

Mission VIII: Despair



METROID
SAMUS FOR SALE

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Mission VIII: Despair

Samus lay on the ground on her side, thighs splayed, arms limp. She was panting, bruised, eyes-half closed and sightless. The hoses left her clean, inside and out, and they retreated again and left her cold and shivering and fighting to lose consciousness.

Shivering, she brought her arms over her belly, holding herself. Her legs tucked in closer, her hips and the flesh around them throbbing and making her whimper every time she moved. Still, she moved, bringing her legs up. She closed her eyes, bowed her head, whimpering and not caring who heard her.

How many times had she tried to escape?

Eighteen.

How many times had they sent someone to hunt her down?

Eighteen.

How many times had she been caught and fucked and forced to crawl home?

Eighteen.

She couldn't do it anymore.

Sobbing uncontrollably, Samus Aran gave up.



Dhaan was pleased.

Appointments with Some Ass the Feral Terran were running more than two hundred thousand standard galactic credits per visitor per hour. A private hunt could cost a single person more than a million credits, and her suitors paid it gladly.

There was no single whore who brought in more credits than Samus Aran, a discreet but reliable clientele regularly coming to test themselves against the Hunter and besting her time and again, claiming her as their prize.

Lately, however, there had been some complaints.

There was a hunt scheduled, but the parties that came in to ride her Feral Terran where complaining that the fire in her heart was out, and that could be a problem.



They brought her food and she didn't eat.

They left the door open and she didn't try to run.

Aliens came to fuck her and she let them pass her around, fucking her into the ground, fucking her until she lost all sense of the world, and she didn't fight them.

They beat her and she cried and shook and begged, doing what they wanted her to and no more.

What was the point?

What was the point in anything?

There was no way out.

This was her life.



Dhaan could sense the despair leaking out of the Hunter, her mind and spirit beaten and broken like her flesh so often was. With the depression that had settled in to her bones, she would waste away to nothing.

There were ways to scare her straight, Dhaan knew, ways to convince her to keep pretending to fight even if she had accepted the truth of her new life. The trick lay in doing it before she had given up completely.



Some of the sebaceans that worked for the delvian came into her room. She thought they were going to fuck her, too, but they did not. They picked her up off the floor, fixed her hair the way she liked it, even slipped a pair of panties up her long legs and up around her hips.

She stared at them; she could not remember the last time she had worn clothing.

A collar was fitted around her throat. When they pulled at the leash she followed, hands at her sides, letting herself be guided wherever it was they were taking her. She kept her head bowed, not looking at any of the other slaves - *slaves just like her* - remembering that she had once thought to free everyone here.

What a fool she had been.

She was brought to a table in the backrooms and given a chair to sit on. Her leash was tied to the table, woven to a hook that seemed to there just for that purpose. Food was brought to her but she did not eat it.

Instead, she sat, listless and waiting for the next horrible thing to happen.



Dhaan stared at what was left of Samus Aran.

It seemed foolish to think of this remnant as the Hunter - the woman sitting at the table's shoulders were slumped, her head bowed, her hands at her sides. She looked crumpled somehow, so much less fierce than she had been; nothing more than a tamed animal.

And while that was a fine thing to have done in private, it was going to impact her bottomline. Between her guests and the creatures that came to hunt her, Samus Aran being less than she was would be worth so much less.

Dhaan had no intention of letting Samus fade into nothing, or, at least, did not want others to have the impression that she had faded into nothing.

Sighing, she walked towards the table.



"Hello, Samus," Dhaan said.

The other woman flinched at the name but did not respond, did not even look up. Dhaan reached across the table, touching Samus' cheek, pulling her lip down so that her mouth opened. Picking up a piece of food, she shoved it in Samus' mouth.

"Chew. There you go. Good girl."

She repeated this act, feeding the former Hunter until most of the plate was empty.

"Would you like some water?"

A slight nod. Dhaan picked up a glass, brought it to Samus' lips, let her drink a little before setting it back down on the table. Samus kept her head bowed, her eyes lowered.

"You're still resisting," she said, and took some satisfaction when Samus shook. She reached over the table and let her hand brush Samus' cheek, fixing her fingers in the slave's hair before wrenching her off her chair and to the ground, forcing the Hunter to her knees. Samus' arms quivered, muscles straining with the urge to fight back, but she didn't.

Samus Aran, once the most dangerous bounty hunter to ever live, lay waiting for whatever abuse came next, but-

-and this was the important part, the part that Dhaan had been looking for-

-her arms still shook with fury, with anger, with the instinctive need to fight back. Dhaan could use that, twist it into a tool that would destroy the Hunter and leave the whore.

"You're resisting the role we've set for you," Dhaan said, forcing Samus to look at her.

"Dangerous whore or inevitable prey, you are an investment, Samus Aran. I have a lot of limp fuck puppets on their way out. If you'd like to join them I can do that to you."

Samus mumbled something.

"What was that?"

"what do you want from me?" quailed Samus, pathetic.

"I want you to fuck the people that come to your room until they can't stand," Dhaan said. "I want you to act like fierce prey, fighting not to be caught by people that are paying to hunt you, people that the old you would have ruined. I want you to make me money."

Samus began to cry.

"You may not believe this, but you have it easy," Dhaan said, letting Samus go. "You have a private room. We look in on you, but you are by appointment only. Maybe we've been too kind. Maybe we've spoiled you. Maybe you need to see what it's like when you go from being Some Ass the Feral Terran to just another whore."



Samus didn't resist when they led her closer to the edge of the brothel, close to the places where she could almost see the rest of Syzleflair IV. *The lanes*, she had heard them called.

They led her to a small circular platform and disconnected the leash and collar. The platform raised up slightly and small crystals at the rim and under the circle lit up. Samus was lifted into the air by her injections, a small display allowing her to be moved and positioned as anyone might like. The sebaceans made certain that it was worked and then left her there, floating.

Aliens walked by, hundreds of them. They were allowed to touch her as they wanted and there was nothing she could do to stop them. Dozens did exactly that, groping her breasts, forcing her mouth open and pinching her tongue, shoving appendages into her ass or cunt. They felt her, molested her, slapped her, spanked her, pinched and tickled her, used her body and moved on, abandoning her.

When one of them thought she was too dirty - either from previous use, or because someone had ejaculated on her - an alien could pay a small fee to watch her cleaned out. Tendril hoses would descend from above her and pulled her open, shoving themselves into her and cleaning her inside and out. Many aliens came to watch her get clean, each of them getting a small certificate announcing that she was clean and disease free, and available to fuck for a small fee.

And then it would start all over again.

Every world gave Zeurha space.

He towered over the other lives in every place he found himself, staring down at their puny heads. Their soft bodies broke and bled under his claws, and those few that could stand against his people's savagery were burned by his people's breath. He was tall and broad even for a member of the sheyang species, would have been a tribal leader back in the primitive days of his people's freedom.

Now, he was the first among slaves, given command of a ship and other slaves and told to pirate and plunder for his owner. He did so with skill and care, avoiding the attention of those like the zebesians or their Hunter, giving himself enough of a name to be profitable without gaining notoriety.

Slave Captain Zeurha.

It was enough for him.

He had given his crew leave to indulge themselves while their ship resupplied, leaving a small security force on deck and then making his way to the brothels. As a slave, he found it satisfying to dominate other slaves, to use them the ways no one would dare use him.

Knowing that his owner would prefer him to spend as little as possible, Zeuhra rarely ventured inside such places, relying on the cheaper whores to be found outside.

One caught his eye – a golden-haired terran, tall and muscular for her species and sex underneath all the spunk and grime. Two kalish were masturbating in front of her, but he waved them off, paid her cleaning fee. Her eyes met him as the hoses went inside her, cleaning her from the inside, and he smiled as she started to tremble, as panic entered her gaze. She glanced between his legs, whimpering at the sight of him.

The machine chimed, declaring her clean.

He paid the rest of the fee and stepped onto the platform.



Samus was certain that the sheyang would kill her.

It was ten feet tall and had to be four hundred pounds of muscle and fury, and the hunk of meat hanging between its legs looked like it could have been its own creature. To her horror, it got bigger as the sheyang became aroused, he pushing himself into her, the machine helping to spread her open.

She couldn't see.

Couldn't think.

All she feel was a terrible *filling* had penetrated her, was sinking *deeper* into her.

Spittle shot out her mouth, spilled down her chin. She felt like she was cracking, felt her bones creak, her flesh stretch. She was crying but she didn't know when that had started, her jaw open, her eyes sightless. If she could have seen herself she would have seen her pupils dilated, but she saw nothing, felt nothing aside from sheyang cock spreading open

her cervix, distending her belly, settling in.

“aaaa”

It was all she could do to mumble, a low whine, her tongue dancing, straining as if it could free itself from the ripping agony that threatened to tear her apart.

And then he began to fuck her.

It felt like she was being ripped apart. It felt like it should kill her and she wanted to die, kept hoping that the next thrust would at least shatter her consciousness, but the machine kept her awake so that the sheyang could enjoy her most fully.

He had the machine spin her around slowly, moving her legs out of the way, had the machine hold her steady as he ripped into her once, twice, four times, ten times, endlessly. She strained, wanting to get away, but she was held, slowly spinning, slowly fucked into a senseless screamless stasis.

She didn't know how long the sheyang did this to her. The creature was warm to the touch and it felt like she was burning from the inside out, nerve endings she didn't know she had pleading for mercy that would not come.

And when he came his burning seed filled her, spilled steaming out of her. He pulled out and she felt herself gaping open, his cum a torrent that spilled down her legs, her belly. He left her spinning, left his cum dripping out of and off of her, admired his work.

“You were decent,” he rumbled, dipping talons into his mess, brushing burning designs on her cheek. “I'll be back for you.”



He came back.

It never got better for her.

“You are the perfect cocksleeve,” he told her, dripping his cum into her eyes. “Maybe I should buy and keep you.”

He thought her pathetic whimpers were funny.

I'll do anything, Samus thought, to get back to where I was before.



A standard galactic week went by.

Dhaan had Samus brought back in to the same table where they had last met. The Hunter's legs trembled when she saw the table, saw her, but she let the sebacean lead her, bind her, sit her down.

“Hello, Samus,” Dhaan said, pushing a plate of sliced fruit towards the Hunter. “Oh, that's right - the cleaning hoses also feed the whores below, don't they? Some sort of semi-rotted slurry. Would you like to try eating something solid?”

Samus nodded, waiting for permission. She reached out with trembling fingers, took a piece of melon, held it in her hand, brought it to her lips.

Dhaan snatched it away.

Samus looked like she might cry.

“Solid food, good food, is for whores that can earn,” Dhaan said, doing her best to sound bored. “Can you do that for me, Samus? Can you be the Feral Terran, interesting prey to be hunted by interested parties?”

She nodded, looking fierce – she would do anything, Dhaan thought, to avoid being sent back to the lanes.

“Good girl,” Dhaan said, standing. “Enjoy your treat.”

And, after telling the sebaceans to take Samus back to her room once she was done eating, she went back to her office to tell the tarkata that the hunt was on.

See You Next Mission.