

# **Ridley's Revenge (Cock Vore, Anal Vore, Soft Vore, Digestion)**

## Ridley's Revenge

Was it possible for the human consciousness to suffer three individual torture sessions simultaneously? The Pirate King Ridley intended to find out. And who better than to test his splendid new theory on than his worst enemy?

Samus Aran, however, had no idea that Ridley was even alive. As far as she was considered, their business had ended in Norfair. As a result, it was ... rather humiliating that the Space Pirates had kidnapped her in the first place, then. They were hardly a huge threat, now that their leader was gone.

It was only supposed to be a routine mission. A simple case of collecting some samples on a distant planet named Toka. While she had performed the basic system checks on her armor before going outside, she had not done the same for her arm cannon. The many victories that she'd had over the years had made the powerful blonde rather cocky. After landing her gunship and going to the cavern where the sample lay, the bounty hunter had been ambushed from behind by a gaggle of Space Pirates. The last few soldiers who still hung around, despite Ridley's demise.

If her damn arm cannon wouldn't have jammed, she could've taken them out, no problem. But, it did. Complete system failure. Any heavy ordnance such as missiles had been left back on her gunship. All escape routes, were, unfortunately, dead ends. Rather than lose her life, she had instead, surrendered to the reptilian creatures, raising her arms and bearing her armor to them.

The cavern that they had captured her in ran deeper than she thought. The stony passages that existed underneath Toka were vast and maze-like, almost like ant burrows. Nobody had successfully

managed to map these caves before. There was no point in trying. There was nothing here. But the Space Pirates seemed to know their way. And they were most certainly leading her somewhere through the dark, stony caves, their keen reptilian eyes more than capable of seeing in the dark.

No doubt, now, with their guns pointed at her back, they were leading her toward her execution. But what the hell were they doing on a backwater planet like this? Toka was a dead world, a planet that had been ravaged by war. The original inhabitants had slaughtered themselves in a violent, globe consuming conflict. All resources were either irradiated or otherwise destroyed. All life was ... mutated beyond belief. Though she was stripped of her Power Armor, her Zero Suit would, at least, hold back the radioactive tide. She was safe ... until they decided to take her head off of her shoulders.

Had this been a setup? Had this mission been bait? Nothing added up. Why were they here? These questions were important. The more she knew, the better she stood a chance of escaping.

Suddenly, a sense of dread filled the bounty hunter ... and it wasn't from her thoughts. No, as they passed through the natural, stony corridors, she saw something out of the corner of the eye. It was only a glimpse, only a peep, but her keen, blue eyes would recognize what she saw with only a half glance. And with that one, single glance, Samus knew that her situation had suddenly become a billion times worse than it already was.

In these caverns, suspended in amniotic fluid within rotten and broken technology, was a very intact Ridley. Their last fight on Norfair had left him scarred and broken, holes within his vast, skeletal wings, eyes missing from his skull, claws and teeth splintered ... but such injuries had never stopped him before. The Space Pirates were not clustered in this area as refugees, no. They were trying to find resources to fix their leader. The Chozo technology in her armor would no doubt go a long, long way toward restoring him, too.

Shit. No wonder they had been so keen to get it off of her.

Samus, too busy thinking about Ridley, had not realized that she'd come to a complete halt. The barrel of a gun suddenly butting against her back came as quite a shock, then. Grunting, she stumbled forward, barely keeping her balance. Behind her back, her tied wrists began to work together, trying to pull themselves from the tight, metal cuffs that they were bound in. She had to do something. She had to get her armor back, fix her weaponry. And then, she had to put Ridley down for good.

In the end, however, there was little time to play Houdini. Before she could so much as begin to figure out the cuffs, she found herself in an ugly, ramshackle little 'room' within the cavern. It was some kind of computer hub. The technology looked ... ancient, both in aesthetic, and in i. Big, clunky machines that had gone from a brilliant white to a rotting yellow over years of decay. Monitors, large, unfashionable, blaring a migraine-inducing white from their brightly lit screens.

Within the center of the tight, stony room was a table, and above it, a strange, twisted apparatus that Samus had never quite seen the likes of before. It looked like some kind of mask, connected to a vast mess of pipes, wires, and other electronic clutter. Power evidently through it. Occasionally, a bright blue spark would leap from one of the cables and arc off the ceiling. No doubt, it was some kind of torture device. With Ridley alive, these disgusting creatures wouldn't just kill her, no. Ridley wouldn't grant her that mercy. If they got their way, they were probably going to slowly torture her to death.

A lovely thought. But that's what happens when your worst enemy can never seem to die. You can only kill them so many times before they finally get a solid opportunity to kill you. Samus knew this. For that reason, although the situation was incredibly dire, she managed to keep her shit together. Knowing Ridley, he probably wanted her to lose her mind. But Ridley should also know Samus well enough to know that she wouldn't be.

The bounty hunter didn't have a choice. With the barrel of a plasma rifle pressed firmly against her back, it was either get on the table or get vaporized. Her keen eyes scanned the room, looking for anything that she could use, a spare pistol, a grenade, hell ... she'd settle for a crowbar, even. But there was nothing. Hearing an irritated, raspy screech from the Space Pirate behind her, she finally relented and laid upon the table, turning her head toward the ceiling, and the strange, electronic device that was currently hanging from it.

Tight, metal cuffs were secured to her wrists and ankles, binding her to the table completely. There was no room to wriggle. Her arms and legs were tightly held, enough that her constraints pinched at her flesh. They were too strong for her to be able to break. The best that she could do was squirm upon the table, but ... it would be pointless, and it would make her look like prey. So, with blonde, sweaty hair framing her face, the bounty hunter stared at the device coldly as it was lowered over her eyes, not so much as flinching. Cool metal rings pressed against the pits of her eyes. A band was tightly secured to her head, strapping the odd machine to her face.

Whatever happened next ... Samus didn't know. A sharp pressure against her neck, likely, a needle. Some kind of drug. Even with her steely resistance, it kicked in quickly. Before too long, Samus Aran

was completely and unconscious. While she was bound, helpless, and asleep, the machine worked away busily to spirit her away ... somewhere entirely new.

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The last thing that Samus expected after reawakening was to be seeing the world through an entirely new set of eyes. Or, for that matter ... an entirely different world. Gone were the sandy dunes of Toka. Now, a very familiar landscape lay in front of her. The planet Zebes, in all of its ashy glory.

Being here again certainly brought back some memories ... but Samus wasn't allowed to linger on them for long. As she stared at the gray, volcanic plains in front of her, she quickly realized that she was much smaller than she was before. Perhaps ... two feet tall? Not only that, but she also wasn't ... human. The fact that there were now four sets of claws dug into the sandy ground rather than her feet told her that. The fact that her eyes could see her pale brown, scaly, spindly arms, her pudgy, useless body, the feathers that rippled across it in the heated wind.

Samus knew that, somehow, the Space Pirates had transformed her into a creature native to Zebes. A creature that was the very definition of prey. Samus had been transformed into a Zebesian Burrower, a fat, reptilian mole-like creature that had about as many defenses as a chicken. The only thing that they were good at was breeding. Thousands of them infested the planet, which was a good

thing ... the mostly carnivorous population on the dread planet wouldn't have much to eat, otherwise.

Worse, Samus had no idea how to control her new form. The Zebesian Burrower could, of course, burrow, but how was she supposed to do that? With all of her claws? With two? Where was the ash to be distributed as she burrowed through it? How was she supposed to be efficient? If she saw a predator, then how long would it take for her to carve a tunnel beneath the ground when she didn't even know how to put her limbs to good use?

While Samus could of course, appreciate nature, she was a woman that stalked her targets using the most advanced technology available. As a creature of prey, there was no technology, no weapons, no power suit. Just her, and the cruel horizon of a ruined planet.

She knew that she was going to die out here. It was only a matter of time.

In the air, far above her, Samus' ears heard a screech. The terrifying, high-pitched roar of a hunter. Samus had heard it many, many times before.

It was Ridley's cry. The roar of the Cunning God of Death. The sound of his giant wings carving viciously through the air could be heard beneath it, the clack of his many, many sharp teeth from his wildly

chittering jaw as it worked its cry. Above her, he circled, his tremendous presence large enough to cast a shadow atop her shrunken, scaly form. To the enormous, winged lizard, a Zebesian Burrower would be little more than a mouthful ... though Samus doubted that Ridley was doing this to satiate his hunger.

No, this was to demean her. To put her in her place. To show her how good she'd be without her precious suit and her precious gunship. Ridley could swoop down and snatch her at any moment, but first ... he wanted to see her dig. He wanted to see her try to escape, like the disgusting rat that she was!

Even if Samus wanted to look up and stare the Space Pirate right in his beady eyes, her prey instincts kicked in before she could so much as lift her head. The minute that his cry hit her eyes, the moment that his great, black shadow began to loom over her form, her scrabbly, sharp little claws began to dig in the ash beneath her. Uselessly, they dug, kicking up a spray of ash in every direction. The hole that she was frantically attempting to dig grew no deeper. Her panicked claws simply raked ash back into the hole. A simple case of one step forward and two steps back ... but Samus' tiny, prey brain couldn't see the wood for the trees right now.

Now was the perfect time to swoop. As Ridley's terrifying form descended upon her, the mighty reptile saw how his worst enemy finally cowered beneath him. Yes. This time, victory would be his. There would be no plasma burns, no missiles launched in his direction, no being torn apart by alien weaponry, no ... just the sheer, sweet satisfaction of his claws sinking into his prey.



Revenge. It was finally his. Nothing would take this moment away from him. Yet, as his claws met her scales, the Pirate King ... anticipated something. Something surely had to go amiss, didn't it? It always did. The universe seemed to crave this bitch's continued existence. But nothing happened. As he swooped into the air, the bounty hunter, clutched tightly within his talons, did nothing more than squirm weakly. There were no interruptions, and it left Ridley feeling rather ... surprised.

Had she always been this pathetic? Underneath that metal suit? Had his worst enemy always been nothing more than a weak, chubby little burrower? Had he been bested by someone that he should have considered prey all along?

Oh, was that thought enraging.

The reptile let out another loud, shrill cry into the air, his spear-like tail whipping behind him, wings hued violet tossing his heavy, scaled body effortlessly through the air. Samus was grasped from between his feet, and, brought up to his face. Within those tiny little slitted eyes, he could see her fear. But not only that ... he could that she knew that she was defeated. To the point where she wasn't even squirming now. How ... disappointing. Should he have given her more of a chance to fight back, perhaps? Should he have let the feeling of hope fill her, before effortlessly crushing her within his grasp?

As his mind thought of the best way to execute his worst enemy, his long, arrowhead-like mouth snapped open, jaw unhinging to reveal the inside of a mouth that was not bright pink, but a royal purple. A long,

reptilian tongue lashed out of his open mouth in a hiss, flecks of saliva landing upon his captured prey, clutched within his palm ... but even upon being shown the inside of her mouth, Samus did not flinch.

No. The bounty hunter apparently knew how to accept death. Well, that was fine. Ridley would just have to ensure that it was as painful as possible, then. The former bounty hunter now burrower was tossed from palm to maw, her tiny, flabby body flying briefly through the air before landing upon Ridley's wet, slobbery tongue. In an instant, his mouth closed, trapping her within. His cheeks barely bulged because of his presence inside of his mouth.

Now, bound between the roof of Ridley's mouth and his slippery tongue, Samus could not so much as lift one of her useless little prey paws. She was well and truly bound, worse than she had been when they'd strapped her to that damn desk that had somehow put her here. The Space Pirates had finally bested her. It had taken them a good, long while ... but you could only bask in glory so many times before you felt the heavy weight of defeat.

Ridley's estimation of her emotional state had been entirely incorrect, however. While Samus most certainly knew how to look tough in the face of adversary, the truth was that she was terrified. This wasn't how she wanted to go out, for one thing. Couldn't Ridley have least given her the chance to go out fighting? This seemed cowardly for him. Too cowardly. There had to be something else going on, it couldn't be as simple as all this.

The intense heat of Ridley's breath surrounded her, the scent of it, the musk. The thunderous, excited beat of his heart filled her ears. But now, rather than panic, rather than accept her fate, Samus thought as much as she could within the sauna that was his mouth, her brain moving a million miles a second.

Perhaps, in the end, though, her thoughts would mean nothing. Like the perfect predator that he was, Ridley's head tilted back, and ... he swallowed. The reptile's throat was very, very efficient. A bulge passed across his windpipe briefly as Samus made that initial squeeze into his gullet ... but soon, there was no trace of her. Wrapped within tight, pulsing flesh, the Zebesian Burrower that was Samus Aran was on a one-way track toward Ridley's highly efficient digestive tract. Only one fate awaited her there. Digestion.

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In reality, however, Samus was not a Zebesian Burrower, nor was she in the tight, steamy sack that was Ridley's stomach. Samus had never left the table that she'd been strapped to. The Zebes that she was upon was little more than a simulation. Before they'd destroyed themselves, the people of Toka had managed to create a machine that was capable of creating a very, very advanced simulation of ... whatever the user desired. What better way to escape the misery on your planet than to avoid it all by sealing yourself into virtual reality? Now, however, it was being used for much more insidious means.

Both Ridley, healing within his tank, and Samus, incapacitated upon the table, were within the simulation, but only on an unconscious level.

It was incredibly realistic ... but the results of the simulation would bring no harm to them.

At least, not physical harm. There was a reason that Ridley had been mulling over the perfect way to take revenge upon the bounty hunter. Because, after all, in a simulation, you could do whatever you wanted.

And, in this particular simulation, Samus consciousness inhabited not just one creature ... but three. While each creature could only think individually, when Samus awoke, the three individual experiences would crash into her fragile, human mind all at once, decimating her ego.

Or at least, that was the plan.

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Within the simulation, Ridley continued to soar high atop Zebes. Within, he could still feel the form of one Samus Aran curled within his hot, grumbling stomach. He wanted to digest her very, very much ... but it could wait until he'd captured the other two creatures that had fragments of her mind stuck within them.

It would take Ridley no time at all to find them. For him, this was a rather nostalgic experience, when you ignored all of the hatred. It had

been many, many years since he'd sailed across the skies like this, looking for animals to feast upon. It reminded him of being a youngling. But now, he was older. The feeling of relaxation that he felt flowing through him was marred by the pure hatred that he felt for his 'prey'. It was hard to feel carefree, when you cared so much.

Within his belly, he felt her squirming. But out there, he knew that there were two more waiting. He could hear them. Pouncing and moving as she attempted to acclimatize herself to her new, changed form. It was just a case of seeing them. Keen, well-trained eyes scanned the ground below as it whirled by him, looking for even the smallest sign of life.

Then, he saw something. A smudge, below. Focus. A tiny, black creature ... trying to dig.

Bingo.

Just below Ridley, and, presently unaware that he was flying above her, was ... Samus. Or at least, another part of her consciousness. This one wasn't in the shape of a burrower, no, but in the shape of a hopper, a much smaller mammalian creature. Dense, ashy black fur and extremely long ears ... not dissimilar to what might happen if a rabbit and a guinea pig somehow had children. Just a round, long-eared bundle of fuzz. Much like the burrower, it hid from its reptilian overlords by making dense, intricate systems of dens underground. Most female Sinitars - of which Samus was one - were about a foot and a half long, and weighed, perhaps, twenty pounds soaking wet.

Officially, its name was a Sinitar ... but most of Zebes residents just called it dinner.

This particular version of Samus had, naturally, been given a little more time to get used to being a completely different creature. As a result, she had absolutely mastered the art of digging. That's what she was up to right now ... attempting to make a little hideaway! Unfortunately, for as long as those new ears of hers were, they ... weren't particularly useful. The only reason they were so long was because they were used in a complicated mating ritual. They offered no perceptive advantage. As a result, she didn't even hear the beat of Ridley's wings above her, and, by the time his shadow was looming overhead, it was all too late. Before she could even try to retreat into her new burrow, his talons were wrapped tight around her fleshy, squishy form, carrying her up into the sky.

All he needed to now was find the last ... and then, he'd truly be able to have his revenge.

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The first Samus, trapped within Ridley's stomach - utterly unaware that a separate, and very fuzzy version of herself was clutched within his talons - was truly able to ponder her existence within the lizard's gurgling gut.

It had been a while. The fleshy sac continued to stroke at her new, scaled skin, coating it with slime and mucus, and yet ... there was no acid, no danger. By now, his stomach surely should have detected the presence of food within and should've set about digesting her long ago. But it hadn't. She knew a lot about Ridley, and a lot more about his species. They weren't capable of choosing when and if they digested something. So, something had to be amiss, besides the fact that she was one of the lowliest prey creatures upon Zebes.

Or, perhaps, entirely because of that. Considering the odd machine that had been lowered onto her face ... perhaps this was a simulation? It made sense. In a world of his creation, Ridley would have perfect control over his guts, and ... perfect control over her form.

A deep, digestive gurgle hit her ears. The walls of Ripley's stomach shuddered around her hungrily, clearly eager to absorb her. Hungry walls slowly closed tightly around her form, forcing her into a fetal position. And yet, no acid poured forth from Ridley's stomach.

That meant that the reptile was waiting for something. But what?

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The third and final Samus was now in Ridley's sights. Soon, his plan would come to fruition.

This form that he had chosen for the bounty hunter on this occasion was, perhaps, the most humiliating of the three. This creature was ... truly puny. While the burrower was hardly big, and the Sinitar even smaller, the tiny, white gecko-like creature that Samus had been turned into was, at most, four inches long. Another animal that was native to Zebes, the Common Stonewarmer did just that ... lay upon warm stones. Unfortunately, its bright white form was a stark contrast to the dark grey rocks that it liked to rest upon. It was so small, however, that most of the larger, predatorial species on the planet didn't even bother hunting them. After all, they were barely a mouthful.

They were also relatively useless. It didn't matter if Samus had done little more than flail around since waking up, or if she had mastered the art of being a stonewarmer. It was quite the useless little reptile that had no noteworthy abilities. Incapable of moving fast, leaping, or hiding ... well, it was a pitiable animal, that was for sure. Perhaps that, along with their size, was why they were allowed a mostly peaceful life by the cruel creatures upon the planet's surface.

Ridley, of course, had an enormous bone to pick with this particular stonewarmer. With a wild beat of his wings, Ridley's form descended into a swoop, arms extended, claws reaching, seeking to clutch the tiny lizard ... and, with a dextrous extension of his talons, he did just that. A tiny, pure white body clutched between one set of claws, a larger, fuzzy black body between the other ... and then, finally, the burrower was that waiting within his eager, gurgling gut. All three pieces had been collected.



Now, he could have some fun.

The Pirate King beating wings began to slow. He began to descend toward the ground. His hunt was completed, and now, it was time to cash in on the spoils. The weather heels of his feet soon hit the stone, the two Samus' still firmly trapped between his sharp claws.

They were not bound by them for long, however. Soon, both Samus the Sinitar and Samus the Stonewarmer were transferred from sharp claw to scaled palm, the Space Pirate taking either creature in his hand. Like the Burrower before him, the tiny creatures of prey did their best to stare him directly in the eye, as if they were trying to psych him out. But, Ridley had already seen that look once today. He wouldn't let it infuriate him. He wouldn't let it interfere with his plan, no.

His knees spread across the ground as he lowered himself into a squat, his armored tail lifting. His firm cheeks parted, bearing his greasy tail hole, sweaty from the flight. He knew just the creature to fill it. The fuzzy Sinitar would do just nicely. The black, long-eared creature was clutched tightly within his palm. His knees lowered, hips spreading, form getting closer to the ground. Behind him, his shitter parted slightly with his movements, eager to take the Sinitar within.

With a mighty thrust of his arm, Ridley shoved his hand and the Samustar behind him. His intent was made clear when the tiny, fuzzy creature had her face shoved against his slick, mucousy anus. If it wasn't for how tight the muscle was, her little body would've popped in immediately! But, Ridley's colon would not be able to disobey its

master for long. As his palm shoved at her from behind, the anus in front of her struggled to keep her furred form out, but, eventually, it had no choice but to succumb.

The slick muscles of Ridley's asshole parted with a loud schlorp, squeezing open. Hot and musky walls began to caress tightly at Samus' small, furred form in a tight squeeze, guts rippling across her. It was clear from how they writhed that they were trying to push her out, rather than slurp her up! But Ridley, still pushing at her from behind, gave his own body no choice. Before long, she had been shoved halfway inside, headfirst, bowels squeezing at her skull, while legs kicked and squirmed uselessly on the outside, desperately trying to get free.

Samus, frankly, had no idea that Ridley was so fucked up. Had he always been this much of a pervert?

It was evident that all of the attention to his slippery, sensitive back passage was making the Pirate King rather ... horny. The Stonewarmer Samus, still clutched within the hand that wasn't busily trying to shove a live creature up his ass, got a full view of that. Between his legs, she watched as his thick, red, slimy cock, held within an internal sheath, began to emerge from his crotch. Fat, swollen balls beginning to descend downward, covered in a protective layer of thick, armored scales. The gaping slit on the tip of his emerging cock was visible, precum schlurting from the flared, violent purple tip, gushing and coating over his ribbed shaft.

If one Samus was heading into the back, then it only made sense that the other would be heading into the front. And, considering the size of the small stonewarmer, it only made sense that Ridley intended to shove the tiny lizard down his cock. It was ... a relatively simple puzzle for the bounty hunter to work out, even if she did have a tiny little brain at the moment.

Of course, that didn't mean that she wanted it to happen. And it also didn't mean that she could do anything about it. All she could do was close her eyes in disgust as her tiny, narrow face was suddenly pressed directly against Ridley's gushing cumslit, his powerful fingers intending to force her within.

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Within Ridley's belly, the Burrower Samus finally received what she'd been waiting for this entire time ... acid.

While she was completely blind to the outside, it was clear that something was happening. She could hear the Zebesian groaning and moaning from the inside, but for what reason, she was ... entirely uncertain. And, right now, it wasn't her focus. No, the acid was quite literally gushing into the tight, fleshy orifice was, surprisingly, on the forefront of the bounty hunter's mind. There was nothing that she could do to stop it - and she knew that - but feeling it soaking into her scales and burning at the flesh beneath most certainly kept her from thinking straight.

Walls carressed at her form, hungrier than ever before, smearing acid into her body like a sickly, nasty smelling marinade. Soon, every centimeter of her scaly body was lit up in pain, as if she were on fire, the corrosive acid melting her skin, decaying her muscle, withering away from her bone. Turning her into nothing, but, before it did, of course, it ... turned her into nothing but pain.

Before long, Ridley's highly effective acid stripped flesh, scale, muscle, and eventually bone, disassembling her completely. Quickly, the Burrower Samus was turned into a nutrient-rich paste consisting of bones, muscle, and skin. Calories to be flushed through his virtual guts, fat to be added onto his stimulated ass.

Her thoughts of the simulation, of escape, and how to outwit Ridley were, ultimately, pointless ... because the only thing that Samus would remember from this particular 'life' was how painful it was to be tightly contained within an apex predator's stomach and submerged in his acid. The trauma, the pain, it outweighed all other memory.

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Her other two incarnations were not having an easy time of things, either.

Now firmly lodged within Ridley's colon was Sinitar Samus. No longer did the walls ripple around her to push her away, no, they clutched against her to keep her in place, like a python constricting it's prey.

Her fuzzy hips and feet had long since disappeared into the reptile's rear. The small, furry creature was fully consumed. Slick walls messily rubbed a viscous mixture of ass slime and a strange, paralytic venom into her pelt. One ensured that she stank utterly putrid, and the other ensured that she couldn't so much as attempt to wriggle toward his tightly sealed sphincter.

Her other incarnation faced an entirely different orifice ... that of Ripley's rather impressive, purple, pulsing length. The stonewarmer was well and truly wedged within his slit now, entirely consumed by it. The inner walls of his prick slurped and rubbed against her smooth scales, tugging her deeper within like a riptide. The stonewarmer's senses were not particularly keen, but they did not have to be. The overwhelming scent of masculinity pierced her tiny nostrils and clouded her tiny mind regardless, making her quite unaware of the rippling pre that passed over her face and squirted up her nostrils. Much like her 'twin' within Ridley's bowels, she was, too, becoming paralyzed... though for an entirely different reason.

Ridley, of course, was having the time of his life. At this point, the enormous Space Pirate had fallen onto his back, wings delicately curled around his powerful, scaled form. Within him, he felt three copies of his worst enemy squirming around within him, utterly overwhelmed by his innards. He felt the Samus within his gut, melting, thrashing in desperate pain. The paralyzed Samus shoved within his rear, weakly moving as best she could against the clutch of his powerful rectum. And, finally, and, perhaps, best of all, was the one firmly lodged within his manhood. He could feel her slowly being slurped down his many, many inches, a pleasurable, but sure pull toward the very root of the winged lizard's masculinity ... his heavy throbbing testes.

The tiny, white lizard that was Samus Aran soon met her stopping point. Her tiny body was squeezed through an even tinier opening, before she was directly deposited inside of the firm, full orb that was one of Ripley's testicles. Her tiny form was immediately enveloped within what might as well have been a sea of freshly churned sperm. Uselessly, she sank into it, the thick, creamy batter binding her arms and her legs. There was, of course, no air to breathe. Her mouth desperately gulped for air, but all she managed to draw within was the lizard's cum. It filled her, bloated her, and soon, every fiber of her would become it.

Every Samus within Ridley was tightly bound, overwhelmed, and being eaten away at. Fluids, rank, foul, and in the two of the cases, quite personal, flooded over their forms, all with the intent of absorbing them within his body. No matter how much they tried to move, no matter how hard they tried to escape, no matter how strongly they mentally willed themselves to resist, the three Samuses cried out in anxious unison. Gone were the rational thoughts of simulations, in were the panicked thoughts of death.

But soon, there was nothing. The kicking faded, their heartbeats stopped, and their forms, ultimately, were entirely diminished and absorbed. Samus Aran had been completely and utterly wiped from the face of the simulation, and it had all be thanks to his innards.

In pure delight at having slain his enemy - three times over, no least - Ridley let out a loud cry of primal pleasure into the air. His cock pulsed, and began to fire rope after rope of heavy, white, thick sperm over his scales. Pure, royal seed that had been tainted by one

particularly filthy lizard. Somehow, that made basting it upon himself all the more pleasurable, however.

Coated in his sperm, Ridley fell to his side, finished. For now, at least.

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It turned out that suddenly reliving three horrific experiences all at once had quite an effect on the human mind, even on one as tough as Samus Aran's. The human awoke with a horrific scream, her spine arching as she tugged against her constraints, desperate to be free of them. Around her, she felt a trio of walls, a set of sickly, awful feelings, the combination of stomach, bowel, and testicle. The scents, the rubbing, the burning, she was reminded of it all. Even if her body had taken no damage, her mind felt as if it had. Every nerve sizzled, as if they had truly been cooked within a giant reptile's innards.

Eventually, the scream ended. Emptied of her energy, the tortured bounty hunter fell back against the table with a groan, a cold sweat over her form. Overwhelmed, and entirely unable to stay conscious, her eyes fluttered shut. No doubt, she would dream of Ridley's innards, reliving the trinity of digestive experiences that she'd just been forced through.

But it would not be the end for her, no. As she slept, the Pirate's merrily worked away on yet another simulation. It was important to keep their King entertained while he healed, after all.

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