

Planet Daibon, GFDate 4034:0401

The figure chained before Chairman Keaton sucked in a breath, her head raising. She tried to look around but the blindfold kept her from seeing anything, tried to speak but the gag kept her silent. He looked at her, the profile of her flesh, hands bound above her head with energy ties.

Most of the time, Sazins preferred to indulge their tastes in the old ways – physical bonds, like the gag and blindfold. Those that wanted to indulge their darker appetites learned that discretion was important, however, and energy bonds were strong enough to hold starships in place while not leaving any marks on the things they bound. There were fail-safes in place that kept damage from happening, and most Sazins became experts in their use.

“I imagine you want to know where you are,” Keaton whispered, walking closer to her, running his hands along her body. She whimpered in a most delectable way, the earbuds keeping her from knowing his voice. “I imagine you want to know what's going to happen to you.”

She nodded.

Darling little Khalisah, Keaton thought. Always looking for answers, always trying to ruin the lives of those not working for Vogl.

His secretary had brought him the details; a history of discrediting good men, of serving Vogl's ends. He had the tracking logs to prove it, glowing reviews that supported Vogl's policies while undermining those that tried to counteract the mad politician.

“I know about you and Vogl,” he said, his second mouth breaking into a sadistic smile as she shivered, mewling behind her gag. “And I'm going to hurt you for it. And when you're ready to confess your crimes I'm going to hurt you some more, but then I'll let you go.”

Her head rose. She wanted to believe the pretty words, the lies. If she survived, if he let her go, the mind in the body would never be the same again. A cacophony of sounds from her trapped mouth, desperate wordless pleas.

“Trying to confess already?” Keaton said, running a paw along her ribcage, up her breast, circling her nipple. She tried to pull away and his hand circled her throat, pulled her hair back until she was crying. “I don't believe you, darling. Not yet. When you're ready to confess we'll know together. I promise.”

Her let her go, let her hang and shake for minutes.

Carefully, carefully, he selected a knife, moved closer to her, slowly cut the clothes from her body. She tried to kick at him but he was used to such things from much more dangerous creatures than her. She was weeping by the time the last stitch of her clothing hit the floor.

He moved away from her, studied her at length, and reached for his favorite whip.



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She had no way of keeping track of time, and, even if she had the constant assault of eye-fruit and Kago would have made her lose track. She struggled, she writhed, she screamed with frustration as she was brought to the brink of orgasm and allowed to cool down again and again. Her skin

itched, a maddening hunger surging through her. She needed that orgasm, dreamed about it in those strange moments when exhaustion claimed her and she fell limp against the hive that held her captive.

Always she awoke to feel the torment starting anew, the Kago driving her to distraction before leaving her wanting, hips circling behind her, arms and legs taut as she fought to free herself and bring herself off. She wanted to cum more than she wanted freedom, wanted to cum more than she had ever wanted anything in her whole life.

Slowly, though, slowly, thirst began to sink in, then hunger. She stopped screaming, stopped struggling, all the moisture in her dribbling down her thighs. The Kago fed on her and she whimpered, tried to struggle but found herself too weak. The fruit-eyes battered her with a hundred alien thoughts and she could no longer tell her own thoughts from what they were putting *-INSIDE-* her.

More time passed. Her body sagged, exhausted from the constant stimulus, the only thought left to her battered mind the desire to eat, drink, and cum. The Kago did not relent. The fruit-eyes kept doing what they were doing. She lay helpless, a source of food for one and a simple helpless victim for the other.

It was getting harder for her to remember herself. Samus Aran, bounty hunter, legend. Impossible to reconcile that dream of freedom with where she now found herself. The Chozo techniques for calming herself and remembering who she was faltered in the face of three kinds of hunger. She whimpered, hips still rolling, the Kago teasing her once more.

More time passed. Her routine was broken when something moved underneath her. She tried to focus on it, tried to remember when her vision had grown so blurry. Slowly her eyes picked out details that made sense to her – a spiky shell and five red concave eyes, six spindly legs clicking with every little movement.

This was something she knew and recognized.

A Zoomer.

Zoomers were scavengers, usually non-aggressive but fearless. Their shells kept them safe from most attacks and the spikes on those shells kept others from trying to see how vulnerable they were. Samus had never really given them much thought – they were something to avoid or shoot, not something to concern herself with.

Now, looking down at the thing, she wished she had taken the time to think about them a little bit more.

The Zoomer paused at the base of the hive that had been her prison and was now her home, then began crawling up the edges of it. The small creature climbed up to where she was, paused, then carefully reached out to her neck, the clawed legs circling her gently, moving along her head, the soft underbelly of the beast now parallel to her face.

Samus had never seen the underbelly of a Zoomer. It had never seemed important in her previous life, not when all Zoomers had been were obstacles to overcome. Now, her mind weakened by days of teasing abuse and monotony, she found herself devouring small details in her mentally mangled state.

There was an organ lying against the soft underbelly of the creature, a fragile length that hardened as it brushed against her chin and cheek. The creature swung back and forth, the organ

growing harder. It took a few thrusts for Samus to recognize the penis for what it was, to understand that the Zoomer was using her face as a masturbatory aid.

She was too weak to shake her head and dislodge the creature. Closing her eyes, biting her dried lips, she could do nothing other than accept this humiliation.

Being naked hadn't bothered her. The Shaktools, the Kaayes, the Boormu, even Draygon and the Kago, none of these things had bothered her overmuch. The Chozo were comfortable with sex, generally, and sexuality, and Samus had never understood the concept of sexual shame.

This, however, was impossibly demeaning.

Worse, however, was what happened when the beast sprayed its cum all over her face. The little penis throbbed, slapping her cheek, and then it ejaculated all over her. Her initial reaction wasn't shock or disgust so much as a desperate need for *moisture*, and as the Zoomer climbed off her she found her lips *-OPEN-*, her tongue gathering all the viscous liquid it could so she could *-SUCK-* it all down.

-OPEN- -GATHER- -SUCK- -SUCK- -GOOD-

Her tongue stretched, allowing her to gather more of the cum from around her lips. She brought her tongue back in, sucking more and more down, closing her eyes, wondering why she *-ENJOYED-*ed the flavor so much.

Time passed. Another Zoomer came, repeating the actions of the first. This time, when it began rubbing itself against her, her mouth *-OPEN-*ed and took the creature's cock down her throat, *-SUCK-*ing on it. This time, when the little monster ejaculated, she *-SWALLOWED-*ed every last drop, feeling the goo coat her throat and settle in her belly.

It was just enough to keep her from starving.

Flushing furiously, hating herself even as the Kago continued to torment her, she gobbled down every last bit of Zoomer-cum that was offered to her. Slowly, she started coming back to herself.



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"Can you believe the way she acts?" Melissa asked, her head resting in her mother's lap. "Look at her. A whore for Zoomers now."

"You left her no choice," her mother whispered, gently stroking her hair. Their pet lay some distance away. Her mother liked the couch, the one she had taken from their pet's home. It was stuffed with Chozo feathers, which technically made it illegal.

The knowledge made Melissa giggle sometimes.

"She could have maintained dignity and swallowed the lot," Melissa argued. "The lot. Once she was conscious enough to know what was happening, I mean. Instead, she's whoring herself out and letting them cover her pretty face. *Whoring. Herself. Out.*"

They watched as Samus Aran began to turn her head when the Zoomers came, the look of shame and humiliation written across her face finally hidden behind layers of cum. It coated her hair, her neck, her shoulders, dribbling down her arms in long rivers.

"The spider-things will clean it off her, right?" her mother whispered.

"Irrelevant. She's being a bad girl," Melissa scowled, then tittered and stood, spinning in place and hugging herself. "Bad thoughts, bad actions. She's defying the fun I've set for her and acting like a whore. She looks like a whore now. She's being a bad little girl and *she must be punished.*"

See You Next Mission...