

Planet YS7-23, GFDate 4034:0507

There were robots tending the garden around the lab, but Brannigan ignored them, sailed past them on two strong limbs. He laughed as he did, leaping into the air, crossing the cultivated landscape into the blasted stone towers that littered the unkempt desert.

Craters full of streaming rain water steamed all around him, mingling with rich mineral deposits mined by more machines. He leaped over them, from the lip of one side to the other. This was a celebration of movement, a lifetime and humiliation redeemed as he crossed a whole desert in hours and crossed into the jungle.

He was stronger than he'd ever been, faster, reflexes dulled by a crippled humiliation now sharper than they had ever been in the past. And, before him, waiting and reduced, was the one person responsible for everything that had happened to him.

Sporespawn, Cacatac, every monster this world had to offer fled before him. They knew what he was, the Apex Predator of YS7-23, the best Hunter the galaxy would ever know. Two Kaayes plants circled above him like a halo, his benefactor whispering words into his mind.

- *She's close now* - Melissa's words in his mind, their amusement echoing in every corner of his psyche. - *So close. Close. Are you ready?* -

He'd never been more ready for anything in his life.

And there she was, Samus Aran, formerly the Hunter and now the Hunted. He circled around her, swinging from one branch to the other, viewing how pathetic he had made, savoring every angle.

The Hunted, lying helpless in a pool of her own juices. All her will focused on keeping her thighs closed, her arms splayed at her sides, fingers twitching, her rump spasming as her head rocked. The amber had crept along her face, covering her mouth, something large pushed past her lips and thrusting back and forth.

Drool and moans escaped her, the only things that could. Her eyes were open and glazed. Four Kaayes circled her and he could hear commands without being controlled by them – they would wait for her to close her legs and then say *-spread-* and she would open her legs, suffering the unwanted affections of amber and slime.

He stood over her, stroking her hair and spine with his new hand, loving how she quivered at his touch.

“Sit,” Brannigan said, the word echoed by the Kaayes now circling them both. He watched as she moved unwillingly, her body trapped by a command that had bypassed what was left of her shattered consciousness.

The Hunted, pushing up on shaking palms, her thighs under her torso, her whole body quivering, head bowed so that her matted hair covered her face. She panted into the amber covering her mouth, fucked into obedience, nothing more than a lust-craven animal.

By the time he and his benefactor was done that was all she would be. Samus Aran wouldn't even remember her own name, her own legend. She would fade and he would rise to take her place, like it should have been, but right now was the time for her to understand why this was happening to her.

His new limp circled her chin, forcing her to look up at him. The amber around her cheeks and mouth would keep her silent, the slimes on her tongue stealing her words from her, making her

all the more an animal. There was a grim satisfaction for him in that, as so many of her people considered his to be silent beasts, incapable of thought.

"Look at you now," he whispered, patting her cheek mockingly, staring into her eyes and knowing she was not even capable of recognition.

He could wait. He did. He was holding her when consciousness returned, when her eyes relearned to focus. She sagged into his hand, perhaps thinking he was there to rescue her, but her eyes went wide and her body went tight when she finally recognized him.

Fear in her eyes, just a sliver, and then a mountain of fury. Her eyes narrowed and she pulled her head free, glaring at him. He laughed when she tried and failed to say something, the amber and slimes around her face pushing into her mouth, hammering her throat.

She clutched and her neck, clawing at the amber, unable to do anything as her lips and tongue were thoroughly violated.

"You've lost the right to speak, Hunter." Brannigan said, looming over her, taunting her, watching as she shuddered when he spoke her old title. He nudged her belly with his foot and she rolled away and climbed carefully to her feet and crumbled.

He loved the look on her face as she went down, the way she grabbed at her face. He laughed, mocking her anew as he stood over her, loving the way she moaned as she suffered.

"You've also lost the right to stand," Brannigan said, reaching out and running a hand through the mess her hair had become. "You can't run, you can't fight, you can't even speak. Not much of a hunter, are you? Not much of anything."

She rolled onto her back, careful to hold her thighs closed. She was unable to speak but her eyes said it all. He grabbed each of her wrists, overpowering her and pulling her arms away from her body, leaning closer to her face until he was certain she could see nothing else.

"I was better than you, Samus Aran," Brannigan spat, his spittle marring her face in a way he thought was *fantastic*. "I beat you. You were clever and lucky back then, I admit, but I was a better hunter than you ever were. And now I'm going to prove it."

He moved his hands and her wrists until he had both her hands caught in one of his – the new hand, the strong hand that had been fixed because she had broken it. He lifted her off the ground, her feet dangling, laughing as the thing inside her netherlips vibrated and swelled, her eyes closing and her head whipping back from the unwanted affection, and he laughed.

She shook, writhing helplessly, legs straining for the ground, but he held her up and shook her, teasing her, nearly letting her rest only to lift her higher. She only tried to kick him once, the amber in her rear and coating her tits reminding her why that was a bad idea.

He loved this, lover watching how she shook and moaned and failed to lie still, loved the hopeless fight in her. He held her, kept her, and there wasn't anything she could do.

"Look at you," Brannigan chuckled, shaking his head as tremors ran the entire length of her. "I was always faster than you, stronger than you, better than you, then and now. You had luck and wits, Samus, and now that's all you have. So, we're going to play a game."

He let her drop, watching as she curled into herself and tried to put her mind back together. While she suffered that reset he leaned close to her, nibbling on her ear.

"I'm going to give you an hour long head start, and then I'm going to *hunt. you. down,*" Brannigan hissed, and she shook at each one of the last three words. "There's a desert over that way. You get to it before I catch you, you go free, but if I catch you I'm going to keep you... and if you think you've suffered humiliation so far, Samus Aran, well, you haven't seen anything yet. I promise you."

Her eyes focused, narrowed.

"You're interested? Nod your head when you're ready... okay, good. Go."

He let her go, spanking her until she was into the fauna, letting her scurry out of sight. The Kaayes that had been hammering her mind followed her, while the two that circled him continued to do so.

- *Is that such a good idea?* - Melissa asked.

"I want to give her the illusion of hope," Brannigan answered, watching the occasional subtle shift that let him know where she was going. He wouldn't use the Kaayes for this; he wouldn't need to. The thought made him smile. "When I catch her I want her to know that she lost, and that everything that follows is her fault."

And even though he could not see her face, he knew his benefactor approved.

Planet 457-23, GFData ?????:????

Samus Aran scurried as fast as she dared on all fours, trying to keep her thighs as close together as possible. The promise of freedom drove her forward, but she was far from heedless of her surroundings – she could not afford to be. There were Zoomers out there, Cacatacs, more of those slimes. She could not afford to be taken. She had to get to the desert and freedom and then...

... and then I destroy every last living thing on this planet.

The promise of that filled her with savage joy even as she cursed the limitations she was currently being forced to live with. Even without her armor she should have been able to get to the desert within hours, but at her current pace she didn't know for certain.

She couldn't get trapped. She was Samus fucking Aran, the Hunter, the best, the hero, the myth, the legend. Even reduced as she was, there was a slim chance that she could avoid Brannigan. She knew she could get to the desert if she kept her trail from being seen by him. She had to believe that he was being honest with her – he had been, back when he'd come after her for Mother Brain. It'd been his honor and a pride that had let her beat him before.

It had been back when she'd first broken off on her own, leaving the Federation and becoming a Bounty Hunter. The Federation had hired her to map out a Pirate fortress on a planet that Mother Brain happened to be hiding out on at the same time that the computer intelligence had hired him to capture her alive.

She'd broken into the compound just after he'd agreed to come after her; she'd recognized him, thought they'd be working together, and by the time she knew otherwise he'd crippled her suit and taken her captive, stealing the pistol she carried on her zero suit and using it to keep her captive.

He had no way of knowing she'd booby-trapped the weapon. So when she made her move he'd tried to shoot her with her own weapon, only to have it blow up in his face. The resulting

explosion had let her escape, the moments before etching into her mind the details of the lab and planet.

When she'd last seen him Mother Brain had sent him off to be eaten by Metroids. She escaped, giving the Federation all the intel they needed and then some... but by the time the Federation launched their attack Mother Brain was gone and there was no sign of Brannigan. She'd always assumed he'd died.

She'd noticed that one of his arms had been replaced. The explosion might have crippled him, but he'd been one of the best Hunters to ever travel the stars – even injured, he might have been able to escape. Had he been plotting his revenge all this time? Was he the one responsible for the abuse she'd been suffering since she'd gotten here?

Gritting her teeth as best she could with the amber over her mouth and the slime inside it, Samus shook her head. It didn't matter right now. He hadn't seemed like much of a planner then, but he might be working for whoever her real tormenter was... but that wouldn't mean much, not unless she could get past him.

She needed to keep moving.

As disturbing as it was to seem him again after so long and how humiliating it was to have him see her like this, her freedom was more important. She needed to win and victory meant movement.

Careful listening let her know what fauna was around her, and she turned to avoid it as soon as she detected anything. She covered her tracks as best she could, careful to keep her pace constant, careful not to pull the short length that had turned her once powerful stride into a crippled echo of itself.

There wasn't time to lay false trails, wasn't time to do anything other than move and hope. Sometimes, she would roll on her back to look up at the canopy, seeking the slim glimpses of light through the leaves. An hour passed, then two. Three. She kept moving as darkness slithered through the woods and she began to believe she could win.

She didn't sleep, didn't slow, never stopped moving throughout the dark. When the day was born anew she was still moving, her body trembling with exhaustion, hard muscle traced with sweat. She could see the flora thinning in the brightening glow of the sun, crawling from darkness into light. She felt like laughing – the desert had to be clear, the desert and her freedom so very close.

And then she could see it. Gravel and stoneworks rising into the air, towers of rock and massive craters that stretched all the way to another range of mountains. She smiled, moving towards it, joy seeping through her.

Then Brannigan pushed her face into the soft moist earth and held her there.

"Come on, Samus," he said, letting her head up a little and holding her in place. "You're supposed to be better than this."

He'd jumped down on her. He must have been waiting in the trees, or maybe he had followed her. She had no way of knowing and it didn't matter. She tried struggling, tried freeing herself, but the amber around her breasts pressed against her, clamping down, causing her to cry out...

... or, she might have cried out if the slime hadn't pressed around her tongue, denying her the ability to do anything other than moan pathetically. She shook, trying to dislodge the agony that had claimed her chest, but the amber was held in place by the armor she'd been so proud of...

... and he let her go, Brannigan did, and her hands clasped at the armor, trying to pull it off, but it was held in place and there was nothing she could do, no solace to the ache molesting her, and as she fought the Desgeega walked around behind her and kicked her legs apart and she could hear his laughter...

... the thing in her ass pounded into her, swelling inside her, filling her as it pulled out and pushed in deeper, filling her, bringing her to the brink. She writhed but was no longer helpless. Panting, exhausted, she forced her eyes to focus on the desert, pulled her way closer to it as she pulled her thighs together, as the things that held her started to slow their assault...

"Ready to give up?" Brannigan, his tone as insulting as the words.

She glared at nothing, ignoring him, pulling herself along the ground, closer and closer to the edge of the jungle and beginning of the desert. She inced closer, closer, he kicked her legs apart every so often, she slapping at him and enduring the consequences, her nipples pulled and teased and suckled until they felt like burning.

Dark was coming when she was approaching the edge of the desert. She was so close. Inches to freedom. *I can do this...*

And then Brannigan was lifting her, the amber inside her intimate folds throbbing to life as he carried her back to where he'd first taken her. He dropped her back there, kicking her thighs open again, and she could hear him laughter as her front and rear passages were pounded, her attempts at screaming punished by the slime in her mouth and on her tongue and down her throat, her efforts to fight back punishing her tortured breasts, slime and amber working together to tease her to the point of shattered thought and self.

Still, she was Samus Aran. Still, she pulled herself together. Inch by inch she pulled herself back across the distance, approaching the desert once more, enduring the times her enemy kicked her thighs apart, her ass hammered by his proxy. It was light again by the time she was nearly there and then he was picking her up and carrying her back so she could suffer all over again...

He mocked her progress, her weakness, her struggle. He asked her time and again if she was ready to surrender, never letting her rest. Darkness fell and he carried her back for a second time, stroking her hair and spanking her and rolling her around as he willed, letting her get close before pulling her back...

... and it became harder to fight. She could feel her shoulders sag, feel the way exhaustion was dulling her fury and leaving nothing but the sensations her body had been designed to enjoy. It was light again and she didn't know how long she'd been trying to fight this, didn't know how long he had been mocking her and dragging her back to the beginning, didn't know how many times he asked her if she was ready to give up.

She couldn't even make sense of the words anymore, only remembering the intent, tone, and meaning.

She was so very tired.

When he asked her again she held herself, falling onto her knees, her head giving a small nod. He lifted her off her knees, held her limp and trembling body off the ground. She hung, not struggling, too tired to do anything, too tired even to endure the waves of pleasure that pummelled everything she had believed herself to be.

"What was that, Samus Aran?" So much mockery in the words, the tone. It took every last bit of strength she had to nod her head again as the amber filled her most intimate fold. He spat in her

face before he dropped her, abandoning her to her suffer, stroking her hair and pulling her up to her knees. "I want you to remember this, Samus Aran. The moment you went from Hunter to Hunted. I want you to remember that you chose to surrender everything you were to a better Hunter than you ever were."

She couldn't even find the will to look at him, not when he made her face him. She just quivered, hugging herself as she suffered and nodded her head. He let her go, shoving her to the ground. She rolled onto her stomach, eventually managed to force her knees under her hips.

When he kicked her thighs apart and she was filled once more, Samus Aran began to cry.

Planet 457-23, GFDate 4034:0507

Madeline watched the monitors, wrapped in blankets and cuddling herself. The whimpering shell that had been a man was now a comfort, his pathetic sounds now a familiar comfort. The clone was talking to Vogl while the Kriken ran Mia Xen through her paces, making her a toy for their strange species. The former Chairman's manhood hardened as he watched the suffering girl.

It was not interspecies fetishism that got him, Madeline knew. It was power. Control. Creatures like Vogl were obsessed with power and the clone had played him, given him the illusion of power while taking him for everything he was worth.

She turned from those screens, turning instead to where Brannigan was taking his revenge on the once great Hunter. Madeline bit her lip and shuddered, watching as the amber collar around Samus' neck lengthened into a leash. Brannigan claimed her like a pet, like an animal.

That was part of Melissa's plan, Madeline knew, but she did not yet know what that plan was.

A soft sigh passed her lips, her glistening fingers pulling the blankets closer. She curled into herself, tired. The clone didn't object to her napping, she knew, and so when she surrendered to sleep there was no repercussion.

When she woke up the clone was leading a battle, handling the combined forces of the Federation and the Kriken as they assaulted a Vhozon world. The clone had taken the broken man, held his head in her hands, closing her eyes sometimes before making a decision.

Madeline remembered that the man had been a brilliant strategist in another life. She wondered how much of his mind remained, how much of what Melissa was doing was the man's plan. She shivered, pulling the blankets closer to her, and knew that it did not matter.

The Vhozon were losing. As powerful as they were they could not face the unified front that now battered through them. Madeline knew the battle would not last much longer.

But then things went wrong.

It was not the Vhozon. They suffered just as much. The Kriken generals escaped only because of Mia Xen, her loyalty to them causing her to pull them back and away as something monstrous tore through all three sides.

Talons sharp enough to tear starships to pieces did so. Flame hotter than the heart of a star melted steel into slag, taking pilots and soldiers with it. Explosions and death filled the monitors, everyone suffering, silent screams as whole armies were cast into the void and left to decompress and die.

Hints of crimson and tourmaline in the black of space and bright death that ruled the scene.

A pair of toxic eyes burning with a hatred so intense it defied any hope of sanity.

"What are you...?" the clone asked, tilting her head to one side. She sounded more bemused than threatened, the question clearly rhetorical.

Both woman shuddered at the low crooning response that crept along the room. A single whispered word, the world shuddering in rejection of it, and even though Madeline could not hear it the voice crept like knives along her skin.

Melissa screamed, holding her head, and though the room was quiet again the threat of the speaker remained. Melissa fell off her chair, backing away from the screens, all light vanishing, the last visible thing there the twin specks of hatred that glared hotter than any star before blinking out of existence.

The clone scrambled to a corner, curling into a ball, rocking herself and weeping. Alien concern filled Madeline, that voice not leaving anything in its wake except the need for warmth, contact, comfort. She went to the sobbing clone, wrapped a blanket around her, led her back to the couch. The girl clung to her, desperate, hyper-ventilating.

"He's coming," whimpered Melissa, burying her face in Madeline's lap, shaking uncontrollably.

"His name, his name. He's coming, he's coming, and I heard his name. *I heard his name...*"