonizing pain and the unrelenting pleasure between her legs leaving her barely able to form coherent words. "I'm... a horny little slave who wants my Mistress Maya to torture me some more."

Electricity on. _And what does it matter in the end? You think they aren't going to torture your friends anyway? Maybe not today, but eventually. It's pointless. All of it is so goddamn pointless. So why not at least get something good out of it all?_

Electricity off. "Five minutes to go, slave. Beg me to torture one of your friends just so you can cum."

"Please, Mistress Maya," Shepard responded. "Please torture... torture one of my friends just so I can cum."

"What a selfish little slut you are, slave," Brooks said, her voice viciously caustic.

Shepard nodded. "I am. I'm a selfish little slut, Mistress Maya."

Electricity on. _Got to be over soon. Need the Cum so badly. I don't care anymore. Don't care what happens to me or anyone else. As long as I get the Cum, none of it matters._

Electricity off, and Brooks was on her feet. In her hand was the box. The control to the device on Shepard's head that was the cause of this delirious carnal madness. In her mind, she saw Brooks pushing the red button, shutting down the device and finally giving Shepard what she wanted more than anything else.

"One last change, slave," Brooks said, and Shepard dreaded the next words out of her mouth. "I've decided that I'm not just going to torture one of the other prisoners. I'm going to torture all of them. One after another. Every last one of them will suffer through the pain that you just went through. Only they won't get to cum at the end. Oh, no. All they have to look forward to is more suffering."

And as Shepard felt the guilt wash over her, Brooks just shoved the knife in further. "And as each
of them hits that last five minutes of their torture, I'm going to tell them the truth: that this is happening because their beloved Commander Shepard was too focused on her own selfish pleasures to spare them from their misery," Brooks said. "That you could have told me to call it off, but instead you was so desperate to cum that you condemned them all to hours of agony. That is... unless you call it off right now."

Reaching up with her other hand, she activated her omni-tool, showing Shepard a countdown of 2 minutes remaining. "One last chance to back down, Shepard. Either you say nothing for the next two minutes, and I spare your friends. But if you do," she shook the control box for the orgasm-denial device, "then this stays on. Or... you can beg me, your Mistress Maya, one more time to let you cum. But if you do, then all of your friends will suffer, and will know that it was because of you. So... make your choice, slave."

One last time, Shepard tried desperately to convince herself that she could still win this. All she had to do was hold her tongue, and Brooks's plan was destroyed.

But that's the worst part, isn't it? said that nagging voice in her head, as her eyes went back and forth between the control box and the ticking timer. No matter what option you pick... she wins. Either you condemn all your friends to suffering, or you yourself spend who knows how long in your cell, horny and desperate to cum. No matter which way you go, Brooks gets to see you suffer. So if you suffer either way... why not pick the one that mixes in pleasure with the pain?

Taking a deep breath, Shepard looked at the counter. Forty-five seconds remaining now. Wincing, she opened her mouth.

"Please let me cum, Mistress Maya."

The countdown hit zero, and Brooks gave a casual shrug. "Okay," she said, and hit the red button.

Such a simple little gesture. But the second the button was pressed, it was like a bolt of lightning hit Shepard, right between the legs.

"AAAAAAHAHAHAHAAHNNNNNNNN!!" Shepard threw her head back and cried out, as the climax she had spent the last two hours desperate for finally sent her body into mind-numbing jolts of pure, unrelenting pleasure. Vulgar grunts and moans that were almost shrieks belted out from her lungs, as her hips bucked against the still-vibrating magic wand between her legs. Her entire body went tight, and it seemed like explosions were going off inside her brain as the Cum just kept going... and going. Soon she felt warm wetness between her legs, and realized that the Cum had grown so intense, her pussy was literally spraying fluids all across her inner thighs, the vibrator, and down onto the floor. She could hear her chains rattling as she squirmed and writhed against her restraints, but soon even those noises faded into the back of her mind. Nothing else existed but the pleasure shooting through her body, going on for what seemed like hours.

It was... it was the Cum. It was everything she had been anticipating over the past two hours. But as fucking amazing as it felt, it came with the knowledge that she had condemned all of her friends to hours of torture in order to obtain it. Her expected moment of triumph had instead been turned into her utter defeat. So even as the pleasure wracked her body, the guilt of what she had just done burned inside her mind. Reminding her over and over again, with every fresh muscle spasm and pleasurable body clench, that she was weak. That for all of her beliefs that she was strong enough to withstand any torture, that it was just like Mistre... like Brooks had said. She was a filthy whore, whose wet horny cunt was more important to her than her friends.
It was the best orgasm she had ever had in her life. And the worst. And finally, mercifully, it ended.

Gasping for breath, Shepard hung limply in her restraints. She could feel her own warm juices dripping down her legs; a disgusting reminder of what she had just done. And yet, despite her own self-hatred at what she had just done, as much as it pained her to admit it to herself... God, it had felt so fucking good!

"My, my, what a mess you've made," Brooks said mockingly. Shepard felt her tormentor's fingers running up her inner thigh, and as she opened her eyes she saw Brooks holding up her wet fingers in front of Shepard's face. "Open up, slave. Have a taste of the filthy cum you fought so hard to spray all over the damn floor."

Shepard obediently opened her lips, and Brooks jammed her fingers inside Shepard's mouth. The taste of her own juices made her want to vomit, but under Brooks's watchful eye Shepard obediently sucked the fluids off.

"That's a good slave," Brooks said, slipping her fingers out of Shepard's mouth. A light smile on her face, as if gloating over her victory, Brooks began undoing Shepard's restraints, as well as removing the electrodes and magic wand from her body. By the time she was finished, unhooking the last restraint from around Shepard's wrist, Shepard collapsed to her knees into a puddle of her own fluids on the floor, still feeling drained after her intense climax.

"Oh, and by the way... I was bluffing," Brooks said casually, as she turned her back on Shepard and made her way back across the room. "I've got a lot of things to do in the next few days, important Cerberus matters to handle. I could never find the time to spend two hours with all of your friends."

Glancing over her shoulder at the gasping, helpless Shepard on the floor, Brooks smirked. "Besides... I hardly think it matters one way or the other. For a 'hero' like you," Brooks said the word mockingly, "the fact that you were willing to sell out your friends just to get to cum is torture enough, I think."

And sad to say, she was absolutely right.

"But then again... I suppose I do have some spare time to enjoy myself with," Brooks said. Slumping back down in her seat, Brooks spread her legs wide and pulled aside the crotch of her panties. "Eat me out. If you do well... your Mistress Maya might even let her pathetic little slave cum again."

Slowly, summoning up all of her remaining energy towards the task, Shepard crawled in Brooks's direction. Acting without thinking. Obedience without question, Shepard thought, even as she continued across the carpeted floor towards Brooks. Exactly what she had wanted from you all along.

Moving between Brooks's spread thighs, she tentatively moved her head down towards her torturer's wet, pink snatch. The dark-skinned Cerberus leader let out an appreciative moan as Shepard's tongue started lapping up and down her pussy lips.

"That's it, slave," Brooks encouraged Shepard, reaching a hand down to stroke her cropped red hair as Shepard diligently licked her twat. "Serve your Mistress well. Obey all of her orders, and she'll make you cum over... and over... and over again."

And as Shepard fluttered the tip of her tongue against her captor's clit, and she heard Brooks moan
in appreciation, a part of her cum-addled mind thought, *That doesn't sound bad. Not that bad. Not bad at all.*
"Fall back! Everyone, fall back to the house!"

Jacob called out the order, before rising up to a crouching position. Pulling his Phalanx pistol off his hip and flicking a switch, Jacob directed rounds of incendiary ammo into the approaching troops. The shots burned through the armor of one of the approaching enemies, and the turian screamed as the flames engulfed him. One of still many more to come, but it had the desired effect, as the other mercenaries quickly found cover behind trees and rocks.

Jacob glanced behind him to see that the rest of the team had made their way back into the house. All of them except Riggs, whose normally stoic face was twisted in a terrifying mask of rage. Pulling his shotgun out, he let out a ferocious bellow as he started forward, charging in the direction of their attackers and firing off wild shots as he went.

"Riggs, stop!" Jacob called out, getting to his feet and grabbing his subordinate by the arm when he showed no signs of slowing. "Dammit, that's an order!"

"Those... those bastards killed him!" Riggs called out, anger and despair all over his face. Jacob had never seen Riggs in such a state before, and even with all of the horrors he had seen in his life, he felt a shiver run through him at the sight of his subordinate's uncontrollable rage.

"And they'll kill you too if you go charging out there!" Jacob responded. "Fall back to the house, now!"

By now, their attackers had realized that the oncoming fire had stopped, and Jacob ducked as shots whizzed past him, leaving trails of bullet holes in the walls of the mansion behind them. "Would Cortez have wanted you to throw your life away?" Jacob finally asked, as he bodily started dragging Riggs back to the house. "We'll make them pay, Riggs, but we won't do it by dying out here!"

Jacob's words must have finally gotten through to the shaken marine, and after a moment he nodded and stopped resisting Jacob's attempts to bring him back to the house. The timing couldn't have been better, because just as they started double-timing it to the open door, Jacob spotted movement out of the corner of his eye. "Oh, shit," he yelled out, yanking Riggs forward as he dashed with every ounce of his energy towards the door. "Rocket incoming!"

Four feet away from the mansion's entrance, Jacob heard the telltale whoosh of air. With a grunt, he grabbed Riggs around the waist before tossing himself and his subordinate towards the door. He could feel the heat of the explosion and the concussive force propel them both through the air and into the open portal, before the feeling of hitting the floor knocked the wind out of him.

"Jacob!" he heard Vega's voice, sounding like it was coming from somewhere far off in the distance. He felt slaps across his face, and after a few seconds he had regained his bearings. Glancing to his side, he saw Riggs slowly recovering as well.

"What... what the hell happened?" Vega said, helping Jacob to his feet. "Everything was going
great, and then next thing we know Tara and Zaeed are cut off, and those guys destroyed our...

Clenching his fist, Vega drove it into a nearby wall, leaving a dent in the drywall. "Dammit! Esteban... those bastards!"

Jacob laid a hand on Vega's shoulder. "I know. And we'll find out who's behind this and get revenge for Cortez, I promise. But right now we have to focus on getting out of this alive."

"Easier said than done, Jacob," Garrus opined, as he drove the butt of his sniper rifle into a nearby window, shattering it in order to aim out at the oncoming enemies. "We're sitting ducks in here. Once those men get down that hill, they've got the numbers to cover every exit to this house." He took a moment to fire a shot, and from his reaction afterward Jacob guessed it must have been a direct hit. "Then come the grenades through the doors and then... well, it's not going to go well for us."

"Can we call for backup?" Vega said, while getting into cover by another broken window and sighting for enemies through his assault rifle scope. "Bring down some more marines from the Orpheus to..."

"The Orpheus only had one shuttle, James," Jacob responded, raising his voice to be heard over the gunfire still pouring into the mansion. "And it's currently in flames. We could try sending out a distress call to the Alliance, but there's no guarantee that there's a team in this system that could arrive in time."

Vega cursed under his breath. "Shit. Us trapped in this house, and Tara and Zaeed all alone against that krogan bastard's bodyguards. How the hell did this all go so wrong? Fuck, how did they know we were going to be here?"

"I wish I knew," Jacob said, leaning his back against the wall underneath the window and readying himself for the battle to come. One that they were going to be lucky to make it out of alive. "Looks like Cerberus was one step ahead of us after all. Only wish I could have..."

"Jacob!" Garrus called out, before pulling his eye away from his scope and looking over at his human comrades. "You're probably gonna want to see this!"

Jacob and Vega both cautiously poked their heads up above the windowsill. Outside, the formerly well-coordinated and precise attacking forces were now a mass of confusion, and Jacob saw several of them tumbling over into the grass, blood of various alien colors spraying from their wounds.

For a moment, Jacob thought that maybe some of his team were getting some good shots in, until he saw muzzle flashes coming from either side of the oncoming mercs. He caught a glimpse of one of the new attackers - either a human female or asari by the shape of her expensive-looking battle armor and face-obscuring helmet - firing off well placed shots from the left flank of the enemy troops. She was accompanied by several other comrades with similarly high-tech equipment, all of them unloading on the alien mercs. Another group was on the enemy's right flank, and with shots coming in from both sides the poor bastards in the middle never stood a chance.

"What's happening?" Tali said, not able to see the events outside from her position in the middle of the house, working to activate her combat drone. "Is it Zaeed and Rooker?"

"I..." Jacob said, as he watched the unknown attackers mowing down the mercs, "I have no idea who it is."
Moving quickly, Rooker grabbed up an M-96 Mattock assault rifle from one of Dugas' dead bodyguards, before rushing over to the couch. "Come on, Zaeed," she said, pulling him up off his seat with surprising strength. "We have to get moving."

"Just... just leave me, love," Zaeed muttered. "I'll catch up with you once this damned tranquilizer wears off."

"I leave you behind, they're liable to come around behind me and put a bullet in your head," Rooker said, as she wrapped her left arm around Zaeed's waist, the Mattock she had liberated from the corpse in her right hand. "You're sticking with me, Zaeed."

Zaeed shook his head as Rooker helped him towards the door. "I... appreciate the sentiment, but you're just gonna get us both killed. There's no way you can fire that thing one-handed and still..."

Raising up one of her high heels, Rooker kicked open the door to Dugas' office. On the other side were two more of his bodyguards, no doubt waiting in ambush. In the time it took Zaeed to draw a breath, Rooker had the Mattock up in one hand and, with pinpoint accuracy, deliver quick semi-automatic bursts to both enemies' heads. Zaeed watched in awe as the two aliens crumpled to the ground, likely dead before they even realized they were being shot at.

"Fucking hell," Zaeed exclaimed, as Rooker ushered him out of the office door. "I thought Jacob said your specialty was sniper rifles."

"I'm a versatile soldier, Mr. Massani," Rooker coolly replied. As two more enemies rushed towards them, Rooker raised up the rifle, still with only one hand, and fired in their direction. Their shields were down before they could even think to dive for cover behind some of Dugas' expensive art, and the second they poked their heads out to try to line up a shot, Rooker was drilling them right between the eyes.

Shit, she's swinging that heavy rifle around like it's made of bloody tissue paper, Zaeed ruminated to himself. And all while she's slinging me around like I'm a rag doll. Who the hell is this bird?

After a few more feet down the hall, and a few more enemies quickly dispatched, Zaeed shook his head and took hold of Rooker's wrist against his side. "I'm alright, love," he said, and as Rooker removed her steadying arm he was pleased to see that he was able to remain on his feet. Still a little groggy, he could feel his head swimming as he reached down to grab a rifle from one of Rooker's kills.

Not Jessie, but it'll have to do, Zaeed thought as he reloaded a new heatsink. "Gotta hurry. It'll take Dugas some time to prep his shuttle, but we don't have all day if we want to keep him from buggering off."

Rooker nodded, and the two of them proceeded forward. Up ahead, they could see the staircase that Dugas had brought them up. Leaning against the wall, Zaeed peeked around and down the stairs. "Shit," he muttered. "At least eight of them. All with their weapons trained right in our direction."

Taking a moment to consider this, Rooker suddenly started smiling. "What are you so bloody happy about?" Zaeed asked her.
"Lay down suppressing fire for me," Rooker said. "I've got an idea."

"You're the boss, love," Zaeed said. Poking his rifle around the corner, he fired wild shots in the direction of Dugas' men. His shots were wildly inaccurate – that damn tranquilizer still making his hands shaky – but it did the trick of scattering the enemy forces. "Whatever you've got planned, you better do it soon, before they get the bright idea to fire back!" Zaeed yelled out to Rooker.

There was a flurry of motion to Zaeed's side, and suddenly Rooker in front of him, on the stairs. No, not the stairs... she was on the banister. For a moment, Zaeed could only watch in awe as Rooker slid down the wooden railing on that shapely ass of hers, all while firing her weapon at the turians, batarians, and krogan at the bottom of the stairs. Then he remembered he was supposed to be covering her, and continued directing wild shots at the enemy troops.

By the time Rooker came off the end of the handrail and hit her feet, every last one of the enemies at the bottom of the stairs was dead. And by his generous estimation, Zaeed was only responsible for one of those kills, at the most. Coming around the corner, he could only stare slack-jawed at Rooker, who gave him a casual shrug.

"Saw it in a movie once," she said. "Now come on! I can see Dugas out in the courtyard!"

Going as fast as he could without tumbling down the stairs, still feeling a little groggy, Zaeed joined Rooker down on the main floor, and together they made their way out the door into the lavish courtyard they had arrived in. At the far end of the lush greenery, Dugas was running as fast as he could towards a waiting shuttle pad.

"Dugas, stop!" Zaeed yelled out, as he and Rooker dashed off in pursuit of the fleeing krogan. "You're not getting away, mate!"

As he and Rooker trailed after Dugas, suddenly two nearby shrubberies exploded into a cloud of green leaves. And from out of the planters burst two automated turrets. "Down!" Rooker yelled out, shoving Zaeed to the side and behind a concrete bench before finding her own cover, just before the heavy weapons opened fire.

"Nice try, Alliance scum!" Dugas yelled out atop the shuttle pad, as he worked on prepping his escape craft from a nearby control panel. "Next time bring more people!"

"Dammit!" Rooker spat out, poking her head around her cover only to dart back to safety, as the automated turrets honed in and fired a burst in her direction. "Can't take those things out. Not without heavy weapons." Looking over at Zaeed, Rooker arched a brow. "Don't suppose you've got any ideas?"

Zaeed shook his head. "I've just been following your lead here, love."

"Son of a bitch," Rooker said, sounding defeated. "We made it this far. Can't believe we're going to have to let him go!"

"There we are," Dugas said, as his shuttle started humming to life. "Take whatever you want out of the house, Zaeed! Consider it a token of our former friendship! Just know that you'll only be able to enjoy it for a little while, before I bring back the rest of my men to kill you and all your Alliance... bud..."

Dugas trailed off, his eyes going up to the sky. The air was suddenly filled with the sound of a loud
engine roaring overhead. From out of nowhere, two accelerator cannon shots streaked through the air and made direct impact on the heavy turrets. With a loud boom, the two weapons exploded into scrap metal.

"What the..." Zaeed muttered, looking over at Rooker and seeing her staring straight up into the air. Following her gaze, Zaeed saw a gleaming Kodiak shuttle swooping over Dugas' mansion and right in the krogan's direction. Zaeed thought it was the Orpheus's shuttle for a split second, but one look at it was enough to know that it was definitely newer, much better armed, and lacking any Alliance markings... or markings of any kind, for that matter. As Zaeed and Rooker both hesitantly moved out of cover, the doors to the shuttle opened, and armored men rappelled out of the Kodiak and down on either side of Dugas.

"Don't move!" said one of the new arrivals, his weapon trained directly at Dugas. "Throw your weapon on the ground and put your hands up! Do it or we will open fire!"

Dugas looked around at the four humanoid figures surrounding him, and then stared down the courtyard at Zaeed, not a trace of fear in his expression. "More of your Alliance friends, Zaeed?" he called out. For a moment, a hint of sadness crossed his face, and he added, "Sorry it had to end like this, old friend. I'll save a seat for you for when you join me in hell."

"Dugas, don't!" Zaeed yelled out, but the krogan was already going for his gun. "No, don't shoot!" he yelled again, this time trying to stop their unknown rescuers for firing.

But just like his warning to Dugas, it was ignored, and soon Dugas was being hit on all sides by automatic weapons fire. Within the span of a few seconds, Zaeed's old comrade was shredded by the incoming bullets, and his crumpled form tumbled down in a pool of spreading blood on the shuttle pad.

Rooker stared at the thoroughly-killed krogan and let out a sigh. "Well... so much for that shuttle," she muttered.

* * *

The team in the mansion watched as the heavily-armored figures prowled along the hill, delivering coups de grâce to any survivors of their attack. Once they were certain that every last enemy had been eliminated, the female figure that Jacob had seen earlier raised up a fist and barked out an order. It was obvious that she was the one in charge, as all of her comrades immediately holstered their weapons.

With that done, the woman turned to the house, and yelled out, her voice coming out of an amplifying speaker on her helmet. "Jacob Taylor! You and your men are safe now. Holster your weapons and come out. We're here to help."

Vega looked over at Jacob intently. "She knows who you are? What do you think?" he asked. "Do we trust them?"

"They just saved our asses, James," Jacob responded, putting his pistol as his hip and rising to his feet. "I think I'm willing to give them a little bit of faith at this point."

Making his way slowly to the door, Jacob walked out into the yard with his hands outstretched, to show he was unarmed. "This is Jacob Taylor," he called out to the leader of their mysterious rescuers. "Who are you? What are you doing here?"
"You've got a lot of questions, Commander Taylor," the woman responded, a hint of amusement in her voice. "Understandable, I suppose. To answer your last question first, you and I have mutual friends."

"Really?" Jacob asked, taking another step towards the woman. Behind him, he could hear the rest of the team cautiously making their way out of the bullet-riddled mansion. "And who would that be?"

"Admiral Hackett told me a lot about you," the woman said. "Said you were one of the finest soldiers in the Alliance, and it was a pity that your past in Cerberus had you related to a glorified garbage heap." Her words reminded Jacob of his conversation with the admiral, Hackett informing Jacob that "other parties" had taken an interest in their mission. I suppose these must be those other parties, then, he realized.

"Enough with the secrets, already," Vega butted into the conversation. "Just who the hell are you, lady?"

"I suppose we are overdue for an introduction," the woman said, reaching up to her helmet and popping the latch. "But then again," she said, her voice now sounding more natural as she exposed her face, "I believe some of your comrades may already be familiar with me."

Jacob heard a gasp, and looked over to see Garrus staring at the woman with wide eyes. "You! But the last time we saw you, you were with..."

A smile briefly crossed the Asian woman's face, nodding at Garrus before turning her attention back to Jacob. "But as far as the rest of you: my name is Maeko Matsuo. Mr Vakarian here met me during my time with ERCS. But now I work for... well, that's a rather long story. And one I'm sure you all will be quite interested to hear."

Chapter End Notes

So, I'll ask all of my AO3 readers the same question I asked over at the Kink Meme: I've been working on the outline for future parts (and ooh, once we dig deep into parts 5 and 6... the fun we'll be having) and there's one thing coming up much later that I'd love to get some ideas on. Without revealing too much, let's say that those evil Cerberus baddies wanted to play some games with two of their captives. Pitting them against each other in various sexually humiliating competitions, in other words, to see who the best is at debasing themselves for their captors. If anybody reading this has some interesting ideas for games that Cerberus could force their prisoners to compete in, put it in a comment on this chapter and I'll think about including it when that portion of the story comes up. There are a few guidelines, though:

* It has to take place on Adamanthea Station. Sorry, no trips outside the station to force the unlucky ladies to whore themselves on a mining colony or something like that. Events must take place on the Cerberus station only.
* Two-player games only. By this point in the story, most of the other prisoners will be... busy with other matters. ;) So it'll just be two ladies competing.
Other than that, just about anything goes (aside from my usual squicks about watersports, scat, and bloodplay, that is). Just as a reminder of what we have to work with: the restricted area has a good amount of horny men and women around, including Morgan's sex-hungry Phantoms. In addition, we have AIUs at Cerberus's disposal (we can make some upgrades to make sure they don't burn themselves out this time), any possible sex toy you can imagine (Brooks and the clone have stocked up just for this occasion) and lastly (and I know I haven't mentioned them in a while) three male varren that can be dosed with enough of Henneman's chemicals to keep their red rockets throbbing for hours.

So, let's see what you've got for me. I'm thinking of doing around five games, and I have five ideas in mind, but one or two of them aren't really jumping out at me, so they can be replaced if a better suggestion is made. Thanks for any suggestions, and for your feedback!
Unfortunately...

I hate that this day finally had to come, but due to some real life stuff meaning that I probably won't have any time to write anytime soon, unfortunately I'm going to have to go on a writing hiatus for a while, probably indefinitely. For those who care, I will say that it's not anything negative. In fact, I feel like my life is taking a positive direction for the first time in years. But that positive direction is going to mean focusing my time on other things, and I'm afraid writing just isn't going to enter into that equation any time soon.

So, for those of you who were actually following the plot of this monstrosity, I have posted my extremely messy outline on Pastebin. It's probably very hard to follow, but I think you'll see if you decide to read it that I was probably never ever going to finish this beast. Hopefully you'll get some enjoyment out of my scattered notes, and if nothing else you'll know what I had planned for the rest of this story if you were curious. If you search for "-----NEXT", BTW, you can reach the part where the story left off:

http://pastebin.com/AhkczGa1

And just for a bonus, here's the outlines of BBC Heaven and the long-abandoned Quarian Directives as well. Figure I might as well close the books on all of these abandoned "masterpieces" while I'm at it:

BBC Heaven: http://pastebin.com/XZ9Q395C


Not saying that there isn't a chance I might be back sometime in the far future. But chances are I probably won't feel like continuing on with these stories again. Honestly, if I were to write again I'd probably try to keep things as short as possible, rather than letting things grow into unwieldy, uncompleted behemoths. But for now, I just want to thank everyone who posted comments for this story and all the rest. Not to get too heavy, but your positive feedback helped me through some dark periods in my life, and I appreciate you all so much. So, until the day when the Naked Owl Man might rise again... keep reading smut!
*inhales deeply*

*blows the dust off the keyboard*

Lord forgive me, but I'm back on my bullshit.
"Cheerleader... hey, Miranda, you awake?"

Reluctantly, Miranda opened her eyes. Sleep in these circumstances was nearly impossible and, when it actually came, it was something to be treasured. And even the dreams she was having, dark and filled with visions of her sister’s repeated violations, seemed preferable to the nightmare she was living.

But there was something in the tone of Jack’s voice that pulled her roughly out of sleep. “Jack… are you okay?” she asked as she sat up on her cot and leaned her back against the wall, already preparing for what answer she was likely to get. Some witty rejoinder along the lines of Yeah, I’m being held captive by your crazy sister and me and my friends are being fucked up the ass on a daily basis. I’m doing just peachy, cheerleader, thanks for asking!

But that wasn’t the response she got back. There was a long silence, to the point where Miranda began to wonder if she had dreamed Jack’s voice. Then, finally, a quiet and strained response through their adjoining cell wall.

“Been… been better. That shit your old doctor buddy is pumping me with ain’t exactly doing wonders for my mental health over here. But I’m hanging in there… for now.”

God, Miranda had never heard Jack sound like this before. So drained, so robbed of that spit and fire that she was normally so filled with. She could feel that fear building up inside of her again. If Henneman could take somebody like Jack and break their mind… what is he doing to do to the rest of us?

“Talk to me, cheerleader,” Jack said after a long silence. “Make yourself useful for something other than a pair of bouncy tits and keep me company for a bit.”

There was that old Jack charm. Despite herself, Miranda couldn’t help but smile at the familiar insults being lobbed at her. “I’ll try, but I’m afraid most of my topics of conversation would go way over your head,” she quipped back.

“Fuck… you, biotic bimbo,” Jack’s voice responded back through the cell wall. “You think you’re… ah, goddamnit,” Jack’s fire seemed to be extinguished just as soon as it was lit. “Wasting time on… on this old bullshit, when there may not be much left.”

Miranda narrowed her eyes. “Not much time? Jack, what…”

“Just shut up for a second,” Jack cut her off. “Listen, Miranda, we gotta talk about this, even though I know it’s the last thing you want to discuss.”

Shooting a quick glance over at her sister and seeing the slow rise and fall of her chest as she slept, Miranda let out a long sigh. “Jack, come on. There’s nothing to discuss, it was…”

“Please,” Jack snapped, and the desperation in her voice made Miranda’s heart ache. “You’ve been avoiding this for three goddamn years, you can give me the fucking courtesy of at least giving me this, okay?” A short silence, then more insistently. “Okay?”

“Okay, okay,” Miranda said, staring down at the floor of her cell. “I don’t know what purpose it
serves, but alright. Let’s talk about what happened at the party. We got drunk and…”

Jack grunted in annoyance. “Don’t skip ahead, cheerleader. If we’re going to talk about the night, we’re going to talk about the whole night, you got me?”

“Look, you can’t expect me to remember every singl…”

“But you do, don’t you?” Jack countered. “You and that perfect little brain of yours. Even with all the booze, you remember it all, don’t you?”

Miranda nodded to herself. “Yeah, I suppose so. Guess it all started about four hours in, when Grunt got the bright idea to head down to the Armax Arsenal Arena to do some late night target practice. Roped Zaeed, Javik and Cortez to go along with him. And you too, as I recall.”

“Yeah, got bored and headed back early. And found something much more fun than target practice back at Shepard’s place.” Jack made an annoyed sound. “Ah, fuck, now I’m jumping ahead. And I ain’t never heard about what happened after I left, so I’m damn well looking forward to this shit.”

A smirk came to Miranda’s face. “Most of us were sitting the living room chatting after you left. Wasn’t long before we started hearing the sounds coming from the game room. A little quiet at first but then… well, let’s just say that Ashley was not exactly subtle when it came to expressing her enjoyment of James’s lovemaking skills.”

Jack chuckled. “Yeah, she always struck me as one of those. Those godly types always tend to let loose once they get a good cock in them. Or a talented tongue… which is one I have personal experience with, in case you were interested.”

“Excuse me, but could we just stick to talking about one of your sexual encounters, please?”

This brought a cackle out of Jack. “Well, pardon me, little miss storyteller. Go right ahead, then. Ash and Vega were committing a sin in the eyes of the Lord all over Shepard’s poker table, and then…”

Miranda rolled her eyes. God, she was glad Oriana was asleep for this. She only hoped that poor Jenny was asleep too, and wasn’t an audience to one of the most shameful events of Miranda’s life. “A few of us heard it and started laughing. Tali especially, she was… well, you remember how she was, even before you left.”

“Plastered? Yeah, I remember.”

“I think Specialist Traynor said something about somebody telling Ashley and James to keep it down,” Miranda recalled, “but Shepard actually shot her down. ‘Tomorrow we’re hitting Cronos Station,’ she said. ‘Going after the very heart of Cerberus. And after that… who knows? We’re running out of time, all of us. Who knows which of us might not get a chance to enjoy ourselves again after all this? Let them do what they want tonight.’”

“Good old Shepard. Always finding the most leader-y, charismatic way to say, ‘Don’t be a fucking cock-block, Sam.’”

Despite herself, this got a smile out of Miranda. “After that… things get kinda hazy. I remember Shepard and Liara excusing themselves. Maybe Garrus and Tali… after that I think I might have dozed off for a minute. And when I woke up… I was all alone in the living room. Because everyone else had… well, you showed up not long after that. You remember how it was.”

“Yeah, but tell me about it anyway. It sounds much sexier with that accent of yours, cheerleader.”
Annoyed, Miranda nonetheless indulged Jack’s request. “I remember getting up to go to the restroom. Splash some water on my face and try to wake up. But when I got there… well, I found out a lot more about Tali’s suit and… ways to access it than I ever could have imagined.”

Jack let out a lewd chuckle. “Bent over in a bathroom with a turian cock buried deep in your twat… boy, that brings back memories of my own. Of course, that prison guard wasn’t nearly as much of a gentleman as good old Garrus probably was with his quarian fuck-buddy.”

Miranda thought back to that moment: the first of many carnal encounters she witnessed that night. Sweet, innocent-seeming Tali leaning forward against the sink, with just enough of her suit opened at the crotch to allow Garrus’s cock inside of her. The turian grunting as Tali giggled drunkenly and pressed her ass back against his thrusting manhood.

“Tell the truth, cheerleader: was that your first alien cock?” Jack queried, mischief in her voice. “Oh, I’m sure you saw a ton of pictures at all those fancy schools your daddy sent you to, but I bet that was your first one in the wild, wasn’t it?”

“It was,” Miranda admitted. “I’ve never… been with anyone other than humans before and it was… an intriguing sight. One I’d never seen before in person.”

Well, this was technically true. Despite being in a sharing mood at the moment, Miranda wouldn’t dare disclose the other time she had seen a turian cock. That same turian cock, as a matter of fact, during the brief fling that Shepard had had with Garrus during the mission to go after the Collectors. The surveillance that Cerberus had installed in the Normandy had given her a front row seat to those particular encounters and, just as she had at the party, she watched for far longer than she probably should have.

“My, my, cheerleader,” Jack said. “I already knew you were perving out when I got back, but I didn’t know how long it was going on. So… the bathroom is out. After that…”

Miranda sighed. Well, she had already started this story. Might as well go over every tawdry detail. “As I was stepping away from the bathroom, I noticed that the door to the downstairs bedroom was open a crack. I couldn’t help but get a glance inside and… it was Kelly and Specialist Traynor, in the middle of their own encounter. So I got away from there and walked over to…”

“Hey, hey, rewind,” Jack quickly interjected. “I ain’t here for the Cliffs Notes version, babe. You saw the two glorified secretaries doing… what now?”

“Jack, why do we have to…” Miranda had to ask, before a disturbing thought entered her mind. “Jesus, Jack, you’re not… getting off to this over there, are you?”

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Jack gasped. “I’d sooner eat off the floor of an Omega bathroom than finger my twat in this fucking hellhole.”

Miranda wasn’t entirely convinced. “Jack, I’m alright with reminiscing, but if this is all just some kinky trick of yours to make me talk about…”

“Oh, for fuck’s sake, Miranda,” Jack’s voice through the wall of the cell was pained. “I’m losing my fucking mind over here, and maybe just for once since this whole fucking ordeal started, I’d like to hear about some sex in a way that doesn’t involve drugs or fucking gang rape, okay? Maybe I want to remember a time when getting fucked was fun, and not a never-ending parade of tears and blood and things getting shoved up my ass without my permission. Is that okay with you, cheerleader? Does it meet with your fucking approval? Or should we both just shut the fuck up now and quietly wait for those fuckers to come back and mess with our heads some more?”
Jack tried the best to hide the tremor in her voice as she finished her frantic rant, but Miranda heard it loud and clear. As well as the light sniffles that came afterward.

“Okay, Jack, okay,” Miranda quietly responded. “I peeked in and saw… saw Specialist Traynor sitting on the edge of the bed. Kelly was down on her knees between Traynor’s thighs and was… performing fellatio on her.”

Recovering quickly from her emotional outburst, Jack let out a guffaw. “Okay, come on, nice little Nelly. I’m asking for a fuck story here, not a fucking sex ed manual. And considering what happened later at the party, I know damn well that you have the words for…”

“Kelly was eating Traynor out,” Miranda said. “Licking her snatch. Munching the carpet. Slurping on her…”

“Okay, okay, much better,” Jack said. “So going from watching some hot dextro-boning to checking out little miss Cerberus bridge bunny polishing the pearl. Well, now, we already talked about your experience with alien sex. But I’ve never asked how many times you’d ever taken the trip down south to go clam digging.”

*Fuck, why did she have to ask that?* Miranda thought. For a moment she considered lying, but finally decided to confess. “Before the night of that party? Never.”

This elicited a rare shocked silence from Jack. “Oh ho ho,” the voice finally came from the next-door cell, and even with the heavy steel between them Miranda could almost see the shit-eating grin on Jack’s face. “So your first time switching teams was… my goodness, cheerleader. If only I’d known, I would have…”

“Could we just keep going with the story, get this over with?” Miranda interrupted her, her face red.

“Oh, by all means, Miss Miranda Whitebread,” Jack responded. “How long did you watch those two go at it?”

Miranda took a breath. Despite having to recount such an embarrassing experience, she was grateful to Jack and her filthy thoughts for taking them both out of this horrible experience, if only for a few minutes. In the back of her mind she knew that any minute now, that door would open and more pain and misery would await them. But for now, she could drive it out of her mind, even if it meant retelling such a tawdry affair.

“For a few minutes,” Miranda admitted. “Long enough for them to switch positions and Traynor to start fingering Kelly’s pussy. From the sounds that Kelly was making, she was obviously enjoying it.”

“But there was better pussy-fingering to come, wasn’t there?” Jack mischievously added. “*Much* better if I do say so myself. Anyway, enough about those two. So after that…”

“After that I went to the bar,” Miranda recounted. “Figured I’d have a drink while everybody else was… busy. But turns out that room was in use as well.”

“Ooh, I actually didn’t go in there when I got back,” Jack said eagerly. “What shit was going down in there?”

“First thing I saw was that the vid-screen was on,” Miranda said. “Showing some… absolutely filthy videos. Something about asari with penises and mind control devices… just the worst kind of smut imaginable.”
“Yeah, cheerleader, you obviously need to work on your imagination, then,” Jack said. “Because the shit I’ve seen just in…” she started to add, but soon trailed off. Miranda knew why, of course; Jack had told her all about the vicious images that Henneman had been showing her back in the testing rooms.

“So I step inside the room and… I see Joker sitting on the couch,” Miranda quickly continued her story. At first, I think he’s just watching porn vids on his own but as I take a step closer… I see EDI on the couch next to him. Down on her hands and knees sucking his cock.”

“That fucking pervert,” Jack said, apparently not appreciating the irony of that statement as she compelled Miranda to tell her dirty stories in the middle of a Cerberus rape dungeon. “I’m mean, I’ve been hard up before, but can’t say I’ve ever been desperate enough to fuck a starship. Not that there haven’t been some damn fine ones I’ve run into, but… ah, just messing.” Jack laughed and added. “I’d ask if you’d ever fucked a robot before, but I think I already know that…”

“A few times, yes,” Miranda said.

Jack was silent for several moments. “You fucking with me right now, Miranda? Cuz if you are, you’re damn good at hiding it.”

“There were lots of long nights during the Lazarus Project,” Miranda said. “And sometimes Jacob was away on important Cerberus business, so… I’ll admit that I was quite happy that Cerberus synthetics were designed to be fully functional.”

“Holy shit, cheerleader!” Jack exclaimed. “You dirty little bitch! I cannot fucking believe this! I thought I had it bad when I let a volus finger-bang me back on Poloh Tem Station, but shit… you got me beat!”

As Jack laughed in utter amazement, Miranda found herself laughing along with her. After a moment of shared release, however, something occurred to her. “Don’t know why I didn’t think of it until now… but I never saw Jacob during all of this.”

“Ah, that one I can answer for ya,” Jack responded. “Ran into him heading out while I was heading back. Remember he told me that maybe I shouldn’t go in there, that ‘the mood of the party had changed’ or something like that. Fucked if I was gonna let a Cerberus bitch tell me what to do, though… well, except for one particular Cerberus bitch. But I’m sure we’re getting to that part soon.”

“Was running out of places to go after that,” Miranda said. “Thought about leaving but wasn’t quite feeling up to catching a Rapid Transit shuttle at the time. Since the ground floor seemed to be the epicenter of all the… activity, I headed for the stairs and caught a glimpse of…”

Jack chimed in. “Let me guess. Ash and Vega still boning over in the back room.”

“No, they had finished off by this point, although I did catch a glimpse of them cuddling against the wall. I actually saw another couple.”

Jack let out a confused noise. “Well, who the hell else was there? I already know that the main event was upstairs. Those other guys were still at the Arena at this point. Only other two folks at the party were Wrex and…”

The loud gasp that Jack let out at that point was enough to even make Miranda laugh.

“You can’t be serious. Wrex was nailing… the justicar?” Jack lowered her voice slightly, realizing in that moment that the individual in question was in one of the nearby cells.
“Back on the conference table,” Miranda confirmed. “Had a hard time believing it myself, but I suppose even asari matriarchs can be swept up in the… spontaneity of the evening. And before you ask: yes, that was the first time I had seen a justicar without a stitch of clothing on, her legs spread open as she took a thick krogan cock.”

“Holy shit, how did I miss that?” Jack exclaimed. “Guess I must have been too focused on heading upstairs. Speaking of which… guess we’re getting close to my favorite part of this little tale.”

Yes, they were. Despite how much she had allowed herself to enjoy telling this story, it still made her uncomfortable to reach the part that involved her personal involvement in the tawdry goings-on. “So, I headed upstairs. By that point, I hoped that there was a bed or couch open where I could get some sleep, let everybody get it out of their system. Not that sleep was going to be easy with all the sounds going on downstairs, but it was my only option at that point.”

“But turns out the party was going on upstairs too.”

Miranda nodded. “I knew I shouldn’t have looked. But the door to the main bedroom was open just a crack. And through it I could see…” Miranda stammered. It surprised her, even after all of the other confessions she had made to the woman she had once hated most in life, how hard it was for her to say it out loud.

“You could see some human-asari relations,” Jack finished for her. “Shepard exercising her Spectre duties all over some wet, blue snatch.”

“Even with everything else I had seen that night, what Shepard and Liara were doing was… I couldn’t look away,” Miranda admitted. “The two of them were just so… beautiful together. It wasn’t even just the sex… although that was quite amazing, if I’m being honest. It was the way their eyes met. The tender way they stroked each other… licked the wetness off each other… used their various toys on each other. Maybe it wasn’t even all that erotic, looking back on it. But seeing these two women bring each other off, after everything else I had seen downstairs… and all the alcohol I had had that night…”

Miranda hesitated, and Jack needled her. “Come on, cheerleader. Deep down, I know you want to tell it.”

“I… I watched through the crack and… the next thing I knew, I was unzipping my suit,” Miranda quietly spoke. “It was… it was almost as if I wasn’t in control of my…” Shaking her head, Miranda sighed. “No, that’s bullshit. I was in complete control. It was dirty and sick and a complete violation of their privacy, but I did it anyway.”

“Come on, stop beating around the bush,” Jack said, then realized her own pun and laughed. “You know what I mean. Come right out and say it, Miranda.”

Quietly, hoping that Shepard couldn’t hear her, Miranda spoke up. “I watched Shepard and Liara have sex… and played with myself while I spied on them. Got half naked and… and fingered my snatch, right there in the middle of Shepard’s apartment.”

“Mmm, hmm,” Jack said. “And that’s exactly how I found you when I came back. Your tits hanging out and your hand between your legs as you watched the savior of humanity stick her tongue as deep as she could into asari asshole. Still remember that little squeaky sound you made when I crept up behind you.”

“You’re damn lucky you didn’t lose that hand when you… you…” Miranda stammered.
“Ah, don’t get squeamish now, babe,” Jack said. “Not when we’re getting to the good part. When I came up behind you and shoved my hand down your panties.”

Miranda nodded, and despite herself she found herself mentally travelling back to that moment. She had been just on the brink of her climax when she had felt the surprising presence behind her. *Need a hand, Cerberus slut?* the voice had whispered in her ear, as a tattooed set of fingers slid down into the unzipped fabric of her jumpsuit and began forcefully stroking against her throbbing clit.

She had made to open her mouth, demand that Jack explain herself, but just then the orgasm she had been working herself towards hit her like a ton of bricks. She almost drew blood as she bit down on her own finger, doing her best to prevent her moans to be heard by the two women in the master bedroom. All while Jack continued expertly manipulating her inner folds, her maddeningly skillful fingers drawing out Miranda’s climax second after agonizing second. Miranda’s protests died in her throat as Jack’s free hand reached up to yank one of her tits out of the cup of her bra, the former convict’s coarse fingers roughly stroking against Miranda’s sensitive flesh and stiffened nipple and making her cum again, just as hard as the first time. Just a few minutes before that moment, the thought of Jack even touching her would have filled her with disgust. But as she felt the warm wetness of Jack’s tongue against the side of her neck, Miranda had unclamped her teeth from her finger and let out a low, unabashedly aroused moan.

“Goddamn, it was fun pulling that shit on you,” Jack said, no doubt recounting the same memories in her mind. “Feeling your perfect little body quivering against me as you squirted all over my hand. And then after that…”

Miranda sighed. “After that you said something, some joke about ‘Wait until Shepard hears about this.’ But at the time… the state my head was in, all I could think about is what Shepard would think if she knew I was spying on her. I remember pushing you down the hall, you still laughing and making some joke about ‘getting a picture to show everybody’ and all I could think about was how to make you shut the hell up. And…”

Jack let out a low laugh. “And you sure accomplished that, didn’t you? Not sure why the first thing you came up with was ‘shove your tongue down my throat,’ but hey. Mission accomplished. Sticking your hand down my pants and returning the favor on my cunt probably wasn’t needed, but I appreciated the bonus.”

“Well, you know what happened after that. Somehow we found our way to the one remaining bedroom and…” Miranda allowed herself a rueful smile. “I suppose at that point it’s just a question of what we didn’t do that night.”

“Fucking A, cheerleader,” Jack said, a strange note of pride in her voice. “And damn if you didn’t work me out. Was giving it all with my fingers against your clit, and still you were like ‘Fuck me harder! Make me feel it, bitch!’” Jack let out an appreciative groan. “Shit, hearing little Miss Prim and Proper Cerberus lap dog saying all those filthy things… commanding me to make her cum… almost made me understand why somebody would want to join up with those fuckers if those were the sort of orders you gave out on a regular basis.”

Miranda thought back to that night more, allowing herself to finally relive the memories she had kept bottled up for so long. “Well, in the end I returned the favor, didn’t I?”

“Fuck yeah, you did,” Jack said breathily. “Ain’t never seen anybody use biotics like that before. When I saw that glowing blue cock between your legs and you shoved me down on the bed… my legs couldn’t spread fast enough for that shit. Fuck, still can’t believe that was your first time with a woman, cheerleader. Beginner’s fucking luck, is all I’ll say.”
“Well… you weren’t so bad yourself,” Miranda admitted.

Jack scoffed. “Oh, fuck you, bitch. I was goddamn amazing and you know it.”

“You were… alright, fine. Yes, you were amazing, Jack,” Miranda said, feeling a dreamy smile come to her face despite herself. “It was the best sex I’d ever had in my life.”

“What, I managed better than the robocock?” Jack taunted. “Well, go Team Fuckmaster Jack, beating out technology’s finest in the end.” There was a moment’s pause, and Jack added. “But… I gotta admit something, babe. Even after all these years, I’m still surprised as hell that you actually let me do it. Hell, that you did it to me right back. Were you really that drunk or…?”

“I’ve… tried not to think about it,” Miranda said. “But at the time… I don’t know. Just seeing all of those people… my friends and comrades having all of those pleasurable experiences around me… maybe I was a little jealous. In the moment, I thought about what Shepard has said about how we might not have much time left, and I realized all of the things I had never gotten to do. All the perverted and dirty thoughts that had ever crossed my mind, and would never get a chance to experience if I ended up dead at the hands of the Reapers. And then you showed up in the middle of all of those thoughts and…”

“And was just the right person to show you all that dirty shit you ain’t never seen before,” Jack finished her sentence. “My god, cheerleader… you fucking used me. I… I feel so dirty right now.”

“No, never mind, I was just extremely drunk,” Miranda quipped. “Had to have been to let a dirty skank like you lay a finger on me.”

Jack laughed, but unlike the previous ones, there was a tinge of sadness. “So, yeah, long story short: you and me joined the Normandy Fuck Club, and spent all night doing dirty things to each other’s naughty holes.”

“No how I would put it, but yes,” Miranda said. “So, are you happy now, Jack? Got me to remember all those things like you wanted me to?”

“Uhm, hold up a sec, babe,” Jack said. “Story’s not done yet. And you missed the most important fucking part of it all.”

Miranda rolled her eyes. “Come on, Jack. Not that this was entirely unpleasant, but do we really need to go through every position we tried that night? Some of them are painful to even think about, like when you had me put my leg…”

“Nah, fuck that night,” Jack interrupted. “I’m talking about the next morning.”

Miranda furrowed her brow. “The next morning? Nothing much happened after that. We got dressed and cleaned up as best we could. Headed out to eat breakfast and…”

“You don’t remember,” Jack said, her words not seeming directed at Miranda, but more to herself. “Of course you don’t remember. Why would you remember?”

“Remember what? Jack, what’s wrong? You didn’t just bring up this story to get off on making me talk about sex, did you?”

Jack let out a long, ragged sigh. “The next morning, I woke up before you did. The two of us tangled in the sheets of Shepard’s guest bed. Do you remember that, Miranda? Remember how we were positioned?”
“How… we were positioned?” Miranda asked, still not sure what Jack was getting at. “Not really. I remember getting up and…”

“You were holding me,” Jack cut her off. “I woke up with your arms wrapped around me, and my head against your shoulder.”

Miranda nodded. “Yes, I suppose that sounds right.”

“See, here’s the thing, cheerleader,” Jack said, her voice drained of all joviality. “That night before, all you could think about was what would happen if you died the next day. But when I woke up the next morning, all wrapped up in your arms… shit, all I could think about is what would happen if I lived the next day. And the day after that, and days long after the war with the Reapers was over.”

“Jack… I don’t…”

But Jack was paying her no mind. “And you know something, Miranda? I couldn’t remember the last time I had thought like that. My whole life, I had spent doing nothing but surviving. Every day was a struggle to make it to the next day, and even thinking a week ahead seemed like the most fucking optimistic thing in the world. Shit, even when I was teaching those kids, I was sure that any moment it was all going to be over. The Reapers would find us or Cerberus would wipe us all out. But at that moment… in that bed, I thought about the future.”

And it was that moment that Miranda realized what Jack was saying. “Jack, I didn’t…”

“Just shut up for a bit and let me get this out,” Jack muttered. “In those moments, the thought of a future seemed attainable. And the thought of spending part of that future burying my face in some juicy cheerleader pussy on a regular basis… it didn’t seem like the worst thing. Those few minutes that morning, I thought about what I would say to you when you opened your eyes. Tell you how much I enjoyed fucking you, and maybe make a joke about when we should schedule our next fuck session. Just to see how you reacted, maybe hoping just a little bit that you’d get that annoyed little pout on your face, but not actually saying no to it. You wouldn’t say yes, of course, because that’s not Miranda Lawson, dignified little Cerberus cheerleader. But there’d be that look in your eye. That little glint that said that maybe, just maybe, you wanted to do it again. Maybe a few more times, and maybe even on a regular fucking basis.”

Miranda was quiet, staring into space as she come to understand something she had been avoiding all this time. Maybe that was why she had blocked out that night so much. Maybe because deep down, she had known.

“And then you woke up,” Jack continued. “And before I could even open my mouth, you just had this look of… of sheer fucking panic,” Jack let out a low laugh. “Would have almost made me laugh if… if I didn’t know right then exactly what it meant. You woke up and damn near catapulted out of bed, scrambling for your clothes like they were going to run away from you. And do you remember what you said to me then?”

Miranda didn’t, but even if she did, she didn’t have the heart to speak.

“You said, ‘You better not tell anyone about this. Or I swear you’ll regret it.’ And then…” Jack paused, sniffled. “‘This was a mistake. We got drunk and we made a big mistake. This never happened.’” Jack scoffed. “And who was I to argue, you know? When you’ve got your mind set on something, cheerleader, you stick to it. That’s at least one thing I lo… like about your pathetic Cerberus butt. So when you said, ‘it never happened,’ what could I do? All those things I planned to say just a few minutes before… but then you woke up. And I guess I did too.”
“Jack, I’m sorry,” Miranda said, clenching her grimy sheets in her fist.

“Ah, fuck it, what have you got to be sorry for?” Jack casually asked. “Like we would have had a future together anyway. Probably would have gotten sick of each other in a month or less, if we were lucky. But… I guess I just wanted to tell you about that morning. About who I was in those few minutes before both of us woke up.” Jack’s voice turned dead serious as she added. “Because here’s the thing, Miranda. That woman you woke up with in your arms… the one with all those silly, romantic thoughts… she may not be around that much longer. And the one who’s going to be wearing her face when this is all over… don’t think you’re going to like her very much.”

Miranda leaned her head against the wall, and she could swear that she could almost feel Jack’s head in the same spot on the other side of the wall. She brushed her hand lightly against the cold metal. “Jack, we’re going to…”

And then she heard the sound. That low metallic thump.

“No… no no no no no!” Miranda gasped.

Jack didn’t panic. Didn’t even raise her voice. Just let out a low, sad sigh. “Looks like they’re playing my song, Miranda. Maybe… maybe I’ll… I’ll get a chance to… see…” her voice starting to get fuzzy as the sound of gas streaming into her cell threatened to overwhelm it. “See you again as… as me. But if not… just remember…”

“No!” Miranda cried out, pounding against the wall of her cell. “Jack, please! You can fight it!”

“Remember that I was…” Jack could barely be heard, and Miranda could hear her slumping down onto her cot. “I was the best… best fuck you ever had.”

The door to the testing rooms slid open, and Miranda shot her reddened eyes towards Henneman, accompanied by Bowers and several of his men as they moved towards Jack and Jenny’s cell.

“Pretty sure I’ve got the formula this time,” Henneman casually stated, staring at a datapad and not even bothering to look up as Bowers deactivated the gas in Jack’s cell. “Looking forward to…”

“Leave her alone!” Miranda cried out. Standing up at the front of her cell, she screamed with wild rage at the Cerberus sadists. “You sons of bitches! Don’t you fucking touch her!”

Her ragged cries elicited the slightest glance from Henneman. “Oh, not to worry, Miss Lawson. Your turn will be coming soon enough. But science cannot be rushed. Just have a seat and…”

With all of her strength, Miranda flung herself at the forcefield keeping her captive. Pain shot through her entire body as she was flung backwards. The impact against the back wall, no doubt along with the screaming, awoke Oriana from her sleep, and she shot up from her cot as she saw her sister make for another dash against the containment field.

“Randa, don’t!” Oriana called out, but Miranda paid her no mind. Another jump against the forcefield, and another jolt of pain as she was pushed back into the cell. Oriana got up, trying to grab her by the shoulders, but Miranda shrugged her off.

“You bastards!” Miranda screamed, tears streaming down her face as she shoved forward again, barely feeling the pain now in her rage. “You sick fucking bastards! Don’t you lay a goddamn hand on her!”

Henneman clucked his tongue and turned to Roth. “Would you mind dearly?”
Roth gave him a nod, and as Bowers and Okoru lifted up the unconscious Jack and Jenny, Roth
tapped on the panel next to Miranda’s cell. The dull metallic thump was heard again, and gas
nozzles shot up from the floor around Miranda’s feet.

“Kill you,” Miranda muttered, her head getting hazy as she sucked the gas into her lungs. Falling to
her knees, the last thing she saw before unconsciousness took her was the door to the testing rooms
closing behind Henneman. “Kill… kill you all…”

And then it was all black.
“Something was happening, that much we knew. That that ‘something’ was Cerberus didn’t become apparent until the past few months.”

After cleaning up the last of Dugas’s bodyguards, they had gathered in the sitting room of the late krogan mercenary’s mansion. The once lavish and beautiful mansion was now dotted with bullet holes and a few scattered sooty smudges where explosions had gone off.

On the way there, Garrus and Tali had filled Jacob and the rest of the team in: on their mission to Noveria, Maeko Matsuo had been the head of the security forces for Port Hanshan. Unlike many of the other obstructive bureaucrats they had run into during their time there, Matsuo had been relatively accommodating to Shepard and her team. Unfortunately for her, however, Shepard ended up leaving her with a fiasco on her hands, as Benezia’s geth launched an attack on Shepard’s team in one of the garages.

Jacob wasn’t sure who she was with now, but he knew enough to recognize that the armor Matsuo wore didn’t bear the markings of Elanus Risk Control Services. Well, whatever her new job is now, he thought to himself, it sure pulled your ass out of the fire.

“It all started after the Reapers were destroyed,” Matsuo explained, the combat high still working its way through her system as she paced back and forth. “Earth was in a sorry state, desperately trying to rebuild after the Reapers had nearly razed it to the ground. It was subtle at first: a few mysterious credits deposited into the right accounts, with the promise of many more with just one signature. Partnerships and consolidations, companies being propped up by massive contributions from unknown sources and restored to operating capacity almost overnight. To be honest, I’m not even sure that Earth could have been rebuilt without the help of… whoever this benefactor was.”

“But nothing ever comes for free,” Garrus remarked.

Matsuo nodded. “Even when things started going bad, it was slow. Friendly offers for takeovers suddenly got… a lot less friendly. What started with stock acquisitions and corporate espionage started graduating to widespread hacking attacks and large-scale theft of assets. And then… people started disappearing. Nobody too high level; whoever it was wasn’t ready to make themselves too obvious yet. It wasn’t until about three months ago that things started getting dangerous. You all remember the crash on Belan?”

Rooker, sitting off to the side and having a light wound from the recent battle tended to by Matsuo’s medic, glanced up. “The shuttle crash that killed all those executives? But I thought that was just a drive malfunction. An accident.”

“It was no accident.” Matsuo said. “We let that pass as the official story, of course. Didn’t want our enemies to know that we were onto them. But to be honest, they didn’t try very hard to hide it. Hence why my current employer hired me and my team. With Cerberus getting more and more obvious now, the added security became necessary.”

“You’re absolutely sure it’s Cerberus?” Tali asked.

Matsuo frowned. “If it isn’t Cerberus, then it’s damn sure somebody who wants them to succeed. The real kicker was within the last few days. Several of the corporations we suspect to be shell companies for our enemies just happened to divest themselves of all of their investments and holdings on Omega. Shortly before Balak and his suspiciously well-funded terrorists took control
of the station. Didn’t make the connection at first. But once Cerberus started telling the whole galaxy about what was happening there, complete with convenient video footage to showcase all the gory details, it was pretty easy to connect the dots.”

“Omega, dammit,” Vega muttered. “The whole damn reason we were here was to get a ship to sneak onto Omega. And now that’s all screwed up.”

Matsuo held up a hand. “Not to worry. We know all about your mission and we’re ready to help. I have the connections to get you a ship with the appropriate records to get you onto Omega without issue.”

Jacob stared at her quizzically. “Okay, how exactly do you know about all this? Admiral Hackett said you knew all about the mission before even getting in contact with the Alliance.”

The look Matsuo gave Jacob was almost like a teacher glancing down at a particularly slow student. “Where else do you get information that no one should have access to, Commander? My employer received a tip from the Shadow Broker.”

This set the entire room buzzing. “Uh, correct me if I’m missing something,” Garrus said, “but I’m almost positive the Shadow Broker is currently on the wrong side of the Omega 4 relay to be providing any sort of information.”

“Well, I imagine that would be news to her… or him, or it, or whoever it is, considering I just made contact yesterday,” Matsuo said with a casual shrug. “Wouldn’t be the first time the title has been passed on, I hear tell.”

“Yes, of that, we’re quite aware,” Tali said. “But how do we know this new Shadow Broker is to be trusted? For all we know they could be a tool of Cerberus as well.”

Sitting down in a cushioned chair, the stuffing spilling out of a bullet gash in the side, Matsuo shook her head. “If it wasn’t for the Shadow Broker, my employer and her partners wouldn’t have made it this far. We’d have already fallen prey to Cerberus’s schemes without their information. Whoever they are, the current Shadow Broker is definitely an ally.”

“Bah, sick of all of these schemes and plots,” Grunt growled. “Just give us our ship so that we can go take out Balak and Cerberus.”

“Yes, and perhaps you can provide a replacement shuttle pilot while you’re at it,” Javik added. “Unfortunately, ours is no longer available.”

The blunt reminder of their loss left a pall in the air. In the corner, Riggs stared into space, his hands clenched into tight fists.

Matsuo glanced at them all in confusion, before realization dawned on her face. “Oh… I am so, so sorry.”

“It’s alright,” Jacob said, his tone melancholy. “Cortez knew the risks when he…”

“No, no, that’s not what I…” Matsuo said, a smile creeping onto her face. “I’m so sorry that I forgot. We… ugh, can’t believe I did that.” Activating her omni-tool, Matsuo spoke into the glowing interface. “Send him in.”

“Send…” Riggs said, rising slowly to his feet as the door opened.

Matsuo shook her head. “In all the confusion, I forgot about your pilot. We pulled him out just
before the fighting started. Figured Dugas’s men would target your shuttle first, so…”

“Steve!” Riggs exclaimed, rushing forward as the doors to the room opened and Cortez stepped through. A grin lit up on his face as he rested his hands on Cortez’s shoulders. “Steve, I thought you were…” After a moment’s pause, Riggs composed himself, feeling the stares of the rest of the team on him. The smile on his face vanished into his usual glowering stare. “That is, we thought you were dead. So… glad that you’re not.”

“Glad to see you too, David,” Cortez said with a warm smile. Turning his attention to Matsuo, Cortez rubbed the back of his head. “And although I appreciate the rescue, I wouldn’t have minded it involving a little less chance of a massive concussion.”

Matsuo gave a casual shrug. “Sorry. Time was of the essence, and your friends here can tell you how long it took for me to explain the situation when there wasn’t a rocket launcher aiming right at them.”

“Ah, well, what are we waiting for?” Zaeed muttered. Still a little woozy from the doped drink Dugas had given him, he nonetheless managed to rise to his feet. “We’ve got our ship, we’ve got all we need to get onto Omega and blow a hole in that terrorist bastard.”

As the group started to rise to their feet, Jacob held up a hand. “Just a moment,” he said to Matsuo, “Providing a ship so easily to us… what was it you said before, Garrus? ‘Nothing ever comes for free,’” he fixed a skeptical eye on Matsuo. “What is it you want from us in return?”

“We want you to stop Cerberus, Commander Taylor,” Matsuo responded. “We both count them as enemies, after all. And if getting onto Omega helps you do that, then that’s benefit enough for me and my employer.” As Jacob continued to stare at her, Matsuo grunted. “And okay, yes… we may call upon you in the future if Cerberus makes another move against us. But if you believe that gaining access to Omega and taking control there will help you stop them… then perhaps we won’t need to call in a favor at all.”

Jacob considered this answer, then nodded. “We can only hope. Alright, team, let’s move out.” After a moment’s pause, Jacob remembered something, and gave Matsuo a sheepish smile. “Ah, except… we seem to be minus a transport shuttle to get back to our ship. Don’t suppose…”

Matsuo nodded and smiled back. “I think we can afford to part with one, yes. I’ll radio back to my ship to send one down.” As the rest of the group started to file out of the room, Matsuo grabbed Jacob by the shoulder. “Actually… there is one more thing. Something you can do for me when you reach Omega.”

Jacob stopped, his suspicion confirmed that there would be a catch. “What is it?”

“After Port Hanshan… my reputation was ruined,” Matsuo said. “Word of the geth attack got out, despite my best efforts to keep it under wraps, and ERCS made me the sacrificial lamb. After that I couldn’t get a job working security for a Tupari machine, much less any major corporations. I had nothing, until my current employers started asking around about skilled mercenaries… and happened to ask a Noveria Internal Affairs agent I had worked with in the past. Unknowingly, of course… she wouldn’t be a very good IA agent if I had known then.”

“What does this have to do with Omega?” Jacob asked.

“Her name is Gianna Parasini, and I… I owe so much to her,” Matsuo explained. “She was working a job on Omega when everything went bad, and… look, I’m not stupid. I know the chances of her surviving are slim. But if you can try your best to find her while you’re there…”
Jacob nodded. “I understand. We’ll keep an eye out.”

“That’s all I can ask,” Matsuo said, extending a hand. “Good luck to you, Commander Taylor. If all goes according to plan, we both come out of this deal winners.”

“Please extend my gratitude to your employer,” Jacob responded, as the two of them headed out.

Outside in the garden, the team waited for their new shuttle to arrive. Breaking away from giving his old, and decidedly-not-dead, friend Cortez a back-clapping hug, Vega drifted over towards Zaeed. “Hey, pal, just wanted to thank you,” he said, putting a friendly hand on the aged merc’s shoulder.

“For what, exactly?” Zaeed asked, a trace of bitterness in his voice. “Not spotting the gleam of that bastard Dugas’s knife just before it went in my back? Damn near blew the whole goddamn mission.”

“But it worked out, didn’t it?” Vega said. “You and Tara watched each other’s backs and pulled it out in the end. So… just wanted to thank you for keeping her safe, you know.”

Zaeed narrowed his one good eye at Vega. “Keeping her safe? Bloody hell, mate, she’s lucky I didn’t get her killed. She did all the work, and I was just along for the ride.”

Vega grinned. “Ah, no need to be modest, pal. I’m sure you…”

“No, I’m telling you,” Zaeed cut him off. “If I had done my fair share on that mission, I would have bloody said that, wouldn’t I? But what that woman did… it wasn’t goddamn possible.”

Glancing over at Rooker, Vega grinned dreamily. “Yeah, she’s pretty amazing, isn’t she?”

This elicited a frustrated noise from Zaeed. “For fuck’s sake, I’m not saying ‘she was really good.’ I said ‘not goddamn possible’ and that’s exactly what I meant.” When Vega glanced back in confusion, Zaeed gestured with a hand in Rooker’s direction. “That bird was doing things out in the battlefield that no human should be able to do. Hauling me around with one arm while firing a Mattock with the other. You ever felt the recoil on one of those things, mate?”

“Course I have,” Vega muttered, his tone low as he realized what Zaeed was saying. “Not too bad.”

“‘Not too bad’ with both hands to steady your aim. But one-handed… this bird was landing headshots like they were nothing,” Zaeed said. “Look, you and I have both served with Shepard, yeah? All the shit that Cerberus did to her body, genetic modifications and all that… and I wouldn’t have even believed it if Shepard had done half the shit that your Tara was doing.”

Understanding dawned on Vega’s face. “That’s what they did,” he muttered under his breath. “That’s what Cerberus did to her when they had her. Bastards.”

“What are you going on about?” Zaeed asked, leaning closer to try and hear.

“Forget it,” Vega said, waving a hand and glancing up in time to see the new shuttle flying up to the landing pad. “Just… forget what you saw, okay? As far as anyone is concerned, you and Rooker both took out Dugas’s men together.”

As Vega walked away, Zaeed shrugged. “Whatever you say, mate.”
Part 4: Dejection; Deception; Defection (Adamanthea Station, Restricted Section, Testing Area)

“Do it, Subject Zero. Rape Jenny. Rape her. You know you want to.”

Waking up in the room again to the same old shit. Standing up from the chair, Jack stared around at the screens. Once again, video after video of forceful sex being put on display for her viewing pleasure.

For a moment, Jack felt a bit relieved. From the sharp pain in her neck, she knew that Henneman had injected her again. But she honestly didn’t feel any different. Just that same boredom at being put into this same situation over and over again.

Staring around at the screens, Jack mentally pictured Brooks, the clone of Shepard, and all of the other women working for Cerberus into the places of the crying women being violated repeatedly. Yeah, that made it a little more bearable. As a matter of fact, it almost made it fun.

Fun? No, not fun. Only a fucking psycho would find watching this sort of shit “fun.” But at the same time… she supposed she was getting used to it a bit. Hell, as long as she kept pretending that the women were her enemies… that they were people who deserved it… she didn’t mind watching it too much.

But who decides who deserves it, Jack? said a whiny little voice in her head. Sounded almost like the cheerleader, spouting off again like anybody gave a shit what she had to say. And it was a stupid question anyway.

“I do,” Jack said out loud. “I decide who deserves it.”

Henneman’s voice came over the loudspeaker. “What was that, Subject Zero? Please speak up if you would. This is all being recorded for scientific posterity.”

A dozen angry retorts came to her head, but Jack finally flipped the bird at the corner. “Record this for posterity, fuck-face,” she muttered.

The seconds turned to minutes, and Jack let out a yawn as she stood in place. God, this shit was so fucking boring. What did Henneman hope to accomplish, anyway? Did he really think if he pumped enough of his science shit into her, that eventually Jack would turn into a loyal Cerberus rapist soldier? Fuck that shit. She was going to do what she wanted to do, and rape who she wanted to rape.

Wait, what? Jack didn’t want to rape anybody. Did she? Well, except maybe Brooks and the clone. And that blond bitch who had brainwashed Ash. And anybody else who fucked with her or pissed her off. Yeah, all of those bitches could stand to get a nice cock up their asses. God, what she wouldn’t fucking give to have one of them in this room right now. Bent over and begging for mercy as Jack lined up a massive strap-on – one just like the one she was wearing right now – and fucked the shit out of them until they couldn’t take any more.

Yeah, that’s just what she needed right now. The thought of that put a smile on her face, and without even realizing it, she started stroking the strap-on jutting out of her hips. In her mind she pictured it buried in some nice tight cunt, the woman below her screaming in agony as Jack took her prize.
God, she was so fucking bored. As she stood and waited for this all to end, a thought occurred to her. A thought that would have seemed utterly vile to her just a few days ago, but now… now maybe it just might work.

*Fucker wants to get his rocks off watching me fuck Jenny*, Jack thought to herself, as she took a slow step in the direction of her former student. The tied and gagged teenager let out a muffled cry, and Jack held up a hand to quiet her.

“Don’t worry, Madigan,” Jack said, as she stepped forward again. Her strap-on pointing towards Jenny’s spread legs, and her hairless pussy. “If this works, maybe we can get this over with and go back to our cell. Not have to deal with any more of this fucked-up shit.”

*And besides*, Jack thought to herself as she moved in between Jenny’s spread thighs, *ain’t like you haven’t taken a few cocks in there already since this all started. At least I’ll be gentle with you, kid. I’ll make it easy for you. Just sit back and close your eyes, take a few thrusts into your pretty little cunt… and maybe that’ll be enough for that sick fuck in the control room. Maybe he’ll let us go back to our cell if I just… just do it a little.*

Putting her hand up to her mouth, Jack spat into her palm. Slowly, almost sensuously, she started rubbing her saliva around the thick black strap-on fastened securely to her hips. Jenny’s eyes went wide and she screamed against her gag.

“Shut up,” Jack heard herself say. “Just shut the fuck up and it’ll all be over soon.” Reaching her still spit-glistening hand down, Jack rubbed Jenny’s cunt, slickening the dry lips of her labia with saliva. When Jenny struggled against her bonds, Jack pulled her hand back and slapped it against Jenny’s inner thigh. It seemed like only the lightest of slaps, just a polite warning for her to stop squirming. But when Jack pulled her hand back she saw a large red welt where her hand had hit.

“That’s it, Subject Zero,” Henneman’s voice came over the PA again. “Do it. Rape her. Rape your beloved Jenny.”

*Fuck you, asshole*, Jack thought to herself, even as she positioned the head of the strap-on against Jenny’s pussy lips. *You don’t give me fucking orders. I’m doing this because I want to, not because you told me to. If I fuck the shit out of Jenny, it’s because I decided to.*

Jenny was still sniveling. Out of nowhere, Jack felt something rising in her stomach. A disgust that she had never felt before for the teenage biotic. *So pathetic*, she thought to herself, as she slowly began pushing the strap-on inside of the squirming little slut. *How many more times do you have to take a few cocks before you finally accept it? By the time I was your fucking age, I had been fucked more times than an asari matriarch, and do you see me crying? Whining and sobbing like a pathetic little baby? No, I came out stronger. Came out more powerful than you could possibly imagine.*

She was sick of seeing Jenny now. Sick of seeing those red-ringed little eyes of hers and that snot bubbling out of her nose. But when she looked up at the screens again, she just found herself getting angrier.

*Weak, all of you*, she mentally directed the insults towards the women in the videos, as her massive strap-on sank halfway into Jenny’s cunt. *So fucking pathetic. You could have fought. Could have kept this from happening to you. But you didn’t, because you’re all weak. Not like me. Not like me at all. Fuck all of you. I have no sympathy for any of you.*

She had sunk every last inch of the giant phallus on her hips into Jenny. Jenny winced in pain as the oversized cock slid out of her… and then thrust back in. Out… and in again.
Just a few times, Jack told herself, just a few times and maybe it’ll be enough for this guy. Looking back down at Jenny, Jack felt that disgust rise in her again.

“Dammit, I’m doing this for you, you know,” Jack hissed at Jenny, after another two thrusts into her. “Show some goddamn appreciation, would you? And besides… isn’t this what you wanted?” Another rough thrust into Jenny’s tight little cunt. “Don’t think I forgot what you said back on the Normandy? ‘Oh, Jack, I’ve always wanted to fuck you,’” Jack mockingly raised her voice into a high falsetto. “‘You’re the coolest teacher ever and I spend every night diddling my tight little teenage pussy thinking about you. Please, Jack. Please fuck me!’”

Shaking her head, Jack pulled out the strap-on almost to the head, before shoving its entire length into Jenny as hard as she could. Jenny cried out, and before she knew what she was doing Jack reached down and slapped her cheek.

“Shut up, you stupid little bitch,” Jack growled, the thrust of her hips increasing in speed. “This is what you fucking wanted, isn’t it? This is what you dreamed about?” Grabbing Jenny by the waist, Jack began rapidly fucking her. “And even if it ain’t what you wanted… it’s what you fucking deserve. You and all those other weak, pathetic cunts in those cells.” Another slap across Jenny’s face. “Yeah, Cerberus may be a bunch of fucked-up assholes, but that’s one thing they got right. You… Shepard… all those asari bitches… and especially Miranda and her little fake clone sister… Cerberus is giving you exactly what you weak, pathetic cunts deserve.”

A weird feeling crept onto Jack’s face as she thrust in and out of Jenny’s pussy, and it took her a moment to realize that she was smiling. Smiling the hardest she had ever smiled in her entire life. Just the thought of what she must look like – grinning like an idiot while fucking some pathetic teenage slut – got her started laughing, and soon she was laughing so hard that she couldn’t make herself stop. Her wild, manic peals of laughter rebounded off the walls of the testing room, drowning out the sounds of the rapes being displayed on the flashing screens. She laughed and laughed and laughed, and not until she felt her body start to shudder did she realize that, despite the strap-on not being a sensory model, she had just cum.

Taking a deep breath, and shuddering a bit from her recent climax, Jack stared down at Jenny. At some point the weak little slut had passed out. Ah, well, Jack thought with a shrug, as she pulled the strap-on out of her twat, there’ll be a next time, I’m sure. Another chance to show this little bitch what true power is all about. Reaching down, Jack casually grabbed the rubber phallus on her hips and yanked it off. Funny, she seemed to remember the fasteners being stronger than that the first time she was in here. But with just one light tug, the metal clips snapped and tumbled to the floor.

Behind her, Jack heard the door to the room open. She didn’t turn, but heard the voice of Henneman as he approached her back. “Did you enjoy that?” he asked, as if the answer wasn’t fucking obvious.

Staring down at the unconscious Jenny, her cunt gaping wide open from the rough fucking she had just received, Jack parted her lips and said, “Yes.”

“Good. Would you like to do it some more?”

Glancing slightly over her shoulder, Jack looked at Henneman out of the corner of her eye. A grin crept onto her face as she answered: “Fuck yeah.”

“Well, then, Subject Zero. If you’ll…”

In a flash, Jack’s hand was around Henneman’s throat. Oddly enough, it seemed to take no effort at
all for her to lift him up off the ground with one hand. She didn’t know why she was suddenly so powerful… but she was loving the shit out of it.

“My name… is Jack,” Jack coldly informed him, watching in amusement as the pencil-neck squirmed and gasped for breath. “Think you can remember that, or do I need to shorten it for you?”

Henneman was unable to respond with words, but his frantic nodding was good enough for her.

“Alright, then,” Jack said pleasantly, releasing her grip on Henneman and letting him fall back down to his feet. “So where do we start?”

Gasping for breath, Henneman managed to recover fairly quickly. “First… first thing we need to do, Jack, … is get you properly dressed.”

“What, are you saying I’m indecent?” Jack quipped, gesturing down at her naked body with a smirk. “Well, lead the way, doc.”

Henneman turned away from Jack towards the door, but then seemed to remember. “Don’t think we’ll be needing this anymore.”

Jack flinched as Henneman’s hand went up to her neck, but she held her ground as he made several taps on the device around her neck. With a soft clatter, the biotic suppression device around Jack’s neck fell to the floor.

Neither of them paid it any mind as they walked out of the room together.
“Oh, mistress! Thank you, mistress! I love having you take me like this, mistress.”

The words came out of her mouth almost effortlessly at this point. Sam was surprised at how easily she had been able to acclimate herself to this new way of living. Down on her hands and knees on Kelly’s bed, she spouted off the vulgar encouragement to her “mistress” as Kelly took her from behind with one of the many sex toys Morgan had provided for her “bestie.” The wet slap of flesh against flesh filled the cabin, Kelly trying her best to put all of her effort into fucking Sam for the benefit of their captors. Sam cooed and moaned, begging Kelly to show her bitch who is in charge.

Despite all of this, and the sensation of the thick strap-on forcing her open and wetly sliding against her inner walls, Sam’s mind was miles away. Working through the parameters of their situation. Considering all of the options she had at her disposal now that she had access to a new tool to aid in their escape.

She only paused in her thoughts, and the over-acted dirty talk, when she felt the thrust of Kelly’s fake cock start to slow. She felt a mild tinge of panic as she could hear the sound of sobbing above her. The feeling of Kelly’s soft hands on her hips slipped away, and Sam knew that she was going to need to act fast.

“Sam, I can’t…”

“Yes, you can, Kelly,” Sam quietly assured her. “It’s okay. You’re not hurting me. Just keep putting on a show for Morgan.”

Reluctantly, still sniffling a little, Kelly slowly began inserting the cock inside of Sam again. Sam grunted as she felt the massive phallus rubbing inside of her, Kelly thrusting her hips even faster to attempt to make up for her previous slip. Sam began babbling again about her mistress making her wet pussy cum, hoping to resume her planning where she left off. But all of her thoughts and ideas of working on their escape were getting lost in the creeping dread.

Kelly can’t take much more of this, Sam reluctantly admitted to herself. And the next time those two Phantoms come back to take another crack at me… she’s either going to do something stupid, or she’s going to shut down completely. And if Cerberus decides that she’s no longer worthwhile as an asset…

For a moment, the anger threatened to overwhelm her. If she were a selfish person, she might have felt fortunate that she was probably getting the least of the punishment. Not that she knew exactly what was happening to Shepard and the rest of them, considering she hadn’t left this goddamn room since the first time she had been escorted into it. But based on the send-off in the shuttle bay on the Normandy, and the welcoming party for Shepard when they had arrived on this station, she had a feeling that her worst imaginings would pale in comparison to what was actually happening outside of this room.

So, all things considered, her suffering in the custody of Cerberus was relatively minor, up to this point. But the thought of what they were doing to her friends filled her with an anger she hadn’t felt since the battles against the Reapers. And Kelly. What Brooks and that evil copy of Shepard had done to Kelly was unforgivable. Seeing the woman she loved getting broken down, bit by bit, was worse torture than any perverted violations Cerberus could dream up. Even if they were able to escape from this tomorrow… Sam knew that Kelly would never be the same again. This nightmare
would leave a mark on her that would never heal, and as Kelly paused in her thrusts into Sam to drink from a bottle of strong liquor she had retrieved from the testing rooms earlier, Sam wondered if they would ever be able to experience the happy life together she had dreamed about back on Chasca.

That dead expression on her lover’s face… that look in her eyes that told Sam that Kelly had already given up any hope of escape… Sam knew that it was time.

“Kelly, flip me over,” Sam said quietly, keeping her face pointed away from the ever-watching surveillance camera. She couldn’t take it anymore. Seeing that hopeless blank stare on Kelly’s face, and watching her try to numb the pain with alcohol… it was just too much. She knew it was the wrong call logically, but goddamnit, not everything can run on logic. “I need to talk to you about something.”

Slowly, numbly, Kelly gave Sam a light slap on her behind. “On yo... your back, bitch,” she blandly recited, and Sam thanked her lucky stars once again that the camera in this cabin didn’t have audio recording. Not even a mindless brute like Morgan would have bought Kelly’s acting. “I want... want to see your face when I cum inside you.”

“Yes, mistress,” Sam said, pulling herself off of Kelly’s fake cock and rolling around on the sweaty sheets until she laying on her back in front of Kelly, her legs spread wide for her mistress to penetrate her. After another moment of hesitation, and another swig out of the bottle, Kelly moved in. She aimed the slick strap-on into Sam’s pussy and buried it inside her, all while resting her body down onto Sam, putting their faces inches away from each other.

“The plan worked,” Sam whispered into Kelly’s ear, once the piston thrust of the strap-on resumed. “When Morgan pulled Karlie and Nerine out of here, she made them leave their clothes... and Nerine left her omni-tool. I can use it to try to gain access to this station’s operations, and figure out a way for us to get out of here.”

“Really? You... you can get us out of here?”

Any regrets that Sam might have had for revealing this vanished when she glanced over and saw the look that came to Kelly’s face, and the wide-eyed stare she was giving Sam. For the first time since they had arrived, there was a glimmer of hope. The sight of it made Sam’s heart leap in her chest.

“I can give it a damn good try, that’s for sure,” Sam responded, not wanting to make any promises despite how much it seemed to energize Kelly. “Never been an amazing hacker, but all that time spent intercepting comms on the Normandy taught me a few tricks here and there. It’ll be tricky, considering I can’t afford to be seen using it on that camera.” She turned her neck and glanced over at the doorway to the bathroom, eyes focused on the gap between it and the main room where neither of the two cameras in Kelly’s living quarters had a view. “Unless I know Morgan isn’t watching the feeds, I’ll only be able to work in short bursts. But with enough time, I should be able to get access to the station’s network. We can send a message out to the Alliance, deactivate some of the security measures.” Considering the possibilities, Sam added, “If I can get deep enough access, I might even be able to shut off life support to any of the areas where those Phantoms and all the other Cerberus staff are stationed. Leave only just enough air for us, Shepard, and all the rest of our friends.”

Sam was surprised to see a look of panic cross Kelly’s face, as the strap-on suddenly paused. “No, Sam, don’t do that! There are people on the other side of the station. Good people, not like those other ones! We can’t...”
Hearing the panic in Kelly’s voice, Sam laid a calming hand on her shoulder. “It’s okay, Kelly. It was just an idea. I didn’t say I was going to do it. Keep fucking me while we talk, so Morgan doesn’t suspect anything.”

Kelly did as instructed, eyes glancing nervously around the room. “Where… where did you put it?”

Sam briefly considered hiding this fact from Kelly, just on the off-chance she ended up being interrogated about it. But hell, if it got to that point, Sam had little doubt that Cerberus would toss the cabin until they found the wayward omni-tool. No point in keeping any more secrets. “It’s underneath the mattress,” she whispered as quietly as she could. “In a spot by my sleeping mat where I can stick it under there without the cameras seeing. Easy enough for me to pull it out and hide it in my palm when I head over to the blind spot.”

“But what about Nerine?” Kelly asked, a tremble of fear in her whisper. “Won’t she… she might come looking for…”

“Kelly, you’re slowing down again,” Sam quietly prodded her, while out loud she moaned. “Oh, mistress! Please take me harder! Make your bitch feel it!” Once Kelly resumed her previous pace, Sam lowered her voice again. “Checked the records on it once I hacked in. The last time she accessed her omni-tool was six days ago. Looks like she barely uses the thing, so hopefully I should have a decently long window to see what I can access in the Cerberus systems before she comes looking for it. And chances are she and Karlie will be focused on other things the next time they pay us a visit.”

She hated to bring it up, and the reminder of what was likely to come put that dead, hopeless expression back on Kelly’s face. “They’re… they’re going to want to… use you the next time they come back. And I won’t be able to stop them this time.”

“I know, Kelly,” Sam said softly. “But if it’ll buy us some time to try and get an escape attempt worked out, I’m willing to… to do what it takes. But there’s a part you need to play as well.”

“Anything, Sam,” Kelly said, reaching up a hand to stroke Sam’s breast as she continued to fuck her. Whether it was part of the act, or Kelly was trying to insert some attempt at a tender gesture into this ugly act, Sam wasn’t sure. “What do you need me to do?”

Hearing that tone in Kelly’s voice, that willingness to help, put a buzz through Sam. *We might be able to do this,* she thought to herself. *If I can back up all my BS and actually get access to the Cerberus network, we might just have a shot at beating them. Or at least giving them one hell of a black eye before it’s all over.*

“Tomorrow,” Sam said, “I want you to pay a visit to Morgan in the security room. And I want you to tell her that… that you want to watch her fucking her bitch.”

Kelly paused again, and Sam reached down to give her a light tap on the backside as a reminder. “I… are you sure?” she asked warily, while resuming her thrusting.

“It’s the one thing that would definitely get Morgan away from the security monitors,” Sam explained. “Keep her distracted for a good long while and give me plenty of time to work with the omni-tool. Just tell her how much you love watching her sticking it to Ash, and how you’d love to watch her do it again sometime. She won't be able to resist the chance to show off her beloved bitch, I'm betting.” Sam’s mind was operating at a mile a minute now, working out the best plan of action. “If it works… our quarters are between Morgan’s and the security room. If she takes you back to watch her and Ash, knock twice on the door as you pass. That way I’ll know the coast is clear.”
Kelly gave a light nod. “Ask Morgan to watch her… watch her fuck her bitch. Knock on the door twice when we head to her cabin.”

“It should give me enough time to try and bypass the extranet block that Cerberus has set up on the station,” Sam said. “Maybe be able to download some backdoor code and other hacking tools to start working on gaining root access to the Cerberus mainframe. And if I can do that, then this entire station will be in the palm of my hand.”

“Sam, you’re… you’re amazing,” Kelly said. “I thought for sure that we…”

“Hey, don’t thank me yet,” Sam cautioned her. “Not until I’ve actually done all of the wonderful things that I’m just spit-balling about now. And no guarantees that…”

Their quiet conversation was interrupted by the sound of the door chime. Both of them froze.

“You… you think it’s them?” Kelly asked, voice filled with panic. “Karlie and Nerine, you think they’re back already?”

Sam slowly shook her head. “Doubtful. They wouldn’t want to test Morgan’s patience this soon after the last time. Think we’ve got a few more days before they show their faces again. No, if I were to guess, I imagine it’s probably Morgan herself, come back to check on her precious Kel-bear,” Sam said the pet name with all the disdain she could muster.

The door chime rang again, and Kelly pushed herself off of Sam and onto her feet. “Just a minute,” she called out, reaching for her uniform down on the floor.

“No, Kelly,” Sam said, and Kelly looked at her in surprise. “Don’t you dare put a stitch of clothing on. Answer that door just the way you are.”

Kelly stared at her in shock. “Are… are you serious?”

“Don’t forget, you need to be one of them,” Sam quietly explained to her. “Just another one of these depraved, shameless perverts. You think Morgan or any of those others out there would care if somebody saw them stark-naked, still dripping with sweat from a hard fuck session?” When Kelly shook her head, Sam gestured to the door. “So just go over there and open that door. Let Morgan see you just the way you are, and show her how much you enjoy being a dirty pervert just like her.”

“But… but what if it’s not Morgan?” Kelly asked, nervously shifting on her bare feet.

“Same goes for the rest of these psychos,” Sam responded. “Go on, Kelly. Show them you’re part of the Cerberus team. Don’t give them any reason to doubt you’re just as messed-up as they are.”

The door chime sounded again, and despite her doubts, Kelly squared her jaw, thrust out her chest, and strode over to the door. Her tits bounced and her strap-on bobbed lewdly in front of her, and despite their circumstances Sam couldn’t help but crack a smile at the sight of it.

Opening up the door, Kelly mustered up all of the annoyance and bravado she could muster – which unfortunately was not a lot – and spoke to the visitor. “What the fuck do you wa…” she started to say, before letting out a gasp. “Oh, it’s…”

“Am I… interrupting something?” said the voice on the other side of the door. Male, and definitely not Morgan. “If you want me to come back later, I can…”

“No, I was just…” Kelly started to say, her voice meek and docile as before, but then she cleared her throat and squared her shoulders. “I was just fucking my bitch, Dr. Henneman,” she
proclaimed, resting a hand on her bare hip and trying her best not to look utterly mortified. “But I’ve had my fill of her for now. What was it that you came by for, anyway?”

The visitor poked his head through the door, and Sam laid back on the bed and tried her best to look drained and satisfied. She remembered the man’s face, having only seen him back when they first arrived on the station… God, how long had it been now? Even after pulling up Nerine’s omni-tool and seeing the current date, she found it hard to believe that it had only been a few weeks since they had arrived on this station. That first day here, the march out of the Normandy and into this dreadful Cerberus asylum seemed like years ago.

“Ah, my apologies, then,” Henneman said. “It’s been a long time since the two of us had a chat, Miss Chambers. My goodness, I believe the last time we spoke was back on the Normandy, as a matter of fact. But there have been some new developments since then, and I believe I am in need of your expertise as a psychologist. Would you be willing to consult with me on a particular case here on this station?”

The unexpected question threw Kelly out of her fake bravado, and she gave Henneman a confused look. “A… psychiatric case? I… I mean, I suppose I might be able to help.”

She shot a glance at Sam, who gave her the slightest of nods.

Keep up appearances, Kelly, Sam mentally willed her, let them think you’ve made your peace being a Cerberus grunt. All while I work on getting us out of this.

“Excellent, so glad you’re willing to help,” Henneman said.

“Sorry, but… I’m a bit of a mess,” Kelly said, gesturing towards the bathroom door. “Do you mind if I go take a shower, get myself cleaned up?”

“Not at all, Miss Chambers,” Henneman said.

Stepping back into the cabin, Kelly removed the strap-on from her waist and tossed it away, trying her best to hide her disgust at even having to wear the sex toy. “So, okay, then. Give me fifteen minutes or so and I’ll meet you…”

Boldly walking through the door after Kelly, Henneman settled himself in on a chair. “Quite alright, Miss Chambers, I don’t mind waiting.” he stared across the room at Sam on the bed, arching an eyebrow with a slight smile. “Perhaps I’ll make use of your bitch while I wait.”

The suggestion put nervous looks on both of the women’s faces, and after an awkward silence Henneman let out a low, strangely monotone laugh. “Just a joke, my apologies. I’m not so crude as Miss Lezayen. Take your time and get yourself presentable. I’ll be right here.”

Kelly seemed wary leaving Sam alone, despite Henneman’s assurances, but eventually ducked into the bathroom. Once the sound of water running was heard, Henneman grunted as he raised himself up off the chair. Walking over to the bed, he crouched down next to Sam, eyes narrowed behind his glasses.

Sam lay still, playing the part of the placid, un-protesting slave. Even when Henneman’s hand reached up to her chest, and his fingers roughly pressed into the flesh of her breast, Sam kept as motionless as she could manage.

“Hmm, yes,” Henneman said, his tone detached and clinical as he fondled her bare tit, his grip hard and rough. “Nothing wrong there,” he muttered to himself.

Seeing where his hand was drifting to next, Sam bit her lip to keep herself from letting out a
scream. She shuddered as she felt Henneman’s ice cold fingers slide between her pussy lips and down into her inner passage, the doctor betraying no emotion as he felt around inside of her.

“Quite nice, yes,” Henneman observed, with the kind of tone suggesting he was studying a particularly well-prepared ham. “Should be no complications.” His fingers slipped deeper inside of Sam, who fought the urge to reach down and yank his hand away.

_You’re going to have to get used to this, Sam_, she told herself. _It’s going to take some time to put this omni-tool to use, and there’s no guarantee that any of it is going to work. So sooner or later, it’s going to happen to you, just like it happened to all the rest of them._

Just as suddenly as his impromptu gynecological probe had started, Henneman pulled his hand away. Just when she had thought he had finished his callous examination, Sam couldn’t stop herself from hissing in her breath as Henneman reached into his jacket, and pulled out a small syringe.

“Just a little sting, Miss Traynor,” Henneman spoke to her for the first time since he had arrived in their cabin. “Please lay still.” Sam felt the pinch, and forced herself to look away as blood flowed from her artery into the glass vial behind the needle. After a few seconds, Henneman withdrew the needle and returned the syringe to his pocket.

“Further tests will be needed, of course,” Henneman said, his slight tone indicating that he was talking more to himself than to Sam, “But I think you should serve quite adequately.”

Sam wanted to ask him what he was referring to, but before she could muster the courage to speak, the sound of water in the other room came to a stop. Henneman quickly returned to the chair he had been previously seated in, trying his best to appear as if he had never moved. A few minutes later, Kelly emerged from the bathroom in a fresh Cerberus uniform. “So, this patient you wanted me to see,” Kelly said. “Can you give me any details on their case before we meet with them?”

“Not much, but I imagine it shouldn’t be too difficult for a professional like yourself,” Henneman said, rising up to his feet. “Her current doctor started her on a new experimental medication and she… well, I just wanted to get your opinion as to whether or not it is achieving maximum effectiveness.”

“Of course,” Kelly said, trying her best to hide the suspicion in her voice. Sam shared that doubt: Henneman made it sound so banal, but she had little doubt that, just like everything involving Cerberus, there was something darker underneath the surface.

Kelly started to head for the door, but then turned back to Sam. “Don’t you move, bitch,” she said with her voice, while with her eyes she tried to communicate as much of the love as she could muster, “I’ll be back to… to fuck you again later.”

Sam nodded, returning the soulful stare to Kelly. It would have been a heartfelt moment, if both of them didn’t immediately hear that low, almost robotic laugh again.

“Yes, you just hang tight, Miss Traynor,” Henneman said, the smile on his face utterly devoid of any genuine joviality. “I might keep your Miss Chambers for a little while, but when she gets back… she’ll be sure to give it to you nice and hard.”

“I’ll… look forward to your return, mistress,” Sam said to Kelly, trying her best to slip back into her subservient role and ignore Henneman’s lewd comment.

As the two of them left and the door slid shut, Sam tried her best not to count the minutes until
Kelly returned.

Minutes that would turn to hours and, before she knew it, into days.
“Goddamn it all, what the hell is wrong with you, you big-titted piece of scrap metal?”

He didn’t need this today. It was bad enough that Mero Furbeck was the only tech on this entire station with the training and skill necessary to perform proper maintenance on the station’s 18 reprogrammed AIU units – 12 in the public area and 6 over with the nuts in the restricted area. With that many pieces of hardware out in the field, most repair shops would have at least five people working full-time to keep the little bionic bimbos up and running. But not in the glorious world of Cerberus; nope, he was the one stuck with the task of keeping all of these things in working order.

Which, if he was being honest, was a relatively easy job most of the time. The AIUs may have been only VIs, and not full AIs like they were during the Reaper War, but even VIs were smart enough to perform most routine maintenance tasks on themselves. But it meant that, when there was a serious problem, it would often take himself several days to diagnose the issue. All while the Cerberus brass were breathing down his neck, wondering why one of their little robotic slaves were out of commission.

And this one… this one had him absolutely stumped. After he’d fetched the inert unit from Brynn Cole’s lab – at least she was one of the more pleasant scientists aboard this under-manned trash heap of a station, and probably wouldn't give him shit if it took him some time to fix this one up – and brought it back to his cluttered workshop, he had spent the past five hours running the piece of scrap through every diagnostic tool to get it up and running. And no matter what he tried, nothing was working. The AIU simply stood and stared into space, completely unresponsive. It’d be the kind of repair issue he’d research on the extranet… if the extranet wasn't going to be down for fuck knows how long around here.

“Fine, you want to play rough?” Mero snarled at the AIU, before reaching over to his workbench and snatching up a small, handheld device. “Well, say hello to my little friend.” Snapping open a panel on the diagnostic tool, Mero withdrew two wires and extended them out to their full length. Reaching around behind the AIU’s neck, he found the access ports and plugged in the scanning wires. Immediately his tool lit up with data.

“What the… you’re still active?” Mero said, staring down at the tool and swiping his way through the various reports. None of this made a damn bit of sense. From the way this unit was acting, he would have expected it to be completely dead. But his scans were pulling up residual activity from the device’s processing cluster. “Screw it, you want to play possum? Let’s just start you over from scratch and see if that works.”

Scrolling to the bottom of the menu, Mero firmly pressed the button marked “WIPE/REFORMAT.” And immediately was met with a blinking error box: “ACCESS DENIED.”

“Access denied,’ my pimply white ass!” Mero snapped in frustration. “I’m the goddamn administrator on these goddamn things. Access doesn’t go up any higher than me. I am GOD to you silicon sluts! Now, let’s try this again.”

Another press of the button, and the same result: “ACCESS DENIED.”

It made no sense. No sense at all. A VI unit shouldn’t be capable of blocking him out like this. The only way that could even happen would be if…
His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a door behind him. “Oh, fuck me,” he muttered under his breath. “Just what I needed. A visit from my favorite pals.”

One of the unique features of his repair shop was also one of the ones he hated the most: that it had entrances from both the public and restricted areas of the station. Made it a lot easier for the crazies in the restricted area to bring in their extra-special exclusive AIUs to him for repairs. Of course, he didn’t have the clearance to walk over to the restricted side himself; only those pricks got to go through that door. Not that he had ever tried, of course. Considering the friendly personalities of the men and women he’d met from the restricted area, Mero was content to never step through that door for as long as he was stationed on this floating monstrosity.

“Hey, fuckface,” said the visitor from the other side, and Mero turned to see Yuri Dolinski’s ugly, fried-up mug, along with one of the restricted area’s AIUs lugging one of her sisters over her shoulder. “Got a job for you. AIU got overworked and fried out all its joints. Gonna need it fixed ay-sap.”

“Fried out its… dammit, what the hell are you doing to those things over there?” Mero groused. “Honestly, as soon as I get one of them back in working order, you people come back here with another one all screwed up again.”

Yuri fixed him with a narrowed glare. “None of your damn business what we use them for, dipshit,” he angrily responded. “Your job is to fix them, and keep your mouth shut otherwise. Understood?”

Mero rolled his eyes. Those restricted area guys… charming as always. “Whatever. Just have her toss it down over there,” he gestured towards an unoccupied workbench. “I’ll take a look at it as soon as I…”

He trailed off as the AIU that was still mobile deposited the inert, and slightly smoldering, unit down on his work table. Stepping forward with his mouth slightly agape, Mero’s eyes locked on the droid… and one part in particular. “Umm,” he muttered, glancing up at Yuri as he rested the tip of his finger down on the head of the gigantic cock jutting out of the AIU’s hips. Giving the massive metal mushroom head a few light taps, he arched his brow at Yuri. “Do I even want to know what you people are…”

“No, you don’t,” Yuri cut him off. “Oh, shit, nearly forgot,” he rushed forward and reached down to the access panel on the AIU’s neck. A few button taps later, and the eyes of the robotic woman flashed, indicating that its memory had been wiped. “There we go. Wouldn’t want you poking around in things that aren’t your business.”

“Yes, based on the state of this unit, I’d say there’s been more than enough poking going on already,” Mero said. As he snickered at his own joke, Yuri gave him a sour look.

“Whatever, just get it fixed,” Yuri curtly ordered him, before whirling around and heading back into the restricted area. Despite himself, Mero craned his neck to look through the open door, hoping to get a peek at what was happening over in the secret areas of the station. But he didn’t see much of anything – up to and including any other AIUs being used as glorified sex toys – before the door slid shut and the security lock engaged.

Turning his attention back to the recently-delivered AIU, and the proud tentpole it had hoisted, Mero groaned as he saw the extent of the damage. Just a quick glance told him that he was in for at least six hours of rewiring and replacing pistons and servos. “Jesus, what the… screw it, my shift is over for the day. This shit can wait until tomorrow. Let them find another damn tech if they get sick of waiting.”
Letting out a pained sigh, Mero stepped away from the work table and headed for the door, triggering the lights on the way out.

As soon as the door slid shut behind him, the previously inert AIU from Brynn’s lab suddenly raised its head. Reaching up, it pulled out the wires of the diagnostic tool that Mero had left plugged in, carefully depositing the device on a nearby table. With that done, it walked through the darkened repair shop to the fried AIU on Mero’s workbench.

Back on the Normandy, EDI experienced several sensations that could most easily be equated to "surprise." She had honestly expected this plan of hers to take at least 7.642 times longer to achieve, at a minimum. She did not believe in the concept of luck, but if it did exist, it was certainly in her favor tonight.

As she directed the public sector AIU over to the workbench, there was a brief moment of hesitation, as the AIU’s visual sensors caught a glimpse of the deployed cock on the inactive, prone unit. An odd look came to the AIU’s face, generated almost unconsciously by EDI in the midst of her remote operation of the unit. Recovering quickly, she instructed the AIU to place its hands on the other unit’s head, while simultaneously directing two other units under her control to head in the direction of Erin’s cabin.

EDI searched her databases for several nanoseconds before identifying the particular sets of impulses going through her system: she was, in layman’s terms, quite horny.
Fighting to keep her breathing steady as Henneman led her through the station, Kelly thought back to the last time they had talked.

It wasn’t exactly a pleasant memory, but then again, how many of them were these days? Just before the Normandy had arrived at this station, Brooks and the clone had brought out all of their captives for a bit of “fun” in the shuttle bay. Kelly remembered watching it all in horror, knowing she was about to be called down to participate in the latest Cerberus perversion.

And as she watched, Henneman had approached her. While she was frightened of him at first, he had assured her that, like Erin, he was working to turn Cerberus into a respectable organization, and purge the psychotic deviants like Brooks and the Shepard clone. Kelly remembered the faint glimmer of hope she had felt then, which had all been extinguished once she had been introduced to the continuing horrors of Adamanthea Station.

But now Henneman was back, and Kelly found herself remembering the last thing he had said to her: *Stay strong. I know things seem unbearable now, but I’ll do whatever I can to make sure that you and Miss Traynor survive what’s to come.* Was he finally ready to help her? Help her and Sam get out of this horrible situation? It had been so long since she had even talked to him or Erin. Were the two of them finally ready to let her in on their plans to get rid of the sadistic people tormenting them?

“Right this way, Miss Chambers,” Henneman instructed her, and Kelly realized with horror that he was leading her towards the holding cells. Just the thought of seeing Shepard and the rest of them, and whatever terrible tortures Cerberus had inflicted on them, sent a wave of panic through her.

Detecting her discomfort, Henneman laid a hand on her shoulder. “Don’t worry, Miss Chambers. Very soon now… things are going to get much better for you. I promise.”

Glancing around the hallway, and seeing no one else around, Kelly leaned in close. “Are we going to see them?” When Henneman didn’t respond at first, Kelly added. “The leader, the one that Erin told me about.”

Adjusting his glasses, Henneman gave Kelly a thin smile. “All in due time. But for now, there’s something else we need to talk about. That patient I wanted you to see. Right this way.”

Steeling her nerve, Kelly followed Henneman into the prison area. Despite herself, however, she couldn’t bear to look into the cells, and forced her attention to the other side of the room on the door to the testing rooms. Even if looking the other way meant getting to see Shepard, Liara, Miranda and everyone else again… she couldn’t bear it. Couldn’t look them in the eye in her Cerberus uniform, knowing what all of them had been going through.

Of course, if she had looked into the cells at that moment, she might have noticed that one of the prisoners was missing. A mistake she would learn from very shortly.
“That fucker. That… devious motherfucker. Lying to me all this time about this cum inside me. Makes me want to… urgh, shove this thing down his throat and choke him to death on his fucking lies!”

It had been hours since Ash had returned from her appointment with Henneman, and Morgan was still stewing. Just as instructed, Ash had told her everything that had happened in the office. How he had inquired about her symptoms and Ash had acknowledged that she had experienced every single one. And how he had quickly ushered her out of his office after just a cursory examination.

But as Ash had detailed everything that had happened, she began to worry that she had done something wrong. Morgan got more and more angry as Ash gave the details of his questions. Down on her knees in front of her mistress, she did her best to look apologetic as she remembered every last detail of her talk with Henneman.

Not every last detail, right? asked that annoying voice in her head. The mean sounding one, the one that didn’t like the mistress. She hated that… that Bad Ash. That deceitful, mean and nasty and Bad Ash who always wanted to disobey. To try and get away from the mistress. She didn’t want to be Bad Ash. Didn’t want to make the mistress angry anymore. She wanted to be Good Ash. The Ash who loved the mistress, who followed her every command. And who relished every inch of the mistress’s thick, beautiful cock inside her ass.

She hated Bad Ash. Bad Ash needed to shut up and go away.

But she wouldn’t. You know you can’t tell her. If she finds out that you lied to her all this time, Bad Ash said in her mind, you know what could happen to you.

Good Ash knew this, yes, she did. She knew that the mistress could get so angry at her, even if it was for something that Bad Ash did, not her. So she didn’t tell the mistress the whole story. Didn’t tell her how Henneman had told her back on the Normandy that the mistress could make her pregnant. That Henneman wanted the mistress to get her pregnant, and promised to take her away from the mistress if it happened. Just the sort of thing that horrible, evil Bad Ash would want.

“Those symptoms he was reading off,” Morgan said, pacing naked around the room. “They weren’t on the list of pregnancy symptoms I pulled up. Think he knows that I was testing him. Fucker’s probably on to me.”

As much as Ash wanted to admire her mistress’s gorgeous, perfect body as she strode around her cabin, the sight of the mistress so angry filled her with unending anguish. She wanted to offer to suck the mistress’s cock, but bitches did not speak unless instructed to. Obedient bitches like Good Ash didn’t do anything without their mistress telling them to.

But dammit, she wanted to tell. Even if the mistress punished her for speaking out of turn, Good Ash was in misery watching her mistress trying to figure out Henneman’s plans. She wanted to help. Wanted to help the mistress so bad.

Tossing her bulky frame down into a chair, Morgan rested her elbow on her dining table and leaned her face against her fist. “What’s his game? Why wouldn’t he tell me about this?” She pounded her other fist against her thigh. “Egghead motherfucker trying to outsmart me, but I’m gonna…”
“…mistressiknow…” Ash quietly muttered.

“…right up his ass and pull the trigger until that fucker’s big brain is coated all over the…”

“…Mistress, I know what he wants…” Ash said, raising her voice a little louder.

“…and then take his body and…”

“Mistress!”

Eyes wide, Morgan snapped out of her angry rant as she pointed her furious glare at Ash.

Before she could lose her nerve, Ash started talking. Told her mistress about her meeting with Henneman aboard the Normandy, and how Henneman had revealed the truth about Morgan’s semen back then. Even told her about how her two previous bitches had gotten pregnant and how their reactions had led to their deaths. Told the mistress how Henneman had promised to take her away from the mistress if she got pregnant, and how important the child seemed to be to him. And told her the whole story about the last meeting with Henneman, and how he was all set to take her away from the mistress until he had run his blood test and no doubt realized that Ash wasn’t pregnant.

Ash relayed all of this information in a rapid tone, and all of it interspersed with apology after apology. She was sorry for speaking without the mistress instructing her to. Sorry for hiding all of this information from the mistress. Sorry for ever wanting to get away from the mistress. Sorry for the brief moment when she had considered having Bowers get her pregnant just as an excuse to have Henneman take her away. Again and again, Good Ash apologized for all the horrible things that Bad Ash did (but not actually telling her about Bad Ash, of course… she didn’t want the mistress to think she was crazy, after all), and promised to accept whatever punishment the mistress deemed necessary.

Finally, after several minutes of non-stop talking, Ash shut her mouth. Her eyes pleading with the mistress to show her mercy, and not to dispose of her like she had all of those other bitches.

For a long while, Morgan was silent. Her eyes were locked on Ash, still kneeling on the floor with desperation in her eyes. “You… you knew about this. This whole time, while I was climbing the damn walls trying to figure out what Henneman was up to… you knew.”

“I’m sorry, mistress,” Ash immediately cried out. “I’m so sorry. I wanted to tell you, but she… I mean, I was afraid of… of…”

“Of what I might do if you told me,” Morgan finished Ash’s thought. Leaning forward in her chair, her arms crossed on her knees, Morgan stared down at Ash with a blank expression. “Of what would happen if you spoke out of turn. Is that what you were afraid of?”

“Yes, mistress,” Ash agreed, although it wasn’t the entire truth. She was afraid of so many things back then. Afraid of the mistress and her temper. But now… now Good Ash knew that she shouldn’t be afraid. That the mistress would protect her and, if she decided to punish her instead, that she deserved it.

There was a long silence in the cabin, Morgan staring with blank, dead eyes at Ash. Ash didn’t move a muscle, didn’t do anything other than wait for what was to come. Whatever punishment the mistress deemed necessary, she was willing to take.

Finally, Morgan stood up. “Fucking hell,” she muttered. “All this goddamn time, the answer was right under my nose.” Shaking her head, Morgan looked down at Ash, and Ash was surprised to
see the faintest hint of a smile come to the mistress’s face. “These rules for having a bitch… guess they’re fun and all, but when you’ve got fucking back-stabbing scientist assholes plotting against you, sometimes they can get in the way.” Gesturing with her hand, Morgan instructed her bitch. “On your feet.”

Dutifully, Ash rose up from the floor, standing at attention and waiting further instruction. “Okay, new rule,” Morgan said, crossing her arms under her beautiful tits as she stared her bitch in the eye. “You got something important to say, something you feel like I should know? You just go ahead and say it. No need to ask for permission to speak anymore.” Morgan shook her head, as if in disbelief of what she was saying. “Shit, I ain’t never let a bitch do this before, but desperate times and all that.”

Ash stared at the mistress in surprise. “Th… thank you, mistress.”

“Now, don’t you go abusing these privileges now,” Morgan said, raising up a finger in warning. “You start yakking my ear off every second, might make me decide to carve your tongue out if you annoy me too much. Much as I might love what you do with that thing when you're down on your knees... nothing more annoying than a bitch who doesn't know when to shut up. You got me?”

Ash tried to hide the excitement in her voice as she responded. “I understand, mistress.”

*Mistress isn’t angry, Good Ash happily squealed in her head. Mistress is going to let me talk to her whenever I want!*

*Yeah, good for you,* Bad Ash groused, obviously annoyed that she had been wrong. All that worrying about what the mistress would do when she found out, but Good Ash was right all along. The mistress was wonderful, beautiful, and ever so forgiving. Even after everything Bad Ash had done to try and get away, the mistress still loved her obedient bitch.

“Well, then,” Morgan said, the change in her tone telling Ash exactly what was coming next, and sending an anticipatory shiver through her body. “With your newfound freedom to use that tongue of yours for something other than lapping up cum for once… tell me, bitch. What would you like right now, more than anything else in the world?”

It was a question that both of them knew the answer to, but Ash felt a eager thrill answering just the same. “I want you to fuck my ass, mistress,” Morgan’s bitch responded.

Moving in closer, Morgan grinned. “Again.”

“I want you to fuck my ass, mistress,” Good Ash happily repeated. Bad Ash, meanwhile, faded into the back of her mind. *Hopefully she’s gone for good this time,* Good Ash thought.

“Soon enough, bitch,” Morgan said, resting a hand on Ash’s shoulder and gently pushing her back down to her knees. “Once you’ve got me all warmed up.”

Ash felt herself getting wet as she went down to her knees, and was staring directly at her mistress’s massive cock. Taking hold of it by the base, Ash slowly ran her tongue alongside the bottom of Morgan’s veiny length. The taste of her mistress’s divine musk on her tongue was almost enough to make her cum right then and there, as she lapped and slurped on the thick, bobbing rod. *This is going inside me,* Good Ash happily squealed, her entire body coated in goosebumps as she worshipped her mistress’s cock with her mouth. *This is going in my ass, and it’s going to feel so good.*
“Goddamn, bitch, you’re fucking amazing,” Morgan breathed, reaching up one hand to play with her tit while the other rested gently on the top of Ash’s head. The touch of her mistress was enough to get Ash’s pussy absolutely soaked with her juices, but despite all of her instincts she resisted the urge to play with herself. If the mistress wanted her to finger her pussy, the mistress would command her to. Instead, Ash reached up a hand to stoke against the lips of Morgan’s cunt. The throaty purr the mistress made as Ash’s digits penetrated her was more than Ash could take, and without even the slightest touch of fingers against her clit Ash was already cumming.

Popping the mistress’s giant cock out of her mouth, Ash moaned. “I want you to fuck my ass, mistress,” she said, utterly ecstatic about being given the privilege to state her desires without having to be told to. In between long licks of the bulging, veiny prick, she pleaded with the mistress. “I want every inch of your hard cock buried all the way up my tight little ass.” A few flicks of the tip of her tongue against the thick purple head. “I want you to fill me up with your cum, and feel it dripping out of me.” Shoving as much of its hot length down her throat as she could manage, and holding it there until her lungs gave out and she pulled away with a gasp, long strings of her saliva dripping from the throbbing cock. “Please fuck my ass, mistress. Please make me your bitch.”

“Oh, fuck,” Morgan said, and without warning Ash felt the mistress’s cock get yanked away from her mouth. For one horrifying moment, Ash thought she had done something wrong, but when she looked up she didn’t see anger on her mistress’s face, but a bashful smile. “Maybe I fucked up here,” Morgan observed. “Because if I keep letting you talk like that, I’m liable to blow my load right in your dirty little whore mouth.”

Ash wasn’t sure how to respond to that: whether to apologize for getting the mistress off too soon, or thank her for complimenting her skill at talking like a filthy whore. Before she could decide, however, Morgan waved a hand towards the bed. “Ass in the air, bitch. Time to give you what you’ve been craving.”

“Thank you, mistress,” Ash giddily exclaimed, as she moved over to the bed and climbed up onto the mattress. As quickly as she could manage, she had her face down against the cushiony fabric, and her ass thrust up in the air. She let out a deep sigh as she grabbed onto her ass cheeks and spread them open. Happily putting her anus on display for her mistress. Ready for it to be filled with her wonderful cock.

“Fuck me. No matter how many times I see it, still almost brings a tear to my eye,” Morgan quipped. Ash heard the faint squirt of one of Morgan’s many lube bottles, as she slicked up her cock in anticipation. “Most perfect asshole I’ve ever seen. Knew you were something special as soon as you got brought onto the Normandy, bitch. Never could have imagined I would have gotten this lucky.”

The mention of the Normandy sparked a brief, and unwelcome, resurgence of the Bad Ash in her mind. Images of Shepard and Liara, and all of the other captives of Cerberus, flashed in her head. Bad Ash desperately trying to force Good Ash to remember what was most likely happening to her friends while she begged to get fucked up the ass.

*It doesn’t matter, Good Ash countered. Nothing matters except pleasing the mistress. Somebody else can save Shepard and the rest of them. They always do in the end, don’t they? All that matters is that mistress is going to fuck my ass, and it’s going to feel so good.*

Ash let out a gasp as she felt that familiar warmth rubbing between her ass cheeks. “You feel that, bitch?” Morgan asked her. “You know what that is?”

“It’s your cock, mistress,” Ash obediently responded.
“And what do you want me to do with it, bitch?”

Ash bit her lip, the anticipation killing her. “I want you to fuck my ass with it, mistress.”

“You sure about that?” the mistress asked, a hint of a taunt in her voice. “From what you were saying before, sounds like there was a while there where you would have done just about anything to get away from me.”

“No,” Ash said, her heart aching as the mistress reminded her of Bad Ash’s bad behavior. “I mean… I did, but not anymore. I want to stay with you, mistress. I don’t ever want to leave you, ever again.”

“And you’re positive about that?” Morgan said, still letting the head of her prick brush up and down the length of Ash’s spread ass-crack. “Sure you don’t want to go back to Henneman and have him take you away from me?”

“No!” Ash cried out, true desperation in her voice. “Please, mistress! Please don’t let him take me away from you! I don’t ever want to see him ever again!”

“Exactly the sort of thing I wanted to hear from my bitch,” Morgan said, pushing her hips slightly forward.

“Oh, mistress, yesssss…” Ash moaned as the thick head of Morgan’s cock pushed its way slowly into her anal cavity. Ever after all these times, there was still that light touch of pain as the massive prick forced her open, but the pleasure… oh, the pleasure made it so worth it.

Pausing in her forward thrust, her hands gripping onto Ash’s waist, Morgan leaned forward to speak in a low tone to Ash. “Well, bitch… I’ll make you a promise. If you swear to be my faithful bitch, and to never consider leaving me, then I’ll make sure that, from this day forward, Henneman will never lay a finger on you, ever again. He won’t even get to look at you without me in the room. Do you swear to me, bitch? Swear that you’ll never think about escaping, ever again?”

Good Ash waited for a moment, expecting Bad Ash to crop up and offer another one of her annoying protests. But she heard nothing. Only her own voice out loud as she responded to her mistress.

“Yes, mistress! I swear that I’ll never try to escape again! I’m your bitch now and forever! I don’t ever want to leave you!”

Morgan didn’t respond to this with words. But the response she did give was enough for Ash: thrusting her hips forward and burying the rest of her cock into her loyal bitch's tight ass.

“Oh, thank you, mistress!” Ash cried out, feeling herself starting to cum again from one single thrust of her mistress’s amazing cock.

“Thank you for what, bitch?” Morgan asked, as she slowly pulled her cock out to just the tip and then shoved it back in as hard as she could. “What am I doing, bitch?”

“You’re fucking my ass, mistress!” Ash cried out, as Morgan began pumping her length in and out of Ash’s rear passage. “Oh, mistress, it feels so good. Feels so good to have your cock inside me.”

Morgan let out rhythmic grunts as she pounded Ash’s ass, her fingers gripping Ash’s waist hard enough to leave bruises as she roughly took Ash from behind. But Ash didn’t mind the pain. The mistress could leave as many marks on her as she wanted, as long as she kept fucking her bitch with that wonderful cock of hers.
“Just a sec,” Morgan said, and Ash fought the urge to moan in disappointment as Morgan’s hard thrusts came to a stop. Just a moment later, however, the mistress buried herself deep into Ash’s ass once again, only now with a new sound accompanying the squeak of the bed-springs and the wet thumps of Morgan’s hips pounding against Ash’s ass. The sound of a young woman’s voice speaking breathily over a light musical accompaniment.

Hey there boy
Never thought it would happen like this
But from the first time I saw you
In those tight blue jeans
Well, it got me like

The soft strings and gentle spoken words suddenly gave way to a thunderously-loud, driving techno beat, and a chorus of upbeat female voices singing in harmony.

Boom boom baby
Boom b-boom baby
Your love, it hit me out of nowhere
Got me like
Boom boom baby
Boom b-boom baby
It’s like a bomb
Like a thunderbolt
Babe, I’m like
Boom boom baby

“Mmm, you ever been fucked to the Sugar Kittens before, bitch?” Morgan asked, her deep thrusts into Ash’s ass now timed to the beat of the cheery pop song. “Ain’t this just the best shit you ever heard?”

“Yes, mistress,” Ash agreed. Well, Good Ash agreed. Bad Ash would have hated this “sugary bubble-gum crap,” but Good Ash liked whatever the mistress liked.

Morgan chuckled. “God, that last album of theirs was just… unh, the fucking best. Greatest group that ever lived, straight up. What I wouldn’t give to… oh, fuck…” Morgan’s ass-fucking increased in pace. “You want it, bitch? Tell me what you want.”

“Ooooh, I want your cum in my ass, mistress,” Ash cooed, sensing the telltale grunts of Morgan’s impending climax even through the overpowering volume of the music playing. “Fill me all up with your cum, mistress. Please, mistress. Please give me your cum.”

“Fuck yes, bitch,” Morgan grunted, her voice barely audible over the Sugar Kittens comparing the nameless “boy’s” love to various other explosive things. “Take every last drop of it, bitch.”

Gripping onto the pink sheets, Ash moaned as she felt the hot spray of Morgan’s cum pumping into her anal passage. The feeling of the sticky fluid filling her up sent her into another mind-numbingly intense climax, and she thanked her mistress for every last drop of her cum as it spewed and overflowed out of her asshole.

“Holy shit,” Morgan gasped, pulling her rapidly-deflating member out of Ash’s gaped-open ass. The second it was out, Ash immediately reached back to scoop up as much of the cum spilling out of her as possible, before reaching her sticky hand around to slurp the delicious spunk off of her fingers. “Fuck, bitch, you’re… you’re so goddamn amazing, you know that?”
“Thank you, mistress,” Ash said, before sticking her tongue out to lap up more of her mistress’s cum from her dripping fingers.

“Know something, bitch?” Morgan said, and Ash turned her head to look at Morgan from around her well-fucked ass. “I never… ah, forget it.” She started to turn away, but then changed her mind again. “I ain’t never fucked any of my other bitches to the Sugar Kittens before. Never thought they deserved to hear such great music while I was… never mind. It’s stupid.”

Reaching over to her nightstand, Morgan deactivated the music. Despite her previous declaration of loving it, even Good Ash was a little relieved to have the blasting music stop. Seeing the glowing display of the music player, Morgan let out a quiet curse. “That late already? I was supposed to be out on patrol ten minutes ago,” she said. “Dammit, I still gotta get cleaned up and shit.” She grinned at Ash. “Much as I’d love the whole station to know I just got done fucking my bitch, can’t be stinking up the whole station, can I?”

“No, mistress,” Ash said. After a moment’s hesitation, Ash decided to exercise her newly-acquired freedom of speech. “I’m feeling tired, mistress. Would you mind if I go to sleep?”

“Nah, knock yourself out,” Morgan responded. “I’ll be gone for a bit anyway, so might as well catch some shut-eye.”

Ash nodded. “Thank you, mistress,” she said as she pushed off the bed, heading over to her sleeping mat down on the floor.

“Hold up,” Morgan said, and Ash immediately froze. But for a long moment, there were no further instructions from the mistress. Finally, Morgan spoke up. “So, you know all about my Phantom modifications, right? How I only need to sleep for thirty minutes or so every twenty-four hours?”

Ash nodded. She was well aware of the mistress’s sleeping habits, and how it allowed her to indulge her urges to fuck Ash’s ass any time of the day or night.

“Well, the thing is,” Morgan said, looking surprisingly awkward. “Uhm… well, Cerberus got me that massive bed and all, and considering how little I use it… well, why the fuck let it go to waste, right?” Glancing away from Ash, Morgan rubbed the back of her neck. “So, uh… if you wanted to sleep in my bed, bitch, I wouldn’t mind it too much.” Turning back, Morgan raised a finger. “But not when I’m using it, got it? You head back to your mat when it’s time for me to sleep, understand?”

“Yes, mistress,” Ash agreed.

Morgan chuckled. “But shit, while I’m out on patrol… might as well get some use out of it.” Still looking strangely uncomfortable, Morgan gestured towards the bathroom door. "Anyway, I should get cleaned up and head out. Have a nice sleep, bitch. You know I’ll probably be horny when I get back, so make sure that ass is nice and ready for me.”

“It will be, mistress,” Ash said. Tentatively, as if expecting the mistress to change her mind at any moment, Ash made her way back to the bed. After so many nights of sleeping on a thin pad on the cold metal floor, the feeling of laying down on an actual mattress, for reasons other than getting fucked on it, was like heaven. As she rolled herself up in the covers, she felt cold dampness and realized it was where Morgan’s cum had spilled out of her onto the bedsheets. Reaching down a hand, Ash pressed her fingers down into the warm wetness and then brought it up to her nose, inhaling the delicious scent of Morgan’s seed.

Shutting her eyes slowly, Ash waited for the sound of the shower to start. But for a few minutes,
all she heard was Morgan’s heavy breathing. She didn’t dare to open her eyes, but Ash was positive that the mistress was still standing there, watching her as she drifted off to sleep.
“Right this way, Miss Chambers,” Henneman instructed her, and Kelly followed him into the third testing room on the left side of the hallway. She stared around in confusion, taking in the high-tech medical equipment and flashing lights from various incubators and other devices. Definitely not the sort of equipment that would be involved in a psychological exam.

“Have a seat right here,” Henneman said, directing Kelly to a simple chair facing away from the door to the room. Cautiously, Kelly did as instructed. “Miss Chambers… I’m afraid I haven’t been entirely honest with you. There’s some things you need to know about Cerberus. Things that have been kept from you up to this point.”

Kelly tensed up. It sounded just like what Erin had told her. About secret members of Cerberus who hoped to turn it in a more legitimate direction. But something about Henneman’s tone seemed off. “I’m listening,” Kelly finally said.

“When you were first brought in, Miss Brooks likely told you that it was her idea to… compel you to join Cerberus. That your psychological skills would be helpful in keeping our mole on the Orpheus in line.”

Kelly nodded. “She did say that, yes,” she said, without adding that she also spent that first meeting forcing Kelly to get Shepard off in Shepard’s former quarters on the Normandy.

“Well, what she didn’t tell you, Miss Chambers,” Henneman said, leaning against a medical table and staring down at Kelly, “was that it was not her idea alone. The other Cerberus member who pushed very strongly for you to be inducted as a member of our team… was myself.”

Kelly stared at him, not sure how to react. “You… wanted me in Cerberus? Why, so… so I could help Erin and you with…”

“Forget about Erin,” Henneman said, a mild trace of annoyance in his voice. “And forget about my benefactor. What I’m here to talk to you about today, Miss Chambers, is your role within Cerberus. And the skills you can bring to bear in helping me achieve my goals.”

“Goals, what…” Kelly started to say, before Henneman tossed a datapad down into her lap.

“Read this please,” Henneman instructed her. Picking up the pad, Kelly activated it and was immediately presented with an image of Miranda. When Kelly looked up at him in confusion, he gestured. “Keep reading, please.”

Kelly scrolled through the text, recognizing most of the terminology being used immediately. “This is…” she started to say, before Henneman waved his hand at her again. Continuing through the datapad, Kelly came to an image of Miranda’s sister, Oriana. Below that, similar text to what was listed under Miranda’s image. Then Samara, and then Aria T’Loak. And finally, Liara and Shepard.

“These are… psych profiles,” Kelly said, looking up at Henneman in confusion. “Detailed psychological evaluations of all of my friends.”

“You are in a unique position, Miss Chambers,” Henneman said, speaking in a dry, clinical tone. “Not only are you well-trained and expertly experienced in psychology, but you have a personal
connection to most of the prisoners currently being held by Cerberus. With these dual qualifications, I believe you will be well suited for the task I’m going to present you.”

As he crossed his arms, Henneman’s voice took on a different tone. One that Kelly didn’t like at all. “You see, Miss Chambers, Cerberus could have easily killed these women. Could have shot them out of an airlock and never looked back. But Miss Brooks and Commander Shepard – our Commander Shepard, that is – have something much more ambitious in mind. We don’t want these women dead, Miss Chambers.”

He leaned down to look her in the eyes, a smile creeping onto his face. “We want to break them. Take their strong, confident wills and tear them down until there’s nothing left. Turn them from courageous, self-assured warriors into mewling, begging, cum-drenched sluts. And to make them aware of the process for every single moment that it’s happening, while being utterly powerless to stop it.”

Henneman’s voice was growing more and more rapid as he spoke, while Kelly shrank back in his chair. “The Lawsons, the asari bitches... all of them will break.” Turning his suddenly wild eyes to Kelly, Henneman fixed her with a wide, toothy grin. “And once Commander Shepard has seen all of her friends and loved ones reduced to pathetic whores... only then will we destroy her mind as well. She’ll be forced to watch as everyone she ever cared about is reduced to nothing, just before her own mind snaps as well. We’re going to turn them all into slaves of their own urges. True slaves of Cerberus. It will be... glorious.”

Inhaling deeply through his nose, Henneman spoke once more. “And you, Miss Chambers... are going to help me do it.”

“I’m, I’m what?” Kelly asked, slowly rising to her feet. “You... you can’t be serious.”

“I’m more serious than you can possibly imagine,” Henneman said. “With your knowledge of Shepard and her friends, you’ll know the perfect ways to get into their minds. Where to twist the knife to make them suffer the most humiliation. The most despair and loss of hope. It may be my drugs that will make them sluts, Miss Chambers, but you,” he jabbed a finger at her. “You are going to be the one to make it hurt.”

Kelly backed a step away from him, nearly tripping over the chair as she edged towards the door. “You’re... you’re insane. I don’t care what you do to me, but I won’t help you with this.”

Henneman laughed, a horrible sound that made Kelly want to retch. “Ah, but you will, Kelly. You might wonder why I waited until now to tell you my plans. Because, you see, I had to make sure the formula was perfected.”

“Formula, what...” Kelly started to say, just before she heard the door slide open behind her. She started to turn, but then she felt strong hands grab onto her arms. Pinning them behind her and holding her in place.

“This formula, Miss Chambers,” Henneman said, pulling a syringe off a nearby table. A syringe filled with a fiery red liquid. “Oh, I will admit there is another reason I chose you for this.” He gestured with the syringe. “You see, while I’m fairly sure I have recreated this particular chemical solution successfully, I’ve only tested it on an individual who had received several preliminary iterations. And the scientific method does demand that I perform another test on an... untainted subject. But fear not: I’m almost entirely positive it will prove to be quite effective.”

Kelly struggled against the grasp of the unknown individual behind her, but the hands holding her fast were inhumanly strong. She could barely even move her body as Henneman stepped up to her
and, without preamble, jabbed the syringe into her shoulder and depressed the plunger.

“Now, then,” Henneman said, moving in close to speak softly into Kelly’s ear. “This was a concentrated dose, so the effects should take place within… around ten minutes or so. So, enjoy your last moments of resistance while they last.”

“Honestly, you shouldn’t fight it,” said a voice behind her. A voice so terribly familiar and yet… no. Not her. She would never… “It’s so much better when you give in, Kelly. I just know you’re gonna fucking love it.”

Thoughts flooded her head. Horrible thoughts. Evil thoughts. Thoughts she had never once had before in her life, but which seemed so normal as the seconds ticked by. So… *enticing*. She remembered the psych profiles Henneman had given her, and despite herself, she was already running ideas through her head. Ways to torment the people she had once considered friends. Friends? That was a laugh. If they were her friends, why hadn’t they fought harder? Why had they left her to suffer? Maybe Henneman was right. Maybe it would be fun to play with their minds. Just for a little bit. Just a little bit of mental torture to see what happens. What would it hurt? What would it…

“Sam,” Kelly tearfully whispered, as she felt the last of her sanity being consumed, her head swimming. “Sam, I’m so sorry… for what I’m going to do to you.”

Henneman gestured over to a nearby operating table. “Looks like it’s working. Let’s get her sedated so I can perform the alterations. Should only take an hour or so… and then it’ll be your turn.”

“Can’t fucking wait,” said the voice behind her, before Kelly felt herself going limp and everything went black.
Part 4: Dejection; Deception; Defection (Adamanthea Station, Restricted Section, Kelly's Quarters)

Despite not having been allowed a stitch of clothing since she had arrived on this station, Sam had never felt more naked than she did right now.

It had been four days since Henneman had taken Kelly away, supposedly to check on a patient. Sam always dreaded what was happening whenever Kelly was forced to perform some task for their captors, but it wasn’t until the first 12 hours had passed that that dread turned into full-bodied panic. Later, when she had checked the clock display on the nightstand next to the bed and realized that it had been a full 24 hours since Kelly’s departure, Sam knew for sure that something had happened.

At that point, part of her had wanted to just give up. We lost, she thought to herself, as she waited for the next person to arrive at the door. To come and take her to join the rest of her tortured friends. Kelly got found out or they just decided they didn’t need her anymore, and we’ve lost.

But when the door chime was finally sounded, and Sam reluctantly opened the door to await her fate – no point in not answering, since they would get inside if they wanted to – it was only one of the unassuming AIUs standing at the door, holding a plate of food. “I have been instructed to deliver dinner for you,” the robot cheerfully intoned, leaving the tray in its hand on a nearby table and walking out without another word.

Not that Sam had much of an appetite at that point, but she knew that starving herself wouldn’t help the situation. So, reluctantly, she sat down and forced herself to eat the synthetic meat dish. All while staring at the door, waiting for the inevitable moment when her true torture would begin.

As it turned out, however, the torture that Cerberus had in mind was something else entirely. She tried desperately to sleep as the time slowly ticked by, but sleep wouldn’t come. So she simply sat, staring at the walls, fearing what had happened to her lover. Over and over she checked the clock display, every passing minute seeming like an hour. Every hour a day. Every day… dammit, what had they done with her? Sam had to fight the urge to jump up and scream into the camera watching her. Where is she? Please, tell me what you’ve done with Kelly! Do whatever you want with me, just please tell me that she’s okay!

But that would have accomplished nothing, so she sat in silence. The only thing occupying her thoughts was the state of Kelly’s mind the last time Sam had seen her. She seemed constantly on the verge of breaking into tears or collapsing into a heap, even after the attempt Sam had made to give her some hope. Thinking of that, Sam was reminded about the small electronic device still secreted under the mattress of Kelly’s bed. Without Kelly running interference with Morgan and keeping her eyes off the security feed, Sam hadn’t dared to even touch the omni-tool, much less tried to use it. And as the days slowly crawled forward, the idea that she could have engineered some sort of escape plan with just a simple omni-tool seemed more and more absurd to her.

But the odd thing about her potential tool for escape was… no one had come looking for it. When she had first realized that Kelly wasn’t coming back anytime soon, Sam worried that Kelly hadn’t been able to keep the secret. That she had told Cerberus all about the omni-tool hidden in her cabin. But if she had… why hadn’t anyone come to take it? Hell, why hadn’t anyone come at all? If nothing else, Kelly would have expected those two vicious Phantoms, Karlie and Nerine, to come around and try for another crack at Kelly’s bitch. Ask Sam to open the door with some phony story about where Kelly was, before forcing their way into the cabin and having their way with
Nobody came to visit her, however. No summons for her to open that door except the regular deliveries of food from the AIU. She supposed it was at least a small blessing, at least, that Cerberus remembered she was here and were making sure she didn’t starve to death. But dammit, right about now she’d endure just about any torture to know what had happened to Kelly. To find out what was going on outside of this room, which seemed smaller and smaller with every passing day.

As she looked at the clock display again, realizing that it had now been four days since Kelly had left, the door chime sounded again. At this point, part of her just wanted to ignore it. Turn the food away, and not have to force down another disgusting hunk of synthetically-produced meat-like product. Who knows? she thought to herself. Maybe if I refuse food long enough, they’ll have to come in and force feed me. At least then I’d see another human being again. At least I’d have proof that anyone else still exists besides me.

The growl of her stomach, however, told her that she didn’t have the willpower to make that play, and she slowly rose to her feet. As expected, on the other side of the door was a AIU, holding a steaming plate. “I have been instructed to…”

“Yeah, yeah, I know,” Sam wearily cut the cheery robot off. “Just put it over there, like usual.”

Standing in the doorway as the AIU passed her into the cabin, Sam briefly considered walking out into the hallway. Grabbing one of her many captors and begging them to tell her what was going on. They’d punish her, Sam was quite sure of that, but at this point any punishment would be preferable to this maddening limbo she was stuck in. As she stared out into the hallway, she saw several men in Cerberus uniform turning the corner and heading away from the cabin door. She was seconds away from opening her mouth to call to them, when she heard a voice behind her.

“Excuse me,” said the AIU, and Traynor turned to the robotic woman in surprise. It was the first deviation in the agonizing routine of the food drop-offs since all of this had started. “I believe you are the person I have been looking for.”

Sam stared at the AIU in confusion. “Looking for me?” she asked, while noticing something different about the AIU’s demeanor. And her voice as well. It reminded her of… no, it couldn’t be. How could she be…

“You are Saman…” the AIU started to say.

“Miss Traynor, thank goodness!” interrupted a voice behind Sam. She turned back out into the hallway to see Henneman rapidly approaching her, out of breath and panting. “I need you to come with me right away. I’m afraid that… that Miss Chambers…”

“Okay, I will,” Sam quickly said. “Maybe if I can just talk to her, we can help her recover.”

“Okay, I will,” Sam quickly said. “Maybe if I can just talk to her, we can help her recover.”

“Miss Traynor, thank goodness!” interrupted a voice behind Sam. She turned back out into the hallway to see Henneman rapidly approaching her, out of breath and panting. “I need you to come with me right away. I’m afraid that… that Miss Chambers…”

“What, what happened to her?” Sam immediately rushed towards Henneman, the AIU’s strange behavior immediately forgotten. “Please, tell me.”

Henneman fidgeted with his glasses. “It seems that Miss Chambers has suffered a… a mental breakdown. After I discussed that patient with her she…” Henneman shook his head impatiently. “No, it would be best if you come with me. See for yourself.”

“Okay, I will,” Sam quickly said. “Maybe if I can just talk to her, we can help her recover.”

“My thoughts exactly,” Henneman said. Glancing into the cabin and squinting his eyes, he pointed a finger. “Wait… what’s that? Is there something sticking out from under the mattress?”
Sam’s relief turned into panic as she turned back around again. *I’m sure I hid it,* she thought to herself. Staring over at the bed, Sam saw no sign of the omni-tool, or anything else out of the ordinary with Kelly’s bed. “What are you…”

And that’s when she felt Henneman coming up from behind her, and a thick medicinal smell filled her lungs as he pressed something against her nose and mouth. “AIU, please help me deliver Miss Traynor to the testing area,” Henneman’s low voice oozed past her ear to the robot in the cabin, as Sam felt her vision going black. “I will give you further instructions once we have arrived.”

The last thing Sam saw before falling into unconsciousness was the eyes of the AIU. Something about them looked… strangely sad.
“Dammit, this one’s gotta work. Tried almost everything else.”

Raising his head up from his bunk pillow, Bowers shot an annoyed look at Yuri, tinkering away at a nearby work table and cursing to himself. “Goddamn, man, give up on that thing already,” he groggily growled. “You’d have better luck getting an appointment with the Consort than you would ever getting that thing cracked.”

“Fuck off, I’m gonna get this thing open if it fucking kills me,” Yuri snapped back.

Rolling his eyes, Bowers laid his head back down on the pillow. “Whatever. Like you did such a good job modifying that AIU four days ago. Mero couldn’t even get that thing up and running again until last night thanks to your fine technical skills.”

“Wasn’t me who… forget it,” Yuri said, knowing that trying to argue this again with his meathead of a boss was just a waste of time. But damnit, he had warned Bowers about pushing the unit too hard. It wasn’t his fault that…

But he had more important things to concentrate on. After they had captured the spy back on the Normandy and Yuri had heard about some of the shit she had pulled with her decoy unit, he had been quick to call “dibs” on the cute little lady’s omni-tool. Sure enough, it had been as expected: it was top of the line, one of the newest Ariake Technologies Logic-Arrest Tools on the market, with modifications that Yuri couldn’t hope to afford if he did a hundred years of merc work.

But, as with any high-tech piece of equipment, it was damn near impossible to crack the encryption. But Yuri was determined to beat the son of a bitch, and had been pulling up extranet threads from hacker forums and various bypass tools ever since he had laid his hands on the fucking beautiful piece of tech.

“Come on, this has to be it,” he muttered, rubbing at his burn scars. They always liked to itch just when he was doing some delicate tech work. Drove him up the fucking wall. He scanned his own omni-tool as it interfaced with Kasumi’s, running through several potential cracking scripts on the device. He had to be careful. If he tripped the wrong software protocol, there was a danger that the unit would deactivate itself completely. Scanning every line of code as he went, making sure there was no risk of triggering the lockdown, Yuri pressed the execute button.

“Yes… yes… fuck yes!” Yuri exclaimed, as the omni-tool on the table flared to life. “Full access rights granted!”

From a nearby bunk, Roth growled. “If you don’t shut the fuck up and let me sleep, I’m going to grant my varren full access rights to your asshole.”

But Yuri paid him no mind. Picking up Kasumi’s omni-tool and scanning the main menu, his face lit up like a kid on Christmas. “Look at all this,” he muttered, marveling at the arrays of hacking, lock-picking, and other tools the master thief had loaded onto her personal device. “Fuck me, this is some…”

As he scanned through the menu, his eyes locked on one particular app: “My Voice Diary.” It was one of the most recently used apps and, checking the date, Yuri saw that it was used just a day before he had taken possession of the device.
“Let’s see what was on that sneaky little cunt’s mind just before we got our hands on her,” Yuri mulled to himself, as he activated the last entry.

And within a minute of starting it, he knew right away that he would have to take this to his bosses.

* * *

“Why, hello there, love. Long time no see!”

The clone spun in surprise at the sound of Brooks’s voice. “Oh, Maya!” she said, trying to sound as innocent as possible. “Sorry I haven’t visited your quarters lately. I’ve been busy.”

“Yes, I’m well aware of that,” Brooks said, catching up to the red-headed lab creation in the middle of the Cerberus hallway. “Henneman tells me you’ve been visiting his testing rooms pretty much every day lately. And pulling that disgusting blue cunt girlfriend of your twin sister out of her cell each time.” Walking alongside the clone, Brooks fixed her with a skeptical look. “I know we are supposed to be tormenting them and all, love, but don’t you think you’re overdoing it a little?”

The clone forced a sinister smirk to her face. “You know me, Maya. Can’t resist tormenting that little asari slut. The way she squeals when I jam one of those thick strap-ons into her tight little ass… you really should hear it.”

“You think so? Well, if you’re heading there now, maybe I should come along,” Brooks said. Trying to hide her discomfort at the notion, the clone quickly shook her head. “I don’t know about that. I like to… I mean, she should be focused on just one… uh…”

“Just kidding,” Brooks told her, letting out a scoff. “I saw enough of Liara and her filthy alien sisters back on the Normandy. Far be it from me to intrude upon your fun.”

“Whatever you think,” the clone said, while inside she was breathing a sigh of relief.

The truth was her last few sessions with Liara had all gone around the same way: Liara inserting the provided Sultana cock and bending the clone over to take her from behind. Liara’s cock pumping inside of the clone and filling her full of cum, despite the clone warning her each time not to shoot her load inside. Each time she delivered even more dire warnings about what she would have Cerberus do to Shepard and the rest of the captives if Liara disobeyed her… and yet each time Liara ignored her and spilled her seed inside of the clone’s twat.

And despite herself, she felt herself cumming every time the asari’s hot spunk filled her insides. Even after their session was over, and the clone went back to her cabin, she often found herself grabbing a large dildo from her cabinet of toys and fucking herself with it, imagining that it was Liara taking the Sultana to her yet again.

“And besides, you should take all the time you have to enjoy her while she’s… in one piece, you might say,” Brooks continued. “I hear from the good doctor that all of his chemical testing is complete, and we’re ready to begin Phase 2 of our torment of Shepard and her friends. So you know, it’s only a matter of time before Liara ends up… altered somewhat.”

The clone knew, and over the past few days had been trying to come up with arguments to convince Maya to change up the plan a little. After all, wasn’t it bad enough that Shepard would see her beloved Liara become the clone’s lover instead? To abandon that pathetic faker of a Shepard to switch sides to the real deal? Did they really have to do… all that?

Before she could open her mouth up to start her pitch, however, a voice called out from behind
them. “Miss Brooks! Commander Shepard! I’ve got something you need to see!”

The clone turned around to see one of Bowers’ flunkies rushing up to them. What was his name? Roth? Yuri? Fuck, she could never keep those sons of bitches straight.

Thankfully, Maya bailed her out. “Yuri, what can we do for you?” Brooks said to the scar-faced Cerberus operative. “I was about to head to a very important meeting, so hopefully this will be worth my time.”

“It will, I promise,” Yuri assured her. “So, ever since the Normandy, I’ve been working on Kasumi Goto’s omni-tool. Trying to get it cracked open and see what she had stored on there.”

Brooks arched an eyebrow. “So, I assume you’re saying that you managed to access it?”

An annoyed look suddenly came across Yuri’s face, the scar-faced thug starting at Brooks with teeth bared. “Yes, of course I accessed it. God, you can be such a pain sometimes, boss. Makes me wanna… wanna…”

The clone’s eyes went wide, as she watched Yuri reach to his arm and activate an omni-blade. “Maya, look out!”

“KILL YOU!” Yuri cried out, as he suddenly thrust his arm forward, his omni-blade headed directly for Brooks’s stomach.

“Grrk,” Brooks grunted, falling back a step and pressing her hands down where Yuri’s blade had seemed to strike. After a deadly silent moment, Brooks looked down at her body, and saw no trace of a wound. As Yuri pulled his arm back, he let out a cackling laugh, and then vanished from sight.

“Over here, bosses,” the clone heard Yuri’s voice, and turned around to see him walking over from the other end of the hallway. “Pretty cool, right? Latest decoy software, almost impossible to tell apart from a flesh-and-blood person. Just one of the many nasty little tricks Kasumi had loaded to her omni-tool.”

Brooks gave Yuri a grave look. Behind her, the clone pressed a hand over her face to hide her grin. It was kinda funny, she thought to herself. The look on Maya’s face…

“Cute, Mr. Dolinski,” Brooks coldly intoned. “I do hope, however, that this little prank of yours wasn’t the only reason you stopped us. If it was, it would be… a great hindrance to your future prospects with Cerberus.”

Yuri caught the threat in Brooks’s tone, and the look on his face told the clone that he realized playtime was over. “There was something else. That Alliance commander who’s been giving us all the trouble… Jacob Taylor was his name, right?” Brooks nodded, and Yuri immediately opened up Kasumi’s omni-tool. “Well, you should listen to this entry in her audio diary. It’s…”

Brooks held out her hand. “Why don’t you just give me the omni-tool, Mr. Dolinski? I’ll give it a listen when I have a moment.”

Yuri looked uncertain. “Umm… I’ll get it back, right?”

Brooks said nothing, simply gesturing with her fingers and waiting expectantly.

Realizing that he had just forfeited his rights to his shiny new toy, Yuri nonetheless reluctantly handed over the state-of-the-art omni-tool.
“Thank you,” Brooks said, staring at Yuri. “You’re dismissed.”

A hang-dog expression on his scarred-up face, Yuri turned and walked away. Brooks waited until he was out of sight before pulling up the omni-tool’s interface.

“Well, now,” Brooks said, activating the last entry in Kasumi’s audio diary. “Let’s see what got him all worked up.”

And it wasn’t long into listening to Kasumi’s excited voice recording that they understood. As it finished, a sinister smile crept onto Brooks’s face, and the clone knew exactly what was on her mind. Because she was thinking exactly the same thing.

“Think you need to put off your little rendezvous with T’Soni, love,” Brooks said. “We’ve got another prisoner to pay a visit to.”
It was finally time. In the shuttle bay of the Orpheus, the team prepared their weapons and readied themselves for the upcoming mission. A difficult task, considering that they had no idea what they were even stepping into.

Maeko Matsuo, and her employers, had been as good as their word. When the Orpheus had arrived back at the Omega Nebula, the promised ship had been waiting for them. Jacob had directed DeSilva to run identification scans from several different databases on the vessel, and each of them pulled up the same results: a merchant vessel known as the Phobetor, operated by a krogan named Sardok Wrax. Crew manifest scans came up with a variety of names, not a single one of them identifiable as human. As far as the extranet or any registry data showed, this vessel had never had a human even so much as breathe on its hull.

Currently, the Orpheus and the Phobetor were running silent outside of Omega’s sensor range. Cortez watched as the Orpheus’s combat team checked their sights and adjusted their armor. Armor that was decidedly not Alliance-issue. Matsuo had also managed to provide them with unmarked armor of batarian make. Complete with helmets that would obscure the faces of the human members of the crew.

Even the one factor that Jacob had worried the most about, Matsuo’s employers had accounted for. Javik had been provided with a set of armor that obscured his form enough to let him pass for a turian. A particularly bulky one with a massive head, but at a casual glance it would be good enough.

Vega grunted as he strapped on the unfamiliar armor. “Damn, another reason to hate batarians: they can’t make armor for crap. Feel like I can barely move in this stuff.”

“Commander, are you sure about this?” Cortez asked Jacob as the Orpheus's commander applied his own unmarked armor. “Taking everyone along on the mission, I mean. At the very least, you should probably stay with the ship in case…”

But Jacob cut him off. “We need our best people on this, Cortez. No room for error. We have no idea what we’re even stepping into down there, and I’m not leaving anything to chance.”

“And I’m sure you’ll succeed, Commander. But if something should happen…”

“It’ll be fine, Cortez,” Jacob assured him. “Those videos may have painted a grim picture, but I’m sure not everyone on Omega is going along with Balak’s rule. And as long as we avoid Balak's people and the mercs, we should be able to disable Cerberus's drone network without anyone even noticing we were there.”

Cortez almost lodged another protest, but was interrupted by Riggs. “Lieutenant Cortez, could you come over and assist me with this?” he asked, hiding any emotion in his voice behind that cold tone and blank stare.

“Sure thing,” Cortez responded, walking over to fasten one of the straps near the back of Riggs’s armor. “Private Riggs,” Cortez quietly started to say, and then changed his mind. “David… I’m worried about the Commander. With everything that’s happened… Kasumi and Shepard and all the rest… I’m afraid he’s not thinking clearly. Keep an eye on him for me, okay?”

Riggs let out a low chuckle, raising his arm to allow Cortez to inspect all of the fasteners on his
“Is that an order, Lieutenant?”

“No, but this is,” Cortez said, his hand resting on Riggs’s shoulder. “Stay safe out there. Don’t forget what I said about dealing with loss. I don’t want you getting killed out there.”

Turning to face Cortez, a surprisingly soft expression came to Riggs’s face. “Back on Elysium, when Dugas’ men blew up the shuttle and I thought you were…” Clearing his throat, Riggs shifted uncomfortably. “Trust me, Steve. The one thing I want now, more than anything, is to come back from this mission in one piece.”

Cortez smiled warmly at the marine. “Glad to hear it.”

“That is, if that meathead buddy of yours doesn’t decide to shoot me in the back,” Riggs said, nodding his head towards Vega.

“James?” Cortez said, turning to follow Riggs’s stare. “I wouldn’t worry about him. Think he has other things on his mind.”

As the two of them watched from a distance, Vega strolled over to Rooker, performing similar checks on her armor to what Cortez had just performed for Riggs… and trying his best not to let his hands linger on certain areas, no matter how much he wanted them to.

“Never seen him like this before,” Cortez said, a laugh at the edge of his voice as he saw the doe eyes James was giving the well-built female marine. “Usually he just flirts a bit for fun, but this? Think he might actually be falling for our comely young XO.”

Cortez heard Riggs make a chuffing laugh behind him. “Wonder if he’d be giving her such loving stares if he knew about…”

When Riggs trailed off, Cortez turned to face him, and was surprised to see the look on Riggs’s face: one of mild panic. “Knew about what?”

“Forget it, it’s nothing,” Riggs said rapidly, averting his eyes from Cortez. “Need to go check my gear. See you when we get back.”

“Good lu…” Cortez started to say, but Riggs was already walking away.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the shuttle bay, the “faces” of their infiltration mission were preparing their own costumes. “What an ugly set of armor,” Grunt groused, staring down at himself with a look of sheer disgust. “Is this really the sort of thing a ship commander would wear?”

“Commander of a merchant ship, Grunt,” Garrus clarified. “Remember, you’re just some low-rent gun runner, not a proud member of clan Urdnot. And Tali and I are your devoted crew.”

“My goodness, quarian armor has come a long way since the war,” Tali said, adjusting the plates around one of her arms. “I suppose we have a little more versatility now that we don’t have the suits to work around.” Getting a look down at the entire outfit, a frown crossed her face behind her breathing mask. “Is this really the sort of thing a ship commander would wear?”

“Calm yourself, Tali,” Garrus said, unable to hold back a raspy chuckle. “Remember, the whole point here is to be inconspicuous. Just the boring crew of another merchant ship requesting access to Balak’s new and decidedly-not-improved Omega. Much as I enjoy your… enthusiastic
appreciation for color, we don’t want to draw too many eyes once we set foot on Omega.”

Walking over to the alien trio, Jacob made one last adjustment to his armor. “Alright, so, we have the plan all straight? Grunt, you’ll be the commander Sardok Wrax. When Omega contacts the Phobetor…”

“Yeah, yeah, I got it,” Grunt said with a mild trace of annoyance. “I’m just an arms dealer out to make deliveries to some Omega merchants. Just a routine set of trades, nothing that will draw too much attention,” he recited.

“Still confused about one thing, Taylor,” Zaeed chimed in, cracking his neck as he stepped towards them. “We went to all the trouble of getting this batarian armor,” he said, tapping his chest plate, “but we’re still going to go onto Omega hiding in a goddamn cargo crate.”

Jacob nodded. “The Phobetor is a small merchant ship,” he explained. “Three crew is more than enough to man it. If we show up on Omega with nine people, including five heavily armed ‘batarians’ all wearing helmets covering our faces, it’s going to draw a lot of attention from the mercenaries.”

Rooker stepped up to the group. “But once we gain access to Omega and Grunt gets the cargo container to somewhere out of sight, we can come out of hiding and split up from there. Get a lay of the land and figure out where Cerberus’s drone control system is located. Deploying that way will be a lot less conspicuous than if we all came in together,” she added.

Zaeed gave Rooker a toothy grin. “Well, love, after what you pulled on Elysium, I’ll trust you to have my back no matter what happens.”

“And I am to understand that I will be in hiding with the humans?” Javik said, striding up in his odd-looking faux-Turian armor.

“Remember, we’re trying our best not to draw attention when we dock,” Jacob said. “That armor may do a decent job of making you look turian, but it’s still… eye-catching. Probably want to keep you out of sight until we’ve gained access to Omega and you can blend in with the crowds.”

They were almost ready. Just as Jacob was about to direct them all onto the shuttle, which would carry them over to the Phobetor and their upcoming mission, the shuttle bay door slid open.

“Commander Taylor!” Lisa called out, waving a hand with a glowing datapad as she trotted into the shuttle bay. “Before you go, there’s… something I think you need to see.”

“I appreciate it, Ensign Mason, but… you could have just sent it to my omni-tool,” Jacob said, taking the datapad from Lisa. “No need to run all the way down here.”

“Well, there was… something else I needed to do,” Lisa said, glancing around the room with an innocent expression. “Anyway, I was running some scans and decided to check on outgoing communications from Omega.”

Jacob stared at the datapad in confusion. “But Ensign, there’s…”

“Almost nothing there, exactly,” Lisa said. “Just Balak spouting off about the ‘proud future of Omega’ and a few other scattered signals. Commander, it looks to me that outgoing communications from Omega have been almost completely blocked. Someone on the station is making sure that no messages are able to leave Omega without bypassing a security lock.”

Jacob frowned. “Guess it makes sense,” he reasoned. “If Cerberus really was behind what
happened, and somebody on that station knew about it, the last thing they’d want would be for anyone to find out.”

“Send the comms data to me, Ensign Mason,” Tali offered. “Once I’m on Omega, I should be able to find a way to bypass their lockout and let us send outgoing messages.”

“But in the meantime,” Cortez said, a trace of worry in his tone, “that means you’re going in there with no comms available. If something were to happen before Tali can bypass the lockout…”

Jacob handed the datapad back to Lisa and gave Cortez a confident look. “It won’t, Lieutenant. I have utmost faith in Tali’s abilities.” Turning away from the pilot before any further doubts could be expressed, Jacob addressed the team. “Alright, then, people. This is it. Remember that if we succeed here, the Omega 4 relay will be completely unprotected. The drones that Cerberus set up will be completely harmless. And once we can get through the relay, Cerberus’s days are numbered. So remember Shepard and… all the rest of our friends and comrades, and let’s do this.”

“Yes sir,” the rest of the team said in unison, the Alliance members snapping off a salute while the rest of the team simply nodded respectfully towards Jacob.

“Good luck out there,” Lisa said. Hesitating for a moment, she suddenly rushed forward and wrapped her arms around a surprised Grunt. “You better come back in one piece, you hear? I don’t know what I’d do if something were to happen to you.” Pulling away, she let out a short but still exaggerated sniffle. “Please be careful!”

“Uh, sure,” Grunt responded, looking a bit uncomfortable at all of the eyes suddenly on him. As Lisa rushed out of the shuttle bay, Grunt looked around at the rest of the people in the room. “I… uh… made a gun for her. I guess she must have really liked it.”
“As long as I’m still breathing, they haven’t beaten me yet. As long as I’m still breathing, they haven’t beaten me yet. As long as I’m still breathing, they…”

Miranda could hear Jenny in the next cell, quietly speaking Jack’s advice in a fevered repetition. Her heart ached for the poor girl, who had either been mindlessly restating the same words over and over these past few days, or simply sobbing on her cot. Ever since she and Jack had gone back into the testing rooms, and then Jenny had been brought back alone, it was all she heard from the cell next door.

“Miri?” Oriana’s voice caught her attention, and Miranda sat up on her bunk and turned to face her sister. “There’s… uh… I have to admit something to you.”

Miranda forced a smile on her face. “At this point, Ori, I don’t think anything you could confess to me would upset me.”

“Maybe not, but… well, back before they took Jack, and you and she were talking… I wasn’t really asleep. I heard the whole thing,” Oriana admitted, not looking Miranda in the eye as she confessed.

“Oh,” Miranda said, as she realized she was wrong. Having Oriana know about her shameful loss of control back on the Citadel was just about the last thing she wanted to hear right now.

Oriana dared a glance, then saw the look on her sister’s face and stared at the floor. “I’m sorry, but… you shouldn’t be ashamed of it, you know? You and Jack had a moment together, and it was… I mean, it sounded like you enjoyed yourself.”

Miranda fidgeted on her bunk. Even under normal circumstances, she had never been great at talking about… these subjects with Oriana. And it felt even weirder now, the two of them without a stitch of clothing on, being held in a cell with the express purpose of being sexually tortured. “I suppose I did. But it was a… a loss of control. I’ve always prided myself on keeping a lock on my emotions. After all of the manipulation that our father did to me, I told myself that I would always operate on logic. Never let my feelings get the better of me. But that night with Jack… it was all emotion. Just letting myself indulge in all my basest desires without reservation.”

“And that was a bad thing?”

The question from her sister brought a reluctant smile to Miranda’s face. “Well… perhaps not.”

“Did you know?” Oriana asked her. “Back then, did you know how she felt about that night? About you?”

“I honestly didn’t,” Miranda responded. “And if I had… I don’t know what would have changed, if anything. I’d never really thought about myself as… into women, at least as far as long-term relationships were concerned. The thought of dating another woman, much less engaging in sexual intercourse with one… back then it wouldn’t have even crossed my mind. But then again… I suppose it did cross my mind, that night at least. But for what would have come after had I known? I couldn't tell you.”

Oriana was silent for a while, and then quietly added. “I think you two would have been good together. A little crazy... but good.”
Miranda gave her sister a forced smile. “You might be right, Ori.” And fought the urge to add the dire thought that ended up popping into her mind: *But I guess we’ll probably never know now.*

* * *

“…haven’t beaten me yet. As long as I’m still breathing, they haven’t beaten me yet. As long as I’m still breathing, they haven’t…”

“God, does that mewling little bitch ever shut up?” Aria muttered to herself.

Samara ignored her cellmate, trying her best to resume her meditation. At least Aria had been relatively quiet since their last encounter with Bowers and his flunkies. Right after Aria had delivered her attack to Okoru, she hadn’t stopped crowing about how much fun it had been to taste the human’s blood as she bit into his neck. How he had let out the funniest high-pitched squeal as Aria dug her teeth in. It had been non-stop, up until the moment where Okoru and the rest of them had gotten their revenge, short-lived as it had been.

Despite its abrupt end, the forceful fucking by the over-endowed AIU had obviously been painful to Aria, and she had winced as she sat on her bunk. Samara only hoped that whatever damage they had done to her cellmate would heal on its own, since she severely doubted that Cerberus would be providing medical attention to their asari captives anytime soon.

Glancing outside of their cell, Aria narrowed her eyes. “The tattooed one, what was her name?”

“Jack,” Samara offered. She and Jack hadn’t associated much back during the mission to defeat the Collectors. Back then Jack had mostly kept to herself, and Samara had respected her privacy. She was obviously quite skilled with her biotics, however. Samara had fully expected Shepard to ask her to provide the biotic field to allow them to pass through the seeker swarms, but Shepard had chosen Jack. And considering the results, Samara couldn’t argue with her ability.

“She hasn’t been back in a while now,” Aria observed. “Think they killed the crazy bitch?”

“If the goal of our captors was to end our lives,” Samara observed calmly, “then I highly doubt that you and I would be having this conversation.”

Aria gave a nod. “Got a point, justicar.” Staring at the door to the testing rooms, Aria let out a long breath. “Fuck, you think they pumped her full of those chemicals like that merc at the end of the row? Turned her into a sex-crazed slut?”

Samara did not answer. Did not have an answer to give.

“These messed up bastards,” Aria muttered. Looking down at Samara on the floor, Aria gave her a serious stare. “Hey, justicar, could you…”

Samara let out a long sigh. “As long as we are being held captive together, Aria, you could at least do me the courtesy of addressing me by name.”

Aria made an annoyed sound. “Fine, Samara. Can I, Aria T’Loak, ask you, Samara No-Last-Name-As-Far-As-I-Fucking-Know, to do me a favor?”

“My abilities to assist are somewhat limited at the moment,” Samara dryly observed, “but I will do what I can.”

“If they end up pumping me full of those chemicals, and I end up like that crazy cunt at the end of the cellblock… I want you to find a way to kill me.”
“This brought a look of surprise to Samara’s face. “Kill you?”

“Yeah, I’d rather be dead than end up begging for cock like some back-alley whore. Might be tricky considering the circumstances, but with all that justicar training, I’m sure you could figure something out. Make a shiv out of something or do like I did with that asshole who tried to rape me and rip my throat out with your teeth. Don’t care how you do it… just fucking do it if they make me into one of their raving sluts.”

Samara considered this. “The Justicar Code dictates that I may only deliver death onto those who have committed crimes that would warrant such a sentence.”

This got a loud, cackling laugh out of Aria. “You fucking kidding me? I could give you a goddamn list a mile long if you wanted it, but I’ll just put it this way: you don’t become queen of Omega without getting your hands a little dirty. Trust me, I’m sure I’m more than guilty enough to satisfy that Justicar Code of yours.”

Samara gave her a nod. “Well, then… if you wish me to deliver the sentence of death onto you, then I would be more than happy to fulfill your request.”

“Good, good,” Aria said, before a doubtful look crossed her face. “Uh, but you did get the part about ‘only if Henneman uses his chemicals on me,’ right? Like only then, you understand? Because I don’t want you to do it now or…”

Despite her circumstances, Samara couldn’t help but let out a light laugh. “Yes, I understood your request, Aria. Only if you are affected by Henneman’s chemicals.”

Aria let out her breath. “Good, that’ll make sleeping tonight a lot easier. Thanks, ju… Samara.”

There was a moment of silence, and then she added. “Oh, and I’ll do the same for you, you know? If they put that shit in you and I’m still me, I’ll find a way to put you out of your misery if you want.”

Samara considered the offer, and then shrugged her shoulders. “If you wish, then that is acceptable,” she said, while in her mind she knew the truth: no doubt if either one of them were to be treated with Henneman’s vile medicine, their captors would most likely infect both of them at the same time. So, Samara reasoned, it will hardly matter in the end.

“You got a deal,” Aria said. “Now let’s just hope we get to smear these bastards’ heads onto the walls before that ever comes up, right?”

“Yes, let us hope,” Samara agreed.

* * *

“…beaten me yet. As long as I’m still breathing, they haven’t beaten me yet. As long as I’m still breathing, they haven’t beaten…”

Kasumi barely heard the words. And barely felt the asari tongue wetly running along the length of her pussy. Delaana had begged and pleaded, and Kasumi had begrudgingly spread her legs, allowing the sex-crazed asari to lovingly lap at her twat.

It felt like… nothing. As the days passed, Kasumi felt herself growing more and more numb. It reminded her of the time she had taken a little too much of a sleeping drug after an intense heist had left her a bit amped up. The next day she had walked around like a zombie, not entirely sure if she was still asleep or awake. Everything seemed so distant, so… not there.
She still wasn’t sure if all of this was her mind coping with what was happening, or if it was a side-effect of the failed drug Henneman had injected her with. She blinked slowly, staring at the opposite wall of her cell, her expression blank and slack. Thoughts came to her mind: thoughts of Shepard and Liara. Of Jacob and the team she had been a part of before being caught by Cerberus. Of Keiji and the life she had before Donovan Hock had stolen him away from her.

They were all her memories, but now they all felt like they had happened to someone else. Like some vid she had watched years ago, and only vaguely remembered the details of.

None of it mattered anyway. Her life now was just pleasing and delivering pleasure to the voraciously horny asari she shared her cell with. Day after day, she licked or fingered the asari’s sopping wet snatch, while allowing Delaana to do the same to her. Occasionally she came from Delaana’s skillful touch or lapping tongue, but even that seemed like something happening a million miles away from her.

She wasn’t sure if she wanted it all to just end, or if she even cared anymore. So she sat, and waited for Delaana to demand her turn at getting her snatch eaten.

* * *

“…me yet. As long as I’m still breathing, they haven’t beaten me yet. As long as I’m still breathing…”

There was one more cell, but neither of its two occupants were in a position to hear Jenny’s desperate mantra. The two of them sat on Shepard’s bunk, Liara’s eyes pitch black, both of them there… but also far, far away.
Part 4: Dejection; Deception; Defection (A Safe Place)

“Gotta admit something to you, T’Soni. Shocked me at first, but after hearing you talking about flaying somebody alive with your mind… kinda turned me on.”

Shepard said the words as soon as she set foot in Liara’s office on Illium. Or rather, the shared memory of that moment, their reunion after two years apart. Well, two years for Liara. For Shepard it had been a brief but timeless period of nothingness, before she woke up on a hospital bed. Having been rebuilt by the same organization that now seemed to want to tear her apart again.

“Yes, I’m well aware of the thoughts that went through your mind after that encounter,” Liara said, stepping into the kiss that the two of them had shared during that moment of happiness. “And what you did once you returned to your cabin on the Normandy. That is at least one part of your mind you have not chosen to hide away from me.”

Shepard understood Liara’s implication, and shook her head sadly as she moved away from her memory of Liara. “I’m sorry, Liara. The things that go on between me and Brooks back there… you don’t need to see it.”

Don’t need to see how much I’m enjoying it, Shepard thought to herself, in that back-of-her-mind way that she knew Liara was unable to hear, even when their consciousnesses were merged. How much I’m starting to crave those moments when the mistr… when Brooks lets me cum. How even the times before that, where Brooks inflicts various tortures upon me, are starting to make me feel almost as good as when the device gets shut off and the climax hits me.

At this point, Shepard wasn’t even sure anymore, and it was the part that worried her the most. Had she always had these desires buried deep in her libido? This secret thrill at the idea of being dominated and treated like garbage by another woman? Of being mocked and whipped and reduced to a quivering ball of sensitive nerves and desperate desires centered around her pussy? Or was it one of Henneman’s mind-altering concoctions creating these urges inside her? Or, perhaps even worse, was it all just Brooks and her attempts to get inside Shepard’s head? Was she succeeding in the goal she had stated back on the Normandy, of “breaking” Shepard just as Ash had been broken by that Phantom?

She had no idea. But no matter what it was, Shepard couldn’t bear to have Liara see her as she was back in that testing room these past few days; shivering and sweating, pleading with her mistress to allow her to cum. Knowing that her pathetic begging would affect nothing, and that Brooks would decide on her own how to send Shepard back to her cell: moaning and unfulfilled, the device on her head keeping her from satisfying the cravings Brooks had awakened in her, or trying her best to hide the blissful smile on her face at the intense orgasm Brooks had allowed her to experience.

Nipple clamps. Leather flails and paddles studded with metal that bit into her flesh. Restraints that left her locked in uncomfortable positions while Brooks’s vibrator kept her just on the brink of orgasm. What had happened on the Normandy seemed like just a prelude now to everything that Brooks had subjected her to on this station.

And God help her, but all of it was turning her on in a way she could have never imagined.

Shepard wondered if all of this was showing on her face, before remembering that the face that Liara was seeing was just her own memory of Shepard at this point in time. Trying her best to cover all of her secret thoughts, she quickly spoke up. “Just like what happens between you and my clone. I know you’re keeping that hidden from me as well.”
“Yes, I… don’t want to burden you any further, Shepard,” Liara said, the lie in her voice evident. But what was she lying about? Liara kept telling Shepard that the clone was torturing her. Doing similar things to her to what happened on the Normandy. But still, Shepard knew that Liara was hiding something from her. Was it similar to her own case? Was Liara finding secret pleasure in the torture the clone was performing on her? Or was it something else? Shepard knew she could try to probe deeper into Liara’s mind, but Liara would know what she was doing, and a measure of trust that had always been held between them would be lost forever.

So she didn’t pry. The two of them kept their secrets, as they discussed their current situation.

“Jack hasn’t come back to her cell in several days now,” Liara said, Shepard finding it hard not to notice how amazing she had looked in that dress back on Illium. She remembered how much she had wanted that kiss they had shared to last longer. How much she had wanted things to go back to the way they had been on the first Normandy. But Liara had changed so much in those two years, and while, in the end, Shepard found herself loving the “new Liara” even more than the old one, there was still that edge of pain in this memory. That worry that Liara had perhaps changed too much, and that the two of them could never be what they once were.

Realizing she was getting lost in her thoughts again, Shepard shook her head and responded. “And Henneman led Kelly back there not that long after Jack went. She hasn’t come out either.”

“Poor Kelly,” Liara said. “I can only imagine what she’s been going through. Being forced to work for these monsters under the threat of the woman she loves being punished.”

“What do they hope to accomplish with all this?” Shepard asked, knowing that neither of them had a good answer. “Why go to all this trouble of keeping us caged up like animals? Messing with our minds like this. There’s no logical reason for it all.”

“I’m afraid our captors are not operating under the rules of logic,” Liara said. “You were willing to share that memory with me, at least. How Brooks and the clone are under the influence of one of Henneman’s mind-altering chemicals.”

“Yeah, just like that Phantom that has Ash,” Shepard said. “Makes them so focused on violent rape that they forget about everything else. Out of all of the messed-up experiments that Cerberus has undertaken, this is a new low, even for them.”

Liara nodded. “I suppose it may have been a blessing, as much as it may not seem so. I fear that, if Brooks and your clone were in their right minds, their plan wouldn’t have involved letting us all live. We’d have no opportunity to try and devise an escape if they weren’t so focused on… abusing us.”

*Escape,* Shepard thought in that secret area of her mind. *Seems so optimistic now.* While it seemed that Shepard and Liara were succeeding in enticing their captors, the split that the two of them had been trying to drive between the clone and Brooks seemed to have stalled. The two of them definitely weren’t as enraptured with each other as they had been back on the Normandy, but Brooks had seemed to have ceased all of her vague talk about “replacing” the clone. Now, the only thing Brooks spoke of when she was with Shepard was mulling to herself what torture to inflict on her pathetic slave next, or coaxing Shepard into begging her mistress to let her cum.

They seemed to be getting nowhere. And now, with Jack and Kelly off in Henneman’s labs, Shepard had a bad feeling about what was to come next.

“We need to…” Liara started to say, before the both of them heard something at the edge of their consciousness. “Someone is here.”
Immediately, the two of them broke the meld, and Shepard returned to her cot opposite Liara. Despite the lack of progress in their plan recently, they were still playing the parts they had decided: both of them jealous of each other over their relationships with their captors.

And considering how readily the two of them were hiding memories of their encounters from each other… was the “part” they were playing starting to seep into reality?

But there was time to consider that later. Now, Brooks and Shepard’s clone were entering the cell block. Behind them, Bowers and his team of henchmen followed, sinister grins on all of their faces sending a chill through Shepard. Part of her worried that all of them were heading for her and Liara’s cell. It was one thing when Brooks alone took her back to dominate and humiliate her. But if she was going to let all of these others fulfill their twisted desires today…

However, the group of Cerberus operatives only gave the slightest glance to Shepard and Liara as they passed.

* * *

Miranda and Oriana shot their glances up as they heard the arrival of their captors. Both of them watched as the group of six sadistic humans approached their cell… and then passed right by.

* * *

“…beaten me yet. Aslongasimbreathingtheyhaventheattennmeyetaslongasimbreathingtheyhaven’t…”

Jenny’s feverish chant increased to a loud, rapid-fire and trembling pace as the Cerberus operatives lingered by her cell. Bowers let out an appreciative hum as he eyed up the supple young teenager, and the noise gave Brooks a chuckle.

“Soon enough, Bowers,” Brooks remarked, as the group of them moved passed Jenny’s cell.

“…haven’tbeatenmeyethaventbeatenmeyethaventbeatenmeyethavent…”

* * *

Aria and Samara watched as the group of humans stared into their cell. Okoru in particular fixed an angry glare at Aria, who shot him back a fiendish grin and an upraised finger. Okoru made a move in the direction of the forcefield trigger, but the clone laid a hand on his chest.

“Don’t get distracted. You know who we’re here for. Save all that vim and vigor for her.”

Shaking his head, Okoru reluctantly turned his attention away from Aria.

“See you later, hon,” Aria called out. “Maybe next time you won’t let a robot do your dirty work for you, you pathetic human shit.”

* * *

Neither Delaana or Kasumi paused in their activities as the six Cerberus members approached. Kasumi kept staring into space as Delaana slurped at her labia.
Finally, after a moment of silence, Delaana noticed the new arrivals and grinned. “Ooh, is it time for you to fuck me?” she asked eagerly. Remaining on her knees on the floor of their cell, Delaana turned and spread her legs, eagerly rubbing at her dripping twat. “Give it to me. Fuck me and give me all your cum!”

“Maybe later,” Brooks observed, before glancing at Kasumi, who had slowly, robotically closed her legs after Delaana had stopped eating her out. “Right now, we have some business with Miss Goto.” Crouching down and putting her eyeline at level with Kasumi, Brooks directed a vicious smile at her captive. “We’ve been hearing some wonderful things about your love life, Miss Goto. And me and my friends here would just love to discuss it with you.”
“Here we go,” Garrus said, sitting at the controls of the Phobetor as the rocky mass of Omega grew larger in the front viewport.

“You’d better put on that helmet, Garrus,” Tali observed, working her own station on the small starship. “Much as I love looking at that handsome turian face of yours, I’m afraid those scars of yours are fairly distinctive. Might get you recognized back on your old stomping grounds.”

Garrus nodded, reaching down behind his seat and forcing his helmet down over his head. “All set,” his muffled voice still audible inside the helmet, as he hit a button on his console. “Jacob, we’re almost within range of Omega. You all ready back there in case things go south?”

* * *

In the darkness of the large cargo container, Jacob used his omni-tool as a light for he and the rest of the team to ready their weapons.

“Ready to go hot if need be,” Jacob answered. “Just try your best to keep anyone on Omega from scanning or opening this crate. If it goes to shit, though, we’re locked and loaded.”

* * *

“Incoming comms coming in from Omega,” Tali announced. “Putting it up on screen.”

Crossing his arms, Grunt watched as a video image appeared in front of him. None of them were surprised to see the exact same batarian Blue Sun merc that had challenged them before in the Orpheus.

“Unknown vessel, please identify yourself and the purpose of your visit to Omega,” the batarian blandly intoned. A good sign, Garrus thought to himself. Sounds like they’re treating us like any other visitor to Omega, at least for now.

“This is Sardox Wrax of the Phobetor,” Grunt responded, and Garrus felt a little bit guilty at the relief that washed over him at Grunt remembering his lines. The young krogan was smarter than a lot of people gave him credit for, and Garrus had a good feeling that he’d be able to pull this off. “Got some cargo to offload in the markets. Just tell me where to dock and I’ll be in and out.”

“Please state the nature of your cargo,” the Blue Sun messaged back.

“Guns, weapon mods, heatsinks,” “Sardox” responded. “You name it, I got it. Just the kind of stuff Omega needs to teach those filthy humans a thing or two. Maybe I’ll give you Blue Suns a deal the next time I come by if you put me by a docking bay close to the markets, hmm?”

Okay, maybe laying it on a bit thick, Grunt, Garrus thought.

The batarian, however, seemed satisfied. “Docking permission granted. Please direct your ship to bay 6F. Omega out.”

As the screen deactivated, the three aliens glanced at each other. So far, so good, Garrus thought to himself, while part of him couldn’t help but wonder if they were missing something.

* * *
“Docking access granted,” Garrus radioed to the humans and Javik in the cargo container. “Should be ready to unload our decidedly well-armed payload in just a few minutes.”

“We’re ready,” Jacob responded. To the rest of the team, he said, “Alright, we go dark starting now. No comms or chatter. Get yourself into cover and be ready for anything.”

The team nodded, positioning themselves behind the empty weapons crates that had been placed around the large shipping container. Tension hung in the air, as they waited for what was to come.

* * *

“Docking achieved,” Tali announced. “We have arrived at Omega, Captain Wrax.”

Grunt made an annoyed noise. “Wish that Matsuo’s people could have gotten us a ship with a better captain’s name attached. ‘Wrax,’ really? Sounds like a pathetic whelp who got carried through his rite of passage by his krantt.”

Garrus gave Grunt an odd look. “Grunt, your clan leader is named ‘Wrex.’”

Grunt stared back at Garrus. “And your point? ‘Wrex’ is a powerful name. The name of a true krogan warrior.”

“But it’s just one… never mind,” Garrus said. “Let’s just get onto Omega and worry about krogan naming conventions later.”

Garrus, Tali, and Grunt made their way through the door back into the Phobetor’s cargo bay. Tapping a few buttons on the massive shipping container, Tali watched as it lifted several inches off the floor. Interfacing the crate’s controls with her omni-tool, she directed the hovering cargo container out of the bay and through the airlock into the Omega docking area.

“So far, so good,” Garrus quietly stated as he set foot on Omega. The docking bay was grimy and littered with discarded crates and various other pieces of debris, and taking it all in Garrus was flooded with memories of his days as Archangel. Returning back to reality, he glanced over at Tali and Grunt. “Looks like we… aw, crap.”

The three of them turned their attention to the docking bay inner door as it unexpectedly slid open. The batarian who had communicated with them earlier, along with several other batarians and turians in Blue Suns armor, marched into the room. Their guns were in their hands but, for now at least, they were not pointed at the crew of the Phobetor.

“We got a problem here?” Grunt asked, trying his best to sound only somewhat annoyed despite the first sign of a hitch in their plan.

“Just routine,” the batarian at the head of the group stated, his tone somewhat bored. “Our records show this is your first time visiting Omega since Balak took over. He’s asked that we perform a personal inspection of all new arrivals.”

As Garrus and Tali exchanged nervous glances, Grunt crossed his arms and stared back at the batarian. “We really gotta do this now? I’ve got people waiting on this merchandise, and I’m already running behind.”

“We understand, but it’s all just procedure,” the batarian responded. “Sometimes there’s some friction with newcomers to the station, and we want to make sure you’re… all on the same page.”

As the batarian spoke, Garrus finally noticed the voice being played over loudspeakers. “A
REMINDER FROM BALAK, KING OF OMEGA: REPORT ANY SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITIES FROM HUMAN SLAVES, WHETHER COLLARED OR UNCLAIMED, TO THE NEAREST BLOOD PACK, ECLIPSE, OR BLUE SUN ENFORCER. HUMAN BEINGS ARE A DECEITFUL, VILE PLAGUE UPON THE GALAXY, AND ANY PUNISHMENT DELIVERED ONTO THEM IS MORE THAN DESERVED. TREAT HUMANS AS THE PATHETIC CHATTET THEY ARE, BUT NEVER FORGET TO KEEP A CLOSE EYE ON THEIR ACTIONS. THIS HAS BEEN A MESSAGE FROM BALAK, KING OF OMEGA.”

“Hell with your procedure, I have to get this crap down to the market or I’m going to lose my biggest sale ever,” Grunt said. “Can’t we… we…”

Garrus and Tali looked at Grunt in concern, as he paused in his rehearsed speech and seemed to trail off. “Uh, Captain Wrax?” Tali gently prodded him. “Everything alright, sir?”

Shaking his head and inhaling deeply, Grunt waved a hand at Tali. “Nothing, nothing, just… just something I ate.” Clenching his fists, he stared up at the loudspeakers broadcasting Balak’s angry, non-stop diatribes against humanity on a constant loop.

Garrus tensed, readying himself to grab for his weapon at the first sign of trouble. Something was off about all of this. And the odd thing was, it wasn’t anything the Blue Suns in front of them were doing. No, something was off about their krogan comrade.

“Fine,” Grunt muttered, still looking totally out of it. “Just fine.”

The batarian gave Tali and Garrus a sharp-toothed smile. “Don’t worry about it. We see that a lot with newcomers. Think it’s something in the air on Omega that they need to get used to,” he said, speaking loudly to be heard over Balak’s public address. “Anyway, no need to go to the trouble of popping open your cargo crate. Just give us a second to scan it and we’ll send you on your way.”

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you,” Garrus said, taking the lead from Grunt as the krogan seemed strangely disoriented. “Some of the mods we have in there… don’t react well to scanners. Afraid they have some security software that might cause them to… uh… detonate.”

“Yes, it’s a strange defect in the programming,” Tali chimed in. “Supposed to be an anti-hacking protocol, but if anybody tries to scan it…” Putting her tips of her fingers together, she flung her hands outward. “Boom! Isn’t that right, Captain Wrax?”

“Right, anti-hacking.” Grunt repeated, while his attention remained locked on the PA announcement. “Probably programmed by some worthless human.”

Scratching his temple, the batarian Blue Sun let out an annoyed sigh. “Fine, tell you what. 500 credits and I let you pass without an inspection. If this is such a big sale for your captain, I’m sure he can afford it, right?”

“Absolutely,” Garrus said, eagerly using his omni-tool to generate a credit chit to hand over to the batarian. “Appreciate your understanding. Now, we should be…”

“Humans,” Grunt muttered under his breath. “Worthless, pathetic humans… so weak and useless…”

Garrus and Tali now looked at Grunt in alarm. The batarian, however, laughed it off. “We see this all the time, no reason to be concerned. Balak can be… quite persuasive to most newcomers. He’ll settle down a bit once…”

"Ha!"
Everyone turned to stare at Grunt, as he suddenly let out a vicious laugh and turned away from the PA to look at the batarian. “You want to know how pathetic these humans are? I mean how completely useless they really are?” Grunt asked, his voice suddenly filled with an unexpected anger. “They actually thought they would be able to sneak onto Omega.”

* * *

Inside the shipping crate, everyone’s eyes immediately went wide.


“No, not possible,” Jacob said. “He wouldn’t…”

* * *

“Well, I think that’s enough chatting for now,” Garrus quickly said, desperately grabbing Grunt’s arm and trying to pull him towards the exit. “Come on, Captain, we’ve got a sale to make and…”

“No, I’m telling you,” Grunt said, shoving Garrus away and jabbing a thumb back at the shipping crate. “There’s a bunch of humans hiding like rats right in that shipping crate. Just waiting for the chance to come out and try to start a fight. But I’m sure they’d be no match for you all. You should pull them out of there and…”

Tali forced a laugh as she moved herself between Grunt and the Blue Suns. “Just a bad joke,” she desperately tried to cover. “Our Captain Wrax, always kidding around. Come on, Captain, let’s get…”

The batarian responded by raising his rifle, the barrel pointed right between Tali’s eyes. “Very funny. Now… open the crate, please.”

“Seriously, it’s just a bunch of boring weapons mods,” Garrus said, while Grunt continued to rant about the weak and pathetic nature of humans. “Nothing you need to…”

“You either open the crate on the count of 3,” the batarian coldly said, “or I shoot you all and open it up myself. Do I make myself clear?”

“Do it,” Grunt coldly proclaimed, staring at his comrades as if they were cockroaches. “Kill them all. They’re all human sympathizers anyway. Just as weak as their human friends in that container.”

“1,” the batarian started counting.

Tali raised up one hand with her controls for the shipping crate alight on her forearm, while reaching with her other hand for the shotgun on her back. “Okay, I’m doing it, just give me a…”

“2,” the batarian said. “Running out of time.”

* * *

Jacob had no idea what had happened to Grunt, and what was happening outside of the dark shipping crate. All he knew is that Plan A had already gone to shit, and it was time for Plan B.

Since “Plan B” involved a firefight with the Blue Suns, and most likely the rest of the mercs on Omega as well, Jacob wasn’t entirely thrilled with their odds. But right about now, they had no choice.
Outside of the crate, he heard the batarian say “3,” followed by the crack of a gunshot.

“Fuck, Tali,” Vega muttered.

“Don’t think, just get ready to shoot,” Jacob commanded.

* * *

Just as Tali was ready to bring up her shotgun, despite knowing that her enemy would most likely get a shot off first, she heard the snap of a sniper rifle going off. The next thing she knew, her face and breathing mask were splattered with batarian blood, and the Blue Sun merc in front of her slipped lifelessly to the ground.

“OPEN FIRE!” called out a voice, and Tali and Garrus whirled to see several armored, and armed, men and women pop out from behind crates stacked around the loading dock, weapons trained on the unsuspecting Blue Sun mercenaries. With their attention focused on the suspicious visitors in front of them, the Blue Suns were caught completely by surprise, and barely had time to swing their weapons into position before the attackers’ bullets ripped them to shreds.

The echoing of the sudden gunfire rang across the cargo bay long after the shooting had stopped, Tali and Garrus staring at the bullet-shredded bodies of the Blue Suns in front of them with gaping jaws. While they were still trying to regain their composure, one of the new arrivals, a dark-skinned human woman in tattered clothing, stepped forward and pointed a pistol at the two of them.

“Hey, there, new friends,” she cheerfully said. “Word we hear from tapping into Blue Suns comms is that you’ve got a shipment of weapons in there.” She gestured back to her teammates. “Well, I know it looks like we’re well-armed enough, but we could always use more. So it’s like this: open up your crate and let us help ourselves to your cargo, and we’ll let you walk. Sound like a good deal? I’ll give you a hint: it really is.”

Before Garrus and Tali could even formulate a response, they heard an angry snarl behind them. Garrus turned to see Grunt focusing angry eyes on the apparent leader of the new attackers. “Human! Gonna kill you, human!” he practically screamed as he reached for his shotgun. “Gonna kill you and all of your…”

Grunt’s angry declarations were cut off by the appearance of a glowing orb behind him. With a bright flash, the floating drone delivered a shock to Grunt, who stood bolt-upright and jittered for a moment, before tumbling limply to the floor with a loud thump.

“Sorry about your friend,” another member of the mysterious new arrivals stepped forward, and Tali was surprised to see a quarian, still in his full enviro-suit, walking up with his omni-tool activated. “Krogans usually end up being affected the quickest. Probably the redundant lungs.”

“You’re disoriented, I know,” the woman said to Garrus and Tali, drawing back their attention to her. “Since you’re breathing your own air and not Omega’s, you’re probably confused as hell. So I’ll tell you this once: you don’t want to be on Omega right now. This is a bad place. Trust me, I’m doing you a favor here. So open your cargo container, get back on your ship, and get your asses out of here before you see how bad things really are on this station.”

Garrus finally managed to regain his voice. “Look, whoever you are… this isn’t what it looks like. There aren’t…”

“We don’t have much time,” said another member of the group, a drell in a breathing mask with a
concerned look on his face and a smoking sniper rifle in hand. “The Blue Suns will be coming to check on their comrades soon.”

“Last chance,” the woman snapped at Tali, pushing her pistol forward until it was an inch away from Tali’s forehead. “I really don’t want to kill you two, but you’re not leaving me much option here. Open… the damn… crate.”

Letting out a long sigh, Tali pressed the button on her omni-tool. “Don’t say we didn’t warn you,” she said, as the side panel of the large metal crate slid open.

As soon as the light hit them, Jacob and the rest of their hidden comrades popped out from behind cover, weapons at the ready and trained on the unknown attackers. “Drop your guns, now!” Jacob bellowed.

“Fuck,” the woman snapped, swinging her pistol to point at the unexpected enemies. “What the fuck is this? Who are you people?”

“Drop your weapons first, then we’ll talk!” Jacob called out.

The woman shook her head, looking nervous as she saw the six unexpected newcomers to the stand-off. “Dammit, no, you drop your weapons!”

The drell placed a hand on the human woman’s shoulder. “The Suns, Gianna! They’ll be here any…”

Jacob’s head snapped up at the sound of the name. “Gianna?” he called out, slowly standing up from behind cover. “Gianna Parasini?”

At the sound of the name, recognition dawned on Garrus’s face as he stared at the Noverian Internal Affairs agent… or whatever she was right now. “Damn, it is her. Really is a small galaxy these days.”

Blinking in confusion, the woman slowly nodded. “Yeah, that’s me. And you are?”

“Commander, what are you doing?” Rooker hissed, as Jacob holstered his rifle and stepped out of the shipping container with his hands held up.

“My name is Jacob Taylor, and I’m with the Alliance,” Jacob said. “And the only reason I’m here talking to you… is because Maeko Matsuo helped make it happen.”

Gianna let out a gasp at the name, and immediately gestured back to her men. “Weapons down, all of you!” Holstering her own pistol, she walked up to Jacob, her previous hard expression melting into a thin smile. “Interesting. And how is Matsuo-san these days?”

“Doing well,” Jacob said. “She asked me to try and find you when we got to Omega.” He smiled back at her and added, “Didn’t expect it to be quite this easy.”

“Well, tell Maeko I’m sorry I haven’t updated my VistaGram account recently, but I'll shoot her a DM once Balak and his flunkies are dead,” Gianna casually quipped. Glancing around Jacob into the shipping container, she pursed her lips. “So… I suppose this means there aren’t actually any weapons in that crate, then.”

“Just the ones we’re carrying, ma’am,” Vega chimed in, as he and the rest of the team cautiously left the container.
Gianna let out a grunt. “Disappointing… but I suppose we can make it work. Assuming, of course, you’re here to help us take down Balak and the mercs who run things around here.”

“Not quite, but it wouldn’t hurt to get them out of the picture,” Jacob responded. “See, we’re actually here to…”

Feeling the drell’s hand grip her shoulder tighter, Gianna held up a hand to stop Jacob. “Not a good time for a friendly chat, I’m afraid. Follow me, we’ll take you back to HQ and fill you in on all the wonderful things that have been happening on Omega since Cerberus and Balak stopped by.”

Gesturing toward the unconscious Grunt, Gianna looked over at two of her comrades and instructed them to lift the krogan up off the ground. “Oh, and don’t worry about your friend,” she said to Jacob, while her people hauled up Grunt and let out pained sounds at the weight of the bulky krogan. “He’ll be back to his old self once we get out of here. The air is… cleaner back at base.”

As Jacob and his team followed after Gianna and her men, Jacob gave their surprising new ally a serious look. “What exactly is happening on this station?”

“Buddy, that is one hell of a story,” Gianna said, a weariness creeping into her voice. “And one that I bet you’re not gonna like much.”
Part 4: Dejection; Deception; Defection (Omega)

The vid opens with pounding, intense drums, intermixed with triumphant synthesized trumpets. On screen appears the title, written in a simple font: “THE NEW RULES OF OMEGA” At the bottom of the screen, and remaining there for the entire length of the video, is small yellow text: “Hail King Balak.”

“To all humans currently residing on Omega, this message is for you,” says a female voice, over a sweeping shot looking out over the buildings of the space station colony. “No doubt you are confused, now that the population of this station has shown you your true nature. Exposed you as the vulgar, disgusting pieces of filth that have wrongfully dominated the galaxy for far too long. This is a shocking experience for you, I’m sure. Human brains, after all, can scarcely comprehend even the simplest of logical puzzles. But with these helpful tips, you can make your existence on this station just the tiniest bit less pathetic.”

The video image changes to the interior of an opulently-appointed office. Through a large window opposite the camera, the dark brown atmosphere and towering buildings of Omega can be seen. Walking on-screen, and smiling with all of the well-practiced skill that years of working as a news anchor have granted her, our host speaks into the camera with boundless enthusiasm.

“I’m Diana Allers,” she says. “And while you might remember me from my time spouting pro-human propaganda on BattleSpace, today I must say I feel honored to have been granted a new home on Omega, as one of its fortunate and happy slaves.”

Even if the viewer remembered her from BattleSpace, it was highly unlikely they remembered her like this: dressed in a metal-studded black leather outfit that did more to draw attention to her luscious tits and shaved twat than cover them. Accentuated with knee-length leather boots and a collar adorned with a batarian sigil, it is more suited for a particularly vulgar pornographic vid than what was being presented as an instructional video.

But Allers shows no shame as she happily continues speaking. “I was once like you all. I once believed that humans were the equals of all the other species in this galaxy. But thanks to King Balak and his loyal followers, I now know the truth. Human beings are barely superior to the dirtiest of animals, and the only possible purpose we can serve in our lives is as tools of pleasure for the superior races. A human without a cock in one of their holes, or without their tongue buried in pussy, is a human with no point in existing. I know this is a hard fact to accept… but if you’re having trouble, the citizens of Omega will be more than happy to remind you.”

Allers strolls over to the window, directing the camera to follow her and point down at the streets below. Even from the height that the office was perched at, the camera catches several glimpses of Omega’s citizens violently raping human men and women, right in the middle of the street. While an occasional passer-by can be seen cheering on the sexual assaults, for the most part those not directly involved in the rapes simply go about their daily business.

“All those hard turian cocks. Those wet asari pussies. To be allowed to service them all would be any human’s dream.”

Pointing the camera back up to point at her face, her fingers still casually stroking and pulling on her nipple, Allers continues. “But some of you may not appreciate this privilege. For those humans who are still not clear on your current circumstances, allow me to explain the new rules of Omega.”
On the screen flashes more text: “RULE #1: HUMANS ONLY EXIST TO SERVE.” Allers helpfully reads the text off and elaborates. “Whatever you thought you were, your role in life was, before the reign of King Balak, that is over. A shop owner? A crime lord? A member of one of Omega’s mercenary groups? A thing of the past with the ascension of King Balak. And the sooner you forget your former way of life, and accept your new role, the happier you will be with your life on Omega. Because one way or another, willingly or unwillingly, you will serve your betters.”

Allers pauses a moment, a naughty smile crossing her face. From the soft wet sounds that can soon be heard, it is obvious where her other hand is now busily stroking. “Oooh, but it’s not all bad for humans here on Omega. Which brings us to the second rule.”

Text appears again: “RULE #2: OBEY YOUR OWNERS.”

Removing her hand from her breast, Allers points a finger at the collar around her neck, and the batarian symbol emblazoned there. “See this? This indicates that I am the property of King Balak and his most trusted advisors. Because of this, and the fact that I’m a loyal slave, my owners make sure that nobody abuses me more than I deserve.”

Her hand drops down from the collar, going right back to work busily rubbing her left tit. “Most likely you will see other collars with symbols of the enforcer groups here on Omega. While not all slaves can be lucky enough to be owned by Balak and his royal court, the Blue Suns, Eclipse, and the Blood Pack all own a great many of the humans here on this station.”

The camera view fades to a teenage girl, looking barely 18 and with short brown hair. The only article of clothing she is wearing is a collar similar to Allers’s, but with a distinctive sunburst symbol on the front. She delivers a forced smile into the camera as Allers’s voice can be heard off-screen.

“Hey, there, honey! What’s your name and who’s your owner?”

The girl waves lethargically to the camera. “Hi, my name is Rose. And I’m the property of Eclipse.”

“And how does Eclipse treat you, Rose?”

“Really nice,” Rose says, voice trembling a little as she speaks into the camera. “They feed me and give me a place to sleep. As long as I keep them happy and perform for them, they make sure that nobody ever hurts me.”

“Perform for them? What kind of performances do you do for them, Rose?” Allers asks, an odd eagerness in her tone.

Rose glances away from the camera, off into the distance. “I get up on a stage and they bring in other humans to fuck me. They love to watch me get fucked. Sometimes men. Sometimes women. Sometimes the mistresses even let me eat their pussies. I’m so lucky to get to please my owners. So lucky that they let me stay with my daddy and be taken care of.”

“So your daddy is a slave of Eclipse too?”

“Yes, he is,” Rose answers. “He serves them just like I do. Sometimes we even… serve them together.” She glances down at the floor and quietly adds. “I… I like performing with my daddy.”

“Sounds like you’re pretty happy being owned by Eclipse. What would you say to any humans out there who don’t currently have an owner?”
Rose looks into the camera. “Mmm, you should do everything you can to become an Eclipse slave,” she says, trying to put as much enthusiasm into her voice as she can. “If you do… you might even get to perform with me!”

The camera pulls back to show Rose’s entire body. Her legs are spread and she is fingering her hairless teenage twat, staring intently into the camera as she plays with herself. An aroused moan comes from off camera, and the scene changes just as Allers flings herself down between the girl’s legs to start licking her.

“See how wonderful it is to be owned?” says the Allers back in the office, as the scene changes. “Now, I’m sure you’re asking yourself, ‘How can I, a pathetic human, find myself an owner?’

The camera pulls to the side, and an inset image shows a large public square on Omega. Various booths and stands have been set up, each of them with humans standing with their heads down and their clothes stripped from their bodies.

“Well, you can visit your local human market,” Allers explains. “And put yourself up for sale. Once you have an owner, you become their personal property, and no other resident of Omega is allowed to touch you without your owner’s permission. Quite a change from your current circumstances, isn’t it? So, if you’re sick of having to fuck every single one of Omega’s citizens, head over to the market and turn yourself in to a slavemaster. You’ll be glad you did, I promise!”

“Unless, of course,” Allers says, her tone getting grave as she moves to the next topic, “you’re ineligible for ownership. Which brings us to Rule #3.”

On screen: “RULE #3: RESIST AND BE MARKED.”

Allers stares seriously into the camera. This topic is obviously so important that she has even stopped fingering herself. “Obedience to your masters is strictly enforced on Omega. If a human commits any act of violence against a superior citizen of Omega, or resists in any other fashion, they run the risk of being punished with… the mark.

Another inset image on-screen, of several shaken humans with a dark X symbol omni-tattooed onto their cheeks.

“These humans, and any humans bearing the mark, are ineligible to be owned. They have proven themselves incapable of obeying their masters and, as a result, are considered the property of no one. Which means that any citizen of Omega is free to do anything they wish to them, at any time. If you bear the mark, you will not be given even the paltry rights that obedient, faithful slaves are given. It is not a fate I would wish on anyone, but if you engage in unlawful behavior, it is the least that you deserve.”

Allers brightens slightly. “But there is hope, even for the marked. Because the mark can be removed, and the marked human be eligible for ownership again, under our fourth and final rule.”

“RULE #4: REPORT ALL THOSE WHO OPPOSE KING BALAK.”


“If you see any of these four individuals – Bray, Len’Tolas Vas Omega, and the unknown human and drell – or witness anyone aiding and abetting these individuals, report this information to your nearest Eclipse, Blue Sun, or Blood Pack enforcer. Should your information lead to the apprehension of these dangerous individuals, you will be rewarded by having your mark removed,
and being moved to the head of the line for potential ownership by one of these groups. Remember: while all resistance against Balak is pointless and is doomed to fail, our kind and generous leader wishes to remove any danger to your potential masters. Aid him in this goal, and you will be well rewarded. Attempt to fight against him, and you will be punished.”

All of the serious business out of the way, Allers smiles at the camera once again. “Easy enough rules to remember, right? Now, then. To all of you unclaimed slaves out there: go find yourself the nearest market and get yourself an owner. To those of you already fortunate enough to be owned: be sure to thank your masters today for allowing you the privilege of pleasuring them with your disgusting flesh. And to you marked slaves out there: perhaps you think your actions are unforgivable, but remember the opportunity that Balak and his loyal enforcers have offered you, and report any unusual behavior for a chance to be cleared of your low status.”

“Now, having seen the generous rules that our kind have been granted here on Omega,” Allers says, “I know what you all want to say. Things like, ‘Praise King Balak.’ ‘Balak is a generous and kind ruler.’ ‘Thank you, King Balak, for letting us say “Get down on your knees and suck my cock, human whore” again.’ You now understand how lucky you are to be living under such a kind and…”

As Allers is in the middle of wrapping up her presentation, two vorcha step into camera view from either side of her. “Pretty lady stop talking now, suck vorcha cock,” one of them snarls, pulling out his manhood and wiggling the veiny flesh tube in Allers’ direction.

“Now, now, boys,” Allers gently chides the new arrivals, pointing to the symbol on the collar. “You did get permission from my owners, didn’t you?”

“Yes, yes, Garka said we get fuck you after video over,” the other vorcha snaps, his own cock out of his pants. “On knees, human whore.”

Looking back at the camera, Allers gives it a wink as she starts sinking down to the floor. “Well, now. Looks like I have a job to do. So, until next time, hope you—gmmm!”

“Human bitch shut up now,” one of the vorcha says, as he grabs Allers by the back of the head and forces her mouth around his prick. Despite the presentation being over, there is no sign of the video stopping, as it captures every minute of Allers sucking vorcha dick and swallowing down their addictive cum, before spreading her legs and giving the two horny aliens full access to her pussy and asshole. Access that they eagerly make use of.
Gianna, however, cut the video off long before it got to that point. “Pleasant little vid, isn’t it? Makes Aria’s ‘reign’ around here look like a goddamn socialist utopia.”

The crew of the Orpheus stared at the screen long after the horrifying images had been switched off. None of them knowing what they could possibly say.

They had followed Gianna and her people down into the bowels of Omega, winding through a labyrinth of corridors to end up at an old, long-forgotten storage area. Inside, Jacob had counted around 30 or so people, mostly humans but with a few aliens in the mix, making their homes down in the barely-lit, cavernous room. On several of their cheeks, Jacob spotted the distinctive X mark that had been showcased in the video. And on all of their faces, Jacob saw despair and resignation. A dour mood momentarily interrupted by the arrival of Jacob and his team of heavily armed marines and squadmates.

“They had it all set up and were in complete control of Omega in just a few days,” Gianna explained. “Almost as if they had been planning this out before Shepard and Cerberus even showed up here.” Pulling up her omni-tool, she displayed a map of Omega to the Orpheus team, the station divided evenly into areas highlighted in red, yellow, and blue, along with a small section near the top in green. “Whole station has been split up into Blood Pack, Eclipse, and Blue Suns territory, with Balak and his personal guard perched right up on top. And all of them, along with most of Omega, getting a regular dose of hate gas pumped into their lungs. Makes all the non-humans on this station want to rape and abuse every human they see with just a few breaths.”

Jacob glanced over to the edge of the store room. Grunt had regained consciousness soon after they arrived at the small resistance HQ, and had spent the time since then sitting in a corner, staring morosely into space. Jacob reminded himself to have a talk with the young krogan as soon as he was done here, and let Grunt know that what happened in the shuttle bay wasn’t his fault.

“So the gas affects all aliens, yeah?” Zaeed asked, jabbing a thumb over his shoulder at Javik. “So why wasn’t this bloke ready to rip our heads off up there?”

Finger and thumb to her chin, Rooker spoke up. “Considering the gas doesn’t affect humans… my guess would be Cerberus had to tailor the gas to work on every other race on Omega. Doubt they were expecting any protheans to pay a visit anytime soon, considering there’s only one of them.”

Nearby, Tali was standing next to the suited quarian, Len, studying a dome-shaped mechanical device resting on a workbench. “This is what’s distributing the gas?”

“One of the little bosh’tets driving Omega crazy, yeah,” Len said, tapping a finger down on the inert device. “Who knows how many of them there are, but it’s enough to blanket the entire station with that messed-up gas. And all of them equipped with a cloaking device that makes it nearly impossible to find them. I got lucky and spotted Cerberus planting this one, and Gianna saw another one getting set up that we were able to disable. But without seeing the rest getting planted, we have no way of detecting where they are.”

“Not that we’d be able to search for them,” Bray chimed in. “Balak and his followers may not know about the gas, but they’ve managed to figure out that the aliens in the resistance never come out of hiding without wearing breathers or helmets. We can’t operate out in the open anymore, and there’s only so much we can do hiding in the shadows. Raiding your supply drop was the first operation we’ve dared to pull off in the past three days.” Looking over Jacob and his team, he let
out a gruff laugh. “Looks like we hit the lottery on this one.”

Tali let out a gasp as she continued studying the gas dispersion device. “Jacob, this… this is it,” she turned and looked up at the commander with eyes widened in excitement. “The circuitry in this thing, it’s not just for the gas deployment. It’s what’s controlling the oculus drones outside the Omega 4 relay.”

“Oculus drones?” Gianna said, staring at Jacob in confusion. “Maybe it’s time you all filled me in on what brought you to this little slice of hell on a rock.”

And over the next few minutes, Jacob gave them the whole story. How the “Shepard” that joined Cerberus was a clone created by that same organization during the Reaper war. How she and Cerberus had abducted the real Shepard and several of her comrades. And how the Orpheus had been stopped at the Omega 4 relay by several well-armed oculus drones, being piloted by some sort of VI operating on Omega.

“So that’s what those programming nodes is for,” Len exclaimed after Jacob was finished. “Saw that these things were running a neural network with long-range communication capabilities, but had no idea what purpose that could possibly serve here on Omega. Guess it wasn’t on the station after all.”

Jacob shook his head, the true nature of what was happening on Omega finally hitting him. “Goddamnit, all of this… this whole situation on Omega… Cerberus set it up just to make it harder for us to disable their drones. Drove all of the non-humans on this station into a violent frenzy and subjected the humans to this nightmare… just to stall us. I knew Brooks and the clone were insane, but I never could have imagined this.”

Gianna made a frustrated noise. “Still having a hard time wrapping my head around this clone business. But either way, seems like we all have the same goal here: get rid of these goddamn rape gas nodes or whatever they are and bring Omega back to normal. Still have the issue of not being able to find the damn things, though.”

“I believe I can help with that,” Tali said, accessing her omni-tool. “From the information I was able to pull off the drones outside the relay, I should be able to decrypt their communication signals and retrieve the exact locations of the neural network nodes. And from what Len has shown me regarding disabling the devices, I should be able to bring them down in just a few minutes. We'll still have to disable each one individually, unfortunately, but at least it will be an easy process once we find them.”

“No kidding?” Len said to Tali, and made an appreciative whistle behind his bio-suit’s mask when she nodded. “Well, hot damn, glad to have you on our team.” He paused, then added in a quieter tone. “Damn, if all the ladies back home are as smart and attractive as you, Ms. vas Rannoch, then I guess I should have caught a ship there a long time ago.”

Garrus shot a glance at the male quarian, but Gianna spoke up and defused any potential tension. “Shit, this is the first good news I’ve heard since this whole pathetic attempt at a ‘resistance’ got started,” she said to Jacob. “If we can find the gas nodes, we can start disabling them and bring some sanity back to Omega’s citizens. Once we do that, we can start building up our ranks and do more than give Balak a soft kick to the shin every now and then.”

“All right,” Jacob said. “Getting people is one thing. Arming them could be quite another. All we brought is our own personal weapons, and it sounds like your group isn’t exactly swimming in firearms at the moment.”
This got a laugh out of Gianna. “Well, if your quarian friend here can search a particular district on
the border of the Blue Suns and Eclipse section, and find the gas node there, I know where there’s
a warehouse full of weapons we can get our hands on. Never could have taken it with the people I
had before, but now that you all are here… we might just be able to get our hands on all of the late
Delston’s sweet, sweet contraband.”

Jacob watched as the mood of the four resistance leaders brightened. Even the relatively quiet drell
in the tattered robe let a smile creep onto his face. “Praise be to Arashu, for delivering your sihas to
us,” Kolyat muttered.

Immediately the group sprang into action. Tali continued to talk with Len about how to calibrate
his omni-tool to detect the gas nodes, while Gianna pulled up the schematic of Omega again,
rattling off details to Jacob’s team and pointing out various areas where the first strikes could be
carried out. Before, the entire group of resistance fighters had seemed defeated, on the verge of
surrender. But now an energy filled the room, as if they were feeling hope for the very first time
since Omega was invaded.

Jacob heard a raspy chuckle from behind him, and turned to face Garrus. “Getting a team together
on Omega, lurking in the shadows and planning our next attack… brings back a lot of memories,”
the turian said. “Matter of fact, think I might…”

Just as Garrus was continuing his thought, Jacob heard a chime from his omni-tool. Gianna glanced
over at him and frowned. “Hope you enjoy one-sided conversations, Commander Taylor,” Gianna
said. “Comms can come into Omega, but without the decryption key you won’t be able to get
anything out.” Glancing over at Bray, she gave him a smirk. “Wish we had known about that
before I spent all that time recording a distress call that nobody would ever get to hear. I really
thought I did a good reading on that, too. Gave it a real sense of gravitas and ‘please come soon or
we’re all fucked.’”

“Well, Tali should be able to bypass that encryption eventually, so maybe you’ll get your moment
in the spotlight after all,” Jacob said with a slight smile, while pulling up the communications app
on his omni-tool. He expected it to be Cortez, trying to reach him and check on their status.

But expectations, just like dreams, were meant to be shattered. And in less than a minute, Jacob’s
smile faded from his face, as his expectations lay in shards.
“Hi, there, Jacob! Long time, no see!”

Brooks waved into the camera, a cloying smile on her face. The video image was pulled in tight on her face, giving the viewer no clues as to her current location.

“So sorry we haven’t stayed in touch since Ontarom,” Brooks spoke into the camera, her tone casually conversational. “How’ve you been, old friend? That hunk of garbage you flying around still in one piece?” She smirked at the camera. “Oh, right. You can’t answer me, can you? Considering I’m only getting static from your end, looks like you’re under a communications block. And that tells me exactly where you are right now.”

Raising up her hands, Brooks gave the camera several light claps. “Congratulations are in order, I suppose. I honestly didn’t think you’d get as far as you did. But you actually made it to Omega. Hope you’re enjoying yourself in Balak’s little kingdom. Did you bring all those alien friends of Shepard’s along with you? Can only imagine how much they’re enjoying the… atmosphere on that dirty hunk of floating rock.”

Holding up a palm as if in response to some imaginary complaint, Brooks lightly chuckled. “I know, I know. ‘Get to the point, Maya.’ Well, I guess you were feeling guilty about taking out some of my people back on Ontarom. So guilty that you decided to lend me one of yours before we left.” Some of the friendliness drained out of Brooks’s tone as she continued. “Yes, as you no doubt noticed once your tracking signal went away, we found your little spy. Would you like to see her, Jacob? See how well we’ve been treating her?”

Brooks made a gesture with her hand, and the camera pulled back to reveal the room where Brooks was recording: what looked like an opulent lounge in some well-maintained mansion. Red velvet walls and comfortable looking sofas accentuated the ostentatious surroundings. Only one thing looked out of place: situated in the center of the room was a wooden sawhorse-looking piece of furniture. Padded at the top and with hooks on the top of either end to secure manacles to.

And on top of the sawhorse, naked and staring into space, was Kasumi. She had been placed on her stomach across the length of the bondage device. Her wrists were handcuffed together and secured to the sawhorse on one end, while her legs were bent upwards and her ankles chained to the other end. Her current bound position left her barely able to move, not that she seemed to make any effort to struggle. The blank look in her eyes made her seem hardly even aware of her current surroundings.

“As you can see, Kasumi’s been having a wonderful time with us,” Brooks said, walking over to the bound thief and crouching to match eye level with her. With the camera now pulled out, the viewer could now see that Brooks was in her underwear, her dark skin accentuated by a lacy black bra and matching thong panties. “Isn’t that right, Miss Goto? Haven’t you been getting the royal treatment here at this station?”

Brooks waited for a response, but Kasumi continued to stare blankly ahead. “You’ll have to forgive her, Jacob,” Brooks said into the camera, reaching up to stroke Kasumi’s hair as she grinned into the camera. “I think our good doctor might have given her a bad batch of one of his treatments. Think she might not be up to talking at the moment.”

Standing back up, Brooks stared into the camera with a crooked smile. “But don’t worry if you’re
missing her lovely voice, Jacob. Because, as it turns out, one of my men managed to hack into her omni-tool and get access to her cute little audio diaries. And some of the things she had to say just before you decided to lend her to us… well, you should probably hear it for yourself.”

Pulling up an omni-tool, Brooks made several taps on the holographic interface. After a few moments, Kasumi’s voice could be heard.

_I can’t believe it. Last night with Jacob was… I can’t even find the words to describe it. It wasn’t anything like I had ever imagined it… somehow it was even better. It almost makes me feel guilty, being so happy right now when Shepard and our friends are in danger. But that whole night was just so unbelievable. And not just the sex either, although you’ll get no complaints from this little Japanese cat burglar on that account. It was lying in bed with him afterward that I started thinking… look, I always knew Jacob was an absolute dreamboat. But spending the night with him, his arms around me… I started feeling those same butterflies from when Keiji and I first got together. Maybe Jacob and I… maybe he’s got more to offer than just rock-hard abs and a gorgeous smile. Maybe… this might actually be something with a future._

At the sound of her own voice extolling her feelings for Jacob, the first hint of a reaction came to Kasumi’s face since the video had started. Her teeth gritted as she stared down at the floor, and it was obvious that she was fighting with every ounce of self-control she had to not let the tears start falling from her eyes.

“Isn’t that just the sweetest thing you’ve ever heard?” Brooks said to the camera. “You made her so happy, Jacob. But despite all that you had together, you were still willing to risk your newfound relationship by sending her up against us, all alone. Now that’s leadership, right there. Again, kudos to you, Jacob, for being willing to make the tough choices. However, as Shepard would no doubt tell you, sometimes plans don’t work out. Sometimes you fuck up. So consider what I’m about to show you as a learning experience. Of the kind of things you’ll have to learn to accept when you go up against an enemy like us… and fail.”

Brooks beckoned someone off-camera with a finger. A scarred, tattooed man without a stitch of clothing on stepped into camera view. As Brooks watched with eager eyes, he positioned himself behind Kasumi, lining up his erect prick with her naked pussy.

“Ooh, not just yet,” Brooks chided the man. “I want Jacob to have the best seat in the house for this.” Taking control of the camera, she moved it into a position with a close-up view of the man’s cock. The head of his prick rubbed against the lips of Kasumi’s twat, the man gripping his manhood by the base and slowly stroking it up and down Kasumi’s unprotected crotch.

“What do you think, Jacob?” Brooks said, pointing to the man’s cock and arching an eyebrow. “Bigger than yours? Think your darling Kasumi will enjoy this one as much as she did when she was begging for yours? You know, just before you kicked her off your ship and sent her out on her own to get captured? Guess we’ll just have to find out.”

Brooks glanced up at the man and nodded. Needing no further encouragement, the man thrust forward, impaling Kasumi on his cock.

“Nnngh!” Kasumi let out a pained grunt, as the cock forced its way into her dry snatch. She bit her lip to keep from screaming as the thick shaft shoved deep into her inner passage, her rapist grabbing onto her hips to begin fucking her at a rapid pace.

Brooks watched the violent rape with pursed lips and sultry eyes. “That’s the way, Mr. Dolinski. Give it to her nice and rough. Let Jacob see how a real man fucks a hot little bitch like Miss Goto here.” Glancing over to the camera, Brooks cocked her head. “Still watching, Jacob? I know you
are, because I can see your connection status despite the encryption on Omega. Guess you’re enjoying the show.”

Reaching for something out of view, Brooks held up an M-3 Predator pistol for the camera. “Oh, but just a fair warning: if I see that you do end up breaking the connection, then I’ll have to assume you got bored with this all. That you don’t care enough about your darling Kasumi to suffer along with her. And if that’s the case… well, I suppose she doesn’t serve much purpose to me anymore. So if you close out of this video, Jacob, I’ll just have to call back again. Only this time, it’ll be to show you Miss Goto with a bullet in her head.”

The man fucking Kasumi started making vulgar grunts. Soon, he was pulling his cock out of her, jerking himself off and spilling his cum across her naked ass. No sooner did the satisfied man walk off-camera, then he was replaced by an equally naked man, who moved himself into position between Kasumi’s forcibly spread legs and began fucking her again.

“There was something I told you back on Ontarom, Jacob,” Brooks said, walking over to crouch again next to Kasumi’s pained face and moving the camera to get a good shot at her captive’s wide-eyed stare. Off-camera, the low slap of skin against skin let the viewer know that the next man in line was still pounding away at Kasumi’s snatch. “Remember how I said that you’d lose more than you could possibly imagine? Well, I must confess: that was a bit of an empty threat at the time. Honestly, I just wanted to say something bad-ass before we high-tailed it out of there. So, I really must thank you, Jacob, for sending Kasumi to us all wrapped up with a bow. Now I can show you just how badly you have failed, and what lies in store for you if you continue to oppose us.”

Brooks moved the camera back to Kasumi’s backside, just as the second man grunted and blew his load across Kasumi’s sweaty flesh. Less than a minute later, he was replaced by a third. “You should see the line we’ve got out there, Jacob,” Brooks said. “Lot of guys here are just dying to take a crack at the greatest thief in the galaxy.” She turned her attention to Kasumi’s latest rapist. “How you liking it, Mr. Bowers? Enjoying having your cock inside of Jacob’s girlfriend?”

The man with the orange mohawk grinned into the camera. “It’s the fucking best,” Bowers said, pausing to deliver a hard slap to Kasumi’s backside as he continued to fuck her pussy. “You should feel this shit, Jacob. I don’t think your girl was into it when we started, but now she’s dripping wet. Fuck, she’s loving this shit. Guess she was getting sick of that limp Alliance dick. But don’t worry, man. Me and my boys will be giving her all the cock she could possibly handle. Courtesy of Ce… ow!”

Bowers paused for a moment in his thrusts, as Brooks delivered a jab to his side with the barrel of her pistol. “Do you ever shut the fuck up, Bowers?” she snapped at him. “Jeez, way to hog the spotlight. After all, we all know who the real star of the show is.”

Moving the camera again, pointing it directly into Kasumi’s stunned face, Brooks gave her a light pat on the cheek as Bowers resumed fucking her. “Anything you want to say to Jacob, my dear? Might be the last chance you get to speak to him before all of those men out there fuck your brains out.”

For a moment, Kasumi simply kept staring into space. Finally, she blinked, and her wet eyes locked onto the camera. “Don’t…” she muttered. “Don’t worry about me. Do what… what you have to do to… to stop Cerb…”

Rapidly, Brooks’s hand shot up, clapping against Kasumi’s mouth and silencing her next words. “Ugh, you’re boring me,” Brooks said disdainfully. “So clichéd, I swear. ‘I’ll be alright. Don’t blame yourself.’”
Speaking into the camera, Brooks shook her head. “And it’s bullshit, too. Because you should blame yourself, Jacob. This is your fault, after all. Whose else would it be?” Looking off camera, Brooks pulled her hand away from Kasumi’s face and called out. “This bitch hasn’t got anything interesting to say. Might as well put her mouth to better use.”

Brooks stood up and moved aside, to allow one of the men waiting off-camera to head to the other side of the sawhorse and present his cock in front of Kasumi’s face. Numbly, knowing there was no point in resisting, Kasumi opened her lips to allow the thick shaft into her mouth. Before long, Kasumi was getting pounded from both ends. One man fucking her pussy from behind, while the other gripped the sides of her head and raped her face.

“Well, much as I’d love to force you to sit and watch your precious Kasumi entertain every last cock on this station, I know you’re a busy man, Jacob,” Brooks said. She moved to stand by the side of the sawhorse, making sure that she was on camera and framed on either side by the two men screwing Kasumi at each end. “Before we say goodbye, though, I’m actually going to make you an offer. A little peace offering, just between me and you. Bring your ship to the relay, right now, and we’ll deactivate the drones. No need to spend any more time on Omega. Just fly your ship right up to the relay, and we’ll let you come through and pay us a visit. I’m sure Kasumi would be thrilled to see you, along with the rest of our guests.”

Reaching down, Brooks slapped a hand on Kasumi’s naked, cum-stained backside, a loud crack echoing across the room from the forceful impact. “Who knows? We might even let you have your girlfriend back before my men have stretched out her cunt too badly. Mmm, speaking of which…”

As the man screwing Kasumi from behind finished off, Brooks held a hand up to motion back the next man eager to take his place. Setting aside her pistol and reaching down to the waistband of her panties, Brooks casually slid them down and dropped them to the floor. Next, she inserted a Sultana cock into her pussy, and as the shade of the high-tech phallus shifted to make her own skin tone, Brooks thrust her hips forward, taking her own turn inside of Kasumi’s twat.

“Oooh, that’s good.” Brooks said, turning the camera to face her as she rocked Kasumi’s helpless body with savage thrusts into her twat. “You’re a lucky man, Jacob. Getting to fuck a hot little bitch must have been amazing. I can’t imagine having the nerve to send pussy like this away. But you can have her back if you want. Just as long as you bring your ship to the relay. Just think: right now it could be your cock inside of this hot little cunt, instead of mine and every last one on this station.”

Brooks directed the camera back to the front of the sawhorse, just as one of the anonymous rapists pulled his cock out of her mouth and shot his cum across Kasumi’s expressionless face. Kasumi stared mutely as another man quickly replaced him, and her mouth was quickly occupied once again with sucking dick.

“See you at the relay soon, I hope,” Brooks said, as the camera pointed back at her grinning face again. “As you can see… we’ll be keeping ourselves entertained while we wait. Ta ta for now!”

Brooks blew a kiss at the camera, and the connection went dead.
“Jacob! Jacob, calm down!”

With an enraged cry, Jacob drove his fist into the nearest object he could find. He ignored the agonizing pain that flared up as his knuckles impacted against the metal crate, and he would have most likely broken every bone in his hand punching the thick metal again and again, if Rooker and Riggs hadn’t grabbed his arms and yanked him away.

“You better calm him down, fast,” Gianna said, glancing nervously around, as Jacob bellowed in rage. “Balak’s patrols don’t come down here often, but if one of them hears him …”

“Please, commander! This is exactly what they want, sir,” Rooker exclaimed to Jacob, raising her voice to be heard over her commander’s furious shouts. “To get you angry, irrational. Have you make decisions that will get you and the rest of us killed. You can’t let them win, sir!”

Riggs grabbed onto Jacob with all of his strength, struggling against his superior officer’s attempts to free himself. “Commander, what she said about going to the Omega 4 relay. It’s a trap. She…”

“Dammit, don’t you think I know that?” Jacob turned to Riggs with blazing eyes. “I’m not an idiot, Private! But that doesn’t make knowing what they’re doing to Kasumi any easier, does it? It doesn’t make me feel any goddamn better about sending her out there and letting them… them…”

There was a quiet hush across the previously bustling room. All of Jacob’s team had seen some part of the horrible video Cerberus had broadcast to his omni-tool. Most had turned away long before it was over, but the sight of it had brought a heavy pall over their group. They didn’t say it out loud, but most of them were thinking the same thing: *If that’s what they’re doing to Kasumi… what are they doing to Shepard and the rest of our friends? What have they been doing all this time while we’ve been trying, and failing, to rescue them?*

It was a terrible wake-up call for all of them. A vivid picture of just what they were dealing with, and the depraved nature of this new enemy. Even seeing what Cerberus had done to Omega hadn’t been quite as disturbing as watching one of their comrades being tortured in such a horrific fashion.

“Regardless, what she said wasn’t true,” Rooker forcefully asserted, even as Jacob’s struggling started to taper off. “The only people at fault here are the sick bastards on the other side of the Omega 4 relay. And I promise you, sir, that once we accomplish our mission here on Omega and bring down their defenses… we’re going to make every last one of those Cerberus bastards pay for what they’ve done. To Kasumi and to everyone else they’ve victimized.”

Taking several deep breaths, Jacob clenched his fists and finally started to calm down. “You’re right, Rooker,” Jacob responded. “As horrible as it all is… this doesn’t change our mission. We’re going to find all of the gas nodes and disable them, bring down those drones… and then we’re going through the Omega 4 relay and finish Cerberus once and for all.”

The group nodded, trying their best not to think about what they had just witnessed, and focusing their attention on the mission ahead. Still, the previous excitement that had filled them had been dampened considerably, and their planning for the fight against Balak took on a somber air.

“So, Jacob, I was saying before,” Garrus said, approaching the commander warily. “I think I might have an idea for how to make the most impact here on Omega.”
“What’s that, Garrus?” Jacob said. There was a notable strain in his voice but, for now at least, he appeared to have recovered his composure. “You have some turian war tactics we can put to use?

Garrus rubbed at his scarred face. “You might say that. Although I was thinking something a little more… psychological than tactical. Think it might be time for a particular Omega legend to come back from the grave.”
Part 4: Dejection; Deception; Defection (Adamanthea Station, Restricted Section, Testing Area)

She woke in silence and darkness. Letting out a gasp, Sam tried to move, only to find her arms held in place by some sort of restraints. Trying her legs, she found her ankles similarly bound. Wherever she was, she appeared to have been fastened onto some sort of examining table. She was laying almost horizontal, with her arms outstretched and her legs forced open, and she could feel cold metal against her skin.

What’s going on? Sam thought to herself, trying to piece together what had happened. The last thing she remembered was Henneman coming to her and Kelly’s quarters. Saying something had happened to Kelly, and then she… she didn’t remember what happened next.

Kelly! Sam felt the panic rise inside her. Henneman had said that Kelly had had some sort of breakdown. What had happened to her? Was she okay? Sam tried her best not to assume the worst, but considering that Sam’s status as Kelly’s “bitch” was the only thing keeping her safe up to this point… she couldn’t help but run the worst case scenarios in her head.

Please be alright, Kelly, Sam thought to herself, just as the door to the room she was in opened with a quiet swish. In the dim light coming from outside, Sam could make out two silhouettes approaching her helpless body. Legs spread open, Sam thought to herself, shuddering as she realized what was most likely to come. The perfect position for these sick freaks to make use of me.

And just as she had feared, Sam could see one of the shadows stepping to move between her legs. As the door to the room slid shut, Sam was once again plunged into near blackness. Her eyes slowly adjusted, enough to see the dark shape above her, just as she felt something begin to rub against the lips of her bare twat.

Don’t scream, Sam thought to herself, even as her stomach roiled at the sensation of something beginning to force itself inside of her. Don’t give them the satisfaction. She gritted her teeth and clenched her fists as she felt herself being penetrated. Whatever it was, sex toy or flesh-and-blood cock, it was thick and long, and whoever possessed the massive phallus seemed to take a sick pleasure in forcing it into Sam as slowly as possible.

Sam winced as the cock slid out of her, only to thrust inside of her again. It was sobig. Much bigger than any of the sex toys Kelly had been forced to use on Sam for Morgan’s sick entertainment. She could feel every inch of the massive rod grinding against her inner walls, pushing and invading and violating her again and again. As the unknown rapist begin fucking her at a steady pace, Sam could feel a pair of hands roughly grabbing and kneading at her breasts. Every ounce of her wanted to reach up and slap the unwanted touch away, but her arms remained firmly locked in place.

“You…” Sam gasped, pleading with the unknown Cerberus rapist. “Please, just tell me where Kelly is. Do what… whatever you want to me, just…”

She cried out, tears spilling from her eyes as a hand grabbed onto her hair and roughly yanked her head, twisting her neck to the side. As she took in a gasping breath, she felt something hot against her lips. Before she knew it, her mouth was filled with a warm, soft mass, and she knew that the second person in the room was about to get their use out of her as well.

Mentally, she tried to distance herself from it all. Pretend that it was all just some bad dream, or that it was just another show that she and Kelly were putting on for their captors. Numbly, she
worked her tongue around the hard cock inside of her mouth, fighting back her disgust at the taste of it. Due to her lack of experience on the subject, she had no idea if it was a man’s real penis, or one of those Sultana sex toys. Whatever it was, Sam knew that she would need to pleasure it to the best of her ability, if she wanted this horrid experience to end anytime soon. So she licked the massive rod between her lips, sucking on the thick mass with as much energy as she could muster. All while the other rapist continued furiously pounding a steady beat between her legs.

As the assault continued, the first rapist let out a low moan. The hands left Sam’s breasts, only for the unknown person to grunt and lean their weight forward. In the darkness, Sam felt the shadow’s warm, sweat-soaked flesh rubbing against her body. And could fell a pair of tits pressing against hers, as the cock continued forcing its way inside of her again and again.

And just then, Sam knew. *It’s them,* she thought to herself, all of her worst fears realized. *Karlie and Nerine, finally getting the shot at me they had missed before.* In her mind, Sam saw the memory of Kelly’s horrified face, as she had watched Sam attempting to seduce the two horny Phantoms as part of her scheme to drive them away. She and Kelly had fought so hard to prevent this all from happening, but now it seemed that time had run out. *I just hope you’re okay, Kelly,* Sam thought to herself, as the pleasured grunts of her two female rapists started to fill the darkened room. *I’ll endure whatever I have to, just as long as you’re alright.*

She lost track of time as it all continued. It might have been minutes, hours… she had no way of knowing. All she could do was mindlessly continue licking and sucking on the Sultana cock in her mouth, trying her best to get off the horny Phantom in as short a time as possible.

Despite the horror of her current circumstances, Sam couldn’t help but notice that, aside from their muffled grunts of pleasure, Karlie and Nerine hadn’t said a word since this whole thing had started. Not to her, or to each other. Sam would have expected them to be laughing with each other about finally getting to screw Sam after being denied before. Or taunting Sam about Kelly’s fate, which at the very least would have given Sam an answer as far as what had happened to her girlfriend.

But no. They just continued fucking her twat and mouth without a word, seeming to get a perverse thrill from drawing this out as long as possible. Eventually, though, Sam’s amateur oral efforts had their desired effect, and Sam fought the urge to gag as she could feel hot fluids begin to fill her mouth. She swallowed down the warm jizz as it flooded her mouth in a vulgar, sticky torrent. Better to swallow the hot fluids then to drown in them, although considering the likely fate of Kelly, Sam started to wonder if choking on fake cum might not be the worst way to go.

Not long after one of the Phantoms started to cum, Sam could feel the cock in her pussy start to throb and swell, before the warm sensation of cum filling her insides almost made her vomit up the jizz she had just swallowed down. She could hear the Phantom between her legs laughing to herself as she stood up straight, pulling her Sultana out of Sam’s gaped-open pussy.

“Goddamn, you weren’t kidding,” said a woman’s voice above her. One that Sam didn’t recognize as Karlie’s or Nerine’s. One that almost sounded like… no. No, it couldn’t be.

The lights in the room came on in an instant, and Sam was suddenly faced with two shocking revelations in a horrifying flash of light.

The first: it hadn’t been Karlie or Nerine between her legs.

Staring down at Sam’s prone form, the sweat of rough sex seeping through her new Cerberus uniform, Jack gave her a grin.

“This bitch of yours really is one hell of a fuck,” Jack said, responding to the shock on Sam’s face
by laughing even harder.

The second revelation: it hadn’t been Sultanas inside of her.

Glancing down, Sam saw that Jack’s uniform pants had been unzipped. And from out of the sweaty fabric, between Jack’s legs, was a cock. Not a Sultana or strap-on sex toy, but a real, flesh-and-blood cock. Massive, with a pair of balls dangling below the veiny shaft and with a few drops of jizz still dripping from its head.

“Didn’t I tell you?” said a voice to Sam’s side. And with the sound of that voice came revelation three. The most horrifying one of all.

Turning her head to look, even as all of her instincts told her not to, Sam saw that all of her fears regarding her girlfriend’s fate paled in comparison to reality.

Stroking her own cock, a match for Jack’s new piece of anatomy in every way, Kelly stared down at Sam with an evil smile.

“My bitch is the best fuck on this entire station,” Kelly said, her tone caustic and viciously cruel. “Aren’t you, bitch?”

“Well, how about you give me a shot at that mouth of hers while you take your turn with her cunt?” Jack suggested. “After that, we can let the rest of the station know that this hot little slut is open for business.”

“That’s the best idea you’ve ever had, Jack,” Kelly said, as she and Jack moved to swap positions. The two exchanged a high-five as they passed each other, and Kelly grinned down at Sam as she moved between her horrified girlfriend’s legs.

It was at the point where Kelly’s cock forcefully penetrated her that, thankfully, Sam lost consciousness.
Part 4: Dejection; Deception; Defection (Omega)

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

“Move it, vermin!” Rasul Parlan barked at the train of human slaves, laying a hand on the pistol at his hip for emphasis. “We’re already running late as it is. Stop dragging those hideous five-toed feet and get moving!”

He was never quite sure if the humans were stalling on purpose, or if it was just his salarian metabolism that made it seem to him like the aggravating little animals were moving at a snail’s pace. Either way, he couldn’t help but be frustrated. Both at the time it was taking to get this over with, and with being assigned to this chore in the first place.

The humans looked down at the ground, chains around their necks keeping in them in a line as they were led through the streets of Omega by Rasul and the other three Eclipse enforcers (the preferred term for their new roles on this station. They were “mercs” no longer, according to their leader Nylina, but enforcers of Balak’s rule over all of Omega). The humans hadn’t been told what was going to happen to them, but no doubt they had guessed. To freshen things up in each territory, and to keep things civil between their groups, the three enforcer factions would occasionally meet up for slave trades. Rasul didn’t envy this group, since they were currently on their way to be exchanged to the Blood Pack. Probably was going to be a shock, going from pleasuring asari cunts all day to heading into a den of krogan and vorcha cocks. Not to mention some of the rumors Rasul had heard about what those sick weirdos did with their varren…

But whatever. Humans were little more than cattle in the end. Hard to care too much about what happened to them. And besides, Eclipse would be getting a new crop of slaves in return. It was strange: up until recently, Rasul had been like most salarians. He hardly had any interest in relations with his own species, much less with humans. But now, he found himself eagerly anticipating the next round of captives to be added to Eclipse’s roster of sex toys. He was lucky in one sense: while most of his comrades flocked to the females, Rasul found that the males of the species were quite adept at pleasing their masters as well. He was looking forward to seeing what sort of cocks the Blood Pack had been keeping locked up in their pens all this time, and getting as much use out of them as he could once they arrived back at base.

“No, that way, you idiots,” yelled out the other Eclipse enforcer minding the front of the line, jabbing a finger in the direction of Blood Pack territory. Rasul fought the urge to groan at the sound of her voice. Despite his anticipation at the new group of slaves, the task of trading for them was still one of the most miserable parts of his job. Not only for the process of moving them, but the partner that he had been assigned. The dark-skinned asari glanced over at Rasul and rolled her eyes. “Humans, am I right? Guess we’re lucky they ever managed to figure out walking in the first place.”

“Yeah, lucky,” Rasul said, trying his best not to encourage her. If they got talking about humans, it would be just the opportunity for her to bring up…

“I mean, like that time I was on Nos Astra,” his partner started in, and Rasul fought the urge to scream. By all the gods in the galaxy, not again! “All I had to do was put on a big show of, ‘Oh, I’m so scared! Please don’t hurt me!’ and that idiot Shepard just let me walk away. Can you believe it? What a stupid human!”

Was it an asari thing? They lived an average of 25 or so salarian lifespans, so maybe they didn’t
mind telling the same damn stories over and over again with all of the centuries ahead of them. But as Elnora started in on what must have been her 20th retelling of the time she had outwitted Commander Shepard on Illium, it took all of Rasul’s willpower not to pull out his pistol and shoot the yammering asari between the eyes.

“And then I said, ‘I’m not one of them! I’m new!,’” Elnora continued her story, oblivious to Rasul’s obvious annoyance. “And then… wait, hold up. What’s going on up there?”

Rasul blinked, realizing after a second that Elnora had stopped talking about Shepard and returning to reality. He followed her stare to the road ahead of them. “What the… dammit,” Rasul said. It looked like an old hovercar had caught fire somehow, the old beater sitting in the middle of the road and blocking the path ahead. Rasul searched for another way through along the main road, but the route into Blood Pack territory appeared to be completely blocked. “Just what we need right now.”

From behind them, Rasul heard Morto, one of the rear guards. “There’s another path through the maintenance tunnels,” he called out. “Make a right through that alleyway and we can make it to Blood Pack territory through there.”

Rasul didn’t like it. It wasn’t that they presented much of a threat, after all. But the maintenance tunnels were just the sort of place where they might run into an ambush by the paltry remains of the anti-Balak resistance. Regardless, they were running late, and Rasul wasn’t in the mood to deal with a bunch of pissed-off krogans. With a gesture, he directed the train of slaves down the alleyway. Taking the lead, he entered in the access code for the maintenance area and kept his eyes peeled as he took point through the doorway.

Seeing no sign of trouble, he directed the slaves through the door. Smoke hung thick in the area in the narrow passageway, making visibility difficult. As Rasul headed through the dim maintenance area, their group reached a narrow walkway overlooking a deep crevice. The pit below them was full of pipes and conduits, which snaked around the cavernous area before disappearing into the blackness below. There were similar walkways to the one they were crossing above and below them, and immediately Rasul felt that odd foreboding again. Something was wrong about this. Lots of places for someone to ambush them. And with all this smoke, they’d probably never see it coming.

Elnora, however, didn’t seem to detect the potential danger, as she and Rasul led the slave convoy across the metal walkway. “So, what was I talking about?” she asked, despite Rasul being unable to come up with any potential topic she might have chosen other than her all-time favorite. “Oh, right. After I got out of there, Shepard tried to rat me out to Anaya, but by that time I was already long gone from Nos Astra. Almost would have liked it if she had tracked me down, just to get another shot at tricking the stupid bitch. Who knows, though? Maybe Balak will get his wish, and Shepard ends up showing up on Omega. I bet I could fool her again… hell, I bet I could convince her to step right into one of our slave pens and…”

“Quiet!” Rasul said, holding up a hand and calling a halt to the march. Through the smoke, Rasul could see a figure standing in front of them, blocking their path. He couldn’t make out their face, or even what race they were, through the thick fog filling the area. But from the way they casually stood in front of them, almost as if waiting for their arrival, Rasul had a feeling that his or her presence there was no coincidence.

Elnora, finally shutting her trap for once, made a reach for her pistol. “You there! Hands in the air! Identify your…”
The asari’s words were cut off by a sharp crack, and Rasul felt a splash of purple blood against his cheek. He turned just in time to see Elnora’s lifeless body spin and tumble over the railing down into the darkness below.

“Weapons out, eve…” Rasul started to say, before what felt like a hard punch hit him in his shoulder. Letting out a pained cry, he fell to his knees onto the walkway, clutching at his newly-acquired bullet wound. Behind him, he could hear Morto and the other enforcer at the back of the line yelling out, before their cries were swiftly silenced by the soft sound of muffled gunfire.

Looking up and struggling to not lose consciousness, Rasul watched as the figure in front of them approached. A turian, Rasul was able to determine as he moved closer. Blue Suns pulling a double cross on us? Trying to steal our slaves?

But Rasul saw no markings on the turian’s armor. Nor any on the four or so individuals who followed right behind him. As the turian at the head of the group pulled out his pistol and aimed it at Rasul’s head, the other members of his group made their way around their apparent leader, and towards the slaves. Behind him, Rasul could hear the sound of chains being cut, and tearful thanks from the humans as they were freed from their bonds.

The turian stared down at Rasul, his eyes hidden behind the tinted glass of his helmet. As one hand continued to point the weapon at him, the other reached to his back. Rasul flinched as the turian tossed something in his direction, only to realize that it was a tube of medi-gel.

“What’s your name?” the turian asked.

“R… Rasul,” he responded, snatching up the medi-gel and applying it to his wound. For whatever reason, it appeared that this mysterious turian wanted him alive, at least for now. And Rasul wasn’t about to look a gift varren in the mouth.

“Rasul, I need you to do something for me,” the turian said. “There’s a message I’m going to need you to deliver to Nylina. Can you do that for me?”

Rasul quickly nodded. He watched as the turian’s comrades led the freed slaves down the walkway and out of sight. Nylina’s not going to be happy about this one… but I’d rather take my chances with her than with this guy.

Crouching down to get at eye level with Rasul, the turian spoke in a cold, grave tone. “Tell Nylina that Archangel is back on Omega. That he’s coming for her, for Morg, for Vestron, and for Balak. And that this time, it’s going to take a lot more than a rocket to the face to stop him.”

Chapter End Notes

And with that, Part 4 of Slaves of Cerberus finally comes to an end. I appreciate your patience, and will do my best to ensure that Part 5, "Perfect Angel," features no year-plus interruptions. :)
So, an update:

Bit of a bittersweet post here.

First, the bad news: https://nakedowlman.tumblr.com/post/172900422684/never-maybe-maybe-never

And maybe not good news, depending on your perspective. But I'm excited about it at least: http://oolay-tiger.tumblr.com/post/172907828987/writer-announced

Hope some of you find some interest in my new project. But either way, sorry about that one last tease that I might finish this thing. But once you see the extended summaries I'm planning to post on my new Tumblr, hopefully you'll get a sense of why this was never gonna get done.

(Seriously, longer than the Lord of the Rings, and it's not even halfway done. WTF was I thinking?)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!