

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 oppsite.

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, notPlanet YS7-23, GFDate ????:????

A haze cutting through the air, blades of hatred that burned hotter than the sun. Light slashed into composite colors, fading, breaking, lost to sight around claws that could slice atoms to pieces. A lolling croon that seeped into the mind, tainting it, making everything that had been worse for having heard a litany of sin, a record of horror that was evil, absolute evil, speaking.

All who hear the voice know the truth of this.

Evil is real. Evil has a face.

And Evil speaks.

So much horror, so much pain, and none of it thus far in this place is intended. The seeping slithering corruption was simply a side effect of his presence, a casual malice that would only become worse the longer he was present.

Every living thing around him convulsed, even the unliving pushed away in revulsion. A glimpse of mind or truth of name had shattered the sanity of the strongest wills, left the calmest minds howling lunacy. Another name had been given to this creature, this atrocity, a whispered word rarely spoken.

Ridley.

Samus Aran stared up at her nemesis, at the only enemy that truly mattered. Here, now, was what the Chozo had trained her to fight. Exhaustion, fatigue, sense, everything left her – only the burning fury remained, the *need* to end this abomination torn from the worst and maddest nightmares, the ruin of a thousand thousand worlds. She pushed herself up, preparing to fight, her eyes narrowing

and then the things inside her sprang to life, driving her to the ground, leaving her writhing and wetting and unable to do anything but stare up at him, at his cruel amusement at how she had been so reduced.

The ground trembled almost as much as Samus herself when the dragon landed. Her eyes straining to focus, she whimpered as grains of sand recoiled from her enemy, his bloodless lips curled back in a smile that revealed teeth longer than fingers and sharper than glass.

“You,” Ridley crooned, the sole word dripping into the world, marking it, somehow molesting everything touched by the sound. “Cripple. you may leave.” Samus stared up at him, his eyes never leaving hers.

“I *may* leave?” Branningan spat, spittle brushing Samus' shoulder. She ignored it, tried to stand again and fell back to the desert sands, squirming and lost. Even now she tried to attack the dragon, rage consuming her. “Who do you think you're talking to?”

"Does it matter?" The dragon rose on his hind legs, spreading his wings, cutting light into shade. "Someone who gets to live just a little. bit. longer. Take the offer. I have. business. with the mewling little gnat. at your feet."

"Samus belongs to me!"

"She belonged to me. first and always. for every. last. day. of her life."

Brannigan planted one foot in the small of her back, pinning and claiming her as raised his gun. Samus could hear the mechanisms in his new arm charging, the weapon systems that he'd been granted priming themselves for battle. She knew those sounds – missiles, plasma and ice and grappling beams, maybe one or two other tricks – but she also knew that nothing would be enough.

The dragon knew it, too.

Only Brannigan languished in ignorance.

Mocking laughter flooded the spaces between them.

She tried to stand again, pushing into her palms with all her strength. The things inside her body rocked her utterly, throbbing into her with a quivering fury that drove thought from her. Gasping, she redoubled her efforts, finally succeeding.

Her heart nearly gave out when she realized that she was in the *-stand-* position.

Closing her eyes, she let out a long whine as angry gods towered tall above her. *I was a god once*, she thought, unable to do anything as Brannigan planted himself over her, preparing to unleash the onslaught of firepower that was at his disposal.

It would not be enough, she knew. It would never be enough.

The dragon flew in lazy circles, tail twitching, the blade on the end of carving ditches in the sand with casual malice. Brannigan couldn't see it, Samus thought, but even through watery eyes she could see that the grains of sand his tail touched were split and decaying.

"Do not mistake. apathy. for fear. cripple," Ridley crooned, his smile growing, the furnace within him turning the sand below him to glass. "You're. unworthy of me."

Grimacing, Brannigan raised one arm and opened fire.

That one action drove all hope from Samus Aran.

Planet Daibon, GFDate 4034:0512

Sergeant Victoria Timms was the best combat operative in the Federation Army to never see actual combat. She'd enlisted a few years after reaching legal age for the simple fact – *if she were to be brutally honest with herself* – that she had nothing better to do.

Raised a pacifist in a strict household, Victoria had nonetheless proven to have a talent for releasing the repressed violence her upbringing had instilled in her. She had little desire to go out and fight the good fight, however, or build lasting personal relationships with anyone.

Becoming a Daibon-centered drill Sergeant had thus been a perfect fit for her. She got new recruits to train every year or so, she never had to deal with the consequences of out-and-out combat, and she had the respect of her superiors and those under her. It was a sweet gig, one that required little social contact outside the professional.

And Daibon was safe. Even during the Zebesian War, Daibon had been left mostly untouched. There was the occasional terrorist act or raid, but due to the size of the place Victoria had never seen so much as a bit of smoke from a fire, or heard even the faintest echo of an explosion. She'd been left to her job, which was exactly how she liked it.

That had all changed in the past few minutes.

Government offices had been assaulted that very morning. Victoria had been on-duty when the call came, forced to head to the frontlines with the rest of the officers to take charge of the situation. The brass had been wise enough to give her a posting on the outer barricades, sending in experienced troopers to the heart of the problem.

Information was scarce; apparently, all this destruction was being caused by a single entity who had somehow managed to take down the communication servers. A massive amount of deaths were being caused by whatever was responsible for this, requiring more and more soldiers to go and look for survivors or go fight whatever it was.

Victoria was not among them. She had her post and she held it, her rifle at the ready. And when a panel in the wall opened up behind her, she was already training her rifle on the furry blue humanoid walking out of the new hole.

"Keep that rifle trained behind me, please," the newcomer said, speaking with the higher of his two mouths. "Do you know who I am?"

"You're Chairman Keaton."

"Excellent. I believe someone is trying to assassinate me," Keaton said, his voice utterly calm, utterly certain. "I'm going to go that way. If you could shoot anything that follows me, then run in that direction...? Yes? Thank you."

"Sir?"

"Yes?"

"What's attacking us?" Victoria asked, licking her lips. "There's reports that it's p-purple... is it...?"

"No." Keaton paused, staring at a stretch of wall, never turning to face her. "If it was Ridley I would be dead by now."

The Sazin grimaced, then walked over to another wall that Victoria would have sworn was solid steel. He pressed his hand against it and twisted. The wall fell back and slid away, revealing a passage. The blue alien stepped through it, the wall closing behind him.

For a moment, Victoria stared, wide eyed, but then a blast of emerald-gold lightning tore through the wall that Keaton had come from, reducing the metal to slag. A tall purple figure emerged, emerald light tracing along the figure's armor.

"Where did the Chairman go?" The voice that emerged from the figure was cold and without inflection. Victoria opened fire, the rifle in her hand not even staggering the monster that came for her moments later.

The last thing she saw was the hand that grasped her head. A sick crackling sound filled her ears, echoing all around her, five points of pressure giving way to blinding agony. Something wet slithered down her face, her hair tangling, a rattling breath roiling out of her throat.

After that she was alone.

Moon RK1B-94, GFDate ?????:????

: You Saved Us : This Is Reward : You Are Grateful :

Mia Xen nodded her head, slack lips open, a sheen of sweat smoking off her skin. She remembered the room being cold when she entered, but now the heat seeping into her kept her warm, left her naked body steaming in the ambient chill.

Her neck rolled bonelessly, her eyes having trouble focusing on the red chitin of the creature that was her guide. The shoulders in her muscles tensed and she gasped as another wave of pleasure washed through her. She shook, uncontrolled, wanton, glancing at where her hands should have been.

S-something is wrong. She frowned as the words echoed in the emptiness of her thoughts, unable to make sense of them. *C'mon... w-what would S-samus do?*

Her hands and feet had been enveloped by mouths with hard shells and soft insides, insides that pressed into her toes and fingers, her palms and soles and wrists and ankles. Warm and gooey, she felt whatever it was slither around her, loving her, massaging her.

That same goo dripped down her arms and slithered up her legs, leaving a seething want. She wasn't sure what was causing the tingling sensation that rippled over the rest of her body and didn't care – the moans spilling from her drained all curiosity from her, leaving behind only a throbbing craving.

Her hosts were so good to her, she knew. Her hosts were trying to sate the craving that had overcome her. Her eyes closed as another wave of ecstasy washed through her, crashing down into every nerve, leaving her slick and shivering.

At first, when she was dropped down, she had no idea what was going on. She lay on the ground, quivering and naked, wondering where the pleasure had gone. Echoes of something loud pierced the pleasure-haze, the chittering feet of her hosts clacking around her.

Eventually, she managed to twitch her limbs. Frowning, she pushed herself to her hands and knees, looking around. Her clothing lay neatly folded over to one side and she crawled to it, pulling it over her flesh, moaning whenever fabric made contact with skin.

She was so sensitive! She wondered how long the Kriken had been rewarding her and smiled, rocking a little as she finished dressing and stood. She stumbled back, her legs still pulsing with the memory of what had been done to her.

Taking deep breaths, she steadied herself, hands holding onto the wall for support. She managed to stand, to walk, one foot in front of the other, brushing crimson hair out of her line of sight. The ship she was on shook and she caught herself.

Her hosts were under attack.

Eyes narrowing, she looked for and found her weapons and armor lying over to one side. She used the wall to close the distance between herself and what was hers, fingers tracing the soothing familiarity of her rifle, her pistol, her shotgun, her armor.

It took her longer than she would have liked to get her armor on and fastened. She caught a reflection of herself in the semi-translucent viscosity that covered the non-euclidean angles of her hosts' home and smiled; she looked more like one of them than she had before.

Stumbling down a corridor, she caught sight of a pitched firefight down one hallway and paused, taking a moment to study what was happening. The Kriken were valiantly trying to fend off a Vhozon assault. For some reason, the Vhozon were concentrating their attacks on floating Kaayes melons.

Weird.

Frowning, Mia dropped to one knee, took careful aim and pulled the trigger of her rifle three times. Three Vhozon heads exploded, their bodies tumbling to the ground. The rest of the Vhozon turned to face her, taking their eyes off the Kriken, and that was the end of them, falling to her headshots and the crimson insect onslaught of her hosts.

: You Are Out : Bad For Guest : Go To Room :

“No,” Mia said, staying on her knees, frowning as she shook her head. “Let me help you first.”

Antennae twitched, the Kriken conferring among one another. As one, the survivors nodded, all of their eyes on her.

: You Will Help : Reward To Follow : Accept Our Terms :

“I do,” Mia said, still on her knees, head bowed. A memory of pleasure washed over her and the only thing that kept her from going back to her room was the thought of Samus Aran. *The Hunter wouldn't go back to her reward, not when there's fighting to be done.*

Standing, Mia Xen sheathed her rifle and pulled her shotgun free from its holster.

The Vhozon had no idea what they were in for.

See You Next Mission...