

“Chairman! Chairman Keaton! If we could get a word...?”

The Sazin turned away from the voices, closed his eyes and sighed from both mouths. The associated news services of ten thousand people had been hounding him for days, demanding his attention in the wake of the largest scandal to rock the Federation since Vogl had been suspected of secretly aiding the Zebesians during the height of the war.

Vogl, a coward at heart, had resigned his post. Keaton's sazin blood would not permit such a graceful exit. When he turned to face the reporters both mouths were smiling, his eyes narrowing. The other intelligent races that had once occupied the sazin homeworld would have been happy to warn the reporters what that expression could mean if any of them had survived seeing it.

“A press conference has been scheduled for tomorrow morning during the tenth hour,” Keaton said, speaking with one mouth while grinding his teeth with the other. He clasped his hands behind his back. “All your questions – or those deemed relevant – will be answered at that time. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'd like to get back to work so that I can give you something to report on.”

A gaggle of questions arose. He ignored them, turning on his heel, but one voice caught and held his attention.

“Sir, sir, when you say relevant questions, what do you mean exactly?” The sazin grimaced, considered holding his tongue, decided not to.

In his defense it had been a very long day.

“Khalisah, a pleasure to hear your voice again.” Keaton looked at her, saw her take a step back. A thousand cameras turned to her, forcing her to hold her ground. He saw her glance around, looking for a way out, saw her set her shoulders as she convinced herself he wouldn't do anything in public. *She should know better.* “You had a question.”

“About relevancy, yes,” she said. Her voice barely trembled. “Who's going to determine the relevancy of what the galactic public needs to know-”

“The public, of course,” Keaton replied, cutting her off. “Live newsfeeds ensure that none of us have anything to hide. It just so happens that some reporters are not so, shall we say, concerned with their integrity as others.”

“I beg your pardon.” She looked so indignant. Keaton smiled with both mouths. *You're not begging yet. But you will. And it will go public, again, and no one will care.*

“You're the author of several feedsites, which I'm sure the other reporters will be happy to link to,” Keaton glanced at them, saw a handful of eyes shine and heads nod. “The highlights include things about the Chozo secretly controlling the galaxy's wealth, an expose on the just and fairness of the Kriken Empire, an interview with Commander Dare where you tried to paint him as a war criminal, and an expose on our failings during the Hanast War. All of which have been discredited many times over. So, in general? Your questions will be ignored. Everyone else has a fair chance at having their questions heard. Just so we're clear. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm very busy.”

Keaton left the lot of them behind, hearing the flurry as the reporters fell in on one of their own. He didn't look back, though he did glance at the security cameras and noticed the way Khalisah wilted under the attention, the way her body curved right where it should. He wondered how he might go about -*TAKE*-ing her.

He smiled, not noticing that the fruit on the plant his secretary had left on his desk had all turned to face him with open eyes.



*Planet 457-23, GFDate 4034:0339*

Melissa Bergman reclined on a big comfortable couch, her head resting in her mother's lap while her mother stroked her hair. At their feet lay the man that had hurt and betrayed them both and, up on the screens they were watching, her sister was learning her place.

"Mother," Melissa said, frowning as turning her head so she could face the other woman. "I've been thinking. You made me from component DNA of Mother Brain and Samus Aran. Does that make her my mother, too, or my father? I've been thinking of her as my sister, but..."

"There's no one else like you," Madeline said, her eyes closed and breathing shallow.

"That's sweet, and true, but as a biologist what do you think it would be?" Melissa pursed her lips, ran her finger across her tongue. "Standard clone geneology names the doctor as the parent and the donor as a sibling. Does that mean that the original Mother Brain is my sister, too?"

Madeline's eyes rolled into the back of her head, her body quivering as her lips parted. The only sound to escape her lips was moans.

"Mother, I need you to focus," Melissa said, running her hand along Madeline's thigh. "Can you do that for me?"

"If y-you turn off..."

"Mother, I can't do that yet, you know this," Melissa closed her eyes, curling into a ball. "You know this. I can't take the chance of you leaving again. I can't take that chance." She kicked at the mewling little man that she had reduced to a pet, smiling as he toppled over and lay there, helpless.

"Samus A-aran would be y-your sister," Madeline moaned.

"And that would make her your daughter," Melissa said, looking at the screen. She broke down, giggling. "Would you say that's any way for a daughter of yours to act? For my sister? No? No. She must be punished. She must! She will."

"Melissa..."

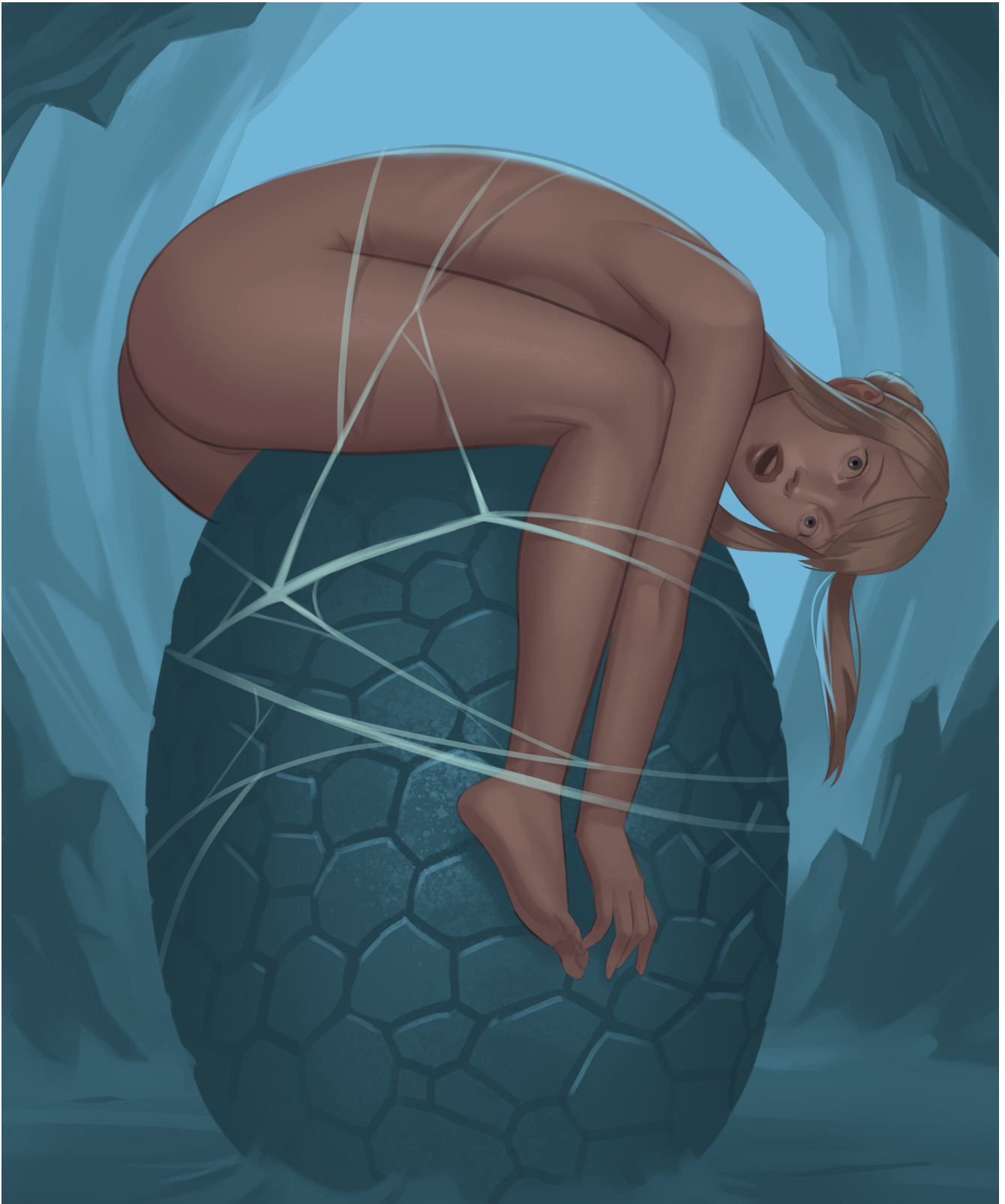
"No, Mother, it's okay," Melissa sat up, straddling Madeline's lap, stroking her hair and planting soft kisses along her jawline. "You've suffered enough. Children should protect their parents. Samus failed you, she failed you and me, she failed us. But I'll teach her. I'll help make her Samus Bergman, a sweet little girl who will do what she's told. Just you wait, Mother. Just you wait."



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

The kago had brought her over their hive.

At first, Samus had thought that they were going to eat her. She'd hissed and fought, lashing out with the knife she'd made of Draygon's tooth, cutting through the webs they were using to bind



her. She knew how the kago ate, knew that they were like spiders – binding their prey in or over the hive, slowly feeding on their fluids until they were withered husks.

It would be a horrible way to die.

She redoubled her efforts, had come so very close to breaking free, had forgotten to keep track of where they had her. She twisted, cursed, the knife lashing out as they lifted her higher, cut herself free and started falling, fast and free...

... right into a waiting woven.

It only nabbed one of her legs, knocking her off balance, turning her freefall into something else entirely. She's been spun around, her belly crashing into the hive and knocking the wind from her. The knife fell from momentarily limp fingers, the kago quickly moving in.

She hissed, forcing weak limbs to move, but the kago swarmed around her and bound her over their hive – her torso on top, arms and legs bound down around the length of it. She sucked in air, vision swimming, the knife just out of reach, but no matter how she struggled she could not reach it.

More and more woven was caked around her wrists and ankles, around the small of her back. She screamed frustration as the woven settled around her neck, holding her in place completely. She could writhe but not move, scream but not escape, reach but not grab the knife that was just inches out of her grip.

Seething, she kept trying anyway. She closed her eyes, took a deep breath, concentrated in the way that the Chozo had taught her as a child. Breath in and out, her talons reaching, lines of will stretching from the tips of her slender fingers to the hilt of her weapon. She heard the knife scrape against the rocky floor. It was close, so very close.

Grinning, she opened her eyes.

The knife was right there.

A kago weaving bound her fingers to the hive.

She was fairly certain that her frustrated curses could be heard in every last corner of the cavern complex. *Waiting until I nearly had the knife and then moving in with the damn woven? That's just cruel. A little too cruel for animal instinct... what the hot void is going on here...?*

Her thoughts shattered when she felt insect legs crawling across her body, creeping along her belly and up over her back. Her eyes widened, then closed, her head hung – there was nothing she could do, no way to free herself. She grit her teeth, waiting for the first bite as more insects crawled all over her helpless flesh.

*snip*

She didn't feel any pain. Another snipping sound, and another, and still no pain. They were biting, yes, but they weren't biting her. She craned her head around as best she could, trying to see what they were doing, not getting any idea. They were creeping into and around her leaf armor.

One of those leaves fell.

Another.

Another.

They were stripping her naked.

*Oh, what the hell...? Are they just looking to humiliate me before killing me?* Every line holding the leaves was cut away, the leaves that would have fallen on her pushed off by the thorough little bugs, picked up and then discarded over the cliffs. Even if she were to get free now, she realized, there was no hope of covering herself with the leaf armor.

*Animals don't act like this*, Samus thought, her expression grim. *That means there's an intelligence at work here. I have an enemy that's taking satisfaction in humiliating me, and that's great. Super, even. It means I have someone to kill, and if they're not going to kill me then I'm going to-*

"Hey!" Samus cried, her thoughts derailed as the kago began pressing against her, pushing her helpless flesh with their small bodies. They were meticulous in their targets, exerting pressure on the curve of hip and thigh, teasing her nipples, pulling on her vaginal lips.

She shook herself as best she could, trying to dislodge the little creatures, but they flew back to her whenever she tired and continued to crawl all over her until she was panting, feeling herself heavy and moist. They circled around her lower lips, sucking greedily at the liquids that clung to her inner thighs.

It suddenly occurred to her that they fed on bodily fluids.

"When I get out of this, I'm going to kill y...!" Samus roared, the threat broken by panting at the last, the Kago pushing her to the edge of orgasm but denying her that release. She ground her hips against the hive, hoping to bring herself some release, but the way she had been tied kept her from bringing herself off.

Craning her neck, she tried to rock herself back and forth, tried to grant herself the freedom she needed. It was then that the fruit-eyes turned to her, opening.

- *DESPAIR - ENJOY - HELPLESS - ENJOY - ENJOY -*

Shaking her head, trying to block the fruit eyes from her mind, Samus Aran writhed helplessly against her bonds as the kago brought her to edge of climax and denied her again.

And again.

And again.

Panting, writhing, unable to do anything about the terrible frustration that consumed her or the alien thoughts that assaulted her mind, Samus Aran began to scream.