



Mission III: Numb

Come to me when you have a moment. A moment. I have someone for you.

I thought the words, directed them, and she heard.

I am preoccupied at the moment but will be there presently.

The thoughts were quieter than mine, more subtle. The thinker lacked my strength but had been raised among people that loved her, valued her, and then her people had been conquered for their telepathic gifts. We had both known horror, but she had known how to use her power while I had to figure out so much out on my own.

When I had taken over the asteroid we had recognized one another as kindred spirits. She had taught me much and I had given her preferential treatment for it, helped her thrive and hold her own. She was free in her way. I was free in mine.

There was no one I could or did trust more.

You can watch, if you like.

An invitation.

I did.



Dhaan was from a species of sentient telepathic plants that looked like animals. Her people's oppressors had discovered that they were vulnerable to too much light, that the presence of

strong suns drove them into a state of photogasm. The use of mirrored satellites to reflect her home planet's star had resulted in an entire population driven to helpless ecstasy. No wonder, then, that she kept her part of the asteroid dark, and I turned down my lights whenever she came to visit.

I sat with my back towards Samus Aran and watched as Dhaan enforced her rules in the dark. She ran mercenaries, brothels, a vicious collection of thugs that catered to anyone, any taste.

The warrior facing Dhaan thought herself strong, smart, resourceful, but there were people that wanted to see the warrior broken.

Dhaan would see it done. I smiled.

Dhaan would see it done.



"She looks like you," Dhaan said. I had told her everything about me, and she had done the same. No secrets between us. No secrets between friends. "Is she the original?"

"She is," I said, nodding.

"An actual legend." Dhaan smiled, touching the glass. "Dangerous to keep her, dangerous to cut her loose. Dangerous to advertise if you plan on whoring her out."

"It's worse than that."

"If people believe she is who she is, they will come for her. Allies, enemies, people that want to fuck her and people that want to save her, people that want to collect her." Dhaan stepped back, looked down at me. "There are some that would pay any price to fuck someone like her."

"I would like to whore her out, but I don't want anyone to know who she is," I said.

"That would lower her value considerably."

"Do either of us care?"

Dhaan laughed. We did not. Independently, we were both wealthier than some planetary governments. Dhaan trusted me to handle some of her assets and I cultivated them as I did my own, spreading the wealth and growing it. Money was another kind of power, one neither of us would ever be wanting for.

"Alright, a random whore," Dhaan said, resting a hand on the glass. "I like that. A vanished legend, and only you and I will ever know what happened to her. Is she a gift to me or on loan?"

"Loan," I said. "She's something like family. I should own her."

"Fair enough." Dhaan looked up at her. "I look forward to breaking her."

"Be careful," I warned my friend. "She's physically powerful, yes, but her mind is strong, too. The Chozo trained her in psychic martial arts. My original form aided in the training."

"Is she as powerful as you are?"

"Psychically? No. No. I don't think so."

"We shall take her measure, then," Dhaan smiled, pulled me close. "When would you like me to start?"



Samus was suspended when she woke up.

She wasn't sure how long she'd been unconscious, wasn't sure where she was. Answers to both those questions could wait – the first things she needed to know were where she was and what she was capable of.

The dim light around her revealed few details. It was clean in soft blues and purples, a thrumming beat coming from somewhere close by. A club, maybe? A bar? She preferred the latter to the former, and it'd been a long time since she'd gotten black out drunk, longer still since she'd had to make a walk of game back to her ship after a one night stand.

She was in an upright position, arms and legs spread and held. Even that didn't bother her so much; some of the people she'd hooked up with over the years had been into some wild things and she'd enjoyed most of them. She glanced at her limbs, the soft glow surrounding them, forcing consciousness through the sleep fog.

Her eyes narrowed.

Someone had shot her.

It was her own damn fault, getting overconfident while walking through the marketplace of a slaver's satellite. This was not the sort of place she typically felt threatened and she'd made the mistake of believing her own legend, but even this might work out for her. Slavers might operate openly this close to the rim, but they were still illegal. She would escape, capture them, turn them in for a bounty and move on with her life.

Just as soon as she escaped.

Some sort of psychic interference was keeping her from summoning her suit, but that was alright. She doubted she would need it to take out some basic slavers. Her bindings were too advanced for ease of escape, but she knew her time would come and, when it did, she would escape and everyone here would be captured or killed.

Samus Aran had trouble thinking of slavers as anything more than targets.

She studied the space she was in, larger than she'd thought as her eyes adjusted and focused. A handful of empty bacta tanks worried her; one slightly wet on the inside. A bacta tank in the right circumstances could hold a person indefinitely suspended. If she'd been inside it she could be anywhere, could have been held for decades or even centuries.

Frowning, focusing, Samus tried to push through the psychic resistance and get some sense of things but there was nothing for her to latch on to. She probed the way the chozo had taught her to, was surprised to find a surprising complexity of unfamiliar barriers powered by something that felt chozo in origin.

That worried her.

Is there anybody out there? she thought.

There was no response.

Bound as she was, there was little for her to do but wait. She did, conscious for what felt like hours before the door moved and a delvian woman entered the room with her.

"Hello," Samus tried to say, but all that left her mouth was a painful choking rattle. She coughed,

frowned, tried to talk again and felt herself choke.

"Silence microbes were injected into your throat and colonized at the base of your vocal cords before you woke up," the delvian explained.

Samus held her head high and didn't try to talk again.

The delvian seemed unimpressed.

"I know who you were," the delvian said. "So long as you behave, that secret will remain between us. Should you misbehave, a select clientele will find out the truth about who you were and your present status."

Clientele? Samus thought. The delvian smiled.

"There's another group of microbes colonizing the base of your skull. I do not know how they work, but I know what they do," the delvian said. Samus glared at her. "You have no means of communication, save body language."

The delvian reached out and touched her.

Samus Aran revolted.

She screamed and strained, pulling at the bonds holding her in place. They held her fast as the delvian ran fingers along and between Samus' breasts, down her hips, curling down around to the core of her before pulling away. The bonds pulled at Samus, pulling her tighter, holding her taut as the delvian pulled a dagger from her robes.

"I could have done this when you were unconscious," the delvian said, moving closer so that their lips were almost touching, "but I wanted you awake for this."



Samus Aran was everything Dhaan could have wanted.

Tall for a terran, muscular, powerful. She had a fierce look of defiance that would fade with time, but would attract a certain well-paying clientele until it did. Those same clients would keep coming back even when she was broken in, if only to savor the memory of what she'd been like before – and that was without knowing who she truly was.

It was tempting to go against her friend's wishes, but the two had been good for one another; Melissa offering protection and Dhaan offering skill. And Melissa was right – Dhaan was wealthier than the oligarchs she had fought in her younger years, wealthier than they could have understood. She knew this for certain; several of their children worked in her brothels after Melissa had helped her take their wealth for herself.

She nibbled on Samus' neck until the other woman sagged from exhaustion. The bonds held her tight, taut, perfect and helpless. Her blue zentai – *a zerosuit, Melissa had called it* – hugged the flesh underneath, and Dhaan had a craving to see what the Hunter looked like underneath it.

She pulled back, smiling as Samus managed a growl, one hand curling around Samus' hip while the other pulled the zerosuit away from her muscular biceps.

"You're very pretty," Dhaan said, sticking her knife between flesh and fabric. "Delectable."

Samus glared, fighting to hold steady as Dhaan cut to reveal one arm, then the other. She

struggled, she pulled, her twitches involuntary, and Dhaan wondered who had hurt her in the past to create this sort of reaction. It didn't matter; whatever they had done, Dhaan would do worse.

The knife slid into the zerosuit just below Samus' navel, cutting another strip of cloth away, revealing Samus' midriff, her bellybutton. The Hunter continued to growl, eyes narrowed and full of hate.

"Hold on to that anger," Dhaan told her, cutting the zerosuit beneath her breasts. "There are many people that find anger attractive in a helpless victim." A flick of the wrists revealed Samus' breasts, firm and tight, the undersides sensitive to the cold of the knife and the warmth of Dhaan's fingers.



The zerosuit was beginning to sag a little, losing cohesion as more and more of it was cut free, as more and more of Samus was bared to the delvian. Dhaan sampled her, the taste of her sweat and her tears, the differing texture of skin all over the hard muscle and soft curves of her body, the sweetness between her legs.

Dhaan indulged herself, took an hour to strip the Hunter, walked around her and appraised her like the piece of ass she was about to become.

"You've got decent tits and a nice ass," Dhaan said, reaching out and tugging on Samus' hair. "I like this hairstyle – it suits you – so I'll let you keep it. I believe you're going to be one of my top earners."

Samus tried to scream, tried to pull free.

Dhaan let her struggle, standing back and laughing. Only when Samus sagged in exhaustion did she move closer, slapping Samus' ass, groping her chest, slapping her face. Each touch elicited another attempt at escape, every attempt at escape ended in failure. Samus was covered in sweat,

breathing heavy, eyes never losing their fury or their focus.

Dhaan put the knife down, curled her fingers inside Samus' oily folds and pulled the woman's hips closer to her, loving the hatred in her captive, the way her hips jerked and tried to pull free of her.

"This is your life now, Samus," Dhaan told her. "I don't want you to get used to it. I don't want you to accept it. I want you to fight it with everything in you, so that when I finally conquer you – and I will – you will know that you tried as hard as you could and failed anyway."

She leaned in close, cupping Samus' ass with one hand, fingers wrapping in the Hunter's hair and pulling her close, kissing her, kissing her, tasting her hate and loving it.

The best part of her job was tasting the difference of before and after.