BBC Heaven

by NakedOwlMan

Summary

Liara and Samara try to adjust to the unexpected changes to their bodies caused by a Prothean artifact. Eventually, both of them decide that maybe their new BBCs aren't so bad after all...

Notes

Rapid Changes

I... I just want to feel him again.

What do you know about what I want?

"Liara? You okay over there?"

She blinked, and the voices in Liara's mind faded away. She was back in the shuttlecraft, sitting opposite Shepard and Ashley as they flew down to Eden Prime. "Yes, of course," she said. "Just... lost in memories."

"You sure you're up for this?" Shepard said, genuine concern evident on his handsome face. "I know it's been a while since you've been out in the field."

Liara forced a smile to her face. She knew Shepard was just looking out for her, but something about his concern in this moment just left her annoyed. "I'll be fine, Shepard. I've been doing regular combat drills ever since we got back from that jungle planet. I promise I won't be a burden."

"I didn't mean..." Shepard looked a bit flustered. "I'm sure you'll do great, Liara."

Liara nodded, while inside her heart ached as she stared into his eyes.

It had been almost a year since the Normandy had been recovered from the planet they had been stranded on at the end of the Reaper war. Liara had hoped by now that she would have gotten over the pain of being around him again. Of wanting him so badly, and knowing that she could never have him the way that she really wanted him. But the heartache had still not dulled.

And it didn't help that the reason for that denial was sitting right next to Shepard at that moment, carefully inspecting her weapon and oblivious to the pain she was causing Liara.

"Can't believe I'm going back to Eden Prime again," Ashley said. "Like it wasn't bad enough the first time." She glanced over at Shepard and grinned. "Although, gotta admit, makes for a great 'how did you two meet?' story whenever anybody asks."

"I do find the most interesting people here, though," Shepard said, laying a gentle hand on Ashley's shoulder. "Between beautiful marines and the last survivors of ancient species, Eden Prime certainly doesn't lack for memorable introductions." He turned to Liara. "Speaking of which, Liara... you spoken to Javik lately?"

"Not really," Liara said. "Last I heard he was on the SSV Lassiter, advising on their excavations."

Shepard nodded. "Ah, right. Heard from Hackett that James has been doing some good work on the Lassiter. Always knew he'd be a natural for command. With him in charge and Steve at the helm, I'm sure Javik's in good hands."

"A pity he isn't here with us, though," Liara said. "I am sure he would have had great insights on what we might encounter down below."

"Can't believe there's still Prothean stuff we hadn't already found down there," Ashley mused.
"Could have sworn those eggheads we were standing guard over back in '83 had run a fine tooth comb over that entire planet."

Shepard lifted his arm, activating his omni-tool and sending the information there to a display monitor on the wall of the shuttle. "Reports from the surface say that there was a minor earthquake in one of the southern regions of the planet. The shifts uncovered an ancient Prothean facility that hadn't been previously recorded."

"And somehow Eclipse found out about it before we did," Ashley said, with a caustic tone in her voice. "Greedy bastards. We're out here trying to rebuild this damn galaxy, and all they care about is profits." She glanced quickly over at Liara. "I sure hope it wasn't one of the Shadow Broker's agents that fed them the tip."

Liara frowned. "Of course not. I would never do such a thing, and my people know better than to take such actions without my direct approval."

Ashley looked abashed. "Sorry. It just pisses me off. Thought after the war ended the galaxy was through with shit like this. Stabbing each other in the back, looking out for themselves rather than each other."

"Ash, don't worry about it," Shepard said, leaning in close to her. "We won't let them get away with any of the artifacts, I promise."

Ashley gave Shepard a warm smile, while Liara averted her eyes. "What would this galaxy do without you, Shepard?" Ashley said, before leaning into him and pressing her lips to his.

Trying her best not to focus on the heart-wrenching sight in front of her, Liara thought about all that had happened since the Normandy had returned to Council space. With the Reapers defeated and the war ended, the galaxy had quickly turned to thoughts of rebuilding. As mass relays were repaired and connections between systems reestablished, the true extent of the damage the Reapers had caused was finally realized. The asari homeworld almost completely obliterated, and many other homeworlds and colony planets scarred by the ravages of war. And while many of the now-inert Reapers turned out to provide a great quantity of raw resources for rebuilding, it was obvious that more would be needed to return the galaxy to the way it had once been.

And so, the Normandy and many other Alliance ships had been re-purposed. Warships now became exploration vessels, traveling through reactivated relays and searching for any potential resources in order to rebuild. And especially Prothean artifacts, the advanced technology proving vital to the rebuilding efforts. So when word had gotten out of a large, unexplored Prothean research facility being discovered on Eden Prime, the Alliance had immediately sent their flagship in, helmed by the galaxy's greatest hero and the companions that had helped him defeat the Reapers.

Well, some of them. Sometimes, it felt to Liara like the Normandy was populated by strangers. Joker was still there, of course. Miranda, Specialist Traynor, and quite a few of the other humans who had previously served on the Normandy were part of the crew as well. But many of the aliens who had once been a part of Shepard's team had been forced by the current conditions to assist on their home planets. Garrus, Tali, Wrex and Grunt... all of them were on their native worlds. Not to mention those they had lost, like Thane, Mordin, and Legion. She may not have served with them, but she had felt Shepard's pain at their loss from the times they had melded, and his pain was now hers as well.

And why are you still here, Liara? said a voice in her mind, one that sounded unmistakably like her
mother's. Why are you not back on Thessia assisting the rebuilding efforts? You are the only non-
human still left on the Normandy now. You know full well this is not your place anymore. And yet
you remain. Why? Why do you stay when every instinct you have tells you to go?

She already knew the answer. Every time she looked at him, saw the powerful but compassionate
man who had seen so much in her, and taught her to find the strength and determination within
herself... she knew that even if she could never have his love, that she would never leave his side
again.

"Touching down on Eden Prime," the voice of the shuttle pilot came over the loudspeaker. The three
of them started readying their weapons. Despite her assurances to Shepard, Liara had to admit that
she was a bit nervous about this. Ever since she and the rest of the Normandy survivors had returned,
most of her efforts had been focused on reestablishing her connections as the Shadow Broker. It had
been a long time since she had been in a live combat situation before. She could only hope that the
Eclipse mercs would realize the foolishness of attempting to fight Commander Shepard, and
surrender before any shots were fired.

The side of the shuttle swung open, and the three of them stepped out onto the surface of Eden
Prime. They had landed down in the crevice that had been reopened by the recent seismic shifts, and
high cliff faces jutted up at least 30 feet from the ground on both sides of them. "Keep your eyes up,"
Shepard advised his companions. "Might try to ambush us from above."

"Roger that, Commander," Ashley said, rifle at the ready as she followed Shepard deeper into the
narrow canyon. Liara brought up the rear, glancing over her shoulder behind them as the three of
them progressed across the rocky ground.

"We should be reaching the site shortly," Liara informed them after several minutes of walking.
Squinting her eyes from the blazing sun above, she pointed forward with her spare hand while
tightening her grip on her pistol. "Up there. I see something."

The three of them sprinted forward, as the canyon walls widened out into a small clearing. Near a
large opening in the cliff face was a shuttlecraft, blackened and scarred from weapon fire. "Eclipse?"
Shepard asked to his team.

"Don't see any of their markings," Ashley said. "Course they could be trying to stay incognito down
here. Don't want us to know who they're working for."

Opening up her omni-tool, Liara scanned the shuttle. "Strange," she mused. "Its registration appears
to be classified. By the Asari Republics."

Ashley looked back at Liara incredulously. "An asari shuttle? You think it might have been stolen?"

"I don't know," Liara said. "Whoever's it is, though, they're not going anywhere in this ship. The
engines are completely inoperable. We should probably investigate further."

Shepard nodded, taking the lead and heading for the opening in the rocky cliff face. Activating his
assault rifle's light, he cast it down to reveal a small, grimy-looking room. "Looks clear," Shepard
said, before jumping down into the gap and into the abandoned facility.

Ashley glanced back at Liara and gave her a small smile. "You ready for this, Liara? Just say the
word and I'll be sure to watch your back."
"I'll be fine," Liara said, stepping past Ashley and jumping down after Shepard. Almost as soon as her feet hit the floor, she started hearing the gunfire.

Panicked, she glanced around until she saw Shepard's light ahead of her. As she heard the muffled thump of Ashley quickly following them down, Liara dashed forward to Shepard. "What's going on?" she asked.

"No idea," Shepard said, pointing to a hallway branching off from the room they had entered, an open doorway at the end of it. "Maybe whoever came in that shuttle just met up with our Eclipse looters. We'd better move."

The three of them marched quickly down the hallway, weapons at the ready. As they moved closer to the sound of the gunfire, they could hear someone shouting.

"You won't take me! I'll die before I let them put me away again!" a female voice screamed over the loud rattle of gunfire. Just as Shepard and his team reached the end of the hallway, a man in yellow armor suddenly appeared in the doorway in front of them. They only had a second to register his terrified face, before a sudden biotic bolt sent him flying away and out of sight. The loud thump and crack they heard soon after left little doubt about his fate.

Glancing through the door, Liara could see the large room in front of them, lit by several portable lamps and flares. From her knowledge of Prothean architecture, Liara guessed it to be some sort of common room for the science facility. But any furniture or objects of comfort had long since rotten away, leaving only crumbled rubble for the combatants in the room to dive behind.

"There!" Shepard pointed, drawing his party's attention to the bright flash of gunfire. An asari in Eclipse armor was leaning out of cover and firing across the room, at a target near to the door where Shepard and his team were standing. As she ducked back behind cover, the asari merc began to shout again.

"Give it up, Justicar! You may have taken out these clowns, but I've got ten more guns in this facility, and they're gonna be here any minute!" the Eclipse merc screamed. "Surrender now and maybe I'll be merciful and have them kill you quickly!"

Liara turned to Shepard and quietly spoke. "Justicar? You don't think..."

"Maybe. Regardless, I think it's obvious what side we're on in this battle," Shepard said, before turning to his other companion. "You think you can take the shot from here?"

Reaching behind her back, Ashley stowed her assault rifle and retrieved her sniper rifle. "Roger that, Commander," she coldly stated, before kneeling down and drawing a bead on the Eclipse merc through the open doorway.

"Any minute now, bitch," the asari mercenary taunted, as she started to rise up again to take another shot. "Any minute and my people will...

There was a loud crack from Ashley's rifle, and the merc jolted backward, the shot hitting her square in the temple and sending her tumbling back to the dirty ground. The three of them waited a moment, listening for the sound of any further gunfire, before stepping through the doorway and into the large common room.

As they entered, Liara turned to stare at the crumbled rubble where the now-dead merc had been
firing. A regal-looking asari rose to her feet from behind cover. As she turned to see the newcomers
to the fight, recognition gleamed in her blue eyes, and she gave Shepard a warm smile.

"This is unexpected," Samara said, holstering her rifle as she stepped around the dead bodies of her
defeated enemies. "It is good to see you again, Shepard."

"You as well," Shepard said. "I suppose that shuttle outside must be yours, then."

Samara nodded. "The woman that you helpfully took care of for me was a fugitive Ardat-Yakshi,"
she explained. "I tracked her for several months before discovering that she had obtained false
identification and signed on to this Eclipse company. While my people have softened their stance on
individuals with her conditions somewhat, unfortunately my target had murdered several innocents
over the course of her flight." She glanced down at the other bodies of Eclipse mercs around the
room. "I did offer her companions the opportunity to surrender and leave peacefully, but apparently
their loyalty to their comrade was greater than their self-preservation instincts."

"Damn, looks like you haven't lost a step since the war ended," Ashley exclaimed, obviously
impressed.

"She was saying something about comrades," Liara said. "Ten other people in the facility. Perhaps a
bluff?"

Samara glanced across the room. "Most likely, but still... it would be best to be cautious."

"I see two doors out of here," Shepard said. "Samara, I know you've already taken care of your
target, but if you wouldn't mind..."

"Not at all, Shepard," Samara said with a smile. "It would be an honor to fight alongside you again."

Shepard gestured towards Liara. "It would be an honor for me as well, but actually I'd like for you
and Liara to take one of the doors. Ash, you and I will take the other."

"Very well, then," Samara said, retrieving her weapon and looking over at Liara. "Shall we be
going, then?"

"I'm with you," Liara said, her eyes lingering on Shepard as he and Ashley stepped across the room
to the other doorway. Gritting her teeth, she forced herself to look away and follow Samara in the
opposite direction.

The door they reached was closed and unpowered. Activating her omni-tool, Liara worked to route
power into the system. "Samara, you said you tracked your target to this Eclipse group?" she asked
as she spoke. "In your investigations, did you determine why they came to this facility?"

"I have my suspicions," Samara said. "I am acquainted with one of the administrators at the Ardat-
Yakshi monastery that my target Lelina escaped from. She informed me that, during her time there,
Lelina became obsessed with the Protheans. Learning their language, studying information about
their artifacts. According to one of Lelina's friends, she had become convinced that the Protheans had
discovered a cure for her condition. No doubt she hoped that this cure could be found in this
previously unexplored facility."

As her omni-tool worked on activating the door, Liara furrowed her brow. "Hmm. I must admit I've
come across similar hints in my own studies. Evidence of the Protheans studying the Ardat-Yakshi
condition and attempting to reverse it. But I never came close to comprehending these fragments until I met Javik and received his aid. I wonder how Lelina was able to discover this on her own."

"There has been a great quantity of Prothean knowledge unearthed since the war ended," Samara said. "It might be possible that Lelina was able to obtain Prothean data that hasn't become widely available yet."

"Still, to have taken such a great risk, coming to Eden Prime on such a gamble," Liara said, as the door in front of her finally activated and slid open. "She must have been desperate to remedy her condition."

Samara moved alongside Liara as they entered the darkened hallway, shining their weapon's lights down the long corridor. "It is quite tragic, I'm afraid. I looked over Lelina's personal logs from the monastery while tracking her down. Unlike many others of her condition, she had no interest in feeding upon others. She wanted nothing more than to become a normal asari, and to bear children. An innocent desire, if impossible with our current scientific knowledge of her condition. It gives me no pleasure to see her dead, even if it was my duty as a Justicar to deal with her. Regardless, she killed three monastery guards in the process of escaping. As noble as her end goal may have been, it does not excuse the deaths she caused."

Liara nodded. "Of course," she said. The two of them quieted, not wanting to make any further sounds as they made their way deeper into the compound. Liara glanced down as they went, noticing that the dusty, ancient floor at their feet appeared to be undisturbed. No footprints, no sign that anyone had been this way besides them.

They really should have turned around, knowing that there was no sign of enemies in this direction. But Liara's curiosity had gotten the better of her. The thought of an undisturbed Prothean research facility filled her with a buzz of excitement. If Samara noticed the lack of footprints, she said nothing, simply following beside Liara with her weapon at the ready.

Eventually, the hallway took a turn, and Liara saw an open archway in front of them. Her breath caught in her throat as she caught a glimpse of what lay inside: a glowing pedestal with a hovering orb atop it.

"What is that?" Samara said, quickening her step as she attempted to keep up with the excited younger asari.

"Whatever it is, it's undeniably Prothean," Liara said. She glanced around the new room for any sign of danger before holstering her pistol. Slowly, almost reverently, she approached the smooth, featureless orb.

Samara looked around the room they had entered. Around the pillar were several tables, covered with long-ago deactivated Prothean datapads. "Over here," Samara said, drawing Liara's attention to something on one of the tables. "Looks like a Prothean computer terminal of some kind."

"Hmm," Liara said, breaking her focus on the larger Prothean artifact at the center of the room to look down at the darkened terminal. "No power, though. We might still be able to retrieve some information off it, but we need to bring the databanks back to the Normandy first." She glanced back at the center of the room, and the orb hovering there. "I'm much more interested in this device."

Samara followed Liara's stare to the floating orb warily. "Perhaps it would be best to wait for Commander Shepard to arrive. Allow him to return the databanks from this terminal to the
Liara frowned. She knew that Samara didn't mean anything by it, but the implication that she should wait and let Shepard handle things for her aggravated her to no end. She was sick of having to rely on him to handle everything. While she was forced to watch from afar and see him walk off with Ashley afterward.

Prothean artifacts were her field. And she was sure she could get a basic understanding of what this device was intended for without any outside assistance.

Walking over to the floating orb, ignoring Samara's warnings, Liara placed her hands on the surface of the device.

And almost immediately, she knew she had made a terrible mistake.

"Aaaaaaaagh!" she cried out. As soon as her palms made contact with the surface of the orb, she felt agonizing pain flare across her entire body. It felt like every atom of her body was being torn apart and reassembled in the most painful fashion imaginable. Despite this, she found herself unable to remove her hands from the surface of the orb.

"Liara!" she heard Samara call out behind her. But the sound of the Justicar's voice was distant, as if coming from across the galaxy. "Let it go, Liara!"

"I can't..." Liara groaned through gritted teeth, straining with all of her energy to remove her hands from the orb, only to feel them locked in place as if by powerful magnets. "I can't... let go..."

She could hear Samara's hurried footsteps behind her. When she realized what the Justicar intended, Liara wanted to scream at her to stop. To let Liara suffer through her own stupidity alone.

But by the time Liara summoned up the will to open her mouth, Samara had already grasped onto the orb herself, trying to wrest it from Liara's grasp. Immediately, Liara saw the same pain she was going through on Samara's face as well, the normally calm and serene Justicar gasping out as the agony of the device filled her body as well.

She didn't know how much longer it went on. Minutes, hours... the pain seemed endless until finally, she felt herself falling back to the floor, her hands finally releasing their grip on the device before she crumpled down and passed out.

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"This way!" Shepard yelled. "I heard it from down there!"

Ashley struggled to keep up pace with Shepard. With his enhanced muscles and stamina, though, she was having a hard time keeping him in sight as he dashed through the facility.

They had heard Liara's screams, loud and clear even though they were on the other side of the building. At the first sound of them, Shepard had dropped his search for any signs of danger to rush towards the sound.

To be sure, Shepard was one of the best soldiers Ashley had ever seen. But sometimes, he was just a little too eager to drop any caution at the thought of a friend being in danger. Ashley hated herself for it, the petty thoughts filling her head when Liara could be in mortal danger. But part of her couldn't
help but feel those old pangs of jealousy again.

It had started back on the Normandy SR-1, when Ashley and Liara had realized that Shepard had been spending a lot of time with both of them. They had agreed to confront Shepard, and make him realize that it had to be one or the other. Shepard had had the doperiest look on his face then, like a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar. But eventually, after an eternity of glancing between the two of them, he had chosen Ash. And while she had felt sympathy for Liara, walking away broken-hearted, part of her couldn't help but thrill at the fact that it had been her Shepard had wanted.

But ever since then, there had always been that doubt. That thought that maybe Shepard believed he had made the wrong choice. The way he looked at Liara sometimes, how he always seemed to take her advice during the final days of the Reaper war. She knew that she was being stupid. That Shepard was a man of his word, and would never fool around on her. But sometimes... times like these for instance... she couldn't help but wonder.

Breathing hard, muscles aching, Ash finally caught up to Shepard as he stepped through an open door into a Prothean lab of some kind. Ash immediately noticed the pedestal in the center of the room, and the Prothean orb hovering there. And then she saw the two crumpled bodies lying on the floor and gasped.

"Ash, check on Samara," Shepard instructed her, before rushing over to Liara.

Just like you'd expect, that bitter bitch in her brain said, even as she tried to ignore it and knelt down to check on Samara. Immediately, she could see that the older asari was breathing, and a check of her pulse told Ash that Samara's heartbeat was rapid, but steady.

"She's okay," Ash said. "Just out cold."

Standing up, Shepard let out a relieved sigh. "Liara's okay, too," he said, before turning his attention to the center of the room. "They were both lying around this artifact."

"Maybe it's like when you found the beacon," Ashley posited. "Gave them some messed-up visions or something." She suddenly remembered something. "Or like that orb you found on Eletania. Still remember how terrified I was when that thing knocked you out."

Shepard stared deeply at the hovering orb. Then, before Ashley could stop him, he began removing the gloves from his combat armor. "Shepard, what are you doing?" Ashley said nervously. "What if it..."

"I'll be okay, Ash," Shepard said. "I just want to see what they saw."

As Shepard reached for the orb, Ashley saw Liara stir. The asari raised herself up partway from the floor and, seeing what Shepard was doing, shouted. "Shepard, no! Don't touch it!"

But too late. Shepard's hand hit the surface of the Prothean orb and...

...nothing happened. Shepard stared down at his hand in confusion, then put his other hand on the orb to join it. But still nothing. Giving up on the artifact, he reached out to help the shaken Liara to her feet. Liara took a step backwards as soon as she regained her footing, putting distance between herself and the orb.

"Liara, what did you see?" Shepard asked her. "When you touched the orb, did you have any
visions?"

Liara shook her head. "No, it just... hurt. It was the worst pain I experienced in my life. I don't remember anything other than that."

Coming to as well, the three of them turned to see Samara starting to stand up. "It was the same for me," Samara said. "I saw no visions that I can recall."

"Samara, I'm so sorry," Liara said, immediately rushing over to help the Justicar to her feet. "It was my stupidity that made you touch that device. If anything has happened to you..."

"No need for apology, Liara," Samara said with a comforting smile. "I do not appear to have suffered any lasting injury."

Liara looked down at herself, running hands over her body to search for injuries. "Nor I. Strange."

A look came across Ashley's face. Before any of them could stop her, she yanked off one of her own gloves and pressed against the surface of the orb. Shepard gasped, but just as with him, nothing seemed to happen when she touched it.

"Heh," Ashley chuckled. "Thought maybe this thing was made by a Prothean misogynist or something, only wanted to torture women." She turned and looked at Liara and Samara. "Or maybe... it only hurts asari to touch it."

Liara frowned, then suddenly remembered. "The terminal," she said to Shepard. "There's a Prothean computer terminal over there. Maybe we can find out more about what this device is from the terminal's databanks."

Shepard nodded. "Good idea," he said to Liara, giving her a smile that made Liara's heart swell. "Retrieve the memory banks and we'll bring them back to the Normandy." He then turned his attention to the other asari in their party. "Samara, I assume that blasted-up shuttle outside was yours?"

Samara nodded. "Unfortunately, I wasn't quite as stealthy as I had hoped in my tracking of Lelina and her companions. I was planning to locate one of the Eclipse's shuttles after my battle was concluded, but now that you have arrived... I hope it wouldn't be too much of an imposition upon you to... 'hitch a ride,' as you humans put it."

"Not a problem," Shepard said. "We'll bring you back to the Normandy and drop you off at the next starport so you can get back to Thessia."

This gave Samara a smile. "Actually, I have another journey in mind. A visit to someone very dear to me on Lesuss. But I should be able to book passage to there just as easily. I thank you for your hospitality."

"Alright, considering we're not dodging any fire from Eclipse mercs after all the noise we just made, I guess Lelina was bluffing after all," Ashley said, as she put her glove back on and took the Prothean artifact with both hands. "Let's get going. I think I've had enough gun battles on Eden Prime for one lifetime, thank you."

"You and me both, lady," Shepard said to Ashley with a smirk, and the two of them shared a laugh as they led the way out of the building.
Behind them, as she finished removing the Prothean databanks from the terminal, Liara wasn't sure if the lurch she felt in her stomach was at the sight of Shepard and Ashley together... or something else. She looked over at Samara to see the Justicar holding a hand to her forehead. "Are you alright?"

"Yes," Samara said, but with a noticeable lack of certainty in her voice. Seeing Samara's discomfort, Liara suddenly felt a sharp pain. Not in her head, but on a place on her body that would be inappropriate to place a hand on in polite company. But just as soon as it was there, Liara felt it abate. Trying to ignore the troubled feelings she was having, Liara followed Samara out of the facility and to the waiting Normandy shuttle.

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"There have been many changes since I was last here," Samara said as she stepped through the airlock onto the deck of the Normandy. Looking into the cockpit, she smiled as she saw the familiar ballcap poking up from the pilot's seat. "But it seems like something will never change."

Turning around in his seat, Joker gave Samara a surprised smile. "Hey, Samara! Long time, no see!" he said, then gave Shepard a scathing look. "Commander, you should have told me we were going to have company coming! This place is an absolute mess. I'm so embarrassed."

"Yeah, some things never change," Shepard said to Samara with a grin. "Come on, we've got a few hours until we reach the next port. I'll give you the tour if you want." He turned to his right. "Liara, did you want to... Liara?"

Liara was leaning a hand against the bulkhead, eyes distant. "I'm... I'm fine, Shepard," she quickly said. "I just need to lie down for a bit."

"You sure you're okay?" Shepard said, walking over to Liara with a concerned look. "Maybe you should have Dr. Michel take a look at you."

"I said I'm fine!" Liara suddenly exclaimed, Shepard taking a step back in surprise at her loud response. "I'll be in my office, just... just give me some time to rest," she said, more quietly, before turning and walking down to the lift.

Ashley looked at the departing Liara in confusion. "I'll check in on her later, Shepard," she offered. "Probably just nerves from being back in combat after so long. I remember when I used to get like that back when I was in training. I'm sure she'll be fine."

"Thanks, Ash," Shepard said. "I just hope it isn't something to do with that device," he said, before turning to Samara. "You feeling alright, Samara?"

Samara hesitated. "I... believe so," she said. "Perhaps some aches still remaining from touching that relic, but nothing too troubling."

"Speaking of which," Ashley said, hefting the large orb in her hands. "Guess we better decide what to do with this thing."

"Put it in the life support room for now," Shepard advised her. "Nobody in there right now to tamper with it."

"Roger that, sir," Ashley said. "I'll meet you up in your cabin after you're done giving Samara the
grand tour. I... uh... think we're going to need a debriefing after that mission," she added suggestively.

Shepard grinned and gave her a light kiss on the lips. "An Alliance Commander's work is never done," he said, as Ashley turned and made her way to the lift.

"I am glad to see you have found happiness, Shepard," Samara said, watching Ash leave with a warm smile. "You bore so many burdens during our battles with the Reapers. If anyone deserved a long rest with a loving companion after all that, it would be you."

This gave Shepard a laugh. "You sound a lot like Ash, actually. After she got back from where the Normandy crash-landed, she was ready for the two of us to retire somewhere. But the galaxy still needs to be rebuilt, and I don't intend to rest until as many people as possible have the same opportunity to find their own happiness as I do."

"Shepard, you are truly a s... self..." Samara stared to say, before a sudden and sharp bolt of pain forced her to suddenly hunch over.

"Samara!" Shepard cried out, but Samara could barely hear his words through the agony that was suddenly flaring between her legs. She fell to her knees on the Normandy deck, the sound of crew members rushing to her side surrounding her as her head started to feel light. "Somebody help her! We need to get her to the medbay!"

Samara looked up to see a dark-skinned woman rush down the narrow corridor leading to the cockpit. "Commander, look!" she said, point downward at Samara. "There's something... something down there!"

Her vision getting foggy, the last thing Samara felt before she lost consciousness for the second time that day was Commander Shepard hurriedly undoing her pants, and a gasp from the assembled crew members as the pressure between Samara’s legs was suddenly relieved.

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She did her best to look as normal as possible on the way to her office, despite the rapidly growing pain she was feeling. And as soon as her office door shut behind her, Liara let out a choked cry of anguish. Dropping the Prothean databanks to the floor of her office, she pressed a hand between her legs, and felt a horrified chill run through her as she felt something there. A bulge of some kind, small but growing larger by the second.

What did that thing do to me? Liara thought, panicked as her trembling fingers worked the fasteners on her combat armor. She felt light-headed, and it took all of her mental abilities to keep conscious as she stripped off her armored leggings and started working on sliding down the pants underneath. Whatever was growing underneath her clothing, it was getting even larger. And whatever it was, Liara also realized, she could feel it pressing against the fabric of her pants. Feel it as if it were a part of her own body.

Just as she yanked down her pants and the cotton undergarments underneath, she heard her office door slide open behind her. Always forget to lock that door, a voice in the back of her head said, as she spun around in surprise at the sound and nearly fell on her face.

"Dr. T'Soni, is everything alright?" said the heavily-accented voice of the Normandy's ship doctor. Dr. Chloe Michel stepped into the office rapidly, concern on her face. "Commander Shepard asked
me to check on you. He said something happened to Samara and..."

The doctor had been in such a rush to check on Liara, it took her a few seconds to notice that the
asari in front of her was half-naked. Then, when her eyes unconsciously drifted down to Liara's
beltline, her jaw dropped wide open in shock. "M...m... merde!" she cursed, her eyes bulging wide at
what she saw.

Liara looked down as well, and saw just about the last thing she would have expected.

Hanging between Liara's legs was a long, thick, and veiny blue cock. Below it were a swollen pair
of testicles, the hairless orbs dangling lewdly between her inner thighs.

Some crazy part of Liara's mind wanted to believe that this was some sort of hallucination, or a
strange prosthetic that had somehow been slipped inside of her uniform. But she could feel the cold
breeze of the Normandy's life support system drifting along the surface of the cock. The surface of
her cock, the scaly blue tube of flesh jutting out from her groin like it had always been there. As she
watched, she could see the pulse of her rapid heartbeat throbbing through the organ, blood pumping
through the recently-grown part of her anatomy.

She looked back up, horror on her face, to see Dr. Michel staring back, along with several other crew
members who had heard the doctor's cries and came to see what was the matter.

"By... by the Godd..." was all that Liara got out before she fell to the floor, out cold.
Liara came to feeling light-headed, and wondering if she had been having some strange dream. Something about a Prothean artifact and...

Letting out a gasp, Liara tried to sit up, only to feel a soft but firm hand on her shoulder, pushing her back down. "Calm yourself, Liara," said a familiar, accented voice. "You need to rest."

"I feel fine, Dr. Michel," Liara said to the red-headed human doctor. Chloe Michel had come on-board the Normandy following the war, after Dr. Chakwas's much-deserved retirement. While Liara was happy that the veteran doctor had gotten a chance to relax in her later years, it was just one of the many things that had changed on the Normandy since after the war. And one of the many factors that made her feel more and more like she didn't belong.

"Liara, please," Dr. Michel insisted. "We still aren't sure what has happened to you and Samara. We need to be cautious and..."

Reaching down underneath the sheet that had been placed over her as she slept, Liara pressed a hand between her legs. "So... it was no dream after all," Liara said, as she felt the large fleshy mass jutting out from her groin. With her other hand, she gently took Dr. Michel by the wrist. "I promise you I'm fine, doctor. I just... want to see."

Dr. Michel hesitated, but finally released her grip on Liara's shoulder. "Very well. The privacy shades are down, so no one will be able to look in."

Sitting up, Liara pulled aside the sheet. Underneath she was naked except for her dark bra, and her lower torso was completely unclothed. Struggling to keep her shock in check, she tried her best to give a clinical look to the sizable piece of flesh that had sprouted between her legs. "How odd," she thought to herself, as she took the scaly blue organ in her hand and gently lifted it up. Her fingers were barely able to wrap around the thick, veiny cock, even in its current flaccid state. "It seems quite human in appearance. Although quite a bit on the... large side for human anatomy."

"I've run some scans on it... on you, I mean," Dr. Michel said, looking a bit flustered at having to discuss this odd occurrence. "What has happened to your body is quite unprecedented. This Prothean artifact has completely altered the biology of yourself and Samara. A fully functional male reproductive system has seemed to have just... appeared, both inside of your body and out. I can't imagine how the Protheans managed to effect such radical changes in biology, both in such a short time and in a species that has never even possessed such body parts before."

"The Protheans were a very remarkable people," Liara said, while still staring down at the thick tube of flesh between her legs. With her other hand she felt at the pair of testicles dangling down underneath her new cock. Like the cock itself, they were quite large in comparison to the average human's endowment. Granted, Liara hadn't exactly made a habit of studying the genitalia of other species, but they seemed more on par with the average size of a krogan testicle. A thought occurred to her then, and she asked Dr. Michel. "You said it was 'completely functional,' Dr. Michel. Does that include sperm production? And if so... what exact kind of sperm could I be producing?"

Dr. Michel shook her head. "That, I haven't had a chance to study." She bit her lip as she added. "I didn't feel entirely comfortable with... well... extracting a sample while you slept. Besides, I'm sure the doctors on the Citadel will be more than capable of doing a more thorough investigation than I
would be on the Normandy."

"We're heading back to the Citadel?" Liara asked, as she swung her legs over the side of the med-bay cot and onto the floor.

"Actually, I believe that may be a point of contention at the moment," said Samara, walking over to the two of them. The elder asari, normally looking so regal in her justicar attire, was now dressed in a faded t-shirt that strained against her sizable bust, and loose grey sweatpants.

Seeing Liara eyeing her outfit, Samara smiled softly. "Miss Traynor offered to loan me some of her old clothing until our condition can be remedied. Not quite what I'm used to, I'm afraid, but I do not believe I would be able to... fit into what I had previously been wearing."

Liara saw Samara's point. Even in the loose pants that Samara wore, Liara could still see the faint bulge running down Samara's leg. "I imagine I might have to raid Specialist Traynor's wardrobe as well. But what was it you were saying? About a point of contention."

Samara looked mildly flustered. "I am... not certain it is my place to say. But I overheard a conversation between Specialist Traynor and Miss Lawson. Apparently there has been an incident at the Barton facility."

"The Barton facility?" Liara asked. "The source of almost all of the galaxy's eezo production since the war ended. What's happening?"

"No one's quite sure," Dr. Michel chimed in. "All they seem to know is that the facility has not sent out any communications for more than 24 hours now. But from what I understand, the Normandy is the only ship currently within range of the facility. Miss Lawson believes that we should be heading there right away, but Shepard insists that taking you and Samara back to the Citadel is our first priority."

"Wait," Liara said, "So our course hasn't been decided yet?"

Samara shook her head. "My understanding is that Shepard and his senior staff are meeting on the issue at this moment."

"No. No, they are not," Liara said angrily, her eyes darting around the med-bay. "Because I am a member of Shepard's senior staff, and I have as much of a say in this as Miss Lawson and Specialist Traynor." Spotting a pile of clothing, Liara grabbed her shirt and started putting it back on. "I've got to go to this meeting right now."

"Liara, are you absolutely sure you're alright?" Dr. Michel asked. "I'm worried that the Prothean device may have affected more than just your reproductive system. Perhaps you should..."

"No!" Liara said, fuming. Dr. Michel was sounding just like Shepard in that moment: always coddling her, treating her like she was a fragile doll. "I'm just fine, Doctor." Grabbing her pants next, Liara began pulling them on. The dilemma arose almost immediately, however, as she struggled to force her gigantic cock down into the fairly-tight slacks.

But she had somewhere she had to be, and she wasn't going to let anything, not even this massive piece of meat between her legs, stop her from fulfilling her duty.

* * *
"Liara's life could be in danger, Miranda!" Shepard protested, leaning forward with his palms pressed against the conference room table. "I'm not going to put her at risk after all she's done for us."

Miranda stayed calm in the face of Shepard's obvious agitation. "Dr. Michel has reported that Liara and Samara's life signs are stable. That their health is in no danger at the moment."

"Right, at the moment," Shepard said. "But that's right now. Who knows what that Prothean device's effects might be in a day. Or a week. Hell, we don't even know what's going on at the Barton facility, or how long it might delay us from reaching the Citadel."

"My guess: batarian pirates," Ashley opined. "They've been getting more and more flagrant these past few months. And I'm sure they know how important that facility is to the Alliance. If they manage to seize control of that facility... Commander, you know what we have to do. Liara's my friend too, but as much as I care about her, I'm not about to cripple the Alliance fleet when we could be at the facility in less than a day." She turned to her right. "Specialist Traynor, how far away did you say those other ship were?"

"The SSV Halifax and SSV Edmure are approximately five days out from the facility," Traynor said. "I've already sent them word of our concerns, but if Ash is right and batarian pirates are attempting to seize control... they would most likely not arrive in time."

Shepard sighed, knowing their arguments were sound but still hesitant.

"Commander, there is another possibility," a new voice quietly chimed in. "That site has had issues with its communications grid before."

From her spot next to her sister, Oriana Lawson stepped forward. The younger Lawson had joined the Normandy crew to assist Miranda in her work with the Alliance, rebuilding humanity's facilities across the galaxy.

Oriana looked a bit nervous as she pulled up her omni-tool and accessed a report on the facility in question. "This data shows that the Barton facility has had four communications failures in the last six months. The longest lasted for almost two days before communications were reestablished."

"Right, so it could be a communications failure," Shepard said. "And Ash, I know the batarians have increased their activities in that area, but they know what they'd be risking making such a blatant move against us. Most likely it's simply a technical glitch."

"And if it isn't?" Miranda asked. "Shepard, it's a day out of our way, nothing more. If Liara were on death's door, it would be one thing. But other than the... changes to her anatomy, it seems that she's completely healthy otherwise. If that proves to no longer be the case, we can always change course. But for now, I think we need to head for the Barton facility as soon as possible."

Shepard balled his hands into fists on the table. "Miranda, I understand your rationale, but I can't..."

"I believe I should have a say in this as well."

All attention turned to the door, Liara walking into the conference room with a determined expression. "Commander Shepard. While I appreciate your concern about my condition, Miss Lawson is correct. The possibility of an attack on this facility is too big of a threat for us to ignore.
Barton not only provides the vast majority of eezo processing for the Alliance, but sells a good portion of its production to other planets as well. We cannot take the risk of allowing it to... by the Goddess, could all of you please look me in the eye while I'm talking?

The occupants of the room all rapidly pointed their eyes back upward, and away from the straining bulge pressing against the fabric of Liara's pants. "Sorry," Ash muttered with an abashed expression.

"I mean, it's pretty hard... to ignore," Traynor quickly added, stealing one more glance of the outline of Liara's cock against her clothes.

"Jeez, you told me it was big, Randa," Oriana quietly said to her sister, "But I never imagined... that."

Liara watched them all mutter to each other with an annoyed expression. "Everyone finished?" she asked. "Yes, I have a penis now. A massive, throbbing, big blue cock. But I am otherwise unimpaired, and perfectly capable of performing my duties on the Normandy. And Shepard, as a member of your senior staff, I concur with my colleagues: set course to the Barton facility. It's not worth risking the galaxy's eezo supply just for myself and Samara. Besides which, the extra time will allow me a chance to study the device personally, and perhaps determine a cure for my and Samara's unique condition."

Shepard stepped towards Liara, a look of concern on his face. "Liara, are you certain you should be messing with that thing? Who knows what else it might do to you, after all?"

"I promise to be cautious, Shepard," Liara said. Despite her aggravation at what she felt was his unnecessary concern, the way he was looking at her made her feel warm inside, and brought a light blush to her cheeks. "I will not handle the device unless necessary, and I'll... I'll..." Liara gritted her teeth and let out a strained grunt.

"Are you okay?" Shepard asked. "What's the..."

Liara gasped, the sound of Shepard's voice only making her predicament worse, as her new bodily appendage swelled and pressed harder against the tight fabric of her pants. "I'm fine," she said, forcing her voice to sound normal as she took a step away from the Commander. "Just feeling a little... constricted, is all."

"I'll... I'll go find some more sweatpants," Traynor said, her eyes drifting down again before she quickly left the conference room.

"Okay, Liara," Shepard said. "We'll head to the Barton facility as you say. But as far as I'm concerned, you're relieved of your duties until we can solve this problem. You'll stay on the Normandy until we can get you back to the Citadel, and you'll contact Dr. Michel if you see any signs of your condition worsening. Oh, and I still don't like the thought of you being anywhere near that device. Until we get a better idea of what it's capable of, I want you to restrict your research to those databanks we retrieved from the site. Okay?"

"I don't..." Liara started to protest, but felt her cock throb again in her pants and gasped. "Fine, Shepard. I'll... hnngh... stay in my quarters and look over the databanks. As soon as I... urgh..."

Stepping forward, Ash laid a compassionate hand on Liara's shoulders. "You need help getting back? I can give you a hand if you need it."
Looking over at Ash, Liara suddenly found her eyes drifting downward, to her longtime comrade's body in her form-fitting Alliance uniform. Out of nowhere, unbidden images of tan human flesh filled Liara's mind, and below her she could hear the sounds of fabric starting to tear.

"No, no!" Liara said, bolting away from Ash and backing towards the conference room door. "I'm fine, I'll... oh, Goddess... I'll make it there on my own." And before anyone else could stop her, she whirled and almost ran through the door.

Once she was gone, Ash let out an embarrassed laugh. "Fuck me," she said, looking at Shepard with a cocked eyebrow. "Either Liara finds a cure to what happened... or she's gonna have half the women on the Citadel beating down her door."

* * *

As Liara charged out of the conference room door, she nearly plowed head-long into someone coming the other way. "Whoah, watch it, Doc!"

Flustered, Liara started to mumble out an apology, before she noticed who she had nearly run into and let out an annoyed sigh. "What are you doing here?"

Crossing her arms and smirking, Jack unabashedly stared down at Liara's groin. "Just had to see if all the scuttlebutt going around was true," the brash human woman said. "I mean, I heard it was big, but holy shit!"

Liara's eyes went wide. "You know? But that means..."

"Are you kidding? Between you in your quarters and the justicar letting it all hang out on the command deck, it's all anybody on this ship has been talking about. So, I gotta ask... have you tried taking a piss yet? Because I've heard if you shake it more than two times, you're just playing with it."

Liara fought the urge to shove Jack aside. She knew that the brash, tattooed woman had helped Shepard out during the Reaper war. And technically, she was a member of the Alliance. But Liara wasn't sure why Shepard was allowing this woman to reside in the Normandy's lower decks. Liara was just grateful that it was a temporary arrangement, and that Jack's summer break from teaching Alliance biotics would be over in a few weeks. Because, while Miranda assured Liara that Jack used to be much, much worse back when she and Miranda served on the Normandy the first time, Liara found her plenty aggravating as she was.

"I have to go," Liara said, moving around Jack and heading to the lift.

"Careful with that zipper, doc," Jack called out after Liara. "Hate to see you damage the goods so soon after you got 'em."

Behind her, Jack heard an annoyingly familiar voice. "This is serious, Jack. We don't know what that device may have done to Liara and Samara. This isn't the time for jokes."

Turning around, Jack gave her old nemesis an innocent grin. "Ah, bite me, princess," she said. "I mean, did you see that fucking thing? How the hell can you expect me to not want to come get an eyeful?" She smirked and added. "And I know damn well you were salivating like a goddamn varren in front of a bowl full of pyjak guts at the sight of it. Shit, when's the last time you had some stud peel you out of that shrink wrap you've got yourself packed in?"
"My personal affairs are not your concern," Miranda said. "And neither are Liara and Samara's. I would advise you to keep your distance from them until we've dealt with this problem, unless you want to have me to contend with."

"Oooh, scary," Jack said with a sneer, as the door behind Miranda opened and Oriana stepped through. Leaning to the side, Jack gave Oriana a mirthful look. "Hey, mini-Miri. Your sister's talking some real smack over here. Better hope she doesn't push it too far, or they might have to grow a new test-tube bitch for a replacement."

Oriana said nothing, but moved close to her older sister and averted her eyes from Jack. Miranda glared daggers at Jack. "Enough of this," Miranda said, her voice cold and firm. "You and I have our differences, Jack, but don't you dare drag my sister into your petty grudge."

"It's... it's fine, Randa," Oriana said, daring to look at Jack. "I'm not afraid of her."

"Really? Well, you should be, babe," Jack said, taking a step in Oriana's direction. "I know you've only met the cleaned-up version of me, but if you'd run into me back before the Alliance put a leash on, I don't think you would have made it out alive."

"Back... off." Miranda warned, moving to stand between her sister and Jack. As the confrontation started to get heated, the door to the conference room opened again, Shepard and Ash stepping out onto the command deck.

"What's going on here?" Shepard said sternly. "Do we have a problem here, Jack?"

Jack scoffed. "Nah. Just reminding the cheerleader and her understudy here that the asari on this ship ain't the only bitches with balls to spare," she said. "Scuse me, ladies. Gonna go pay a visit to Joker in the cockpit, see if he's got any extranet vids to help me with this fucked-up fetish I suddenly discovered after running into Liara." She walked through the group, making sure to roughly bump into Miranda and Oriana on her way past them to the front of the Normandy.

Miranda gave Shepard a serious look. "Commander, I know you've already made your position clear, but I have to voice my objections again to allowing that... woman to take her shore leave on the Normandy."

"Objection noted," Shepard said. "And as a counter-argument, I'd like to remind you about how she bailed you out during that firefight on Garvug a month ago."

The reminder made Miranda frown. "That was... I would have made it out of that situation just fine without her help."

"I know the two of you don't exactly mesh well," Shepard said. "But she's good in a fight, and deep down you know she'd put her ass on the line for any of us if it came down to it."

Ash chuckled. "Come on, Miranda. You know that this is exactly what she wants. To see you get all flustered. Just ignore her."

Miranda sighed in annoyance. "I can deal with her aggravating behaviors, Commander Williams. But when Jack drags Ori into her pathetic vendetta..."

"I'm fine, Randa, really," Oriana said, her eyes cast downward as she rubbed at her bare wrist. "Anyway, I should be getting back to work on those agriculture reports. I'll see you later, okay?"
"Alright," Miranda said, resting a reassuring hand on her sister's shoulder. "But if Jack should ever bother you and I'm not around, you call me right away. Okay?"

Oriana nodded. "I will," she said. "Commander Shepard. Commander Williams," she acknowledged the two Alliance marines before making her exit.

Shepard smiled as he saw the look on Miranda's face watching Oriana leave. "All the years I've known you, Miss Lawson," he observed, "I don't think I've ever seen you as happy."

Miranda looked a bit embarrassed as she glanced down at the floor and played with her hair. "It's still hard for me to believe, Shepard. All the years I spent worrying about her. Hiding her from our father, terrified that one day he'd find her and take her back. Sometimes, I have to remind myself that it's all finally over. That she's finally safe... and happy." She let out a light laugh. "At least, I assume she is. She never tells me anything about her private life."

"Hey, my offer still stands, by the way," Ashley said. "I know what a bunch of dumbasses most guys in the Marines are, but I've got the Extranet addresses of a few good ones I know. When we get back to the Citadel, I can set something up with one of them and your sister."

"I appreciate the thought, Commander Williams," Miranda said. "But I doubt Ori would agree to it. She hates it when I try to interfere in her love life. I'm not sure you'd have any better luck on that account."

Ashley nodded. "Yeah, I getcha. My sisters were always the same way when I tried to set them up. Well, I'm sure it'll happen eventually. Hell, sometimes I thought I'd be bunking alone for life, until a certain hunky marine here dropped down from the sky."

Grinning, Shepard snaked an arm around Ashley's waist. "Well, let's just cross our fingers it doesn't take a geth invasion to find a nice guy for Oriana."

"Hey, Commander, not to interrupt your little coffee chat over there," Joker said over the comms. "But any word yet on which direction I should be pointing us?"

"Oh, right," Shepard said. "Liara insists that she's fine, so I guess we'll be delaying our visit to the Citadel for now. Set a course to the Barton facility, maximum speed."

"Roger that, Commander. Setting a... no, I don't have any porn like that, Jack, and stop asking! Although... on second thought I seem to remember some vids I pulled off a restricted server in..."

Shepard smirked. "Joker, you left the comm link on," he said.

"Right. Sorry, Commander," Joker said.

* * *

As soon as the door to her office was shut, Liara unfastened her pants. A sigh of relief escaped her lungs, as she pulled out the massive blue curse the Protheans had bestowed on her. The cock between her legs throbbed and pulsed with blood, the impure thoughts she had been having about Shepard and Ashley making it start to swell and rise in the air.

_Goddess, all the jokes really were true_, Liara thought to herself, as she sat down at her desk and
shifted her... equipment. *Males really do think about nothing but sex.* She had only been equipped with this accursed tube of meat for a few hours now, and all of a sudden she found herself thinking about such lewd things. What it would be like to put it inside of someone's mouth. To feel a tongue lovingly lap at the head of it, and leave a trail of saliva all the way down its massive, throbbing length. And once her cock was properly lubricated with the spit of her lover, to bend them over and shove its entire length deep into their...

"No," Liara muttered to herself. "Put my mind on other things. Think about anything else other than that."

Activating her terminal, she accessed the information from the Prothean databanks they had discovered. Immediately, she was assaulted with a jumbled, encrypted page full of unreadable text.

"Dammit," she muttered to herself, tapping rapidly on her keyboard and accessing several different decryption schemes. Unfortunately, Protheans had a vast array of ways to encode text – no doubt to hide secrets from both the Reapers and those indoctrinated into their service – and none of the known methods that Liara tried were able to make the information readable.

Coming up empty, Liara decided to turn to her one other resource. Opening up an extranet connection, she typed in a familiar address and began composing a message:

*Javik,*

*I'm not sure how long it will take this message to reach you, considering the distances between our respective vessels at the moment. But I have few other options open. The Normandy recently came into contact with an unusual piece of your people's technology. One that has had profound effects upon the anatomy of myself and another asari. I am forwarding you some data that was retrieved from the site, in hopes that you might be able to decode the information contained within. Your assistance in this matter would be greatly appreciated.*

*Liara*

Attaching the information from the Prothean databanks, Liara sent off the message. Considering that the Lassiter was currently doing exploratory work in previously uncharted regions of the galaxy, Liara knew that it could take days, perhaps even weeks, before Javik would receive her message. But if she was unable to decode the information, Javik was her one remaining option.

With the message sent, Liara started trying again to work on the data. Several combinations of encryption schemes came up with no result, but Liara refused to give up. As she worked, she felt her eyelids start to droop, the exhaustion of poring through the inscrutable text taking its toll on her. Leaning her chin on her hand, she forced herself to continue staring at the screen, as if looking at the text hard enough would make it start to make sense.

"Aaah," Liara let out a light moan, as she felt a warm tingle build between her legs. A second later, her eyes went wide, and she stared down to see her hand down between her legs. Without even knowing it, she had begun to unconsciously rub at her cock, her delicate fingers lovingly stroking the thick, veiny organ.

"Stop it," Liara chided herself, planting both hands flat on top of her desk. "Focus, Liara. It's like you
told Shepard: you're perfectly capable of performing your duties on the Normandy. So, let's do that.”

Closing the Prothean databanks for the moment, Liara began perusing the latest reports from her contacts. After the war, the Shadow Broker and "his" connections were needed more than ever, and Liara made sure to keep abreast of any potential opportunities and setbacks that might play a factor in the rebuilding of the galaxy. A bunch of dry reports about credit movements and backroom deals. Exactly the sort of thing to get her mind off of... that.

Browsing through her reports with one hand, while keeping the other one firmly planted on the top of her desk, Liara pulled up the latest message from one of her contacts. A devious smile crossed her face as she saw the name at the head of the message. A few days ago, she had put one of her contacts on the trail of a human politician from Earth. Senator Marx had secretly been funneling credits to several suspicious – and strangely contradictory - organizations, including a company of asari Eclipse mercenaries and an organization attempting to reestablish the Terra Firma party on Earth. The message from her contact was offering information that "shed light on what the good Senator is up to.” Liara, immediately curious, opened up the attached file.

And then instantly regretted it.

It was a video, no doubt from a hidden surveillance camera from the angle it was shot, of a grungy-looking Citadel hotel room. The image centered on the bed, capturing in gory detail the pasty naked skin of the human senator, on his knees on the mattress with his cock furiously thrusting into his partner.

"Fuck me," said the woman on her hands and knees in front of him. A woman Liara instantly recognized as Fiona Lewis, the head of the Terra Firma Restoration organization. "Harder, you fucker! Make me feel it!"

"Oh, Goddess," Liara moaned, feeling the cock between her legs start to swell at the sight of the illicit affair. She was about ready to close the video when she heard another voice on the recording.

"Can't believe you two started without me," said a woman's voice from out of range of the camera. A few seconds later, Liara saw an asari woman step into frame, casting off the last of her undergarments as she approached the two furiously fucking humans. While Liara couldn't get a good look at her face, the extensive tattoos – including the sunburst E on her backside – identified the woman almost assuredly as Iresia T'Lura, the head of the Eclipse unit Senator Marx's credits had been going towards.

Letting out an annoyed sound, Liara furiously stabbed the "Stop" button with her finger. Breathing heavily, she stood up and paced away from the desk. She tried to stare down at the floor as she walked, only to get an eyeful of her cock jutting out rigidly from her hips and immediately decide to stare at the ceiling instead.

"Rest," Liara said to herself, after several minutes of pacing around the room did nothing to shrink the massive cock bobbing in front of her. "That's what I need to do. Take a rest."

Laying down on her bed, Liara closed her eyes. And tried desperately to drive away the image of Senator Marx and his two most loyal supporters.

* * *

"May I come in?" Traynor said, as she opened the door into the starboard observation area.
Looking up from her meditations, Samara turned and smiled. "Of course, Specialist Traynor."

Walking into the room, her arms filled with articles of clothing, Traynor pulled out a selection of items. "Just thought I'd bring by a few more things for you. Since it looks like you'll be staying with us a little while longer."

"Staying longer?" Samara asked, then nodded in understanding. "So, it would appear that Shepard decided to divert course and come to the aid of the eezo facility."

"Yes, sorry," Traynor said, trying her best to keep her eyes focused on Samara's face. And not the light bulge in her pants, nor the way Traynor's old t-shirt seemed ready to burst against the strain of Samara's ample breasts. "I tried to get some other ships to investigate the matter instead, but we're the closest, so..."

Samara nodded. "No, it was the right decision. As eager as Liara and I may be to return to normal, our health appears to be otherwise unaffected by the device." Samara took the clothing that Traynor offered her with a grateful smile. "And it seems you have packed more than enough clothing for me to remain comfortable during my stay here."

"Isn't all mine," Traynor said. "Managed to get some of the other female crew to donate some of their spare things. Tried to tell them it was part of a clothing drive or something, but I'm pretty sure they all knew."

"It's alright, Specialist Traynor. After the rather... public discovery of what the Prothean device had done, I'm certain the entire crew is well aware of the stranger effects of Prothean technology," Samara said. As she walked to set aside the loose-fitting clothing, she could feel her new set of blue testicles brushing against her thighs, and the fabric of her pants lightly tickling the skin of her cock.

Traynor looked a bit frustrated. "I'm sorry about that, Samara. You know how it can get, a small ship like this and gossip. But I'll get everyone to leave you alone while you're here. As far as the rest of the crew is concerned, the starboard observation deck is off-limits until we return to the Citadel."

"I thank you for your understanding, Specialist Traynor," Samara said, laying the spare outfits aside. She turned back to the human woman with a compassionate smile. "I cannot say I'm exactly happy about my current condition, but your kindness is making all of this just a little more bearable."

Traynor gave her a nod, and started to make a move to leave. After a moment's hesitation, she opened her mouth. "I... that is... do you mind if I ask... no, never mind."

"It's quite alright," Samara said. "You may ask whatever you wish."

"It's just... I mean..." Traynor stammered. "I guess I've always been curious about what it feels like to have... to walk around with one of those things," she finally finished her thought, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment. "Sorry, I know it's probably the last thing you want to talk about right now. But it's not really the sort of thing you can come out and ask a guy, you know?"

Samara gave Traynor a reassuring smile. "I understand. But, to be quite honest with you, I barely even notice it at all. I am aware of its existence, can picture it in my mind when I am reminded of it, but other than that... I feel no differently than usual."

Traynor listened in rapt attention. "I see. Well, I suppose that makes sense. I mean, if men walked
around thinking about nothing but that big fleshy thing between their legs... well, they'd never get anything done, would they?"

"Indeed,” Samara said.

"Well, I should get going," Traynor said, patting the pile of clothing in her arms. "I imagine Liara's feeling pretty... well, tightly packed in her usual clothes. Think I'll pop by the barracks to see if anyone else has anything to donate before I pay her a visit."

"You are too kind to us," Samara said. "And I will be sure to let you know if I need anything further."

The two of them said their goodbyes, and Traynor quickly exited. Now left to her own devices, Samara returned to her previous position. Finding a spot on the floor with a good view out of the observation deck window, she crossed her legs, shut her eyes, and focused her mind.

What does it feel like, Samara? What does it really feel like?

Traynor's voice in her head, reminding Samara of their conversation. And the lies that Samara had told.

Because the truth was, from the second it had grown out of her body, the cock between her legs had been all that she could think about. Even now, as she tried to meditate, she could feel the fabric of Traynor's borrowed pants tightening and bunching around the thick fleshy cock underneath. Clearing her throat, she attempted to rearrange herself, reaching down boldly between her legs and shifting the sizable package underneath.

"Ahh," Samara gasped. The mere sensation of her own fingers pressing against the extension of flesh between her legs sent a shiver through her entire body, and caused a tensing of her muscles that felt disturbingly pleasant. She could feel the thick reproductive organ pulse underneath her fingers, as long forgotten urges started burrowing their way up from the depths of her mind.

Even now, as she closed her eyes again, her mind wasn't on the sutras of the Justicar code, or on the teachings of Athame. Instead, she thought about Traynor. An image of herself satisfying the human woman's curiosity about her mutation by showing it to her first-hand. Stripping the shocked woman out of her uniform and exposing her darkly-colored human flesh, before bending her over a couch and burying every last inch of her cock into the...

Samara gasped. Opening her eyes, she looked down to see her cock straining against the fabric of her pants. Goddess, it was getting so big. A few seconds of weakness, of allowing herself to fantasize, and the thick cock between her legs now threatened to burst out from the loose-fitting pants she wore.

"Focus," Samara muttered to herself. But the press of cotton fabric against her throbbing cock made it nearly impossible. Letting out a frustrated sigh, Samara pulled out the waistband of her pants, reached down with her other hand, and withdrew the accursed organ from captivity. Gently, she tugged the seam of the pants down to rest underneath her scrotum, and let her new set of equipment hang out in the open air as she attempted again to resume her meditations.

A Justicar's code is absolute, she ran through her mind. A Justicar must defend the weak, protect the innocent, and punish the guilty. A Justicar must
Can I see it, Samara? asked Traynor in her mind. Despite Samara's attempts to picture the faded parchments and ancient writings of the Justicar order, instead she saw Traynor sinking down to her knees. Letting out a gasp of astonishment as Samara pulled out her cock and let it hang in front of Traynor's awe-stricken face. Watching as the enraptured human, unable to contain herself any longer, leaned forward and wrapped her moist lips around the bobbing blue...

A Justicar's duty is for life. A justicar must not rest in the face of evil. A justicar is

Warm and wet. Thrusting inside, until I'm completely buried in her moist cunt. My balls slap against her clit as I spill my cum deep into her womb. "Fuck me," she begs me, and my cock remains hard against her inner walls as I push toward a second climax inside of her.

Letting out an annoyed sound, Samara snapped her eyes open. Staring down at the thick cock between her legs, she tried desperately to picture it shrinking down. Make it stop throbbing in that way that just begged for it to be buried in some tight, moist cunt.

"Goddess," Samara muttered, as more vulgar thoughts flooded her mind. Words she thought she had forgotten, words she had forgotten she had ever heard. Every possible way that she could imagine to express one simple desire: to fuck.

Samara had a feeling it was going to be a long, long trip to the Citadel.
"Bloody capacitors, always blowing out at the worst possible times," Kenneth Donnelly muttered to himself, as he worked a wrench carefully inside a power junction. With the cooling systems in the lower decks down for maintenance on top of things, he was sweating like a damned pig as he strained to access the malfunctioning equipment.

As he worked, he thought about all the recent excitement on the Normandy. On the one hand, it was nice to have Samara and her impressive endowments back on the ship. But then there was the... other thing. Ken considered himself an open-minded kind of guy, but he drew the line at ladies with a baw bag.

Although... an image came to mind of Gabby getting to know Samara and her new endowments, and despite the strangeness of it all, Ken's mind lingered on it for quite a while. It was around the time Liara joined the party in his imagination, that Ken felt something press down on his shoulder. Crying out in surprise, he nearly jammed his hand into a power conduit before recovering his composure.

"Oh!" said the woman's voice behind him. "I'm sorry. Didn't mean to scare you."

Turning around, Ken saw who had come up behind him and gave her a confused look. "S'alright, love. Didn't hear you coming is all. Only... you sure you're in the right place? Can't say I've seen you in this area of the ship much."

Oriana Lawson shifted nervously. "No, I... I suppose you wouldn't have. I'm sorry for disturbing you, but I was... looking for Jack."

"That crazy bird?" Ken said. "Trust me, love, you don't want to be messing with that. Shepard may say she's mellowed out some, but I still wouldn't want to be caught in the same room with her if she were in a foul mood. And considering all the bad blood between her and your sister, I can't imagine that you in particular would catch her in anything but a foul mood."

"Regardless, I need to talk to her," Oriana insisted. "I thought she usually spent her time on the Normandy down here, but I guess maybe I missed her?"

Ken laughed. "Oh, right. Nah, she doesn't bunk down here anymore, praise baby Jesus. She ended up taking over the starboard cargo bay. Since we're not currently ferrying any crazy old mercenaries or reporters with back problems in there anymore. If you're really serious about braving an encounter with her, you can probably find her there."

"Ah, okay," Oriana said. "Thanks for the information."

"Seriously, love," Ken said. "If she starts glowing with that creepy biotic stuff or tries anything else, you just give a yell." He silently added in his mind, _So I can get as far away from the general area as possible and go find Shepard to deal with it._

Oriana gave him a friendly smile. "Trust me, Ken. I can handle myself," she said, before turning to walk away.

Ken shook his head as he watched her leave. "Just like her sister. Always ready to stick her hand in the hornet's nest." Turning back to his work, he returned to his bizarrely compelling fantasy of
watching Gabby play with two giant blue dobbers.

* * *

On the bed, he pounded into her from behind. But it wasn't Senator Marx and his favorite constituent. It was Shepard, hands locked tightly around Ashley's waist as he buried himself deep inside of her.

"Fuck me, Shepard," Ashley moaned and panted as Shepard's cock filled her. "Fuck me like a dirty whore. I want to feel you cum inside my filthy cunt."

The dirty talk prodded Shepard on, made him pound into Ashley until the sound of his flesh slapping hard against hers echoed across the filthy hotel room. After a few seconds more of energetic fucking, the sound of someone clearing their throat.

"Can't believe you two started without me," Liara said, striding up naked to the two humans, her hard cock standing up straight in front of her. Ashley's eyes locked on the massive organ, licking her lips hungrily as it moved closer.

"Suck it, whore," Liara coldly ordered, dangling her cock in front of Ashley's face.

A loud slapping sound, as Shepard's palm met Ashley's backside with painful force. "You heard her," Shepard said. "Suck it."

Ashley didn't need to be told again, as she opened her mouth as wide as she could to accommodate the thick blue cock. Just as her tongue started to tease the head of Liara's prick...

"Gah!" Liara cried out, snapping awake in an instant. After taking a moment to regain her bearings, she cursed to herself. Down between her legs, that maddening piece of meat continued mocking her, fully erect and begging to be pleasured.

There's an easy solution to this, you know, a voice in her head told her. Don't pretend you aren't fully aware of how to deal with a hard cock, after all. Just because it's on your own body and not on...

"Yes, I know," Liara muttered to herself. But deep down, she didn't want to resort to... that. It was bad enough that the strange Prothean device had grown this cock on her. She was nervous about what might happen if she actually stimulated it into climax. The device had completely rewritten her reproductive system, after all. Who could possibly guess what would happen to her body if she indulged herself in the heated fantasies playing out in her head?

"I just need to distract myself," Liara said. Standing up from the bed, she walked over once again to her desk. She briefly considered browsing through some more reports from her agents, but after what had happened the last time, she decided it wasn't worth the risk.

After a few seconds of indecision, she finally decided upon the most boring possible method of distraction: looking at the surveillance cameras set up throughout the Normandy. Compared to the days of the Reapers, the day-to-day activities on this ship these days were hardly the stuff of legend. It was just the sort of thing that might bore her into a deep sleep, one hopefully untroubled by the lurid fantasies currently plaguing her subconscious.

Accessing the security system, Liara browsed through the cameras. On deck 2, she saw Joker in his pilot's seat. It warmed her heart to see one of her oldest friends and comrades from the days of the
war still at the helm. He had been quite shaken back when it had all ended, and Liara could still remember the way he had sadly stared at the limp, motionless AIU that had once contained the woman he loved. But if Joker was still grieving, he didn't let it show these days, and he still seemed his usual sarcastic self as he steered the ship to its next destination.

Next camera, the CIC. Shepard was on the elevated platform, keeping tabs on their progress towards their destination. Seeing him there, still so powerful and in command even after all the losses they had been through, made Liara feel so... so...

Between her legs, she felt her cock start to throb again, and decided to choose another camera. The rear section of deck 2, the area that had housed the War Room during the hostilities, had been converted into a work area for Miss Lawson. Here, she was in near-constant communication with the Alliance brass, helping to coordinate the rebuilding efforts on Earth and other human colonies. Normally, her sister Oriana would be right by her side to assist, but at the moment Miranda seemed to be working alone.

Another camera, down to Deck 3. Several off-duty crew members chatted in the mess hall. On the next camera, Ash coordinated with the ensigns in the forward battery, no doubt making sure the ship's weapons were calibrated and ready in case her theory about batarian pirates was correct.

Looking at this camera just made Liara think about Garrus, and she made a mental note to send him a message... after all of this was over. As much as she would like to talk to him now, she worried that he wouldn't be able to resist the urge to try and joke about Liara and Samara's bizarre conditions. And right about now, the last thing Liara wanted to hear was jokes.

The next camera showed her the Life Support area, with no one currently occupying it. At the end of the room, resting innocently on a table, the Prothean orb hummed and pulsed with energy. "What was it for?" Liara muttered to herself, as if hoping the Protheans would be able to shout forward through the millennia to inform her. "What possible purpose could... this serve?"

The med-bay, the crew barracks, the port observation bay... as Liara predicted, all dreadfully dull. But when she switched to the starboard observation bay, she saw something she wasn't entirely expecting.

Samara was sitting cross-legged on the floor, looking like she was trying to meditate. And down between her legs, her cock had been pulled out of her pants and hung brazenly out in the open. Liara wanted to avert her eyes, but she couldn't help but stare at her fellow mutated asari's strange endowments.

It looked slightly shorter than Liara's: maybe 12 or 13 inches fully erect instead of the 15 that Liara had estimated her own as, but even from the low-res video image Liara could tell that Samara's was quite a bit thicker. Her finger hovered over the "Next" button on her terminal, but she found herself unable to tear her eyes away from the large, throbbing, mouth-watering...

As Liara watched, Samara's eyes suddenly snapped open, and she rose up to her feet with an annoyed expression. For a moment, Liara panicked, believing that Samara had somehow detected her spying. But Samara didn't look at the camera for a second, and instead gingerly tucked away her cock before turning around and leaving the observation deck.

The sudden shock of Samara's movement finally snapped Liara out of her trance, and she quickly pressed the button to move to the next camera.
Now she was on Deck 4, browsing through the engineering room cameras. Ken cursing and trying his best to repair something. Gabby monitoring engine output readings from her terminal. Just like most of the rest of the ship – except for that one somewhat large exception – exceedingly dull.

And then she switched to the camera in the starboard cargo bay, and things got decidedly less dull.

* * *

Languishing on her cot, her hands curled up behind her head, Jack glanced up as the door to the cargo bay slid open, and Oriana entered. "Hell you want?" she asked, giving the younger Lawson a dismissive sneer.

Clearing her throat, Oriana spoke up. "Outside the conference room before... you bumped into me when you left."

"Yeah, so what?" Jack said with a shrug. "Aw, did I bruise your genetically perfect skin? You want me to apologize for how mean I was?"

Oriana frowned. "I had a bracelet on. A gold bracelet with emeralds. It was a gift from my sister, and after you bumped into me, I noticed it was gone."

Jack let out an exasperated sigh. "Seriously? Not enough your big sis is giving me shit every second I'm on this ship. Now you're gonna come in here and accuse me of some stupid bullshit like this?"

"It was there just a minute before," Oriana said, standing firm. "I remember having it on when I was in the conference room. It had to have been you."

"Look, I don't know where your stupid bracelet is, okay?" Jack said. "Now leave me the hell alone. It's late, and..." Jack yawned, pulling her hands from behind her head as she stretched out her arms, "I'm feeling like a nice nap."

Oriana's eyes locked on Jack's wrist, and the gleaming gold jewelry dangling from it. "That's it!"

"What, this?" Jack asked, faux innocence in her voice as she fingered the dangling gold bracelet. "Nah, this here is mine. I've always loved shiny crap like this. Wow, weird how it looks just like that one your sister gave you."

"Give it back, now," Oriana said, moving in the direction of the cot. Jack, seeing her coming, rose up to her feet menacingly, but Oriana didn't pause for a second. "Give it back, or I swear I'll... I'll..."

"You'll what?" Jack said defiantly. "What's a scrawny little runt like you gonna threaten me with, huh?"

Oriana suddenly charged forward, pushing Jack's back against the wall and pinning her there with her own body. Leaning forward, Oriana moved in to whisper into Jack's ear.

"Or I'll throw you down on that cot, strip every last stitch of clothing off you, and fuck you so damn good you'll be begging me to take it back," Oriana hissed, as her angry expression turned into a devilish smile.

Jack stared Oriana deep in the eye and smirked back at her. "Big talk," she said suggestively. "How
about you put your money where your mouth is."

Oriana's hand grabbed the back of Jack's neck, and their lips met in a violent, hungry kiss.

* * *

"Holy shit!" Liara cried out, watching as Jack and Oriana frantically began to strip off each other's clothes. Underneath the desk, a drop of pre-cum leaked out of the tip of her cock and splashed down against the deck.

* * *

"Fuck, you don't know how much it's been killing me to wait," Oriana said, as Jack yanked her dress up over her head and hurled it into the corner. "If you could have seen how fucking wet I got when I came out of the conference room and saw you standing there..."

"Shit, babe, why the fuck do you think I stole the bracelet?" Jack said, extending her arms to allow Oriana to remove her jacket. "Figured it'd give you a good excuse to come down here and confront me about my terrible, wicked sins. And give us a chance to commit a few more on each other while you're here."

Oriana laughed, as she reached behind her back to unhook her bra and let it drop down to the floor. "You're a devious little cunt, aren't you?" she said with a grin, grabbing onto Jack's belt and rapidly working it open.

"Takes one to know one, babe," Jack said, yanking down on the white fabric criss-crossing her upper torso and baring her tits. "Hell of an act you put on up there." Raising the pitch of her voice, Jack spoke in an exaggerated version of Oriana's accent. "'Oh, no, big sis! Protect me from the mean tattoo lady!'" Dropping the accent, Jack cackled. "Gosh, if only Miranda knew that her precious, innocent baby sister has had her tongue jammed all the way up my ass on more than one occasion, maybe she'd..."

"Hey, Jack?" Oriana said, as she stood up from sliding Jack's pants down to her ankles. Leaning an elbow into Jack's chest, Oriana pushed her back against the wall. "Please stop talking about my sister while I'm fucking you."

"Message receeeiiiiiooooh..." Jack moaned as Oriana's fingers pushed into the damp crotch of her panties. "Thought you were gonna throw me on the bed and do this."

Pressing and stroking her fingers into the moist fabric and teasing at Jack's pussy underneath, Oriana gave her lover a crooked grin. " Plans change. And from the looks of things, seems like you've been waiting for this as much as I have."

"Oh, shit," Jack said, making no attempt to hide her desire as Oriana slid the crotch of Jack's panties aside and began expertly playing with Jack's bare snatch. "Where'd a good girl like you ever learn to do such nasty things, huh?"

As she worked her thumb against Jack's clit, Oriana smirked wickedly. "College, of course. Still remember the one time I got a low mark in a History class. Fed Randa a story about some boy in the class distracting me, but the real truth was that I was too busy fucking my roommate to study for the mid-term." Leaning down, Oriana stuck out her tongue to play with the piercing dangling from Jack's nipple. "She ended up meeting some guy and calling things off a few weeks later, but I'll
never forget the way she squealed whenever I did this," Oriana said, before taking the piercing between her teeth and lightly tugging on it.

"Fuuuuuucckkkk!" Jack cried out, as her opinions on the benefits of higher education made a radical shift.

Oriana sank down slowly to her knees, grabbing Jack's panties on the way down and teasingly working them down her tattooed legs. Underneath, Jack was dripping wet, and she let out a gasp at the warm, wet feeling of Oriana's tongue against her clit.

"Mmm," Oriana said, pulling away from Jack's crotch to lick her lips. "I missed your taste, Jack. If you only knew how many nights I spent while you were away teaching, playing with myself and thinking about how amazing it would be when I got my tongue inside you again..."

Jack reached down to work her fingers through Oriana's hair. "Well, less talking about it," she said, forcing Oriana's face back between her legs, "And more fucking doing it."

Shit, Jack had never been so glad that the first thing she had done when she'd moved into the cargo bay was plaster over the fucking window. Although part of her would have loved to give the grunts down below one hell of a show.

Funny thing was, even with the window blocked off, Jack had the funniest feeling that they were still being watched...

* * *

The battle was over. And the unbearable tension between her legs had won.

"Oh, Goddess," Liara moaned, as she wantonly stroked at her cock under the desk, watching as Jack and Oriana passionately made love to each other.

No... what they were doing couldn't be described with words so formal and so clean. The two of them were fucking. And Liara was watching it all through half-shut eyes, biting her lip as she worked her hand up and down the pulsing shaft between her legs.

"That's it," Liara quietly encouraged the two women, as Oriana dropped to her knees and began eating out Jack's twat. "Oh, that's it," she whispered, as she reached down with her spare hand to fondle at the giant pair of balls dangling underneath her painfully erect cock. It was funny how naturally it seemed to come. How she seemed to know, almost by instinct, how to play with her newly-grown set of equipment.

And it felt so good. All of her logical reasons for not wanting to experiment with her new cock had gone right out the window the second she had begun stroking herself in earnest. Her fingers worked up and down the entire length of her shaft, and the sensation of it was unlike anything she had ever felt before. Part of her wanted to pump her cock faster, reach her climax as soon as possible. But she forced herself to slow down, trying to keep pace with the two women furiously fucking each other on the screen.

"Yes," Liara moaned, gasping for breath as she watched the two women shift position on the video. "Fuck, yes."

* * *
They did find their way to the bed eventually.

Oriana lay on her back, with Jack laying across her on her stomach, giving her a taste of her own medicine as she stroked the soaking crotch of Oriana's lily-white panties. All while kissing and lightly nibbling on Oriana's neck.

"Fuck yes, Jack," Oriana moaned, any trace of the innocent younger sister long since vanished as she pressed her hips against Jack's teasing fingers. "Fuck me, Jack. Make me cum."

"Listen to that dirty mouth on you," Jack breathed. Grabbing the hem of Oriana's panties, Jack tugged them slightly downward. Taking the hint, Oriana raised her legs up from the bed, allowing Jack to pull her panties up past her ankles and leave Oriana totally naked. Raising the soaking undergarments up to her face, Jack inhaled deeply through her nose. "Make you a deal, babe: I'll trade you the bracelet... for this little souvenir."

"You drive a hard bargain, Jack," Oriana said with a grin. "But I guess it's an offer I can't refuse."

Tucking the panties aside, Jack reached her hand between Oriana's legs, placing two fingers up into her snatch while pressing her thumb to Oriana's clit. " Fucking right you can't," Jack said as she rubbed her thumb around at the apex of Oriana's pussy. "Not when I can do shit like this to you."

"Oh... oh, fuck," Oriana gasped, Jack's expert touch hitting all of her most sensitive spots. "Don't stop, Jack. Please... please don't ever stop."

"You want more, babe?" Jack said, adjusting her hand and inserting a third finger into Oriana's cunt. "How much can you take, huh?"

"All of it," Oriana moaned, mouth hanging open as she played with her tits and watched Jack's hand moving between her legs. "Give me all of it."

Jack looked down at her hand, practically dripping with Oriana's juices. "Hey, you asked for it," Jack said, as she pressed all of her fingers and thumb together, and started working her combined digits into Oriana's twat.

Squeezing her eyes shut, Oriana let out a choked gasp as Jack's hand stretched her wide. She felt Jack pause, and opened her eyes to see her lover looking up at her in mild concern.

"You sure you're up for this?" Jack said. "You want me to stop?"

"Don't..." Oriana gasped. "Don't you fucking dare. I want it inside me, Jack. I want all of you inside me."

Giving Oriana a grin, Jack began pushing her hand into Oriana's pussy again. Soon, she was buried in Oriana up to the wrist, Miranda's gift dangling less than an inch away from Oriana's clenching pussy lips. Looking up at Oriana again and seeing that she was alright, Jack leaned in to work her tongue against Oriana's clit, all while shifting and wiggling her fingers around against Oriana's inner walls.

"So good," Oriana gasped, reaching a hand down to stroke Jack's hair as Jack brought her to the edge of climax. "Fuck, it's so good..."
"You think that's good?" Jack said, pulling away from licking Oriana's clit long enough to give her a wink. "Wait'll you feel this."

Oriana's eyes went wide as saucers, as she felt Jack start to slowly curl the hand inside of her into a fist. By the time Jack had finished, Oriana felt her muscles clench and her body shudder. "I'm cumming," she gasped. "Fuck, I'm cumming..."

* * *

"Fuck," Liara whispered, the pleasurable sensations in her cock reaching their absolute apex. "Yes, yes, yes, yes, Goddess, yes..."

And just then, a second away from her climax, she heard a voice behind her. "Sorry for the wait, Liara. I found some more..."

She let out a gasp, and out of instinct she swiveled her chair around to face the unexpected visitor. Just as she caught a glimpse of Traynor, standing with her arms filled with clothing, Liara felt her cock jerk in her hand, and an unbelievable wave of pleasure filled her entire body.

"FUCK!" Liara cried out, every nerve in her body alive with ecstasy like she'd never experienced in her life. As she watched though eyes hazy with lust, a thick stream of cum shot out of the tip of her throbbing cock, flew through the air, and splattered right into the stunned Specialist Traynor's face.
You Never Forget Your First Time

Laying together on Jack’s cot, their bodies dripping with the sweat of their endeavors, the two of them stared into each other's eyes as they gasped for breath.

"Shit," Jack said first. "I could get used to being fucked like that."

"Sounds good to me," Oriana said, tracing a line down the side of Jack's slick, tattooed body with her fingers. "We've still got a few months left until you've got to go back to your school. And I've got plenty of excuses I can find to get away from Randa when I have to." Moving her hand down Jack's arm, Oriana finally reached her wrist and unfastened the bracelet around it. "Ones that don't involve you putting your pickpocketing skills to use."

Jack gave Oriana a cocky grin. "Hey, babe. You ever want to stop with the games, I'm all for it. We should just go on up and tell Big Sis all about this thing you and me have got going on."

Oriana sighed and shook her head, while refastening her bracelet around her wrist. "Easy for you to say, Jack. Not like she could hate you any more than she does now. I tell her about this, she's liable to confine me up in Deck 2 for the rest of the time you're here. Oriana's hand found Jack's ass, giving it a light slap and hard grab. "And I don't think either of us wants that, do we?"

Jack let out a low purr, wiggling her backside into Oriana's firm grip. "You make a convincing argument. Fine, don't tell her just yet," she said. "But maybe find her a distraction or something. Get one of the guys on this ship to throw her a pity fuck or... shit, you saw the equipment that Prothean orb thing gave Liara? Cock that big, the doc's probably desperate for something to stick it into, even if it's as dry and decrepit as your sis's snatch."

"Jack, seriously," Oriana said. "Miranda isn't like that. She's got things on her mind, stuff to deal with, yeah. But somehow I doubt all her problems could be solved with just a hard fucking."

Jack arched an eyebrow. "Oh, you'd be surprised."

"Besides," Oriana said, chuckling to herself. "Miranda's not like me. She's not a desperately horny sex fiend, ready to jump into bed with the first smoking hot woman who comes up to her in the club."

Jack laughed, turning to lie on her back as Oriana swung her legs to the side and stand up from the bed. "Fuck, that night. Will never forget seeing you walk into Purgatory in that dress. Every guy in that place would have crawled on hands and knees to get a chance to peel you out of it."

"And in the end, who was the one I spent all night dancing with?" Oriana said. Jack watched her partner's naked ass swing as she walked over to her discarded underwear. "God, I remember seeing all of them watching us out there. She looked over her shoulder at Jack with a grin, giving her hips a wiggle. "You'd think they'd never seen a genetically-perfect clone grind her ass into a tatted-up school-teacher's crotch before."

"Fuck, with the shit you did to me on that dance floor... I couldn't get you back to my room and bare-ass naked fast enough," Jack said, openly gawking at Oriana as she slid her panties back on. "Wasn't even until the next morning until we finally exchanged names, and realized just who we'd been fucking that night."
"It's Randa's fault in the end," Oriana said, as she worked her arms through her bra straps and refastened it behind her back. "All those times she told me about that horrible woman she fought alongside during the war... if only she'd mentioned what you looked like, maybe I wouldn't have allowed myself to be seduced into your clutches."

Jack barked out a laugh. "Me? Shit, babe, if anybody was doing the seducing that night, it was you and that barely-there dress of yours. Miranda know you own an outfit like that? Maybe that's what you should wear when we finally break the news to her about where you've been sneaking off to."

"Come on, Jack," Oriana said, finding her dress and pulling it over her head. "I know the thought of seeing Miranda's face at the thought of you and me having sex would probably be the highlight of your life. But if it's all the same, I'd rather she never found out at all."

Shifting on the cot, Jack swung her legs over the side to sit on the edge of the thin mattress, leaning back on her arms. "Well, she's gotta find out eventually, right?" Jack asked. "I mean, if you and I are gonna... keep doing this, I mean?"

"We've kept it secret up to this point, Jack," Oriana said, as she slipped on her shoes. "Really, I don't see why she ever needs to know. I mean, this is just a casual thing, right? I'm sure we'll both get bored eventually and move on to something else, with Randa none the wiser that it ever happened."

Jack didn't speak for a moment, and Oriana paused in her dressing to glance back at her lover on the bed. Eyes cast down at the floor, Jack finally spoke up. "Yeah," she muttered. "Yeah, guess you're right." Letting out a laugh that seemed somewhat forced, she said, "But shit, could you imagine if she did know? That we were doing this... this casual thing right under her nose?"

"I try not to think about it," Oriana said. "Anyway, I should be getting back. Randa will be wondering where I got off to. Probably running around the ship worried I fell out an airlock or something." She gave Jack a sly grin as she added. "But after we reach our destination, I'll see if I can sneak down here again."

"Sure, yeah," Jack said, still staring down at the floor. "Look forward to it."

Oriana stared at Jack in confusion, wondering about the sudden change in her mood. She thought about questioning her further, but she had already been down here too long. As she turned to head out of the room, her eye caught something on the work table.

"What's this?" she asked, as she glanced down at the small, wrapped package.

"Hey, stay away from..." Jack quickly yelled out, but too late for Oriana to pick up the box and inspect it.

"'For Oriana'," Oriana read off the brightly-colored wrapping paper. Turning to Jack she held up the box. "This is for me?"

"Yeah, but it's stupid," Jack said. "Just some silly piece of crap I picked up the last time I was at the Citadel. You can take it if you want... or don't. Whatever." Lying back down on the cot, Jack turned her naked back to Oriana. "Just get out of here, will you? I'm fucking tired."

"Uh... sure," Oriana said, her eyes flicking between the wrapped box in her hand and Jack on the bed. "Thanks for the gift."
Jack let out an annoyed sound. "Yeah, yeah. Just beat it."

Surprised at the sudden anger Jack was displaying, Oriana stepped out of the cargo bay. Once the door was closed behind her, she held up the box in her hand. Glancing around to make sure nobody was within eyesight, she pulled open the wrapping paper.

Inside was a plain white box, along with a note:

Ori,

Just so you don't forget me while I'm off teaching snot-nosed brats how to put up barriers. Looking forward to the next break.

Jack

Reading the note, Oriana felt like shit. The gift was obviously something Jack was saving until the end of her school break. She felt the urge to turn back and return the box, but just then she heard the sound of the cargo bay door behind her locking shut. And considering how raw Jack had been just before Oriana had left, maybe now wasn't the best time, anyway.

Well, since I already have it, Oriana thought to herself, and opened the box. And when she saw what was inside, she felt even worse.

It was a silver locket, in the shape of a heart. Gleaming and spotless, and hanging from a thin interweaving chain, it was absolutely beautiful. Oriana was no expert on jewelry, but just one look at the delicate swirled engraving and inset gems made it obvious that the piece was expensive.

Pulling the locket out of the box, Oriana let it dangle in front of her. Her eyes caught a button on the bottom of the swinging heart, and she pressed it. The heart sprang open, and started to hum as a holo-generator activated.

"Oh, Jack," Oriana breathed, seeing what had appeared. Hovering in front of the open heart was a 3D image of her and Jack, the two of them side-by-side with their arms around each other's waists.

Oriana remembered exactly when it had been taken. The two of them had been on their way to another secret rendezvous on the Citadel, when a holo-photographer had suddenly approached them, asking if they wanted to "commemorate the moment." Oriana had expected Jack to tell him to piss off, but Jack had laughed and pulled Oriana next to her, grinning into the peddler's holo-camera. After the image had been taken, Jack had exchanged some words with the photographer away from Oriana. When Oriana had asked, Jack had made a joke about "having it sent to your sister's extranet address," but never had given Oriana a serious answer before the matter was dropped, and the two of them were in their hotel room busy with other matters.

Oriana understood now. All that talk about telling Miranda about the two of them. The way she had shut down and gotten angry when Oriana had called their relationship a "casual fling." And now this locket. Turning around, she stared at the locked door to the cargo bay. Wanting to go back and say something to her, but not entirely sure what she was supposed to say. Or whether she even felt the same way.

Just as she was about ready to take a step towards the door, she felt a hand on her shoulder. Gasping,
Oriana whirled around, at the same time hiding the locket behind her back.

"There you are!" Miranda said, gasping for breath. "I've been trying to message you for the past half hour. Where in God's name have you been?"

"I..." Oriana searched for an excuse. "I was looking for my bracelet," she finally said. "It fell off when we left the conference room and I couldn't find it."

Miranda stared at her, confused. "And it made its way down here?"

Oriana tried her best to concoct a story in her head. "Yes, it was... Jack found it. Messaged me to let me know she had it, and made me come down here to get it from her."

Miranda's expression immediately darkened. "You came down here to see Jack? By yourself? You really shouldn't, Ori. I know she's supposed to be one of our allies, but I wouldn't put it past her to do something to you to get at me."

"She's not..." Oriana started to protest, but then immediately caught herself. "I mean, she wasn't that bad. She made me say 'please' a bunch of times, but she did give it back," she said, remembering to transfer the locket to her other hand before holding up the one with the bracelet on her wrist.

"You really should be more careful, Ori," Miranda said, in that gently chastising way that could drive Oriana crazy sometimes. "Anyway, now that that's settled, I need you to come back up to Deck 2. We have that teleconference with the Council in a bit, and I need you to help me with my presentation."

Oriana nodded. "Sure, I'll be right there. I just need a second to clean up."

"Clean up?" Miranda asked, before taking a closer look at Oriana's sweat-matted hair. "My goodness, Ori. What have you been.."

"I was looking all over for the bracelet before Jack messaged me," Oriana quickly covered. "I just thought about how much it had cost you, and how upset you'd be at me if I couldn't find it, and I got so nervous I..."

Miranda gave her a comforting smile. "It's alright, Ori. Go ahead and get cleaned up. I'll see you on Deck 2 whenever you're ready."

As Miranda headed into the lift and went back up, Oriana held up the locket in her hand again. The heart was still open, and the holographic image was still hovering there: Jack and Oriana, smiling and standing together.

"Dammit," Oriana said, snapping the heart shut and putting the locket back in its box. She couldn't deal with this now. Having a talk with Jack about the future of their relationship - whatever the hell it was - would have to come later. There were too many other things to worry about between the incident at the Barton facility, their conference with the Council, and not to mention this strange situation with Liara and the other asari who had come on board.

You think you've got problems? she thought to herself as she entered the lift. Just think what it must be like to have a giant cock hanging down between your legs. Can't imagine those two are having a very good time right now.
Oh, Goddess! What are you doing? Stop it!

But Liara couldn't stop it. At the first impact of Liara's cum against her face, Traynor had dropped the clothes in her hands in shock. But otherwise had stood rigidly still, just as another thick strand of fluid spurted out of Liara's prick and splashed onto Traynor's chest this time. And with it, another bolt of pure pleasure shot through Liara's body, every muscle in her body clenching and contracting all at once, every nerve ending inside of her sending overwhelming sensations to her brain.

Stop stroking it! Why won't you stop?

"Unnnhh," Liara helplessly moaned, as her hand continued to rapidly work the shaft between her legs. Another thick rope of cum sprayed out onto Traynor. And another. With each one, Liara thought it couldn't feel as good as the last time, only for her body to jolt and her mind to reel as another wave of ecstasy filled her. Pumping at her shaft, she surrendered herself to her climax, trying desperately to keep the sensations going on as long as possible.

At least turn away from her! If she isn't going to move, you need to!

But she couldn't. Any attempts to do anything other than continue jerking her prick were overwhelmed by the shockwaves of pleasure filling her entire body. In her mind, all of her fantasies collided together. Shepard and Ashley. Jack and Oriana. All of the men and women on the ship locked in an endless orgy, and her above it all with her new cock, spraying them all with her cum.

Finally, when Liara was starting to believe that it would never end, that the Prothean device had cursed her... or blessed her... to be caught in an endless climax, she started to feel her mind return to her. The pleasant buzz in her body remained, but the spurting cum shooting from her prick subsided down to a trickle. Gasping for air, satisfied that she was finished, she finally released the grip on her cock. As she recovered her senses, she looked up at her unexpected visitor and gasped.

"Oh... Oh, Goddess!" Liara gasped, quickly rising up to her feet. She almost went tumbling to the ground as she stood, her legs still weak from the impact of her first climax under the Prothean device's influence, but she managed to keep her footing as she rushed over to Traynor. "Sam, I'm so sorry! I couldn't... I didn't... you startled me and I..."

Traynor said nothing, just stood rigidly with her eyes wide and staring blankly. She looked like a traumatized witness to a bloody hovercar accident, and showed no response as Liara took her by the shoulder and lightly shook her.

"Wait here," Liara finally said, rummaging through the pile of clothing and pulling out a relatively unsticky pair of pants to pull on over her dripping cock. Stuffing herself down into the garment, she rushed to the door. "I'll get some wet towels for you to clean off with. I'm so sorry! I'll be right back!"

As Liara left the room, Traynor finally opened her mouth. But instead of words, nothing escaped her throat but a choking gasp. Taking a deep breath, she was about ready to let out a horrified scream...
when... when...

She smelled it.

Reaching up a trembling hand, Traynor wiped a finger through the sticky fluid dripping down her cheek. Hesitantly, still not quite sure why she was doing this, she brought her now cum-soaked fingers to her nose, and inhaled.

And the smell was... indescribable. In her mind, she ran through all the wonderful aromas she had been exposed to in her life. The cool winter air outside of her dorm at Oxford. The smell of warm cookies on a visit to her parents. The wild flowers growing on the planet where they had crash-landed after the war. And none of them, not a one, could even come close to the exquisite small that was coming up from the fluid she had just been sprayed with.

*It can't all smell like this... can it?*, she thought to herself, her head feeling slightly swimmy as she took another long smell of the cum on her fingers, her breath catching in her throat as she exhaled. *It had to be just Liara's that smells this exquisite, right? Otherwise... what have I been missing out on all these years?*

Glancing back over her shoulder, Traynor ensured that the door behind her was closed. Once she was sure that no one was watching, she tentatively parted her lips and snaked her tongue out from between her teeth.

*Just... just one taste*, she told herself in her head. *It doesn't mean anything. I just... have to know. It's not like something like this is ever going to happen again, after all. Just one taste.*

Finally unable to resist the compulsion, she lightly touched the tip of one of her fingers to her tongue. And as soon as the taste of the fluid on her fingers hit her tongue, she let out a long, heated moan.

*It's... it's...* Traynor struggled to come up with the words, but there were none. Every last overblown superlative couldn't even come close to describing what she tasted as she now hungrily licked at her sticky fingers. Once they were clean, she wiped her hand against her face again, getting another large mass of cum on her fingers before greedily slurping up every last drop again. Soon she was frantically working both hands across her face, panting like a dog as she desperately licked up as much of Liara's cum as she could.

Once she was satisfied that she had cleaned off as much of the cum from her face as she could manage, she looked down at her body. Her uniform shirt was dripping with the delicious fluids as well. Without thinking, Traynor unfastened the shirt and whipped it off. A low, hungry moan built in her throat as she brought the shirt up to her mouth and lapped at the cum staining her uniform. Once the larger drops had been lapped up and swallowed, Traynor sucked desperately at the dark areas where the cum had soaked into the fabric. After a few minutes, she tasted nothing but her own saliva on the shirt, and she could feel sweat building on her brow as she panted.

More. She needed more.

Looking down past her nearly naked torso, she saw that several large trails of cum had started their way down the front of her pants. Yanking off her boots, Traynor then quickly unbuttoned her pants and sat down on Liara's chair to pull them off. Seconds later, the uniform pants got the same treatment as her shirt, Traynor sitting in nothing but her underwear and licking and sucking on the fabric to taste every drop of Liara's amazing fluids.
As she finished off with her own pants, she turned her attention to the stains on the clothes she had brought for Liara, snatching up the sweatpants at the top of the pile and loudly slurping at the remaining cum there. Traynor barely even noticed that, as she sucked and swallowed, she had slid her free hand down between her legs and underneath the fabric of her panties. Her fingers rubbed and stroked at her clit, almost seeming to act of their own accord while Traynor ravenously devoured every last drop of Liara's cum. The only interruption to her self-pleasuring was when she could find no more of the delicious nectar to suck off any of the remaining clothing.

More. She had swallowed up so much of it, but still she needed more. Even with the taste of it filling her mouth, she was still hungry for more.

Her eyes hit the floor, and the sticky trail that Liara had left in her mad dash out of the room. Slowly getting down on her hands and knees, not even questioning the undignified position she was putting herself in, Traynor stuck out her tongue and lowered her head down to the moist droplets on the metal.

So good. So good.

"Alright, we're through the relay, people," Joker said, his voice carrying out to the rest of the Normandy's crew. "Barring any ion disturbances or giant squid robots getting in our way, should be to our destination in a few hours."

Leaning back in his chair, Joker turned off his comms and let out a sigh. A year later, it still hurt to not have EDI by his side. Not as much as it had before, but there was still that dull ache every time he looked over to the co-pilot's seat and saw it empty.

But he wasn't the only one who had lost someone during the war, and he still had a job to do. Setting a course for the Barton facility, he made himself comfortable in his chair and tried to keep focused on maintaining their course. Just as he was settling into his "piloting trance," as he liked to call it, he heard the sound of footsteps behind him, and hit the controls to swivel his chair.

"Samara!" he said, as the asari justicar stepped into the cockpit. "Good to see you up and about again. How's it hang..." Joker awkwardly paused. "Uh... I mean, how are you feeling?"

Samara smiled down at him. Joker was amazed that she still managed to look so damn dignified, even dressed in hand-me-down sleep clothes that barely fit her. "All things considered, I suppose I am doing well," she responded.

"Yeah, it's been one of those kinds of trips, huh?" Joker said. "Don't worry, I'm sure those geniuses back at the Citadel will be able to get things fixed once they get you and Liara under their microscopes. And until then, as an unfortunate fellow sufferer of the curse you two have been subjected to, let me assure you that it isn't all bad. Sure, the damn things may itch like crazy in the worst possible situations, and don't even get me started on how bad it hurts to take a good knee down there, but..." Sighing, Joker scratched at his beard. "Sorry, I'm being an idiot over here. Probably the last thing you want to talk about right now."

Samara lightly chuckled. "Actually, I have to confess. I came to see you specifically to talk about... that."

Brows arched, Joker let out a breath. "Ookay, well this just got seriously awkward. Last time I ever
had a conversation like this, it was with my dad about the birds and the bees, and why they like to
have sex with each other. I mean, don't know why you chose me to talk to about this, but I guess I'll
do my best."

"I do not mean to make you uncomfortable, Joker," Samara said. "But ever since I was affected by
the device, it has been... difficult. Is it common for males of your species to constantly be thinking
about sexual relations?"

Joker couldn't hold back, and let out a loud laugh. "Are you kidding? Trust me, Samara, you're just
going through what most of us human guys went through in a magical period of discovery known as
'puberty.'"

"Yes, I am aware of the sexual development of your species," Samara said, glancing awkwardly
away from Joker. "But I could have had no idea it would be this... overwhelming. To be sure, I had
my fair share of sex during my maiden years. But it has been centuries since I thought back to those
days. In my current state, however... on the way up to the cockpit, I noticed four female crew
members along the way. And each one of them, I found myself engaging in sexual fantasies about,
within seconds of seeing them. Not just brief thoughts, but vivid and detailed imaginings of what I
would like to... what I could do to them with this new part of my anatomy." Samara let out a breath,
shifting uncomfortably. "If this continues, I am not certain I will be able to maintain my sanity."

"Shit, I don't know," Joker said. "I mean, most guys – at least, human guys – deal with the same
sorts of thoughts. Hell, if you did that... meldy thing you asari do with any of the guys on this ship, I
bet you'd see a lot of freaky sex-type stuff in their brains, too. After a while, you kinda just learn to
put it in the back of your mind. But with this all being new to you and Liara, guess you're not used to
it yet." He gave Samara a helpless shrug. "Wish I had some advice to give you besides learning to
focus on other things. Oh, and rubbing one out on occasion."

Samara glanced back at Joker inquisitively. "'Rub one out?' You are referring to the act of
masturbation?"

Joker adjusted himself in his chair. "Yeah, awkward levels rising," he said. "I mean, I don't know if
doing that... act is something that that justicar code of yours forbids or something."

This brought a sly smile to Samara's face. "It does not. And I must confess, Joker, that this is part of
the reason I came to you regarding my difficulties. I have been made to understand that you have a
wide selection of materials that might aid me in... 'rubbing one out.'"

Letting out a sigh, Joker placed a palm to his forehead. "You gotta be kidding me."

Samara cocked her head. "Have I said something inappropriate?"

"No, no. Just... you know, I do watch some action movies sometimes up here, right?" Joker said, a
trace of annoyance in his voice. "Some old westerns, and I'm man enough to confess it: some nights
when most of the crew is off-duty, I even put on a sappy romance vid and cry like a little girl. I
mean, I don't just watch porn up here. But apparently I'm the number one hook-up on this ship for
dirty movies these days."

"I am sorry. It seems I have offended you," Samara said. "I was not aware that I...

Joker took a deep breath. "Nah, it's fine. Just... between you and Jack coming up here earlier looking
for the same thing, it's starting to feel like I should hang up a beaded curtain or put in some swinging
saloon doors on the way to the cockpit. Keep all the kiddies from getting in to where Joker keeps all the dirty stuff."

Turning back to his control panel, Joker worked his way through a series of menus. "But it's cool. Not everybody knows how to use the extranet like I do, I understand. So what are you in the market for?"

But something Joker had said earlier had caught Samara's attention. "You said that Jack was here before?" she asked, a vivid image of the foul-mouthed, tattooed criminal entering her mind. "I wasn't aware that she was still a member of this vessel's crew."

"You haven't ran into her yet? Yeah, she hangs out here on the Normandy when she's not teaching," Joker said. "Think Shepard keeps her around just to make sure she doesn't fall back into old habits. You know, 'wanting to kill anyone who looks at her funny' types of habits." Opening up his library, Joker glanced over at Samara. "Actually, maybe I should show you the stuff she was having me look for. Wasn't anything I kept in my personal library, but she had me scouring a few sites for stuff and... well, apparently even I can learn something new about what folks on the extranet get their rocks off to. Did you know there's actually a whole porn genre out there based on what happened to you and Liara?"

Immediately intrigued, Samara stepped forward. "You're saying that what has happened to us, has happened to other asari as well?"

"Nah, it's all prosthetics and stuff like that," Joker said, entering the directory of recently downloaded files. "But yeah, there's whole sites dedicated to..." he licked his lips, still feeling a bit uncomfortable talking so frankly about such things in the presence of Samara. It was kind of like talking about his sex life with his grandma's bridge club, but still he pressed ahead. "Dedicated to 'big blue cock,' they call it." Opening up the last video, an image came up on the screen of a young asari maiden in someone's bedroom, smiling as she stroked a fake-looking penis between her legs. "I mean, most of it is pretty cheesy like this is, but there were a few that I found that... shit, you'd almost think it was real." Hesitating for a moment, Joker nervously added on. "Not that I'm saying you two would, because I know you're both... well, you're not those types. But if it turns out they can't cure you two, you and Liara could make serious credits with those things."

Ignoring Joker's comment, Samara watched the video play out on the screen. As the asari with the fake cock moved to the bed, Samara's brow arched up as she saw who the other participant in the scene was.

"She's with a human," Samara observed, watching as the asari positioned herself on top of a seductive human female and aimed her prosthetic cock at the moaning woman's vaginal entrance.

"Yeah, the whole BBC thing is kinda more of a human fetish, from what little I saw," Joker observed, speaking about extranet porn in an almost clinical fashion. "Guess it's not exactly surprising that your people don't spend a lot of time fantasizing about penises, but us humans? If there's anything we treasure more than our guns, it's our... well, guns. To be honest, though, I don't really see the appeal. Not that I think anything less of folks who do, but personally, I like you asari just the way you are." Joker quickly covered. "I mean, not you specifically. Not that you're ugly or anything, but just saying that I never thought of you as somebody I'd like to... ah, jeez."

But Samara wasn't hearing a word Joker was saying. Her attention was locked on the screen, and the asari making powerful thrusts into the squealing human woman. She could feel the throb of her cock pressing against the fabric of her sweatpants again, the image of an asari ramming herself deep into
an eager human's pussy lining up with all of the fantasies she had been having over the past few hours. In her mind, suddenly she was the one on the bed, hip muscles flexing as she drove herself balls-deep into her partner's wet hole. And on the bed, moaning and begging for more, wasn't the human porn actress from the video. It was...

"I have to go," Samara abruptly said. Turning quickly to hide the large bulge that was forming in her pants, she almost ran out of the cockpit.

"Seeya, I guess," Joker said, barely able to react to her departure before she was gone. Quickly, he stopped the video and took it off of his screen. "Guess she got what she was looking for. Maybe I should send her a link to that one."

* * *

Liara had gotten quite a few strange looks as she had dashed out of her quarters. Not surprising considering her current state: sweating profusely and wearing a pair of loose pants that she could barely keep up as she ran to the restroom and grabbed up all of the towels she could find. Not to mention that, by the time she had soaked them all with water, a large stain had started to form on the front of her pants from the last few drops of cum trickling from her pric.

But she had more important things to worry about than her bizarre appearance. Arms full of soaking wet towels, pants nearly falling down on the way, she opened the door back into her office.

"Sam, I'm... back?" she announced. As the door shut behind her, her eyes went down to the floor and she was speechless at what she saw.

Samantha Traynor, brilliant and educated communications specialist, had stripped down to her bra and panties. Currently, she was kneeling down with her head to the floor, and her tongue pressed to the metal deck. As Liara watched in shock, Traynor crawled forward, following the cum drippings that Liara had left on her way out of the room and licking up every drop along the way. Soon, she was right at Liara's feet, and she looked up at Liara with eyes half-shut and mouth open and panting.

"So good," Traynor muttered. "Tastes so good, Liara." As Liara watched in shock, Traynor's eyes locked on the dark stain on the leg of Liara's pants. Letting out an eager gasp, Traynor worked her way forward on her knees, pressing her face to the dark spot and taking the fabric into her mouth.

"Sam, stop." Liara said weakly. "What are you..." her words were cut off in her throat at the feeling of Traynor's sucking mouth pressing at the head of her cock under the pants. Immediately, she felt herself swelling again, her head swimming at the sensation of Traynor's lips pressing through the fabric.

"I'm sorry, Liara," Traynor said, pulling away from Liara's leg and gasping for air. "I just can't stop myself. I got a taste of it and... I need more." Reaching her hands up, Traynor found the hem of Liara's pants and started working them down. "Much more."

"No, Sam. Stop," Liara protested. Obviously, something in the semen produced by the Prothean device's genetic changes had affected Traynor's mind. Helplessly, Liara looked for a place to put down the towels in her arms, so that she could have her hands free to stop Traynor from continuing to disrobe her.

But by the time she gave up and was ready to just drop the armful of wet towels, Traynor had already gotten Liara's pants down to her ankles, and freed her now rapidly-swelling cock from its
Wrapping both her hands around Liara's throbbing cock, one next to the other, Traynor looked up at Liara sheepishly. "I've never really done this before," she said. "Sorry if I'm not very good."

"Specialist Traynor," Liara said, trying desperately to sound as official as possible with her pants around her ankles. "As one of the senior officers on the Normandy, I order you to stoooollllllllll..."

As Traynor wrapped her lips around the head of Liara's prick, hands working up and down the length of her shaft, Liara's commands died in her throat. Jerking herself off had felt good, but this was on an entirely different level. The towels in her arms tumbled from her grip and fell wetly onto the floor around Traynor, who paid them no mind as she dutifully used her mouth and fingers to pleasure Liara's cock.

"So warm," Traynor moaned, pulling away from Liara's cock to breathe for a moment. "So warm and... beautiful," she said, staring at the massive length of Liara's prick with rapt attention. "Will have to remember to send Javik a thank-you note on behalf of his people."

"Please, Sam," Liara breathed, even as she felt her second climax of the day rapidly approaching. "You shouldn't..." And then Traynor wrapped her mouth around Liara's cock again, and any further thoughts of protest vanished from Liara's mind. "Oh, Goddess," she moaned, throwing her head back and basking in the sensations filling her.

After several more seconds of sloppy sucking, Traynor pulled away again. "Give it to me, Liara," she breathed, working her hands down and around Liara's cock. "I want all of your cum. I want to swallow every fucking drop of it."

"It's coming," Liara gasped, feeling the familiar tingle in her groin. "I'm cumming. Goddess, I'm cumming."

She gasped and moaned as her cock jerked, and Traynor put her mouth around the head again just in time to catch the first spray of Liara's cum. Liara looked down to see Traynor's eyes roll back in her head, her throat working rapidly to attempt to swallow down as much of Liara's cum as she could. Liara felt like she could barely stand, with every fresh spray of cum down Traynor's throat sending a blissful shiver through her body just as powerful as the first time.

After what seemed like minutes of spraying cum into Traynor's mouth, Liara finally felt the climax start to ebb. But as she looked down, she was shocked to see that her cock was still just as rigid and erect as when Traynor began.

Pulling away from Liara's prick, a faint trace of white fluids dripping from her lips, Traynor saw Liara's cock, still rock-hard and throbbing, and grinned.

"You've still got more to give me, Liara?" Traynor asked, looking up at her and licking the last drops of Liara's load from her lips. "Looks like I'm the luckiest girl on the Normandy right about now."

She didn't even bother to protest this time, as Traynor's mouth found the head of Liara's prick again. It was wrong. She knew it was. Whatever was in this mysterious cock's ejaculations had done something to Traynor. Warped her mind and turned her into the sex-crazed woman who was on her knees vigorously sucking cock. Liara should be putting a stop to this right now.
But Goddess, it felt too good to stop.

* * *

She was such a fucking idiot.

Laying on her cot and staring up at the ceiling, Jack cursed herself for being so goddamn stupid. What the hell had she been thinking? Of course the two of them were just fuckbuddies. How the hell could she have gotten it into her mind that they had been anything different?

And that stupid locket. Jack could just imagine the look on Oriana's face as she opened that box. Realizing that the woman she had been screwing for the past few months had gotten it into her head that the two of them were actually in a relationship. Wondering how to break it to the crazy tattooed bitch that nothing serious was ever going to happen between the two of them. Hell, she was probably laughing at the thought of Jack going to all that trouble to buy something so fucking pathetic. Dammit, why had she wasted all those credits on something like that?

Her self-flagellation was interrupted by the sound of a knock on the cargo bay door. For a moment, a feeling of hope entered her mind.

It's her, Jack thought to herself, as she rushed to dress herself. An image came to her mind of Oriana on the other side of the door. The locket around her neck and tears in her eyes, as the two of them fell into each other's arms.

"Be there in a sec, dammit," Jack called out, pulling on the last of her clothes and dashing over to the door. As she deactivated the lock and the door slid open, she realized how stupid all of her fantasies had been.

"May I come in?" said Samara. The asari stood outside of the cargo bay door with an odd expression on her face, dressed in those crappy looking castoffs the crew had tossed her after her little incident.

Jack stared at her. "The hell are you doing here?" she asked, taking her anger out on her unexpected visitor. So stupid, Jack thought again. You dumb, starry-eyed bitch. There was no way it was gonna be her.

"I... thought we might talk for a moment," Samara said, weathering Jack's foul mood. "But if this is not a good time..."

Jack let out a loud sigh. "Ah, fuck it. Don't know why you'd want to talk to me, of all people, but come on in," she said, stepping aside to allow Samara to enter. "Guess it's as good a way as any to take my mind off of all the bullshit in my life."

Entering into the cargo bay, Samara turned to Jack with a compassionate expression. "You are troubled? If you have burdens that you would like to share with me, I would be happy to..."

"Nah, it's all bullshit," Jack said, heading back into the cargo bay and taking a hard seat on a pile of cargo crates. "Forget I said anything. Anyway, how've you been doing? Out there doing whatever justicars do since the last time we fought together. God, all of us getting ready to head through the Omega-4 relay and ass-rape those Collectors, feels like a century ago." She chuckled. "Well, I guess a century for you ain't that big of a deal, but for us humans it's... ah, never mind. Still kinda new to this small-talk bullshit. How've you been, Samara?"
Samara smiled at Jack. "Up until recently, I have been doing quite well," she said, sitting down on some crates opposite of Jack.

"Right, yeah, the whole..." Jack pointed to the long bulge running down Samara's leg and arched an eyebrow. "Those Protheans were into some fucked-up shit, huh? What the hell good did they think growing cocks on asari was going to accomplish? Were they hoping you all were going to gangbang the Reapers to death or something?"

Samara sighed. "I cannot hazard a guess as to their intentions, I'm afraid."

"Yeah, surprised the doc hasn't heard anything about something like this before," Jack observed. "But I guess if she doesn't know anything about it, the one who's actually had long conversations with the one Prothean still left, suppose you wouldn't know either." Staring out of the cargo bay window into space, she let out a laugh. "I know it's a bad situation for you and Liara, but something about the whole thing is just so crazy, you know? Like something out of a fucked-up vid that losers jerk off to on the extranet."

At the mention of extranet videos, Samara suddenly started wringing her hands. "Actually, I must admit that what you just mentioned is the one of the reasons I have come to visit you today," she said, casting her eyes down at the floor. "Joker informed me that you showed some interest in this... this 'big blue cock' pornography."

Surprised at the turn in the conversation, Jack looked back at Samara. "Joker and his big mouth," she said. "Yeah, I asked him if he had some of that stuff. With all this shit going on, guess I was just kinda curious about what it all looked like. Had a hard time picturing an asari packing that kind of equipment, but the shit he showed me on the extranet... ain't having no trouble picturing it now, I can guarantee you that."

"I see," Samara said, glancing back up at Jack cautiously. "So what he showed you... you enjoyed what you saw?"

Jack shrugged. "I dunno. Shit was a bit messed up, I thought. Of course, that was probably because most of it looked so damn fake. I mean, if it was more realistic, maybe I..."

And that was when it hit her.

Samara looked at Jack, who had abruptly stopped talking and was staring at her quizzically. "Is there something wrong, Jack?" Samara asked. "You were saying about the porn that Joker showed you, and if it was more realistic that you could..."

Throwing back her head, Jack suddenly started laughing uproariously. "Ho... holy shit!" Jack managed to get out between peals of laughter. "Of all the... I cannot fucking believe this is actually fucking happening!"

"I do not understand," Samara said, watching Jack as she continued to laugh. "What is it you find so humorous?"

"Fuck, justicar," Jack said, struggling to contain herself. "You coming down acting like you wanted a chat with an old comrade. But that ain't really why you're here, is it?" Looking expectantly at Samara and getting no response, Jack let out another laugh. "You're trolling for pussy, aren't you?"

Samara felt a flush come to her cheeks, her intentions having been divined. "I... you are mistaken,
Jack," Samara flimsily tried to cover. "It has been several years, and I thought perhaps you might want..."

"Nah, you're terrible at this, Samara," Jack said, grinning to herself at her own cunning. "Soon as I gave you the opening, you immediately brought up those vids I had Joker show me. You trying to be so innocent over there, all while trying to figure out if I was DTF." Smirking, Jack shook her head at Samara. "Shit, less than a day with that thing, and already you're aiming to stick it in some wet snatch. Guess all that meditation and justicar code bullshit ain't enough to take your mind off a rock-hard stiffy, huh?"

Her face feeling hot, Samara rose up to her feet. "I am sorry. This was obviously a mistake," she quickly said. "I will not trouble you any further."

As Samara was about to reach the door, she heard Jack's voice behind her. "Wait."

Turning around, Samara saw Jack rise up to her feet, walking slowly over to Samara. "You know what? Fuck it. This is your lucky day, I guess. If you'd come to me a few hours ago and pulled this, I probably would have let you run out that door and find some new pussy to hunt. But shit, if all me and her have is a 'casual fling,' then I guess there ain't nothing stopping me from finding a little piece on the side, huh?"

Samara stared at Jack, confused. "I... I don't understand what..."

But Jack ignored her. Sighing, she started to lower herself down to her knees in front of Samara. "And it ain't like an opportunity like this is ever gonna come around again in my lifetime, you know? Fuck, maybe someday I'll be telling my grandkids about this day."

Samara started to breathe faster, as Jack took hold of the top of Samara's pants and yanked them all the way down her thighs in one smooth motion. Jack's eyes went wide as Samara's cock sprang out from underneath the thick cotton.

"Ho... ly... fuck!" Jack said, staring in awe at the thick hunk of blue meat poking out from between Samara's legs. "Those Protheans, huh? When they want to give an asari a cock, they really don't mess around, do they?"

"If... if you've changed your mind..." Samara gasped, even as her cock began pulsed and throbbed in front of Jack's face.

Shrugging, Jack gripped Samara's cock by the base of her shaft, lifting up the heavy piece of meat. "Hey, don't flatter yourself too much, justicar," Jack said, looking up at Samara with a smirk. "You may be one of the biggest I've ever seen, but you ain't the biggest." Tantalizingly slowly, Jack started working her hand up and down Samara's cock. "Trust me, I've handled some monsters in my time. And by the time we're done tonight, you're gonna know damn well that you picked the right bitch to bring this bad boy to." Giving Samara a wink, Jack slid her hand all the way up to just below the head of her cock. Sticking out her tongue, she slowly licked up the side of Samara's thick, veiny prick.

"Aaaahhh," Samara gasped, the feeling of Jack's warm tongue on her cock making her head swim. She wasn't sure if it was the influence of the Prothean device, or just the centuries she had spent alone, but she couldn't remember ever feeling this aroused before. She could feel maddening pressure building in her cock and balls, Jack's oral skills keeping her just on the brink of climax.
"Mmm, been a little while since I've done this," Jack said, continuing to jerk Samara's prick as she talked. "Seem to remember most guys loving this shit out of this, though." Lifting up Samara's cock almost to her stomach, Jack exhaled a long, hot breath against Samara's balls. Samara gasped as she felt the delicate wet touch of Jack's tongue against her scrotum, the experienced human woman lightly lapping at the swollen orbs. Goddess, she was teasing Samara so expertly. Just when Samara was sure she was about to climax, the feeling of Jack's tongue lapping at her balls slowed down, only to ramp back up again seconds later.

Once it seemed like Jack had covered every inch of Samara's balls with her spit, she lowered the head of Samara's prick back down to her mouth. "Shit, my jaw's gonna hurt for a while after this," she observed as she stared at the thick blue cock. Glancing back up at Samara, she smirked. "But hey, anything for an old combat buddy, right?" she said, just before opening her mouth as wide as she could and enveloping the head of Samara's prick with her lips.

Once she had swallowed up as much of Samara's prick as she could manage without gagging herself, Jack began bobbing her head and expertly working her tongue around the thick blue monster, while working one hand around the base of the cock with one hand and fondling Samara's balls with the other.

"Oh, Jack," Samara gasped. Lost in the sensations of Jack's expert cock-sucking, she reached down to the bottom of her undersized shirt and yanked it upward, revealing her bare breasts. As Jack sucked and jerked, Samara fondled her breasts and pinched at her nipples.

She realized how she must look: the proud and dignified justicar mewling like a common whore as she played with her tits. But her dignity mattered little at this point. All that mattered was satisfying the overwhelming cravings this piece of meat between her legs was causing her to experience.

Finally, Jack had apparently grown bored with teasing Samara, and her hand began rapidly jerking at Samara's cock. The bobbing of her head grew more and more frenzied, as she worked to push Samara over the brink. After a few seconds of this vigorous jerking and sucking, the thick blue prick swelled in her hand, just before the first shot of cum shot out from the tip.

Holy shit, Jack thought, as her mouth filled up with cum with the very first spurt of Samara's prick. She tried desperately to swallow it down, only for another giant spray of cum to fill up her mouth again. Even as she worked her throat muscles as fast as she could to chug it all down, she could feel cum pushing its way out of her mouth and dripping down her chin. Finally, feeling light-headed, she pulled away from Samara's cock, gasping for air even as the massive thing continued spraying huge spurts of cum into the air, all over Jack's face and body.

It took almost thirty seconds before the constant jets of sticky fluids finally began to taper off. And yet, Samara's cock still stood up, straight and hard, even after spraying out such a massive load from those huge balls.

Dripping with cum, Jack gasped for air, the taste of Samara's fluids still filling her mouth. Funny, it didn't taste much like other loads she had swallowed in the past, either willingly or with the threat of death hanging over her head. Not salty like humans, not thick and bitter like batarians. If she could compare it to any other cum she had tasted, it reminded her a bit of the time she sucked off a krogan as a distraction for her partners in crime. She'd been surprised at how strangely sweet krogan cum had tasted. But still, compared to krogan man-chowder, this was much more... more...

Samara stared down at Jack, the human panting and dripping with her cum. "Are you alright, Jack?" she asked. "I apologize if I lost control a bit, but..."
"I... I need it..." Jack said under her breath. "I need it now..."

"Jack, what are you..."

Samara took a step back in surprise, as Jack suddenly jumped to her feet and grabbed Samara by the shoulders. Before Samara even knew what was happening, Jack had shoved the asari onto her back onto her cot, Samara's hard cock pointing up at the ceiling with a drop of cum still dribbling down from the head.

"Fuck, I've never been this fucking horny before," Jack said, stripping out of her clothes as quickly as she could manage. One-by-one, as each article was removed, Jack almost casually licked up the cum that had dribbled down onto the fabric. Once she had fully stripped naked, Jack paused to bend down and lick up the cum dripping off the end of Samara's prick, before moving into position above Samara and grabbing her cock by the base to aim it at her pussy.

"Need you inside me right fucking now," Jack moaned, as she lowered herself down onto Samara's cock. The thick hunk of flesh spread Jack's pussy open wide, and she let out a loud, satisfied moan as she slowly sank down its entire length.

"Fuck yes," Jack moaned, reaching up to play with her tits as she rode Samara's cock. "So fucking good." The rusty old cot creaked and groaned with every bounce, as Jack impaled herself on Samara's prick again and again. As Jack bounced on Samara's cock, Samara reached out to grab her by the hips. Goddess, it had been just like she had pictured watching that vid Joker had shown her. Samara had been the asari in the scene, and the human that she had been fucking into submission was Jack. The feeling of Jack's inner walls clenching along the length of Samara's prick made the asari nearly lose her mind from the pleasure.

But the video wasn't quite like this, was it? Samara thought to herself. Jack paused in her bouncing long enough to see the smile come to Samara's face. "What are you..." she started to say, before Samara's hands gripped onto her hard, and she felt herself suddenly being thrown to the side.

With her cock still buried in Jack's cunt, Samara expertly swung the two of them around and switched positions. Now, Samara was on top, and in control as she violently thrust herself deep inside of Jack's wet pussy. She could feel her balls bouncing against Jack's ass and hear the wet noise of flesh slapping rapidly into flesh as she fucked the moaning human. Jack gasped and squealed, her legs coming up to wrap around Samara's hips and lock her into position to keep fucking.

"Give it to me," Jack gasped, loving the feeling of Samara's giant cock stretching her open. "I want you to fucking cum inside me, Samara. Fill me up with all of that fucking cum."

Any thoughts she had had about Oriana, all of that stupid relationship drama... none of that shit mattered to her now. All that mattered was getting filled up with thick, big blue cock for as long as Samara could keep giving it to her. She gasped as she felt herself starting to cum, riding the climax as Samara kept relentlessly thrusting into her. Harder. Faster. Fuck, Jack could spend the rest of her life getting fucked like this. No sooner had her first climax finished than Jack felt herself start cumming again, Samara's giant cock sending her off into another teeth-clenchingly amazing orgasm.
"Ungh," Samara grunted as her eyes squinted shut, and Jack knew that she was about ready to blow. With one last thrust, Samara buried herself balls-deep into Jack’s cunt, and Jack threw her head back and let out a strangled cry as she felt Samara's cum flooding her insides. Above her, Samara grunted like an animal as she humped herself into Jack, spraying gallons of cum into Jack's womb. On and on it went, until Jack could feel the warmth of Samara's load overflowing out of her and splashing across her inner thighs.

After almost a minute of draining her balls into Jack, Samara leaned back onto her knees on the cot, gasping for breath as her cock popped out of Jack's cunt and hung in the air. The throbbing organ jerked a few more times, and the last spurts of cum sprayed out across Jack's tits and stomach. With a grin, Jack ran her hand up her body to wipe up the sticky fluids, before bringing her fingers up to her mouth and lapping up the delicious cum.

As Samara tried her best to recover from her second climax of the evening, Jack raised up her foot and stroked her toes along the underside of Samara's cock.

"It's..." Samara said, gasping and swallowing as she stared down at Jack's foot rubbing against her prick. "It's still hard."

"Fuck yeah it is," Jack said, reaching down to her pussy and scooping up the hot cum dripping out from inside her. "And Joker helped me find a lot more of those BBC videos." Grinning at Samara, Jack arched an eyebrow. "Wanna see how many of them we can reenact before the Normandy gets to where it's going?"

Samara watched as Jack hungrily licked up the cum in her hand, and felt a smile come to her face. "I think that would be an excellent way to pass the time," Samara said, reaching down to stroke her cock as she imagined all the other positions she could fuck this human in.

And would be fucking her in.
Side-Effects Include...

He's here. Here inside me. I can show him to you if you'd like.

I know what you want, Shepard. The things she won't do. I could do them for you.

Liara’s eyes snapped open, and she jolted up from her mattress. Vivid memories from the past floating up from her subconscious. Painful, and yet perhaps preferable to the other things she had been seeing in her sleep recently.

It took her a moment to regain her bearings, but as soon as she looked down to the foot of the bed, and saw the flaccid – but still sizable – cock between her legs, she remembered it all.

By the time it was finished, Specialist Traynor had used her hands, lips, and tongue to bring Liara to a climax three times. It was only then, after the voracious human has swallowed down three of Liara’s massive loads of cum, that Liara had finally the stiffness between her legs start to ease. And after three mind-blowing orgasms, each one driving her to even greater heights of ecstasy than the last, Liara had barely been able to stand. As Traynor had used her tongue on the floor again, licking up the drops of cum that had spilled out of her mouth down onto the deck, Liara had stumbled over to her bed and immediately fallen asleep.

Liara looked around her quarters for any sign of Traynor, but the communications specialist had left at some point while Liara dozed. Rising up from her bed, Liara stood shakily on her feet.

Goddess, what had happened to Sam? Liara thought to herself, an image in her mind of the panting and desperate woman fingering herself as she swallowed down as much of Liara's pulsing, sensitive length as she could manage. Completely unlike the professional, but slightly awkward, woman she had come to know over the last few years. What could have driven her to commit such depraved acts?

Stop pretending you don't know, Little Wing, said the voice of her long-departed mother in her head. Ever since Shepard freed you from that containment field, you've seen enough examples of it to know the telltale signs of someone not in control of their own mind.

But she didn't want to accept it. The possibility that her act of weakness and foolishness, and the cum she had shot into Traynor's face as a result, might have had an influence on Traynor's mind. That she could have warped her comrade and friend's desires in such a drastic way filled her with an overwhelming sense of guilt. After all, if the semen generated by the Prothean's changes to her anatomy could create that sort of effect on anyone... would she truly be any better than the Reapers who had enslaved so many to their cause?

Even now, as she thought about Traynor hungrily licking up cum from the floor, her ass bobbing up in the air as she bent down, Liara could feel the massive cock between her legs start to pulse with blood at the obscenely erotic image. Furiously, Liara drove the image from her mind. She cursed herself for her weakness, for not being able to keep her own desires in check.

Just as she was trying to decide her next course of action, she heard a quiet beeping sound from her personal terminal. Sitting down, she gasped as she saw the sender of the message: Specialist Traynor.

Liara,
We reached our destination while you were asleep. Shepard and the rest of the senior staff will be meeting in ten minutes to discuss what our next course of action is. I know that Shepard relieved you of your duties, but I can't imagine he would object to your presence.

Sam

That was it. Simply business, with no mention of what had happened earlier. For a moment, Liara allowed herself to hope that the sexual frenzy that had overtaken Sam earlier was only a temporary effect. Perhaps she had even forgotten about the events in Liara's office after the semen's mind-altering influence had abated. Liara couldn't know for certain, but she allowed herself to hope.

Regardless, now she had somewhere to be. Quickly, Liara went over to the pile of loose-fitting clothing that Traynor had brought, trying on several pieces until she found a top and pants that fit her well enough without pressing too tightly against her... anatomy. Once she had slipped on her boots, she stepped out of the office and out onto the main floor of Deck 3.

As she made her way towards the lift, she spotted Dr. Michel heading in her direction. "Liara, if you have a moment," the red-headed human doctor called out.

"Actually, I'm on my way to a meeting with the senior staff," Liara informed her. "I only have a minute or two, I'm afraid."

"I see," Dr. Michel said. "Well, perhaps you can see me afterward. Now that we're not going right to the Citadel, I thought I might conduct some more tests on you here on the Normandy. I know we don't have the sort of technology they have back on the Citadel, but perhaps we can still try to find out more about what the Protheans have done to you and Samara."

Liara nodded. "That sounds like a good idea, doctor," she said. "Like I said, I am busy right now, but I'm certain Samara would be happy to assist you."

Dr. Michel furrowed her brow. "I am sure you are correct, but I'm afraid I have been unable to locate our justicar guest. I stopped by the observation bay where Shepard had allowed her to settle in, but she was not there. Nor was she anywhere else on this deck, as far as I could tell."

"Strange," Liara said. For a moment, fear crept into her mind. If Samara was feeling the same cravings that Liara had been earlier... perhaps she had been driven to find some way to satisfy her own urges as well.

But Liara dismissed the notion quickly. Samara was a strong-willed woman. With so many more centuries of life experience than Liara, there was no way that Samara would submit to the influences of the Prothean device as easily as Liara had.

Recovering her senses and realizing that Dr. Michel was staring at her, Liara gave her a smile. "Well, if Samara is indisposed, I'd be happy to assist you, doctor. Once the meeting is finished, I'll stop by the med-bay first thing."

"Thank you, Liara," Dr. Michel said. "I'm particularly interested in taking a closer look at the semen being produced by your altered anatomy. I'm hopeful I might be able to collect a sample when you visit."

"A... sample?" Liara said doubtfully. Her mind immediately went to the last time she had... extracted
a sample of her own semen, and the effect it had had on poor Specialist Traynor.

Dr. Michel gave Liara a warm smile. "Not to worry, Liara. I'm sure you feel awkward at the thought of it, but I promise that I will make the process as comfortable for you as possible."

"Oh, that's not what I'm concerned about, doctor," Liara said. "I'm just worried that... well, let's just say that I'm quite interested in studying the properties of my semen as well. But I fear that exposure to it may have some odd side-effects."

"Really?" Dr. Michel arched an eyebrow. "Such as what?"

Liara shook her head, not wanting to disclose the gory details of what had transpired in her quarters. "We can talk about it more later. Right now I need to get going."

"Of course, Liara," Dr. Michel said. "I'll be in the med-bay when you're ready to help me with my tests."

Saying her goodbyes, Liara continued her path to the Normandy's main lift. As the doors slid open, Liara found herself face-to-face with her fellow Prothean-experiment sufferer. "Samara?" she asked with mild surprise.

"Hello, Liara," Samara said, smiling that serene smile of hers as she stepped out of the lift. "I was just going to get myself something to eat. How are you feeling?"

"Fine, fine," Liara said, driving away the images of cum dripping down Traynor's lips as she feverishly sucked the head of Liara's prick. "I had some sleep and I've been feeling much better. And yourself?"

"I am doing well," Samara said. The response wasn't unusual, but something about the way Samara spoke was... odd.

Liara gave her a questioning look. As much as she didn't want to believe that Samara could fall prey to the urges brought on by the Prothean device, she couldn't discount the possibility entirely. "Are you quite certain?" she asked, remembering the sight of Samara in the observation deck with her legs crossed and her cock hanging out of her pants. "You haven't been feeling strange at all?"

"No, I cannot say that I have been," Samara said. "Although to be honest, I've spent most of my time here on the Normandy in deep meditation on the observation deck. So perhaps there are some symptoms of our condition that I haven't been aware of."

"Really?" Liara asked. She hated to do this, but the idea that Samara might be spreading the mind-altering cum was a disturbing one. "Because Dr. Michel says she hasn't seen you on the observation deck. Where have you been, if you don't mind me asking?"

Liara was worried that Samara would be offended by the question, but Samara simply smiled. "I am just returning from the engineering deck. Jack called me down to talk about old times."

"That's right," Liara said. "You two did serve together on the Normandy before."

"She has changed so much since then," Samara said. "The anger she carried around for so long seems to have abated greatly over the years. She even asked if I might teach her some meditation techniques that she could pass on to her students when she returned to her school." She gestured
towards the mess hall. "I was just taking a break to get something to eat before I continued my lessons with Jack. She is... quite an eager student."

Liara let out her held breath. Goddess, what had she been thinking? Believing that Samara could have given in to her urges so easily. "Well, I'm glad to hear that at least this ordeal has given you a chance to connect with old friends," Liara said.

"Yes," Samara replied, her smile twitching slightly, almost seeming to turn into a smirk. "She and I have... quite enjoyed connecting."

"Well, I have a meeting I need to get to, so I suppose we can talk later," Liara said. Starting to head towards the lift, she remembered her previous conversation and hesitated. "Oh, and if you have a moment to spare, I know that Dr. Michel is looking to obtain a sample of our semen in order to conduct some tests."

Samara nodded. "I hate to leave Jack waiting, but I might try to stop by and assist the doctor in her studies."

Liara passed Samara and entered into the lift. By the Goddess, Samara was such a strong woman. Seeing her resisting her desires in the face of such overwhelming temptation made Liara feel all the more ashamed of giving in to her urges earlier. Well, no more. From now on, she resolved to resist any further temptations that might come her way. She would take strength in Samara's example, and hopefully that would be enough for her to last until they arrived at the Citadel.

As the door opened up onto Deck 2, Liara's new resolve was immediately tested. Traynor turned away from her station by the CIC and smiled. "There you are!" she said. "The meeting will be starting soon. We should probably be getting to the conference room right away."

"Specialist Traynor. Sam, wait..." Liara called out, but Traynor seemed to pay her no mind as she walked briskly over to the conference room door.

Liara sighed. She wasn't entirely surprised at Traynor's reaction. If Liara's theory was correct, and the effects of her cum had worn off, then Traynor was most likely feeling a great deal of embarrassment at what had occurred. No doubt she was avoiding the conversation they were going to be forced to have at some point, and Liara had no intention of forcing the matter at this moment. For now, Liara decided, it was probably best to proceed with business as usual.

She followed Traynor into the conference room, to find Shepard, Ash, and the Lawson sisters already waiting. "Good, we're all here," Shepard said. "Traynor, why don't you fill us all in on what we've discovered?"

"Of course, Commander," Traynor said. Liara studied her closely as she brought up a holographic display on the conference table. Searching for any signs of the lingering effects of her exposure to the semen. But Traynor seemed completely normal as she spoke. "Apologies if I put this too bluntly, Commander... but it turns out that both you and Ash were wrong. Now that we have established short-range communications with the Barton facility, it turns out that they are not under assault by batarian pirates. Nor are they suffering from something as simple as a routine technical failure. It turns out that the cause of their communications loss was something else entirely. Their current mining operations appear to have uncovered a nest of rachni."

"Rachni?" Ash said. "But I thought they've been on our side since the war?"
"The ones still under the influence of the queen, yes," Traynor explained. "But I've studied the old mission logs of the Normandy SR-1. It mentions several encounters, Shepard, that you and your team had with rachni that had been driven insane due to lack of exposure to the queen's... song, I suppose you call it."

Shepard nodded in understanding. "When we spoke with the queen, she advised us that there was no saving them," he said. "That the best course of action was to eliminate them."

"Well, from what we can gather, the nest of insane rachni discovered by the miners was located right under the power supply from the long range communications array," Traynor said. "So when the miners... woke them up, the rachni reacted by immediately digging upward and completely cutting off the facility's communications."

"Shit, so they've been fighting these things all this time?" Ash said. "How've they been holding up?"

Traynor pushed a button on the table and a display of the Barton facility's layout hovered in front of them. Several red dots indicated skirmishes with the rachni forces. "Actually... surprisingly well. Now that we've gotten close enough to establish short-range communications, I managed to get in touch with the head of the facility. He says that they've taken out the bulk of the rachni hive, with minimal casualties. Seems that being sealed underground for a while didn't exactly do wonders to the rachni's fighting abilities. From what he tells us, they have the situation mostly contained."

Reaching to a corner of the table, Traynor grabbed a pile of datapads and began handing them out. "I've prepared a report based on what the facility head told me, as well as the results from several scans of the facility."

As Liara took the datapad from Traynor, their eyes met. For a moment, Liara thought she saw something there. A hint of... something, Liara wasn't sure. But it reminded her enough of the looks Traynor had given her from down on her knees, her lips wrapped around Liara's cock, that Liara suddenly felt the tube of flesh between her legs throb and swell against the inside of her pants. But Traynor quickly returned to her normal, professional demeanor, and Liara decided that it was just in her imagination.

"Still, even though it seems like the threat has mostly passed, the facility head says he's quite happy to accept assistance from us," Traynor said as she returned to her position at the table. "I'd recommend that Shepard take down a small team. Two or three, I imagine, should be more than enough to contain the last remnants of the rachni threat."

Shepard studied the report in front of him. "Looks like me and Ash will be more than enough to handle this," he said.

"You're sure, Commander?" Miranda asked, eyes down at the report as well. "It has been a while, but I wouldn't mind coming along to help you exterminate a bug or two."

"I could come as well," Liara offered, scrolling down the mundane report as she spoke. "Even in my current condition, I'm sure I could..."

As she scrolled down another page, her breath caught in her throat. It was only just now that she noticed the datapad she had been given was different from all of the other ones Traynor had passed out: it had an opaque back rather than the usual clear display that would allow anyone on the other side of the datapad to see what the holder was viewing. All the better, Liara realized, to hide what she was currently seeing on her pad.
"Liara?" Shepard said, looking over at her in concern. "Everything alright? You've not having any problems with... that?"

"No, no," Liara said, her eyes flicking over to Traynor, who stared back at her with an innocent look of concern. "Everything's just fine, Shepard," she said, trying her best to sound convincing as she looked back down at her datapad.

Displayed there, interspersed with the bland and perfunctory text, was a picture of Traynor, wearing absolutely nothing except a sultry smile. Liara quickly glanced around at the rest of the Normandy's senior staff, and from the lack of reaction they were having to the report it was obvious that the version Liara had been given was... unique.

"Well, in your current state, Liara," Shepard said as his attention returned to the report, "I don't want to take the risk of bringing you into combat. And Miranda, I want you back here in charge of the Normandy in case anything comes up while we're at the facility."

Liara tried her best to look natural, not wanting to make a big scene even as she continued scrolling through the report. As she scrolled, more and more of the text was replaced with images of Traynor. From the looks of them, they were shot in the women's shower facilities while no one else was around. Traynor sitting down on the floor with her legs spread wide, a suggestive look in her eyes as she reached down and spread herself open with her fingers. Traynor turning around and bending over, grabbing onto her asscheeks to pull them apart and put her pussy and asshole on full display. Traynor with a large dildo in her hand, her tongue stuck out to lick at the tip. Followed soon by another picture of Traynor thrusting the large fake cock into her cunt, head thrown back in a silent moan as she fucked herself with the large hunk of plastic.

Liara knew she should stop, but she couldn't keep herself from scrolling through the array of pornographic images. Between her legs, she could feel her cock pressing painfully now against the fabric of her pants, as if struggling to free itself from its cotton confines to be thrust into some wet pussy. Liara glanced up at Traynor just in time to see the Communications Specialist slowly lick her lips, while staring directly at Liara. With everyone else concentrating on the report, no one else saw the suggestive gesture except its intended audience.

The effects of the semen are definitely not temporary, Liara realized in horror.

"Well, if not me or Liara, than what about Jack?" Miranda said, a mild tone of disgust in her voice as she said the name. "God knows she wouldn't refuse the chance to blow away some rachni."

"Under normal circumstances, a good call," Shepard said. "But I sent a message to Jack just before we started the meeting, asking if she was interested. She responded to tell me she's feeling a bit under the weather, and isn't up for a fight right now. And since she's technically not a member of our crew, it's not like I can order her to come along, so I guess it's just gonna be me and Ash."

Liara was momentarily distracted from the dirty images on her datapad. "Jack says she's sick?" Liara asked Shepard.

"Yeah, sounds like a stomach thing," Shepard said. "Must be serious if it's keeping Jack from taking the opportunity to blow away some rachni."

Liara thought back to her meeting with Samara. And wondered how exactly Jack would be able to concentrate on meditation with such a bad stomachache.
Before she could consider this further, Shepard tossed his datapad on the table. "Alright. Me and Ash will be heading down in the shuttle in thirty minutes. Hopefully we can get this situation mopped up quickly so we can set course for the Citadel as soon as possible. Miranda, you're in command while I'm gone. Everyone else, just keep to your normal routines until we return." He turned to Liara. "If you or Samara notice any unusual developments in your condition while we're gone, send me a message and I'll come back as soon as I can."

"Y... yes, Shepard," Liara said, not wanting to cause a scene while Traynor was still in the room.

Liara watched as the group filed out, Miranda and Oriana heading to their work area at the stern of the ship while the rest of them exited through the CIC door. Traynor was the last to leave, walking around the table and heading in Liara's direction. "Dr. T'Soni," she said softly, making sure to pass in front of Liara as she went. Liara held back a gasp as she felt Traynor's hand quickly run up the bulge in her pants, lingering just for a moment as Traynor made her way by. Glancing back at Liara, Traynor gave her a wink before the door to the CIC slid shut behind her.

As soon as everyone else had left, Liara immediately pulled up her omni-tool. Accessing her messaging software, she hastily typed out a message with shaking hands.

Shepard,

There's something we urgently need to discuss before you depart. I have discovered something regarding the effects of the Prothean device that we need to talk about immediately, and in private if possible. Please respond as soon as you receive this message. And whatever you do, do not mention this meeting to Specialist Traynor.

Liara

Liara sent the message and waited. She only hoped that Shepard would take the time to read his messages before heading down to the shuttle bay to prepare his weapons and armor for departure. After a few moments, Liara let out a relieved sigh as she received the "New Message" notification.

Liara,

It sounds like this is really important. Meet me in the life support room in five minutes. We should have total privacy there.

Shepard

Closing down her omni-tool, Liara made sure to also trigger the "Format and Clear" option on the datapad Traynor had given her. All of this was Liara's fault, after all, and she didn't want Traynor to suffer any further embarrassment or degradation as a result of Liara's weakness.

Stepping out into the CIC, Liara made a point to avoid making eye contact with Traynor as she walked over to the lift and headed down to Deck 3.

* * *
"Seriously, Ken. Could you stop being perverted for just ten seconds?" Gabby said, rolling her eyes as she walked alongside her horn-dog of a boyfriend.

"I'm telling you, love," Ken said assuredly. "She came down here looking for Jack. Straight up asked me where Jack was bunking these days. Now why else would a pretty little thing like the younger Miss Lawson be looking for Jack except for some... forbidden love?"

"I could think of lots of other reasons, Ken," Gabby said. "Probably because I don't spend my entire life walking around thinking about nothing except engines and sex."

Ken gave her a wide grin. "Now, be fair. I do think about other things than that. Like haggis, for an example. And also... uh... well, I'm sure there are some other things as well. I'll get back to you."

Gabby sighed wearily. "Honestly, Ken," she said, as the two of them stepped out into the Deck 4 hallway overlooking the shuttle bay. "I'm sure there's a perfectly reasonable explanation for..."

Their conversation was interrupted by the sound of the lift door opening nearby. Both of them glanced over to see Samara stepping out. She turned in their direction and looked mildly surprised at the presence. "Engineer Donnelly. Engineer Daniels," she greeted them. "I trust you are doing well today."

"Just fine," Ken said, trying his best to keep his eyes focused on Samara's own eyes, and not the t-shirt barely containing her breasts or the pants bulging under the pressure of her... anatomical changes. "Been quite a while, hasn't it? How's the... uh... justicar business going these days?" Ken asked, then let out an annoyed sound as Gabby elbowed him in the ribs.

"Things are going quite well," Samara responded. "Although you might say that recent events have given me a... new perspective on things." She smiled at them. "Well, I am certain you are both quite busy. I will not delay you any further."

Gabby let out a small laugh. "Nah, it's fine. We were just on our way to..."

But Samara was already walking past them, heading straight for the door to the starboard cargo bay. Ken watched with wide eyes as the door opened, and Samara stepped through and shut it behind her.

"Bloody hell," Ken muttered, eyes wide as he stared at the locked cargo bay door. "Seems all work and no play makes Jack a very horny girl."

Gabby shot Ken a look of pure disgust. "You've got to be kidding me, Ken. You are aware that two people who served together on the same ship for a while might want to just talk to each other, right?"

"Talk, right," Ken said with a leering grin. "Which is why Samara's giant blue banger was practically bursting out of her ruddy pants."

Gabby wondered sometimes how she put up with this guy. "So suddenly you're the expert on asari penises and how they work, huh? Honestly, if you ever took your mind out of the gutter for one second, you'd know that Samara is only in there to pay a visit to an old friend. I'm sure it's not..."

And that's when they heard the screaming. Even through the thick interior walls of the Normandy, the words were loud and clear.

_FUCK, YES! GIVE IT TO ME, SAMARA! FUCK ME WITH THAT BIG FAT BLUE COCK!_
Gabby stared in the direction of the cargo bay, face slack. Meanwhile, she could hear Ken giggling next to her. "Pardon me, love," he said gleefully. "Just saving up my breath for the biggest, loudest, 'I told you so' in the history of the human race."

"H...holy shit," Gabby said, as the loud screams and moans seemed to fill the entire deck. "She's only had that thing for about a day. And she's already... they're already...?"

"Now you understand, Gabby," Ken said. "It isn't my fault I spend so much time thinking about sex. It's nothing but biology, that's all."

Gabby was at a loss for words. "We... uh, we should probably give them some privacy."

"Bollocks to that," Ken said. "When are we ever gonna get a chance like this again? I wanna hear more of this."

"Ken, no!" Gabby hissed, grabbing onto his hand and trying to pull him back. But Ken ignored her, taking several steps in the direction of the starboard cargo bay. And despite herself, Gabby couldn't help but feeling the slightest bit curious as well. Reluctantly, she followed behind Ken as he walked closer to the source of the sounds.

**OH, FUCK! IT'S SO FUCKING BIG! FEELS LIKE YOU'RE GONNA SPLIT ME IN HALF!**

As they got closer, the low sound of rhythmic thumping could be heard. It took Gabby a second to realize it was the sound of Jack's cot being slammed against the wall, each thump another thrust of Samara's cock into the screaming Jack's twat.

Just as they were within ten feet of the door, the noise abruptly stopped. Ken and Gabby glanced at each other in confusion. "You don't suppose that they're already..." Ken started to say.

And just then, without warning, the door to the starboard cargo bay suddenly slid open. Ken and Gabby both jumped, and their eyes went wide as they saw what was on the other side of the door.

Jack stood at the door with her hip cocked, dripping with sweat and totally naked. Her hair, normally tied back into a tight ponytail, fell across her face in damp strands. Her bare chest heaved as she took in gasping breaths, staring at the two shocked Alliance engineers with a cocky grin.

"Why don't you two make yourselves fucking useful?" Jack finally said after several awkward seconds. Bending down to the floor, she grabbed several articles of her clothing and tossed them in Gabby's direction. "Get this shit cleaned for me. 'Fraid we've been making a bit of a mess in here."

Glancing to her right into the cargo bay, Jack inhaled deeply and added, "And I'm a little too busy right now to do it myself. Thanks."

As the door slid shut, Ken struggled to find the words to discuss what he had just witnessed. "I... I guess she really is tattooed everywhere, huh?" he finally said to Gabby. "Think maybe you were right, though, love. Probably should leave those two alone to... Gabby?"

Ken looked over at his girlfriend to see the oddest look on her face. She was staring down at the clothes that Jack had tossed her, the crumpled articles cradled in her arms. She was inhaling deeply through her nose, her attention riveted on the stains spotting the wrinkled fabric.

"You okay, Gabby?" Ken asked. "You're looking a wee bit jaked over there."
"Don't you smell it, Ken?" Gabby said, a strange tone in her voice. None of the normal annoyance that Ken was used to out of her. Ken watched as she brought the armful of clothing up to her face, inhaling deeply. "Oh my God, Ken. It smells... amazing."

Leaning over, Ken inhaled through his nose. "I don't smell anything, love," he said. "Except Jack's sweaty undies. You feeling alright? Maybe if..."

As Ken watched, Gabby suddenly grabbed hold of a pair of Jack's panties and, without warning, brought it to her mouth and started sucking on the fabric. Ken was at a complete loss for words as he watched his girlfriend sniff and suck on each article of clothing in turn, breathing harder and harder with each new piece of cloth she brought to her mouth. By the time Gabby had frantically worked her way through the entire pile, she was gasping for breath.

"Gabby, what are you doing?" Ken finally regained his senses enough to speak up. "Are you daft or..."

Turning to Ken, Gabby grabbed him by the front of his uniform. Her voice was low and throaty as she moved in close to him. "Fuck me, Ken," she said. "I need you to fuck me."

Something about all of this was making Ken very nervous. Still... gift horses and all that. "Alright, love, if you insist," Ken said with an awkward smile. "Been a while since we snuck down into the lower engineering deck for a little fun, but I'm game."

"No," Gabby said breathily. Ken looked down in shock to realize that Gabby was working on the belt to his uniform pants. "I can't wait that long. I need you to fuck me right here, right now."

"Gabby, be serious," Ken said, trying his best to fend off his girlfriend's hands. "Do you have any idea how much trouble we would be in if somebody walked by while we were... in the act? If Shepard saw us doing something like that, we'd be court-martialed faster than you could blink."

"Shut the fuck up and fuck me, Ken," Gabby said. Grabbing him by the back of the neck, she pulled him into a long, wet kiss.

Ken's eyes went wide as he felt Gabby's tongue pushing its way into his mouth. Not that Gabby was a bad kisser, to be sure. But Ken had never felt her kiss with this much raw passion before. By the time she finally pulled away from him, he was feeling light-headed. And feeling something else as well, his erection starting to press against the crotch of his uniform pants. Suddenly, all of the perfectly good reasons why he and Gabby shouldn't fuck right in the middle of the Deck 4 hallway seemed to drift out of his mind. Replaced by the raw, undeniable need to bury himself balls-deep into Gabby's tight, wet hole.

Ken's hands fell away from Gabby's, allowing her to unfasten his pants and retrieve his painfully stiff erection from inside the restrictive fabric. Once his cock was out, there was no use resisting anymore. Reaching down to Gabby's waist, Ken quickly undid her own pants and slid them and her panties down to her ankles. Gabby lifted her feet to allow him to pull her lower garments completely away, his girlfriend seemingly unconcerned about standing completely bottomless in the middle of one of the Normandy hallways.

Holding up Gabby's garments, Ken saw that his girlfriend's panties were already soaked with her juices, and looking down he saw a slick trail dripping down her inner thighs. Tossing away the pants and underwear, Ken quickly grabbed Gabby underneath her bare thighs and lifted her up. Soon her
back was pressed against the window looking out onto the shuttle bay, and Ken was between her legs and thrusting himself inside of her.

In all of his years of secretly lusting after his partner in the engine room, and even in the time after that when they had both confessed their feelings, Ken could never remember wanting this woman as hard as he did right now. In his current state, he didn't care if Shepard and his entire senior staff walked in on them right now. Nothing could stop him from fucking this gorgeous woman as hard as he could.

Looking past Gabby's shoulder, he could see Shepard's shuttle being prepared for the trip down to the Barton facility. If any of the crew down there were to look up for just a second, they would see Gabby's bare ass pressed against the window, leaving a sweaty trail as Ken fucked her with every last ounce of his energy. It should have made Ken nervous about all of this, but instead it only made him more eager to pound Gabby's twat with his cock, his balls slapping against her ass as he fucked her in the middle of the hallway.

"That's it, Ken," Gabby moaned. "Fuck me harder. Make me feel that cock. Spill all of your cum inside my wet pussy."

Ken gasped for breath as he continued thrusting. He had never once heard Gabby talk like this before. The most he had ever gotten out of her in bed was some light moans, and one or two whispered "yes"'s if he was doing exceptionally well. But whatever had come over Gabby had caused her to start engaging in the filthiest, most obscene talk possible. The only interruption to her stream of vulgar urging was when he kissed her again, feeling that same sensation of light-headedness as his tongue met hers.

Suddenly, in the middle of their frantic fucking, both of them heard a gasp nearby. They turned to see one of the members of the engineering crew, a young redheaded bird fresh out of the Academy whose name Ken didn't immediately recall, staring at them with a mortified expression. "I... I'm sorry," she quickly muttered. "I didn't mean to... I'll go check on the power couplings in the..."

"Wait," Gabby said. "Put me down for a second, Ken," she said, and Ken immediately complied. Walking over to the shocked young ensign, still naked from the waist down, Gabby gave her a friendly smile. "What's your name again, honey?"

"I'm so sorry. Please, I won't tell anyone about..." the ensign quickly started to say.

Gabby made a shushing sound until the ensign finally stopped babbling. "It's okay. You're not going to get into trouble. Just tell me your name."

"Burnham, ma'am," the ensign finally said, averting her eyes from her half-naked superior officer. "Ensign Victoria Burnham."

"Victoria Burnham," Gabby said, her voice still as dreamy and distant as it had been since Jack had tossed her the clothes. "Where have I heard that name before?" Looking over at Ken, she gave him a wry smile. "Oh, that's right. I believe it was when you were talking with someone up in the mess hall, Ken. About which member of the crew you would most like to have join in on a threesome with you and me."

"Ah," Ken said, the buzz in his head fading somewhat, even if his cock was still as hard as ever. "I may have said something like that, yeah."
Turning her attention back to Victoria, Gabby smirked at her. "Well, now, Ensign Burnham. Seeing as how we're all here, and the two of us are in the mood... how would you like to join us?"

A look of panic came across Victoria's face. "I... no, I... Not that the two of you aren't... but I've got a husband back home. I could never..."

Ken watched in shock as, without warning, Gabby grabbed Victoria and locked her in a deep, open-mouthed kiss. Part of him felt like he should be putting a stop to this, but the part of him that was currently jutting out of his open fly made him just stand and watch as his girlfriend made out with another woman in front of him.

Victoria struggled against Gabby's kiss for a few seconds, her hands lightly pounding against Gabby, before she suddenly went limp, her arms dropping to her sides. By the time Gabby pulled away, the terrified expression had left Victoria's face. Replaced with the same dreamy, almost drunken expression that Ken had seen on Gabby's face after she had gotten a good smell of Jack's dirty laundry.

"Changed your mind about joining us, Ensign Burnham?" Gabby said suggestively.

Victoria answered by turning her eyes to focus on Ken's cock. Ken watched in surprise as the pretty young ensign walked over to him, sunk slowly down to her knees, and took the base of his cock in her hand. She bit her lip as she stroked Ken's cock, still dripping with Gabby's pussy juices, before opening her mouth and wrapping her lips around his length.

Sometime later, Victoria was on her hands and knees in the middle of the hallway, her uniform pants pulled down to bare her ass and allow Ken to fuck her from behind. Victoria would have no doubt been moaning in pleasure, if her mouth wasn't currently busy between Gabby's legs, lapping at her superior officer's twat in hungry abandon.

In the middle of their furious rutting, the three of them heard the starboard cargo bay door slide open. They turned to see Jack again, just as naked as before, but now joined by an equally-nude Samara, her giant blue cock glistening with Jack's juices.

"You know, as hot as it is to see you three fucking on the floor," Jack observed, "maybe you might want to take that somewhere a bit more private." She glanced over at Samara with a smirk. "And I think we know just the place, don't we?"

"If you would like, we would be quite happy to have you... join us," Samara said, while stroking the cock between her legs suggestively.

Ken, Gabby, and Victoria all exchanged glances between each other, each wanting to make sure that the others were thinking the same thing.

As it turned out, they all were. And whatever articles of clothing they were still wearing were quickly removed and flung down on the hallway floor, as the three of them eagerly rushed naked through the cargo bay door, and it slid shut behind them.

* * *

Sitting at the desk that Miranda had set up for her in their shared work area, Oriana stared down at the silver heart-shaped locket lying in front of her.
"Ori, do you have that report ready on the South American reconstruction financials?" she dimly heard Miranda asking her.

"Yeah, it's on the server," Oriana quietly responded. At the moment, she was remembering what Shepard had said in the meeting about Jack feeling sick. Oriana had a sneaking suspicion that it wasn't any sort of physical ailment that was afflicting Jack, though. In her mind she still saw the look on Jack's face after Oriana had called their relationship a "casual thing." Dammit, Jack. Why'd you have to complicate things like this? Why'd you have to make this about something more than just sex? Why did you have to let me know that you were falling in love with me like this?

And why'd you have to make me start to wonder if maybe I felt the same way?

"Ori? You okay?" Miranda said. As she heard her sister approach, Oriana quickly hid the locket underneath some paperwork.

"Yeah, Randa, I'm fine," Oriana quickly said, looking up at Miranda and forcing a smile to her face.

"You sure? Lately you've been sounding a little weird," Miranda said, looking down at her sister in concern. "Jack didn't bother you too much when you went to get your bracelet back, did she?"

Oriana let out an annoyed sigh. She hated how her sister was always so good at reading her moods. "I told you, Jack was fine," she said. "And I'm fine. I just... I've been thinking about a lot of things lately."

"Really? Like what, exactly?"

Oriana shook her head. "Nothing. It's nothing important. Just... just some personal stuff."

Miranda hovered over her desk for a while, shifting uncomfortably. "Ori, I know what you're going to say. And I don't want you to think I haven't enjoyed having you by my side for the past year. But I think what might be affecting your mood is that you don't have anyone else in your life right now. Maybe when we get back to the Citadel, it would be good for you to take the opportunity to meet someone. Go out, have a good time with a nice guy. As a matter of fact, Commander Williams says she knows several men who might be just perfect for..."

"It's not that, okay, Randa?" Oriana said, trying her best not to sound as annoyed as she was. "The last thing I want right now is go out on a date with some random guy."

Miranda sat on the edge of Oriana's desk. "Ori, why is it so difficult for you to keep an open mind about these things?" Miranda asked, mild exasperation in her voice. "Honestly, I don't understand why you're so resistant to the idea of..."

"Because I'm already seeing someone, okay?" Oriana blurted out. "I didn't want to make a big deal about it, but if you're going to keep being nosy about it, fine."

There was a moment of silence between them, as Miranda reacted to her sister's revelation. "Ori, that's... that's great," Miranda said, a smile of relief on her face. "I'm glad you found someone. But why haven't you told me about him?" She bit her lip. "Oh, right. Is this about the last guy you told me about? Look, I already apologized about that, and I promise I won't run any background checks on this one." The grin returned to her face, Miranda beaming at the news of her sister's relationship. "But seriously, Ori, tell me all about him. Where'd you meet him? Where'd you have your first date? I want to hear all about him."
Oriana shifted nervously in her seat. "Well, that's the thing. See... it's... it's not actually a 'him.'"

Miranda cocked her head at Oriana, looking mildly confused. "Not actually a..." she started to say, before understanding dawned on her face. "Oh... oh, Ori. I'm so sorry. I've been so stupid," Miranda said, turning away from her sister and staring down at the floor.

Looking over at her sister, Oriana reached over and placed her hand on top of Miranda's on the desk. "It's alright," she said.

"No... no, it's not. All this time, I've been trying to set you up with different men. I had no idea that you were..." Miranda turned back to Oriana, her eyes glinting slightly. "Ori, you know how much I love you. And that no matter what, all I care about is your happiness. So if you've found someone that makes you happy, I don't care who it is. A man, a woman, a human or alien. If you care about them, and truly believe that you might have a future with them, then I'll support you every step of the way."

"You sure about that?" Oriana asked.

"Absolutely," Miranda said. "So tell me all about her. Who's the gorgeous, wonderful woman that has swept my little sister off her feet, huh? Is she with the Alliance? Oh, or does she work at one of the embassies perhaps? Yes, I suppose that would make sense. We've done so much work with them helping to rebuild the planet, I suppose you might have met someone while we were..."

"It's Jack."

Miranda held up a hand. "No, no, don't give me any hints. I want to see if I can figure this one out by myself. So other than an embassy worker, who could you have had enough contact with to form a relationship with? I suppose while we were on the Citadel, you could have met someone in..."

"Randa, it's Jack."

"Please, Ori. I want to see if I can guess if..." Miranda's words died in her throat, as she finally focused on Oriana for the first time in several minutes. "What did you say?"

Oriana took a deep breath. "It's Jack, Randa. The woman I've been with... it's Jack."

"It's... you've..." Miranda stammered.

"Remember what you said, Randa," Oriana said. "You said no matter who it is, you'd support me."

Turning away from Oriana, Miranda stared at one of the walls of their workspace. For a while, she just sat there in silence, Oriana watching her expectantly for a response.

"Randa?" Oriana finally spoke up. She heard a low sound coming from Miranda. "Randa, I can't hear you. What are you..."

"Heh. Heh heh..." Oriana heard Miranda starting to chuckle, before her sister suddenly erupted into laughter. "Hahahahaha!"

Oriana stared at her sister in concern, wondering if the shocking revelation had driven Miranda completely mad.
"Oh, my God, Ori!" Miranda finally managed to say after several solid seconds of uproarious laughter, wiping at her cheeks. "Alright, you've gotten your point across. I shouldn't stick my nose into your personal business anymore," she said with a smile.

Oriana gave her sister an odd look. "What are you...?"

"I have to admit, you really had me going there for a second," Miranda said, grinning down at her sister. "If I didn't know any better, I would have almost believed you actually were in a relationship with Jack. I mean, you didn't break character for a second!"

Realizing what her sister was saying, Oriana shook her head. "Randa, I wasn't kidding. Me and Jack are really..."

"Ori, come on. I think you're taking the joke a little too far now," Miranda said. "I get it, I really do. You don't want me asking questions about your personal life, so you pretend that you're in a relationship with the person I hate the most in the entire galaxy. It was a good joke, really, and you made your point. So let's just get back to work and..."

"Listen to me," Oriana said, cutting off Miranda. "Miranda? I am not joking. I've been... I've been sleeping with Jack for almost nine months now."

The smile on Miranda's face started to slip away. "Ori, stop it. This... this isn't funny anymore."

"I know," Oriana said. "And I never wanted you to know. I knew that you might take it badly. But lately I... I think I've realized that what's been going on between me and Jack is more than just a fling. I... I think there might be something more between us."

"That's... no," Miranda said, standing up from the desk. "Oriana, you can't... she isn't.... this is crazy, Ori. Jack is crazy. She's dangerous and psychotic and... and the things she's done in the past are..."

"Are in the past, Randa," Oriana said. "And she's trying her best to atone for what she's done."

"I can't be hearing this," Miranda said, pressing her fingers to her temples. "No, this isn't possible."

Standing up, Oriana walked over to her shaken sister. "I know how crazy this must seem to you, Randa. And how hard it must be for you to believe. But Jack... she cares about me. I think she might even be in love with me. And I... I think I might be in..."

"No!" Miranda exclaimed, the vehemence in her reply causing Oriana to take a step back in shock. "Dammit, Ori, I thought you were smarter than this. Don't you see what's really happening here? This is all about Jack getting back at me. She seduced you because she knew how much it would hurt for me to find out."

"She seduced me?" Oriana asked, the volume of her voice raising to match her sister's. "I hate to break it to you, sis, but she wasn't exactly the one doing the seducing the first night we met."

"Stop," Miranda said. "Just stop. Don't say another word."

"What's wrong? Don't want to hear about how your innocent little sister goes out to clubs and picks up random women to go home with?" Oriana said, her voice caustic and angry. "Because I do, Randa. Or at least, I used to. After I met Jack, I knew I'd never meet another woman that fucks as
well as she does. I've lost count of the number of times I've had my face planted between those
tattooed thighs of hers. Oh, and all the other things we've done in bed together. So many dirty, nasty
things. You want me to tell you all about them, Randa? About how that evil temptress Jack has
corrupted your pure little sister?"

"Enough!" Miranda said. "I'm going down there right now, and I'm going to tell Jack that this whole
plan of hers to get back at me is over. And that once we get back to the Citadel, I don't want to ever
see her on this ship again."

"It's not your decision!" Oriana yelled after Miranda. "Jack can do whatever the fuck she wants as
long as Commander Shepard lets her stay on the ship!"

Miranda whirled on Oriana, her eyes narrowed in anger. "Not if I have anything to say about it. If
Jack refuses to leave, then I'll go to Shepard next. And tell him that unless he kicks Jack off the
Normandy, that I'm leaving instead. And that I'm taking you with me."

"You... you wouldn't do that," Oriana said.

"I would, if it came to that. But I won't have to," Miranda said, a fiendishly triumphant smile on her
face. "Because Shepard knows how valuable I am. Compared to me, Jack is nothing but a
particularly talented stowaway. And if I threaten to leave, he'll gladly get rid of Jack instead. But no
matter which way it goes in the end, if it's Jack leaving or if it's us two... Jack doesn't get to win."

"Randa, stop!" Oriana yelled after Miranda, but her sister was already turning and walking to the
exit. "Don't do this, please!" As the door slid shut, Oriana pounded against it angrily.

* * *

Standing in the life support room, Liara stared at the throbbing orb hovering over the surface of the
small table. Such an innocuous looking thing, and yet already it had been the cause of so much
turmoil.

Glancing over her shoulder and looking for any sign of Shepard's arrival, Liara saw only the closed
door behind her. Cautiously, willing to take the risk of testing her theory, Liara walked up to the
Prothean device. Reaching out, she brought her shaking hand up to the surface of the device and
touched it with her fingers.

And... nothing. Evidently the device had already done all it could to her and Samara, and so no
further damage could be done by further contact with it. Part of Liara had hoped that touching the
device again would reverse its effects, but apparently it wasn't going to be quite that easy.

Honestly, Liara was somewhat surprised that Shepard had chosen to meet her here, where they had
stowed the unusual device. Before, he had seemed quite opposed to the idea of Liara even being in
the same room as the Prothean orb, no doubt knowing that her curiosity would get the best of her in
the end. Perhaps, once she informed him about the unusual effects her semen had had on Specialist
Traynor, he might be willing to allow Liara to research the device more thoroughly.

Finally, Liara heard the door slide open. "Shepard, thank the Goddess you're here," she said as she
turned. "I need to tell you about..."

But it wasn't Shepard standing there. "Expecting someone else?" said Traynor, shutting the door
behind her with a sultry smile on her face.
"You... what are you doing here?" Liara said. "I told Shepard that..."

"Didn't you know, Liara?" Traynor said, walking confidently in Liara's direction. She had changed her clothing since leaving the CIC, and was wearing a long coat that trailed on the floor around her feet. "I would have thought that the Shadow Broker would be better informed on such matters. All of Commander Shepard's messages come through me first. After all, if every message sent to the legendary Commander Shepard actually went into his inbox, he'd have to live as long as an asari to read them all. So he entrusted me to help filter out his messages. And when I saw the header on your urgent mail to him... well, I figured I should come handle it..." With a swift motion, Traynor tossed off the coat, revealing her completely naked body underneath, "Personally."

Letting out a gasp, Liara quickly brought up her omni-tool. "Trying to call Shepard?" Traynor said knowingly. "He's already long gone, Liara. I advised him to move up his departure time in order to ensure the rachni threat was dealt with as quickly as possible. He and Ash are already on their way to the Barton facility. And I informed the rest of the crew that they should stay out of the life support room for the next hour or so due to some important testing. So there should be nobody coming around to interrupt us."

"Sam, please," Liara said, backing up as the nude human woman advanced on her. "You are not in your right mind. You are still feeling the effects of my... of what we did in my quarters."

"I know I am," Sam said. She glanced down at the bulge in Liara's pants and brought up her hand to lightly bite at the tip of her index finger. "And it feels so good. But even after three times, I think I still want more."

Liara took another step back, and let out a surprised cry as she felt the edge of the table hit her thighs. "Stop this," Liara said. "I don't want this."

"Don't lie to me, Liara," Traynor said. "Don't lie to yourself. I saw the look in your eye when you saw those pictures I took. Saw the way it made that beautiful cock of yours swell inside your pants. They got you hot, didn't they?"

"No," Liara said, but even she could hear how unconvincing she sounded. "And even if they did... we need to stop this. What you're feeling right now is..."

"Is the best I've ever felt in years, Liara," Traynor said. She was right in front of Liara now, her hand rubbing against the bulge in Liara's pants just as it had in the conference room earlier. But now lingering much longer, with no one to interrupt as Traynor lovingly stroked the bulging outline of Liara's gigantic cock. "Ever since my first taste of you, Liara, I've felt so full of life. I can't remember when I've ever felt this good before. If feeling like this is me not being in my right mind, then I don't think I want to be in my right mind ever again."

"Oh, Goddess," Liara moaned, as Traynor's fingers found the hem of Liara's pants and began working them slowly down her thighs, exposing the now painfully-erect cock hiding underneath. As Traynor lowered herself down to her knees, taking Liara's pants down with her, Liara's cock finally sprang free and erect, swinging up with enough force that Liara worried it might have broken Traynor's jaw if she hadn't moved her head out of the way first. Once she had exposed the object of her obsessive desire, Traynor reached up with both hands to rub and stroke at Liara's prick.

"I studied some extranet videos since the last time," Traynor said. "And I practiced with that toy you saw in my pictures. I wanted to make sure I did a much better job this time." Sticking out her tongue,
Traynor flicked it rapidly against the head of Liara's cock, eliciting a moan from Liara at the sensation. Glancing up at Liara, Traynor arched her eyebrows. "Still want to tell me to stop?"

She tried to remind herself of Samara's strong example. Tried to bring to mind all of the good reasons why it wasn't a wise idea to experiment with this mysterious new body part. Even tried to think about Commander Shepard, and how disappointed he would be in her losing herself so easily to temptation.

But none of it worked. "No," Liara breathed, and moaned as Traynor wrapped her lips around the head of her cock. "Don't stop. Please don't stop."

The feel of Traynor's warm mouth around her sensitive cock was just as intoxicating as it had been the first time, and as Liara watched Traynor putting her newly-learned fellatio skills to practice on her throbbing blue member, she could already feel her climax starting to build. Whether Traynor had truly improved in her cock-sucking skills, or if it was just the ecstasy of surrendering to her overwhelming urges, Liara wasn't sure. But it wasn't long until she felt herself once again pumping what felt like gallons of cum into Traynor's mouth and down her throat. And just as before, even after the overwhelming jolts of pleasure faded from her body, her cock was still as hard as when they had begun.

"Oh, Liara," Traynor gasped, licking her lips for any last traces of semen. "As much fun as all of this has been, I think we've had enough foreplay." Moving Liara aside, Traynor sat herself down on the edge of the table, spreading her legs and exposing her wet pussy. "Fuck me with that big blue cock, Liara. I want you to fill me up with as much of that wonderful cum as you've got in those balls of yours." Rubbing at her pussy and clit, Traynor stared at Liara seductively, her eyes focused on the more-than-a-foot of scaly blue cockmeat between Liara's legs, drops of cum still trickling down from the head.

Any thoughts of resisting the urges she was feeling were gone. Taking her cock by the base, Liara aimed it at Traynor's dripping slit. She was weak and she knew it, but how could she be expected to resist when surrendering felt so goddamn good?

Grabbing Traynor by the waist, she readied herself to thrust herself into her first pussy. Looking up into Traynor's eyes, she saw the hunger there, the yearning. And more than anything else right then, Liara wanted to satisfy that hunger the only way she could. Feeling a lunatic grin coming to her face, Liara pushed the head of her cock gently against the lips of Traynor's pussy just before...

A loud beeping sound suddenly came from Liara's wrist. The jarring noise immediately snapped Liara out of the sexual frenzy Traynor had worked her into, and she took a step away from the table in surprise. Traynor let out a desperate moan, reaching a hand out to try and grab hold of Liara's cock to put it back against her cunt. But Liara backed away another step and out of reach. "I... I have to take this call," she stammered, realizing how ridiculous it sounded but looking for any excuse to step away from the carnal cliff she had almost happily jumped off of.

Turning away from Traynor, Liara activated her omni-tool. "Yes?"

"Liara, it's Dr. Michel," the Normandy doctor's voice was heard through the glowing holographic device. "I was just wondering if you were still planning to come by to give me a sample."

Blinking, Liara struggled to remember what Dr. Michel was referring to. Finally, the conversation from earlier came back to her. "Right, yes," she said. "Didn't Samara come by to visit you? I asked her if she would."
There was a short pause on the other end, and for a moment Liara wondered if the call was disconnected. Finally, she heard Dr. Michel's accented voice. "No, I haven't seen Samara today. I could still use your help, but if you're busy with something else, I..."

"No!" Liara exclaimed, then more calmly added, "I mean, I'm not busy with anything."

"Yes, you are!" Traynor yelled out. "Come back and fuck me, goddamn it!"

"Is there someone else there with you?" Dr. Michel asked.

Liara glared over her shoulder at Traynor, the horny human now frantically rubbing between her legs as if it would compel Liara to put her cock back into position. "No, it's just something on the vidscreen," Liara said. "I'll be right there."

"Good, I look forward to it," Dr. Michel said, before the call disconnected.

"I have to go," Liara said, pulling up her pants and struggling to force her still-erect cock back underneath the fabric. Even as loose-fitting as the garments were, Liara still had trouble tucking herself back into the cotton sweatpants. "Important ship business. You should probably get yourself dressed and then... take a rest or something."

"Please, Liara," Traynor said, still fingering her pussy as she watched Liara walk away. "I need it so bad. I need your cock inside me, Liara."

Her prick finally safely returned to inside her pants, Liara turned away from the horny Traynor and quickly exited the life support room. Finally removing herself from the sexually-charged situation, Liara breathed a sigh of relief as she felt her rationality returning to her.

Liara severely doubted that they would find the answer to her and Samara's condition aboard the Normandy. But hopefully, once she gave the semen sample to Dr. Michel, between the two of them they might be able to figure out some sort of cure for Traynor's condition at the very least.

Thank the Goddess, Liara thought to herself, that no one else has been exposed to this diabolically addictive semen. Seeing what it has done to Specialist Traynor, I could only imagine what would happen if anyone else felt its effects.

* * *

"Good, I look forward to it," Dr. Michel said, disconnecting the call with Liara. Looking over at the medical tray nearby, she stared at the large, empty sample jar sitting there.

Really, she did hate lying to Liara like that. Samara had visited, actually, and had more than willing to donate a sample of her semen for Dr. Michel to study. I think I will need a larger receptacle than that, doctor, Samara had said with a trace of a smile as Dr. Michel had shown her the small glass sample cup she had chosen. And she had certainly been correct, because even after giving Samara the largest collection jar in the entire med-bay, the asari has still managed to fill it to the brim with her "sample."

After Samara had left, Dr. Michel had considered the jar full of cum carefully. She vaguely remembered Liara saying something about "odd side-effects" of the substance. Part of her considered simply putting the sample in cold storage for now, and waiting for Liara to come and assist her with
studying the strange semen.

But in the end, her scientific curiosity had gotten the best of her. Dr. Michel had extracted a small sample of the copious supply of semen and inserted it into a microscope slide. As she had worked, she found herself being distracted by a peculiar odor. Very strong and pungent, and yet strangely sweet as well. It took her a while to realize that it was coming from Samara's sample jar. Strange. As a doctor she was no stranger to working with semen samples of both human and alien origin. But she couldn't remember any of them smelling quite like this.

She had wondered then if what she was doing was wise, but in the end she had been unable to resist. Leaning in to the jar, she had taken in a massive breath through her nose.

And now, a few minutes later, she was staring at the empty sample jar. Licking her lips, she waited in eager anticipation for Liara's arrival.

Because even after tipping the jar back and chugging down every last drop of cum, Dr. Michel was surprised to find that she was still thirsty for more.
Stepping into the medbay, Liara immediately turned and locked the door behind her. From her desk, Dr. Michel looked up at the panting, sweating asari in concern. "Is everything alright, Liara?" she asked.

Pausing to catch her breath, Liara turned and gave Dr. Michel her best attempt at a casual smile. "It's nothing, doctor. Just... eager to come here and help you find some answers."

"Well, I appreciate that, but there was no need to run here so quickly," Dr. Michel said, obviously mistaking Liara's gasping breaths from her interrupted fuck session with Traynor as exhaustion. Standing up, she walked over to the cabinets opposite her desk and retrieved a large sample container. "But since you are so eager, we should probably get started right away. First off, I'm going to need a sample." Turning, she handed the plastic jar to Liara with a smile. "Go ahead and fill this jar if you would."

Liara gave Dr. Michel a confused look. "You mean... right here? In the medbay?"

This made the human doctor laugh. "Come now, Liara. How long have we served together? You know that my interest here is purely scientific. You should have no reason to feel embarrassed about doing this right here. I have some medications that might aid you if you feel you won't be able to... perform. Made for humans, of course, but I imagine they would have the same effects on you."

Liara's eyes went wide and she quickly shook her head. It had taken four climaxes the last time to finally satisfy her painful erection. The thought of what some human virility drug might do to her already insatiable cock was too horrifying to consider.

"It's not that I don't trust your... professionalism, doctor. I'm just not sure I'd be able to do such acts with someone else around," Liara explained. "I would much prefer to do this in the privacy of my own office if it's all the same."

For a moment, there was a look on Dr. Michel's face. Liara thought it almost looked like she was disappointed. But her smile quickly returned. "Well, if you think that's best. Just bring the sample back to me once we're finished, and we can continue."

"Thank you, doct..." Liara started to say. And then her eyes caught something out of the medbay windows, and her breath caught in her throat.

Most of the crew were on duty right now, so there were only three male marines hanging around in the mess hall. But behind them, standing out of their eyeline but in full view of the medbay windows, was Traynor. She had redonned the long coat that had covered her naked body before, but the bottom folds were parted open. Giving Liara an unobstructed view of Traynor's fingers working feverishly around her clit and pussy, Traynor eyeing Liara through the thick glass as she wantonly played with herself.

"I can't go out there," Liara thought to herself. "Can't run the risk of falling prey to the horrible urges this cursed thing is causing in me. Even now, Liara found herself unable to stop watching Traynor, her mind returning to the split second before she had buried herself inside the horny human. The thought of it made her cock press painfully against the fabric of her pants, and she was certain that if Traynor approached her again as she had in the life support room, Liara would be unable to resist the
urge to fuck her.

"What is it?" Dr. Michel said. Seeing the look in Liara's eye, she started to turn in the direction of the medbay windows. "Is there something out there that..."

"No!" Liara quickly said, speaking loudly to draw Dr. Michel's attention back to her. She didn't want Dr. Michel to see what had happened to Traynor. What Liara had done to her, that was. After they had gotten a chance to study the semen created by her cock, then Liara would confess to the effect it had had on Traynor, and she and Dr. Michel could decide what to do from there.

"You... you were right, doctor," Liara said, speaking rapidly to keep Dr. Michel's attention focused on her. "There's no reason why I have to go to my office to do this." Grasping at straws, Liara offered, "Perhaps we could open up the old AI core and I could... handle this in private."

But Dr. Michel shook her head. "I'm afraid not. Shepard has ordered that door permanently sealed after the Normandy came back. I guess as a memorial to EDI." Dr. Michel glanced over at the locked door to the medbay. "But if you really want some privacy, I suppose I could go out to the mess hall and..."

"It's okay, doctor," Liara quickly interrupted her. If Dr. Michel unlocked that door, there was a chance that Traynor could find her way inside. And that was a chance Liara couldn't afford to take. "Just... turn your head if you would. Considering my experience with this damnable thing so far, I don't imagine it will take long for me to produce an appropriate amount of... sample for you."

"Naturally, Liara. Oh, almost forgot!" Dr. Michel started to turn again. "Definitely want to close the privacy shades."

"Wait, don't..." Liara started to call out again, taking hold of Dr. Michel's shoulder to keep her from turning around. Looking out the window, however, she saw no sign of Specialist Traynor. Just the three marines at the mess hall table, laughing and joking amongst themselves.

Dr. Michel gave Liara a queer look. "Are you quite certain you're alright, Liara? Honestly, under these unusual circumstances, I would not blame you for feeling a bit overwhelmed."

"I'm... I'm fine, doctor," Liara lied. "Just put the shades down so we can get this done with."

"If I may, Liara," Dr. Michel said, walking over to her cabinets again and pulling out a small jar of pills. "Perhaps you should take two of these."

Liara frowned. "I told you, doctor. I'm perfectly capable of giving you the sample without any drugs."

"It's not that, Liara. It's just a light sedative, nothing more," Dr. Michel said. "Something to take care of the agitation you're feeling in your current state."

"Doctor, I assure you that I don't need any..."

"Liara, please. I insist," Dr. Michel interrupted Liara, opening up the pill bottle and taking Liara by the wrist to deposit two of the small white pills into her palm. "It's perfectly safe, and it will make you feel a whole lot better. Trust me."

As much as she hated being treated in this coddling way, Liara had to admit that the doctor had a
point. And maybe the sedatives would help control the vulgar desires that had filled her mind ever since she had come into contact with the Prothean device. Working up a mouthful of spit, Liara put the pills into her mouth and swallowed them down.

"Very good," Dr. Michel said. "Now, I'll get the shades and you can get to work on that sample."

As Dr. Michel walked over to her desk and bent down to tap buttons on a nearby control panel, Liara caught herself staring at the woman’s ass. Goddess, will this never end? she thought to herself, even as she found herself continuing to stare at Dr.'s Michel's backside, the cock in her pants pulsing with blood and straining against the fabric of her loose sweatpants. *If this keeps up, I'm going to have to lock myself in my office for the rest of the journey to the Citadel.*

Once the shades were down, and she and Dr. Michel were in relative privacy, Liara turned her back to the human doctor and slowly pulled out her cock. A gasp of relief escaped her lungs as the throbbing organ was freed from the restrictive confines of her pants. She stroked it slowly, the bulbous head aimed at the large sample jar as she reluctantly pleasured herself.

As she worked her fingers up and down the veiny length, Liara tried her best to keep her mind blank. Any number of vulgar fantasies threatened to invade her mind, but she would not let them. *This is for science,* she told herself. *You are not permitted to enjoy this. You will do what needs to be done and, Goddess willing, you will never again spill a single drop of seed from this damned thing.*

But as the seconds turned to minutes, Liara found herself coming no closer to a climax. She glanced over her shoulder to see Dr. Michel at her desk, attention focused away from Liara and onto her computer terminal. Staring back down at her cock, Liara tried to mentally will it to begin spewing that seed that had so intoxicated Specialist Traynor.

But that thought just brought back to the image of Traynor, legs spread on the life support room's table, begging for Liara to fuck her. Liara gasped as a drop of pre-cum formed on the tip of her cock, the vulgar image of Traynor sending a pleasurable buzz through her body.

*You are not doing this,* Liara mentally chastised herself, while at the same time realizing that emotionless, mechanical stroking of her cock wasn't going to be enough to get her off. In her mind, she allowed herself to begin indulging in fantasies, but replaced Traynor with someone else. One of those glamorous actresses from the vids now moaned and stroked herself, begging for Liara's cock. In her fantasy, Liara surrendered herself to the mindless lust that had been overwhelming her thoughts, imagining herself forcing her cock into the woman's wet cunt and thrusting it deep inside of her. Her hand was moving faster on her cock now, the pre-cum lubricating her prick while at the same time filling the medbay with the vulgar sound of Liara beating on her slick, glistening prick. Liara glanced over her shoulder again, hand still stroking her cock, but if Dr. Michel heard the sound of her furious masturbating, she did not acknowledge it.

*Fuck me, Liara,* said the actress inside her head. In her mind, Liara looked down at the image of her thick cock splitting open the sweating, panting human woman's pussy. Its veiny length was now coated in the woman's juices, and slid easily in and out as Liara fucked her. As she felt her climax approaching, the fantasy in her mind started to change, and Liara let out something between a gasp of surprise and a moan of pleasure as she looked back up at the woman's face.

*That it's, Liara,* Ashley said, the mental image of her face smiling as her tits bounced with each of Liara's thrusts into her. *Fuck me with that big blue cock. Fuck me like Shepard fucks me. That's what you really want, isn't it? It isn't just that you can't have Shepard. That isn't what really makes you upset when you see us together. It's that he gets to have me... instead of you. But in here... you can*
I'll have me whenever you want. So fuck me, Liara. Stick your cock inside me and fill me with your cum.

"Unnnnh," Liara let out a loud moan, as her cock jerked and started spraying semen into the sample jar. In her mind, she was spilling her massive load inside of Ash’s wet pussy, Ash crying out in ecstasy as Liara's cum filled her insides and spilled out of her cunt to drip down her thighs. Before she knew it, the sample jar was filled nearly to the brim with her cum.

As her orgasm abated, she began to feel ashamed. Picturing Ash like that... Liara had no right to reduce her friend and comrade to such a vulgar, cock-hungry whore in her mind. Even if... even if...

"Ah, you are finished?" Dr. Michel said from behind Liara. The shock of her voice, inches away from behind Liara, made Liara jump in surprise and nearly drop the jar full of cum on the floor.

"Yes, doctor," Liara said after she caught her breath, turning around and taking a step back to put some distance between her and the strangely-close human doctor. "Please, be careful with this. I worry that it may have... unexpected effects if you inhale it or come into any contact with it."

Dr. Michel nodded, taking the jar from Liara and keeping it far away from her face. "Naturally, doctor. I will go make sure it's stored properly. In the meantime, why don't you take a look at the information on my terminal? Some preliminary results from my initial physical examination of yourself and Samara after you were first... afflicted."

"Yes. That could prove to be useful to our further research," Liara said. She let out a strained grunt as she forced her still-erect cock back down into her pants, before turning away from the doctor and leaning down to look at the information on Dr. Michel's terminal.

As the doctor had said when she had first woken up, the Prothean device had somehow completely altered her and Samara's biology. The x-ray scans and other test information showed a completely new, and completely male, reproductive system functioning inside of her body. Liara wasn't a medical doctor, to be sure. But even with modern advances in medicine, she didn't have a clue of either how such a thing was possible, or how it could even be reversed without months of surgery and horrific side-effects.

The thought that she might be stuck with this cock, and the carnal urges that seemed to come part and parcel with it, filled her with no small amount of horror.

Looking away from the terrifying reports, Liara turned around to see Dr. Michel working at one of the medbay lab tables. Her eye caught the sample jar that she had just filled next to the doctor. Now almost completely empty. "Doctor?" Liara asked. "The sample I just gave you, where is..."

"Oh, Liara," Dr. Michel said, turning around and wiping her face with the back of her hand. "I... put your sample into the isopycnic centrifuge. Hopefully we can determine more about your genetic modifications after we run a few tests on it."

There was something strange about Dr. Michel just then. A look in her eyes that Liara hadn't seen when she had first walked in. "You didn't come into contact with it at all, did you, doctor?" Liara tentatively asked. "Smell it or... anything else?"

Dr. Michel quickly shook her head. "No, I did just as you said. I made sure not to expose myself to it any more than necessary when I put it into the centrifuge."
"It's in the centrifuge?" Liara said, glancing around Dr. Michel to stare at the device. "You do know that the centrifuge isn't turned on, yes?"

Dr. Michel responded with a shrug. "Oh, you know these things. Takes a while for it to get warmed up."

"Well, let me know when you have some results," Liara said. Something about Dr. Michel was starting to make Liara uneasy for some reason. And with Traynor gone, Liara was ready to make the dash to her office and keep it locked for the rest of their voyage. "I should be heading back to..."

"Wait just a moment, Liara," Dr. Michel said. "While you are here, it might be wise for me to do another physical examination while you're conscious. See if there have been any further changes since the last time you were here. So why don't you disrobe for me and we can do some further examinations."

Liara shifted uneasily. "If it's all the same, doctor... maybe we can put this off until after you've finished the test on my semen."

"Nonsense, Liara," Dr. Michel said, grabbing a scanning device from a nearby table and walking over to Liara. "It's important that we gather as much information as possible before we return to the Citadel and Huerta Memorial. It will make the jobs of the doctors there that much easier, don't you think?" She smiled at Liara. "Please. In the interest of science?"

Letting out a weary sigh, Liara finally nodded. "I suppose you are correct, doctor," she said, as she pulled her shirt over her head. "But let's try to make it quick, shall we? I have other things I would like to look into."

"Naturally," Dr. Michel said. As Liara reached back to unhook her bra, Dr. Michel stared down at her breasts. "Liara, is it just me? Or have you grown... larger?"

Liara followed the doctor's gaze down to her breasts, and was surprised to notice that Dr. Michel was correct. Her breasts seemed to have slightly grown, her once well-fitting bra now straining slightly against the increased mass of her bust. Liara had been so focused on the cock throbbing underneath her pants, she hadn't even noticed the tightness in her chest until Dr. Michel had mentioned it.

"Strange," Liara said, as she unhooked her bra and bared her larger breasts. "An unintended side effect of the Prothean device, I imagine?"

"Let me take a closer look," Dr. Michel said, putting aside the scanner she had earlier retrieved and reaching a hand down to cup the underside of one of Liara's breasts. As the doctor experimentally lifted up on Liara's tit, Liara's breath caught in her throat.

"Doctor, it's..." Liara said, the feeling of Dr. Michel's fingers on her breast like a light electric shock coursing across the surface of her skin. "Please..."

Dr. Michel nodded clinically. "Hmm, there appears to be an increase in sensitivity in addition to the change in size," she said, watching as Liara's nipple started to stiffen with Dr. Michel's touch. "And how does this feel, Liara?" the doctor said, as she moved her thumb up to begin lightly pressing against the nub of Liara's breast. "Do you feel it when I touch you here?"

"Yes," Liara said, her voice breathy and strained at the feel of the doctor's hand lightly stroking her breast and nipple. She found herself feeling disappointed when Dr. Michel's hand left her breast, but
that disappointment was soon replaced with alarm as she saw what the doctor intended to do next. "Doctor... Chloe, wait," she gasped.

"It's alright, Liara," Dr. Michel said, as she sunk down to her knees and began pulling down Liara's pants. "I promise to be nothing but professional."

Before Liara could protest further, Dr. Michel had drawn her pants down to her ankles, and her stiff cock bobbed lewdly in front of the doctor's face. "Now, let's take another look at this thing, shall we?" Dr. Michel said, reaching up to grip the base of Liara's cock. "I must confess... it really is quite remarkable," she said, seeming to be speaking more to herself than to Liara. "Putting aside everything, and just looking at it as a piece of anatomy... it's almost beautiful, in a way."

"Doctor, what are you..." Liara started to say, before cutting herself off with a gasp as she felt Dr. Michel's fingers gripping her balls.

"Utterly amazing," Dr. Michel muttered, as she fingered Liara's scrotum almost absent-mindedly. "I will have to ask the staff at Huerta Memorial if they will allow me to join them in their studies," she said, as her other hand slowly ran up the length of Liara's prick. "I can only imagine what we could find if we..."

Dr. Michel went silent then, as her upward stroke on Liara's cock had caused one last drop of cum from Liara's previous jerk-off session to emerge from the tip of Liara's cock. The human doctor seemed almost hypnotized by the white bubble of fluid, as it glistened and clung to the head of Liara's rigid prick.

"Doctor?" Liara asked, trying her best not to sound too alarmed as she stared down at the enraptured Dr. Michel. "What are you..."

Just at that moment, the drop of cum spilled off Liara's cock and started falling down. And almost by instinct, Dr. Michel darted her head forward, opened her mouth wide, and let the white fluid splash against her tongue.

"Oh, no," Liara said, as she looked back at the empty sample jar and realized where it all had gone.

"I'm sorry, Liara," Dr. Michel said, a bashful smile on her face as she swallowed the last drop of cum. "I couldn't help myself."

And then she opened her mouth wide, and took as much of Liara's cock down her throat as she could.

* * *

For a moment, as disgusted as it made her feel, Miranda considered the insane possibility. As she rode the lift down to Deck 4, she made herself consider, just for a moment, that Jack might truly be sincere for once in her life. That she did have feelings for Oriana, and wasn't just trying to screw with Miranda's mind.

>You always said that Ori was the most important thing to you, Miranda thought to herself. That above all else, her happiness was all that mattered. And if Jack truly makes her happy... then who are you to stand in her way?
And in that brief moment, Miranda pictured herself walking into the cargo bay where Jack was currently squatting, sitting her down, and telling her most hated enemy that she wouldn't interfere. That Ori's life was her own, and that if she wanted to try to share that life with Jack, that Miranda wouldn't stand in her way. While at the same time making clear that, if Jack ended up doing anything to hurt Oriana, that Miranda would make sure she lived to regret it.

It was the magnanimous thing to do. The sort of thing she really should be doing to support her sister. Logically, Miranda knew that it was the best course of action for her to take, both for Oriana's sake and for Jack's as well.

And even in that brief moment of consideration, the very thought of it made Miranda want to vomit.

She couldn't do it. Couldn't sit back and let Jack play with Oriana like this. The mere idea that Jack could be sincere in her affections for Miranda's sister seemed somewhere between ludicrous and utterly insane. Miranda was firmly set on her course: to end this vulgar prank of Jack's, once and for all.

And as the lift door opened onto Deck 4, and Miranda stepped out, what she heard then made her all the more resolute that she had made the right decision.

Even through the closed door of the starboard cargo bay, Miranda could hear the moans and screams. Jack's voice, along with several others that Miranda didn't recognize right away, mixed together in a vulgar cacophony.

Not even a few hours after Oriana said goodbye, Miranda thought to herself, frowning as she strode over to the cargo bay door, and Jack's already "entertaining" herself with other guests. The vulgar little bitch.

Miranda felt rage filling her, as her fears about the sick prank Jack was playing on Ori were completely confirmed. Part of her considered just walking away at that point. Going back to Oriana and telling her about what was happening down in the lower decks. But Miranda knew that, in Oriana's current love-struck state, she would never trust Miranda's word that Jack was screwing around on her. Miranda needed proof. Hard proof that Jack was just toying with Ori.

And right now, Miranda thought, a devious smile creeping onto her face, you have the perfect opportunity to get that proof.

Stepping carefully up to the cargo bay, the sounds of passionate sex ringing in her ears, Miranda was unsurprised to find that the door was locked. But that mattered little for Miranda Lawson, who had not only been there when this ship had been first built by Cerberus, but who also currently had administrative access to the Normandy's systems as acting commander. Using her omni-tool to interface with the security systems, Miranda was able to quickly unlock the door. With a mild tweak to the triggering mechanism, Miranda caused the door to open at one-quarter speed. At that slow rate, neither Jack nor any of the other participants in the twisted orgy going on in there would be able to hear the door as it softly slid open.

Nonetheless, Miranda waited for a moment after the door finally finished opening up. Listening to see if anyone had noticed. But when there was no interruption to the loud sounds of lovemaking coming from inside the cargo bay, Miranda took a cautious step through the door. And when she saw what was happening inside, she put a hand to her mouth to hold back the shocked gasp that had threatened to expose her presence.
At the far end of the cargo bay, sitting on the end of the cot that Jack slept on, was not Jack, but Samara. Completely naked, and with her legs spread wide to put her newest piece of anatomy on display.

And between her legs, two women knelt, each of them using their mouths and tongues on Samara's cock. Neither of them had so much as a single tattoo on their bodies, and it took a second for Miranda to recognize them: Gabby Daniels and the new engineering ensign, Victoria Burnham. Both of them just as naked as Samara, and each with one hand planted between their legs and stroking themselves, their other hands lovingly fondling Samara's balls while they licked her cock.

Every instinct told Miranda to turn around and leave. That she had stepped into something that was way more than she bargained for. But from her current angle, Miranda couldn't see Jack, and could only hear her vulgar moans as she screwed her unknown partner. And Miranda had every intention of getting solid evidence of Jack's philandering. Cautiously, Miranda lowered herself down to the deck, using a stack of crates as cover as she slowly crawled further into the cargo bay.

Once she was completely through the door, crouched down and out of sight, Miranda finally caught a glimpse of Jack. Down on her hands and knees on the floor, almost the same way that Miranda currently was, only with Ken Donnelly behind her, fucking her doggy-style.

Slowly, doing her best not to make any noise, Miranda activated her omni-tool and aimed it around the stack of crates at Jack. "Fuck, yes," Jack gasped, her moans being recorded by Miranda's omni-tool along with the wet slapping of Ken's hips against her ass. "I fucking love getting fucked like this. Give it to me, Ken. Fuck me like a dirty fucking slut!"

Ken didn't respond, but his face was contorted in a vulgar mask of unrestrained lust as he drove his cock in and out of Jack's cunt. Meanwhile, Ken's girlfriend Gabby had a facelift of Samara's balls, coating the massive orbs with her saliva while Victoria stood up and straddled Samara. Her back to the serene justicar, Victoria lowered herself down on Samara's thick blue cock, letting out a giddy squeal as her pussy slowly stretched open to accommodate Samara's girth. Soon Victoria was riding Samara's cock with a grin, the justicar's slim blue arms reaching around to play with Victoria's bouncing tits as the human woman eagerly fucked herself on Samara's cock. All while Gabby continued lovingly kissing and sucking on Samara's nutsack.

Miranda watched it all in disbelief. Nothing that Jack did could possibly surprise Miranda at this point, but Ken and Gabby? Joining in on such a vulgar orgy with such obvious enthusiasm seemed somewhat in character for Ken, but definitely not for his girlfriend. And didn't the young ensign Burnham have a husband?

"Oh my God," Victoria moaned, her thoughts probably not on her husband at home as she rode Samara's prick. "Give me your cum. I want your cum so bad. It feels so fucking good!"

Shutting down her omni-tool, the incriminating video of Jack stored away, Miranda told herself that she needed to leave. But she found herself watching the ongoing orgy in sick fascination. By this point, Samara's cock has erupted inside of Victoria, and the young ensign moaned in ecstasy at the feeling of Samara's warm cum filling her insides. As Samara's cock continued to spew, cum began overflowing out of Victoria's cunt and spilling down Samara's prick. Eagerly, Gabby began lapping up the sticky mess, making low hungry sounds as she pushed her face into Samara's groin and licked up as much of the cum as she could.

At the sight of this, Jack pulled away from Ken's thrusting cock and crawled over to Gabby. Miranda watched with mild disgust as Jack grabbed Gabby by the sides of her head and began feverishly
licking her, trying to catch any drops of Samara's cum that had gotten onto her face or escaped from her mouth. Once that was done, Jack opened her mouth wide, and Gabby pursed her lips to drip a thick glob of semen mixed with spit into Jack's open mouth. Miranda fought the urge to retch as the two women soon began snowballing the sticky mess back and forth between them. After several times between the two of them, cum and spit were soon dripping down their faces onto their tits, all while Gabby reached between Jack's legs and began stroking her cunt.

This wasn't just sex Miranda was watching, she realized. This was the dirtiest, most vulgar display of fucking Miranda had ever witnessed. And yet she couldn't make herself look away, as Victoria lifted herself up off of Samara's cock and strutted over to Ken, getting down on her hands and knees in the same spot where Jack had been.

As Ken switched partners from Jack to Victoria without hesitation, Samara stood up from the cot to allow Gabby to lie on her back and spread her legs. With Gabby in position, Samara got between the engineer's thighs, aimed her still-erect cock at Gabby's twat, and thrust herself in balls-deep. All while Jack lowered her pussy down onto Gabby's face for the horny woman to start happily licking.

And as Jack squealed and rubbed her pussy into Gabby's face, she looked across the room... and locked eyes with Miranda poking her head around the crates. As Miranda gasped, Jack gave her a wink and reached up one of her tattooed hands to beckon Miranda over with a finger.

Quickly, all thoughts of subtlety gone, Miranda scrambled to her feet and bolted for the door. She could hear her heart pounding and her heels clicking rapidly on the deck as she made a dash for the lift. Just as her hand reached for the call button, she suddenly found herself unable to move.

"Enjoy the show, cheerleader?" she heard Jack behind her. Miranda struggled against the biotic bonds that held her in place, but even after years of practice she couldn't hope to contend against Jack's raw power. She felt herself being lifted in the air and spun around, turning back to face the starboard cargo bay. And Jack, strutten out of the cargo bay, naked and coated with sweat and the glistening remnants of her snowballing with Gabby dripping down her chest.

"Let me go, you sick bitch!" Miranda cried out.

Jack arched an eyebrow. "Sick? I wasn't the one playing peeping tom back there, cheerleader. So how about you answer the question? Did you like what you say? Considering how long you were hanging out behind those crates like a dirty little pyjak, I think you must have enjoyed it at least a little. Maybe enough that you were tempted to join in?"

"You're fucking disgusting," Miranda spat out. "And I don't give a damn what you do and who you do it with... but you had better stay the hell away from my sister!"

Jack paused for a moment. "Yeah, sweet little Ori," she said softly. "Thought maybe we had something there, but turned out she was using me for a good lay," her expression turned sad for one moment, but then she shrugged. "Oh, well, her loss. Turns out there's somebody else on this ship who's a lot more fun in the sack." She looked at the struggling Miranda and giggled. "Maybe you should give her a try, cheerleader. A little BBC might just help you lighten up a little." Reaching down, Jack wiped up the glistening trail of spit and cum on her tits as she started walking towards Miranda. "Just a fair warning, though. Just one taste of it... just isn't going to be enough for ya."

And with that, Jack licked up the sticky mess clinging to her fingers, before stepping right up to Miranda, grabbing her by the back of the neck, and giving her an open-mouthed kiss.
Miranda was so shocked by the sudden action, she didn't even realize it was happening until Jack's tongue, sticky with cum, was plumbing the depths of Miranda's throat. Before she could think to bite down on the unwelcome oral intruder, Jack had pulled away, laughing as she dispelled the biotic field around Miranda and let her drop to the floor. Landing on her hands and knees, coughing and spluttering, Miranda struggled to breathe. She could taste the remnants of Jack and Gabby's snowball slithering their way down her throat and felt the urge to vomit.

"That... that's it!" Miranda stammered angrily as she stood up. "When Shepard gets back, I'm going to tell him that I want you off this ship, now! Not at the Citadel, not at the nearest starport... right fucking now!"

"Sure, princess, sure," Jack said with a cocky grin. "We'll see if you feel the same way a few minutes from now. But just remember one thing: first taste is free. The next one... it's gonna cost ya."

And before Miranda could respond, Jack was turning away and walking back to the cargo bay, an eager expression on her face as she rejoined the orgy in progress and the door slid shut behind her.

* * *

"Chloe... please don't..."

But just as it had been with Traynor, Dr. Michel was too focusing on sucking the massive cock in front of her to pay attention to Liara's protests. Now that she had dropped all pretenses of "scientific curiosity," Dr. Michel feverishly bobbed her head on Liara's prick, while her fingers gripped and fondled the swollen pair of blue balls dangling between Liara's legs.

"Oh, Liara, I know it's wrong," Dr. Michel said, pausing to take a breath while she continued to stroke Liara's prick. "But after I got a taste of Samara's... I needed more."

"So..." Liara said, staring down at the horny human doctor. "Samara did come by to give you a sample."

"Oh, yes," Dr. Michel said, pausing to run her tongue along the underside of Liara's cock. "And it was sooooo good. Yours was, too. So good that I just couldn't resist drinking it all. And now that you've been properly medicated, you'll be able to give me so much more."

Liara felt a chill run through her at Dr. Michel's words. "Properly... those pills you gave me. They weren't a sedative, were they?"

Dr. Michel shook her head. "Concentrated dose of sildenafil. Commonly used to..." she paused for a moment to lap up pre-cum dripping from Liara's prick, "...to treat erectile dysfunction. Can't say for certain what effect it will have on you, but if I were to guess, I'd say your erection is going to last for about... an hour or two. Maybe more."

Liara felt light-headed. This cock had been enough of a distraction under normal circumstances. The first time, it had taken four climaxes - between jerking off and Traynor swallowing three of her loads - before her erection had finally subsided. Now, under the influence of Dr. Michel's drugs... how much longer was she going to be feeling these urges?

And honestly, how could she possibly be expected to resist them? If she were to surrender to them... to indulge in every last one of the filthy impulses that were filling her mind... who could really blame her?
It was a weak attempt at justification, Liara knew. But right at that moment, she found she just didn't care anymore. As she watched Dr. Michel sucking her cock, the last shreds of her restraint fell away. Liara wanted to feel disgusted at herself, but right then... she couldn't keep the smile off her face.

Dr. Michel let out a gasp, as the cock in her mouth was suddenly yanked away. "Stand up," Liara said, her normally pleasant voice suddenly cold and stern. Dr. Michel tried to move forward on her knees, to get back to sucking on Liara's prick, but Liara suddenly reached down and slapped her on the face. "You want more of this cock? Then stand... up."

Reluctantly, Dr. Michel rose up to her feet. "Good girl," Liara said, before spinning herself around behind the doctor, putting a hand on her back, and shoving Dr. Michel down against the surface of her desk. With the human doctor now bent over, Liara slowly sank down to her knees, her eyes now locked on Dr. Michel's ass without a hint of shame she had felt earlier. Dr. Michel let out a gasp as she felt Liara suddenly yank down her pants, taking her sodden panties along with them and leaving her bare-assed in the middle of the medbay.

"Look at how wet you are, doctor," Liara said breathily, reaching up to run her fingers against the folds of Chloe's pussy. Something about the way Chloe moaned as Liara's fingers stroked against her slit made Liara's cock throb in anticipation.

All in good time, Liara thought as she rubbed at Chloe's clit, the human woman seeming barely able to stand as Liara expertly manipulated her most private regions.

Another voice in her mind, deeper and slightly mocking. She's under your influence so completely, Little Wing. Do you think she can even think straight enough to wonder how an innocent young maiden like you got so good at pleasuring human women? Or is she too lost in her own desires to care?

Liara suspected the latter was true. Part of her wanted to stand up and finally bury herself inside of Chloe, but she was still having fun teasing the poor human a bit. "Tell me, doctor," she said, reaching up with both of her hands now to stroke and grab at Chloe's bare ass. "Tell me how much you want me. How much you want my cock inside you."

"Oh, Liara, I..." Chloe started, and then let out a gasp as Liara's fingers on her pussy were replaced by her tongue. "Oh, merde! I want you, Liara!" Chloe started to babble, as Liara expertly ate out her twat. "I want your big, beautiful, blue cock inside me so bad! Please, Liara. Please fuck me!"

Pulling her face away from Chloe's slit, her face glistening with pussy juices, Liara chuckled. "Who could have ever guessed, doctor? That deep down inside, the Normandy's cheerful, dignified ship's medic was really a horny little slut."

"Oh, yes," Chloe moaned, as Liara's tongue went back to teasing at the folds of her pussy. "I'm your slut, Liara. I'm your dirty, nasty slut. I'll be whatever you want me to be, just please. Please fuck me with that cock."

Goddess, the sound of Chloe begging for it almost made Liara start spraying cum right then and there. She knew she should feel guilty about this. That like Traynor, Chloe was under the influence of her and Samara's cum and wasn't in her right mind.

But that was the old Liara. The Liara that had died just a few minutes ago. And the Liara that had risen in her place only cared about one thing: relieving the undeniable need building between her
After a few more minutes of bringing Chloe to the brink of climax with her tongue, Liara finally decided that the time for teasing was over. "Are you ready, slut?" Liara said, as she stood up and took hold of her cock at the base. "Ready to take every last inch of me?"


Liara wasn't sure if Chloe's translator was on the fritz or what, but the tone of her voice made her intent quite clear. For a moment, she rubbed the head of her cock against the wetness of Chloe's pussy, before slowly starting to ease it inside her.

And it was amazing. As good as Chloe and Traynor's mouths had been, the feel of Chloe's inner walls sliding along the length of her prick was something else entirely. Chloe began to let out choking gasps as Liara worked inch after inch of her massive cock deeper into her, her body being stretched open in a way that no man had ever managed before. By the time that Liara's cock was fully buried inside of her, Chloe was almost incoherent, the pleasure of Liara's cock stretching and pressing against every one of her most sensitive areas driving her crazy with lust.

"Baise moi... baise moi!" Chloe repeated again, before whatever had affected her translator before corrected herself, and the translated words were sent to Liara's ears. "Fuck me!"

And Liara had every intention of granting her wish. Slowly, she pulled out her cock, now glistening with Chloe's pussy juices, before thrusting it back into her again. The force of her thrust caused the various items on Chloe's desk to shake and fall over, which they did again when Liara slowly withdrew and thrust into Chloe again. She repeated the action again, and again, increasing the pace slightly with each new penetration, until soon she was fucking Chloe in earnest.

"Goddess, it's so good," Liara gasped, getting a firm grip on Chloe's hips as she pounded her pussy. "Fucking you feels so good, doctor." Throwing her head back, Liara let out a shuddering moan, as she spoke the words that had been in her mind from the second she had buried her cock inside of its first cunt. "I can't believe I ever wanted to get rid of this thing! That Prothean device didn't corrupt me! It made me evolve! Made me become what I was meant to be! They truly were the greatest beings that ever lived!" Looking back down at Chloe, bent over and impaled on her prick, Liara delivered a hard slap to Chloe's ass. "Did you hear me, Chloe? Thank the Protheans. Thank them for giving me this big blue cock."

"Thank you!" Chloe moaned, books and datapads tumbling off her desk as Liara's thrusts rocked her back and forth. "Thank you for giving Liara this wonderful cock! Thank you...aah!" Chloe squealed as Liara slapped her ass again. "Thank you!" Slap. "Thank you!" Slap.

And just then, one of the last books still on Chloe's desk fell over, landing just right to hit a button on the nearby control panel. Chloe's eyes went wide, as she watched the privacy shades start to rise. "Oh, non! Liara, the shades!"

Liara watched as the windows were opened, and the three marines sitting in the mess hall turned with wide eyes to see what was happening in the medbay: Dr. Michel bent over with her pants down, and Liara T'Soni naked with her newly-grown cock buried deep in the medic's twat.

For a moment, nobody moved. The marines simply stared in shock, and Chloe stared right back. The first person to act was Liara, who began slowly pulling her cock almost out of Chloe's pussy... before
slamming it right back in.

"Liara, what are you doing?" Chloe said, some of her rational mind returning to her in the moment of surprise. "Stop it! Or at least close up the blinds!"

"Mmm... don't think so," Liara said with a wicked grin, as she pulled out and thrust into Chloe again. "Weren't you saying earlier how you were my slut? My dirty, nasty slut? Well, here's your chance to prove it. Let those guys out there see how much you love it when I fuck you like a slut."

Chloe gasped, her eyes panicked as she stared back at Liara. "Liara, you can't... oohhhhhhh!" she let out a moan as Liara's cock slid out of her and then was buried balls-deep once again. "Please, I just..."

"'Please'?" Liara repeated incredulously. "You say 'please' to me now? I said 'please' too, remember? When I asked you to stop sucking my cock like a dirty little whore, I said 'please.' But you wouldn't take 'no' for an answer, so now here we are: with my cock buried in your wet little slut hole. You wanted me to fuck you so bad? Well, now you got what you wanted," Liara snapped at her. "So how about we show them all, doctor?"

Grabbing Chloe by the back of her shirt, Liara raised her partway up from the desk, with her cock still buried in Chloe's twat. In this position, the doctor's chest was on full display for the men outside, so they had an unobstructed view of when Liara reached around and yanked open Chloe's uniform shirt, exposing her white bra underneath. Chloe let out a gasp as Liara then tugged down her bra as well, showing her bare tits through the window out into the mess hall.

"That's better, isn't it?" Liara hissed into Chloe's ear, as she began fucking Chloe's pussy in earnest again. "Now you really look the part, don't you, doctor? Do you still want me to stop? Want me to stop fucking your wet little slut hole?"

"I... I... noooo," Chloe said, her rationality once again consumed by the overwhelming lust caused by Samara and Liara's cum. "Keep fucking me, Liara. I don't care who sees. I don't care if the whole ship sees it, as long as you just keep fucking me." Chloe moaned and cooed as Liara's cock pummeled her pussy, her now-bared tits bouncing with each rough thrust into her twat.

Liara grinned at the three marines outside, the men sitting awkwardly and watching the show going on in the medbay, uncertain about what they should do. Finally, one of the marines made his decision: after a furtive glance at his two buddies, he reached down, unfastened his pants, and pulled out his cock. As his two buddies watched in surprise, the man started openly beating his meat as he watched Liara fuck Dr. Michel from behind.

"Dude, what are you doing?" Liara saw one of the other marines speak up. The protesting marine turned to the third man, only to realize in surprise that he had followed the example of their other comrade, pulling out his own cock and stroking it as he watched the hot action taking place in the medbay. Liara waited for the dissenter among the group to either join in or walk off, but instead he simply sat helplessly, his two comrades jerking themselves off on the other side of the table from him.

"My, my," Liara remarked, speaking casually even as she continued fucking Chloe for the benefit of their new fans. "From the looks of it, those men haven't had some good shore leave for quite a while, have they?" she asked as she winked at the two horny, jerking marines and delivered another hard slap to Chloe's reddened backside.
"Cumming... I'm cumming," Chloe moaned, no longer seeming in the least concerned about her semi-public humiliation. "Oh, merde, je jouis! Je jouis, je jouis!"

Biting her bottom lip, Liara thrust once more into Chloe's pussy, and felt her cock jerk and start spraying her load inside of the moaning, babbling doctor. "Goddess, yes," she gasped, as another mind-blowing climax rocked her entire body, leaving her weak in the knees but still standing and buried balls-deep in Chloe's wet cunt.

After several seconds of indescribable ecstasy, Liara felt her climax abate. Her cock, however, was just as painfully erect as before when she pulled it out of Chloe's gaping twat, her cum dribbling out of the twitching hole and down Chloe's inner thighs.

Gasping for breath, Chloe struggled to find the words to express how she felt about what had just happened. Liara was hardly surprised when the first coherent word to come out of the panting, sweating doctor's mouth was "More. More."

"You want more, doctor?" Liara said tauntingly. "You want me to fuck you again?"

Remaining in her bent-over position on the desk, Chloe frantically nodded her head. "Oui, oui, Liara. Fuck me again. I need more."

"You selfish little slut," Liara snarled. Leaning down next to Chloe, she pointed a finger out at the two marines with their cocks in their hands. "So damn greedy for my cock, while you leave those poor men out there unsatisfied." Grabbing Chloe by the hair, Liara yanked her up straight. "You want me to fuck you again? First you have to go take care of those fellows for me." Liara paused, then glanced at the third, uncomfortable-looking man and added, "All three of them."

Even after all this, Liara expected for a moment for Chloe to balk, to refuse to do something so shamelessly slutty. But Chloe immediately nodded, starting to walk out of the medbay door before realizing her pants were still pooled around her ankles. Rather than pull them back up, Chloe didn't even waste the time and simply stepped out of the crumpled garments before unlocking the door and striding out of the medbay. Completely bottomless and with her tits out, she gave the two masturbating men a seductive smile as she knelt down between the two of them and took one of their cocks in each of her hands.

"Hey, this is getting weird, guys," the third man said, standing up from his seat and starting to edge his way out of the mess hall. "Think I'm going to go pay a visit to my bunk if you don't mind..."

"No, no, please," Chloe said, quickly rising to her feet and intercepting the man. "Liara told me to make sure all three of you have a good time. So stay. Have a good time with us."

"Dr. Michel, I don't know what's going on here," the protesting marine said. "But I know that you're not like this. Something's going on here with you and... and that thing the Protheans put between Dr. T'Soni's legs. And until we figure out what, I don't think we should be..."

"Shh," Chloe said, pressing a finger to the marine's lips. "Stop worrying so much, private. As the Normandy's ship medic, I can assure you that everything is totally, completely, absolutely fine," she moved in close, her face less than an inch from his. "And I'm a doctor. I know what I'm talking about."

Before the marine could respond, Chloe closed the distance and planted a hungry, open-mouthed kiss on his lips. The marine seemed shocked, but made no attempt to move away as Chloe grabbed
the back of his head and pressed her nearly-naked body against his.

By the time Chloe pulled away, the expression on the marine's face had changed. All of the doubt in his eyes had fled, replaced with a narrowed, hungry glare. A wide-mouthed grin crept onto his face, and Chloe let out a happy squeal as she was once again roughly bent over, this time across the mess hall table. Within seconds, the last marine to join the fun had pulled out his cock and was fucking Chloe from behind, while the other two men moved into position on the other side of the table. One of them within reach of Chloe's right hand, and the other with his cock right in the Normandy doctor's face. Know what was expected of her, Chloe quickly got to work, sucking on one prick while jerking another.

Sitting in Chloe's medbay chair, Liara watched the gangbang with a light smile, casually stroking her cock as she enjoyed the show. She barely even noticed the sound of the medbay door opening, until the new visitor cleared her throat. "Am I late for the party?"

Turning in her chair, Liara's grin widened as she watched Traynor shut the medbay door behind her before casting off her long coat. "Late... but always welcome, Sam," Liara said, as the naked, dark-skinned human casually strolled over, positioned herself over Liara's erect cock, and let out a moan as she lowered herself down onto its scaly blue length.

As Traynor bounced on Liara's cock, and the three marines moved around the table to trade spots and fuck new holes, Liara looked out the window at the once-reluctant marine, now having his cock sucked by Chloe. Despite her recent acceptance of her new condition, and lack of desire to change anything about it, Liara's scientific curiosity had gotten the best of her. Something about the way the marine's attitude had changed after just one kiss from Chloe had Liara starting to form a hypothesis.

And looking past the bouncing, moaning Traynor at the Normandy's medical cabinet, Liara was already formulating a way to test that hypothesis. And the thought of it was enough to start her cumming inside of Traynor's dripping wet cunt.

Oriana wasn't sure how long she had waited in their work area, leaning her head on her desk and quietly sobbing, before the door had opened again, and Miranda had returned. "Well, how was it?" Oriana asked spitefully, her eyes red from crying as she glared at her sister. "Did you have fun ruining my life, Miranda?"

For a moment, Miranda just stared at Oriana, with the oddest look on her face. "I... I'm sorry, Ori. What were you asking?" she finally said.

"Ruining my life, Miranda," Oriana repeated. "Did you enjoy telling off Jack? I hope it was worth sticking your nose into my love life just for a chance to get one over in this petty little feud you have going on with Jack."

"Jack..." Miranda said, saying the name as if she'd never heard it before in her life. "Right. I was going to see Jack. I..." she stared into space for so long, Oriana wondered for a moment if Jack had given her sister an amateur lobotomy or something. "Jack was... she was sick. She didn't want to see me."

"Really?" Oriana asked. "I'm surprised you took 'no' for an answer. So, what? You're going to wait until she feels better before you forbid her from ever seeing me again?"
Another long pause from Miranda. "It's... forget about it, Ori. It's not important. We'll talk about it later."

Now Oriana was starting to get a little worried. "You alright, Randa? Did something happen down there?"

"No!" Miranda quickly responded. A little too quickly, and a little too emphatically. "I mean... everything's fine, Ori. I just... I think I might be coming with something."

"You, too?" Oriana asked. Her previous anger over Miranda's meddling was momentarily forgotten in the wake of her sister's strange behavior. "You didn't catch whatever Jack has, did you?"

Miranda shook her head. "No, like I said. I didn't see Jack. Look, why don't you work on your own for a while? Finish up those agricultural reports or something. I think I... I might go take a walk for a second."

"Uh, sure thing," Oriana said, not wanting to tell Miranda that she had finished those reports hours ago. "Maybe you should see Dr. Michel if you're feeling that bad. Can't remember the last time I've ever seen you sick, Randa. Maybe it's something serious."

"No, I'm sure it's nothing," Miranda said. "I'll be fine. I just need to go take a walk. Go take a walk," she said again, her voice strangely distant as she wandered back through their work area door.

"Well... see you later, I guess," Oriana said to the closing door. Meanwhile, she made a mental note to find an opportunity to sneak down to Deck 4 again to have a chat with Jack.

Because whatever had happened down there, had left Miranda looking more shaken than Oriana had ever seen her sister since... ever.
**Petty Old Rivalries, and One Quick Way to End Them**

*Just keep your eyes focused on hers. Whatever you do, do not look down.*

These were the words that Ensign Nathan Waltman ran through his head as he made his way across Deck 3. When he had received the message in his extranet box, asking him to report to Dr. T'Soni's office for an important discussion, he immediately started thinking about all the stories he had been hearing. About what had happened down on Eden Prime, and the shocking sight that had been revealed when Dr. Michel had opened the door to Liara's quarters and revealed her...

*Stop thinking about it,* Waltman admonished himself. Just about the worst possible thing he could possibly do right now would be to offend Shepard's oldest friend. Honestly, after everything that had happened before, Shepard had every right to kick him off the Normandy. But Shepard had been merciful to Waltman, and in return Waltman was determined to never give Shepard a reason to be angry at him again. So he would meet with Liara, keep his eyes focused away from her... anatomy, and go right back to work just as he had before.

Reaching the door to Liara's office, Waltman triggered the door chime. "Just a moment," he heard the asari's sweet-sounding voice from the other side of the door.

Waltman stood at attention at the door, lightly bouncing on his heels as he waited. A few seconds later, he heard footsteps behind him. When he turned his head to look, he involuntary clenched his hands into hard fists, his heart sinking in his chest as he saw who approached.

Fucking Bocelli.

Judging by the look on her face when she saw him standing there, Communications Officer Lieutenant Terri Bocelli was just as thrilled to see him. "What did you do?" she immediately asked him, her eyes narrowed into dangerous slits. "You make up some story to try and screw me over?"

"I was about to ask you the same question," Waltman asked, as Bocelli came to a stop as far away from him as she could while still standing in front of the door. "Dr. T'Soni just said to come to her office. Didn't say anything about you being here too. If I'd have known about that, I might have tossed myself out of the nearest airlock instead."

"Well, thank God you didn't," Bocelli said with a sneer. "After we destroyed the Reapers, the galaxy is polluted enough with floating garbage." Taking a deep breath, Bocelli turned away from Waltman to stare at the door. "Let's just get through this, okay? Don't know what this is all about, but if we just play nice for a few minutes, we can get back to being as far away from each other as possible."

"Will be the longest few minutes of my life, but fine," Waltman agreed with her. Staring at the door, the two of them waited in silence until, finally, it slid open.

Staring into the room, a look of confusion crossed Waltman's face. "Uh... hello?" he said, stepping cautiously into the darkened space. "Are you in here, doctor?"

"Of course," Liara said from inside the room. As Waltman stepped inside, and his eyes adjusted to the extremely dim light from within, he could make out the distinctive head tendrils of Liara in the shadows. Behind him, Bocelli cautiously entered as well. The familiar array of monitors on the right-hand wall had been deactivated, and the room's lighting lowered down to the dimmest possible
"Suppose Dr. T'Soni's feeling a little bit self-conscious about what that weird Prothean device did to her, Waltman mused to himself, as the door slid shut and he and Bocelli were left in almost total blackness.

"Ensign Waltman. Lieutenant Bocelli," Liara addressed each of them in turn. "It's been a while since we last spoke directly, hasn't it? In fact, I think the last time was six months ago, around the time of the... unfortunate incident."

Waltman tensed up. He wanted to speak up, defend himself once again, but he waited to see where Liara was going with this.

"You two were... quite heated, weren't you? I still remember how angry Shepard was after that display in the mess hall between you two. To be honest, the two of you are lucky he didn't kick the both of you off this ship."

"And we really appreciate that, Dr. T'Soni," Bocelli spoke up. Even as he tried to keep his cool in this tense situation, just the sound of her voice made the bile rise up in his throat. "Commander Shepard gave us a great opportunity, and I for one don't intend to squander it. Just... as long as the two of us are kept on separate duties on separate decks, you won't have any trouble from us ever again."

There was silence in the darkness for a few moments. "Very interesting, the tension between the two of you. From your dossiers, it seems like neither of you had any interaction with each other prior to being assigned to the Normandy. No past rivalry or previous animosity. What could possibly account for this... friction?"

Neither of them wanted to be the first to speak up, but as the awkward silence hung in the air, Waltman finally opened his mouth. "It's... hard to explain, Dr. T'Soni. But me and Lieutenant Bocelli just don't work well together. I couldn't tell you one particular thing about her that I don't like, but I know for certain – and I think Lieutenant Bocelli would agree with me – that the two of us will continue to do fine work for the Normandy as long as you keep us far, far away from each other."

"I'm sure you've heard the rumors, of course," Liara said, and in the darkness Waltman could swear he could make out a smile on her face. "That the two of you were previously... involved with each other, and that the relationship went bad. Any truth to the gossip?"

Involuntarily, Waltman felt himself start to gag, and he could hear Bocelli make a disgusted sound as well. "Nothing but rumors, Dr. T'Soni," Waltman said. "I can assure you that there are many, many things I would rather do than ever lay a finger on Lieutenant Bocelli, much less be in a 'relationship' with her."

"And it'd be a cold day in hell before I'd ever lower myself to consider dating someone like Ensign Waltman," Bocelli said.

"'Lower yourself?'" Waltman turned to Bocelli with an incredulous expression. "Please. Next time we dock at the Citadel, I bet I could hook up with at least five women who'd be thrilled at the chance to be with a guy like me. Women with much more pleasant personalities than certain parties in this room, to be sure."

"Christ, the ego on you," Bocelli spat out. "After all these months I had almost forgotten how
insufferable you are. How such a pompous and vulgar individual got himself assigned to the Normandy is anyone's guess."

Waltman glared at Bocelli's dark outline in the dim light. "Truthfully? If we had been in a relationship, it would have been the greatest act of charity I could have ever performed. Can't imagine why any other man would want to be with such a frigid, over-critical, aggravating little bit..."

"Alright, that's enough," Liara said. Immediately, Waltman remembered where he was and clamped his mouth shut. Dammit, she had done it to him again. He wasn't sure why he lost complete control of his emotion whenever he was around Bocelli, but here he was. Endangering one of the greatest opportunities of his life, serving on the Normandy, just because he couldn't resist getting into it with fucking Bocelli. That annoying, frustrating...

"Thank you very much for the... demonstration," Liara said. Waltman was surprised to hear not a trace of anger in her voice, despite the ugly display between him and Bocelli. On the contrary, she sounded... pleased. "I've decided that the two of you are going to be just perfect."

"Perfect? Perfect for what?" Bocelli said. Waltman thought he could hear a trace of fear in her voice, and although he liked the idea of Bocelli being scared out of her wits, it sent a tremble through Waltman as well. Something about the overly pleasant tone in Liara's voice, combined with the near-complete lack of light in the room, made Waltman suddenly feel very nervous.

"I am sure the two of you are aware of my recent... affliction," Liara said. "It has taken some getting used to, but I believe I am to the point where I would like to perform some experiments. Despite my current state, I suppose I have not lost my scientific curiosity. And you two, I believe, would be perfect for my next test."

"Uh," Waltman started to say, struggling to keep calm. "No offense, Dr. T'Soni, but I'm not sure I want to be a part of any experiments. I mean... especially if it involves working with Lieutenant Bocelli. I think you just saw that the two of us would have trouble working together on just about any project."

Liara laughed lightly in the darkness. "On the contrary, Ensign. The tension between the two of you makes you the absolute perfect subjects."

"Regardless... I'm afraid I'm going to have to decline taking part in your experiment, Dr. T'Soni," Waltman said.

"Yeah, me too," Bocelli chimed in. Even when he was agreeing with her, Waltman couldn't stand the sound of her voice. Fucking Bocelli.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Liara said, and that sweet tone of her voice suddenly hardened. "I think I must have missed the part where I implied that your participation in this experiment was in any way voluntary." Her voice raised slightly as she spoke again. "Dr. Michel, Specialist Traynor... did you hear me say anything about the two of them having an option to not assist me?"

Waltman suddenly felt someone behind him. "Hey, get your hands off!" he heard Bocelli yelling out beside him. Before Waltman could react, he felt an arm reach around his shoulders from behind, followed by a sharp pinch at his neck. He tried to turn to face his attacker, but suddenly his head was swimming. Beside him, he heard a muffled thump, and squinted in the dim light to see Bocelli crumpled on the floor.
The last thing he heard before he felt himself falling to the deck was Liara's voice. "Strip them down and tie them up," she said. "The drugs will wear off in just a few minutes, and I want them ready for the experiment by the time they come to."

* * *

"Fuck..."

Frantically, Miranda worked her fingers against her clit. Her frustrated moans echoed across the empty Normandy ladies room as she vigorously played with herself.

She had gone back to her workspace fully intending to send a message to Shepard, letting him know about Jack's assault on her and requesting that he return to the Normandy as soon as possible to deal with the dangerous and unstable woman. But halfway back, she had started feeling it. That light twinge down between her legs, barely noticeable at first but growing with every second. By the time she had returned and spoken to Ori, the only thing she could concentrate on was the maddening pressure building in her twat. After making some excuse to her sister about feeling sick, she had made a mad dash down to the ladies room – ensuring it was empty before using her security clearance to secure the lock and ensure complete privacy – and wasted no time unzipping her jumpsuit and thrusting her hand down underneath her panties.

"Fuck," she muttered again, as she desperately played with her pussy and clit. She was no stranger to feeling a little bit horny on occasion. But this... this was unlike anything she had ever felt before. And despite her desperate attempts to bring herself to climax, she found herself no closer to her release than when she had started.

Closing her eyes, she attempted to focus on some steamy, romantic encounter with a well-built and devastatingly handsome man. Several men ran through her mind: Jacob, Commander Shepard, that olive-skinned man with the elaborate tattoos she had impulsively hooked up with a few months ago. In her mind, she ran through image after image of one of these men slowly stripping her down on some private beach somewhere, before instructing her to kneel down on a blanket in the sand. Once she was properly positioned, he would lower himself down behind her and begin firmly massaging her shoulders the way she always liked. The kind of sensual fantasies that had become so clichéd in romance novels for centuries, but which never failed to get Miranda off when she was feeling a little bit randy.

But just as before, the fantasies seemed to do nothing for her. And as she continued her fruitless attempts to conjure up an image arousing enough to get herself off, one vision alone kept intruding back in her mind: crouching behind a storage crate and watching in surprise as Jack and the engineering crew members engaged in a sweaty, animalistic orgy in front of her.

And Samara. In her mind, she could see Samara's thick cock stretching Ensign Burnham's cunt wide open, the young woman crying out in heated delight as the massive piece of blue cockmeat forced itself deep inside of her. All while Gabby slurped on Samara's bouncing blue balls, the brilliant engineer playing with herself just as vigorously as Miranda currently was as she slathered Samara's scrotum with saliva.

At the time, Miranda had found the whole display disgustingly vulgar, but as she remembered the carnal sight she could feel her own pussy start to dampen underneath her fingers.

* Dammit, no, she admonished herself for lingering on the image. What had happened down below...
was sick and twisted. The sort of thing only a perverted mind like Jack's would enjoy. But as she struggled to return to the image of a handsome brick of a man massaging her shoulders, the fingers caressing her skin in her mind suddenly turned blue and lightly scaled. In the midst of her fantasy, she turned to see the serene, solemn face of Samara, and she could feel the press of Samara's cock against her back as the justicar continued massaging her shoulders.

Letting out a frustrated gasp, she opened her eyes. Just then, she heard a pounding on the door. Someone needing to use the facilities, obviously. Part of her wanted to give up on the fruitless masturbatory endeavor and simply open the door, but Miranda knew that if she didn't relieve this tension right here, right now, she was likely to go insane with frustration.

"Come back later," Miranda called out to the unknown woman on the other side of the door, struggling to find an excuse. "We're... doing a safety inspection in here. Should just be a few minutes."

The knocking on the door stopped, and Miranda returned to her desperate fingering of her twat. "Don't think about her," she muttered to herself, struggling to summon up a comfortable male image in her mind again. But no sooner did she close her eyes than she was back on the beach with Samara. As she imagined the asari's hands stroking and kneading her flesh, her body in the real world let out a light spasm of pleasure.

When she heard another knock on the door, and realized that the unwelcome intruder into her private time wasn't leaving anytime soon, Miranda realized that she had no choice. Closing her eyes, she gave in to her mind's secret desires.

"Touch me, Samara," Miranda gasped, speaking quietly to not be heard through the restroom door. "I want you to touch me." In her mind, she could feel the asari's hand drift down to her lower back. Not to massage her, but to slowly but forcefully press Miranda forward. Once Miranda was down on her hands and knees on the blanket in her sexual fantasy, she imagined Samara's cock head sliding along the lips of her twat, the asari lubricating herself on the slick fluids.

Before in these fantasies, once Miranda had been properly relaxed by a slow, sensual massage, her dream lover would hoist her up in his arms and carry her away to their luxury suite for some slow, sensual lovemaking. But her fantasy Samara was in no mood to wait, and before too long Miranda imagined Samara's cock forcing her cunt wide and plunging deep into her wet, clenching insides.

"Fuck me," Miranda muttered, as the fantasy image of Samara began banging her doggy-style. It was a position Miranda hated in the real world: so base and degrading, with no way to make eye-contact with her partner. But in this fantasy, Miranda knew that it was the only way she wanted to get fucked. Samara completely in control of her, and screwing her like a goddamn animal while Miranda moaned and clenched at the beach blanket underneath her fingers. "Fuck me harder, Samara. Fill me up with that fat cock."

Another round of pounding at the door. "Almost... finished..." Miranda gasped out, unable to keep the unmistakable sound of arousal out of her voice, but too far gone to care at this point.

Miranda wasn't sure if the intrusion of the unknown woman outside of the door was leaking into her mental image, or if some deeper desire of hers had been awoken. But suddenly, in her fantasy, she and Samara were surrounded by a crowd of people on the previously-empty beach. Some of them simply stared at Miranda getting fucked by Samara, while others were getting into the spirit of things: stripping out of their swimsuits and grabbing random partners to join in on the ocean-side fucking.
In her mind, she could hear the leering men and women cheer Samara on: "Fuck that stuck-up little bitch!" "Give it to her harder!" "Make that slut beg for your cock!" Scanning the crowd in her mind, Miranda spotted a familiar face.

"You like that, don't you, cheerleader?" Jack said with a smirk. The tattooed woman was standing buck-naked in the sand, each hand filled with the cock of a man on either side of her and jerking them as she watched Miranda get fucked. "You like Samara pounding you with that big blue cock of hers, don't you? Always knew that deep down you were nothing but a dirty slut."

"Oh, yes!" Miranda screamed out, on the brink of climax. "Fuck me, Samara! Fuck me in front of all of them! Show them all what a goddamn whore I am for your fucking cock!"

As she cried out, she finally felt her orgasm hit. Leaning against the bathroom wall, she squinted her eyes shut as her body began to twitch and spasm, and her pussy gushed out fluids across her still-stroking fingers. Just as she started to come down from the mind-blowing cum, she felt herself building up towards a second climax, and refocused on the image of Samara screwing her inside a circle of cheering onlookers as she brought herself off for a second time.

"Fu... fuck..." Miranda gasped, opening her eyes and bringing herself back to reality. Pulling her hand out from underneath her panties, she saw that it was glistening with her pussy juices.

Shit, what had come over her? She had never had any fantasies that vulgar and demeaning before. But even as she came down from her second violent climax, the mental image of Samara fucking her on her hands and knees seemed just as inviting as it had before.

The hard pounding on the door brought Miranda out of her fantasy. "Alright, dammit, alright!" she yelled out, quickly zipping up her jumpsuit. "I'll be there in just a second." Striding over to the door, she deactivated the lock to allow the impatient woman on the other side of the door to open it.

And when it sprang open, just about the last person Miranda wanted to see was waiting on the other side.

"Hey, there, cheerleader," Jack said with a smirk. "Finished with your inspection?"

* * *

Opening his eyes, Waltman reflected on the strange dream he had been having. Something about Liara growing a cock for some reason, and then forcing him and fucking Bocelli into some weird experiment. Damn, that was the last time he was drinking that many Full Biotic Kicks on shore leave...

As he regained his senses, Waltman slowly became aware of several things. One: as his vision dimly returned, he saw that he was definitely not in his bunk. Two: from the cool air drifting past him, he was apparently buck naked. And three: as he tried to reach up to wipe the sleep out of his eyes, he realized that he was unable to move.

"Ah, you're finally awake," he heard a sweet female voice call out to him through his dimmed senses. For a moment, Waltman wondered if he had picked up some pretty young thing for a one night stand and forgotten about it. But then he recognized the voice, and his memories came flooding back. His eyes snapped open, and what he saw in front of him was stranger than any dream he could have possibly been having.
He was in Liara's office on the Normandy, the lights now fully activated and illuminating the entire room, and Liara stood in front of him. The asari didn't have a stitch of clothing on, and her newly-acquired cock jutted out lewdly from her hips.

Hearing a wet sucking sound, Waltman glanced down and saw two naked women kneeling down in front of Liara. It took a moment for Waltman to recognize the ship's doctor, Chloe Michel, and Communications Specialist Traynor. Each of them with their lips lewdly locked onto one of Liara's massive balls and hungrily sucking.

"What the... what's going on?" Waltman heard a voice to his right. Looking over, he saw Bocelli sitting down in a chair next to him. Just like everyone else in the room, she was stripped completely naked, and had been tied in place with several lengths of rope. Attempting to move his arms again, Waltman realized that he had been tied up in a similar fashion.

"Help!" Waltman yelled out. "Somebody help us! Dr. T'Soni has gone insane!"

Liara reacted to Waltman's terrified cries with a girlish giggle. "I would advise you not to waste your breath, ensign," she said after Waltman had exhausted himself from screaming. "The walls of this office are quite thick, and I am quite certain that no one will hear you."

"What are you going to do to us?" Bocelli said, her voice filled with terror. "Commander Shepard won't let you get away with... whatever you have planned."

"Ah, yes, Shepard," Liara said, reaching down to start casually stroking her cock as the two enthralled women at her feet continued sucking on her balls. "If you knew Shepard the way I do... well, I suppose that would be impossible for a non-asari to understand. But I think you'd be surprised at how... open he would be to all this. But whether or not he proves to be a problem, it will not matter. Because I'm through taking orders. Through playing the helpful little lackey to everyone. Goddess's sake, I'm the Shadow Broker. One of the most powerful asari in the entire galaxy. I shouldn't be following anyone's orders. I should be the one giving the orders." Glancing down at the bulging rod of blue flesh bobbing in front of her, Liara smiled. "Hard to believe that it took this gift from the Protheans for me to finally realize that. Ensign Waltman, you said that I had gone insane," she glanced back up at him struggling against his bonds with a wicked grin. "On the contrary. I've never been more sane than I am right now."

Waltman and Bocelli glanced at each other, both of them terrified at the prospect of what was to come next.

"And to answer your question, Lieutenant Bocelli," Liara said, her hand working slowly up and down the length of her prick. "As I mentioned before, I would like you two to be part of an experiment. As you can see from Dr. Michel and Specialist Traynor, this beautiful piece of anatomy between my legs has granted me a great measure of control over your species. But control always has limits, and with the help of you two, I would like to test those limits. Now, it should just... just..." Liara's monologue was cut off by several heated gasps, and she began stroking her cock more rapidly. "Here it comes. Ladies, get into position."

Traynor and Michel removed their mouths from Liara's balls with a pair of wet pops. As Liara took a step back from them, her hand rapidly beating her meat, the two naked women remained kneeling on the floor. Waltman watched in disgusted fascination as Liara's cock began spewing thick cum, the asari's face scrunching up as she aimed the spray of semen first at Traynor's face, and then at Michel's. Both women let out happy cries as thick ropes of Liara's cum splashed against their faces and dripped down onto their bare tits.
Once the seemingly endless spray of cum had finally subsided, Liara regained her breath and pointed a hand at the two tied-up crewmembers. "Sam, how about you get up close and personal with Lieutenant Bocelli? Chloe, you do the same with Ensign Waltman."

The two women stood up and turned around, and Waltman's eyes went wide as he saw the massive amount of cum dripping off of the two women's grinning faces. Walking slowly, the two of them approaching with a sultry strut, each of the women walked up to Waltman and Bocelli. Waltman fought the urge to gag as Dr. Michel slowly lowered herself down into his lap, her cum-stained face inches from Waltman's. As she smiled widely at him, Waltman saw a thick strand of Liara's semen slowly fall down the tip of Dr. Michel's nose and down onto her already cum-soaked tits.

"Now then... let's give it a minute or so," Liara said, her cock still just as hard as it had been before shooting her load all over the two women.

An uncomfortable silence hung in the air, Waltman averting his eyes away from Dr. Michel and wondering what was going to happen next. After what seemed like an eternity, he could hear Liara approaching him from the side. "Tell me, Ensign Waltman... how do you feel right now? And please, in the interest of science, be honest."

"Are you crazy?" Waltman exclaimed. "I feel fucking terrified right now! I don't know what twisted game you're playing, but right now you've got me scared out of my goddamn mind!"

"Really?" Liara said, seemingly unconcerned with Waltman's terror. "So, you don't... smell anything right now? Something particularly pleasant, for example?"

Waltman stared around Dr. Michel at Liara, confused. "No, I don't smell a damn thing!" he said. "Is this what your twisted experiment is all about? You want to know what your Prothean cum smells like? Because even with your brainwashed slave here right in my face, I swear to God I don't smell anything!"

"How interesting," Liara said, as she tapped Dr. Michel on the shoulder. "So it appears my hypothesis is at least partially correct. The semen appears to have no effect on the males of your species. At least, not in its original form." As Dr. Michel stood up from Waltman's lap, Waltman started to hear something off to the side. It sounded like someone gasping for breath. Glancing over at the source of the sound, Liara smirked. "It appears that your colleague is having an entirely different experience, however."

Waltman didn't like what he was hearing, but nonetheless he forced himself to look over. Traynor was sitting in Bocelli's lap just the same as Dr. Michel had been in Waltman's. And after about a minute of this, Bocelli was acting in a way that Waltman had never seen her act before.

"Oh... oh, fuck..." Bocelli gasped, her eyes locked on Sam's cum-smeared face. "It... it's so..." she struggled for words as she writhed against the ropes holding her in place. From the way she stared at the cum dripping off of Traynor, and her rapid breaths, it didn't really seem to Waltman that escape was on her mind.

"So, Lieutenant Bocelli," Liara said, striding over to the other tied-up crewman with her throbbing cock leading the way. "It would appear that your nose is picking up something that your colleague's did not. Tell me... how do you feel right now?"

Bocelli struggled to put her thoughts into words. "I... I feel..." she started to say. And then out of
nowhere, she suddenly lunged her head forward, her tongue thrusting out from between her lips. Traynor saw the move coming, however, and leaned herself away from Bocelli with a playful smile.

"Oh, God," Bocelli moaned as Traynor's cum-soaked face drew away from her and out of reach. "Please, I need to taste it. Just one taste, please..."

Waltman watched as Bocelli begged and gasped, the naked communications officer squirming against her bonds. Under any other circumstances, the sight of a woman in such a state – naked and desperately horny – would have been enough to have Waltman's cock at full attention. But the fact that it was fucking Bocelli in such a state, and that she was obviously not in her right mind, halted any attempt by his libido to get him into the mood.

Liara walked back behind the two tied-up crewmembers and out of Waltman's line of sight. When she returned, Waltman let out a gasp when he saw what was in her hand: a gleaming, freshly-sharpened knife.

Bocelli, meanwhile, was too busy desperately trying to lunge forward and lick Traynor's face to even notice the weapon in Liara's hand. "Well, Lieutenant Bocelli... if you're so desperate to have a taste, I guess I have no choice," Liara said. "I'm just going to have to give you what you want."

Walking around behind Bocelli's chair, Liara sliced through her restraints with a single swipe. No sooner were the ropes cut than Bocelli leaped out of her chair. Traynor let out a surprised cry as Bocelli lunged forward and fell on top of her. For a moment, Waltman hoped that Bocelli's aroused state was just an act, and that she was launching some sort of attack on Liara's brainwashed minion.

But as soon as Bocelli landed on top of Traynor, she began frantically licking up the cum on the dark-skinned officer's face and tits. "So good," Waltman heard Bocelli mutter between hungry laps against Traynor's skin. It was surreal, seeing the normally cold and serious woman behave like a bitch in heat as she slurped up every last drop of Liara's jizz.

Once Bocelli had determined she had licked Traynor clean, she looked up and locked eyes on Dr. Michel. Jumping up with a desperately horny look on her face, Bocelli charged at Dr. Michel and pressed her against the wall. "More," Waltman could hear Bocelli moaning. "Need to taste more." As Bocelli started giving a similar tongue bath to the willing Dr. Michel, Traynor stood up from the floor with a smile, walked up behind Bocelli, and reached around to grope at her tits.

Again, the sight of three women in the midst of a heated make-out session should have sent blood rushing out of Waltman's brain and into his prick at the speed of an Olympic sprinter, even in such bizarre circumstances. But again... it was fucking Bocelli. And Waltman would soon stick his dick in a varren pit than even consider for a second the idea of Bocelli as "sexy."

After several more minutes of lavishing Dr. Michel with her tongue, a disappointed look came onto Bocelli's face as she realized that she had cleaned up every last drop of cum from both women.

And that was when her eyes locked directly onto the source of her newly-discovered addiction.

"Please," Bocelli said, sinking down to her knees and scooting across the room to Liara. "I still need more. Please, give me another taste," she begged, staring at Liara's bobbing cock with a look of unmistakable hunger.

Liara put a finger against her cheek. "Hmm... quite a large request, Lieutenant. And if I were to allow you to get another taste... what would you do for me in return?"
"Anything," Bocelli immediately answered, glancing up into Liara's eyes to make the declaration before returning her stare to Liara's thick cock. "I'll do anything you ask me to. Anything at all. Just please... please let me suck your cock. Please let me have another taste."

As Bocelli made a move towards Liara, her mouth wide open, Liara took a teasing step backwards. "Anything, hmm? So, if I asked you to... you would be my slave?"

"Yes," Bocelli responded, clapping her hands in front of her. "I'll be your slave, Liara."

"You'll follow your mistress's every order, no matter what?"

Bocelli vigorously nodded, the formerly cold woman completely surrendering to her new mistress. "No matter what."

"Well, then, here's your first test of loyalty," Liara said, taking another step back as Bocelli made another try to wrap her lips around Liara's cock. "If you want to get another taste of it, here's what I want you to do." Raising up a hand, she pointed right at the still occupied chair. "Ensign Waltman over there? The man you hate more than anyone else in the galaxy? I want you to fuck him."

When Bocelli turned in his direction, Waltman had hoped to see doubt in her eyes. Or disgust, or any sign that the woman he knew and loathed was still in control of her senses. But in her eyes, he saw the same desire that had been there as she licked up cum from Traynor's face. As he watched in horror, Bocelli crawled over to him on hands and knees, a sultry look in her eyes as she reached between his legs and took hold of his flaccid cock.

"Mmm," Bocelli moaned, her hand gently stroking him as she stared in his eyes with a hungry look. "Come on, Nate. Get hard for me. Don't you want to fuck me, Nate? Don't you want to bend me over and pound me like all those girls you score with on shore leave?"

"Terri, listen to me," Waltman said quietly to her, feeling weird even using her first name. "I don't know what that shit did to you, but you need to snap out of this. Don't you remember? The two of us... we fucking hate each other. The Terri Bocelli I know would never even consider doing... what you're doing right now."

Bocelli responded to this with a low laugh. "Oh, Nate. Can't you just forget about all that? All that time we spent hating each other... I realize now how pointless it all was. And how silly we both were being." Leaning down, she stuck out her tongue and gave a quick lick to the head of Waltman's prick. "Come on. Instead of the two of us fighting all the time... wouldn't you rather just fuck me? Wouldn't you rather just shove me down on the floor, stick your cock inside me, and spill all your cum inside of my juicy little twat?" Before Waltman could provide a response to that, Bocelli took a deep breath, leaned down, and proceeded to start sucking his cock.

Fucking Bocelli... fucking Bocelli was down on her knees, sucking his prick. Waltman felt like he was in some kind of nightmare. It wouldn't have been the first time he had woken up in a sweat, a horrifying dream of waking up next to Bocelli in his mind. But never once, in any of those dreams, did he find the idea of screwing Bocelli in the least bit arousing. Not even in a "hatefuck" kind of way. The woman disgusted him in every way imaginable, and Waltman wondered in horror what was going to happen to him if he ended up unable to... perform.

Struggling to forget his current circumstances, he locked eyes on Michel and Traynor. The two women had obviously decided to entertain themselves after Bocelli had drifted over to Liara, the two
of them passionately making out, with Traynor's hand on Michel's tit and Michel's well-trained 
doctor's fingers skillfully working between Traynor's legs. Focusing on the lesbian encounter in front 
of him, Waltman tried to make himself forget about his current circumstances and will his cock into 
an erection.

But no matter what, he couldn't make himself forget that it was fucking Bocelli down between his 
legs. And after several fruitless minutes, Waltman let out a sigh of relief as Bocelli's mouth finally 
pulled away from his still-limp prick. "I'm sorry, mistress," Bocelli said to Liara, already adopting the 
terminology of her new role as Liara's slave. "I just can't get him up."

"Hmm, that's too bad," Liara said. "Maybe you're moving a bit too fast, Lieutenant. Perhaps you 
should start with something simple. Like, say, a kiss."

Oh, fuck no. Strangely, the idea of Bocelli kissing him seemed even more disgusting to Waltman 
than Bocelli sucking his cock. But in his current state, he was unable to put up a fight as Bocelli 
straddled him just as Dr. Michel had earlier. "Come on, Nate," Bocelli whispered seductively to him. 
"Do this for me. I know you want to fuck me. You want to fuck me so bad."

"Bocelli, wai..." Waltman started to say, before Bocelli was leaning forward and kissing him, her 
tongue thrusting down his throat.

The first second, Waltman fought the urge to bite down on fucking Bocelli's tongue. But not long 
after the unwanted kiss began, Waltman caught a taste of something. For one disgusted moment, 
Waltman thought it was the lingering remnants of Liara's cum in Bocelli's mouth. But that couldn't 
have been it: Bocelli had spent the last few minutes vigorously sucking his cock. There couldn't still 
be any of Liara's Prothean cum still in her mouth after all that.

And besides, there was no way this could be the cum he had been exposed to by Dr. Michel earlier. 
That had been completely odorless and, Waltman guessed, tasteless as well. But the taste Waltman 
was getting from Bocelli's saliva was something different. It was... it was unlike anything he had ever 
tasted before. Before he knew it, he found himself meeting Bocelli's tongue with his own, the two 
slimy pieces of flesh pressing and slithering against each other. His cock, still dripping with Bocelli's 
delicious spit, started to throb and swell between his legs.

By the time Bocelli finally broke the kiss, there was a hungry look on Waltman's face. Behind him, 
he could feel the ropes fall away from his arms as Liara sliced them away. As soon as he was free, he 
reached his arms up to wrap around Bocelli, the two of them falling forward onto the cold Normandy 
deck. Once Bocelli was on her back, Waltman on top of her, he aimed his cock at Bocelli's dripping 
twat and buried himself balls deep inside of her.

Fucking Bocelli. Fucking Bocelli. He was fucking Bocelli. Fucking the shit out of Bocelli.

"Yes, Nate," Bocelli moaned, her legs wrapping up and around his hips, and Waltman grinned as he 
felt her inner walls gripping his thrusting cock. "Fuck me. Fuck me so the mistress will let me taste 
her cum again."

Waltman wasn't even hearing her at this point. All he cared about was filling Bocelli's pussy with his 
painfully erect cock. Bocelli stared up at him, half-lidded eyes filled with lust, and Waltman leaned 
down to kiss her again. And get another taste of her amazing mouth.

"It appears the experiment was a success," Waltman dimly heard Liara's voice over the sound of his 
balls slapping against Bocelli's ass. "Dr. Michel, take notes for me. And Sam, get down and suck my
cock while I'm talking, if you would."

Soon enough, Waltman heard the sound of Traynor's sloppy web blowjob as Liara continued to speak. "My hypothesis appears to be proven: while the semen my cock produces has no effect on human males, it seems that exposure to the fluids of human females who have ingested the semen produces a similar increase in libido. If I were to guess... ooh, careful with the teeth, Sam... I would wager that when a human female consumes the semen, it amplifies and highly increases the effectiveness of her natural pheromones. As a result, any other human who ingests an affected woman's saliva or other fluids would find themselves overwhelmed with lust. Quite an interesting side-effect of the Protheans' experiments... and one I hope to study with further tests." Letting out a low laugh, Liara added. "A lot of further tests."

By the time Liara was finished with her monologue, Waltman buried himself into Bocelli with a strangled cry, his cock spewing cum inside of his once-hated enemy's cunt. Pulling out of Bocelli and gasping for breath, Waltman was surprised to find his cock still as hard and throbbing as it was before he first started fucking Bocelli. He was about ready to start thrusting into her again, but Bocelli was already moving to kneel down beside Traynor. The two women both worked their mouths and tongues along the length of Liara's prick, Bocelli eager to claim her reward for serving her mistress.

Before Waltman could express his disappointment, he caught a glimpse of Dr. Michel walking around to move in his direction. Without a word, she got down on hands and knees in front of him, presenting her bare ass to Waltman like an animal in the wild.

And just like an animal in the wild, Waltman didn't hesitate. Soon, Liara's office was filled with the sound of Waltman furiously humping the Normandy's doctor, along with moans and giggles from Traynor and Bocelli as they took turns slurping on Liara's cock while fingering their dripping snatchtes.

"Oh, Chloe, when Ensign Waltman is done fucking you, I'd like you to make a note for me," Liara said. "We need to make a schedule for the rest of the Normandy's crew to come pay me a visit. After all, while one test can help to strengthen a hypothesis, true scientific discovery can only come with repeated testing."

"Yes... yes... yes..." Dr. Michel grunted. Whether she was affirming Liara's orders or just enjoying the feeling of Waltman's cock pounding her pussy, Waltman didn't know. And didn't much care.

None of it mattered. Just like his old rivalry with Bocelli didn't matter. All that mattered to him now, and forever more, was fucking.

* * *

Miranda stared at Jack with narrowed eyes. "You," she seethed. "You're lucky I don't have you tossed out an airlock right now."

"Aww," Jack said, a faux-pouty expression on her face. "Why so grumpy, cheerleader? I thought we bonded so well earlier."

"'Bonded'?” Miranda asked incredulously. "You mean when you sexually assaulted me? Dammit, I knew Shepard bringing you back on board the Normandy was a mistake. But I never imagined you would be this... this..."
"Sexy?" Jack offered with a smirk. "Come on, Miranda. You know that deep down, you loved that shit. I think part of the reason Ori was afraid to tell you about me and her, was that she knew you'd be pissed that you weren't the one fucking me instead."

Miranda sneered. "You're goddamn crazy," she said, disdain dripping from every syllable. "And don't you dare mention my sister. As far as I'm concerned, you're never going to be in the same room as her again, much less doing... those sorts of things with her."

An innocent look came to Jack's face. "What sorts of things are those, Miranda dear? Would those be the same sorts of things you were imagining Samara doing to you earlier?"

Miranda struggled to keep a straight face. "I... I don't know what you're talking about," she said quickly.

"Oh, but I know what you were talking about, babe. Or should I say, what you were screaming about," Jack laughed, then began speaking in a crude imitation of Miranda's accent. "'Oh, fuck me, Samara! Show them all what a whore I am!' Can't say I'm all that caught up on Alliance protocol, but I don't think screaming out how badly you want to be fucked by a giant asari cock is part of the usual inspection routine."

"You were hearing things," Miranda tried desperately to cover. "Making things up in that perverted mind of yours."

Jack arched an eyebrow, and before Miranda could react the tattooed criminal had darted a hand out to grab Miranda by the wrist. "Hearing things, huh?" she asked, as she brought Miranda's hand up to her face and inhaled deeply. "Suppose I'm smelling things, too? I guess my perverted mind is just conjuring up the pussy juices on your fingers, then."

Miranda yanked her hand away. "It's none of your damn business," she muttered.

"Oh, but I think it is," Jack said. Moving in close, she started whispering huskily into Miranda's ear. "You're feeling it, aren't you? Gotta give you some credit, cheerleader, for holding out as long as you have. Shit, once I got a taste of it, it was all over. But I suppose you're a little bit more strong-willed than me. A little bit more... restrained, I guess. But you'll surrender in the end. You'll come begging for it, just like me. But just remember what I said: the first taste is free. The next one is going to cost you."

"You knew this was going to happen!" Miranda exclaimed. "Dammit, you did this to me!"

Jack shrugged. "Me? I didn't do nothing. All I did was give you a taste. You want to blame someone, blame the Protheans. Or I guess, since all but one of them are long dead, blame the lovely blue lady they gave the massive cock to."

"Samara," Miranda said, ashamed to feel a twinge of desire fill her body at the thought of the asari. "So, Gabby and Ensign Burnham..."

"Think they must have got a whiff of Samara's jizz when I tossed out some of my dirty shit," Jack said. "After that, they were just as horny and cock-starved as me. It's good stuff, isn't it?" Jack said with a chuckle. "And now that you've got a taste of it in you... it's only a matter of time before you're just as big a slut as me."

Miranda shook her head. "Dammit... no. I need to deal with this. I'm going to call Shepard back to
the Normandy to have him handle this."

"Aw, big strong cheerleader going to run and tattle on us?" Jack asked mockingly. "I thought Shepard left you in charge of the Normandy, princess. Thought you had the balls to handle this ship on your own. But I guess not." Shaking her head, Jack let out an annoyed sound. "Anyway, as much fun as this conversation is, I'd appreciate it if you'd clear out. Samara's taking a rest back in the observation deck after our last marathon session, and I figured I should catch a shower and wash some of the fuck-smell off before we get back at it."

"You..." Miranda started to say, and then for the first time glanced down and noticed the rest of Jack's body: she had entered the women's restroom wearing absolutely nothing but a towel wrapped around her naked body. "You walked through an Alliance vessel like this?"

"You kidding? Shit, compared to some of the stuff I used to wear, this is downright modest," Jack said, and then gave Miranda a mischievous look. "Or maybe that's what's got you upset? After getting such an eyeful before, you just hate to see me all covered up, right?" Before Miranda could protest, Jack reached up to the top of her towel and, with a hard yank, whipped it away. Leaving her standing in front of Miranda wearing nothing but a cocky smirk.

"Damn you, Jack," Miranda said, even as she found herself staring down at Jack's naked body, and the intricate tattoos lining every inch of her skin. Earlier, seeing Jack naked down in the cargo bay, Miranda had felt nothing but disgust. But now, she found her eyes lingering on the naked curves of Jack's form.

Laughing to herself, Jack strutted around Miranda to one of the shower stalls. "Enjoying the view, princess?" Jack asked, cocking her hip as she turned on the shower and stepped under the spray. "Maybe you're thinking about joining me in here. I may not be as... endowed as the lady you were dreaming about before, but I bet I could make that genetically-perfect pussy of yours cum a lot faster than you can manage it yourself."

Miranda opened her mouth to spit back an angry retort, but in her mind she suddenly started picturing herself doing exactly as Jack suggested: stripping off her jumpsuit and the underwear underneath and stepping into the hot spray with Jack. Their wet bodies pressing against each other, Jack leaning down to take one of Miranda's stiffened nipples between her teeth. And then Miranda lowering herself down to press her face into Jack's...

"Dammit, no," Miranda snapped, shaking her head to dispel the erotic image. "I'm going to go deal with Samara, and then I'm coming back for you, Jack."

Jack laughed, unconcerned with Miranda's threat as she grabbed a bar of soap to begin lathering herself up. "You go get her, girl. Just a tip: she loves it when you play with her balls while you suck her. Makes her cum like a goddamn firehose, I swear."

Forcing herself to turn away from the naked, laughing bitch, Miranda strode out of the bathroom.

Jack was right about one thing: Miranda shouldn't need to run to Shepard to deal with issues like this. She was going to handle this on her own. She had one stop to make beforehand, but then after that she was going straight to the Starboard Observation Bay.

One way or another, the bizarre urges being caused by that Prothean device were going to be dealt with. With force if necessary.
Sisters. Sisters. There were never such devoted sisters.

When Miranda returned to her work area on Deck 2, there was a moment of panic. Oriana wasn't sitting at her workstation, and casting a frantic gaze around the area Miranda saw no sign of her. *Has she been pulled into this disgusting insanity as well?* Miranda thought frantically, charging through the large workspace. Terrifying images of Oriana being stripped down, her mind broken as she was thrown into a twisted orgy, flooded through Miranda's mind.

But as she stepped into the back area, where she and Oriana's quarters had been set up, Miranda breathed a sigh of relief. Oriana was huddled underneath her blankets, fast asleep. Walking over quietly, Miranda crouched down next to her sister and smiled softly at her peaceful face.

"No matter what happens," Miranda said quietly, not wanting to wake her sister, "I won't let them lay a finger on you. I promise, Ori."

Oriana shifted slightly. "Randa, that you?" she muttered, her eyes still shut.

"It's alright," Miranda said, standing back up and heading over to her side of their quarters. "Go back to sleep, Ori. I'll be right back."

Heading to the small storage locker next to her bed, Miranda pulled out the object of her search: an M-4 Shuriken. She checked the heatsink to ensure the weapon was ready to fire, then grabbed a small bag to hide the weapon in. *Don't want to go parading around the ship with a loaded weapon,* she reasoned. *Wouldn't want to induce a panic. Not to mention... who knows who else Samara has enthralled with her Prothean "gift?"

Once she was sure she was ready, Miranda turned off the lights for Oriana before heading back out to the CIC. As she stepped out into the main center of Normandy command, something caught her attention. It took her a moment, in her currently frazzled state, to realize what it was: several of the key command stations were currently unmanned. Not that there was much of an urgent need for everyone to be on deck while they were in orbit and waiting for Shepard, but Miranda was currently the acting Normandy commander. If anyone had been told to leave their post, it should have gone through her.

But right now, that was a secondary concern. She had Samara to deal with, and it seemed like the lift was taking forever to arrive. Miranda fidgeted with the bag under her arm, feeling the weight of the weapon inside.

She found it hard to believe it had come to this: pulling a gun on one of her former comrades. But she told herself that Samara wasn't herself. That it was the influence of that damned Prothean orb that was to blame. She knew exactly what she had to do: detain Samara in one of the unused cargo bays – by force, if it became necessary – and then wait for Shepard to return so that together they could determine their next course of action.

"Hold that for me, Miss Lawson!" called out a voice from behind her, just as the lift doors slid open. Stepping inside the lift, Miranda held out a hand to keep the doors from shutting, and the young bridge crew member quickly dashed inside. "Thanks," she said, catching her breath. "You heading down to the medbay too, I guess?"

Miranda glanced over at the ensign in confusion, as the lift began moving. "The medbay? Why
"Oh, I guess maybe you already had yours?" the ensign said, and smiled bashfully when Miranda still looked confused. "Dr. Michel sent out a message to most of the crew. Said that some sort of contamination may have gotten into the ventilation system, and that all of us were supposed to head down to the medbay to get an inoculation against any bacteria or whatever that may have gotten in." When Miranda showed no sign of recognition, the ensign cocked an eyebrow. "Wait, she didn't tell you? I figured it would have had to have gone through you, being acting commander and all."

"No, it did not," Miranda said with a frown.

The ensign looked uncomfortable. "Uh... should I not go then, ma'am? If you didn't approve it..."

"No, go ahead," Miranda said. "But I'll be having a talk with Dr. Michel after I've dealt with more pressing matters."

As the lift doors opened up on Deck 3, the ensign nodded. "I'm sure she's just looking out for us all, Miss Lawson," she said. "I'll go right back to my post as soon as I'm finished, I promise."

Miranda nodded at the ensign, and the woman quickly made her way to the medbay door. Miranda was ready to head to her own destination, when she caught a glimpse of the mess hall area and stopped dead in her tracks.

At several of the tables, various crew members from around the ship sat quietly. Miranda recognized several of the missing bridge crew members, as well as some engineering staff and some of the marines assigned to the Normandy. Each of them had been sitting quietly when Miranda had looked in on them, fidgeting slightly in their chairs with anxious expressions on their faces. As Miranda stared at the quiet group, they seemed to all turn to her at once.

"What are you all doing here?" Miranda asked the group. "Shouldn't you be at your posts?"

The quiet group looked at each other, all of them seeming to move almost in slow motion. One of the marines finally spoke up. "Dr. Michel told us to wait here. Said that we... that we need to rest and let the medicine go through our systems before we return to our posts."

"Have you visited Dr. Michel yet, Miss Lawson?" one of the engineering crew members asked, a light smile crossing her face. "You really should. You'll feel so much better once you have. I didn't even realize how much I'd been..."

"That's enough, ensign," said Samantha Traynor, walking up to the table and holding up a hand to hush the crew member. "Miss Lawson obviously has somewhere important she was going. I'm sure she'll pay a visit to Dr. Michel when she's ready."

"I will," Miranda said, eyes flicking around the mess hall at all the strangely calm and quiet crew. "Yes, I think Dr. Michel and I will need to have a long talk about her going over my head on this. But in the meantime... all of you have ten minutes to finish 'resting' or whatever Dr. Michel told you to do, and then return to your posts at once. If any of you are still out here when I get back, I will personally ensure that our next shore leave on the Citadel will be your last one as a member of the Normandy crew."

Miranda expected the group of them to snap to attention and immediately start heading back to their posts, but the group seemed to react to this threat with a collective shrug. They turned back to facing
forward in their seats, squirming as if anxiously waiting for some unknown event to occur.

Miranda let out an annoyed grunt, before turning her back on all of them. She didn't have time to deal with this right now. She had a much more important matter to attend to.

Walking up to the Starboard Observation deck door, Miranda steeled herself. She was relieved to find that mentally preparing herself for this had, for the moment at least, driven away the carnal images that had previously been flooding her mind. Reaching down into the bag, Miranda gripped the submachine gun and pulled it out, before opening the door and walking into the darkened observation deck.

"Don't move," she said, closing the door behind her as she entered to prevent any of the many crew members outside from seeing what was happening. She aimed her weapon at the back of Samara's head, keeping the safety on for now. "Samara, as acting commander of this ship, I am officially placing you under the custody of the Alliance Military. If you cooperate and obey my orders, no harm will come to you."

On her usual spot down on the floor, Samara sat cross-legged, facing the window looking out onto the planet the Normandy was currently orbiting. It could have been an image right out of their mission through the Omega 4 relay, if not for the fact that Samara was wearing an Alliance marine's sleep clothing instead of her usual Justicar attire. Well... that, and the massive piece of meat between the asari matriarch's legs, currently out of sight with Samara's back to Miranda.

"Miss Lawson," Samara said, her voice as calm and serene as always as she remained sitting. "I was wondering when you would arrive. So... you intend to imprison me then."

"I don't know what that Prothean device did to you, but I've seen the effects it's had on crew members exposed to... to it," she said, mentally adding, *Seen the effects first-hand, actually.* "Believe me, I don't enjoy doing this, but until we have determined a way to cure you, I am forced to separate you from the rest of the crew. By force, if necessary."

"A wise move, Miss Lawson," Samara said, slowly rising to her feet. Miranda kept her weapon pointed squarely at the asari as she stood, back still to Miranda as she spoke. "But what about those crew members who have already felt the... effects? What do you intend to do with them?"

Miranda narrowed her eyes. "They'll be dealt with as well. But with any problem, it's best to start from the root of the matter."

"The 'root' of the matter, of course," Samara said, and despite not being to see her face Miranda could hear the smile in her voice. "One of your human sayings. I've spoken with Commander Shepard before about how fascinating I find your species. Your culture, your history. But there is one aspect of your people that I find especially intriguing. One that I never shared with Shepard."

"Stop!" Miranda said, as Samara started to turn in her direction. "Not so fast. Take it slow. And you'd better not try to use any biotics, or I swear I'll shoot."

Samara turned slowly, and Miranda let out a gasp as she saw the asari's massive blue cock dangling from out of the crotch of her pants. Suddenly, those obscene images came flooding back into her mind, and it took all of her mental resolve to keep the gun in her hands steady. Miranda forced her eyes to look back up at Samara's face, but from the smug look in the asari's eyes she had obviously caught Miranda's stare.
"Back in my maiden days, you see, I went on a bit of a wild streak," Samara said. "Not unusual for an asari, of course. But even amongst my peers I came to gain quite a reputation. 'Samara the Slut,' they used to call me. Most of my people tend to look with disdain on the physical act of lovemaking. 'The melding of two souls is where the true pleasure resides,' they would say. The act of sexual congress with another person..." Samara paused, then chuckled to herself, "...or more than one other person, in some cases, is little more than an evolutionary throwback of our species. But I never thought of it that way. When I was a maiden, I enjoyed sex. On many occasions, with many different species. Turians and salarians. Krogan and batarian. Even a hanar and quarian or two. The filthier the better, and the more partners involved the more I enjoyed it. It was a rare night that I didn't fall asleep dripping with cum, with a smile on my face."

"Shut up," Miranda said, even as she felt her mind start to fill with those filthy images again. Images of her being one of Samara's partners as they were surrounded by thick, throbbing alien cocks. "Shut up and come with me to the cargo bay."

Samara held up a hand. "Please, just allow me to finish. You see, there was one pleasure I never got to experience in my maiden days. By the time humanity made itself known to the larger galactic community, I was already many centuries into my quest to hunt down and eliminate Morinth. I had dedicated myself to this cause, and by the time I met my first human, the thought of ravishing them as I would have back in my younger days was as far as it could possibly be from my mind."

The asari took a step forward, and Miranda thrust the gun in her hands forward, in a threatening move that both she and Samara knew was utterly empty by now. She could feel her whole body trembling, unable to keep herself from shooting glances down at the dangling piece of thick blue meat between Samara's legs. Dammit, why did she have to have it hanging out like that? And why did it have to look so goddamn... tasty?

"And it was a shame, too," Samara continued. "Because for all the things I find fascinating about humanity, the one I didn't share with Shepard was this: your people are, without a doubt, the most attractive alien race I have ever seen in all my centuries." A leer came to Samara's face as her calm demeanor broke, the asari openly eyeing Miranda's curves through her tight bodysuit. "If humanity had been around during my maiden days, Miss Lawson, I would have wiled away as many nights as I could have managed by stripping down one or more of your people and making them scream my name." She took another step forward. "And if I had run into someone as enticing as you back then... by the Goddess, by the time I was done with you, you would have kissing my feet and begging for one more night of passion with me."

"Stop it!" Miranda said, taking a step back as Samara advanced forward. As she moved backwards, she felt her back hit something behind her. Or rather, someone.

"Another great thing about your species," Samara said. "You can be so quiet when you need to be."

Before Miranda could turn around, she felt something press against the side of her neck, and suddenly her body was pulsing with a painful burst of energy. She felt the gun in her hand fall from her nerveless fingers, and before she could react she could hear her arms being pulled behind her back. By the time she had regained her senses, she felt cold steel around her wrists, and realized that she had been handcuffed.

Stepping around the now-secured Miranda, not a stitch of clothing covering the tattoos that lined her bare flesh, Jack grinned at Samara while pressing the power button on the small, handheld taser in her hand. "Cheerleader always was pretty stupid," she said, standing next to Samara and grinning cockily at the handcuffed Miranda. "She's all yours, Mistress Samara."
Mistress, a voice in Miranda's head said, as she struggled against the metal bonds around her wrists. Will that be what I'm calling Samara when all of this is over?

With a confident smirk, Samara reached down and began stroking her cock, the thick blue rod of flesh throbbing and swelling in the asari's grip. "You see, Miranda... the Protheans and their device have granted me the greatest gift of all," Samara said. "Ever since my anatomy was altered by their device, I've felt as young and vibrant as I did when I was a mere maiden of 150. Perhaps even more so. And not only that, but I've been granted this gift on a ship full of gorgeous, irresistible young humans, the type I would have killed to sample back in my maiden days."

With her free hand, Samara reached to cup Jack's ass, the tattooed woman moaning and pushing her backside into Samara's grip as the asari roughly fondled her while jerking at her prick with her other hand. "Jack here was lucky enough to be my first, but I fully intend to sample every last one of the humans on this vessel before I'm finished." Samara's eyes gleamed, as a rare note of excitement filled her voice. "And that's just the beginning. There's a whole galaxy of humans out there, and I've got a lot of wasted centuries to make up for." She cleared her throat and refocused her attention on the helpless Miranda. "But I'm getting ahead of myself. Right now I only have one real desire."

Removing her hand from Jack's backside, but continuing to stroke herself, Samara stepped forward and stared intently at Miranda. "Right now, I want you to get down on your knees, Miss Lawson, and wrap your lips around my big blue cock."

Miranda narrowed her eyes at Samara. "You and your pet may have disarmed me," she said sternly, "but you will not force me to submit to your twisted desires."

"Force you?" Samara said, a trace of amusement in her voice. "I may not have been in possession of this exquisite extension of myself for very long, but I've seen its effects enough to know I won't have to force you to do anything. The only question is when you will surrender to your desires, not if you will."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Miranda bluffed, while in her mind she remembered the deep, sticky kiss that Jack had given her. The one that had awakened all these filthy desires in her. Even now, having Samara standing this close to her was forcing Miranda to keep herself under control. Part of her wanted nothing more than to fall to her knees right there, and give Samara the longest, sloppiest blowjob she had ever given. But she thought about Oriana, and what would happen to her sister if Miranda allowed herself to be corrupted by Samara's tainted cum, and she hardened her resolve.

The gleam in Samara's eyes, though, had Miranda feeling like all of her determination would be for naught. Her piercing blue stare seemed to penetrate through all of Miranda's defenses, and see the sinful desires hiding underneath.

"You've tasted it," Samara said. "I know you have. Don't lie to yourself, Miss Lawson." She drifted even closer to Miranda, the tip of the thick blue cock she was stroking less than an inch from Miranda's quivering, helpless body. "Don't deny your own fantasies."

When Miranda said nothing, and simply stared back at Samara with cold eyes, Samara smirked. "What was it you cried out at the end? 'Fuck me, Samara! Fuck me in front of all of them! Show them all what a goddamn whore I am for your fucking cock!' The well-hung asari clucked her tongue playfully. "Quite a dirty mouth for such a dignified human."
Miranda turned her withering glare at Jack. "You told..." she started to say, Jack openly stroking her pussy as she watched Samara advance on Miranda.

"She didn't need to tell me anything, Miss Lawson," Samara interrupted. "You see, this gift from the Protheans does more than just free the minds of those who are exposed to it. Ever since my first time with Jack, when I close my eyes and clear my mind... I can feel the connection it has forged."

"Connection?" Miranda asked, hearing her voice trembling a bit as Samara stood inches away from her. The head of Samara's veiny, throbbing cock was now pressing against Miranda's hips, and Miranda gasped as she felt its rigid push against her. "Mmm, yes," Samara said. "If I concentrate hard enough, I can connect with the minds of those who I have liberated. Jack. Ken and Gabby. Dr. Michel and Victoria. And now, Miss Lawson... I can feel your mind as well. Almost as if we are joined in a meld, without the need for us to touch."

Closing her eyes, Samara inhaled deeply through her nose. "Just before you arrived here, ready to take me captive, I saw it. The two of us on a beach somewhere. You getting down on your hands and knees to present yourself to me. And then me filling every last inch of you with my cock. Tell the truth, Miss Lawson: it wasn't even the sex that aroused you the most about that fantasy. It was knowing that everyone was watching while you were stripped down and taken like a common gutter whore. You relished the chance to let the whole world see what a horny, dirty little slut you really are deep down."

Miranda turned her head away from Samara, not wanting the taunting asari to see the redness of her cheeks. But it was true. Something about the image of being fucked like that in public, Samara's cock driving her mad with uncontrollable lust, had turned Miranda on in a way that she had never experienced before. The fact that Jack had been there in her fantasy, taunting "the cheerleader" while Miranda moaned and begged for Samara to fuck her harder, had only made the fantasy even more arousing. Even in the midst of this situation, she could feel her pussy throb with excitement at the mere remembrance of her erotic imaginings.

When Miranda dared to look back at Samara, the asari had moved her face inches away from Miranda's, speaking quietly into her ear. "I can make it happen, Miranda," Samara hissed, the quiet sound of her voice sending a shiver of arousal through Miranda. "Every last one of your fantasies. The filthier and more shameful, the better. Once you surrender to me, you won't be the dignified and chaste Miss Lawson. You'll be Miranda the Slut."

As Samara continued to detail her humiliating plans for Miranda, she reached up to begin unzipping Miranda's suit, slowly lowering it down and exposing her flesh, inch by painstaking inch. "Your only goal in life will be to fuck as many men and women as possible, in the most shameful ways imaginable and in as many public places as possible. Starting with the entire crew of the Normandy, every last man and woman on this ship. Every single one of them will use you for their pleasure, and then hand you over to the next person. You will suck cock, eat snatch, and bend over to be taken from behind over and over again. And you will smile as they call you slut and whore, because you will know that that is what you truly are."

Yes, Miranda heard her own voice in her head. Yes, that's what I want. I want to be your whore, Samara. Make me a slut. Make me fuck them all. Shepard and Ashley and even Jack... I'll fuck every single one of them if that's what you want. Just please... please let me have another taste.

But outside, Miranda trembled but stood firm. Even as Samara had brought Miranda's zipper all the
way down, the thin material slowly flapping open to reveal Miranda's chest. Her breasts heaved heavily under her lacy black bra, Miranda on the brink of losing her composure as Samara casually reached forward and undid the hooks on the front of the sheer garment. The bra tumbled open, revealing Miranda's bare breasts and stiff nipples.

"Mmm, quite a lovely sight," Samara said, gazing down at Miranda's tits with a lustful glare that sent shivers through Miranda. Shivers of fear or of desire, Miranda couldn't even tell anymore. "Not quite as large as mine, of course, but enticing just the same." Reaching down, Samara whipped off the faded t-shirt she wore. Miranda's eyes went wide as Samara's massive blue tits spilled out into the open. They were so... so big. Even bigger that Miranda had remembered them from the last time she and Samara had fought together. Had they grown since then? Was that another side effect of this fiendish Prothean device?

"Damn right," Jack chimed in, pausing in her pussy-fingering long enough to come over and stand next to Samara. "Always did like the cheerleader's tits, even when she was a dirty Cerberus lapdog." And without warning, Jack reached down to lift up one of Miranda's bare breasts, before leaning down, sticking out her tongue, and running the tip of it against Miranda's sensitive nipple.

"Unh," Miranda heard herself moan, as the sensation of Jack's wet tongue dancing around her nipple sent a rush of undeniable pleasure through her body. Had she truly lost her mind? Was she really enjoying having the woman she hated most in this world licking and sucking on her tit? She could have taken a step back, moved away from Jack's sickeningly talented tongue teasing at her nipple. And yet she stood her ground.

Glancing over at Jack, Samara shrugged slightly before leaning down and placing her palm against the underside of Miranda's other breast, lifting Miranda's heaving mound up to her mouth. Before too long, both of Miranda's nipples were getting sucked, Miranda gasping and moaning even as she told herself she shouldn't be enjoying this.

The sexual torment only got worse as Samara, with her lips forcefully sucking on Miranda's hardened nipple, slid her other hand down against Miranda's stomach, delicate blue fingers pushing their way down into the bottom half of Miranda's catsuit. Miranda squirmed as she felt Samara's hand slide underneath the hem of her panties. Soon, Samara's fingers were drifting through the dark patch of Miranda's pubic hair, drifting lower and lower... until...

"Aahhh!" Miranda threw back her head and openly moaned, unable to fight it any longer as Samara began fingering her snatch. Her hips thrust forward, seemingly of their own accord, into Samara's stroking fingers. Her pussy was gushing by this point, the slick wetness of her open arousal covering Samara's skillful digits and staining her black lacy panties. Her handcuffed wrists dangled limply behind her, any attempts at struggling out of her bonds long since abandoned. Every breath was now coming out as a vulgar, heated grunt, as the two mouths on her tits and the fingers in her twat were bringing her ever closer to the most intense climax of her entire life.

Jack removed her mouth from Miranda's tit with a wet pop, and glanced over at Samara with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I think she likes it, Mistress Samara."

"Mistress Samara," Miranda heard the words in her head again. But they no longer carried the frightful edge they once did in her mind. No, now the words sounded almost... comforting. The idea of submitting to Samara, becoming her slave... Miranda couldn't help but admit that it sounded quite enticing. Only the thought of Oriana, and what would happen to her if Miranda gave in and submitted to Samara's control, was keeping Miranda from tumbling over the brink into complete surrender.
"I think you're right, Jack," Samara said. "Which is why now I think would be a good time for us to stop. And remind Miranda of my simple request."

No, Miranda moaned in her mind, as Samara's hand slid quickly out of her panties. Staring down, Miranda saw Samara's hand, literally dripping with Miranda's fluids, emerge from out of her jumpsuit. Desperately, she tried to mentally will the asari's fingers back between her legs, to relieve the unbearable tension still remaining there.

Samara took a step back, and Jack followed her lead. Placing a hand on her hip, Samara shot a quick glance down, and then back up into Miranda's eyes. "You know what you have to do. So do it."

She did know what she had to do. And still she hesitated. One last time, she tried to think about Oriana again. But instead, all she could picture was Jack. And Traynor. And Ken and Gabby, and every other member of the Normandy crew. All of them naked, and waiting in line for their turn at one of Miranda's holes. All while Samara watched, stroking her cock and leaving Miranda in eager anticipation of when her beloved Mistress would take her own turn. Shoving her beautiful blue cock deep inside of Miranda, and filling her with the delicious nectar that had truly freed Miranda's mind.

If getting a taste of it from Jack's mouth was enough to do this to me, Miranda thought to herself, even as she felt herself sinking down to the floor, How exquisite will it be to drink straight from the source?

She was on her knees. Samara's cock directly in front of her. What remained of Miranda's rational mind tried to beg her to stand back up, but all she did in response to the mental urging was stare in unrestrained hunger at Samara's cock, pre-cum dripping from the head of the veiny, massive hunk of meat.

As Samara approached, Miranda took a deep breath, ready to open her mouth and submit herself to the will of Samara. But less than an inch away from Miranda's face, the head of Samara's cock came to a pause. Miranda looked up into Samara's eyes, desire written all over her face.

"What do you want?" Samara asked Miranda, gripping her cock by the base of the shaft and dangling it in front of Miranda's face. "Tell me what you want."

"I... I want..." Miranda stammered, her eyes locked on the thick scaly shaft in front of her. "I want to suck your cock."

"Then ask my permission," Samara said. "Ask your mistress for permission to suck her cock."

"Please," Miranda said without hesitation. "Please let me suck your cock. Please, Mistress Samara. I need to suck your cock."

She could only imagine how she must look at that moment: down on her knees, her dark hair matted with sweat that also dripped off her bare tits, pussy juices soaking through her panties and leaving a dark stain on the crotch of her jumpsuit. All while practically salivating at the thought of sucking Samara's thick blue cock.

I'm sorry, Ori, she thought to herself, but worries for her sister were quickly forgotten. Replaced by images of her deep-throating that massive cock bobbing lewdly in front of her face. Covering it with her sticky saliva and swirling her tongue around the head of Samara's prick. Pleasuring her new Mistress until she was rewarded with an endless stream of cum shooting down her throat and making
her cum over and over again.

"Please let me suck your cock, Mistress Samara," Miranda the Slut said again, licking her lips. "I need it so bad."

Samara paused, the seconds ticking by and driving Miranda even madder with desire. "A humble request indeed from such a depraved little slut," Samara finally said. "But... I'm afraid it's one that I must decline."

"Wh... what?" Miranda exclaimed. After fighting so hard against these urges mere minutes ago, she was surprised at how badly the thought of being denied Mistress Samara's cock frightened her now. "Please. I'll do whatever you want. Just please... please let me suck your cock."

"I may allow you to do so later on," Samara said coldly. "But first... I have my other servant here to attend to." Samara turned to Jack, and Miranda moaned in disappointment as Samara's cock swung away from her face. "Jack, you did so well helping Miranda discover her true self. I think it's time that you were rewarded properly."

Jack grinned widely. "Thank you, Mistress Samara." She glanced quickly at Miranda, the smile on her face widening at the image of her old nemesis sweaty and horny, on her knees begging for cock like an Omega street walker.

"On the couch, Jack," Samara instructed. "Spread your legs for me."

Miranda turned on her knees to watch, as Jack lowered her naked ass down on the edge of one of the couch cushions. Leaning back, she paused for a moment to wink at Miranda before raising her legs up and extending them into the air. As Samara stepped towards her servant, her painfully-erect cock aimed between Jack's legs, Jack reached down to spread open her pussy lips with two fingers.

Miranda had never been with a woman before. Not that she had found the idea disgusting before; it had just never appealed to her much. But as she knelt there, staring at Jack's naked cunt on display, she found herself unable to look away. After playing with herself earlier, Jack was already dripping wet, and Miranda couldn't help but wonder, just for a second, what Jack's juices tasted like...

Jack stared lustfully at Samara's cock as the asari stood in front of Jack, widened her stance to line her cock up with Jack's spread pussy lips. Once she was in position, Samara slowly started pushing her thick blue cock deep inside of her. "Ah, shit," Jack gasped, as inch after inch of Samara's length disappeared inside of her. "Take a good look, cheerleader. Because I can promise you this: as fucking sexy as it looks, it's ain't nothing compared to how good it feels."

Quivering down on her knees, Miranda watched as Samara went from slowly filling up Jack's pussy, to soon pounding her cock hard and rough into her human servant. The asari wore a serene expression on her face as she thrust her hips against Jack's, looking as if she had discovered some beautiful secret of life just by sticking her newly grown cock inside of some hot human cunt. Jack, meanwhile, seemed to be going crazy with the pleasure of Samara's cock inside of her, letting out loud moans and cries as she reached up to scrape her nails against Samara's back.

"Fuck, yes," Jack grunted, staring at Samara with uninhibited lust. "Fuck me, Mistress Samara. Fill me up with that thick fucking cock!"
The observation lounge echoed with the wet slaps of blue flesh against tattooed pink skin, and Miranda soon struggled against her handcuffs again. Not out of a desire to escape, but out of a rapidly-growing need to thrust her hands between her thighs and relieve the overwhelming tingling in her own pussy. Miranda found herself staring at Samara's balls, the twin blue orbs visible between the asari's slightly parted thighs. They bobbed and bounced in front of Miranda's wide eyes, slapping against Jack's ass as Samara roughly fucked her, Miranda wanted nothing more than to scoot over on her knees, lean down, and start licking and sucking on Samara's massive, smooth scrotum. The thought of lavishing every last inch of those giant blue balls with her tongue made that tightness between her legs grow even more unbearable, and Miranda didn't know how much longer she could stand to watch her new Mistress screwing Jack before Miranda ended up going insane with lust.

"Fuck, I'm... I'm cumming..." Jack hissed, eyes shut as the feel of Samara's cock penetrating her inner walls brought her right to the brink of climax.

Samara said nothing, but from the way her brow wrinkled and her thrusts sped up, Miranda believed she was close to her final release as well. After a few more hard thrusts, Samara buried herself balls-deep into Jack's twat with a low, guttural cry. Jack cried out in unabashed pleasure, as Samara's cock jerked and pumped her full of that delicious, mind-altering cum. Miranda watched with mouth hanging open, pussy dripping at the thought of being in Jack's position, and feeling that big blue cock stretching her open and pumping her full of cum.

Catching her breath, Jack looked over at Miranda, face glistening with the sweat of her exertions, and cocked an eyebrow. "Remember... what I said... before, cheerleader?" Jack asked, struggling to catch her breath as Samara's cock continued to throb and spew inside of her. "About how... getting another taste was going to cost you? Well, the mistress and I were talking earlier, and we figured out the best possible way to make sure that you've truly surrendered. To know you've really figured out that you're nothing but a dirty whore for big blue cock. You really want another taste, bitch?"

As Miranda frantically nodded, Jack glanced up at Samara, who slowly pulled her still-erect cock out of Jack's snatch. As the blue shaft of flesh left Jack's pussy, Miranda watched as cum began to squirt out of Jack's overflowing insides, spilling out from her twat and dripping down onto the couch cushions.

"Then eat it out of me," Jack said. "Every last drop, cheerleader."

An hour ago, the mere thought of being in the same room with a naked Jack, much less putting her face anywhere near Jack's crotch, would have been enough to make Miranda vomit up her breakfast. But in her current state, horny and desperate for another taste, there was less than a second of hesitation. Pushing herself across the observation lounge on her knees, Miranda quickly leaned down to plant her face between Jack's spread thighs.

"That's it, cheerleader," Jack said, reaching a hand down to work her fingers through Miranda's dark, sweat-soaked hair. "Lick it all up. Put that tongue to use on something else besides a bunch of bitchy comments."

Miranda ignored the taunts. Right now, all of her attention was focused on the cum dripping from Jack's snatch. Sticking out her tongue, she caught a trickle of the sticky white fluid dribbling out of Jack... and at the first taste she immediately felt herself start to cum. Even as the spasms of her powerful climax started to wrack her body, Miranda kept lapping at the cum that had already escaped Jack's twat at first, delaying the inevitable. But soon she was diving mouth-first into Jack's cunt. It was the first pussy she had ever eaten... ever even considered eating in her entire life. But if Samara's promises were true, Miranda knew it wouldn't be the last.
In that case, Miranda thought to herself, as she stuck her tongue as deep down into Jack's pussy as she could to slurp up Mistress Samara's cum, I'd better start getting some practice.

"Shit, cheerleader," Jack breathed, her fingers working through Miranda's hair and her hand pressing the horny Alliance officer's face down into her snatch. "You'd think you were an old pro at this. Keep this up and maybe you'll get a taste of my cum mixed in with the mistress's."

Miranda probed around and down into Jack's inner reaches with her tongue, pausing only to catch her breath before diving back into Jack's pussy. After a few minutes, Miranda realized that she had gotten all of Samara's cum as she could manage. And yet... she was still licking. Her tongue left the spread lips of Jack's labia, only to find itself flicking against the fleshy nub of Jack's clit. She wasn't licking up Samara's cum anymore. Now she was just eating Jack out... and loving every second of it.

Hearing Jack's taunts come to a stop, Miranda glanced up from between Jack's thighs to see her old nemesis with a mouthful of blue cock. Samara had walked around behind the couch, and Jack was craning her neck back in order to take Samara's shaft down her throat. Watching Jack work her mouth around Samara's cock, Miranda hoped with every fiber of her being that she would get her turn next.

After several minutes of vigorous oral action, Miranda's tongue starting to cramp from putting it to use on Jack's twat, Miranda glanced up to see that now-familiar strained expression on Samara's face. Jack's eyes went wide as Samara's cock began to spew again, sending what seemed like gallons of cum into her mouth and down her throat. Jack swallowed as much as she could, but soon cum was dripping from around Samara's cock in her mouth and onto Jack's cheeks and chin.

Samara pulled her cock out of Jack's mouth, the thick piece of asari meat just as hard and ready as it had been when Miranda had first walked into the room. Jack turned away from her mistress to look down at Miranda kneeling between her thighs. There was something a little silly about the way Jack looked: cheeks puffed out from the massive amount of cum that she still held inside her mouth. Then Jack pursed her lips down at Miranda, as if going in for a kiss, and Miranda realized what Jack was doing.

With a smile, Samara stroked her cock – slick with Jack's spit and pussy fluids – and watched as Jack opened her lips wide enough to allow a long, frothy mix of cum and spit to dribble out of her mouth and down at the dark-haired woman between her legs. Without hesitation, Miranda opened her mouth and caught the gooey drippings on her tongue, keeping her head pointed up as more and more of the slimy snowball dripped down into her mouth. Jack's aim wasn't perfect, and some of the cum-spit mix ended up splattering on Miranda's face. But from the blissful, wide-open smile that Miranda wore as she opened her mouth to catch another expectoration from Jack's lips, she hardly seemed to mind.

Leaning back up on her knees and straightening her back, Miranda tilted her neck and moved in close to Jack's face. Grabbing Miranda by the cheeks, Jack brought her old enemy's mouth to hers. Their tongues slimily writhed against each other, as the two women swapped Samara's cum back and forth between their mouths. With each taste of the delicious fluids leaving and reentering her mouth, Miranda could feel herself cum again, and soon she found it difficult to even remain on her knees as climax after climax rocked her entire body with pleasure. By the time the two of them had swallowed down all the rest of Samara's second load, Miranda fell limply against Jack's naked body, the two satisfied women panting together as they came down from their shared climaxes. Almost unconsciously, Miranda's hand found Jack's tit, and Jack let out a low chuckle as Miranda began sucking on her nipple.
"So, Miranda," Samara said. "You've gotten another taste of what the Protheans have gifted me. After that... do you still want to suck my cock?"

Gasping for breath, Miranda pulled away from Jack's tit and looked up at her new mistress, answering without a moment's hesitation. "Yes, Mistress Samara. I want to suck your cock. I want to do whatever you desire of me. I'm yours to command."

"Very well. Then I ask you to do one thing for me. One final test to prove your loyalty to me. Once you have done that... then I will allow you the privilege of sucking my cock."

"Whatever you ask, Mistress," Miranda responded.

* * *

"Ah, there you are," Dr. Michel said as the door to the medbay opened. "I was beginning to wonder if you had forgotten."

"Well, you know me, doc," Joker said as he stepped gingerly through the door into the medbay. "I try to head over here too fast, I'd just end up tripping over my own feet and give you a few broken bones to set, in addition to..." Joker paused and gave the doctor a sheepish smile. "Sorry, what was it you called me down for here again?"

Dr. Michel reached over to a side table and retrieved a small glass vial, sloshing around the green fluid inside. "Just a routine immune booster, nothing serious. The engineering team reported a minor contamination and I thought it would be prudent for the entire crew to pay me a visit."

"Makes sense. Hey, doc, while I'm here... maybe I should have you give me an eye exam on top of the immune booster thing," Joker said.

The doctor gave him a questioning look. "Have you been experiencing vision problems, Jeff?" she asked.

"I didn't think I was," Joker said. "But as I was coming out of the lift, I saw Miranda and Jack heading the other way. Walking side-by-side with each other, no hair-pulling or angry biotic assaults to be seen. Makes me think that maybe I'm seeing things."

Dr. Michel smiled at him. "Perhaps the two of them have finally settled their grudges."

"Those two? Think there's as much chance of that happening as there is of krogans and salarians getting together for a friendly tea party," Joker quipped. "Anyway, I guess hand that medicine of yours over so we can get this done. Being away from the Normandy's cockpit for more than fifteen minutes tends to make me kind of antsy."

"Of course," Dr. Michel said, passing him the vial. "Just swallow it all down, and you should be all set to join us."

Joker nodded. "Well, here goes... wait." He gave Dr. Michel an odd look. "What do you mean, 'join us'?"

Dr. Michel ran a hand through her red hair. "I meant... join the rest of the crew out in the mess hall."
"Yeah, that was another thing that made me think my eyes were going on me," Joker said. "What's everybody doing out there in the mess hall? Pretty sure that's almost the entire Normandy crew hanging out in there."

"The immune booster can occasionally have side effects," Dr. Michel explained. "Some light dizziness, the occasional bout of fatigue. Nothing serious, but I wanted to make sure everyone rested for a few minutes before heading back to their stations."

Joker stared at Dr. Michel. "Yeah, I guess. But... not telling you how to do your job or anything, but maybe you could have scheduled this better." He started turning towards the medbay window. "I mean, having every member of the crew away from their posts..."

His words trailed off, as he looked out of the medbay into the mess hall area. Every single one of the assembled crew members was staring intently back at Joker through the glass. None of them talked, and their only movement was to fidget and pick at their uniforms. Almost if they were feeling constricted inside of their clothes. Seeing all of them staring into the medbay in silence, Joker was starting to get some serious horror movie vibes.

"Uh, Doc," Joker said quietly, almost afraid to move under the assembled glare of his shipmates. "What are they all looking at?"

"It's nothing," Dr. Michel said, reaching over to hit a button. The privacy shades immediately began lowering, cutting off the intense stares of the crew members outside. "They're probably just getting impatient because you're the last one."

"The last one to what?" Joker said, turning back to the ship's doctor.

"The last one to... take the immune booster," Dr. Michel quickly said. "Well, there are a few others, but she assures me that they're all... that they're alright."

Joker felt a chill run through him. "'She'? Doc, no offense, but this is all starting to creep me out a little. Maybe I'll take my chances without this immune booster thingy. Might just go the Tali route and seal myself inside a tight rubber suit instead."

"Nonsense, Jeff," Dr. Michel said. For a moment, Joker thought he heard a note of something in her voice. Panic or... desperation? But he was probably just imagining it. "The health and safety of this crew is my responsibility, and I would never do anything to harm you or anyone else on this ship. Now please... just drink the medicine and you can head back to the cockpit."

Joker was still feeling weirded out by all this, but he had no real logical reason to suspect Dr. Michel, or the rest of the crew, of anything. Finally, he took a deep breath. "Well, bottoms up, I guess," Joker said, tilting the vial of medicine back and swallowing down the green liquid inside. He winced at the familiar mediciney taste, although there was a hint of sweetness to it as well. "Alright, now that that's handled, I can... whoah!"

Dr. Michel rested a hand on his shoulder. "Jeff, is everything alright?"

"Everything... everything is..." Joker searched for the word to describe how he was feeling. Just seconds after swallowing down the medicine, Joker had felt a warm tingle spreading through his body. Starting down in his stomach and seeming to spread around through his entire body. It felt... good. Really good.
"Holy cow, doc! What was in that stuff?" he exclaimed, taking a deep breath and finding himself unable to resist the urge to grin.

"A few things," Dr. Michel said. "A little bit of mouthwash for coloring, some other chemicals we mostly use as placebos just to hide the flavor. Mostly, though... it was just our spit."

Joker nodded. "Yeah, don't know why I asked. Just a bunch of technical mumbo-jumbo that... wait, what?"

Dr. Michel grinned at him. "My spit, and Sam's too to start. A few of the other women added theirs to the mixture as well, once they'd been given their own medicine. Liara discovered that, after we were under the influence of her cum, if we kissed a man or woman or they were otherwise exposed to our saliva, that... well, that they would become one of us. So she had us bring all of the crew down here for more... testing. I had the men drink down some of our spit, and as for the women? Well... Liara was kind enough to allow me to... extract some of her semen to administer to the women."

"This... you making some kind of joke?" Joker asked, even as he felt his head start to swim. "Because I'm the expert on those around here, doc. And I gotta say... can't say that your first attempt is all that... that... funny..." Joker struggled to speak, leaning against a nearby bed in order to stay on his feet.

"It's no joke, Jeff," Dr. Michel said, stepping towards him. "You were one of the last ones on this ship still unaffected. But now that you've gotten a taste... I'm sure you're feeling it already. That warm feeling spreading throughout your entire body. Most of the men who came in here earlier told me about that feeling. Followed by the light-headedness. And not long after that..." she cast her eyes down, staring unabashedly at the crotch of Joker's uniform. "Well, I see the other effects are beginning as well."

Joker didn't have to look down to know what Dr. Michel was staring at. He could feel the painful press of his sudden erection rubbing against the inside of his uniform pants. "Doc, I don't know what's going on, but I think I... I better head to my bunk and..."

"Nonsense, Joker," Dr. Michel said. And as Joker watched with wide, shocked eyes, the smiling doctor reached down and began unbuckling the best of his uniform trousers. "Stay. As the Normandy's medic, I know what's best for all of the crew. And right now, there's only one thing that's going to make you feel better."

"Oh, jeez," Joker said, as Dr. Michel sank down to her knees, pulled his cock out of his open uniform, and opened her mouth. Joker had come down expecting a routine visit to the medbay, and now here he was: watching as the cute French doctor leaned in and started sucking his cock. It was like something out of one of his...

The realization hit Joker like a jolt of electricity. Dr. Michel pulled her mouth away from Joker's prick long enough to glance up at him. "Are you alright, Jeff? Why are you laughing?"

"I get it now," Joker said, shaking his head in disbelief at his own stupidity as he chuckled. "Dammit, I knew I should have gotten another cup of coffee before I went back to the cockpit. Just hope Shepard and Ash don't come back to see me sprawled out in the pilot's seat." When Dr. Michel still looked confused, Joker grinned at her. "It's a dream, of course. I fell asleep watching one of those dirty vids and now it's all part of my dream." He cocked his eyebrow at her and smirked. "Gotta admit... not the first dream like this I've had about you, doc. But definitely one of the most vivid."
"Oh, this is no dream, Jeff," Dr. Michel said with a sultry tone. Standing up, she walked back over to the privacy shade trigger and slapped her palm down on the button. "This is very, very real."

The dark shades rose back up into place, revealing the over-populated mess hall. But the crew members outside were no longer staring into the medbay. No, they were much too busy for that now.

To a man (and woman), every last one of them had stripped out of their uniforms, and were currently in the midst of a massive, crew-wide orgy. Men pounding women from behind. Women riding on top of men's cocks with blissful smiles. Women eating each other out and using toys on each other. Every sex position that could possibly be imagined, was being reenacted across every last inch of the Normandy mess hall.

"Yeah," Joker said, as he stared out at the carnal proceedings. "Definitely a dream."

There was no way that any of this could possibly be real. Only in a dream would Joker see Terri Bocelli pressed up against the bulkhead, with her lifelong enemy Nathan Waltman holding her up by the thighs and pounding his cock inside of her.

Only in a dream would he see Andrea Hartwell, who just yesterday had been talking about how much she was looking forward to her upcoming wedding to her high school sweetheart, down on her knees and sucking on one marine's cock while jerking off another.

And only in a dream would Joker see Belinda Tully, whom he had once overheard letting out a disgusted sound at the sight of two women kissing on the Citadel, locked in a sweaty 69 with Samantha Traynor.

And as if Joker needed any more proof, the biggest sign of all that none of this could possibly be happening in reality came strutting out of her office on the other side of the Normandy.

With a sultry shake to her hips, Liara walked out into the midst of the orgy, a wide grin on her face as she watched the humans fucking around her.

As Joker saw the outfit she was wearing, he gave a mental high-five to his subconscious mind. Because it had come up with an absolutely mind-blowing set of clothes to put Liara in: a black leather outfit with straps that crisscrossed Liara's torso, while leaving her large breasts exposed and hanging free. Accessorized with matching arm garments that ran from Liara's elbows to her wrists, and a pair of high-heeled, lace-up black boots that went up to Liara's knees, with fishnet hose poking out from underneath.

And of course, no panties. All the better for Liara's massive, 15-inch cock to dangle lewdly in the air.

Definitely a dream, Joker thought to himself again. Because in no reality that I live in would Liara ever own an outfit like that. Or have tits that big, come to think of it.

At the sight of her, and of it, several of the women in the orgy abruptly broke off from their partners and moved briskly towards Liara, jockeying to be the lucky one to sample her cock. Eventually, Liara settled the matter by leisurely pointing a finger at one of the women, and then another. The selected crewmembers quickly fell to their knees in front of Liara, each of them working their mouths along the sides of Liara's cock while stroking her huge, dangling balls.

As Joker watched the erotic proceedings out in the mess hall, he felt the warm wet sensation around
his cock again. He looked back down to see Dr. Michel back on her knees, only now stripped completely naked, and happily sucking him off once again. After a moment, she pulled away from his prick long enough to smile up at him. "Still think this is a dream, Jeff?" she asked.

"Not a dream," he said, resting a hand on Dr. Michel's head as she went back to blowing him. "The best damn dream I have ever had in my entire life. Please, Joker... for the love of God, don't ever wake up."

* * *

She felt a hand on her shoulder, rousing her out of her sleep. "What... whozat?" Oriana muttered, opening her eyes to see the same pitch blackness that was behind her eyelids. "Randa, that you?"

"Nah, babe," she heard a familiar voice in the darkness. "It's me. Jack."

"Jack, what are you..." Oriana said, starting to sit up in bed.

"Shh, shh," she heard Jack in the darkness, and felt a hand holding her down, keeping her back pressed against the mattress. "Don't get up."

"Jack, you shouldn't be here," Oriana said. "If Miranda found you in here..."

"Don't worry about it, babe," Jack said quietly, her hand stroking Oriana's forehead in the dark. As Oriana's eyes started to adjust to the darkness, she could make out the vague shape of Jack kneeling next to the bed. "Me and Miranda... we had ourselves a chat while you were asleep. Worked things out between the two of us."

Oriana frowned. "You... you did? Jack, I gotta admit I have a hard time believing that."

"Oh, you'd be surprised how... open to new things Miranda can be when she's in the right frame of mind," Jack said with a soft laugh. "After I told her all about the two of us and our relationship, she said she had no problems with us being together."

Oriana let out a gasp. "Jack, you... you're really serious? She really said that?"

"Girl Scout's honor, babe," Jack said. "Can't say it was easy to get her to see things my way. But after a few... drinks, your sister loosened right up and gave us the go-ahead."

"Oh, Jack," Oriana said, feeling herself start to well up. "I'm so sorry about what I said. About the two of us not being serious. Because I... I was afraid. Afraid of what it meant to admit that I had real feelings for us. But now..."

Her words were interrupted by the sudden press of Jack's lips against hers. Oriana reached up to grab the back of Jack's head as she passionately returned Jack's kiss. She felt Jack's tongue slip inside of her mouth, and she eagerly met it with her own. By the time they pulled apart from the deep kiss, Oriana had to catch her breath.

"Don't worry about it, babe," Jack's voice said in the darkness. "All water under the bridge. But seeing as how you're already in bed... maybe we should take this chance to celebrate our happy reunion."

She felt Jack pulling back the covers. Underneath, Oriana was wearing only a cami shirt and her
"Jack, hold on," Oriana said, searching for Jack's silhouette in her pitch black quarters. "Miranda may have told you it's okay if the two of us date... but I think she'd draw the line at the two of us fucking in the quarters that she and I share."

"Don't worry about it, Ori," Jack said, while continuing to pull back the sheets, exposing more and more of Oriana's body. "Miranda's... busy with other stuff right now. Bunch of Normandy bullshit, said she'd probably have to spend hours cleaning it up."

"You sure?" Oriana asked the dark outline of Jack. "Because if she walked in and interrupted us in the middle..."

"Trust me, babe. Miranda definitely won't be interrupting anything that's about to happen in these quarters," Jack said. "Now, as much as I love the sound of your voice, would you just shut the fuck up, lay back, and let me work my magic on that pretty little cunt of yours?"

Oriana couldn't help but chuckle. "Well, when you talk to me all romantic like that, how can I refuse?" she said, laying her head back and staring up at the ceiling. The covers were now completely off of her half-naked body, and she moaned as she felt the crotch of her panties being slid aside to expose her pussy. "Oh, Jack," she gasped, as she felt the wetness of Jack's tongue start to brush against her throbbing clit. "This is so wonderful. That the two of us can be together... I don't think I've ever been as happy as I am right now."

"Give it some time, babe," Jack's voice said in the darkness. "Think in a little while you're going to be feeling even better."

After that, Jack went back to licking Oriana's snatch. And while Oriana was enjoying having her lover eat her out just as before, she couldn't help but notice that something felt different. Jack had been down between Oriana's legs enough times for Oriana to know her techniques, but what Jack was doing to her right now was all different. Faster and sloppier, it reminded her of a few "first-timers" she had picked up in the clubs back before she met Jack. Women who were just experimenting with Oriana, and had never even seen a pussy up close before besides their own, much less eaten it out. Too eager and too unskilled, that's how they had been... and that's how Jack's oral skills were seeming to Oriana right now.

Oriana didn't know what Jack was doing down there, but the way she was feeling right now, it didn't really matter. Her head was spinning, and had been ever since Jack had kissed her. Something about the taste of Jack's tongue in her mouth had been... Oriana didn't know how to describe it. She was probably just imagining things, high off the revelation that Miranda had given her blessing for Jack and Oriana to be together. That's what it was. Jack probably wasn't even doing anything different with her tongue either; just Oriana imagining things.

"I'm cumming, Jack," Oriana gasped after several minutes. Despite Jack's lackluster oral skills tonight, Oriana was surprised to find herself cumming so quickly. "Fuck, Jack... here it comes..." As her orgasm hit, Oriana arched her back and gasped, feeling her pussy gush and squirt as she climaxed. "Fuck, it's so... so good..." she moaned, feeling herself cumming harder than she could ever remember. She could feel the sheets soaked with sweat below her, and it was almost a minute before the waves of pleasure finally began to subside.

She heard a low chuckle from the foot of the bed. "Damn. I guess you really liked that, babe."

"Holy... shit," Oriana gasped, barely able to talk. "Jack, that was... fucking incredible. It's never felt like that before."
"You did great," Jack said, soft affection in her voice. "Even better than the last time."

Oriana looked up from the pillow in confusion. "Me? You're the one who did all the work, Jack. All I did was lay here."

"What?" Jack said from the blackness. "Oh, sorry, babe. I wasn't actually talking to you."

Oriana squinted in the darkness. "Jack, what are you..." she started to say. Then, as her eyes started to adjust more to the darkness, she let out a gasp.

She could see the silhouette of Jack at the foot of the bed. And kneeling next to her... was another form.

Frantically, Oriana reached over to the nightstand. After a few seconds of fumbling, she hit the switch on the small light there, and the room was dimly lit.

And when she looked back down at the foot of the bed, she could see Jack more clearly now. And kneeling next to her, face slick with Oriana's juices and with a lazy smile on her face, was Miranda.

"Isn't it great, Ori?" Miranda said, beaming at her sister from between Oriana's spread legs. "Now that I ate your pussy and made you cum like she asked, Mistress Samara said she'd let me suck her cock now!"
All kinds of weather, we stick together

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait. Rewrote the outline for this chapter at least five times. Updates should come quicker after this one, I promise. :)

For a long, long time, everyone was silent. Oriana staring down at the foot of the bed with her jaw gaping open in horror. And Miranda and Jack staring back at her, blissful smiles on their faces, with Oriana's juices still dripping down Miranda's chin.

"Damn, cheerleader," Jack finally said, throwing an arm around Miranda's bare shoulders. "I think you fucked her stupid. She came so good she can't even speak."

"Did I do good, Ori?" Miranda asked, smiling innocently at her sister. "I've never really done anything like that before." Glancing over at Jack, she giggled and added. "Well... once before," with a look at Jack that left it obvious who her previous partner was.

"What... this isn't real," Oriana stammered. Part of her wanted to believe this was some sort of twisted dream. It wouldn't be the first time Miranda had made an unwelcome cameo in one of her subconscious's erotic imaginings. The whole situation seemed so surreal that for a moment she almost had herself convinced. There was no way that her sister and Jack would ever be so close to each other without wanting to tear each other's throats out. The sight of them smiling and eying each other up, stark naked at the foot of Oriana's bed, couldn't possibly be reality, could it?

But try as she might to wake herself up, Oriana found herself still on her bed. Still staring down her sister and her lover, who had turned away from each other to set their lustful gazes on Oriana again. "I dunno," Jack said. "Your sister's looking kinda queasy, actually. Don't think she's quite with the program yet."

"Program? Jack, what are you talking about?" Oriana said, fighting back the nausea building in her stomach as her mind struggled to process all of this. She ate me out, she heard her own voice in her mind, repeating back the undeniable truth despite all of her attempts to block it out. My sister just ate out my pussy, and I came all over her face.

"She's fighting against it, Jack," Miranda said, watching with an amused expression as Oriana slid up against the head of her bed and away from the two lustful women. "Same as I did. But you don't have to, Ori. Once you let go... it's just so good. You realize how wonderful it is to be a dirty, nasty slut who does nothing but fuck all day. And best of all, you get to serve the mistress like we do."

"The mistress?" Oriana asked again. "Who is the mistress?"

Neither Jack or Miranda responded. Instead, they both looked over at the door into Miranda and Oriana's quarters. Oriana looked as well, and as if on cue the door slid open.

"She is ready to join us?" Samara asked as she stepped into the door, and as Oriana caught a glimpse of the radically altered asari she felt her grip on reality slip just a little bit more. The faded t-shirt that
Samara wore had been yanked up over her tits, dark blue nipples poking out from the grapefruit-sized scaly mounds. Seeing Oriana's stare, Samara smiled as she ran her hand down the side of her waist to her hips. As Oriana's eyes followed it down, her eyes locked on the throbbing, veiny cock poking out from above the waistband of the sweatpants Samara wore. It was so... so goddamned big, and despite the horrifying circumstances Oriana couldn't help but stare at the massive blue hunk of flesh.

"I asked you a question, Miranda," Samara said sternly, and her voice snapped Oriana out of her momentary trance. She turned to Miranda to see that both she and Jack had also been staring at Samara's cock, Miranda's tongue even lolling out of her mouth to moisten her lips.

Blinking, Miranda came to her senses and looked up into Samara's eyes. "Not quite yet, Mistress," she said reverently. "I ate her pussy like you asked me to, but it doesn't look like she hasn't surrendered herself yet." There was a desperate look in Miranda's eyes, as if she feared nothing more than disappointing Samara.

But the asari gave her a comforting smile. "That is fine, Miranda. You did what I instructed you to do without question. That is proof enough of your loyalty to me." Looking over at Oriana, Samara arched a brow. "And your sister will be with us soon enough. Even now, I am able to touch her mind with mine. She is afraid now... but it will pass. Even I was afraid at first, until I realized just how wonderful it feels to surrender yourself."

"This... this is insane," Oriana said, sliding off the side of her bed and edging around Samara towards the door. "You've all gone insane."

"On the contrary, love," said a familiar accented voice from the door. Oriana whirled to see Ken, Gabby, and Victoria Burnham from engineering walking in. "Samara here has shown us all how bloody amazing it is to just let loose and fuck all day long," Ken said "We've never been happier, have we, Gabby?"

Gabby nodded, all while starting to casually strip out of her Alliance uniform along with her two companions. "You're going to love it, Oriana," she said, her tone soothing. "I didn't believe it at first either, but once Samara got that big blue cock of hers inside me..." she turned her attention to Victoria with a serene smile. "It's like nothing you've ever felt before, right, Victoria?"

"Like nothing else," the young ensign agreed, letting her bra fall to the floor before grabbing Gabby and locking her in a passionate, moaning kiss. Next to them, Ken dropped his pants, pulled his cock out of his briefs and, without an ounce of shame, started stroking it as he watched the two women make out with each other.

Oriana made a dash for the door, only to find her muscles unwilling to move. "Leaving so soon, babe?" she heard Jack say, as she felt herself being biotically pulled back to the bed. "Seems kinda rude to me. You're gonna miss your sister getting her big reward."

Glancing over with her eyes, unable to move any other part of her body, Oriana saw a hopeful look on Miranda's face. Samara gave her a nod, and eagerly Miranda rushed towards the asari, falling on her knees in front of her.

"You've served me well, Miranda," Samara said, grabbing her cock by the base and waving it in front of Miranda's face. "Now... take your prize."

"Thank you, Mistress," Miranda gasped, before opening her mouth as wide as she could manage to
wrap her lips around the tip of Samara's cock. Wet, lewd sucking sounds filled the room as Miranda gave Samara a sloppy, spit-dripping blowjob. Her hand reached up to lovingly fondle Samara's balls as the once dignified and stern woman eagerly debased herself in front of all of these people.

As this happened, Jack used her biotics to bring Oriana back and sit her down on the side of the bed. Once she was in place, Jack settled in behind her, her legs wrapping around Oriana's waist and her hands reaching around to grope Oriana's tits through the thin cami shirt she wore. "Jack, please," Oriana gasped, struggling to ignore the way her body reacted to Jack's hands playing with her breasts. As fucked-up as this whole situation was, a part of Oriana realized that she should have been a lot more freaked out about all this than she was. The fact that she wasn't... was even more troubling. "We need to stop this."

"Stop?" Jack whispered into Oriana's ear, her fingers clenching and kneading Oriana's medium-sized breasts. "Are you seeing this shit? Why in the hell would we ever want it to stop? I mean, look at how happy Miranda is. Always said that all this time, all that frigid little sister of yours needed was a good hard cock to loosen her up. And now... look at how much more fun she is."

Oriana didn't want to see it, but Jack used her biotics to force Oriana's head to turn in that direction and she was forced to look. By now, Samara's cock was slippery and dripping with Miranda's saliva, as Oriana's sister hungrily slobbered all over the massive rod. Seeing Oriana watching, Samara reached down and patted Miranda's head, eliciting a moan from around Samara's thick prick as Miranda responded to the show of tenderness from her "mistress." Glancing down, Oriana was mortified to see that Miranda had slipped a hand down between her legs to rapidly stroke her pussy as she blew Samara, slick juices already dripping off her fingers and leaving a glistening puddle on the floor of their quarters. All while her other hand gently stroked and played with Samara's balls, as if attempting to coax out the cum inside.

"And look at those grease monkeys over there," Jack continued to lewdly whisper. "You think they want any of this to stop?" Oriana felt her head being turned back again, to Gabby and Victoria completely naked now and down on their knees, each with their lips working up and down either side of Ken's hard cock. Ken threw back his head and let out a low moan as Victoria lowered her head down to take one of his balls into her mouth and suck, while Gabby grabbed his cock to shove it all the way down her throat.

"Jack, listen to me," Gabby said, gasping as she felt her nipples harden underneath her shirt. "We have to put a stop to this. My sister and you... all of you... you're not in your right minds."

Jack made a disappointed noise. "I think Ori here isn't quite convinced yet," she called out. "Hey, Vicky! How about you come over here and give her a taste of that talented tongue of yours?"

Ken's ball left Victoria's mouth with a wet pop, as the young engineering ensign immediately turned her attention to Jack and Oriana on the bed. With a sultry look, she stood up and strutted over, dropping back down to her knees in front of Oriana's legs dangling over the side of the bed. Oriana wanted to struggle, but Jack's biotics held her in place as Victoria grabbed onto the fabric of Oriana's panties and tugged them down her thighs. Sliding them down past her feet and tossing them aside, the redheaded young ensign glanced up at Jack with an arched eyebrow.

"No," Oriana muttered, as she felt her legs being forcibly spread open by Jack's mental command. "Victoria, listen to me," Oriana desperately pleaded, even as the young woman locked eager eyes on Oriana's bare snatch. "You're not thinking straight. Think about this. You've got a husband back home. Think about..." Oriana dug through her memories, trying to remember the brief conversations she had had with the ensign once or twice. After a moment, she hit on it. "Paul. Think about Paul,
While the name made Victoria pause, just for a moment, Oriana was crestfallen as she saw, not doubt on Victoria's face, but amusement. "You're right, Oriana," Victoria said, reaching up to stroke Oriana's inner thighs as she spoke. "If he knew about what was happening right now, he'd be heartbroken. But next time we're on shore leave, that'll be fixed easily enough. He'll see me getting off at the spacedock, and he'll give me the same kiss he's always given me when we see each other. And once he's done that... then he won't have any objections to anything I do, ever again. He'll be one of us then. He'll be happy just like us."

"What... what are you... no, stop!" Oriana protested. But there was nothing stopping Victoria from planting her face between Oriana's legs and greedily lapping at her pussy. The young ensign may never have been with a woman before this twisted tour of duty on-board the Normandy, but she had apparently been a quick study. Oriana could feel an unwelcome tingle start to build between her legs as Victoria worked the tip of her tongue against Oriana's clit, at the same time shoving two fingers down into her twat to probe for her g-spot. All while Jack now slid her hands under Oriana's shirt and raised it up to paw at her bare breasts.

"You still don't get it, do you?" Jack said to Oriana. "It's in us all now, Ori. Don't know how those Protheans gave Samara a cock, but however they did, the jizz she shoots out is like the best fucking drug that was ever created. And once you get it in you, you can give a taste of it to anyone else. Gabby gave it to Ken and Victoria. I gave it to your sister. And me and her... we gave it to you."

Oriana's eyes went wide. "No..." she gasped.

"Fuck yeah, babe," Jack said with a chuckle. "That kiss I gave you when I first came in here, that was your first taste. And when Miranda stuck her tongue deep down into your snatch, she gave you even more of it. It's in your body right now, breaking down your resistances. Making you just as horny and happy as we are. You can fight it all you want, but you'll give in. Just like we did. And once you do that... well, shit, I can't wait to see that pretty little cunt of yours with the mistress's cock buried balls-deep inside it, while you moan and beg for more. I can't think of anything sexier, can you?"

"Stop, please," Oriana moaned. As Victoria's head bobbed between her legs and she felt herself getting closer and closer to cumming, she realized with horror that if Jack's words were true, then Victoria's pussy eating was only introducing even more of this "drug" into Oriana's system. She tried her best to struggle against Jack's biotics, but Jack's abilities were too powerful. As the minutes ticked by, Oriana looked up to see that Gabby had turned her back to Ken, and her boyfriend had grabbed one of her legs to hoist it up so that he could thrust his cock into her from behind. Oriana was horrified to find herself unable to stop staring at Ken's cock buried inside of Gabby's pussy, her eyes only moving away from that lewd sight to watch Gabby's tits bounce with every rough thrust. She felt the tingle between her legs building even stronger, and part of her knew that once she reached her climax, there would be no resistance left in her. She would surrender to this madness happily, and there would be no turning back.

And would that be so bad? a voice in her head asked. Oriana was surprised to realize that it was the voice of her sister. To give yourself over to all of this. No more worrying about colony building or Alliance meetings. No more cares at all besides fucking every last warm body in sight. Think about how good it feels when you and Jack get together to fuck all night long. Just imagine that, but for as long as you like, with anyone you like.

The mental sound of her sister's voice made Oriana reluctantly turn her attention to the other side of
the room. Miranda was now flicking her tongue against the blue head of Samara's cock. All while she worked both of her hands up and down the shaft, staring up at her mistress with loving eyes and waiting for the moment of truth. From the strained look on Samara's face, it looked like she was close.

"Cum for me, mistress," Miranda begged, her hands still working Samara's shaft as she vulgarly pleaded. "Cover me with all of your cum. Make me look like the dirty slut I am."

"Miranda," Oriana whispered, desperately wanting to believe that her sister wasn't completely lost to this insanity but finding it hard to believe as she watched Miranda pump and stroke Samara's cock. An eager cry escaped Miranda's throat as Samara's cock jerked, and a thick stream of cum shot out of the tip directly across Miranda's face. Opening her mouth wide, Miranda aimed Samara's prick and attempted to catch as much of the cum as she could on her tongue. But there was so much that Miranda's mouth was soon overflowing with jizz, even as half of Samara's massive load landed on Miranda's face, hair, and tits. By the time the last drops of Samara's jizz had been shot out, Miranda was drenched in cum. And from the look on her face, she couldn't have been happier.

"Oh, shit," Ken muttered from the other side of the quarters, as he buried his cock inside of Gabby and fired off his own load inside of her eager twat. Gabby waited for him to finish cumming inside of her before pulling away and moving over to Miranda. Oriana was momentarily relieved when Victoria pulled away from her pussy and followed Gabby over as well. But her relief was short-lived, as she watched the two women kneel down next to Miranda and began running their tongues along every inch of her skin where Samara's cum had touched. Miranda wore a blissful smile on her face as the two women lapped up as much of their mistress's jizz as they could. Meanwhile, Samara's cock was still rock-hard, and a chill filled Oriana as the mutated asari turned her attention on Oriana.

"You've seen how happy your sister is, Oriana," Samara said, as she walked around the three giggling, cum-slurping women and moved in Oriana's direction. "Now, I think it's time to see how happy you will be to serve me."

Desperately, Oriana tried to figure out what to do. As much as she wanted to believe she could resist whatever she had been tainted with, seeing her sister surrender so utterly to these unnatural urges left Oriana's confidence in tatters. And even now, she could feel her own resistance starting to slip. The image of her sister and two other women kissing each other with cum-soaked lips, one that would have disgusted and horrified Oriana mere minutes ago, now seemed strangely compelling. She knew that she was inches away from giving in, and if Samara was allowed to stick that big, blue cock of hers inside of Oriana, she feared that there would be no going back.

She needed to do something. But as long as Jack was keeping her held in place, her options were limited. If only...

And that was when it came to her. It was a desperate ploy, but she needed to do something.

Looking up at Samara, Oriana took a deep breath and spoke. "Yes, mistress," she moaned. "Fuck me, mistress, please."

At the sound of her vulgar pleas, every eye turned in Oriana's direction. Putting a desperate look on her face, Oriana made herself start to breathe deeply, flicking her eyes between Samara's surprised face and her throbbing cock, still slick with Miranda's spit and with cum still trickling from the tip.

"By the goddess," Samara said, pausing to look over the squirming, desperate looking Oriana. "It appears you have come to accept your new role quite quickly."
"Yes, yes, yes..." Oriana feverishly muttered. "I want it, mistress. I want your cock inside me. I need you to fuck me. Please!"

Samara laughed to herself. "Well, as my other servants will be happy to tell you, I am a most gracious mistress. And I do not have the heart to refuse such a humble request."

As Samara took a step in Oriana's direction, hand around the base of her shaft, Oriana spoke up. "Wait," she said. "Jack... release me, please. I want to be able to touch the mistress while she fucks me."

A suspicious look came to Samara's face, but nonetheless she nodded to Jack behind Oriana. "No funny business, now," Jack said, before breaking her concentration and releasing her biotic hold.

Oriana gasped as she felt herself able to move again. Part of her wanted to make a run for it, but she knew that if she made a single wrong move, Jack would lock her right back down again. So instead, she spread her legs wider than they had already been parted, and reached a hand down to start rubbing herself.

"Give it to me, mistress," Oriana moaned, coating her fingers with her juices as she stared wantonly at Samara's cock. "Shove that big blue cock of yours inside me and fill me up with all your cum."

Satisfied that Oriana appeared to be genuine in her desires, Samara began moving again in her direction. Oriana continued playing with herself and vulgarly begging for Samara's cock. All while waiting for the opportune moment.

When it finally came, Samara just a few steps away from the bed, Oriana steeled herself. She only had one shot at this, and she had to make it count.

"Prepare yourself, my servant," Samara said, her attention focused on Oriana's glistening pussy.

"Wait, mistress," Oriana said, causing Samara to pause in her step and look up at Oriana's face. "There's just one more thing before you... before you fuck me."

Samara arched her brow. "Oh?"

"This!" Oriana said. And as quickly as she could manage, she swung one of her legs inward, and drove her foot up as hard as she could into Samara's dangling scrotum.

* * *

Stepping up to the last of the creatures, the nasty bug-thing wounded and screeching in pain, Ashley fired down at it with her assault rifle until she heard the beep of her heat-sink overheating. Taking a breath, she ejected it and surveyed the area. All around the mining tunnel, dead rachni lay in pools of their own blood. "Think that's the last of them, commander," she announced as she reloaded her weapon, just in case.

Shepard walked over, his own assault rifle smoking as he clapped a hand on her shoulder. "Good work, Williams," he said, keeping his tone professional around the Barton facility's security forces that had accompanied them down into the tunnels. Turning to their leader, he asked. "Scans bringing up anything else?"
"No signs of life, sir," the grunt responded. "Damn fine work. It's one thing to hear people talk about the legendary Commander Shepard. I'm glad I got the privilege to see him in action."

"We all did our fair share out there," Shepard said, and Ashley forced herself not to smile. One of the things she loved about Shepard: always so modest. Ever after all these years, she knew he wasn't quite used to being a living legend. "How about you and your men move back to base camp? I want to do one last sweep with Commander Williams."

Even though he was a private contractor and not Alliance, the man couldn't help but fire off a salute. "Yes, sir. Radio us if there's any further threats. Otherwise we'll see you back at the main facility."

As the armored security team withdrew, Ashley gave Shepard a confused look. "You want to do another sweep? Pretty sure we got 'em all, Shepard."

"I think you're right... Commander Williams," Shepard said, a devious smile on his face as he moved in close. "But maybe I just wanted a little bit of privacy to do this."

Smiling, Ashley moved in to accept his kiss, reaching up to cling to the back of his neck as their lips met. "How romantic," she said after breaking the kiss. "Just you, me... and a bunch of dead bugs. A few candles and some soft music and it would be just perfect."

Shepard chuckled, his hands reaching up to stroke against Ashley's heavy body armor. "I can think of one other thing that would make it perfect, actually," he said. Reaching up her side, his fingers found the fasteners for her breast plate.

"Shepard, stop fooling around," Ash said, slapping his hand away. "We'll be back to the Normandy soon enough."

"Maybe I don't want to wait until we're back on the Normandy," Shepard said, his voice low and suggestive. "Maybe I want to take you right here... right now."

Sighing, Ashley stepped away from him. "Well, you're gonna have to wait, buddy," she said, struggling not to sound too annoyed. "Come on, let's sweep the area. Give you a chance to get your mind off your libido for a little while."

Turning away from Shepard, Ashley shook her head in disbelief. Even after all these years, Shepard hadn't changed. It was the one thing about him that drove her nuts: his poor sense of timing when it came to his desires. Call her a traditional girl, but Ashley had always believed that sex with the one you loved was something that happened in the privacy of your quarters. But Shepard... when he got it into his head that he wanted her, it didn't matter where they were.

It had started with him not long after they had first consummated their relationship during their mission to stop Saren. There had been a big party on the Citadel a few weeks after their return, and Shepard had tried to pull her into a back room for a "quickie." When Ash had politely but firmly turned him down, Shepard had seemed to accept it without protest. And that night, after they had returned to their quarters and screwed all night, Ash had figured that the matter was settled.

But try as she might to dissuade him, Shepard would keep trying. Once they were back on the SR-1 and back on duty, every so often Shepard would try to convince her again. After clearing out a geth stronghold a few months into their first tour, Shepard had sent Tali back to "secure the Mako" before pulling Ashley into a storage room and trying to convince her to join him in an "after-battle celebration." And a few weeks later, back on the Normandy during the graveyard shift, Shepard had
come up behind her at her workbench, planted his hand on her backside, and nearly started pulling down her uniform pants before Ashley had put a stop to that quick. She still had a hard time believing that one; even though Wrex had left the Normandy by that point to return to Tuchanka, Garrus had been right at the other side of the cargo hold. Granted, when he was working on the Mako he tended to block out the rest of the world, but it would have been hard for him to miss Shepard bending Ash over and plowing her right there in full view of him, and anyone else who might have passed by.

Ashley kept telling herself that she needed to have a talk with him about his inappropriate sense of timing, but every time he tried it and she turned him down, he politely accepted it. And then later that night, once they were in private, the sex would be absolutely amazing. So she had put up with it, even after she joined him years later on the Normandy SR-2 and he got right back up to his same habits. If she didn't love him so much – and didn't love the sex they had when they were in the appropriate time and place – she would have never put up with this sort of crap. She knew that Shepard was hoping that just one of these times, Ashley would finally tell him "yes," but Shepard really should have known by now that it was never going to happen. Sex in public, or even semi-public, was not now and would never be something she enjoyed.

Liar.

Shut up, she urged that voice in her head. That was different. That was... forget it. Pausing in her scan of the tunnels, she turned to see that Shepard had pulled up his omni-tool. "Something wrong, Shepard?" she asked him.

"Not really, no," he responded. "Just haven't heard anything from the Normandy since we left. Hope everything is going alright up there."

"I'm sure it's fine, Shepard," Ashley said. "Miranda's more than capable of holding things down while we're gone."

Shepard nodded. "I know. Under normal circumstances, I wouldn't worry. But... this whole thing with Liara," he said, and then quickly added. "And Samara, too. We still know so little about their conditions. I just hope there haven't been any complications while we've been gone."

Ashley forced a smile to her face. "If something had happened, they would have sent you a message," she said to him. "So stop worrying and let's finish up this sweep. Sooner we do that, sooner we can get back and set course for the Citadel. I'm sure the doctors there will be able to figure it all out."

"You're probably right," Shepard said, while not sounding entirely convinced. Deactivating his omni-tool, he pointed down one of the tunnels. "Do one more check down there. I'll scope out this tunnel over here. Once we're done there, we can head back."

"Roger that, Shepard," Ashley said, turning away from him and down to the tunnel. Once her face was pointed away from him, the smile quickly slipped off her face.

You know you're being ridiculous, her internal voice chided her. Shepard's with you. He's never given any real reason for you to doubt him.

He hadn't, that was true. So why did Ashley feel this jealously fill her whenever Shepard talked about Liara? Yes, the two of them had been flirty back on the SR-1. But when it had come down to it, Shepard had chosen Ashley. And despite her occasional doubts, Shepard had seemed nothing but
devoted to Ashley ever since then.

Not to mention, and Ashley felt horrible for thinking this way under the circumstances, even if Shepard still had feelings for Liara, Ashley couldn't imagine he was all that interested in her now. Unless he had been hiding a fetish for asari with male anatomy all this time from her. No doubt Liara would be cured eventually, and Ashley would be back to feeling pointlessly jealous every time the asari was around Shepard. But right now, considering the changes that had come to Liara, Ashley knew that she had nothing to worry about.

Although... maybe it's not Shepard still having feelings for Liara that you're really worried about, Ash. Maybe it's that you're worried the two of them might do that melding thing again. And that if they did, Shepard would find out all about...

"Shut up," Ashley muttered to herself, driving the thoughts out of her mind immediately. That was all in the past. It didn't matter. She forced herself to focus on the task at hand, sweeping her assault rifle's flashlight through the tunnel.

And once they were done here and back at the Normandy, maybe Ashley would finally have that talk with Shepard.

* * *

The impact of Oriana's foot into Samara's groin had an immediate effect. Samara's serene expression immediately vanished, her jaw dropping wide open as she let out a strangled gasp, her hands reaching down to clasp her throbbing crotch. All of the other people in the room let out surprised cries, immediately rushing towards their injured mistress with concern on their faces.

Exactly as Oriana had hoped. She had to move fast, before everyone recovered their composure and Jack had time to lock her down again. Leaping up from the bed, Oriana rushed over to her sister. Grabbing Miranda by the wrist, Oriana yanked her away from Samara and the rest of her thralls and through the door to their quarters. Just as the rest of the people in the room realized what was happening, Oriana shut the door behind them and triggered the lock, shutting them inside. She knew it wouldn't take long for one of the engineering members to open the lock, but it gave Oriana all the time she needed.

"Ori, what did you do?" Miranda said, staring at her sister in shock. "The mistress, you..."

"Randa, I love you, but you need to shut up and follow me right now," Oriana said. Taking her sister by the wrist again, Oriana tried to pull Miranda again, but her sister resisted.

"We have to go back," Miranda protested. "The mistress is hurt. We need to..."

Drawing back, Oriana slapped Miranda across the face. Jaw open, Miranda stared at Oriana in shock, bringing her palm up to rub against her now reddened cheek.

"Listen to me," Oriana said firmly. "This isn't you. I don't know what this... stuff has done to you, but I know there's still got to be some of my sister still left in there. You're Miranda Lawson. A genetically perfect biotic badass. You don't serve some asari freak with a cock or anyone else. You're strong. You're powerful. And I'm not going to let them turn you into something you're not."

"Oriana, I..." Miranda started to say, and Oriana was pleased to see a trace of doubt on her sister's face. "I don't know. Sucking the mistress's cock felt so good. But I don't... I don't know why it felt so
Oriana let out a gasp, as she saw the lock on the door to their quarters start to flash. Someone on the other side was starting to open it, and it wouldn't take them long. "We'll work this out later, Randa. Right now, you just need to follow me," Oriana said frantically. And while there was still uncertainty on her sister's face, Oriana was pleased to finally see Miranda nod.

Taking Miranda by the hand, Oriana led her towards the door out into the main CIC. She hated having to show themselves to everyone in this state: her sister naked and slick with spit and the last few drops of Samara's cum, and Oriana wearing nothing but a sheer cami shirt. But all of their clothes were on the other side of that door, and Oriana had no intention of heading back in there any time soon. As shameful as it was, she had no other option.

Just before the door leading out into the conference room, Oriana paused for just a moment, her eyes locking on something sitting on her work desk. "Just in case," she muttered to herself, snatching up the object before leading Miranda out the door to their work area. Once they were through, Oriana caught a glimpse of the door to their quarters opening, before she shut the door into their workspace and locked it as well.

"Where are we going, Ori?" Miranda asked.

"We're going to get help, Randa," Oriana said as she led Miranda through the conference room towards the front of the ship. "There should be some marines out on the CIC deck. Or Specialist Traynor, she might know what to do. Whoever it is, somebody out there will be able to..."

But when the door to the main CIC area opened, all of Oriana's plans went out the window.

"No," she muttered, as she looked across the CIC deck. Empty. Totally empty. No marines. No Traynor. Not even any bridge crew. The main operating center of the Normandy was completely unmanned. Oriana had never seen the Normandy's CIC like this, and the sight of it was absolutely terrifying. Even the door to the main cockpit was wide open, revealing that Joker was not in the pilot's seat. Joker, who basically lived in the cockpit, was gone.

For a moment, Oriana worried that Samara had gotten to all of them as well. But it wasn't possible. How could she have managed to spread her... taint or whatever it was to the entire crew on her own?

"The mess hall," Oriana muttered to herself. "If they're not here, they have to be in the mess hall." She tugged on Miranda's arm. "Come on, let's go."

Reluctantly, Miranda followed behind her sister as she led her into the lift. As they waited for it to descend, Oriana stared over at Miranda, and after a few moments realized in horror that she was staring not at her sister's face, but at her naked tits and the tuft of dark hair above her snatch. Fight it, Ori, Oriana mentally urged herself, even as her mind brought back images of her sister down on her knees, hungrily sucking on Samara's cock. And even worse, the memory of how it had felt to cum with her sister's tongue lapping at her twat. Even now, she found herself fighting the urge to jam her finger into the button for Deck 2, rush back to where they had just fled from, and join back in to Samara's twisted little orgy.

But she resisted the temptation. Only to find, once the door opened onto Deck 3, that there was more than one Normandy orgy currently in progress.

"Fuck me..."
"Yes yes yes yes..."

"So fucking good..."

As soon as the door to the lift opened, Oriana's senses were assaulted. First were the sounds: moans, squeals, and the unmistakable sound of flesh slapping against flesh. Followed by the musky smell of sex which seemed to fill the entirety of Deck 3. Part of her knew that the help she was seeking was not to be found here, but Oriana couldn't keep herself from stepping out of the lift, and seeing it all for herself.

She stepped around the lift and walked to the mess hall entrance, and what she saw confirmed all of her worst fears. All of the rest of the Normandy's crew was there, uniforms tossed aside as they desperately fucked each other. Hard cocks thrust into wet twats and tight asses. Tongues licking flesh and slurping up jizz. Sex toys of every shape and size being put to use on moaning, eager partners. Oriana stared in utter shock, seeing all of the familiar faces she had associated with on a daily basis twisted into masks of insatiable lust. Dr. Michel down on the floor, her pussy and ass both being filled with hard, thrusting cocks. Specialist Traynor, who minutes ago Oriana had hoped would help deal with Samara, grinning lewdly and bending slightly over a table to allow a tattooed female marine to spread open her dark-skinned buttocks and eat out the communications specialist's tightly-puckered asshole. Even Joker was there, the pilot reclining in a chair as two of his bridge crew lavished his cock with their tongues.

It was vulgar and obscene. Formerly professional and restrained Alliance personnel now engaging in unrestrained sex in public without a hint of shame. Indulging in every last one of their desires with each other, and discovering new ones along the way.

And Oriana couldn't make herself look away. Her eyes flitted around the room, moving from one pairing to another. The moans and sounds of sex filled her ears and seemed to cloud her thoughts, leaving only the sound of the unending orgy in front of her.

Behind her, she heard Miranda let out a gasp. Turning to look over her shoulder, Oriana saw that her sister was watching the proceedings with as much interest as Oriana had. Only Miranda had gone one step further: her fingers were busy between her legs, playing with her pussy as she watched the men and women she was supposed to be commanding abandon their duties in favor of overwhelming lust. Oriana wanted to command Miranda to stop, but the words wouldn't come out of her mouth. Instead, she found herself unable to resist the urge to stare at her sister's fingers, busily fingering her twat. Biting her bottom lip, Oriana slid her own hand down her stomach, her fingers brushing against the small patch of hair above her own pussy.

Who are you kidding? If Miranda couldn't resist... what chance do you have? Oriana thought to herself. Give in. It's going to happen eventually, so why not... enjoy it?

"Quite a sight, isn't it?" A voice said from the direction of the mess hall. Surprised, Oriana yanked her hand away from her crotch and turned. Stepping towards them was Liara, looking unlike Oriana had ever seen before. Dressed in some sort of bizarre fetish outfit that seemed to cover barely anything, she strode up to Oriana with her massive breasts bared, and her Prothean-created cock bobbing in front of her. "All of those repressed urges that you humans hold back... how beautiful is it to see them all set free?"

"You... you did this?" Oriana asked in disbelief. Samara had been a stranger to her before her arrival, so she only had Miranda's word that the asari was normally a dignified and chaste individual. Liara,
on the other hand, Oriana had served with her for so long now. And in all that time, Oriana had never seen her like this. The thought of her corrupting the minds of her fellow crew members was almost impossible for Oriana to believe.

"In a way," Liara said, moving in to stand side-by-side with Oriana, the two of them facing the massive Normandy orgy in the mess hall. "But really, all I did was allow these people to be themselves. To let go of all their inhibitions and doubts and indulge in all of their desires." She glanced over at Oriana with a smirk. "Hard to believe that we asari get such a reputation for being lustful, when this is what all of you humans want when you strip away all of their restraint."

Oriana shook her head. "No. This... this isn't..." she muttered, no strength at all in her voice as she was unable to resist the urge to stop staring at the ongoing orgy.

"It's okay, Oriana," Liara said, and Oriana let out a surprised gasp as she felt Liara's fingers around her wrist. "I know that it's frightening, but in the end... you'll thank me. Just like they all did."

She wanted to fight it, but all of her will to struggle was gone, as she felt Liara pull her hand over to the throbbing blue length between her legs. Without even thinking about it, Oriana wrapped her fingers around Liara's cock, and slowly began to stroke it. It was so bizarre and yet... yet it felt so natural. So right. Maybe Liara was right after all. Maybe deep down inside, all of humanity were little more than balls of pent-up lust, just waiting for the right excuse to indulge their desires. Even genetically-perfect clones like Miranda and her had desires, and how foolish had Oriana been to deny those desires for so long? As she worked her hand up and down the length of Liara's veiny prick, behind her Oriana could hear Miranda moan as her fingering brought her to another climax. Hearing her sister cum sent a tingle through Oriana, and just as she was ready to drop the object in her other hand, freeing it up to thrust it between her own legs and finger her clit...

"These two are mine, Liara. I think you already have more than enough of your own servants to play with."

Both Oriana and Liara turned, just in time to see Samara step around from the lift entrance, flanked by Jack and the rest of her thralls. The sight of it snapped Oriana out of her lustful trance, and she yanked her hand away from Liara's cock as if it were red hot.

"Hello, Samara," Liara said, an innocent smile on her face. "I see you've been doing some liberating of these humans' minds as well. Glad to see you have embraced the Protheans' gift just as I have."

"Yes, although I suppose you have been much more... generous with that gift," Samara said, eyeing the orgy going on without pause even as the two asari confronted each other. "But as I said before: the Lawson sisters are mine."

"Is that so?" Liara said, glancing over at Oriana and glancing down at her nearly naked body. "Because I believe humans have something of a saying. 'I don't see your name on them.'"

Samara frowned, and suddenly flared with the blue glow of biotics. "I will not ask you again, Liara. Allow me to take my two servants in peace, or deal with the consequences."

Letting out a laugh, Liara clenched her fists and soon glowed as well. By now, the confrontation had caught the attention of the Normandy crew, who pulled themselves away from their endless fucking long enough to watch as the two asari stared each other down. "This should be interesting. I've never fought a justicar before," she said with a smirk.
"And I've never fought a Shadow Broker before," Samara responded. "I suppose it's a day of firsts for all of us."

Walking carefully away as the two asari paced around each other, Oriana grabbed Miranda by the wrist again. "Miranda, come on!" she hissed at her sister, yanking her away from the brewing confrontation. Before anyone could notice their departure, Oriana fled with Miranda through the closest door, shutting it behind them the second they were through.

"Not taking any chances this time," Oriana said to herself, reaching over to pry open a panel on the wall next to the door. While she had only taken a few classes in electrical engineering as an elective back in college, she knew enough to find the main power coupling for the door control. Gripping onto it, she removed it with a hard yank, and the light of the door trigger soon dimmed and vanished. "There. Nobody's going to get through that door now unless they break it down," she said triumphantly. "We should be safe in here for a while."

Miranda nodded, but her eyes flicked over to the shut door and Oriana knew that if her sister had her choice, right now she'd be out supporting her "mistress" in her fight. No doubt hoping that once it was all over, Samara would favor her with a deep hard fucking. Images of Miranda bent over and grunting as Samara filled her with blue cock filled Oriana's mind, and they lingered a lot longer than she would have liked.

If Samara hadn't come in just at that moment, I would have surrendered, Oriana thought to herself. As she stepped deeper into the life support room, she struggled to regain her composure. But deep down, she knew that this was a fight that she was losing. The sight of that massive orgy out in the mess hall had filled her, not with shock or horror, but longing. Part of her wanted nothing more than to jump into the middle of that squirming mass of bodies and let herself be fucked by whoever got to her first. Whatever effect the juices she had been exposed to were having on her mind, they were growing stronger minute by minute. And if something wasn't done soon, Oriana knew that she couldn't resist them forever.

Her eyes locked on the table, and the hovering orb that had been the cause of all of this insanity. "What are you doing, Ori?" Miranda asked, as Oriana strode quickly over to the table.

"Goddamn you!" Oriana cried out, placing the object in her hand on the table in order to press both palms against the Prothean device. She snatched it up from the table and held it above her head. "Fucking Protheans!" she yelled as she drove the orb down against the table with all of her strength. The metal device let out a loud bang as it hit the hard tabletop, but otherwise showed no sign of damage. "You horny little bastards!" she screamed again, as she banged the orb into the table again and again. Miranda watched helplessly as her sister angrily smashed the device into the table, hoping against hope that breaking the thing would reverse all of this madness. But once she had exhausted all of her strength, there was not even the smallest dent in the orb's reflective surface. Oriana saw only her anguished face in its surface, and when she tossed it down on the floor it came to a stop about an inch from the ground before hovering just as it was on the table.

"Dammit," Oriana said, sobbing to herself. Collapsing into the chair by the table, she wiped at her face and the tears uncontrollably streaming down her cheeks. "This is all my fault, Miranda. Everything that happened to you... it's my fault."

"It's... okay, Ori," Miranda said, her voice hesitant and distant. As if she knew that was what she was supposed to say in this situation, even if her mind was miles away. No doubt on thoughts of a thick blue cock, the same thoughts that were creeping into Oriana's mind more and more.
"No, Randa. If I hadn't kept Jack a secret from you until now, you wouldn't have gone down to confront her about it. And you wouldn't have gotten exposed to... to all of this," Oriana said. "Shit, and if I hadn't told Jack she was nothing but a casual fling, maybe she wouldn't have even gotten with Samara in the first place and started this whole mess." Clasping her head in her hands, Oriana muttered to herself again. "It's my fault. All my fault."

Miranda said nothing in response. After a few moments, Oriana heard light gasps from behind her and knew that her sister had started masturbating again. She didn't even have the energy to stop her at this point. What would it matter, anyway? There was no hope anymore. Her sister was lost to these carnal urges, and as much as she was fighting it, Oriana knew that it was only a matter of time before she was just as horny and desperate as Miranda and the rest of the crew.

There was only one hope left for them. One shot for them to escape from all of this. Looking down at the table, Oriana picked up the object she had grabbed in her flight out of their work area. Placing the omni-tool in her palm, she activated it and accessed her messaging software. With trembling fingers, she addressed the message to Commander Shepard and began typing.

Subject: DO NOT COME BACK TO THE NORMANDY!
Message Priority: Emergency

Shepard,

Liara and Samara have gone insane! The Prothean device has done something to their minds, and something in their body chemistry has allowed them to enslave the rest of the Normandy's crew. I'm the last one left, and I'm afraid that I may not last too much longer. But before then, I have to warn you: don't come back here! Call for back-up from the Alliance and have them bring a team to retake the Normandy! They should wear protective gear, and above all else they cannot allow themselves to be exposed to any bodily fluids. I know this sounds crazy, but you need to listen to me. If you and Commander Williams come back, it will only be a matter of time before they break your will as well. Call in backup and save us!

Oriana

Sending the message, Oriana let out her breath. Once Shepard received that message, she knew that he would do the right thing. And even if Oriana ended up surrendering to these unnatural urges in the end, once Shepard arrived with a team she was sure he would be able to cure them of the influence of Samara and Liara's fluids.

But what will you end up doing in the meantime, Ori? Miranda's voice asked mockingly in her head. Once you give in, what sort of nasty things will you be doing with all of your friends? And with me, Ori. What will you end up doing with me, all alone in this room with your horny sister?

Shaking her head, and trying to ignore the sound of Miranda moaning and playing with herself on the other side of the room, Oriana made a promise to herself. To fight as long as she could, even if it would be futile in the end. After all, maybe there was an Alliance team in the area already. If they got here fast enough... maybe Oriana would be able to hold out until then.

Laying her head down on her arms across the table, Oriana told herself to fight. Keep fighting it.
Fight it as long as you can.

And she kept thinking that up until the exhaustion finally hit her, and she drifted off to sleep.

* * *

"Thank you again, Commander," said the Barton facility's administrator, Douglas Fletcher. He shook Shepard's hand vigorously with a wide grin. "You came along just at the right time. Thanks to your help and Commander Williams's help, we handled this catastrophe without a single casualty."

"Happy to assist, Mr. Fletcher," Shepard said, glancing anxiously at the door to Fletcher's office. "Now, if you don't mind we need to get back to the Normandy as soon as possible. A couple of friends of ours are in need of medical assistance back at the Citadel, and we'd like to get going as soon as possible."

Fletcher's eyes went wide. "Oh, my! I'm so sorry to hear that! I only hope that their condition hasn't been worsened by the Normandy diverting to assist us. I would never forgive myself if..."

"It's not a problem, Mr. Fletcher," Ashley chimed in. "Their condition isn't serious. Just... unusual."

"Really?" Fletcher said, the grey-haired man arching an eyebrow. "Unusual how? My medical staff may not measure up to the Citadel's, but I'm sure I could send someone up to take a look."

Shepard shook his head. "It's complicated. And trust me, I don't think your doctors have seen anything quite like this."

"Well, I'll trust to your judgment," Fletcher said. "Thank you again, and you can let the Alliance know that this facility should be back up and running in 24 hours."

"Glad to..." Shepard started to say, before he was interrupted by a loud chiming from his wrist. He glanced over at Ashley, whose expression turned grave as she recognized the sound. An emergency priority message. Quickly, he pulled up his arm to activate his omni-tool, and his eyes immediately locked on the subject line of the message:

**DO NOT COME BACK TO THE NORMANDY!**
Her eyes snapped open, and she let out a gasp as she awoke. For a moment, Oriana had no idea where she was, before her clouded vision returned to her and she saw the familiar surroundings of her and Randa's shared quarters.

After a second of disorientation, Oriana let out her breath and smiled. *Oh, thank fuck,* she thought to herself, as she leaned her head back into her pillows and the realization hit her: it had all been a dream. She should have really figured it out earlier. The whole idea of some weird Prothean artifact causing asari to grow cocks that spewed mind-altering cum. Seriously? It was like something out of a bad porno. No possible way that it could happen in the real world.

As she stretched the sleep out of her muscles and laughed about the crazy dream she had just had, the door to the room opened, revealing Miranda on the other side. Seeing her as Oriana was used to her – dignified and with her head held high – was such a stark contrast from the twisted image from her subconscious. The very thought of that perverse vision of her sister from her dream, naked on her knees with her mouth wrapped around a thick cock and her fingers busy between her legs, seemed so utterly bizarre to Oriana now that she couldn't help but smile.

Glancing over at her sister lying in bed, Miranda saw her expression and returned the smile. "Hey, Ori," she said, walking over and crouching by her sister's bed. "Have a nice dream?"

"No, not nice at all," Oriana said cagily. "In fact, very very naughty," she added with a giggle. It was funny; the images had seemed so horrifying back when she had believed they were real. But knowing that they were nothing more than a product of her subconscious mind, Oriana had to admit to herself that some of the things that were happening were tantalizingly kinky to her now. The image of everyone on the ship stripping out of their uniforms and engaging in a massive orgy... unlikely as it may have been, that was something Oriana would like to see. And maybe even take part in.

"Well, no need to go into detail," Miranda said, causing Oriana to giggle again. She loved her sister, but Randa always got so prudish when the topic of sex came up. It was one of the things that made the dream seem all the more bizarre now. The idea of her sister strutting naked around the Normandy, tits bouncing and pussy dripping as she begged to be fucked by any man or woman willing to make her cum, it was... was...

*Kind of hot?*

No, that wasn't right. Oriana cast the image out of her mind as Miranda lowered herself down further, close enough to be face to face with her reclining sister. "Yes, no need to go into detail," she repeated softly, reaching up to brush away hair from Oriana's forehead. "Since I know all about it, after all."

"Know all about it?" Oriana asked, confused. "Randa, what..."

And then Miranda moved in for a kiss. Not one of their usual, close-lipped sisterly gestures, but a hungry, unmistakably erotic kiss. Oriana's eyes went wide as Miranda moaned into her mouth, just
before she felt the wet heat of Miranda's tongue slither into her mouth and begin lustily exploring around. Oriana wanted to pull away, but found herself completely unable to move.

After several seconds of this uncomfortably erotic gesture, Miranda pulled away long enough to catch her breath, and whisper huskily to her sister. "You see, Ori... this is the dream. And everything that happened before you woke up, that was all real."

"No..." Oriana gapsed, before Miranda pushed in to kiss her again. She let out weak cries of protest that were muffled by her sister's tongue invading her mouth again. Try as she might, Oriana couldn't get any single part of her body to move, and she was helpless as Miranda hungrily made out with her. Just when she thought the situation couldn't get more horrifying, she felt a hand slid up underneath the cami she was wearing, and Miranda's hand begin lovingly fondling one of Oriana's bare tits underneath the sheer fabric.

Shit shit shit shit shit, Oriana thought, her internal voice desperate. Please wake up, Ori. For God's sake, please wake up!

"Why do you want to wake up?" Miranda asked, pulling away from Oriana's lips to respond to Oriana's unspoken thoughts, all while her hand kept casually playing with Oriana's breast. "After all... isn't your situation in the real world just as dire as it is in this dream? Locked in a room with me, forced to watch how horny and desperate I am and knowing that... it's only a matter of time before you are just as big of a slut as I am?"

"No, I can fight it," Oriana protested, speaking out loud even though she knew that, in this strange dream-world, it wasn't really necessary. "I just need to hold out long enough for Shepard and Ash to get back. I can fight it, Miranda. And once they come, we'll figure out a way to... to..." Oriana let out a gasp as Miranda's hand drifted out from underneath her shirt, only to begin sliding down Oriana's stomach and down between her legs. "Randa, no! Stop!" she hissed.

"Who are you talking to, Ori?" Miranda said, her tone amused as her fingers started to slide between the waistband of Oriana's underwear and the bare, heaving flesh underneath. "This is all in your mind, remember? I'm not really your sister; just your mental image of her. So anything that happens in this dream is nothing more than your own desires. So me doing this..." Miranda said, as her fingers made contact with Oriana's slit and began lightly brushing against the folds of her labia, "...This is what you want. What you've always wanted."

Oriana tried to summon the will to shake her head, even as she felt herself getting wet at Miranda's gentle, yet skillful fingering. "No, it's not me. It's... it's that stuff you and Jack put in me," Oriana weakly protested. "The stuff from Samara that fucked with your mind. That's the only reason I'm having this dream."

"Mmm hmm," the dream image of Miranda said, as she began playing with Oriana's pussy in earnest. "When you lie to me, you know, you're really lying to yourself. I know what you really want."

"Fuck," Oriana gasped, wincing as the mental project of Miranda began rubbing at her clit. Even though she knew full well that it was a dream, Miranda's fingers in her snatch felt so real. And felt so... so good... Still, she voiced another denial. "I'm not lying. And this isn't what I want. It's just the Prothean chemicals causing this dream."

Miranda cocked an eyebrow, her fingers deep into Oriana's wet cunt, and asked. "Then how do you explain the other ones?"
Oriana felt a chill run through her. "What other ones? What are you talking about?" she asked, sounding unconvincing even to her own self.

"You had the first one a few days after our first meeting," Miranda said, reaching up with her free hand to begin unfastening her bodysuit, while her other continued pleasuring Oriana's snatch. "It started out just like what had happened in reality: the two of us chatting and discussing your life before I headed back to the Normandy. But then things went... differently in the dream, didn't they? We didn't just hug each other at the end of that meeting. We do so much more."

Oriana said nothing, desperately wanting to shut her eyes and block out Miranda's cocky expression. But her dream would not even allow her that luxury anymore, and she was forced to stare into Miranda's lustful eyes, as the dream image of her sister slowly stripped out of her clothes.

"You dismissed it at the time... but then they just kept coming," Miranda continued, opening up the top half of her jumpsuit to reveal the swell of her breasts underneath a lacy black bra. "Sometimes once or twice a week. Sometimes they'd go away for a while, only to happen several nights in a row. You and me, naked and sweating, making love in every possible position. You tried everything to make them go away. Depriving yourself of sleep and, when that didn't work, taking sleeping pills in hopes of sending yourself into a dreamless slumber. And when neither of those options worked, you went out to clubs and picked up anonymous women, hoping to drive the dream images away with a string of real life fuck sessions. Only to find yourself reliving those nights of passion in your dreams, with me in place of your random conquests. Even after you picked up Jack and had sex with her for hours, when you dreamt it wasn't her you were fucking, was it? It was..."

"Stop it," Oriana weakly said as Miranda yanked down her bra and bared her beautiful tits, not even sure if she was protesting her sister's slow and tantalizing striptease, the hand still busily pleasuring Oriana's pussy, or the long-buried secrets this mental project of her sister was bringing to light.

"Eventually, you went on the extranet," Miranda continued to speak, while casually playing with one of her own bared breasts. "And what you found finally put your mind at ease. Incestuous dreams often weren't about actual sexual desire, you read, but the subconscious mind telling you that it wants to improve your relationship with that family member. And it all made so much sense, didn't it? It wasn't that you really wanted to fuck me, Ori. It's that you missed me while I was off with Shepard on the Normandy. Or out trying to deal with our father once and for all. You didn't want to have sex with me; you just wanted to spend more time with me, and be a true sister to me. At least... that's what you told yourself."

She was cumming. Oriana gasped and squirmed as much as her subconscious would allow her, as she felt the unwelcome spasms grip her body and her cunt begin dripping juices across her sister's fingers. She tried to hold back, but the dream wouldn't even allow her that, and she let out loud, heated moans as Miranda's fingers continued probing inside of her.

"So when Miranda asked you to join her here on the Normandy, you jumped at the chance," Miranda said, pausing a moment to roll a finger around one of her erect nipples, letting out a low moan that made Oriana's cunt twitch. "You figured it would be awkward at first, being around the woman you had spent the past few months having countless erotic dreams about. But with the chance to get to know your sister and finally forge a real relationship, you figured it would finally put an end to all those nights of waking up with sweaty sheets and images of Miranda's tongue in your pussy." Letting out a low chuckle, Miranda added. "Except... it didn't work, did it?"

"No," Oriana gasped, Miranda's devilishly skillful fingers working her towards another climax.
"Fuck, no."

"No, indeed," Miranda said softly. "They just grew more frequent, more intense. It reached the point where the rare night where you didn't dream about fucking Miranda was a welcome relief. Every day you spent so many hours next to her, helping her with her work, and every night you dreamed about all the nastiest things you could possibly do to her. Until the point came where... you gave in. You stopped fighting it, stopped trying to find an answer to all the filthy dreams and just... let them happen." Miranda began speaking in Oriana's voice, the effect of hearing the sound of her own voice coming out of her sister's throat sending a shiver through Oriana. "It's just like those psychologists on the extranet said. Even if I dream about Miranda every night, it's not that I actually want to have sex with her. It's just my brain telling me that we need to work harder on our relationship."

The words elicited a laugh from Miranda. "It was a nice try, Ori, but it's like the greatest psychologist of all once said: 'Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar.' And sometimes dreams about fucking your sister don't have some mysterious, hidden meaning. Deep down, Ori, I think you always knew that. But you decided to lie to yourself. To believe in your own mind that all of the dreams about having sex with Miranda weren't exactly what they appeared to be. And making yourself believe that made the frequency of the dreams decrease. Oh, you still had them regularly, of course. But whenever they came, you surrendered to them. Threw yourself into sex with Miranda without hesitation, while telling yourself that it didn't mean anything. That it was some subconscious metaphor, and not your deep, hidden lust for Miranda releasing itself in the only way available to you."

Even in the haze of the unwanted erotic dream, something was starting to bother Oriana. Something about Miranda's words – or this dream image of Miranda, that was – had turned strange. Finally, it hit her. "You're quite clever, Oriana. Very well, then. I'll show you my true face."

A smirk came to the face of the Miranda image. "You're quite clever, Oriana. Very well, then. I'll show you my true face."

There was no glow or shimmer. No magical effect to signal the change in her dream. Just one moment, Miranda was there. And then the next second, she was replaced.

By a naked, well-proportioned asari with a massive blue cock.

"Samara," Oriana said with a gasp. "No... stop! Get out of my head, dammit!"

The image of the serene asari gave her a light smile. "I'm afraid I can't do that, child," Samara said, her free hand now stroking her cock while the other was still planted between Oriana's legs. "You've gotten a taste of me from Jack and your sister. And now you and I are linked together, just as I am with the rest of my subjects."

"Subjects?" Oriana said bitterly, feeling a little more confident now that the image of Miranda molesting her had gone away. "Is that what we are? Nothing but slaves to your will?"

"Oh, Oriana," Samara said softly. "Is that what you think of me? I don't want to control you or Jack or your sister... or any of you. I just want you to stop suppressing your desires. I want to free you, not chain you. Now that my essence is inside you, I can reach into your mind. See all of the lusts and cravings you've kept bottled up for so long."

Samara's fingers slid up and down the length of her cock, and she looked down at the monster
between her legs with a serene smile. "I used to be just like you. Believing that suppressing all of my desires was a good thing. That it was a source of strength, rather than what it truly was: a pointless denial of my true cravings. This... this wonderful thing between my legs... it has shown me the truth. And it will show you as well. All you have to do is stop fighting it, and I can give you everything you ever dreamed of. Freedom, Oriana. No petty concepts like morality and modesty to hold us back. True and total freedom: that is what the Protheans have given to me. And if you let me, that is what I can give to you." With a smirk, Samara blinked, and Oriana could feel the dream-world around her shift. "Just like this."

Glancing down to the foot of the bed, Oriana watched as Samara pulled her hand away from between Oriana's legs. Only to reveal a new mental project of Miranda, stark naked with lust in her eyes, climbing between Oriana's thighs and gently parting them. Her fingers brushed lightly against Oriana's damp, panty-covered mound, and in the blink of an eye Oriana's underwear simply vanished, leaving her snatch bare and helpless in front of the image of her horny sister.

"Stop lying to yourself, Oriana," Samara said gently, as Miranda lowered herself down and started licking Oriana's cunt. "This is what you want, isn't it? She can be yours, Oriana. Just like you always dreamed about."

"And me, too," Oriana heard a voice from the other side of the bed, and the dream allowed her to turn her neck enough to see Jack, not a stitch of clothing covering her tattooed body, crawling across the bed towards Oriana. "Just think about it, babe. No more petty worries about our relationship or what Miranda would think." The dream image of Jack turned to look at Miranda and smirked. "Hey, Miranda! You wouldn't mind too much if I fuck your sister, would you?"

"Yes, I would mind, actually," Miranda said, pulling away from Oriana's crotch to reveal a smile dripping with pussy juices. "Because I'm in the middle of fucking her. But you can have your turn once I'm finished."

Jack chuckled, turning back to Oriana with a shrug. "That sister of yours, babe... what a greedy little slut, huh? But no big deal. Once we're both done making that pretty pussy of yours cum, you can watch while me and her fuck the shit out of each other." She arched her brow. "Yeah, we've seen those dreams too, you dirty girl. Bet you never would have thought those ones would ever come true."

"But they will, Oriana," Samara chimed in, as Jack leaned down to take one of Oriana's nipples into her mouth. "Every last one of your most erotic imaginings will become reality. And there won't be a single second wasted on shame or self-doubt. Only the pleasure of surrender." Samara slowly stroked her cock as she softly spoke to Oriana. "And there's only one thing you need to do to make it all happen: ask me for it. Ask me to grant your wishes, and I promise you that I will. All you have to do is ask."

Throwing her head back on the pillow, feeling Miranda's tongue rolling across and around her throbbing clit and Jack's mouth sucking on her tit, Oriana opened her mouth to try and voice yet another denial.

But what came out instead was a loud, desperate cry. "Yes!" Oriana shut her eyes and exclaimed in complete surrender. "Yes, I want this! I want this so fucking bad! I want to fuck Miranda... and Jack... and Samantha and Chloe and Ken and Gabby and every other person on this ship! I want to spend the rest of my life fucking and cumming and never stopping for a second! I'm a horny slut and I don't care anymore! Free me, Samara! Make me one of your subjects!"
Re-opening her eyes to stare up at the ceiling, Oriana instead saw Samara crouched across her chest. With her massive blue cock less than an inch away from Oriana’s face.

"Then open your mouth, Oriana," Samara said, a soft smile on her face as she stroked her giant cock. "And receive the Protheans’ greatest gift."

_I don't care anymore_, the feverish thought ran through Oriana's mind. As she felt herself start cumming again from the stimulation of her sister's talented tongue, she licked her lips and stared longingly at Samara's cock. _I'm weak and pathetic and horny and I don't care anymore. Whatever Samara wants, I'll do. Just as long as she can make me feel as good as I feel right now, for the rest of my life!_

And somehow, Oriana knew deep down in her heart, that Samara could. She could do anything. She was the perfect, beautiful mistress, and Oriana would do anything for her.

Oriana opened her mouth as wide as she could manage, straining to make sure she could fit as much of her mistress's beautiful cock into her mouth as she could.

And just as she felt the massive piece of cock-meat start moving past her lips and slide against her tongue, the dream image of Samara suddenly let out a gasp.

"What is it?" Oriana asked, feeling panic as the sensation of Miranda's tongue in her pussy disappeared as well.

"No," the mental image of Samara said, staring off into space. "You can't stop this. I won't let you!"

Oriana felt a violent lurch, as if the Normandy of the dream space had suddenly been sent hurtling uncontrollably into space. And then...

* * *

"Aaah!" Oriana cried out, feeling herself falling and then hitting the hard metal bulkhead. After a moment to regain her wits, she realized where she was: back in the life support room. She must have fallen out of her chair in the midst of her... her dream.

_It was so real_, Oriana thought to herself, rubbing at her shoulder as she stood up. She thought about the last moments of the dream and felt a chill run through her. _Did I really give in? Was that really Samara giving me the mental image of..._

Gasp ing, Oriana whirled around. She felt her blood run cold as she saw what had happened while she had slept.

The door to the life support room was wide open. And Miranda was gone.

"Oh, no," Oriana whispered. They had gotten in while she was asleep, and taken Miranda away. She had failed.

But then it occurred to Oriana: if they took Miranda, why didn't they take Oriana as well? Remembering the heated, uncontrollable orgy that had been taking place out in the mess hall, Oriana was certain that, if the participants in that debauchery had gotten access to this room, she would have woken up stripped naked and in the middle of being violated by one or more of those men and women.
And that was when she noticed something else: the door to the life support room was wide open... but Oriana didn't hear a sound. No moans and grunts, no flesh slapping against wet flesh. Nothing but the quiet hum of the Normandy's engines.

Was this some kind of trick? A ploy to lure her out. But why? If they wanted her, the door was open. They could just come and claim her if they wanted to.

But then Oriana remembered something else. What she had seen just before rushing with Miranda into the life support room: Samara and Liara, ready to get into a biotic battle over the "slaves" of the Normandy. And she remembered the way the dream had abruptly ended, with Samara protesting against some unknown force. Horror filled Oriana as she wondered if the cause of the silence was the end result of the battle between the two asari. Maybe the participants in the orgy were gone... or maybe they were already dead.

She had no way of knowing unless she went out and looked, but the thought of it terrified her. It was only her pressing desire to find out what might have happened to Miranda, and make sure that her sister was safe, that forced Oriana to start moving again.

Just as she started to take a tentative step towards the open door, she heard a beeping sound behind her. Letting out a surprised gasp, she turned to see her omni-tool resting on the table. A soft glowing light on the small device indicated that she had a message waiting.

Subject: Re: DO NOT COME BACK TO THE NORMANDY!
Message Priority: Emergency

Oriana, are you there? If you're there, answer me.

Oriana looked at the sender: it was Shepard. "Thank fuck," she muttered to herself, as she quickly tapped out a response.

I'm here, Shepard. What's going on? Is my sister okay?

The wait for a response was only a few seconds, but it felt like hours before the response from Shepard arrived.

Your sister is fine. Ash and I received your message. We came back with a security team from the facility and subdued Liara and Samara.

Although she was relieved to hear that Miranda was okay, the word "subdued" sent a chill through Oriana. Despite everything that had happened, Oriana didn't blame Liara and Samara for all of this insanity. It was that damned Prothean device, still hovering on the floor where Oriana had tossed it, that had been the cause of this.

Before Oriana could send another message asking if the two asari were still alive, another message came through: Come down to the shuttle bay. We were able to formulate a cure that should get rid of the Prothean device's influence.

Oriana immediately started heading to the life support room door, typing on her omni-tool as she walked. I'm heading thre right now. It's a good thing you came when you did, Shepard. Any longer and I might have been just as
Just as what? Horny? Slutty? Desperate to suck cock and eat snatch and get her pussy filled with cum? Dammit, Oriana thought to herself, as she walked through the empty deck towards the lift door. Even if Samara was dead or unconscious, Oriana could still feel her influence. Images of Miranda and Jack, fucking Oriana and each other, filled Oriana's mind. Along with that tantalizing last surrender, her mouth opening wide to suck on Samara's massive, thick, throbbing... delicious blue cock.

*just as out of my mind as the rest of the crew was.* Oriana finished the message and sent it. As she heard the chime indicating a response, the door to the lift slid open. She stepped in quickly, hitting the button to head down to the bottom deck as she read Shepard's response.

*Yes, the rest of the crew was quite reluctant to stop their activities when we arrived. Quite a sight, seeing everyone on the Normandy in the midst of a massive orgy. Have to admit that Ash and I were pretty tempted to join in.*

Oriana stared at the message, unable to believe that it had come from the serious and iron-willed Commander Shepard. Granted, in her current state she could understand the temptation to strip down and start fucking every last warm body in sight. But Shepard hadn't been tainted by Liara and Samara's influence. Unless...

Before she could consider this further, another message from Shepard came through: *It is a wonderful thought, isn't it? Surrendering completely to the pleasure of the moment and indulging in every last one of your desires. Maybe I've made a mistake. Maybe when you get down here, I'll strip out of my uniform, bend you over, and pound that tight little pussy of yours until you scream my name. While Ash shoves your face between her legs and makes you eat out her snatch like the dirty little slut you are. You'd like that, wouldn't you, Oriana? You'd like to join us all down here, wouldn't you?*

Frantically, Oriana rushed towards the lift button, trying to keep the door from opening. But it was too late. As soon as the lift doors opened on Deck 5, she found herself unable to move. She fruitlessly struggled as she was biotically dragged through the door and out into the shuttle bay by powerful biotics.

Biotics wielded by Jack, who stood among the rest of the Normandy crew, all of them still stark naked, in a large crowd in the middle of the shuttle bay. "Took you long enough to wake up, babe," Jack said with a smirk. "Thought for a second we'd have to go up there and drag you down here. But hey, no harm done. You're just a little fashionably late for the big party."

"Party?" Oriana asked, staring around at the rest of the crew and seeing the lust still raging in their eyes. "What are you talking about, Jack?"

"The party, Oriana, to celebrate our new alliance," said a voice from the back of the crowd. The humans parted, their eyes filled with reverence, to reveal Liara and Samara. Standing side-by-side with calm smiles, with their hard cocks erect and throbbing between their legs. Liara eyed the hovering Oriana with naked desire and continued speaking. "An alliance that we have you to thank for."

"Yes," Samara chimed in, laying a hand on Liara's shoulder in a casually friendly gesture. "If it wasn't for you, we might have indulged in a pointless, wasteful battle."

"You... you were about to fight each other..." Oriana said, her voice strained as she was biotically dragged closer to the group of enthralled humans. "When me and Miranda ran you were..."
Liara nodded. "We were, yes. And we might have torn each other apart, if it wasn't for your message to Shepard."

"Shepard!" Oriana exclaimed, remembering the last messages she received on her omni-tool. "Where is he? What have you done with him?"

The answer came, not from either of the asari, but from Traynor, stepping out for the crowd with a cocky smile. "It was so nice of Shepard to give me access to his inbox. Makes sure that he doesn't have to deal with too many pointless messages, after all. And, it also allowed me to make a few... modifications to your message to him." Activating her own omni-tool, Traynor read off from the glowing screen. "Shepard, this is Oriana. There has been a massive chemical spill in the shuttle bay, and Miranda and the rest of the crew are working on cleaning it up. Until we send word, do not come back to the Normandy! We'll let you know as soon as it is safe to return." Deactivating the tool, Traynor gave Oriana a cocky smile. "Just a few edits to your message, no big deal."

"No," Oriana muttered, realizing the awful truth. Shepard and Ash weren't coming back anytime soon, and she was all on her own against the warped Normandy crew.

"Don't look so disappointed, Oriana," Liara said. "If Traynor hadn't alerted us to your message, we might have gone ahead with our silly fight. But seeing your attempt to summon Shepard gave us a new perspective on things."

"Indeed," Samara said, almost seeming to finish Liara's thoughts now that the two of them were aligned together. "It reminded us that our true enemy isn't each other. It's those who haven't yet tasted of the Protheans' gift. And that if we hope to bestow it onto as many people as possible, we need to work together. Right, Liara?"

Liara nodded. "And as a symbol of our new alliance, Samara and I have decided that we would seal our pact by bestowing our gift directly onto one human at the same time." Arching her brow, she added. "That human being you, of course, Oriana. It's only appropriate, since you were the one to show us the error of our ways, that you would be the one to help symbolize our new alliance."

As Oriana watched in horror, the crowd of crew members parted further. Revealing several packing crates stacked in the center of the shuttle bay, with a thick blanket spread across them. "No," she said again, as Jack's biotics carried her over to the crates. "Stop this! Please, if any of you have any sanity remaining, you need to stop this!"

But no one in the crowd protested, as Oriana was laid down on her back onto the crates. Her legs and head dangled over the edges of the stacked boxes, all the better for Liara and Samara to take position at either end of Oriana's struggling body. Desperately, Oriana stared out into the crowd, and her eyes locked on Miranda. "Miranda, please!" she yelled, even as she saw the same mindless lust on her face as the rest of the crew. "I'm your sister, Miranda! Help me! Stop this, please!"

But she saw no doubt in her sister's eyes. As Oriana watched helplessly, Jack came up behind Miranda and reached around to cup a bared tit with one hand, while sticking her other hand down between Miranda's legs. Miranda gasped and leaned back into Jack's naked body, completely lost to her lust as Jack's fingers pressed into Miranda's wet snatch.

Turning away from her last hope at rescue, Oriana looked down at her feet to see Liara tugging Oriana's panties down her thighs, just before spreading her thighs and aiming her big blue cock at Oriana's twat.
"Shh. It'll all be over soon," Liara said, stroking the head of her prick against Oriana's cunt and getting it slick with her victim's juices. Despite her mind being filled with terror, Oriana's body was reacting to this entire nightmare with nothing but unrestrained arousal. Even as her mind screamed No!, her body had nothing to say but Yes. Yes! YES!

A hand pressed against Oriana's forehead and pushed her head down and back. Giving Oriana an upside-down view of Samara's cock, right in her face. "Yes, Oriana," Samara said, as she rubbed the head of her prick against Oriana's shut-tight lips. "It won't be long until you're one of us. The sooner you surrender, the sooner you will get your first taste of unlimited pleasure."

With a grunt, Liara penetrated her, and the crowd let out a cheer as her big blue cock began rapidly thrusting into Oriana. Bending down, Liara wrapped her arms around Oriana's waist, and Oriana could hear her rapid breaths as she vigorously fucked Oriana's twat. Oriana felt disgusted. She was being taken against her will, in front of a crowd of horny, enthralled men and women. And her sister and lover were among the people cheering on her violation. Friends and comrades, people she trusted now let out cheers as Liara pounded her pussy. It was horrible. A nightmare.

And why did it have to feel so goddamn good?

"Unh unh unh," Oriana unconsciously grunted as Liara thrusted. The sound of Liara's heavy breathing and the wet slap of her balls against Oriana's ass filled the shuttle bay. Every fresh penetration of Liara's cock inside of her sent a thrilling buzz through Oriana's entire body, and despite her attempts to keep her rational mind in place, it only took a few minutes of rough fucking before Oriana was flushed with arousal. Another minute, and Oriana realized that, without even consciously doing it, she had arched her legs up and wrapped them around Liara's waist. Holding her in place so that wonderful, amazing cock wouldn't be going anywhere until it had made Oriana cum.

Turning her face away from Samara's cock, still dangling expectantly in her face, Oriana stared out into the crowd once more. By now, the influence of the Protheans had gotten to be too much for the crowd, and they had once again started to form groups of two, three, or even more to resume their unrestrained fucking. Oriana's eyes caught Miranda and Jack, Miranda craning her neck to kiss Jack standing behind her, as Jack's fingers played with Miranda's twat.

You've lost, Ori, Oriana said, her internal voice weak and resigned. They've beaten you. Miranda... Jack... the rest of the crew... they're all lost to the pleasure. And if none of them could resist it... what hope did you really have in the end?

As she looked out at the crew of the Normandy, moaning and grunting as they enthusiastically fucked each other, her reasons for resisting seemed more and more pointless. They all looked so... happy. And even if it was an artificial happiness, inducing by some mind-altering Prothean device... did that really matter? Why was she fighting this, really? Why did she even bother when all it was bringing her was misery and disappointment? When she could be as happy as all of the rest of them. As happy as Jack and Miranda were.

Leaning her head back, Oriana took a deep breath, and opened her mouth up wide. And Samara's cock soon slipped between her lips.

* * *

"So... don't suppose you brought a deck of cards?"
Shepard shook his head, and Ash slumped back in her chair. The buzz of the neon lighting above them droned on and on, threatening to drive her insane.

The two of them sat opposite each other, at a table in the employee lounge of the Barton facility. After receiving the urgent message from Oriana and relaying the information to Fletcher, the facility’s head had graciously escorted them through the facility into the sparse rest area, telling them that they were welcome to stay as long as needed.

"I doubt it will be that long," Shepard had said to Fletcher then, but almost an hour had passed now and still no word back from Oriana, or anyone else on the ship.

"Must have been one hell of a spill," Ashley muttered. By now she had accepted that this wasn't going to be a short wait, and had stripped out of her combat armor down to the black undershirt and sweatpants underneath. As she stared around the room at the glowing neon Tupari signs and snack machine filled with high-calorie lumps of cheap crap, Shepard took the opportunity to take a good look at Ash.

Man, she looked sexy like this. Her bare and muscular arms. Dark hair loose and tumbling down to her shoulders. And the generous swell of her breasts barely contained within the dark, sleeveless shirt. Shepard knew that she hated it when he started getting... ideas like this in a public setting. But dammit, when she looked this good, how could he not want to?

As if she had heard his libidinous thoughts, Ashley turned to look at Shepard. Seeing the way his eyes drifted across her body, she let out an exasperated sound. " Seriously, Shepard? We're really going to do this again?"

"Hey, I wasn't going to say anything," Shepard said. "But now that you mention it... all the workers at the facility are probably busy cleaning up after the rachni attack. And I can think of a pretty good way for us to kill some time down here..."

"Shepard, listen," Ash said, her voice getting that serious tone to it that Shepard hated. "I had thought I'd made myself pretty clear on this. But the way you keep pushing on this, even when I tell you no again and again..."

Shepard held up a hand. "Just hear me out, okay? Ever since you and I have gotten together, our sex life has always been about what you wanted. How you wanted it to go. We do things your way, all the time."

Staring around the empty break room, Ash ran a hand nervously through her hair. "Shepard, come on. Do we really need to do this here?"

"Not much else to do, is there?" Shepard said, trying his best not to raise his voice despite his frustration. "Look, it'd be one thing if you had tried it and decided it wasn't your thing. But whenever I suggest doing something a little different, you always shoot it down. Never consider it for a second. And just for once, I'd like you to try something a little bit outside of your comfort zone." When Ashley opened her mouth to protest, Shepard cut her off. "If you're not into something after we try it, then I'll drop it, I promise. But could you at least indulge your boyfriend just a little bit, here?"

Ash leaned forward onto the table, resting her chin on her palm and sighing. "You know, Shepard? Maybe you're right. Maybe I have been unfair. But still... fucking in public, where anybody could walk in and see us? That's not just me being worried I won't like it. That's somebody walking in and turning on their omni-tool to get a few choice captures. That's pictures of me and you on a bunch of
screens down at that sleazy joint the Dripping Azure in the Lower Wards. God, the thought of my sisters catching a glimpse of something like that..."

"Fine, fine, so we'll shelve public sex for now," Shepard said. "But there's other things I want to do, too, Ash. Stuff that we can do in the bedroom that you always shoot me down on. How about, maybe when we get back to the Normandy, you and I try a little something different? Huh?"

Ash groaned, annoyed at the way Shepard had "bidded her down" on this but unable to come up with a good counterargument. "Okay, okay," Ash finally relented. "But nothing too weird, you understand? Just... a little different."

"I know just the thing," Shepard said, running a particularly fond memory through his mind. I wonder if she still has it, he thought to himself, as Ash gave a sour look and glanced away from Shepard. Not sure if it would fit, but worth a shot.

After a few moments of tense silence, something occurred to Shepard. "Wait," he said. "How do you know about the Dripping Azure?"

"Oh, God. I heard some of the guys on the ship talking about it on our last shore leave," Ash responded, voice filled with disgust. "If you thought that joint Chora's Den was bad back in the day, the Dripping Azure is a hundred times worse. At least the dancers at Chora's Den kept some of their clothes on. Shit, on certain nights, for the right amount of credits the dancers will strip down and screw the customers, right out there in the middle of the floor." Seeing the look on Shepard's face, Ash quickly added. "At least, that's what I heard the men saying. God knows I'd never show my face in a place like that!"

"Right," Shepard responded, wondering why Ash was suddenly so uncomfortable. "Hard to believe a place like that hasn't been shut down."

"I know, right?" Ash exclaimed. "And if you think I'm going to do anything freaky like those women do, you're got another think coming. But... I suppose we try a little something different in your quarters tonight. Just not too different, okay?"

"On my honor as a Spectre," Shepard said, trying to hide the smile on his face. When he got back to the Normandy, he was going to have to give a stern talking-to to whoever caused that chemical spill... and then pull them aside in private to shake their hand.

* * *

"Would you look at that?" Jack breathed, breaking her kiss with Miranda as she watched Oriana getting taken from both ends by Liara and Samara. "Fuck, cheerleader. She may have fought it, but deep down that sister of yours is just as big of a dirty slut as you are!"

A lifetime ago, hearing those words out of Jack's mouth would have resulted in a ferocious biotic battle that might have torn the Normandy apart. But instead, Miranda watched as her sister was spit-roasted by two big blue cocks, and she let out a shudder as the very sight of it made her cum. "Oh, yes," she gasped, her pussy gushing across Jack's fingers as the tattooed teacher continued teasing her twat.

By now, any resistance that Oriana had had before was long gone, and she let out low moans as she noisily sucked on Samara's cock. All while Liara continued her relentless pounding of Oriana's pussy. It was an image that, deep in her rational mind, Miranda knew should have been disgustingly
obscene. But all she could think in that moment was, *So lucky. Wish it was me getting filled by those two big cocks instead.*

And even as she thought it, Miranda knew deep down that she would get her chance. All of them would get their chances eventually.

"Fuck, you're wet, cheerleader," Jack whispered, the hot brush of Jack's breath against her earlobe sending a shiver through Miranda's entire body. "Watching your sister get fucked like that really gets you off, huh?"

"Yes," Miranda said, pressing her hips forward into Jack's probing fingers. She had felt a little guilty before, about repairing the life support room door while her sister had slept, and walking back out into the midst of the ship-wide orgy. But as she watched her sister being forcibly initiated into becoming one of them, Miranda knew with all of her heart that it had been the right decision.

"You two are quite a pair, aren't you?" Jack continued whispering sleazily into Miranda's ear, as her hands stroked and probed Miranda's pussy and tit. "Genetically perfect little whores. I'm going to love watching you get split wide fucking open by some big blue cock. And after that..." Jack's hand drifted away from Miranda's tit to cup her under the chin. "Look at them all, Miranda," Jack said, as she tilted Miranda's head back and forth to look at the Normandy crew members, fucking in every possible combination. "You and me and Oriana... we're going to fuck every last one of them. We're going to drown in their cum and come back up begging for more. Aren't we?"

"Yes," Miranda breathed again, barely able to form rational thought as images of her being pounded and used by the men on the ship, and eating out the snatches of every last woman on the Normandy, filled her mind and sent waves of pleasure rippling through her body. "I want to fuck them all, Jack," she moaned. "I want every single one of them to use me and hand me off to the next in line. God, I want it so fucking much."

"That's my good little slut," Jack said, pointing Miranda's attention back to the center of the room. "Looks like our two mistresses are finishing up with your sister."

"Oh, Goddess," Liara moaned. "I'm almost there... almost ready to..."

Looking up from Oriana's sucking mouth, Samara reached out a hand to Liara. "Together with me, Liara," she said. "We'll spill our seed in her together."

Nodding, Liara removed one of her hands from around Oriana's waist and linked her fingers together with Samara's. "I'm... I'm... I'm cumming..." Liara gasped, before thrusting the entire massive length of her cock balls-deep into Oriana. Her eyes shut and her brow scrunched, as she shuddered and fired gallons of cum into Oriana's wide-open pussy.

Meanwhile, Samara's cock jerked in Oriana's mouth as well, and it wasn't long before cum was overflowing from between Oriana's lips and spilling down her face onto the Normandy deck.

The crowd of furiously-fucking humans paused in their activities long enough to let out enthusiastic cheers, as Liara and Samara filled Oriana to bursting with their seed. By the time Liara finally pulled out, Oriana's gaping pussy gushed what seemed like an endless fountain of jizz out onto the sweat-stained blanket she lay on. As Samara also pulled her prick out of Oriana's mouth, still as hard as before with cum dripping from the tip, Oriana rolled off of the crates and tumbled down onto the floor. Landing on her hands and knees, she coughed and gagged, as the cum that Samara had forced down into Oriana's stomach sprayed back up onto the floor into a massive puddle.
After about a minute of this, Oriana seemed to have recovered. The crowd watched in nervous anticipation, as the last un-indoctrinated human currently on the Normandy rose slowly and numbly to her feet. As if in slow-motion, Oriana pivoted to face Miranda and Jack, and the crowd's eyes followed her as she approached her sister and tattooed lover.

"So, babe," Jack said, disentangling herself from Miranda and moving to stand next to her. "You one of us now?"

Oriana said nothing, continuing to walk in their direction until she was face-to-face with Miranda. Her expression was dull and unreadable, and Miranda's blissful smile soon turned to a look of concern. "Ori, are you..."

In a flash, Oriana's hand lashed forward, and she slapped Miranda in the face.

The Normandy crew let out surprised gasps, as Miranda's head reeled back from the force of the blow. Turning back with a hand to her cheek, Miranda stared at her sister in shock. "Ori, what..."

"Shut up, you hypocritical bitch," Oriana hissed. "You... you were so quick to judge me when you found out I was screwing Jack. Ready to pull me off the Normandy rather than let me fuck who I wanted to fuck. But look at you now. Turns out you're an even bigger slut than me."

"I... I'm sorry, Ori," Miranda said quietly. "I didn't..."

"No, I don't want to hear it," Oriana interrupted, her tone stern and cold. "You want to show me you're sorry?" She jabbed a finger downward. "Get down on your knees, Randa. Now."

Obediently, Miranda began lowering herself down to the floor, eyes staring up apologetically at Oriana as she hit the ground.

Once Miranda was down, a crooked smile crossed Oriana's face. "That's it. You want to show me how sorry you are?" she asked, and when Miranda nodded, Oriana reached between her legs to spread the lips of her twat. "There you go," she said, the last few drops of Liara's cum still streaming out of her. "Eat me, Randa. Eat your sister's pussy in front of all of these people. Show them all what a massive slut you are."

It was a command Miranda was eager to obey. Leaning her head forward, she thrust her tongue down into the depths of Oriana's twat, shivering at the taste of Liara's jizz on her tongue. It was a bit different from Mistress Samara's... but just as wonderfully delicious. Feeling the stares of the crowd, Miranda licked Oriana's twat faster, getting up the last drops of Liara's jizz before continuing to lap at her sister's dripping snatch.

"Shit, you really are a nasty slut, aren't you?" Oriana asked, her voice bitterly caustic. "You didn't hesitate at all, did you? I thought maybe for a second there, you might have shown a modicum of self-respect. Might have considered it, just for a bit. But no. You just dove right into my cunt without a second thought."

Reaching down, Oriana entangled her fingers in Miranda's hair, letting out a low moan as Miranda's tongue slid wetly against her pussy and clit. "Oh, yeah. What a dirty, horny little slut you are. Fuck, if you're so ready to eat our your sister's twat in public like this, I bet you'd do anything I told you, wouldn't you? I could tell you to fuck any man or woman in this room, and you'd do it without hesitation, right?"
Miranda nodded, and pulled her face away from Oriana's pussy to respond. "I wou..."

"Shut the fuck up and keep licking me," Oriana snapped, pulling Miranda's face back between her legs. "That's all you're good for, after all. And that's what gets you off, isn't it? Showing all these people what a depraved little whore you are. I bet your pussy is dripping wet right now, right? Yeah, having all these people watch you while you eat me out... it's getting you so hot right now. I bet you'd like nothing better than to play with yourself in front of all of these people while you eat me out."

And she did. She did want that. Miranda could feel her pussy juices dripping down her inner thighs. She was so goddamn hot right now. And crazily enough, Oriana's harsh, insulting words were only getting Miranda hornier and hornier.

"Well, don't," Oriana sternly ordered her. "You don't get to play with yourself unless I allow you to. Not until you've satisfied me."

Despite the desperate need building between her legs, Miranda followed Oriana's orders, and contented herself with the thrill that filled her as she debased herself in front of the Normandy crew. Minutes ticked by as she hungrily and loudly slurped at her sister's snatch, while Oriana alternated between insulting Miranda's shameful slutiness, and praising her skills in cunnilingus.

"Oh, yeah," Oriana cooed, rolling her hips around against Miranda's face with a blissful grin on her face. "Get that tongue down deep. Show your little sister how much you love her, Randa. Eat that pussy all up."

And Miranda did love her sister. Now, more than she ever could have imagined, Miranda loved Oriana. Because Oriana was giving her exactly what she wanted: to be treated like a horny, filthy slut. It was better than she could have ever possibly imagined, and she had Mistress Samara and Mistress Liara to thank for this new, perfect relationship with her sister.

"Mmm, Jack, get over here," Oriana said, beckoning for her lover to come closer. Jack hesitated for a moment, perhaps worrying that she would get a slap across the face as well. But when she finally walked over to Oriana's side, she was greeted by a hand around the back of her neck, and a long and passionate kiss from Oriana. All while Miranda continued eating Oriana's twat.

As their kiss finally broke, Oriana let out a low chuckle. "Oh, Jack," she said softly. "Do you know how much I love you right now?"

Jack smiled back at her, before rolling her tongue across her lips to catch the drops of Samara's cum that had trickled off of Oriana's face during their long kiss. "Love you too, babe," she said. "So does that mean you're one of us now?"

"You better fucking be... bel... oh, shit..." Oriana cut herself off, as Miranda's amateur pussy-eating skills had finally managed to do their job. Gasping and twitching, Oriana came harder than she ever had before in her life, her twat gushing juices down across Miranda's face. By the time she was finished, Oriana felt like she was barely able to stand, and threw an arm around Jack's shoulders. "Hell... Hell, yeah, I'm one of you."

"Good," Jack said, before pointing over to a group of six Alliance marines, male and female, who were currently shooting hungry looks in their direction. "Because from the eyes you're getting from over there, I get the feeling you're gonna get to spread the love around."
Glancing over at the group of horny marines, Oriana bit her bottom lip, and she could feel her pussy twitch in anticipation. "Well, I suppose I am a clone of this dirty slut down here," Oriana said, pointing a finger down at the panting, flushed Miranda. "So, in a scientific sense... I'm just as big a slut as her." She gave a light shrug. "Nothing to be done. Can't deny genetics."

"Go get 'em, babe," Jack said, giving Oriana a slap on the ass as she strutted over to the men and women with a lustful look. Once Oriana had walked away, Jack reached her hand down to Miranda, pulling her up to her feet and giving her a devious look. "Come on, cheerleader. Time for us to do our part for ship-wide diplomacy."

"Sounds perfect," Miranda said dreamily, as Jack steered her in the direction of Liara, who had taken a seat on the crates where she had previously been pounding Oriana, stroking her cock as she watched the last hold-out's final descent into depravity.

Meanwhile, Samara had already gotten started. Seated on another stack of crates, her hands were on Traynor's hips as the dark-skinned specialist rode Samara's cock, head back and a blissful smile on her face as she bounced on the thick blue member. Underneath the two of them, Dr. Michel eagerly tongued Samara's balls, both hands pressed between her thighs and rubbing as she pleased the other mistress of the ship.

In a way, Dr. Michel was a tiny bit jealous. After all, despite all the fanfare given to Oriana's initiation into service to both Liara and Samara, it had actually been her who had been the first one to taste of both of the mistresses' seed. But jealousy had no role in her new life, and Dr. Michel contented herself with the salty, musky taste of Mistress Samara's scrotum against her tongue, as she watched the thick blue cock in front of her swell and shoot a thick load of cum inside of Traynor's dripping snatch.

As Traynor became the third of the ship's crew to join the once-exclusive club of Liara and Samara's shared thralls, Jack and Miranda were knelt down between Liara's spread legs, eagerly using their mouths on Liara's cock and balls in order to become the fourth and fifth members. As Jack lovingly ran her tongue up and down the veiny length of Liara's prick, Miranda happily sucked one of Liara's giant nuts into her mouth, running her tongue all around the swollen orb and coating it with her saliva. Leaning back on her palms, Liara watched with an expression of mild bemusement as the two humans merrily debased themselves for their new mistress.

"Fuck, yes," Oriana cried out, down on her hands and knees on the floor as a burly marine with tattoo-covered arms pounded her from behind. "So fucking good. Feels so good to be a slut..." As the marine grunted, shot his load in Oriana, and pulled out to rest up for his next encounter, he was quickly replaced by another one of the ship's strapping young soldiers. Looking back over her shoulder, Oriana bared her teeth and slapped one of her asscheeks, an open invitation for the man to fuck her already well-used twat. Once he was inside of her, Oriana began grunting and moaning again, only to be quickly quieted by the female marine's bared pussy that was shoved into her face.

As Oriana acquainted herself with the Normandy crew, Samara had changed positions, standing up and bending Dr. Michel over to take the squealing French doctor from behind. As Dr. Michel drove her hips back, fucking herself on Samara's thick blue cock, Traynor knelt down behind her new second mistress, spread her tantalizing blue asscheeks apart, and began tonguing the asari's puckered blue asshole. Just the act of sticking her face in that beautiful asari backside was enough to make Traynor cum for the fifth time that day. Or was it the sixth? By now, she had completely count, and only knew for certain that each time she came would be more amazing and mind-blowing than the last.
"Oh, fuck yeah," Jack said, fingers inside of her cunt as she watched Miranda lower herself down on Liara's rigid prick. That perfect little ass of hers wiggled and bounced as Miranda wrapped her arms around Liara's neck and rode that big blue cock with all of her energy. Seems even their new mistress couldn't resist it, as Liara soon reached around to grab onto Miranda's ample backside and roughly grip it with her delicate blue fingers. By the time Liara pulled one hand away to deliver a hard swat to Miranda's asscheek, the cheerleader slut was already cumming around the long blue rod buried inside of her. Once Miranda was pulling her gaping cunt off of Liara's prick, Jack was already eagerly waiting to take her place.

By now, the marines had already all taken their crack at Oriana, letting some of the bridge crew have their turn. Belinda Tully let out girlish squeals as Oriana flicked her tongue against the once-homophobic officer's clit. And Ken Donnelly, getting behind Oriana only to find her twat well-used and dripping with cum, instead elected to lube up his prick with a handful of spit and thrust himself into Oriana's ass. If Oriana minded the anal penetration, she showed no signs of it in the midst of eating snatch, and it emboldened the next three men to bury their cocks between Oriana's asscheeks as well, until both of her holes were dripping with cum and Gabby Daniels was sent in to "clean things up" with her tongue before the next round of cocks.

It went on for what could have been hours, if anyone had actually cared to worry about the time at that point. Men and women fucked in every single combination, while Liara and Samara moved among the crowd and deposited their cum into anyone who hadn't already had the privilege... and a few of the ones who had, just for good measure. By the time it was done, the human crew of the Normandy lay in a heaving, sweating heap in the middle of the shuttle bay, utterly exhausted and yet not even close to being satisfied.

Liara and Samara stood side-by-side, arms around each others' waists, surveying the tangled mass of naked humans with ecstatic smiles and cocks still rock-hard. "By the Goddess, that was quite an experience," Samara said, only sounding mildly winded despite engaging in hours of marathon fucking.

"Indeed," Liara said to Samara, glancing over at the other asari with an arched brow. "Why don't we leave these humans to rest for a while? There's something I would like to discuss with you in my quarters, if you wouldn't mind."

"Naturally," Samara said, following Liara as she stepped among the splayed and panting human bodies in the direction of the lift. "We are allies, after all."

"Thank you, Mistress," came the breathless gasps as Liara and Samara moved through the exhausted human forms. "Thank you. Thank you, Mistresses."

It was a short ride up to Deck 3, Liara and Samara almost nonchalantly stroking their hard cocks as they waited to arrive at their destination. It had once seemed like a vulgar gesture, but now fondling the gifts that the Protheans had given them seemed just as natural as breathing. Once the lift arrived at its destination, Liara quickly ushered Samara into her quarters.

"Now, what was it you wanted to ask me about, Liara?" Samara said. "Whatever it is, we probably shouldn't wait too much longer. Shepard and Williams will start to get suspicious if we delay much more."

"Yes, I know," Liara said. "But there's one last thing I want to handle before we send the message for them to come back." Turning to Samara, she ran a hand across her fringe, looking strangely
casual despite wearing a fetish outfit that left her tits and giant cock dangling free. "You see, I have been running some experiments on the crew as I have been freeing their minds with the Prothean gift. Testing the changes to their reactions under the influence of it. Seeing the difference in effects between males and females. But there was one experiment that I was unable to perform in the end. One that I didn't quite have the... flexibility to test on my own. And while I know that time is short, I believe you might be able to help me with this one further experiment."

"Of course, Liara," Samara said with a warm smile. "Whatever you need from me to aid in your experiment, I'll be happy to provide."

Slowly, Liara started walking in Samara's direction. "It's actually quite a simple test, really," she said. "I'm only interested in learning one thing." Coming up right to Samara, Liara leaned forward and whispered to her. "I want to know what big blue cock tastes like."

Looking over at Liara, Samara's smile grew even wider. "A fine experiment, Liara," Samara said, as Liara began lowering down to her knees. "And one that I am quite eager to assist you with."

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Chapter End Notes

The inspiration for Oriana's "initiation" can be found here: http://fugtrup.tumblr.com/post/108660551127/gfycat-webm ;)
Nothing Stops This Train

"For the love of God, what is taking so long?"

Shepard's outburst roused Ash out of the light doze she had fallen into at one of the break room tables, and she raised her chin up off her palm long enough to mutter, "I'm sure they'll let us know as soon as it's safe for us to come back."

She had to agree with Shepard on one thing: whatever had happened up on the Normandy was taking way too long to clean up. The sight of the Barton facility's break room, with its buzzing overhead lights and bland motivational posters, was starting to grate on Ash in the worst way, reminding her of all of the dead-end postings she had served on before her fateful encounter with Saren and the geth. Fletcher had come by a while ago, surprised to see that they were still there, and offered to have the facility's mess hall scrounge up a meal for them. Shepard and Ash had taken him up on the offer, and by now their plates had long ago been cleaned off and pushed away. And during all this time, there hadn't been word back from the Normandy since Oriana's message.

So, yes, something was definitely amiss. On the other hand, Ash couldn't help but be suspicious, wondering if Shepard had other reasons for being so eager to return to the ship. Like the promise he had extracted out of her before, to indulge in one of his kinky fantasies. She still had every intention of honoring his request, but seeing the way Shepard had perked up once Ash had agreed to "spice things up" in their cabin, she could only imagine what sort of perverted ideas Shepard had in mind for her when they got back.

Even now, Shepard was pacing around the break room, fingers moving rapidly across his omni-tool. "Something's got to be wrong. Oriana's not responding to my messages; neither are Miranda and Traynor. Joker's not even picking up on the ship comms. It's like they've all vanished or something," he muttered.

"Maybe we should just get in the shuttle and head back," Ash suggested. "Might just be a comms failure or something."

But Shepard shook his head. "Not worth it. If nobody's there to open the shuttle bay door for us, we'd be stranded outside the ship. And then either run out of fuel, or have to come right back down to the facility again." Hitting another button on his omni-tool, Shepard let out a frustrated sigh. "Just can't believe that nobody is... wait," Shepard paused in his pacing. "Hello? This is Commander Shepard. Who is this I'm speaking to?"

"Shepard? Oh, hey, how's it going?" said the accented voice responding out of Shepard's omni-tool.

Shepard gave Ash a confused look, and she gave him a shrug in return. "Miranda? Is that you?" Shepard asked the person on the other end.

* * *

"Nah, it's Oriana," Oriana said into the omni-tool on her left arm. Meanwhile, with her right hand she moved her fingers around inside of her twat, loving the naughty buzz she got from playing with herself while talking to Shepard. "Can see how you'd make that mistake. We do sound awfully alike, after all."
"Oriana, what's going on up there?" Shepard's voice questioned over the comms. "I've been trying to reach someone up there for the past hour, and nobody's been answering."

Oriana smirked from her perch on the edge of a packing crate. "Oh, right," she said, as she looked out over the shuttle bay and the rest of the Normandy crew.

She had been one of the first to recover from the stupor that Liara and Samara had fucked them all into, but the rest of the men and women in the room were starting to wake up and, within seconds of regaining consciousness, going right back to finding a new partner or partners to fuck. Within a few minutes, the massive ship-wide orgy had begun again in earnest, and the shuttle bay once again filled with grunts, moans, and the sound of flesh slapping against flesh.

Oriana was surprised to see the show of stamina by the crew, and couldn't help but wonder, in addition to the mind-altering effects of the Prothean chemicals they had all ingested, if the crew's physical endurance hadn't also been enhanced by their exposure to Liara and Samara's miraculous cum.

All she knew is that her pussy was dripping wet at the sight of the ongoing carnal activities, and she couldn't wait to get the fuck off this call with Shepard so she could choose one of the cocks or twats she hadn't already sampled and... well, get the fuck off.

"Oriana, you still there?"

"Oh, sorry about that," she said into her omni-tool, snapping herself out of her enjoyment of the festivities long enough to respond to the commander. But never pausing in her self-pleasuring, her fingers sticky with her own juices as they plunged deep into her horny pussy. "We've been up here... nnn... sweating over that chemical spill. Shit, you should see it in the shuttle bay; it's one hell of a mess."

"So the spill hasn't been cleaned up yet?" Shepard asked.

"Afraid not, Commander," Oriana said, fighting the urge to drool as she watched a burly, tattooed marine jerk his cock into one of the bridge officer's faces, spraying cum into her eager mouth with a groan before shoving it between her lips to let the horny officer suck down the last of his load. "There's still stuff spilling all over in there. Quite a sticky mess, but everybody's chipping in to... unh... to clean it all up." Her eyes flicked over to Traynor, who was smearing lube all over her right hand, just before plunging it into Ensign Tully's pussy all the way up to the wrist. "Even Specialist Traynor is... ohh... getting her hands dirty down there," Oriana said, watching the formerly homophobic ensign buck and moan, openly playing with her own tits as Traynor fisted her horny cunt.

A pause on Shepard's end. "Are you alright, Oriana? You sound... strange."

"Might have... oh, shit... might have gotten a whiff of those chemicals myself, Shepard," Oriana said, her voice strained as she moved her fingers in rapid circles against her sensitive clit. "Don't know exactly what it was that leaked, but everybody exposed seems to get really sweaty and... and short of breath and... ah, so good..."

She heard an annoyed sound from Shepard. "Put your sister on, Oriana," Shepard asked firmly. "I'd like to get a status report from my acting commander, if you don't mind."

"Oh, I don't think so," Oriana responded, her eyes locking onto her sister in the midst of the sweaty
orgy. At the moment, Jack was instructing Miranda to get down on her hands and knees on a knee-high set of crates, and put her ass up into the air. Miranda followed the instructions with a dazed, blissful smile on her face, her smooth, pale skin still streaked with dried cum from the last orgy. As Oriana watched, stroking her clit at the irresistible sight, one of the male crew members moved in behind Miranda, spitting on the palm of his hand to lube up his cock. "Miranda's in up to her backside dealing with the chemical spill. Matter of fact, the crew is... filling her in right now," Oriana explained, as the crew member grabbed Miranda by her ample hips and buried his cock as deep as he could between the senior officer's well-rounded ass cheeks. "Yeah, she's way too busy to talk right now. But once she's done getting filled in, I'll be sure to give her a poke, let her know she's desperately needed."

"Dammit... listen, I know you all are working as hard as you can up there, but Ash and I are..." Shepard paused. "What's that sound? Sounds like..."

Oriana gritted her teeth, realizing that the grunts and moans of the entire crew of the Normandy engaging in rough, eager sex with each other were getting loud enough to be picked up by her omni-tool's microphone. "Oh, right. I'm here in the cockpit, and Joker is playing one of those vids of his," Oriana quickly covered. Raising her voice, she called out, "Joker, could you please turn down the volume on that porn vid you're watching?"

"Sorry, volume knob is broken," Joker responded, glancing away from Gabby lavishing his cock with her tongue long enough to answer. "I'll get it fixed when we dock back at the Citadel, promise."

"He's watching porn while you're...? Forget it," Shepard said. "Just please have Miranda get back in touch with me for a status report as soon as she's able to."

Fuck, it was so damn hard to keep herself away from all of the amazing sex that was going on in front of her. Fingering herself wasn't enough; she needed to get fucked, right now. Oriana fought the urge to disconnect the comm link and charge into the midst of the orgy, knowing that Shepard would just contact her back. "I will, I'll tell her. Now, if you'll excuse me, I think the rest of the crew needs my help with..."

From the other side of the shuttle bay, Miranda let out a loud moan, and cried out in sheer ecstasy. "Oh, yes! Fuck my fucking asshole! Pound me with that big goddamn cock! Fuck, I love being a dirty anal whore!"

"That voice..." Shepard said over the comms. "That's... is that really one of Joker's vids? Because it sure sounds a lot like..."

"No, it's definitely his vid," Oriana responded. She watched as Jack seemed to get an idea from Miranda's heated exclamation. Speaking quietly to the men of the Normandy and pulling them away from their partners, soon she had them all lined up behind the crewman currently balls-deep in Miranda's ass. While this reduced the suspicious sounds of sex briefly, soon enough the abandoned women of the crew were finding their own fun with each other, and as tongues and fingers found dripping cunts to pleasure their delighted moans soon filled the shuttle bay once again.

Meanwhile, as the first man to fuck Miranda since the new orgy had started finally started cumming, and Jack gave instructions to the next man in line, Oriana realized what Jack intended. No sooner had the first man pulled out, than the second one took his place fucking Miranda's ass.
"I suppose you're right," Shepard responded. "There's no way that it could have been her that I..."

As the second man started pumping his cock into Miranda, Oriana's horny sister let out another loud cry. "Oh, yes! Pump me full of your hot cum! I want every last man on the Normandy to spill his cum into my ass!"

"Yeah, Joker and his vids," Oriana quickly said, raising her voice in a vain attempt to cover up Miranda's slutty proclamations. "Can't believe the perverted things he..."

Jack grinned as she watched Miranda beg and moan for more cock. Turning to the man currently taking her up the ass, Jack clapped him on the shoulder. "That's it. Fill that horny bitch all the way up. Treat her like your own personal cum dumpster."

"Cum dumpster," Miranda repeated with a moan, as the second man blew his load in her ass and moved aside, allowing the next horny guy in line to shove his cock balls-deep inside her rear passage. "Ngh... aahhh. I'm a... a cum dumpster," she gasped, then raised her voice into a loud proclamation. "Do you hear that? I'm Miranda Lawson, and as acting commander of this ship I'm appointing myself as the Normandy's official cum dumpster!" Glancing back at the line of men waiting their turn, eyes focused on their naked manhoods, she bit her bottom lip in eager anticipation. "Mmm, all you big, strong men with your hard fucking cocks... As proud members of the Systems Alliance, you are all under my command. And I order you all to pump my ass full of cum! You hear that? No man leaves this room until he's drained his balls inside Miranda Lawson's filthy cum dumpster ass!"

Oriana let out a nervous giggle, as the men in the room cheered and Miranda wiggled her ass, enticing the next man in line to take his turn at her already well-used butthole. "Yeah, that Joker. Can't believe he's perverted enough to actually watch one of those porn parodies that came out after you saved the galaxy." Raising her voice, she called out, "I mean, jeez, Joker! That's supposed to be my sister they're all screwing like some cheap horny slut! My sister would never do anything like that! Don't you have any shame, watching such cheap filth?"

"Nope!" Joker blissfully responded, gingerly stepping up to take his turn at Miranda's ass. Rather than risk him shattering his pelvis, he simply let Jack jerk at his prick, while Traynor helpfully reached over to spread open Miranda's twitching asshole with her fingers. After a few minutes of Jack's skilled cock-handling techniques, Joker grunted and started spurting cum down into Miranda's gaping asshole, the sticky strands of jizz mixing and mingling with the loads of the men who had come before him. Once he was done, he stepped aside to let the next man in line shove his prick into Miranda's sticky hole.

"Ohhh... oh, fuck yes! Never stop fucking me!" Miranda moaned, loving every minute of the anal train that was being run on her. Meanwhile, somebody had tracked down a black felt marker for Jack, who had started scrawling hash marks on Miranda's backside for every load she had taken. There were four marks already and, judging by the size of the line of men waiting behind her, there would be a lot more on Miranda's ass before this was over.

Staring over with lustful eyes at her sister, her ass jiggling as the latest man in line fucked her from behind, Miranda seductively cooed. "Oh, please, Ori! Get off that call and come over here, already. Let me lick your pussy, please. I want my sister to cum all over my face..."

"Well, I'll be sure to tell Randa to suck you... I mean, call you when she gets a chance!" Oriana abruptly exclaimed into the comms, stumbling over her words in her haste to end the boring conversation, and get back to what mattered. "Just hold tight until then, Shepard, and we'll let you
know when it's safe to fuck me... to come back!"

Before Shepard could get out a response, Oriana closed out the comms link and rushed over to the orgy in progress, eager to grant her sister's wish.

* * *

Shepard stared at his omni-tool, as the call abruptly disconnected.

"That was... bizarre," Ash responded, recovering her composure after listening to Shepard's talk with Miranda's sister, and the vulgar background noise, with jaw agape. "Wonder just how much they were affected up there by that chemical spill."

"Yeah, maybe it's best that we weren't up there for that," Shepard said, his back to Ashley as he shut down his omni-tool. "I mean, it's not like Joker to be... well, doing that with someone else around. And Oriana sounded so strange..."

Ashley nodded. "She did. Like she was tired or... or something," she said, not wanting to voice the other conclusion that could have been reached from Ori's strained, panting voice. Because that... well, that just couldn't happen. Oriana was a decent young woman, after all. There was no way she was... was...

"This whole tour has been one of the weirdest I've been on, I swear. Even weirder than the Reapers," Shepard remarked. "Between what happened to Liara and Samara... and all of this chemical spill stuff..." Letting out a frustrated sound, he turned towards Ash and shook his head. "I cannot wait until we get back to the Citadel to have some R&R."

"You're telling me. I'm looking forward to a hot bath and..." Ashley paused as Shepard turned to face her, and a frown creased her face. "Seriously, Shepard?"

Shepard looked confused. "Ash, what..." he started to say, then followed her gaze down to his lower body. And the noticeable outline of his erection in his Alliance uniform pants. "Ah, jeez," he muttered, quickly sitting down to hide his shame. "Sorry, but it just... I mean, didn't that sound exactly like Miranda?"

"I wouldn't know," Ash responded, expression dour. "And even if it did... it's bad enough that hearing some woman debasing herself like a filthy stripper down at the Dripping Azure is enough to get you hot. But is it supposed to make me feel better that it was because she sounded like somebody you know?"

Shepard gave her an awkward look. "Yeah, I suppose not," he admitted.

"Because if your idea about mixing things up in the bedroom is inviting Miranda or somebody else to join us, you can just forget it, buster," Ashley firmly stated. "I care about you too much to share you with anyone else, and I sure hope that you feel the same way about me."

"Of course I do. I would never even think about another woman that way, Ash," Shepard said, surprised with how easily he was able to lie. "You're my one and only, you know that. Trust me: what I have planned just involves you and me, and no one else."

"Better not," Ash said, still looking unhappy but at least mollified for now. With that, they fell back into their awkward silence, both of them waiting for word that they could come back to the
Normandy safely.

As Shepard sat, he thought back to the voice he had heard over the comms. Not Oriana's, but the one in the background. He would never admit it to Ash, but he had made somewhat of a hobby of checking out all of those bootleg vids like the one Joker had been watching. *This Ain't The Normandy XXX, Commander Shep-Hard and his Spectre Sluts*, even some of the more extreme ones like *Invasion of the Rapers* and *I Know You Feel This: Harbinger's Sex Slaves*. Mostly for a chance to see who they cast as Ash, and what sort of... activities they had her doing in the course of Shepard and his crew's mission to fuck their way across the galaxy.

And if there was one thing all of them had in common, besides a complete lack of historical accuracy, it was that absolutely none of the women who portrayed Miranda Lawson could even come close to doing a passable imitation of her accent. Some of the ladies tried their best, bless their hearts, while some of them just didn't even bother and spoke with their natural accents. But to a woman, none of them could pull it off.

The woman that Shepard heard over his comms, however, had Miranda's voice down flawlessly. To the point that Shepard was almost positive that it had to have been her voice he had been hearing.

But that was insane. The things that that woman was saying would have *never* come out of the mouth of the dignified, refined Alliance officer. Shepard couldn't help but wonder if maybe there was another female clone of Henry Lawson out there. One of his rejects who had perhaps escaped and been forced to take a less dignified route in life.

Regardless, Shepard knew one thing for sure: once he got back to the Normandy, he *had* to ask Joker for a copy of that vid.

* * *

Samara had never been a woman interested in scientific pursuits. It all seemed so stodgy and boring to her. But as the young asari on her knees in front of Samara worked her tongue around the head of Samara's cock, leaving a trail of glistening saliva around the tip of her throbbing prick and sending a rush of delight to her brain, Samara decided that perhaps she had misjudged the nature of scientific research. Or perhaps all asari scientists needed to conduct their experiments more like this talented young maiden did. Once Samara was off this ship, she considered with a smile, she would be sure to introduce as many women as possible to the T'Soni method of scientific discovery.

While Liara continued to lick and slurp at the head of Samara's cock, she reached up a delicate hand to work along the length of the massive rod of blue meat. Twisting her hand around while sliding Samara's foreskin up and down her shaft, Liara expertly stimulated Samara's veiny cock. The buxom Justicar let out an appreciative moan as she rested a hand on cocked hip, staring down at Liara with a sultry smile. "By the Goddess, Liara," Samara gasped. "Wherever did an innocent young maiden like yourself learn to suck cock so well?"

"My, what a personal question, Samara," Liara remarked, pulling away from Samara's prick long enough to bat her eyes and grin up at her. "A lady does have to have her secrets, after all. It's better if you don't question it. Just relax... and enjoy."

"Oh, I fully intend to," Samara said, reaching down to gently stroke Liara's fringe as she returned to blowing the elder asari. "A mouth that talented should not be wasted on pointless explanations, after all."
Liara's office was filled with the sounds of wet slurping and quiet moans, as Liara vigorously attacked the blue bobbing cock in front of her. Her mouth and tongue seemed to coat every inch of Samara's prick with the glisten of her spit, Samara unable to keep herself from moaning as Liara skillfully teased and pleasured her 13-inch blue beast.

After a few minutes of vigorous sucking, Liara took a deep breath before pushing her head forward. Samara watched in awe as Liara forced more and more of Samara's cock inside her mouth. The young asari didn't stop until every last inch of Samara's thick cock had disappeared between her lips, Samara feeling Liara's throat muscles constricting around the head of her prick. For a long while, Liara held herself in place, letting out light gagging sounds as the tip of her nose lightly brushed against Samara's hips.

Just when Samara was worried that Liara might choke herself on the long, hard piece of meat, Liara pulled away with a gasp, leaving thick strands of saliva dripping from Samara's bobbing, throbbing cock. Liara only allowed herself a second to catch her breath, before going right back to wrapping her lips around the head of Samara's veiny prick.

"Goddess," Samara gasped, Liara's enthusiastic cocksucking bringing her right to the brink of climax. Liara, as if sensing that Samara was close to finishing, pulled away from her partner's cock. Saliva dripped from Liara's mouth and down her chin in glistening streams as Samara's cock left her mouth. Leaning back on her heels, she kept one hand slowly stroking Samara's prick, while at the same time reaching down to play with her own cock. "You are... quite the tease... Dr. T'Soni," Samara said, between desperate gasps for air. "But I'm... I'm afraid our time may be short. Comm... Commander Shepard will be getting suspicious if we tarry much longer."

"Let him be suspicious," Liara proclaimed, smirking as she continued to slowly, teasingly stroke Samara's rigid prick. "I have spent too many years following every last one of Shepard's orders. Doing everything he told me to do, no matter how... how much I would have rather not. He can wait. And besides," Liara said, a gleam in her eye, "I still haven't finished my experiment."

Samara chuckled to herself. "Ah, yes. Your quest to determine what big blue cock tastes like. Tell me, doctor, what are your preliminary findings?"

Rather than answering right away, Liara instead rose up off her heels, until her chest was level with Samara's hips. Placing her hands on the sides of her massive breasts, she leaned back and wrapped them around Samara's cock. Samara moaned despite herself, as Liara began to give her a slow tit-job.

"Mmm... not as unique as I might have hoped," she finally answered, while rubbing her inflated breasts up and down the length of Samara's cock. "Sweeter than a human's, definitely. Not as salty as a krogan cock, and less bitter than a batarian's. One thing for sure, though: asari cock is definitely a lot more pleasant to suck on than a varren's." Seeing the surprised look on Samara's face, Liara let out a surprisingly girlish giggle. "Just kidding... maybe."

"Ah, Liara," Samara moaned, losing any modicum of dignity as she lewdly shoved her hips forward and started fucking Liara's tits. Her massive dangling scrotum bounced with every thrust, and Samara could almost feel the semen sloshing around inside her balls, desperate to be shot off all over this asari maiden's pretty little face.

"Goddess, I am so pleased we decided not to fight," Samara gasped, letting out small grunts with every thrust of her hips into Liara's cleavage. "We will accomplish so much more together as partners."
"Yes," Liara said after a long pause, looking up at Samara with a wide grin, as Samara's cock thrust in and out of her cleavage. "You and me... partners."

She repeated the word strangely, and Samara might have questioned it if Liara hadn't then leaned her head down, sticking out her tongue to lap at the head of Samara's cock as it poked out from between her pressed-together breasts. The sight, the feel of the innocent young maiden's tongue flicking out to lick at her glans drove any rational thought from Samara's mind, and all she could think of anymore was showering Liara with as much cum as she had within her.

"So close," Samara groaned, deep grunts escaping her lungs as she frantically fucked Liara's cleavage. "Going to... going to cum..."

And at that, Liara pulled away, her breasts falling back from Samara's throbbing cock. Samara let out a groan of shear frustration, as her unsatisfied prick bobbed in the open air, throbbing with the blood pulsing through its thick veins and desperate for release.

"I apologize, Samara," Liara said, gripping onto the base of Samara's cock. "But the experiment is not quite over yet. And I would hate to... taint the results without a full analysis."

"Not... not over?" Samara gasped, her frustration evident in her voice. Any trace of her dignified Justicar air had now vanished, replaced by a desperate need to cum. "What do you..." Samara started to ask, before Liara hefted Samara's massive cock to point up to the ceiling, and leaned her head down to stick out her tongue and lap at Samara's balls. "Oh... Oh, Goddess."

"Mmm," Liara said between pursed lips, before tilting Samara's cock slightly to the side, and glancing up at her with a crooked smile. "While asari cock may be nothing to message home about, I have to say... these are the most wonderful balls I have ever had the pleasure of tasting. Of course... further experimentation may be needed for the most accurate results." Moving her head back down, Liara opened her mouth as wide as possible, in order to take one of Samara's massive testicles between her lips. Samara let out a raspy moan, as she felt Liara's warm, wet breath on her scrotum, and her talented tongue lightly brush against Samara's sensitive ball.

No sooner had Liara removed one nut out of her mouth with a wet pop, than she had enveloped the other with her lips, letting out muffled moans and wet slurps as she vigorously sucked on Samara's massive testes. She repeated this several more times, sucking on one ball, then the other, before finally running her tongue up the middle of Samara's scrotum, leaving a slippery trail of spit as she hungrily savored the taste of Samara's dangling nutsack. All while the talented maiden's hand resumed working the shaft of Samara's desperately needy cock, hand stroking and teasing the throbbing prick as Liara slobbered all over her partner's swollen nuts like a pair of giant hard candies.

"Goddess, I can't... I can't hold back any longer," Samara grunted. "I'm going to... to..."

Samara worried that Liara would once again slow down her pleasurable oral efforts as Samara's climax approached. Instead, Liara finally decided to grant Samara release, bringing the massive blue cock in her hand back down to mouth level. Just as Liara wrapped her lips around the head of Samara's prick, Samara felt her muscles contracting, and her jizz begin shooting out in what had to have been the hardest, most mind-shattering orgasm that Samara had ever experienced. Her hips lightly thrust forward, almost involuntarily, as she felt her big blue cock pulse and throb and spray out cum like a firehose.

As spurt after spurt of potent cum jetted out of her cock, Liara's throat bobbed, the young asari maiden doing her best to swallow down every last drop of Samara's massive load. Even as Samara
felt the climax start to abate, Liara reached up to her scrotum, fondling and stroking the spit-slippery balls as if trying to milk every last drop of sticky jizz out of them.

By the time Samara's cock jerked one last time, Liara pulled away with just the tiniest strand of cum dripping from the side of her mouth. As Samara gasped for breath and struggled to remain standing, Liara casually wiped the remaining cum off her mouth, and lapped it up with her tongue. "Mmm... quite delicious," Liara remarked. "Doesn't appear to have the same intoxicating effect on me as it does on humans, but a lovely taste nonetheless."

"That was... that was astonishing, Liara," Samara said, barely able to speak with how exhausted her powerful climax had left her. "All the times I've fucked those humans with this thing have been nothing compared to that."

"I am glad I was able to satisfy you... partner," Liara said. Again, just the same as the last time she had repeated the word, an odd gleam came to Liara's eye as she spoke.

Samara paid it no mind, however. "Well, as enjoyable as all this has been, we should probably be reporting back to Shepard." She started turning towards the door to Liara's office. "I imagine he has to be wondering what..."

Her next words were cut off abruptly, as she suddenly found herself being hurled backwards through the air at an astonishing speed. Before she could even understand what was happening, she felt a soft impact on her back. Blinking, she realized that she had been flung back-first onto Liara's bed. Her ass was on the edge of the mattress, and her cock jutted up from her hips, still hard and dribbling cum from her recent climax.

Glowing with biotic energy, Liara strode over to where Samara lay, a confident smile on her face. "Not so fast, Samara. I told you that Shepard can wait. And besides... you got to have your fun. And if we're truly going to be partners..."

Samara felt the pull of Liara's biotic energy against her feet, forcibly raising her legs up and into the air. By the time Liara was finished, Samara's legs were at a 90 degree angle to each other, her feet pointed up towards the ceiling.

And, Samara realized as Liara reached into a drawer and retrieved a small bottle, her ass fully on display and in the perfect position for penetration.

"Well, partners look out for each other," Liara said again, while squirting a long stream of fluid onto her cock and rubbing the lubricant up and down its length, "And now that you've had your fun... I should get to have my fun, too."

* * *

The line was starting to wind down. By now, Jack had run out of room on Miranda's left ass-cheek, and had begun making marks on the right one.

And Miranda had worn herself out screaming and begging the men of the Normandy to pound her ass. So now she simply grunted lewdly as one of the last few of the male crew members shoved his cock into her ass. Despite Jack's best efforts to keep it all in, by now so much cum had been deposited into Miranda's rear passage that a long sticky trail had begun to trickle down her inner thigh. And the sound of hips pounding against Miranda's shapely backside was now combined with the slimy sloshing of cocks inside of Miranda's cum-filled asshole.
"Mmm, that's it," Oriana urged on the man ass-fucking her sister. "Pound her good. Make her feel that cock," She sat on the edge of the packing crate that Miranda had been situated on, her legs spread and her crotch directly in front of Miranda's face. "You enjoying that, whore? You like taking the cocks of every last man on this station?"

"Unh... unh... unh," Miranda grunted with every thrust inside of her.

Behind Miranda and the man currently taking her ass, Jack was on her knees in front of the next man in line, helping to keep him hard and ready for his turn at the Normandy's cum dumpster. "Think that's a yes," she pulled her mouth off the crewman's manhood to quip, before going back to expertly sucking cock.

"Hmm, normally you'd be right, Jack, but I don't think so," Oriana said, leaning forward to deliver a hard slap to her sister's hash-marked ass. "I think my slutty sister here is disappointed. If she wasn't so busy moaning like a whore, I'm sure she'd tell us that she wishes there were more men here to fuck her ass. A lot more. Enough to fill up her whole ass with hash-marks and force us to use her back to be able to still keep track."

Jack pulled away from the cock in her mouth with a laugh, just as the man currently fucking Miranda's ass grunted and came inside her. "Got a good fucking point, there. Well, we'll definitely take care of that when we get back to the Citadel. I know some places on that station where this dirty little slut can get all the cock she could ever want."

"Mmm, I think that would have to be a lot of cock, to satisfy this horny bitch," Oriana remarked. As the next man in line started fucking Miranda's ass, and Jack made a new mark on Miranda's ass before dropping to her knees to keep the next man in line hard with her mouth, Oriana grabbed Miranda by the hair.

"What do you think, my darling sister?" Oriana asked mockingly. "Would you like us to take you down to the lower wards on Omega? Sell you off to the scum of the galaxy and let them fuck you right in the middle of the street? Show the entire Citadel what a desperate, horny slut you really are? How does that sound to you?"

Miranda opened her mouth, but by now she had been fucked into an incoherent, babbling mess. "Mmm... unh... oh... hunh..." she moaned, eyes wide and delirious, tongue lolling out of her mouth as she grinned like an idiot and came again, for what seemed like the hundredth time just in the last few hours.

"Then it's a date," Oriana said with a wicked smile. "For now, though, I guess you'll just have to content yourself with eating me out like a horny dyke bitch." With a hard tug of her raven locks, Oriana yanked Miranda's head down to her naked crotch, and soon Miranda was obediently lapping at her sister's snatch. "That's it. Such an obedient slut. Lick that cunt like a good little whore."

Behind Miranda, the man currently taking his turn in her ass finished off, to be replaced by the last crewman in line. As he shoved his cock into Miranda's cum-filled ass, one of the first men to deposit his cum in Miranda had regained his erection, and strolled over to Oriana with his cock in his hand and a leering grin on his face. With a casual shrug, Oriana leaned over to take the man into her mouth, slurping on his prick while her sister eagerly tongued her slit. All around her, she could hear the moans and squeals of women coming, mixed in a beautiful symphony with the groans and grunts of men shooting their loads into every available hole. The normally stale-smelling recycled air of the Normandy was now filled with the unmistakable stench of hot sweat, wet pussy and fresh cum.
Heaven, Oriana thought to herself. My face stuffed with cock... Randa eating out my pussy... and all around me people fucking non-stop. This is heaven. How could I have considered resisting this, even for a second? Thank you, Samara. Thank you, Liara. Thank you for showing me true heaven.

As Oriana offered her silent thanks to the Normandy's two asari and their massive cocks, the one currently in her mouth jerked and started spewing cum onto her tongue. Oriana resisted the urge to swallow, collecting the man's load into her mouth until he finally pulled away, spent. Turning back to Miranda, Oriana yanked her sister's face away from her snatch. Miranda looked disappointed at the interruption, before Oriana pursed her lips and began dribbling the mix of cum and saliva in her mouth down towards Miranda's face. Obediently, Miranda opened her mouth to catch the sticky mess, a wide grin on her face as the gooey stream landed on her tongue. Most of it, that was; quite a bit of the sticky discharge splattered on her already cum-stained face, but Miranda hardly seemed to mind.

Not long after Oriana finished feeding her sister, the last man in line finally shot his load into Miranda's over-used asshole. He started to pull away, but Jack clapped a hand on his shoulder. "Not just yet, pal," she said, scratching the last hash-mark onto Miranda's backside before leaning down to her sticky, gasping face. "Good job, cheerleader. Every last man on this ship has spilled his cum in that pretty little ass of yours. But we're not done with you yet." A smirk came onto her face. "See, you are acting commander of the Normandy, after all. And if there's one thing a commander needs to do, it's to be willing to bear the burdens of her crew. To... carry their loads, you might say. And with the help of this, we're going to make sure you don't have any problems at all with that."

Jack reached down to the ground, and Miranda's eyes went wide as she saw what was in her former nemesis's hand: a massive, pitch-black buttplug.

* * *

"Take a deep breath. This will go so much easier if you just relax."

Samara followed Liara's instructions, as the younger asari lubed up her cock and crouched down to point it at Samara's exposed asshole. At the same time, she tried to fight the queer sensation she was feeling.

It wasn't that she objected to Liara getting her chance to find her own pleasure. Not after that amazing blowjob Liara had given her. And as Liara started forcing her slippery cock into Samara's anus, she had to admit that the sensation wasn't entirely unpleasant.

But the way Liara had used her biotics to forcibly move Samara into position for this anal ravishing, without even asking Samara beforehand, left her troubled. She couldn't help but wonder what might have happened if she had said "no" to Liara, or whether that would have even been an option.

"Oh, that's it," Liara cooed, tilting her head back and moaning as her cock forced its way inside Samara's ass. Samara gritted her teeth and breathed, feeling the thick blue cock stretching her rear passage open. "That feels so fucking good," Liara said, just before she shoved forward the last inch. Buried balls-deep in Samara's ass, Liara took a moment to appreciate the sensation of having her cock gripped by Samara's anal walls, before she pulled halfway out and delivered a hard thrust into Samara's ass.

"Unh," Samara grunted, the unfamiliar sensation of being anally penetrated growing less and less painful as Liara slowly began pumping in and out of her ass. The asari maiden's tits, now more than
twice their original size under the influence of the Prothean device, bounced with every hard thrust, and Samara's own sizable breasts shook with the force of Liara's anal pounding as well.

Furrowing her brow and letting out an aroused moan, Samara made to reach up and take hold of her own prick, wanting to jerk herself off as Liara fucked her ass. Only to find her hand paralyzed in place by Liara's biotics. Liara, sensing Samara's intentions, let out a small chuckle.

"No need to exert yourself... partner," Liara said, reaching down to take hold of Samara's bobbing cock. "I'll lend you a hand."

"Oh, Goddess," Samara gasped, the feeling of Liara's cock fucking her ass now bringing her nothing but pleasure. All while Liara's hand, still slippery from applying lube to her own cock, glided against Samara's foreskin. Her earlier disquiet about Liara's change in mood totally forgotten, Samara now reveled in the feeling of having a cock rammed up her ass. She only wished now that she reach up to play with her tits while Liara fucked her, but the biotics that Liara used still held her in place.

"Samara, I... I have to tell you something," Liara said between thrusts, her breathing heavy from the exertion of pounding Samara's ass. "And I'm... I'm not sure that you're... you're going to like it."

At this point, with how horny this maiden's cock was making her, Liara could have told Samara that she was secretly a Reaper in disguise, and Samara wouldn't have cared. Just as long as Liara kept fucking her like this, it didn't matter. None of it matter except for how good it all felt.

"This whole... partnership idea..." Liara said, still thrusting her hips forward while jerking on Samara's cock, "I'm afraid that... well, that it's not going to work out."

Samara wasn't sure how to respond, but before she could even provide an answer, Liara reached her other hand to take hold of Samara's prick as well. Not gently, though, but gripping hard enough to actually cause Samara pain.

Liara's brows narrowed dangerously, and she grinned as her eyes went black. "Embrace eternity, bitch."

* * *

In that instant, their minds were one. And within the very first moments, with all of Liara's memories and emotions laid out bare before her, Samara understood everything.

She saw the years that Liara had spent being a faithful and loyal companion to Shepard. Following in his footsteps, obeying his every command. How she had told herself that it was for the good of the galaxy, and that she owed it to her people to assist this human in defeating the Reapers.

And Samara saw how, despite this justification to herself, the resentment started to grow. For so long, Liara did everything she could to help Shepard. Even after his death, she fought to recover his body and deliver it to those who could restore him to life. Over and over again, she sacrificed for him. Did everything she could to help him. Make him happy.

And despite it all, he still only had eyes for her. That human bitch. Even after everything Liara had done for him, he still had chosen her. Went back to her. Slept with her. Even as Liara knew, knew without doubt that he would never have his deepest needs satisfied by her, it was still that human he went back to.
Samara saw the other things, as well. The secret things that only Liara and Shepard had known about before this meld. The sweat, the grime, the long nights in back alleys with a camera filming every last grimy detail. Showing him just how much she cared about him. Being what he wanted her to be. Doing the things she never would, over and over again, until it felt like the stink would never wash off of her. And yet, despite everything, still loving him. Still willing to do it all again if it meant that he would look at her like he looked at the other one. The one he had chosen. She would have done it a thousand times over if it meant she could have had him.

*What do you know about what I want?*

There was more. Other secrets, these ones that even Shepard didn't know. Couldn't know, even if Liara secretly would have loved to shown Shepard the truth. The dirty stains on the woman who he thought so pure, so innocent. But it would have hurt him. Left him hating both of them in the end: her for the betrayal, and Liara for hiding it for so long. More and more resentment building up, against Shepard. Against her. And against all of them.

*I... I just want to feel him again.*

Why had it been her people who had suffered such great losses? Palaven and Sur'Kesh and Earth and all of the other homeworlds were already recovering from the damage the Reapers had wrought, while Thessia still lay in ruins. Yes, there was Khar'shan, but considering the actions of the Batarian Hegemony against the rest of the galaxy, that could only be considered karmic justice in the end. But what happened to Thessia... how could that be considered justice? So many times she had heard people say it. That Thessia had gotten what it had deserved for hiding away their Prothean secrets. But just a few days as the Shadow Broker had shown her so many other secrets. Ones that paled in comparison to the ones that Thessia had hidden. Why shouldn't they have been the ones to watch their home planet burn beyond any possible hope of recovery? Why is it only the asari that are still picking themselves up out of the rubble?

So much resentment inside of such a young maiden. Resentment that, until now, had been buried deep in Liara's psyche. But just as the power of the Prothean device had removed the inhibitions of all of the humans caught under its thrall, so had it unearthed all of Liara's darkest, most primal emotions. Her resentment. Her anger. And most of all, her deep-seated desire to finally be the one in charge. To no longer take orders from anyone. To make Shepard and her and all of the others bow down to Liara's will for once.

And then Samara saw the plan. What Liara had in mind after Shepard and Ash returned to the Normandy. And as those images from Liara's mind passed through their joined consciousness into Samara's mind, Samara knew one thing in that very instant. A thought that came crashing through all the lustful urges and sinful desires that the Prothean device had awoken in her. A thought that reignited the Justicar teachings that Samara had nearly forgotten about in the midst of her passionate lust. A thought that soon grew to be the most important of all.

*I have to stop her.*

In answer to that thought, Samara heard caustic laughter in her mind. *Stop me, Samara? Liara's voice inside of their shared consciousness. And how do you intend to do that?*

*You cannot do this, Liara, Samara thought back to her. It's insane. You would wreak havoc on...*

*Blah blah blah, Liara's mocking voice in her head. Goddess, do you ever get tired of being such a preachy bitch? Now, as I was saying: this partnership thing just isn't going to work out. On the other*
hand, I believe this arrangement would work so much better with me as the one in charge, and you as my loyal and faithful servant. How does that sound, hmm? Oh, right. I wasn't planning on giving you a choice in the matter.

Dimly, she could feel the tight grip of Liara's hands on her cock back in the real world. And Liara's cock, still relentlessly pounding away at Samara's ass. And despite her current circumstances, Samara could feel a smile creeping onto her lips.

_I am afraid, Liara, that you have made a grave error. One that will be your undoing._ Samara directed the threat to Liara mentally.

_Oh, have I? Care to enlighten me, you sanctimonious Justicar bitch?_

In their shared mental state, Samara could feel Liara's anger surrounding her, like an oppressive weight bearing down on her shoulders. But with all of her mental energy, Samara forced the weight off of her, and felt it slip away from her like air. She could hear Liara gasp in the real world at Samara's resistance.

_You took me by surprise before, Liara,_ Samara thought, marshaling up all of her mental energy as she fought back against Liara. _But now that I am aware that you are a threat, I am ready to defeat you. And with our minds joined in this fashion, you will have nowhere to escape to._

_Escape? Does it look like I'm interested in escaping? Liara mockingly responded. Time to make your choice, Samara. Either you choose to serve me willingly, or I destroy your will through the meld and force you to be my slave. Better choose fast, though; if you haven't pledged yourself to me by the time I cum in your ass in the real world, then I'm afraid you'll leave me no choice._

_Samara couldn't help but laugh internally at the maiden's braggadocio. Liara, you believe that you have won. But you have chosen to fight against a Justicar warrior. One with centuries more combat experience than you, who has tanged with asari with far more power than you could ever hope to achieve. I have been trained for years in the art of battle, both with conventional weapons, and the weapons of sheer mental will. So whether you fight me in the world of reality, or the battlefield of the mind, you will stand little chance against my experience. And if you will not surrender, I will be forced to... to..._

_In the real world, Samara gasped. And the vicious grin on Liara's face grew even wider._

_Oh, what was it you were saying, Samara? About how much more powerful you are than me? I'm sorry, I can't hear you over the sound of me snapping your mind like a twig._

_No, Samara thought, pain coursing through her head as she felt Liara pushing back against her. It... it is not possible. You cannot be that... that..._

_You see it now, don't you? Liara's voice now boomed out in their shared consciousness, as loud as a bomb exploding. I am the Prothean's chosen one! We may have both touched the device, but I am the one onto whom they have bestowed their true power! They have made me into more than just some helpless, defenseless maiden, meekly bowing and scraping to everyone who thinks themselves better than her. I am the pinnacle of the asari race! The true potential of our species, finally realized. And right now... in this shared mind... I AM A GODDESS!_

_She was rambling. Insane. This idea that she had gained some massive amount of power from the Prothean device was utterly ridiculous. And yet... Samara found her mind weakening against the
force of Liara's mental presence. The anger and resentment that Samara had felt from Liara's mind before was back on her again, only now it felt like the weight of a Reaper pressing down on her weak and fragile frame. It didn't seem possible, but Liara's mental willpower, her sheer mental strength was undeniable.

Maybe there truly was some change that the device had made to her mind. Increased her mental capabilities to unimaginable levels. Or perhaps it was just that the anger and resentment that had built up in Liara for so many years had grown so strong, so powerful that even the mental will of a Justicar Matriarch wasn't enough to fight against it.

Regardless, Samara realized with horror that if she fought against Liara in a battle of wills, she would lose. And Liara would dominate her mind to the point where her free will would be erased entirely.

In the real world, in a battle of biotics, Samara might have stood a chance. But Liara had her trapped here, their minds joined together, and the link could not be broken until Liara willed it to be. Samara wouldn't even be able to lie, fake submission to Liara in order to combat her in the real world; Liara would sense the deception immediately and no doubt break Samara's mind in retaliation. No... the submission would have to be genuine. Total surrender to Liara's will. Samara couldn't believe she was even considering it, but... what other choice did she really have?

What will it be, Samara? Liara tauntingly asked in her head. Will you choose to serve me? Or do I destroy your mind and make you my mindless slave?

There was still some part of her that wanted to fight back. But then Liara sent another shockwave of mental energy into Samara's mind, and in the real world Samara cried out in pain.

Submit to me, Samara, Liara demanded. Submit me to me and serve me, and I promise that you will sit at my right hand as we show the galaxy the true potential of the asari. Or continue to resist and watch as I destroy your mind, one neuron at a time. It will only last a few seconds in the real world, but in here? In here, it will last an eternity.

I... I... I s... su...

* * *

Throwing her head back on the bed, Samara cried out in surrender. "I submit!"

And just as she pledged her loyalty, her cock gave a hard jerk, and began spewing cum into the air. Samara let out pained grunts as she came, her cum splashing against Liara's grinning face and heaving tits.

"Say it again!" Liara called out, still gripping onto Samara's spewing prick while pounding her own cock into Samara's ass.

"I submit," Samara choked out, her body spasming as she kept cumming. "I submit, I submit, I submit."

"Yes!" Liara exclaimed, and thrust one more time in Samara's ass, her own cock swelling inside Samara before starting to shoot cum deep down into the defeated matriarch's bowels. Liara's body shuddered and her face beamed with malevolent triumph, as her massive load overflowed inside Samara's ass and dribbled down onto the floor. Meanwhile, Samara's prick continued jerking and spewing cum all over Liara, although the triumphant maiden hardly seemed to notice.
After both of their climaxes had finally ended, Liara took a step back from Samara. Her cock still stood hard and erect, but she was more interested in other forms of conquest. "Now then," Liara said coldly. "On your knees, my servant."

Numbly, with the last of her energy still remaining, Samara fell down off the bed and onto her hands and knees. Her shoulders slumped and her head held low, she stared down at the floor in utter defeat. "Who do you serve, Samara?" Liara asked, crossing her arms under her cum-splattered breasts.

"I serve you, Liara," Samara responded, her voice soft and devoid of emotion.

Liara arched her brow. "Me... and no one else?"

"Yes, Liara," Samara responded.

"Not the Asari Republics?" Liara asked, and Samara shook her head. "Say it, bitch. Say you reject the Asari Republics."

"I... reject the Asari Republics."

"You reject the Citadel Council. Say it!" Liara demanded.

"I reject the Citadel Council," Samara numbly repeated.

"You reject the Justicar Code," Liara said. Seeing the hesitation come to Samara's face, Liara flared her biotics. "Say it, or by the Goddess I will break your mind!"

Samara took a deep, heaving breath. "I... I reject the Justicar Code, she said, the pain in her voice evident with every word.

"You will serve me, and only me, for the rest of your days," Liara said.

Looking up from the floor, Samara stared up into Liara's eyes. Not with defiance or anger... but with utter reverence. "I will serve you, and only you, for the rest of my days," Samara repeated.

Liara let out a caustic laugh. "Very good, my servant. Now then... time to truly prove your devotion." Gripping the base of her cock with one hand, Liara used the other to beckon Samara forward with a finger.

Utterly defeated, Samara shuffled forward on her knees, until her mouth was in reach of Liara's cock. Taking hold of the massive blue prick, Samara was soon lovingly sucking on her new mistress's throbbing shaft of meat.

"By the Goddess, Samara," Liara said mockingly, as Samara mindlessly slobbered on her prick. "Where did a withered old Justicar like yourself learn to suck cock so well?"

Samara said nothing, completely focused on pleasing her mistress. Liara reveled in the sight of the once-proud and independent warrior woman. Now just another obedient servant.

And there would be others. So many others. Speaking of which, Liara remembered what Samara had said earlier. She really should be letting Shepard know that everything was "safe" back on the
Normandy. The sooner that he and Ash were back on the ship, the sooner that the two of them could be put into her service.

Glancing around the room, she wondered to herself where she had put her omni-tool. There were plans to be made, steps to be taken before the last two members of the Normandy crew returned, and Liara wanted to discuss these things with Miranda, Traynor, and Jack here in her office.

*On our way,* Liara heard the voices and let out a surprised gasp. It was like the three Normandy crew members had spoken, not over the Normandy's comms, but in her own mind. It took her a moment before she understood; once she did, her triumphant smile grew even wider.

Samara had said something before about how she was able to reach into the minds of all of the humans she had touched with her Prothean gift. Join consciousness with them just as if they were melded, even when they were far away. Somehow, in the course of joining with Samara and dominating her mind, Liara must have gained access to that gift as well. Sure enough, as she closed her eyes, she could feel all of the minds of the Normandy crew. Could feel all the pleasure they were experiencing as they continued their orgy down in the shuttle bay. Liara let out a long and throaty moan, the sensation of being in a meld with dozens of other minds at once like nothing she had ever experienced before.

*The rest of you, stop what you're doing right now,* Liara sent out the command, and she immediately felt all of the crew pause in their ceaseless fucking and listen attentively. The feeling of power that Liara experienced in that moment was better than any of the countless climaxes she had experienced over the past few hours. *Get dressed and start cleaning up this place. I don't want Shepard or Ash to suspect a thing when they get back here.* Feeling resistance in some of the linked minds to taking a break from their orgy, Liara barked out the mental command. *Your mistress commands you!*

*Yes, Mistress,* came back the responses of all of the Normandy crew. As her minions bowed to her will, Liara's cock throbbed in Samara's grasp, and soon Samara's mouth was flooded with Liara's load. Unlike Liara, Samara wasn't as skilled at swallowing down so much jizz at once, and cum soon spilt out of her mouth and down her chin.

Despite this, Liara still gave her new faithful minion a warm smile. "Very nicely done, my pet," she said, favoring Samara with a light brush across the cheek.

"Thank you... Mistress," Samara responded. Her eyes flicked across the semen dripping off of Liara. "Do you wish for me to clean my cum off of you?"

Before Liara could respond, the door to her office opened, and the three women she had summoned mentally stepped inside. "No need. That's what we have humans for." Turning to the new arrivals, Liara grinned, her face and breasts still dripping with Samara's cum. "We seem to have made a bit of a mess in here. Can't have Shepard coming back to see us like this, can we? Clean us off... with your tongues."

"Yes, Mistress," Miranda, Traynor, and Jack said in unison, the three of them smiling in pride. Obviously thrilled to be the ones chosen by the Mistress to clean her and her servant. As they stepped forward, licking their lips at the prize to come, Liara couldn't help but notice that Miranda was walking a bit oddly. She started to open her mouth to ask why, but then remembered that she no longer had to. Reaching out with her mind to Miranda's memories, she felt the cocks pounding her human servant's ass, as load after load of cum was deposited into Miranda. Afterward, Miranda gritted her teeth as Jack forced the sizable buttplug into her, telling her that she would be carrying the cum of her crew around for a good long while. Until Jack and Oriana decided she was done, in other
Seeing the memory and smiling to herself, Liara held up a hand in front of her. "Just a moment, Miranda," she said, and the dark-haired woman paused in her awkward walk forward. "Turn around for me, if you would."

Miranda obeyed, turning her back to Liara. On her backside, her left ass-check was covered in small black lines, with several spreading over to the right side of her backside as well. And right in the middle, a large black disc, connected to a bulbous plug currently shoved deep into Miranda's anal cavity.

"Mmm, so many marks," Liara said. As she beckoned Samara up to her feet with one hand, with the other she reached for the plug in Miranda's ass. "But I have to think there's room for... at least two more."
Shepard didn't know what he was expecting when he stepped out of the shuttle. After waiting for so long for this dire chemical spill to be cleaned up, he wouldn't have been surprised to see burst pipes, smoking puddles of noxious chemicals leaking out acidic fumes, and crewmen either vomiting or hurriedly donning gas masks to block out the plumes of hazardous smoke.

The last thing he expected to see, however, was what greeted him when he stepped out of the shuttle: absolutely nothing, besides a smiling communications specialist.

"Welcome back, Commander!" said Traynor, standing beside the shuttle in waiting for Shepard to emerge. "As you can see, we've cleaned things up rather well around here."

"Yes, I certainly can see that," Shepard remarked. As he stepped down out of the shuttle onto the Normandy's deck, he stared around at the vast shuttle bay. He was looking for any sign at all that there had been a major leak of hazardous waste in here, but he saw absolutely nothing. The floor was spotless, all conduits and waste transferal tubes completely intact. The crew in the area were manning their posts as usual. No, actually, that wasn't right. Shepard couldn't help but notice how... casual they all looked. Even if the spill had already been dealt with, he would have expected the crew to be on edge at least a little bit, nervous that whatever hole they had patched might rupture again unexpectedly.

But no. All of the crew went about their business, smiles on their faces as if nothing was the matter.

Traynor must have seen his confusion, and she let out a quick laugh. "I was surprised, too. Suppose it's a testament to the skills of the Normandy crew that they were able to deal with the damage so efficiently."

"Yeah, looks pretty normal in here to me," Ash remarked, following behind Shepard out of the shuttle. "Not so much as a single drop of battery acid to be seen." She paused for a moment, her nose wrinkling. "Although... Shepard, do you smell that? Smells like... hmm, can't place it."

Shepard nodded, staring around the shuttle bay as the three of them made their way over to the weapons and armor storage area. "Yeah, I can definitely smell something in here," he agreed.

But unlike Ash, he knew exactly what it reminded him of. Not that he would say it out loud, of course, but whatever chemical had contaminated the shuttle bay smelled like... well, no other way to put it. It smelled like sex. The smell of fresh sweat, body lube, and cum, or at least something that smelled a lot like those things, filled the entire room.

Shepard was a bit surprised that Ash didn't recognize the smell right away. Sure, she was a bit prudish, but she certainly hadn't been a virgin before he had met her. Maybe, like Shepard, she was just too polite to say it out loud.

"Mmm, you sure it was a hazardous chemical that got spilled in here?" Ashley said, inhaling deeply through her nose as she walked. "Whatever happened in here, it actually smells kinda good."

"You know, I did overhear some crew mentioning that there might be traces of the spill still lingering in the air," Traynor quickly responded. "And now that you mention it, it does smell a bit pleasant. But if the whole spill had still been here... trust me, you wouldn't be smiling right now. That stuff is..."
dangerous. Quite a few of the crew got exposed to it, and they're experiencing some pretty strong symptoms. Light-headedness, shortness of breath, difficulty speaking. Dr. Michel is seeing to a few of the affected crewmembers right now, so I'm afraid we're a bit shorthanded at the moment."

"Well, hopefully we can at least get a skeleton crew together," Shepard asked, as he reached his storage locker and began removing his combat armor. "I want to set course for the Citadel as soon as possible."

Traynor nodded. "I understand, Commander. From what the doctor tells me, she's prescribed the affected crew a regular dose of protein injections, and that should get them back up and on their feet in just a few hours."

"Okay, that will give me time to write my report to Alliance brass," Shepard responded, stowing away the last piece of armor along with his weapons. "Where's Miss Lawson? I would have expected her to be the one to greet us."

"Miranda, right," Traynor answered. "She's at the CIC right now, I believe. Making sure the ship's running to top standards while you've been gone." Lowering her voice slightly, she added. "Just to let you know: she really took the lead in getting this mess cleaned up. But I'm afraid that... well, she might had exposed to a lot more of the chemicals than anyone else. Don't know what sort of effect it may have had on her, but just know that she might be acting a little strangely."

Shepard looked concerned. "If that's the case, I should go relieve her of duty immediately. Sounds like she needs some bed rest."

"Oh, I agree that she should definitely be in a bed right now," Traynor said, an odd tone to her voice. For a split second, so quick that Shepard wasn't even sure he saw it, the tip of Traynor's tongue slid out to wetly drift along her lips. Shepard's mind was brought back to the voices he had heard over Oriana's omni-tool earlier.

*The long wait down on the planet, the smell of sex in the air and the sound of Miranda begging to be fucked,* Shepard thought to himself. *If I didn't know any better, I'd swear that... no, it couldn't be.*

"Well, I'll be sure to send out a message thanking the crew for dealing with such an unusual situation when I get back to the CIC," Shepard said, starting to make his way towards the lift.

"Wait, Shepard!" Traynor called out. "Before you do that, I almost forgot. The reason I was waiting here was... Liara asked you to come by her office as soon as you got back. Something about her condition that she wanted to tell you about right away."

Shepard's expression immediately darkened. "What is it? Have things gotten worse?"

"Not... worse," Traynor responded, her expression turning cagey. "Best that you talk to her yourself."

"Don't worry about it, skipper," Ashley chimed in, finishing the process of removing her own armor and weapons. "I'll go check in on Miranda, make sure she's feeling alright. Right before I get out of this damn uniform and take a shower. Starting to get pretty ripe in here after all that time planet-side."

"Thanks, Ash," Shepard said, while remembering Ash's promise down below. *Don't go thinking you'll be getting back into that uniform any time soon, Commander Williams. Once I'm sure that Liara is okay and that the Normandy is properly staffed, we're going to be making up for some lost*
time in my cabin, he thought to himself. "I'll be up in a bit after I see about Liara," he said out loud.

Ashley nodded, doing her best not to show her annoyance on her face. Yes, Liara was in a really bad state right now, and probably could use Shepard's assurances. But the way he always hopped to it whenever she gave him an instruction... she shouldn't be jealous. She knew she shouldn't. But, as irrational as it was, she couldn't help how she felt.

Maybe after they were back on the Citadel, and Liara's condition had been seen to, she would have that talk she'd been meaning to have with Shepard. About how Liara was their friend, and how depressed she would look whenever Thessia was mentioned. She had the speech all planned out in her head: *Maybe we should talk to Liara together. Convince her that it would be best if she were to leave the Normandy for a while, and help out back on her home planet. It doesn't have to be a permanent thing, and she can come back whenever she wants. But her people need her now, Shepard. We should try to make her understand that.*

Yeah, it was a bit selfish of her. But she really did believe that Liara would be happier back on Thessia, rolling up her sleeves and helping with the rebuilding of her homeworld. And while she was doing that... Ash would have Shepard all to herself. Win-win for everyone.

But that conversation was for later. After Liara and Samara's unfortunate condition was dealt with... if it even could be. In the meantime, Ash rode up the lift with Shepard in silence, saying nothing as he got off on Deck 3 to visit Liara.

* * *

Stepping off on Deck 3, Shepard felt that strange vibe he had picked up in the shuttle bay. As he passed crew members on his way to Liara's office, they gave him casual salutes and strange smiles.

It wasn't that Shepard was that much of a stickler for Alliance discipline on his ship; he'd never been one for protocols and procedures, and figured that as long as you did your job to the best of your ability, it didn't matter if one of the fasteners on your uniform was undone while you were doing it. But everyone on the Normandy that he had seen since he had arrived just seemed so... unconcerned. They had just had a massive chemical spill in the shuttle bay, and yet everyone on the Normandy was walking around acting like they were on shore leave, not a care in the world.

Something else was off when he walked around into the mess hall area, and after a second Shepard realized what it was: the privacy shades on the med-bay were down. Grabbing a random ensign on her way by, Shepard pointed in the medical facilities and questioned her.

"Oh, Dr. Michel is just... um... tending to some of the chemical spill victims in there," the ensign responded, biting her lip and fidgeting.

"Yes, but why are the shades down?" Shepard responded, staring dubiously at the opaque barriers. "Are the effects of the exposure that... upsetting? Maybe I should go take a look, see if..."

"No, it's not that!" the ensign suddenly exclaimed. "It just... um..."

As Shepard watched her stammer, suddenly the ensign cocked her head to the side, as if listening to some distant voice. For a long time she stood in silence, eyes unfocused as she almost imperceptibly nodded. Finally, just when Shepard was about to ask if she needed to visit the med-bay as well, she finally spoke. "It's a... light sensitivity thing. Another one of the side effects of the exposure. The
"Liara said that?" Shepard asked. "Seems like she knows a lot about this chemical spill."

"She does!" the ensign exclaimed, her voice at a strangely loud volume. "You should go see her right away! She can tell you all about the chemicals and... and everything else!" She smiled widely and artificially, the sudden change to her expression both looking ridiculous and a trifle unsettling at the same time.

Shepard nodded, making a note to advise Dr. Michel to have a look at this particular ensign. Perhaps she had inhaled some of those chemicals as well. "Thanks for the information, Ensign," he said, before making a move to walk around the female bridge officer.

"Um, Commander?" the ensign said, moving slightly to block Shepard's path. "After you see Liara, could you... could I..." Glancing over at the crew milling around the mess hall, she leaned in close to Shepard. "Could I be your first?"

Shepard gave her a confused look. "First? First what?"

"I shouldn't say anything, but..." the ensign said quietly. And then out of nowhere, she suddenly moved forward, inches away from Shepard. Shepard let out a surprised gasp as the ensign reached forward and placed her hand directly on his crotch. "I'd love for you to make me your first after the Mi... after Liara makes you and Commander Williams like us." Shepard was too stunned by the blatant gesture to move or even speak, as the ensign moved her hand up and down the growing erection inside his uniform. "It'll be so wonderful, Commander. Ever since I signed on to the Normandy, I've always wanted to fu..."
Once the med-bay door was shut behind them, Chloe immediately grabbed the waistband of Hartwell's uniform pants and, along with her panties underneath, yanked them down to her ankles. "Bend over, you mouthy little slut," she hissed, before reaching over to a nearby medical table. Once, there might have been an array of scanning tools and probes here, but now it was being used for a far more important purpose: the table was filled with sex toys of every shape and size, from dildos to lube to more painful tools of pleasure. As Hartwell slowly bent over, Chloe grabbed one of these in particular: a large round paddle, which she immediately put to use on Hartwell's exposed backside.

"I'm sorry, Chloe!" Hartwell cried out, as the med-bay rang out with the sounds of the paddle slapping against her ass. "I couldn't help myself! I'm so sorry!"

"Don't apologize to me, idiot," Chloe responded. "Apologize to the Mistress."

"I'm so sorry, Mistress," Hartwell squealed, as the paddle struck her ass again and left it reddened and sore. It was out of habit that she spoke aloud; the Mistress would have heard her even if the words were only spoken in her head. Nonetheless, she still pleaded for forgiveness with her mouth. "Please forgive me, Mistress."

She heard the response in her head.

If your tongue is so eager to flap, Ensign, I'm sure my loyal servant can put it to good use.

This drew Hartwell's attention to the other end of the room, where several members of the crew were currently continuing the once ship-wide orgy on the med-bay's cots. Including Samara, who pulled her cock out of Lieutenant Bocelli's dripping snatch to stroll over to the bent-over Hartwell and present the massive rod in front of Hartwell's mouth.

"Open," Samara commanded, and Hartwell immediately obeyed. The sound of her sloppy sucking as Samara started fucking her face soon joined the sounds of moans, grunts, and the paddle slapping against her ass.

I love you so much, Mistress, Hartwell thought to herself as Samara's cum soon flooded her mouth, sending a rush of pleasure right to the center of her brain. Even your punishments are a blessing.

* * *

"Oh, Commander Wil... Williams," Miranda stammered, turning around from the hovering Normandy schematic to greet Ash as she stepped off the lift. "I'm glad to see that you've... you've.... um, returned."

"Good to be back," Ash said, while giving Miranda a concerned look. "Everything alright? From what Specialist Traynor said, it sounds like you might have been exposed to those chemicals pretty badly."

Miranda quickly shook her head, as she started walking towards the stairs leading down from the CIC. Ashley couldn't help but notice that Miranda was walking very oddly. Every step was taken gingerly, and she seemed to wince as she reached the first stair down. "Non... nonsense. Sam is... she's exaggerating. I'm just..." Miranda's words suddenly were cut off by a sharp gasp.
"What is it?" Ash said, taking a quick step forward. "Is something the matter?"

"Ev... everything is... is fine, Commander," Miranda said, despite the sweat starting to form on her upper brow. "I'm just a... just a little tired, is all."

* * *

"We're such mean bitches, aren't we?"

Jack smiled in response to Oriana's question. "Damn straight we are. But that cheerleader deserves it after she tried to fuck up our relationship."

From Oriana's bed, the two of them watched the hovering video feed from the CIC's surveillance camera. On the screen in front of them, Miranda gasped and squirmed and Ash watched her in confusion.

"I'm not even sure how she's still standing," Oriana observed, as she fiddled with the control box in her hand. "Between all the cum still plugged up inside her ass, and the remote-control vibrator we have taped over her clit, she should be quivering on the floor by now."

Jack smirked over at Oriana. "Well, she is a genetically-perfect clone, after all. So much better than anyone else... except for you, of course."

"Thanks, babe," Oriana responded. "Still... she's probably hit her limit by now. And the last thing I should do would be to increase the vibration speed on that egg she's got buried inside that tight little jumpsuit of hers."

"Yeah, you're right," Jack said, while a devious smile crept over her face. "You should probably just hit the off switch on that thing, save the cheerleader any further embarrassment."

Holding up the control box, Oriana hit a button, and an over-acted expression of shock came over her face. "Oh, dear! Looks like I accidentally increased the speed instead!"

* * *

"Ooohhh!" Miranda let out a low moan, her knees shaky as she clenched her fists and forced a smile to her face. "Like I said... I'm just... just fine. I can keep... keep manning the CIC until... unh... Shepard gets back."

"You sure?" Ashley asked her. "Nothing personal, Miranda, but you seem a bit..." Cocking an eyebrow, she twisted her neck slightly. "Do you hear that?"

"H... hear what, Commander?" Miranda said, her voice trembling. "I don't hear a... hear a thing."

Ashley shook her head. "Maybe I'm imagining it, but for a second there I thought I heard something buzzing."

"Prob... probably nothing," Miranda said, while pressing her thighs firmly together and clenching her fists even tighter.

* * *
"Uh, oh," Jack said to Oriana. "Think Miss Goody Two Shoes heard our little toy. You should definitely turn it off now."

"Yeah, this has gone on long enough," Oriana agreed, moving her fingers on the control box again. "Oh, whoops! There I go again! Looks like I pushed the wrong button again, and turned the vibrator up to the max setting."

Jack let out a sigh. "Babe, I love you, but you can be so clumsy sometimes. How could a genetically-enhanced perfect woman like you be such a butterfingers?"

Oriana shrugged, before pointing a thumb behind her. "Suppose I might be a little distracted by the hard cock fucking me up the ass right now," she observed, while shifting around in her hands-and-knees position on the bed, making herself more comfortable as the crewman behind her thrust into her rear passage.

"Yeah, that might be it," Jack responded. "I'd offer to take charge of the box, but I'm kinda busy riding this guy right now," she bounced her hips up off the crewman lying underneath her before slamming herself back down on his cock, as if to illustrate this point. "So I'd probably be just as much of a fucking klutz."

* * *

"There it is! I can really hear it now, what... God, Miranda, you're shaking like a leaf!" Ashley exclaimed. "Go to the med-bay right away!"

"No, I... I have to stay," Miranda said with a grimace, even as she looked ready to fall off her high-heeled boots and tumble to the deck in a damp heap. She was soaking with sweat now, strands of her dark hair sticking to her cheeks as she clenched her thighs tightly together. "She... she told me I had to stay."

Ashley stared at Miranda with a mix of concern and confusion. "What are you talking about? She... who told you that?"

"I... I mean... oh, God..." Miranda moaned. "It's so... sooooo..." She looked off into the distance for a moment, and then a smile crept onto her sweat-glistening face. "Okay. I can go back to my quarters now. She said I... I mean... I'm allowed to go to rest in my quarters now."

Ashley stared quizzically at Miranda, while continuing to hear that loud buzzing sound. And trying her best to ignore that dark spot that was starting to form between the legs of Miranda's jumpsuit. "God, I hope "loss of bladder control" isn't another side effect of those chemicals," she thought to herself, as Miranda began slowly shuffling in the direction of her quarters. "Okay, get some rest, but see Dr. Michel as soon as you can," she instructed Miranda.

"Co... coming... I mean going," Miranda said, her breath hitching for a moment before she let out a long sigh. "I'll be going to see Dr. Michel soon. Just need to go to bed for a bit."

As soon as Miranda was gone, Ash turned to one of the bridge officers. "Shepard will be here soon. Just... keep the ship from blowing up until he gets here, okay?"

"Roger that, ma'am," the officer responded.
Ash thought to question him about Miranda, and just how badly she had been exposed to those chemicals, but decided to put it off until later. Right now she just needed to rest. Heading into the lift, she tried her best to keep her mind off what had just happened, but the moans that Miranda was letting out were still ringing in her ears.

* * *

didn't they sound a lot like... like what you heard over Shepard's comms? she thought to herself, but immediately dismissed it. Those were from one of Joker's pathetic porno vids. The thought of Miranda debasing herself like that in the real world... totally absurd.

* * *

Miranda wasn't even completely through the door to her and Oriana's quarters before her jumpsuit was unzipped and falling off her body. The buzzing of the vibrating egg between her legs was now loud and clear, as well as her wanton, horny gasps.

"Nice work, cheerleader," Jack sarcastically congratulated her. "You almost managed to make it a whole minute pretending not to be a dirty cock-crazed slut." Turning to Oriana, she smirked. "Think we should reward your sis, babe?"

"I suppose she deserves it," Oriana said. Looking over at her shoulder to the man with his cock balls-deep in her ass, she pointed over to her horny, sweaty sister. "Go give my sister what's she's been craving."

The man pulled out of Oriana, while Jack rolled off the crewman she had been bouncing on, and Miranda felt to her knees with a contented smile on her face as the two men brought their cocks over to her. She wrapped her lips around one, the taste of Jack's pussy juices on it sending a warm tingle through her, while gripping onto the other and vigorously stroking it. By the time she switched and began blowing the other crewman, Jack and Oriana had already re-positioned themselves. Laying on their sides belly-to-belly – and mouth-to-twat – the two women hungrily licked each other while Miranda stroked and sucked cock, the expression on her face utterly content.

* * *

"Hello, Shepard," Liara said, turning in her chair to stand and greet him.

"Hello... lo, Liara," Shepard said, stammering as he got a good look at her for the first time since leaving. The changes were obvious, even without Liara's interesting choice of attire: whatever the Prothean had done to Liara's anatomy between her legs also appeared to be affecting the rest of her body. Her breasts seemed to have almost doubled in size, and they strained against the tight cropped t-shirt she wore.

Which was another oddity: Shepard could have sworn that Traynor had only brought Liara loose-fitting, dumpy clothing to wear. The tiny shirt that Liara was currently wearing, however, left the bottoms of her expanded breasts on full display, and Shepard thought he could see the faintest hint of the dark circles of Liara's areolas just underneath the hem. The shirt was thin, as well, and Shepard forced himself not to look at Liara's erect nipples poking against the fabric of the immodest garment.

If the shirt was questionable, however, Liara's choice of wardrobe for her lower half was even more extreme. Instead of a loose pair of sweats, Liara was wearing a brightly colored pair of tight yoga pants. Under normal circumstances, such a garment on Liara would have been a guilty pleasure for Shepard to observe. But not when the clingy leggings seemed to outline every inch of Liara's massive cock running down her left thigh, and the giant balls dangling between her legs. Liara
obviously noticed Shepard's staring and, rather than look bashful, she rested a hand on her hips and arched her brow, looking almost pleased to be gawked at.

Swallowing hard, Shepard forced himself to ignore Liara's choice of dress, and focused his attention back to her face. "Traynor said you wanted to see me as soon as I got back. Is something the matter?"

A smile slowly crept across Liara's face. "I suppose you could say that. Except it is more that... well, I just wanted to thank you, Shepard. For being so concerned about me and Samara. The fact that you were willing to put aside this mission to rush us to the Citadel was so..." she trailed off.

"Of course, Liara. You're very important to me... both of you," Shepard quickly added. "After all you two have done for me in the past, the least I could do is make sure you get medical treatment as soon as possible."

"Yes. The least you could do," Liara repeated, her smile twisting in an odd way. "But never mind. There was something else I wanted to talk to you about, Shepard. Something about my current condition."

Shepard gave her a concerned look. "What is it? Are you feeling ill? I know Dr. Michel is busy with the crew exposed to that chemical spill, but I'm sure we can get you in to see her..."

Liara waved a hand. "No, it's nothing related to my health. It's more... well, it's something I never quite understood until now. A mystery that my condition has finally illuminated for me."

"A mystery... about the Protheans, you mean?" Shepard asked, not following Liara's line of thought.

Liara laughed. "No, Shepard. About your species." She ran a hand along the side of her left leg, and Shepard reluctantly followed her gesture down to the bulge underneath her tight pants. "It is unusual, isn't it? How the Prothean device gave Samara and me a piece of anatomy so similar to that of a human male? But at the same time, I feel like it has given me a whole new... perspective on things. On why your species so enjoys the act of physical lovemaking." She looked into Shepard's eyes and laughed again. "And enjoys observing others in the act of it as well."

"Liara, please," Shepard said, averting his gaze from Liara's piercing blue eyes. "We said we wouldn't talk about that anymore."

"Oh, but things have changed since then, haven't they?" Liara asked. And maybe he imagined it, but Shepard thought he detected a hint of something... caustic in her tone. "Changed so much since that night in your quarters, after we defeated the Shadow Broker and I took over his position. You do remember that night, don't you, Shepard?"

Shepard forced himself to look back up at Liara, only to jump as she realized she had moved to stand right in front of him.

"Here," she said, as her hands went up to his face and her eyes went black. "Let me remind you."

* * *

As the door slid open on to the top deck of the Normandy, Ash let out a weary sigh. It had been one hell of a day, between the rachni fight, the chemical spill, and Miranda's odd behavior. Right about now, Ash was ready to just strip out of her clothes, take a long hot shower, and lay in bed until she
was needed on duty again.

Just as she reached the door to her and Shepard's quarters, however, her eyes caught something on the floor. Resting against the bottom of the door was a datapad. Its holographic surface was decorated with only one piece of text: a large number "1."

"What the..." Ash muttered to herself, bending down to pick up the datapad and hitting a button. Immediately, the large 1 was replaced with a small paragraph of text.

"Follow these notes in order. Complete every step and receive your prize."

Ash stared at the text. "Who put this..." she ruminated, before finally remembering her promise to Shepard. No doubt this was part of whatever fantasy of his that Ash was about to be forced to indulge. Making an annoyed grunt, she tossed aside the datapad and opened the door. Almost immediately after stepping into their cabin, she spotted several more datapads littered around the interior of the cabin.

"Shepard, is this your idea of 'something different'?" she asked out loud. "A scavenger hunt?"

Part of her wanted to tell Shepard where to shove his silly datapads, but she did agree to indulge him. Looking around the room, she spotted a datapad labelled "2" sitting on a table down by their couches. Along with the datapad was a bottle of champagne in a bucket of ice.

"Pour yourself a drink," the datapad instructed. Well, not too bad so far, Ash thought as she grabbed one of the two small glasses nearby and pulled out the bottle of champagne.

"Jeez, Shepard, you could have at least gotten us a new bottle," she muttered, seeing that the cork had already been popped on the green bottle of liquor. Regardless, she poured herself a drink as instructed and took a quick sip. The sip soon turned into a gulp as she got a taste of the surprisingly delicious champagne, and soon the entire glass was gone.

As she finished the glass and started looking for the next datapad, something that had been bothering her since she had arrived in their quarters finally clicked in her brain. "Goddamn it, Shepard!" she cursed out loud, as it all came together: the chemical spill, Miranda's weird behavior... it was all Shepard's doing. No doubt Miranda was putting on that big show to keep Ash distracted while Shepard slipped up the lift ahead of Ash and got this all set up. Ash was a bit surprised that Miranda would have been willing to make such a scene in front of the crew just to do a favor for Shepard.

But still... it made too much sense. Ash was willing to bet that all of it was bullshit, even the chemical spill itself. No doubt an excuse to keep her and Shepard down on the planet so that Shepard's dutiful crew could help their commander get this whole silly game set up.

"Shepard, I swear," she muttered. Despite herself, though, she couldn't help but see what else her devious boyfriend had cooked up. Datapad number 3 was on the floor next to the wall panel that controlled Shepard's music player.

"Press Selection #5," the datapad instructed, and Ash pushed the indicated button on the wall panel. The room was immediately filled with slow, romantic lounge music. Ash rolled her eyes. So predictable, if a little bit louder than she would have liked.

Ash tried to hit the volume button on the panel, only to find it disabled. Shepard has to have everything exactly how he wants, I guess, she thought to herself as she tossed away the datapad and
began hunting for #4. Still... so far this isn't nearly as degrading as I would have expected, considering what it had taken for him to get this promise out of me.

"Dim the lights," said Datapad #4, sitting on their nightstand next to the light controls. Ash happily obliged, if for no other reason than it made it easier for her to spot the last few datapads glowing inside of their quarters. She found #5, and the instruction it gave her was unambiguous: "Remove all of your clothing."

Ash sighed. "Well, at least he's not going to ask me to do a striptease for him like those whores down at the Dripping Azure," she observed, unlacing and stepping out of her boots before unfastening her uniform and letting it slip down to the floor. Her underwear came next, and soon she was standing with nothing on but a mildly annoyed look.

There was one last datapad, #6, sitting on top of the sheets of their bed. Next to it was a black strip of fabric. Ash wasn't sure what the purpose of that was until she read the datapad: "Blindfold yourself and lay down on the bed. Don't move or say a word until I tell you."

"Well, at least that puts an end to reading any more datapads," she quipped to herself. Taking hold of the fabric, she started wrapping it around her head.

But then she heard something unexpected, and with a gasp she dropped the small strip of fabric down onto the bed, whipping her head around the room in shock.

For a second, she thought that Shepard had actually being pulling an elaborate prank on her. Just as she had started putting on the blindfold, she could have sworn she had heard a whispered voice. So quiet, and yet audible even over the loud music playing in the room. Just as she thought she had imagined it, she heard it again. But a different voice this time, smooth and obviously female instead of a rough male voice.

But looking around the room, she saw no sign of anyone around. It took her a few moments to realize that the voices weren't in the room. They were in her head.

Shit, did I inhale too much of those chemicals after all? she thought to herself, trying to remember if "hearing voices" was one of the side effects that Traynor mentioned. But as she stood and concentrated all of her mental attention on the voices, she realized that the existence of the unexplained sounds wasn't even the worst of it. Once she heard what they were actually saying...

Mmm, Commander Williams is such a hot bitch. Can't wait to stick my cock inside that tight ass of hers and hear her squeal.

Wonder if Ash shaves her twat or not. Guess I'll find out soon enough when I'm eating out that juicy cunt.

Gonna cum all over that frigid slut's face just so Oriana and Jack can make Miranda can lick it off.

And mixed in with all of the vulgar words directed at her, she could hear several references to "the Mistress."

The Mistress is wonderful.

I hope the Mistress takes me again tonight.
I've still got the taste of the Mistress in my mouth. I hope it never goes away.

Who is the Mistress? she thought to herself.

The second the thought entered her mind, all of the voices in her head immediately stopped, as if a comms connection had been abruptly severed.

For a moment, she stood stock still, waiting to see if the unexplained voices started up again. When they didn't, Ash started to reach for her underwear on the floor, deciding to head down to the med-bay and put Shepard's little sex game on hold. If she really did get a whiff of those chemicals, she should probably get treatment as soon as possible.

You don't need to go to the med-bay, said a voice in her head, and her hand froze above her panties.

You're fine, said another.

Just keep following Shepard's instructions.

And it was strange. Even though they were the same voices that had left her so surprised and nervous before, the sound of their assurances calmed her.

You're just imagining things.

Forget you ever heard this.

Shaking her head slightly, Ash smiled to herself as she stood up straight again. Just imagining things, she thought to herself, shaking her head slightly. Don't even know what I was thinking.

Reaching back down to grab the blindfold again, she wrapped it around her head and tied it tight. With that done, she felt her way onto the bed, unable to see a thing as she lounged back against the pillows and waited.

After a few minutes in the dark, she heard the door to their quarters slide open and light footsteps as Shepard stepped inside. She wanted to make some remark about his bizarre little game, but she had agreed to humor him. So she remained quiet, waiting to see if he gave her any further instructions.

But instead, after a few awkward moments of silence, she felt a strong grip of fingers around her left wrist. As she let out a gasp of surprise, she felt her arm being pulled up and to her side, her wrist being pressed against the headboard. Once Shepard's grip left her left arm, she attempted to move her hand back, only to find it locked in place. Hard-light cuffs, she realized after a moment, as Shepard performed the same procedure with her right hand.

Once Ash was cuffed against the head of the bed, Shepard's hands went to other places. Ash's breath hitched in her throat as she felt him start to caress her bare breasts. "Shepard, that's..." she started to say, speaking loudly to be heard over the music filling the cabin.

"Shhhhh..." she heard Shepard hiss in the darkness behind her blindfold, before Ash felt the warmth of his mouth enveloping one of her nipples. Despite herself, she let out a low moan, the feeling of his tongue moving wetly against the apex of her breast sending a delightful shiver through her body.

Dammit, she hated to admit it to herself. But as Shepard continued to lavish attention on her tits, Ash could feel herself starting to get moist. Maybe this wasn't such a bad idea after all, she thought to
herself, as Shepard shifted on top of her, moving his mouth to her other breast to lap at her now stiffened nipple. *Or maybe that's just the champagne talking.*

Which was weird when she thought about it: she had only had one small glass, and she was feeling slightly tipsy just from that small taste. Light-headed and giddy... and horny as hell. Part of her wondered if Shepard might not have slipped a little something extra into that bottle, but that was ridiculous. He was a pervert, but he wasn't the type to drug his own girlfriend just to liven things up in the bedroom. But still... whatever champagne that was, it was definitely the strong stuff.

"Mmm..." Ash moaned, as she felt Shepard's hand drift down between her thighs. Without hesitation, she spread her legs wider to give his probing digits access. Soon enough, she felt him slide a finger down into her warm wetness, Ash wiggling her hips in appreciation as he fingered her twat.

This was unbelievable. Throughout their entire relationship, Shepard had never been much of a "foreplay" type of guy. If he had just told Ash that this was what he had planned for the evening, he wouldn't have had to work so hard to get her to agree to it. Ash was loving every minute of this slow, sensual seduction.

"Oh, fuck, Shepard," Ash gasped in surprise, as Shepard's fingers were soon replaced by his tongue. *Shit, where did he learn that?* Ash thought, as she felt Shepard's tongue skillfully moving against her clit. The few times that her boyfriend had gone down on her in the past, early in their relationship, had been... adequate. But neither of them had enjoyed it much, and Ash hadn't complained much when he had ceased the practice entirely.

But this was something else. Something... amazing. Ash groaned deeply as Shepard lapped at her clit, the tip of his tongue teasingly darting around and along the sensitive nub of flesh. That groan turned into a muttered "Oh, fuck," as she felt Shepard's fingers spread open her pussy lips and directed his tongue down between her dripping folds. "Fuck, Shepard," she finally spoke up. "You keep doing that to me, and I'll do whatever the hell you want once you take me out of these cuffs."

"Shhhh..." Shepard shushed her again, barely audible over the loud romantic music playing. Only this time, she could feel the warmth of his breath against her wet twat, and the sensation forced another gasp out of her lungs. Then his tongue was against her clit again, expertly teasing at the fleshy nub. His fingers probing down inside of her, pushing against her sensitive inner walls in a way that was bringing her close to the brink of climax.

And just as she could feel the impending release, Shepard's mouth and fingers suddenly disappeared. "What?" she exclaimed in surprise. "Dammit, Shepard, don't stop! I was so close to..."

Her words were interrupted by a new sensation against her pussy. This one a lot more familiar: the head of Shepard's cock pushing slowly into her. But after all of Shepard's skillful teasing, Ashley welcomed him penetrating her in a way that she could have never imagined before.

"Fuck me, Shepard," she gasped, shifting her hips forward to try and impale herself on Shepard's prick. She wasn't normally the type for dirty talk, but the way Shepard was teasing her was causing her to abandon any pretense of romance to this encounter. She didn't want to make love tonight. She wanted to get *fucked,* and right now. But every time she moved her hips towards him, Shepard shifted away, keeping the head of his prick perched tantalizingly at the entrance of her pussy. "Dammit, Shepard, stop teasing me. I want you inside me so bad."

And then, with one hard thrust, it was inside her... and Ashley knew immediately that whatever it was that had been teasing at the entrance of her pussy, it *definitely* wasn't Shepard's cock.
It wasn't that God hadn't blessed her boyfriend with a fairly sizable manhood. But whatever Shepard had shoved into her was bigger than his cock. Much bigger.

*Some sort of sex toy?* Ash thought to herself, wondering when Shepard would have found the time to purchase something like that. Whatever it was, it was filling Ash in a way she hadn't ever felt before. And despite her initial surprise, as Shepard continued working the over-sized phallic object in and out of her pussy, Ash found herself enjoying it more and more.

"Fuck, yes," Ash groaned, shifting her hips on the bed to give Shepard a better angle for his penetration. So far, her agreement with Shepard had gone better than she could have ever imagined. The only thing she hated was that her hands were still securely fastened in the hard-light cuffs. Right about now, as she felt herself getting closer and closer to cumming, she wished her hands were free to touch Shepard. Give him a little attention in return for all the wonderful pleasure he had given her tonight. The blindfold was starting to be an annoyance as well, to be honest. Right now she would love to look in Shepard's eyes as he fucked her with whatever it was he had inside of her, and give him that look that could only mean one thing: harder, Shepard. Fuck me harder.

Ash bit her lip as she felt the speed of the thrusts increase. At the same time, she felt hands against her waist, gripping tightly as Shepard continue to... to thrust the sex toy...

Wait... hands on her waist. Two hands? Then how was Shepard still using the toy? For a moment, Ash wondered if Shepard was wearing some kind of strap-on, with a cock attachment bigger than his own.

But then the music that she had started playing when entering the cabin faded to silence, and she could hear rhythmic grunts coming from above her head behind the blackness of the blindfold. Low and timed with each rough thrust inside of her.

Definitely not Shepard's grunts. *Female* grunts.

"Fuck!" Ash cried out. Desperately, she whipped her head around, rubbing her blindfold forcefully against the pillow. Eventually, she managed to work the strip of fabric off her head, and what she saw left her jaw gaped open.

On top of her, bare-naked and glistening with sweat, was Samara. The asari matriarch's massive blue tits bounced in time with the rough penetration Ash was feeling, and her mouth hung open slightly as she let out heavy breaths.

Too stunned to even scream, Ash stared down to the foot of the bed. What she had taken as a "sex toy" was actually Samara's flesh-and-blood cock, the thick veiny appendage deep inside her pussy and pounding a steady rhythm as Samara thrust her hips against Ash's. Penetrating her with the thick, unnatural Prothean creation over and over again.

Samara noticed after a few more seconds of rough fucking that Ash had managed to get her blindfold off. But other than a light smile in reaction to Ash's horrified expression, she showed no reaction to this discovery.

Well, one other reaction... she started fucking Ash even harder, brow furrowed in effort as she put all of her energy into pounding Ash's cunt with her over-sized blue cock. Ash could feel Samara's massive nutsack rhythmically slapping against her ass, as the horny alien woman buried every inch of her cock inside of Ash with each hard thrust.
Ash was too stunned to even move. Her pleasant, sensual experience with her boyfriend had turned into something out of a nightmare. How could this be happening? What could have possessed the formerly chaste and dignified Justicar to manipulate Ash into this fiendishly carnal situation?

And despite this horrible discovery... why was Ash still feeling like she was about to cum?

"Oh, Goddess," Samara gasped, and Ash could feel the asari's unnatural cock swelling inside of her. A few thrusts later, and the thick spray of Samara's hot cum began flooding her insides. Despite the onset of her climax, and Ash's obvious shock, Samara took even firmer hold of Ash's well-muscled waist, pumping her prick inside of Ash a few more times. Ash could feel each hot jet of jism hit her inner walls, and could feel her muscles start to clench as the sticky seed filled her up.

"No, no, no," Ash desperately muttered, but despite her mind's denial, her body was reacting to the stimulation of the massive cock inside of her. Closing her eyes to block out the sight of Samara's straining face, Ash felt her orgasm hit like a freight train.

"No," she muttered again, despite every last nerve ending in her body responding with a resounding "Yes!" as her body spasmed and twitched. And still that cock kept pumping inside of her, cum still spurting out of the giant blue prick and overflowing her insides as Samara just kept fucking through both of their climaxes.

Despite the seeming never-ending jets of cum that filled Ash's pussy and dribbled out onto the sheets, Samara still had a little left in the chamber when she finally stopped fucking Ash and fell back onto her knees. Her cock made a wet pop as it slid out of Ash's twat and jerked lewdly in the air, spraying long strands of jizz across Ash's sweaty, panting body. Ash jumped in surprise as some of the thick white fluid splashed her in the face, and her nose was suddenly filled with the smell she had caught the lightest whiff of back in the shuttle bay.

"So, Commander Williams," Samara said after recovering her breath. Sitting back on her haunches and reaching down to casually stroke her still-erect prick, she leered openly at Ash's naked, cum-soaked body and gaped-open twat. "How did you enjoy your first taste of big blue cock?"
"What do you know about what I want?"

At first, everything was black. Then it abruptly felt like he was being flung through empty space at an unfathomable velocity.

Even after several times in an asari meld, sometimes with Liara and sometimes not, he was never quite prepared for the overwhelming sensation of it all. Perhaps asari were more capable of handling the onslaught of sensations that came from combining your consciousness with someone else, but Shepard felt like he needed a few more centuries of experience to find the process anything less than utterly nauseating.

Eventually, though, Liara directed Shepard's mind to where she wanted it: a memory shared between the two of them. Shepard knew it well. Knew it as one of the few moments of his life when his control had slipped. Why was Liara forcing him to re-experience it now?

It was in his cabin on the Normandy SR-2. But back when the vessel had been decorated with Cerberus symbols instead of the emblems of the Alliance. Liara had just returned from her tour of the ship, and they had indulged in some idle chat before Liara asked the important question.

"So, how are you doing, Shepard? I mean really. Not what you tell your squad to keep morale up," Liara's voice in his head. So strange to see her as she was back then. Not mutated by this bizarre Prothean device. Just Liara. The person who he had come to depend on so much during the trials of the last few years. And despite all she had done, still seeming so sweet and innocent.

But, as Shepard was about to learn, not so innocent after all.

He remembered thinking about his answer for a good long while. Finally, he let out a weary sigh. "To be honest, Liara... I'm frustrated as hell. The Alliance, the Council, all of them treating me like some sort of pariah. The only people actually willing to help me stop the Collectors are a bunch of anti-alien terrorists. And the people I thought I could rely on are..."

He hesitated then, Liara taking a step forward. "What's wrong, Shepard? You can tell me."

"I... I saw Ash," Shepard finally said. "She was angry with me. I guess she had a right to be, but still... why couldn't she trust me? I wouldn't be working with Cerberus if it wasn't the only option I had. I had hoped that she would come with me. That we could fight together, just like two years ago." Shaking his head, Shepard slumped against the wall and crossed his arms. "I just wish I could make her understand. Could talk to her."

There was silence between them for a long while, Liara's brow furrowing as she worked herself up to say the next words. The ones that would change their relationship forever. "Shepard, do you... do you ever think about the decision you made two years ago? That maybe... maybe you should have chosen differently?"

Shepard looked up from the floor, eyes questioning. "What are you talking about, Liara?"

"Well, it's like you said, isn't it?" Liara said, taking a tentative step towards him. "Ash has turned her back on you. Told you in no uncertain terms that she's not interested in helping you on your mission. But me... I'm here for you, Shepard. Maybe I can't come along with you, but I'm still on your side in spirit. Providing you all of the resources of the Shadow Broker without hesitation. Not to mention
that I am the one who delivered you to Cerberus in the first place. I suppose you could say that... well, that you owe your life to me." Tilting her head downward, Liara looked up at Shepard and fluttered her lashes. "And I would do it again, Shepard. Without hesitation. Because I... love you."

"Liara, please," Shepard said, looking uncomfortable as he averted his eyes from hers. "Things are rough between me and Ash, but I still care about her. Maybe I might have feelings for you too but... there could never be anything between us."

Liara sighed, her expression downcast. "I suppose I knew that, Shepard. But even if I could never be the one you truly love, I still do care about you. That will never change. And that's why I... I want to give you something, Shepard. What Ash won't give you, but what I know that you truly want."

Shepard looked back up at her, skepticism on his face. "What do you know about what I want?"

Liara responded to this with an impish giggle. "Remember, Shepard: I've been in your mind. Our consciousnesses have been linked together. I've seen all of your desires, from the boring and mundane to the tawdry and obscene. I know all of your cravings, every last one of them."

"You... you've spied on my thoughts?" Shepard asked, a hint of wounded anger in his tone.

"It's not a matter of spying, Shepard," Liara responded. "It's just a natural consequence of the link between our minds. I see everything, whether I want to or not." Taking another step forward, she dropped her voice down to a low, husky whisper. "So, I know what you want, Shepard. And what you need. And what you need right now... is this."

And before Shepard knew what was happening, Liara was reaching behind her back. There was the light sound of a zipper being pulled down, and then Liara's dress was sliding to the floor. Shepard moved backwards in surprise, almost tripping over a table as Liara stood before him, wearing nothing but a pair of lacy white panties and her high-heeled shoes.

"No, Liara," Shepard immediately chided her. "This isn't right. I can't..."

"And you won't, Shepard," Liara interrupted. "I'm not asking you to... to make love to me. I know that can never happen. But I still want to show you how much I care about you. So just do one thing for me, Shepard: just watch."

As Shepard stared with wide, shocked eyes, Liara slid her fingers slowly down her bare stomach, drifting slowly down over her body until the tips of her digits reached the edge of her undergarments.

"Our thoughts... our imaginations are the most wonderful things, aren't they?" she observed to Shepard, as her fingers slipped down the sheer fabric of her panties. "Even if you and I will never be together... even if I'll never have you inside me... I can still think about it, can't I?" The tips of her fingers now traced the outline of her labia through the thin cotton. "And I do, Shepard. All the time. I think about you and I in bed together, and I touch myself just like this."

She pressed against the crotch of her panties, rubbing at her pussy through the cloth and pursing her lips at the pleasant buzz it sent through her body. Not just that she was touching herself, but that Shepard was watching her do it. "I dream about you and I together, and do you know how it makes me feel, Shepard?"

Shepard, by this point too stunned by the sudden turn of their conversation to even speak, simply shook his head.
Giving Shepard a crooked smile, Liara let out a small chuckle before speaking. "It makes me feel fucking horny, Shepard," she said, before sliding the crotch of her panties aside and thrusting her fingers down into her pussy.

She saw the look of shock that crossed his face and her chuckle turned into a musical laugh. "Surprised, Shepard? Still think of me as that innocent little scientist you rescued on Therum, don't you? Well, in some ways, I still am. But I've seen a lot since then, Shepard. Seen in your mind what you want to hear from a woman."

She worked her fingers down inside her twat, while reaching up with her spare hand to caress one of her bare breasts. "Ash may be a wonderful partner, but she'll never fulfill your deepest desires, will she?" Liara asked, her voice low and seductive as she wantonly played with herself in front of him. "She'll never moan and beg the way you want her to. She'll never be the horny, slutty whore you really want her to be, will she? But I will. I know what you want, Shepard. The things she won't do. I could do them for you. I'll be your whore if you want me to. I'll be a shameless, cock-sucking, pussy-licking whore for you."

"Liara, I... I could never ask you to..." Shepard stammered, even as his cock swelled inside of his uniform at the sight of Liara shamelessly fingering herself in front of him.

"No, you couldn't, Shepard... which is why I'm not waiting for you to ask," Liara said with a wicked smile, never pausing in her self-pleasuring as she spoke. "I'll do it all for you, Shepard. I'll play the whore for you like Ash never would. Every last one of your fantasies, Shepard... I've seen them all, and I'll do them all. Show you every last one of your most erotic imaginings for as long as you want. You wouldn't be cheating on Ash, Shepard. Not technically, anyway. The two of us will never even touch each other. All you'll do... is watch. Watch me be your filthy fucking whore."

Liara bit her lip as she fucked herself with her fingers, rubbing her clit and stroking her breast. "So, Shepard... what's it going to be? We can end this right now, if you want. Just say the word, and this will end whenever you want. Or... you can say nothing, and have what you've always wanted."

And at that fateful moment, Shepard gave his answer. Not with words, but with actions.

Reaching down, he fumbled with the zipper of his Cerberus uniform pants. Liara smiled in relief as she watched him pull out his rock-hard cock and begin stroking it, his eyes roaming all over Liara's body as he pleased himself.

"Mmm, that's it, Shepard," Liara responded. "Stroke it for me. Goddess, what I wouldn't give to have that thick fucking cock of yours inside of me right now. Filling me up... pounding me... just the thought of it makes me so fucking wet, Shepard." She licked her lips and sped up the thrust of her fingers inside of her horny twat. "Are you going to cum for me, Shepard? You going to spill your cum for me?"

And in the end, he did. But before the memory of his climax was relived within their shared minds, Liara was forcing his memory forward. Just a few days later, Shepard calling Liara up on the Normandy's comms.

"You wouldn't believe it, Liara," Shepard was telling her. "We actually brought a geth onto the ship. After all the time we spent fighting them... I actually think this one might be on our side."

"Good to hear, Shepard," Liara responded, the video image on his cabin's comm feed only showing...
her from the neck up. "So, how are you feeling, Shepard?"

Shepard looked uncomfortable then, rubbing at the back of his neck and hesitating before answering. "I... I have to admit, Liara. I'm still thinking about what we talked about in my cabin. And what we did."

Liara smiled knowingly. "I thought you might be. Glyph, could you back up a bit? Give Shepard a better look at things?"

The camera view widened then, Liara's information drone shifting position to show her whole body. And the lack of clothing on it, as Liara slouched naked in a chair, legs spread as she thrust a large dildo into her pussy.

"Liara, you... you've been doing that the whole time we've been talking?" Shepard asked, his tone surprised... but not angry.

"Mmm, I have, Shepard," Liara responded, one leg over the arm of her chair as she slowly worked the fake cock in and out of her twat. "I know your mission is very important, but all I can think about when you talk to me is how much I'd love to have your cock inside of me. Oh, fuck, Shepard. I just can't control myself. You've turned me into such a horny slut, I can't go for more than a few hours without making myself cum."

Shepard didn't hesitate this time, reaching down to pull out his cock and stroke himself as he watched Liara put on a show for him. "Tell me, Liara," he muttered hungrily into the screen. "Tell me what you'd like to do for me."

"Oh, Shepard. I would get down on my knees and start sucking that fucking cock of yours and..."

The memory was cut off as Liara pulled him away from it. It wasn't bad enough that she was making him relive this shameful slip of his. But she wasn't even letting him experience the moment of release that came with each tawdry encounter.

A week or so later now, Shepard calling Liara after their mission through the Omega 4 relay was complete. "We did it, Liara," he said into the screen. "It was supposed to be a suicide mission, but we made it through with all of my squad and crew surviving."

"I knew you would succeed, Shepard," Liara told him. "So much so that I... well, I made up a little surprise for you."

"Really?" Shepard said, giving Liara a lewd smile. "Not one of your usual surprises, I suppose. Considering you appear to be fully dressed."

Liara laughed. "Yes, well, this surprise is something a little different. I've sent a video to your omni-tool, Shepard. Go ahead and play it."

Reaching up with his arm, Shepard activated the holographic utility and opened the message from Liara. The video began playing automatically, showing a surveillance camera view of a familiar room in the Shadow Broker's ship. Several men were standing around the area, looking to be mercs from their armor and weapons.

"These men had just completed a mission successfully for the Shadow Broker," Liara spoke through the video screen. "And the Shadow Broker decided to give them a very special reward for their
service. I told them that I would be providing them a horny, cock-hungry asari maiden to use as they saw fit." She giggled and added. "I wonder who that could be."

Shepard felt his cock pressing against his pants as the video continued, and Liara walked into the room in an outfit straight out of an Omega strip club. As he watched, the horny mercs pounced on the "maiden," tearing her clothes off and jamming every one of her holes with cock. As Shepard watched Liara get gang-banged by the horny mercs, a dreamy smile on Liara's face as she was being penetrated, his cock was out of his pants and in his hand in a heartbeat.

"I see you enjoy the gift, Shepard," Liara observed, biting her lip and staring at Shepard's cock in his hand as he stroked himself. Meanwhile, the video image of her on Shepard's omni-tool was surrounded by mercs doing just what Shepard was. One by one, their cum sprayed out across Liara, until she was dripping with semen.

"The whole time they were fucking me, Shepard, you know what I was thinking about? How much I was going to enjoy showing it to you. I must have cum three times just imagining you watching me. Seeing me being fucked like a dirty whore and covered in cum. It was so..."

And then Liara was "fast-forwarding" through their shared memories again. Not lingering on them as much now. Just showing the highlights.

The time just before Shepard turned himself in to the Alliance for his role in the destruction of the Bahak system, when Liara had sent him a parting gift: a video of her working the streets of some unknown colony, providing the mine workers there with some much needed "R&R" after a long day's work.

Forward to Shepard in custody, and his guard James Vega delivering him an innocuous datapad, a letter from his cousin Lee. There was no cousin, of course, and once Shepard entered in the code on the pad it revealed its true purpose: a video of Liara on stage in some seedy nightclub, stripping to the throbbing of the techno beat before bringing a few lucky patrons back to the VIP room for a more personal encounter.

Going forward again, to just a few weeks before the Reapers arrived on Earth. Liara showing him something "a little more extreme" that time, Shepard watching in shock as Liara got down on her hands and knees, and he heard the loud growling. When he saw the varren approaching, he was sure that Liara would have never been able to take that black veiny monster inside of her...

But she had. That was Liara for you. She could do anything.

The memories flew by in a blur, landing on one last mental image. This one was quite unlike the previous visions that Liara had previously shown him. Him, Liara, and Ash in a control room on Mars. Ash watching their backs for a moment, not listening as Liara and Shepard talked.

"I don't know how you do it, Shepard," Liara said to him then. "You've always stayed focused, even in the worst situations." Batting her eyes, she glanced away and smiled as she quietly added. "Maybe it has something to do with my... assistance. Keeping you satisfied, and able to concentrate on the mission." She looked up into his eyes. "I could keep doing that, if you want. Now that we're together again, I could..."

"Liara, no," Shepard said in a hushed tone, shooting a furtive glance at Ash. "We need to put a stop to... our thing together. Ash is back in my life now, and I intend to do what I can to fix things between us. We can't... this has to stop."
Liara shut her eyes, willing herself not to start weeping like a silly girl. She knew this would end eventually, but having Shepard say the words to her was heart-wrenching. "I... I understand, Shepard. Ash is who your heart belongs to. I promise not to stand in your way."

"Thank you," Shepard said, and the warm look he gave her made Liara's heart leap in her chest, even as he was casting her aside. "So, what happened between us, it... you won't tell..."

"Of course not, Shepard," Liara said, sounding a bit annoyed that he would even consider it. "It will be our secret. No one will know, especially not Ash."

Shepard nodded, and Liara turned to open the door and continue the mission. As the three of them moved out, the memory faded to a distant blur, and then winked out.

And in a rush, Shepard was back in reality.

* * *

"What... what the hell are you doing here, Samara?"

Samara regarded the furious human marine with a playful look, while continuing to languidly stroke her cock. "I would have thought that was obvious. But if you need it explained, Commander Williams: I am fucking you. And from the sounds you were making, you quite enjoyed it."

"Because I... I thought you were Shepard!" Ash cried out. Furiously, she fought against the hard-light cuffs, despite knowing it was futile. "You crazy bitch! I can't believe you did this! When Shepard finds out he's going to..."

"Kill me?" Samara completed Ash's thought. "I very much doubt that. I've seen what Shepard is truly like. The Mistress has shared with me his... particular cravings. Honestly, I believe he will be quite disappointed he was not here to see my big blue cock buried inside of you." She chuckled to herself and added. "But of course... it's not like it won't happen again."

"Bullshit," Ash spat out. "I'll die before I let you do that to me again! And what the hell is all this talk about the 'Mistress'? Who is the Mistress?"

Samara's expression shifted slightly, and Ash thought she caught a hint of sadness there. "We both were, once. And as far as the humans here are concerned, I am still a mistress. But not The Mistress. There is only one true Mistress, and we all follow her command." Just as soon as it appeared, the sad look on Samara's face was gone, and she regained her blissful smile. "And it's better that way. The Mistress is kind and wise. And in gratitude for me pledging my service, she allowed me to be the one to bring you into the fold. To make you just like the rest of the humans on this ship."

Ash shook her head, not understanding anything that Samara was saying. "Let me out of these goddamn cuffs, right now! Let me out and maybe I'll convince Shepard not to kill you. We'll take you to the Citadel and let you stand trial after they fix your condition."

"'Fix'?" Samara asked, incredulously. "Commander Williams, are you insane? I am fixed! What that Prothean device did to me and the Mistress... it freed us. The Protheans unlocked our true potential with that orb, just as they did when they blessed us with our biotics. I think about our sisters out there, all of them missing the big blue cocks they should have been blessed with from birth, and I grieve for them."
Stroking her own unnatural fleshy extension, Samara sighed. "But we'll fix that. The Mistress has a plan. Once we leave here, we'll share the Prothean device with as many of our people as we can. And when we have finished... no asari in the galaxy will have to know the pain of living without a cock, ever again."

Ash stared at Samara in disbelief. She was talking insanity. Even if she and Liara (the "Mistress," if Ash had to guess) lived to be one million years old, there was no possible way they could personally visit every last asari in the galaxy and have them touch that Prothean device. Hell, if it turned them all into insane rapists like it obviously had Samara, the rest of the galaxy would put a stop to them within the first few hundred, at the latest. Their plan was utterly pointless.

"You might think so, Commander Williams, but I believe in the Mistress," Samara said, and Ash realized with a start that she was responding to Ash's own thoughts. Seeing the shock on Ash's face made Samara chuckle again. "You've already heard the voices, haven't you? I doubt you received enough exposure from the fumes still drifting through the shuttle bay to be fully converted. But once you tasted the champagne... our essence was in you."

"Essence?" Ash asked, staring around Samara at the open bottle of champagne still on the table. "What are you... oh. Oh, no..."

Samara nodded her head. "Did you enjoy your drink, Ash? That bottle was blessed quite thoroughly by the Protheans, I'm afraid. Even before I filled you with my seed... you already had your first taste of it."

Ash felt like vomiting, as she realized what she had drank. "You... you sick bitch! I'll kill you myself, I swear!"

"Listen to them, Commander Williams," Samara said, unperturbed by Ash's furious threat. "Listen to the voices. They want you to join us. To surrender yourself. The longer you fight... the less time you'll have to enjoy pure, total pleasure."

As Ash struggled against her bonds, she heard the voices again. Louder now, and more distinct.

*Mistress Samara has blessed Ash with the Prothean's essence.*

*She will be one of us soon.*

*Can't wait to see her get fucked. Bet she's a screamer.*

And as Ash heard more of the voices, she realized in horror that she recognized some of them.

*Looking forward to shoving a strap-on inside that Alliance bitch's tight little ass,* said Jack's distinctly rough voice.

*Always wanted to shove my cock between those tits of hers, ever since Eden Prime,* Joker lustfully declared.

*Ooh, I hope Ori and Jack let me play with Ash! I could stick my face into that ass of hers and just lick for hours!* said a voice so filled with lust, Ash didn't recognize it as Miranda's until she compared it to the vulgar declarations she had heard over Shepard's comms.
The entire crew of the Normandy thinking about her in the most vulgar of terms. Thinking of her not as a person, but just as a set of holes to fuck. *Was this always what they thought about me?* she thought to herself. *Or is it just the influence of this damned Prothean device turning them into perverts?*

And as before, Samara responded verbally to her unspoken thought. "They may not have admitted it, even to themselves. But yes, Ash: deep down, this is what they all wanted from you. What *all* of you humans want from each other, to be honest. For all your civilization and culture, when it comes down to it humans are driven by little more than their most base and perverted lusts. All the Protheans have done is helped us to free you from your petty morals and restraints, and let you embrace total pleasure."

"No," Ash declared, shaking her head even as she felt her body starting to tingle. It was the same pleasure she had felt when she had thought that Shepard was playing with her body, but it should have gone away when she realized the awful truth. But now it was coming back, and despite her desperate denials Ash knew the truth.

She was horny. So goddamned horny. And that throbbing cock jutting out from Samara's hips was looking more and more tempting with each passing second.

"Give in to it," Samara whispered to her, all while positioning herself to start fucking Ash again. Ash tried to will herself to move, to kick out with her unrestrained legs and keep Samara away. But all of her efforts to summon up the will to move proved fruitless. As Ash watched in mute horror, Samara thrust her cock inside of Ash again, the cum she had already deposited inside of Ash's gaping pussy making disgusting sloshing sounds as Samara's cock moved around inside of its warm wetness.

"No," Ash repeated, fighting with the last of her willpower against the sensations building up inside of her body. "No, no, please. This is not happening. This can't be happening."

"But it is, Ash," Samara said, pistoning her cock in and out of Ash's already cum-drenched twat. "Accept it. Enjoy it. And join us."

*Join us,* said a voice in her head.

"No," she moaned, as the sound of flesh slapping against flesh filled Shepard's cabin.

*Join us, Ash.*

"No..."

*The Mistress is good. The Mistress will make you cum again and again and again.*

"No..." Ash shut her eyes, as if cutting off the sight of Samara fucking her would make it all go away. But it didn't.

*Give in to it, Ash. You'll be so happy.*

*We're all so happy, Ash. Don't you want to be happy like us?*

*Once you stop fighting, everything will*

"No..."
You have to

"No..."

Stop figh

"No..."

The Mistress

love the Mistress

give in to the Mistress and

Ash's eyes snapped open, and she locked stares with Samara. But there wasn't anger in her eyes. Or fear, or disgust.

There was only one emotion: hunger.

"Yessssss... fuck me. Fuck me, mistress!"

The hard-light cuffs fell away. They were no longer needed.

* * *

Shepard snapped out of the meld and took an abrupt step back from Liara, images from the past still blazing across his mind. "What the... why did you do that? Why show me all those... those memories?"

Liara stared innocently back at Shepard. "I'm sorry to spring that on you, Shepard. But you needed to see. In order to understand what the Prothean device has done to me, you needed to understand."

"But I don't understand, Liara," Shepard said, shaking his head in an attempt to recover from the disorientation of the meld. "Whatever it was you were trying to show me with all of that... I don't understand at all."

"I suppose you don't," Liara said. "But it's alright. You will soon." Liara's smile faded as she stared seriously at Shepard. "There's something I need to tell you, Shepard. A secret I've been keeping for so long. But... not here."

Shepard looked confused. "Okay. We can head to one of the observation decks if you'd feel more com..."

"No. In your cabin," Liara said, her tone forceful. "I need you to take me up to your cabin."

"Liara, I... I'm not sure that's a good idea," Shepard hesitantly responded. "Ash is up there, and... well, you know how she can get."

Liara nodded. "I know she is, Shepard. And that's why I need to go up there. Because the secret I need to tell you... it's about her."
This stopped Shepard cold. "You... you know something about Ash? Something you haven't told me?" he finally responded.

"Yes, Shepard," Liara said. "And I wouldn't feel right telling you about this without Ash there to... offer her input," she said the last few words in an odd tone.

"Liara, just tell me. If this is..."

"No," Liara coldly cut Shepard off. "I tell you up in your cabin, with Ash present, or I don't tell you at all. That's my request, Shepard. Will you honor it, or not?"

Shepard let out an exasperated breath. Part of him knew that this was going to result in a lot of drama, whatever it was. But something about the way Liara had offered up this "secret" left Shepard dying to know.

"Fine, let's go," Shepard responded. "But maybe you should... I dunno... think about changing?"

"If you'd like, Shepard," Liara responded. And without hesitation, she casually lifted up her shirt, her over-sized blue tits bouncing out of the tight fabric and hanging bare.

"Wait, wait," Shepard exclaimed, quickly averting his eyes. "Never mind, what you're wearing is fine. Let's just get this over with."

With a shrug, Liara yanked the tight shirt back down over her breasts. "Whatever you want, Shepard," she said pleasantly. "Let's go."

The two of them stepped out of the door to Liara's office, and made their way over to the lift. As they walked, Shepard could feel the stares of several crew members. It took a moment for him to realize that they weren't looking at him, but at Liara.

Something about the look in their eyes tickled at the edges of Shepard's memory. It came to him just as they reached the lift door. A while back, Ash had finally convinced Shepard to attend one of her church services, just to see if it appealed to him.

And while Shepard had gotten nothing out of the experience, he remembered the way the other men and women in the pews had looked. Staring up at the image of their crucified messiah, their eyes filled with utter reverence and awe... as crazy as it sounded, the way that his crew were looking at Liara as she passed reminded him so much of the looks he had seen in the eyes of those believers, it sent a chill down his spine.

"Shepard, do you remember what I said the first time I... put on a show for you?" Liara asked him as they stepped into the lift. Shepard started to speak up, to tell her not to bring that up again, but Liara held up a hand to shush him. "I told you that you just needed to say the word, and this will end whenever you want. That offer still stands. Whatever happens from this moment forward... just say the word, and I'll put a stop to it all. I can do that... despite everything, I know that I can do that. But it's not a decision that I can make. It will have to be you."

Shepard looked at her in confusion. "Liara, I have no idea what you're talking about."

"I know," Liara said, an enigmatic smile on her face. "Just remember... I'm making you the offer now."
The door to the lift slid open, and the two of them stepped out onto Deck 1. Steeling himself for what was likely to be a hell of an argument, Shepard looked over at Liara. "You sure about this? Ash is... well, she does have a temper."

"Oh, I know," Liara responded. "I know more about her than you can possibly imagine, Shepard."

There she was, being mysterious again. Deciding to just get this over with, Shepard triggered the door and stepped inside. "Ash, I..."

And the words immediately died in his throat.

First was the sound. The unmistakable sound of naked flesh slapping against naked flesh. Mixed in were lewd grunts and moans. Two sets of them, both female.

Then there was the smell. That same smell of sweat and bodily fluids he had caught a whiff of in the shuttle bay: the unambiguous smell of sex.

Finally came the sight. His eyes focused on the far end of the room where Ash was on the bed, facing the door on her hands and knees. She was stark naked, her clothes crumpled on the floor around their cabin. Her mouth hung wide open in an idiot grin, and she gasped for breath as the mattress underneath her creaked and rocked.

And behind her, hands clasping onto Ash's hips, was Samara. She looked up and noticed Shepard and Liara's arrival, but it seemed to prove a minor distraction from her current task: using her thick blue cock to fuck Ash's pussy as hard as she could.

"Oh, yes," Ash moaned, so lost in the sensation of the cock inside her that she hadn't even noticed the door open. "Please, mistress Samara! Give it to me harder! I love your big blue cock inside my..."

Finally, she spotted the visitors on the other side of the room, and her eyes widened. "Shepard! I'm so sorry! I tried to fight it, but... but this cock feels so fucking good! But I promise that... unh... that you can fuck me after mistress Samara is done pumping me full of cum. Or I can suck your cock if you want! Anything, just... oh, God, I'm cumming again! Yes yes yes..."

As Shepard watched, jaw agape, Liara moved to stand at his side, resting a hand casually on his shoulder. "Shepard, I'd like you to introduce you to Ashley Williams. The real Ashley Williams, that is."
So, I know I said I was only updating Slaves after coming back... but I got started writing on this just to see how it turned out... and I like it quite a bit.

Shepard wasn’t sure how long he stood there. Watching with a mix of shock, horror and – much as he might not have wanted to admit it – arousal at the sight of his lover having sex with someone else. Every attempt he made to form a rational thought was drowned out by the sounds that filled the cabin. The creaking of the mattress underneath the two furiously fucking women. The vulgar, rhythmic slap of Samara’s hips against Ash’s bouncing backside, as her dangling nutsack swung back and forth with each hard thrust into Ash’s gaping snatch. The wet slosh of the massive blue cock inside of Ash, cum overflowing out of her pussy and dribbling down onto the bed.

And most of all, the words coming out of Ash’s mouth. Words similar to those Shepard had dreamed about Ash saying many times before today… but never once in a context like this.

“Mmm… fill me up,” Ash pleaded with the mutated asari pounding her from behind. “Give me more of your cum, Samara. Can’t believe that he’s watching me. Seeing me be a dirty whore for your cock. But… unh… I want him to. I want him to see what a slut you’ve turned me into. Look at me, Shepard. Look at… ooh… look at what a dirty slut I am for big blue cock. I know it’s wrong. I’m a bad girl. A dirty girl. But it just feels so good! How can… aaahh… how can something that feels this good be bad?”

Shepard told himself to look away. That he shouldn’t be looking at Ash in this state. But his eyes remained focused on his lover as she cooed and squealed, throwing herself back into Samara’s throbbing cock with unbridled enthusiasm.

“What did you do to her?” Shepard asked Liara. “My God, Liara… what have you done?”

With a casual smile, Liara strolled past Shepard to stand at the foot of the bed, right by Ash’s blissful face. “I set her free, Shepard. It’s the gift that the Protheans have granted us. This divine nectar inside of us has the power to unlock all of a human’s deepest and most depraved desires. And with it, I can give you what you always wanted from Ash.”


This brought a soft laugh out of Liara. “Well, perhaps it isn’t exactly the way you pictured it. But let’s test Miss Williams, shall we?” Crouching down by the bed, Liara reached under Ash’s chin to meet eyes with her. “Are you enjoying yourself, Ash?”

“Mmm… oh, yes…” Ash gasped. “So good. Feels so good to be a slut.”

“It does, doesn’t it?” Liara said with a hint of sarcasm to her voice. Her eyes shifted over to Shepard as she added. “I certainly do have quite a bit of experience with that, myself. I performed quite a few slutty actions of my own for Shepard. Things that he knew you would never do for him… until now that is.” Turning her gleaming blue eyes back to Ash, Liara smirked. “Tell me, Ash… would you ever play with yourself in front of Shepard? Strip yourself down and finger your pussy for him to
“Yes, yes,” Ash said. “I’ll play with my pussy for Shepard. I want him to watch me finger my clit and get myself wet. Show him what a… unh… what a horny slut I am when I make myself cum.”

“And toys, Ash. Would you fuck yourself with a dildo for Shepard to watch?” Liara continued the questioning.

“As much as he wants. I’ll put the biggest dildo he can find in my cunt and fuck myself with it while he…” Ash paused for a moment and her face scrunched up, an expression Shepard had a good deal of experience with: Ash was cumming. Before he had only seen that face in their standard sexual position: missionary, with Ash’s head against her pillow and her eyes focused on Shepard as she hit her climax. As much as he might have dreamed about Ash in a position like this, never had he considered that he would see such a thing in anywhere other than his fantasies. “Oh, so good… Keep going, Samara. Keep fucking me.”

Liara gently stroked a strand of sweat-soaked hair out of Ash’s face. “And what about sex in public, Ash? I know that Shepard has tried to convince you to make love in public in the past. Would you let him take you wherever he wanted? Fuck you even though somebody might see you two?”

“Might see us,” Ash muttered, still recovering from her latest of several mind-blowing climaxes. “Mmm… don’t mind if they see us. No, no… I want them to see us. He can… he can fuck me wherever he wants. He can strip me down and stick his cock in me in the center of the Presidium if he wants. Bend me over in the Council chambers and let them all see what a horny slut I am. I want them all to see me getting fucked. Want them to laugh at me as I beg for cock. Spit on me and call me a worthless whore. Want them to… to…”

Seeing a moment of hesitation, Liara laid a hand on Ash’s shoulder. “It’s alright, Ash. You can say it. What else do you want them to do to you?”

Ash glanced over at Shepard, as if one of the few reservations that she still had was clinging on for dear life. Just then, however, Samara let out a gasp. From the enthusiastic squeal that Ash let out just then, Shepard had no doubt that the asari was pumping another massive load of cum into Ash’s well-used cunt. Whatever strange effect the Prothean-created jizz was causing in Ash’s mind removed any trace of doubt from her face.

“I’m sorry, Shepard, but… but…” Ash threw her head back and cried out. “I want them to fuck me! I want them all to put their cocks inside me! In my mouth, in my pussy… even in my ass if they want. Just please… I want every last one of them to fuck me!”

Shepard knew he should put a stop to this, but he found himself rooted in place. Despite the bizarre situation, and despite all his best efforts, the sound of Ash’s slutty declarations were causing a familiar tightness in his uniform pants. This isn’t really Ash, Shepard told himself. The real Ash would never say these things.

And yet the sound of her expressing these desires, desires he himself had always hoped to one day awaken in his lover, was something he was reluctant to stop.

As was Liara, who continued questioning Ash as she continued to get fucked by her cock-bearing asari partner. “Mmm, sounds like a beautiful sight. But knowing you like I do… you’d probably only want to get fucked by humans, right? No chance at all that you’d ever let an alien stick his cock inside you.” Glancing up at Samara, she added. “Well… present company excluded, of course.”

“Nnh… alien cocks,” Ash moaned. “I… I want them all to fuck me. Turians and krogans and drell
and… unh… even krogans and vorcha. Don’t care what they are as long as they have a cock to stick inside me. Cum to spill in my pussy.”

“Really, now?” Liara asked, glancing back at Shepard with a gleam in her eyes. “So a cock is all you want, right? Even if it was on, say, a varren?”

Despite everything that had happened at this point, how many vulgar promises Ash had made, Shepard almost expected her to hesitate again. But she immediately nodded her head. “Yes, yes, I’d let a varren fuck me. Bend over and let a horny animal stick his filthy cock inside me. A filthy animal cock for… mmm… for a dirty whore. Let him fuck me like a dog and knot himself inside my cunt while he filled me with his puppies.”

With a satisfied smile on her face, Liara stood up straight and walked back to Shepard. “You see? All of those things I did for you? Those secret desires that you so desperately wanted from Ash? Now you can have them all. It’s my gift to you, Shepard. A gift that the Protheans allowed me to grant.”

Finally recovering a measure of his rational mind, Shepard rapidly his head. “No, Liara, no. This… this isn’t what I wanted.”

“But lie to me, Shepard,” Liara laughingly chided him as she laid a hand on his shoulder. “Remember, I’ve seen inside your mind. I know every last one of your desires.”

Angrily, Shepard shoved away from Liara’s touch. “Then you should know that I would never accept this… this gift of yours, Liara. Yeah, maybe I wanted Ash to be a little more adventurous when it came to sex. But I wanted it to be her choice. Not forced on her by some… some messed-up Prothean mind control device.”

“Shaprd, you know I love you… but sometimes you can be so thick-headed,” Liara said with a sigh. “I already told you: I’m not making Ash do anything she didn’t already want to do. The effect of the cum on humans, it doesn’t create new desires. It only amplifies and accentuates the ones that were already there.”

“No,” Shepard protested, shaking his head again. “I don’t believe that. The Ash I know…”

“The Ash you thought you knew, Shepard,” Liara corrected him. “The way she wanted you to see her, but not the way she actually was. Ash is just like the rest of you humans. She had desires hidden inside her, buried underneath pointless inhibitions and guilt, but just begging to be released. All of the fantasies that the crew of the Normandy are indulging in at the moment were ones they had all along. The only thing Samara and I did was…”

Something Liara said sent a new wave of horror through Shepard. “Wait, the crew?” Shepard asked. “You and Samara did this to the rest of the crew too?” Shepard remembered the odd way that he had seen people acting when he arrived back at the Normandy. The ensign who had openly pawed at his cock in the middle of the hallway. The mysterious “treatment” going on in the med-bay. And that long time they spent waiting for the “chemical spill” to be cleared up. Oh, God, it’s even worse than…

“Focus, Shepard, focus,” Liara said, her previously friendly tone taking on a steely edge that put a halt to Shepard’s panicked thoughts. “We can talk about the rest of the crew later. Right now we’re here to talk about Ash.” Placing a hand to her temple, Liara made an annoyed sigh. “I suppose my words aren’t going to be enough to convince you. I will need to show you the truth to make you understand.” Stepping forward, she raised up a hand. “Meld with me, Shepard. Let me show you the truth about Ashley Williams. A truth I’ve kept hidden for so…”
“No, damn you!” Shepard said, dodging away from Liara’s hand and backing away. “Don’t touch me! I’m going to put in a call to the Alliance and the Council. Let them know to come as soon as possible,” he declared, turning around to head for his personal terminal. “They need to know that…”

“Shepard, stop.”

“…my crew is under the influence of some Prothean artifact,” Shepard continued, ignoring Liara as he pulled up his extranet messaging software. “They can send a team to…”

“I said… STOP!”

Shepard snapped upright at the sound of Liara’s bellow. Not just from the surprise of her cry, but because he was forced to. He let out a gasp as he was slowly lifted in the air and turned away from his terminal to face Liara. The asari crackled with blue biotic energy, and as Shepard struggled in vain against her mental energy, he realized in horror that he couldn’t move a muscle. Couldn’t even blink. Liara had always been a powerful biotic, but the mental force she was putting on display was like nothing Shepard had ever seen from her. And from the casual look on her face and the lack of any sign of exertion there, he could tell that she was barely expending any mental effort at all to keep him locked firmly in place.

She could snap me like a twig if she wanted to, Shepard thought as Liara advanced on him. Crush me into a ball with the blink of an eye. My God, what did the Protheans do to her?

“Fine, Shepard,” Liara said, her voice steady and without any sign of strain. “I had hoped you would listen to reason, but I suppose we’ll do this the hard way.” Reaching up with her spare hand, she stroked Shepard’s check. “Despite all of this, my offer still stands: say the word, and I’ll take it all back. But I need you to see everything first. Need you to understand why I’ve done all of this… and why all of it was for you.”

“Liara, stop,” Shepard called out, just before her eyes went blank and he was floating in an entirely different space.
"I... I just want to feel him again."

Shepard felt like he was falling, but in every direction at once somehow. All around him was blackness, and when he tried to call out, he didn’t hear his voice, or anything else.

After several moments of disorientation, he found himself in an unfamiliar place. What looked like an apartment on the Citadel, smaller than Anderson’s but of the same distinctive design. Looking around the room, Shepard saw no sign of anyone, but from a back room he could hear the sound of rustling fabric.

Eventually, the sound of a doorbell rang out, Shepard jolting a little at the unexpected sound. “Coming,” said Ash’s voice from the back room, and Shepard saw her step out and head for the front door. So strange to see her like this, fully dressed in her Alliance uniform with her hair worn up in that tight bun, after seconds ago seeing her down on her hands and knees, begging to get fucked by a big blue cock.

Reaching the door, Ash deactivated the lock. Thick metal slid aside to reveal Liara, wearing a simple red dress, standing on the other side. “Hello, Ash,” she said, her voice with that sweet innocent tone he remembered from long ago. So much different from the powerful asari who was holding him captive at the moment in the present.

Sweet and innocent… but tinged with a sadness. Once that made Shepard realize when these events had occurred.

“Glad you could come,” Ash said to Liara, as she turned back into the apartment. Despite her attempts to sound calm, Shepard could also detect that same hint of melancholy in her voice. “How did things go with the Council?”

“I told them everything,” Liara said, stepping inside and having a seat on a nearby couch. “How the Normandy was attacked and how… how Shepard saved us all. They said they would take action. Find out more about these Collectors and what their plans are. But I’m not convinced they believed me.”

Ash nodded, “Yeah, same here. Even after the greatest damn hero the galaxy has ever known is gone, they still want to sit on their asses and pretend like nothing’s wrong,” she fumed. “After everything he did for them, to… to…” Slumping down on the couch next to Liara, Ash struggled to get her emotions in check. “Dammit, I can’t wait to get out of here.”

“Where will you go?” Liara asked, resting a gentle hand on her comrade’s shoulder.

“They’ve already reassigned me,” Ash said, a tone of bitterness in her voice. “Guess it took me working with the hero of the Citadel for them to finally give me some decent assignments. And while the Council sure doesn’t seem to give a shit about the Collectors, at least the Alliance seems to be taking it a bit seriously. Going to be serving on the SSV Freedom, doing some patrols near the Hawking Eta relays. Making sure those bastards don’t leave the Terminus systems and come after human colonies.”

“I’m sure you’ll do an amazing job, Ash,” Liara said. “Ever since I’ve known you, you have always served with distinction and dedication.”

Ash sighed. “Yeah, I’ll be fucking amazing, I’m sure,” she wearily said. Turning to Liara, she asked, “What about you? What are your plans?”
“It’s… complicated,” she evasively responded. “I have a few leads on some things that might help us understand the Collectors more. And something else… well, I don’t want to go into detail until I know for certain.”

Shepard knew what she was referring to: Liara’s quest to locate his body and to eventually hand it over to Cerberus to be rebuilt. Thinking about what she had done, the sacrifices she had made to bring him back to life, made her seeming betrayal in the present all the more shocking.

“So, what was it you wanted to talk to me about, Ash?” Liara asked the human woman. “You said it was something to do with Shepard?”

Ash nodded, speaking the next words slowly and carefully. “It’s just… God, this is going to be tough. But I just can’t stop thinking about him, and how you and he were… were…”

Liara rubbed Ash’s shoulder gently. “It’s okay, Ash. I just want you to know that… that I never hated you for what happened. I won’t deny that I had feelings for Shepard, but I’m glad that you and he were happy before… before the end.”

“I just… I miss him so goddamn much,” Ash said, the tears she had been fighting to hold back finally starting to spill down her cheeks. “Every day I wake up and I expect that he’ll be next to me. That all of this could have been some bad dream and that he’s still there with me. I just… I just want to feel him again. Just for one moment, to feel him with me again.” Looking up at Liara with glistening eyes, Ash spoke hesitantly. “And part of me was thinking about back on the Normandy. How you and he… the two of you did that thing that asari do…”

Liara nodded, finally understanding Ash’s request. “The asari meld is a very intimate experience, Ash. When Shepard and I melded our consciousness, and became as one, all of our memories combined together.” Standing up, she turned to stare out of the window. “You are a good friend, Ash. And anything I can do to relieve your grief, I would be happy to.” Reaching up, she pointed a finger to her temple. “So if you want to see Shepard so badly, Ash… he’s here. Here inside me. I can show him to you if you’d like.”

“Yes, Liara,” Ash said behind her. “If it wouldn’t be too much to ask… I would like that very much.”

“But I want it to, Liara,” Ash said, taking a cautious step towards the asari. “I want to feel all of it.”
She cocked her head. “The two of you… did you ever meld after he and I made love for the first time?”

Liara shook her head. “No, the last time he and I joined consciousnesses was before we stole the Normandy.”

Ash took another step towards Liara. “So even with experiencing your memories of him, and his memories with me, I wouldn’t be able to… feel him the way I used to.” Reaching a cautious hand up, she rested it on Liara’s cheek. “But I need to feel him that way. Feel him in all the ways I used to. So if I need to… to feel that way through you, then that’s what I want. What I need.”

“Ash… are you sure?” Liara said, even as her breath hitched in her throat. Shepard, experiencing Liara’s thoughts and emotions at that moment through the shared meld, felt Liara realizing in that moment how much she wanted this. That Liara had never even realized how much she was attracted to Shepard’s human lover until that exact moment.

“You loved him, just like I did,” Ash said, her other hand reaching behind Liara to find the zipper of her dress. “We both loved Shepard so much… let’s share that love together, you and me. Be one with me, Liara. Let’s feel him together, one last time.”

Liara let out a gasp as her dress slipped off her body and fell softly to the floor. Ash’s nearly-naked body pressed against her own, and as Liara felt herself starting to get wet, she wrapped her arms around Ash and let out a long, heated breath. “Embrace eternity,” she breathed, as her eyes went black.

As Shepard watched, the memory of this encounter seemed to pause in place. Ash and Liara, or rather Liara’s memories of the two of them in that moment, froze, their naked bodies pressed together for solace in a moment of absolute grief.

“It was the last time I saw Ash for the next two years,” Shepard heard Liara’s voice from the present echoing in the memory. “But that night… the two of us made love and shared thoughts and remembrances of you for hours. It was an amazing experience, and a memory I will treasure for the rest of my life. And the next day, the two of us went our separate ways, and I didn’t see her again until you and she paid me a visit on Mars.”

Something was bothering Shepard. A memory I will treasure for the rest of my life, Liara had said. Just as soon as it came to him, however, he could hear a lilting laugh from Liara.

“Yes, indeed. Such a vivid memory, and yet…”

Shepard felt himself falling again. Where he ended up next was entirely unlike the clean Citadel apartment. Instead he found himself in the ruins of Earth, the sound of gunfire and bombs in the distance as he approached Liara standing over the limp forms of several injured human soldiers.

“They haven’t brought in many more wounded,” the memory of Liara said.

Shepard hear himself mutter, “That’s something. How are you holding up, Liara?”

He remembered this moment vividly, just before the final run to the conduit. Not knowing what the next few hours would bring, and whether or not he would live to see a future with Ash, or any future at all for him or the rest of humanity. Despite his current predicament in the present day, the memory of his anxiousness, about worrying about the future of the galaxy, filled him up just as freshly as it had back then.

As he wrestled with his emotions, the memory continued. “I do have one thing for you, Shepard. A
gift. It will only take a moment if you want it,” the past image of Liara said. When Shepard questioned her, she explained. “Do you remember when I first joined my consciousness to yours? I can show you some of my own memories. Asari exchange them sometimes with their friends or the people they respect.” Pausing for a moment, she solemnly added. “It can also be a way to say farewell.”

Shepard had agreed then, and Liara had initiated the meld. In their shared consciousness, he experienced all of their memories together. The battles, the moments of rest and comfort… and also the things Liara had done for him. All of the vulgar displays she had put on out of love for him, and how he had stroked his cock and watched as she debased herself for his amusement.

And then there was something else. The Shepard in the present was shocked as he re-experienced this memory, as he realized that part of it, in his own mind at least, had been missing up until now.

Feeling Shepard’s discomfort, the present Liara laughed again. “It’s a bit of a secret among my people. A skill that some of us learn over our years of maidenhood. I wouldn’t have been able to do it back when we melded for the first time. But after years as an information merchant, and then the Shadow Broker, it was a skill I found myself having to pick up fairly quickly.”

Back then, alongside all of the other experiences Liara was sharing with him, Shepard had experienced the memory of Liara’s night of passion with Ash. Felt the two of them holding each other as they melded and shared their experiences of him. And other things as well. Memories that, even as Liara was having him relive the experience again, she was still keeping hidden. Whatever else he had seen, it had been utterly shocking to Shepard, and his mind reeled as he realized the true nature of his lover.

And then, he had felt those memories fading. Being buried down deep into his mind. By the time she ended the meld and he had returned to reality on Earth, he didn’t even remember the sight of Ash and Liara, naked and engaged in frantic lovemaking. Only now in the present, as he remembered several dreams he had had since the war with the Reapers had ended, did he realize that those images had been reality, and not just dirty fantasies of his subconscious.

“We cannot force you to forget what you experience in the meld, Shepard,” Liara explained. “But we can… push it back. Send the memories deep into the recesses of your mind, so deep that you would only remember it in your dreams. That is what I did with my memory of me and Ash, back then when I melded with you. And I can do it again if you want me to. I can take all of this back.”

Shepard was still in shock, not entirely processing what Liara was saying. He could hardly believe that he hadn’t been the only one getting his pleasure from Liara. That Ash had also…

“Used me?” Liara’s voice sounded out in his mind, as the memory of she and Shepard on Earth faded into darkness. The two of them stood in the blackness of their shared consciousness, Liara now looking more like her current self, including the massive cock between her legs. “Was that what you were thinking? Maybe not, but that’s exactly what it was. You both used me… and I let you do it.”

“Liara,” Shepard started to say. “I’m sorry if…”

A smile crossed Liara’s face, and despite the circumstances back in the real world, it was surprisingly genuine. “There’s nothing to apologize for, Shepard. Because the truth of it is, I wanted to be used. I relished that connection to you… and to Ash, too. And honestly, Shepard, that’s not the reason I showed you that memory.”

“Liara,” Shepard started to say. “I’m sorry if…”

Reaching up a hand to stroke his face gently, Liara stared deeply into Shepard’s eyes. “When I melded with Ash, it was just like when I melded with you. I saw all of her thoughts and memories.
So when I tell you that I know what Ash truly wants… you can be assured that I’m telling the truth.”

Cocking an eyebrow, Liara pressed her hand to Shepard’s cheek. “Shall we take a look?”
Before Shepard could even answer, Liara was sending him plunging into the depths of memory again.

But not his memories this time. It took him a moment to realize that Liara was showing him Ash’s thoughts and memories. Not just recent ones, but going all the way back into her earliest memories.

Images of her spying on her parents having sex, not knowing what it was at that age but thinking that her mother seemed so happy. Reaching adolescence and finding out the perverted wonders of the extranet. Late nights having naughty dreams and reaching into her pajama pants to play with herself under the covers, quietly so her sisters didn’t hear her.

But then there were the other memories. The priest on the pulpit exhorting his flock to avoid the “sins of the flesh” and decrying the perverted actions of the "hell-bound Jezebels" indulging in all their most wicked desires. The time when Abby had stumbled onto her extranet search history and taunted her about it for weeks afterward, calling her a “dirty little perv” and threatening to tell their parents. That night at the age of 17, when her mother called after her to come back and get changed because “no daughter of mine is going to go out looking like some cheap whore.”

She wanted to be a good girl. Despite all the dirty fantasies that had formed her head ever since she had reached sexual maturity, she had tamped them down. She didn’t do those sorts of things. Wasn’t a hell-bound Jezebel or dirty little perv. Wasn’t a cheap whore. She was a good girl.

But there were times when she didn’t want to be. And despite being a good girl, in her dreams she could see herself being a bad girl. A hell-bound Jezebel… dirty little perv… cheap whore… Despite Shepard’s resistance, Liara drug his consciousness down into Ash’s most perverted fantasies. Images of herself being fucked in any number of combinations. Multiple men… multiple women… multiple aliens. An extremely vivid fantasy of Ash in a short-cropped top and micro-skirt, strolling up to a group of drunken men and asking if they were “looking for a good time.” Shepard had a moment of disorientation when this series of events played out again, but as he noticed the variations he realized that this was a fantasy Ash had had multiple times.

And then Liara brought him to a more recent memory. Based on the way Ash looked and dressed, Shepard realized it must have happened after Liara’s meld with Ash back on the Citadel. Sensing his confusion, Liara explained, “When Samara… initiated Ash into our fold, her mind was linked with ours. I can see all of her most recent memories… and this one is particular is quite interesting.”

From Ash’s perspective, Shepard watched as she looked up at a blazing neon sign: “THE DRIPPING AZURE.” Shepard remembered how Ash had brought up the name of the seedy club back during their long wait at the Barton facility, and how she had quickly covered when he had asked how she knew the name. Guess I know now, Shepard thought to himself.

“Oh, Shepard,” he heard Liara’s amused voice. “She knew a lot more about the place than the name.”

The mental image faded to Ash sitting in a booth near the back of the bar. Her eyes focused on one of the dancers slowly undulating around a pole, breath coming heavy as she watched. In shock, Shepard could feel Ash’s hand unfasten her pants and reach down between her legs, and he realized that Ash was playing with herself as she watched the dancer’s moves.

And if that wasn’t shocking enough, Shepard knew through experiencing her thoughts that Ash
wasn’t getting turned on by watching the dancer. No, in her mind she was the dancer. As Ash watched the woman pull down her skimpy bra to show off her tits, in Ash’s mind she was up there putting on a show for the crowd. Her pussy was dripping wet as she fingered her twat and thought about what it would be like to being almost naked in front of all those people. All of them watching as she swung her ass and played with her tits, just like the woman up on the stage was.

As Ash watched and played with her twat under the table, a turian suddenly rushed up with a credit chit in his hand. The stripper’s eyes lit up as she saw the amount and, with a sultry smile on her face, swung herself down off the elevated platform and into the turian’s waiting lap.

*Shit, on certain nights, for the right amount of credits the dancers will strip down and screw the customers, right out there in the middle of the floor.* Shepard remembered Ash’s words from back at the Barton facility. And as Shepard was now learning, Ash knew from first-hand experience. Expertly, the human dancer freed the turian’s thick blue cock from his pants and, with an eager moan, lowered herself down onto its length. As the crowd cheered in approval, the woman happily rode the turian patron’s prick, the bounce of her ass keeping time with the thumping beat of the music in the club.

Shepard would have expected Ash’s fantasy to end there, at the first sight of an alien's manhood. But as Ash’s fingers continued to stroke her clit, he realized with some surprise that Ash was still picturing herself as the dancer. And now imagining herself with a turian cock pounding her insides, the alien prick stroking her inner walls in an unfamiliar, but fucking amazing way. “Fuck me,” Ash muttered, her voice too quiet to be heard over the Dripping Azure’s pulsing soundtrack. “I’m a whore. I’m a filthy whore.”

As Ash watched, two more patrons rushed up to the fucking pair, the eager krogans with their own credit chits in their hands. Happily, the dancer tapped on the small pads and transferred the money to her account, before the two krogans pulled out their cocks and presented them to the eager woman. As she continued riding the turian’s prick, she leaned down to lick at one of the giant krogan pricks, while using her hand to stroke the other.

“Oh, fuck, yes,” Ash moaned, fingers thrusting into her warm wetness as she watched her slutty surrogate take on three cocks at once. “Give me all your cocks. I want you to cover me in cum.”

Before too long, one of the krogan’s cocks started to twitch, and the dancer opened her mouth as the moaning patron emptied his quad all over her face and tits. As she watched and imagined herself getting coated with krogan jizz, Ash felt herself start to twitch, and before long she was moaning and cumming in her seat. Her free hand formed into a fist and pounded on the table as she rode out her climax with a blissful grin on her face.

Having gotten her enjoyment out of the show, Ash started to rise from her seat, only to see a large form standing in front of her. “Hey, there, beautiful,” said the tall, obese man standing in front of her. “Mind if I join you?”

“Um,” Ash started to say. “Actually I was just…”

“Great, I appreciate it,” the newcomer interrupted her, parking his bulk into the booth seat next to Ash. “Don’t think we’ve met, but I’m actually the owner of this place. You enjoying your time here?”

“It’s okay,” Ash said, eyeing the other side of the half-circle booth seat. Slowly she started scooting over, planning for her exit.

The Dripping Azure’s owner arched an eyebrow. “You must be liking it. Think this is the third time
I’ve seen you in here in the past week.” Glancing down at Ash’s crotch, he smirked. “And from what I could see on the surveillance cameras, seemed like you really enjoyed the show tonight, huh?”

Realizing that she had been watched sent a shiver through Ash, and she increased the rate of her ass scooting to the other end of the booth. “Listen, I have to go. I don’t want to…”

“Nah, don’t go just yet,” the owner said, raising a hand up to beckon someone. As Ash watched with a mounting sense of dread, a large krogan came over and, at the owner’s direction, sat himself down on the other side of the booth. Now Ash was trapped, unless she were to duck under the table, and she didn’t want to make that much of a spectacle of herself. The thought of somebody finding out she was here…

“Hey, meet my buddy Wrax,” the owner said to Ash, waving his hand over at the krogan. “You know who this is, Wrax?”

The krogan squinted at Ash. “Can’t say I do, boss.”

“This here,” the owner said, boldly wrapping his arms around Ash’s shoulders, “is Ashley fucking Williams. A goddamn war hero, that’s who this is.”

Ash looked over at the owner in alarm, and he flashed a toothy grin at her. “Yeah, you think I don’t know everybody who walks into my place, babe? I knew who you were from the first second you walked in. An interesting place for a decorated Alliance marine to show her face. But hey, we welcome folks from all walks of life here at the Dripping Azure.”

Ash was starting to panic. “What exactly do you want?” she asked the flabby human.

“Just to be friends, Miss Williams,” the owner responded. “But the thing about friends is… they usually don’t go around playing with their cunts in the middle of their friend’s house, you know? Really poor judgment, I’d say.” He turned his attention to the krogan bodyguard. “I almost didn’t believe it at first, but my buddy Wrax here says he got plenty of footage recorded on our surveillance cameras of you diddling your twat over here in the corner.” He clucked his tongue. “Could you imagine what would happen if that footage ended up somewhere on the extranet? Or maybe even in the hands of C-Sec? Public indecency may not be a serious offense, but I can imagine it would be quite a blotch on that squeaky-clean record of yours.”

“Fine, you got me,” Ash said, staring daggers at her blackmailer. “What do you want, credits? An endorsement from Commander Shepard? I’m sure he’d be happy to come by and call this place his favorite strip club on the Citadel.”

“Nah, my needs are fairly simple, Miss Williams,” the owner said. “Just a good drink, some killer music…” Ash heard the sound of a zipper and her stomach made a lurch. “…and a nice warm mouth around my cock.”

Fidgeting in her seat, Ash sneered at the man. “You can’t be serious?”

The owner responded with a shrug. “Up to you. You want me to move aside so you can walk out that door, go right ahead. We’ll see how serious I am about sending that video off to every last extranet address in my omni-tool.” Leaning in close he whispered to her. “Between you and me… there’s a lot of names in there.”


The owner watched in satisfaction as Ash leaned down into his lap. She wrinkled her nose as she
saw his thick cock, and caught the nauseating smell coming off it. *Does this man ever bathe?* she thought to herself, even as she lowered her mouth down to wrap her lips around the pungent prick.

“Ah, that’s it, babe,” the owner encouraged her, as Ash moved her mouth up and down the length of his prick. “Show me how a war hero sucks cock. You ever suck Shepard’s cock like this, babe?” Hearing no answer, he grabbed Ash by the hair and pulled her head up. “What’s that? Couldn’t hear you with my dick in your mouth. You ever suck Commander Shepard off like this?”

“No,” Ash admitted, and the man let out a laugh before pushing her face down into his crotch again.

“Lucky me, then,” the owner proclaimed. “Seems like Shepard’s missing out. Because goddamn, you can sure work your mouth around a cock. You ever think about going pro, babe? Because I know some guys who would pay major credits to get a blowjob from the legendary Ashley Williams.”

Ash didn’t answer this question, trying her best to get this man off as soon as she could. Reaching a hand around, she stroked and fondled his hairy nutsack while continuing to work her mouth and tongue around his veiny shaft.

“That’s it, you filthy fucking whore,” the owner urged her, letting out low grunts as Ash bobbed her head on his prick. “Knew you were a slut when I saw you fingering yourself on my cameras, but I had no idea you were this talented. Goddamn, what I wouldn’t give to come home to a mouth like this every night.”

The thick smell of the owner’s unwashed crotch was starting to overwhelm Ash, and she doubled her efforts, slobbering and slurping on her blackmailer’s dick with all of her energy.

“Oh, that’s it,” the owner grunted. “Gonna cum in your mouth. You better swallow every last drop, bitch, if you don’t want that video getting out.” A gleam came to his eye as he added, “And the video I’m making right now, too. Damn, what would Shepard think if he saw his pretty little girlfriend sucking some stranger’s cock in the middle of some Lower Wards club? Oh, I bet he’d… he’d… aw fuck!”

Ash felt the owner’s prick throb, followed by a spurt of cum dribbling out of the head of his cock and filling her mouth with the foul taste. Despite her disgust, Ash started to swallow, as jizz kept coming out of the jerking rod. After a few seconds of rapidly swallowing down his cum, the owner finally leaned back with a sigh, and Ash pulled her mouth off his cock with a wet pop.

“There,” Ash sternly said, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. “Satisfied now?”

“Mmm, quite,” the owner responded, tucking his flaccid prick back into his pants. “But then again, it’s not just my satisfaction we need to worry about here.” With a wicked gleam in his eye, he glanced over at his bodyguard. “Wrax, are you satisfied?”

“Not at all, boss,” Wrax responded, his reptilian lips parting in a grin.

Looking back at Ash, the owner gestured towards his bodyguard. “You know what to do, slut. Might be a tiny bit bigger than mine, but the same tricks should work.”

With a resigned sigh, Ash leaned in the opposite direction, as the krogan unfastened his pants and let his sizable cock flop out. Taking hold of it by the base, Ash lifted up its sizable girth and started licking up the side of the thick shaft of meat. *At least this guy doesn’t smell like a fucking gym locker,* Ash mused herself, while reaching her hand down to grip his bulky quad and fondle the krogan’s balls.
“Not bad, huh?” the owner remarked, as Ash wrapped her lips around the head of Wrax’s prick and worked her tongue around the tip. “A little new at it, but she certainly takes to it like a fucking born cocksucker, doesn’t she?”

“Yeah, boss,” Wrax said, reaching a hand down to press Ash’s head down around his cock. Ash almost gagged as the massive tool hit the back of her throat, but continued sucking gamely on the krogan’s scaly cock. “She’s doing better than some of the ladies you’ve got working the floor tonight ever could.”

This brought a laugh out of the owner. “You may be right,” he said, as he reached a hand down under the table. Ash squirmed as he felt her reach into her pants, still unfastened from her previous play session, and slide his grimy fingers down under her panties to play with her pussy. “Mmm, and from the feel of it, she sure seems to enjoying having a hard krogan cock in her mouth. The little slut is soaking wet.”

After a few minutes of slurping on Wrax’s massive cock, and the owner’s busy fingers bringing her to a shuddering climax, Ash tasted the hot seed filling her mouth. Despite her best efforts to swallow it down, soon the thick cum was dribbling down her chin. Once she was satisfied that Wrax was done shooting his wad, she pulled away with a massive breath.

“Goddamn, boss,” Wrax proclaimed, as he tucked himself away. “This slut’s a real talent.”

Giving a nod, the owner pulled his hand out of Ash’s pants, taking a moment to bring his slippery fingers up to his nose and inhale deeply. “Seems like she enjoys her work, too. But we shouldn’t keep her any longer.” Scooting himself up and out of his seat, he waved his arms to invite Ash to exit the booth after him.

Taking a second to zip herself up, Ash gave the owner a harsh look as she got to her feet. “Glad I met your expectations. Now… the videos?”

Sitting back down in the booth, the owner gave Ash an innocent smile. “What videos?” he asked.

“Don’t play dumb. You better…”

Looking over at Wrax, the owner started to laugh, and his krogan bodyguard joined him. “I’m afraid I’m quite serious. There were never any videos. I just saw you sitting over here with your hand in your twat and thought I’d have some fun.”

Staring at the owner in disbelief, Ash bared her teeth. “You son of a bitch. You’re lucky I don’t bring C-Sec down her to shut down this place.”

“You can try, Miss Williams, but I have enough friends in high places that I believe I’ll come out on top,” the owner responded. “You have yourself a nice night now.” Ash started to turn away, only for the owner to call out. “Oh, one more thing,” he said.

Reluctantly, Ash turned around. “What, now you want me to suck your DJ’s cock, too?” she asked in an aggravated tone.

“Would you? He’s been working a long shift and…” the owner started to say, then cut himself off with a laugh. “Just kidding. What I really wanted was… to give you this.”

Reaching into his pocket, the owner placed something down on the table. Glancing down, Ash saw that it was a small business card. “I know the Normandy is heading out on another mission soon,” he remarked, “but when you get back to the Citadel, why don’t you give me a call? With skills like that, I’d love to have you out working the floor. Hot slut like you could make good money here at the
Dripping Azure.” He arched an eyebrow at Wrax. “Or maybe… we could put her to work in our other business. Yeah, yeah, I could definitely see her working the streets for us.” Turning back to Ash, he flashed his toothy smile. “You like the sound of that? You just say the word, and I’ll have you bent over in back alleys, taking as much cock as you could possibly handle.”

Reaching down to the table, Ash snatched up the card. “Think I know a better place for this… in the goddamn trash.”

As Ash stormed away, the owner called after her. “See you soon, babe! Tell Commander Shepard I said hi!”

The memory paused, Ash standing mid-stride as Wrax and the owner waved after her.

Liara said nothing, waiting for Shepard to process what he had just witnessed. And it certainly was a lot to process.

If Shepard had seen this in any other context, had been there in person to witness it, he would have found it utterly horrifying. His lover being forced to suck two strangers’ cocks, while being taunted and humiliated, before receiving an offer to work as a back-alley whore.

Yes, under normal circumstances it would have enraged Shepard, Made him swear to murder the men who had victimized Ash like that. All those thoughts would have been going through his head, if it weren’t for the fact that he had experienced the whole series of events through Ash’s memory of the events. Felt all of her thoughts and emotions as she had been put through the ordeal.

And because of seeing the whole thing from her perspective, he knew, despite her outward attitude of being upset and disgusted by what had happened, that Ash had loved every minute of it.

Loved being forced to suck cock. Loved being treated like dirt and called a slut and a whore. Loved feeling cum fill her mouth while a stranger finger-banged her pussy. All of her old hang-ups about sex, the secret turn-ons she had suppressed for so long as a “good girl,” had been forcibly shoved aside, as Ash had been awoken to all of her secret desires in one vulgar, disgusting, and highly pleasurable encounter.

And then Liara, as if to put an exclamation point on the whole thing, showed Shepard one more short memory: Ash returning home to her and Shepard’s apartment after her visit to the Dripping Azure. Giving him some excuse about where she had been… before reaching behind a cabinet and tucking away the business card in a secret place.
A Generous Offer

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

With a jolt, Shepard found himself back in the present, after what had seemed like years in the meld with Liara.

“I will confess, Shepard: it surprised even me,” Liara said. “Because of my encounter with Ash after you died, I knew all about her secret cravings. But I had no idea that she had actually gone out and indulged them until Samara gave me access to Ash’s most recent memories.”

Shepard looked down at Ash, still getting fucked from behind by Samara. Before, the sight had seemed so bizarre to him. So unlike the Ash he knew. But now, having seen the way she had gotten a thrill out of being forced to suck cock in a dingy nightclub, it didn’t seem so strange at all.

“Ash, I…” he started to say, before turning his attention back to Liara. “I don’t get it. If all this time she had those… urges, why did she always tell me no when I wanted to do something different? Why did we only make love in the most boring way possible?”

Liara shook her head. “Because you’re Shepard, Shepard. And as much as Ash loved you, she didn’t want you to think any less of her for what she desired.” Looking over at Ash, Liara laughed to herself. “It’s ironic, in a way. If you had just come out and told Ash that you wanted her to be a whore… wanted to pimp her out of the streets… there’s a small chance she might have said yes. But because you tried to ease her into being perverted, by asking her to have sex in public or trying different positions in bed, she held back. Because she was afraid of what you’d think of her if you knew how perverted she really was. She didn’t want you to know that the fantasies you were asking her to act out were nothing compared to what she’d actually love to do.”

Shepard watched Ash bounce her ass back against Samara’s cock, her expression blissful and utterly content. Ash, you could have told me, he thought to himself. I wouldn’t have thought any less of you.

“Well, now that I’ve shown it all to you, it’s time for you to make a choice, Shepard,” Liara explained. “You saw how I hid the memory of my night with Ash away from you. I can do the same to Ash if you want. Make her forget getting a taste of Samara’s cum. Make her forget about her awakened desires. She’ll go back to the way she was before Samara and I laid our hands on that device. Back to the Ash you remember.”

Shepard looked at Liara in confusion. “Take it back? But…”

“There was another reason I showed you those old memories, Shepard,” Liara explained. “You saw how I hid the memory of my night with Ash away from you. I can do the same to Ash if you want. Make her forget getting a taste of Samara’s cum. Make her forget about her awakened desires. She’ll go back to the way she was before Samara and I laid our hands on that device. Back to the Ash you remember.”

“And not just you, but everyone on this ship,” Liara continued. “Thanks to my connection with Samara, I’m now linked to everyone on the Normandy. And with the power the Prothean orb has given me, I will have no problem with wiping everyone’s memories of this. Changing all of their minds back to the way they were before Samara and I gave them a taste of our big blue cocks… it would be trivial to me.”

Walking up to Shepard, Liara fixed him with a steady glare. “But… if I do that, then everything will
go back to the way it was before. Ashley will go back to hiding her urges from you, and you’ll most likely spend the rest of your life with her trying to cajole her into doing things she’ll never do for you. All while she goes back to the Citadel and indulges all of her cravings in secret, away from the man who she respects too much to show her true self.”

Shepard shook his head. “No, she won’t. I’ll do like you said. Tell her I want her to be a whore and…”

But Liara interrupted him. “I said I would wipe everyone’s memories on the Normandy, Shepard. And that includes you. Because if you truly believe that what I have done is unconscionable, that it must be undone… then the last thing I want is for you to remember that I did it. If I wipe this away, I wipe all of it away.” Shepard opened his mouth to lodge a protest, but Liara raised a finger and his mouth locked shut, his face glowing with biotic energy. “This is non-negotiable, Shepard. The decision may be yours, but the terms are mine. Either you tell me, right here and right now, to put a stop to this…” she turned to Ash with a wicked gleam in her eye, “or you come over here with me and Samara, and help us fuck this whore.” She looked back at him with a serious stare. “So, Shepard… what’s it going to be?”

There was a long silence between the two of them, the only sound in the room the continual slapping of Samara’s hips against Ash’s ass, and Ash’s ecstatic coos and moans as Samara seemed to ceaselessly fuck her.

Shepard thought about all he had seen. His mind racing as he considered everything Liara had shown him. How can you even be considering this at all? asked a voice inside his head. You know what the right decision is. The kind of decision that would live up to the name of "Commander Shepard." The only question is… are you willing to give up what Liara is offering you? Are you willing to make that sacrifice for the good of your crew? Can you actually do that?

Finally, after a long moment of Shepard wrestling with his thoughts, Liara watched as he walked over to Ash, crouching down in front of her and placing a hand on her cheek.

“She’s okay, Ash,” he said softly, eyes filled with compassion for the woman he loved. “Everything’s going to be okay.”

An anguished pang filled Liara, as she started to process Shepard’s apparent decision. Mentally, she began preparing herself to connect with the minds of the Normandy’s crew, and remove all of their memories of falling to the influence of the Protheans' gift.

But then Shepard stood up straight, unfastened his pants, and pulled out his cock to stick it in front of Ash’s face. “Now… suck it, whore,” he coldly ordered Ash.

Liara smiled as she watched Ash dreamily open her mouth and wrap her lips around Shepard’s cock. Stripping out of her clothes, she moved to the other side of the bed and gently moved Samara aside, taking her place in order to aim her cock at Ash’s snatch and thrust it in, balls-deep.

Everything really was going to be okay.
multiple times from what I originally had planned, but I think I like how it turned out. See you later for the stunning conclusion!
"Normandy SR-2, this is the SSV Lassiter. Please respond."

Silence.

"Normandy SR-2, this is Lieutenant Steve Cortez of the SSV Lassiter. Joker, are you there?"

No response. Cortez looked up at the Lassiter’s commander and shook his head.

Reaching down, Vega hit a button on Cortez’s console. “Shepard, it’s James. Come on, loco, respond back if you’re there.”

But not a single word from the ship, which sat idle in space.

“Can’t be,” Vega muttered to himself, even as he pulled his rifle off his back and inspected his ammo mods. “Thought Javik was pulling this all out of his ass. But if even half the shit he said is true, then…"

“Then we need to gain access to that vessel as soon as possible,” Javik said as he strode into the cockpit. “Are you and your men prepared?”

Vega nodded, still uncertain but willing to trust the one verified expert in Prothean artifacts on this one. He glanced over at the airlock, where several of his best marines were getting suited up and ready for what could possibly be the strangest mission they had ever taken part in.

And, if Javik was to be believed, one of the most potentially dangerous in more than a year.

About a week ago, from what he had told Vega, Javik had received a message from their old comrade Liara, regarding an artifact she and Shepard had discovered in their explorations. Along with the message were a series of heavily-coded Prothean files regarding the construction and purpose of the device. Javik hadn’t mentioned the message at the time, taking the time on his own to attempt decrypting the ancient databanks. Then, a few days later, he had barged right into a meeting of Vega and his senior officers, informing them that they needed to cancel their current mission and head to intercept the Normandy as soon as possible.

Naturally, Vega had demanded further details from the stoic Prothean. But when Javik had told him about what Liara’s newly discovered artifact was capable of, Vega had fought the urge to laugh. That was it? he had thought at the time. That’s why we have to drop everything and find the Normandy? Because of a scenario straight out of a bad porn vid?

Then Javik had explained it further, and Vega understood. Several minutes later he was ordering his ship to move at maximum speed towards the Normandy’s last known location: near the Barton facility. And when they had arrived, the ship was still there. Completely motionless and with its engines deactivated.

“Pulling us in next to the Normandy,” Cortez announced, as the Lassiter drifted into position beside the idle ship. “Ensign Brockman, can you hack into the Normandy’s systems and bypass their security locks?”

“Already doing it,” the tech specialist responded. “If somebody on the other side tries to fight me on it, though…”
Beside Vega, weapon in hand, Javik frowned. “There will be no resistance on the other side. The people on that ship are not interested in preventing our arrival. No doubt they would actually welcome… fresh bodies.”

Letting out a breath, Vega turned to his team. “Alright, Javik has briefed us all on what to expect over there. You all know the gameplan.” He held up his rifle and tapped an attachment on the barrel. “Make sure your weapons are all equipped with stun mods. Should make sure nobody ends up dead if we have to start shooting. But don’t engage unless attacked first.”

Javik moved to stand beside Vega. “Once the crew realize why we are here, and what it is that we intend, they will resist. Until then, do not fire upon them. We do not wish to draw the attention of the asari until the last possible moment. And no matter what happens, do not remove your helmets at any time. That is all.”

The team of Alliance marines nodded, some of them still looking somewhat perplexed at what they were about to step into even as they put their helmets on and inspected their weapons.

“Docking access acquired,” Brockman announced, the Lassiter shaking slightly as it linked its airlock up with the Normandy’s. “Like the Prothean said: they didn’t put up a fight.”

“Great. You’ve got the helm, ensign,” Cortez said, standing up from his pilot’s seat and putting on his own helmet, matching the ones worn by the team. “Ready whenever you are, Commander Vega.”

The team moved to the airlock door, weapons in hand and doing their best to prepare for whatever was waiting on the other side.

For most of them, however, their best turned out to be not nearly enough.

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Stepping onto the deck of the Normandy for the first time in several years brought a wave of memories back to Vega. After all that time he had spent stranded on this ship, hunting in the jungle for food and praying to any god that would listen for the relays to come up soon, he would have been happy to have never laid foot on the deck of this ship again.

And especially not in circumstances like these.

“No sign of anyone in the cockpit,” Cortez told Vega. “Going to get started accessing their systems while you search for the device.”

“Do it, as quick as you can, Esteban,” Vega instructed the pilot. “If things go bad, you might be our last line of defense.”

Cortez split from the rest of the team, who turned right and headed down the long walkway towards the CIC. “Not used to seeing this place so empty,” Vega said quietly, sweeping his weapon along the crew stations. Not a single man or woman in any one of the seats. Hell, not a single person at all in sight, expect for the rest of his team.

“No doubt the crew is in another section of the ship,” Javik said. “We should be cautious. I would not be surprised if the asari have ensured that the crew is somewhere close to the device. To ensure that no one like us attempts to tamper with it.”

“Where is the device, anyway?” Vega asked the Prothean. “That thing you rigged up getting any readings off it?”
Holding up a small handheld device of Prothean making, Javik scanned around the ship as the team stepped into the similarly deserted main command center of the Normandy. “The device is down one deck, I believe,” he said. “Perhaps in the life support room.”

Vega pulled up a mental image of the Normandy layout. “That might work. Assuming you’re up for a little crawling, Javik,” he said, pointing towards the left door out of the CIC. “Seem to recall there’s an access hatch to a maintenance tunnel through there. Leads right into the life support area. Maybe you can sneak in from behind without anyone noticing.”

Javik nodded. “I can do that, yes. But the moment I start performing the necessary alterations on the device, the asari will no doubt sense my presence. If they discover me too soon, the mission will be a failure.”

“That’s where we come in,” Vega said, pointing at the lift shaft nearby. “The rest of the team and me will head down the main lift to Deck 3, see if any of the crew is down there. If so, we’ll try to distract them while you work on the device. Hopefully we can buy you enough time to make whatever adjustments you need to make.”

“Be careful, Commander,” Javik said, as he started towards the door. “I was not able to decode the entirety of the databank. But from what I was able to gather, the situation you are heading into is more dangerous than you could ever imagine.”

Vega nodded in response, even as he marveled at their current circumstances. Few weeks ago, I was digging around in old Prothean trash heaps looking for anything more useful than ancient table spoons. Now here I am, potentially fighting against my old teammates and friends. Including two with some grande changes going on downstairs.

His team piled into the lift, Vega hitting the button for Deck 3, his weapon still at the ready. It was still messing him up, being on this ship and having it be so quiet.

But once the lift slowly plunged down, and the doors opened up on Deck 3, the silence was definitively broken.

“Oh, yes! That’s it, that the way I fucking love it!”

“Give it to me! Stick in my ass! Oh, god, yes!”

“Gonna cum. Gonna cum all over your fucking face, slut!”

The team of marines looked at each other. Even after Javik’s briefing, they hadn’t truly been prepared for what they were about to witness.

But it was exactly as Javik had warned them. As they exited the lift and turned to face the mess hall, they found themselves witnessing a massive ongoing orgy, involving every last member of the Normandy crew.

God, how long has this been going on? Vega thought to himself, finding himself unable to stop watching the tableau of men and women furiously fucking in every possible combination. The only interruption to their energetic boning was one or more of them moving to a different partner. Javik got that message over a week ago. Have they really been going at it all that time?

He scanned the sweaty, pulsing mass of flesh, looking for any hint of blue amount the pink and brown. But no sign of the asari among the horny participants.

Vega did spot a few familiar faces, though, to his great shock. There was Samantha Traynor, who
Vega remembered from his time trapped on the Normandy as never losing her friendly and optimistic outlook. She certainly looked a lot different now, with a strap-on on her hips currently thrusting in and out of Gabby Daniels’ asshole. The expression on Sam’s face was utterly ecstatic as she enthusiastically slammed her fake cock into the young engineer’s back entrance.

And others too. That woman with the tattoos would have been hard to forget even if it had been just that one meeting at Shepard’s party. But Jack was going to have an even more prominent place in Vega’s memories – or rather his most shamefully dirty dreams – as the image of the “N7” on her ass jiggling as she bounced her ass on one cock, her mouth wrapped around another, was burned into his memory.

And wasn’t that Miranda Lawson? She had seemed so dignified and even a little unfriendly back when Vega had met her before. Certainly not the image she presented now: stark naked, coated in cum both dried and still fresh, and on her knees in a circle of several men. As she grinned, stroking a cock in each hand, the Normandy crewmembers began depositing thick wads of semen onto her tits and into her eager mouth.

“Orders, sir?” one of Vega’s men finally found his words, no doubt just as stunned by the carnal display in front of him as Vega. “Do we open fire?”

“No,” said a voice from behind Vega. “I do not believe that you do.”

Vega let out a surprised cry as he felt his weapons suddenly being flung out of his hands. At the same time, all of the other marines in his team let out surprised noise, as their guns were suddenly ripped from their grasps and tossed across the room by an unseen hand.

“In fact,” said the voice, a hint of amusement in its tone, “I think you should stay right where you are.”

Vega let out a pained grunt, as he felt an invisible force suddenly take hold of him. His feet left the deck of the Normandy as he was lifted several inches into the air. Around him, he could hear the sounds of his team being given a similar treatment. Slowly he felt himself being carried through the mess hall, and right into the midst of the ongoing orgy. The humans of the Normandy paid them little attention, as Vega and his team hovered over several of the furiously fucking people. They obviously had more important things to think about.

“It’s been a long time, James,” said the voice. Vega tried to turn his head, but whatever was holding him aloft also kept his body locked in place. But the speaker soon made her presence known by walking into Vega’s eyeline. “And how have you been?”

It was Liara… but definitely not as Vega remembered her. The outfit was the least of it, surprisingly; the fetishistic get-up was like nothing Vega had ever seen his former comrade dressed up in before. And then there were her breasts: Liara’s bust size had gone up considerably, her massive tits hanging out of the skimpy outfit the asari wore.

But of course, he was just trying not to stare at the obvious: between Liara’s legs were a massive, thick blue cock and dangling ballsack. He kept his eyes there for only a fraction of a second, but Liara caught his glance and happily fondled the new addition to her biology.

“Quite beautiful, isn’t it?” Liara said, laughing softly as her fingers gently stroked along the veiny length of her cock. “Some days I can hardly imagine what my life was like before the Protheans blessed me with this gift.”

“Liara, listen to me,” Vega said, despite knowing that his protests would likely fall on deaf ears… or
whatever it was that asari had. “That thing’s messing with your mind. You gotta…”

“If by ‘messing with,’ you mean ‘freed,’” Liara interrupted, “then you are absolutely correct. It has given me a clarity of purpose like I have never had before.” Her voice had a cold edge that Vega had never heard before, and which sent a chill through his entire body.

He felt himself being moved through the air again, spinning around to face the rest of his team. As Vega watched, several of the female participants in the Normandy-wide orgy suddenly stopped what they were doing. Glancing up, they looked at Liara, nodding as if to acknowledge some unspoken command. With Vega, struggling in vain against Liara’s amplified biotics, the women broke away from their partners and slowly strutted their ways over to the members of Vega’s helpless team. Dreamy smiles on their faces, each of the women found the latches on the Alliance marine helmets and lifted them off, revealing the frustrated and scared faces of Vega’s crew.

“It’s so amazing to witness it, James,” Liara said from behind Vega, resting her chin on one of his shoulders. “Watch it fill them. See the looks in their eyes as they discover their true selves. When I realized you were here, James, I decided to give you the opportunity to watch it happen yourself. A little gift to you, in recognition of all the times we fought together.”

Once the mesmerized women had tossed the helmets to the ground, each of them immediately planted a long, wet kiss on their chosen victim. Vega watched his team struggle at first and then, slowly, start to respond to the enthusiastic make-out session. By the time each woman had broken their kisses, Vega could see the looks of lust and desire begin to form on the faces of all of his formerly serious and stoic marines. Their eyes scanned the room, no longer with shock and disgust, but with hungry stares. Looking for their first partners.

With a casual gesture, Liara released her biotic grip on everyone besides Vega himself. With little more of a snap of Liara’s fingers, Vega watched as the armor and clothing on all of the enraptured marines tumbled away, leaving his entire team stark naked in the blink of an eye. It couldn’t have been more than a few minutes after that kiss before his entire team was wading into the midst of the orgy, finding the nearest partner to fuck or be fucked by.

“Liara, please,” Vega said, his nervous breaths leaving a misty fog on the inside of his helmet. It was pointless to fight, but he needed to buy some time. Time for Javik and Cortez to do what they needed to do. “Where’s Shepard? Just please tell me what you’ve done with Shepard.”

“James, really,” Liara said, her tone sounding mildly insulted. “I haven’t ‘done’ anything to Shepard, other than shown him the true happiness in surrendering to your desires.”

As Vega watched, Liara reached an arm around from behind him, her omni-tool activated and showing a video image.

It was the interior of Shepard’s cabin. Back when the Normandy had crash-landed on that remote planet, they had eventually decided to take it in turns of who got to sleep in Shepard’s comfy bed every night. Right now, however, there were “turns” being taken of a different nature.

Shepard’s face was scrunched up in exertion as he thrust his hips into the backside of his partner. Not Ash, as Vega might have expected. But the other half of the asari duo that had taken over the Normandy. Samara wore a smile of contentment as Shepard fucked her ass from behind, his hands gripping tight onto her massive tits as he eagerly shoved his cock into her tight anus.

Meanwhile, Samara’s cock had found a home of its own: buried balls-deep into the ass of one Ashley Williams. At first Vega couldn’t get a sense of whether Ash’s was enjoying this messed-up sexual arrangement or not. But once the crew-member who had been fucking her face moved aside
to allow the next man in line to take his turn, he saw the blissful, idiot grin on her cum-soaked face and realized that Ash had fallen to the Prothean influence, just like the rest of them.

“I must admit, James,” Liara said, deactivating her omni-tool to allow one hand to drift down Vega’s heavily-armored torso, while the other started reaching for the fastener for Vega’s helmet. “I’m glad it was you that came. I’m looking forward to seeing you join us. I imagine the members of your former team would agree.” She looked over at the crowd and called out. “Isn’t that right?”

“Fuck yeah, sir,” said Nelson, the burly marine having already taken Traynor’s place with his cock in Gabby’s cum-dripping asshole. “Would you look at all this primo pussy? Can’t believe you expected us to put a stop to this. This is a goddamn dream come true!”

“Mmm, take a look at this, Commander,” moaned O’Leary, the busty soldier bending over and spreading her assecheeks, showing Vega her already dripping snatch and puckered asshole. “Like what you see? Always dreamed about you, Commander, ever since I got assigned to the Lassiter. Stick it in whichever hole you want, I don’t care. I just need you to fuck me, now!”

“Ah, this is so good,” grunted Private Imran, he and Baltassar now the recipients of vigorous handjobs from Miranda. As his cock throbbed and Miranda latched her lips around it to swallow down his cum, Imran looked up at the ceiling and exclaimed, “Thank you for bringing us here, Commander! And thank you for letting us be a part of this all… mistress!”

“Thank you, mistress.”

“We love you, mistress.”

“The mistress is wonderful.”

To a man and woman, Vega heard his team offering up praise to the “mistress,” all while partaking in the endless pleasure that the Normandy seemed to offer. Vega heard Liara giggling behind him.

“All of you are quite welcome,” Liara responded. “Now then. How about we all help bring Commander Vega here into the fold.” Her fingers fumbled with Vega’s helmet fastener. “Who wants to be the one to…”

Liara paused, letting out a gasp as her hands slipped away from Vega’s body. “No,” she breathed. Immediately everyone on the floor and tables of the mess hall ceased their frantic screwing as if on cue, rising quickly to their feet and turning in the direction of the life support room. His own team members were now operating in total unison with the enthralled members of the Normandy’s crew, and all of them stared in anger at the closed door.

Shit, Vega thought. Cortez, you better finish up soon, or we’re all fucked. In more ways than one.

“He’s in there,” Liara instructed the Normandy crew, pointing in the direction of the life support room. “The Prothean is trying to steal the device. Take him now. Do not let him… him…” Liara let out a gasping noise. “No… what is… happening?”

And just then, the lights on the Normandy turned a dangerous shade of red. A robotic voice sounded out across the deck. “Warning. Life support systems at unsafe operating capacity. Oxygen levels on the Normandy at 30% and dropping.”

Looks like you all still need to breathe, no matter what else that device did to you, Vega thought to himself, as he felt himself fall slowly back to the floor. Around him, the crowd of naked men and women grabbed at their throats, lips flapping as they tried desperately to suck up as much of the oxygen that remained. It wasn’t long, however, before the lack of air sent them tumbling softly to the
ground, the floor of the Normandy mess hall almost completely covered in naked, unconscious heaps.

“Everything alright up there, Commander?” Cortez said over Vega’s comms unit. “Sorry to cut it so close, but they’d beefed up the security on the Normandy’s systems. Took me a few minutes to figure out how to get in.”

“Nah, you couldn’t have timed that better, Esteban,” Vega remarked, turning around to see Liara slumped down on the floor just like her followers, her lewd member lying limp for probably the first time in a week. As he took a moment to recover his composure, and to mentally block out the brief moments where he had felt himself tempted to pull off his own helmet and join in on the party, he heard a door open nearby.

Stepping nonchalantly around the piles of naked, unconscious bodies, Javik held up a hovering, metallic orb. “The modifications have been made,” he announced, his voice muffled behind his helmet.

Vega nodded, taking the device from Javik and crouching down next to the knocked-out asari. “Well, here goes nothing,” he muttered, grabbing Liara’s hand and placing it on the surface of the orb.

* * *

Blinking, Shepard felt himself slowly coming to. It took him a moment to regain his orientation, and realize that he was laying on the bed of his cabin on the Normandy. He didn’t remember quite what had happened. Last thing he could recall was…

“Hey, loco,” Shepard heard a familiar voice, and looked up to see James Vega sitting on his couch, a grim expression. “You probably wanna get dressed before we talk.”

Looking down at his body, Shepard realized with a start that he was naked. And that sent all the memories flooding back. Liara and Samara. The Prothean device and the effect it had had on the crew. The way it had turned Ash into an eager and willing slut.

And… oh, God. After Liara had convinced him to go with it all and he had felt Ash suck his cock for the first time since they had started dating… it had been a non-stop marathon of sex after that. First just with Ash, and then with the rest of the crew as well. Taking them all, and watching them all fuck Ash in every possible combination. Hell, Shepard had even done it with Liara and Samara a few times over that past week, shoving his prick between their scaly blue ass-cheeks while they stroked their own cocks and urged him on.

Sitting up, he clutched at his forehead as he remembered his own loss of control. “What happened?” he asked Vega, as he stood up and found a pair of briefs to slide on. “What are you doing here, James?”

“We were summoned here, Commander,” said another familiar voice. Javik stepped through the cabin door. “You can be thankful that Liara sent me those Prothean files. Otherwise you might have spent the rest of your lives engaging in sex on this ship. Or perhaps even worse.”

Closing his eyes, Shepard listened for the voices. Not long after he had put his cock into Ash’s mouth for the first time that night, he had started hearing them. The interior dialogue of the rest of his crew, eagerly expressing their enjoyment of the non-stop fucking they were engaging in. All while praising the “mistress” and thanking her for freeing them from their inhibitions. Now, however, those voices were gone. And despite everything, the loss of that connection to his crew left him feeling a
“Liara,” Shepard muttered. “Where is she? What’s happened to her?”

“She’ll be fine, Shepard,” Vega said. “Javik was able to decode some of the files that she sent him, and he got enough info out of them to modify the device and restore her and Samara back to normal. They’re both recovering in the med-bay right now. We’ll have someone take a closer look at them once we get back to the Citadel.”

“The Citadel?” Shepard asked, now fully dressed but still feeling strangely exposed. This whole situation gave him the vibe of standing in front of a disappointed parent, who’d just caught their teenager coming home after a wild night of drinking and partying.

But in a way, that was pretty much what had happened. God, he had thrown himself so eagerly into all of the sexual insanity. Now he was finding himself coming back to reality, and it made him realize just how shameful his behavior had been. “We’re going back to the Citadel?”

“Yeah, think the Alliance and the Council are gonna want to have a talk with you, Shepard,” Vega said. “Whole thing maybe could have been swept under the rug, except one of your crew got the bright idea to start taking vids of all the shit that was going on here. Hours of that stuff, Shepard, broadcast all over the extranet for everyone to see. Kinda hard for the higher-ups to ignore what happened on this ship when vids of it are out there on every porn site known to man.”

“We… we lost control,” Shepard said, slumping down onto a chair. “That thing is… it’s dangerous.”

“Very,” Javik responded, arms crossed as he regarded the chastened Shepard. “The Council will be sending a representative to take possession of the device as soon as we arrive back at the Citadel. With any luck, it will be sealed away where no one will ever be able to find it.”

Something was bothering Shepard. He focused his eyes on Javik. “You said you were able to decode the files, Javik. Why did the Protheans make such a device? What did they possibly hope to gain?”

“Not all of the files, Shepard. But enough for me to get a sense. Apparently the Protheans hoped to find a cure for the Ardat-Yakshi condition. The device was created during the later portions of our war with the Reapers, when we were looking for any possible advantage remaining to stall out the inevitable. I believe the scientists hoped that, by eliminating the Ardat-Yakshi gene, they would be able to allow these formerly sterile asari to breed, and produce more future soldiers to take part in the war effort.” Javik shook his head in disbelief. “A desperate gambit, and one that had unfortunate side effects. Just like the ones we saw here on the Normandy.”

“From what Javik told me, the asari back then went through a similar process to what happened to you and your people, Shepard,” Vega chimed in. “Overwhelmed the minds of a few of their researchers, and made them utter sex maniacs. And those they couldn’t seduce, they used their amplified biotic abilities to subdue. And there was something else… Javik, what was it you said?”

Javik let out an annoyed grunt. “I said I wasn’t able to decipher that part. Not yet. Whatever else it was, the Protheans then decided the device was too much of a risk to produce any more.”

“Yeah, good call on their part,” Shepard said, and despite his circumstances he felt a smile creeping onto his face. *That Ardat-Yakshi we killed back where we discovered this thing, he thought. She came there believing that there was a cure for her condition located at that facility. Turns out she was on the right track. Though I doubt she would have expected the end result.*
“Anyway, rest up, Shepard,” Vega said, rising to his feet. “Get the feeling you’re going to be sitting through a lot of boring meetings with the head honchos once you get back. And hey, I’ll vouch for you as much as I can, but I can’t imagine the brass are going to be happy that their top commander turned the flagship of the Alliance fleet into a sex den. Even if it was because of some Prothean mind-fuck.”

Shepard gave him a nod, not daring to admit the truth. While exposure to Ash and the rest of the crew had put him under the control of the Prothean device just like the rest of them… Liara had given him a choice. And in the end, he had chosen to follow his cock instead of his conscience.

As Vega and Javik left him alone with his thoughts, Shepard slumped down in his chair and let out a sigh. He couldn’t help but think about Ash, and the rest of his crew. Despite the mental connection between them and Liara being severed, he had a feeling that the influence of the fluids they had ingested hadn’t left them completely. That the sexual desires that had been awoken in all of them over this past week would not fade away anytime soon.

He wanted to believe that they would recover. That they could go back to a semblance of normalcy now that all of this was over, and that things would go back to the way they used to be. But he wasn’t sure.

Because there was one other thing he didn’t mention to Vega. That when he had woken up on his bed, there had been one thought running through his head in every waking moment, like a low hum pulsing underneath all of his other thoughts. Even while feeling the shame of being confronted about his weakness… there had been that one urge he had been having almost constantly.

It was hard to believe that, after a week of indulging every last one of his most perverted desires, all he could think about… all he was thinking about at that moment, was Damn, I could really go for a fuck right about now.
Three weeks later…

Shepard mindlessly flipped through the channels on the vid-screen in Anderson’s old apartment. None of it held his interest, and after a moment he eventually flipped the screen off.

Standing up, he walked over to the bar and started fixing himself a drink. Anything to get himself through the boredom of another day trapped on the Citadel, waiting to hear the verdict on his future.

It had been as Vega had predicted. From the second they had arrived back, Shepard and his crew had been poked and prodded. First physically by the doctors at Huerta Memorial – trying to determine if there were any lingering affects of the Prothean device and its mind-control properties – and then mentally by the Council and Admirals of the Alliance. By now, most of the testimony had been given, and Shepard had spent the past week or so simply sitting around in his apartment, waiting for the results.

It was bad. Shepard was almost positive he would probably be reassigned, if not dishonorably discharged completely from the Alliance, after all of this. Of course, the Council acted much more quickly than the Alliance, and his and Ash’s Spectre status had already been revoked. Now they were just waiting to see if there was still a place in the Alliance for them. But Shepard highly doubted it.

It was ironic, in a way. Back when the Reapers were around, the men and women who ran the galaxy wouldn’t have dared to get rid of a soldier like Shepard. But now, thanks to the peace that Shepard had helped bring about, he wasn’t nearly as indispensable as he used to be. The Alliance and the Council could function just fine without him.

And, at this point, Shepard realized that he would be alright with that. After all he had been through, all the sacrifices he had made, perhaps he was finally ready to hang it up. Stop living his life at the beck and call of others and find his own path. The only reason he hated the thought of losing the Normandy was what it would do to the rest of the crew.

Especially one in particular. Ever since they had returned, he had felt a distance between him and Ash. They hardly ever saw each other, between the many hearings both of them were being called into, and Ash heading off to frequent therapy sessions. Trying to come to grips with what happened back on the ship, Shepard had assumed, and figure out how she felt about the secret desires that Liara, Samara, and their mind-bending cum had awoken inside of her.

He hadn’t wanted to push. Every night since they had arrived back at the Citadel, he had slept on the couch. He wanted to give Ash her space to work through things on her own. But part of him – a dirty and shameful part but a part nonetheless – was hoping that Ash would accept what Liara and Samara had awakened in her. As Liara had shown Shepard back on the Normandy, Ash had always had those desires secretly hidden inside her. Had actually acted them out, albeit against her will, down in the Dripping Azure. He had been right there in her mind, through the meld with Liara. Felt how wet Ash had gotten at having a stranger’s cock in her mouth in the middle of a filthy Lower Wards club. Even if those desires had been drawn out of her somewhat unnaturally, they were her desires. And Shepard couldn’t help but hope that, once Ash had gotten over what had happened back on the Normandy, she’d be willing to indulge in some of those desires with Shepard.

But the signs weren’t good. These days, Ash hardly left their apartment without wearing a heavy coat that covered almost her entire body. Even when she was home, lately Shepard never even saw
her without the thick garment enshrouding almost every inch of her body. Shepard knew what it probably meant. After being so exposed on the Normandy – in so many senses of the word – Ash probably felt the need to keep herself covered. Not wanting anyone to see the “filth” that she felt still clung to her body.

At least, that was Shepard’s best guess. He had no way of knowing, as the topics of conversation in the brief moments they saw each other were little more than bland pleasantries and pointless chit-chat. Nothing more serious than that, despite Shepard wanting desperately to talk. But he wouldn’t force her. Wouldn’t make her talk about any of it until she was ready.

Behind him, Shepard could hear the door to their apartment opening. Only one other person had the door code besides him, so Shepard already knew who it was. “Hey, how’d it go?” Shepard asked, turning with his drink to watch Ash come in the door.

“Pretty good,” Ash responded. Shepard caught a brief glimpse of her opening a cabinet near the door and placing something inside, but he didn’t get a good look at what it was before Ash was shutting the doors and heading into the living room.

“You want something to drink?” Shepard asked her. Most of their conversations were like this these days. Stilted and forced, without the playful flirtation they used to have in the past. If there was anything Shepard hated that Prothean device for more than anything, it was driving this wedge between him and the woman he loved.

“Nah, I’m good,” Ash said. “Come in here a minute, I have something I have to show you.”

Grabbing his drink, Shepard walked into the living room. Ash was slumped in the couch, looking strangely tired. *Jeez, guess that therapist of hers must be putting her through the emotional wringer,* Shepard thought to himself, as he sat down next to Ash. She was still wearing that heavy coat, even as she squirmed underneath it. *She looks so hot,* Shepard thought. *I can understand her wanting to wear it outside, but we’re the only two people here. Unless… she’s ashamed to show herself, even to me.*

“Ran into the messenger on the way in,” Ash said, holding up an envelope. “I didn’t have the heart to read it myself. Figured I’d give you the honor.”

Shepard knew what it was, saw the Alliance insignia on the envelope, and he felt his body tense up. Setting aside his tumbler glass and taking the envelope from Ash, Shepard shredded it open and pulled out the letter inside.

“This is a notification for Commander Shepard,” Shepard read out, “that effective immediately you and the crew of the Normandy SR-2 have been honorably discharged from the Alliance military. The enclosed certificate is awarded as a testament of honest and faithful service. Thank you for all you have done for the Alliance, and we wish you the best.”

Ash let out a sigh, and Shepard wasn’t sure if it was of bitter resignation, or of relief. “‘Honorable,’ heh. Considering how we went out, that’s a pretty good one.”

“Even after what happened, I don’t think they would have gotten away with drumming us out dishonorably,” Shepard responded, tossed the envelope dismissively down to the table. “Too many folks still willing to raise hell over the hero of the Reaper War getting treated like some kind of criminal. No, this is the Alliance telling us to just quietly go away, not make too much of a spectacle as we fade into the background.”

“Yeah, guess so,” Ash said, the two of them going back to their forced, bland dialogue together.
Staring down at herself, she idly picked at the lapel of her heavy coat. “Guess now we have to decide what happens next.”

Shepard nodded. “Yeah,” he responded, feeling like he should add something else, but not sure what he could possibly say.

For a moment, Ash hesitated, and Shepard could see indecision on her face as she continued squirming underneath her coat. “Shepard, I want to talk to you about something,” she finally spoke up. “Something that I… well, I’m not sure how you’re going to react to.”

“What is it, Ash?” Shepard said, and for a moment he could see something in Ash’s eyes. See her opening up to him in a way that he hadn’t seen in a long time. Not since they had returned from what ended up being their last service aboard the Normandy. “You can tell me…”

And just then, at the worst possible moment, the doorbell rang.

“Ignore it,” Shepard said, trying his best to keep this conversation going. But Ash looked away from him, turning her attention to the door.

“Should get it, Shepard,” Ash said. “Might be something important.”

Dammit, Shepard cursed internally, as he rose to his feet and headed for the door. Just when it looked like I might be getting through to her...

Opening the door, Shepard took a step back in surprise as he saw who waited on the other side. “Oh… Liara.”

He hadn’t seen her since they had arrived back on the Citadel. The doctors had had her and Samara in testing rooms for almost a week, and after they signed off on her health Liara had simply headed off on her own. She hadn’t responded to Shepard’s extranet messages, and after a while Shepard had figured she had needed her space, just as Ash had.

But now, here she stood. Looking so much different from the domineering, almost evil-looking asari that she had become back on the Normandy. Now she seemed just as she had before: quiet and unassuming, but with that fierce intelligence behind her eyes. “Hello, Shepard,” Liara said, the smile on her face looking a bit forced. “It’s good to see you.”

“Good to see you too, Liara,” Shepard said, before remembering what Liara had interrupted. “I hate to say it, but this isn’t the best time. Could you maybe stop by in a few…”

“Shepard, let her in,” Ash said behind him. “I invited her.”

Shepard gave Liara a bewildered look and, when she responded with a nod, stepped aside to allow her to enter.

“Sit over here, Liara,” Ash said, standing up to direct Liara over to the couch. “And you, Shepard, sit next to her.”

Despite feeling a little uncomfortable, sitting next to the woman with whom he had emotionally cheated on Ash with, Shepard did as instructed. Liara, too, shifted and squirmed in her seat a little, as Ash moved to stand in front of the two of them.

“Look, I wanted you both here together because… because you both deserve an apology from me,” Ash said. “And I wanted you both to hear it.” She looked to Shepard. “Shepard, I should have told you about what happened between me and Liara. All those times I tried to convince you to have her
transfer off the Normandy… it was all because I was worried you might find out about what the two of us did together. And what she might tell you about the things she saw in my mind while she was in there.”

“Ash, it’s…” Shepard started to say.

“Not done yet,” Ash said. “And I’m sorry I didn’t trust you enough to tell you about how I felt. I should have let you in on all those fantasies I’d been keeping buried. I guess I just… I was afraid of what you might think if I wasn’t that good, perfect Ash you saved back on Eden Prime. That even if you were into those sort of things, you might see me in a different way after I told you the truth. I should have trusted you, and I’m sorry.”

Turning next to Liara, Ash spoke again. “And Liara… I’m sorry for trying to push you away. I told myself that it was the best thing for you to move on from the Normandy and work with your own people, but the truth is I was just trying to hide my own guilt. It was unfair of me to treat you like that, and I’m so sorry for anything I might have done to hurt you.”

Liara shook her head. “You don’t have to apologize, Ash. I don’t blame you for wanting me to step aside. Especially considering… considering what happened between me and Shepard.”

In the awkward silence that followed, Shepard stood up. “Ash, I’m sorry. It wasn’t right for me to go to Liara for what I wanted out of you. Even if I didn’t lay a finger on her during the whole thing, I was still cheating on you. I should have just told you the truth, explained to you what I was looking for in a relationship, and been honest. Instead I went to someone else for that, and it was wrong.”

He looked over at Liara with a soulful stare. “Not just wrong to do it to Ash, but wrong to use you like that, Liara. I should have never roped you in to doing such depraved things for my benefit. It was emotionally manipulating you and I’m a terrible person for ever letting it happen.”

“Shepard, it’s okay,” Ash said, putting a hand on his cheek and turning his attention to her. “We both made our mistakes, but what’s important is that we’re still together. And even if we’re out of the Alliance and on our own now… we’ve still got each other. I want to make this work.”

“I do too, Ash,” Shepard said, taking her into his arms. “I love you, Ash.”

The two of them shared a deep kiss. Behind him, Shepard could hear Liara rising to her feet. “I… suppose I should be going now. I appreciate that you…”

Ash slipped out of Shepard’s arms. “Wait, Liara,” she called out to the asari. “Just one more thing I need to tell you before you go.”

“Hmm? What are you…” Liara started to say.

Only to be cut off by Ash stepping up to her, taking the asari’s face in her hands, and giving her a kiss just as deep and wet as the one she had just given her boyfriend. Shepard watched with jaw agape as Liara stood stock-still at first, before giving in to the moment and returning Ash’s kiss with a sudden passion. When the two finally broke away, Liara wore an expression of shock mixed with a simmering desire.

“Listen, both of you,” Ash said, glancing over at Shepard without removing her hands from Liara’s face. “We’ve all been in each other’s minds. We all know what the other two want. Shepard, you and I both want Liara. And Liara, I know you’re attracted to both of us. So I don’t see any reason why the three of us can’t get exactly what we want, right here and now.”

Liara’s eyes went wide in surprise at Ash’s offer. “I… I’m not…” she glanced over at Shepard,
looking to see if he was ready to lodge a complaint.

But after taking a second to process it all, a smile crept onto Shepard’s face. “I’m game if you are, Liara,” he said.

“You can have him, Liara,” Ash said. “Just like you always wanted.” She smirked and added. “That is… if you’re willing to share. Just a little.”

“I… I don’t know,” Liara said, looking flustered even as the look in her eyes told Shepard that all she wanted to say was “yes.” “This is all so… so sudden.”

“Before you make up your mind, there’s one other thing,” Ash said. Turning away from Liara, she walked over to the cabinet that Shepard had seen her putting something into earlier. Opening up the doors and reaching in, she retrieved a small, wrapped package. “I got this for you, Liara. A little something to welcome you into this… weird little relationship. If you want it, that is.”

Taking the package in shaking hands, Liara carefully unwrapped it. Both her and Shepard’s eyes went wide when Liara pulled out what was inside.

Thick elastic straps attached to a large, black phallus. A strap-on.

“Hardly a substitute for what you had back on the Normandy, but I’m sure I’ll enjoy getting fucked with it just as much.” Ash said, fiddling with the fasteners of her heavy coat. As she continued to speak, her voice took on a different tone. One that sent a shiver of wicked delight through his body. “How about it, Liara? You want to stick that thing inside me tonight? Fuck me like a horny slut while I suck Shepard’s cock?”

Shepard felt a familiar swelling in his pants. This had been the first time he’d heard Ashley talk like this since back on the Normandy. He had thought she was leaving that time behind, but it seemed that some of the Ash that Liara had awoken with her big blue cock was still in there all along.

Staring at the strap-on, Liara looked back at Ash in confusion. “Ash, this is a sensory model. These things cost tens of thousands of credits. How could you afford such a thing?”

“Oh, that,” Ash said, as a devious smile crossed her face. “Well, that’s an easy one to answer.”

And with a rustle of fabric, Ash tossed her coat aside, letting it fall to the floor. And what lay underneath just about dropped both Shepard and Liara’s jaws to the floor.

Not just some of the Ash that Liara brought out. I’d say just about all of her.

The top that Ash was wearing was little more than a few strings, tied to a “bikini” top that only covered the smallest portion of her nipples. Her dark areolae poked out from the edges of the small pasties, but even that wasn’t the most attention-catching thing about Ash’s tits. At some point since they had arrived back on the Citadel, Ash must have gone in to have some work done. Her augmented breasts were almost twice the size they were before. The massive firm mounds bounced a little as Ash fidgeted in excitement, obviously enjoying the leering looks she was getting from the two people she hoped would be her lovers.

Casting his eyes downward, Shepard saw that Ash was wearing the shortest of short leopard-print skirts below her waist. Short enough that it was hardly a challenge to get a glance underneath, and see that Ash wasn’t wearing a stitch of underwear. Below that, a pair of knee length pink latex boots completed the ensemble.

As Shepard took in the whole outfit, he saw Ash reach into the top of her boot and, with a grin,
exhibit a familiar business card to him and Liara.

“He was right, you know,” Ash said. “A whore like me can make some serious credits down in the Lower Wards. Had to have a few… adjustments first, of course,” she reached up and grabbed her new tits for emphasis, before pulling her skimpy top aside and baring the massive breasts underneath for her two appreciative onlookers. “But once that was done, and I was down on my knees sucking cock for credits, the funds just came rolling in.”

“So, all those therapy sessions you’ve been going to…” Shepard started to ask.

“Mmm, there’s only one therapy I need, Shepard,” Ash said, her voice oozing with sensual lust that she had apparently been hiding from him these past few weeks, “And that’s the therapy that a whore like me can only get by bending over and letting herself get fucked by total strangers. And I’ve had a lot of sessions, Shepard.”

Taking a step towards Shepard, grinning and rubbing her tits, she glanced down at the erection straining against his pants. “Ooh, I wish you could have been there,” Ash cooed, liking her lips as she strutted towards him. “Would have spoiled the surprise if you had been, but every night while I was working the wards, I imagined you and Liara watching me do it. Seeing me begging for cock. Get a good look at my face covered in cum from the dozens of men who fucked me that night. Just the filthiest fucking whore on the entire Citadel.”

Moving in close to Shepard now, she leaned in to whisper in his ear. “You know, I was almost afraid I wouldn’t be able to afford that strap-on for Liara. But just a few nights ago, I got word that they would be putting on a special show in the backroom of the Dripping Azure. The kind of show that pays some serious credits. You know what kind of show I’m talking about, Shepard?” When Shepard didn’t respond, Ash reached down to rub his erection through his pants. “Well, don’t worry. The club owner may be a filthy, perverted son of a bitch, but he makes sure that everything down there is… heh heh… scale-itch free.”

“Oh, fuck,” Shepard moaned, as Ash freed his cock from his pants and began stroking its painfully erect length. Glancing around Ash’s head, he gave Liara an arched eyebrow. “Hey, Liara. You want to put on that strap-on and help me fuck this filthy whore?”

“Nothing would give me greater pleasure,” Liara said, as she unzipped her dress and let it fall to the floor.

* * *

Several hours later, they were still at it. Liara grunted as she shoved her well-lubricated strap-on into Ash’s tight asshole, while Shepard roughly fucked Ash’s face. Spit and Ash’s dripping makeup left trails down her face, as Shepard’s balls slapped lewdly against her chin. Ash let out muffled grunts and wet slobbering noises, her eyes rolled back in her head as if she was on the verge of passing out from all of the vulgar pleasure she was experiencing.

Liara leaned over Ash’s back, and Shepard met her mouth in a wet kiss. All while both of them continued to plunge their cocks in and out of their shared lover. Their fuck-toy. Their whore.

“Tell me something, Liara,” Shepard said, never pausing in jamming his manhood down Ash’s throat as he spoke. “The Shadow Broker… they can get their hands on a lot of credits, couldn’t they?”

“Hmm, yes,” Liara said, all while delivering hard, open-handed slaps to Ash’s backside. “Having dirt on the heads of almost every major corporation in the galaxy does offer many opportunities to
acquire credits. Why do you ask, my love?”

Shepard gave a light chuckle. “Because I’ve been thinking a lot about the future, and what I plan to
do now that we’re out of the Alliance. And an idea came to me. A particular piece of real estate that
I’ve had my eye on quite recently.”

Liara arched her brow. “If you’re thinking what I’m thinking, then I believe that such an acquisition
would definitely be possible. That is, if you’re willing to accept a partner in this new endeavor…
partner.”

“I couldn’t think of anyone better to… oh, fuck, here it comes. Another load down your slutty throat,
Ash. Swallow it down, you fucking whore.”

And Ash did as she was told. Just like a good whore should.
Somebody's Idea of a Happy Ending

A month later…

“God, that was the best dinner I’ve had in years! And so much of it! Took all my willpower not to totally stuff myself!”

Oriana opened the door to their apartment, feeling a little tipsy from the drinks she had had at the restaurant. Jack, of course, was stone cold sober. Took a lot more than what they had drunk tonight to have an effect on her, it seemed.

“Hey, don’t stop wolfing it down on my account, babe,” Jack said, reaching a hand around to grab at Oriana’s backside through her expensive party dress. “If genetics are any indication, any weight you put on is going right into that tasty little ass of yours.”

Oriana laughed, before leaning in to give Jack a kiss. “You’re such a perv, Jack.”

“Damn straight, and that’s why you love me, babe,” Jack responded.

“Yeah, that’s why I love you,” Oriana said, smiling dreamily at the woman she now considered her girlfriend. Thinking back to the Normandy, she couldn’t ever believe that she had felt a moment of hesitation regarding Jack. Now that the two of them were officially together, she couldn’t have been happier.

It had been hard at first, adjusting to things after the Normandy. The whole series of events may have brought her and Jack together, but it hadn’t been all roses. Jack had been a bit distraught for a few days when she received word that her “services were no longer required” at the Alliance school where she had been teaching biotics. But she eventually got over it, rationalizing that “the only reason those kids need to use that stuff these days is to clear rubble out of Prothean ruins. They’ll do fine without me.” Meanwhile, Oriana learned that she and Miranda’s duties as far as colony rebuilding were being assigned to other planners, and the two Lawson sisters were officially out of a job.

But it was okay. Between all of them, they had saved up enough of their credits to let them live relatively comfortably for a good amount of time. And of course, there was the other supplement to their income…

Sneaking her hand around Oriana’s back, Jack slid down the zipper on her gown. “Mmm, thank you for actually taking the time to unzip it for once,” Oriana said to her lover. “You still owe me a new dress after you shredded that last one with your biotics.”

“Damn thing wouldn’t come open,” Jack said in her defense. “Can’t blame me for wanting to get a piece of that ass so badly.”

“No, I certainly can’t,” Oriana said, reaching to help Jack out of her own outfit. Even at a fancy restaurant, she still insisted on wearing that studded jacket of hers. At least Oriana had convinced her to wear something under it this time, or at least more than just a few gausy straps of fabric across her tits.

Still, it was a mixed blessing. The more clothes on Jack, the more she had to take off to get to what lay underneath.

As the two of them stripped each other down, both of them had an idea at the same time. “Mmm,
how about it, babe?” Jack asked, glancing across their apartment to a particular corner. “Shall we play with our pet tonight?”

“Well, it was a busy day today,” Oriana responded, looking over her shoulder. “I suppose she deserves a treat.”

Stepping out of the rest of her clothing as she went, Oriana walked over to the corner. “You hear that, pet? Would you like a treat?”

“Yes, Mistress Oriana,” said a quiet, obedient voice from inside the large cage.

Reaching down and undoing the latch on the metal cage door, Oriana then grabbed a thick leather strap with a hook on the end. Reaching down and linking it up to her “pet’s” collar, Oriana led the naked woman out on her hands and knees.

“That’s a good girl, pet,” Oriana said, as she reached the end of her and Jack’s bed. Sitting down and spreading her legs wide, she beckoned with a finger. “Go on, now. Eat up.”

“Thank you, Mistress Oriana,” Miranda said, as she leaned in to start eating her sister’s twat.

Jack laughed as she watched her former nemesis happily lick cunt. “Such an obedient little slut,” she remarked, as she pulled off the rest of her own clothes and tossed them aside. “You remember how much trouble she gave us at first?”

“Vividly,” Oriana said, stroking her sister’s hair as Miranda hungrily lapped at her snatch. “Telling us that she didn’t want this. That the things in her mind that Liara and Samara showed us were all lies. But after a few days in that cage with a vibrator inside her pussy on the lowest setting, my slutty Randa was just about in tears, begging us to fuck her.”

“Mmm, speaking of which,” Jack said, reaching over to a side-table to retrieve a strap-on. Not one of those fancy models, of course. Even with all the credits they had saved up, there was no way they could afford one of those. Just a plain old sex toy, which Jack quickly donned and then knelt down on the floor to put to use on Miranda’s dripping cunt.

“No better way to end a day than getting to fuck the cheerleader’s perfect little pussy,” Jack said. Roughly kneading and groping Miranda’s backside with her fingers, Jack gave her bubbly butt a hard slap. “Ain’t that right, pet? Don’t you just love getting fucked by me and your sister?”

Oriana allowed Miranda to pull away from her pussy long enough to respond. “Yes, Mistress Jack,” Miranda moaned. “I love getting fucked by you and Mistress Oriana. You and her… and anyone else you want me to fuck.”

“Ooh, thanks for the reminder,” Oriana said. “What’s our pet’s schedule looking like tomorrow, Jack?”

“Quite full, as I recall,” Jack responded. “Think we booked her for a few hours in the morning with some krogan diplomats looking for some human pussy while they visit the Citadel. After that is her usual session with the C-Sec officers we’ve been bribing to look the other way. And then… oh, what was it? Was it that horny hanar, that fast-talking elcor guy, or the members of that asari gang from down in the Lower Wards?” She gave a shrug, and another slap to Miranda’s ass. “Well, whoever it is, our little pet is going to be on her back for most of the day tomorrow, I imagine.”

Oriana arched a brow. “Sounds like our dirty little slut’s found herself quite a few fans. Such a diligent worker, our pet,” she said, pointing down at Miranda and smirking. “Think we should reward her with another memento?”
“Been thinking about a few ideas, yeah,” Jack said, looking down at Miranda’s naked flesh, and the many previous “mementos” she had left on it. Miranda’s body was now dotted with several rough looking tattoos. “HORNY SLUT,” “SHOOT YOUR CUM HERE,” “I LOVE VORCHA COCK” and “SPANK MY ASS” were just several of the crude messages that Jack had etched permanently on Miranda’s skin.

Along with a series of hash marks along her backside that would have looked familiar to the crew of the Normandy. As a reminder of their last week of service aboard that vessel, a time that all three of them looked back on rather fondly, Jack and Oriana had recreated that glorious moment down in the Factory District of Zakera Ward. Only this time with a group of around 20 or so appreciative laborers in the place of the Normandy crew, all of whom happily spilled their cum into Miranda’s gaping asshole. With each new load, Jack used her omni-tattoo kit to make hash marks on Miranda’s ass, dark black lines much more permanent than a marker could ever make. Once all the men had finished, just as before, came the butt-plug, which stayed in for almost a day this time around. And when it finally did come out, Oriana was ready with Miranda’s feeding bowl, catching the sticky mess spilling out of Miranda’s ass just in time to present it to her sister for dinner.

And then there was the most important tattoos of all: right across Miranda’s chest, above her tits, was the extranet address where anyone could go to hire her out as a whore. Along with the same address on her lower back, just above her ass, for any people who missed it in passing the first time. In order to “advertise” her services, Jack and Oriana had led her around some of the wards on her leash. Dressed just enough to skirt any C-Sec obscenity laws, but with the address on her chest and lower back on full display, letting any interested onlookers know exactly where to go if they wanted to see more.

“Yeah, I’ve got a few ideas for our pet’s next ink,” Jack continued to speak, eyes moving across the few bare patches of flesh her tattoo kit hadn’t touched. “Maybe we could go with…”

Whatever new artwork concepts Jack had in mind were interrupted by the ring of the doorbell. “Ah, dammit,” Oriana said. “Who could that be at this hour?” Grabbing Miranda by the hair, the eager slut still licking snatch despite the interruption, Oriana pointed with her other hand towards the door. “Go see who that is, pet.”

“Yes, Mistress Oriana,” Miranda responded. As Jack reluctantly pulled the fake cock out of her pussy, Miranda stood up and walked naked to the main entrance. As the door slid open, the young drell on the other side started to speak, only to see who was answering. His jaw dropped open in shock, and he started to make a hasty exit.

“It’s okay, kid,” Jack called out to him, lounging naked on the floor of the apartment with her strap-on still jutting out of her hips. “We’re all adults here… well, just barely in your case. What can we do for you?”

“Umm… I… uh…” the drell teenager stammered, before thrusting a datapad in the direction of Miranda. “I have a message to deliver to you. Very important, he said.”

Still sitting on the edge of the bed, Oriana beckoned him forward with a finger. “Well, bring it here,” she said. Watching in amusement as the drell carefully stepped around the naked Miranda in the doorway, Oriana reached out a hand to take the datapad from him as he reached her. The nervous young man desperately averted his eyes from Oriana’s naked body as he delivered the message, and as soon as the datapad was out of his hands he did a 180 and started for the door.

“Hey, kid,” Jack said, just as the drell was about to reach the exit. “How much they pay you to deliver this message, huh?”
“Uhmm… 25 credits, ma’am,” the drell responded, Jack getting a chuckle out of him addressing her in such a formal way, considering the circumstances.

Jack made an exaggerated expression of surprise. “Wow, isn’t that a coincidence? Because it turns out we’re running a special right now: 25 credits to fuck this slut’s wet pussy as long as you want,” she sat, jabbing her thumb in Miranda’s direction. “You interested, buddy?”

Several minutes later, the sound of the young drell’s grunts filling the apartment, Jack and Oriana sat together on the foot of the bed, reading the datapad together. “Hmm, ‘You are cordially invited to be our special guest, at the grand reopening of the Dripping Azure. Now under new management, and with a hot, hot, hot headliner that’s guaranteed to get you off!’” Oriana read off, glancing over at Jack with an inquisitive look. “What do you think? Might be a good opportunity for us to promote our business.”

“Yeah, lots of horny fucks there to see our site address,” Jack said. “Might even have our pet give out a few ‘free samples’ to drum up a little business.”

“Oh, fuck me,” Miranda cried out, her tits pressed against a dining table as she leaned forward to allow the drell messenger to take her from behind. “Fill me up with cum! I’m a dirty whore! A horny cock-starved slut!”

“Hey, save those lines for tomorrow night, Randa!” Oriana called out. “That’s the kind of shit that’ll go over great with the Dripping Azure crowd. Better not burn up all your stamina tonight, pet.”

Glancing over at Oriana, Jack smirked. “Speaking of ‘stamina,’ I hear those young drell can go for hours without needing to take a break. Think maybe you and I should get a sample of that eager green cock while we’ve got it under our roof?”

“Mmm, sounds delightful,” Oriana said, leaning over to give Jack a kiss. “I love you, Jack.”

“I love you too, babe,” Jack responded, before jumping up to her feet. “Now let’s… whoah.”

Oriana looked up at Jack in concern. “Everything alright?”

“Yeah, just fine,” Jack responded, resting a hand on her stomach. “Just… maybe that food tonight wasn’t that great after all. Felt a little queasy there for a moment. But it’s all good now.”

Oriana nodded, while wondering if it really was the food. Because for several nights now, she had also had brief, but noticeable, bouts of nausea out of the blue. Perhaps there was something going around. She’d have to remember to ask her pet if she’d been feeling sick lately as well.

But that was for later. Right now, she and Jack advanced on the drell teenager, ready to milk every last drop of energy out of the young stud before the night was over.

* * *

“And now, the moment you’ve been waiting for. Our headliner for tonight! She’s horny! She’s desperate! And for the right amount of credits, she’ll do whatever you want! Ladies and gentlemen, the Dripping Azure welcomes to the stage: ASHLEY WILLIAMS!”

No sooner did Ash walk out onto the stage, the flashing strobe lights illuminating her barely-dressed body, then credit chits started appearing in fingers, talons, and even tentacles all across the Dripping Azure’s busy floor. Ash didn’t even have time to start dancing to the throbbing techno music filling the club, before the first credits were being handed to her and she was down on the floor, a turian cock fucking her mouth.
“Mmm, looks like it’s going to be a successful opening night,” Shepard remarked, staring down at the club’s floor from a private lounge high above the festivities. He lounged in a well-cushioned chair, expensive drink in his hand as he watched the clubgoers converge on Ash, credit chit after credit chit being processed until every last one of her holes was filled with cock.

“Indeed,” Liara said, in a chair next to his, her own drink in her hand. Reaching over, she presented her glass to Shepard. “To the Dripping Azure.”

“Cheers to that,” Shepard responded, clinking his glass against Liara’s. “And to Ashley Williams. The best whore a man and asari could ever hope for.”

Liara stared down at the club floor, watching Ash surrounded by men and women jockeying for their turn at one of her well-used fuckholes. As one cock came out of her mouth and shot its wad all over her face, her lips spread into a blissful grin, just before she opened wide to take another thick prick down her throat.

“So glad we could put Ash to work,” Liara remarked, before waving her hand out to the club and adding, “Along with all the rest of them, of course.”

Shepard nodded. Once he and Liara had kicked out the former owner and taken control of the Dripping Azure, he had laid off all the operating staff and filled their positions with a group of people whom he knew were looking for work. There was Ken Donnelly, tending bar and shooting the shit with the patrons. Several of the Alliance marines who had served aboard the Normandy now had comfortable positions as security for Shepard and Liara’s new establishment, and they stood against the walls at strategic spots all along the floor. Glancing across the club, Shepard had to stifle a laugh as he saw Joker, bobbing his head as much as he dared to avoid breaking something, working the DJ booth.

And of course, there were the “other jobs.” Shepard let out an appreciative moan as he glanced down between his legs. Chloe Michel, former Alliance medic, now happily sucked Shepard’s cock as he sat and watched the floor of his club. Meanwhile, on the floor between Liara’s spread thighs, Samantha Traynor ran her tongue along the length of Ash’s gift to Liara, Liara gasping as the sensory strap-on delivered the sensation straight to her nervous system.

But as he glanced around the club, he couldn’t help but notice someone missing. “Liara, where’s Gabby?” Shepard asked. “Wasn’t she supposed to be working the floor tonight?”

Liara shook her head. “Afraid Miss Daniels was feeling a bit under the weather. She told me she should be alright to work tomorrow night, but that she was having some stomach issues today.”

Shepard furrowed his brow. That was odd. He’d heard similar complaints for feeling ill from Terri Bocelli. In the end, though, she had decided to tough it out and was currently doing some “side business” out on the streets tonight. He wondered if something was going around, but it didn’t matter too much. He had poached all of the girls from the previous club owner in the process of taking over, so he had a deep enough roster on call to handle a few sick call-outs.

“Ah, look who’s arrived,” Liara said, and Shepard followed her gaze to see a group of familiar faces. Jack and Oriana stepped into the club, the younger Lawson with a leash in her hand to lead around her sister Miranda as they entered. Only a minute or so after they arrived, Jack was already pointing out a patron to Oriana, and Oriana soon had her sister down on her knees, giving the lucky krogan a sloppy blowjob out on the club floor.

Shepard and Liara was so enraptured with watching the new arrivals, and then turning their attention back to the cum-soaked Ash working her way through the rest of the paying customers, they never
did notice the asari sitting in a corner. Eyes narrowed as she stared up at them in the private lounge.
Author's Note: The below chapter contains what I consider, by far, one of the most fucked-up things I have ever committed to text. I still can't believe I actually wrote it in there. Enjoy!

Three months later…

“Doctor! We need a doctor right away! It’s coming right now!”

All heads turned at the bellowing voice, the patients in the waiting room of Huerta Memorial watching in surprise as none other than the famous Commander Shepard – although no longer a Commander these days – rushed through the door, along with a heavily pregnant woman.

And if seeing Shepard caught their attention, the woman he was accompanying held it. Obviously heavily pregnant, she was “dressed,” if you could call it that, in the tightest of tank tops. The flimsy shirt left the bottoms of her giant breasts exposed, and was emblazoned in spangly gems with the simple word, “SLUT”. Hair dyed blonde and buzzed along one side, she had several face piercings and, if the small bumps pushing out of her tanktop were any indication, nipple piercings on her massive implants as well. Below her swollen belly were a pair of jean shorts cut just a few inches below the waistline, the crotch barely covering the pink panties she wore underneath.

Rushing out, the hospital staff put the whorishly-dressed woman into a wheelchair, her moans as she was pushed back into the delivery room sounding strangely heated. “Ash, you’re doing great,” Shepard assured her, as he followed behind her through the hospital. “Just hold in there and it’ll be all over soon!”

“Oh my god,” Ash moaned, a hand to her swollen belly. “I’m sorry, Shepard. I tried my best to make the john cum before my water broke, but it…”

“Don’t worry,” Shepard said, ignoring the stares of the hospital staff. “Once we’re done here and you’ve recovered, you’ll get a chance to make it up to him.” Turning his attention to one of the nurses, he asked. “How long after birth is a woman ready to have sex again, do you know?”

The nurse stared at it him incredulously. “Sir, I don’t… it can vary from person to person, but it can take up to six weeks for any postpartum bleeding to completely heal.”

“Oh, then. Well… she’ll just have to stick to oral for a bit.” Shepard said. “Shouldn’t be any problems there, right?”

“Sir, this isn’t really the time to…”

Shepard held up a hand, as they pushed Ash into the delivery room. “You’re right, you’re right. We’ll get it worked out after she’s done.”

As the nurses lifted Ash up onto the delivery table, removed her shorts and underwear, and put her feet into the stirrups, the doctor approached Shepard. “Sir, I need to ask you a few questions. How far along is your wife?”
“Oh, she’s not my wife,” Shepard explained. “She’s my whor… well, let’s just say she’s not my wife.”

“Your girlfriend, then,” the doctor said. “How far along is the pregnancy?”

A frown crossed Shepard’s face. “That’s… actually a good question, doc. It’s the weirdest damn thing, but this just… it seemed to come out of nowhere.” Pulling up his omni-tool, Shepard called up a picture. “I mean, look at this, doc. It’s…”

“My God, man,” the doctor cried out, as the image of Ash with her back pressed against an alley wall, a batarian between her legs with his cock in her pussy, hovered in the air. “Don’t show me that!”

“But just look at the date, doc,” Shepard explained. “That was just a month and a half ago, and look: stomach as flat as a pancake. And now… now look at her,” Shepard exclaimed, gesturing over to Ash as the nurses encouraged her to breathe. “I mean, this sort of thing… it just doesn’t happen that fast, right?”

Letting out a deep sigh, the doctor shook his head. “I used to think so. But lately…” he turned his attention to Ash as she let out a sharp cry. “Hold on, we’ll discuss this later. I need to attend to the patient.”

“I understand, doc,” Shepard said. “You don’t mind if I stay, do you?”

“Under normal circumstances, I would mind,” the doctor said, as he crouched down to inspect between Ash’s legs. “But despite the rumors I’ve heard about you, you are still the famous Commander Shepard. So who am I to say no?”

“Appreciate it,” Shepard said, moving around the delivery room to stand by Ash’s head. She was reclined back, her head about at the level of Shepard’s waist, so he leaned down slightly to talk to her. “How you doing, Ash? You feeling alright?”

Ash stared with wild eyes at Shepard, her mouth open wide as she cried “Oh, my God! I need it, Shepard! I need it so bad right now!”

Shepard leaned down closer. “What is it? What do you need? Should they give you some more drugs?”

“No, no, not that!” Ash cried out. “Give me it! You know what I want, Shepard! Give it to me now!”

“It, what are you…” Shepard started to say, before his eyes went wide. “Ash, I can’t… give you that. Not with all these people…”

“Please!” Ash begged him. “God, I need it so bad. Please, Shepard! Give me what I need!”

Shepard let out a resigned sound. “Well, if you insist, Ash,” he said, as his hands reached down to his waistline.

“Sir… Sir!” one of the nurses cried out, turning to the doctor. “He can’t do that! Can he do that?”

The doctor responded with an resigned sigh. “He’s Commander Shepard. Let him do what he wants.”

Staring back in disbelief, the nurse watched as Shepard unzipped his fly and pulled out his cock.
Turning Ash’s head to the side, he slipped his dick between her lips and, all while the hospital staff were starting the birthing process, began vigorously fucking Ash’s mouth.

“Oh, that’s it, Ash,” Shepard moaned, stroking his lover’s cheek as he slid his cock down her throat. “Even when you’re giving birth, you’re still the best cocksucker on this entire station. Fuck, I can’t wait to get you back on the streets after you have this baby.”

“I think she’s starting to crown,” the doctor said. “Contractions coming at three minute intervals.”

“Good girl, Ash,” Shepard said, reaching a hand down to pull up Ash’s top and fondle her huge tits while he continued to fuck her face. “Just a little bit longer, and you can go back to being a dirty, back-alley whore for me and Liara. You just keep pushing and keep sucking, and it’ll all be over soon.”

“Nearly there,” the doctor proclaimed. “I can see the head now. Just a few more pushes.”

One of the nurses, pulling her attention away from Shepard’s mid-delivery blowjob, saw something between Ash’s legs that blew her previous surprises from this very strange day out of the water.

“Doctor, that… that can’t be what I think it is, can it?”

“Almost there,” the doctor said, ignoring his nurse’s startled proclamation. “One more big push and… there it is!”

“Yes… yes, Ash,” Shepard said, reaching his climax just as the newborn baby fully exited Ash’s womb. “Aw fuck, you did it!” he moaned, pulling his cock out of her mouth and shooting his cum across Ash’s face. “That’s it. You’re fucking amazing, Ash! The best whore on the entire Citadel!”

Tucking himself away, he turned his attention to the new bundle of joy. “Now, let’s see what…"

Shepard’s jaw went slack as he saw what the nurse was holding. The baby, crying and still slick with its mother’s amniotic fluids, was a light shade of blue, with unmistakable head tendrils and scaly skin.

And between its legs, nearly two inches long despite being just a newborn, dangled an underdeveloped cock.

“It’s… it’s a…” the nurse stammered, struggling with the usual proclamation of gender.

“It’s another one,” the doctor said with a sigh.

* * *

Standing at the window and staring at the rows of newborns, something finally clicked for Shepard.

In the small bin marked “Williams,” with the gender field left blank, Ash’s blue bundle of joy peacefully slumbered. Even through the thick blanket, Shepard could see the slight bulge of the baby asari’s prick underneath the fabric.


He hadn’t wanted to consider it, even as all of the Dripping Azure’s girls who had formerly been on the Normandy called out sick for the past month or so. Even as he had watched Ash’s stomach swell – and enjoyed the extra credits he could charge to customers who were into that particular fetish – he had wanted to deny it. Wanted to believe that maybe he had knocked up Ash sometime before that fateful mission, and it just hadn’t shown until now.
But here was the evidence, right in front of him: about twenty or so bundles of joy, marked with names that he knew. And all of them bright blue, with matching little lumps underneath their blankets.

“It is just as I feared.”

Shepard jolted at the unexpected voice behind him. Turning around, he saw Javik approaching him. Even for the normally stoic Prothean, the expression on his face was especially grave.

“Javik, what are you doing here?” Shepard asked.

Inhaling deeply, Javik stepped up to the glass. “I am… bearing witness. To the future of this galaxy. After I translated the rest of the notes from the Prothean databanks, I knew it was only a matter of time.”

“Why, what did you find?” Shepard asked.

“The researchers who worked on the device… several of them were female,” Javik explained. “The asari who were affected by the device and mated with the females… the female Protheans became pregnant. Not only did this device give the subjects a set of male genetalia… it gave them the ability to breed. Not just with other asari, but with all species.”

“Well… shit,” Shepard said, turning back to the window. Despite himself, a smile crept onto his face. “Oh, well… guess we’ve got a new batch of little asari troublemakers with big blue cocks to raise now.”

“Shepard, you are not understanding what has occurred here today,” Javik said, his tone deathly serious as he pressed his hand onto the glass. “You are seeing nothing more than children behind that glass. But what you should be seeing… is the coming of a terrible new galaxy. One that you must do anything in your power to prevent.”

Now Shepard was laughing. “Lighten up, Javik. So there’s a few new asari with penises out there. What’s the big deal? We just tell them to use protection…”

“You will not tell them to do anything, you ignorant primitive!” Javik said, shooting a hand forward to grab Shepard by the lapel and yank him forward. “Do you not remember what happened on the Normandy? When just two asari under the influence of this device were given free reign to do as they pleased?”

“Damnit, of course I remember,” Shepard said, giving Javik a light shove and stepping back.

“Then you remember how they enthralled the minds of your crew,” Javik said. “Turned you into sex-crazed slaves to their will. Some of the most strong-willed and heroic individuals in the galaxy, and those two women turned you all into puppets with very little effort.” He laid his hand on the window again. “That was two. Now you have more than twenty.”

“You think… you think these children will have the same power?” Shepard asked, despite the sick feeling in his stomach telling him the answer already.

“I know they will, Shepard,” Javik responed. “And that is not all. The studies by my predecessors show that children created by this device will mature quickly. Much more quickly than your average asari. Just as they gestated in your women at an accelerated rate, so will they reach their age of maturity at a rapid pace. Not 60-80 years like your average asari. More like 15-20. 20 years, at the most, before these little children become grown women. Ready to spread their seed, just as Liara and Samara did. And ready to create even more asari just the same as them.”
Squinting his eyes, Javik filled his voice with even more dour portentousness as he added. “And this, Shepard, is just from impregnating humans. How many fertilized eggs does a krogan female produce, now that the genophage has been cured? Hundreds? A thousand? Imagine if just one of these asari managed to inseminate a krogan. Or spread her seed across a salarian egg cache. Twenty asari with these… big blue cocks will seem like a minor threat compared to what happens then.”

He didn’t want to believe it could be that bad. But even so, Shepard’s mind was considering the possibilities. These “new asari” spreading across the galaxy. Using their skills at mental manipulation to enslave the minds of countless people. Taking over their government leaders while spreading their seed to as many fertile females as possible. Their numbers growing from hundreds… to thousands… to millions… even billions.

Despite himself, his mind was reeling as the scenario spun out, from years into centuries. Asari taking over the entire galaxy. Keeping the other races alive for little more than breeding stock. Having their enslaved women alternate between birthing new members of their own species for future breeding, and creating even more of the new race of asari. The new masters of the galaxy.

It wouldn’t happen in his lifetime. Most everyone he knew would likely be long dead by the time it all came to fruition. But he could see it vividly now. The new future these babies portended.

Shepard wasn’t laughing anymore. He understood the grave look on Javik’s face. And now, it terrified him as much as it did Javik.

“So, if it is true,” Shepard asked the prothean, “what would you have us do?”

Javik said nothing, only pressed his hand harder against the glass. Knowing Javik the way he did, Shepard didn’t need to ask his intention again, and he reeled back in shock.

“No, no, we can’t do that,” Shepard said, staring back through the window at the helpless asari babies. “No matter what danger they may present, we cannot commit infanticide. Not for some future crime these children may commit. What if… what if we imprisoned them? Like the asari already do with Ardat-Yakshi, put them in some monastery and…”

“And what, Shepard?” Javik responded. “I’ve read your reports on what happened. I saw what Liara was capable of under the influence of that device. Do you seriously believe that all the power in the galaxy could ‘imprison’ her? Or imprison twenty of her? If even one were to manage to escape… the future would look just as grim. There is only one course of action that will leave nothing to chance. You know what must be done, Shepard.”

Shepard shook his head, his stomach feeling sick. “No, there’s got to be another way. We can…” And then, the answer hit him. “The device!” he called out. “You altered the device so that it cured Liara and Samara, right?”

Javik slowly nodded. “That is correct.”

“Well, then, maybe it’ll work on these babies,” Shepard proclaimed. “If we can convince the Council to give us access to the device, use it on these children… we can fix them, can’t we?”

Javik frowned. “I am… uncertain. The notes from my ancestors did not mention using the device to cure any newborns. Only those previously normal asari affected by the device.”

“Well, we can try, can’t we?” Shepard exclaimed. Pulling out his omni-tool, he rapidly tapped buttons and began speaking. “To the members of the Citadel Council. This is Shepard. It is vitally important that I speak with you as soon as possible. This is a matter of grave importance. Please
contact me the moment you get this message. Urgent! I repeat: urgent!”

“I hope you are successful,” Javik said. “In the meantime, I will be available as necessary. To do the things you are unwilling to do, should it come to that.”

As Javik walked away, Shepard stared through the window again. He tried his best to remain hopeful. The device would work. It had worked on Liara and Samara. Why wouldn’t it fix the problem again?

And even if it didn’t… they had time. Maybe only 15 years or so rather than several decades, but it would take time for these unusual girls to become women. They would figure out a solution before then. They had to.
“Dr. T’Soni is here, councilor,”

Tevos lightly tapped the button on her desk console. “Send her in, Alea,” she said, trying her best to sound calm even as her emotions were boiling inside her.

She didn’t need this. Even after more than a year since the war had ended, the asari people were still in the process of rebuilding. So much of their society, their people had been devastated by the Reapers, and some days she wondered if they would ever truly return to their former glory. Every day she saw the reports of their rebuilding efforts, and it all seemed to be moving in slow motion. As much as she hated to admit it, the asari people were in a desperate state.

And on top of all that, to have to deal with this! Tevos kept her expression as blank as possible as Liara walked into her office on the Citadel. The young maiden wore a tight-fitting yellow dress with a dark blue jacket, and she stared back at Tevos without a trace of fear. No, as a matter of fact, Liara looked almost amused at the whole situation, despite the severe tone that Tevos had taken in asking… demanding that Liara present herself at the asari embassy within 24 hours, or else be taken into custody and brought by force.

“Hello, councilor,” Liara said, sitting down with her legs crossed and her hands folded demurely in her lap. “I understand that you are quite insistent on seeing me today. I will be honest: a polite invitation would have worked just as well.”

“Dr. T’Soni, there is nothing ‘polite’ about the reason for this summons,” Tevos said, voice stern and cold as ice. “Considering the reports I have been hearing regarding your actions, you’re quite fortunate that I did not skip the invitation and simply have you led up here in handcuffs.”

“Ah, so I suppose we’re skipping the pleasantries, then,” Liara said, Reaching into a pocket of her jacket, she retrieved what appeared to be a hand-rolled cigarette and, without any pause to ask for permission, flicked out a lighter. Taking a deep pull before exhaling a deep, red-tinted plume of smoke, Liara smirked at Tevos. “So, councilor: what have I done to warrant such alarm on your part?”

“Don’t play dumb with me, Dr. T’Soni,” Tevos responded. As the smoke from Liara’s cigarette hit her nostrils, Tevos struggled to identify the odor. Whatever it was, it was definitely not tobacco, or any other legal narcotic that Tevos was familiar with. “If you confess to your crimes, I may be willing to be lenient with you.”

Liara responded to this with a roll of her eyes, and another drag on her joint. “Confess? But of course, councilor. Although I’m quite sure my actions are no secret to anyone. Shepard and myself are running a prostitution ring on the Citadel. Over just the past few months, our stable of whores have become the most sought-after source of entertainment on this entire station.” Liara’s tone took on a measure of twisted pride as she spoke. “We see customers from all walks of life in the Dripping Azure. From common street thugs… to Citadel Council employees. A surprising amount of those, actually. I doubt you’d believe it even when I showed you the pictures we’ve taken. And when our girls aren’t working the floor of the Azure, they’re out on the streets of the Lower Wards. Offering services to any interested parties with the credits to burn… or even for free on occasion when Shepard and I are feeling particularly generous.”
Exhaling more smoke, Liara stared at the ceiling. “Hmm, what else, what else? Well, I suppose the shows we hold in the back rooms on certain nights could fall under specific definitions of ‘animal cruelty’ as far as C-Sec regulations go. But honestly, councilor. If you saw how much those varren were enjoying themselves with our girls, I doubt you’d consider there to be anything ‘cruel’ about it. You really should stop by, councilor.” Her eyes gleamed as she added. “After all, you wouldn’t be the first member of the illustrious Citadel Council to pay our humble establishment a visit. Please give Sparatus my best, by the way.”

Locking eyes with Tevos, Liara didn’t blink as she continued to speak. “I think that should just about cover it. Well, aside from a few random misdemeanors here and there, such as possession of illegal narcotics,” Liara held up her cigarette. “Minagen X3, in case you were wondering. Gives you quite a buzz, although too much of it and you might go around proclaiming yourself a ‘biotic god’ or something silly like that. Oh, and I suppose you could add bribery of a C-Sec official to the list of charges, as we have most of the officers in the Lower Wards on our payroll. Hmm… don’t think I’m missing anything else.”

Leaning back in her chair, Liara fixed Tevos with a steady, confident stare. “There. Have I confessed enough for you yet? Are you ready to take me into custody and see what happens when the Citadel Council goes up against the connections of the Shadow Broker? I suppose I might be a bit biased, but I don’t believe you will come out ahead under those circumstances.”

Tevos curled up her lip at the defiant, cocky asari maiden. “You disgust me, Liara,” Tevos responded. “But as loathsome as those actions may be, your descent into organized crime and victimization of women is not why I’ve brought you here today.”

Liara reacted in mild surprise. “Really, now? Well, then, councilor. How about you stop wasting my fucking time and tell me exactly why you demanded I come see you.”

Tevos stared at Liara in disbelief. How had she changed so much from the innocent, demure archaeologist that had helped save the Citadel years before? It didn’t seem possible that this vulgar, unrepentantly depraved individual was the same asari.

“I haven’t told you, Dr. T’Soni, because I was hoping that you would come clean with me,” Tevos said. “That you would confess to what you did before I am forced to confront you with it. If you were willing to do that, I might have shown you mercy.” Letting out a pained sigh, she reached onto her desk console. “But, I suppose you have no intention of cooperating. Very well, then.”

Tevos activated her viewing screen, the hovering image transparent and visible on both sides of the desk. On the screen, a shaken-looking asari maiden sat in what appeared to be a C-Sec interrogation room.

“Yes, please state your name, for the record,” said an off-screen voice.

“My name is Celana Ve’Nasi,” said the asari, staring blanking into space as she spoke.

“And what is your occupation, Miss Ve’Nasi?” the interrogator asked.

Celana swallowed as she adjusted her dress. “I… I work for the Council. I’ve been a security officer for the asari embassy for 15 years.”

“Please tell us, in as much detail as possible, what happened on the date of January 14th, 2189.”

Drumming her fingers on the table, Celana made an obvious effort to keep herself calm. “I woke up and saw a message on my omni-tool. Someone claiming to be an agent of the Shadow Broker. They
informed me that... that later that day I would be given an assignment by the Council. To transport a
dangerous Prothean artifact and deliver it to a secure storage facility.”

The interrogator interrupted. “And how did they know this?”

“I don’t know. I asked, and all he said was that ‘it’s the Shadow Broker’s job to know things,’”
Celana responded.

“And what did he say after that?”

“He told me that... that a package would be delivered to my home in the new 10 minutes. And that
inside would be... a replica of the Prothean artifact. He said that if I switched out the real artifact
with the replica, and delivered the real artifact to a drop-off point in Zakera Ward, that I would be
given 50,000 credits.”

“And did you do it, Miss Ve’Nasi?”

Celana sniffled. “I didn’t want to, but then he said that... that if I didn’t, something might happen to
my sisters. That they might get hurt if...” she stared off camera, presumably at the interrogator, with
watery eyes. “They’re all I have left after the war. I couldn’t do anything to...”

“So, you followed the agent’s instructions.”

Celana gave him a nod. “The package arrived just as he said. When my superior called, I already
knew what he would say before he said it. Just as the Shadow Broker agent had told me, my superior
gave me the task of transporting a Prothean artifact. When I arrived at the Citadel docks, they handed
me the package. I switched it with the fake in my aircar and delivered the real artifact to the spot the
agent had told me. By the time I got home... the credits were already in my account.”

“Thank you, Miss Ve’Nasi. I don’t believe we have anything more to ask.”

“I’m so sorry,” Celana said, tears trickling down her face. “I didn’t have any choice. Please, just
make sure my sisters are okay.”

Deactivating the vid-screen, Tevos glared furiously at Liara. “Well. Do you have anything to say to
me now, Dr. T’Soni?”

Taking a moment, Liara eventually responded with a shrug. “What is there to say?” she remarked,
tapping her joint on the arm of her chair and scattering the ashes onto the office floor. “She is
obviously lying. No doubt she stole the artifact herself and is trying to blame her theft on...”

Tevos slammed a fist down on her desk, hard enough to rock the mementos and family photos that
rested on its surface. “Enough of your lies, Liara! Just tell me the truth. What did you do with the
artifact? Where have you hidden it? Tell me now and maybe I’ll be convinced not to bring to bear
the full power of the Asari Republics on you and your human partners.”

“I have already told you, councilor,” Liara said, betraying no sign of emotion. “I do not have the
artifact. Much as I would have enjoyed studying its mysteries, I have not the slightest idea of its
current whereabouts.”

“She is lying, councilor.”

Liara and Tevos both turned as the door to the office door opened. Stepping inside, a large object
wrapped in fabric under her arm, Samara made her way boldly across the room.
“You,” Liara snarled, her voice betraying an emotion other than bemusement for the first time since she had arrived in the embassy office. “What do you have there?”

“Exactly what you think, Liara,” Samara said, depositing the object down on to the desk. With a dramatic flourish, she pulled aside the cloth to reveal the hovering, metallic orb underneath.

“How did you… you broke into my apartment, you bitch!” Liara said. Her previously calm face suddenly became pinched and filled with simmering rage. “You had no right to…”

“As a justicar, I have every right to,” Samara responded. “While you and Shepard were… minding your whores, I was able to locate the missing artifact. It was quite well hidden, but nothing remains out of sight of a dedicated justicar for long.”

Liara started to say more, but she had become so overcome with anger that she simply gritted her teeth and glared at both Samara and Tevos.

“I’ve had Justicar Samara following you for some time, Liara,” Tevos said, face partially obscured by the humming orb in front of her on the desk. “At first it was to ensure that your… activities with Shepard didn’t warrant intervention from the Asari Republics. But after we received this information from Celana, I informed Samara that there was a more important task for her to complete.”

Samara said nothing. Simply stood and stared at the mysterious Prothean device on Tevos’s desk.

Cautiously, Tevos moved a hand close to the orb. “This device… it is deactivated, correct?” she asked Samara. “Liara was not able to restore its functionality?”

“This is correct,” Samara said. “According to the notes I retrieved along with the device, she was experiencing considerable frustration with undoing the changes that the Prothean Javik had made to its internal circuitry. She had hoped to use the device to restore her… anatomy to how it had been back on the Normandy. Obviously, however, she failed.”

Tevos seemed convinced by Samara but, despite the assurances quickly moved her hand away from the pulsating orb.

“It isn’t fair,” Liara fumed. “I was so close. Tevos, listen to me. This device is what the asari have needed all this time. We can use it to evolve our race to its ultimate form. It’s the…”

“Enough, Liara,” Tevos said. “I’m still not sure what I’m going to do with you. As you said, you have a great many connections as the Shadow Broker. Connections that even I might not be able to fight. But what I do know is that this device must be placed somewhere safe. Somewhere where no one, not even the Shadow Broker, can lay their hands on it.”

Tevos turned to Samara. “Justicar Samara, if you would. Please remove this ungodly device from my sight.”

“As you wish, councilor,” Samara said, grabbing up the cloth covering and wrapping up the orb again. “I will deliver it to…”

“No!” Liara screamed, jumping out of her chair and grabbing at the cloth-covered orb. “It’s mine, damn you! Give it back!”

Tevos watched in alarm as Liara and Samara began struggling with the device. She started to reach out to her desk panel, ready to call security, but then Samara called out.

“Help me, councilor,” the justicar grunted, straining with all of her physical and biotic might to wrest
the shrouded orb away from Liara. “Grab hold of it with me.”

Without thinking, Tevos followed the justicar’s instructions. Getting to her feet, she reached her hands out to grab onto the orb.

And in the split second before her fingers reached the object of their struggle, Tevos watched as Liara and Samara abruptly stopped their fight. Before Tevos had time to react, she watched as smiles crept onto both their faces.

And just as her fingers came up to the orb, Samara grabbed the fabric covering it and pulled it aside. Tevos’s fingers came into contact with the bare surface of the Prothean artifact, and almost immediately she let out a scream. Pain filled every inch of her body, and within seconds of touching the ancient device, she felt herself falling back against the side of her desk, her consciousness fading to black.

The two of them smiling at each other, Liara and Samara gently rested the Prothean artifact on Tevos’s desk. “It worked,” Samara said to Liara.

“All according to plan,” Liara responded, looking down at Tevos on the floor. Already, she could see the telltale sign of a bulge forming between the councilor’s legs. “Although… I think Celana might have laid it in a little thick. And unless I’m incorrect… I’m fairly sure she doesn’t even have any sisters.”

Samara said nothing. Simply stood and stared at Liara, a look of utter reverence in her eyes.

“Tell me again, Samara: who do you serve?” Liara asked, reaching up to stroke Samara’s cheek.

“I serve you, mistress,” Samara responded, not hesitating for a moment. “I reject the Asari Republics. I reject the Citadel Council. I reject the Justicar Code. I serve you, and only you, for the rest of my days.”

“Very good, my faithful servant,” Liara said, Reaching down, she took one of Samara’s hands in hers, intertwining their fingers. “And a loyal servant such as you… deserves her reward.”

And with a quick motion, Liara pulled her and Samara’s hand to the orb. Their fingers came into contact with the device, and both of them let out a gasp as they felt the orb reshaping their bodies.

It’s not as painful this time, Liara thought. Perhaps because we’ve already experienced this once already.

It happened much quicker this time, as well. As soon as she felt the pain subside, Samara immediately pulled her hand away from the orb and began undoing the fasteners on her outfit. Liara could already see the straining bulge underneath the fabric, and as soon as her clothing fell to the floor, Samara let out an ecstatic moan as she looked down between her legs.

“Whole,” Samara gasped, taking hold of her regrown cock and lovingly stroking it. “I’m whole again. Thank you, mistress. Thank you.”

“You can thank me with more than just words, my servant,” Liara said. With her newly regained amplified biotics, Liara lifted the unconscious Tevos in the air and, with a single thought, ripped away her dress to reveal the councilor’s naked body. And the throbbing, veiny cock and balls that had already formed themselves between Tevos’s legs.

“Welcome our new sister into the fold, Samara,” Liara instructed, resting Tevos down on her back onto her desk. The councilor’s newly-grown cock stood firm and erect, and once Liara had set her
down Samara instantly went to work. Eagerly, she licked and sucked on Tevos’s cock, lovingly fellating the unconscious councilor.

Liara watched for a moment, before hiking up her dress to reveal her own regrown cock. She had hated to wait so long to make herself whole again. But after her successful test of the device several weeks ago on Celana (who had agreed to make her confession to her theft of the device in gratitude for Liara’s “gift” to her), Liara had forced herself to wait. The changes in her anatomy would have been immediately obvious to everyone, especially to Shepard and Ash. And she didn’t want to reveal what she had in mind until she knew the moment was right.

But in the last few days, she had sensed the new life growing in Ash’s belly, and the other babies who had been conceived on the Normandy as well. She knew it was time to act.

_It was so simple, in the end_, Liara thought, as she stared down at the hovering orb on the desk. _Not sure why it took so long for me to figure out the workings of that device. But once I did, it was so easy to make improvements on its functionality. To make the transformation happen in a fraction of the time. To reduce the pain that it caused to its lucky users._

_And, Liara thought, as a smile formed on her face, to make more of them. A lot more._

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“Thank you so much for agreeing to this interview, Ms. T’Loak,” said Diana Allers, activating her camera drone as she sat down on the couch in Afterlife’s VIP lounge. “I know how much you value your privacy, but I’m sure that the people are going to love getting an up-close-and-personal look at the Queen of Omega, in her own words.”

“Yes, I’m sure they will,” Aria responded, trying her best to hide the boredom in her voice. God, she hated doing crap like this. But even more than a year after the Reapers had been wiped out, business on Omega had been stagnating. People were afraid to come back to the Omega Nebula, even though the galaxy had been dead quiet ever since the mass relays had been brought back up. What, did they expect some secret forgotten Reaper or an army of unmanned Cerberus drone ships to come barreling out of the Omega 4 relay without warning? Ridiculous.

Still, if she wanted to keep the credits rolling in, she’d have to play nice for a little bit. So she did her best to hide her annoyance as the human reporter asked her first question. Just as she was about to provide an evasive non-answer to Allers’s probing question, no doubt the first of many, she saw Bray heading up the stairs.

“Sorry to interrupt, ma’am,” Bray said, and Aria noticed a wrapped package in his hands. “But the captain of a ship that just docked told me to give this to you right away.”

“A little something the Alliance picked up on a dig recently. Should bring some business back to Omega. Thanks for all your help over the years. Sincerely, Shepard.”

“Shepard?” Aria mused to herself. She had heard some things about the hero of the galaxy lately.
Rumors that he had been drummed out of the Alliance and gone into business for himself. For a moment, Aria couldn’t help but wonder if her former reluctant ally had gone a bit mercenary over the past few years. *Could he be trying to take out the competition in his new line of business?* she thought to herself.

But no. Even if he was in the business of selling flesh, Aria doubted very much that he was interested in taking possession of her little hunk of rock. And despite their lack of foresight sometimes, she trusted her men enough not to drop a bomb in her lap.

“I’m sorry,” Allers said, as Aria placed the package down on a table in front of her and started to unwrap it. “Should we pick this up later?”

“Just give me a moment,” Aria said, as the brown paper fell away, revealing the contents of the package. “This shouldn’t take too long.”

Despite her lack of familiarity with the subject, she knew enough to recognize it immediately: some sort of Prothean artifact. A rare find, to be sure, but Aria wasn’t sure how Shepard expected it to bring credits in to Omega.

“Strange gift, Shepard,” Aria muttered, before glancing back at Allers. “My apologies, Miss Allers,” she said, as she reached a hand out to move the artifact aside. “Now let’s-”

* * *

She pored over the book with rapt attention. A compendium of the works of Matriarch Nessenia. Such a beautiful poet. “‘A battle to end all things,’” she mouthed to herself. “‘To pierce the heart and rob the soul of song.’” It almost brought a tear to the eye knowing the obvious subtext, and the heartbreak that Nessenia had felt as her relationship of almost two centuries had fallen apart.

“Falere,” called out the voice of one of the monastery guards. Falere looked up from her book to see the armored asari approaching with a wrapped package in her hands. “Came on the mail ship for you today.”

Excitedly, Falere got to her feet. Glancing at the box, her hopes were confirmed: “To Falere, from your mother,” had been printed on the outside of the packaging.

“May I please have permission to go back to my chambers and open it?” Falere asked the guard.

The woman gave her a warm smile. “Sure thing. Just be sure to be back on time for afternoon meditation.”

Excitedly, Falere rushed back to her private chambers with the package tucked under her arm.

It had been so long since she had heard from Mother. Several months now since she had received any word at all, as a matter of fact. It wasn’t an unusual occurrence, of course. Samara’s position as a justicar sometimes took her to remote areas of the galaxy – places without any means of contacting Falere – for long periods of time. But Falere never held it against her, and she was always excited when her mother made contact again.

And this was something unusual. In most cases, Falere only received simple letters from her mother. Once or twice, Samara had sent her a few sweets, but nothing this size before. Falere had no idea what it could possibly be, and she was filled with excitement as she shut the door behind her and set the package down on her study desk.

“Hmm, what have we here?” Falere muttered to herself as she untied the string holding the package
shut. She gasped as the wrapping fell away, and she saw what was inside.

It looked like an art piece of some kind. A highly-reflective sphere contained within an elaborate metal frame. Falere stared at her reflection in the surface of the sculpture, and for a moment she thought she could hear the art piece humming. But just as she thought she had heard it, the noise was gone.

“Mother… why would you give this to me?” Falere said to herself. It wasn’t that she didn’t appreciate the sentiment, but residents of the monastery were not permitted any excess decorations in their quarters. And Falere was fairly sure this would fit under the definition of “excessive.”

“Falere, are you in there?” she heard a voice from outside the room. “It’s almost time for our meditation session. Better get going if you don’t want to be late.”

“Coming, I’m coming!” she called out, trying to figure out the best place to hide her mother’s unexpected gift. Reaching out her hands, she took hold of the sphere and-

* * *

Staring out across the Illium skyline, Irossa T’Kesi watched the aircars fly by and took several deep breaths. It was the longest break she would allow herself these days, a few moments to calm her nerves before heading back into the corporate fray.

Some might have expected the cut-throat business dealings on Illium to have calmed down after the war had ended. A naïve sort might have hoped that everyone would have pooled their resources, joined hands, and come together in some happy little partnership. But if anything, the devastation that the Reapers had caused the galaxy had only made things worse on the center of asari commerce. While Illium itself had escaped relatively unscathed from the Reaper assault, the Asari Republics had not been so fortunate. Lots of dead asari and devastated facilities meant less customers, and less resources to go around. And the Serrice Council, T’Kesi’s company, was fighting for every last scrap just like the rest.

“Ms. T’Kesi, don’t forget your meeting with the shareholders today,” said a voice over her intercom. “They should be arriving in about an hour.”

“Thank you, Rilifa,” T’Kesi responded. Sitting down at her desk, she rubbed her temples. How was she going to explain this all? Serrice had recorded losses for the third quarter in a row. It was getting to the point where she believed herself to be in serious danger of being forced out of her CEO position. Dammit, it wasn’t her fault. She couldn’t help it that the Reapers took out most of their manufacturing facilities. They had rebuilt as much as they could, but most of the previous sites were still covered in rubble. It was impossible for them to…

“Ma’am, there’s a delivery for you,” said Rilifa’s voice on the intercom again. “They said it was extremely important that I bring it to you immediately.”

T’Kesi sighed. She should be concentrating on how she was going to present the losses at this meeting, but right about now she could use a distraction. “Bring it in, Rilifa,” she responded. A few minutes later, her secretary walked through the door with a fairly sizable wrapped package. “And who is this from?” she asked her secretary, watching as Rilifa deposited the package on her desk.

“They left a note as well,” Rilifa explained. She laid a datapad down next to the package. “Was there anything else, ma’am?”

“That’s all,” T’Kesi responded, and Rilifa turned and left.
Picking up the datapad, T’Kesi read the attached note with a furrowed brow. *We believe that your competitors may be attempting to gain an unfair advantage in the market. As a dedicated customer of your services, we provide the following gift to assist you in maintaining control of your company. Courtesy of the Shadow Broker.*

Those last words caught T’Kesi’s attention. She had bought her competitors’ secrets from agents of the Shadow Broker several times in the past. Despite that, she knew that the Broker held no loyalty to anyone, and would only provide assistance if the credits were right.

Something about this seemed strange. Despite that, she knew that her building’s security scanners would have never allowed something dangerous to enter the premises. Hesitantly, she unwrapped the paper on the package and exposed what was inside.

“What is this?” she muttered, as she stared at the swirling metal sphere. It looked a bit like the Prothean artifacts she had seen on the news vids, but why would the Shadow Broker send her something like this? How could it possibly give her an advantage over her competitors?

“Dammit,” T’Kesi muttered. Winding her hand back, she made to shove the unwanted gift off of her desk. Her palm made contact with the throbbing metal and-

* * *

Closing her eyes, Liara could feel them all. One by one, across the entire galaxy, her mind made contact with them as they all awoke to their true potential. They were all sisters now. All of them joined together in one common cause. And with each new sister, Liara felt a surge of pleasure filling her body.

“Mmmm,” Liara heard a moan behind her, and turned to see that Tevos was starting to come to. Walking over to the councilor’s desk, Liara smiled down at Tevos as her eyes blinked open.

“What… what happened?” Tevos muttered. Slowly, she realized her situation. First noticing that she was lying on her desk, completely naked. Then, her eyes went down to her lower body, and she gasped as she saw the throbbing cock jutting out from between her legs. Currently being eagerly sucked on by a horny justicar with a massive prick of her own.

“By the Goddess, Liara,” Tevos gasped. “What… what have you done to me?”

Crouching down to get close to Tevos’s face, Liara gave her a wicked grin. “I’ve set you free, sister. Made you into who you were truly meant to be.” She reached down to stroke at Tevos’s head tendrils. “Isn’t it wonderful?”

“It… it…” Tevos stammered, as the sensation of Samara’s lips wrapped around her new cock sent her mind into a frenzy. Liara could see the inner turmoil in her eyes, as Tevos’s consciousness fought between the cares and worries of her old life, and the endless depths of pleasure that this new existence offered her. Finally, she gasped. “Oh, Goddess, yes. So good. It’s so wrong, but it feels so good.”

This gave Liara a chuckle. “If you think it feels good now… just wait.”

Tevos didn’t have to wait long. Samara’s sucking had brought her to the brink of climax, and soon she was panting and squirming. “Cumming,” she muttered, the formerly stoic councilor now dripping with sweat, her breasts heaving as she watched Samara slurp on her prick. “Oh, fuck, I’m cumming… cumming!” Her hips bucked off the surface of her desk, and Tevos’s prick popped out of Samara’s mouth and began spurting cum up into the air. Watching with a smile, Samara...
vigorously stroked Tevos’s throbbing cock, which kept pulsing and shooting strands of thick jizz almost up to the ceiling of Tevos’s office, just before falling down and splattering against the horny asari’s panting face and naked tits.

Liara tittered softly. “Nothing quite like your first time, is there, councilor?” she said, standing back up straight and looking down at Tevos’s heaving, cum-soaked form lying in a sweaty puddle on her desk. “Well, now that you’ve had your fun… it’s time for me to have mine.”

Tevos let out a surprised gasp as Liara used her biotics to lift the councilor up off her desk. Manipulating her like a child playing with a favorite toy, Liara placed Tevos ass-first down on the edge of her desk. With a quick motion, Tevos’s legs were spread open wide and raised up in the air, and no sooner did Liara have her in position then she was stepping between Tevos’s legs, spitting into her hand and wiping it along the length of her cock.

Looking down at Liara’s slick cock, and where she was aiming it, Tevos let out a desperate moan. Looking back up into Liara’s eyes, the councilor’s face was wracked with need. “Yes, Liara,” Tevos moaned. “Fuck me. I want you inside me.”

“So, councilor, still think it was wrong of me to steal that artifact?” Liara asked, as she rubbed the head of her cock against Tevos’s tight asshole. “Still planning to turn me in to the Asari Republics?”

“No, no no no,” Tevos quickly said, shaking her head wildly. “I won’t turn you in, Liara. I’ll do whatever you want me to do. Anything you ask of me… just please, please fuck me now!”

“Very well, then,” Liara said. Thrusting her hips forward, she shoved every last inch of her cock into Tevos’s virgin asshole.

“Oh, yes,” Tevos said, reaching down to stroke her own cock as Liara began slowly fucking her ass. “So good. Feels so good.”

And as Liara conquered the asari councilor, she closed her eyes, sensing the thoughts of her new sisters all across the galaxy.

* * *

“So, Diana, how’s this for an ‘up-close-and-personal look at the Queen of Omega’?”

Diana didn’t answer, as she was too busy getting pounded by Aria’s new thick purple cock. The human reporter’s dress lay in shreds on the floor, and her camera drone had caught every second of the Queen of Omega stripping Diana down and bending her over to take it from behind.

“Fuck yes,” Aria grunted, loving the feeling of this human slut’s twat sliding along the length of her recently-grown prick. “This thing is a fucking miracle. Think it might be time to change Omega’s one rule. Wouldn’t you agree, Ms. Allers?”

“Oh, yes,” Diana moaned, already enraptured by the pre-cum dripping from the tip of Aria’s cock. “New… unh… new rule of Omega: Aria fucks everyone. Oh, God, it’s so good!”

Feeling her climax approaching, Aria buried herself balls-deep into Diana’s gaping snatch. Her cum came out in torrents, flowing through Diana and into her young, fertile womb.

Pulling out with a gasp, Aria took a moment to recover, before reaching over to a nearby console. “Bray, could… could you tell the dancers that I… I want to seem them up here right now?”

“Boss, you okay?” Bray responded over the comms. “You sound out of breath.”
“Nothing, it’s... it’s been one hell of an interview,” Aria said, glancing over at Allers. The human reporter sighed in contentment, as the overflow of Aria’s first load dribbled out of her snatch. “Did you hear what I said? Send the dancers up here.”

“All of them, ma’am?” Bray asked.

Aria made an annoyed sound. “Yes, I said...” she thought for a moment. “Actually, just have the asari dancers come up first. Then, once I’m finished... talking to them, send up the other ladies as well.”

“Sure thing, ma’am,” Bray responded.

Turning back to Allers, Aria stroked her still rock-hard prick. “Well, while we wait... ready for a follow-up?”

* * *

Staring at herself in the mirror, Falere couldn’t stop the tears from flowing down her face.

“Thank you, Mother,” she breathed, as she reached down to stroke the thick piece of flesh that had grown between her legs. “It’s the best gift you could have ever gotten me.”

Outside she could hear the sounds of struggle, and terrified screams. After Falere had been exposed to her mother’s surprise gift, she had invited several of her fellow monastery residents to sample it as well. Some of them took more convincing than others, but soon all of them had been blessed with thick, beautiful cocks, just like hers.

And after that, they had taken the device out into the monastery. Many of the women had panicked when they had seen what had happened to their fellow residents, but with the help of their amplified biotics, it hadn’t been too difficult to add more members to their new family. One by one, their terrified screams turned into satisfied smiles, as they undid their pants to reveal the beautiful new addition to their anatomies.

“Stop, don’t move!” she heard a voice cry out in the hall, and recognized it as the voice of the guard who had allowed her to go back to her quarters after receiving the package. She heard a brief burst of gunfire, followed by the guard’s terrified cries. Cries which soon turned into gasps and moans, no doubt as her palm had been placed to the surface of Samara’s gift, and another believer added to the flock.

It wouldn’t be long now. Eventually they would expose the superintendent and the matriarch in charge of the monastery to the device. After that, Falere knew, they would all leave this place behind. When the next delivery ship came around, they would use the blessed device on the pilot and crew, and together they would head out into the galaxy. Spreading the blessing to as many asari as they could.

Just as the mistress commanded. Falere didn’t know who the mistress was, exactly. But closing her eyes, Falere could feel her. Hear her guidance as she explained to them what the next steps were. Her words were calm and wonderful to listen to. Falere felt like she could bask in the glow of the mistress forever.

But now was not the time for that. Taking one last look at her wonderful new cock, Falere turned to head back out into the monastery. Ready to convert the few remaining untouched residents of the monastery to a brand new reality.

Just as the mistress commanded.
“Rilifa, could you get a message out for me?” T’Kesi spoke into her intercom. “I’ve decided to cancel the shareholders meeting today.”

“Really, Ms. T’Kesi?” Rilifa responded. “Not doubting your judgment, ma’am, but I can’t imagine they’ll be too happy with that.”

A smile crept onto T’Kesi’s face. “I wasn’t finished, Rilifa. I decided that a meeting with all of the shareholders is too… impersonal. So I want you to schedule one-on-one meetings with each of them, in person, over the next few days.”

“I… I can do that, ma’am,” Rilifa said. “Although you know that’s going to eat up a lot of your schedule for this week.”

“That won’t be a problem,” T’Kesi responded. Underneath her desk, her business skirt was hiked up, and she lovingly stroked her brand-new cock. “I want to take a… hands-on approach with our valued shareholders. Show them how much we appreciate their support. And give them each a personal gift to demonstrate our appreciation.”

“If you say so, ma’am,” Rilifa responded, still sounding confused but bowing to the will of her superior. “Should I start making out an expense report for these gifts?”

“What?” T’Kesi said, confused for a moment. “Oh, no need to worry about that. These gifts won’t cost a thing.”

In her hand, the thick blue cock pulsed and twitched, as if eagerly anticipating the many pleasures to come.

It all seemed so silly now. All these worries about competition and profits. None of it mattered anymore, now that the Shadow Broker’s gift had given T’Kesi a new perspective on things.

And she wasn’t the only one. As she closed her eyes, she could feel a connection being formed in her mind. One by one, she thought about the CEOs of all of the other asari companies on Illium. And somehow she knew that, just like she had, all of them had received packages from the Shadow Broker. Along with notes promising that the contents of the package would give them an advantage over their competitors.

And just like she had, all of the others had opened the packages and, one way or another, laid a hand upon its surface. Feeling her mind connected up to all of her former competitors, T’Kesi felt so close to them all. They weren’t enemies. Not anymore. They were true sisters now. All of them joined together in one purpose. One goal. To serve the mistress.

A thought came to T’Kesi’s mind, and she hit the button on her intercom again. “Rilifa, could you come in here for a moment? I need to… dictate something to you.”

* * *

Liara felt it all. Saw it all. They were all joined with her now. It would happen slowly at first. At the Ardat-Yakshi monasteries where she had sent copies of the device. Among the heads of business on Illium. And on Omega. But it would not stop there. This was just the opening move in her plan. With what she had learned from studying the Prothean device, she had the ability now to make so many more. And now, she could use her mental link with her sisters to instruct them how to make the devices as well.
Soon there would be hundreds of them. Thousands. Making their ways to all corners of the galaxy and blessing the asari with the greatest of the Prothean gifts. Making them all into Liara’s true sisters.

And the daughters as well. Already, Liara could feel her newly created sisters spreading their seed. Creating new life in the bellies of humans and turians and other non-asari. From the moment they were born, she had formed a connection with the twenty-plus new lives currently slumbering at Huerta Memorial, and once they were born Liara would connect with all of these other new daughters as well.

Just like her sisters, Liara would instruct her daughters through their mental connection. Teach them all they would need to know to help her carry out the plan. Instruct them in the ways of their enhanced biotic abilities, so that if anyone tried to fight them, their resistance would not last long.

They would do it all together. A true, perfect family, bringing about the rebirth of the asari race into a new, exalted form. It was all she had ever dreamed of. And she had the Protheans to thank for it.

“Oh, yes,” Tevos cried out, as Liara’s cock thrusting into her ass sent her off into another climax. Letting out primal grunts, her tongue lolled out of her mouth as her cock began spurting again. Spraying another fresh load along her face and breasts. “Oh, Goddess. It’s so good, Goddess. Thank you. Thank you, Goddess.”

And in that moment, Liara knew: Tevos wasn’t offering a prayer to Athame. Not anymore.

She prayed to a different Goddess now.

Chapter End Notes

And that's the end. Still can't believe how much this story spun out from how I originally envisioned it. Probably got a little OTT by the end there, but what the hell.

Stay tuned for an alternate ending, just a little germ of an idea I had while writing up the outline and decided to flesh out a bit. Pun intended.
Letting out a sigh, Ash stepped into the door of their apartment. “I’m home,” she called out, receiving no response.

It had been another long night down in the lower wards. Her knees were sore from kneeling down on the hard ground to suck cock after cock. She was sticky with cum and other grime from the various back alleys she had been plying her trade in. And goddamn it, she didn’t mind taking it up the ass for the right price, but at least that goddamn krogan could have warned her first. She winced as she rubbed her tender backside.

Realizing that she had received no response, Ash glanced around at the apartment. There was no sign of Shepard and Liara. Were they both down at the Dripping Azure? These days they usually alternated management duties down there, one of them watching the club while the other rested back at the apartment. Maybe it was a busy night tonight, though.

Looking down at the remains of her skimpy outfit, torn in several places from the rough treatment it had received by the customers tonight, Ash sighed and simply yanked away the remains of the fabric. Tossing aside the shredded clothes, she started padding naked across the apartment. Feeling a warm sensation down between her legs, she realized that a load from one of her customers was still dribbling out of her twat.

“Hmm, was that from the turian?” Ash muttered to herself, reaching down to wipe up the dripping cum out of her snatch. “Or the vorcha?” Putting her hand up to her face and lapping at the cum, Ash sighed. “Right, the vorcha. Know that taste anywhere.”

As she headed over to the bar, she suddenly heard a voice from upstairs. “By the Goddess, why won’t you work?” Liara was angrily swearing at someone or something.

Ash knew she should announce her presence to Liara, but her curiosity got the better of her. Pulling off her boots and quietly tiptoeing up the stairs, Ash peeked around the corner to see Liara in their shared bedroom. Leaning over a table at the far side of the room, she was working with several tools on something out of Ash’s sight.

She watched Liara for several minutes, until suddenly the asari jolted bolt-upright. Somehow she had detected Ash’s presence, and when she whirled to face Ash, Liara’s face had a look of mild panic.

“What… when do you get here?” Liara exclaimed. She was careful to stand in front of the worktable, blocking Ash’s view from whatever was resting there.

“Just a few minutes ago,” Ash exclaimed. “I called out, but you didn’t answer.”

Staring at Ash, Liara’s nose wrinkled in disgust. “Ugh, look at you,” she said, sneering. “Go clean yourself off, you filthy whore.” As Ash moved toward the master bathroom, Liara called out. “Unh unh. Go use the shower in the other bathroom. I won’t have you tainting our bath with your
disgusting body.”

Letting out a sigh, Ash turned around and headed over to the other bathroom, as instructed.

As the hot spray washed away the remnants of the night’s activities, Ash wrestled with something that had been weighing on her mind.

These past few weeks, ever since Shepard and Liara had taken over the Dripping Azure and put Ash to work as their star dancer/whore, she had been living what she would have once considered her greatest fantasy. Not that she would have ever admitted it to herself back when she served on the Normandy, but the idea of being used, fucked on a constant basis, and being treated like a worthless slut was one of her most secret and dirtiest desires.

And now she had it. Had it on a regular basis, every single night of the week. And as it went on, and she was indulging in every last one of her most depraved fantasies, a sad reality was beginning to set in for Ash.

She was bored.

It was the oldest cliché in the book, but Ash was finding it more and more true with each passing day. “Be careful what you wish for,” they always said, “because you just might get it.”

And Ash had gotten it. Gotten it in spades. And as she quickly realized, the fantasy of being a low-rent, back-alley whore was a lot different from the reality.

Mostly it was the shoes. Those painful high heels that drove the men crazy, but hurt like hell after hours of walking the street begging for cock. Just one night, she’d love to go out whoring in a nice sensible pair of flats. But that decision wasn’t up to her. Her nightly wardrobe, just like everything else in her life now, was all decided by Shepard and Liara.

Which was the worst part of it all. She knew she should say something to them. Ask if maybe they wouldn’t mind changing things up in their relationship a bit. Maybe Liara could take a turn or two being the “whore” of their happy little three-way. Or hell, Ash knew plenty of guys out there who would love to take a crack at Commander Shepard’s tight ass. Maybe he could be the one out there working the streets for a bit. It was the goddamn 22nd century, after all; why did always have to be the woman who played the whore?

Or, more specifically, why did it always have to be her?

She knew she should tell them. After all, hadn’t they nearly lost each other just because Ash hadn’t been willing to open up to her partner? But after going through all this heartache to arrive at this arrangement, the thought of telling Shepard and Liara that she had changed her mind, and how they would react, sent waves of anxiousness through her.

So, as she turned off the shower and stepped out to dry herself off, she decided to wait. Give it a few more weeks to see if things changed. Maybe it was just her fantasy conflicting with the reality of it all, and once she got used to this new reality she’d grow to enjoy it in the end.

In the other room, Ash could still hear Liara, tinkering and cursing to herself. Not wanting to get caught spying again, she simply sat on the spare bed and waited. After a few more minutes, Ash could hear Liara stomping down the hallway.

“I’m heading out for a bit, whore,” Liara said. “Try not to suck too many dicks while I’m gone.”

“Mmm, I’ll try. But they’re just so tasty,” Ash said, putting on a big show for Liara. As soon as the
asari was out of sight, however, Ash let out her breath. Even Liara’s caustic taunts didn’t have the same effect on Ash as they used to. It wasn’t that she was insulted. She just didn’t feel that same thrill being belittled and spat on like she used to. Liara might as well have told her not to touch the cupcakes in the fridge, because they were for company.

Standing up, Ash started to make her way into the master bedroom. She was ready to call it a night. But as she entered the room, her eye caught a glimpse of where Liara had been working. The table where Liara had been standing was now mostly empty, except for some of the tools Liara had been using.

And as Ash stared, she thought she saw something in the wall. Something like… a crack or something.

She knew she shouldn’t pry. That she’d be punished if she was caught. But hell, she actually hadn’t tried getting punished in a while. Maybe it would get her off the way playing the whore for Shepard and Liara hadn’t been lately. Stepping cautiously forward, she leaned down to study the dark gap in the wall. Reaching her fingers inside, she could feel a panel slide to the side.

And when she saw what was inside, she let out a gasp.

There was no mistaking it. It was the Prothean artifact from back on the Normandy. The last Ash had heard, the Council had taken it and stored it away in a secured facility. How had Liara gotten hold of it?

Next to the strange orb rested a datapad. Picking it up, Ash read what appeared to be Liara’s notes on her studies of the device.

Still no results! I’ve tried every possible recalibration of the device and I still haven’t been able to get back my big blue cock. Test after test has resulted in no effect. What am I doing wrong? I’m one of the foremost experts on Prothean technology. I should be able to figure this out! I should b

Dammit, Ash nearly caught me with the device. Have to be more careful in the future. Going to take a break for a bit. Might try to convince Javik to provide me with the decrypted notes from the Prothean databank. Will try to convince him that it’s “just for archival purposes,” and maybe with that information, I’ll be able to get this damn thing working again.

Ash felt a surge of panic filling her. Despite some of the positive effects that the Prothean device had brought into their lives, she remembered what it had done to Liara back on the Normandy. Given her unfathomable biotic powers, while letting her directly enter the minds of Ash and Shepard and the rest of the Normandy crew.

As much as she cared for Liara, Ash knew that this couldn’t continue. She needed to tell Shepard right away.

Reaching into the secret compartment, Ash took hold of the Prothean orb and-

* * *

“I’m back, whore,” Liara proclaimed as she walked back into the apartment. Her attempts to cajole Javik into providing her those notes from the Prothean researchers had failed, as expected. Thinking about Ash, Liara wondered if Javik might be convinced with a little “free sample” from the Dripping Azure’s star performer. Did Protheans even have sex drives? It was one subject on which her studies had been sadly deficient.
“Ash, you awake?” Liara called out again, receiving no response from her previous greeting. “Better not be playing with that filthy twat of yours on our good sheets. Might have to give you a good spanking if I catch you doing that.”

Again, no response. Ash must have been fast asleep. A wicked idea crossed Liara’s mind: sneak in and tie Ash to the bed, and spend the rest of the night teasing her with a vibrator. Make her beg Liara to allow her to cum. That would be fun, and would help take Liara’s mind off her repeated failures with the Prothean device.

As she climbed the stairs to the upper floor, she ran it over again in her mind. All of her instincts told her that the device should be working. So many of the internal readings were showing it in an operational status. But every time Liara touched it… nothing happened. What was she missing? What adjustment did she need to make in order for the device to function?

Goddess, she wanted her cock back so bad. She had so many plans for what to do once the device was repaired, and she was made whole again. First bring Samara back into her control, and then after that… maybe find a way to trick Tevos to bring Liara and Samara into her office. A fake fight, get the councilor to touch the device without knowing that it had been repaired. And from there, she could…

“Ash?” Liara called out as she stepped inside the bedroom. Liara saw Ash at the far side of the room. She stood stark naked, staring at the wall with her back to the bedroom door. From around her naked body, Liara saw something and let out a gasp.

The Prothean device. Ash had found it and taken it out of its hiding space.

“Ash… you sneaky little whore,” Liara said, hoping that putting on her domineering posture would get her out of this situation. If Ash told Shepard about what she had found… it would all be over. “What are you doing with that thing? You put that right back if you don’t want to be punished.”

She heard a noise coming from Ash, and it took Liara a moment to realize that the human woman was softly chuckling.

“What’s so funny, whore?” Liara said again, taking a step towards Ash. “Don’t pretend like you don’t hear me. Put that right back or I’ll… I’ll…”

Just then, Ash started to turn around. Liara’s eyes went wide, and her jaw went slack as her words died in her throat.”

“Hey, there, Liara,” Ash said with a smile. Her hand down between her legs, she slowly stroked the thick, 12-inch piece of meat that had grown between her legs. “You ready for some big Ash cock?”

* * *

“You like that? Who’s the whore now, huh? Who’s the slut now?”

Liara moaned, as Ash’s cock pounded her wet azure. “Mmm, oh, oh, oh!”

“Answer me, asari bitch,” Ash snarled, delivering a hard slap to Liara’s ass. “Who’s the slut? Say it!”

“Oooohhhh… I’m the slut, Mistress Ashley. I’m the whore! Oh, fuck me, Mistress Ashley! Spill all your cum inside my worthless asari pussy!”

“That’s what I like to hear,” Ash said. With a grunt, she thrust every inch of her new cock into Liara’s twat. Liara belted out a keening cry as she felt Ash’s hot spunk shooting out and filling her
“Thank you, Mistress Ashley,” Liara gasped, as Ash pulled out and her cum spilled from Liara’s overflowing womb. “Thank you for giving me your cum.”

“Well, there’s more where that came from, whore,” Ash said. “Just a sec, though. I gotta send a quick message. But I’ll be right back to tear up that asari pussy some more.”

Liara let out a contented sigh. That sounded absolutely wonderful.

* * *

From: BoomstickAsh215
To: AbbyDabber; LynnSane18; Sarah_Reeves

Hey, sorry I haven’t messaged you all in a while. Been so damn busy helping Shepard set up his new business. How about we all meet up at Shepard’s apartment on the Citadel and catch up on old times? It’s been a long time since a good, old-fashioned Williams family reunion. I’ll send the date and time over to your extranet calendars. Hope you all can make it. I’ve got a big surprise for you all, one that you definitely don’t want to miss!

P.S. Wear loose-fitting pants. I’ll explain when you get here.

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