

Senator Vogl assured the gathered politicians that the Kriken Empire was just performing a scheduled military drill, not actually preparing for war at all. They looked at him for reassurance – although he was no longer the Chairman of the Galactic Federation he was still a potent force in its politics. A skilled diplomat and liar, he'd been ousted from power by the cursed human Malkovitch and the current Chairman, Keaton when they had threatened to reveal that he'd been selling secrets to the Zebesians at the height of the Space Pirate War.

The Zebesians had, he thought, looked powerful back then. He believed that they would win the war and he wanted to make sure that there would be a place for him once they won. But then Malkovitch's abominable Hunter had been brought in to deal with the problem of the Zebesians. He'd wiped them all out, the mysterious Samus Aran, just another species that he had driven to extinction.

Vogl hated him. He'd been only too happy to sell his contact information to the mysterious power operating from YS7-23. It had felt *-GOOD-* to do that, *-GOOD-* when the contact from the mystery woman from that little outworld had come.

She'd been polite, demure, everything one could want from a human.

"There's nothing to worry about," Vogl assured another senator, laying a hand on his shoulder. "Everything is going to be fine. The Kriken aren't interested in us and know better than to start a war that they cannot win."

"But what about the recent loss of Malkovitch and the revelations of the bottleship?" the creature asked, licking his lips as his eyes stalks bobbed nervously. A floating mushroom beside him opened three of its eyes as a pink liquid was sprayed onto its stalks. "Doesn't that reveal a disunity in our military forces? Doesn't it weaken us? The galaxy is watching!"

"Which is why we should welcome war with the Krikens!" the mushroom hissed. Vogl blinked and took a step back; the mushroom's species were known for their murky and violent outlooks. "It's a chance to show our superiority to those damn crabs!"

"While it is true that our forces are more than merely Malkovitch and the humans, and that we could defeat the Krikens if we so chose, it is important to recognize the rights of less advanced peoples," Vogl said, smiling and clasping his hands behind his back. "At the moment, we have no proof that the Krikens have any interest in testing our borders. At present, patience is our virtue – if anything were truly amiss I am certain that Chairman Keaton would share that with us."

The other two accepted his wisdom, spreading his sentiment to the others that were there. The senate would move as he *-WILLED-* it. He was in charge, despite any assumptions Keaton had to the contrary, and without Malkovitch to support him Vogl was certain that he could take back what had been lost.

A Dessgeega was waiting by the door to his chambers, wringing its hands nervously.

"The Hunter," the creature whispered. "Is it true the Hunter's gone missing?" Vogl smiled and clasped the Dessgeega's shoulder.

"Do not concern yourself with such things," Vogl said, eyeing the Kaayes that framed the doors to his chamber, watching as the fruit opened to reveal the hidden eyes underneath. "Everything is going to be *fine*."

The final word echoed in both his mind and the mind of the Dessgeega. Vogl tried not to laugh at the obvious relief of the other senator, artificial thought it was, and reveled in the knowledge that -NO- such manipulation had been done to him.

He walked into his office, took a seat. There were four Kaayes plants in his room, one in each corner. As he sat their eyes opened and turned to look at him, blinking. A fell green light leaked away from the fruit, glowing flecks gathering in the center of his office.

*VOGL.*

His name appeared in his mind as the flecks took form, an alien thought sent to him from the force he had allied with.

*SPEAK.*

"The Kriken are moving just as you predicted they would, and the Senate is responding with the weakness and caution that Keaton is known for," Vogl said, leaning back in his chair. The flecks had tied together into an image of a human woman. Pretty, if you liked their species, and dressed as one of their scientists. "What should I do next?"

*ALLAY SUSPICION AND KEEP THE FEDERATION FROM ACTING A LITTLE LONGER. DO NOT CONCERN YOURSELF OVERMUCH. OVERMUCH. THE KRIKEN EMPIRE WILL MAKE NO MOVE ON YOUR SPACE.*

Vogl looked at her, narrowing his eyes and thinking. Her tone implied that she had control of the Kriken, perhaps in the same manner that she had taken control different parts in the Federation – YS7-23 was closer to their space than Federation territory.

If she had taken control of the Krikens, there was no reason for her to move against the Federation. He thought about the other species in that area, his eyes going wide.

"You're moving against the Vhozon tribes!" Vogl said. A sigh appeared in his head, then a smile.

*YES. AND I'LL LET YOU KNOW BEFORE I HAVE THEM ATTACKED.*

The flecks vanished, leaving Vogl alone in the dark.



***Planet YS7-23, GFDate 4034:0413***

"That one is too clever for his own good," Melissa muttered, shaking her head, her attention lingering in the alien's office even once her image had vanished.

"Are you going to kill him?" Madeline asked, looking at the clone. MB tittered, shaking her head.

"No, Mother, I'm not going to kill him," Melissa turned to her, laughing as she sat on the control panel, letting her legs hang below her. "How many times have I told you? Conquering through violence cannot last. Addiction, pleasure, and mind control are the weapons of the true master."

"But you plan on killing the Vhazon," Madeline said, catching the clone's eye.

"Aesthetics," Melissa shrugged. She jumped down, skipped to where Madeline was sitting and knelt down in front of her, looking up into her eyes. "It can't be helped. Their minds can't be touched by the Kaayes and they're too disciplined for mind control or addiction."

"Which means those weapons aren't perfect."

"It just means their species is an aberration, an anomaly, a mistake." Melissa smiled, her hands on Madeline's knees. She crawled up into the captive scientist's lap, wrapping strong arms around her neck, leaning in close and pressing her lips against Madeline's neck, her jaw, her lips. "We can fix it. Together. We can fix it. It's going to be okay, Mother. You'll see. You're going to be so proud of your best daughter."

She leaned back on the couch and off of Madeline, looking up at the monitors that were keeping track of Samus Aran, the woman that had been the Hunter and was now being reduced to something else.

"Watch what happens next," Melissa said, tittering, covering her lips with the fingers of her left hand and grasping the hair of their old enemy with her right, pulling his head up and forcing them to watch. "It's going to be *amazing*."



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

The Zoomers had coated her eyes again, keeping her blind while the Kago kept her on the edge without ever letting her cum or cool down. When she resisted the Yapping Maw whipped her and when she was good it molested her, helping the Kago in keeping her hot and wet and *-PLIANT-*.

It should have infuriated her and, in her few lucid moments, it did.

She was still bound stomach side down on the Kago's hive; there was nothing she could do about it, not yet, but sometimes she would look down at the knife she had made of Draygon's teeth and stretch her fingers, testing the strength of the Kago's woven with the muscles in her strong right arm. She grit her teeth, knowing she was getting closer, knowing that the moment she was out that there would be hell to pay.

Her wrist was coming loose. It wouldn't be long now. She swallowed another load of Zoomer cum, letting some dribble from her lips. She had learned from painful experience just how much she could let slip without suffering the corrections of the Yapping Maw. She knew where to turn her head, where to aim, where to let it drip. Even without sight she knew these things.

She wondered how long it had been since she come to this planet but then the Kago were toying with her and another Zoomer was using her and all thought was driven from her breaking mind.

If she hadn't been so far gone she would have sensed the tension of the Zoomer holding her face, would have sensed the tightness of the Yapping Maw as it massaged her spine and breasts, would have sensed the pulsing quickness with which the Kago fed.

But she was lost to sensation and she noticed none of those things.

The Zoomer's organ slipped out of her lips as she panted under the teasing touches of the Kago, its manhood running along her cheek until it quickened and covered her. She tried to blink, her face crusted with the semen of her most pathetic enemy. She felt the Kago sucking the viscosity off her face and no other creature moved to take her. Her head hung as she quivered, naked save for the shining coat of her own sweat, panting as she was brought up to the edge of climax again and falling limp as the Kago cruelly denied her once more.

She gathered her strength, opened her eyes, tried to calm her breathing. She was nearly free – one more Zoomer, just the spunk of one more, and she would be able to slip out of her bonds. Her weapon was right there, waiting for her fingers. She could do this, she thought, carefully not thinking of how she had gotten into this predicament.

If she dwelt on the fact that she had been reduced to this she might not have been able to go on.

Panting, blinking her eyes, she gathered her strength and struggled to raise her head. It bothered her how much she wanted the next Zoomer to cum, but she did not see any of her scuttling tormentors. Craning her neck further allowed her to see why.

*Zebesians.*

Samus Aran screamed, pulling on her bonds, shaking as she tried desperately to free herself. The Zebesians had been her enemies from childhood, had slaughtered her family and everyone she had cared about, had left her for dead. In retaliation she had driven them to extinction not once, but twice, destroyed their mighty armies down to the very last bug.

During her assault on Zebes they had managed to get the drop of her, damaging her zero suit and keeping her from calling on the armor she had needed to equal their numbers. They had chased her and she had kept fighting, killing them until she had stumbled upon a means of reclaiming what had been lost – but they had learned of her then, learned what she looked like and who she was.

It was information the few survivors had shared with the rest of their kind. As a result they all knew what she looked like, who she was, that she was female and human. Some of them had been known to assault human females that shared her features, attacking them in the worst possible ways, effigies burned in her place.

But she was no effigy.

She was the real thing, the Hunter, Samus Aran.

And here she was presented helpless before them.

There were six of them gathered around her, purple chitinous armor keeping them safe, their mandibles clicking as they communicated among themselves. Samus had never learned their language for the same reason that most people never learned the language of any infesting insect – the important thing was to destroy them all, not speak with them. She had picked up a single word, but beyond that knew nothing.

Now, though, they were watching her, studying her the way starving people studied the best of meals. No wonder the other creatures had gone – very few species in the Galaxy were as dangerous as the monsters surrounding her. She felt their eyes mapping every curve of her, their excited chatter filling her ears as one took a tentative step towards her. She screamed again, struggling in her bonds, unable to free herself as the approaching Zebesian's pincer brushed her helpless body.

It paused, waiting for her to do something.

She couldn't.

Panic stricken, she watched that realization take root in its mind.

Her enemy reached out and took hold of her, cautiously at first, but its grip became more firm as it closed the distance between them. Its clawed hands brazenly explored her, the others moving in and grasping her, their attentions driving her wild in a way the Kago had only hinted at, their attentions all unwanted yet so very addictive.

She felt something press against her lower lips, one releasing her hair and lifting her chin, forcing her to turn and look as one her lifelong enemies ground itself against the core of her. She shook her head, tried to escape, felt herself quivering with emotions she could not name.

A piece of it moved from its groin, a slimy demi-liquid spilling out down its legs and revealing a long hard weapon. It was chitinous, green as the flesh the purple carapace didn't cover, blue veins circling it and cresting at the top. Bumpy, rigid, erect...

That length moved out of her line of sight, hidden behind her body, and she felt it press against her as their pincers moved along her, taunting her, tracing her musculature and holding her head aloft. One of them spanked her and she felt the warmth in her cheeks, the pain in her rump not nearly as bad as the wound to her pride.

"P-please..." she whimpered, closing her eyes, not sure what she was *-beg-*ging for. She *-want-*ed release so badly, so very badly. She tried to hang her head to hide her shame but one of them wound her hair around its wrist and forced her head up, forced itself into her mouth when she gasped in pain. She shook her head, pressed with her tongue, felt it pass her teeth and exit her lips and

*and the one behind her pushed into her wetness, into the core of her, and she felt every piece of her throb and welcome the invader in spite of her horror; she wanted this oh she -want-ed this and it felt so good, made her shiver and moan and*

*and they were feeling her up, caressing the soft lower halves of her breasts, pulling on nipples that were already as hard as her armor had ever been, tracing the lines of her hips and neck, her shoulders and midriff, the back of her thighs and all the way down her calves and*

*and her enemies were having her way with her and her breath was short and every part of her tingled as he thrust into her again, pulling out and slamming back home, every ridge of him causing her to gasp, the one in front of her moving back in as she simpered, helpless, grinding her hips back against the one that was giving her what she wanted, and mindlessly she found herself hoping for the release that had been building in her and*

*and Samus Aran was lost in that moment.*

When the orgasm came it tore right through her, every nerve-ending a burning cacophony of white fire, every muscle in her body clenching, her vaginal walls grasping the Zebesian's penis and milking it dry. Her tongue tightened, swirled, the penis invading her palette coating her with thick cum, her throat expanding to take it all in. The ones holding her let go, the ones inside her enjoying her taut tied body.

Samus felt both of them weaken inside her, both of them pull out. She sagged in her bounds, weak and spent, reduced from the Hunter to a quivering wreck. She felt them moving around her and struggled to make sense of what was happening, her eyes having difficult focusing on what was

going on around her. The Zebesians were circling around her, their pincers still taunting her, the hunger between her legs still not satisfied as they brought her back to the edge all over again.

Trembling, she managed to raise her head as another one of the wrapped itself in her hair. She looked up with wide eyes, thinking to protest, when one of the Zebesians behind her pushed inside her still hot and slick folds. She gasped, mouth opening, and the one in front of her pushed inside, both of them riding her for all they were worth.

*Six*, Samus thought, eyes closing as her enemies filled her. *Not two, but six.*

All of them took her, used her, took her again. She lost track sometime during the second cycle, the orgasms overwhelming her mind, and something in her fell apart as she realized she would never know just how many times they took her and how much cum they wrangled out of her.

By the time they were finished she was a mess, helpless, sagging against the hive that held her still. She pulled weakly at the woven but was still bound, the pale blue cum of the pirates not slick enough to enable her freedom.

One of them moved around her, snapping its pincers menacingly before her, and Samus closed her eyes, a low whine building her. They were going to kill her, she thought. She bowed her head, hiding her face, not wanting them to see her cry.

*snip*

*snip snip snip*

They were undoing the woven that bound her, using their pincers to cut her free of the hive. She pushed herself, trying to move, but her post-orgasmic lethargy left her too weak to win against their ferocious strength. Taking the shattered woven, the Zebesians bound her hands behind her back at the wrist, bound her thighs to her calves, wrapped a weaving around her neck with a long line leading from her throat to them.

One of them pulled her forward by the lead, like a pet, forcing her to crawl on her knees towards them, drawing her away from the knife that might have been her salvation.

Another dipped its toe in discarded cum and held that appendage below her chin, chattering at her in their language. She still didn't understand a word of it but she knew what they wanted.

She was hesitant, even now. One of them spanked her, making her cry out, pushing her towards the offered but unwanted meal. The one that spanked her was teasing her, inviting the Kago to come and play with her, coercing the Yapping Maw from hiding so that it could continue to punish her.

Whimpering, already feeling the hunger that made her hips circle starting to swell between her legs, she stretched her neck and opened her mouth, reaching out with her tongue...

... the Zebesian pulled his foot away, pulled her forward, mocking her with the one word she knew in their language: *Hunter*.

*See you Next Mission...?*