Lair of the Shadow Broker

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Summary

Unbeknownst to the crew of the Normandy SR-2, Dr. Liara T'Soni has always been the Shadow Broker. Liara is also madly in love with Commander Shepard, though she knows that they can never truly be together. Fortunately, Liara has never been good at controlling her urges...

Notes

This was originally a multi-fill for the mass effect kink meme. The people demanded more dom!Liara, and the people get what they want.

A few quick disclaimers:

Firstly, this fic starts off as a heavy dubcon, and there is a healthy amount of sex and violence. Mostly sex. Rest assured, this author wants nothing less than a happy, fluffy ending for both Liara and Shepard. However, there will be a few bumps along the way.

In addition, this fic is an Alternate Universe in which Liara has been the Shadow Broker since ME1. It is set in ME2, after Commander Shepard completes Samara's loyalty mission.
Chapter 1

It wasn’t that Liara didn’t trust Commander Shepard. On the contrary, she knew without a doubt that Shepard was the only person in the galaxy who she could really lean on. Shepard was the one who had discovered the Reaper threat and was about the only one who was doing something about it even if it meant working for Cerberus. And that was exactly why Shepard couldn’t know Liara’s true identity. If Operative Lawson or that ditzy-seeming yeoman got ahold of information on the Shadow Broker… well, she wasn’t sure what the Illusive Man would do with such data, but she was confident that it wouldn’t be put to good use.

Still, Liara didn’t enjoy lying to Shepard, even if it was only a lie of omission. She wished for Shepard’s sake that her shy, stumbling attempts at romance were genuine. She wished Shepard wasn’t so patient and understanding. Anyone would have kissed her by now, sliding their tongue in her mouth and silencing any pretense of innocence. Instead Shepard merely observed Liara with her piercing green eyes, smiling and nodding and murmuring things like, “Tell me more about your culture” when she should be saying, “I’m going to fuck you against the weapon’s locker.” It got even worse after her death. Always understanding, never judging or hating her decisions. Even when she deserved hate and judgment.

Well, if she was unable to have Shepard as Liara, then she would have to take the human as the deadly Shadow Broker. Not having Shepard was never an option, at least not in Liara’s mind. She only needed a plan of action.

Omega was the perfect location for her strike. Not only was it within the lawless Terminus systems, but Commander Shepard had apparently taken to frequenting the seedy club Afterlife between missions. Liara had watched the footage of Shepard repeatedly. The human sat quietly in front of a young asari dancer, tipped very well, then got up without so much as a word or a smile.

She had also enjoyed the extensive footage of Shepard running into the same dancer at the bar, then fucking her raw against the door to the changing room. How many nights had Liara spent, her hand circling her clit, fingers deep in her azure, watching that footage and imagining herself in the dancer’s place? And every night Shepard took a different dancer, silent but for the tiny whimper she made when the asari began to meld with her.

Aria didn’t much care to run background checks on new girls. She had her thugs watch the fresh meat accordingly, just in case some silly maiden was actually a spy for someone stupid enough to attempt usurping the pirate queen’s throne. It was easy enough to send an agent into her club. Liara chose one of her best new agents for the job. Her name was Ilana and she was a young asari, about 250 years old. She had lavender skin and a cluster of indigo facial markings around her eyes. Shepard would undoubtedly find her attractive, as did Aria. As for Ilana, the maiden could barely believe her luck that she’d been sent on an assignment to seduce the great Commander Shepard. Fucking Aria T’Loak was an additional boon. (Although Liara hadn’t appreciated that footage as much.)

Shepard stopped by Afterlife eventually, as Liara knew she would, and sat down to watch Ilana out of all the other dancers, as she also knew the human would. Having watched Shepard for a few years, Liara noticed a trend the lovers she took. The commander definitely had a preference for women, asari in particular, and had penchant enough for maidens which gave Dr. T’Soni hope against all hope that in another life she and the commander could find happiness together. But not tonight. Tonight Shepard would be at the mercy of the Shadow Broker while Liara continued to exist as the shy archeologist the human found trapped in a stasis field.
It was better that way, Liara thought, studying her screen intently as Shepard watched Ilana dance. Shepard would never love the person Liara really was – would never trust her again after learning that she had been the Shadow Broker all along and that she had never been estranged from Benezia at all. That Matriarch Benezia had been a powerful religious leader, but the galaxy never knew the secrets to her real influence. How else had the asari remained on top of the galaxy for so long with only culture and diplomacy as their weapons? Intel was valuable currency, and Benezia’s acolytes were excellent at obtaining it. Liara was simply continuing the legacy her mother had trained her for. Even so, she doubted Shepard would see it that way – not after all that had happened.

Shaking these thoughts, Liara focused on the recording, finding herself suddenly transfixed by the emerald eyes watching her. Well, technically Shepard was watching Ilana yet still Liara found herself feeling as if those green orbs were staring directly into her soul. What was Shepard thinking? Was she imagining all the things she was going to do to Ilana? Or was she imagining someone else in Ilana’s place, dancing for her in private? In her arrogance, Liara imagined Shepard thinking of Liara, picturing Liara in that outfit, fantasizing about kissing Liara’s lips. Not just some nameless dancer, but Liara her teammate and friend.

Liara’s heart swelled at this even as her mind objected. No, she would never think of me. And even if she did, the person who she thinks of isn’t me – not really. I am not some innocent maiden who knows nothing of the world. I own all the secrets in the galaxy. And tonight I will own Commander Shepard.

A few more minutes passed before Shepard reached forward and tipped the dancer. Ilana smiled alluringly at the commander, who only stood from her chair and crossed to the bar. Liara switched feeds, choosing instead to watch from there as Shepard knocked back a few drinks with Garrus and that tank-born krogan.

On the fourth round, Ilana approached the bar as instructed. She cast one long glance toward the Commander before sauntering away. Liara wasn’t surprised that Shepard had caught up with the asari by the time she made it to the hallway.

“You’re different than other people here,” Ilana purred. “I wish you would’ve stayed in my little corner for a while longer. You have lovely eyes.”

“You wanna go somewhere and talk?” Shepard replied in the husky voice that drove Liara wild.

Ilana smiled broadly and cocked her hip. “My place is not too far from here. We could take a taxi over if you’d like.”

“Sure.”

Liara smirked into her glass of wine as all her pieces began to fall into place. The pair said little on the ride over, although Ilana kept sneaking furtive glances at the Commander when she thought the human wasn’t looking. Perhaps picking one so young was a mistake, Liara thought ruefully, but dismissed her jealousy as soon as they made it to the building.

“Wow, nice apartment,” Shepard said. “Dancing at Afterlife must be good money.”

And it was. Lysa Avera, a famous asari adult vid star, lived here. It just so happened that the Shadow Broker had certain information on her hapless Volus PR agent and enough of it to cause the suite access code to fall into Liara’s hands. Lysa wouldn’t be the wiser, as she would be out of town attending an awards ceremony until next week.

“I inherited most of my money from my salarian father,” Ilana supplied. “I don’t need to dance for
money, but I like doing it.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah. I meet people. Sometimes they’re worth my time.” Shepard chuckled at this. “And it’s a great way to stay in shape. Although from your body, I’d say you have me beat.”

“Marine training.” From anyone else, it might have seemed like a brag, but coming from Shepard it was the most modest thing. “I can’t hang upside on poles – that’s real athleticism!”

Ilana laughed, touching Shepard’s shoulder lightly. “Can I get you a drink…?”

Shepard realized the asari was waiting for her to introduce herself. “Uh – Jane. What’s your name?”

“Ilana, and do you like whisky or wine?”

“Whisky,” Shepard replied, staring at Ilana’s backside as she sauntered into the kitchen to presumably acquire the drinks. “Definitely whisky.”

The dancer returned with two glasses and offered Shepard the glass in her right hand. Shepard downed the liquor in two gulps while Ilana sipped demurely on hers.

“Good whisky, too.”

“It’s Canadian, from Earth. My roommate is quite the connoisseur.”

“Roommate?”

“Don’t worry, she’s not here.”

Ilana sat down on the couch and patted the seat beside her. Shepard set her empty glass on the coffee table and joined the asari. Ilana wasted no time in kissing the commander, threading her fingers through flame red hair and crushing her mouth against the human’s.

“You’re very pretty,” Shepard whispered when the asari pulled away.

Liara pursed her lips together in worry at the scene before her. Shepard should be unconscious by now. She had watched Ilana slip the sedative into Shepard’s drink. The salarian who sold it to her agent said it acted within a minute of ingestion. It had been at least five.

What would happen if it didn’t work? Shepard and Ilana would surely copulate, and that wasn’t part of the plan. Ilana was merely bait meant to lure Shepard into the Shadow Broker’s lair. But if the Shadow Broker were to confront the human now, they would surely come to blows. Liara needed Shepard’s strength in check in order for her plan to come to fruition.

Thankfully, just as Liara began to consider a backup plan, Shepard’s eyelids began to flutter closed. “Ilana – what –?” Shepard tried to say before finally sliding down the leather sofa.

“Target acquired,” Ilana informed the Shadow Broker dutifully as she poked the commander to ensure she wasn’t feigning sleep.

“Excellent,” Liara replied into the voice modulator. “Proceed with the next step. Shadow Broker out.”
Chapter 2

Commander Jane Shepard awoke with a start, keenly aware that she was in deep, deep shit and that her mother’s preaching about not accepting drinks from strangers had been very solid advice. She couldn’t believe she’d been roofied by some hot asari. An asari she had thought wanted to fuck, but Ilana wouldn’t have needed to drug Shepard for that. So, she was an agent then. For who? Eclipse? Aria? She couldn’t imagine the asari government wanted her dead – fucking Councilor Tevos still thought she was hearing voices or something.

Shepard was blindfolded and bound. Flexing her wrists and ankles, Shepard discerned it wasn’t rope. It was something immaterial – like a force or something. Probably biotics. Right, asari. Biotics. Shepard tried to struggle against her restraints but found she could barely move. Furthermore, the cold, recycled air brushing against her skin told her that she was completely nude.

“Great I’m naked,” Shepard muttered morosely. “Because being drugged and tied up isn’t creepy enough, let’s introduce some weird sexual thing into the mix.”

“Ah, you’re awake,” said a voice in reply. Shepard thought it sounded like a Batman villain from the old vids, all gravely and warped. “I apologize, but my assistant had to attend to other matters. You’ve been out for five hours.”

“Sounds like you went a little overboard with the Quaaludes.”

“Had to be sure it would take you down. You are a Spectre.”

“I’m still human.”

“More than that,” the voice admonished. “At least after Cerberus got ahold of you.”

“So you know who I am.”

“Of course. You’re Commander Shepard.”

“Who are you?” Shepard demanded, trying to sound more in control than she felt. “What do you want with me?”

“I am many people,” said the disembodied voice. “But for now, you may call me the Shadow Broker.”

“The Shadow Broker,” Shepard huffed. Out of all the people she expected to want to torture her, somehow the Shadow Broker never crossed her mind as a possibility. “Are you going to kill me?”

“No.”

“Then why am I here?”

Shepard heard footsteps as the broker crossed over to the other side of the room, followed by a faint rustling sound. “You’re here because I want you to be. You’re alive because I’ve willed it to be that way. It’s as simple as that, Shepard.”

How dare this creature use her name as if they were friends. Shepard thrashed against the restraints, groaning in disappointment as she realized she was ultimately trapped on the mattress. For all her Spectre training, she could do nothing against biotic restraints this strong. Whoever the Shadow
Broker really was, he must be a powerful biotic. In fact, there was only one race talented enough to create these shackles…

“You’re an asari,” Shepard declared confidently.

“You think so?”

“How else could you have been the broker for so long?” the human pressed. “How else could you have built such an extensive information grid?”

“And use biotics, yes?” The broker laughed. “Excellent detective work, Shepard. You’re right. I am an asari. Here, I will prove it to you.”

Shepard felt the blindfold being pulled away by wisps of energy. She gave her eyes a minute to focus in the dark room before finally resting on the dark-clad figure before her. Whoever the broker was, she was definitely female, and from the hints of blue skin escaping from the commando suit, was also definitely asari. Shepard tried to get a peek at the woman’s face, but found it was covered by a ski mask.

“No hard feelings, Spectre,” she said. “I’ve already revealed more than I care to share about my identity. You’ll just have to take me at my word when I say that you could do no better than this asari before you.” Gloved hands stroked shapely hips seductively. “If you thought my agent was attractive…"

“Then why not just pick me up like a normal person?” Shepard snapped, glaring at her tormentor. “If sex is what you want from me, which it seems like it is.”

The broker deliberately ignored Shepard’s question. “I know you like asari. I see you watch the dancers at Omega. I assure you that I am far more talented than any stripper trash you’ve encountered there.”

“If you’re so good why do you need to kidnap me? Sounds like you don’t have so much luck with ladies. Can’t imagine why they’d want to avoid you.”

“Such attitude for a lowly human,” the broker sneered in response, stalking closer to Shepard’s position. “You’ll learn your place soon enough.”

Thrusting a blue fist into the air, the broker replaced Shepard’s blindfold. With her vision gone, Shepard felt the mattress shift underneath her as the asari joined her on the bed. Then she gulped as a leather-glad finger traced patterns on her stomach.

“Gorgeous,” the broker practically moaned as she took in the sight of Commander Shepard spread-eagle on the bed. Nothing was hidden from Liara’s view, not even the human’s most intimate parts. Goddess, she had waited so long to see Jane like this. Desire hit the asari’s very core when she realized that she would finally have the commander to herself. She would finally know what she tasted like, the sounds she made. This knowledge made it difficult for Liara to focus.

“How do I even know you’re really the Shadow Broker?” Shepard asked. “How do I know you’re not just some copycat or a crazed fan?” She imagined Conrad Verner idolizing the Shadow Broker and shuddered. “Anyone could call themselves the Shadow Broker.”

Liara laughed. “You’re stalling, Spectre.” Shepard felt the mattress cave once more as the asari moved to straddle the human. “But you’re right. So what do you want, proof?”

“Yes.”
Gloved fingers moved to stroke the human’s skin lightly. “All right. Let’s play a game, shall we? As the galaxy ought to know, I deal in information but I do not give it freely. You want to know my secrets, Shepard, as I already know all of yours? I will enlighten you. But you must give me something in return.”

“Like what?” Shepard squirmed under the asari, understanding implicitly that she did not wish to know the answer even as she asked.

“A kiss, for starters,” the distorted voice murmured. “But my rates increase with every bit of intel I reveal to you.”

“And I don’t have a choice?”

“You always have a choice,” replied the broker, still stroking the commander’s body with torturous feather-light touches. “You don’t have to ask me anything. You don’t have to know my motivations.” Her right hand paused at Jane’s left breast. Liara seized it firmly, making Shepard yelp in surprise. “But if you’re asking whether or not I’m going to fuck you, then no, you don’t have any choice at all.”

“I will fuck you,” the broker hissed, breath hot in Shepard’s ear. “And you will come very hard. This I promise you.”

“I’ll fucking kill you for this,” Shepard spat back. “Whoever you are.”

“You may certainly try,” Liara replied. “You can fight me all you like, but you will have my way. After all, I know all your little secrets. I know how you like it.” Gloved fingers captured an erect nipple and tugged firmly to illustrate her meaning. “I know what extranet vids you watch to get yourself off.”

Shepard felt the broker release her nipple as a warm mouth replaced fingers on the other side. The asari sucked and licked and wasn’t afraid to use her teeth. “I know how you touch yourself. I know what turns you on. In many ways, I know you better than yourself.”

“Prove it!”

Liara paused, grinning in the darkness. “Just last night, at 215 hours, you were browsing some pureblood pornography on the extranet.” Shepard gasped as the broker tweaked her left nipple. “Asari on asari? How very kinky of you, Commander.”

“Big deal, you’ve looked into my search history. A child could do that.”

“I know that you’ve nearly fucked every asari dancer in Afterlife,” the broker continued. “I’ve watched the vids. You like fucking their azure with your fingers. You like sucking on their crests.”

“Fuck you,” Shepard groaned, face flushed with embarrassment. She knew the broker was telling the truth. She had fucked those dancers, and she would have fucked Ilana. Instead, she found herself bottoming this time – with the Shadow Broker of all people.

“It seems like you’ve fucked every asari in the galaxy,” Liara pressed. “You even slept with Sha’ira when you first visited the Citadel. And now you’re about to fuck me.”

“Not every asari,” Shepard murmured. “Not her.”

And she couldn’t help but think of Liara in that moment. She pictured the asari typing away at her monitor in the med lab, starting when she heard Jane’s approach then smiling as she looked up to see
the human. She thought of the way Liara averted her eyes whenever they talked, blushing adorably and tripping over her own words. Even now, though the archeologist had changed into a cold workaholic, Shepard thought of the innocent way she looked at her.

“Her?”

“You wouldn’t know her. She’s a good person. She’s – ”

She’s not the person you think she is, Liara finished silently for the commander. She wanted to tell the commander how wrong she was. She wanted to tell Shepard, “That little dorky book worm is a pathetic little slut,” but knew that she couldn’t. Even revealing Liara T’Soni’s secrets would damn the Shadow Broker. No, Shepard could never, ever know.

Blue eyes swept over the landscape of Shepard’s body, finding particular interest in the wet, hard bud rung with purple from where the broker had sucked and nibbled too greedily. Liara felt her eyes darken with lust as her gaze moved down, pausing at the point between Shepard’s thighs. She was wet, Liara realized, squirming uncomfortably. Liara’s own panties had been wet since she saw Shepard stride through Afterlife. Now they were completely drenched.

I want her. Goddess, I want her more than I have ever wanted anything. The desire to meld rose up in Liara’s throat and escaped as a stunted whimper as the asari tried to gain control of herself. Yes, she loved Shepard. Yes, she needed her. But Matriarch Benezia had not taught her to be weak. Why else had the religious leader left Liara’s father? The needs of the asari – of the galaxy – were more important than her selfish desires.

But I can have her like this, Liara told herself, using her free hand to cup the swollen wetness of Shepard’s sex. By the Goddess, I can have her like this.

“You think that’s what you need, Spectre?” the broker hissed as Shepard moaned piteously. “A shy little slut, too self-conscious to take the lead? Someone so sweet and innocent that it makes your teeth hurt?”

“Yes!” Shepard cried, desperately clinging to the idea of Liara, the beautiful, tragic asari that she would never be with even as the broker defiled her.

“Get real!” she snapped, bringing her fingers to Shepard’s mouth and pressing into her. “Look at how wet you are. It’s pathetic.”

Shepard opened her mouth to protest, which provided Liara with the perfect opportunity to slip her digits inside. The spectre tried to bite down, which only caused the asari to issue a harsh biotic slap to the side of her face.

“Clean me up, you filthy slut,” Liara growled as she began pumping her fingers in and out. “THIS is what you need. Someone to bend you over and fuck you like the whore you are until you learn you place. THAT is why you are enjoying this.”

“Fucking those dancers, when you should have been fucking me!” Liara snarled, establishing a brutal rhythm with her thrusts. It was obvious that she was hurting Shepard, but in her anger, Liara found herself unable to stop. “You are mine, Shepard. You have always been mine. Even if you never knew it.”

Shepard thrashed beneath the broker until she withdrew her hand, examining the saliva and slick coating the glove. “If that’s true,” gasped the human, “why didn’t you ever tell me how you felt?”

“Because.”
And evidently, the broker had no desire to discuss the subject further, as Shepard found herself lifted up by biotics even as her ankles and wrists stayed anchored by some mysterious force. Liara removed her mask and began kissing a path down her throat, along the valley of her breasts, and stopping only to dip her tongue into the commander’s navel. She groaned. It was clear where she was headed, and biotics were still manipulating Shepard into a position that made the broker’s access easier.

The broker licked her lips and leaned forward, utterly devouring the flesh before her.

“Oh god,” Jane moaned.

The broker was, true to her word, extremely talented. She was eager and direct, swiping her tongue up and down the commander’s clit, sucking and nibbling lightly, then pulling back to speak. “I’m going to make you beg for it,” she said confidently before capturing the human’s clit between her lips and suckling possessively.

“Fuck you,” Shepard whimpered.

“You’ll beg,” the broker chuckled, letting her fingers tease along Shepard’s entrance, never dipping inside but rubbing insistently between wet folds. Shepard moaned, unconsciously canting her hips, trying to force the broker’s fingers to penetrate her. Liara just smiled into her sex, licking and teasing but never delivering enough.

Torture, was Shepard’s last coherent thought. Exquisite torture. She knew exactly how to get such anguish to end, but she refused to give the broker what she wanted. Commander Shepard, beg? It wasn’t in her vocabulary, and even if it were, she’d never prostrate herself for some sick asari voyeur.

“Not yet, hmmm?” Liara murmured, looking up at Shepard. The human wore a pained expression and held herself rigidly, as if trying to fight the urge to sneeze. Smirking, the asari let her fingers explore where her mouth had been, letting biotics cause her digits to hum along Shepard’s skin. She found particular interest in the human’s erect bud, letting one fingertip circle around it gently, then pulled away as soon as she heard the human’s strangled groan of pleasure.

“Stop,” Shepard whined. “Please stop.”

“No. That’s not what you want me to do, is it Shepard?” Liara let a solitary finger tip ever-so shallowly thrust into Shepard’s center. The marine nearly came apart at this, gasping and moaning and squeezing Liara’s hand with her thighs, or at least trying to as the biotic shackles kept her from moving too much. “You want me to fuck you, don’t you? You want me to make you come.”

“No.” Shepard shook her head, even as the rest of her body betrayed her by pushing forward in a vain attempt to seek more of the asari’s expert touch.

“Yes,” Liara purred, pushing the digit further inside, until she was submerged to the third knuckled. Shepard groaned gratefully. “Tell me.”

“I-I want,” Shepard began.

Liara pulled back, then slammed her finger forward. Shepard was pornographically wet. Liara could feel the wetness coating her hand down to her wrist and even more staining the sheets beneath them. The Spectre had held back so long, but there was only so much one person could take. She knew Shepard would see it her way eventually.

“Please.”
“Please, what?”
“Fuck me.”

Liara grinned, but was not totally satisfied. Not yet. “And?”
“And make me come.”

Liara pressed her lips to Shepard’s mouth, capturing the human in a passionate kiss. Shepard accepted it gladly, letting Liara’s tongue caress hers as the asari began fucking her with two fingers. The broker tasted like honey and sweat and mercy, and Shepard found herself returning the kiss in full, sucking on the asari’s lip, moaning into her mouth.

“I knew you’d come around,” she whispered, letting her thumb skirt along Shepard’s clit, her biotics buzzing faster and faster. “It’s better like this, isn’t it?”

Shepard could only grunt in reply as Liara fucked her deliberately and hard. It took only a moment’s work to find a spot in the human that made her shudder and croak, and the broker exploited this weakness until the spectre was nothing but a shivering mess rasping, “harder” and “more.”

“Please,” Shepard moaned. “Please, let me -”

She didn’t even get to finish her thought because Liara drove into Shepard with a final, savage thrust and used her free hand to seize the commander’s swollen clit and pinch and tug and then the human was convulsing with so much pleasure that even biotics couldn’t keep her movements in check and her skull collided with the headboard. Liara didn’t even notice, nor did she give pause. The asari simply pulled her fingers from Shepard and replaced them with her mouth once more, fucking her in earnest before Shepard could even think and until Shepard saw stars and climaxed again and then again. Still, Liara’s mouth never stopped its frantic work at Shepard’s cunt, even as the spectre complained loudly.

“Holy shit, please just… give me… a minute,” Shepard panted, still too shaken to even feel the burn in her arms and legs. The broker growled in defiance and kept licking, although she managed to do so more gently than before. “I – I’ve never –”

“Could she fuck you like this?” Liara demanded, lifting her head. If Shepard didn’t have the blindfold, she would have seen the asari’s face glistening with the product of her own pleasure. She would have seen just how right the Shadow Broker had been. “Could she make you come this hard? This many times?” The broker’s fingers came up to continue stroking Shepard’s slick folds. “Has anyone ever done this to you, Spectre?”

“No,” she gasped, still trying to squirm away from the broker. “Please, just stop. Let me – give me a turn. I want to fuck you, too.”
Chapter 3

The broker froze suddenly, eyes widening in slight panic. Liara wanted Shepard to fuck her. She desperately wanted to rid herself of the commando leathers and at least touch herself, if not be touched by Shepard. But she had worn this outfit for a reason. She had done all of this for a reason – to fuck Shepard as the Shadow Broker. She still had her part to play, just as Shepard must play hers. Soon, perhaps, she would let Shepard pleasure her, but not yet. She had to hold to some semblance of control.

“Who says I’m finished with you?” Liara managed to reply coldly. “You’re mine to use and abuse, however I see fit. I am in control here, not you. Do you understand?”

Then, before Shepard could formulate a response, she began manipulating Shepard into a new position until the human was on her hands and knees atop the ruined mattress. Liara managed to cast a stasis field to keep the Spectre in check, even though Shepard had stopped trying to fight what was happening to her. Still, The Shadow Broker was by necessity very cautious. Liara replaced the mask, then reached in front of her to remove Shepard’s blindfold.

Vision returned to Shepard, even though everything seemed a little fuzzy and it hurt to focus. She could barely register when the broker activated something on her omnitool, causing the ceiling to open up and reveal a large expanse of mirrors. The walls, too, began to reflect Shepard’s image back to herself.

And what an image it was.

“Look at yourself,” Liara snapped, cupping Shepard’s chin in her hand and forcing the commander to look up. Shepard’s hair was a mess, ratted and sticking to her skull with sweat. Her lips were swollen, and she could see a pronounced pink handprint across her jaw, to say nothing of the numerous bruises around her breasts.

Shepard’s gaze turned lower and she dipped her head in shame at the sight of the wetness coating her inner thighs, clear down to her knees. How could she be turned on by this? Her limbs ached from being in the same position for so long, and her jaw was still sore from the broker's treatment. She shouldn't be getting off on being bossed around and manhandled by the Shadow Broker.

"Look at yourself," the broker repeated, grabbing a fistful of silky, scarlet hair and yanking, hard. "You're enjoying yourself. Look at how wet you are still. You must have came three times."

And they both knew the broker was right. Shepard, for her part, was a bit distracted from wondering what that voice sounded like without the distortion. Was it a husky, cigarettes and whiskey tone, or something sweeter, quieter? Then Liara pulled her head back again, maintaining her harsh grip until Shepard opened her eyes and stared at the image reflected before her.

"Good girl," she murmured, stroking the human's hair affectionately. "Now, here's what we're going to do. I'm going to fuck you, and you're going to watch every little detail."

Shepard swallowed and nodded, watching the asari smirk through the mask. When Liara stood and turned to leave, Shepard whimpered. "Where are you going?"

The broker just laughed and walked out the door, leaving Shepard shivering alone in the bedroom. The commander felt like the other woman had been gone for hours when she finally returned, something strange swaying in front of her hips.
"Oh," Shepard moaned, seeing that Liara had strapped a blue dildo around her waist. The mirrors reflected the asari from all sides as she approached. "That's uh, that's pretty big."

"It will fit," Liara assured her confidently. The asari positioned herself at the foot of the bed using her biotics to pull Shepard to her. "Now, are you ready?"

She let the tip sit right at Shepard's entrance, rubbing it up and down her slit, smearing the toy with the human's lubricant. Liara guided the phallus to tease every area of Shepard's cunt except for her clit which the asari intentionally skirted around. This continued for a few moments until Shepard grew impatient and attempted to push back.

It was a mistake which Liara immediately punished by smacking Shepard's behind severely enough to make both cheeks jiggle obscenely. "You still haven't learned your place, have you?" Liara swatted Shepard's ass again, making the Spectre yelp from the impact. "I'm in control here." She issued another slap, this time on the other side. "Not you." Slap. "Do you understand?"

"Yes," Shepard hissed.

"Yes what?"

"Mistress?"

The asari smiled. "Hmm, I like the sound of that. However, I think I prefer the term 'ma'am.' It's a human word, isn't it? Probably something your crew refers to you by." She pressed her hand into the pink mark she had left on Shepard's pale skin, stroking and soothing the skin. "It's perfect. It should remind you who's in charge here."

"Yes ma'am."

For a moment, as Liara stroked the commander's soft skin, she considered sinking herself within Shepard. It was what the both wanted. But Liara hesitated. She wanted Shepard to remember this. She couldn't give in so easily.

So instead she sucked in a shaky breath and said, "I'm still not sure you've learned your lesson. I think fifty ought to do it, don't you think?"

"F-fifty? Fifty what?"

Then Liara struck her again, not as hard as before but enough to make the human jump. She began counting as the hand comes down again, establishing a rhythm which Liara sometimes broke after a steady stream of slaps just in case Shepard was getting used to the abuse.

"Twenty-five," the broker intoned, slapping Shepard's right cheek and then squeezing it for extra emphasis.

Shepard groaned, both horrified that this was only half over and mortified at her body's reaction. She could see the moisture cooling on her thighs and tried to look away. But the broker responded by smacking her harder.

"Thirty!"

At the fortieth smack, Shepard found herself crying out piteously, tears and black mascara running down the slopes of her cheeks. "Please!" she wailed, no longer sure if she was asking for the broker
“Does it hurt?” Liara sneered, her teeth flashing white in the mirror as she palmed the human’s reddened rear. “Or does it feel good? Both? Maybe next time you won’t try to dictate how I take you. Perhaps you’ll be grateful for any manner in which I chose to fuck you instead of being a greedy little slut.”

Shepard shouted as the asari’s hand connected with her sore skin once more. Liara waited, letting the human catch her breath as she studied the pink and white mottling of Shepard’s skin. She should stop. She knew this was not part of the plan, but she couldn’t help the anger that resurfaced at Shepard’s insolence. The Liara T’Soni Commander Shepard knew would never be so cruel, but Liara hadn’t been that girl for quite some time – Benezia made certain of that. No more hiding behind books or inventing excuses for not attending one of her mother’s social gatherings. There were things expected of her now. She would not – she could not – falter now.

“It’s almost over,” the broker whispered, gently – almost lovingly.

Then she counted out ten more slaps which she delivered with softer blows, alternating sides at every even number she calls. She watched Shepard in the mirror, pleased to see that the woman was following her orders and watching everything unfold through the mirrors. Her final slap she delivered lightly at Shepard’s sex, smiling at how soaked the human felt.

When Liara turned to leave again, Shepard wriggled and moaned in disapproval. The broker shook her head and activated the medigel dispenser on the nearby wall. “You were a very good girl,” the asari remarked favorably, smearing the cold salve all over Shepard’s red skin. “It will be as if it never happened.” Liara took her free hand to cup Shepard’s breast. “Except this. This I will leave as a memento of our time together.”

“Now,” the asari continued, spreading the medigel all over Shepard’s engorged sex. “I believe you’re finally ready.”
Chapter 4

Shepard expected more teasing and was surprised when the broker sinks into the human with little preamble. Not that the human needed more foreplay. Liara met little resistance as she slid all the way into Shepard, savoring the human’s shaky groan as she pulled back slightly. She began slowly, too slowly. The broker wanted to make her beg for this as well.

It didn’t take long.

“After all that you’ve done to me, please don’t fuck me this god damn slowly,” Shepard finally whined.

Liara pulled back so that just the tip was inside Shepard, then snapped two glowing fingers to bind Shepard’s wrists behind her freckled back. “Still trying to give the orders, I see,” the broker snapped, meeting the human’s gaze in the mirror. “You just don’t learn, do you?”

“I’m sorry,” Shepard gasped. “Please, forget I said anything. It’s… it’s not my place to make requests.”

“No,” said the broker slowly, “it isn’t.” A hand came to rest on Shepard’s rear, a meaningful threat. “Tell me, Spectre, what is your place?”

Shepard knew she was being led into a trap, but didn’t know what to say. “Please, Mis – Ma’am! I –”

Liara pulled out of Shepard completely and crawled onto the mattress so that she faced Shepard, the fake dick flapping absurdly with each creak in the bed. The human almost laughed at it, but found she couldn’t make any sound when the broker leaning forward and pressed the phallus into her mouth.

“You are nothing, Spectre. Your place is beneath me. Your will is my will. You come when I say you may, and you do as I see fit. You might be the savior of the Citadel to those asari – ” a hiss, before the broker continues, “but you are nothing but a toy to me. You will suck my cock until I say you are finished. You will do it well, and you will be grateful for the privilege.”

All Shepard uttered in response was, “Yes Ma’am,” before she enveloped the dildo in wet warmth.

It took Shepard a few minutes of sucking on the silicon phallus in complete silence before she realized that the broker couldn’t feel what she was doing. Experimentally, Shepard let her teeth scrape along the cock’s length, Liara’s stillness confirming her suspicions. The toy was old school, but that didn’t mean the asari wasn’t enjoying herself.

Just the sight of Jane Shepard’s taking her cock was enough to make Liara unravel. Licking her lips, the broker imagined what it would be like to have the commander’s mouth on her cunt, but Liara knew it wasn’t time for that. Not yet, anyway.

To her credit, Shepard was really giving it her all. Knowing that all Liara was interested in was the show, the human exaggerated all of her movements and made it a point to make lewd slurping sounds as she bobbed her head up and down. Had the broker not been so painfully turned on, she might have rolled her eyes at Shepard’s display. But Liara found she couldn’t be annoyed. At least Shepard was channeling all her insolence and pride into obeying the broker’s orders this time instead of challenging her authority at every turn.
When Shepard managed to fit most of the toy into her mouth, Liara’s willpower suddenly shattered. In three swift motions, the broker pulled out and scrambled to the foot of the bed so that she could finally drive hers cock into Shepard. Both woman moaned as Liara tilted her hips back, then slammed home again, establishing a steady, firm pace. Shepard’s breasts swayed in time with the brokers every thrust, an image she could not escape as it glared back at her from every direction.

Briefly, Liara regretted not using one of the sensation-transmitting devices for this particular scene, but she knew she would barely last a second if she felt Shepard’s tight, velvety heat wrapped around her cock. What Liara really wanted more than anything was to fuck Shepard so hard her teeth rattled. She wanted to own Shepard’s body so completely that she would never be able to think of another asari or woman ever again. Hell, Liara wanted Shepard so addicted that she couldn’t even touch herself without thinking of the Shadow Broker. Her own pleasure was secondary to this goal, even as delirious as Liara felt herself becoming.

“Y—you’re good at this,” Shepard remarked dumbly, bucking wildly as Liara reached forward to circle the human’s clit with a gloved thumb. “Have you been with a human before?”

“Some,” the broker responded. “But I doubt I can compare to your number of conquests.”

“I can’t help the fact that you asari keep throwing yourselves at me.”

Liara snorted at this, knowing it’s true. She remembered watching Shiala make pass at the Commander during the human’s first visit to Illium. It had happened shortly after Shepard visited Liara. At the time, she hadn’t known what to say to Shepard regarding the last two years. The human saw Liara’s new occupation and attitude as a change. She never considered that Liara had always been this person. So, perhaps it was in spite that the commander later let the green asari squeeze her arm and fawn and smile.

It was difficult to think back to the days when Shiala followed Benezia, when she assisted the matriarch in preparing Liara for her role as the next Shadow Broker. There was combat training, of course. But the asari were never one to shy from their own sexuality, and as such Liara had been taught to use her body as weapon as well as her mind from an early age. After meeting Shepard, Liara found her reasons for taking lovers changed. It wasn’t just general practice anymore. She had been training for this exact moment, and her heart swelled with pride that her hard work had finally paid off.

“Don’t pretend that you don’t like the attention,” Liara finally replied, pushing Shepard so the human slumped forward, right cheek resting on the mattress as the broker fucked her from behind. “Not just anyone can save the galaxy. It takes people of certain… predilections to take up that position.”

“What, voyeurism and sadism?”

Liara was too distracted to punish Shepard for the snarky remark. Even if the toy did not transmit sensation, Liara swore she could come just from the sight of Shepard and the friction. “If I’m the voyeur,” she panted, struggling to keep her desires in check, “you’re the exhibitionist. What would you do if I told you I was taping our entire tryst as we speak? And that I plan to broadcast it to the galaxy?”

She sped up the motion of her gloved hand, adding biotics unfairly. Shepard yelled into the mattress as her body convulsed in response, but Liara paid the human no mind.

“Just imagine the headlines from al-Jilani: The Great Commander Shepard Gets Fucked like a Sniveling Little Slut in Latest Sex Vid.”
“You’d –uh – you’d risk your identity just to prove to the galaxy that you f-fucked me?”

“Who says I’m the Shadow Broker at all?” Liara disagreed. “I could just be some nameless asari. The reaction would be the same. What sane person would ever want a woman like you leading them to battle?” She let her biotics and thrusts become stronger as she continued. “A woman who gets off on being tied up and fucked senseless. It’s a sign of weakness!”

Shepard hated herself for coming at that exact moment, the asari’s harsh words and buzzing fingers and cock driving her desperately over the edge. She bit down on her cheek, drawing blood, as she attempted to stifle the wanton sounds spilling from her lips. The broker stopped stimulating Shepard’s clit long enough to grab a handful of scarlet hair and force the human to stare straight ahead.

“Look at yourself when you come.”

She did. The broker watched too, dark lips twisting into an arrogant smile. Still, Liara did not stop the movement of her hips. She merely slowed her thrusts, gripping Shepard’s hips and gritting her teeth in concentration. It was getting more difficult to ignore the heat and sopping wetness underneath the suffocating commando leather. Admitting defeat, though still reluctant to let go of the moment, Liara eventually withdrew and eliminated the biotic restraints.

Shepard fell to the bed with a groan, still reeling from her orgasm but thankful that she now had full use of her limbs. Her arms and wrists burned especially, but Shepard barely noticed the discomfort in her pleasure.

“I am taping this,” the broker revealed breathlessly. She pushed herself up and fumbled around the mattress in search of something. “But I think I’ll keep the footage to myself. Perhaps I’ll send you a copy later, if you’re good.”

When the asari held black silk in her fist, Shepard realized that she intended to put the blindfold back on. “Please!” Shepard cried. Liara paused and cocked an eyebrow, though Shepard could not see it behind the mask. “Please,” she repeated softly. “I want to see you.”

The broker shook her head. “There was something else you wanted to do, earlier. I can accommodate that request, but I’m afraid the cost is that this goes back on.”

Shepard nodded slowly, allowing Liara to wind the fabric around her skull and tie the ends into a firm knot. “I-I guess that’s a fair trade.”

“Good.” Liara began to undress, watching Shepard intently as she unbuckles and unzips the suffocating gear. Part of it was simple desire; Liara found it challenging to keep her eyes from the naked human. But the other part, the Shadow Broker part, worried that Shepard might yet attempt to make a run for it. All that talk of wanting to make the broker come could have been Shepard’s way of lowering Liara’s defenses for a final assault. She couldn't let that happen.

“Get on your back,” the broker commanded, and Shepard followed the order without hesitation, shivering on the mattress but otherwise waiting patiently for the asari’s next move.

Liara kicked her black boots from her feet before letting the outfit and gloves drop to the carpeted floor with a soft thunk. She removed the plain black underwear next. Liara sighed with relief as she stepped out of the clammy material and joined the human on the bed, shamelessly straddling Shepard’s face.

“Now, your reward.”
Liara lowered herself carefully, slowly, so that all Shepard could do was smell her desire and feel her heat no matter how frantically the human tried to lift her head to meet the broker half-way. The human’s nostrils flared at the broker’s descent, knowing exactly what she wanted her to do. Her mouth opened slightly, offering a tiny gasp before she was smothered by Liara’s wet cunt.

Shepard was glad that the broker had finally allowed her to return the favor. Not that it wasn’t nice to let someone else do the work for a change… there was no cramp in her wrist, plus the fact that the broker had been incredibly skilled in all areas of sex. But now she was in control, now she had the opportunity to pull herself together and make this asari unravel at the seams. There was a reason she made frequent mating melds with the dancers of Omega, and it wasn’t just to get off.

An image of Liara flickered in her mind, and Shepard swallowed that thought down, reminding herself that the good doctor was too young and too innocent and too not interested (or at least not interested beyond something akin to scientific interest in a lab subject). What was one more night of practice, even if it was with Shadow Broker?

The broker groaned at the first swipe of Shepard’s wet tongue. She felt immediate relief, even though she knew what a dangerous game she was playing at. ‘Just a little… taste,’ she thinks through the dizzying throb of lust now infiltrating her mind. ‘I just want to know… what it feels like. I won’t – I cannot – meld with her.’

Outwardly, Liara attempted her usual bravado even as she felt that she was spiraling out of control. “So, how is it?” she asked, finding once more a perfect place for her fingers in Shepard’s hair. The human hummed in approval when Liara used it as leverage, pushing her face exactly where she wanted it. “You’ve been with so many asari. How do I compare?”

“There is no comparison,” Shepard murmurs into Liara’s pussy, wishing desperately that she could see the asari’s face as she did this. “Ma’am.”

“You do learn, eventually,” the broker chuckled.

Shepard picked up her pace, but let her tongue wander around, stroking the asari’s clit firmly, then probing inside for a minute before darting to another area. Teasing, as the broker had teased her. But she was wet and delicious, and Shepard found that she couldn’t keep teasing for very long.

Gluttonous, Shepard attacked the flesh, sucking and licking until the broker’s distorted moans filled the room, one stacked on another.

“Goddess, you feel wonderful,” the broker sighed, gripping the human’s head tighter, rolling her hips against her slick face. “If you keep this up, I’ll –”

Liara felt a spike of pain hit her stomach, then roll down the rest of her body. The urge to meld had returned. The first wave had been relatively easy to dismiss. But this time, with Shepard’s mouth on her, the desire nearly blinded her. Her mind and body sang out not only for release, but for a connection. A connection with this creature Liara wanted so dreadfully.

She’s not an asari, Liara thought, She does not have the power over the union that I do. Perhaps if I join with her for only a moment, she will not see anything incriminatory and we…

Shepard’s hands came up to grip Liara’s thighs, bringing the asari closer to her as she continued the unrelenting movements of her tongue and mouth. The broker reached up to pull on her nipples, rocking into the human and gasping out in unabashed pleasure.

Yessss. Just a little taste. I need to meld with her. I need to have her like that, too.
Her eyes swirled to black when Shepard thrust her tongue deep inside, somehow finding the spot of pleasure and pressing against it firmly. Stars. She was seeing stars. Yes, I will come soon. And we will meld. And we will come together.

She pictured it. Oh, what a glorious victory! After all those years of pining after the woman she could never have, she was being fucked by her, she was coming on top of her, crying out the human’s name and collapsing. And then the human would turn over, smiling and press a kiss to the asari’s lips. She would say something romantic before reaching up to undo her blindfold and –

“No!” the broker shrieked, sending a bubble of biotic energy out in a sudden burst. It shattered the mirrors and sent Shepard flying across the room and colliding into a wall, hard.

“No,” Liara panted, “no, what I am I thinking?!”

She looked up, noticing too late the Spectre slumped on the floor, her green eyes staring back at her as the black silk hung loosely around her neck, evidently having been knocked free from the impact.

“You’re beautiful,” Shepard said.

The broker found some hope in the fact that she was still wearing the mask but knew she had to control the damage somehow. Panicking, Liara stalked over to the human, whose eyes went wide in surprise, and raised a biotically charged fist. She connected said fist to Shepard’s temple, effectively knocking the woman unconscious in just a few seconds. Shepard fell to her side on the glass-covered carpet.

“Shit!” Liara swore, assessing the situation with growing concern. Shepard had seen her, or at least her body. And see had thoroughly trashed Lysa’s apartment. Nothing had gone according to plan. “How could I be so stupid! How could I – !”

“No,” she breathed, stopping herself from further self-abasement. “No, I cannot waste time complaining. I must fix this.”

She slid down, sitting atop the glass shards and lifting Shepard’s head so that she could cradle it in her lap. Her head still hurt from not melding, but at least she was thinking more clearly now. She sighed, stroking Shepard’s damp hair, and allowed a moment to compose herself before she reached for her omnitool.

“Ilana, we have a situation.”

“What is it, ma’am?” came the muffled reply.

“I think it would be best for you to come in here.”

“Very well. As you wish.”
Chapter 5

Shepard awoke to discover herself hog-tied in the cargo bay of a shuttle. Someone was watching her from across the way, dressed in full armor and holding a pistol tightly to their chest. The Spectre examined the figure more closely, deciding that it was definitely another asari. But not the Shadow Broker.

“Well, welcome back,” said a voice, seeing that Shepard had finally risen. “How are you feeling?”

It was Ilana; Shepard recognized the tone. “My head fucking hurts.”

“My employer said you might feel that way.” The asari reached into her utility belt to produce two blue capsules and held them in front of Shepard. “Here, take these.”

“I’m not taking anything from you,” Shepard snarled, “considering how you drugged me.”

Ilana smirked, then let her fingers curl around the pills before putting them back. “It’s just a pain reliever, but if you’re going to be a bitch about it, then I guess you can just suffer from your headache.”

“A headache is the least of my worries right now.” Shepard leaned against the metal hull and winced in pain. It seemed that she’d received a few cuts from the shattered mirror. “Where are you taking me?”

“Back to Omega,” Ilana said. “My boss says she’s finished with you.”

“Who is she? Your boss?”

“Even I don’t know that,” Ilana admitted. “It’s rare that I even interact with her. Usually I only receive orders through the communicator or through her other agents.”

Shepard thought back to the brief glimpse of the broker’s naked form. “There is something familiar about her,” she whispered. “It’s like I know her from somewhere. But I know that’s impossible.”

Ilana shrugged, clearly growing bored with the conversation. A hiss echoed through the room as the door opened and another armor-clad asari entered. Ilana stood immediately and the other asari whispered something in her ear. Then, without a word to Shepard, she left.

“We’re almost there,” said Ilana, turning to the human.

“You’re just gonna let me go?”

“Would you like me to do something different?” Ilana purred with a smile. “Perhaps another time. I have strict orders from the Shadow Broker to return you safely to Omega.” She paused, bending down to face the human. “Also, and I’m really sorry about this, but I’m going to have to knock you out again.”

Shepard barely had time to laugh before the butt of Ilana’s pistol met with the human’s skull. For the third time that evening, her vision bled to blackness.
“Shepard!”

She heard the voice as though it had traveled through ten pound of cotton. Her head throbbed, the headache apparently worse than before. She had to imagine being repeatedly knocked in the head wasn’t great for one’s cranial health. ‘Is this how football players feel?’ she wondered morosely.

“Shepard!”

There it was again. Why couldn’t this person just leave her alone? Didn’t they know she had just been kidnapped and fucked by the most dangerous information broker in the galaxy? Didn’t they realize how exhausting that was? All Shepard wanted was to sleep and perhaps have a have tall glass of whisky and –

“Commander Shepard!”

The voice was joined by another voice.

“Perhaps we should contact Dr. Chakwas. She looks unwell.”

“Too much to drink?”

Yet another voice. How many people had gathered around her? Shepard wondered if she should sell tickets, even as her mind failed to respond outwardly to her audience.

“I don’t think so. Something has happened. When was the last time you saw her, Garrus?”

“She’s been missing for over six hours. Grunt says she went home with some asari.”

“She smelled funny,” replied a gravelly voice.

“Help me get her up. We should take her back to the Normandy. Chakwas can examine her and decide what exactly happened.”

Then Shepard dimly felt something hoist her up, both arms sliding around alien shoulders as the voices began dragging her from the Omega alley. Her final fleeting thought was worry and mortification that Dr. Chakwas, a woman she practically considered her mother, would discover all the evidence that the broker had left – the bruises and marks – the stickiness between her thighs of which she was even now vaguely aware.

Somewhere between the entrance to Afterlife and the docking bay, Shepard began to gain awareness. At first, the sounds of her companions’ voices became clearer. Then her vision began to
take shape, slowly processing the alien figures dragging her into the Normandy SR-2. Finally, she was able to move, flexing her fingers until finally she could manage to move her arms.

But when Shepard attempted to shrug off the krogan and turian’s aid, she only managed to stumble forward a few steps before she nearly fell flat on her face. Samara’s biotics thankfully saved her from a less than graceful face-plant into the metal floor below, and Shepard found herself wondering if Ilana hadn’t roofied her again – maybe after she pistol-whipped the human into unconsciousness for the third time.

“Shepard!” Garrus yelled. “Take it easy.”

“I’m fine,” she lied, even as her body refused to listen to her commands. ‘Walk forward. That’s right. Left, right, left – GODDAMMIT do not fall again.’ Shepard collapsed in front of the decontamination area, much to her own embarrassment. ‘Hi, I’m Commander Shepard, the savior of the Citadel, and I can barely walk on my own damn ship.’

“We must get you to Dr. Chakwas,” Samara said evenly. “You are unwell, Commander.”

“I’m fine,” Shepard repeated firmly. “I just drank too much. Nothing I can’t sleep off.”

The commander did a double take at the asari’s sudden appearance, hating the spike of desire that hit her at the hint of blue skin.

“Clean me up, you filthy slut. THIS is what you need. Someone to bend you over and fuck you like the whore you are until you learn you place. THAT is why you are enjoying this.”

“Where the hell did you come from anyway?”

“Garrus requested my assistance in tracking your whereabouts after you went missing.” The justicar fixed Shepard with an unreadable look, something about her crystal eyes making Shepard’s skin crawl with unease. “You are lucky we found you before some pack of mercenaries picked you up. Omega is a dangerous place.”

Grunt pulled Shepard up and she nodded in thanks. Finally, she could stand on her own two feet, although the krogan offered his shoulder to steady her. Garrus looked at her with worry, and Shepard looked away, finding it much easier to meet Samara’s steely glare than to face the concern of her good friend. Garrus had seen her walk away from scores of Eclipse mercs, geth, and one Reaper with only a few scratches to show for it. It must have felt strange to him to see Shepard struggling when she looked, for all intents and purposes, physically unharmed.

“You’ll beg,” the broker chuckled, letting her fingers tease along Shepard’s entrance, never dipping inside but rubbing insistently between wet folds. Shepard moaned, unconsciously canting her hips, trying to force the broker’s fingers to penetrate her.

“Look, I appreciate the concern, but I’m honestly perfectly fine. Just give me a minute to pull myself together, maybe have a cup of coffee, and I’m good as new, I promise.” When her words were met with obvious doubt, Shepard pressed on. “I’ve had worse hangovers in college. Seriously.”

Grunt seemed to take Shepard’s word for it, as he nodded and addressed her with a gruff, “Shepard,” before turning to leave. He was, truthfully, extremely glad that Shepard had decided to forgo the trip to the med bay. As nice as that squishy doctor seemed, Grunt just didn’t trust needles or anything that reminded him of his purgatory within the tank.
Garrus, however, needed more convincing. “Shepard, what happened back there?” he asked. “Grunt said you left with some asari, and then we find you passed out in the street.”

“You should let Dr. Chakwas examine you,” Samara agreed. “You have clearly suffered head trauma. It is likely that you might have a concussion.”

"Samara is correct, Shepard," EDI chimed in from somewhere in the room. "Your vital scans suggest that you have ingested a potent sedative within the last 12 hours. It would be prudent to seek medical attention."

Shepard winced at that, because suddenly her headache had returned with a vengeance. What the fuck was she supposed to tell her squad? Tell EDI? Tell Chakwas? “Well, it turns out that the asari I went home with is really an agent for the Shadow Broker, who kidnapped and fucked me for hours on end before knocking me unconscious and dumping me in an alley.” For the broker was right. How could she expect to lead a galaxy against millennia old synthetics when she couldn’t defend herself against one lone asari?

How could she expect the galaxy to respect her when she let the broker violate her – and enjoyed it?

No, whatever care Shepard needed wasn't something an AI or even a doctor could help her with. She would deal with the problem as she dealt with most problems - with quite a bit of whisky and perhaps a two-hour traverse through Fornax's extranet site. Or, if that failed, she could always shoot at things until she felt better. But for once, violence didn't seem like it would help. Shepard needed rest - time to think - and the privacy to do so alone.

"I believe I've told you once before, EDI," Shepard ground out, trying to resurrect some of that bossiness for which she was infamous, the bossiness that the broker had stripped from her only hours before, "that I won't be second-guessed by my own ship on my own ship. Omega is full of shady bartenders who want to kill me, apparently. Thankfully, Cerberus brought me back from the dead a bit tougher than before."

If she were any lamer, Shepard would have puffed out her chest in mock-bravado. Still, her words seemed to have put at least Garrus at ease, for his mandibles had finally stopped flailing ridiculously. "I appreciate you guys helping me out of there," she added, because it would have been rude not to, "but I'd appreciate it more if we kept this little incident to ourselves. Rest assured that whoever did this will be eating out of a straw for the rest of their life."

Garrus opened his mouth, but Samara cut off whatever it was he planned to say by placing a firm hand on his shoulder.

"As you wish, Commander," the justicar replied coolly, and Shepard couldn't bring herself to look at her without thinking of the naked, blue and freckled skin she'd glimpsed for only a moment. "Garrus and I will return to our posts."

Shepard nodded, relieved. "Dismissed."

Only Samara lingered for a moment as Garrus filed out. "A word, Commander," the justicar said simply. "It is no business of mine what you do in your free time, but don't believe for a second that you're fooling me."

Wide-eyed, Shepard said, "I don't know what you're talking about."
"Unless the bartender in question was an asari who spent a very long time mating with you, I'm not sure why else you would smell so strongly of my people's pheromones." When Shepard finally met Samara's gaze, the human found no judgement or disgust etched in her regal features - only slight worry. "I trust everything was consensual, even as evidence suggests otherwise. You are certainly welcome to do as you please, Commander, but a visit to either Dr. Chakwas or Yeoman Chambers wouldn't be out of the question. I am told human health care professionals keep all matters in strict confidence."

"And you are welcome to your opinion, Samara," Shepard returned evenly when she had finally found her voice, "but I don't take orders from anyone. Have I made myself clear?"

"Perfectly, Commander," Samara murmured before pivoting on her high heels. She gave a single look behind her as she remarked, "Whoever she is, her scent is familiar to us both."

Then Shepard found herself in the unusual position of being completely speechless as the justicar sauntered away.

One of the first things Matriarch Benezia told her daughter about her new line of work was that everyone had needs. Asari in particular were social creatures, and it was perfectly natural to want sexual or platonic companionship. Ignoring those desires did not make them disappear. On the contrary, Liara knew from her training and from experience that denial could make matters worse. So, Liara knew she couldn't hope to control her desire for Shepard. But she also knew that she could control how she went about dealing with those desires.

Case in point, her session with Shepard left Liara frustrated, angry, a little apprehensive and extremely horny. While she was glad to have terminated their love-making before she did something she would later regret, her actions unfortunately left a painful ache between her legs. The answer was easy for most species, but as asari could not truly orgasm without linking their minds to another being, Liara couldn't take matters into her own hands.

As luck would have it, Liara was not without attractive, young female agents simply dying for her attentions. Of course, none of them knew she was the Shadow Broker. Most, like Ilana, considered Liara to be the broker's right-hand woman. As such, the agents knew that favor from Liara would ultimately mean favor from the broker. Liara's beauty was an added bonus. She wondered if her agents would be so willing to sleep with her if she looked like the yahg her mother had killed over a century ago.

Liara preferred to bed mostly human women. Although she admittedly found the species attractive (especially Shepard), her reasoning had more to do with the fact that humans could not meld. In addition, being relatively new to the galactic community, humans did not have the knowledge or familiarity with the Union that other species possessed. Liara found she could relax with her human lovers without having to wall up her mind or fear that they might seek out information not freely given.
The human currently kneeling before her was a personal favorite. Liara wasn't sure why she preferred this particular agent, Kate, over her others. She knew only that she found the human's demeanor familiar, even if she looked so physically different from Shepard. Perhaps it was the differences which drew her to this human - she was shorter than Shepard, tanner, with dark hair and honey brown eyes. But she had a deep, husky voice and a bit of an attitude. She was also quiet for someone with so much swagger, a fact that Liara appreciated - especially in moments like this.

"Undress me," Liara instructed her agent, who began immediately with Liara's boots, gingerly undoing the laces and sliding them off her feet, taking her socks with them. Liara's pants were next, and the asari lifted her hips slightly to accommodate the other woman's actions. They had danced this dance countless times before, and both women fell into an easy routine.

Except when Kate reached up to remove Liara's top. Then the asari stopped her by placing two gloved hands over hers.

"Leave it," she said. "I'm rather... rushed tonight."

The human nodded, as if understanding, and pressed her mouth to Liara's pussy. She was still sopping wet from her time with Shepard, even after a two-hour shuttle ride, and the prospect of finally finding release put the asari instantly in the mood. She closed her eyes, drowning out her agent's face and imagining instead that Shepard was between her thighs again. It was Shepard who flicked a warm tongue up and down Liara's clit, Shepard who slipped two fingers inside of her without warning.

Normally, Liara would assert herself and bark at Kate that she hadn't given her permission to use her hands yet. This time, however, Liara was too worked up to care. In fact, the sudden penetration was exactly what she needed, and Liara rocked her hips against the human in wordless appreciation.

Liara's eyes swirled to black, and she initiated the meld without warning, causing human below her to groan as she felt her efforts being reflected subtly on her own body. Normally, Liara would have waited to join until the last moment, but she had already surpassed her limits of self-control with Shepard. Biotics hummed around Liara as she rocked her hips, unaware or perhaps uncaring at the way she was jerking into the human's face.

The human added a third finger, and Liara keened at this. “Goddess, yes,” she gasped, driving herself down onto those digits, undulating her body and forcing her partner to match her pace. “I need more.”

Soft lips formed a seal around Liara's swollen bud and sucked dutifully. Liara muttered encouragement, tightening her grip on the human's hair as the agent applied more force into each thrust. It was measured, methodical – nothing like the desperate, all-consuming mouth of Shepard.

Still, she pretended.

*Green eyes, blazing with defiance yet clouded with lust stared back at her from the mirror. Moisture trickled obscenely down the human's freckled thighs as she slid back, savoring the tiny whimper from the once proud Spectre before urging the artificial cock forward and plunging into Shepard's engorged sex. The broker pressed her hips into Shepard's still sore backside, marveling at the way the sensation-transmitter translated the human's tight heat to feel like a mouth firmly sucking at her clitoris.*

“You feel so good.”
A warm tongue explored wet, indigo folds from beneath the desk as the broker delivered instructions to her agents. Liara twitched in her seat when Shepard began thrusting into her, keeping a steady and harsh rhythm which ultimately drove the asari to the very edge of...

“Sh-Shepard I'm coming,” Liara murmured finally, arching her back and silently writhing in ecstasy.

Kate waited patiently for the asari to recover, licking her lips rather smugly at a job well done when Liara's eyes turned back to blue, although her breath still fell out in short, uneven puffs. Satisfied, the broker eventually released her grip on the human's hair and ordered her to stand.

“You've done well,” Liara said. “Please inform me when we have reached the base. Until then, I am not to be disturbed. I will need my rest if I am to meet with the broker.”

“Yes, Dr. T'Soni,” she said automatically. “As you wish.”

Then she left the broker to figure exactly how she was to fix the mess she had inadvertently caused.

Five days. It had been five days since the incident, yet Shepard couldn't stop thinking of the mysterious asari. Five nights of lying awake, touching herself but never finding the relief she sought. It was as if the broker had cursed her, or maybe the repeated blows to the head were to blame. Her brain certainly felt broken, even though her body had healed. The halo of a bruise around her nipple had mostly faded, its deep purple giving way to brownish-yellow. The cuts had closed as well; pink lines were all that remained, quiet testaments to the fact that what had occurred had most certainly not been a dream.

She tried to forget, to separate herself from what happened, tried to launch herself into work with fervor. Her mission only grew in importance - she had to show the galaxy that she could accomplish the impossible. The broker's words still haunted her; she had to prove that she was more than just an object for asari to use. She was still Commander Shepard, Savior of the Citadel, she was still Humanity's First Spectre. Nothing would change that.

Thankfully, most of the crew dismissed Shepard's disappearance as another late night hook up - albeit one that went a little further than usual. Apparently, Shepard's reputation preceded her. Even Yeoman Chambers dismissed the situation with a light tease about the commander's asari fetish. Only Samara seemed nonplussed, staring right through Shepard's lies and easy manner with hauntingly pale blue eyes. Admittedly, Shepard couldn't even stand to be in the same room as the justicar. She hadn't added Samara to the roster since the incident, and her weekly visits to the observation deck ceased as well.

Shepard couldn't help herself. Being around asari only seemed to remind her of the broker. Even her attempt at blowing off steam with an Afterlife dancer failed. Worse still, Shepard suspected that Samara might be the Shadow Broker herself. After all, she had shown up out of nowhere - not to mention her cryptic comment about pheromones and familiar scents. True, the broker seemed younger - much younger than the justicar, but everything happened so quickly. Shepard couldn't be sure that her memory of a slim, sky-blue asari was accurate.

Samara seemed to sense Shepard's unease around her, giving the commander a wide berth. Shepard
was thankful for this, as she realized how ridiculous she was to even entertain the thought of a justicar warrior being the galaxy's most powerful information broker. And yet, she couldn't think of any other asari who could possibly be the broker. It couldn't be Aria, mostly because Shepard figured the arrogant pirate queen would never be able to keep such power secret. Besides, Aria had purple skin and Shepard was certain that the broker had been blue. So that ruled out Councillor Tevos, that husky-voiced bartender and especially Shiala. The only asari with light blue skin she knew besides Samara was Liara. And there was no way in hell that the shy archaeologist could be the Shadow Broker.

Even if Liara was now dealing intel, even if Shepard had walked in on her making Benezia-like threats, there was no way she was the broker. Not innocent, adorable Liara T'Soni. She hadn't really meant it when she said she'd flay someone alive with her mind, she was simply trying to get people to take her seriously. Even her sudden hardened exterior could be explained - losing both her mother and her friend would take its toll on anyone, especially some one as kind-hearted and naive as Liara.

Shepard closed her eyes and let the warm water cascade down her naked body. Thoughts of Liara were always painful. Their was a tragic love story; Shepard couldn't believe a grunt like her could ever be a match for someone like Liara. And now, even if Shepard though they could find happiness, Liara seemed hell bent on pushing the Spectre away.

She remembered the hug, the warmth of Liara’s body pressing against her, the blue face resting slightly on her shoulder. But then it was all business. Liara was on edge; she kept standing up and pacing around the office. Shepard wanted to scream at her to sit down, to shut up, to tell her what had happened in the two years she’d been gone, to tell her anything. Liara just smiled coldly and requested Shepard’s help in hacking terminals.

What had happened to Liara? Why wouldn’t she come back to the Normandy, and why did she suddenly take up trading intel?

“Damn it,” Shepard swore, beating a wet fist against the steel wall. The water had long since turned cold, but the Spectre didn’t care. Even shivering, she stood under the showerhead, hoping in vain that the freezing spray might distract her from her worries.

“I have a mission,” she whispered hoarsely. “I can’t let myself get distracted by asari.”

Funny, she was sure some of her crew had said the same thing after a few too many shore leaves on Omega. Now she couldn’t even look at another blue-skinned creature without thinking about the broker, remembering what it was like to feel so used and raw. A spike of desire hit Shepard even now at the mere suggestion of it.

She let a hand trail down the hard muscle of her stomach, barely even conscious of the movement, as her mind ran away with fantasies of the blue goddess. Shepard closed her eyes, fingers tracking deep inside, as she imagined the broker standing naked before her. Her cerulean-hued skin shimmered as she approached, moisture rolling down her curves obscenely. The broker wasn’t wearing a mask, and Shepard took in the pale face and blue eyes as –

“Sorry to interrupt, Commander Shepard,” EDI chimed, “but Operative Lawson has requested your presence in her office immediately.”

Shepard’s eyes snapped open, and she quickly flung her hand to her side, sucking in a shaky breath. “She can’t wait?”
“Operative Lawson believes it is imperative that you come as soon as possible.”

“Tell her I’ll be there in ten,” the human ground out. “And she’d better not be wasting my time.”

“Of course. Logging you out, Shepard.”

Commander Shepard barely bothered drying off before she shoved on a pair of cargo pants and a standard issue tank top. Her usually flame red hair was a deep red, almost black like the color of blood. Moisture dripped haphazardly along her shoulders, darkening the gray fabric of her shirt as well. Shepard managed to pull on a pair of combat boots before she headed for the elevator to see what the hell Miranda wanted.

Operative Lawson, for the immediacy of her request, looked very calm when Shepard entered her cabin. In fact, she sat at her desk, typing away as if nothing were out of the ordinary. Only the ding of the mechanical doors made Miranda look up from her work.

“Shepard.”

Shepard tried to keep the gravel out of her voice, but it escaped anyway. “Miranda, EDI told you me you had something important to discuss.”

“Yes,” she replied, taking in Shepard’s damp and disheveled appearance. “I’m sorry, was I interrupting something?”

“Just a shower, however, I would appreciate you getting to the point.”

“Right.” Miranda rose from her chair and turned her back to Shepard before continuing. “Remember what I told you about my sister – about my genetic twin?”

“I remember telling you that I don’t have time for personal issues,” Shepard returned, “and that I would consider helping if and only if something took us to Illium.”

“Shepard, please!” Miranda turned around, her usual taciturn exterior giving way to distress. “I have reason to believe that if we don’t go to Illium soon, my father’s agents will interfere. I cannot allow her to be taken by him. She deserves a normal life.”

The Spectre took a deep breath before she replied, “Miranda, I know this is important to you. But I can’t ask Joker to plot a course completely out of the way of our current objective just because you have a hunch.”

“Make time,” the brunette implored. “We need supplies. And you have friends in Illium. Dr. T’Soni was aboard the original Normandy, wasn’t she? I’m sure she’d appreciate a visit from you.”

“No, I doubt that very much,” Shepard murmured.

“Shepard, I know we need to acquire the Reaper IFF, but I also know that I won’t be able to concentrate on the mission if I’m worried that my sister is out there somewhere, being used by my
father.” Blue eyes narrowed, meeting haunted green ones. “If you can make time to have dalliances on Omega, you can make time for your crew.”

Silence hung in the room as both women regarded each other with scowls and crossed arms. Finally, Shepard gave in, rolling her eyes and informing EDI to plot a course for Illium. “I expect you to have your head in the game after this, Miranda,” she snapped, turning to leave.

“I hope you can do the same, Commander,” Miranda retorted coolly, resuming her place at her desk.

Shepard paused, as if thinking of a response, but seemed to swallow her first choice of words. “Be ready to dock in 16 standard galactic hours,” Shepard tempered. “I suggest you get some rest until then.”
“Welcome back, Shadow Broker,” piped Glyph, Liara’s trusted information drone as the asari stalked into the Hagalaz base. “It is currently 1100 hours, and you have ten messages that require your attention.”

“Are any of these messages urgent?”

Glyph paused. “Four of these messages require immediate attention. The other six do not.”

Liara examined her personal terminal, clicking through the messages. A few of her agents were requesting additional orders. The broker quickly typed, “Keep following the target. Do not lose him,” before turning her attention to more pressing matters – or at least matters more pressing to her.

“Glyph, I need you to pull up surveillance footage on the Normandy SR-2.”

“Any particular feed, Broker?”

“I need to locate the whereabouts of Commander Shepard,” Liara replied, taking a seat in front of her information screens.

“Commander Shepard is currently on Deck 3, inside Starboard Observation. Shall I secure a live feed from this area?”

“That is the justicar Samara’s room, is it not?” Liara dismissed the question before the drone could answer. “Nevermind. Just pull up the feed.”

“Straightaway, Broker.”

Liara stared at the screen with apprehension. Shepard towered over the justicar as she meditated in the center of the room. “Glyph, enable sound on this feed. I need to hear what they are saying.”

“Samara said as her eyes returned to their normal blue. The biotic ball on which she had focused was also discarded. As the justicar lowered her arms, the energy dissipated like smoke. “I was wondering how long it would take you to seek me out.”

“I need to talk to you,” Shepard replied plainly.

“I am listening.”

The human crossed the room so that she could face the asari, as uneasy as that made her. “You know what happened on Omega, don’t you?”

“I know only that you mated with an asari,” Samara corrected slowly. “Beyond that information, the only knowledge I possess is my own assumptions.”

“Assumptions?”
Samara regarded Shepard curiously, but did not otherwise betray any emotion. “I assume that you were taken by force, surprised. I had previously assumed that the union was consensual, but now it is clear to me that it was not.”

Shepard lowered her head in shame. “No, it was – it was – I – I don’t know what it was…”

“Perhaps Yeoman Chambers would be a better person to confide in,” Samara said gently. “I do not have the necessary training –”

“I need you,” Shepard objected. “You’re an asari. You’re the only one who can help me.”

“Help you?”

“I need to find out who she is.”

“I don’t understand how I can help you.”

Shepard stared at Samara. “She said she was the Shadow Broker. She knew who I was. Hell, she knew everything about me.”

"I know of this... Shadow Broker, but what does this have to do with me?"

"She looked like you. From what little I saw. She had… skin like yours. Pale, freckled. But she was younger." An idea occurred to Shepard, as her memory suddenly flashed back Morinth's apartment. "You said that she – well, her scent – was familiar. What if it was one of your other daughters?"

The justicar shook her head. “Mirala may have been the spitting image of myself, but I’m afraid Rila and Falere take after their father. They also reside in a secluded monastery. I would be very impressed if either of them had the resources to be the Shadow Broker.”

“I need to know who she is!” Shepard repeated, almost shrieking the words. “I can’t take it, knowing she’s out in the galaxy somewhere, watching everything I do.”

“Do you seek revenge?” Samara inquired. “Or is there something else you wish to do with this information?”

“I – I don’t know. Just please. Please help me. You're the only person I can ask.”

Shepard allowed Samara to reach up and seize her wrist. The justicar tugged lightly, encouraging Shepard to face her on the floor. Once the human had settled into a comfortable position, the justicar’s eyes flashed to black.

“I will help you, Shepard,” Samara declared finally. “Join with me. Show me what you saw, and I will do what I can to uncover the identity of this woman.”

Shepard had no time to react before the older woman intoned, “Embrace Eternity” and the process began.

Relax, Commander, Samara intoned from within their joined consciousness. I am going to access your memory now. You may feel some… pressure as I look for what I need.
Perhaps pressure had been a poor choice of words. When Samara began deepening the meld, Shepard felt a jolt of pain zing through her spine. She hissed, physically wincing at the sensation. Samara’s grip tightened, making the human suddenly aware that Samara now held both wrists. Shepard knew she wasn’t making this easy for the justicar, but she couldn’t help her reaction. The last time she had melded with another asari had been with the broker, and it was a memory she did not wish to relive despite her desire for the truth.

“Relax,” Samara repeated, this time aloud.

“Everything we share, we share together. I will not abandon you in this, Commander.”

Shepard grunted in reply as the asari pressed harder. This time the pain was lessened, and she felt only a strange vertigo as Samara began extracting certain parts of her mind.

The first memory had been her last. The Spectre hadn’t expected that, though it made sense. Recent memories were the easiest to access, and Samara laid it bare for both of them to see.

_Shepard had been blindfolded again. The broker demanded that she lie on her back, and the human did so without question. She waited in blindness, listening to the hiss of leather sliding from skin and the thud of boots hitting the floor before she felt the mattress cave with the broker’s weight._

_“Now, your reward,” the broker intoned. Shepard hadn’t noticed before, but it was obvious that the broker’s voice was female even with the distortion. Though she couldn’t quite make out the pitch, Shepard could at least discern the breathy quality underneath the disguise._

_She could smell the broker’s desire as the asari climbed atop the human’s head, knees straddling each side of her and bare feet touching the sides of her toned arms. Straining her neck, the human tried to sample the broker’s wetness. The asari merely chuckled as she tilted her hips back a few inches, denying Shepard what she so desperately craved before finally settling centimeters above the human’s breathless mouth._

_The broker tasted better than any asari the commander had ever been with. Her arousal was sweet and thick like honey, but tinged with a musky almost alkaline flavor that hinted at its carnal origins. Shepard tried to expertly tease the woman but found she couldn’t pace herself, especially when the broker grabbed a fistful of her hair and directed the human’s attentions exactly where she needed it._

Samara decided to spare Shepard the discomfort of continuing through such a graphically obscene memory and pressed forward, extracting an even more recent event.

_The broker was mashing her sex into the human’s mouth, moaning and undulating as the Spectre snaked her tongue deep inside. She was close; Shepard could tell even without sight by the uneven bucking of the asari’s hips. The human pressed the tip of her tongue against a particular spot and the asari went rigid._

_That’s when Shepard felt an alien sensation flicker along her mind. The broker was initiating a meld to orgasm. She wasn’t surprised by this development, as she had been with enough asari to both grow accustomed to the feeling and familiar with the knowledge that the meld was necessary for release._

_Yet it was short-lived. Shepard felt the broker’s muscles constrict around her tongue before a powerful biotic discharge sent her flying into the apartment’s drywall. Her shoulder made contact first, then her head, before her body slipped onto the glass-covered carpeting below._
“No!”

“No! What was I thinking?”

The human looked up, realizing that the blindfold had fallen loose. The broker stood a few feet in front of her, naked, glowing and pulsing with blue light. Shepard had never seen such a gorgeous creature in her life. The asari’s beauty was undeniable, yet unpretentious in its perfection. She was tall, probably about the commander’s height and slim, boasting both the tone of a hardened mercenary and the curves of a lingerie model. Her breasts were large but not overwhelmingly so, with subtle freckles dusting the top of each one and tiny indigo nipples which protruded erotically. The commander’s eyes swept down, taking in the broker’s wet engorged sex and long legs.

“You’re beautiful.”

She hadn’t thought to examine the broker’s face until it was too late. Now aware that her captive could see, the broker stalked closer and raised a biotically-charged fist. Shepard had a moment to glimpse striking blue eyes before the masked figure knocked her unconscious.

“She is young,” Samara said finally as she ended the connection with Shepard. “No doubt she had been the Shadow Broker for awhile, but she lacks the restraint of a matron.”

Shepard waited for the justicar to continue, her fingers moving to entwine with Samara’s. She accepted the gesture, relaxing her hold on the commander’s wrists and allowing the human to clasp bare hands with gloved ones. Samara felt pity for Shepard, knowing it must have been difficult to share something so personal with a woman she barely even knew. Yet Samara herself had already shared a deeply personal pain with the human. She hoped that the show of physical affection helped ease the commander’s anxiety. Samara trusted Shepard. She wanted to show the human that she could trust her too.

“Even, she is clearly intelligent,” the justicar added after a moment of heavy silence. “The Shadow Broker made sure to cover her tracks. Between the voice modulator and the mask, it is difficult to acquire any real impression of her identity.”

The words sounded more like an apology than anything else. Shepard blinked in disbelief. She had been so sure that Samara could help her, could discern something—a girl that the commander had missed. What she had shared with Samara had been humiliating – and for what?

“So, you don’t know who she is?”

The justicar shook her head slowly. “Do you not know of anyone who might fit the description?”

“I know a lot of asari,” the commander replied, her voice catching in a half-laugh. “Most of them are young. And intelligent. That doesn’t really narrow it down.”

Shepard let go of Samara’s hands and began to stand. The justicar remained seated, but studied the human carefully. “Consider that it must be an asari with whom we are both familiar,” she suggested. “Forgive me for saying so, but you have routinely chosen other crew members to accompany you at Afterlife. The Shadow Broker is not some dancer. She is a dangerous woman who has been trained extensively in the art of espionage.”

“But she has agents who dance there,” Shepard pointed out.
“You will find she has agents in many places, commander.” The justicar smiled sadly. “I am sorry I was unable to help you, but you can trust that what we have shared together will remain in confidence.”

Shepard knew Samara was telling the truth. The Code would not allow her to lie, not about something so serious. Offering her best impression of a smile in return, the commander nodded her thanks. Perhaps Samara had not been able to give her answers; even so, she had given Shepard plenty to reflect on.

“Thank you.”

The asari stood as well, placing a hand on Shepard’s still damp shoulder. “You remind me very much of someone I once knew,” the older woman murmured. “There is a vulnerability to you, even in all your strength. That is how she was able to control you.”

“Just what I need, another asari telling me how weak I am.”

“Not weak,” Samara corrected. “Fragile. It was what I loved most about her. You carry the world on your shoulders not just because you are able, but because you care. You put up a wall, Shepard, but I know you are more complex than the selfish and brash soldier you appear to be.”

“Complex,” Shepard snorted. “That’s an interesting way of putting it.”

“Yes, deflecting praise with humor is another one of your complexities.” Samara smiled, her lips curving genuinely. She leaned forward to place a chaste kiss on the commander’s forehead. “Thank you for trusting me with this,” she murmured. “I know it was not easy. I am glad you consider me a comrade with whom you can share burdens.”

“To be honest,” the human chuckled, “I thought for a minute that it could have possibly been you.”

For a split second, Samara’s customary granite expression waned, giving way to shock. “And you were to confront me on your ship?”

“I hadn’t really thought it through,” she admitted sheepishly. “Coming back from Miranda’s office, I walked past and I… well, I knew it wasn’t you as soon as you looked at me. Then I thought, hey, she’s an asari. She probably has the Shadow Broker on speed dial, or at least knows where to find her.”

Shepard waited a beat before edging away from the justicar. “I should go. It’s late and we dock at Illium tomorrow. Miranda needs my help with something.”

“I’m glad you finally agreed. Miranda has been very worried.”

“I know,” Shepard sighed guiltily. “I’ve just been… distracted.”

“Before you go, may I ask you one final question?” Shepard paused, and the justicar pressed on. “Why do you visit Afterlife so often? Omega doesn’t seem like a place that suits you very well, all things considered.”

“Well, that is quite the question,” Shepard said, then pivoted to perform a sudden about-face. “The million dollar question.”
And then she was gone.

But something about Samara’s tone seemed to suggest she already knew the answer.
Chapter Notes

Sorry this is so short - I couldn't find a better way to break up the chapters. More up soon. I'm trying to update my AO3 version before I add the next chapter over at the kink meme.

Back on the Hagalaz base, the Shadow Broker managed to tear her eyes from the feeds long enough to notice the pile of smoking data pads gathered around her position. She was humming with biotics, her fists curled into tight hammers with which she pounded the console.

Samara had melded with Shepard. Her Shepard. The kiss meant nothing; she and Shepard had shared far more intimate kisses, in far more intimate places. She was more concerned with the fact that Samara had invaded Shepard’s mind. The Shepard she was supposed to possess. And Shepard had asked her to do this! Begged, even.

Was she some kind of joke to Shepard? To the justicar? Very young. Lacks restraint.

It was Shepard who lacked restraint. She would fuck and meld with any asari who batted their lashes at her. Goddess, the human was insufferable and shameless! Yet she never once touched Liara or expressed interest in her beyond a friend and colleague. The closest Liara had ever been to Shepard had been when they first met. When Liara had initiated a meld with the commander in order to decode the images of ruin that the Prothean beacon had burned into her mind…

“We melded!” Liara exclaimed, launching a new train of thought.

How could she forget? How could ever she forget the bright pull of her commander’s mind, the awe and the power which had been swiftly clouded by despair and annihilation? True, it hadn’t been a mating mend, nor had it been a particularly deep one. But neither had Samara’s. In fact, Samara hadn’t even been the reason Shepard wanted to meld. Shepard was thinking about her. She wanted to find out the Shadow Broker’s identity. She wanted to find Liara. This revelation calmed the asari, if only enough to return her attention to the feed in front of her and the now nearly vacant room in which Samara sat silently meditating.

“Glyph,” the broker cried sharply, “I need Commander Shepard’s current location.”

“Commander Shepard is in her private cabin,” the drone replied. “Shall I switch feeds, Shadow Broker?”

“Immediately.”

The screen flickered to show an empty room illuminated only by the glowing blue and orange of a fishtank and monitor.

“Glyph,” Liara barked, “switch cameras and stop wasting my time!”
The feed changed to facilitate a clear view of Shepard’s queen-sized bed. The soldier appeared to have only crawled into it. Liara noted a pile of clothing near the nightstand and couldn’t help the smile that formed. “Shepard must be naked under there,” she whispered.

Shepard was indeed nude. Liara confirmed the fact as Shepard drew the covers down enough to capture both breasts in her palms. Choking, the broker magnified the feed, watching in rapt attention as Shepard kneaded her breasts sensuously, pausing only to stroke her nipples with each thumb and forefinger.

The sight was very arousing. And equally infuriating. No doubt Shepard was fantasizing about the buxom justicar in the deck below, imagining what might have happened had the maternal kiss turned into something more carnal. Liara could feel her biotics rising, threatening to spill over again.

“Is something the matter, Shadow Broker?” Glyph asked, hovering in the air beside the terminal. “Your biotics are growing increasingly unstable. Do you wish to stop viewing this feed?”

“No!” she growled, biotics flaring even more wildly.

“No. Do not do anything Glyph. In fact, go bother Feron in the other room until I tell you otherwise, you worthless info drone!”

“As you wish, Shadow Broker,” the drone chirped. Liara ground her teeth in anger, and was unable to keep from frying one of the nearby visual display unit as he scurried out the door to carry out her orders.

Really, why she had ever kept that thing she would never know. Even Benezia had hated Glyph, muting it more often than she asked it for assistance. The acolytes used to make a running joke of it – the few who were ever allowed to step foot on the secret base. “No one could ever hope to get under Matriarch Benezia’s skin,” Liara remembered Shiala once saying. "Unless you're an annoying info drone!” The other commandos had chortled with delight at the comment before they discovered Liara spying in the corner and drove her back into the gardens.

A soft moan brought the broker back to reality. While one hand still groped Shepard’s breasts, the other had snuck below the comforter. Liara could see the outline of Shepard’s hand moving in quick circles between her legs. The broker settled back into her chair, her own hand moving to mimic Shepard’s actions.

She’s thinking of someone else, Liara told herself. Even so, Liara couldn’t help but touch herself at the sight in front of her. She knew that she would only end up calling her agent into the room again if she kept it up, yet Liara felt compelled rub against her clit insistently just as Shepard was doing on the Normandy.

“Shepard,” the broker sighed, watching the commander’s breasts sway in time with each thrust.

She was obviously deep inside by now, fucking herself with a steady rhythm. Liara resolved to mimic that as well and let two gloved fingers split her wet folds. She pulled back, licking her lips, then drove forward, falling easily in synch with Shepard’s thrusts.

Liara found herself becoming unable to focus on the screen in front of her. Closing her now darkened eyes, she spread her legs wider and propped both boots atop the console as she continued fucking her azure with increasingly sticky fingers.
Her own moans stacked upon Shepard’s, and wet slaps punctuated the air as both women relentlessly sought out their own pleasure. Liara added a third finger, not caring whether or not Shepard had done so. She needed more so desperately. Hips shook at every recoil of her fingers. Wetness pooled in the chair below, but Liara kept up her pace chasing something only Shepard could give her but her limbs tried to emulate.

Then Liara heard Shepard suck in a sharp breath before crying out a name.

Chapter 8

The mission on Illium proved successful. Shepard thwarted the betrayal, saved Oriana, and managed to patch things up with Miranda to boot. The Cerberus officer seemed happy to see her sister’s life continue unmolested by her father’s ambitions, and Miranda’s trust, though shattered by Nikket, was only strengthened in Shepard.

“Thank you again, Shepard,” Miranda had told her on their way back from the warehouse, blue eyes still shining with unshed tears. “It feels nice to know that whatever happens to me, my sister will be safe with her new family.”

“I’m glad I was able to help,” Shepard replied solemnly. She looked to Garrus, then back to Miranda before adding, “It’s been a long day. Why don’t you two head back to the Normandy? I’ll met up with you in a bit, after I run some errands to run.”

“Just try not to run into anymore asari,” Garrus half-joked.

Shepard found herself faking a smile in reply. “Don’t worry. I won’t step foot in Eternity, although I’m pretty sure that bartender actually likes me.”

The commander watched her crew members wander off before turning on her heel. In some ironic twist of fate, Shepard realized that she had been standing in front on the stairs to Liara’s office. She took a step forward, then hesitated. Shepard wanted to see Liara. But she also wondered if she could even look Liara in eyes after all that had happened.

To make matters worse, Shepard had thought of the archeologist the night before. After speaking with Samara the soldier headed to bed only to find herself beset with thoughts of the broker, memories of their time together still fresh in her mind. It wasn’t a new occurrence; since the incident, Shepard had spent every waking hour thinking about the Shadow Broker. But Shepard never expected to entertain fantasies of Liara being the asari behind the mask.

Nor had she expected to enjoy the fantasy.

Shepard lifted her head, looking at the “administration” sign once more. She shuffled her feet broodingly, weighing her options. On one hand, Liara was probably too busy to entertain Shepard. On the other, she would know if Shepard had docked on Illium, and she would also know that Shepard did so without visiting her. Ultimately, Shepard’s unwillingness to hurt Liara outweighed her own feelings out shame, and Shepard made the reluctant trek up the stairs.

Nyxeris was at her desk when Shepard finally reached the top. The asari stood from her seat and smiled broadly when she saw the Spectre. “Commander Shepard,” she said with a slight bow of her head, “A pleasure to see you again. What can I for you?”

“Is Liara busy? I was hoping to catch a moment of her time.”

“I’m afraid Dr. T’Soni is away on business at the moment.” Nyxeris replied regretfully. “I’m sure she would love to see you. Would you like to make an appointment?”

“That’s okay. I just thought I’d stop in while I was in the neighborhood. It’s nothing important.”
“Regardless, I will tell Liara that you came by,” Nyxeris pledged.

“Yeah, please do,” said Shepard absently.

With that, Shepard resolved to return to her ship. But when the human took her first step toward the trading floor, everything went to shit.

A stasis field immobilized the Spectre. Quickly, a gloved hand came from behind to cover Shepard’s mouth and silence any subsequent screams. She bit down, hard, but her attacker merely laughed. It took only a moment for Shepard to realize that she had been sinking her teeth into a chloroform-soaked rag. Then her vision began blur.

\[I \text{ should have expected this},\] was Shepard’s first thought when she finally regained consciousness. Her second thought was panic, though the human swiftly dismissed it. If she was going to get out of this situation alive, she had to think calmly and clearly.

Thankfully, Shepard was not blindfolded. Glancing down, she discovered her own naked body had been tied to a chair by the wrists and ankles. Tentatively, the Spectre tested the strength of the rope and found herself unable to do more than merely squirm in place. Next, Shepard craned her neck to look around the empty room. Maybe there was something she could use to escape or a clue to help her figure out where she was. Despite the unfamiliar surroundings, she had no doubt in her mind who had abducted her this time.

“Shadow Broker,” she whispered.

As if on cue, a door hissed open, revealing a violet-skinned asari who Shepard instantly recognized as Nyxeris. It seemed likely that she had been Shepard’s attacker, though such information made her worry for Liara. The broker was definitely watching Dr. T’Soni if she had planted Nyxeris as her assistant.

“Commander Shepard,” said the asari casually, “I trust you are well.”

“Well?!” she shouted, her voice bouncing off the metallic walls. “You drugged me, kidnapped me, and tied me to a chair. Don’t pretend to be concerned for my comfort!”

“Aren’t we being a bit melodramatic?” Nyxeris returned, flicking a light switch nearby to better illuminate her prey. “I could have done much worse. You’re lucky the Shadow Broker ordered gentle detainment for her human pet.”

Shepard lunged forward, or tried to anyway. “Why don’t you come a bit closer and say that to my face?”

“My my,” she continued as if she hadn’t heard the human, “So feisty too.” Nyxeris glanced down at her omnitool, activating a few buttons. “The Spectre is awake, broker. I await your order.”

“I am on my way.”

The distorted voice was enough to send shivers down her spine. Shepard’s anxiety doubled when the
door opened again and a familiar black-clad figure stepped into the room.

“Ma’am,” said Nyxeris, standing immediately to attention.

The Shadow Broker gave the other asari a small nod. “Dismissed,” she said sharply. “I will deal with Shepard myself.”

She waited a beat for Nyxeris to leave then approached the bound woman. Shepard flinched with every click of her boots until the asari was standing mere inches from her position. The asari moved to cup Shepard’s chin between to two fingers and forced the human to look into her eyes. The fiery stare with which the asari was met made her chuckle.

“Miss me?”

Shepard allowed the broker time to form a self-satisfied smirk before she spat directly in the asari’s face.

Several emotions flickered across the broker’s face – anger, revulsion and shock – before Liara finally settled on amusement. She released Shepard and brought her hand to the mask, wiping away the offensive item.

“I’ll take that as a yes,” Liara finally remarked. Then she took her soiled hand and gave an open-palmed slap to Shepard’s cheek, rubbing the saliva into the human’s skin with a sneer.

“Fuck you.”

“I intend to,” the broker laughed, and Shepard knew she had walked herself right into that one. “And that’s what you want, isn’t it? It’s why you came looking for me, hmm?”

“What the hell do you think you’re doing sending one of your agents to spy on Liara T’Soni?” Shepard demanded hotly. “Are you spying on all of my friends now, or just her?”

“Dr. T’Soni is of little concern to me,” the broker replied. “That little pureblood couldn’t hurt a pyjak even if it crawled into her lap. Her information, however, proves useful from time to time. It amuses me to keep tabs on her. Your reaction only sweetens the pot.”

“If you touch her, I’ll kill you,” Shepard warned, struggling against her bonds and trying in vain to make the chair move.

The broker watched Shepard’s efforts with mild contempt before bringing one booted foot up to kick back the seat. Shepard fell with a loud clack and a groan as her head collided with the floor. Satisfied she had made her point, the broker leaned over her captive.

“You are in no position to make threats,” she jeered. “Besides, perhaps I have already touched Dr. T’Soni… intimately. Perhaps the reason why she has never expressed much interest in you is because she prefers to mate with her own kind.”

“You’re lying.”

“Am I?” The broker folded her arms across her chest. “Tell me, Spectre, have you never considered that Liara may in fact be working for me? That Liara knows Nyxeris is my agent? You’ve been gone for two years. Perhaps your pureblood friend and I have had plenty of time to get acquainted.”
“Don’t you dare drag her into this!” Then Shepard remembered Nyxeris’s words. *Away on business.* “You have her, don’t you?”

Liara clicked her tongue in disapproval. “Really, all this talk of Liara T’Soni is making me doubt that my lesson stuck.”

“Lesson?”

The asari bent down so that she was face-to-face with the prone human and grabbed hold of something. Shepard hadn’t noticed it before, but as the broker hooked two fingers in a metal ring and pulled, she suddenly realized that someone had fastened a thick leather collar around her neck.

“You are mine,” the broker hissed. “You are my property. I won’t allow you to go around offering yourself to every asari you see. But it seems you don’t quite understand our arrangement, Spectre. So I brought you here as a reminder.”

Then Liara kissed her. It was a hungry and aggressive kiss. The broker shoved her tongue into Shepard’s mouth without seeking approval, claiming the Spectre’ making her intent more than clear. The human gave in easily, moaning and allowing the broker access.

Yet when Liara finally pulled away, Shepard managed to muster some of her prior bravado. “You don’t own me you sick bitch,” she snapped, “and you don’t own Liara either. She’s not the kind of person who would lower herself to such company.”

“I wonder,” rebuked the broker, letting her thumb stroke Shepard’s bottom lip softly, “how well you really know Dr. T’Soni. What makes you think you know her better than I do? I’m a very good information broker, Shepard.”

“I served with Liara on the SSV Normandy. She’s a good friend, and there is nothing you can possibly say to smear her reputation. I’d never believe your lies anyway.”

“Lies?” the asari asked in mock-affront. “Quite the opposite, Spectre. I trade in truths. Lies are only told to hide the secrets that I seek. If anyone tells lies here, it’s you.” The thumb moved lower, caressing small circles down the human’s throat and the valley of her breasts. “Pretending that you don’t want me, that you don’t dream of all the ways I made you come the last time. That was only the beginning. I can offer you much, much more, Shepard. Why fight what we both know you crave?”

“Because this isn’t right,” Shepard growled. “And when I get out of here, I will find you and kill you.” Green eyes narrowed dangerously. “Especially if I find out that you’ve done anything to Liara.”

The thumb moved even lower. “Who says you’re leaving this place?”

A cold sweat broke all over the commander’s skin. “You won’t drop me off unconscious in some alley again, after you’ve had your fill of me?”

“Not this time, Shepard. If I let you leave here, you’ll shack up with some asari or get yourself killed on some dangerous mission. Neither scenario is desirable.” The asari’s hand found the collar and tugged forcefully. “Let me be clear. You are mine. No one else can have you – not another asari, not
the Collectors, not Cerberus – not even death. Do you understand me?"

The broker did not let her captive respond. Instead she tugged harder on the collar, forcing Shepard to meet her descending mouth. She expected the human to respond in kind as she had done previously, but the Spectre had other ideas. Without warning, Shepard brought her skull crashing into the asari’s, hitting her tormenter with a vicious head-butt that would make even Wrex proud.

Once the asari fell backward from the impact, Shepard made her move. She had managed to wriggle one wrist loose from the restraints while Liara had been talking, and the soldier wasted no time in yanking the appendage free. Shepard took her liberated right hand and used it to claw at the other bonds.

She had nearly finished untying one of her ankles before Liara used a powerful biotic blast to slam the Spectre back into place. Shepard met the blow with a grimace then rolled to her side, dragging the chair with her. The broker’s second blast missed as Shepard rolled again, desperately struggling with the rope as she shifted.

“Behave,” Liara warned, “or you won’t like what happens next.”

“Go fuck yourself,” was the human’s huffed reply. She unknotted the last restraint with a tug of her teeth then lunged for the door.

Liara seemed unusually calm, much to Shepard’s dismay. The human reached her destination without impediment. But when she touched her palm to the door panel, she heard the indistinct beep of an omnitool before a jolt of electricity traveled from her neck all the way down her spine.

The asari smirked as she circled around the crumbled form of the first human Spectre. “That collar isn’t just for show,” she purred. “It has a few key features installed. I hadn’t intended to use them, but you have forced my hand Shepard.”

“You fucking bitch,” Shepard moaned in pain.

“I told you that you would not like the consequences of your actions.”

The human wouldn’t take defeat as an answer and steeled her palms against the flooring, pushing herself into an upright position. Liara folded her arms across her chest and observed Shepard’s motions, activating her omnitool as soon as the human reached for the door again.

“I don’t enjoy hurting you, Shepard, but I will continue to do so until you cease this foolish behavior.” Liara activated her omnitool again, this time bringing up a holo of Nyneris. “Nyxeris, I require your assistance.”

“Right away, ma’am,” came the agent’s eager reply.

The broker regarded the twitching human with concern before adding, “Bring a few others with you. Just in case.”
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The broker was glad she had the prudence to request extra help, as Shepard thrashed and fought her captive even with the collar. When Nyxeris finally reentered, she had two other agents in tow. One was another asari, but the other one was a human female with blond hair and a scar stretching from the corner of her eye to the bridge of her crooked nose. When she walked, she reminded Shepard of Zaeed – all confidence and rough edges. Then there was Nyxeris herself, who Shepard had always found unsettling, and the bare-faced older asari.

It took all three women to wrestle Shepard back into the chair and then restrain her once more while the broker looked on, barking orders here and there. This time Nyxeris had brought heavy chains which the broker declared should be used in place of the rope. The asari agent wound the cold metal around Shepard’s hands and feet then finally secured the human’s waist and shoulders.

The broker stepped back to admire her handiwork, but decided something was missing. From her pocket, Liara produced a silk scarf and tied it around Shepard’s mouth to silence any further protests. “There,” she said. “Much better.”

“Mmrph thrmmmms whmmph cmmf,” Shepard moaned through the gag, green eyes blazing in defiance.

Liara ignored her prisoner, choosing instead to dismiss her agents. Once they had quietly shuffled out of the room with assurances to leave both the broker and Shepard be, Liara crossed to the other side of the room to retrieve a large silver briefcase. She approached the human and laid the briefcase on the floor, opening it so that Shepard could see its contents.

“I wanted to play with you again,” said the broker, locking eyes with her prey as she found the item she sought. “But I can’t reward bad girls. You’re going to have to spend some time alone thinking long and hard about what you’ve done, and when you decide to be good we can talk.”

Shepard began shaking her head vehemently when she realized what Liara intended to do. Holding up a rather bulky vibrator for inspection, the asari smiled toothily as she rubbed the inert toy along Shepard’s slit. Despite her rather violent objections, Shepard’s body was responding in full. Liara smeared the commander’s wetness all over her cunt, then held the toy in place with biotics while she probed the briefcase for something else.

“I hear humans can find all kinds of use for this,” she explained, securing the duct tape to the chair so that the vibrator would not shift while Shepard was enduring her punishment. The asari even made sure that the handle touched the seat so that every tremor of the toy would reverberate throughout Shepard’s body. “The vibration function will easily make a whore like you come. I’ll have to be extra careful to adjust the controls accordingly. It just won’t do to have you finish. This is supposed to be time for serious reflection.”

When Liara finally activated the device, Shepard jerked in response to the intense pulsation rubbing insistently against her clit.

“Too much?” the asari asked, activating a button on her omnitool to turn down the vibrator’s setting. “Like I said, you won’t be coming. Not yet anyway.”
The broker played with the controls a few times before she finally settled on a speed to her liking. Shepard whimpered through the gag and rolled her hips in response to the stimulation, but Liara could tell that it was only enough to tease the human. Still, she knew it wouldn’t take much to make Shepard scream. Liara made sure to monitor Shepard’s vitals – another feature of Shepard’s collar that she had forgotten to mention. If the Spectre ever became too close to climaxing, Liara could turn the toy off immediately and remotely.

Satisfied that she had every advantage while the soldier had none, Liara closed the briefcase and clutched its handle. “I hope you are more cooperative when I return,” she said, then turned toward the door, hips swinging seductively as she left Shepard in solitude.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this chapter was so short. I'm not so good as breaking this story up in a non-kink meme format.
Chapter Notes

Okay, so anons on the kink meme told me I'm evil for this interrupt. ^_^

It had been several hours since the crew had wrapped up their mission on Illium and Commander Shepard was still nowhere to be found. Operative Miranda Lawson knew that “running errands” did not usually take the first human Spectre an entire evening to complete, yet she was unconcerned about the commander’s absence. She had watched Shepard run into a myriad of familiar faces on Illium, from that undercover agent with entirely too much lip gloss to the strange green-skinned asari fighting for Zhu’s Hope. Just as Miranda had wanted to tie up loose ends before their suicide mission, she could not begrudge the commander for wanting to catch up with old friends one last time. She certainly owed her that much.

The genetically perfect woman sighed as she resumed scrolling through mission reports at her desk. Despite some minor setbacks, Shepard’s team was coming along nicely. Thane had just joined the ranks and the justicar Samara had proved to be even more of asset once she had dealt with her daughter on Omega. No longer distracted, the asari was focused and ready for the battles to come. Miranda only hoped that Shepard would come to a similar mindset in time; while the commander was still a strong leader and a talented soldier, she had seemed rather unhinged over the past few days.

Perhaps some shore leave on Illium is exactly what the commander needs right now, thought Miranda, who smiled and decided to keep her statement to the Illusive Man optimistic.

Shepard continues to build up her crew, Miranda typed, both by recruiting from the dossiers and by forging bonds with those already aboard the Normandy. The commander is currently enjoying a short rest on Illium. Suspect Shepard is spending time with her old friend Dr. Liara T’Soni. Believe presumed reconciliation will improve the commander’s morale especially if their reunion is sexual in nature.

While Shepard rarely spoke of her relationship with Liara, the Illusive Man seemed to think the two were lovers. And though Miranda couldn’t be exactly sure what to believe, Shepard did always act despondent whenever the archeologist was mentioned. Besides, Dr. T’Soni wasn’t fooling anybody but herself; as cold and as distant as the asari acted, it was obvious the way she felt about Shepard. Her eyes were very expressive.

The justicar is certainly a welcome addition to the team. Between Subject Zero, Samara and I, Shepard has a veritable biotic armada at her command. Unfortunately, Jack is not as skilled in controlling her temper as –

Miranda paused, her fingers halting mid-sentence as she turned her attention toward the pinging door. The topic of her report (or one of them) stood in her entryway, red armor glinting harshly in the light.

“I apologize for disturbing you,” said the justicar, “but I am worried about Commander Shepard. Did she not return with you to the Normandy?”
“She had errands to run,” Miranda explained, “I’m sure the commander will be back soon. She’s probably just relaxing a bit.”

Nevertheless, the Cerberus operative’s words did little to assuage the justicar’s concerns. Samara’s usually impassive veneer had given way to something else entirely – not exactly fear so much as uncertainty. Miranda was surprised. Usually Samara could be counted on to meditate on matters rather than jump to conclusions. It didn’t seem like her to be so worried about the commander’s whereabouts.

“EDI,” Miranda finally spoke, “do you have any information on Shepard’s location?”

The AI responded immediately. “Commander Shepard recently sent a message to Yeoman Chambers that she would be catching up with Dr. T’Soni until the morning.” A pause. “Why do you ask, Operative Lawson?”

“It’s nothing. Thank you.”

She had expected the news would pacify Samara, but the justicar remained standing, her face still wrought with conflicting emotions. “Have you noticed nothing amiss with the commander as of late?” the justicar asked.

Miranda’s eyebrows shot up in surprise. She quickly saved her work and gave the asari her full attention. “Shepard has been… off lately, yes. But the commander has been through a lot. I don’t think it’s abnormal for her to be affected by everything that has happened.”

“Perhaps you are right,” Samara conceded quietly. She grimaced before continuing. Goddess help her, she hoped that Shepard could forgive her for betraying her trust. “However, I know for a fact that the Shadow Broker is after Shepard. My fears are more for the commander’s safety than her sanity.”

“The Shadow Broker?”

“Are you surprised?”

Miranda looked pensive for a moment. “It’s just that Shepard had mentioned something about him before our last mission. She asked me if Cerberus had any records concerning the Shadow Broker.”

“And?”

“I told Shepard I would look into it,” Miranda continued. “But I also suggested that Liara T’Soni may know more than Cerberus. The Illusive Man seems to believe that she is working for the Shadow Broker.”

It was Samara’s turn to be surprised. The justicar shifted on her heels uncomfortably before speaking. “While I have no evidence to prove his theory without a shadow of a doubt, I do believe the Illusive Man may be correct. And if this is the case, then I fear that Commander Shepard may be in grave danger.”

“What do you suggest we do? I understand your concern, Samara, but I don’t like the idea of interrupting two love birds embracing eternity just because we have some hunch.”

“You are right,” Samara replied dejectedly. “It would be more prudent to wait and see.”

Miranda felt pity for the justicar. It was clear that she knew more than she was letting on, but guilt (or perhaps a promise?) kept the asari from revealing more than what was strictly necessary. “There is
something we can do in meantime,” she offered. “Among the many enhancements Cerberus grafted into Shepard’s body during the Lazarus Project, the Illusive Man instructed me to place a chip in order to track her location.” Samara shot the human a distressed look, and Miranda felt the need to clarify. “In case something ever happened again. The Illusive Man did spend trillions of credits on bringing the commander back. He is not one to take losing investments lightly.”

“So you can locate the commander’s exact location?”

“Yes, although it will take up to an hour to be sure the data is accurate.”

Samara nodded her thanks. Apparently this was enough. “Please inform me of the results when they are available. In the meantime, I will return to my meditations.”

Operative Lawson watched the asari’s retreating figure, then glanced down at her mission reports. Was Liara indeed working for the Shadow Broker? And if so, what interest did the broker have in Commander Shepard? What exactly did he plan to do with the first human Spectre?
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Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

There may be a little tug-of-war between Liara's POV and Shepard's. I hope it doesn't get too confusing.

Liara hadn't intended to watch Shepard. Not entirely, at least. She had hoped to peek in on the human from time to time, if only to ensure she had not attempted another escape then return to her usual duties as Shadow Broker. Her recent obsession with Shepard had cost her immeasurable time. Time she could have spent looking into rumors of Hanar indoctrination or the multitude of other affairs awaiting her concentration. But she couldn't concentrate – not with Shepard in the other room. It wasn't simple vigilance that compelled her to turn on the feed; Liara couldn't be in the building with Shepard without wanting to see her, to touch her or to taste her.

She was in love with Commander Shepard. She had been so since the first day her mother showed her the inauguration vid of the first human Spectre, and her infatuation only grew upon meeting the famed hero on Therum two years ago. Benezia had said that there was something special about this woman, something worth watching. That was why she had ordered Liara to follow the human. But it must have been Athame herself who had tied the fates of T'Soni and Shepard together in such a way.

And yet fate had also devised to keep them apart.

Not even pretending to rationalize her actions further, Liara quickly accessed surveillance footage from the adjoining compartment. Her eyes lit up at the sight of Shepard squirming in her chains as the toy expertly teased her slick flesh, never pausing or deviating from its task. Liara moaned appreciatively. She ached with longing to be the one to make Shepard squirm, to have her fingers fondle wet, swollen flesh. No, she reminded herself firmly, Shepard already had that chance, and she chose to fight instead.

The last time, Shepard had barely put up a struggle. She had been so eager, so malleable. Now the human who had begged to eat her cunt hurled insults and threats at her captor. Such behavior did not necessarily surprise the asari; Shepard was as famous for her obstinacy as she was for her diplomacy and charisma. Yet Liara thought – no she knew - that Shepard enjoyed their little games. So what had changed the Spectre’s mind? Was it the knowledge that Liara intended to keep her here or…

Was it because Shepard thought the broker had taken Liara prisoner as well?

She almost snorted at the irony of it all. What would Shepard think, Liara wondered, if she knew that vanquishing the evil Shadow Broker meant consequently killing the poor, innocent Dr. T’Soni?

Perhaps she would tell Shepard in time, if only to see the expression on the human’s face. Liara let herself entertain the thought for another moment before she pushed it aside. It was much too soon for that.

Watching Shepard at her mercy, Liara could not help but reach for her omnitool, increasing the
vibrator’s speed and hissing as the human jumped in surprise at the amplified sensation. Liara had told Shepard that she would not come, and the asari endeavored to follow through with that promise. That didn’t mean she couldn’t make the game a little more enjoyable for the both of them.

Liara increased the speed again and watched with delight as Shepard thrashed about. Her moans were so loud now that not even the gag could muffle them. The broker could hear the sounds of Shepard’s pleasure as though the Spectre was truly in the room with her.

As beautiful as those moans were, Liara could tell from their rising pitch that the marine was getting close to the edge. Allowing herself another moment to savor the image and resonance of Shepard, Liara pressed a button on her omnitool and terminated the toy’s vibration function.

At first, Shepard gave a sputtering sigh of relief. Yet when Liara made no move to reactivate the toy, the human began to whine quietly until finally she began to shift her hips, rubbing herself on the motionless device.

The broker chuckled to herself. “I’ve barely just begun and already so eager.”

Satisfied that she had already gotten quite the reaction from Shepard, Liara reactivated the toy, though this time on a lower setting. The human grunted, seeming torn between gratitude and disappointment. Liara allowed herself a moment to savor the sound before she turned the toy off, reveling in the Spectre’s pathetic whimpers and fidgets.

With a cruel smile, Liara activated the toy again, setting the device so that it alternated between powerful, deep pulsations and light, teasing tremors. Shepard nearly choked on her own sobs as her hips bucked erratically against the toy, searching in vain for a new position or just the right pressure to alleviate her burning desire.

For a moment, Liara wished that she hadn’t left the room. She wanted to taunt the human, to press the limits of her control. She wanted Shepard to feel her eyes burn into her skin. Most of all, she wanted to Shepard to realize the extent of her humiliating predicament and to finally submit fully to the attentive asari. Perhaps then, and only then, would Liara grant her the permission to finally come.

But it was better to observe from a distance, to make Shepard believe no one could see her behaving like a slut. The way Shepard groaned and ground her cunt into the toy was so unabashed and beautiful. Then again, the commander was no fool. She probably knew Liara was watching her somehow. She was likely only putting on a show, baiting the broker to some unknown end.

And damn was it working, Liara thought with a frown. She was suddenly aware of the heating building in her own core at the sight of Shepard’s torture.

Liara pressed her thighs together tightly, attempting to alleviate some of her own desire before she used the omnitool to increase the toy’s pressure and speed by three settings. Whatever happened, Liara refused to give in to lust clouding her thoughts. She would make Shepard lose control completely before she was through, no matter what methods she would be forced the take.

Shepard cried out at the unexpected onslaught, her voice catching an octave or two above anything Liara had previously heard from the human. Normally the commander’s voice was husky and smooth. It made Liara giddy that she could cause the first human Spectre to squeal like a school girl. The broker wanted to hear more and increased the settings. Liara had to bite her lower lip to keep her own moan from stifling Shepard’s raucous yelp.
The asari made no move to change the toy’s directive even though it was clearly over-stimulating the Spectre. Shepard’s moans were punctuated with pained whines, her pleasure becoming so unfettered that she began to slobber around the gag. Liara could clearly see the saliva running down the Spectre’s chin like the womanly slick dripping between her thighs.

“Goddess,” Liara breathed, squirming in her office chair. If Shepard kept it up, Liara wasn’t sure she could abstain from touching herself any longer.

Now the gag, wet and useless, had fallen around the commander’s neck. Shepard’s delicious noises were so shrill that the broker was certain she could cut the monitor’s sound and would still be able to hear every detail.

“Oh God,” Shepard panted, squeezing her eyes shut and clenching her jaw. “Oh fuck. I’m gonna… I’m - !”

That caught Liara’s attention.

“I don’t think so,” the broker growled, shaking off her lustful daze and activating the emergency stop button on her omnitool.

It was not a moment too soon. Shepard lurched forward in the chair, drawing in strangled gasp as she felt the stimulus end abruptly. Too far gone to control her own body, Shepard rolled her hips into the toy. But it was too late. Her sex ached for want of the intense vibration and would not let such simple stroking bring her over the edge. The Spectre thrashed in her chains, crying out in frustration.

The empty room merely echoed her own desperation.

Shepard knew that the Shadow Broker was watching every moment of this. It had been obvious as soon as the vibrator started acting of its own accord. She pictured the broker’s look of triumph at her revolting state – at the wetness pooling into the metal chair and cooling down to her knees. She knew the broker thought that she had broken her already. But she was wrong.

The broker would have to try much harder if she wanted Shepard to beg.

“What do you think you’ve proved?” Shepard asked to the darkness.

She knew she was hardly convincing. Still quivering and moaning with need, she was quite the mess. Even when Shepard tried to consciously control her movements, she still found herself grinding into the toy and chair absently. Her cunt was throbbing with lust that bordered on agony. Yet the knowledge that Liara was somewhere, trapped and frightened just like the day they first met bolstered the commander’s resolve.

She needed to get the broker back into the room. Shepard doubted the asari would remove the chains after her previous stunt, so she had to find another way to escape. If force would not work, then Shepard endeavored to gather information. She would use the Shadow Broker’s penchant for Bond villain-esque monologues to her advantage. But first Shepard needed to demonstrate that it would require the broker herself and not some device to enact proper punishment.

“That you can make me come?” Her voice gained more volume. “Do you think you’re the only one?
I thought you said you watched me fuck all those dancers.”

Silence was Shepard’s reply, but she knew somewhere the broker was seething.

“It’s not hard to get me off,” the human continued. “But don’t believe for a second that it will be easy to make me be your slave. I will never feel anything but disgust for you.”

When the vibrator quickly roared back to life, Shepard knew she had gotten to response she had been seeking. Huffing a harsh laugh cut with desire, Shepard steeled herself for the torment to come.

Only the toy stopped almost as quickly as it had begun. A warning, then.

“You can’t even come in here and fuck me yourself,” the human goaded breathlessly. “What are you so afraid of? Scared you’ll meld with me again? You’re so obsessed with me, how could you resist?”

A quick jolt of electricity from the collar was the broker’s answer. Shepard had been expecting more pleasure, not pain, and sputtered an astonished groan in response.

“You know, I think this thing is better than you are,” Shepard persisted like a woman with a death wish. “At least it doesn’t drone on and on.”

Buzz.

Shepard bit back a moan as the vibrator kicked on again. “When I find out where you are, I’m going to - !” Whatever the commander had to say was quickly interrupted by a loud gasp of pleasure as the vibration intensified. “Whatever you have done with Liara, I’ll find her and - ”

The human barely felt the collar’s shock this time; the throbbing of the toy completely overwhelmed her senses. The broker must have turned the thing on full speed. It was pulsing so hard and fast.

“**Shepard,**” whimpered a voice from the darkness. “**Oh, Goddess, please don’t tell me you’re here too.**”

This time the broker did not hold back. Commander Shepard found herself flung into climax even as she tried to stop it. That voice, that soft little voice.

Liara. It was Liara.

”**I would settle down if I were you, Commander,**” said a distorted voice as the buzzing finally stopped. ”**Unless you want me to hurt this pureblooded whore.**”

Shepard rode out her orgasm, eyes wide and full of tears as she realized that she had utterly underestimated her foe. Of all the possible scenarios, why hadn’t she imagined this one? “I-if you hurt her – ”

”**You’ll what?**” laughed the broker. ”**Need I remind you of your tenuous position? I hold all the cards here, and you’ll do exactly as I say. Or I will cut off each of these maiden’s pretty little fingers, one by one.**”


”**Somehow I very much doubt that, Spectre.**”
“It’s true. I’ll do whatever you want me to do. I’ll let you do whatever you want to me. Just don’t hurt Liara.”

"Hmmm, I do love the sound of you begging."

Shepard would have found the broker’s bent purr seductive, if she didn’t feel so sick.

"Very well. Since you seem to want it so badly, I suppose I can give you what you need. But you had better behave, or else.”
Chapter 13

When Liara entered the holding cell, Shepard was as quiet and as motionless as she expected her to be. The commander was so sure that the Shadow Broker had Liara; why not let her believe what she wanted to believe? It made things much simpler anyway. Shepard could be the hero as she always was, Liara could play the villain, and in the end Liara would win. If Shepard really had feelings for Dr. Liara T’Soni, for the mask of the shy girl the broker had designed, she would never endanger her love’s life.

Shepard eyed the briefcase in Liara’s hand and the asari smiled predatorily. “Did you think I was done with this?” she asked in a mocking tone. “Don’t worry, my pet. I have many more tools to use on you.”

The human said nothing as the asari knelt and began searching through the bag. “I wonder what I should fuck you with next.” Cold blue eyes met even colder green eyes. “Any requests, Spectre?”

Shepard remained silent, her eyes staring straight ahead and hands chained behind her back. Liara nearly melted at the expression; it was so much like the first time she had glimpsed Shepard standing at attention in front of the council. Yet she knew this time Shepard’s intention was much different. The soldier had checked out. So full of spunk earlier, now Shepard seemed as though she were made of stone.

“Cat got your tongue?” the broker provoked. “You were so eager to talk a few minutes ago. Do you really care that much for some maiden?”

Predictably, Shepard didn’t rise to the bait, though her cheeks did flush with shame and anger. Liara chuckled to herself and returned her attention to the briefcase. She knew just what to use to wipe that hard look off the human’s face.

Plucking a sensation-transmitting dildo from the array of choices, Liara showed the toy to Shepard. “I wanted to fuck you with this the last time,” the broker said. “I’m sure you’d like it. Then again, I don’t think you’ve earned that right.”

The asari reached up and ripped off the tape, causing the human to wince slightly, then removed the vibrator. She dropped the device to the floor and brought the dildo to Shepard’s still glistening sex.

“This cock has a sensation transmitter,” Liara murmured. “I would be able to feel your walls clenching around my clit like a firm, wet mouth.”

“But,” the broker continued, flipping the toy so that the shorter end was pressed teasingly into the human, “I think you would look better wearing it, don’t you?”

Shepard barely had time to react before Liara pushed in and the device activated, a strange but not entirely uncomfortable biotic plate forming over her pelvis and hips to hold the phallus in place. The asari wrapped one hand gently around the shaft, her other hand bracing the Spectre’s chained thigh and she slowly stroked.

“Can you feel it?” the broker hissed, tightening her grip ever so slightly.

The human nodded mutely, groaning at the asari’s expert touch.
“Tell me you want me to suck your cock,” Liara ordered.

The marine swallowed. “I want you to suck my cock,” she parroted emotionlessly.

Liara squeezed the shaft painfully, then released. “Say it like you mean it.”

“I want you to suck my cock,” Shepard tried again.

A soft purple tongue darted from indigo lips to caress the very tip of the artificial cock. “Didn’t your mother ever teach you to say please?” Liara asked.

“I want you to suck my cock, please.”

“Much better,” the broker moaned appreciatively.

“I was right. You do look good wearing this.” The broker delivered a long lick up the underside of the phallus, eliciting a low moan from Shepard. “The first human Spectre, so strong and gallant. Yet here you are, completely at my mercy.”

When Liara closed her lips around the head and began to take the length in her mouth, Shepard lifted her hips in shock. The broker had been right; it felt exactly like a warm mouth around her clit, although the sensation was definitely stronger at the very tip.

“You like it, don’t you?” The broker tormentend. “You enjoy being chained up to a chair, broken and helpless as I suck you off. Admit it.”

But Shepard’s vocal chords refused to function. The human managed only a strangled groan in response as the asari, smiling, took the entire shaft deep into her mouth. Fists clenched behind her back, apparently lamenting the fact that she could not grab the broker by her crest and dictate the pace.

“Look at all the pleasure I’m giving you,” Liara murmured, pulling back with a wet pop. “And after how naughty you’ve been. I spoil you.”

Shepard squeezed her eyes shut, trying to stave off the desire concentrated between her legs and only increased by the visual of a masked asari head bobbing up and down. It was all too much.

Punishment Shepard could have dealt with – more spanking or worse. She was supposed to be focused on rescuing Liara, but thinking became impossible with each pass of a wet asari tongue.

“If you keep this up, I-I’m gonna – “ Shepard tried to say, though the rest of her sentence was swallowed up by a loud moan.

“Going to what?” Liara pressed. “Are you going to come already? You weren’t kidding earlier. You are too easy to get off.” A dark smile formed around the artificial cock before the asari continued her torture. “Does Liara know just how much of a slut you are?”

The human panted, nearly hyperventilating, as the broker increased her pace. She trembled, chains rattling noisily and adding harmony to the ragged gasps and cries echoing in the bare space. She barely even noticed the broker’s barbed taunt; her brain had stopped working several minutes ago. Now all of her cognitive faculties were dedicated to one single goal – coming in the Shadow Broker’s wicked mouth.
Only the broker pulled away with a chuckle, wiping her face with the back of a gloved hand. Shepard looked at the asari with wide, incredulous eyes but Liara just laughed louder. “Easy, pet,” she purred. “I can’t have you getting your jollies so soon. I have too much planned for that.”

The cock twitched as the asari stood, back fully erect, and began slowly undoing the buckles to her leather commando jacket. Shepard clenched her fists so tightly that she could feel blunt nails drawing blood on clammy palms. If the broker noticed Shepard’s distress, she gave no indication or pause. Liara continued her striptease casually, unzipping the material and shrugging it from blue shoulders.

“Patience,” the broker cooed, unhooking her bra and baring shapely breasts to the prone commander. Shepard couldn’t help but watch the asari undress, memorizing her lithe body, all curves and freckles and shimmering blue. “I think it’s my turn to have some fun.”

Shepard’s ready quip about how much fun the vibrator had to have been for her was halted when the naked asari moved to straddle Shepard’s hips. It was clear where this was headed, and Shepard stared at the broker as she rubbed herself against the commander’s body, taking extra care to run her wet slit along the artificial cock.

“Don’t you dare come,” Liara warned, sinking down slowly.

“This is just going to make it worse,” Shepard whined. And it was true. She was so fucking tight – almost too tight. Shepard was acutely aware of the heat clenching around her shaft like a vice grip, and she gritted her teeth to try to control her body’s reaction.

“Unacceptable,” Liara said, raising herself and then falling back into Shepard’s lap with a throaty moan. “You’re a Spectre. Start acting like one.”

She was so close. Close enough to head-butt or bite or kiss. The asari’s breath was warm and tickled her ear. Apparently, the broker had been thinking along similar lines, as she delivered a sharp nip at the crook of her neck.

“You. Will. Wait,” she growled then suckled at the wound as her hips set a slow and steady rhythm.

“T-this isn’t exactly something they taught me in N7 training,” Shepard stammered, unconsciously canting her own hips to meet with the asari. It was true. She’d been instructed to escape a myriad of impossible situations, but somehow the threat of being kidnapped and tortured with sex by the Shadow Broker had escaped the Alliance brass all those years ago.

Liara grinned, pleasantly surprised by Shepard’s sudden and enthusiastic cooperation. “Poor baby,” she breathed into the human’s abused neck, “You can’t control yourself because you’ve already surrendered all of your control to me.”

She sped up the pace, and Shepard choked on a sob. Liara ignored her, choosing instead to run her tongue along the commander’s flushed skin as she bounced up and down on the commander’s cock, her pace firm and uncaring. It was too easy to disturb the tightly wound force that was Commander Shepard.

“You’ll come when I tell you to come,” Liara hissed.

Shepard sincerely doubted the veracity of the broker’s claim. Her body had long since broke out in a feverish sweat which did nothing to cool the heat coiling between her legs as the broker used the
phallus as if it were nothing but a tool to her own ends. The asari had only become impossibly tighter, and she paused every now and again to pulse firmly around Shepard before resuming her pace.

“Slut,” the asari moaned, burying her face in the human’s damp and fragrant hair. “You like being desired, being used. You would fuck any asari who looked your way, wouldn’t you?”

The human shook her head frantically, then groaned when the broker slowed to rub her breasts against her own breasts suggestively.

“No?”

The breath at her ear suddenly became a warm mouth and wet tongue, sucking and probing at the alien appendage. The Shadow Broker exploited this strange human trait as if she knew exactly how delicious it felt to the shuddering soldier.

“Then how do explain how hard and eager you are for me? How do you explain the disgusting sounds you’re making?”

Commander Shepard tried to form words, but had long been reduced to stuttering nonsense. The stimulation was too much, and Liara wasn’t even moving. Had the broker increased the toy’s feedback, or was she just that far gone?

“Beg for it,” the broker ordered, moving her lips to suck delicately at the human’s earlobe. “Beg me to let you come.”

“P-please let me come.”

“That sounded absolutely delicious,” Liara purred. She reluctantly released the earlobe and captured the human’s lips in its stead. Shepard did not even attempt refusal of the asari’s tongue as it slipped past the hedge of her teeth. In fact, the Spectre moaned in approval, returning the kiss in full. It took a moment for Liara to drag her mouth away from the enchanting woman in order to rebuke her. “But I think you’re forgetting something.”

“Please let me come, ma’am.”

Liara was impressed that Shepard had managed to utter the plea without any hiccups. But she wasn’t about to her off the hook just yet. “You remembered. But I think from now on you should refer to me as Goddess. Because I’m your goddess, isn’t that right?”

“Yes, g-goddess!” Shepard choked on her own words as the asari raised herself from the human’s lap only to slide down with excruciating slowness. “P-please, just let me…”

For a second time Shepard doubted that she could even follow the broker’s orders. The wet heat fluttering around her shaft, the warm skin sliding against her overheated body – it was all too much.

The asari must have detected the soldier’s inner turmoil, as she sat upright long enough to punch a command into her omni-tool. “No,” was all she said in response.

It took only took two slides up and down the shaft for Shepard to notice that the broker had somehow disabled the sensation feedback loop. Shepard could feel nothing save for the throbbing of her clit as the asari continued to have her way with her restrained body.
“Y-you’re mean,” Shepard gasped.

Liara smiled like a varren. “You like it.” The asari swiveled her hips on the way down, making the soldier clench her jaw in aggravation. “Tell me you like it.”

“I like it when you’re mean to me,” Shepard ground out in an astonished whine. Her clit pulsed with lamentation. She could smell Liara, her sweat and desire, and she could feel the base of the cock tap at her clit every time the asari slammed her pelvis to hers. It was torture, but the most exquisite torture she had experienced.

“I know, sweetie,” the broker cooed in the human’s ear, very close the explosive climax she had denied Shepard. “You sound like a desperate whore right now. Just wait a little longer and - ”

The asari’s walls clenched powerfully around the artificial cock as she rode the human with renewed vigor. Though Shepard could no longer feel the sensations of the toy, she could feel the phallus twitch against her clit like a light slap in rhythm to Liara’s thrusts.

“Now,” moaned Liara, her eyes swirling to black. “Embrace Eternity.”

The human waited in earnest for the shared orgasm to come. It had surprised her at first when she had fucked Sha’ira in the consort chambers. The matron had been exceptionally easy to get off, but Shepard hadn’t expected to join in the orgasm – especially not with her clothes still on. This time she was ready for it, even if a small part of her brain still wondered why the broker would initiate the Joining if she was so afraid of it.

“Don’t get too excited,” Liara intoned as her blue eyes swirled to midnight black. “I know it’s difficult to think of anything besides your own needs, but at least pretend to be interested in my pleasure.”

The asari clenched around the cock with a cruel smile before activating a com link on her omni-tool. “Pleasure I’m afraid you won’t be sharing,” she hissed, then briefly turned her attention to the holo hovering above her wrist. “Desma.”

“Ma’am,” came the slightly warped reply.

As busy as Shepard was chasing an orgasm which the broker purposely denied to her, grinding her hips as much as the restraints would allow her, it did strike her as curious that the broker’s minions referred to her by a human title. Certainly no one could call the young asari Matriarch or Matron, but there had to be another term of respect asari had for even maidens. And the broker certainly seemed to know a lot about humans and their culture. Maybe she had served with humans before – at C-Sec perhaps? Or maybe the asari simply had a human fetish, and Commander Shepard was but a trophy. She was, according to those Alliance posters, the best humanity had to offer. Allegedly, and with plenty of airbrushing. But still…

So wrapped up in her own thoughts, Shepard barely heard the door hiss open to reveal the blank-faced matron from before. The human frowned in confusion as the asari approached the chair and kneeled wordlessly before the Shadow Broker. The broker in turn raised herself from Shepard long enough to face her agent before sinking down on the human’s cock once more.

“Meld with me,” Liara ordered.
Desma nodded, her eyes flashing black and her body emitting a faint blue glow as she linked her consciousness to that of the naked asari in front of her. Shepard heard a tiny whine escape from her lips at the unfairness of it all – that the broker should meld with her agent instead, forcing the human to witness her climax while refusing Shepard any release of her own.

“Goddess, I’m so close!” the broker gasped, her head tipping back so that the ends of her head fronds tickled against the human’s forehead. “Just a little bit more…”

She snaked a hand around to rub her clit insistently, her hips still even as her inner walls clenched forcefully around the lifeless toy. Shepard absent-mindedly thrust into Liara shallowly, trying to share in the experience playing out before her.

“Stop that,” the broker barked, her free hand squeezing a muscular, freckled thigh in warning. “I-I’m in control and I –”

But Liara definitely did not feel in control – at least, not as she felt herself spiraling toward orgasm. The link between she and Desma was weak, but it was enough for her purpose. As the hand between her legs sped up, Liara moaned out in shock as she quickly tipped over the edge.

Not before she reactivated the toy’s sensation transmitting function, however. The human nearly choked as Liara’s walls fluttered painfully around her cock, reactivating desire that had lain dormant since the broker had switched off the feedback loop. The asari tipped forward slightly, her lips meeting a pair of glossy matron’s lips to swallow up the moans of pleasure coming from both of them.

“Oh Goddess,” Liara murmured once she pulled away from Desma, who looked at her superior with glassy black eyes. Her breath fell in uneven pants and sweat rolled down her body. “I needed that.”

“Will that be all, ma’am?” asked Desma dutifully after a beat.
Liara slowly dismounted from Shepard, causing the human to groan at the loss of heat and tightness. She paid little mind to Shepard’s objections as she stood on shaky legs and studied her captive. The asari’s eyes became glued immediately to the thing between the commander’s legs throbbing in time with the pounding of her heart beat and glistening with the byproduct of the broker’s pleasure.

Feeling mischievous, the broker reached out to give the shaft and experimental stroke. The response was as predicted; Shepard twitched and stared at the broker with lust-glazed yet infuriated eyes. Liara laughed and withdrew her hand, pivoting to instead address the kneeling agent.

“No,” said the broker, “I believe I have use for you yet.”

In truth, the image of Commander Shepard’s cock covered in her juices had renewed Liara’s libido quite quickly. The broker took two steps forward and Desma, still joined to her leader by the shallow union, knew what she intended. Yet just as a purple tongue darted toward slick lower lips, Desma suddenly froze.

“Wait,” Liara ordered, gripping a handful of the matron’s head fronds and forcing her to turn so that the broker was facing Shepard once more.

“Now,” she continued when she was finally satisfied that the commander would be able to see everything, “You may continue.”

Desma buried her face in the broker’s crotch with barely restrained delight. She had heard some of the other agents whisper about serving the broker like this, but only most trusted and almost always humans. Though she had hoped to please the broker in a private and more romantic location, Desma still thanked the Goddess above for the chance to be close to such a beautiful and clever being.

“She’s almost as eager as you,” Liara commented with a faint smile, meeting the Spectre’s gaze.

Shepard felt her cock twitch and tried in vain to squeeze her thighs shut. “It could be me between your legs,” she shot back, her voice raw, “sucking on your clit. Or maybe I could just join her, and we could both get you off.”

“You want it that badly?” Liara asked in an amused tone.

“You’re the one who wants it bad. She’s not even there. It’s me you’re imagining lapping at your wet azure. Isn’t that why you kidnapped me in the first place?”

“I kidnapped you to teach you a lesson. A lesson that seems to go right through that thick skull of yours time and time again.”

“I belong to you,” Shepard mimicked in her best villain voice. “Yet you have to abduct my best friend to gain control over me. How exactly does that work out, Shadow Broker?”

“Insolence!” Liara cried, barely paying attention now to her agent’s ministrations. “Just a moment ago you were begging me like the pathetic slut you are to make you come, to make me come. Now you’re trying to goad me?”
“Honestly I’d just rather get out of this fucking chair,” Shepard returned. It was half-true, as her limbs were starting to grow numb from what seemed like hours of remaining motionless. “So how about it, Broker? Wanna let me join your agent down there?”

Liara pushed Desma’s face away, then strode meaningfully to Shepard’s position. “What I want,” she said, biting off each word separately, “is for you to do as I say. You should really take a cue from Desma and shut that pretty mouth of yours before I find something to shut it for you.”

Shepard’s eyes widened at the threat. Somehow, the image of ball gag being shoved between her lips did not seem entirely pleasant. She also felt the tension of the broker’s wordless threat hanging in the air. In her desperation, Shepard had almost forgotten that Liara was here somewhere. Even one mental vision of the broker’s agents defiling the gentle archeologist was enough to make Shepard pause.

“I’m sorry,” the soldier said finally, lowering her eyes to the floor in an attempt at submission. “I forgot myself for a moment.”

“You certainly did,” Liara remarked, blue eyes glinting dangerously in the dim lighting. For a moment, she entertained the notion of following through with her threat. Shepard would certainly be cowed when a ball gag robbed her of any smart remarks. Then again, she loathed the idea of not being able to hear that husky voice she loved so much. Besides, she was beginning to tire of Shepard being confined to the chair. What good was having the first human Spectre as a pet if she couldn’t fully utilize her?

Wheels turning, Liara struggled to think of a way to free her prisoner without making it seem like she was rewarding Shepard for her disrespect. Enduring more cheeky comments just wouldn’t do. However, she was itching to make the Spectre more of an engaged party. The human’s words rang in her ears. *It could be me between your legs, sucking on your clit.*

“Perhaps I will honor your request,” said the broker finally, “but you will have to show me just how sorry you are.”

Shepard nodded emphatically, her wet, blood-red hair shaking with each movement. “Yes, Goddess. Anything you say.”

Desma shot Liara a distressed look as the younger asari moved to remove the chains. Her chin still glistened with Liara’s slick. “Are you sure this is a good idea, Ma’am?”

The broker froze in her tracks, surprised that her agent would question her actions. Desma had been one of Benezia’s most loyal acolytes, and she had served Liara just as devotedly as she had served the late Matriarch. Desma was one of the few agents she trusted with her true identity. The matron was quiet and plain and never voiced her opinions, trusting her superiors to make the most informed decision.

The matron must have noticed Liara’s rigid posture and immediately dove for the floor, kneeling on the metal floor and pressing her forehead into the ground. “Forgive me, Ma’am,” Desma murmured. “You know best. I will assist however I can.”

The look of fury of Liara’s face made way to smug satisfaction as she turned to see her agent submitting herself properly. “See that, Shepard?” she asked, cocking her head to the side so that she could lock gazes with the Spectre. “That is what I want from you.”
“Anything,” Shepard repeated.

“Get up,” the broker snapped at Desma, who immediately scrambled up from her position. “You will ensure that this thing,” Liara seized the human by her hair and tugged forcefully, “doesn’t try anything stupid again.”

“Yes ma’am.”

“You will behave yourself, won’t you?” Liara asked Shepard, kneeling on one knee to better access the winding chains. “Be a good girl for me?”

Shepard whimpered in the affirmative. “Thank you, Goddess. You’re so kind to - ”

“Shut up.”

Shepard’s head rolled to the side as the broker delivered a particularly smarting smack to her left cheek. Shocked into silence, she merely watched as the broker went about her work.

“First thing is first,” Liara purred, seizing the still-wet phallus. “I think we are done using this for now.”

Shepard winced as the broker removed the toy and the bulbous giver’s end dragged through her folds. The broker tossed the phallus aside and leaned in to examine the soldier’s engorged lips and swollen, red clit. A smile formed when she saw the copious amount of fluids dripping down the human’s thighs and pooling into the seat of the chair.

“Now be still,” the broker warned before unraveling the heavy chains around her body.

Shepard appeared to have taken Liara’s demands in stride and sat subservient as ever, barely moving except to let her arms fall limply at her side. The asari observed the faint pink imprint of chain links winding around her arms and legs and felt a pang of remorse that she had once again let things go so far. Her hands found purchase on the abused skin until finally they seized a pair of freckled palms stained with dark dried blood. A wet tongue appeared from parted lips as Liara licked gingerly at the wounds.

Such a tender moment caught Shepard off-guard and she stared down at the asari with wide eyes. Liara lifted her head and saw Shepard’s look. Chuckling, she licked her lips and smiled.

But the gentleness was not meant to last forever. The broker quickly reasserted herself and stood to properly establish her dominance. “Now,” she barked, “show me how sorry you are, pet. On your knees.”

Shepard stood for barely a second before her legs gave out on her, still tingling from remaining motionless for so long. With a grunt, the human collapsed in front of the broker’s bare feet.

“It’s a nice start,” Liara commented, “but I’m afraid it just won’t do. Ass up. Head down. Now.”

The human hurried to follow her mistress’s commands, raising herself on hands and knees, then lowering her face so that she was mere centimeters from kissing the asari’s toes. Toes which the broker wiggled expectantly. Shepard hesitated, deciding to wait for the broker’s orders.
“Desma, bring me that chair.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

The matron used her biotics to set the chair behind Liara’s position. The broker moved as though she were going to sit down, but thought the better of it. Instead, Liara stepped to the side and pointed to the chair’s seat.

“You made quite the mess,” she admonished to Shepard. “Clean it up.”

“What should I clean it with?”

“With your mouth. Since you seem so keen on opening it every five seconds, it seems that it’s up to me to find a better use for it.”

Slowly, Shepard lifted her head so that it was level with the chair. She inspected the liquid coating the chair – a veritable puddle of clear, sticky fluids – and felt a spike of desire clench at her insides. What the broker demanded of her was humiliating, but also exciting.

Liara, having shifted behind the soldier, shoved her forward with a foot to her bare ass. “Now.”

“Yes, Goddess,” Shepard murmured, her tongue meeting the offending liquid with more conviction. She lapped it up obediently while the broker watched on with an amused smile.

“Make sure to get it all,” she prodded. “Every last drop.”

Shepard did not stop or look up from her task until the broker finally told her to do so. The human did as commanded and waited patiently for her mistress’s next order. Pleased, the asari sank into the chair with an elegant grace and presented a foot to the human.

She stared at it, not exactly sure what the broker had in mind.

“You said that you wanted to be between my legs,” the broker explained casually, “but I’m not sure you have earned that privilege yet. Why don’t you start with this and if you’re good, you may work your way up.”

Shepard sat on her haunches and reached for the blue foot, but was immediately reprimanded.

“No, Shepard. You will use your mouth until instructed otherwise.”

The soldier nodded her understanding before reaching a pink tongue out to lick the arch of the asari’s foot. She had never done such a thing before, but couldn’t deny that it wasn’t entirely unpleasant. The asari seemed to enjoy it as well, if the distorted sighs coming from her lips were any indication.

“You have such a talented mouth,” Liara moaned from the chair. She reached forward to rake her fingers through sweat-soaked hair, never getting enough of the strange human feature. “I will have to teach you to use it for this instead of making smart-mouthed comments.”

“Mmmm,” Shepard agreed as her lips closed around the broker’s big toe and she suckled desperately.

“It’s lucky that you have such a gorgeous asari goddess to teach you how to be better. I can teach
you things that your boring pureblood knows nothing about, if only you submit to me and only me.”

Liara noted with amusement the way Shepard suddenly stiffened at her intentional dig. How adorable that the Spectre would still wish to defend Dr. T'Soni’s honor, even now as she worshipped the feet of her supposed enemy and captor. The asari felt torn between feeling flattered that Shepard cared so much for Liara and feeling disgust that Shepard had such a distorted vision of Liara as a person. She felt sure that Shepard would never do with Liara the things she had done with the "Shadow Broker." No, what Shepard wanted with Liara was rose petal-covered hotel suites, cuddling and moonlit dinners. Things Liara could never give to Shepard.

When green eyes met blue eyes, Liara knew she had to shake those thoughts from her head. Whatever Shepard felt for "Liara" mattered not, because the broker had the human kneeling before her and (finally) obeying her every word.

"I don't believe that I told you to stop."

Shepard blinked and returned her attention to the dainty feet of her mistress. After a few particularly delicious swipes of Shepard’s pink tongue, the asari switched feet, offering up her left in the right’s stead. Shepard mimicked her previous actions, then surprised the broker by delivering a firm bite to the arch. Liara hummed her approval, and the human soothed the spot with an open-mouthed kiss.

"That's it, pet," Liara purred, relaxing into the chair. "Suck on my toes again. I like that."

The human did so enthusiastically, enjoying the exotic taste of the asari’s skin. Was it simply something alien, or was it some sort of lotion or soap? It tasted sweet, though slightly of cinnamon, and Shepard found herself easily accepting three digits into her mouth. She didn’t even care when the broker began fucking the human’s face with her foot.

"Good girl. You may use your hands now, if you wish."

Apparently Shepard had been waiting for those words because the human immediately reached up with both hands to cup the asari’s foot. She expertly massaged the skin her mouth could not reach and continued lavishing kisses and long licks to the toes. In her fever, Shepard's hands slow crept from the asari's heel to her calf, groping the skin and clearly on the path to the heat radiating from between the broker's legs.

Liara opened her mouth to reprimand Shepard for taking action without waiting for permission, but was interrupted by a shrill noise coming from her omnitool.

"I thought I told you not to disturb me," the broker hissed in annoyance.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," came Nyxeris's reply, "but we have an emergency on our hands right now."

"What's going on?" Liara kicked nudged Shepard away with the pad of her foot, forcing the human to stop her ministrations.

“It would be best to come up to command and see for yourself, Ma’am.”

“Very well. I will be there shortly.” She terminated the holo and turned her attention back to the kneeling pet. “It seems we will have to continue this later.”

Shepard barely had time to react before Liara used her biotics to slam Shepard into the chair. Desma
stalked to the broker and helped wind the forgotten chains around her body. This time, Shepard did not struggle. She waited patiently for her goddess to check the strength of her bonds.

Satisfied, Liara sneered down at her prisoner. “You’ll be a good little bitch while I’m gone, won’t you?”

“Yes,” Shepard gasped.

A blue hand reached out to cup Shepard’s cheek and the soldier nuzzled against it, comforted by the skin-to-skin contact. She was still terribly aroused, and worshipping the broker’s feet had only increased her desire.

“Desma is going to watch you and make sure that you’re good,” she continued, stroking the human’s skin. “I will find out if you’ve been a bad little bitch. Because bad little bitches get punished, don’t they?”

“Yes,” the Spectre murmured.

“Yes what?”

“Yes Goddess.”

She smiled and leaned down to kiss her pet. It was a wet, open-mouthed kiss, and it left the soldier breathless even though it was far too short.

“Good.”

Liara turned to Desma and punched a button on her omnitool. “I’m uploading you the controls for the collar around Shepard’s neck. If the good Commander reneges on her promise, this will keep her in line for the time being.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

It only took a moment for the data to be uploaded and then installed. While Desma tinkered with her omnitool, Liara located her commando leathers and reassembled the uniform as best she could. It was still sticky with sweat and arousal, and the pants got stuck half-way up her thighs.

“Should we test it, Ma’am?” Desma asked while the broker tugged adamantly at the leather pants.

“I suppose we should,” Liara replied, her voice cut with something akin to pity. It was a bit cruel to shock Shepard again, but it had to be done. It wouldn’t do to have Desma trapped in a room with the first human Spectre and nothing to control her.

Shepard knew it was coming, but was still surprised when the current of electricity ran from her neck down her spine. It winded her instantly.

“Looks like it works,” said Liara. She finished tying her boots and brushed off her uniform casually. “Don’t be afraid to use it.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

The broker regarded Shepard one final time. “Don’t worry, pet. I’ll be back.”
She tried not to feel disappointed as the door whirred closed behind the Shadow Broker.
Chapter 15

For the most part, Shepard had spent her time waiting for the Shadow Broker’s return in complete silence. Initially, she had been worried that the older matron might possess even more lechery than the broker and wish to entertain herself. After all, there were an awful lot of toys left in the half-opened case and a naked human within range.

Thankfully, Shepard’s fears proved unfounded. Perhaps the broker had told Desma that her pet was off-limits, as the asari seemed genuinely terrified of Shepard. Desma stood by the door arms folded across her chest, keeping her distance and staring mutely at the chained Spectre. She hadn’t said a single word since the broker’s departure.

Shepard flexed against her restraints. They were not as tight as before. The broker had hurried through the process, winding the links loosely around the muscular body. Subtly, the human rotated her wrist and discovered that the material had just enough give to allow her hand to slip through.

She stilled her movements, eying Desma warily. She hadn’t seemed to notice, but the human knew any attempted escape now would only leave her writhing on the floor. The asari hadn’t seemed shy about using the collar’s shock function earlier.

She had, however, seemed troubled. Shepard, even in her lust-filled haze, hadn’t missed the asari questioning the broker’s decision to untie Shepard. Perhaps if she could get Desma talking, she might yet find a way out – or better still, an accomplice.

Hell, it was worth a shot.

“I’m thirsty,” Shepard announced into the room. “I don’t suppose you could have someone bring me a glass of water?”

Desma just stared at the human.

“Oh, no water. That’s fine.” Shepard mustered her most charming smile and tried again. “So, your name’s Desma, huh? That’s a pretty name. My name’s Shepard. Well, Jane actually, but everyone calls me Shepard.”

“I know who you are.”

The human laughed. “I guess I shouldn’t be surprised by now. I am famous.”

When Desma didn’t respond, Shepard pressed on. “I wonder what’s going on out there. The Shadow Broker has been gone for a really long time.”

“It’s only been twenty minutes,” the asari sighed. “Look, I know what you’re after and you’re wasting your time. I’m not going to let you out of here, and I won’t give you information.”

“I’m just trying to make conversation,” Shepard replied with mock-offense. “I’m bored.”

“You’re an idiot.” Desma shifted and rubbed her temples with a grimace. “And you’re giving me a headache.”

Shepard decided that saying nothing was the best option for the moment. Desma seemed grateful for the silence, but also troubled. A deep line cut between her brows.
“You seem like something is bothering you,” the human said after another few minutes of quiet. “I bet guarding a naked, tied up human doesn’t rank high on your to-do list.”

“I’m content with whatever task the Shadow Broker assigns to me,” Desma returned. “If I’m unhappy about anything, it’s you.”

“Me?”

The asari sighed. “I’ll tape your mouth shut if you don’t keep quiet. The Shadow broker asked me to watch you, not to entertain you with gossip.”

“I’m just wondering why you don’t like me. It’s not like I did anything to you.”

“It’s what you did to her.”

“It’s you,” Desma continued, jabbing a finger at Shepard’s general direction. “You perverted her. I don’t understand what game she is playing at anymore. She shirks her duties to embrace eternity with you, and when you’re not in the same room she’s always watching you. She’s obsessed. This wasn’t how things were run before, not with her mother in charge.”

“Her mother?”

The matron’s teal eyes went wide, and Shepard knew without a doubt that she had revealed something she wasn’t supposed to. Perhaps it was out of panic (Shepard doubted it was out of malice), but Desma activated the shock command from her omnitool and watched the human grimace and tremble until the wave of electricity passed.

“I shouldn’t be talking to you,” Desma murmured.

“But here we are,” Shepard replied slowly. “Talking. It seems like you don’t exactly agree with what the Shadow Broker is doing. Maybe I can help. We can both get out of here in one piece if you - ”

“Get out of here?” the matron cried. “I could never leave. I swore an oath to Lady Be-” Once more, her eyes shown with fear. “Goddess, she shouldn’t have left me here with you. It was a mistake. But I won’t be the one to betray her.”

Shepard convulsed in her place as the matron activated the collar again. She sucked in a harsh breath and chuckled softly before lifting her head to meet Desma’s gaze.

“You don’t have to betray her. In fact, you can save her. Do you think that my comrades won’t come looking for me after a few days? Do you think that there won’t be some kind of retribution for her actions?”

“Please. The Alliance didn’t spend much time looking for you after you died. Why would they care now?”

“You’re right,” Shepard replied, “but I’m with Cerberus now, and you can bet your blue tits that the Illusive Man won’t stand for this shit. The Normandy will so far up your collective asses that you won’t be able to walk straight for weeks.” Some unknown emotion flickered across the matron’s face. Emboldened, she pressed her advantage. “Who do you think set off the alarm?”

“I won’t help you, especially not if you work with Cerberus. You think I don’t know what they do to asari – to all ‘aliens’? I would never let harm come to my mistress.”

“Mistress?” Shepard smirked. Perhaps this wasn’t the first time that Desma and the broker had linked
minds. “Are you her pet too? Does it hurt your feelings that she wanted me as an upgrade? Is that why you hate me?”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Desma snapped in response. “It’s not like that at all.”

“Oh please. I saw you earlier, practically panting for a taste of her azure. You’ve got it bad.”

Desma blushed, but verbally refuted the accusation. “A human like you wouldn’t understand the nature of our bond. I was simply doing what I was told.”

“Like a good little bitch.”

This time, Desma did not bother activating her omnitool. Instead, she crossed to the chair and leveled a slap directly across the Spectre’s face. The sound of her palm making contact echoed in the room.

“Shut up.”

“You can lie to me all you want,” Shepard said, rolling her shoulders as if the blow had been nothing, “but it’s obvious that you are in love with her.”

“I’m not in love with her, I’m – I was, Goddess I shouldn’t be saying these things.”

“There is someone who I love deeply,” Shepard murmured. “Some I never had the chance to say it to. Someone your boss has. Someone she took to try and control me. But I would stay here forever and do anything the Shadow Broker asked of me, if I could just get that person to safety.”

“I don’t know who you’re talking about.”

Shepard rotated her wrists again, using the distraction to her advantage and slipping out of the chain. “Her name is Liara T’Soni. She’s an archeologist – well, was.”

Desma regarded Shepard with a haunted expression. “I – I don’t understand what game you two are playing at. But don’t you dare try to play games with me.”

“No games,” promised Shepard with a grin. “In fact, I’ve never been more serious.”

A hand shot up from the chair, grabbing Desma’s wrist and quickly locking it behind her back. The asari, alarmed, moved her free hand, but found the Spectre had already anticipated this and forced her arm to join the other. Growling, Desma wriggled in Shepard’s hold, her biotics flaring.

The Spectre managed to free one leg in order to deliver two well-placed kicks at the backs of Desma’s knees. The matron fell to the floor with a cry of pain, and Shepard used her hold on the asari to yank the blue body closer to her position.

“Help! Shep-!”

“Listen,” Shepard hissed, holding both wrists with one hand so that she could cup the other over the screaming matron’s mouth. “If you cooperate with me, I won’t hurt you.”

“I’ll never cooperate,” Desma snarled after biting the human’s palm so hard that Shepard winced and withdrew her hand. “The Shadow Broker trusted me to watch you. I will not betray her.”

“Don’t be stupid, Desma. I’m a Spectre. Before that, I was an N7. I’m not sure how much you know about human military command, but that’s a pretty damn prestigious title. Few people have such an honor. So I wouldn’t recommend underestimating me.”
“And I’m at least 400 years your senior, little girl, so don’t underestimate me!”

Desma released a biotic blast from her body that sent both women careening into opposite sides of the room. The asari recovered first, rolling into a kneeling position and hoisting herself from the floor. She reached for the omnitool on her wrist.

But Shepard was quicker. The blast had knocked the remaining chains loose, and the Spectre had been able to wiggle out of her bonds. Now free, she picked up the chair and hurled it toward Desma. The asari did not see the object flying at her until it was too late.

The human was on her in another second, pinning her to the ground and using both hands to slam the asari’s head back. Desma tried to reach for the omnitool again, but Shepard knocked her hand away. Shepard shifted her position so that she had one knee to the asari’s chest and the other keeping her legs from thrashing. Satisfied that Desma was secure, Shepard procured the pistol hanging from the agent’s belt.

She cocked it before pressing it directly against the asari’s skull. “Now, are you going to cooperate, or am I going to have to put a bullet through that pretty head of yours?”

“You’ve been waiting the whole time for an opportunity like this, haven’t you?” Desma glared up at the Spectre. “I knew it, even if the broker was too hypnotized by you to notice.”

“So, bullet then?”

“You think you can get out of here without me opening the door?”

“No,” Shepard replied. “All I’m doing is evening the playing field. A hostage, for a hostage. I’m going to trade you for Liara.”

“That won’t work,” Desma argued.

“We’ll just have to wait and see, won’t we?”
Chapter 17

It turned out that Shepard did not have to wait very long. A chime sounded from Desma’s omnitool, causing both women to glance at the device.

“Who is it?”

“The broker,” replied Desma.

“You’re going to answer that call,” Shepard said slowly, “and you’re going to act like everything is fine. If you do or say anything out of line, I’ll shoot you. Starting with your kneecaps, which I hear is extremely painful.”

The Spectre climbed off the asari’s body, allowing her to stand and activate her omnitool. Shepard kept the pistol aimed at Desma, just in case she decided to play dirty and activate the collar. Luckily, it seemed that Desma’s survival instinct trumped her loyalty because the matron followed Shepard’s instructions.

“Ma’am.”

“Things are worse than I thought,” the broker spoke without preamble. “Intruders have boarded. I’ve activated security protocols, but we must transfer Shepard to a more protected location. I’m on my way now.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

Once the link was terminated, Desma lowered her wrist and glared at Shepard. “There’s no way you can win, Commander.”

“You’re not the first person who’s told me that,” retorted Shepard, “and you won’t be the last. But I’m the kind of woman who always has to try.”

“You’re going to get yourself killed,” the matron reasoned.

“No. The Shadow Broker wants me alive.” Of that much, she was certain. The soldier moved so that she could pull Desma into a choke hold. “Now, be quiet and stay still.”

Charged silence hung in the air as the door’s lock began to whir open to reveal the blad-clad broker and a trailing AI drone. She took one step inside the room before she spotted Shepard in the middle of the room, holding a pistol to Desma’s head.

“What’s this?” Liara demanded, her eyes flying instantly to Desma. “I thought I told you to watch her.”

“I’m sorry, Ma’am, she –.”

“And you.” Blue eyes flicked to the woman with the gun. “I thought I told you to be good. Why can’t you obey simple orders?”

“Where is Li -”
Shepard gasped as the broker activated the collar, but the soldier steeled herself, gritting her teeth and pulling Desma into a chokehold. Even if she had to lean a bit on the asari for support, Shepard managed not to fall down this time.

“Be quiet,” Liara snapped. “I wasn’t finished speaking.”

“Now, it seems you think you have the upper hand. But you forget that you’re in my domain. What exactly do you plan to do, Shepard? Shoot her?”

“I will,” Shepard announced. “If you force me to, I will kill her.”

“Her life, in exchange for what?” The broker sounded amused. “Your freedom?”

“No, for Liara’s freedom. Guarantee her safety, and you can have your agent. Hell, I’ll even throw in humanity’s first human Spectre for an added bonus.”

“Go ahead and kill her,” she returned coolly. “Desma is replaceable. Besides, we both know you won’t actually follow through with your threat. Not Jane Shepard, Savior of the Citadel, sole survivor of Akuze, paragon of justice. You don’t have it in you.”

Desma did not seem surprised that the broker was uninterested in saving her life. In fact, the asari seemed relieved. Shepard swallowed, her hands sweaty as she gripped the gun. It was true, she didn’t want to kill Desma. Even though she was working for a shady organization, Desma seemed swept up in events beyond her control. But she could not back down, not now.

“You’d let me kill your best agent?” Shepard asked. “Desma knows you very well. We were just talking about you and your mother.”

“My mother?” Liara said, her masked face a picture of rage. “What did you tell her?”

“Nothing, ma’am! I didn’t tell her anything, I swear.”

Liara was not listening. She strode toward Shepard’s position. The human pressed the gun into Desma’s temple threateningly, but it did not dissuade the asari from taking action. A sudden biotic blast threw Shepard back as the broker advanced.

“Thank you, ma’am, I - ”

But Desma’s gratitude was short-lived. Liara placed two hands on each side of the matron’s head and snapped her neck in one swift motion. Shepard watched in horror as Desma’s eyes rolled back and her body fell limply to the floor.

Shepard walked back on her hands and knees, scrambling for the gun that had been knocked from her grasp. The broker, unperturbed, floated gracefully to the human’s position, her slim figure glowing with biotics. Just as the human reached for the weapon, Liara landed and kicked the pistol to the far side of the room.

“What exactly did she tell you?” the broker demanded.

“She told me all about your sick obsession with me,” Shepard replied. “She told me all about your family business of voyeurism and murder. Desma told me how out of control you are, how you can’t
even do your job. She told me how your mother was the better Shadow Broker.”

Green eyes flicked to the crumpled corpse in the middle of the room. “If you killed your own agent, I doubt you would bat an eye at killing your own mother. Is that what happened? You killed your own mother, then you took over her throne. But you couldn’t handle the pressure, could you? So you targeted me. You thought you could control me like you control the rest of the galaxy.”

“You know nothing,” the broker said, even as her voice wavered in direct contradiction to her words. “I never wanted this. I was forced to follow her example. It was decided for me!”

“Then stop,” Shepard pleaded. “Stop this madness. Let Liara go. This is your chance to redeem yourself.”

“No,” Liara said. “There is no going back. Neither of you can leave this place ever again.”

“I won’t accept that,” Shepard snarled, springing from her position and tackling the asari. “Take me to her or die trying to keep me from her!”

Biotics flared as the human made contact, but Liara could not react fast enough to prevent Shepard from sending them both to the floor. The asari attempted a roll to gain the advantage, but Shepard merely rolled on top of her and brought twin fists down on her chest. Temporarily winded, it gave Shepard the opportunity to retrieve Desma’s pistol and point it at the recovering broker.

“Tell me where she is, or I’ll kill you.”

Liara smirked and threw up a biotic barrier. “Face it, Shepard,” she said confidently. “You are naked and defenseless. I could have killed you at any moment, but I did not. Do not make me hurt you. We don’t have time for these petty squabbles. You must come with me to a safe location, and you must do so immediately.”

“I’m done following your orders, Shadow Broker. Don’t make me ask you twice.”

“What makes you love T’Soni so much?” the asari inquired casually. “You never expressed interest in her on the Normandy. In fact, you went out of your way to pursue every other asari in the galaxy. Your words are hollow, Spectre, compared to years of inaction.”

A loud bang reverberated in the room as Shepard pulled the trigger. The bullet, aimed for the heart, met resistance from the shimmering blue light incasing the asari. It remained suspended in midair until the light detonated, causing Shepard to stumble back a few steps. The bullet curved, grazing the broker’s arm.

Liara winced, reaching up to press a gloved hand to the bleeding wound. “You really are stupid,” she gasped. “After all this time, you truly have no idea who I am?”

The next shot came faster than the first, and Liara was unable to summon biotic cover sufficient enough to block the projectile from sinking into her left shoulder. Another bang sounded, and Liara prepared herself for the worst. But the bullet ricocheted off the ceiling, apparently a warning shot.

“Where is Liara?” Shepard shouted. “I won’t miss again.”

Liara hesitated. She knew that if she reached for her omnitool, it would give her a chance to disarm her opponent. It was just as clear, however, that doing so would leave her open to Shepard’s attack.
The purple blood dripping down her arm was a testament to the sincerity of Shepard’s threat.

“All right,” said Liara. She slowly lifted her arms into the air in silent surrender. “I’ll tell you where Liara is. But first, I need to remove my mask.”

Warily, Shepard nodded. She kept the pistol trained on the asari as she tugged the material up and over her face.

“A promise is a promise,” the broker said. “She’s actually in this very room.”

Shepard froze, completely stunned as a lightly-freckled, youthful asari stared back at her. “Liara?”

She heard the clank of the pistol hitting the ground before Shepard realized it had slipped from her grip. Several thoughts ran frantically through the human’s head as she considered the sight in front of her. She was dreaming, on drugs, or otherwise out of her mind. The was no other explanation for Liara T’Soni standing in front of her, wearing the broker’s commando leathers.

But she knew it wasn’t a dream or a figment of her imagination. As a soldier, she was all too familiar with the stench of death however subtle it might be. There was no doubt in her mind that Desma was very much dead; the distinct sound of a snapping spine still rang in her ears.

She then conjured up a happier explanation. It was Liara who had set off the alarm. She had escaped somehow, but chose to come back for Shepard by impersonating the Shadow Broker. The commander wasn’t pleased that her rescue mission had ended with her as the damsel in distress and Liara as the dashing hero. Still, it was a relief to see her face, and Shepard found herself relaxing for the first time since her first capture on Omega.

Yet uneasiness set in as Shepard considered that the Dr. T’Soni she knew would never murder someone in cold blood.

No, it had to be a dream.

Indoctrination?

Maybe Cerberus never brought her back to life after all. Maybe everything that had happened since she was spaced was simply the dream of a dying woman holding stubbornly to the love she was too afraid to pursue.

Or perhaps, after all these years, Shepard was truly losing her mind.

The broker, unaware of Shepard’s inner turmoil, continued to put pressure on her wound. It was clean; the bullet had passed through, and the rapid loss of blood was the only serious aspect of her injuries. With a tourniquet and some medigel, Liara would be good as new. But she was more concerned about Shepard, who stood in one spot staring at the asari as if she were in a trance.

“Shepard, I’m sorry,” she said.

It was strange to hear the broker’s distorted voice coming from Liara’s mouth. The asari lurched forward, catching Shepard’s shoulder for support. Shepard could feel Liara’s blood, warm and wet on her naked skin. The stench of it was heady like eezo and wine.

This was really happening. Dreams were never quite this vivid.
“You’ve been the broker the whole time, haven’t you?” Shepard whispered, realization finally dawning on her. “You never had Liara – you are Liara.”

“Yes,” Liara admitted. She reached to her omnitool and deactivated the vocal distorting program so that she might speak to Shepard in her usual dulcet tone. “I have been the Shadow Broker since before we met on Therum. I was raised to take Benezia’s place. She asked me to follow you. That is why I wanted to stay on the Normandy.”

“And why you were so against joining me when we reunited on Illium.” Shepard couldn’t believe how oblivious she had been to the clues all around her. Liara hadn’t changed at all. She had always been the cagey, steely-eyed information broker. Shepard just never saw through the façade of the adorable, sheltered scholar.

“Yes.”

“I shot you.”

“Twice,” Liara agreed.

She hissed in pain when Shepard touched the wound again. It was hardly fatal, but it certainly wasn’t pleasant.

“You killed your agent.”

“She revealed too much,” Liara explained without remorse. “I thought someone loyal to Benezia would be equally loyal to me. I realized now that keeping her was a mistake. She knew too much.”

“Who are you?” Shepard huffed. “I never knew Liara T’Soni was so cold and calculating. The Liara who served with me was sweet and optimistic. She was the voice of peace, not violence. Are you telling me that she never existed at all?”

“I thought it best to create a persona in conflict with who I am and what I do. It isn’t your fault that you never realized the truth. Who would ever suspect that a shy scientist virgin was actually the Shadow Broker? I had to deceive you, Shepard.”

“Why?!” Shepard yelled, lunging at the asari without warning. She slammed Liara against a nearby wall, not caring if it aggravated her injuries. “Why didn’t you just tell me?!”

“I knew you would overreact,” Liara returned, blinking.

“Overreact?” Shepard tightened her grip on the asari’s thin arms. Surprisingly, Liara did not fight back. “You tried to kill Tali! Remember Tali, your fucking friend?!”

“I did not try to kill Tali’Zorah,” Liara objected. “That was Fist’s doing. I would have paid Tali handsomely for her information had that idiot not interfered.”

“You tried to sell my body,” Shepard snapped, “to the Collectors!”

“Incorrect again,” Liara hissed. “I took their money, but I did not work for them. My intention was always to give your body to Cerberus. I knew only they had both the resources and the incentive to bring you back exactly as you were before.”
“Why, so you could torture me?!” Shepard’s voice gained even more volume. “You’re supposed to be my friend. You’re supposed to be helping me defeat the Collectors, not undermining my mission by holding me prisoner here!”

When Shepard moved to pound her fists into the wall on each side of Liara’s head, the asari jumped. “Damn it, I fucking loved you!” she sobbed, silent tears streaming freely from her eyes. “I trusted you!”

“Shepard, this is who I am,” Liara whispered, reaching up to place a comforting hand on the woman’s shoulder.

Shepard knocked it away. “No! Don’t fucking touch me, you psycho.”

“Shepard.” Liara’s tone was firmer this time. When Shepard smacked away her hand again, Liara proved quicker and seized the human’s wrist. “Listen to me.”

“What’s the point of listening to you? Everything you ever told me was a lie!”

“Because I love you, Shepard,” murmured Liara, pulling Shepard closer and pressing her lips against the Spectre’s open mouth.

The human recoiled, instantly shoving the asari away. “Funny way of showing it! You capture and torment me, you kill people, and for what? To show me how much you care?”

“You think I wanted it to be like this?” Liara returned venomously. “You think I wanted to become the Shadow Broker? I never had a choice! I never even had a normal life. I didn’t have friends, because the only people allowed within two feet of me were my mother’s commandos. Even when I first melded, it was decided for me when and with whom it would be. The first real connection I had with other beings was aboard the Normandy. With Garrus and Wrex and Kaidan and…”

For an instant, the asari looked on the verge of tears, but just as quickly as it faded, cold gleam in her eyes returned.

“And you. Goddess, I wanted you so badly, but I knew you would never want someone like me. You wouldn’t even approach me when you thought I gentle and naïve. How could you ever want me knowing who I really am?”

“It was my choice to make!” Shepard shouted. “You can’t make someone love you!”

“You loved me once,” Liara reasoned. “Why not love me again?”

“You raped me.”

“Oh please, don’t be so dramatic. It’s not like you didn’t enjoy every minute of it. You came so hard, so many times. It’s hard to fake that, Shepard.”

Liara circled so that she could pin Shepard against the wall. Cupping a bloodied breast, she murmured, “You can’t tell me you liked the virgin better, when I’m the one who haunted your dreams every night.”

“Get off me!”
Liara teetered as Shepard pushed her away, but remained undeterred from her goal. Shepard would listen to reason, even if she had to use force. The asari used her biotics to slam Shepard back into place even as her arm throbbed from the effort.

“Tell me you didn’t want me to be the Shadow Broker.” Her breath was hot against Shepard’s ear. “I heard you call my name the other night while you were touching yourself. I know you weren’t thinking of a tender, unw worldly maiden then.”

“You’re sick to think I’d still want you after all you’ve done.”

It was clear words would no longer work, so Liara turned to action. Furiously she claimed Shepard’s mouth in a bruising kiss. The human did not struggle, not a first. In fact, as Liara’s tongue ran along Shepard’s lower lip, the soldier allowed the intrusion, moaning into Liara while she continued the assault.

“No,” Shepard protested, trying to tear her mouth away, “this is wrong.”

“Does it feel wrong?” Liara asked, latching on to the hollow of the human’s throat. She smiled against the skin when she felt Shepard’s pulse jump in response.

“Y-yes,” Shepard sighed, even as she knew that it was the exactly the wrongness of it which made it so exciting.

“That’s okay.” Liara nibbled lightly at the juncture between throat and collarbone. “We both know you’re a bit of a bad girl at heart. If not on the streets, then at least in the sheets.”

Liara’s talented mouth went back to work, sinking lower to capture an erect nipple. She didn’t even care that it was covered in her own sticky blood. In fact, she savored the metallic taste mixed with saltiness of Shepard’s skin.

Shepard found it hard to focus on her anger when Liara had her pinned against the wall, sucking on her tits like both their lives depended on it. Still, she managed to mount a weak protest. “Stop,” she moaned. “S-stop, please.”

“No.”

She had heard the word so many times, but it was jarring to hear it from Liara’s sweet voice. The asari sunk wordlessly to her knees and pried the Spectre’s legs apart before delivering a kiss to the woman’s sex. She used two hands to grip Shepard’s bony hips and ensure any kind of struggle would amount to nothing.

“Stop…”

Shepard’s plea hitched on a high-pitched squeal as the broker thrust her tongue inside. She clenched her hands into fists, trying to fight the urge to grip the asari’s crest and grind her beautiful face between her legs. Muscular legs began to shake as Liara replaced her tongue with two fingers and moved to suck on the Spectre’s clit.

“Fuck,” Shepard hissed.

Liara stood, keeping her fingers deeply embedded in the commander, but using her mouth to kiss
Shepard. The human groaned at the taste of her arousal on Liara’s tongue, then whined when Liara’s thumb shifted to paint circles around her hardened nub. Strangely, this position allowed Liara to thrust more forcefully, causing Shepard’s ragged breaths to transform into low moans.

“Embrace eternity,” the broker intoned before she launched her consciousness into Shepard’s mind.

With the woman she loved so close and warm and literally writhing in her arms, Liara could no longer deny herself the meld. Her mind and body devoured Shepard’s with a feverish devotion. She had held the desire to be one with Shepard in check for too long, and it came rushing through the both of them at FTL speeds.

Shepard felt herself rapidly falling into Liara, struck dumb by force of the asari’s desire and pain. A torrent of emotions followed, one flying by faster than the other: jealousy, possessiveness, love, lust, betrayal, guilt, annoyance and finally despair. Pleasure throbbed from both of them, though for now it had been drowned out by everything else.

When it was Shepard’s turn to project, she did so without hesitation. Waves of anger rushed at T’Soni, which only caused the asari to move her fingers faster. Shame and desire followed soon after, riding on the climax both felt on the verge of.

But Shepard had a different idea. Before Liara knew it, the human woman had propelled both of them forward, knocking their bodies onto the cold floor. Shepard used the distraction to drive her own fingers into the maiden’s azure. She gave Liara no time to adjust and kept a uncompromising pace, her fingers stretching and burning.

“Yes!” Liara cried, her voice echoing in the room and into their shared consciousness. “Fill me, Shepard.”

The soldier grunted her acquiescence, using her left arm to steady herself as she finger-fucked her enemy and the woman she loved.

And yet, Liara was not one to play the bottom for long. With a growl, the maiden flipped their positions, adding another finger to her onslaught and deepening the meld.

“Fuck, I’m gonna – !”

*Do it*, Liara purred. *Come for me, Shepard.*

*You’ll come too, won’t you?*

*Yes. Yes, Shepard. Goddess, I have waited so long to be with you like this.*

A flash of resentment and sorrow swelled from Shepard’s mind at the words. *You could have had me, if you had just told me.* The thought came unbidden and indignant, clearly meant to wound.

Liara answered it with her own well of irritation. Shepard gasped as the asari twisted her fingers cruelly and sent an image straight for the human’s mind.

*Dr. T’Soni was standing outside of the Consort’s Chambers, ignoring Garrus’s awkward cough at the sounds of uninhibited lust coming from behind the locked door. The maiden clenched her thighs together, shifting in embarrassment as she heard a particularly raucous yell.*
“Goddess, yes! Commander you are -!”

The image faded and gave way a series of videos that Liara watched from her terminal. Shepard fucking an Afterlife dancer. Shepard flirting with Shiala. The chaste kiss Samara placed on the commander’s forehead.

You could have had me, too, Shepard, Liara hissed. But you chose everyone else instead.

Shepard gasped when Liara’s nimble fingers found a particular area inside of her. Noting the reaction, the asari stimulated the spot over and over again. That is why I had to bring you here, Liara hissed in the Spectre’s mind. It was the only way we could be together. I already lost you once before. Not having you is no longer an option.

You were always so jumpy around me, Shepard protested. I thought you were afraid of me.

With tears streaming from pitch black eyes, the asari kissed her commander. Never. I was never afraid of you, Shepard. I was… you made me feel…

Shepard screamed when her orgasm overtook her, dragging Liara into the abyss with her. Most of the sound had been swallowed by Liara’s mouth, though the asari released her own cry of pleasure. Neither woman could tell where their bodies began or ended, so wrapped up they were in each other.

Liara continued thrusting her fingers in and out through Shepard’s climax, though she deliberately avoided the human’s much too sensitive clitoris. “Goddess, I love hearing you come,” she moaned into Shepard’s neck as her good arm continued to manipulate the soldier beneath her. “I wanna make you do it again.”

“I-I’m not sure I can,” Shepard panted truthfully.

The broker felt a pang of guilt as she considered what Shepard had been through in the past 24 hours. Still, she wanted – no, she needed Shepard to come again. Letting her fingers explore at a slower pace, Liara asked her commander, “Let’s find out, shall we?”

Shepard moaned when Liara decided it was safe to run the pad of her thumb along the human’s clit, but continued to object to the asari’s wish. “You’re still bleeding,” she said when thick, purple liquid began to trickle onto her pale shoulder.

“I’ll live,” Liara replied. “Besides, what do you care? You’re the one who shot me.”

“I didn’t mean,” Shepard began, but the asari silenced her with a kiss.

“Hush,” she said. “I need you to come again. I need you in my mouth so I can taste it this time.”

The soldier groaned as Liara’s lips moved slowly down her body, pausing to nip at bellybutton and hip bones, before finally settling just above the human’s sex. When Liara removed her fingers, Shepard whimpered her disapproval until the asari replaced them with a wet tongue.

“Relax.”

Shepard hated that she could no longer feel the asari’s heat gripping at her fingers, but enjoyed the skillful employment of Liara’s tongue. The only way it would be better was if Liara would move her
body so that Shepard could have a taste of her azure. Still joined by the Union, Liara immediately sensed Shepard’s fantasy and moaned. As much as she would love to feel the Spectre’s tongue lapping at her sex, she needed to focus.

*Maybe after I’m finished with you.*

Shepard’s retort was cut short when the asari captured the human’s clit between her teeth, applying just enough pressure so that the pleasure only edged on pain. Liara, pleased with the way Shepard thrashed beneath her, drew the bud in deeper so that she could suck and nibble at her prize.

“Fuck!” Shepard yelled, her hips practically flying up from the floor. “I didn’t think I could, but you’re g-gonna m-make me…”

“That’s it,” Liara cooed, looking up from her task with a sultry expression. “Let it all out. I want to taste it.”

When the broker penetrated her with two fingers, Shepard was gone. Her muscles clamped down on Liara’s hand with an iron grip as the soldier rode out her climax. Oblivious to anything but pleasure and the weight of Liara’s body, the soldier did not notice the spurt of clear liquid her body emitted as the asari’s fingers gently probed her.

Liara could feel everything she was doing to Shepard as if it were her own body, and found herself surprised by the force of her orgasm. She let herself be carried away on a wave of Shepard’s pleasure – pleasure which became her own as Liara mimicked Shepard’s explosive climax.

“You squirted,” Liara finally commented after a few minutes of reeling heads and ragged breaths. She tested the substance on her fingers, rubbing them together. Assured that Shepard’s gaze was on her, Liara brought the fingers to her mouth and cleaned them with a satisfied hum.

“S-sorry,” Shepard said as the broker rolled onto her back. “I’ve never done that before.”

The Spectre felt a rush of pride hit her at this admission. Confused, Shepard realized that she was feeling what Liara was feeling, and that Liara was feeling damn smug about getting the commander to squirt all over her hand and into her mouth. Especially if it was her first time. Blushing, Shepard avoided looking at her asari and instead stared up at the ceiling.

“I liked it,” Liara assured her.

Quiet fell over the room once again. Vaguely, Shepard could hear the shrill of sirens coming from behind the locked door. The noise instantly reminded her that she could not stay with Liara forever, even as such knowledge made the human depressed. Somehow, she knew the emotion wasn’t entirely her own and that Liara shared in her sorrow.

“What now?”

Liara laughed, the sound of it hollow and raspy. “Isn’t this the part where you finish what you started? You told me the first time you would kill me for what I did.”

“That was before I knew who you were,” said Shepard. “If you would have told me the truth back then, none of this would have had to happen.”

“Does it matter?” Liara retreated from Shepard’s mind and severed their connection, black eyes
fading back to blue. “I’m still a twisted, sick murderer. Nothing has really changed.”

It was Shepard’s turn to laugh, and it was a laugh cut with bitterness and disbelief. “Oh, so now I’m supposed to feel guilty for saying those things? I didn’t know it was you, okay? I’m sorry. You’re the one who had to abduct me to prove a point. I was only reacting to the situation.”

“And you’re the one who couldn’t possibly believe that I am the Shadow Broker,” Liara shot back just as venomously, “because you cling to some ridiculous and juvenile notion that I am in fact a shy maiden who needs to be rescued.”

“I couldn’t help it. Remember how you deceived me the entire time because you couldn’t trust me with your true identity?”

“And what was I supposed to think? That you would run to me with open arms? Shepard, you hate people like me! Two years ago, when you refused to give my agent information on Cerberus, I knew you would never accept me for what I am.”

“I didn’t know it was you. I didn’t know it wasn’t your choice,” Shepard tried to interject, remorse overwhelming her anger.

“What difference does it make? I still kill people, even my people without a second thought. I still invade others’ privacy so that I might benefit. Even if Benezia forced me to take her place, I could have abandoned my post after her death. But I didn’t.”

“Why didn’t you?”

The question stunned Liara. She would have thought the answer was obvious.

“You’re the reason I didn’t quit,” she answered softly. “The Shadow Broker has millions of contacts and unlimited resources. I couldn’t pass up the opportunity to help you in this war. Who do you think the Illusive Man was getting his information from, the extranet? Since the day I first met you, Shepard, you have always been first in my thoughts. If I stepped down… If I let someone else take my place, then how would I aid you or keep watch over you?”

“Bullshit!” huffed Shepard. “If you’re so concerned with helping me, why did you threaten to keep me here?”

“I didn’t want to lose you again. I thought that I could keep you here with me, safe, while I fought the war from afar.” Blue eyes welled with unshed tears, and this time Liara did not attempt to fight them. “When you died – when watched you die from the escape pod… Goddess, Shepard, it was worse than when Benezia died.”

Shepard, speechless, turned on her side to brush the wetness from Liara’s cheeks. What could she say? I’m sorry for dying, for killing your mother, for asking you to help? She had no words to make things right. But seeing Liara cry caused a tightness in her chest that Shepard would give anything to rid herself of. For a moment, she forgot all her anger and hurt and betrayal and instead felt only shame for being the one to hurt Liara so much.

“When I gave your body to Cerberus, it was because they said they could bring you back. I vowed that I would do whatever it took to never lose you again.” The asari smiled sadly. “Then two years later, you stormed into my office gunning for the Collectors. I knew you were alive, of course, but it was something else to see you in the flesh. I – I tried to let you do your own thing at first, but then –
then I…”

Shepard caressed Liara’s cheek, cradling a blue face between two hands before delivering a tender kiss to her dark lips. “All of that’s behind us now,” she whispered, embracing the asari and clinging tightly to her lithe body.

Liara shook her head in disagreement. “I know you must return to the Normandy eventually. I cannot keep you from playing the hero. I’ve learned that now. It’s – it’s who you are.”

“You can play hero, too,” Shepard said. “Bring your operations aboard the Normandy. We could use your help. And then maybe… after… you and I could…”

“Shepard,” Liara murmured. “There is nothing I want more than to be with you. If not here, then aboard the Normandy. But I can’t risk your crew finding out my secret.” Despite her opposing words, Liara sank into the Spectre’s arms without a fight. “Besides, I seriously doubt you possess the stomach for my line of work.”

Shepard’s gaze traveled to the asari corpse in the middle of the room. She had forgotten about it in the heat of the moment. Now, she couldn’t escape the lifeless eyes staring back at her.

Green eyes darted back to the big blue ones in front of her, and Shepard seriously doubted how anyone so sweet and innocent could have done such a thing. She remembered how cold and calculating Liara’s eyes had been before, and although the asari’s impassive attitude had been vaguely arousing, Shepard had to admit that she much preferred the tender and vulnerable expression that Liara currently wore. It reminded her of the shy archeologist she had first fallen for. Only now there was no longer a fear of corrupting such purity. If anything, Liara had been the one to corrupt Shepard.

Liara shifted so that she could stroke Shepard’s hair. The Spectre hummed her appreciation and hugged her lover even tighter. The pair stayed like that, wrapped in each other’s arms, for what seemed like an eternity until Liara finally broke the silence.

“I believe there was something – a fantasy of sorts – that you wished to fulfill earlier?”

Shepard laughed at Liara’s sultry tone. Apparently the maiden had a one-track mind, and the two orgasms she had stolen from Shepard had not been enough to sate her lust. Shepard let her fingers wander along Liara’s commando leathers, intending to explore the curves of her generous bust but becoming distracted by the wet blood still slowly leaking from her shoulder.

“Are you sure you don’t want some medigel first?”

“I appreciate the concern, Shepard,” the broker purred against the human’s ear, “but if that mouth of yours isn’t between my legs in the next 30 seconds, I won’t be held accountable for my actions.”

Her words sent a pulse of desire straight to Shepard’s pelvis. She watched with wide, excited eyes as Liara stood and yanked her pants down to her ankles. The asari kicked off her boots next, and she cast both her shoes and trousers to the side with a blue foot.

The broker advanced, grabbing Shepard by a fistful of red hair and pushing her nose-first between swollen, purple folds. The Spectre wasted no time in pressing a wet tongue into Liara’s entrance, savoring the overwhelming taste of her lover’s azure. Liara groaned her approval so loudly that neither woman noticed the mechanical whir of the door opening.
“The broker certainly has a lot of muscle,” huffed Miranda, pausing briefly to pick up a discarded heat sink from the carcass of her ill-fated foe. “They just keep coming.”

“We must be getting close to the base of operations,” Samara remarked. She tossed two vanguards aside, allowing Miranda to finish them off with her pistol as the justicar took point. “There are more mercenaries than mechs. I very much doubt that the Shadow Broker trusts machines to protect that which is most important to her.”

“Commander Shepard is nearby,” EDI confirmed, her disembodied voice coming to both women via the com link. “I am unable to locate her exact whereabouts. Something is blocking my hacking attempts. Once we find the door, we will have to access it manually.”

Samara rounded the corner, but froze when she spotted two engineers setting up a turret gun. She held up a hand to halt Miranda’s advance as well. The Cerberus operative saw what had given the justicar pause, and readied an overload. Agreeing to Miranda’s tacit plan, Samara conjured up a warp and hurled it toward the agents in tandem with the human behind her.

The warp surprised the engineers, who peered around the room and readied their weapons. Unfortunately, Miranda’s overload hit them shortly thereafter, causing an explosion at least three meters in radius. The blast knocked both agents back and weakened the turret. Samara motioned for Miranda to take cover as they waited for their abilities to recharge.

Gunfire sprayed at her from every direction as Miranda leaped behind a barricade, her shields demolished but otherwise unharmed. She kept her head low, allowing herself a moment to catch her breath before pitching another overload blast at the machine. It exploded on impact and produced thick, black smoke that hung in the air.

“Close call,” Miranda half-laughed, reloading her pistol.

Samara didn’t comment. She remained behind cover, scanning the room for more threats. Convinced that there were no more agents, at least in this portion of the corridor, Samara stepped forward and began inspecting the wreckage before her. She spotted something sparking on one of the engineer’s wrists, and leaned in for a closer look. It was a com link, badly damaged, but apparently still functioning.

Miranda joined the justicar, peering over her shoulder. “A com link? Must be a secure connection, since most people use an omnitool application for that sort of thing.”

The asari nodded. “I’m willing to bet it goes directly to the Shadow Broker herself.”

Samara pulled off the agent’s helmet, noting that her enemy was a human female, then set it down on the ground beside the woman. Gently, the justicar then seized the human’s wrist and activated the device.

Static was the only response. Samara tried again, this time holding down the button and attempting to communicate. “Alpha Team reporting in. We’ve captured the intruders and are awaiting further instructions.”
Again, static was the only answer that either woman received. 

Samara frowned, dropping the wrist. “I wonder if something has happened, or if the Shadow Broker is merely onto our ploy.”

“If the Shadow Broker knows we’re lying, I suspect we’ll find out shortly when she sends another team of commandos our way,” Miranda reasoned.

The justicar nodded her agreement. “Then we should keep moving, lest we make ourselves larger targets.”

Both women continued their trek through the base, rounding a corner which in turn revealed another dimly lit corridor. Interestingly, there were no mechs or mechs guarding this area. In fact, it was eerily quiet save for the blaring of sirens overhead.

“She’s in one of these rooms,” Samara said, her tone full of certainty. “I can hear her talking.”

Miranda paused, pressing against a door so that she could listen more closely. Samara’s claim seemed to be correct, as the Cerberus operative could hear hushed conversation behind one of the doors.

“Do you think the Shadow Broker is with her?”

The justicar nodded. “Perhaps that is why she did not answer the comm link summons. She is likely… preoccupied with the commander.”

Miranda was the first to attempt to enter the room in question. Unfortunately, the door’s security demanded a passkey and facial recognition. When she tried to override the mechanism she succeeded only in sounding even more alarms.

“Careful,” Samara warned, glancing over her shoulder.

The human bristled, more angry with herself for being so hasty. Usually Miranda was known for her finesse. On the other hand, Miranda was also usually not fighting through waves of mechs and operatives on a secret ship smack dab in a planet with volatile atmosphere. If the Shadow Broker’s goons didn’t kill them, then the storms would. Her worry for Commander Shepard only added to her agitation.

“We’ll need to find another way to open it,” Miranda agreed, shaking the thoughts from her head.

Samara pursed her lips in thought and surveyed the area. She thought back to the human agent, the one with the comm link attached to her wrist. “EDI,” she began, “would it be possible for you to hack into an omintool to extract the passkey?”

“Of course,” EDI replied. “If Operative Lawson does not mind, I can access it directly and upload it onto her omnitool.”

“Perfect,” Miranda said. “That only leaves the facial recognition.”

Samara disappeared briefly, only to return with the body of the human agent floating atop blue energy in front of her armored figure. “She should have the information we seek. If she has a link directly to the broker, I would think she would be able to access this door.”
“It’s worth a shot.” Miranda watched as Samara manipulated the body so that it fell face-first into the scanner. “EDI, you’re up.”

“Sending the data now,” the AI confirmed.

It took only a few seconds before the women heard a noise indicating that they had successfully bypassed security protocols. The door’s locking mechanism began to turn slowly. Both Miranda and Samara used this opportunity to take cover on each side of the door, just in case there was something lying in wait on the other side.

When the doors finally opened, the justicar was the first to step inside. The room was large and empty, fit with only one chair and a fluorescent bulb hanging from the ceiling. A metal suitcase lay in the middle of the room, half empty, revealing various sex toys, restraints, and lubricants. Beside that lay a motionless asari commando, presumably dead. Samara allowed her gaze to fall upon two figures, one an asari naked from the waist down, and the other a human who was kneeling in front of the asari, servicing her.

The flash of bright red hair confirmed Samara’s suspicions that the human was indeed Commander Shepard. She noted with concern that the commander’s arms and legs were stained with dried blood. Upon further inspection, Samara realized that the blood had a deep, violet color and thus could not belong to Shepard. She would have assumed it belonged to the dead asari lying on the ground, but new that her injuries would not produce blood, especially not so much.

Miranda quickly followed Samara, witnessing the scene before her with an expression of both horror and mortification. The asari had a firm grip on Shepard’s scalp and was moaning loudly when she wasn’t issuing completely obscene commands to the human beneath her. Strangely, Shepard seemed far from offended. The genetically modified woman could hear Shepard’s groans of approval over the sounds of a skilled tongue lapping at the asari’s azure.

“Shepard,” purred the asari, and both women recognized the hushed voice as belonging to Dr. Liara T’Soni. The maiden used her leverage to grind against the human’s face, completely uncaring to the Spectre’s discomfort. “Goddess, yes! Just like that, I – G-Goddess, I-I’m coming!”

Samara was taken aback by Shepard’s primal growl of consent, and watched with interest as the human dug her fingers into the back of Liara’s thighs, trying to steady herself as the asari rode her mouth into oblivion. Samara knew from the meld that Shepard had enjoyed sex with the broker, even if it had been against her will. Now it was obvious that the dynamic had changed suddenly.

Commander Shepard looked up at her lover, her mouth still working diligently between blue legs. Liara’s eyes were pitch black and half-closed and her swollen lips were open in a silent scream. The human barely had a second to appreciate the sight before she felt Liara’s pleasure overwhelming her own system until both women collapse weakly into each other, sweating and panting.

It was Shepard who saw the intruders first. She lifted herself up to plant a kiss on Liara’s lips when she noticed the two figures hovering over them. “Samara,” she said. “Miranda?”

Liara rose next. She had been boneless after her orgasm, but now held her spine straight and her body taut. It was obvious that she was expecting a fight.

“We came to retrieve you,” Samara said in a guarded tone, her crystal eyes never once leaving Liara’s blue ones. “Are you injured, Commander?”
“I’m fine,” Shepard stammered. She tried to stand up fully, but realized her nakedness and sank back into the floor, drawing her knees up to hide behind. “Are you guys okay?”

“We’re also fine,” replied Miranda, “though I can’t say the same for the hordes of operatives we met on our way here.”

Liara’s arm twitched as if about to reach for something, and Samara did not miss the movement. The justicar was on her in a second, her form a mere flash of bright blue light before she launched herself atop the maiden, bringing them both crashing to the floor.

“Samara, wait!” Shepard cried, scrambling from her position toward the two aliens.

“She is the broker,” Samara said without a hint of doubt. She used both hands to pin Liara’s shoulders to the floor, unaffected by the maiden’s hiss of pain as the justicar pressed into her wounds.

“No,” Shepard objected.

Liara struggled under the justicar, glaring daggers at the older woman. Samara glared back, using her weight to quell the thrashing of the enraged maiden. “You are lying,” said Samara. “Why are you lying for her?”

“Get off me!” Liara shouted. She attempted to kick the justicar, but could not reach. She crackled with biotic energy, but without the use of her hands was unable to direct it.

Samara remained seated atop the maiden, while Miranda made a move to hold Shepard back. “You kept Commander Shepard as your prisoner. Explain yourself.”

“I owe you no such explanation,” Liara hissed.

Shepard shrugged off Miranda quite easily, who clearly was more worried about respecting her superior than keeping her from tearing the two asari apart. “Both of you stand down,” she barked. “Liara is my friend and I won’t have you treating her like a criminal.”

Samara hesitated. Liara could see the fire in her eyes, the desire for vengeance. The Shadow Broker had tormented Shepard, and now the commander wanted her to let her go?

“Samara,” Shepard reproved. “You made an Oath to follow my command, no matter what. You will stand down.”

Samara gave Liara one final shove, making sure it hurt, before she yielded and climbed off the furious maiden. “As you wish, commander.”

Samara kept her eyes trained on Liara even as she regarded Shepard. “I apologize, Commander,” she said. “I – I was only doing what I thought necessary.”

Shepard reached out a hand to Liara and helped her up. When Liara took a step toward Samara, the human interrupted her movement by sliding one arm around her waist and pulling her close. “Don’t,” she whispered into the asari’s crest. “You know you can’t win.”

Liara remained in place, although her expression suggested that she did not agree with Shepard’s assessment of the situation. So what if Samara had over a thousand years on her? This wasn’t Liara’s
first rodeo, and besides, she had been trained in combat and strategy since before she could walk. Shepard’s comment hurt the maiden’s inflated sense of self. Even so, she waited for the commander’s next move; clearly, the woman had a plan.

“Are you going to tell us what the hell is going on here, Shepard?” Miranda demanded. “Samara told me we were going to rescue you from the clutches of the Shadow Broker, not interrupt whatever *that* was.” She gestured to the naked and half-naked bodies in front of her.

“It’s a long story,” Shepard replied, “and one I’d be more than happy to recount later. But right now, we need to leave and Liara needs medical treatment.”

Liara pressed a hand against her wound. It throbbed wildly. With no pleasure to supersede the pain and with the justicar exploiting her very literal sore spot, Liara had to admit, even in her stubbornness, that getting some medigel and bandages wasn’t a bad idea.

Miranda nodded. It sounded like a good compromise to her, at least, if not to Samara. “I’m going to radio into the Normandy to let Dr. Chakwas know the situation.”

“Dr. Chakwas?” Liara sounded surprised. “I didn’t know that she was working for Cerberus.”

Shepard bit back her initial reply, which was a snarky dig about how the Shadow Broker was supposed to know everything. Instead she said simply, “Dr. Chakwas is working for me.”

“We should find some clothing for you,” the justicar stated. “There is a human operative outside who looks about your size. I suggest borrowing her clothes until we dock.”

The commander nodded her agreement. She felt better coming aboard the Normandy fully clothed. “Okay. Just give me a minute. I want to talk to Liara in private before we leave.”

Samara eyed the pair warily, but ultimately acquiesced to Shepard’s wish. “Operative Lawson and I will wait outside. Please do not dally too long. The sooner we leave here, the better.”

“It won’t take long,” Shepard promised. “We’ll be right out.”

As soon as her teammates were gone, Shepard turned to Liara. “Listen,” she murmured, “we have to come up with a story.”

“A story?”

Shepard watched as Liara picked up her discarded leather pants and began pulling them up her flared hips. Her desire ignited at the image, but she forced it down. Now wasn’t the time.

“Yes, a story. Preferably one that isn’t the truth. I don’t know about you, but I don’t think ‘Liara has always been the Shadow Broker and kidnapped me, but it’s cool because I liked it’ will go over very well with my crew, especially not Samara.”

“It isn’t my fault that you told her about me,” Liara hissed in response, buttoning her slacks with more force than what was required. “I don’t see the point in lying when she already knows the truth. Besides, I really wish you would have let me kill her.”

“Kill her?” Shepard flinched. Every time she thought that she had glimpsed the person Liara truly was, the asari said or did something so cold that it left the commander stunned. “Liara, she’s nearly
two-thousand years old. Don’t be stupid. And even if you could win, what then – would you kill Miranda too? Tali, or Garrus – how about Joker? When would it stop?"

“Shepard,” Liara replied with a stern tone. “I can’t just leave like this. My base is in complete chaos, my men are dead, several people now know my identity, and I still have to fix it.”

“Fix it later,” Shepard implored, “or, better yet, find someone else to fix it. You had plenty of agents to capture me. Why can’t they take your place for a few days?”

“Even if I could find a person I trusted to take over operations until my return, there is so much to do.”

“Someone’s been taking care of your affairs while we’ve been fucking,” said the commander. She couldn’t help the bitter edge in her voice at the end of her statement. “Why not put them in charge? You can still communicate with them aboard the Normandy.”

“And risk someone hacking into my data?” scoffed Liara. “Not a chance!”

“We can ask Tali to encrypt my room. You can take care of your Shadow Broker business there until we get things sorted out.”

Liara tied the laces of her boot. “It sounds like you want to kidnap me now.”

“What I want is for you to see Dr. Chakwas and make sure that you’re okay. After that, I…”

There were so many things Shepard wanted to do with Liara now that she knew the truth. She wanted to scream at her, to slap her, to fuck her, to hold her, to tell her every secret and dream that she has ever possessed, to take showers with her, to make her coffee and breakfast, to rub her back after a hard day’s work. She wanted all of these things and more, but when she opened her mouth, her tongue felt heavy with the weight of a million unsaid words.

“Shepard,” Liara whispered, looking up into the Spectre’s eyes. Shepard was struck by how frightened the asari suddenly looked. And Liara was frightened. She was unsure, scared by both her uncertainties of the situation and what she felt for the human. “I want this to work. I do, but I – ”

Shepard silenced her protest with a soft kiss. “It was Desma who shot you. She was the broker. Nyxeris captured you and me when I came to visit on Illium. I killed Desma to protect you. You took over her post, but only because you wanted to utilize the broker’s power to help me in my mission. What they walked in on was passionate victory sex, nothing more.”

“Desma was the broker,” Liara breathed, turning Shepard’s proposal in her mind. It made sense, probably more sense than the truth. Still, Samara would see through the story. Shepard had told her too much for their lies to work. “It’s a good story, but I doubt Samara will buy it.”

“Samara won’t say anything,” Shepard replied confidently. “Even if she knows we’re lying, she will pretend as if doesn’t know. Her oath forces her to adopt anything I say or do. She won’t be a problem.”

“And after your mission?” Liara asked pointedly.

The Spectre had to admit even she didn’t have an answer for that. Perhaps in time Samara would learn to let it go, but she didn’t find it very likely. After all, Samara hunted her own daughter for
centuries.

“We’ll cross that bridge when we get to it.”

Shepard turned towards the door, but Liara put a hand on her shoulder to stop her.

“Shepard, wait,” she said. “Give me a minute to speak with my agent. I trust him to take care of things while I’m gone. I just need to explain the situation to him.”

The human smiled genuinely. “I’m going to go put on some clothes. Meet me outside when you’re finished.”
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

I graduated graduate school! Before I start my new job, I'm trying to finish this God damn never-ending fic. Bear with me, and sorry for disappearing for so long.

Garrus and Tali were in the CIC when Miranda and Samara returned with the commander. The turian, in the middle of some elaborate tale about his time as Archangel to Yeoman Chambers, would have missed Sheaprd’s arrival if not for Tali’s exclamation of surprise upon seeing the young asari in tow.

“They never saw me on the balcony, just waiting for them,” he continued his tale to the tittering yeoman. “There must have been at least 20 Blood Pack mercs, real pissed at me for taking out their friend. I exploded a canister nearby and took out a handful. There rest of the poor bastards didn’t even – ”

“Is that Liara?” Tali interrupted, peeking over Garrus’s shoulder to peer at the figures exiting the elevator.

Garrus turned his head as well, following the quarian’s gaze. “T’Soi, what are you doing here?”

Even Kelly turned to stare. Even though she had never met Dr. Liara T’Soni in person, she had seen the asari’s picture in Shepard’s cabin and read several dossiers on her. It seemed that photos didn’t quite do the doctor justice; she was even more beautiful in person.

“Hello Garrus,” Liara replied softly, then tilted her head to acknowledge Tali as well, “Tali. It’s nice to see you too.”

Shepard seized the doctor’s hand tightly. “We should go see Dr. Chakwas,” she whispered to her lover. Then she addressed her crew directly. “We’ll have to catch up later. Excuse us.”

The commander tugged at the asari’s arm and the pair made way for the infirmary, leaving a wake up hushed gossip and confusion behind them. Shepard had tried to run over their story with Miranda and Samara on the shuttle ride back, but she knew there were still details she needed to iron out. The last thing she wanted was an interrogation from her crew. And despite Liara’s protests on the contrary, she needed medical attention right away. Everything else could wait – Shepard was certain of that much.

It was strange returning to the infirmary after two years. Liara stood transfixed in front of the mechanical door for several moments, reminiscing about her time spent aboard the Normandy. It was in this very room that she spent much of her time, and it was in this same room that she fell even more deeply in love with Commander Shepard. She felt a pang of guilt that her previous conversations with Shepard and her crew had been based on lies, but resolved not to let the past dictate her future anymore.

Determined, the young maiden stepped inside the med bay. “Hello, Doctor Chakwas,” she said to the doctor’s back. Surprised, Dr. Chakwas wheeled around to face the asari. Liara smiled that shy
smile that Shepard used to get lost in, and the commander nearly melted.

“What a surprise to see you here, Dr. T’Soni,” Chakwas said. She stood from the office chair and drew the asari into a warm embrace. Liara winced, causing the doctor to pull back and examine her patient with interest. “Well, now I know why you came here to see me. That’s quite a wound.”

“It’s not that bad,” Liara objected.

“Why don’t you lie down here on the table and I’ll take a look at you?”

She did as instructed, reclining while the doctor walked away to get some tools. “Don’t tell me you’re injured too, commander,” Chakwas said as she rifled through medical supplies. “I swear, keeping up with your nicks and scratches will be the death of me.”

“I’m fine, scout’s honor,” Shepard replied, flashing a signal with her fingers that Liara did not recognize. Dr. Chakwas simply chuckled and walked over to Liara’s position with a few bandages and medigel packs in hand.

“I will have to sterilize it first,” Chakwas informed her patient. “I apologize if this stings.”

To her credit, Liara barely flinched as Dr. Chakwas applied the solvent. The doctor was impressed with Liara’s pain tolerance. She had always seemed so frail and inexperienced. Chakwas half expected Liara to cry or whimper, and yet here she was acting like a season marine. Just how much had she changed in the last two years?

“The bullet passed clean through,” she remarked, studying the wound more closely. “With regular medigel application, you should fully heal in a few weeks. Of course, something like this is going to leave quite the scar.”

“Wrex says that some women find scars attractive,” quipped Shepard.

“It certainly adds character,” Dr. Chakwas agreed, eyeing the cybernetic scarring Shepard from which she was still healing. “Now, Liara, please sit up so that I can apply the medigel and bandages.”

Liara allowed the doctor roll the fabric down her shoulder for better access to the injury. Shepard reached for her hand and squeezed gently, though Liara felt little pain from Chakwas’ touch.

“To prevent infection, you’ll need to cleanse it twice daily with a mild antibacterial soap. You’ll also have the reapply medigel daily and change bandages frequently to keep it dry.”

Chakwas finished tying the bandages and stepped back to admire her handiwork. “There,” she said proudly. “These should last until the morning. Come see me tomorrow and I’ll fix you up again.”

Liara shrugged her wounded shoulder back into the leather suit. “If it’s not too much trouble, Dr. Chakwas,” the asari replied, “I’d prefer to dress the wound on my own rather than take up any more of your time.”

The doctor eyed her charge warily. “I would like to keep an eye on it,” Chakwas protested. “Asaris heal quickly, but are sometimes prone to secondary infections. I’d feel better if you let me monitor your progress.”

Even if Liara knew the doctor’s words to be true, she didn’t want to make more ties to the ship than necessary. It was important that she return to her base immediately. Though she trusted Feron to operate as the broker in her absence, there was much she needed to see to personally. Now that
Miranda knew the base’s location, Cerberus would soon be nipping at her heels.

“I suppose I can’t force you,” Chakwas permitted, “but please do see me if you have any complications.”

“Thank you, doctor.” Liara stood up and rolled her shoulders experimentally. The pain had lessened thanks to Dr. Chakwas’s treatment, though the wound stillsmarted. “I feel much better.”

The maiden locked gazes with Shepard, a hungry look in her eyes. “I think it would be best to get some rest after all that’s happened. Commander, would you show me to my quarters?”

Shepard’s mouth was so dry that she had trouble making a response. “Of course,” she finally stuttered. “After you.”

The elevator doors were still open when Liara pinned Shepard against the wall and claimed her open mouth. She indulged Shepard’s concern, but the visit to the med bay had taken far too long and Liara was beginning to lose her patience. She needed to have Shepard again. This time without the masks and lies – naked, vulnerable, perfect.

“Liara!” Shepard moaned, a little shocked. “Dr. Chakwas said you need time to heal. No…” Liara’s lips began a trail down her throat, only stopping to nip at the Spectre’s earlobe. “Strenuous activity.”

“Maybe you should do all the work, then,” Liara returned huskily. Her hands found purchase on a tight ass encased in borrowed leather. “I’ll just lie back and think of Thessia.”

“You’re evil,” the human panted, letting Liara insert a thigh between her legs despite her vocal disapproval.

“Mmm, but I bet you’re already wet under those commando leathers,” Liara purred. “I’m half tempted to rip these pants off right now so that I can check.”

“God, Liara, I’ve never stopped being wet.”

Liara growled in response, threading her fingers through Shepard’s hair and pulling hard. Inside a silent war waged between the desire to screw Shepard senseless and the need to take her sweet time. Before, the desperate fucking was necessary. But now she had the chance to explore every inch of her lover, and she hated to see such opportunities wasted.

The asari’s breath was hot in Shepard’s ear. “Then I trust you’ll have no objections to stripping so I can see just how soaked you are.”

“Here, ma’am?” asked Shepard hesitantly, because they were standing in the elevator instead of the cabin.

“Do you have a preference, my pet?”

“The bed,” Shepard stammered, breath catching as Liara replaced the thigh with inquisitive fingers. “Mmm, how predictable,” the asari murmured. “You want me to fuck you slowly? Light some candles? Put on some music?”

“Yes,” she moaned, receiving a sharp bite at the hollow of her neck. “N-no.”

“No?”

“I mean, I want you to do whatever you want with me, Ma’am.”
“Good.” Liara pulled away suddenly, spun the commander around, and shoved her toward the door. “Go on up to the bedroom and show me how much you want me.”

Shepard shivered as she crossed into the far room, her mistress hot on her heels. The asari, after much deliberation, decided to take a seat on one of the sofas facing the foot of the bed. She watched intently as Shepard reached behind to unzip the leather bodysuit. The redhead began pulling the material down her freckled shoulders with little ceremony, wanting to rid herself of the suffocating fabric more than to tantalize.

The broker had other ideas, however. “Stop,” she barked, resting a booted foot on the opposite knee and leaning forward slightly. “Put on a show. Don’t undress like you’re going down to your skivvies in front of the recruits.”

An uncharacteristic blush spread on Shepard’s cheeks, but she did not refute her mistress’s orders. She averted her gaze and began swaying to dull bass of music she didn’t remember ever turning on. Liara’s nails dug into the armrest when Shepard pushed the material enough to reveal bare breasts and erect nipples.

“Look at me,” Liara demanded. Emerald eyes met sapphire eyes, the former sparkling with nervousness and desire in equal parts. “Now, turn around and take off those pants.”

Shepard did as instructed, bending over as she stepped out of them and giving Liara an unobstructed view of wet, swollen folds. The sharp intake of breath at the sight gave Shepard courage to bow even lower as she kicked off her shoes. Now naked, Shepard remained in this position and silently waited for her lover’s next command.

“You’re doing very well, pet,” Liara approved, rising from her seat to inspect the body of her paramour. “I wasn’t so sure you’d be so good at following orders when we first played together, but now I’m proud of how far you’ve come.”

“Thank you, Ma’am,” Shepard murmured, her voice barely above a whisper.

“And I’m the only one who gets to see you like this. Isn’t that right?”

“Yes.”

A single finger came up to sample the wetness at Shepard’s core. “Yes… what?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Good girl,” replied Liara. “Now, get on the bed.”

Shepard did as she was told, reclining fully and spreading her legs per Liara’s instructions. The asari rose from her seat and Shepard held her breath, expecting Liara to toy with her immediately. After all, she hadn’t displayed much patience in the past. Instead, Liara surprised Shepard as she wandered over to the side of the room and procured a chair. Settling right in front of the foot of the bed, Liara purred, “I intend to be here for some time.”

Alien eyes simply watched at first. Liara’s gaze swept appreciatively all over the Spectre’s body, pausing to linger at a few of what she considered Shepard’s best features – namely, her abs and legs. The asari’s blue eyes were already bleeding to black, desire threatening to overwhelm her. Liara sucked in a few deep breaths to steady herself.

“Why do you possess such a perfect body, Commander?”
Shepard blushed and looked away, mostly because she had never thought of her body as perfect. It was strong, and she was confident about that, but truth be told she had always wished for smaller hips, less freckles and more feminine feet as women often do. She was a soldier, not a beauty queen.

“You don’t believe me?” Liara asked, taking Shepard’s silence for denial.

“I guess I never really thought about it like that,” Shepard admitted.

“You have lovely legs, for starters,” Liara murmured, letting her hands caress the aforementioned body part. “So long and muscular. And your skin is so soft, like butter.”

“Your thighs,” Liara continued, gripping them. “I could spend an eternity trapped between them.”

“You’re such a tease,” Shepard laughed. She leaned back on her elbows so she could get a better look at Liara.

“No.” The hands skimming along Shepard’s thighs moved higher. “I just realized that I’ve never had the chance to properly express just how gorgeous and sexy I think you are.”

Shepard tried to reply, but found her words swallowed up by a sigh of pleasure when Liara’s fingertips began to circle her nipples. The touch was light, but undeniably arousing.

“Your breasts,” moaned Liara. “You have magnificent breasts. The way they fit into my hand just right…” The asari demonstrated, cupping the commander’s tits in both palms. “It’s like they were made for me. And these perfectly pink nipples of yours… a few shades lighter than the pink between your legs.”

“Just shut up and fuck me,” Shepard groaned. “I get the fucking picture.”

“I don’t think you do, Shepard. Don’t worry, though. I intend to make you understand.”

A purple tongue peeked from blue lips and gave an experimental lick to the arch of the commander’s right foot. The human moaned immediately, her leg twitching slightly. Liara repeated the action, smiling to herself when Shepard fell back into the bed completely. Now she was free to do what she willed with the Spectre.

“Your skin even tastes good,” Liara remarked. She licked along Shepard’s ankle and calf, stopping only to make a swipe at the back of her knee. “Almost as good as your pussy.”

“You’re going to kill me,” whined Shepard, squirming.

“I won’t give you what you want Shepard, not until I’m positive that you understand your beautiful body belongs to me completely.”

“I thought we’ve already been over this.”

Liara did not respond. Instead, she let her mouth wander up freckled thighs, teasing but never coming close to the heat radiating between her legs. Her tongue maneuvered over a hip bone, then dipped into Shepard’s navel.

“Fuck!” Shepard yelled. “How does this feel so good. You’re not even…”

The commander’s lament was silenced when the asari’s tongue moved to paint patterns along a defined stomach. A moan caught in her throat as Liara licked the underside of her breast. Again, she deliberately avoided the spot where she knew Shepard needed contact the most.
Shepard felt like her body was on fire - warm, and tingling. Her brain was having difficult processing Liara's words as the asari's tongue slid along her rib cage.

"Before, I asked you to belong to the Shadow Broker," Liara's voice floated into Shepard's mind. "Tonight I'm asking you to belong to Liara T'Soni - and not just the facade I fashioned for you - but all of me, even the bad parts."

The image of Desma's head drooping unnaturally threatened to break Shepard's reverie, and the Spectre shivered. Liara must have sensed this, because the asari pulled away and looked deep into her lover's eyes. "Can you forgive me for what I've done?" the broker asked.

Shepard wasn't sure. So much had happened. On one hand, she was still pissed off and horrified that Liara had been the Shadow Broker all along, and that the shy, sweet maiden she thought she knew so well had simply been an act. She wondered if things had been different - if Liara hadn't be groomed for her role - maybe Liara truly would have been the gentle, intelligent woman she presented as on the Normandy. She hoped that somewhere beneath all the hardness there was something kind and vulnerable in Liara, something that would salvage the love she'd felt for her all those years. On the other hand, Shepard felt some relief that the shame she experienced in enjoying the Shadow Broker's attention was somewhat mitigated by the knowledge that Liara T'Soni had been the one behind the mask and not someone else. If she could only find some way to reconcile her perception of who Liara T'Soni was with her true identity, Shepard was certain contrition would be possible. And yet...

Remorseful blue eyes looked down as the asari placed a soft kiss on the human's pelvis. "I'm sorry," she whispered. "Perhaps it's too soon for me to ask for your forgiveness. Let us just enjoy the moment we have now."

Jane relaxed. That was something she could do. "Yes," she replied breathlessly. "Please, don't stop."

"I love you," murmured Liara as her tongue dragged between wet, swollen folds. Shepard moaned in appreciation, grateful that the broker had decided to skip the teasing and give them what they both wanted.

"I love you, too." As Shepard said these words, she knew she was speaking to both the broker and the archaeologist. Even if she wasn't yet ready to join the two identities into one, she could love them both separately.

"Don't rush me," Liara moaned into wet flesh. "I haven't had the chance to really enjoy you, and I plan to make up for all the wasted years I could have spent tasting you."

Shepard felt her heart beat in her clit at those words. She thrashed on the bed, aware that it wasn't going to be easy to let Liara continue at this leisurely pace when what she wanted so badly was the ravenous, all-consuming mouth of the Shadow Broker. The gentleness was welcome, but release was even better.

"Please, Liara!"

She groaned. "Say my name again."

When Shepard complied, she was rewarded with a firm lick and the definite buzzing of biotics from Liara's mouth.

"That's not even fair!" Shepard protested, digging her heels in the mattress while the asari continue her slow and gentle ministrations.
"I want to savor you." Liara circled a pointed tongue around the commander's engorged clit. "You taste so good."

"Meld with me," Shepard begged. "I want to feel your mind inside me again."

Liara shook her head and leaned forward to capture more of the commander in her mouth. If she melded now, they would both be sent over the edge. Liara wanted to see her lover come at least once before she allowed herself to unravel the way she knew being inside Shepard's essence would force her.

"I want you to know," Shepard panted, "that all those asari I have been with have all been practice... for you. I thought of you every time. I wanted to know exactly how to touch you... if I ever got the ch-!"

Her words erupted into a shriek as the broker seized her clit between teeth. Liara pulled away momentarily to growl before she delivered a soothing kiss to the abused skin. "I would have preferred that you practiced on me."

Two fingers dipped inside, and Shepard shifted her hips to accommodate them. Her fingers gripped at the blankets covering the mattress. She felt feverish - delirious. She needed Liara to make her come and end the torment soon.

"Patience, my pet," Liara whispered. The asari detached her mouth from Shepard long enough to stand up and hover over the woman's naked body. With her fingers still embedded deep inside, Liara planted a kiss on the human's lips. "Look at me."

Shepard stared up into blue eyes - blue eyes that were softer now, swimming in tears. The tears fell down Liara's cheeks, rolling down Shepard's skin and into her mouth where she could taste Liara, herself, and all the sorrow her lover felt. Liara's fingers moved with more force and urgency than before, but the asari kept her eyes trained on Shepard.

"Come for me."

Those words were all the encouragement that Shepard needed. She came hard, thighs squeezing tight around the blue hand between her legs.

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