Covetous

by AWritingGhost

Summary

Covet; (verb) to want, yearn, or strongly desire to possess something that belongs to someone else.
Garrus sees Shepard and Saren together and it inflames his desire for her all the more. Shepard doesn't have a clue. Saren is having none of it.
Kink meme fill.

Notes

This was originally a fill for the kink meme. The original prompt was:
There will never be enough jealous turians!
The relationship between Specters Saren and (paragon) Shepard is pretty infamous, but knowing that the female human commander is actually into turians only serves to fuel Garrus's infatuation with her, and everyone seems to be aware of just how deep his admiration goes except the Specter herself.
Saren knows though, and he's just little bit threatened by the handsome, capable young turian who would do anything for Shepard.

This is a rewritten version. I've cleaned things up a bit, rearranged scenes, did a little more showing and a little less telling. Hopefully it's a bit better. I'll be posting as I clean things up. (Or make them dirtier, I guess. Whichever.)
Chapter 1

Garrus was on his way to the showers when he stopped short. Two figures stood in the hall ahead of him. The sight of the ship’s Commander and the turian Spectre standing together set his teeth on edge.

Shepard leaned casually against the wall, navy fatigues hugging her slender frame. Spectre agent Saren Arterius stood next to her, too close for Garrus’s comfort. The older turian's back was turned, but he hovered over Shepard possessively. Garrus knew he was devouring Shepard with those mechanical eyes of his. Shepard was looking up at him through her eyelashes, a small smile curving the edges of her lips as she put her hand on Saren’s arm.

Garrus knew enough about human body language to know that she was trying to entice Saren. Part of him was disgusted at the thought of the Spectre touching her. It was so wrong.

Another part of him was incredibly interested. He’d heard the human crew talk. Shepard was apparently quite attractive by human standards. With so many options available to her, he'd always dismissed the idea of her wanting a turian.

A rather insistent throbbing behind his plates reminded him that some parts of him were less willing to let it go.

Shepard glanced over Saren’s shoulder and spotted him. She smiled brightly.

Garrus gave her a strained smile of his own. On any other day, at any other time, he’d be basking in the warm glow of her attention. But right now, he was not at all confident in his ability to keep his arousal out of his voice.

Saren glanced back slowly, deliberately, somehow casual and threatening at the same time. Two blue pinpoints of light bore into Garrus’s eyes, like a sniper's sighting laser honing in on a target.

Garrus felt a twinge of trepidation, but refused to let the other turian see it. He waited for the Spectre to say something. Instead, Saren looked him up and down, then turned away in a pointed dismissal. Garrus fought the urge to bristle at the insult.

The Spectre leaned in towards Shepard and rumbled something in her ear, too low for Garrus to hear, but there was no mistaking the lust in his subtones. Shepard laughed.

A knot tightened in Garrus’s chest. He loved hearing Shepard laugh, clear and bright and resonant. It was a rare, beautiful sound, hard to elicit and gone far too quickly. But hearing her laugh and knowing it was for Saren made him feel positively sick inside. It chafed him to see them together on the best of days, and this wasn’t one of those.

He slipped by them quickly, unable to bear it any longer, but not before the other turian locked eyes with him again. Garrus knew he wasn’t imagining the look of smug satisfaction in the Spectre’s eyes.

Damn him, he thought, determined not to let his anger show.

He scowled to himself, thinking of that pale bastard. Saren was a cold, condescending, ruthless son of a bitch. The exact opposite of Shepard. What does she see in him?

Yes, Saren was one of the Council’s top Spectres. Even Garrus had to admit that he got the job done, no matter what the cost. In another place and time, he might even have respected the older
turian for it. But after meeting Shepard, it was obvious who was the better Spectre.

When she completed a mission, she had no avoidable casualties, no collateral damage. She could convince a merc to give up the gang life and go home. Sometimes she could do it without firing a single shot. He'd never seen anything like it, not even working for C-Sec. It was hard for Garrus to imagine that she had anything in common with Saren, other than that the Council had accepted them both as operatives.

Garrus didn’t know how she put up with him. Most humans considered turians uptight and aggressive, but Saren was abrasive even by turian standards. There were rumors he’d publicly humiliated former Blackwatch operatives for minor infractions just out of spite. He never saw any need to hide his reputation as a human-hating turian supremacist.

Garrus remembered when he’d first heard the rumors of the new human Spectre candidate. He’d felt a moment's pity for the poor human who’d gotten stuck dealing with Saren. The most common wager in the office betting pool was that she’d be gone in under a month. Some people even whispered that the last human Spectre candidate ended up with Saren, too, and hadn’t lasted a single mission before being unceremoniously rejected. Garrus wouldn't have been surprised. He just wasn't sure if it was a calculated way to stick it to the humans or the Council’s incompetence. Either way sounded equally plausible.

Saren only ever trained a handful of candidates in his entire Spectre career. Even fewer passed his evaluations. So when Shepard, a human female, became the first human Spectre under his watch, it ignited a firestorm of speculation. Everyone wondered how she convinced him, but neither Spectre ever spoke about it.

Garrus turned the corner, entering the showers. They were blessedly empty. He slunk to the furthest one, grateful to avoid the nervous glances the human crew threw him whenever they shared the showers.

When he’d first come aboard, Garrus had wondered how she changed Saren's mind, himself. After seeing them together, though, he had a pretty good idea of what might have happened.

At first, he'd found it strange how much time she spent in Saren's company, given his reputation. Then he'd noticed how they were always so close to one another any time they were in the same room. He'd caught their lingering touches and eye contact held just slightly too long.

And he'd have to be blind *and* deaf not to notice how Saren acted around her, how he *looked* at her. It was enough to make his blood boil, and not just with anger.

He stripped his armor off quickly. Freed of its constraints, his erection slipped out unhindered by his long retreated groin plates.

Garrus sighed with relief, glad he waited until mid-shift. The pressure was starting to get nearly unbearable. He didn’t think he would’ve been able to hold himself back even if someone else had been there. Humans got funny about things like that, and the last thing he wanted was to draw more attention to himself today.

He stepped into the shower stall, turning on the water. His erection gave a hard pulse and he gave himself a long stroke, wishing it was her hand instead.

It was hard enough just being on the ship with her. There was something about her. He couldn’t put a name to it, that bright flame that drew him in irresistibly. He’d never met another woman like her. She was everything he’d ever wanted, everything he’d never known he needed until he met her. He’d never been attracted to humans before, but *Shepard*... Shepard was different.
He couldn’t help but wonder how her ecstasy looked. Every time she spoke, his eyes went to her lips, imagining what her orgasm would sound like. He got hard whenever she walked by, wanting to wrap his arms around her sexy, little waist and pull her closer. He wanted to touch her, to press her soft body against him. He wanted her to know what she did to him.

After Saren came aboard, Garrus found himself fantasizing more than ever. He would do anything for her, if she would only ask. He’d get on his knees for her, beg with his mouth and hands for her attention, but her eyes were always on that damned Spectre.

He wanted to know what Saren did to keep her, how he kept her even now that she could be free of him. Whatever Saren was giving her, he could do it too. He respected her. She was beautiful, strong, incredible. She deserved better than that barefaced.

Garrus found himself imagining them, alone in her quarters. Was he rough with her? He had to be. Garrus couldn’t imagine someone like Saren ever being gentle. Did she like it that way? Did she like it when he bit her, raked her body with his talons?

He stroked himself faster. Her skin was so smooth and soft, warm and so very sensitive. He would trail his talons over her waist, her breasts. She’d squirm, wanting more. He’d go down her legs, then up again, caressing her.

Did he use his tongue, laving her body while she writhed with need? He imagined lapping his tongue over her body, tasting her, teasing her nipples. Oh, yes, Garrus, she’d cry. Please, I want you.

Did he take her like a turian woman, hard and fast, or was he torturously slow, drawing her pleasure out and making her beg? Or maybe he held her down and took her while she was pinned helplessly beneath him. Did he make her take him in her mouth?

Garrus moaned, thinking of her between his legs. He could almost see her on her knees, teasing him with her wet, soft tongue. He could almost feel her circling the head of his cock, driving him crazy with need. She’d take him in a bit at a time. Her plush little lips would feel so good, sucking like no turian woman could.

His hips bucked. Shepard would look up at him with lust as she sucked, playing with herself while she took him into her throat.

If she needed to submit, he could give her that. He’d let her get herself wet for him. I want you to use three fingers, he’d tell her. I want to make sure you can take me.

Then, when he could hear the squelching every time she penetrated herself with her cum-soaked fingers, he’d take her hands to make sure she couldn’t get herself off. No, Shepard, he’d growl. You’re not going to come until I’m ready. He make her pleasure him until he was almost about to come into her mouth. He’d make her lick her fingers clean, then he’d fuck her hard.

Garrus felt himself on the edge, imagining fucking her with her own saliva slicking his cock. You feel so good, Garrus, she’d moan. I need you to take me harder!

He picked up his pace, growling. He could be as rough as she needed. He’d get on top of her, scraping and licking her, nipping her soft skin and leaving his marks all over her body. He’d look down at her, watching her orgasm. Please, Garrus! I want you! I’m so close, she’d scream, body taut with need.

He groaned, thinking of her moaning his name over and over in pleasure. He came into his hand, his hips jerking erratically. He slumped against the shower wall, breathing heavily.
He would have her. He opened his hand and held it under the water, watching his seed swirl down the drain. All he had to do was find out why she wanted Saren and prove to her that he could do better.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

This took a little longer than expected. My computer ate my file, so I had to start over. Ah well.

Saren’s up. You didn't think he was going to let Garrus slide, did you? ;) No smut in this chapter, but hopefully being Saren-centric makes up for it.

Saren stepped off the elevator, cybernetic eyes immediately seeking out and locking on his target. The Vakarian boy turned eagerly at the sound of the elevator door opening, then stopped short on seeing him. He turned back to face the rover, but not before Saren saw the scowl on his face.

*That’s right,* Saren thought mockingly. *It’s me. Too bad.*

He stalked his quarry with a brisk pace, every step honed and anticipatory. The younger turian looked over his shoulder as Saren approached. To his credit, the boy didn’t even flinch, which was more than Saren could say for most of his targets. He was either very brave, or stupidly reckless.

*If you think her fondness will protect you from me, you’ve made a grave miscalculation, whelp.* The boy was going to learn the price of impudence.

The Palaveni whelp wasn’t the only one on this ship who’d taken an interest in their Commander, but at least the others understood their place. The Alliance biotic had carefully backed off once Saren came aboard. The asari all but fled the room whenever he entered. Only *this* fool persisted in thinking he could stand on equal ground.

Saren wasn’t sure if the Vakarian boy thought he could seduce Shepard away, or actually foolish enough to think he could fight for her attention and win. Either notion was ridiculous. He may have been a pretty thing by turian standards, but Shepard wasn’t turian. His long crest, bright eyes and shiny plates wouldn’t help him woo her. If he thought his looks would draw her away, he was an idiot. Saren intended to make him pay dearly for trifling with him.

Saren stopped a few feet away, hovering in the blind spot behind the boy’s cowl. No turian liked an adversary standing where he couldn’t see, and there was no question the younger turian saw him as an adversary. Instinct compelled him to turn from his work and face the very real threat standing behind him.

*“Spectre Arterius,”* Vakarian said, his voice flat and face emotionless.

*“Officer Vakarian,”* he replied, outwardly polite, though no turian could miss the open menace in his stance.

Saren saw the moment Vakarian registered his intent. He waited, locking eyes with the boy. The younger turian met his eyes defiantly, refusing to acknowledge Saren as his superior. *If that’s how you want to play it, boy, I’ll show you why you don’t cross a Spectre.*

*“I must say,”* Saren said, breaking the silence but maintaining eye contact. *“I wouldn’t have*
expected to see a Vakarian here.” Saren cocked his head. “Knowing your father’s opinion of Spectres, I’m rather interested to hear why his son abandoned his post for a place on a Spectre’s ship.”

The Vakarian whelp only stilled for a moment, but it was long enough for Saren to catch it and know he’d hit a tender spot.

“I didn’t abandon my post. I cleared my leave with the Executor.”

“Oh, really?” Saren let his amusement ooze into his sub-vocals. “I’m sure C-Sec is lamenting the loss of one of its officers. You must have been very convincing, seeing how Executor Pallin dislikes the Spectres almost as much as your father.”

Saren tapped a claw against his mandible, though he knew the other turian would see through the display of absent-mindedness. “Though your father likes humans even less, if I remember correctly.” He smiled at the boy. “Do they still communicate regularly? I’m sure they’ll have a lot to talk about.”

“I wouldn’t know,” the boy said, gritting his teeth. “You’d have to ask them.”

Saren gave a little, non-committal hum. “So, why did you come aboard? Still hoping to get a chance at your Spectre evaluation?” The younger turian’s mandibles twitched with a suppressed emotion. “There are more official channels you can go through, you know. Plenty of candidates have applied multiple times for consideration. I wouldn’t pass one, but another Spectre might consider it.”

“I wanted to learn from a respectable Spectre,” the boy said, putting a slight emphasis on respectable.

Saren flared his mandibles in a vicious grin. If you’re looking to be taught a lesson, look no further.

“Admirable of you,” Saren said with mock enthusiasm. “And Shepard is just the type of kindhearted sentimentalist to take pity on you. How very nice.”

“Yes,” Vakarian said, constrained anger making his voice tight. “She is a rather remarkable woman.”

“Indeed she is,” Saren replied, smirking. “In more ways than you can imagine.”

Vakarian bared his teeth in a not-so-subtle snarl. “I’m rather busy, Spectre. Was there something in particular, or are we just idly chatting?”

Saren could hear the elevator doors opening. Right on cue, Shepard. He wasn’t finished with the boy, not by a long shot, but it would have to wait for now.

He gave an understanding, little nod. “Oh, don’t let me interrupt your work, Officer Vakarian. I’m sure we can continue chatting some other time.”

He turned back towards the elevator, intercepting Shepard. She looked up at him, a slight furrow between her eyebrows. Saren knew that look. It was her I-should-investigate-this-further look. He smiled.

He stood in front of her, blocking her view of the boy. With her petite, little body, she’d have to stand on her toes just to see over his shoulder. Saren liked dominating her, even in height. Of course, he knew she wouldn’t try to ignore him. Shepard was far too earnest for that. She’d never
turn away someone who wanted a word with her. Her tendency to stop and listen to anyone's problems was a trait that often irritated him, but today suited his intentions quite well.

“Saren?” She tilted an eyebrow at him.

“Shepard,” he rumbled. “There something I’ve been meaning to talk to you about.”

“Oh, sure.” She looked up at him, losing the puzzled expression. “I was just going to see Garrus.”

“Don’t bother.” Saren brushed his hand over her hip as he stepped past. He turned and she spun to face him, turning her back on the boy. “He said he was busy. I was just about to excuse myself to go find you when you showed up.”

She tilted her head up to look at him, exposing her throat. Saren felt a hard pulse of desire shoot straight to his groin. He knew Shepard didn’t know baring her neck was a turian sign of submission, but he also knew the boy was watching. An instinctual part of him wanted to take her to the floor and have her right there, but Saren was nothing if not self-disciplined.

“Well,” she said, “if he’s busy, I guess I can talk to him later.”

“But right now,” Saren purred, “you should talk to me. Let’s head somewhere private, shall we?”

She nodded, a slight smile blooming on her lips as she understood his meaning. She let him guide her forward, missing the disappointed look on the whelp’s face as she entered the elevator without sparing him a glance.

Saren allowed himself a small burst of triumph. He swallowed the smirk he felt, instead locking eyes with the boy just before the door shut. A remarkable woman indeed, and all mine.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

This chapter has gone through the most extensive of my rewrites, but hopefully it was worth it. I kept poking at it (no pun intended) until I decided I wasn't really doing much but rearranging words. That's usually the cue to stop and just post the darn thing already. So here it is; the conclusion you've all (maybe) been waiting for!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shepard kept her cool in the elevator, sneaking glances at Saren. He was standing very close to her. Not that he couldn’t tell she was looking, damn him.

He gave her a smug look, slipping his hand inside the back of her shirt. His gloved hand was warm against her skin. She knew he couldn't actually feel much with his gloves on, so he was doing it entirely to fluster her.

He seems very pleased with himself, Shepard thought. She narrowed her eyes at him. What have you been up to? She had a sneaking suspicion, though.

Saren flared his mandibles in a wicked grin. He ran a talon slowly down her spine, lightly scratching her skin.

Shepard looked away, trying to distract herself from her body's response to his touch. She wasn't going to make it that easy for him. Saren was a skilled and relentless pursuer. He lived for the hunt. She could feel his eyes running hungrily up and down her body and suppressed a shiver.

He let out an amused rumble and leaned in, nipping her ear playfully. Oh, he’s in one of those moods, she thought.

He moved his hand from under her shirt and draped it around her waist, talons kneading softly into her side. He pulled her closer. Shepard could feel the warmth radiating from his body.

She made the mistake of looking up into his eyes and was caught.

His eyes burned with a cold, blue fire. He smiled, moving his hand from her waist to lightly stroke her cheek. It was tender, but his expression was anything but. He cupped his hand behind her head, pulling her in. He licked her lips slowly, almost languidly, though she could feel the tension in his body.

The elevator stopped. He pulled away as the doors opened and stepped out, eyes still locked with hers. He gestured for her to go ahead.

She put an extra sway in her hips as she took the lead. His appreciative purr put a mischievous smile on her lips. For someone who had been so against her species, Saren had learned rather quickly how to enjoy the human body.

The mess was empty, she was glad to see. Spectre or not, it was always awkward when her crew tried not to look at the two of them together. She opened the door to her quarters and entered, stopping in the middle of the room before turning.
He'd already closed the door, the lock glowing a forbidding red behind him. He was watching her intently, his eyes glowing brightly in the dim of her quarters.

She crossed her arms, assuming her ‘Commander’ stance. "You wanted to talk, Saren?"

His mandibles flared in a sharp smile. He stalked towards her with the grace of a natural-born killer, his expression a mix of amusement, lust and something darker that she wasn’t quite sure how to read.

Shepard felt the hair rise on her neck at the same time heat started pooling between her legs. With Saren, there was nothing feigned about his dangerousness, or his desires. She knew he had too much discipline to accidentally lose control. Saren knew the human body intimately, hers especially. His control was one of the many things she had... come to appreciate about him. He could elicit both pain and pleasure exactly as he pleased.

He kept his eyes on hers, his expression becoming steadily hungrier as he got closer. Her heart-rate shot up, some primal part of her brain screaming that a predator was approaching, but she stood her ground. She dropped into a more casual stance as he entered arm’s length.

"Shepard," he purred in her ear. "We need to work some things out."

She looked up at him through her eyelashes. "Oh?" He put his hands on her hips, walking her backwards. "And what do we need to work out, Saren?"

Her back hit the wall and Saren started skillfully removing her fatigues.

"You need to remember your place, Shepard," he whispered, the words forming hot puffs of air against her bare neck. Shepard nudged her clothes away and reached for the clasps in his armor.

"And just where is my place?"

"Perhaps I need to remind you. Where you belong and who you belong to." He removed her bra and threw it to the side. "I’m going to make sure you understand."

She peeled him out of his underarmor.

His plates were already open and his erection slid out. His large, blue length was ribbed and wet. A pulse of desire shot through her.

"You like turian cock, don't you Shepard?" Saren chuckled. "I know how much you like the way it feels inside of you, how it tastes."

It was pulsing, the smell of his musk growing stronger. Her mouth started to water, thinking about the salty, slightly bitter taste of him.

He lifted her chin, forcing her to look into his eyes. "Not tonight. You're going to use that sweet mouth of yours for something else, so I can’t have it full of my cock. As long as I'm on this ship, there’s only one turian you’re going to have between your legs."

Shepard held his gaze. "This is about Garrus?"

"That boy," he growled, "needs to be put where he belongs." He stripped off his gauntlets, removed his gloves and tossed them, running his bare hands over her body. His palms were slightly rough and calloused, much like his personality at the moment.

"Oh, come on, Saren." She looked up at him, stroking his neck. "There's nothing going on with
me and Garrus. Why are you giving him such a hard time?"

He looked back with a vaguely annoyed expression, though he reached out to rest his hands on her hips. "You let him get away with far too much, Shepard. He should know better than to question his superiors."

"I let him question me." Shepard planted a gentle kiss on the side of Saren’s neck. "Same as all my crew. You know how I feel about that," she said softly.

"Yes, yes," Saren scoffed, hooking his talon in her underwear and yanking it down. "How could I forget your incessant need to surround yourself with fools who need every, little thing spelled out?"

"If my crew doesn’t understand the decisions I make, they can’t trust me." She ran her other hand along the seam of his waist, drawing a small rumble of pleasure from him. "I let him ask questions so he can learn, understand why I do things, what my motives are."

He gave her an amused look, his mandibles flared out slightly. "You think he’s questioning you because he doesn’t understand your motives?" He drew his hand to her breast, circling her nipple with his thumb until it was hard.

"What do you mean?" It was getting harder to think, but she knew Saren. He hadn’t even started yet.

His hand left her breast, wrapping his arm around her waist. He pulled her closer, pressing her against him while he nuzzled her neck. She could feel his erection, hot and slick against the inside of her thigh. His other hand slipped between her legs. She bit her lip as Saren rubbed his finger slowly through her folds.

Saren rumbled a laugh, dropping his mandibles in a wicked grin. "You’re already wet for me. So eager to submit, aren’t you?"

He dipped his finger inside her, making her gasp. He thrust it in and out, torturously slow. She could feel his finger growing slicker as he moved inside her.

"Saren," she breathed. Her legs were starting to tremble.

He unhurriedly drew his finger out and up her clit, deliberately teasing her without speeding his pace any. He moved his other hand from her waist, slowly trailing his talons up her back. He wound his fingers in her hair and tilted her head back, giving himself more exposure to her throat.

"Oh, Shepard. My sweet, naïve, little human." He flicked his tongue against her neck. "You aren’t hard to figure out. But I know what he’s doing," he said low in her ear. "He’s testing you."

"Testing me?" Her back arched with pleasure as his talon rubbed the sensitive flesh between her legs.

He rumbled an assent, nuzzling her exposed throat. "He’s pushing your boundaries, seeing how far he can go before you push back." He moved his hands to her hips, lifting her easily. "He’s seen that you’ll let him get away with a lot. Your praise only encourages and incites him to push for more." He licked a line up her throat, hovering at her ear. "But I won’t tolerate his blatant disrespect, Shepard."

"You’re being cynical."

He nipped at her, making her gasp. "Please, Shepard." He nibbled a line in reverse down her
neck. "You aren’t turian, so apparently you don’t understand."

"Garrus is a nice guy."

Saren drew his tongue over her other nipple. Shepard moaned, writhing against him.

"Nice?" Saren gave a low chuckle edged with menace. He lifted her higher until her feet left the ground, teasing her clit with his erection. She whimpered. "You can’t hide anything from me, Shepard." He rubbed himself against her harder, making her hips buck. "Your body tells me everything you want," he growled. "Do you want a nice man?"

She opened her mouth to respond and he entered her in one hard thrust. She bit back a wail, nearly seeing stars. The burning ache of him stretching her to fit his incredible width sent all words fleeing her mind.

"I didn’t think so," Saren growled, grinding her against the wall. She reached out to steady herself against him, but he snagged her hands.

"No fair," she said, struggling in his iron grip.

He smirked. "What kind of Spectre would I be if I let you fight fairly?" Saren asked, wrapping one of his hands around both of her wrists and pinning them over her head.

Shepard scrabbled for purchase against the smooth wall. He hooked his other hand behind her knee, destroying any chance of gaining leverage. She huffed.

"Now," he said, moving slowly. "Where were we?" He thrust shallowly, drawing a whine from her. "Ah, yes. I was reminding you that you are mine."

"You’re cruel, Saren," she whimpered.

He hummed in agreement. "Do you know how much I enjoy hearing you beg, Shepard? Do you know what it does to me?" He nipped at her lips, licking them. "I’ll only let you come when I’m satisfied you’ve learned your lesson."

Shepard’s hips jerked in vain, trying to urge him on. He chuckled again.

"None of that." He ground his hips into hers. "I will make you remember why you're mine." He penetrated deep. Shepard threw her head back and Saren licked her exposed throat, returning to shallow thrusts. "I'm going to make you scream for me, Shepard. Everyone on your ship is going to know how much you like it when I fuck you."

He lowered his head and ghosted his teeth over her neck. She could feel the pricks dragging along her skin. She gasped as he closed his jaws gently around her throat.

Saren laughed with his sub-harmonics, tightening his hand around her wrists. He started moving slowly. She could feel him throbbing inside of her. His ridges rubbed against her inner walls, building her ecstasy higher.

"Saren," she moaned, clamping down on him. "Don’t stop!"

He thrust deeper, slowing his tempo, nearly pulling out before driving in to her again. She bucked her hips, trying to speed him up. He thrust faster, growling.

*Almost there!*
He pulled out of her and pulled away. Cold air hit her wet, bare skin. Before she could protest, he tossed her face down on the bed. She landed on her hands and knees.

He was on her again before she could move, his weight pressing her into the mattress. He entered her hard and pinned her wrists down. She bit back a sob as he stilled.

"Saren!"

"Tell me what you want, Shepard," he hissed in her ear. He lightly scraped a talon over her nipple.

"I want you," she ground out, clenching down on him harder. Her insides were on fire with need. He throbbed inside of her but he refused to budge, instead giving a singularly vicious, shallow thrust. Damn his self-control!

"I'm here," he breathed into her ear. "Now what do you want?"

"I want to feel you." He started slowly circling his talon over her clit. She wailed, trying to grind her hips back against him.

"You're such a good girl, Shepard. Always so diplomatic with your words," he purred in her ear. "I could just eat you up."

"Take me," she begged. "Please?"

He stopped touching her and tightened his arm around her, holding her like a vise against him. "Is this what you want, Shepard?"

"Please, Saren!"

"You get off to being fucked by a turian, don't you, Shepard?" Saren asked, keeping his hand perfectly still, just barely touching her. "No human can stretch your tight, wet, little cunt like I do, can they?"

"No," she moaned, writhing underneath him.

"That's right." He continued teasing her, letting the pleasure build. Her head flung back and Saren nuzzled her neck. "Only I can give you what you want. Do you want me to fuck you, Shepard?"

"Yes," she cried, desperately wiggling against him.

"You know I'm a very patient man, Shepard. I can keep doing this as long as you want me to." He nipped her ear. "Tell me every dirty thing you want me to do to you," he said, trailing one talon up her belly. "I want to hear you beg for it."

"I want you to fuck me." Shepard's hips jerked again. His throbbing was driving her crazy, but she needed more. "I need you to fuck me and make me come."

"Details, Shepard."

"Fuck me hard," Shepard moaned. "Please, Saren! I want you to come inside me. You feel so good. You make me so wet. I need you!"

He lifted his weight off her, dragging her to the edge of the bed. He let go of her hands, grabbing her hips. He slammed into her again. She screamed, spasming around him.

He set up a brutal, punishing pace, taking her hard and fast. The sounds they were making were
obscene; loud squelching and sucking as he penetrated her and the rhythmic wet slapping of his plates hitting her skin. Her face flushed at the thought of them fucking in Anderson's old room, but it only made her want more.

"Do you like this, Shepard?" Saren snarled.

"Yes!" She was aching, pleasure and pain mixing and driving her ecstasy higher. "Oh, God. Saren!" Her fists knotted into the sheets. "I'm so close! Please, just--"

"Tell me who you belong to," he growled, the possessiveness in his sub-harmonics clear even to her.

A sob tore through her. "You!" Her hips bucked wildly under him. "Oh, God, I'm yours. Please, harder, Saren!"

He gripped her hips and lifted them. His talons dug into her as he pounded her with abandon, his hips slamming her with every thrust. Everything started to narrow to a single point of fire.

"Come for me, Shepard. Now!"

She screamed as her climax tore through her. She could feel Saren bear down on her. He bit her shoulder just hard enough to break her skin as his climax shuddered through him.

He sagged on top of her and his weight pushed her pleasantly down into the mattress. Saren’s hips spasmed lightly. Shepard laid there in a daze, feeling him coming in hot, wet pulses.

She was pleasantly sore, like she’d just finished a good workout. She wasn’t going anywhere for a while. Luckily, she didn’t want to.

Saren wrapped his arms around her and flipped them over so she was laying spread on top of him. She moaned with pleasure at the aftershocks and let her head roll lazily against his neck. He gave a quiet chuckle, idly tracing his talon over her stomach.

Saren’s plates were comfortably warm under her. His hands moved over her body, relaxing her further. Shepard’s eyelids flickered shut, content in his arms.

She was half-asleep when she finally felt him retract with a slick pop. He scooped her up, and she collapsed against him bonelessly. He set her carefully back down on the bed and got up.

She listened while he rummaged around, smiling to herself. As rough as Saren got with her, he always took care of her. He could be almost... tender at times. It had been a rather pleasant surprise.

She’d asked him why once. They’d had the most mind-blowing sex, easily the best she’d ever had. -- Not that she’d tell him that, of course. His ego was already enormous. -- As shocking as it was, she’d been even more surprised when he’d started cleaning her up. It was so unlike him that she just had to ask. He just looked at her like she’d asked the most idiotic thing ever, then told her in a very exasperated tone that she asked too many questions.

"What are you smiling about?"

Shepard cracked her eyes open. Saren stood over her with a pack of medi-gel in one hand and a rag and bottle of oil in the other.

"I was just thinking about a certain turian," she replied, looking up at him.
"Oh?" He sat on the edge of the bed. "And what did this turian do to make you so happy?" He broke the seal on the medi-gel pack with one talon, then opened the bottle of oil and set it to the side.

"Hmm…" Shepard said, pretending to think as Saren spread the medi-gel on the bite on her shoulder. "Well, for starters, he just rocked my world."

Saren’s mandibles clacked in amusement. "You humans and your nonsensical aphorisms. I fail to see how orbital bombardment is a cause for happiness, but go on. Tell me more about this turian."

She lifted her hips and watched as Saren rubbed the medi-gel there. His fingers warmed the coolness of the gel, and she sighed contentedly as the anesthetic kicked in.

"He’s strong," she said, tilting her head up at him affectionately. "And brave. Intelligent and cunning. Determined. Proud to the point of arrogance, but selfless in a way."

"Sentimental," Saren snorted.

"There’s nothing wrong with that," Shepard said with mock indignation. "There’s a reason we were born with the ability to feel emotion, you know."

Saren shook his head, reaching for the rag. "There’s a reason we have the ability to control our emotion as well. There are those who would use it against you, Shepard."

She didn’t reply and he cleaned her up in silence.

Emotion versus logic. Heartless efficiency versus compassion. It was an old argument, one she didn’t feel like dredging up. There was no need to go retread the same ground anyway, since they both knew how this argument always played out. If there was one thing they had in common, it was the refusal to budge. He had his methods and she had hers. In many ways, they were complementary. They worked well together, once they’d found a balance, but they could never see eye-to-eye on their worldviews.

Shepard watched him, the way the light shone on his plates as he moved. He was all sharp points and hardness, dangerously built.

She knew he saw her as too soft, too forgiving, but that was just the way she was. She could never live the way he did. Saren was a singular creature. His years of harsh discipline hardened him. Self-imposed isolation built a wall around him that made it easy to kill with detached logic. Anger and bitter experience honed him into a living weapon. His constant exposure to the selfishness and cruelty of people made him willing to carry through without mercy.

His life had been hard, so he chose to become even harder. It forged his heart into a tangle of barbed wire and his mind to a razor’s edge. He didn't trust others. It had taken a long time for him to even trust her. Sometimes she wondered if being with her was the only indulgence he ever allowed himself, the only time he let his guard drop any at all. The thought made her heart ache, but Saren rejected it when she tried to comfort him. She wished he wouldn't, but that was just how he was.

She pushed it aside and focused on the feeling of his hands rubbing the oil into her thighs. "Mmmm." Her eyes fluttered closed, and she spread her legs further to give him better access. "That feels good."

"Careful, Shepard," he said, working his way upwards. "If you keep that up, I might not let you go."
She opened her eyes. "I wouldn’t be adverse," she said, grinning up at him.

"Don’t tempt me, human," Saren said with a dangerous drawl. "You know I could keep you tied up here all day." She didn’t miss his emphasis on *tied*, and licked her lips in response.

"I didn’t know you were so easy to tempt, Spectre Arterius," she said innocently. "That could be useful information to know."

"And what do you plan to do with it?" He asked, smirking.

"Oh, I don’t know… I’m sure I’ll think of something." She beckoned him closer.

Chapter End Notes

And that’s it. Thanks for reading!
Love it? Hate it? Meh? I'm always welcome to feedback or critiques, if you're so inclined.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!