

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

Wide-eyed, Samus could do nothing but watch as the slimes trickled ever closer to her. Any thought she had that the writhing mass was not part of this cruel game were dismissed when she noted the fruit-eyes hovering above her, watching with an intent she had become far too familiar with while walking through these woods.

The massive thing inside her bowels had nearly shrunk down to its original size. She could feel it, the weight of it settling down inside her, and she bit her lip to keep from screaming her frustration. She wanted out, wanted to get up and run, but knew that any quick action on her part would guarantee another loss.

She did not want these slimes to have her, not like everything else had. She did not want to be the bottom prey of any ecosystem, not ever again, not after what had happened on K2-L all those many years ago...

Closing her eyes, she took deep breaths to calm her nerves. The slimes were still a few feet away but that distance was being devoured every moment and soon they would be upon her. She opened her eyes, trembling. Barely a foot between her and the brainless lengths seeking her now, barely any space at all.

She imagined feeling their slime on her skin, could imagine the armor parting to let them past her armor. They would molest her, protected by the shell she had thought to protect herself with. They would grope and explore every nook of her, every inch, chart every curve and corner. There would be nothing that she could do.

Opening her eyes revealed that they were inches away. Less than.

It took every iota of will she possessed not to scream.

Finally, the thing in her ass died down and settled. Slowly, not daring to risk the penalties of moving too quickly, Samus Aran pushed herself to her hands and knees, shuffling a little over to one side. Distance was the important thing, distance between herself and the creatures pursuing her. They were slow, as slow as she was now. If she could move she could keep the distance between them steady until she got her hands on a weapon.

I can fight these, she thought. It's not like they have the minds to dodge. Zoomers eat them, for feather's sake. I'm going to destroy these things, a prequel to the extinction the rest of this planet has coming to it.. She stood.

Her sword and dagger lay discarded over to one side.

She could see them.

Grinning in anticipation of slaughter, she circled around and led the slimes in a wide arc. Keeping her steps small, she ignored her hatred of her reduced stride and kept moving. Carefully, ever-so-carefully, she knelt down and reclaimed the weapons she had made before glancing over her shoulder. The slimes were there, coming for her, ignorant of the doom that waited for them.

She did laugh, then, feeling flush with whatever small victories this planet would allow her to claim. She tested the weight of sword and dagger in her hands, stretched as much as she could, waiting for the slimes to come to her with a bloodlust she never would have thought herself capable of.

Patience, Samus, she thought, swinging her blades in tight arcs. Let them come to you. Savor this. Use this to remember you are and who you will be again.

The slimes writhed closer, a few feet away from the death that awaited them.

Closer now. Inches.

She struck.

-penalty-

She screamed, feeling the pressure along her hips, the groping mass of amber pressing against her skin and molesting her. Flailing, she stumbled back and fell, the thing in her ass expanding and throbbing deep inside her as the line between her thighs was pulled tight. She fell to the ground, her spine arching as sensation roared through her, the fruit-eyes looking down upon her with a sadistic gleam that could not have entirely been her imagination.

-penalty-

The word echoed through her mind. She could feel the fruit-eyes closing in, their thoughts leaking into her, awakening commands that others of their kind had left their previously. Her screams became piteous and hungry moans, the weapons she had been so proud of her falling from fingers that clawed at the air, fingers that tried to find some spare fragment of herself to hold onto.

-penalty-

"For what?!" she managed to cry, staring up at the fruit-eyes. They remained silent, three of them circling above her, filling her with wordless thoughts, forcing every humiliating moment she had suffered since coming to this world, the memory of each battering her self-image into paste with every ragged breath.

"... f-for what..." she whimpered, the cresting wave of every sensation pulling her further and further away, her thoughts and self receding under the unrelenting onslaught of physical sensations and emotional shame. Still, she thought an answer, trying to find what she had done

-wrong.-

T-the first time I went to attack, she thought, the thoughts difficult to keep steady in her head. Her head shook, her body twisting as her breath pushed out of her in a long ragged gasp. I attacked t-them then, ah-ah-attacked... oh, oh, no... Her last mental gasp grasped why this was happening to her; she had attacked. They had taken away from her the ability to defend herself.

And now, helpless in sensation and utterly unable to defend herself, able to do nothing more than flee using the hobbled pace that had been left to her, she waited as the slimes got closer. A foot. Less than. An inch.

No longer did she have to imagine the feel of their slime on her skin, or dread the amber parting to let them past her armor. No longer did she have to dream of them molesting her, protected by the shell she had thought to protect herself with. No longer did she have to shudder at the thought of how they would grope and explore every nook of her, every inch, chart every curve and corner.

All of this they were now doing and there was nothing that she could do to stop them.



Moon RK1B-94, GFDate 4034:0507

“Where are we going?” Mia asked. The Kriken beside her kept an easy pace, matching her own without difficulty, and she got the distinct impression that it was being deliberately slow.

:Ship Will Come: Talk answered, looking up at her. It had dropped down, crawling about and severely reducing its height. Mia Xen had seen footage from the Kriken Wars, though, and knew

how fast and lethal the Kriken could be when crawling like this. :You Will Go : See Our Planet : See The Truth:

She nodded, only adding spoken words to indicate her understanding when she realized that the creature had no way of understanding what the gesture meant. That worried her, the fact that she had missed something so obvious. She bit her lip, kept her pace steady, and tried to calm herself down.

Despite her bravado when she'd been with Anthony and the Chairman, she was more than a little nervous – she'd done solo ops before, was considered to be possessed of a fine tactical mind and a steady hand with a pulse pistol, but this was something different.

Nonetheless, she had committed to this. She would go through with it, carry her mission as long as she could and ride it to wherever it ended. She covered a nervous shudder by running her hand through her hair, stopped when the Kriken did, looked up to see what had drawn the insectile alien's attention.

A ship appeared in the atmosphere, de-cloaking well inside the perimeter that Anthony thought he possessed. She frowned and made not of that – she'd have to pass that on to her commanding officer the moment she had that chance. Until then, she strove to look bored, as if everything was perfectly fine.

The shuttle landed silently twenty feet away. A door opened and a lone Kriken emerged, approached them. This was smaller than Talk, though Mia did not believe that made this one any less dangerous.

:This Is Guide: Talk said, introducing the newcomer. :He Is Yours : You Are His:

“Is guide his name or a job description?”

“That Is Correct:

Mia stared at Talk, the larger Kriken shuffling on his limbs. He looked nervous, Mia thought, and that made her feel better about both herself and the aliens; they couldn't have had much experience with this, either.

:You Have Weapons: Guide said, staring at her pistol. :You Keep Weapon : You Feel Safe : This Is Important : Welcome To Us: The Kriken bowed low, showing respect, and Mia returned the gesture. When Guide scuttled back towards the ship Mia followed, looking back at Talk one last time.

She had to duck to enter the doorway. The interior lights cast the metal carapace of the ship in brilliant pinks and purples, a color that translated to poor speed but provided excellent cloaking capacity in the weird non-dimension of hyperspace.

Frowning, she wondered why she knew that. She shook her head, continuing to follow Guide down a corridor, the two of them keep an easy pace. She heard the door close behind them, felt the shuttle leave the moon and leave the moon's gravity. Guide came to stop in front of a hole in the wall.

:This Your Room: Guide said. He paused, shuffling. “Will It Serve: Mia wasn't certain if it was a statement or a question. She stared at the cave. It looked dark. The Kriken waited, nervous, and she didn't want to be rude.

“Is it okay if I crawl in and take a look?”

:I Will Wait : Room Is Yours : None Will Enter:

It looked like she would get some privacy after all. She smiled, nodded, and crawled into the waiting dark. As she did the cave came alight, a gentle purple glow that reacted to her movements, falling back into darkness if she was still for more than a few minutes.

The interior of the cave was roomy, a circle with a sixteen foot diameter. There was a bed, a dresser, what looked like a bathroom and bathing area. The only problem with it was the height; at three feet tall she'd be forced to *-crawl-* around a lot, but their destination was only a few days away. She could learn to live on her *-knees-*

Besides, someone had place a Kaayes in her room, just for her. The plant *-tied-* the room together, made her *-comfortable-*. She could *-obey-* these small restrictions.

Smiling and happily at ease, Mia Xen abandoned her weapon and left her room, rejoining the patient Guide. He looked at her, nodding his approval when she stayed on her *-knees-*

:Tour Ship Now: Guide said. :You Stay Close: Can Help You:

"How?" Mia asked, curious. The Kriken held up what looked like a leash and collar. She stared at it for a moment, frowning, thinking that something was wrong but not quite knowing what. She wanted to be *-good-*, didn't she? To fit in? That was part of her mission. "Alright. You can put that on me if you think it'll help."

:Take Off Armor: Guide said. Mia stared at him, still on her knees, but something said she should *-trust-* her guide. She didn't want to get lost, did she? :Will Not Fit : Take Off Armor:

She did what was asked of her, not noticing that the Kaayes fruit were following her, floating in her wake, their eyes all focused upon her.

Planet 457-23, GFDate 4034:0506

"That's what it feels like," Brannigan whispered, his eyes fixed on the image before him. "To be the best and have it taken away." He didn't blink, didn't turn his head. Samus Aran, a Hunter so good at what she did that her job description had become her title, as if no one else could ever hope to match her.

"She made you a joke, an afterthought." Melissa's voice was more somber than he was used to. He could see her reflection in the monitors, a kindness she might have engineered so he could look at his benefactor and his enemy both. "No one even knows your name. No one remembers you."

"I beat her," Brannigan said, his attention fixed on every moment of the Hunter's suffering, the way she twitched and became prey for what had been the lowest animal on this planet. "I beat her back then. I had her captured, had her helpless, delivered her to her enemies."

"What h-happened...?" The voice surprised him and he turned around. It wasn't Melissa speaking. The words belonged to the other woman, Madeline. He watched her swallow, her throat dry, her jaw moving as she tried to remember how to make words.

She was on the couch, cream-colored flesh exposed wherever her blanket didn't cover her. Melissa was curled up in the woman's arms, head resting on the older human's arms, and she smiled when Madeline spoke.

Madeline gasped, her eyes and head rolling, her shoulders and cheeks a bright red. Brannigan wasn't sure what that meant; alien body language was sometimes hard to read.

"What did she do t-to you...?" she managed, nearly collapsing from her sitting position. Melissa moved, wrapped the other woman in her hands, glistening fingers brushing red-brown hair.

"She tricked me, tricked all of us," Brannigan said, turning back to the monitor. "She was clever and she was lucky. But I beat her then and I'm going to beat her now." He watched her suffering, the great Samus Aran writhing as the slimes slithered around her.

He loved the way she whimpered, on her back, strung out and helpless. She had pressed her heels into the ground, lifting her hips, her fingers trying to find some way to enter the amber that kept the slimes safe from her. She couldn't see them, not as she suffered, but Melissa's equipment allowed him to see the creatures as the slithered over every part of her that her armor covered.

They pressed against her, caressed her, slipping against every soft part of her and suckling at her as they moved. She shook her head, collapsing, trying to hug her knees against her chest and failing as fresh writhings bent her in ways she never would have dreamed were possible.

She spread her thighs to try and give herself surcease, her fingers heading for the apex between her legs, but that move was ill-thought and ill-considered. He laughed as the amber in her ass expanded, laughed as her eyes opened and showed nothing but whites.

Brannigan smiled, stood, staring at the screen as some of the amber circled out of Samus' armor, settling around her neck, pressing against the tendons in her throat. Melissa had shown him how to direct his thoughts to the Kaayes, or at least to her so she could send them to the Kaayes. He spent a few moments using the amber to press against her neck, manipulating her face, her voice.

"What happens n-now...?" whimpered Madeline. Melissa hushed her, but Brannigan walked over to the woman, stepping over the leaking human male that lay limp and broken on the floor.

"We played a game, the Hunter and I." He couldn't keep the scorn from his voice, just as Madeline unfocused eyes kept trying to make sense of what was happening on the screen. "She thinks she's so mighty, so we tested her might. And every time she lost, we took something from her. And when she tried to use what we took from her, we punished her."

He turned back to the monitors. Samus Aran had rolled up onto her stomach, was trying to force her knees under her belly, but every effort pulled the line between her thighs taut. He watched her hips, the way they shuddered and the rest of her quivered, her mouth opening and closing. She was trying to scream, he knew, but they had just taken that away from her.

"Do you think she's ready, Melissa?" Brannigan asked. His benefactor giggled.

"Now is the time," Melissa said. Brannigan could imagine her smile, the twinkle in her eyes. "Go to her. She's ready. Go to her. Go to her."

Brannigan did not have to be told a third time.

See You Next Mission...