

f\*ck yes.



**SERVE & PROTECT AU SPECIAL CHAPTER**  
MAGGIE DERRICK + ILIKEYOUCATRADORA+ MILEDIBUJA

Hello reader!

Thank you so much for purchasing this pdf. This is a one shot from the fanfic "Serve and Protect", a streetgang Catradora AU written by Maggie Derrick and illustrated by ilikeyoucatradora.

These events arguably happen somewhere between Chapters 36 and 38. If you follow the story, you can choose if this actually happens or not! Whatever you choose to do, we hope you enjoy this chapter.

Love,

Maggie, Henar, Iria, Mile.

## CONTENT WARNING!

THIS STORY CONTAINS MATURE SUBJECT MATTER AND IS INTENDED FOR OLDER READERS. CONTENT INCLUDES IMPLICIT MENTIONS AND EXPLICIT DESCRIPTIONS OF:

- DRUG USE
- SEX WORK
- SEXUAL ACTIVITY

# FUCK YES

by Maggie Derrick

art by: ilikeyoucatradora + miledibuja

The Crimson Waste was a strange place. The bar and nightclub that took up the building's entire ground floor was a spectacle with its loud pounding music and strobing lights. It was the kind of place that attracted Etheria's more colorful citizens, the ones who lived their lives out loud and flipped glittery-nailed middle fingers in the face of social convention. People dressed to the nines in campy outfits, flawless makeup, and wild hair filled the dancefloor, writhing and sweating as one.

But it wasn't all bright lights, heavy pours, and good times. From where she was dancing with Double Trouble, Catra could see plenty of dark corners and how they were being used by The Crimson Waste's clientele. She saw bodies pressed close together and hands sliding between legs and up shirts and skirts. Sometimes she caught covert exchanges of the tiny packets she knew all too well. The Robots market was alive and well here, and every time Catra spotted those little pills changing hands, a familiar ache flared just beneath her skin.

Still, none of that was what made The Crimson Waste strange in Catra's eyes. To her, it was knowing about the business operating one floor above that made her feel like she was in on a secret. Not that there was anything particularly covert about the way some patrons completely bypassed the bar and dance floor, making their way instead to a heavy red velvet curtain in the back corner. Catra wondered if everyone here knew about the stairs behind that curtain, and how they led to a thriving brothel.

Every so often, some of the brothel's "staff" would drift down to the club between clients, looking to make some extra money or grab a drink while they waited for their next appointment. Catra didn't mean to stare, but she couldn't help herself. She watched each of them closely, trying to figure out what they were feeling just by the looks on their faces. Some looked exhausted or bored, while others prowled the dance floor with a knowing and mischievous glint in their eyes. What startled her most was when she recognized some of the workers from upstairs as people she had grown up with in the warehouse; older kids who eventually stopped coming home, disappearing into the world as they were put to work by the gang.

Never in a million year would Catra have guessed that the work was actually sex work. It made her feel naive.

It also made her wonder how close she'd come to being one of them. If she hadn't fought back that night in the motel, would she be the one prowling The Crimson Waste's dance floor, looking for another warm body to bring upstairs?

This was where her mind was when she caught a glimpse of shimmering gold out of the corner of her eye. Despite her better instincts, Catra's heart leapt. She spun around to better see the sheet of blonde hair and who it belonged to. In the back of her mind, she knew it wasn't her: the woman who was making her way toward the bar was too tall, her hair a few shades too light. But that didn't stop Catra from thinking that somehow, for some inexplicable reason, Adora had found her way to The Crimson Waste too.

Someone reached out and tapped the blonde woman on the arm. When she turned, the illusion was shattered: it definitely wasn't Adora. But that didn't stop Catra's heart from plummeting. Maybe it was the drinks that Double Trouble had been shoving into her hands all night, but Catra couldn't even pretend that she wasn't disappointed. She had wanted that golden hair to belong to Adora. She had wanted to shove her way through the crowd and shove Adora into one of those dark corners; though whether it would be to fight or fuck, she wasn't sure.

"You okay, Wildcat?" Scorpia's voice cut over the music and through Catra's thoughts, snapping her back to the moment. Catra jerked away and narrowed her eyes at her partner in irritation.

"What are you talking about?" she snapped.

"You look kinda pale," Scorpia said, looking Catra over with obvious concern. "Do you wanna sit down?"

Double Trouble leaned in so close that Catra could feel their warm breath on her neck. "How about I get you another drink?" they purred.

Catra pulled away from both of them, her cheeks aflame. "I'm fine. I just need a bit of fresh air. I'll be back in a minute."

Before they could argue, Catra slipped away into the crowd. She maneuvered through the crush of bodies, heading for the door. But when she passed by the velvet curtain, she paused. Curiosity whispered coily in her ear, summoning her like a siren's song until she finally relented. Catra slipped through the curtain before she could think better of it. The heavy weight of it immediately helped dampen the club's music so that only the throbbing bass remained. She lifted her dual-colored eyes up the staircase. It was lined with a

worn red carpet. Dimly lit sconce lighting ran along each wall. At the base of the stairs stood one of the club's surly bouncers. Catra was a familiar enough sight around the club at this point that he didn't turn her away, but he did raise an eyebrow at her presence behind the curtain.

"I just need a quiet place to chill for a minute," she said, pointing up the staircase. It was a surprisingly honest answer to a question the bouncer hadn't asked. The man shrugged.

"I feel that. Just don't interrupt any of the appointments," he said.

Catra blinked at him, shocked. "Seriously? You're just gonna let me up there without an appointment?"

"If DT trusts you, then I do too," he replied. Then he pinned her under a pointed stare. "Just don't give me any reason not to."

With a nod of agreement, Catra slinked up the stairs. There, she was met with one long hallway lined with doors. It reminded her of the old Horde-run hotel where she lived, only darker and slightly better kept. Catra wandered idly down the hall, half-listening to the muffled moans of pleasure and the protesting squeaks from overworked bed springs that drifted through each closed door. She lingered outside of one door



and pressed her ear to it. Inside the room, a woman was panting and mewling with ecstasy. Whoever was working her over must have been doing a good job.

With only the sounds to work with, Catra's mind was free to fill in the blanks of what was happening in that room. Her imagination cast Adora in the mystery woman's place. She could just picture Adora spread out on a bed, her skin shimmering with sweat and her hair disheveled as her chest heaved with each desperate breath. And there, between her strong and trembling legs, Catra imagined herself using her fingers and tongue to drive Adora wild.

The woman behind the door cried out in climax, startling Catra out of her daydream. For a moment, Catra was embarrassed and angry with herself for letting her mind indulge in such a fantasy. Like trying to kick an addiction, she had worked so hard to cut Adora out of her mind, and it had been ages since she'd last succumbed to imagining the many things she longed to do to her once-best-friend's body. It felt like a relapse. That thought instinctively brought her hand to touch her pocket. She felt the small lump—the packet of Robots that she always kept on hand—and quite suddenly her craving for a hit was just as strong as her desire for her nemesis.



УМ-УМ  
ММММММ

А-АУБН!

1

А-АИ  
ММММ-АИ!

УИ УИ УИМ

2

АУГН МММ - А - АН

АНММН - АН



АНАНАН!

АААААА!

МММНННН

Chuck  
Chuck



Up ahead, Catra spotted an open door. She hurried down the hall and peered inside. The room was small and empty, saved for an old armchair in the corner and a bare bed against the wall. Catra crept inside and closed the door behind her, hoping that she would at least have a few minutes to herself before someone actually needed the space.

Alone at last, Catra let out a long and slow exhale as she tried to calm her racing mind. Instead, her brain insisted on betraying her. It fixated on the golden-haired stranger from the dancefloor and the moaning woman behind the door. Again, it turned them both into Adora, and even though Catra hated herself for it, she let it happen.

No one needed to know what she was thinking in the privacy of her mind.

No one needed to know that the apex of her thighs ached with need at the thought of Adora, prone and naked and all hers for the taking.

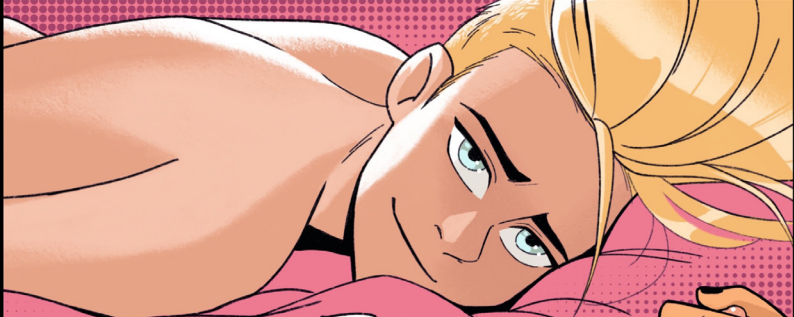
“Fuck all of this,” Catra hissed as she fumbled for the packet in her pocket. The pills had become her go-to solution for every problem. Nights been plagued with nightmares? No problem: a hit of Robots would keep the need for sleep at bay. Aches and pains from a lifetime of being handled too

roughly? Nothing soothed quite like that little magenta pill. Intrusive thoughts, bad memories, all-consuming guilt? Relief was only a hit away.

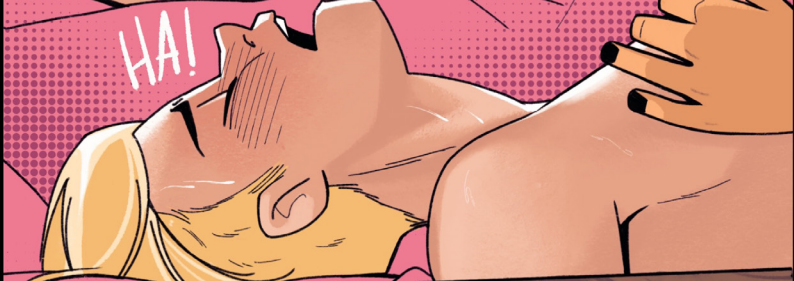
That's what Catra was hoping for when she slid the Runestone under her tongue: just a little bit of peace. May the high erase all traces of Adora, if only for a little while. She sat on the edge of the bed and waited for the euphoria to take her.

But as the drug took hold, Catra knew that she was kidding herself; that lust was one feeling that Robots wasn't going to wash away. The pills only had one job: to make a person feel good. Chasing away bad feelings was one thing, but what about when you were already feeling good? One need only look at the dancefloor downstairs to know the answer to that question.

Soon enough, the smoldering ember inside of her erupted into a raging wildfire. Her temperature rose and her cheeks flushed. Images of Adora the way Catra had always wanted to see her flashed through her mind: Adora, naked and beckoning for Catra to join her; Adora with her eyes closed and head tipped back as she whimpered with pleasure; Adora's full, soft tits in Catra's hands; the taste of her pussy on Catra's lips. This was what she wanted, and Robots was going to give it to her.



HA!



VHM-  
VHM



SUCK

With her brain hyped up on Robots, Catra didn't even try to chase these fantasies away. She savored them, lingering on every delicious detail like the rosy bloom of Adora's nipples and the tantalizing curve of her hips.

Arousal soaked the crotch of Catra's panties until she couldn't handle it any longer. She unfastened her jeans and slid her hand between her legs. Her fingers were met with warmth and wet as she got to work massaging her swollen clit.

"Ah," she breathed as sensation radiated out from her core. "Adora, fuck..."

Catra was deep in her reverie when she heard the door creak. Her brain knew she was supposed to be mortified, but even as she jerked her hand out of her pants, Catra was still too caught up in the intoxication of her need to care. She looked to the door to find Scorpia, red-faced and peering back at her.

"What are you doing?" Catra asked. There was none of the bite in her remark that would have been there had she been sober.

"I— I came to check on you," Scorpia spluttered. "I saw you come— er, not like that! I mean, I saw you come upstairs but I couldn't find you so I asked the bouncer if there were supposed to be any empty rooms and he said this one."



She was rambling. Clearly, the last thing she'd expected when she went looking for Catra was to find her masturbating in an unoccupied room in a seedy brothel.

Under any other circumstance, Catra would have been furious with her; she would have screamed profanities and berated her partner for invading her privacy and intruding on such an intimate moment. But the drugs were doing their job, and all Catra saw now was an opportunity. She wasn't stupid. She knew how Scorpia felt about her, that she wanted her but was too good and kind to make a move. Catra also wasn't blind. She knew that Scorpia was hot, and she'd be lying if she said she hadn't fantasized about what the sex would be like. In her imagination, sex with Scorpia was as incredible as it was meaningless. And, if she couldn't have Adora, why shouldn't Catra get to enjoy some incredible, meaningless sex?

When she was sober, her pride always managed to put her libido in place.

But Catra wasn't sober now, and her pride had gone conveniently quiet.

She jumped to her feet and crossed the room in a few quick strides. Before Scorpia could flinch away, Catra grabbed the

front lapel of her vest and dragged her into the room. This time when she shut the door, Catra had enough presence of mind to lock it.

“I’m so sorry, Catra!” Scorpia said as Catra rounded on her. “I swear, I wasn’t trying to be a creep. I was just worried, and—oof!”

With a firm shove, Catra pushed Scorpia up against the wall. It was a move that clearly took the towering gangster by surprise; Scorpia was, perhaps for the first time since they’d met, absolutely speechless. Catra wasn’t interested in Scorpia’s excuses. In fact, at that moment she was only interested in one thing.

“Will you shut up already?” Catra said as she rose on her toes and smothered Scorpia’s mouth in a kiss. She tasted sweet with a hint of tang, evidence of the many cocktails she’d had on the dance floor below. It took a beat for Scorpia’s surprise to soften, but soon enough she melted into Catra like warm clay; soft and malleable.

When at last they broke apart, Scorpia gaped. “I, um. Okay, wow.” She swallowed and flashed an uncertain smile. “That was... wow.”

Catra lifted a hand and traced Scorpia's lips with the tip of one sharp fingernail. She relished in the soft shudder that her touch induced from her partner. "Did you like it?" she purred.

"Fuck yes. It was— I've always wanted—"

"I know." Catra locked eyes with Scorpia. As she held her gaze, Catra peeled off her leather jacket and let it fall to the floor. The look of disbelief on Scorpia's face made Catra giddy. "And I'll bet you've always wanted more than that, haven't you?"

Somehow, Scorpia's face grew even redder. Her mouth moved, but no words came out.

"Don't play dumb," Catra drawled in a low, smoky voice. "I see the way you look at me. The things you want to do to me are written all over your face." She unzipped the side of her corset-style top and pulled it over her head. Next came the strapless bra that cradled her modest breasts. She delighted in the way Scorpia's knees buckled as the undergarment fell away. Hooking her fingers in the waistband of Scorpia's jeans, Catra stepped forward and pressed their bodies together. "Tell me you want me," she whispered, her lips grazing Scorpia's neck as she spoke.

Scorpia let out a shaky breath. "S-shit. Yes. Yes, I want you." Still, she hesitated. She kept her palms pressed firmly into the wall behind her. "But... are you sure you want me?"

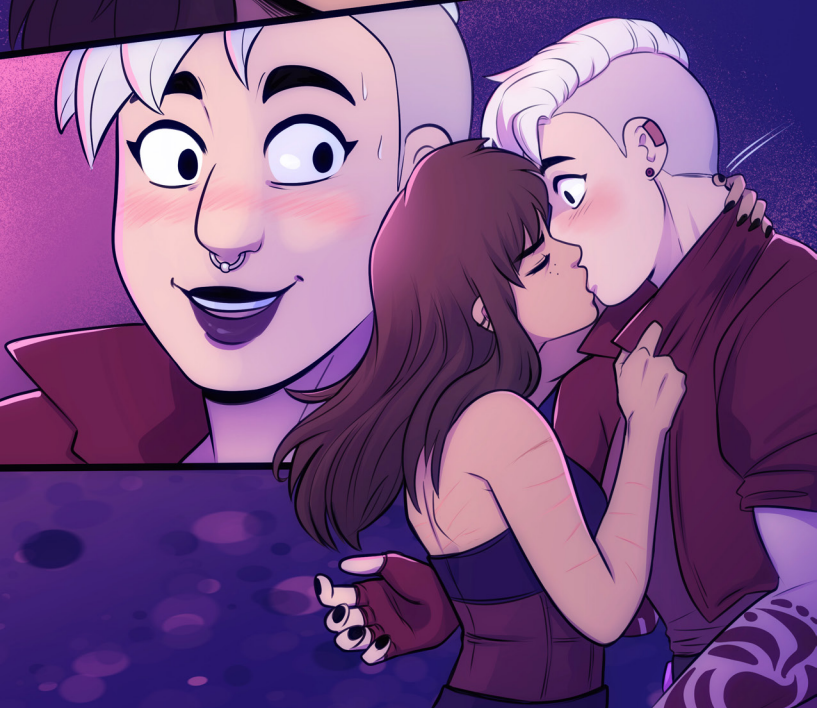
It was a loaded question, and had Catra been sober, it would have immediately ruined the mood. She knew what Scorpia was really asking. Her question was about more than consent — she wanted to know that Catra felt the same way about her.

But Catra couldn't give her that. She could only give her one thing.

"What I want," Catra said, rising up so that their lips were barely a whisper apart, "is for you to fuck me."

It wasn't the answer that Scorpia was looking for, but it seemed to be all she needed to hear. She closed what little distance remained between them and crushed her lips to Catra's as if her life depended on it.

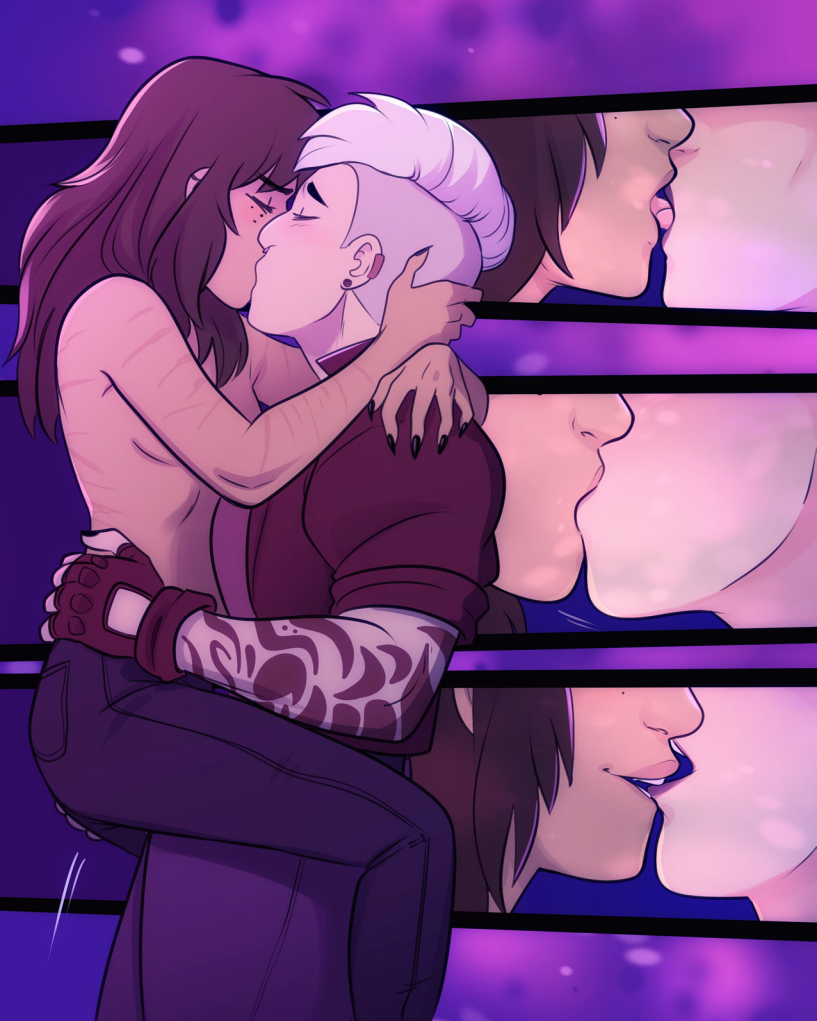












They kissed hard and deep. The way they devoured each other was greedy, selfish. Catra pried Scorpia's hands off the wall and laid them against her bare skin. Scorpia's breath faltered as she let out a lustful groan. Those hands roamed Catra's body, groping at her tits and narrow waist. Catra tipped her head back and sighed. For someone who went out of her way to avoid physical contact, she was surprised by how good this felt.

"That's right," she murmured as Scorpia gripped her ass. Catra shook her wild mane of hair back, exposing her slender neck. Scorpia took that as an invitation and buried her face in the gentle slope where Catra's neck met her shoulder. "Don't hold back," Catra commanded. "I wanna feel everything."

Scorpia obliged, working bruising kisses into the delicate flesh of Catra's throat. Her want, her need for Catra was palpable, and it sent Catra's mind spinning.

Slowly, Scorpia lowered to her knees, kissing greedily down Catra's body as she went. She lavished Catra's tits with attention, sucking and nipping just hard enough to elicit startled little chirps from Catra's lips. She worshiped Catra's toned stomach, working her way down until she met her undone jeans. Scorpia's fingers curled around the waistband at Catra's hips, and she lifted her face, gazing up with a

reverence that made Catra feel like a god. Catra nodded, and Scorpia tugged, pulling both her jeans and panties down in one surprisingly fluid motion.

But as Scorpia pressed forward to claim her prize, Catra stepped back, just out of reach. Scorpia blinked up at her, imploring, and Catra held her needy gaze as she walked slowly backwards toward the bed. She reveled in the way Scorpia stared. Normally, Catra hated when people looked at her body; it wasn't theirs to ogle, and it brought up memories she wanted so badly to forget. There was only one person she wanted to look at her that way, but that wasn't going to happen. But the Robots changed all of that. Now, she wanted her body to be seen and adored. She craved validation, and Scorpia was all too willing to provide.

Catra perched on the edge of the mattress with a cheeky grin. She crossed her legs and leaned back on her palms.

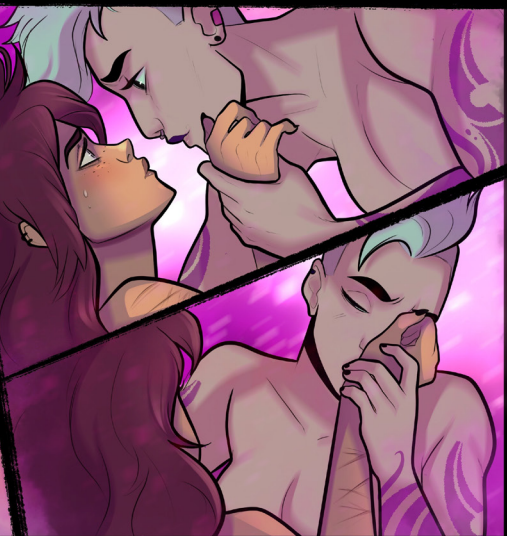
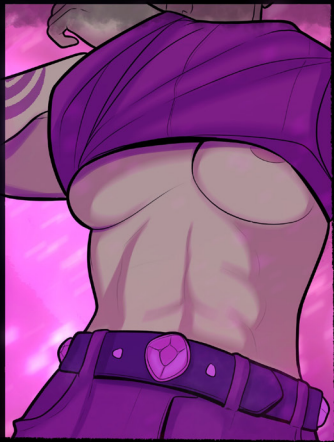
"Well?" she teased. "What are you waiting for?" She jutted her chin at Scorpia. "Take it off."

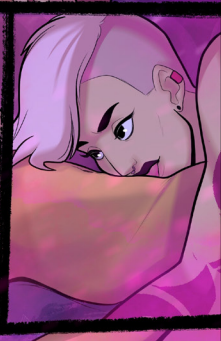
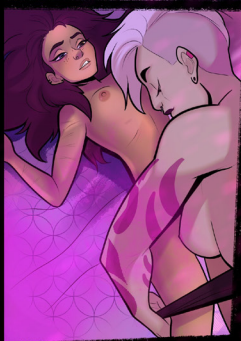
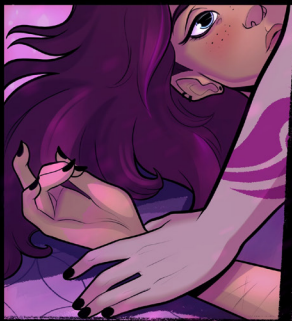
Scrambling to her feet, Scorpia did as she was told. She shed her clothing and tossed it aside, revealing the hard and chiseled body that lay underneath. Catra always knew that Scorpia was strong, but to see her well-defined abs, strong

quads, thick arms out on full display made Catra feel small. But unlike usual, feeling small didn't strike Catra as a bad thing. Just the thought of being pinned under a body like that brought a fresh wave of wetness between her legs that left her dripping with desire. Catra bit her lower lip and watched the simple gesture earn another moan from Scorpia.

"Good." Catra smiled. "Now get over here and fuck me already."

Scorpia didn't hesitate. In a split-second she had crossed the room to the bed, where she dipped low to press another feverish kiss to Catra's lips. While their mouths moved against each other, tongues teasing and sliding, Scorpia tugged Catra's legs toward her and forced them open wide. She was forceful in a way that made Catra gasp, wondering if she was really the one in control here. When Scorpia pulled back mid-kiss, Catra caught herself reaching for her, trying to pull her back for more. But Scorpia took Catra's hands in her own, holding them firmly as she shook her head without speaking. She planted a kiss on the inside of each of Catra's wrists before placing each hand back on the mattress. Then, she sank to her knees.





The feeling of Scorpia's mouth on her pussy was unlike any sensation Catra had ever known. It was nothing like pleasuring herself with her own hand: it was so, so much better. Scorpia dragged her tongue up Catra's entrance, lapping up her wetness as though she was dying of thirst and the slick between Catra's legs was the only thing that could save her. Luckily for Scorpia, Catra's body was happy to provide. Catra cried out when Scorpia's tongue flicked across the sensitive bud of her clit. Soon, Scorpia established a breathtaking rhythm of licking and sucking that drove Catra wild. Catra moaned shamelessly as she rolled her hips against Scorpia's mouth, desperate for more.

At some point, Catra's hand found its way to the back of Scorpia's head. She wove her fingers through Scorpia's white tresses and pushed her closer, holding her in place. But to Catra's surprise, Scorpia pulled back. Her absence between Catra's thighs felt like a void.

Catra scowled. "Where are you go—"

Scorpia silenced her with a hand around her throat. She didn't squeeze, but she did use her grip to push Catra back against the mattress. Catra gasped as Scorpia crawled onto the bed beside her. When Scorpia gathered her hands and pinned them tightly over Catra's head, Catra didn't balk or

fight. Instead, the feeling of sheer powerlessness thrilled her in a way she had never believed possible.

Holding both of Catra's hands in one of hers, Scorpia leaned down so that they were face to face.

"Do you want me to fuck you?" she asked. All Catra could do was nod in reply. Scorpia grinned. "Then let me."

Using her free hand, Scorpia smoothed her palm back down Catra's body. Her fingers teased through the tuft of coarse hair just above the slick folds of Catra's pussy. She gave no warning before driving two of those thick, strong fingers inside of her.

Catra howled, her back arching involuntarily. Scorpia chuckled and dipped her face so she could pull one of Catra's nipples between her lips. Every sensation was both too much for Catra and yet not enough at the same time: Scorpia's unrelenting grip on her wrists, pinning her firmly in place; her mouth suckling hard on her tits; those thick fingers filling Catra in a way she'd never experienced before. It was almost enough to make Catra cum right then and there.

And then, Scorpia fucked her.



Her hand moved like an engine's piston, sliding in and out of Catra's pussy with expert precision. She started slowly, curling the tips of her fingers to hit a spot of sensitivity that Catra didn't even know was there. Catra couldn't help but think that Scorpia had done all of this before. All the while, she gasped for breath as she writhed under Scorpia's control.

"More," Catra whined, grinding herself against Scorpia's hand. "Faster."

Scorpia picked up her pace, creating a friction so delicious that Catra let out a wild and animalistic sound. She felt feral, unhinged.

"Fuck!" she cried unabashedly. "Yes, yes, don't stop."

A familiar electric pressure began to build at Catra's core like a gathering storm. With every moment, her mind lost more of its already tenuous grip on reality. Her body pitched as she yowled, needy and demanding.

"Harder," she begged. "Fuck me harder, Scorpia. Please."

Please, a word that rarely passed Catra's lips. That's how Scorpia knew that now was not the time to tease. Planting her feet on the floor for leverage, she straddled one of Catra's

thighs so she could grind her own soaked and throbbing pussy against her leg. The new position meant having to let go of Catra's hands.

"Leave them right there," Scorpia growled as she moved her hand to Catra's throat. With her petit partner secure, Scorpia paired each thrust of her hips with the movement of her hand.

There was nothing gentle or tender in the way Scorpia took Catra now. She fucked her like she was trying to break her — like she might never get another chance to have Catra this way and had to make it count. Every inch of Catra's body was alight with ecstasy. She never would have believed that giving in and letting Scorpia have her way with her would feel this fucking good.

Catra held on as long as she could, but soon that wild pressure radiating between her hips was too much, too strong, even for her.

"Scorpia!" she wailed, her voice already hoarse and raspy from so much panting and screaming. "I'm gonna cum! I'm—"

Her voice failed as the orgasm rocked her like a shock wave. For a split-second, Catra felt suspended in time and space,

her vision blacking out with the intensity of sensations that gripped her body. Then, she cried out with release. Her muscles clenched, relaxed, and left her trembling in the wake of absolute pleasure.

Catra fell limp, swallowing one desperate breath after another. Her heart slammed against her chest like a wild creature trying to escape from a trap. Eventually, she was able to open her eyes, and Scorpia's hulking figure swam into focus. Scorpia was curled over Catra's body, her skin slick with sweat. Her strong back heaved with every rapid breath she took. Weakly, she lifted her head. When she spotted Catra watching her, she smiled with a warm fondness that would have sent sober-Catra running in the opposite direction.

Instead, she basked in the afterglow of the greatest orgasm she'd ever had. She felt so good that, at least for now, she didn't really care who had been the one to give it to her.

Scorpia dragged herself up so she could flop beside Catra on the mattress.

"Thank you," Scorpia whispered.

"For what?" Catra replied. "You did all the hard work."

“For trusting me enough to do that together,” Scorpia said with a sheepish smile. “It meant a lot to me.”

Somewhere in the back of Catra’s mind, the word “trust” set off an alarm bell. But the Robots smothered that warning sound like the velvet curtain downstairs. She said nothing.

Scorpia’s fingers grazed gently against Catra’s arm. “Did you like it?”

Catra looked at her. She took in Scorpia’s flushed cheeks and brow beaded with sweat. She gazed back into her dark eyes, shimmering with hope. Catra knew that this wasn’t fair — that she was leading Scorpia on in a way that could never be undone without causing pain.

But it was a little too late for that now.

So, she smiled. If the damage was already done, there wasn’t much more harm to be done in letting Scorpia live in this fantasy a little longer.

Catra rolled over and pressed one last kiss to Scorpia’s lips before giving her answer,

**“Fuck yes.”**

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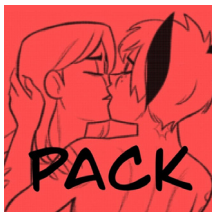


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