

*Planet YS7-23, GFDate ?????:????*

*I am so goddamn done with this goddamn planet, Samus Aran thought to herself. No more miss I'm-going-to-let-you-live. Everything here dies. Everything goddamn dies... Zebes, Phaaze, YS7-23. She was leaving a fairly impressive collection of destroyed fauna behind her. Balls, shaktools, the not-fruits, even the minnows. She was done taking chances. She very carefully picked her moments and left absolutely nothing behind her. She was not going to be ambushed again, she was not going to let her guard down, she was not going to – OBEY – listen to the echoes that were still thrumming inside her head.*

*She grimaced and moved further and further inland, following the paths of smooth black stone and light jungle, investigating every sound. She'd found a pair of socks and some torn clothing from the ruins of her ship and put those on. The socks made her feel immeasurably better – the caves looked like they'd be full of rocky edges and she didn't want to damage her feet any more than she had to.*

*It gratified her somewhat when she noticed that there were fewer and fewer things for her to kill the closer she got to the caves. It pleased her to think that the creatures of YS7-23 were learning that she was the apex predator here and that they should be leaving her alone. She'd certainly killed enough of them.*

*She really should have known better.*

*The flora ended abruptly fifty feet before the closest cave, maybe eighty feet from the furthest on her level. She waited in the forest, assessing the world around her, but there was no sign of anything dangerous – a school of minnows surging past, a collection of what looked like moss to her left, canal water following the tide from cave to the ocean behind her.*

*She glanced up, thinking that maybe some thing might swoop down on her without the protection of the canopy, but the only things above her were sky and sun. Gingerly, she stepped out into the open and waited, gun at the ready. Nothing happened. A few steps out of cover and still nothing happened. She didn't drop her guard, kept an even pace, paused every few steps to see if anything changed or shifted.*

*Nothing did.*

*As she got closer to the caves she tried to look within them. If she'd had her suit she could have used the scanner to look ahead, but while the Chozo DNA within her improved her appreciation of detail and distance it did nothing about darkness and light. Sighing, she walked closer, veered off to one wall, kept her gun trained on the mouth of the cave. She – KNEEL – knelt down, seeking some sign of what waited for her within. Nothing emerged from the dark save the sounds of things scuttling within and a low growl from her left.*

*Wait, a growl from my left...? Samus turned and looked in that direction, aiming her pistol. Nothing had changed. She still held position, keeping watch, looking for something out there to move so she could shoot it. Nothing happened. She scowled, thinking.*

*I've heard that growl before, back on Zebes, maybe a few other places. What makes that sound? Evir? The ground shook, knocking her off her feet. She kept her gun raised while looking out over the landscape with wide eyes, trembling as she saw a familiar shape rise out of the water.*

*No wonder there's nothing out here but minnows, she thought to herself.*

*The moss to her left split open.*

Draygon emerged.

It was massive – close to thirty feet long, maybe six feet wide. Samus had always been uncertain if Draygon was male or female or one of the genetic abominations that the Zebesians had spent so much of their time crafting, but this clone was very much male. The way it looked at her was disturbing, the saliva that pooled around the claws that circled its mouth solidifying into webbing as it made contact with air.

Only the sharpest knives could slice through that webbing. Electricity, fire, freezing, any of them might do in a pinch. The nail gun in her hand, however, was less than useless.

Its eyes found hers. The hunger in them terrified her.

Samus whispered every curse she knew while sprinting back towards the forest. *There's no way that can be Draygon*, she thought. *I killed Draygon. It has to be a clone. They had that clone of Ridley back on the battleship, the clone Zebesians... is what's going on here tied to that?* She grit her teeth, shook her head. The original had been one of the leaders of the Zebesian war council, but when she had fought it for the final time she had discovered that the creature suffered a deadly weakness that she should be able to take advantage of...

... provided she could get to the broken shaktools in time.

Trees crashed and snapped behind her, the clone reducing them to splinters as it chased after her. She redoubled her efforts, running as fast as she was able. She climbed over rocks and ran through streams, swung from tree branches, always moving, always trying to get away. The monster followed her, gaining on her, not having to avoid what it could simply ram through.

Samus realized that the Draygon clone had been what the creatures of this place had been avoiding. They were running from it even now, they knowing the land better than she and doing everything they could to escape it. She glanced back, her eyes widening.

*Shit shit shit...!* She turned, continued to run, pushing herself to move even faster. The clone had clearly become aroused by the chase, the shake of her ass, its massive shaft trailing precum as it flew after her.

Jumping over a rock, she pivoted when she touched down. In the brief moment she was out of the monstrosity's sight she ran and hid, waiting for it to soar over her. It did, moving in the direction it thought she had moved. She smiled, shook her head.

*At least the frelling thing isn't intelligent.*

She had to be quick. Leaping from her hiding spot, she ran towards the closest set of broken shaktools, leaping over boulders, her bare feet sending droplets of water raining down all around her. She spotted the still sparking ruins of the broken machines and dropped to her knees before them, dipping her hands into the electric innards, biting her lip, concentrating.

*Zebesian engineering. Neat. Wonderful. That's the power source, that's the wiring, and that's pretty much all I need...* She put her pistol to one side, careful to keep it dry, gingerly disconnected some wires while leaving others attached. The only thing she had to do now was draw the damn monstrosity to this location.

There was only one thing that she could use as bait.

Grimacing, Samus looked around to make sure there wasn't anything around her that would trip her up when the time came. There was nothing, no sign of any enemy, nothing that would slow her down. She splashed the water a little, picked up her gun, slowly walked her way to the rocks

that surrounded the small pool she stood in.

She could hear sounds of the Draygon crashing through the woods to her left. Closing her eyes, she breathed small words to steel her resolve before climbing the boulder, standing near naked in the day's strange light. Slowly, she faced the direction of the crashing sounds. Raised the gun over her head.

Pulled the trigger.

The Draygon clone came for her, smashing through trees like paper, it's engorged maleness glaring an angry shade of purple-red. She stared at it, raised her gun and fired, the weapon doing nothing but angering it. It came faster and she smiled, proud, defiant. She just needed it to come a little closer.

She jumped down, throwing the gun to one side, hoping it would stay dry - she'd need both her hands for what came next. She rolled with the impact, somersaulting her way over to where the prepared shaktool was waiting for her, reached towards it and

- *STOP* -

Her hands froze where they were, hovering above victory. She couldn't move. Gritting her teeth, she forced her fingers to twitch, forced movement, the sound of trees reduced to slivers ceasing behind her. Sweating, trembling, she reached out, the flesh of her fingers gracing the wires. She smiled, closed her eyes.

Screamed in frustration when she felt claws as hard as steel embrace her flesh and pull her into the air. Limbs stronger than even her suit pinned her arms behind her back, snaking around her thighs and pulling them wide. She cursed in frustration, in anger, feeling something braise the sensitive skin of her lower lips.

"Don't you gorram dare-" she began, but whatever threat might have passed her lips turned into a scream as the Draygon pushed the massive head of its cock against her vaginal gates. She closed her eyes and threw back her head, whole body shuddering - it felt like someone was trying to force a massive bottle through her, stretching her tightness. It strained and strained and she screamed, struggled, tried to break free. When it relented she sagged in the monster's grip, breathing in ragged strips, her vision hazy.

Her head lolled on her neck, her whole body quivering. Her eyelids fluttered, vision returning, giving her just enough time to see her captor prepare to thrust into her again.

She screamed again.

It pushed. Relented. Pushed. Relented. She stopped screaming, her throat sore, her eyes rolling. Nothing made sense to her, every sensation and thought pushed away from the horrible god laying siege to her core, pushing in, breaking her defenses, shattering her.

- *WANT - SLUT - NEED - EXCITED* -

She quivered. The words that imprinted themselves across what was left of her mind were her greatest truth. Her excitement dripped down her inner thighs. The invader penetrated her, slipped past her muscles, her hips bucking as her head rolled. She had never felt so full, never been claimed so thoroughly. Ever nerve inside her lit up and she moaned as the monster above her groaned its want, its need, forcing her to give it the pleasure it craved.

There was nothing she could do.

It held itself inside her, humming. Her eyes went wide and sightless, her whole body taut as it took what it wanted from her, sliding itself into her and taking away a little of what she had been every time it left. Both sets of her lips were parted, the lower full and the upper empty, spittle spilling from her lips and dribbling down her breasts and to the water below.

It pulled out, fully pulled out.

She sagged, weeping, tears running freely down her cheeks.

Above her it heaved and then smashed back into her, smashing all thought out, Samus no longer aware of anything other than the terrible god inside her, leaving and entering her. She cried and shook her head, tossed around in the monster's grip, grovelling, grovelling...

Samus shook when it pushed further and further inside her, every muscle caught in a quivering storm as its cum filled her. It felt like electricity crawling in her womb, felt like white fire burning through, setting every nerve to pleasure. She heaved, sighed, moaned, cried, sounds dragged out of her that she would have thought no human could make.

It pulled out of her, letting its claim on her pour out of her and seep into the water. It held her a moment longer, then dropped her. Weakly, she rolled over, stared up at the thing that had taken her so thoroughly. Its eyes were distant and sightless, the flaccid member that had forced its way inside her now limp.

She watched as it lowered itself towards her, its veined member crossing her mouth. She knew what it wanted, parted her lips, tasted it as it crested her tongue.

It roared when she bit, flying back up and away in surprise, its member hard once again. She saw the anger in its eyes, saw it come closer, knew it was going to claim her again and would keep claiming her until she did what it wanted.

She spun onto her belly, scrambling on hands and knees, reached out. Felt the creature's claws on her hips, pulling her up.

The wires were in her hands, open and exposed.

She pushed them into the water.

The pain struck like the fist of an angry god. Draygon screamed, trapped as Samus Aran used the broken shaktool and the water below her to electrocute her rapist. Her own body was a conduit, used to handling large amounts of energy – the Chozo had seen to that with all their training and all their technology.

Back on Zebes, Draygon had shown this weakness. It proved no stronger here and now than it had back then, frying behind her, finally falling dead into the water, releasing her. Samus turned to look at it, watched it twitch weakly a few times before dying.

Nothing came to claim the corpse here. Sagging, exhausted, Samus pulled herself away from it, put her back against a boulder. Fatigue and trauma overcame her, driving consciousness from her as the dead clone's cum spilled out of her.



*Planet YS7-23, GFDate 4034:0213*

"Well, that was fun," Melissa tittered, kicking at her captive. He moaned on the floor, not truly

aware of his surroundings, a pathetic mewling figure. She smiled at him and ruffled his hair, her computers letting her know that someone else had arrived. Smiling, she left the trembling victim on the ground, walked out of the room, down a corridor, up an elevator to hangar bay doors.

A green glow greeted her, a massive figure in purple-black armor stalking towards her. Melissa held her ground, rocking on her heels and smiling.

"Did you find her?" Melissa asked. The figure nodded, held out a hand. It towered two feet over her, a shivering aggression filling the small space between them. Melissa smiled, raised her hand, clicked a button. The figure paused a moment, then nodded, backed away. Its ship, the Delano 7, opened the rear hatch.

Melissa waited as the massive figure went into the ship, re-emerging with another figure, smaller and female, red haired and holding herself. Melissa clapped her hands, jumping up and down, raced to embrace the figure and held her.

"Madeline Bergman," Sylux announced. "Unharmed and delivered. Do you require more of my services? No? Well, you know how to reach me."

Melissa took her mother's hand and pulled her forward as Sylux returned to its ship, powered the thrusters, and left. Melissa held her lips to her mother's hand, looked into her mother's eyes.

"It's going to be okay now, mother," Melissa said, grinning. "Come on. I have such wonderful things to show you..."

*See You Next Mission...*