

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

Who knew Zoomer spunk was so nutritious? Samus thought to herself. She'd come to accept her present circumstances with a grim candor, knowing that sooner or later she was going to get free. She could even see the means of her escape.

Whenever she let the Zoomers cum on her face they splashed her without care. Their liquids coated her hair, her shoulders, slithered down her arms and pooled at her wrists. She glanced down once more, subtly checking the tightness of the hand closest to the knife without making it obvious, careful not to attract the attention of the Kago.

She had to be careful. She could only check when her head was clear, and between the Kago and the Kaayes those times were few and far between. She was able to think again now that two of her hungers were being seen to, but that third -*WANT*- dominated most of her thoughts.

The Zoomers were crawling all over her, now. They appeared to have come to the conclusion that she was part of the Kago Hive – maybe their fluids were what the Kago survived on most of the time? Samus felt one moving carefully up her calf, up her thigh, tickling the length of her spine and over her head.

Its erection brushed against her forehead, down her cheek as it righted itself. Over however long it had been the creatures had learned where her mouth was and they liked it when she sucked them off more than they liked brushing themselves against her face.

Well, they're not alone in that, she thought, careful not to sigh. With most of her thoughts focused on the burning hunger between her legs she found herself thinking of her better lovers.

Ian Malkovitch came to mind, probably because of that SNAFU at the Bottleship.

Other humans had told her that they'd never forgotten their firsts.

And he'd never complained when she'd gotten on her knees, taking him into her mouth. She'd enjoyed feeling him go from soft to hard to soft again, though she'd never cared much for the taste of him the way she enjoyed the taste of the animals that were currently enjoying her. Something about that troubled her, but she tried not to think about it too much.

The Zoomer pressed his weapon against her lips, shoved forward. She kept her mouth closed, not hungry and not willing to degrade herself further, much more interested in working herself to freedom. She'd tried biting one, early on, but their rough penii were protected by some sort of expanding shell – her options were to take them in her mouth or on her face.

At least until she got free.

Her present guest pressed forward a few more times, trying to force himself inside her, but eventually gave up and went about using her face. She felt the tension in him as he rubbed against her soft cheek, the strong grip on her head as he used her to bring himself off, and then he was coating her in his thick cum and lathering her hair and face. She blinked, trying to clear her eyes, knowing from experience that such efforts were useless. The stuff would be eaten off her by the Kago before it could dry, but until then she was mostly blind.

She licked her lips, sucking in some of the salty goo, shaking her head and sending some of her guest's gift down to her bound wrist. The Kago were still working on her lower lips, her hips beginning to roll again. She was moaning, she knew, trying to grind back against something that wasn't there.

A sound from behind her caught her attention. She blinked again, trying and failing to clear her eyes of the cum that coated her. Something was slithering behind her, something she could hear but not see. She frowned, trying to place the sound, but then the Kago were playing with her again – *belly, back, nipples, clit* – stroking her in all the right ways so that they could feed off the juices the dripped freely out of her.

When she wasn't blind she sometimes saw the Kago gather around pools of her cum, sucking it off the ground until the cavern floor and her thighs were dry and ready for another go.

Samus moaned, her hips circling of their own accord as the Kago brought her to the brink again and still would not let her crest the horizon of her need, taunting her as they fed off her juices. She shook her head, trying to keep it clear, feeling the residual effects of the fruit-eyes' commands slithering into her thoughts.

As she cooled down the cum was eaten off her face. She could see again, blinked her eyes and shook her head, vision clear just in time to see another Zoomer approach the base of the hive and begin a careful climb up to where she waited, trapped and helpless. Its legs caressed her breasts, her throat, her face, the erection pressing against her jaw, her chin, her lips. She pressed her lips closed.

thwack

Samus gasped, the Zoomer dislodged from her face as she was shoved forward. She turned around, the Kago buzzing around her as they abandoned her rump and thighs. She craned her neck, trying to see, her eyes going wide and a despairing moan escaping her.

The holes in the rock, she thought, the hope of escape within her crippled by what she saw. Why didn't I recognize them? There's only a handful of species that can do things like that...

Behind her, a baby Yapping Maw clicked its mandibles excitedly, its long serpentine body held aloft by its own powerful muscles. It loomed over her, dipping down so that its facial talons grazed her neck, her back, her bum. She shivered, trying to break free, but there was not yet enough Zoomer spunk for her to slip her wrist free or claim her knife.

The Zoomer was crawling up the hive again, brushing against her breasts. The Kago were teasing her again, drawing juices from deep within her. The eye-fruit looked at her, their thoughts boring into her head, commands seeping into place so subtly that she could not separate their *-WANTS-* from her own thoughts.

– OPEN – ENJOY – OPEN – SWALLOW – OBEY –

She shook her head, trying to keep her lips closed. The Zoomer tightened its grip around her head, pressed its throbbing erection into her cheek. The Kago abandoned her, leaving her exposed.

thwack

The Yapping Maw spanked her exposed rump, using the long length of its body like a whip.

thwack thwack thwack

It kept spanking her until she cried out, the Zoomer rearing back then forward, forcing its way into her mouth. As soon as it was inside her the spanking stopped, the Yapping Maw massaging her back and breasts and neck while the Kago feasted on her. The Zoomer quickened its pace, the attentions of the other monsters making her close her lips and suck, a sudden *-NEED-* making her run her tongue along the length that pressed against her throat.

Okay, Samus thought, I can work with this. Just spit up the spunk. Careful to make it look like a mistake, keep anyone from noticing...

The Zoomer coated her mouth, fell off her face and crawled away, the Yapping Maw still groping her and the Kago still molesting her. She coughed, let the Zoomer's spunk fall from her lips and coat the stone below her.

thwack thwack thwack thwack

- BAD - BAD - SWALLOW - HUNGRY - SWALLOW -

Samus wilted under the onslaught, the Yapping Maw spanking her until she was crying and limp against the hive that kept her prisoner. Another Zoomer approached the hive, climbed up, presented itself to her.

This time, she opened her mouth, wrapping her lips against its animal hardness. This time, when the beast was finished using her, she swallowed all the spunk.

The Yapping Maw continued to brush her body in ways that felt far too good, the Kago driving her mad with their attentions. Another Zoomer came and she opened, swallowed.

Another Zoomer came.

- GOOD - GOOD - HAPPY - SWALLOW - GOOD - OBEY -

Consumed as she was, Samus didn't notice familiar clicking sounds behind her, an excited language that she had never learned but should have recognized.



Planet 457-23, GFDate 4034:0403

Madeline sat on the couch with her hands in her lap, trying not to annoy the clone that thought of itself as her daughter. Melissa was standing at a terminal, her posture distracted, her eyes scanning passing images at a terrifying speed, single scans that passed so quickly that they made no sense only to the clone.

That worried her. Madeline was considered to be the pinnacle of human intelligence, her achievements having won her much acclaim among those that were smart enough to understand what it was she was doing. There was very little she was not capable of understanding and her ability to take in information quickly was one of the qualities that she prided herself upon.

She recognized about a seventeenth of what Melissa was looking at. Not enough to understand it, but just enough to be scared. There were access codes there, hidden channels that she was certain that no one was supposed to know about. Everything was in shorthand, in code, but the mere scope of what she saw...

Biting her lip, she risked a glance at the other monitors, the ones that were keeping track of the person who had once been her savior. Samus Aran, the Hunter. Legend. A walking extinction level event, the most powerful warrior the galaxy had ever known, a champion that was an army all by herself.

Helpless now. Reduced to a toy for animals. Punished into compliance by the clone, mingled DNA of Mother Brain and the woman herself, a small victory that Melissa promised was only the beginning. Madeline watched as Samus was used, taken, claimed, unable to do anything about the abuses she suffered.

Another presence entered the cavern, Madeline saw. Melissa's monitors allowed her to keep track of everything. These newcomers made their way into the complex, coming from the opposite direction that Samus had entered from. They delved deeper, exploring, until they came upon the Hunter themselves.

Madeline did not recognize them until they were upon the bound and breaking Hunter.

"Are those...?" Madeline gasped, gaping, squirming in her seat.

"Yes, Mother, they are exactly what you think they are," Melissa answered, not looking up. She didn't have to, Madeline knew. Melissa's psychic potential would allow her to control and access the senses of pretty much every living thing on the planet.

Samus might have been able to keep her out before her psychic defenses had been destroyed, but hot and bothered and humiliated as she was Madeline had no doubt that her daughter could slip into the Hunter's mind as easily as she could the predators that were now surrounding her.

Melissa giggled, drawing Madeline's attention back to the screens as she skipped back to the couch. The clone sat down, resting her head in her lap. "Thank you for letting me know they're there. Thank you. I wouldn't have wanted to miss this this little reunion."



Planet Daibon, GFDate 4034:0401

Anthony Higgs grimaced as he walked down the hallway, leaning heavily on his cane. He glanced at some of the other officers and politicians that were in his way, noting the nervousness of their behavior and the flurry of activity that was happening all around him with narrowed eyes.

No one approached him. No one dared. The look in his eyes spoke of fury just held in check.

He paused as he entered the Ivory Tower on Daibon, the place where each representative planet of the Galactic Federation sent their ambassadors and where the Chairman was supposed to oversee everything. Glancing down at his shoulder bag, he frowned and continued walking.

Security didn't try to stop him. They didn't even check him for guns. He spotted Vogl moving down a walkway, but the two of them avoided one another, neither of them pleased with what was happening. He had no doubt that the slippery former-Chairman would find some way to turn what had happened to his advantage. He could only hope Keaton had something similar in mind.

A dozen ambassadors made polite talk with him on his way to the office. His conversation was coldly polite, a trick he had learned from Adam to make the idiots go away when he wanted nothing to do with them. They took the hint. The security people took the hint. Even Keaton's secretary took the hint.

He walked into the Chairman's office and paused, blinking.

"Okay," Anthony said, staring. "I have to admit, I came in here kind of angry and kind of upset but now I'm curious. What the hell is that and why is it on your desk?"

"It's a Kaayes plant from some planet or a moon," Keaton said, his lower mouth speaking. "My secretary got it for me."

"That has to be the ugliest damn plant I've seen this side of Phaaze," Higgs muttered, stepping closer to it and poking one of several round melons with a finger. It wobbled.

"You were at Phaaze?"

"You know I was, Keaton. The final assault."

"But not with Samus."

"Adam thought that would have been a conflict of interest." Anthony sighed, sat down. His cane leaned on Keaton's desk, his shoulder bag finding a home on his lap. "Is the fruit edible?"

"Not that I know of," Keaton shrugged. "You're clearly upset. Did something happen?"

"A certain reporter came forward with a lot of evidence suggesting that Vogl has been up to a lot of underhanded dealings, including having something to do with the bottleship debacle." Anthony was proud of the way he kept his voice calm.

"Well, that's a good thing, right?" Keaton smirked, clapping his hands on the table in front of him. "I guess her conscience got the best of her. Is it enough to eliminate Vogl?"

"Publicly, maybe," Anthony said, not taking his eyes of the politician in front of him. There was something *-SUSPICIOUS-* about the way he was acting. "But privately it won't do anything to cripple him or his supporters."

"Maybe not at first." Keaton leaned back in his chair. "I imagine it gives us a place to start, though. I'm glad that this person came forward. Can I ask who it was?"

"You're seriously going to tell me you had nothing to do with it?" Anthony asked. Keaton stared at him. "She gave us everything, Keaton. Everything. And Vogl knows, I saw him on my way in here."

"Excellent." The smirk extended to both mouths. Anthony felt like slapping him.

"Excellent?" Anthony ran a hand over his head. "You and Adam always told me that it was better to keep Vogl in the public eye in order to limit his backdoor dealings. What changed?"

"Why are you asking me?"

Anthony did not grace the question with a response. One of the fruits on the plant shifted. Keaton's eyes went glassy.

"There's no markings or anything," Anthony whispered, drawing out the words as he looked his friend in the eye. "But I've seen what people are like when less savory members of your species are through with them. I know the look they get and she had it."

"Are you or her accusing me of something?" Keaton asked.

"I wouldn't do that to you and you know it," Anthony said, holding the little blue alien's gaze. "The Keaton I know wouldn't do this."

"The Keaton you know would be careful." The Chairman stood, went to the window, clasped his hands behind his back. "There would be no markings, no evidence, nothing that would give anyone even a whisper of a doubt."

The fruit was moving again. The two of them held the silence for several moments and Anthony could feel something breaking in the room, some slithering presence shift in the back of his head.

A PDA beeped. Anthony took it out of his pocket, looked at it, read the message three times. As much as he wished for it to change it would not.

Keaton looked up and over his shoulder, both mouths frowning, and Anthony knew that his expression betrayed too much; he had never been a good politician.

He would have to learn.

"What is it?" Keaton asked. Neither Human and Sazin noticed that the Kaayes fruit had turned to them, the peel unfolded to reveal staring eyes.

"There's been movement along the Kriken border," Anthony answered, everything else forgotten.

"The Kriken Empire is massing a strike along our borders."

See You Next Mission...