

Hello! I'm surprised anyone is here! Anyway, if you **really** plan to read more than this first line here, you need some context.

If you read some parts of this page and met Ian, you already know that this whole "relationship" started while contemplating some ideas from one Star Trek episode. He just showed up. I always think of Ian as "the guy from Star Trek", because that's when he appeared – while watching ST.

If you are a fan of ST, you most likely know what Mirror Universe is. And if you ever had a chance to play Star Trek Online (seriously, check it out) you might have fought with your evil counterpart too!

You get the idea where we are going with this?

An alternate universe where instead of Ian being so nice and sweet to Joseph, it's the opposite.

Have I got your interests with this? It will be about the aftermath as well.

**BUT.** If you are bothered with self harm, maybe don't read. It will be mentioned later.

(There will be no self inserts here. It would be a waste of disk space.)

When he found the cyborg unconscious while on a mission to secure a hostile base, he had countless ideas, each better than the previous one. The first priority was to secure the finding, not let anyone else lay hand on him, then run every possible scan to find out what he was. He was sure in bad shape, being mutilated either by whatever left him incapacitated here, or maybe on purpose, but that was a minor issue. He was sure medics onboard would help at least cover some nasty open wounds up, just for viewing comfort. He was so excited to tinker with him!

So he had him transported back to his little workshop to take a look later.

...

According to initial scans, the cyborg laying before him was not really a machine, it was a corpse. There were clear signs of electrical activity picked up by the sensors, meaning he was merely incapacitated. He was exquisite, the work put into this creation was so intricate, it almost negated how gruesome it was. This man was most likely killed just for these modifications to be done upon him, or perhaps was a victim of an accident, judging by wounds he had. Whatever caused his demise, consequently enabled the creation of this. Machines and nanotechnology were so deeply integrated into the body, they were able to reanimate it. He had his arm replaced with a prosthetic, possibly due to injuries suffered in the process of transformation. His bones were replaced with metal ones, meaning he would be extremely durable and strong. His skin was terribly pale, a first indication to an unknowing onlooker something was wrong. Other – three external wires, one located even on his face. He had one cybernetic eye, meaning his vision was superior. Second was intact, his own. Despite all that, it was clear he was not the borg, external cybernetics were merely replacing what was too damaged or improving his performance a bit. Other findings indicated nervous system fully replaced with a synthetic-metallic network, excluding the brain which had... some additions. Chips perhaps. These seemed promising. Assuming they were functional, this was a great anchor for further possible modifications.

Ian has not yet seen him awake, but he expected him to be fully conscious and capable, taking into consideration the complexity of his new nervous system and machinery present near his brain. He seemed remarkably... fresh. No sign of decomposition, except the discoloration of the skin, which would be expected with no pulse. As his body tissue was almost intact, it was clear his brain functions should not suffer, assuming he was put under life support in between his death and new life... Although, he most likely would not be as happy as Ian about all this. Defense could be problematic. He was not in the mood for a fistfight with a metal-stuffed monstrosity.

He could not risk waking him up unprepared. Of course, he could shield himself, but putting him down again could be a challenge. Who knows if energy weapons were effective towards him? No, he had to do something about him. Yes, what laid before him was truly a terrible miracle of merging a body with technology, a mockery to death itself. But he could make it better. He could own him. He could make him his, and only his. Just imagine, having a bodyguard, a companion of such power. Not just that, he was fascinated and in awe of what achievement of technology he was. So, he started working.

...

*Ow... Holy shit, what happened? Where am I? Ouch, why are these power-ups so painful?*

*...something's wrong. I can't move.*

- "Hi. Welcome to your new home."

*Who is he? Oh God, he's done something to me, I can't move!*

- "I'm Ian. You will be staying with me."

*I will be staying with you my ass. Am I strapped or paralyzed? I shouldn't have any issue with straps, so probably the latter...*

- "Don't worry too much. I will allow you to move, but later. We need to talk first. Establish who's the boss here."

*No, you didn't...*

- "What's your name? You can speak now."

- *I... I don't think I have one.*

- "Are you kidding me? That's not a good way to start your duty, you know."

- *No, I'm serious.*

- "Are you amnesiac?"

- *Uhh... No?*

- "So you do remember your past life? You know, I studied you for some time. I know you did not appear out of thin air. So. How do I call you?"

- *Maybe don't poke what you shouldn't? Call me whatever you want.*

- "Alright, we'll think of something. Not that it will be necessary, just a formality."

*So, he doesn't even care about it too much. But what did he mean by "duty"?*

*I think I'm fucked. I can't move. He... he allowed me to speak. I wish I tried saying something before that, I would know if I had any software blocks installed this deep as to even suppress speech. He did something terrible to me. I don't think I'm in control of my body anymore, or what was left of it anyway. I can't even begin to imagine, where to start? How long was I out? Every part of my body could be modified at this point. And how deeply? Can he interfere more than disabling me? I'm trapped with him now. And he already seems like a dick. Great.*

## **Day 19**

*Holy shit, it's not happening.*

*He's called me Joseph. I don't mind, I think it's a cool name. Except I'm not anything more than a toy, a shield. I hoped he would at least spend some time with me, talk with me, but no, I'm left alone to rot in my "room", and dragged out only when there a shootout or when he wants to do more tests and modifications. At first I believed he was interested in me to some degree, but I quickly realized he cared about the machinery inside me. I hoped he would speak to me at least once instead of just brushing me off and poking around. Why even name me, when I'm just an object to him? I used to be a human, hell, I still am!*

*For the few first days I was hoping he would help me. That I was wrong and that he just modified me to make me feel better, but no. Of course, everything he did, as still is doing, is just for his convenience. To control me better, or just to explore, to have fun. What's next? A remote control pad?*

## **Day 76**

*I don't know why he needs me specifically in such condition. If only I could, I would just hang around on my own, minding my own business, I get it, I'm not welcome around him. He's keeping me from doing anything on my own. When I'm not powered down because he doesn't need me, I'm either disabled and unable to move to conduct "maintenance" or given instructions I have no choice but to fulfill, thanks to his "improvements". Bring me this, put away that, protect me while I do something, and so on... That regular powering me down instead of just allowing me to sleep worries me a bit. I think he is afraid of me, that's why he had to cripple me so badly. If I could break these software blocks he's put in me, I would fucking slap his dumb face for this. But I can't even make myself a lemonade. I always loved lemonade! And despite all the nanobots and wires and other bullshit I'm stuffed with, I'm still drying out sometimes! Seriously, I can't believe I've been degraded to nothing more than a humanoid roomba. An armed roomba, but still.*

## **Day 110**

*I think he's more interested in my cybernetics rather than me, even me as a puppet. He's been keeping me in his workshop, trying out his countless new ideas, tinkering. Often without any form of anesthesia, I need to mention. Well, as long as he doesn't hit any synthetic nerve, I'm good. But I still feel weird having a bunch of tools stuck in me, and trying to distract myself while counting tiles. It's still more*

*productive than trying to talk to him. I did that before, but now I bother less and less. I would try to ask him anything that would come to my mind – what he liked to do while I was powered down, what exactly was he installing inside me at the moment, how did he learn so much in engineering, because obviously he was not a novice even in such advanced topics. Even dumb questions about favorite food would just slide off. I mean, I would sometimes get short, but elusive answers, despite me trying my best not to show my disdain for him! Maybe he's just sensing it, he seems tense sometimes. I'm trying to establish a link here, I really am, but he's blocking me away. But just as I said before, I am not a person to him. Maybe just a project with benefits of protecting him, against my will. At this point I am ready to accept that being powered down is my only respite. While awake, I am constantly reminded that I am nothing.*

### **Day 149**

*I'm not just bothered by being discarded whenever not needed and treated like an object. What I'm forced to do sometimes is draining any remaining self respect I had. Why do I have to hurt people I have never seen? They are his enemies, not mine. I'm not a soldier, dammit! Such a coward, having to use me to do his dirty job, so his hands are clean! I don't know how to resist these machines inside. If I ever snap...*

### **Day 261**

*I thought Betazoids were empaths, kind people. While I'm sure he's aware of my general "well-being" (not to call it barely-being), I'm also convinced he's some sort of sociopath or psychopath, because he is certainly not concerned. I've been thinking about that lately a lot, and I just hope he doesn't bother to listen to what I think, as I came to some gnarly conclusions. First, and the most obvious, it seems he considers me inferior, maybe because I'm not technically alive – I honestly cannot find any other reason. He might see me as a zombie perhaps? And sensing any emotion from me, just brushing it off as a remnant of my consciousness. But then again, he's been studying me for so long, he knows that's not the case. Perhaps he just doesn't want to acknowledge this. That's why he refuses to speak to me, afraid to ruin this idea that I'm not really here, that if we start talking and I spill everything I keep inside, he might realize he was wrong, what he really did to me. Ever since I woke up like this, I always suffered from that idea that I have lost my humanity, and he just reaffirms this belief. Even **if** I'm really just a corpse, let's assume for a moment that my ramblings are just that – pointless ramblings – aren't dead usually allowed to rest in peace? Aren't they treated with more respect than I am getting?*

*Secondly, and that is very boldly assuming that he would by some miracle acknowledge that I am a conscious human being and not a humanoid roomba – for almost year I've been bound to him, I have never seen a hint of remorse. This is what makes me believe he is a sociopath. He simply doesn't care. I'm not even expecting to socialize with him. I am just amazed that he isn't even bothered. But that loops back to my previous idea, I'm not a conscious being, therefore he doesn't regret because what is there to regret? You don't feel bad about dismantling and cleaning your computer, why would you be bothered by dismantling anything other without consciousness? Although, I am baffled as to how he manages to achieve such level of blissful ignorance. Would it be possible though? I **know** he can sense*

*me like any other person here. Unless he understands I'm a conscious, thinking and feeling being, but simply doesn't give a single fuck. That... That scares me. I would rather believe that he's just mistakenly taking me for an advanced toaster instead of intentionally ruining me like this.*

### **Day 437**

*There is no hope. I will remain like this to the end of his days, then if I'm really unlucky, possibly be claimed by someone else. I don't really care about much lately. I'm just waiting to be powered down again, staring blankly into the ceiling as he works and tinkers with me. I don't know what else could he be doing to me at this point, but it doesn't really matter anymore, I'm destroyed beyond any recovery. Does anything happen when I'm out? I don't know, and I don't care. I feel so empty. I just want this to end.*

### **Day 647, final**

*I'm hearing shots everywhere, I have no idea what's happening, except that I will be out there in a few moments. I always am. I don't know what's wrong with these people, there is no diplomacy, no peaceful talks, just violence and raiding. So sick.*

*And here I am. I grab my weapon and I follow my "master". Holy shit, it's bad. I hope he gets shot, honestly. There is so much chaos, by then again, I am here to make sure he does not get shot. We need to defend ourselves here, or what is left of the ship at least. So we march in, and I am told to shoot every possible raider, and of course, to defend him. I try to avoid sparks and hot vents, I know these are too little to fatally damage me, but enough to cause me pain, and he would not take care of me. I charge in, it's dark and only a few still functioning LEDs give out some faint light, accompanied by sparks going out everywhere. I need to be careful here, if I want to avoid burns. I try not to think about it too much, just do my job, so I can leave and rot again.*

...

*He got into a fight with someone, I see he's managing pretty well, but I still need to be there... I make my way towards him, fighting through heavy resistance. I don't care why there are so many of them here, why so heavily armed, and what for, I just want to leave already. Ouch! Something pushed me to the ground! I look up and I see... Someone like me. He's just in as bad shape as me, but I have never met this man before. I don't quite react, I'm... a bit shocked, or maybe too apathic, I thought I was the only "fancy project" of whoever it was who did this to me. I suppose I was not. He's even got almost the same cybernetics as me, I thought these were there to fix too severe injuries? He stands tall above me, he seems just like any ordinary man, except of course the macabre cyborg he is, just like me. I don't know whether he is a puppet too or on his own, but we exchange stares of... understanding? He's not showing any emotion, yet I know he understands me. I'm too shocked to do anything, while Ian yells for me to get over there. The cyborg grabs me and we fight. I don't want to fight him, I want to talk to him, I try telling him, yelling erratically, I beg him to help me, I can't control myself, please, help me!*

*He realizes what I'm trying to say. He just keeps me in firm grasp, immobilized. He's not only taller and bulkier, probably also much sturdier than me, he's my only hope now. He nods and drags me somewhere.*

*"Leave him alone!" I hear Ian angrily yelling in our direction, I think he's getting overpowered there. I see him trying to leave his fight, but he's kept busy. Good.*

*I look to the direction where I'm being dragged, and I see a huge damaged conduit, judging by the amount of sparks and bolts spilling out, I suppose of incredible voltage. The light of it is so blinding! I hope it will suffice.*

*"That's as far as I can go with you, or I will be evaporated too. It's okay, it's over."*

***It's happening.** I still try to fight back, involuntarily, but I think he can read my face better than my actions. As he is getting ready to throw me in, I feel peace wash over me. I hoped for this moment for so long. My "Thank you" is the most heartfelt thing I have said in this period of time. I hear Ian screaming to stop the cyborg and then he freezes. Has he heard me? Maybe felt me. Or bo-*

As Joseph was thrown into the damaged conduit, at first he screamed, it was such a huge amount of power, it surged through his body. In a second, his less resilient cybernetics were fried, as he convulsed, now quiet, except from some involuntary noises. As the incredible voltage worked its way through him, each part, each nanobot responsible for preserving and rebuilding him was being obliterated. In less than a minute he was scorched beyond recognition and beyond repair.

Ian, seeing what happened and being now overpowered and pinned down, had no choice but to escape or the same thing would happen to him. One quick call and he was being beamed to a safer location.

## **Aftermath**

*He's laying in the sickbay room unconscious, severely wounded from the fight. He's so calm, wrapped in bandages and breathing so softly. I've never seen him like this. Luckily, I didn't make it. **I am free.** I'm not sure whether he's just sleeping or in a coma, but I will find out. Hopefully he is dreaming right now, I could pay him a little visit. Let him know how fucked he is. So, let's go in!*

*It's so dark, as if this place was an empty void. Good, it will suffice. I don't need to show him any hellscape. I will make his life a hellscape. But perhaps I need to make myself look spooky. Just to make it dramatic. I'm not sure if I should go back to how scorched I was after being thrown into that damaged conduit? Would he even recognize me like this? I'd rather leave cybernetics behind. Oh well, I suppose some ghostly colors will have to do the trick. I just need to get his attention now, talk to him.*

*- Hello, Ian.*

*- "Joseph?"*

*- I want to talk to you.*

*- "Look, I'm sorry -"*

*- Save it, you are not. I'm not here to exchange pleasantries with you. Do you have **any** idea what you did to me?! You could have helped me! I hoped you'd help me!*

*- "Well, what did you want me to do?"*

- Oh I don't know! Seeing a **person** in me would be a great start! You never spoke to me. I needed someone, you know? I needed someone to at least tell me it would be okay, to at least tell me they cared for me! Since you bothered to restore me, you could make it somewhat bearable! I never expected you to be friends with me, but you could at least treat me like I was there!

Oh, I'm going to spill everything now!

- But instead of even pretending to be of any help, you used what was already done and crippled me, bound me so I could barely even move without your approval! Were you so afraid of me that you had to control me so much? Or did you find it satisfying? Are you this sadistic? I thought people like you were supposed to be kind and sympathetic, but you just... you just wanted a robot to protect you from being shot at. You could have build a mindless machine for this, instead of using a human!

Hm, he seems... upset? Is he afraid? Because I doubt he would have any regrets.

- You destroyed me to the point of giving up on any hope of breaking free, you just made sure I would never break free, right? I must admit, you are a remarkable engineer, you perfected something I thought was already as evil as it can get. You stripped me of any dignity I had left, never bothering to acknowledge that I was once just like you! Do you imagine how it feels to be murdered, and wake up like... this? Do you imagine what I went through? No? Because you somehow made it even more hellish! Every day, every minute of my "existence" I despised you, I waited for either me or you to die. And you know what? I'm so happy that I kicked my second bucket before you, because now I can repay you, for everything you did and everything you did not. I will be seeing you later.

- "I'm sorry, Joseph..."

- It's too late for sorries now. Goodbye, Ian. Rest, while you still can.

And so, I retreat into darkness and leave his dream. He's afraid. He woke up panicked. I think I made a good impression. Now, I will wait for him to recover and start the show...

## **Day 2**

He's returned yesterday. I'm trying to poke him a bit, still figuring out how to influence my surroundings so it's noticeable enough. For now managed to ruffle some items lying around and cause barely audible rattle, a few times. I think he's irritated, bored maybe? Possibly thinks he's still tired and just needs to sleep it off. Oh he will be sleeping it off! But only when I'm done. I don't have any specific plans yet. I guess I will explore what I can think of and learn, then experiment. I wonder how long it will take.

## **Day 8**

I've been gentle for now. Some shadows in the corner of his vision, faint sounds. You know, the general "I'm not sure whether this place is haunted or I'm not getting enough sleep". But I can see it has it's effect. He's more alert. Lately I've been visiting him in his dreams too. Same setting, or rather lack of thereof – but now, I'm not speaking, I'm just there. He tries to talk to me. I make sure my stare is as hateful as it can get. And what do you know, it works! Most of the time he just snaps awake in distress!

## Day 15

*I think he's been trying to ignore me, to play it cool, but he's making a poor impression. I noticed it's taking a toll on him, stressing him out. Speaking of playing it cool – I learned how to create cold spots! I play with these a lot, just to step this game up a bit, to not keep him bored or, worse, get used to me. Since he's a Betazoid, I'm sure he's sensing my presence now, even though he has effectively denied it before. I've been quiet at first, except of some barely noticeable visuals to get him started. Now I'm announcing my presence more clearly, not just playing with something in the peripheral vision, I'm manifesting shadows all around and showing myself as one. I can now also straight up throw stuff around, literally. He knows I'm here, and he knows I'm pissed. He can't just brush all of this off, after all, I'm trying my best! It's actually very satisfying. It makes me want to laugh.*

## Day 19

*It's so rewarding, finally getting my revenge. Slowly, but surely, I am making him realize he would be better off leaving me wherever he found me. I would manage, I would regenerate, live my miserable little life alone. Instead, he doomed himself, all this time enjoying his plaything in oblivion. At some point there I lost all my hope. I was an empty shell. Now, I am getting back what was taken from me and shoving it down his throat! I never was like this, but it's the least I can do after all that happened. I know I will break him at some point, and it gives me new hope. I am blooming anew.*

## Day 22

*Time to get physical.*

*It took me some practice, but I am now able to push him forcefully. I usually make him slam the wall or furniture. I know, pushing him down anything tall enough would be funny, but it would be too early. He's now terrified most of the time, not to mention bruised and scratched. He knows there is nothing he can do, nor anyone he could ask for help. What's he gonna tell them, I abused someone and now their ghost is giving me a rough time? He's been trying to talk to me, and to "reason" with me, but what can I do? He simply deserves this. I cannot just let go, I will **not** give this up! I'm not slowing down, I will keep piling all this up as long as he can take it.*

## Day 27

*I saw him crying himself to sleep tonight. I'm doing great job here. I know he's not sorry, just scared and feeling so helpless. I would never believe him to be sorry, almost two years made no difference, so why would a couple of weeks of retaliation change his mind? Even if, would it be honest? Regret is only honest if you are not forced to it.*

*Well, I didn't bother asking what upset him so much – new bruises or the fact that he would be seeing me again after falling asleep. However, he's been sleeping less lately, keeps waking up, so I have less time to see him face to face. It's tiring him. I feel this. But my job is not done yet. I will take him with me.*



## Day 35

*I have an interesting idea. It might be more challenging that all the effort I've been putting into this, but it's worth trying. Well, I have to try it on him, I won't be assaulting innocent people, after all. I'm not sure where I will take it from there, but it could be a huge milestone for me. For us. I hope he missed me, because he's gonna meet me soon, probably closer than he would like to!*

Ian gasped as he felt a cold, electrifying force flow through his body. It was very uncomfortable, to say the least. He had no warning. It was difficult to breathe, and he felt like he had little control of his body, he struggled to stand straight up.

- "Joseph..-"

- *Hello, Ian. I missed you.*

- "Please..."

- *Stop resisting! You will make it easier!*

The pain would not go away as the new inhabitant of his body was adjusting, and with each moment he caused the torment and coldness to intensify. He sure did not have easing the discomfort in his plans. After all, he had so much fear to feed on because of this. He feasted on it. While Joseph was in some sort of maniacal euphoria, thrilled that he managed to possess his once abuser, his victim was trying to gasp for air. On his first try he was rather jamming body functions of his host while focusing on less important things. His main concern was to make it as agonizing as it gets.

Joseph noticed he was straining him too much. Knowing that he can hone this skill and do so much more harm, he left, delighted with his new achievement. As he did, Ian collapsed exhausted.

## Day 37

*Yesterday I tried once more, I think I can manage pretty well now. I'm quite satisfied with this. But I can take it further. I've had enough of slow burning, time to finish this off with some fireworks.*

Blinded with anger growing for the past month, he entered Ian's body once more. Overwhelming coldness once more overran him. But this time, it seemed Joseph did not want to just hang around.

He started walking, hurriedly and clumsily, leading him somewhere, grabbing some utility tools on the way. A bathroom? Weird. He started looking for something. Shaving razors? Oh no...

Joseph still had some difficulty operating this body, and Ian tried to fight back. Yet, he managed to dismantle one shaving razor, and now held a tiny blade in his fingers. He forced him to take his shirt off and look into the mirror. Even though Ian's face showed fear and terror, the one who took action was filled with malice and aggressive. If Joseph were able to express himself now, he would most likely bare his teeth. Instead, tears were flowing down the face in the mirror. Then, he pressed the razor to his arm.

- "Please, don't..."

- ***Shut up!***

It lasted a painfully long time. Joseph enjoyed every cut, while Ian was quietly sobbing. When his arms were finally covered in deep cuts, and Joseph was satisfied with his job, he left his body. Ian almost collapsed as this happened. He was left alone, exhausted, wounded, with blood dripping to the floor, on his clothes, on the sink, everywhere... Now, that he had a moment of respite, he started cleaning up and dressing the wounds while still shaking.

## Day 41

It has become unbearable. Joseph has become too malicious for Ian to handle. He could barely sleep, and since Joseph learned how to possess him, it just couldn't get any bolder. He would repeat this routine with dismantling a shaving razor and mutilating a portion of his body to the point Ian was in too much pain to live his life properly. Each new day he woke up, it meant one thing – new concussions and more wounds. And Joseph got creative with that too. Shadows and all the activity in the meantime didn't even bother him anymore. Ian didn't even care about the overwhelming hostility in the air, the pain was enough to keep him unable to think clearly. He would barely go outside his quarters, rotting alone, just like Joseph was not too long ago. And at this point he knew he would not make it out alive. He had no choice but to accept what was coming.

## Day 46

Another day. Would this ever end? Maybe he should escape? Would Joseph let him? Probably not, he was most likely watching all the time, even if he tried something quick, he would most likely be stopped and fail. He was at his mercy.

Then, he felt a sharp pain in his chest.

No wonder, after all, he was for almost two last months under a **lot** of stress, not to mention severe physical harm that was done in this time. Despite him being overall healthy, he was put under too much pressure, and progressively he withered. It didn't seem too severe, but it was a relieving sign that it would soon be over.

- *So soon?*

He didn't respond. He hoped he wouldn't notice so quickly.

And then, it hit with much stronger force. Turns out it was serious. Ian groaned in pain.

- *You know, I could call for help... or actually help you.*

- "What?! Why, to keep me alive and keep doing all this?! Don't."

- *I could help you. You just need to ask. Do you want me to help you?*

- "Yes."

- *You need to ask!*

- "Please, Joseph, end it! ... Will you?"

- *I will, I promise.*

- "Thank you..."

- *See? See how it feels? You understand now.*

And as he promised, he entered his body once more. Gently this time, and put him down.

And they stood there again in this cold empty void, but as equals now.

- "So, what happens now?"

- *You won't ever see me again. I got what I desired and I don't want to ever look at your face again.*

*Leave.*

*Thank you, Ian, for proofreading and edits, you helped a lot!*