



Samus For Sale Mission XII: Amuse

Laceous slithered into Dhaan's establishment and gave a number, paid a fee.

A handful of others were there, people Laceous recognized, other wealthy powers from around the galaxy. Members of the Ferengi Alliance, of the Batarian Hegemony, of the Hynerian nobility, of the Hutt Syndicates, of the dominant Nietzschean Prides, of the Vol Protectorate, a rare member of the RporRian banking interests, even a single representative of the doomed Psychlo peoples. They all looked at one another but kept their space, kept silent as they followed the sebacious through the clubs and into the lower levels, down into the dark and deep spaces, down far into the dark of Sylzeclair IV.

Doors hissed open, admitting them all into a small descending circular chamber. Comfortable carpeting along the floor, a sensual sensation as his underscales moved across it. He hissed, tasting lust and terror on the air, and he felt himself harden. He had paid for his place, a large nest down near the bottom, right by the stage.

As they settled all of them were met by their favored slaves: asari, terran, twi'lek, orion, kalush, and other species were all represented, bringing favored treats and drinks, pressing themselves against their betters, using their bodies to bring pleasure. He pulled his pet closer, holding her, his talons tracing bloody lines along her skin. She winced, softly crying, leaning into him as he hurt her, kissing him as he caused her pain.

Other whispered cries joined hers from all around him.

He was not the only person here who enjoyed the suffering of others.

They all ate. They all drank. The lights began to dim and they all fell quiet, all could taste it.

Something special was about to begin.



A slim terran woman with golden hair ascended the stage. She looked like the whore, Some Ass the Feral Terran, but was less tall, less muscled – a sibling, perhaps, or clutch-mate. Dressed in an off-white coat, she faced the crowd, walking in a circle, and it was clear to every watcher that she could see them all despite the dark.

“Friends,” she said, the word a mockery. She carried no means of projecting her voice, but everyone heard her, felt her in their marrow, in their souls. It was impossible not to, that single word oppressive, pressing down, holding everyone in place. “You will know who I am.”

And they did, all of them.

It was like a veil had been ripped from their minds, a psychic screen that had kept them from recognizing her. There were low moans in the crowd. Widening eyes and quickened breath. Teeth that chattered and cold sweats. How could anyone there not have known her? How could any of them have forgotten? They all, all of them, lived and died at my sufferance.

Sylzeclair IV and every mind on it was mine to mold, shape, define.

In that moment all of them knew it and they were terrified.

So I let them all of them know who and what I was – Mother Brain reborn in a Terran body, the cloned human body of Samus Aran, the living mind and soul that had led the Space Pirates and nearly destroyed the Galactic Federation, the mind that had nearly conquered the whole galaxy all on my own, still alive, still dominant.

“You all know what I let you know, when I let you know it,” I said. Whimpered responses. Vacated bowels and bladders. The slaves did what they could to clean the messes.

Samus Aran was lowered from the ceiling, her wrists bound together above her head by a flickering pink-purple light, a manifestation of my power. Her legs dangled free, thighs pressed together. She glistened, sweating, her arms and shoulders aching, her eyes closed as she was left exposed. I looked up at my sister, my pet, my property with naked lust and let them all feel it, my want of her echoing the want they all felt.

And then I showed them the truth of who she was.

Chaos.

Glorious chaos as they all realized who it was they had been fucking, hunting, abusing, tormenting. Screams and panic as she looked down on them, naked and helpless, exposed and humiliated. Still they feared her. I let a highlight reel of her memories play out in their minds, worlds destroyed, civilizations conquered, the destruction of phazon, the extinction of the Space Pirates.

I wanted them to know exactly who she was.

I wanted them to know exactly who she had been.

She was lowered down and their mingled lust overcame their fear. This was the Hunter and they knew it now, but Samus Aran was a captive. She was helpless, bound, and all of them had fucked

her, raped her, hunted her, beaten her. There was a swell of pride that moved around the room, everyone present feeling as if they had been a part of breaking the greatest Hunter the galaxy would ever know. And they, all of them, were part of a secret that no one else would ever know as her name faded from memory and into legend: everyone here had helped destroy the mind and spirit of the meat hanging in front of all of them.

They wanted her.

They wanted to take her again.

They were all about to in a way that would bind all of them to me.



Green fields encircled the audience, keeping them secret, keeping them safe.

As Samus descended I called up a small metal tube from below the stage. From out of it emerged a boyon shaped to resemble a terran phallus, large and erect. Samus, her head bowed, looked down on it and gave a long, slow, moan.

The boyon was locked in place.

The audience was locked in place.

Samus Aran was locked in place.

I pulled memories from Samus and melded them with my own, little glimpses and flashes of the first time she had fought Mother Brain on Zebes. How helpless my previous incarnation had felt, locked in place as Samus evaded her defenses, moving around and hammering a ceaseless stream of missiles that had destroyed me. I let our audience feel Samus' sense of triumph at the impossibility of her victory.

"I was locked in place, you cunt," I hissed. "Locked in place. Let's see how you like it."

The whip was physical, a slim cord and a handle I'd kept in my pocket. I lashed out and the cord wrapped around her body, punishing her. She whimpered, shook, kicked. I felt her helplessness. I let our audience feel her helplessness mingled with my satisfaction. We all felt it together, her pain and my pleasure in inflicting pain on her, throaty sighs filling the darkness around us.

"Whenever you make any sound at all, you'll lower an inch," I told Samus, walking closer to her, touching her ankle and looking up into her eyes. "If you can knock the whip from my hand, I'll let you go."

She stared at me, breathing hard, but she nodded.

Her toes could barely touched the dildo.

My whip could find her anywhere.

I let her kick. I let her curse and shake and swing. She could make mistakes, she had time. I moved around her, lashing out with the whip, letting it curl around her calves, her thighs, her hips as she whimpered and tried to muffle her screams, as her agonized whimpers and pleading breath begged me to stop this, to halt this, to keep this from happening.

"What, is it hard to win when you can't move?" I taunted her, lashing out across her midriff, her ass, her breasts, her shoulders. The boyon was brushing her lower lips now, my will forcing her legs apart, leaving her helpless, vulnerable, exposed. "Is it hard, Samus?"

I lashed out again, the whip curling along her back, striking her breast. She bit her lip, tried not to cry, but that was a sound and she was lowered, the sopping hole between her legs dribbling all over the eager waiting boyon.

She looked at me, dignity dribbling down her face.

She whimpered. That was a sound. Dark chuckles met her plea, mine and everyone else's.



She sank one inch down onto the boyon, wincing at the invasion. She cried, shuddered, the audience moving around us in a slow circle. I reached into the minds of our audience, felt their lust, their need and want. The boyon caught their will and thrust for them, changing shape to match the cocks or scissored clit of all those present, one thrust after another, quick and hammering.

Every single person felt every thrust into Samus' soft oily folds, feeling the glory of penetrating her, rocking her, causing her to quake and quiver as she was fucked and lowered, lowered, trapped on the god that ruled her. And our audience thrilled further, I letting them direct where the whip should go next, between her breasts, across her nipples, along her ass, down into her belly to leave her breathless.

We all punished her together.

We all felt her pain and took pleasure in it.



The first audience member came quickly. We all felt it ripple through our collective consciousness, holding that pleasure. In that moment they all understood that they would feel each orgasm, one for every member of the audience.

Samus Aran came in spite of herself. We all felt her reluctance, her shame at knowing that she was cumming from being raped and whipped. We heard her howl, saw her shake and tremble, and we all felt her pleasure, her thrill.

We have all seen you fuck, I thought at her, and every member of the audience echoed the sentiment. We felt the Hunter take that in, Samus Aran knowing that no one would ever take her seriously again – how could anyone, when they had seen her cum from being tortured before so many people?

That didn't stop her from cumming again, and again, and again.

She whimpered. She cried. She screamed. She creamed. She shook and kicked and trembled and quivered. She felt shame, horror, embarrassment, pleasure. Through the pain of my whip she sought the pleasure between her legs, choosing to cum before all of us.

You're choosing to cum, we all thought at her, and she cried and nodded even as her cheeks flushed and her hips rocked through another humiliating orgasm.

We have all seen you fuck.



The chosen slaves caught every drop of ejaculate from the audience in their mouths.

One by one, they came up and I stepped aside, letting them spit the cum of three dozen species onto the exhausted but still twitching body. I forced her to understand what was happening to her and she wept, softly wept, no heart left in her, all the fight gone, her soul extinguished. She felt the pleasure we all got from her suffering, the lust, the want. She felt the cum on her skin, the thin red lines that decorated her naked flesh. She hung, limp and pathetic, thoroughly impaled.

Every audience member had cum at least twice, their seed covering her. I let go of her legs and they went limp, dangling uselessly.

We all felt her.

We all laughed at her thorough defilement.

I let her go and she fell fully on the boyon phallus, too broken to do more than hang limply as she was utterly impaled and held in place, her hands hanging limply at her sides, her legs straight but unable to support her weight. Slow sobs left her throat, all that power useless in the face of what had been done to her.

"Remember this," I told her, lifting her chin with the whip.

Her eyes were open but sightless, her lips parted but dry. She was broken, hollowed out, nothing more than beaten meat. I put the image I had of her right then down deep into her mind where she would never forget it, where she would dream about it, where it would come to define her.

This is all she was.

This is all she would ever be.



I would not let them remember the details.

They would remember some of the show, but they would not remember my identity, or my sister's. I would keep us both safe. They would remember the show and how much they loved it. As they shuffled out they shared nervous glances with one another, knowing grins, all of them walking funny.

Too much pleasure can feel like pain and leave damage, but none of that was my problem.



And now it was just the two of us.

She dangled, toes pointed, trying to give herself some relief. Her calves and thighs had been beaten and all her strength was gone. She was whimpering again.

"Trying to escape?" I asked her. "Escape?"

"hhhhhurts," she mumbled. I lifted her up and she screamed, bowed her head and cried.

"Better?" I asked. She nodded. "What are you?"

"...this..." she managed, and I saw in her mind the image I had put there – the Hunter, thoroughly and completely fucked, savagely dominated, whipped, a whore that came from being raped and tortured.

"Good girl," I said, pulling her off the boyon, letting her collapse on the floor. I felt my lips curl into a smile, the taste of sex and suffering playing along my teeth, my tongue. "Good girl."

Dhaan was in a corner, sitting on the floor, looking stricken. Part of me wondered why my friend looked that way, but, flush with victory, I ignored it. I pointed at my sister.

"Clean that up and bring her home," I said, and left.