

A Mother's Plea

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The night was unrecognizable in the glare of neon-colored advertisements. The taste of umami was lingering in the air, while the drone of the air condition unit competed with the atonal buzzing and groaning of the radio. Occasionally, the

station managed to fight through the interference and play a few happy little ambient tunes, completely forgettable.

Charles sighed and wiped his brow. The heat was getting to him. His black hair was hidden under the white paper hat and the blotches of food on his apron created a chaotic pattern that seemed to be in tune with the radio's waves of white noise. He glanced over the counter into the tiny room Aunt Ma used to serve the food and seat maybe a dozen of workers at minuscule red laminate tables.

The guests were mostly exhausted people working shifts at one of the many hidden sweatshops around here. They popped in, sat down, relaxed for a moment, stuffed their faces with Aunt Ma's special and then disappeared again. Occasionally, the shop was visited by the 23 Hands, a local gang happy to collect protection money. As long as the food was on the table and the money in a bag when they came, they were no problem.

And then, there was her.

She didn't come here often. When she did, it was usually in the strange twilight between shifts. The artificial light would struggle with the greyish-gold of the smog and the place would be empty for a while. Usually, this was the moment for Charles to clean up the floor a little and to wipe down the tables.

The woman would ignore him and wolf down the protein noodles flavored with Aunt Ma's special sauce. She was quite the sight and definitely made the room seem even smaller. The woman was hugely tall, over 7' and tremendously muscular. Her shoulders were easily as wide as two grown men's next to each other. She was also topless, with her nipple piercings on full display. The only thing she was wearing other than a shiny black thong was a kind of holster strap

thing that covered absolutely nothing. She also had some fancy bracers and some heels, all of them made of shiny black material and giving off a rather intense red glow. Her eyes were black, with just her pupils glowing in the same red. She was intimidating as hell, and Charles did his best not to provoke her in any way.

With a body like hers, she could probably just rip him in half without much difficulty. Still, he took his time to admire her looks. Her confidence was just as impressive as her outrageous muscle.

It was one of these days.

The hulking uber woman had walked in, the last remaining guests clearing out. She sat down and he brought the usual. She didn't have to say a word. He knew his place. As she started eating, Aunt Ma emerged from the minuscule kitchen, walked to her carefully and sat down next to her. The huge woman looked at her frail Asian host. Aunt Ma smiled. It wasn't a happy smile.

The enormous woman stopped her eating. Even her face was muscular. Her jaw seemed to be deformed by the absurd mass of her bulk. In a way, it probably had been conventionally beautiful once, but now, this had been replaced by an otherworldly, brutal aesthetic that was both intimidating and arousing at the same time. There was a pause. Then she growled:

“What is it?”

Aunt Ma didn't avert her eyes. She looked straight at the massive amazon and asked:

“You’re a solo, aren’t you?”

There was a kind of scowl on the warrior woman’s face now. It could be a smile. Maybe.

“What gave it away?”

The old woman didn’t answer. Instead, she said:

“I need your help.”

There was a strange shift to the colossal woman’s stance. Maus, as she was called, was suddenly very attentive. Up until now, she had mostly been careful to keep herself under control. Her body was a perfectly honed brutal weapon, endlessly perfected by surgery and genetic augmentation. All this power had come at a price, though. The noisy humanity around her made her cringe. She hated it when people blabbered endlessly, when they laughed at their stupid jokes, when they pointed and touched and scowled and ...

All this made her twitchy, and when she got twitchy, she had to calm down. She knew what kind of damage she could cause if she lost control.

But there was one thing that had made her do all this to herself. She wanted to be strong to be a hero. A warrior of legend. Instinctively, her hand went to the last bit that reminded her of the cute girl she had once been. There was a heart-

shaped piercing in her bellybutton, caught between uber defined abs and supported by thick plates of subdermal armor. Her body was a tank and this was the last sign of her former weakness. And still, it held her together.

“My help?”

The old woman made a sign to Charles. He got up, closed the door and switched the neon sign from OPEN to CLOSED. Then she extracted a remote from her apron and switched to the video player connected to the TV screen above the counter.

There was a brief scene from the war of the ants, then the dancing logo of the Yomatsu Tape corporation and then, there was a laughing man, wearing the facial tattoo of the 23 Hands, the thumb and the index black, the other fingers neon green. His hair was cut in a short mohawk, also dyed neon green and he said:

“Are you recording this? Frak. This is going to be awesome!”

He stepped aside and revealed a young man, he couldn't be older than sixteen, probably even younger, black hair, tough guy clothes. He was surrounded by other Hands. The first man laughed some more, then explained:

“And tonight on the City's Funniest Home Videos: Donnie Ma gets fucked up!”

Maus could see that the old woman's body was tightening as if bracing for

impact. This was going to be bad. The Hands laughed some more, then went to work. As the scene got more violent, Maus could feel her hands tighten. She knew what it was like. With a thought, she relaxed them. Her jaw seemed to grow harsher as her facial muscles hardened. Again, a quick breath and she was calm.

The old woman stared at the brutality without hesitation, her face absolute contempt.

When it was finally over, the young boy was lying in a puddle of his own blood, his urine and his shit. He was barely breathing.

The first ganger bent down to him and said:

“Stay with your noodles, little boy.” Then he turned to the camera. “Send that thing to his family. I hear they are a good influence!” Then he laughed again. The image cut out.

Aunt Ma looked at the enormous woman grimly. Then she said:

“I want them to die.”

Maus sank the chopsticks in the noodles and barely nodded. Revenge was pro bono.

Once outside, she took her phone out of a compartment in her bracers and called Limbus. He was her fixer, a pathetic weakling and sad excuse for a human being, but blessed with the kind of submissive charm that powerful people enjoyed. He had friends everywhere even if no one trusted him. After a few rings, she heard his voice:

“Hello? This is Limbus, the man you hate to love.”

She could feel her skin crawl. A stupid electronic jingle kicked in.

“Also, I’m not here right now, so leave a message after the beep or press 0 to page me.”

He still had that idiot text. She waited for it to pass, then said:

“This is Maus. Call me back. I need info on the 23 Hands.”

Then she walked over to her place to calm down and center herself. It was best to have a perfectly clear mind when planning such an operation.

Her apartment was surprisingly tiny for someone her size. Then again, she preferred to spend her money on maintenance and upgrades of her body. Also, food and fashion tore quite a chunk into her finances. The building was run by a mercenary service that rented its apartment as micro offices to professionals. They offered basic medical services, a gym and a nearby shooting range for their customers.

Their investors had questioned the sagacity of filling a building with homicidal murder machines, but for now, it worked out.

Maus reached her door, checked in with a quick retinal scan of her custom Kiroshis and took a deep breath. Her room was perfectly clean, with as little distraction as possible. She was well aware of her mental status and did her best to reduce risks.

There was an oversized futon roll on one side, a clean cupboard with her medical supplies and first aid equipment on the other and a simple Motetsu entertainment deck and a Tambo fax machine by the closet door. Behind it, there were her clothes, shoes and personal belongings. She looked through the window, watching the low clouds drift by and the neon lights flash and sparkle within them. The hum of the ventilation unit had a soothing effect on her. She stepped out of her shoes and sat on the floor.

As she waited for Limbus' call, she went through her check routine. She let her cyberware do its diagnosis routine and tested her own control of her body. The doc had suggested that this was an excellent way to prevent problems with her mind-body integration. The thing was that her enhancements had turned her body into a huge killer machine, invulnerable to small arms fire and more muscular than the largest competitive bodybuilders. She knew that this was her deep inside, but whatever soul or inner demon rested in this muscular cyber-shell seemed to disagree, still aching for her to be a small, weak girlie girl.

No chance. She breathed deeply again as the status reports flashed by on her cyber eyes. Everything was fine. She was ready for action.

Moments later, her phone rang. It was Limbus.

“Hi! How’s my favorite cyborg berserker doing?”

“Hello. Listen, I need everything you can get me on the 23 Hands.”

“I’m fine too. My life is amazing right now. I met this girl ...”

“Now.”

He chuckled:

“Yeah, yeah. No problem. I’ve been collating a report over the last couple of minutes. I’ll fax it over right away.”

“Good.”

“No thank you?”

“None. Good work. See you soon.”

“Does that mean you’re going to hit them?”

“Maybe.”

She hung up. A moment later, the fax sprung to life and spewed out a stack of pages of tables, schematics and grainy photographs, followed by some handwritten notices. Maus picked them up and spread them out in front of her. Limbus kept surprising her. The data was amazingly well prepared. There was a list of the properties they held, the places they hung out at and the business that they were racketeering. There were lists of their previous and current gang members, their recent purchases and their vehicles.

The shopping lists were especially interesting. Apparently, they had been compiled from a combination of credit chip statements and simply sifting through their trash. Limbus’ guys were incredible.

Mumbling to herself, Maus went through the data:

“... Fifteen U3M cyberware power packs, twenty QikHeal wound patches, five boxes of EuroVideo standard tapes, eight blisters of PainBGone, Fifty packs of medium size condoms ...” She frowned. “Too bad.”

She looked at the list again and said to herself:

“There’s going to be some massively cybered-up guy in there. Not very well integrated yet, judging from the time stamps. Piece of cake.”

Then, she had a satori, gave Limbus another call and left.

After an uneventful trip on the maglev, she reached 23 Hands territory. Their tag was everywhere, the hand silhouette, thumb and index in neon green, the other fingers in black. She had to admit that they owned their corporate identity.

If Limbus' information was correct, their headquarters were in a big hab tower surrounded by a large park. The place had once been meant to be a luxury area, but some economic crash had wiped out the investors and left the people here with a half-finished shell of a building. Eventually, the gangs had moved in and the 23 Hands had taken over. Since it was all isolated from the surrounding buildings, it was easy to defend, any approaching enemies visible long before they got close. The tower was blistering with scavenged weapons and surplus military equipment. Even for a massive fighter like her, this was daunting.

She stood on the roof of a nearby building, the wind billowing in her hair. It was cool up here. Her powerful body was silhouetted against the glare of the city below her. Her eyes scanned the building, catching glimpses of the gangers inside. There were plenty. She smirked. She would have fun with them.

As she returned back downstairs, she made her plan. Happily, Limbus was a completist on his research. The plans of the building suggested that it had originally meant to be one of a pair. The company had constructed the basements for both, but only erected one of them, closing down the unused part. Breaking in would be a breeze.

In the garage below the building, two members of the Hands were playing cards. They were supposed to guard what the boss liked to call the "motor pool", but it

was mostly rough vans that had seen better days. The job down here was boring as shit. They sure would love some action. Besides, the smell of rust and oil was getting on their nerves.

There was a loud thump.

Iron Head, the younger of the pair, looked at his partner and asked:

“What was that?”

“Don’t know. Nothing, probably. That place is the shits. It does that all the time, I guess. Cheap concrete, you know?”

“I never heard it do that before.”

“That’s ‘cause you’re a newbie, newbie. We gotta be happy that this place won’t just collapse on top of us on its own.”

“You sure?”

“I’m sure.”

There was another, louder thump. Iron Head was getting nervous.

“Listen, Nimrod. That’s unusual. It doesn’t do that. Not normally.”

The older ganger rolled his eyes.

“Then go check if you have to.” He sighed. “Fuck. You younguns are so annoying.”

Iron Head got up, readied his handgun and disappeared between the cars. There was a loud crash. He advanced carefully, starting to feel nervous. The tuft of neon green hair on his head rose. Normally, it was supposed to do that when he was excited, but it also did it when he was afraid. He’d have to ask Emerald Lips to look into it. Maybe something was badly calibrated.

He turned around the corner, his weapon high.

“Who is this? Put up your hands and ...”

He emerged into an empty area. There was a massive hole in the wall. The concrete had burst inwards and there seemed to be a whole different place behind it. He had never seen that thing.

“Hello? I got a gun, you know?”

Suddenly, there was a presence next to him. He could feel it even though he didn't see it yet. It was massive and seemed to radiate a kind of raw, deadly energy. He turned to face it.

Fuck.

The fist hit him square in the face. It was a dry sound, nothing too shocking. Maus took his head right off with one blow. Her hardened knuckles were enough for the poor guy. She pulled her hand back and shook the brains from her fingers. The body fell with a thud.

In the back, she could hear the other guy shout:

“Newbie? What's up? Did you find something?” He tried to add a laugh, but it sounded hollow.

Maus switched to the thermograph vision. The place was immediately plunged into the red and blue of false colors. She could see the rapidly cooling body below her and the other man pointing his gun this way and that. He didn't seem much of a threat. The blood seemed to be pumping faster within him and his movements got frantic.

She smirked. Then she walked towards him. She loved those little moments of absolute superiority.

As she came into sight, his eyes went wide. Maus switched back to normal

vision.

He fired.

The slugs hit her, but didn't even pierce her skin. The hollow-points split up and broke against her subdermal armor and her ultra-tough muscles absorbed the impact.

He fired again. And again. He emptied the whole magazine into her chest. He wasn't half bad at this, but it was futile. Now she stood in front of him. The gun's sled was at the back, the smell of compound filled the air. She took his gun from his hand and crumpled it. Her hydraulic press-level strength made the metal screech. Then she threw it to the floor.

The man was pissing himself now. He probably was trying to make his legs run, but he was completely paralyzed. Her arm shot out and she grabbed his hand. A quick, dry pull and he was all screams.

She tossed the frayed lump of mangled flesh away and pushed him to the ground.

That felt good. As the man passed out from shock and blood loss, she walked past him, picking a single slug from the thick plates of her pecs.

“Missed one.”

Maus began her ascension. The gang had clearly not expected an attack from below like this, so they didn't set up any real defenses to stop her advance. Sure, there were some cameras and a few alarms, but while the gates of the building were well-defended with improvised mines and some heavy guns, the insides were soft and weak.

Still, they knew about her presence soon enough. The gangers assembled, readying their guns. Then, on the third level, they set up around a choke point. The upper level could be blocked off with a thick steel grille and as Maus came into view, they opened fire.

The hulking solo didn't even flinch. A quick glance at the defenders showed her that the worst they had were some magnum-chambered handguns. She did feel the bullets punch against her, but her armor was way too tough for them. If anything, they barely managed to slow her down.

Maus understood. The bosses were trying to set up their defenses further above and had decided to sacrifice their rabble to slow her down. She chuckled. This would be amazing.

One of the gangers caught her eye and saw the growing brutal lust. He retreated quietly and as fast as he could, without arousing suspicion. By now, Maus had reached the grille. The guys on the other side were stepping away from it, peppering her with shots. They shouted and screamed at her, hoping that they could somehow slow this unstoppable object.

The enormous cybernetic warrior grabbed the bars of the grille and ripped them apart as if they were made of paper. The metal shrieked, but gave way. She stepped through, clipping one of the men over the air and blowing a chunk of his skull off. He showered the others in his brains and blood. They panicked and ran.

Maus caught one of them, and tossed him at the others. They howled in terror as she came closer. One of them saw her step on one of his friends and crush his pelvis under her heel. He shot himself to escape the agony.

She growled:

“Hey, no fair.”

Wading through the mass of young criminals, she reached the stairs to the next level.

She hesitated for a moment. Should she clean the rest up or just ignore them?

Maus put business before pleasure and climbed the stairs, picking up a radio from one of her victims. Listening in on their chatter, she got a quick glance at what they were up to.

Outside, a storm approached from the sea. Thick black clouds rose and crashed into each other. The wind picked up, rattling the broken window frames of the ruined building. The monstrous warrior woman enjoyed the gesture of the heavens.

A few levels further up, the more seasoned gangers prepared for her arrival. They had piled up some furniture in a barricade and set up an anti-tank rocket launcher, aiming it at the stairwell's entrance. They were nervous. Despite years of violence, they weren't used to someone as inhumanely brutal as this intruder.

However, they were confident that their guns would be enough to stop her. These weren't just simple handguns. The gangsters had assault rifles and shotguns at their disposal. Even if that rocket didn't suffice, they could blast her with those. It would work.

They waited with baited breath. There were strange sounds below. Thumps, crashes, screams. Then silence. One of them was monitoring the surveillance cameras, but suddenly, they went dark. He wanted to say something, but just then, the elevator started going up.

The group's leader hesitated. Would their attacker be as stupid as to take the elevator? That was suicide. On the other hand, if they believed this, it was the safer bet. His head was spinning from trying to weigh the options.

He made up his mind and told the guy with the launcher to aim at the elevator door. The gangsters behind him scrambled away. No one wanted to be hit by the weapon's hot fumes when it fired.

The machine stopped with a painful groan. The door slid open ... The heavy hitters took aim at it while the rest kept the staircase in their sights.

Nothing.

The elevator was empty. Everybody relaxed.

Then the window on their side exploded into millions of shards. Surprised, the

man with the launcher turned around and fired. He didn't aim the thing at all. The missile shot out and went wide, exploding far away from the building and raining hot shrapnel down below. Behind him, people screamed in pain, burnt by the weapon's backblast. Everything was covered in dust and smoke.

In it there was something.

Something large.

People shouted for help, trying to figure out who they were fighting. At this range, without any way to tell what was going on, most didn't dare shoot. Those that did shot their own mostly.

As the dust settled, the commander of the group was looking around. His troops were lying around, dismembered and crushed. The corpses were mangled, some people were unlucky to still cling to life.

The huge woman in front of him held him by the head, her large hand resting on his cranium. He stared into her merciless black eyes, her pupils glowing crimson.

He shouted:

“Don't kill me! Please! I'll do anything you want!”

“Anything?”

“Anything! Do you want money? Do you want drugs? Do you want girls? I can get you anything! Please! Don’t ...”

She tightened her grip a little and slowly lifted him up. He was in a lot of pain now, his arms and legs dangling helplessly. Her powerful jaw muscles seemed to mutate under her skin:

“You’re cute, you know ...”

“Oh ... Okay! I’ll do anything for you! I’ll even be your slave! Please ...”

“No, I meant you’re cute when you beg.”

“Fine! I’ll beg! Let me live! I beg you! Yes!”

“It feels forced now.”

She closed her hand. There was a gruesome noise as her fingers shattered his skull. Thankfully, it was over quick. The man hung limply from her bloodied hand. She dropped him with disgust. Then she went looking for the stairs. There couldn’t be much of the Hands left now.

Maus nodded to herself. Coming in through the window had been the right choice. Climbing around outside was easy for her. The building was still stable enough to support her massive weight, while at the same time providing her with more than enough handholds. Those fuckers never knew what hit them. It was moments like these when she absolutely enjoyed her insane body. This perfectly constructed weapon just gave her a degree of freedom which none of those weaklings could ever hope to enjoy. Being suspended from a skyscraper by one hand and knowing she was absolutely safe ... It was exhilarating.

Now it was time to finish this.

She wondered when their own cyberfreak would turn up. She longed for a serious challenge. This almost made her smile. She could feel her overgrown muscles twitch with eagerness to fight. Maus wondered what kind of a fighter it would be. A gunman, a big bruiser like her or maybe some lite fucker jumping around her like a kid on uppers?

The muscular hulk could hardly await it.

After a short ascension, she reached the first floor whose walls hadn't even been completed. The wind was roaring up here, the gusts pushing against her powerful body. The lights of the city were now mostly below her. The air was almost fresh up here.

She switched her optics to night mode. It was evening now and she didn't want to miss a thing. On the far end, there was some movement. Maus stopped and adjusted her stance. She was ready for everything. Reconstructing her body had been a painful experience, but now that it was the ultimate weapon, she enjoyed it a lot.

The attack came swiftly, but not unexpected.

Out of the shadows, a massive spider-bot emerged, all guns blazing. The machine had eight armored legs, a robust core with twin light machine guns and smoke and flashbang launchers, as well as a big armored ammo reserve. It was painted in urban camouflage, but the gang had somehow decided to pick out details in neon green. Idiots.

Maus saw it coming and got into cover leisurely while the machine tried to get a good shot at her. She had to be careful, though. That thing was using high-powered armor-piercing rounds. Her subdermal armor would be no match against this. Still, the machine had to hit her first.

She focused and jumped. Her enormous legs seemed to uncoil, the hyper-developed muscles launching her in the air. She had a certain momentum to her. The massiveness of her body did that. The spider tried to follow her, but she caught one of the beams that were meant to support the floor above, pulled herself up with perfect ease and ran along towards the machine.

The spider-bot's targeting computer did its best to figure out her movements, but she stayed mobile, swung down, threw herself along a few steel rods emerging from the rebar and managed to break one slab of concrete above it.

The material rained down next to the machine, filling the air with dust and debris. While the system tried to switch to the correct filter to get a lock, she was on it. Maus crash-landed on the robot's body, her impressive weight straining its hydraulics. The poor thing sank down with a mechanic squeal. The muscled woman found its optics and rammed her fist into the casing.

The robot retreated, then tried to throw her off. Maus was amused. She knew the model. Those things were great at climbing and they could manage a decent running speed, but they were an embarrassment in close combat and they had no way to deal with the extra weight. The machine stumbled along.

That's when she realized that the thing had a pilot. She reached for the hatch.

A blade shot out of nowhere and bit deep into her arm. Any normal person would have stared at the gash, but Maus was a seasoned warrior. Instead of this, she immediately pulled back and attacked from the other side. She missed her assailant, but she could feel their presence as her fist roared by.

She disengaged, readying herself for battle. Now that she had the distance, she could see the nanosurgeons re-knit the cut. She flipped through the vision modes, trying to make out the attacker. Nothing. Whoever it was had used a katana, so the person had to be close.

She smirked. The cyberfreak. As promised.

The spider got back up, its overburdened servos whining.

Another attack!

Someone rushed past her and slashed her side, exposing the armor under her skin. The greyish-white blood pooled where the blade had bitten.

Fuck.

She had to get a visual on that guy or she would get cut into ribbons. If they were equipped with heat-shielding and regular cloaking, this would be bad. The spider robot was ready again and it trained its guns on her.

The broken optics would make things more difficult for the driver, but that thing was still a danger. Maus moved into cover, still on the lookout for the invisible attacker. The muscular she-hulk could sense her enemy close in. The next cut was imminent. She had an idea. Adjusting the anti-dazzle function of her eyes, she lifted up a length of steel bar that lay rusting on the ground. She emerged from behind the collapsed column and made a show of taking aim with her makeshift spear.

The gunner reacted just right and fired the flashbangs and the smoke bombs.

They went off, dousing the world in bright grey light and visual white noise patterns. She looked around and saw the attacker's cloaking system try to figure out how to best emulate the random lights. The thing failed miserably, covering itself in jagged lines that ran up and down its user.

The katana hit, biting deep into Maus' hand. It sliced down between her thumb and index, running through her hand and halfway down to her elbow. The pain editor flashed like crazy, but she was completely calm. She had expected something like this.

And now, the weapon was stuck. Whiteish blood spurt from her wound as her over-enhanced muscles seemed to explode from her arm, the sudden cut unleashing their tension. Maus ignored her butchered right hand and quickly extended her claws from the left. The razor-sharp blades shot out and she stabbed them several times at her enemy.

There was a scream, something of a surprise, really. The cloak collapsed, revealing a naked, snow-white female cyborg, her four green eyes flashing furiously. She had a tightly muscled, ultra-thin body, with altered feet to improve sprinting and jumping, covered in that white plastic dermal armor. The substance seemed to be shrink-wrapped over her muscles, making her look absurdly shredded. Her face looked doll-like and alien.

Maus' stabs had made her bleed.

She obviously was impervious to pain too. This was bad. They would both fight to the death, so much was clear. Maus tried to catch her and end this quickly, but the other cyborg twisted out of her grip before she managed to firm it up. The spider got into position to shoot at the muscular giantess without hitting its ally.

The monstrous solo tightened her jaw. This would be fun.

Maus pulled the sword from the gaping wound and threw it out of the building negligently. The nanobots went to work, slowly reknitting her destroyed hand. This would take a while, but she enjoyed the handicap. Her opponent pulled two long, slim knives from compartments in her thighs. She flipped them around, ready to strike.

Then the attack came. The spider opened fire, blasting away at Maus. That thing was almost cute. The hulking cyberwoman leaped out of the way, picked up a nice bit of concrete, and threw it at the remaining camera pod at full force. Although she had never practiced baseball too much, the sheer power behind her uncoiling muscles was enough to shoot the lump against the camera, fragmenting its cover and the lens behind it. Maybe the guy inside could still see, but aiming was definitely going to be hard now.

Of course, the other solo didn't wait and charged, weapons ready. Maus knew she was coming and turned to face her as the bullets roared around her. The other woman jumped, her blades flashing. Maus caught the first flurry with her damaged hand, trying to pinpoint the moment to grab the slim fighter. Her attacker obviously noticed and tried to stay out of the way, but Maus didn't care and just lunged forward. She grabbed her arm.

The white cyborg stabbed furiously at her, the blades sinking deep into Maus' flesh. The cyber-hulk felt the other woman's tight, hard flesh under the cover. This was nice ... She almost enjoyed it. Still, a fight was a fight.

With a quick pull, she ripped the other's arm off.

The four green eyes seemed to be incredulous for a moment. Maus grinned. A spray of blood splattered from the stump. Maus noticed that her chest had been pierced all over. Her self-healing bots were already at work, but the lacerated cuts welled up with whiteish blood. The pain editor was beeping all over, panicking at the severity of her wounds.

The thin cyborg killer tried to get away, but Maus wouldn't let her. She stayed close, prompting the gunner to stop shooting. Maus could swear that something had happened in the spider. She grinned, her face turning into a monstrous

grimace.

“Had enough, girl? I’m just getting hot now.”

The doll-faced cyberwoman showed no emotion and stabbed Maus into the face. The giantess just twisted her face away and the blade cut into her cheek, tearing parts of her side off and destroying two of her teeth. If she hadn’t turned away in the last moment, she would have lost her eye.

“Okay, enough now.”

She wrapped her mighty arms around the thin woman’s chest and held her like this. The white cyborg tried to stab her abdomen to make her release her, but Maus twisted her around and slammed her hand into a mangled concrete pillar. The weapon clattered on the ground.

For a second, there was a kind of tenderness in Maus’ eyes.

Then, she squeezed.

The tremendous pressure of her oversized muscles finally managed to kill the woman’s pain editor. The plastic armor plates broke and splintered off and she screamed as Maus expanded her muscles.

With a crack, her body shattered.

Maus ran the fingers of her surviving hand over her victim's muscled back.

As she let her slip from her grasp, the giant killer sighed wistfully.

Then she turned towards the spider. The pilot opened fire, but it was too late. Maus was over him in a second. She found the hatch and let her blades shoot out of her arms. Then she pried it open. There was a scream of panic as the boss of the Hands came into view.

The giant muscled woman smiled at him grimly and said:

“Aunt Ma sends her regards.”

The man was as confused as he was afraid:

“Who?”

Maus didn't care. She pulled him out of the machine and hugged him tight, his face against her mutilated uber chest. The guy produced a muffled scream as she crushed his head on her pecs.

She let him down and wiped the bits off her muscles.

Then she thought for a second and said to herself:

“You didn’t know her. That fits.”

Charles was back at the noodles. He tossed them around on the steel cooking plate and smiled. He liked this part of the job. It had a meditative aspect to it. Of course, he smelled like his noodles and it was all quite gross, but for a short, perfect moment, he could lose himself in the dance of his work.

The room fell silent.

He looked up. It was the woman. She looked badly hurt, her face and her naked chest adorned with patches. Her arm was covered in a black glove.

She looked down on him.

“Fetch Aunt Ma. Now.”

He nodded, put his cooking utensils aside and knocked at the tiny room’s door.

Moments later, the old woman emerged.

“Yes, dear? You’re back. That’s great! Did you kill them?”

Maus’ face was a mask.

“Yes. All of them.”

“Good. Thank you. You have made an old woman very happy. It won’t bring my boy back to life, but ...”

“Did you know the 23 Hands used EuroVideo tapes?”

“No. Is that important?”

“They sent you a Yomatsu tape with your son’s death.”

“Oh.”

The old woman looked chagrined.

“Maybe they had an old one lying around?”

“Maybe. They didn’t know you, though.”

“That makes it even worse, doesn’t it?”

“And you got the gang tattoos wrong.”

Aunt Ma stared at the hulking killing machine in front of her.

“Well, sometimes things need a ... Look, they deserved it.”

“Certainly. But I don’t like working for free. And I guess your gang was getting ready to move in, didn’t it? What with your son still alive and well?”

“I can pay you. I’m sorry we got off on the wrong foot. I just needed an advance, you see.”

Maus smirked brutally:

“You’re White Triangle, aren’t you?”

The old woman shivered. She tried to protest, but the monstrous cyborg just continued:

“I dropped an anonymous tip with your ... business partners. I guess they were none too happy to hear that you faked that video and violated every bit of thieves’ honor.”

“But ...”

Maus turned around and walked out. Aunt Ma looked at her. She was still alive. That was one thing. If she got away now, she had a chance. She could start a new life. Just take Donnie and his family and disappear.

Behind her, Charlie got a message on his phone. He read it, looked at his boss, and reached for the sharpest knife.

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Roy Ellison writes weirdo erotic fiction. Despite evidence to the contrary, he insists it is about the characters and the plot.

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.

Commissions are available at El_Roy_1999@gmx.de. Rates upon request.

Maus was created by Tigerson. Enjoy his art at <http://www.fem->

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