

*Planet YS7-23, GFDate 4034:0206*

"Look." Melissa reached for him, grabbing his hair and yanking it with all her strength. She was tall for a terran female, nearly six foot, and her body had benefited from enhancements from both the best minds of the Federation and her own experimentation. He yelped, suffering whiplash as she forced him to look at the monitor. "Everything is going according to plan just like I said it was going to. Going to."

And it all was. He had heard her rant now, time and time again. Her plans for the Federation no longer concerned him so he tuned those out. But the Hunter, high-and-mighty Commander Adam Malkovitch's little fuck-pet, was naked and unconscious. He saw her lying in the warm waters of YS7-23 and he felt himself harden, the pleading sounds that emerged from his gag sounding desperate even to him.

"You can wait." Melissa admonished him, dropping him. He slumped to the ground, quivering. "You're wrong about so much, you know. I can see your thoughts. I know what you're thinking, if I can call that thought. Strictly speaking..." She flicked a switch, activating mechanisms throughout the planet and off. She had explained what they would do.

If he had still possessed the capacity to care about the Federation, he would have pitied them. Keaton, Anthony, whoever they thought would handle things now knew nothing. Melissa was an entirely different creature than Mother Brain had been, just as intelligent and powerful and ruthless but infinitely more subtle...

"Look, you're going to want to see this," Melissa giggled, clapping her hands together. "She's waking up and I've got some of Yoshio's modified shaktools nearby. I had wanted to start with the hypno, but this should help shatter some of sister dearest's insufferable self-confidence before we move into her pretty little head."

She pulled him up, resting his head against her knee, her fingers brushing across his scalp. He shuddered, wishing he could will himself to pull away, knowing that he never ever would. He wondered how long it would take Melissa to break the Hunter, knowing that no one would benefit more from that than he would.

"Excited to see what's coming, hmm...?" Melissa tittered. "Well, let's look in. Everything is going according to plan."



*Planet YS7-23, GFDate ?????:????*

Samus woke up slowly. She groaned, pushed herself up on her hands and knees, took stock of herself. She was uninjured, though her head was throbbing and her ship was gone. Her nudity was something she noted absently, blinking as she looked up at the sky – there were some clouds but the weather was warm. She'd looked at the temperate patterns for YS7-23 when she'd entered the system and knew that so long as she was dry by sundown that the night would offer her no danger.

The more immediate threat was her lack of supplies, weaponry, food, or ability to know how much time had passed. She wasn't feeling the effects of hunger yet, so she couldn't have been



unconscious for more than a few hours. She glanced up at the only sun of this system and frowned; impact had disrupted her internal clock and she had no way of synchronizing that with the sun to any reliable degree.

Scowling, she turned her attention to the things she could control. The world around her was lush, for the most part. Deserts were just beginning to claim dense forest, but the coast line was mostly composed of smooth stones. She glanced down at them, gray-black sediment, a few outcroppings of rock reaching up towards the sky or out towards the water. The water was blue-black, the sky a deep purple-blue even during daylight. That would take some getting used to.

The water was warm and drinkable, at least. She climbed up one of the outcroppings, relying on vision superior to any human's – her Chozo DNA let her see individual leaves on trees from about

two miles away. A normal human might have missed the final signs of crash-smoke dying out, but she knew them for what they were.

*What's left of my ship*, she thought. *Possible supplies. A weapon, food, coffee. That damn helmet.* She started walking in that direction, keeping to the shoreline. She carried a stone in one hand, rubbing her thumb over the smooth surface. As a weapon it was better than nothing.

She figured she'd been walking for an hour and a half when she first heard the sounds – something mining, but without talk. That meant machines. The closer she got the more the sounds seemed familiar; Chozo hearing was comparable to humans, but she was pretty good at identifying things by sound alone. It was one of the things that kept her alive.

*That sounds like a shaktool*, she thought, biting her lip. *The zebesians were the only people that really used them, but there are no more zebesians... again. Hey, that's right, I've driven them to extinction twice. I've stolen and used what passes for their technology before. My day is already looking better.* Grinning, she came to the crest of some rocks and paused. Maybe, just maybe, the shaktools wouldn't be anywhere near what was left of her ship.

Glancing over the edge of the rocks revealed that they were right by little bits of debris she recognized. She ducked back under cover, the string of curses she muttered as creative as they were long.

*Alright, there's a bunch of shaktools on the rock on the far side from where I am. There are three shaktools there... it could be worse, they could be on this side, closer to me. I dealt with one in Zebes and it didn't care about me at all. These ones probably won't, either – they're mining, not security.*

*It does mean there's someone here, though. They have to be mining for someone. Maybe the job...? Maybe I can salvage something from this SNAFU after all.* Shaking her head and smiling to herself, Samus poked her head over the edge.

If the shaktools noticed they gave no sign.

She made her cautious way down her side of things, keeping a careful eye on the shaktools. They still took no notice of her. She stepped down onto a rocky plane with them, the tides creeping along her bare toes.

Closer, closer, and closer still.

The shaktools took no heed.

Relaxing, Samus walked over to what bits of her ship had landed here. There was no sign of the Chozo-damned helmet, but she could look for that later. There was a canteen, some dried fruit and seeds in pouches and a bit of string. No clothing, no weapons, nothing electronic. Sighing, she went about collecting what was there.

*It's a start... wait, whaaaaa-?*

*"Gahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh..."*

*Idiot... idiot!*

She had taken her eyes off the shaktools. All three of them were facing her now, she could see, all three of them placing red pads she was not familiar with on the ground. Electric current had surged from there into the water, up her legs.

Her eyes went wide, she pushing herself up. Her legs were numb and she screamed again when the shaktool pads sparked, her twitching body splashing as she slumping into the surf. She could

do nothing as the shaktools approached her, looming over her.

*Oh, this doesn't look good*, she thought, closing her eyes, trying to move. Her body flopped, toned muscle driven irresponsible from overload. Gritting her teeth, she still managed to push herself up a little, forward a little. She heard the shaktools pause behind her.

A moment later, another jolt went through her.

*Killed by shaktools. This is insane. I'm never going to... wait, what the fuck is it doing?*

The shaktool over her had lowered those red pads onto her ass, one on each cheek. They operated as suction cups, hauling her hips up. Straining, she managed to turn her head to one side and hissed.

Shaktools were a series of seven metal spheres connected by bad tubing and loose wiring. The furthest spheres from the center carried saws, drills, picks, and other tools within them, unveiling them as needed. The four middle spheres were used for storage, the center sphere housing the CPU that let the whole mess operate. She understood this, the simplicity of their design. Even at their best they only worked most of the time.

The ones on Zebes had also had a small drill for delicate operations hidden within the CPU sphere. That small drill, on these shaktools, had been replaced with a dildo.

Samus winced, tried to struggle. The way the shaktool was holding her prone and exposed gave her a certain knowledge as to where that dildo was going.

An intrusive warmth pressed against the entrance of her core. It was large, hard. Brushing against the most intimate part of her, dripping some sort of goo that was forcing her body to react. She could feel her cheeks flush, her breathing become more strained. It pushed into her and she could feel spiralling veins on the tip, worried that those veins might go all the way down the hard length.

They did.

It pushed into her with a mechanical efficiency, thrusting half its length into her warmth before pulling out, penetrating half so deep twice before repeating the process...

Samus squirmed, tried to move her legs.

Another jolt of electricity, this one fired directly into her hips, causing her to buck on the thing invading her, causing her to cry out at the unwanted sensation. Another shock, more flailing on her part.

Only when she fell limp did it resume its use of her: a steady rhythm, once deep, twice shallow, and then it began to spin as it continued pushing in and out of her.. she cried out, helpless, naked with her ass in the air, hot from unwanted pressure as the first machine had its way with her.

The others, she saw, were waiting for their turns...

And then she saw nothing – it pushed its full length into her and she arched her back, silently screaming, pleasure rushing throughout her body. Her vision blurred, her hips rocking, her own moisture spilling into the rocks she was being pounded into. Full length, half length, half length, full length, spiral vein spinning all the way through her core and ravaging all thought from her gasping head.

And then it pushed in further.

It held the fullness of itself inside her, spinning, spinning, spinning. She cried out, her fingers

curling over stones. It was pumping something into her, something that made the pleasure that much more intense. Her head lolled on her neck, the world ceasing to make any sense... the only thing that mattered was the hardness thrusting between her legs.

Her first orgasm tore through her, making her cry out. She barely noticed when the first shaktool abandoned her and the second claimed her. When she tried to escape it ceased fucking her just long enough to shock her before continuing to take her as it wanted.

She was powerless, helpless, pounded into senselessness.

When the third one finished with her she collapsed against the stones, panting, barely conscious. She heard the first one coming back for a second round. Something caught her eye, a pit of gray metal that she felt she should have recognized. A word managed to shape itself in her head as the first shaktool rode her.

*Gun.*

Her head shook bonelessly, her lips closing on a finger. When the second one finished with her she pushed up her legs. It didn't shock her.

She pushed off and up, reaching down for the gun.

The shaktools had to stop to electrify the ground.

She had a couple of seconds to grab the gun, aim and shoot.

It was all she needed – shaktools had never been made to suffer damage from battle.

The machines sparked and sputtered and died and she lay there, panting, trying to bring her seething body under control. Closing her eyes, she lay on her back and faced the sky. Night had come and she hadn't even noticed.

*What the hell have I wandered into...?*