Psycho Killer, qu'est-ce que c'est

by Cloudy_Serendipity

Summary

Maya meets Krieg. There's explosions, blood, death and desperation, and a happy ending.

Notes

Inspired by and adapted from the Borderlands 2 intro, and taking aspects from Krieg's intro video (A Meat Bicycle Made for Two), and gameplay. I fell in love with Maya and Krieg whilst reading other member's works, they're just so raw!

Poop Train Anecdotes is going to be a collection of short stories about Krieg. No guarantees of humour or happy endings but I'll do my best for you guys.

This is my first attempt at posting something to AO3, and is only loosely edited. I started off doing this as part of NaNoWriMo this year but sadly was too busy to make the quota.

All Characters are owned by Gearbox et. al.
Meet the Meat

Days on Pandora were long. Longer than on Athenas anyway. And it was hot. Too damn hot.

In this godforsaken place there was scarcely a proper night. It was rare to say the least, only happening for a few rotations twice a cycle, when Pandora’s two suns were aligned and would sink below the horizon granting a boon of darkness.

Why had she even come here?

*Oh, right, yeah.*

She murdered her guardian, toppled the monastic Order of the Impending Storm – whom had raised her, and threw her whole planet into discord. After that, the only obvious solution was to run.

Becoming a vault hunter was easy. She said so, and was believed - no proof required.

She hopped on a transport freighter to another star system and vanished.

Pandora was rumoured to be home to many Eridian vaults.

Here, she aimed to make her fortune, learn about her origins, and kill bad guys; after all, she was born equipped.

None of it had been as easy as she thought.

Her desired fortune hadn’t come; people on Pandora looked to vault hunters to right the wrongs done to them, and those kinds of jobs didn’t pay well, if at all.

That was her current predicament.

Sat on a worn-down bench at the Wasteland Station, in the shade of the busted-up canopy, Maya contemplated all the fucked up decisions that had brought her right here, right now.

*It had been the right thing to do, rebelling against The Order.*

Sophis, her guardian, had groomed her into becoming the face of death for Athenasians who failed to obey.

They all feared her.

At first she liked the power, thrived on it. Some part of her still craved that control. But not like that, not killing innocents. Maya wasn’t about that life any more. But she wasn’t about protecting the weak either. Sure, she’d kill bad guys for a bit of cash or a decent looking piece of equipment, but being a hero…?

*Nahhh.*
Pandora’s two suns beat down on the Arids relentlessly. Heat shimmering in the distance looked like water. Tempting her.

She had 1 health vial left, a small one. If the train didn’t come soon, she would likely die from dehydration. There was nothing around, no skags or rakks even to grant her a second wind if she collapsed. There wasn’t even a Fast Travel, not that she could afford it.

Along the side of the track she saw movement. It was too dark to be a shimmer, too slow to be a vehicle, and too big to be a skag.

She stood, scoping her SMG for a better view.

“Is that… a psycho?” She frowned.

Moments later, sure enough, cresting a rise in the rough landscape, was a psycho. He was huge, more like a badass, but the proportions were all wrong.

Well, shit!

Maya kept her sights trained on the approaching hulk. He was still too far away for her SMG to be effective. At this point, she regretted selling her sniper for the train ticket north.

The psycho was sauntering, if that’s even something you could put in a sentence to describe psychos. Swinging his buzzaxe casually as he walked, not a care in the world. He tossed the axe in the air a few times, letting it spin above him before catching it by the handle, easy as you please. He saw her, stopping dead just out of range, staring, axe idle by his side.

She jumped down the steps, landing in the dust with an ‘oomph’. The gun stuttered to life, static charges crackling wherever her bullets struck. She absolutely had to take him down at a distance or she might not survive the encounter. There were no funds for a reconstruction, it’d be game over for her.

The psycho dodged, weaving side to side, taking a few bullets but not enough to do any real damage. He slid behind a boulder, muttering to himself.

Each time he peeked around the boulder she shot at him. Maybe if she could keep him there until the train came then she’d jump on and escape safely. There was no telling how long that would be, the trains came with no regularity, and she doubted she had enough bullets to last.

During a reload the Psycho screamed a battle cry and ran at her. She got her SMG up fast enough to scatter him off course, making him dive down onto the dirt, raging in frustration.

“TURN AROUND, PRETTY LADY!” He bellowed.

For a second she thought it was a ploy to distract her but suddenly she felt exposed. Reeling around she saw a group of bandit rats that had crawled out from under the station floor supports. She’d
completely missed that. One was running at her, too close to bring her gun up, too quickly for her to make a run for it.

Whumph! The sickeningly wet crushing sound of a skull being split filled her ears. The warm splash of blood on her face almost went unnoticed as she watched the bandit pitched sideways into the dirt, a huge buzzaxe protruding from the broken face.

“TEAR THE FLESH!”

Startled, she saw the psycho rushing into the frey, shotgun raised and firing.

The psycho had thrown his axe to save her.

*Maybe he just missed you.*

“BOOMTIME!” He screamed as explosives detonated in the group, scattering body parts all over him.

Maya quickly took down several of the rats nearby, the shocks sparkling through their prone bodies. By now there was no one left alive, the psycho had shredded them all.

“BLUE LADY MAKES CHRISTMAS MEAT!” He laughed maniacally, cackling behind his mask.

She kept her SMG aimed at him, but there was no sign of hostility. He merely looked at her with his one bloodshot eye, twitching, sweaty and restless from his exertions.

Movement behind him drew her eye. A survivor was crawling out from under a pile of other dead rats, his blade raised to strike the psycho. She could let him do it, but something in her said ‘save him.’

Her power was weak, but she had enough to deal with one rat. The phase-lock took instantly, lifting him up in a blue ball of energy. Twisting and screaming, he crumpled inside her field. Dead.

She felt the moment he passed, like a sudden breeze of cool air against damp skin at the nape of her neck. She shivered and dropped the body.

“Who are you?” She asked, narrowing her eyes to meet the psycho’s one-eyed stare.

He was all rippling muscles and scars. Crude iron armour adorned one arm and one leg, he had bandages haphazardly wrapped around other parts of his limbs. He wore only pants, a makeshift harness and a modified psycho mask with a bulky filter.

He seemed to consider her question before shouting. “*I'M THE CONDUCTOR OF THE POOP TRAIN!*”. Jubilantly he waved his buzzaxe in the air.

“Sure.” Maya couldn’t help but smirk. For a psycho he had remarkable control and even seemed to understand her. *He's different.* “Thanks for the help.”

Her voice had always been kind of flat, it went well with her sarcastic inclinations. She knew her gratefulness came across as insincere, it always did, but she figured the nuance would be lost on him anyway.

“SHUT UP!” He screamed, smacking himself in the side of the head a couple of times. “PRETTY
LADY MAKES GOOD PAIN!”

Putting her SMG away, she extended a hand to him. “Maya.” She said. “My name is Maya.”

The psycho looked like he was going to shake her hand, extending his gingerly, but instead he slapped hers away, cackling.

Well fuck you then. Asshole.

“MEAT BYCICLE KRIEG!” He shouted at her, continuing to laugh until he was bent over coughing harshly. He lifted his mask ever so slightly to spit blood into the dirt.

As quickly as it had come, her limited view of his face was gone. His mouth kind of looked normal, his jaw strong and smooth. There was no visible hair on him at all and she found herself wondering if it had been a result of the experiments he’d undoubtedly undergone, or whether it was a conscious choice. Did he shave?

“Your name is Krieg?” She watched him toeing an obviously interesting piece of dead bandit as if it held the secrets of creation. “Pleasure’s all yours I guess.” She said sardonically, huffing down in the shade again.

*Now we wait.*
The flies were the worst, attracted by the mulch of mixed bandit pieces left after the fight.

Not limiting themselves to the corpses out on the dirt, they landed on her face where the splash of bandit gore had hit her. She batted them away fruitlessly.

Krieg didn’t seem to care. He was pacing in the sun, spinning and tossing his axe. Occasionally he’d glance at Maya, and she’d catch him at it. Frowning, she watched as he ripped his gaze away shamefully.

The one eye she could see was clear, no longer bloodshot and angry.

“QUIET!” Krieg hit himself in the head with the flat side of the axe. “LITTLE MAN BLEED INSIDE TOO.” He grumbled, not quite a full-on shout.

Maya noticed he was, in fact, still bleeding from several bullet wounds in his chest and shoulders. With guilt she realised that she had been the cause.

“Hey! Muscles!” She called, beckoning him. “Lemme take a look at you. You’re bleeding.”

“MEAT PAIN GOOD!” He roared. “LITTLE MAN SQUISHY SOFT!”

“I don’t know what that means, big guy, but if you don’t let me help, you’re gonna bleed out pretty soon. Sit!” She slapped the bench beside her. It was a risk getting this close to a psycho, even one that seemed to have this much control.

Krieg took a few steps forward, seemed to check himself, shook his head vigorously and harnessed his axe before sitting heavily on the bench beside her.

Well he can follow instructions. I’m impressed.

Aside from the blood and crazy he was one hell of a specimen of masculinity. Muscles for days, skin softer than she expected but scarred to hell.

It’s his story. You have one too.

She expected him to smell terrible, but he hardly smelled at all. A little musky, maybe. Dusty, with a slightly acrid tang of weapons fire, and the metallic taint of the blood he wore as victory medals.

She let her power flow through her. The markings on her arms glowed, healing energy spread into his wounds. The bullets rose to the surface as his flesh healed under them, popping them onto the floor with a ‘clink’.

He was still while she worked. The twitching, restless mess he was seemed placated by her touch.

Interesting.

“Good as new.” She sighed, sagging back against the seat.

It had taken more out of her than she expected, but she’d bounce back.
In certain places on Pandora, the air seemed to be charged with siren energy and she need only breath deeply to absorb it. Out here in the Arids there was no such phenomenon, she’d have to recoup the hard way.

A soft touch to her cheek made her jump. Krieg slid his fingers slowly over the dried blood on her face, looking intensely with his eye, so focused now she swore she could see the effects of cognisant thought.

“Blue lady dies for us.” His voice was almost a whisper, reverent even. His touch creating a spark that had her power returning quick enough to give her a buzz.

_Eridium slag. He must be pumped full of it._

“Blue lady is just tired.” She said, shrugging off the awkward contact.

In the distance she could see the long snaking monorail that served the train as it traversed Pandora, and the segmented string of carriages of the train itself powering towards them.

“Finally.” She groaned.

The train slowed enough for them to jump into a carriage. It was less of a passenger train and more of a goods train but there were sacks filled with straw to sit on, which was fine by her.

A quick check of her ECHO told her she was in the right place. The message had been a galaxy-wide call to arms: Vault hunters wanted! Come to Pandora, breach the vault and win riches beyond your imagination. She liked the sound of that.

Krieg snorted, pulling her back to the present. He was cleaning the pieces of his shotgun, turning them over in his huge hands, inspecting his handiwork.

Occasionally he’d grumble, ‘shush’ at something, or even smack himself in the head. There were voices in his head, she had guessed that much. ‘The Little Man’, Krieg called it. It seemed like they argued most of the time but as he sat peacefully focused on the task at hand, Maya wondered if The Little Man was sleeping, or whether the voices were in agreement for once.

“Is that a Dahl Jackal?” Maya sat up, interested. Those things were way beyond rare. The gunmetal had a certain gleam to it, now that it was free of filth.

_Ooooolllllh! Pearlescent!_

“BOOMSTICK TEARS STICKY MEATFLAPS!” He said shaking the shotgun above his head.

“Did you loot it from a corpse?”

Many vault hunters from the first vault had perished out in the wastelands. The eruption of massive amounts of Eridium had made the land more hostile and mutated even harmless creatures into dangerous foes.

A lucky loot out in the Wastes could yield a rare find such as this.

Krieg was nodding, still engrossed in his gun.
“UNDYING DEATH CRAB!” He yelled. “STINKY CRAB GORE ORNAMENTS FOR MY MEAT BYCICLE!”

“You fought Crawmerax The Invincible?” Holy shit!

Was Krieg once a legendary vault hunter, mutated by the floods of Eridium slag that flowed from the Vault of the Destroyer? Those times seemed more like fairy tales.

She’d heard about the armies of General Knoxx too, seen the posters, and drooled over the armoury loot still expensively for sale in the vendors.

“Well hello there.”

Three men passed from the neighbouring car. They looked grim but not hostile.

“The name’s Axton.” He looked like a soldier type; scars above his left eye where the marks of rank used to be.

“Maya.” She nodded, unenthused. “This is Krieg.”

Apparently, the presence of the psycho had gone unnoticed until now.

The short stocky man with huge arms went for his guns.

“He’s with me.” Maya hastily stood in front of her companion.

He’s your companion now?

Seemed only fair to defend him, after he saved her ass.

“This is Salvador.” Axton gestured to the short one. “And that’s Zer0.”

“A chance meeting here / rewards favour the many / I seek victory.” The tall, slender figure moved smoothly forward. Dressed all in black, he wore a curved glass-like mask that displayed symbols as he spoke.

“Haiku. Nice.” Maya said flatly with an appreciative nod. “You’re asking to team up?”

In lieu of a reply, a smiley face that popped up on Zero’s mask.

He was more emotive than she expected.

“You, me, the gunzerker and the assassin. Whadd’ya say? Wana go raid some vaults?” Axton winked at her.

“Me and the big guy are a package deal.” She shrugged.

Despite the tempting idea of backup, she knew types like this Axton guy - he’d be after getting into her knickers by the end of the first day. She wasn’t conceited, she didn’t rate herself that highly, but past experience dictated that she be sceptical of his charismatic ways.

“Safety in numbers / the rage lives within us all / I do not object.”

“I do.” The gunzerker huffed, his shoulders slumping.
There was a rumble from the other car; a loud thumping and grinding that didn’t sound healthy.

“MECHANICAL MEAT GETS ACID KISSES!” Krieg roared, on his feet and pulling up his gun.

“What the hell?” Axton dove sideways, drawing a repeater and letting rip at the psycho.

“STOP!” Maya screamed, as two Hyperion loaders tore their way into the carriage.

Zero was the fastest to react, slicing the first in half and jumping out of range of the second. Krieg ran at the robot, taking damage until his shield went down. Maya panicked, ready to phase lock the loader but then she saw Krieg’s plan.

His shield spiked. Acid burst out onto the loader as he ploughed into it, letting the acid eat through its chassis like hot water dissolving salt.

“Good job, Krieg!” She laughed and then smacked Axton in the arm, growing serious. “You’re an idiot!”

They ran into the next car where more loaders were unpacking themselves. They made short work of them and moved forward to the head of the train.

Maya had to admit that it felt good to be part of a team, working together, watching each other’s backs. She knew that it would never last long-term - everybody had a price for betrayal.

In the lead car they faced their final opponent.

“It’s cute that y’all think you’re the heroes of this little adventure, but you’re not…”

_Handsome Jack._ She’d know that voice anywhere. The Hyperion CEO had his clutches on virtually everything on Pandora now. Exploiting, mining, destroying, murdering. He was a huge asshole.

“Welcome to Pandora, kiddos!”

It started with a crackling sensation in her nerves. And heat. There was more heat than out in the Arids. And there was pain, so much pain. A massive force ripped through her side, shoving her against the disintegrating wall of the carriage.

Her head spun, and her ears were ringing from the explosion, and then she was flying.

_So, this is what death feels like._

It was almost as painful as being reconstructed at a Hyperion New-U station. Almost.

After the heat there was cold, flying felt more like falling, and there was screaming.

“PRETTY LADY WAKE UP!”

Her eyes snapped open. Krieg had hold of her and they were falling together. The train wreckage was exploding around them, bombarding Krieg’s back with burning shrapnel as he protected her
from the worst of it. They weren’t dead, but they were plummeting down the side of a snow-covered mountain, the ground fast approaching.

She could save them! She could save them both. If she could only manage to…

Krieg screamed in pain as the bubble of siren energy bloomed around him, penetrating right to his core. She could feel his lifeforce throbbing against her control.

Suddenly the phase-lock took hold and they stuttered to a stop in the air twenty metres from the rocky ground. The force of slowing made Maya slip from her grip in Krieg’s arms.

He wailed louder, fighting against the pain to hold her tighter but his strength was waning.

She’d have to let gravity take her or kill him to save herself. It was only a few metres, so she fell, hoping it wouldn’t hurt. She hit the rocks, hard, which crumpled her into a mess, legs broken and unable to breathe.

Her consciousness faltered as she heard Krieg getting to his feet with a maniacal laugh.

“BEAUTIFUL PAIN!” He screamed.

*At least he survived.*

Then came the blackness.
She awoke to massive pains through her entire body. Gasping, she flailed against the creature bent above her. Hitting out with all her strength.

“Don’t worry… It’s a good touch.” Krieg soothed as she smacked him in the head. “Pretty lady can’t KILL THINGS FROM DOWN THERE!” And he was back to his normal volume, making Maya wince.

She felt a million times better once the healing chems spread through her.

No broken bones, no internal bleeding, no health vial left either.

She sighed, grateful that he’d saved her life but pissed that her last life-line had been used.

The destruction that surrounded them on the mountainside plateau was apocalyptic. The shattered train and monorail lay strewn over the landscape, as far as the eye could see, smoke billowing from multiple sources.

Nearby, a large section of carriage was crackling with flames.

At least we’ll be warm until it burns out.

There were bodies lower down on the slopes but they were too far to identify.

“SEARCH THE MEAT!” Krieg growled. “MAYBE WE FIND A SHINY TOY.”

“We will, on the way down.” She kicked a slab of metal closer to the burning carriage and sat down on it heavily. “We need a plan.”

She repaired her ECHO. It had taken a beating in the explosion, but it still worked.

There was a distress signal coming from a beacon in the town of Liar’s Berg, at the far end of the valley near Southern Shelf Bay.

The idea of playing hero to a bunch of useless villagers didn’t appeal, but maybe some food and a place to stay for the night would be their reward. She’d long since stopped hoping for money.

When she patted the space next to her, Krieg came to sit without a grumble or even smacking himself in the head.

Progress.

He was hot like a furnace. Radiating warmth despite being naked from the waist up. She’d wanted him to come nearer the fire to keep warm for a bit, but it turned out that he didn’t need it. In fact, with him next to her, she didn’t need it either.

“I dunno how you do it.” She said absently, leaning against him. He didn’t seem to mind. “Your
body is like a machine.”

“I HAVE THE SHINIEST MEAT BYCICLE!” He shouted, puffing out his chest.

Laughing softly, she supposed he did.

He was firm in all the right places, unyielding even, perfectly sculpted, eye candy.

The mask meant mystery, and she liked a bit of that, honestly, a lot of that. It leant a more impersonal touch to their exchanges, and if he never took it off she would be happy enough – he definitely wasn’t the worst thing she’d looked at in her life. And despite the crazy and the shouting, there was a part of her that was warming up to him. Probably the part that hadn’t gotten laid in months.

I wonder…
Their journey down into the valley took longer than she hoped; four days, traversing the treacherous snow-covered slopes with hardly a word said between them.

They looted the frozen corpses of the crash victims, and the storage boxes that survived the ordeal. None of the bodies were familiar, though there were one or two burned beyond recognition. However they had managed to survive, if they had, she hoped to meet up with the vault hunters again and exact some painful revenge on Handsome fucking Jack.

$128 richer she packed all her loot into her backpack. Even the junk that was crappier than the junk she used would be sold at a vendor for a couple of dollars.

She split everything with Krieg 50/50 but he was less interested in the loot and more interested in her.

He watched her intently, inhaling as if he wanted to speak, then huffing and shaking his head.

“What is it?” She snapped, getting pissy.

“Blue lady cold like ice Queen.”

When he spoke at a more normal volume she knew he was really making an effort. His eye was clear and watchful. If she didn’t know better she would swear that he could read her like a book.

“MEATSTICK…”

He smacked himself in the temple.

“ICE QUEEN MELT…”

Smack, smack, smack!

“CATCH A RIIIDEEEE…”

Krieg snarled, tearing at his scalp, leaving deep scratches.

“SHUT UUUUPPPP!” He howled so loud that Maya felt it vibrate in her chest cavity.

“Shhhh!” She went to him, laying her hands on his chest. “You’re making my meat shake.” She said with a dry smile. It was easy to fall into his ways, using simpler speech helped her understand him better.

“GOOD SHAKE?” He growled.

“Not this time.” She hugged him, loosely. “It’s ok though, I’m here. I’m sorry for being, um, distant.” She spoke into his chest. “We almost lost one another back there. It freaked me out some.”

“BEAUTIFUL VALKYRIE OF BLOOD NEVER DIE!” He cackled. “PROMISE.”

He thinks I’m beautiful? She blushed.
“I wish I could promise that.” She stepped away.

Krieg’s hands fell loosely at his sides. “I PROMISE.” He nodded gruffly.

Liar’s berg was a small village with maybe 5 houses, some basic vendors, a gate down to the frozen bay where a raider camp had been built up around a wrecked ship, a gang of bandits and a whole bunch of bullymong burrows.

“Wh-Who’s out there?” A posh sounding man spoke over the open ECHO channel.

“Vault hunters.” Maya replied. “We got your SOS.”

“Oh thank God! I, Sir Hammerlock, will pay you handsomely if you could clear the town of bandits and bullymong.”

“Pay handsomely times two, some food and a place to crash.”

“You drive a hard bargain, vault hunter, but I agree.”

She turned to Krieg. “Time to break some meat?” She grinned.

“I WILL EAT THEIR SOULS FOR BREAKFAST!”

The bullymong were fairly docile at first. They were usually fiercer at night, or whatever passed for night on Pandora. Both suns were riding low in the sky this far up north, it was still fully daytime. As they killed the smaller monglets it attracted more larger and angrier bullymong.

“I say,” Hammerlock spoke over the ECHO again, eliciting a grumble from Krieg who needed less voices in his head, not more. “Since you’re killing bullymong, how about you skin some for me and I’ll reward you with a top-quality hunting rifle?”

“Whatever you say.” Maya scooped up some ammo that had been hidden in a frozen pile of bullymong shit.

*Beggars can’t be choosers.*

“Excellent! When you’re done come to the big house by the gate. I’ll be waiting for you.”

*This could be lucrative for us. Especially if this guy actually pays up.*

“GHOST MAN LIKE LITTLE MAN.” Krieg grumbled. “NEVER SHUTS UP!” He added angrily.

Without warning, a grenade crested the wall they were crouched near. Krieg picked it up and threw it back, laughing wildly.

The second time it happened the grenade blew up in his hand, knocking Maya back and out into the open. Bullets started flying and she was forced to back away behind a ‘poop hut’, as Krieg would
call it. She crouched there, looking for something to shoot at or phase-lock but she was just at the wrong angle.

Across the way, Krieg was blabbering as he bled out, blood flowing from his severed arm and multiple open wounds in his chest.

“KRIEG!” Maya cried, in horror.
She was going to lose him. Did he even have the money for a reconstruct? She’d never asked.

Maya ran for him only to be shot down at his side. Her own pain and blood mixing with his as they both lay dying. Frantically she searched for something to kill for a second wind. Her vision blackening as she faded.

“RISE! VALKYRIE OF BLOOD!” Krieg Roared.

There! It was a small bullymong, just close enough. She unloaded her clip in its general direction, hoping beyond hope that it would be enough.

DING! She was back on her feet as the last of Krieg’s life left him.

“NOOOO!” She sobbed, trying to patch him up.

“Light… the…. FUUUSSSEEEE!” He screamed with a final breath, madness making his eye swivel wildly in its socket.

Suddenly he was up, sticks of dynamite digi-structing into his hands. He threw them as he rampaged around the town, exploding everything in his path.

Finally he had the remaining bandits cornered in one yard. He ran in, clutching all of his dynamite, sinister laugh ringing out.

“I’LL TAKE YOU ALL WITH ME!” His roar echoed across the berg but strangely the explosion did not.

The massive boom pitched ice, bricks and blood all across the left side of town.

Maya ran into the aftermath, breath ragged in her throat, tears welling up in her eyes. There was no way he could have survived that. Rounding the corner she saw the bloodbath.

“STRIP THE FLESH!” Krieg buried his axe into the last of the bandits. His chest heaving, glistening red from the mixture of blood and guts he was doused with.

_Holy Hyperion sh**itballs!_

She stopped just shy of swinging distance. Would he even differentiate her from an enemy? She’d never seen him rage like that, all kamikaze and shit. Sure, he’d gone into a buzzaxe frenzy before but that was tame compared to this massacre.

“FIND PRETTY LADY!” He reeled, staggering around. His eye was rolling back into his head.

“I’m here.” She reached out to him.
Krieg rushed her, picking her up as if she were made of air. At first she screamed, fearing for her life. He ran her backwards into a pile of clean snow, pinning her underneath him. His grip was too tight, hands too heavy and urgent.

It might just be the cold, or it might be the thrill of almost dying, but her nipples were hard and aching.

Just when she decided that she wanted him to take her, he stalled out, looking down at her, terrified. He began to flee.

“Wait!” She gasped, heat rising up her body to settle in her cheeks. “Wait.” She said more firmly. He did. He waited. Looking back at her like he expected death.

What am I even doing? He could kill me with a flick of his wrist. But isn’t that half of the attraction? The danger?

“I need this.” She looked at him, not begging, not asking, just stating a fact. The tension had been building in her since before she had even met him but be damned if having him around wasn’t a temptation. She unzipped her pants. “I need you.”

“PRETTY LADY…”

Krieg smacked himself in the head.

“NO! GORE MAIDEN WANTS!” He grunted, more to himself than to her.

He steeled himself, breathing in shallow huffs.

“Martyr for my ice Queen.” He went to her, pliant, demure even.

All the anger and all the pain she had bottled up, the worry for him, for herself, and for those lost souls on the train. The frustration that had been building for all those months since arriving on Pandora. All of it burned away by the heat of his body against hers.

It wasn’t passionate in a sense that they clung to each other out of love. There was passion, but it was more feral, carnal, urgent.

There was some finesse to his technique, and the size of his fingers had her gasping. He built her up and broke her with one hand, thumb circling her sensitive spot while the two inserted fingers worked her relentlessly. The other cradled the back of her head, keeping her with him, eyes locked with his.

She tore at him, fingernails digging into the muscles of his shoulders as his fingers did the work for her, moans catching in her throat as she ground herself against his hand.

He wasn’t brutal but he was rough. She would feel this for days after. The thought had her grinning as she spasmed around his slicked fingers.

Two orgasms later she felt the coolness of his mask resting against the inside of her thigh, anchoring her back in the here and now.
She realised he was still wearing his pants. He strained against the crotch, a sizeable bulge that sent a tingle down between her legs.

Her backside was numb from being lay in the snow.

“Your turn?” Maya stroked her hand down his mask. It wasn’t physical contact but it was about as tender as things were going to get.

Krieg shook his head. “Gift for pretty lady.” Grunting, he looked her up and down, admiring his good work.

“I don’t get a ride on your meatstick?” She chuckled, hopeful.

Krieg laughed. Not the crazy cackle that was his usual laugh, or the booming sinister bloodbath laugh the accompanied his more vicious rage, but a deep rumbling chuckle that sounded rather… normal.

Slightly disappointed but nonetheless sated, Maya stood. Shaking the snow from the ass of her pants, she zipped them up, cold against her wetness. Her legs felt unsteady.

That’s how you know it was a good one.

“Attention, People of Pandora!” A sickeningly familiar voice came over the open ECHO channel.

“Handsome Jack here, offering one million bucks to whomever brings me the heads of the vault hunters who just arrived in Liar’s Berg.”

That man made her feel angry all over again.

“Oh, and I’m still offering a reward for Roland, the mass-murdering leader of the Crimson Raiders. Good hunting, bandits!”

“I WILL PUT MY PAIN IN HIS SOUL!” Krieg punched the air.

“You said it!” She smiled, warmly, for the first time in what felt like an eternity.

Despite the hatred she had for that asshole, Jack, she felt buoyant.

“Better come back quickly, you two.” Hammerlock spoke urgently. “Captain Flynt is sending a raiding party to collect the reward on both of your heads.”

“Let’s go, muscles.” She drew her SMG, swinging her hips with renewed swagger as she strutted her way to Hammerlock’s house.

Krieg followed as he had, so far. She hoped she could rely on that in the future.

Looking over her shoulder she caught a glimpse of a mask partially raised. His hand was underneath, fingers in his mouth, a small moan forming in his throat, totally unashamed of the obvious hardness in the front of his pants.

Well if that’s not the hottest thing I’ve seen in a long time.

“SWEET MEATS FOR THE TASTING!” Krieg cackled, catching up to her with eager strides.

Smug, she grinned at him. Things were looking up.
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