

What a close call that was.

The huntress tried to catch her breath as she scanned the immediate area around the ship.

Coast was clear.

She sighed.

Nothing but a bunch of opportunistic, petty bandits... They were probably first timers too; these parts weren't exactly out of reach of the Federation. Or even the labs now that they were growing in influence. But she had to admit she was somewhat impressed! They managed to resist for a while and some even boarded the ship... Just to find out how poorly prepared they were to deal with a bounty hunter of such prestige as Samus Aran and thankfully they didn't leave much of a mess.

Samus glanced back at the floating pieces of scrap that were once a bandit ship before checking on her own ship's status. She looked at the monitors and absorbed as much information as she could.

Damages were minimal, nothing that the automated repair systems couldn't take care of. That was a relief, however the energy and defense systems were under a bit of strain which meant she'd have to make a quick stop, let the repair system do its thing and then go on her merry way. It was a matter of waiting and the ship would be in enough condition to fight at least 50 skirmishes with any other bandit ship and still do a couple of laps around the galaxy.

Then she remembered... Her "delivery".

The bounty hunter quickly stood up and left the cock pit.

When those bandits invaded the ship, they went straight to the pit and straight to Samus, there's no way they even knew she was carrying something valuable, not that it what she was carrying was valuable in any way, at least to her it wasn't, or that was what she told herself.

The metallic steps she gave produced a light echo as she quickly walked down the passages, Miss Aran still donned her famous suit of armor. As soon as the ship warned her of an attack she quickly stopped "working" on her "delivery" and got into the suit. She made quick work of those bandits that way but the fact some petty space hoodlums managed to cause any sort of damage on her ship hurt her ego just a slight bit. Maybe she was getting rusty.

As those slightly negative thoughts made the rounds on her head, she finally reached the cargo and saw it. The advance mechanical container with the valuables inside of it. The box still did its job of "treating" the goods within.

Samus relaxed when she saw the bound feet of the rebellious little courier she was hired to track down and detain, his laugh still echoed in the cargo section of the ship. The bounty hunter had been completely desensitized by the Courier's maddening howling, she had spent so many hours hearing it at this point that she had grown accustomed to it, in fact... She found it quite comforting, just how the average human would find the purring of a cat comforting.

She stood there and stared. She stared at those trapped peds, hopelessly trying to pull away from the automated brushes. The brushes buzzed as they softly moved up and down his soles, burying

each tooth into the soft skin of the “VIP”, she scrubbed his skin relentlessly and with no sign of stopping.

It was sort of entrancing, almost therapeutic from the huntress but the show had to stop, she had to check if the ‘goods’ were still intact.

She pondered about actually stopping the machine for a moment... The manual that was given to her by her employers said that the machine should not be opened under most circumstances and that every need the person inside of it needed would be taken care of by the machine itself, including the necessity of feeding the subject within it and it should remain closed and active, unless it was absolutely necessary to open it, for example in the need of some sort of evacuation or a life and death situation.

However... Samus deduced this could count as a necessary opening, as the ship had just been attacked and since the Labs’ contractors who installed the machine made it so it would run with the ship’s power... Samus needed to make sure that the machine was in proper working condition, getting the necessary amount of energy and that it was accommodating its guest well, otherwise the goods could be damaged. She figured everything would be okay as long as she made notice of it in the log, who knows, maybe the Labs won’t find this particular maintenance check that worthy of notice...

She leaned down and with a couple of button presses she the machine stop dead in its tracks, it was no longer moving those long brushes and instead moved them back into their compartments, the bonds holding the passenger in place also deactivated and released the bubbly toes, and finally the lights emanating from the machine began to slowly turn off. The passenger still laughed but his cries became quieter by the second, it wasn’t long until the machine was completely deactivated and the once laughing courier was doing nothing more than breathing heavily.

Now it was one of those rare times where Samus felt uncomfortable inside of her very own spaceship. She had grown so accustomed to the roaring laughter that not hearing it made the place fill empty, and soon enough the laughter completely died down, leaving both of them in a silence that was only subtly broken but the sounds of the ship doing self-maintenance.

Out of morbid curiosity and with the subconscious wish of wanting to hear the laughter again... Samus walked up to the machined, stretched her metallic finger and poked at the exposed bare soles of his passenger, digging into his soft skin and scratching it ever so slightly. In response, the passenger violently kicked his feet around while giggling like a maniac, it seemed the constant tickling had made him a bit sensitive and the huntress couldn’t blame him.

Without hesitation, Samus finally decided to open up the box. She pushed a small bottom from the box’s base which divided the machine in two. It was rather unceremonious, it simply opened up. Samus was expecting something fancier, like a voice screaming “Warning, do not open the apparatus” or a self-destruction sequence, she was really used to the latter in particular, but no, instead the machine just opened up, revealing the aforementioned VIP... The beloved courier that worked for the influential Lane Labs Inc.... A pale, twenty something year old looking guy, with messy brown hair, wearing loose blue denim pants, a yellow and brown striped long-sleeved shirt and a green coat with a hood. He was drooling from his mouth, panting heavily with his tongue

out like a thirsty animal, eyes up but not looking at anything, he laid there as his entire body twitched in a seemingly random manner. Nothing short of pathetic in Samus' eyes.

She had only seen him once before this, the time she captured him in the red planet while he was trying to incite a revolution of sorts, while he seemed to have his way with words he wasn't that much of a fighter as it took only a hard hit in the head to knock him out cold and take him back to the Gunship, leaving behind those who had followed his call on their own and to their own punishments. Samus didn't have much time to look at him with detail but now that she could see him, she couldn't help but chuckle. This was the guy the Labs were so concerned about?

To their credit, he looked... Passable, and she didn't know exactly what his job entailed other than delivering packages and messages but... Maybe she could know more once the job was done. But for now, he was hers and she needed to take care of the machine that was holding him just a few minutes ago.

Out of necessity, morbidity or curiosity she poked at his soles once more but this time the passenger kicked violently, not at her but at the air, he did his best to get away from Samus' touch all while he giggled maniacally, he made no vocalizations, he just laughed.

This sparked something within the huntress, she didn't know what it was but... It appealed to something inside of her.

Shortly after that, she easily carried his passenger and made him lay on a blue rest cushion nearby, carefully placing him down as he continued to giggle softly. Then she put her attention back to the machine, she meddled with the main internal panel, and selected the auto-maintenance option.

The machine beeped and shook a bit before displaying the following message in the panel:

"Energy levels adequate. Automatic reparation and maintenance activated. Estimated time for check up and repairs: 2 hours"

Just in a couple of hours everything would be in top notch condition to continue their journey... But in the meantime, what could Samus do?

Well, she could exercise, maybe check alternative and safer roads she could take to make the journey faster or look around for any planets or systems nearby...

But then, she looked back at her passenger...

Slowly, she got close to him, eyeing him... His entire presentation was interesting. He was sitting there, looking up but at the same time looking at nothing, his gaze was almost devoid of life or even soul. He sat there slightly hunched forward, big smile still in his face, he occasionally giggled and twitched or jumped in place but that was about it. The huntress wondered if this was some sort of bad side effect from the machine but... This was probably what the machine was supposed to do and what Samus helped doing, to leave the victim inside of it completely unable to fight, to consume the soul of its victim in torturous repletion using the body's faulty but natural reflexes. In other words, tickle torturing the victims until they snapped and couldn't fight anymore.

She stepped closer, eyes never looking away from that... Admittedly cute drooling face. Even as she got close, the courier paid no attention to Samus, he just stared upwards and into nothingness until...

BAM

Samus punched the courier in his face, not at full force, but with enough strength to take him to the ground, she did it out of morbid curiosity, to see how the drooling courier would react.

The fall caused the courier to slam his head against the ground. He remained immobile for a second, giving Samus slight doubt whether punching the goods was a good idea but her doubt quickly disappeared as the reaction that she was anticipating appeared, but it wasn't what she was expecting. Instead of expressing pain, or any kind of negative reaction at all, the courier kept on giggling, drooling, staring at nothing, all hunched up on the floor as if nothing had happened. If anything, he looked happier, probably happy to receive something other than tickling from his captor.

He was completely and utterly broken.

That somewhat disturbed Miss Aran. If this was the intention of the machine... What other sorts of fucked up shit did the Labs fabricate? She decided not to disturb herself by imagining it. She stared at the barefoot boy... she decided to try something out. With a cold, uncaring voice she said one simple word, which was loud enough for him to hear and for it to echo through the cargo section.

“Stand”

It took him a moment, but the boy did as commanded. Slowly but surely, he put his hands firmly on the ground and used them to get up. He was now on his two bare feet. It seemed he wasn't completely broken... And still had enough of a mind left to follow commands, that's probably the true intent of the machine, leave the victims submissive and with no will to fight, or this particular person had grown used to this sort of stuff... Being broken down and follow order which... According to the reports and the supposed repeated rebellious offenses committed by the courier that was most likely the case.

Samus stared down at the tops of the boy's bare feet, even the tops were cute. But as she observed them... something began to creep into her mind, based on all the information she had just learned.

Suddenly the thoughts of what was going on in the Labs, how they treated their people, it all started to form an idea inside of her, these sorts of methods were perfect for the high people of the Labs to have someone service them or to 'play' with someone with their heart's content. Then she thought about herself... She saved the thoughts of working for the Labs and instead focused on her actual self. She had never been pampered, her feet had never been tickled nor licked or anything of the sort... At least not by a human and with an actual intent, she had occasionally been tickled by a creature but that was mostly incidental and it ended with the creature's brains splattered on the floor and walls, or with the baby Metroids receiving a scolding.

That morbid curiosity she had since the beginning began to grow even more.

...What did it felt like to be serviced in such way? What did it felt like to be tickled?

A faint blush appeared on her face when she saw the exact means she needed to experience all of that.

She stood there for a couple of seconds, looking down on the boy. Her towering figure making a complete wimp out of the drooling boy, who kept staring at nothing.

With a smile, she gave the boy another command as she sat down where the courier had been just a few moments ago before the physical abuse.

“On your knees, now”

He did as commanded, giggling all the way.

That odd sensation she had felt spark a few moments ago... She now knew what it was. Sadism. Long, repressed sadism that was eager to be vented out. And that it was.

In a bit of a clumsy hurry, Samus took off the metallic shoes of her armor. With a couple presses of buttons and a pull the metallic shoes came right off, falling to the ground and producing a small echo.

Soon enough, both her feet were exposed. Milky size 8 feet in stirrups, ever so slightly sweaty due to the previous quarrel with the bandits, her nails were painted a light sky blue... She was not one to take that much care into such trivial things as her feet but flying around in space from planet to planet and sometimes galaxy to galaxy took a little time, little extra time in her hands she used to pamper herself a little. Her favorites were black, dark red, all shades of blue and white, she liked to circle through the colors often.

Samus lifted her legs in the air, curling her bubbly toes in the cool air of the ship, she gave a relaxed sigh as she wiggled her toes freely, it always felt great to get rid of those metallic shoes. She slowly scrunched her soles as she admired her pedicure. She wouldn't like to admit it but she had good looking feet. That's something she'd never say before taking the job to capture the courier and falling entranced with his own feet.

Speaking of which...

The bounty hunter turned to him, her smug glare being slightly blocked by her iconic helmet's visor as she crossed her legs, resting her left foot on top of her right leg. Her warm foot touching the cold armor caused her to shiver a little but it was nothing she couldn't get used to. With a wide smile she finally gave the courier his next command.

“Kiss it”

The passenger giggled as he leaned in towards the foot, he seemed to immediately know what Samus was referring to when she said 'it', the Labs had trained him well.

He leaned in, almost burying his face in Samus' sole. His breath caused the huntress to curl her toes once more. He puckered his lips and gave the sole a big kiss, burying his lips in her soft skin as he softly breath in there oddly sterilized aroma with an ever so slightly hint of sweat. The kiss lasted long, it was obvious the courier was placing a lot of love into it, Samus smiled at both the

sensation and the scene, it was something cute to see and experience. But soon enough... He was done. With an audible 'muac' he separated his lips from the lovely sole which scrunched once again as if giving him a sign of approval.

The courier went back to his precious state, looking at nowhere and giggling.

In a moment of euphoria, Samus grabbed him by the hair and pushed his face into his sole, lightly slapping her foot against it. The courier kept smiling and looking aloof as he rubbed his face against the soft sole, with the blonde tapping her toes slightly against his cheek he could feel every little wrinkle that popped out of her sole, it was just so silky and soft.

Wasn't long before Samus spoke again.

"Never told you to stop... Keep kissing or else I'll put you back in the machine"

It was an obvious lie and the boy would have obeyed her even without the threat but Samus said it anyways, it added more flavor to the whole thing.

Immediately, the courier began to kiss all over the sole, even the stirrup itself. He left behind small drops of saliva as a sign of love as he kissed all over the sole indiscriminately and in no particular order, he just kissed the sole all over as he took in her delicious aroma along with the incredible softness of her skin, it was a large, high arched sole that could easily have been used as a pillow in the right circumstance, it was that soft.

Samus did her best to hold in her giggles as she was serviced, she playfully and subconsciously splayed her toes at the courier, giving him a bit more of sole space to kiss, she occasionally tapped his face with her toes as if they were giving kisses in exchange, her face slowly grew hotter but she kept her firm position. Eventually letting go of his hair and letting him operate on his own. He kept it up wonderfully, kissing every single inch of soft sole he could see, even kissing below the toes and the toes themselves, they each wiggled in his lips, a nice exchange of softness. The huntress also slowly moved her sole up and down, as if caressing the boy's face.

Both were really enjoying each other. The boy moaned and giggled softly as he services the tall, blonde woman as she laid back and enjoyed the show, adoring the sensation of his soft lips on her sole, loving that sweet sensation of suction and tenderness.

She wouldn't admit her true feelings but had enough ego to spare and said a bit of what she was actually thinking

"This foot stuff is way nicer than it looks"

As her passenger little by little buried his face on her sole, taking in her lovely aroma, texture and flavor in... Samus thought about escaping with the boy, running away to a far galaxy, do bounty hunts somewhere far away and after being done return to the Gunship and be pampered by her very own little footslut. Lay down and rest while she massaged and kissed her soles, sit down and count her earnings as he lapped at her toes like a dog or... Lay with him on her chamber and lick his feet while he did the same. It sounded like a nice way to live.

But then she remembered her contract, the people that hired her, the delivery she had to do. They already had this torture machine in her ship, it'd be easy to send more bounty hunters and mercs

to hunt the Gunship down and capture them... Samus couldn't imagine herself being stuck into one of those boxes herself...

In a train of thoughts lacking in consideration she decided that she'd take an offer to the Labs, maybe, her services or money in exchange of the courier's presence. Maybe she could make this little fantasy of hers a partial or even full reality.

But for now, she had two hours to make it a reality, and she'd make good use of that time.