

Planet 457-23, GFDate 4034:0420

Madeline stared, unable to look away from the screens. MB had promised to show her something amazing and her eyes were trapped by an event that she could only describe as tragic; Samus Aran reduced to little more than a plaything, a sex toy, a cocksleeve for enemies she had thought extinct because she had driven them to extinction. A Zebesian had coated its taloned foot in its own juices and was making Samus chase the resulting mess with her tongue.

The Zebesians, cruelest of all species save the Sazins, were not kind in their treatment of the fallen Hunter. Six of them surrounded her, each of them stroking her, teasing her, their clicking language filling the air around her with mocking commands. They were teaching her basic words in their chatter; *sit, stay, beg.*

Kaayes surrounded the poor woman, floating in the air with piercing eyes. Although there was no sign of malignant activity from them, Madeline was intelligent enough to have guessed their purpose even before the clone she had created confirmed her suspicions; the small fruit were psychic circuits for Melissa, magnifying and projecting her power.

The way the small fruit-like orbs hovered around her meant that Samus Aran was under psychic assault, and all Madeline needed for proof of Melissa's effectiveness there was the mewling man at her feet, a once powerful force in the Galactic Federation's military now nothing more than a whimpering animal.

Even now, though, there was some mercy for the captive warrior. The Zebesians kept the Zoomers away and had stolen her away from the Kago hive, though they did keep her bound in the woven and did allow the Yapping Maw to continue punishing her. She wondered how much of the sadism on display was the result of the Zebesians natural cruelty and how much was born in the mind of the monster that called itself her daughter.

Samus whimpered, whined, struggling to obey the Zebesians as they mocked her, used her, trained her. Melissa giggled her glee at every act of degradation, every sign of the Hunter's eroding humanity. They were taking turns now, using her and coating their feet in their own ejaculate, forcing the Hunter to lick them clean and teasing her by moving just out of her reach.

They made her chase this most humiliating of meals.

When she resisted or hesitated they let the Yapping Maw have her.

Soon, she didn't resist.

Soon, she did nothing more than obey.

And every time Samus opened her mouth and used her tongue as the monsters around her wanted she became less of a person in Madeline's eyes, more the animal that Melissa was threatening to make her.

This is what a pet does, Madeline thought, feeling fingers brushing her lips. *This is what a domesticated animal does to show submission to its master.* Even now, though, the Zebesians were nervous about getting too close to Samus Aran. Even now, Madeline realized, they feared her.

Alone of all other thoughts, that one gave her hope.

An alarm went off on one monitor, drawing Madeline's attention in that direction. The clone and her pet didn't look, the former knowing it for what it was and the latter too broken to care.

"What's going on?" Madeline whispered. The clone flopped down on the couch beside her, hugging her close and nuzzling her throat.

"My dearest sister is learning important life skills," Melissa tittered, the vibrations of sound climbing up Madeline's throat. "And I've just brokered peace between the Kriken Empire and the Galactic Federation."



Moon RK1B-94, GFDate 4034:0420

'Big Time' Brannigan had once been one of the most feared and respected bounty hunters in the galaxy. He'd had a perfect capture record and was highly regarded as the pinnacle of Dessgeega warrior skill. He had been able to name his price in most missions and assignments, laughingly taking assignments that more experienced hunters had been scared of.

Then, during the height of the Space Pirate War, he'd taken an assignment from the Zebesians. He'd been brought into the presence of Mother Brain herself, offered whatever he wanted in return for the capture of the Hunter, Samus Aran. It was a mission he'd considered worthy of his skill and he'd set out immediately.

It had been the beginning of the end for him.

Oh, he'd captured her. He'd learned her identity from the Pirates, used it to make contact, hunt her down, tricked her and captured her. He'd brought her before Mother Brain in chains, succeeding where no one before him had.

He'd never suspected that she'd tricked him, letting herself get captured in order to get close to Mother Brain again. The Zebesians had managed to escape with their leader intact while leaving him captured; he'd managed to escape the punishment they'd levied against him, but the cost was high, leaving him too injured to continue hunting and forcing him into retirement.

There were a lot of people that owed him favors for services rendered. He'd called in more than a few to get himself a strategic position in the Federation military, faking an identity and getting himself a posting. He'd managed to distinguish himself during the assault on Tallon IV, but lost that good will through no fault of his own during the attack on Phaaze.

And then Samus Aran had come in to save the day.

He was certain that all of his problems could be *-BLAME-*d on the Hunter.

Now he was set to protect a moon, watching over a place that's only export was a bizarre sort of plant that people in Federation space had come to find fashionable. He looked at the kaayes fields and shook his head, *-BLIND-* to the fruit that watched him.

Everything was *-PEACE-*ful here.

Nothing ever went wrong.

So peaceful was everyone and everything that no one noticed the Vhazon as they came in. Though the soldiers were at their posts and their scanners showed them the approaching paladins, no one responded, no one was even aware of them.

Brannigan was absolutely certain of his security even as the bombs began to fall.



Planet 457-23, GFDate ?????:????

Her name was Samus Aran.

She knew that.

She was the Hunter, an honorific given to her by allies and enemies both, for she was the absolute pinnacle of her profession. She alone had stood against every threat the galaxy could muster, the darkest beings from mind shattering corners of the cosmos, and she had made them count her as their equal.

Chosen by the Chozo, she had been gifted with their DNA and trained in physical and psychic martial arts, driven by an unbending will to the highest possible echelons of ability. She was faster, stronger, more durable than either of her parent species, gifted with the best parts of both.

Unsatisfied with the gifts they had granted her, the Chozo had gone one step further and made for her a suit of armor using all of the military technology they had abandoned but continued to develop over a thousand years ago, an advance on technologies that had once let them conquer the entire universe.

She had mastered that weapon, used it to enhance her already incredible prowess, tested her might time and again and always come out on top. Nothing could stop her – telepaths that could control entire planets had failed to bend her will, the horror that had killed and eaten her parents had died by her hand.

Many believed that she was untouchable, unbeatable, the perfect example of a warrior.

No one would have ever believed that she could have been reduced to this.

Her most constant enemies over the years had been the Zebesians. They were the force behind the Space Pirate War, a conflict that many believed had only ended the way it had because of her. She had driven her enemies to extinction, destroyed their homeworld and several others they had claimed to replace it, stood against their mightiest champions and pounded them into the grave.

Some unknown enemy had resurrected them. That same unknown enemy had brought her here, stolen her weapons from her, engaged her on a battlefield that she was wholly unfamiliar with. She knew this was what was happening, the organization of the things that were facing her unnatural. Her enemy had revealed its existence and that gave her something to fight against.

If she could only escape...

There was no way for her to act on any of the things she knew, no way for her to do anything other than *-OBEY-*. The Zebesians, monsters who had slaughtered billions, had her in their taloned clutches, but instead of executing her they were teaching her to do tricks.

Stop.

Fetch.

Lie down.

Beg.

Sit.

Roll over.

They drilled her through the motions, teaching her those words in their language, keeping her dripping, hungry, and on the verge of orgasm. She blushed and shook her head, trying to deny the truth of what was happening to her, but there was no hope of that. When they were satisfied with her progress they took her hands from behind her back and removed the woven from wrist to shoulder.

So bound and helpless, the Zebesians had reduced her to an animal, a pet, something they could train and tease. They fed her on their cum and the cum of Zoomers, mixing the two semi-liquids into a mess

that she had to clean off their talons with her tongue. They kept her crawling, dragging her in their wake by woven wound around her neck, a long leash of the same material wrapped around one's wrist.

They had not noticed that one of her wrists was close to coming free.

One of the Zebesians clicked commands at her, tugging at her leash.

She was certain that one was the leader of this small group. He was the one that spoke to her, forcing her to humiliate herself by following his commands. His was the cock that was most often on her tongue and down her throat, his was the foot that she most often cleaned with her lips. He was the one that showed her how to sit with her thighs spread wide, how to grasp and hold things inside herself, how to lie down with her arms at her sides. He was the one that showed her how to lift herself up with her hands by her face, offering her breasts and throat and mouth to whatever abuses they chose, how to lie down so they could make use of her however they saw fit.

And all the while the eye-fruits circled around her, their assaults hammering into her psyche while the Zebesians hammered her with the weapon of their manhoods. She gasped and writhed under it all, -ENJOY-ing the attention they gave her, but increasingly she recognized their attacks as further proof of the war that was being waged against her.

She kept her head down, hid her expression behind her hair. The Zebesians had removed her from the helpless state of the Kago, but they had stayed close to the hive, keeping the threat of it in her line of sight. Sometimes, they put her back on there and went off to do whatever it was that Zebesians did, but they always returned, always cut her down. It had happened three times already.

It bothered her that she preferred her time with them.

As humiliating as the training and affection they were giving her was, they did allow her the occasional orgasm, did allow her to sometimes come back to herself. She could think when they were around, appraise her situation. She could see the knife that had fallen, the one they had still failed to notice, and grimace as she planned ways to get it.

The leader clicked the word for *lie down* at her and she struggled to her knees, trying to move with her typical languid grace, but exhaustion and the woven had taken much from her. The Zebesians clicked another word and she tensed as the Yapping Maw spanked her, spanked her again, kept spanking her until she cried out. She knew it would keep doing this until she passed out or claimed the position the leader wanted.

She did not want to pass out and endure another session on the Kago hive.

Forcing herself on her knees, she whimpered and lay her forehead against the cold stone ground, her arms limp and at her sides, her legs tucked in underneath her. Another harshly clicked words made her raise her backside and spread her legs, exposing her dripping core to her hated enemies. They were mocking her, she knew, their talons pulling back her soft folds, letting them explore inside her.

They never hurt her when they did this, at least not her body, but the scars to her pride were becoming harder and harder to deal with. They coated their claws on her juices, bringing her to the brink of orgasm, and she bit her lower lip, closing her eyes as the moans formed in her throat and rolled past her lips.

She didn't have to open her eyes when she felt their talons resting against her mouth, opening and sucking herself off her enemies. The leader was positioning himself behind her, clicking another command that she had to -OBEY-. She felt it striking her back, her hair, felt its hard length waiting at her wet entrance, proof of both their hungers staining her thighs.

The leaders wrapped his talon in her hair, yanking her head up, making her gasp as he clicked the command once more. Seething, screaming, she was forced to thrust back onto him, driving him into her, the full weight of what she was accepting into herself searing her mind and self-image.

Her enemies were not just taking her – they were making her take them into herself. They were forcing her to choose, punishing her when she failed to stand up to the punishments they levied against her.

Pushing her hips back until she felt his thighs, she bucked on her enemy's manhood, drilling herself with his weapon, bringing him off inside her. She felt him tense, felt his seed pour into her, filling her and dripping out. Another would take the leader's place, she knew.

He yanked her hair up, making her gasp, forcing himself into her mouth as one of the others took his place behind her. Another clicked command and she was forced to do it again, *-SUBMIT-*ting to their savage wills. They sought to drive all thought from her, she knew, sought to make her nothing more than their pet.

She endured. They made her cum, made her lick up her own mess and theirs, all of them taking her multiple times. They treated her like a pet that had been designed for their pleasures, soaking her in their juices, making her lick up most of it, watching as she swallowed what they gave her.

They didn't bother to clean her up, knowing that the Kago would clean the rest when they put her back on the hive.

Another clicking command came, this one urging her to roll over. She did as instructed, spreading her legs, exposing her belly and chest, lifting her gaze so that her throat was open. One Zebesians sat at the gate between her thighs, another rubbing against her cheek. She *-open-ed* her mouth, accepting them inside her.

It commanded her to open her eyes and she did, her vision blurry with tears as she was forced to take in the sight of Zebesian ramming down her throat. They toyed with her nipples and ran their talons along her midriff, enjoying the way she writhed, loving the way she whined.

Something hard was laying underneath her hand, between her flesh and the cavern floor. Not daring to look, barely having to pretend that she was overcome with lust, she twisted her hand and felt for what was there.

The knife.

Slipping her hand free of the woven, she closed her fingers around the blade she had made of a mightier enemy's tooth and smiled.

See You Next Mission~!!