CWs: Sexual assault. Sexual battery and violence. Implied sexual slavery. Extreme sadism. DEAD DOVE DO NOT EAT. I'm working through sexual trauma with this one and it goes very far. Don't read this if the above cw's are a problem for you.

I don't go to bars very often. I feel a bit out of place there. They're loud, yeah, but I can handle loud. No, I think what bothers me is the sense of isolation when you go to one on your own and you're not good at connecting with strangers. There's the feeling that everyone there knows each other and you're an outsider. There's a culture you're not a part of, like you're a tourist from Outside, tolerated but not really *welcome.*

So it's honestly been a lovely surprise that tonight, the woman on the other side of the bar seems to be going through something very similar. She's been cradling her glass of beer the whole night and just kind of looking around from time to time, like she's hoping something's going to happen. Like, when you go out, events pop up around you. She seems alert. You and me both, honey.

It's hard not to look. She's…

One of a kind, I think, is the best description. She looks like the kind of person who used to be soft and pretty, you know? Like she was a part of a friend group in college, One Of The Girls, long pretty hair and a deep-seated interest in popular media.

And then somewhere along the way, she changed. You can tell it was a decision. There's a determination in her hard blue eyes. A determination for her to be *strong.* Even with her overalls up, you can tell she's got more muscle than most people, and she looks like she could ram her way through a steel door. She has a neck like a tree trunk.

If that had been me, the dysphoria would have been *killer* but that's why I don't look like that. And I'm really, *really* grateful some people want to look like that because, if I'm honest, I love the sight of a woman who can just kill me.

And going off of her uniform, she just might. The chevrons on her shoulder, the hammer and shield emblem, betray her as a pilot. No, a Pilot. I'm kind of surprised that she'd be in a bar like this instead of an air force one, but maybe she doesn't feel like seeing the same people over and over again.

We owe the Pilots everything, of course. Going out there, every day, in their gigantic mechanical bodies, putting their lives and sanity on the line to protect us from the horrors of the universe. I actually considered the program once upon a time, but then I did some research and most people only last for a few months. The oldest pilot is forty, and he only started the program at thirty two.

Piloting a giant robot takes a lot out of you, of course. Linking your mind to a hundred tons of steel and ammunition and willing it to fight endless onslaughts of teeth and malice and being forced to feel the whole thing because it's the only way to make that mental link work and Jesus fucking Christ, I could never. No, let me be one of the idiots on the ground who moves numbers between columns all day, thank you very much.

I don't know how they do it. Then she catches my eye and I realize that I've been staring and damn, maybe I'll get a chance to figure it out because she's smiling and she makes a little beckoning motion with her head.

"Hey," I say when I sit down next to her, raising my glass. She clinks it gently with her own. At this distance, I can see the network of lines across the back of her hand.

"Hey," she answers. "Maria."

"Diana," I tell her. "Saw you looking."

"Saw you looking first," she says with a little grin. "I really should have worn something else."

"Nah," I say with a little smile. "I love a woman in uniform."

"Lucky me," she answers and brings the glass to her mouth. I glance at the linework again. She nods. "Go on," she says. "Ask me about them."

"I mean… do they hurt?"

"Not as much as they used to," she says. "You need your whole body integrated or flying becomes impossible. And yes," Maria adds, "they go over my *entire* body."

“Oh!” I say and manage not to choke on my drink as she looks me up and down.

“What about you, cutie? You don’t look like the bar-going type.”

“I, uh,” I say, “I needed some distraction. I’ve been cooped up all this time and I felt like doing something adventurous, you know?”

“Yeah,” she says, “I know. You ever consider joining the pilot program? Plenty of adventure there, and we sure as hell can always use more recruits.”

“I did, but I don’t think I have the stamina for it. Or the constitution.”

“Oh, don’t sell yourself short,” she says, spinning around slowly and leaning against the bar. “You’re probably stronger than you give yourself credit for.”

“I mean, it’s physical strength, you know?” I say. “I hear how hard it is for you guys, how most of you have a mental break and half the people drop out of the program after connecting to their suits for the first time because their consciousness can’t take it or something.”

Maria nods. “That part is true,” she says. “Most people can’t carry the cognitive stress of having their mind and body expanded beyond, like, their own limits. But some people are better at living in bodies that are different from the one they started with.” She grins, a little joke for those who know. “But there’s techniques we’ve been using. You have to *want* to fight, and then it all sort of clicks into place and suddenly you’re a hundred-foot-tall beast that can punch a moon out of orbit and, fuck, I would never give that up.”

“Wanting to fight?” I ask. “Like having something to fight for.”

“Exactly,” she says.

“What’s your reason to fight for?” I ask her, curious if she’s got someone special.

She gives me a cheeky, secretive smile. “Maybe I’ll tell you later. But I think you’ve got what it takes, Diana.”

Something about the way she says it makes me want to believe her. “What makes you say that?”

“Vibes,” she says. “You look like you’re actually a fighter, but you don’t know it yet. I like that.”

“Naah.” I shake my head and smile. “I’m more of a lover.”

“Oh, *are* you now?” She cocks her head towards me, and I study her face. The little black lines where sensors are implanted just below the skin run the length of her jawline and up the side of her face. Some go to her mouth or her eyes. I can see surgical scars just above her hairline and briefly pause. “I… yeah,” she says, reaching up to touch them. “It’s not a very marketable part of the package, but minor brain surgery is a part of the deal.”

“Damn. Does it… Like… Are you…”

“I’m still me,” she says with a smile and relaxes. She’s had this conversation before. I don’t blame her. “They had to plant the control module in the base of my neck, and sensory ones at the front, with a booster in my amygdala.”

“Damn. That sounds like a lot.”

“It’s fine,” she says. “It makes me a better Pilot, and that’s what matters to me, really.”

“Wow.”

“You’re cute when you gawk like that, you know that?”

“Well, uh, um,” I say. Fucking nailed it.

“You said something about being a lover,” she says and there’s a little glint in her eyes. She runs her tongue over her teeth like she’s looking at a steak and if I’m entirely honest, it’s irresistible. I don’t get looked at like that. People do not think I’m attractive, and if they do, they sure as hell aren’t *hot.* But here she is, looking like she’s ready to eat me.

“I did,” I manage, and my crotch sends a little thank you note to my mouth because my brain sure as hell wasn’t involved in the decision-making process there.

“Wanna get out of here?” she asks. I swallow and nod. She takes my hand. When she gets up and starts walking, she almost yanks my arm out of its socket and she gives me a sheepish and apologetic smile. “Sorry,” Maria says. “I only got back from deployment this afternoon. I’m lagging.”

“Lagging?” I ask, massaging my shoulder as she leads the way. She apparently has a place nearby.

“When you’re in your suit,” she explains, moving her hands excitedly, “it kind of ‘becomes’ your body. So when you unplug, there’s a bit of delay and it can be kind of hard to gauge how hard or soft you have to do things. You have *no* idea how many cups of coffee I’ve destroyed by putting them down too hard.”

I laugh. She laughs. She puts her arm around my shoulder – fuck, she’s taller than me by a not insignificant margin – and a little firework goes off in my stomach. I bite my lip and she sees it, giving me the most self-satisfied smug grin I’ve ever seen before pushing me into a wall and slamming her hands against the stone by my head and then her lips are on mine and I am fucking *gone*.

Maybe I’ve been wanted like this before, but if I have, I can’t remember it. The way her strong hand slips under my shirt and grazes my skin, the way her mouth on mine is almost hungry, like she’s trying to drink me in, the way she pulls me into her so hard I can feel the muscles in her arms ripple, all serve to make me weak in the best way possible.

She does this for a few years, until she finally pulls away, panting like she’s just finished with a hundred yard dash, and then opens the door next to me.

We head upstairs in relative quiet because it’s all fun and games to be horny but it makes going up the stairs a hell of a workout. We only stop six times, practically falling over as she needs me so bad it makes my head swim.

We don’t see anyone in the building. It’s a hotel, and that makes sense, I think. If she just got back from deployment, maybe she’s having some trouble getting her feet back under her. The desperate, affection-starved creature in the back of my head briefly considers letting her stay on my couch until she finds a place but perhaps we should see each other in daylight before I offer for her to move in.

She opens the door with a girlish giggle and I quickly skip in through the weirdly thick door, and my stomach turns a little bit when I hear the door close behind me and I hear several locks and latches slide shut. The hotel room is largely empty. There’s just a bed and a suitcase in the corner. Everything else is covered in plastic tarp.

I turn around with a little joke on my lips when she kisses me again before I can get it out. She’s too strong for me to stop her, and when I put my hand on her arm she grabs me by the wrist with a grip like a vice. a pang of pain goes up my arm. I feel the bones in my hand grind against each other and I gasp into the kiss.

She bites. Hard. I taste blood when she finally pulls back, and a red smear, like freshly smudged lipstick, is painted around her mouth. She’s breathing heavy and there’s a hazy look in her eyes.

What’s happening? She’s way more aggressive than earlier, and we didn’t talk about this, and I’m about to tell her that I haven’t done this in a very long time and that I can’t go that rough, when her fist hits me in the jaw like bag of bricks and my vision goes blank for a second.

The curtain is pulled away when my knees hit the ground and I feel her hand on my throat. Her hand is like a metal claw, squeezing the air out of me. She’s careful. She’s done this before. She knows what she’s doing. My vision tingles as I try to understand what’s happening and I grab at her arm, trying to pull her away, pull her fingers apart. She takes my hand and twists it.

There’s a horrible snapping sound, but it’s the tearing, on the inside, that runs up my arm and down my spine and spikes into my brain, barely comprehending what’s going on.

I scream, and she moans.

“Make all the noise you want, sweetheart,” she says. “This place is sound proof.”

For the first time since going into the apartment, I manage to speak.

“Why?” I ask her. It’s all I manage. Why is she doing this? Why me? What did I do to her?

“Oh, honey,” she purrs as she pulls me up on my feet with nothing but her hand on my neck. I have to push myself up or risk her hanging me with one hand. “It’s nothing personal.”

She tosses me away. I stumble and land on my knees in front of the bed and within a split second she’s on me again, grabbing a handful of my hair at the back of my head. It barely hurts, the pain in my arm currently demanding all my attention.

“You know what I’ve got to fight for, Diana?” she purrs in my ear as she kneels down right behind me, pressing her crotch into my back. “You know, the way they keep us from losing our desire to fight is with a little implant. Just a bit of minor brain surgery.” She starts to grind against me. “Fighting *is* my desire, Diana. It’s the only thing that fucking does it, doll.”

She runs a hand under my shirt again and squeezes my breast, hard. Pinches a nipple and despite myself, despite the pain, it sends a signal up to my brain that I respond to with a high-pitched whine. It’s not arousal. Not really. But it’s a signal and it sets her off. She pulls my nipple again.

“You’re so fucking cute when you’re trying not to make a sound. I love that you’re a fighter,” she growls in my ear. “I’m going to fucking destroy you.”

I cry out when she pulls my hair back and I hear her groan behind me. She’s pulling my pants down. I try to push her back, shoving away from the bed with my one free arm, and all that achieves is her twisting it behind me, no longer holding my hair, up, up, and up until something in my shoulder goes pop and the fireworks go off behind my eyes again. She stops.

I wonder if for a second all of this was a psychotic attack. Some kind of mental break. She’s frozen, and without a hand on my head I can see behind me. Her eyes are rolled back into her head and she’s shaking.

She comes with a low groan and then she fixes her gaze on me again, and her smile goes wide and she looks like a predator in heat.

She pulls my underwear down. I whimper. Surgery is expensive and I haven’t been able to afford it. I don’t want anyone to see me like that but more importantly I am now more vulnerable than I’ve ever been. She squeezes my ass and pulls the cheeks apart, then pulls down her own pants.

My eyes go wide. She wants me to be able to see what’s coming. She wants me to see the other implant. Black dots around her pubis. A huge cock straining and being set free.

“Yeah,” she purrs. “I know.” She looks down. “Fuck, you’re so cute.”

With a hand she reaches around and touches my dick and I tense up, as she squeezes and massages it until blood starts to pour towards it, my body full of adrenalin and responding to nothing but the most instincts.

“God,” she says as she presses her cock against my ass, jerking me off, one arm behind my back and the other hanging limply by my side. “I really want to fuck you, but I don’t want this to be over yet.”

“Please,” I say and she takes that as a sign. I should have stayed quiet, because she picks me up like I weigh nothing and tosses me on the bed. I roll over, trying to get out of the bed. Maybe I can get to the door, maybe I can call for help.

I don’t even make it to the edge of the mattress, halfway up on one knee, when another haymaker of hers hits me in the nose. My vision goes dark and bright. Fireworks on the darkest knight as I fall backwards. Before I know what happened, my hands are cuffed and are being attached to something above me.

Her face is a mask of tender sadism. She licks her lips and looks at me like I am a painting she is going to destroy.

“You are so beautiful,” she says, before gritting her teeth and punching me in the face again, and two more times, until I can’t breathe through my nose anymore and I feel blood pour down my throat.

While I’m dazed she disappears. It takes me a second to wonder where she is, what she’s doing, when cuffs are locked around my ankles. When I look down, I see there’s a bar locked between them, and she’s leaning on it. I can’t move. She’s wrapped her lips around my dick. I feel weak and scared and hurt and I can’t get away and somehow she’s making my crotch feel *good* and I can’t get away. I pull at the cuffs and pain shoots up both my arms, my wrist and shoulder hotbeds of needles shoved into my arteries and slowly threaded into my skull.

When I cry out, she moans and I feel the vibrations in my crotch. Her hands are busy massaging my ass and I cry when I know what’s coming and a thumb is pressed against my asshole, all of it made worse by the fact that she is very, very good at sucking dick. She pulls sounds out of me

that I should not be able to make where I am, with the pain I am, but she does it anyway, and when I'm not ready she shoves two fingers inside of me.

It hurts, her strong hands caring little for my resistance, and she curls her fingers in just the right way to force me to come in her mouth. It's an orgasm devoid of real pleasure, completely against my will, and she is enjoying every second of it.

She sucks me dry. When I stop bucking, I can see her licking her fingers, and she rams the back up in my ass, sawing in and out of me with reckless abandon.

"You are so fuckin cute," she says.

"Please, stop," I whimper, and she shakes her head.

"No," Maria says. "You're too hot and too cute and this is too fun and I'm too horny. Now I'm going to fuck you until you forget your own fucking deadname." She rubs my softening cock and squeezes the last drops of cum out of it. It hurts.

She shifts her weight and coats her cock in saliva and my own juices, and positions herself. I can't do anything. I can barely move. She moves the bar, pushing my legs up until my ankles are on either side of my head and my cock is pointed at my own face.

"There," she says. "Perfect."

She puts her cock at my asshole and pushes.

Even though she loosened me up, there's still resistance and it hurts as her wide cock pushes past my entrance and begins to fill me up. It burns andI feel like my skin is stretched to its limit and beyond. I can feel it tearing but she doesn't stop and she doesn't care.

No, that's not true. Every time I cry out I can feel her twitch inside me.

She fucks me. Hard and with wild abandon.

Her fist hits my face.

She presses both hands on my throat and I think that this is it, that this is how I die, as blood flow to my brain is cut off and my vision swims. Strangely enough, the pain begins to subside. For a strange, brief second, the rocking is almost nice.

Right up until she pulls her arms away and she grabs my wrist and squeezes so hard I can feel the broken bones shatter more and I scream, scream harder than I've ever screamed in my life, and I can feel her cock pulse inside me and I realize she's pumping me full of her come.

She doesn't stop for several seconds, ramming her cock inside of me, and she jerks me off with her other hand and she knows she's been touching the right spot because she somehow gets me to that edge again and I somehow moan at the same time as her as she forces me to come on my own face as she does inside of me. She pulls back, lowers my legs for me, and undoes the straps on them.

Without another word, she gets up, goes over to the night stand and pulls something out of it. It looks like a glue gun.

I can just watch. I'm broken. I feel broken. My body hurts, every part of it violated and used. Pain surges up and down my body and makes me shiver and twitch involuntarily.

She presses the thing against my neck and I feel a small prick. Shortly after, the pain subsides, and there's a weird tingling in my wrist, my shoulder, my face, my groin, every place she's brutalized.

"That was fun. Thank you," she says as tears start to run down my face.

"What are… what's… are you going to let me go?"

"Am I… honey," she says. "I'm going to go get some water."

She smiles a quiet, peaceful smile as lifts my chin.

"Did you think we were done?"