

Mission X: Pride



METROID
SAMUS FOR SALE

STORY BY HUNTEROPERA
ART BY KATSIKA



Samus For Sale Mission X: Pride

When Samus Aran came to Syzleflair IV I hid as best I could.

<Why had I been in hiding?>

It'd been years <months> since the last time I'd seen her, when she'd dismantled everything I'd built, thrown the only two people that ever loved me <one did, one did not> into prisons far, far away from the prison I'd ended up in <the home she'd shared with me>. If she thought of me at all, she probably thought I was dead <she helped me discover my birthday>. I hoped she did. I'd learned my lesson. I wanted nothing to do with her <help>.

And so I cowered in the dark and watched on vidscreens as she trotted around my asteroid like she owned it <why am I cowering?>. I doubted anyone knew it was her. Even now, her true identity was a carefully guarded secret known only to the highest echelons of the Galactic Federation. Even those that hated her kept her secret, knowing that her privacy was the only thing keeping her from being the Hunter every waking moment.

I could have revealed it. I could have told everyone in my asteroid who she was, put out a bounty, drawn attention to myself. I knew what would happen the moment I did: the Hunter would come for me and everyone on Syzleflair IV would die. The galaxy would learn I was still alive and Samus would never stop coming for me, not after what I'd done to her, not after she realized what I was to her <help me>.

She made purchases at marketplaces I owned, talked to dozens of species and bought things from aliens that paid me taxes. She walked past security forces I employed, and if things were bright and dirty at once she took no heed of it – my asteroid was far out on the galactic rim, far from

everyone and everything that mattered.

Like I said, I'd learned my lesson.

<where did all this come from?>



And now my sister was conscious and broken and mine.

I could have let her die but why would I do that? I wanted her to suffer as I had suffered, I wanted her to understand what it was like to have nothing, to be property, to be poked and prodded without any regard for her personhood.

And I had won.

I had won.

<Did I win?>

<What did I win?>



Before, in the bottleship, a rogue faction of human scientists had grown me from recovered bits of Mother Brain and from stolen bits of Samus Aran.

They'd been breeding metroids to use as bio-weapons but they could not control them. They knew Mother Brain had been able to and, according to Chozo records and Samus Aran's reports, the Chozo had created Mother Brain specifically to control widescale animal and plant life through psionic manipulation. Mother Brain was based on previously existing Chozo technology, but was more advanced, more sentient.

Mother Brain had been granted a soul, albeit an artificial one.

What the Chozo had never understood was that Mother Brain was without sanity.

Not insane, I could see that. Experience it. Sanity is a series of shared delusions based on shared limitations when dealing with the sheer breadth of everything that is and everything that is not. The Chozo's psychic science allowed them to see the shape of that truth and they shied away from it, preferring sanity's comforts. The mawkin were driven insane by the knowledge, maybe, but No. No. Focus.

Mother Brain was without sanity. Her psychic existence pushed her beyond the borders of shared limitations towards something beyond. Without sanity. She had grown out of control. I could follow her thought patterns, the ways she thought, though I did not think them myself. For Mother Brain, all reality was virtual – a series of systems to be organized and controlled. She had believed that the Space Pirates had the best chance of exerting that control on a galactic level.

And they took all that psychic potential and perspective and shoved it into a cloned human body, traumatized by the lack of childhood, and abused her, abused me. Poke and prodded and treated

like property.

What did they, with all their sanity, think was going to happen?

<my sister understood eventually and that was why>



Samus Aran. The Hunter.

<my sister she adopted me she understood>

She stands perfectly straight, wrists bound together behind her back. Her head is bowed. I could have her here naked if I wanted and she knows it, she knows it, I know she knows it and she knows that I know she knows it. This is so much better. This is so much worse.

I had her cleaned before she was brought to me. Cleaned thoroughly, inside and out, pleasure forced on her without the solace of release. She was dried, teased. Her hair was done just the way she liked it while she was impaled on a vibrator; the soft hum making her moan and weep. She wanted to cum. She wasn't allowed.

Samus Aran understood the price of disobedience.

When she was told to stand she did. She let my people dress her. Little bits of gold to frame her breasts, resting on her lower belly. I can see the corners of her hips, her soft breathing. Rags taken from her old zero suit have been repurposed into better show her off, to entice the eye and draw attention to her helplessness.

She is brought to me.

We are standing in what was her gunship and is now my private office. She's too far gone too far lost far too broken to take control of anything, and so they gunship knows me as her. Her home is mine, just another violation tacked onto the dozens, the hundreds, I've forced her to live through.

She's taller than me, stronger than me, but she cannot meet my eyes. I run my fingers over her lips, across her face, circle her ear and smile.

Where is your strength, Hunter?

Where is the will that cannot be broken?

I can smell her arousal.

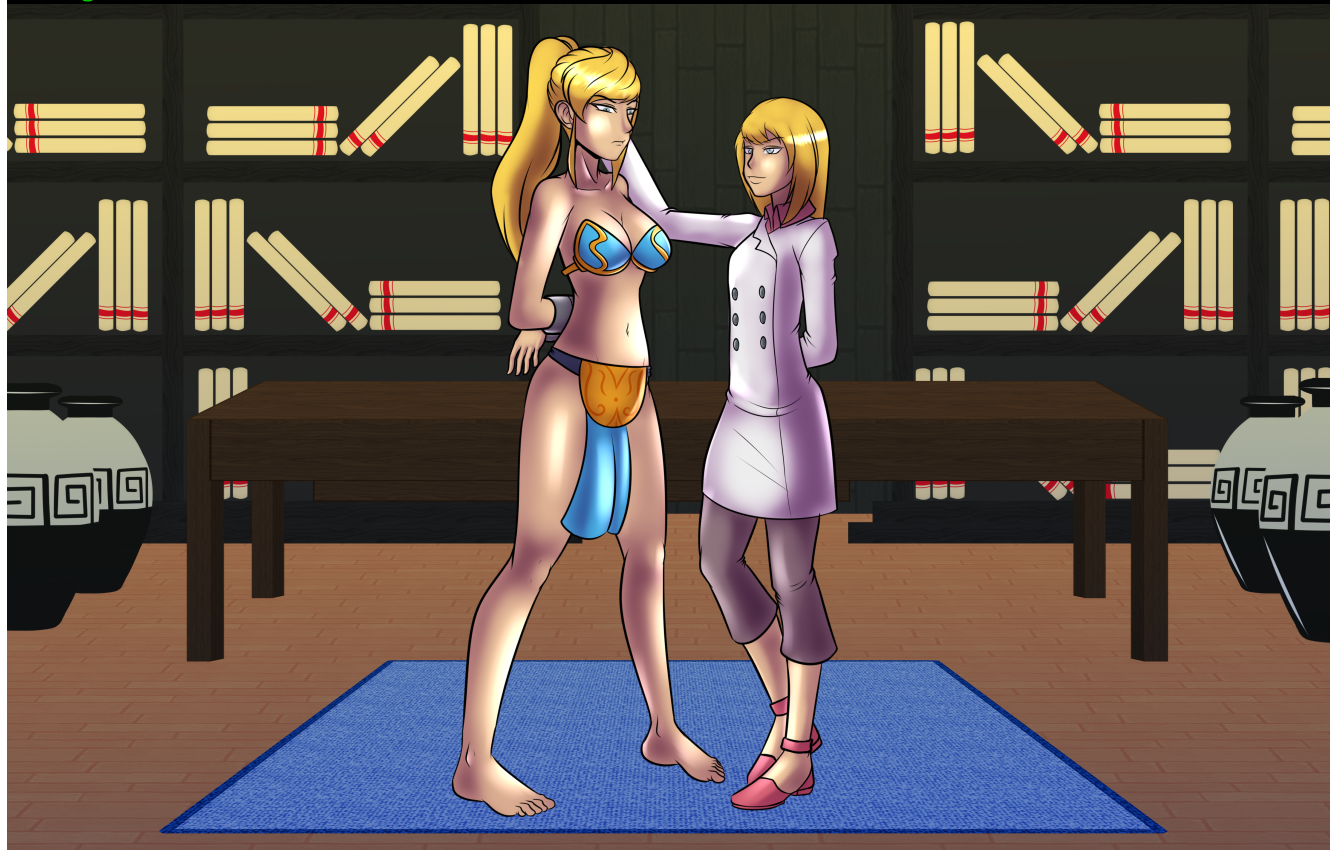
Her mind was open, empty. She did not know long she had been captive. She barely remembered a time when she wasn't mine. She whimpered as I projected who she had been before she had been mine, showing her how she had been stripped, abused, fucked, sold, how her every escape had been planned and allowed, how her every supposed freedom had brought her here.

My hand on her face, I let her feel it – the thrust of every alien that had fucked her, the pawing at her body, her helplessness, her wanton lust. I did not let her cum, pulling her back screaming every time from the edge, letting her experience a year of bondage and whoring in the span of seconds, minutes. I watched her will break, her sense of self shatter.

And then I did it again.

And again.

And again.



I walked around her, a finger trailing the line of the scant skirt. Her belly was tight, her breathing shallow and ragged, her cheeks flushed. She'd been crying but she was still standing straight, still kept her shaking legs apart. I demanded this of her and she obeyed.

"Hey, sis." She flinched when I spoke, her eyes still not meeting mine as my hand wandered upwards, slipping under the cup holding her left breast, my fingers pinching her, twisting, causing her to gasp and moan and do nothing to defend herself. "It's been awhile. Awhile. I know you've had a rough time of things for a while, but I'm in a position to help you help yourself. Are you listening?"

She nodded.

I continued to play with her tit. I knew exactly how we liked to have it played with and I did that, massaging it, watching her lips part, her eyes moisten, her cheeks turn red.

"Now, I know you've been earning your keep in a brothel – *the whole feral terran thing* – and you can keep doing that if you want to. A sex toy for anyone with the money to pay for whatever hole they want to fuck. Or – *and this is the position where I help you help yourself* – you can be my personal plaything. I've been thinking about going out a little more and I'd like someone to keep me warm when I rest, and who better than you? I mean, if you want to. *You want to.*"

She nodded, eyes closing.

"I need you to say it, sis."

She simpered. Her knees buckled and she fell kneeling and moaned. Her eyes opened, still not meeting mine.

I could feel how much it cost her to say the next words out of her mouth.

"I... please let me be your personal plaything," whimpered Samus, her voice rough and quivering.

"If that is what you want," I said, bending over her, lips almost touching. "I am delighted to have you."

Samus did not resist when I pressed my lips against her, when my hand tightened possessively around her throat.

She didn't think to defend herself.

Her only thoughts were a mingling of heat and gratitude.

SEE YOU NEXT MISSION...