

Mission IX: HUNGER



METROID
SAMUS FOR SALE

STORY BY HUNTEROPERA
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The hunters came and went, her clients visiting and fucking her and leaving her again. Those that had been coming the longest recognized the hollowness in her eyes and smiled at her, knowing she was broken. Samus thought that might drive them off but the opposite was true – they revelled in her breaking, celebrating it, demanding that she satisfy them with her strong body.

Samus Aran did as she was told.

She would do anything to avoid going back to the lanes.

When her clients wanted to hunt her, she ran. She even fought back, bruising them, struggling, but she knew that they all wanted her to lose and she knew that there was no way she could win. All her strength, all her skill, everything she had been through; all of it had brought her here, where she was a cocksleeve for anyone that could afford the delvian's prices.

Sometimes, the delvian would have her leashed and led through the club, where the two of them would sit and watch the other whores dance and suffer the affections of other clients. The delvian would pull her close, arm over Samus' shoulders, her hand idly playing with one of Samus' breasts.

"Your earnings are up twenty percent," the delvian might say, "so I got you a treat." And several other whores would come to Samus and wash her, pamper her, bring her orgasms. She could do whatever she wanted to them and she mostly held them, let them cry on her shoulder.

It was the only comfort she could give.

"Your earnings are down fifteen percent," the delvian might say, and Samus would bow her

head and tremble and try not to cry. "Do we need to send you back to the lanes...?"

"No, owner," Samus would say, and she would hate the weakness in her voice, the acceptance, the despair. There was no way out of this, she knew.

"What could you be doing better?" the delvian would ask.

And she would wait for Samus to answer: she could offer her clients her ass, she could take her time sucking them off so that they enjoyed her longer, she could encourage them to beat her, to whip her, to hurt her. She could kiss their feet and beg them to do anything they wanted. She could plead with them.

Only once had Samus been slow to respond to the questioning, and her punishment had been a week in the lanes.

Now, she spewed out whatever came into her head, no matter how demeaning, how degrading. She would do anything, anything that was asked of her, anything that was wanted of her, anything at all.

She didn't think she could fall much further.



"You present a fascinating problem," Dhaan said, eyeing her guest. "We've catered to your people before, but what you're asking is something we haven't tried before."

We want to taste her fear, the envoy in front of Dhaan responded mind-to-mind. Its people were natural telepaths, though they did not appreciate it when other people touched their minds. Dhaan could afford to be a polite host when it suited her.

They were sitting in the lounge at Dhaan's favorite table. The envoy was backed by two of its looming guardians, their silvery eyes glancing around the bar with casual disinterest. Dhaan had no obvious bodyguards, her security staying in the shadows to maintain the illusion of easy hedonism.

"That's easy enough to arrange," Dhaan smiled, smiling, lazy.

The fear you have created in her is passive, the envoy said. *The fear we desire is an active fear, something that will take time to cultivate.*

"It would be expensive to do what you are proposing," Dhaan said. "The construction alone would take weeks, would require closing parts of my business down."

Then put it on the main stage and sell tickets, the envoy thought, dismissive. *Let everyone witness what we do to the so-called Hunter. Let all witness and let no one ever fear her again.*

"We are keeping her identity a secret known only to a select few," Dhaan warned. "Even if we come to terms, that is non-negotiable. Unless you want to take it up with the shadowy powers that run Slytherice IV."

THAT WOULD NOT BE WISE. NOT BE WISE.

The envoy and her guards heard the words, echoing through their marrow. The aliens aboard the envoy's ship heard the words. Even their massive leader, nestled deep within the confines of their craft, felt the push of the words in her soul.

What was that? the envoy shook, shivered, glancing around.

"Those shadowy powers I mentioned," Dhaan said, smiling. "Do not cross them."

We will not, the envoy thought.



The envoy did not have to return to the mothership to share the news. It knew the details of the accord, so every mind that mattered on their ship knew the details. Certain of their kind were better at understanding the information than others, and their understanding was relayed to the Queen.

Every perspective within the hive was gathered, collated, considered. Design information was pilfered from the hundred civilizations that their people had devoured, finding what they needed, refining it until they had what they wanted.

Only then did the Queen sort the good information from the bad and relay her thoughts to the envoy with a vicious efficiency.

The whole process took maybe a galactic standard minute.

This is what we would like you to build, the envoy thought at their host, implanting the design specifics into the delvian's mind. One of the guards lashed out with a tendril, wrapping the appendage around a serving girl's neck and making her draw it out on the napkins she had.

"I'm charging you for that," the delvian said, and the envoy knew that she meant her guard's manipulation of the serving girl.

Irrelevant, the envoy thought. *She is still intact. We will take what we want.*

"For a price."

As you say.



Dhaan had bought several of the spaces above and below her brothel over the years. It felt like good business at the time, and with help from her friends she had made quite a tidy sum playing landlord.

Once she'd gone over the plans with a team of engineers, she emptied out the space directly below her club and began to build an expansion – a massive dining coliseum with spaces for dancers and sex, with attachments that would lock performers to certain tables for more intimate and painful entertainments. A kitchen was added, specializing in aquatic foods from across the sector, all done in soft blues and purples.

It was the centerpiece that immediately drew the eye, a giant aquarium.

Specialized translucent duri-steel had to be made and tested, put in place in giant sheets that went from floor to ceiling. Cleaning droids were put in, tested. The liquid inside was a soft blue but designed to be breathable, effectively making it liquid air.

All of it was horribly expensive.

Reservations were set at twenty-thousand galactic standard credits per seat in the back, with the price tripling by the time one had booked a seat up front.

Within days of being available, reservations were booked solid for several months.

Dhaan would have a return on her investment.

The Harvesters would have their fun.

And Samus would have nothing.



The sebaceans escorted Samus from her room down to the expansion.

"What do you think?" the delvian asked her. Samus looked around, some dull part of her still looking for a way out, smothered again when she found nothing.

"It looks very pretty," mumbled Samus, keeping her head down.

"I'm glad you think so," the delvian said, summoning her over. Samus approached and took her place at the delvian's feet, letting the delvian run fingers through her hair. "Do you know how to swim, Samus?"

"Yes...?"

"Good."

The sebaceans brought over a large box and handed it to her.

What's that? Samus thought, her fingers trembling.

"It's for you," the delvian said. "Open it."

Her fingers weren't as nimble as they had once been. There was a predatory sharpness missing from her movements, a hesitance that she hated. The ribbon came off and the box opened. Her fingers moved soft papers aside, closed on familiar fabrics.

Even after all this time she recognized the texture of her old zero suit. She hugged it, curled over it and cried. She felt the delvian's hand on her shaking shoulder and she kept weeping, kept trying to call on her armor and failing.

"I destroyed your suit, remember?" the delvian said, pulling at her ponytail. "But I turned it into something new."

Samus unfolded the familiar fabric into an unfamiliar shape - a single long leg that ended in a tail.

She let out a whimper, turning from the tail to the aquarium to the delvian, who was smiling down at her.

"Put it on."

She wanted to scream. She wanted to fight. She wanted to batter the delvian into paste, break every last bone in every single sebacean that had abused her for so long, hunt down everyone that had groped her, fucked her, raped her. She felt her muscles tense, some

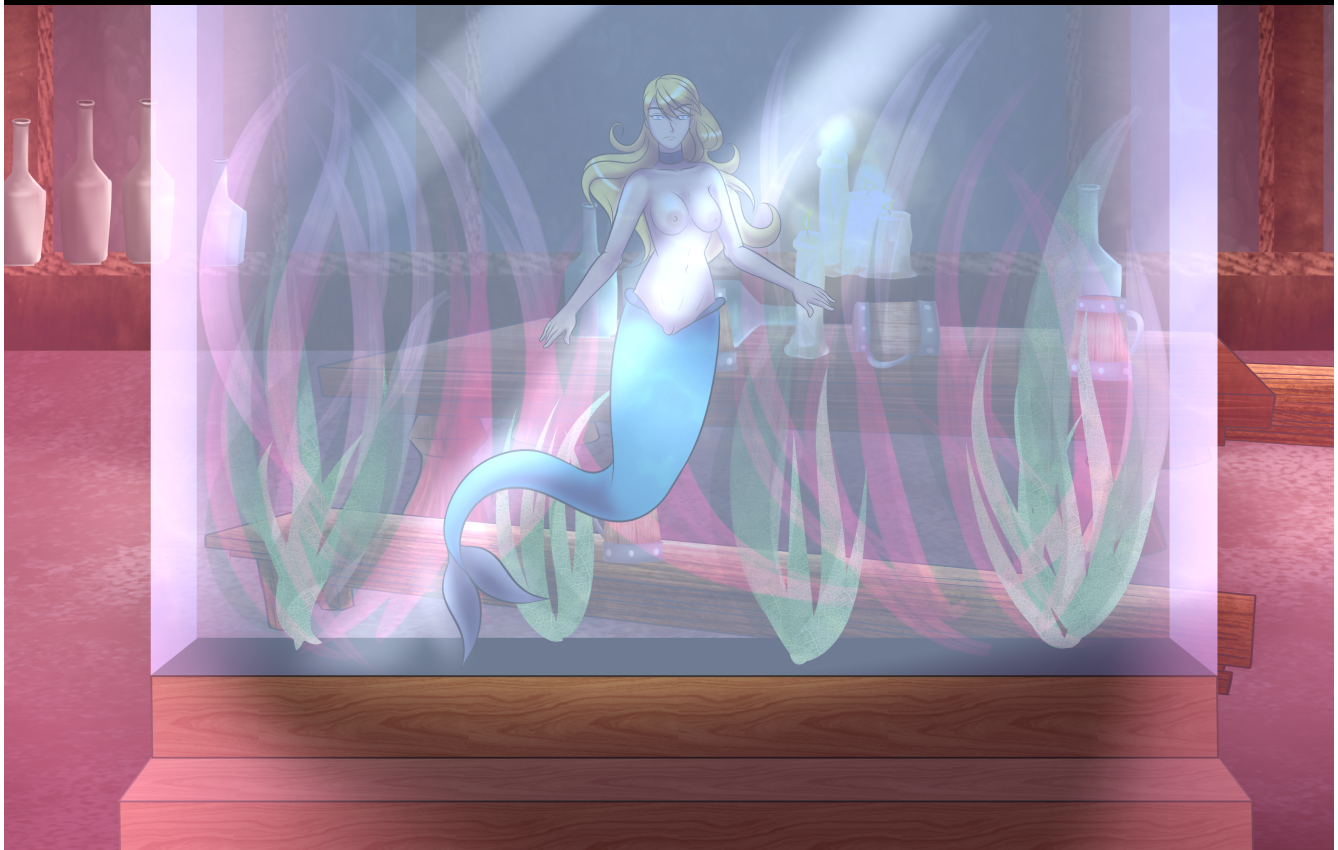
spark of the person she had been flaring up.

And then simmering down to embers.

The implants would bring her down if she tried anything. They would beat her, rape her, send her to the lanes. They would bring her back here and give her the same choice – put on the tail or suffer the consequences.

Her hands were shaking so badly she dropped the tail. It took her longer than the delvian wanted it to, getting the tail up past her knees, up past her thighs. It constricted, forcing her calves and thighs together, letting her bend at the hips and knees and ankles. It settled around her hips, cupping down her thighs, framing her lower holes and putting them on offer in a grotesque display.

“Now,” the delvian said, the sebaceans unscrewing the top of a table and revealing a tube that led into the aquarium, “get in.”



Dhaan was pleased.

The Hunter looked good in the tail and especially in the liquid air. It didn't take her long to learn how to swim with the tail, and she even let the Hunter swim with a couple of sebaceans.

“You can hurt them if you want to,” Dhaan told the Hunter, “Even kill them, if you like. So long as you do it in the water.”

The gleam in Samus' eyes reminded Dhaan of who the woman used to be.

Several sebaceans died, which only made their treatment of her out of the water more brutal. Dhaan didn't care; several of her security guards were using the wages she paid them to hurt one of her whores, and that whore was learning how to fight underwater because of it.

And Dhaan wanted Samus at her best.

She wanted to see the return of the Hunter.

The Harvesters had paid to hunt her, no refunds, and Dhaan had never cared much for them.



It was as close as she'd come to freedom since she'd been taken.

The liquid air was kept at a comfortable temperature, and while it took some time getting used to it she could breathe and move in it without trouble now. Her powerful long legs meant she could zip around the chamber, investigating the guests that came to leer at her as she sized them up.

Which one of you is coming in here with me? she thought.

The sebaceans came in with weapons now and she'd snatch them away, use their own tools against them. She slaughtered them quickly at first, but when they started beating her on land she started making it slower when they were in the wet with her.

You can't harm me, not really, not in any way that matters, Samus thought. *You're on a timeline, and someone is paying a lot of money for this.*

They backed off and she started killing them quickly again. The delvian was having trouble convincing them to get in the wet with her, and then she found it impossible and Samus was free - unmolested, unbothered, unburdened. She could swim and swim and if there were so many aliens coming to leer at her, none of them could touch her.

She did not want to think the one thought that haunted her: *this cannot last.*



She is ready, the envoy thought. The entire hive flittered in excitement, the chosen prepared for their revenge.

"She is," the delvian confirmed, her mouth twisting in a smile, showing her teeth. "Are you?"



Dhaan stood in the middle of the room for the hard open. She greeted everyone that could

afford to enter, made certain they had a preferred whore assigned to them, that their meals were prepared to exacting perfection, that they were all comfortable.

Some of them knew that the human in the wet was Samus Aran, the missing Hunter. Some of them had been hunted by her before, had enterprises and empires brought low by the woman in the water. They watched her as she swam about, watching them, eyeing them curiously.

"She doesn't know that tonight is the hard open," Dhaan told them, and all of them laughed.

"I hope it goes hard for her," they would say, or words to that effect.

Her guests made themselves comfortable, their whores doing what they could to tease pleasure centers, prolonging the process, all the whores on their knees to keep the show engaging.

Samus was watching them with narrowed eyes, wondering what was going to happen – this was new, this was different.

The two of them locked eyes. Dhaan sensed the sebacean behind her.

"Tell the harvesters that she's ready,"



This was different. The presentation, the sense of things. The lights beyond her aquarium dimmed and it felt like she was swimming in liquid light, there for everyone to see.

Is that the point? Samus thought. Dress me up in the rags of my old zerosuit and put me on display in here for everyone to see?

She didn't think so. The delvian would never be that merciful.

There was movement by the entrance tube and Samus swam to investigate – were they sending in more sebaceans for her to kill? Was that the nature of the show, a little bloodsport to titillate her tormentors?

She stopped.

Starred.

No.

Samus Aran had fought harvesters before, several times. They were locusts – attacking species on the cusp of interstellar travel and hijacking technology to shatter civilizations, wiping out every living thing before stripping whatever planet they were attacking of anything they considered useful. They left death and destruction in their wake, nothing but dead planets and galactic-scale genocide.

The Galactic Federation had contacted them several times and offered them the means of maintaining their power and technology without resorting to constant genocide, but the harvesters had responded that the Federation was impinging on their culture and continued on as normal.

Diplomacy was tried and failed. The Harvesters frequently sent in an envoy to negotiate in bad faith, using the opening diplomacy provided to attack people seeking peace.

And so the Galactic Federation responded with war.

The larger harvester fleets were utterly destroyed, but some of the smaller ones continued their process of targeting out-of-the-way planets, and there were standing bounties offered on harvester armadas that were still carrying out their cullings.

Samus Aran had handled several of them all by herself. She had, so far as she knew, collected more bounties on the harvesters than any other hunter, caused them as much grief as the Galactic Federation Army back during the initial massacre.

They hated her. They were mildly telepathic and knew what her mind felt like.

Four of them in full battle armor had just entered the aquarium with her.

Their weapons were tied to their suits, an anthesis of Chozo crafting.

Harvester suits were amphibious by design, but were better suited to piloting than combat. The writhing mass of tentacles on their backs were their primary melee weapons, but if she could get close enough she could pry the suit open and get to the soft tiny alien nestled inside.

The one in front, she knew, would be the envoy - the one that their central intelligence relayed commands through. Kill the envoy and the others would be lost while the others tried to forge a new psychic connection with their Queen, a process that she could take advantage of.

She darted forward, striking the one closest to her, its tentacles trying to cushion it as her momentum pressed it into the glass. Her hands dug into slimy carapace of its armor, fingers pushing along the ridge into it snapped open, the small alien inside glaring up at her with its pearlescent eyes.

Got you, it thought at her. She snarled, fingers reaching for its eyes.

The other three caught up with them.



Got you, the envoy thought.

The Hunter was reaching for its eyes, her own green-blue gaze full of furious hatred, her lower facial cavity twisted to show off her teeth. Her fingers ended in sharp talons that came too close to its eyes, but then the others grappled her upper limbs with their tentacles, pulling her back, more tentacles wrapping around her powerful legs locked inside the tail, then her torso, her neck and shoulders.

Its people were familiar with the terran species, having faced them on several planets throughout the past few hundred years. The envoy knew how resourceful, how powerful they could be, and the Hunter was the worst of them: all their strengths mingled with the Chozo of old.

She had to be made an example of.

Three soldiers moved the Hunter into the center of the aquarium so that everyone could see what they were going to do. She struggled, she fought, her muscles straining. Against one or even two of them, she might have overcome them even without her armor or

weapons, but against three of them? In an environment that favored them?

She had her chance and she squandered it.

What happened next would be inevitable.

One soldier pulled her arms taut away from her torso, one to either side, pulling as she strained to free herself from the tentacles that held her. More of its tentacles slithered across her shoulders, exposing her musculature, wrapping around her hips, her belly, forcing the air from her lungs. So much of the fight left her when they took control of her breathing.

Another soldier wrapped its tentacles around her thighs, her calves, bending her tail at the hips and exposing her lower holes, then bending her knees, all right angles. She fought to straighten her legs, fought to get away, but where was there for her to go? They had her. The envoy could sense her hopelessness, the fight in her more instinct than thought.

Her fear of what they would do to her was thrilling.

The last soldier helped the others move about the aquarium, a slow and lazy circle that would make certain that everyone present could see the Hunter and the creatures that were going to be her final undoing.

It shocked the envoy, what it felt from those watching: the sheer lust, the jaded mockery, the misunderstanding of what they were here to do.

That was fine.

All of them would learn.



Samus struggled against the strength of the tentacles, but they were too much – especially the one that scritchd into her belly, making any kind of deep breathing impossible. She focused on shallow breaths, trying to slip out as they moved her around and showed her off to the collection of assorted criminals and oligarchs that could afford to see her latest debasement.

Whenever she looked away, one of them would wrap a tentacle around her head and force her to look up, force her to see every single eye upon her, every single soul witnessing her humiliation.

Fuck you, she thought. Her recent freedom, the ability to fight back and even kill some of her tormentors, all of it had resurrected some of her old spirit. *I am going to get out of this. I am going to hunt every single one of you down. Enjoy watching this while you*

She yelped, surprised.

The envoy was shorter than the others, its tentacles thinner. Two of them were whipping her, the length of them allowing the creature to lash out at any part of her body it wanted. It whipped her face, her ass, her breasts, her back. She thrashed and pulled, trying to free herself, but the whipping kept coming, kept beating her until her screams turned into whimpers and her strength began to fade and she sagged in their care, paraded so that everyone could see her whimper, see her sag, see her suffer.

If this is the worst you can do, she thought, you are going to

She yelped again.

Two more of the envoy's tentacles latched onto her nipples, the pads of them growing hooked teeth. They suckled, pulled, pushed mauling her tits as the other tentacles continued to whip her, her eyes wide as her struggles renewed, as some unknown core of strength rose up in her to resist and

failed

to do

anything.

She was paraded again, leers and smiles and mockery meeting her as she was moved around, as she was beaten and mauled. Aliens clapped or snapped and whistled approval, several of them relying on their whores to pleasure them as she was abused, as the continued to abuse her.

she managed to think, closing her eyes, opening them as she was whipped again

She felt the another envoy tendril creep along the back of her thighs, spanking her ass as it came closer to her core, teasing her, tasting her. Could the harvesters taste? She didn't know. The envoy was staring at her and though it lacked expression she knew it was enjoying this, enjoying the thrill of her fear, her helplessness, even the uselessness of her defiance.

"I'm going to kil-"

The tentacle pushed inside her, a writhing thickness that slithered in and out, making her scream and shake her head. She felt her cheeks flush, her eyes opening with every thrust in and every thrust out, her vision a flickering miasma that made no sense.

During her time as a whore, Samus had been fucked by many creatures, many aliens. Even before, when she'd been free, she'd taken lovers to her nest when the mood took her. This was something else, something new, the mild telepathy of the envoy able to sense what she enjoyed and inflicting it on her, using her own reactions against her, high thrusts and low thrums rocking her body into helpless sensation.

She wasn't aware of much, but the envoy forced thoughts into her mind: even if she did escape she would never know how many people would have seen her here tonight, how many of her targets would be thinking *I saw you get raped and you enjoyed it, Some Ass Aran*, how the story of this night would spread.

Who could take her seriously ever again?

How could she take herself seriously ever again?

The slow parade around the aquarium, her face shown off as she shook and quivered, as she fought not to beg her rapists to let her cum, as they drove her higher and higher, edged her ever closer without letting her have the release that they made her want. She was whipped, groped, molested, suckled, fucked, and they kept showing her off as she panted and panted, as her tongue

as

her

tongue

curled on another tendril, as it moved carefully into her mouth, down her throat. Somehow, it fed her air, good air in, bad air out, as it moved lower. Samus had never felt anything like this before, this utter violation as it moved through her, down through her insides, her stomach, her bowels, she felt the pressure in her backside, heard the cries of surprise and amusement as the tendril finally pushed itself out of her ass.

She was held, penetrated wholly, the tendril inside her writhing her up and down its length, leaving a trail of her saliva as she was forced to dance along the length of it, as she was whipped, as she was molested, as she was fucked, as she was shown off to prey that would not and could not take her seriously ever again.

The circle was made and they released her arms, her torso, her thighs.

They cut away the tail, the last remnants of her zero suit, stripping her naked for their audience.

Deep thrusts into her cunt made her push up, swim up to get away, suckling the tendril down her mouth further inside her. The thickness of it, the choking thickness, forced her to retreat down, down, down onto the tentacle fucking her abused core, forced her to plead along the length that ruled her completely.

And they moved her, showing her off, letting her try to escape first the tendril and then the tentacle, letting her fuck herself for their amusement, showing off the utter thoroughness of their violation, showing off how pathetic she had become.

There was no escape, no way to get away from what they were doing to her. She was fucking herself on the tendril and the tentacle, riding them, and when they finally let her cum she shook helplessly on both lengths, feeling echoes of her quivering body all up and down herself. A cascade of orgasms rode her, broke her, crashed through her and ruined her, turned her senseless, selfless, meaningless.

She barely noticed when they began to choke her, so lost and so far gone, so utterly shattered that she couldn't even imagine fighting back.

They were going to let her die.

It was enough.

YOU DON'T GET TO KILL HER. SHE BELONGS TO ME. BELONGS TO ME.

Samus felt a thousand psychic screams and then silence.

She hung limp in the liquid air, the harvesters floating by her.

YOU WERE WARNED.

See You Next Mission...