

*Planet YS7-23, GFDate 4034:0511*

Interspecies sex had never interested Brannigan very much. Humans, with their torsos and extra set of limbs, had always mystified him. Their skins were too soft, their mouths too pliant, their holes too tight. But now, indulging himself upon the most hated enemy he had ever known, he had to admit that there was something to be said for humanity.

"Sit," he commanded, smiling as she fell back on her heels, splaying open her thighs. The mouth between her legs was wet from the attention he had demanded the slime pay it, the coating along her mouth falling away while prying the lips of her face open.

The first time he had indulged himself using this command she had tried to meet his eyes with her own, her glare a recrimination that he found more amusing than threatening. Nonetheless, he had punished her with the whip, loving the way her taut skin trembled under the lash, the way her eyes watered, the way she struggled to hold her position.

She hadn't tried to look at him since, not while under the confines of this particular command.

He liked to imagine that all of her attention was focused on his manhood, her tongue freed so that she could better service his cock. Her soft wet muscle swept along the sensitive underside, swirled the crown, rippled along the length.

When he finally climaxed she tried to swallow all of his cum, but some of his seed inevitably slipped down along her chin, her breasts, the ground. What landed on her he collected on his good hand and had her clean with her lips, while what fell to the ground was hers to lick up, her ass in the air, two of her other holes offered invitingly to him.

Sometimes he took advantage of her, her tongue on the ground while he entered her, driving downward. Forcing her face into the silken sands of YS7-23. She never complained. How could she?

"Stand," he ordered, chuckling. He loved the way her trembling limbs held her weight, both her mouths held open and waiting. He used both, often making her wait for his manhood to harden once more while his seed spilled past one set of lips or the other. He permitted her a slice of fruit only after she had cleaned up whatever her mouths could not devour and hold.

Her back arched when he entered either of her mouths, the small whimpering sounds that escaped her sweeter than any music he had ever heard or would ever hear.

Sometimes, when she was standing, he would send a mental request for the slimes to tend to the other hole, to keep her occupied. He knew how much she struggled to keep herself in position and delighted in trying to get her to fall, winning whether she managed to hold or finally crumbled under the constant stimulation.

The crack of the plasma whip put her back in her place, the slime keeping her amused while he satiated every carnal desire he had ever possessed on her so-very pliant body.

"Beg." Laughter when he spoke the word, watching her pride go to war with her trembling desire, watching her pride falter and lose. Only in this position was she permitted to look upon him, only in this position could their eyes meet, and he found joy in the way her glare diminished and crumbled as he entered the mouth of her face and toyed with the mouth between her legs.

Brannigan taught her to cup his balls while she was suckling him in this position, letting her mouth seep down the length of his soft flesh, her soft lips taking him into the warm hollow of her

cheeks, her tongue tasting nothing that was not him. She gasped whenever he pulled out, the cool emptiness of her absence leaving her cheeks flushed, her eyes brimming with tears.

Oh, her eyes. Her lovely blue eyes. They always widened when he shot his seed into her mouth, her desperate efforts to swallow all his seed written in her expression. She so hated the taste of sand, her tongue pressed to the earth, and he told her that if she could only swallow everything she could avoid having to lick it up.

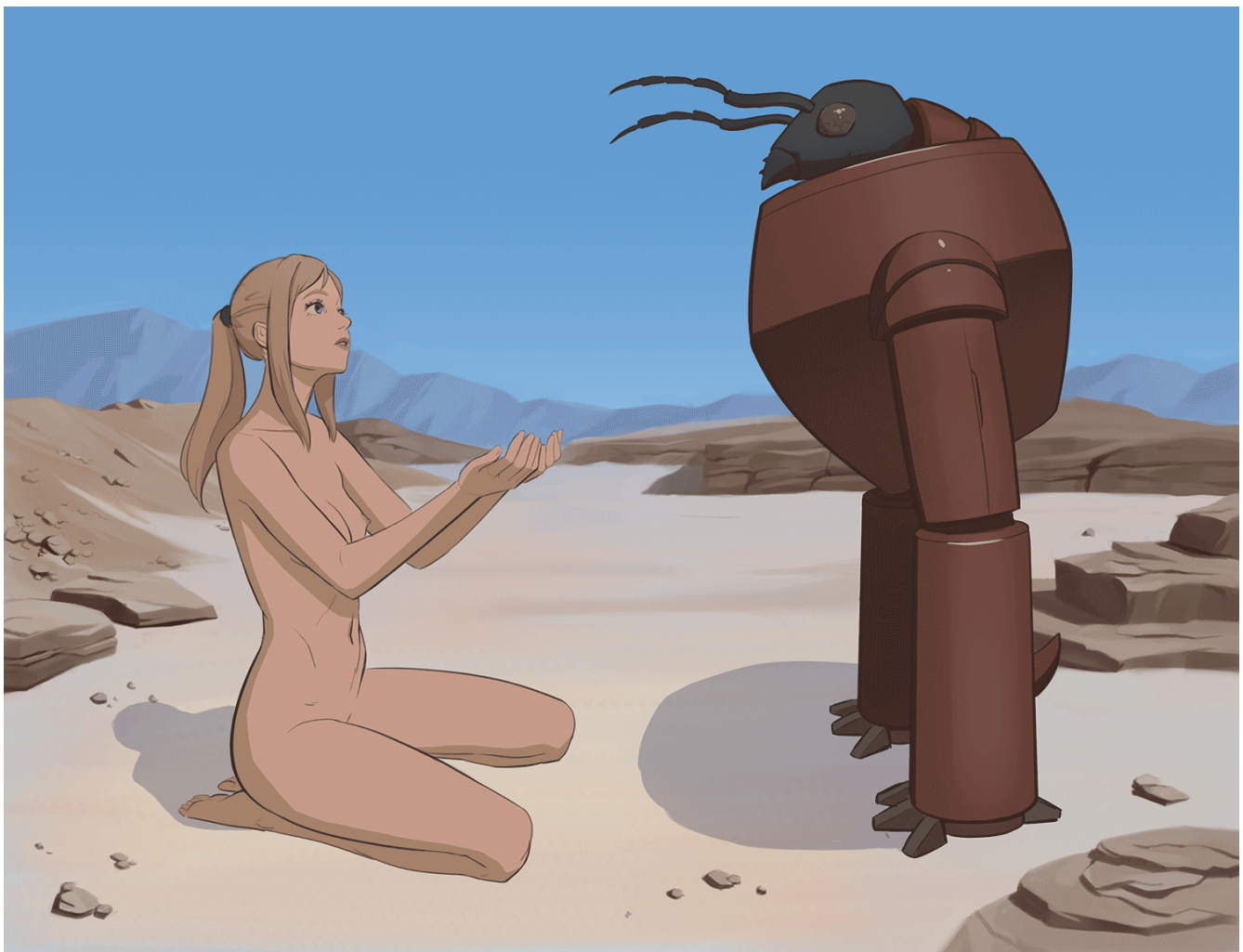
She managed at first, surprising him, so he had started pulling out and brushing her face with the spurt of his cum, coating her cheeks and lips with his seed. While begging, he would permit her to collect the cum with the back of her hand and lick her hands clean.

It did not take her long to realize what he was doing, and on his third time pulling out she chased his cock, leaning forward while holding her position, taking him back into her.

She looked so lewd, so wanton, that he could not help but praise this small rebellion.

“Are you so in love with my cock, Prey?” he asked her. She blinked back tears the first time he asked her this, looking away. He whipped her for breaking position, laughing again when he spoke and she resumed servicing him as he willed.

The next time he asked her this she kept his gaze and nearly answered, so he whipped her again.



"Animals don't speak, Prey," Brannigan told her, laughing as she cringed and quivered under the plasma whip as it kissed and carressed her naked flesh, her armor moving out of the way to let her take the full impact of his blows. "All you have to do is let me know how badly you want it."

And she did.

"Down." How could he not love this most of all? If her tongue was lathering his foot it reduced her. He smiled when she licked his limb, seeing not a person but an animal. *This is what a servile pet does, a pathetic tamed beast that thinks of nothing more than pleasing its master.*

That was what she was, now.

And in this position, when he entered the mouth between her legs, her face was forced into the sand, her moans and gasps caught by the earth, her fingers curling as her hips twitched and rolled back to meet his every thrust.

She whimpered and cried, quivered and twitched, Samus Aran made nothing more than prey, and this was every dream Brannigan had ever possessed. He pulled on her leash and she followed, unresisting, and when he ordered her she obeyed. The slightest infraction was punished, every punishment breaking down the rebellious spirit that had once driven her.

He wondered how much longer she would be Samus Aran, how much longer it would be until she truly was nothing more than Prey.

### ***Planet Daibon, GFDate 4034:0511***

Something was happening outside, something loud. Keaton ignored it. This was Daibon, and no one other than Ridley had ever managed to do anything more than die when attacking the capital of the Galactic Federation. Whatever was happening would be handled by the security forces that protected the senators of every civilized world.

Anthony had sent him the footage of the attack and he had been studying it ever since, some small detail holding his attention, something escaping him that he could not name.

He knew it was Ridley. Stopping the footage frame by frame even let him see the dragon as he tore through everything in his path, laying waste to Kriken and Federation and Vhozon with a lust that only the Sazins could begin to understand.

Even he couldn't stare at the wreckage too long, though. There was something in the way Ridley destroyed things, some artistry in the ruin he wrought that drove those that looked upon it too long insane. Taking deep breaths, Keaton closed his eyes. There was so much footage.

The way Mia Xen moved in the videos bothered him. The way she spoke, the look in her eyes, the flush in her cheeks, the slackness of her expression, the slight discoloration on her neck.

And Ridley, the way he had stopped with people still left alive, the way he looked in and then flew off in a single direction... what was out there? What had captured the attention of the dragon in mid-slaughter?

Something pounded against Keaton's door. He ignored it, running through the video feed again, and a third time, a tenth time. A green crackling light bled through the door, destroying it, but still Keaton stared at the feed.

Pieces of bodies flew around the Chairman, their blood as red as their shirts, the hallmark of Federation security. Pain and death were no strangers to any Sazin, however, and Keaton ignored

them, pausing the feed, staring as something walked into his office, past the corpse of his secretary, the crumbling walls. He smelled ozone burning behind him, the whir of some weapon he did not know, but it fizzled and faltered.

"I confess to curiosity." The voice behind him was metallic and utterly lacking inflection. "What has you so interested that you're not running or begging?"

"An attack that I suspect whoever hired you is behind." Keaton sighed, rubbing his temples. "Did you know Ridley got involved...? I'll take your silence as a no."

"You do realize I'm here to kill you, yes?" the voice said. Keaton turned around and looked up at Sylux. He recognized the armor – it had been a prototype, stolen from the Federation along with all the plans and research that had gone into making it, taken and used by someone that hated the Federation and, by inference, him.

"There had been the possibility of capture, like what happened with Doctor Bergman and Colonel Sakamoto," Keaton answered, shrugging. "Now I know for certain."

"You seem very calm," Sylux replied. The Shock Coil on the Hunter's arm hissed as it came to life, pointing directly at him.

Just before Sylux spoke, the Sazin spoke a single word with his second mouth.

- Miss -

The Sazins had evolved as solitary predators and sadists on a distant world. Their prey was often one another, and, as a species, they had evolved an ability to speak directly to the minds of those around them, to speak single words that had to be obeyed, even if for just a moment.

Keaton pushed a button as Sylux cursed, the blast from the Shock Coil melting the computer Keaton had been using. The Hunter stepped closer, reaching for Keaton's neck as the panel below Keaton's feet vanished and swallowed the Sazin, closing above him.

There were multiple panels, multiple tunnels. Keaton chose them at random, using a predator's instincts – thinking of which way he'd be likely to go if chasing someone and choosing the opposite. At first, the echoes of destruction behind him, were loud, but they got quieter and quieter as the Chairman vanished into the dark, leaving Sylux to destroy the world behind him.

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

The occasional slice of fruit only served to clean her palette. She could never taste it, never taste anything but the spunk that had become her primary diet. Even when her face was driven into the sand and the slime on her face allowed her to gasp the grains tasted of nothing but the cum of her mas-

Her *enemy*. He was not her master, he was her enemy. Her name was Samus Aran, not Prey, and she was not some dumb domesticated beast but the Hunter, winner of every battle she had ever been in...

... except this one.

Still, Samus would never allow herself to think of Brannigan or anyone else as her master. She couldn't. And when she was not forced to look in his eyes she kept hers closed and ignored the tears, ignored how much of her mind was forced to pay attention for the words that had come to define her existence.

*Sit. Stand. Beg. Down.*

The only time she could even try to think her own thoughts – the only time she dared not paying attention to his words – was when he was plowing into her. She could almost think, then, her thoughts slowed by the taste of cum on her tongue and the unwanted affections of her master and the things that had already been placed inside her.

*He is not my master...! He's not!*

*Sit. Stand. Beg. Down.*

His cock inside her, pounding in her, his cum filling her mouth and nostrils. Her entire world was him now, all she could see when she looked up, all she tasted and smelled, his words circling her like chains and holding her tighter than chains.

In chains she might have fought. In chains she could struggle and scream, even if she couldn't escape. But this...?

*Sit... Stand... Beg... Down...*

*... Prey.*

If she had more than heartbeats to think, if she could think clearly, if she wasn't trapped on her knees and unable to speak and unable to fight, if the armor she had fought so hard to win hadn't been made a mockery, wasn't binding her, wasn't *keeping* her...

*Sit.*

His cock in her mouth, his seed coating her tongue and teeth and gums, his hand groping her breasts or labia, tugging at her nipples and clit, rubbing her midriff and thighs, her hands behind her back, muscles tense but unable to do anything, her eyes on the ground as he toyed with her, used her.

*Stand.*

Fingers tracing the length of her spine, he choosing to penetrate either her mouth or vagina, fucking her face or thrusting so deep inside her that his balls tickled the cleft of her cunt. Forced to hold position, hands pressing against earth, arms and thighs trembling as he pounded into her with a force no human could ever hope to match.

*Beg.*

His eyes boring into hers, driving the reality of the situation home, making taste and thrust somehow worse. Her hands running along his length, fingers bound by amber slime until her hands were just paws, his hand toying with her dripping channel while she shuddered and shook, not daring to lose her balance, not daring to lose her hold on him, chasing him whenever he pulled out with her lips and tongue and throat.

*Down.*

The worst of them. The worst of them. His foot underneath her face, her forehead on his ankle and then her lips parting and her tongue running along the side of him, licking and kissing, long lines of saliva coating him. He was reducing her to an animal by making her act like one, and when that bored him and he was hard again he would walk around her and thrust inside her, claiming her, pushing her head further and further into the sand, into the framework...

*... the framework that had become her life.*

The words came from the Hunter and the Prey obeyed. Day passed into night, exhaustion claiming her, but the moment she awoke Brannigan was there, speaking the words, holding her in position, working her through his commands, demanding her absolute obedience.

He had to use the whip less and less as slowly, sluggishly, she obeyed, tired limbs trembling with fatigue, her every last drop of will bound to sounds she could understand but no longer comprehend.

*Sit. Stand. Beg. Down.*

And then, with a screech, the sky caught fire and horror descended on tourmaline wings.

*See You Next Mission...*