

The Metroid Wife

On a remote, yet peaceful planet, the metallic base stood out like a sore thumb amongst the foliage. The thick outer walls adorned with the Galactic Federation insignia was supposed to dissuade any attacks from both creatures and criminals alike. Despite the base's impressive security measures, it was only home to two people. One of which was currently making her way towards the entrance with her arms tightly wrapped around a duffle bag.

Jenna fit the part of a scientist with the white lab coat around her shoulders and the pair of glasses balanced on her nose. Her outfit partially obscured the scrawny form she had developed from long nights at the office with little activity and the bare minimum of nutrition supplements to keep her going. The dark circles beneath her eyes contrasted against her pale skin and her head of frayed, brown hair. While she would have preferred to continue her work in spite of her degrading condition, a direct order from her superior had sent her home on an extended vacation.

Adjusting the strap on her bag as she entered the door, the tension on Jenna's mind was relieved once she saw her wife. Hearing the whoosh of the door being closed, Hannah swiveled around to show off the apron adorning her chubby form. In direct contrast to her partner, the larger woman exemplified a burst of energy as she charged towards her. Jenna couldn't even get out a simple hello before being embraced by her wife's pair of soft, brown colored arms.

"Thank you for the warm welcome as always, Hannah," Jenna remarked, the words doing enough to get her wife to back off slightly.

"I've been saving that one for a while," Hannah replied, pushing back her curly, black hair to leave a kiss on Jenna's cheek. "It's been weeks since I've seen you without having to stare

into a screen.” Releasing her beloved from her arms, she sauntered back into the kitchen to resume stirring her pot. “I hope you’re hungry. I’ve made a big meal for your return.”

Jenna let out a chuckle. “You know I don’t eat that much,” she said as she made her way to her home office.

“That’s okay,” Hannah called back. “We can always save it for leftovers. Makes sure I can spend less time cooking and more time doing ‘other’ activities I’m sure we’d prefer to do in-person.”

The comment made Jenna stumble a bit. A red flush across her face brought some much needed color, but at the same time made her question what she was about to do. Peeking into her bag again to ensure her supplies was in hand, she told herself that she would just need to work on her special project just a bit longer. Once she had proven her hypothesis, she promised herself that she would spend the rest of her time off with her loving wife.

Stepping into her office, Jenna let her computer whirl to life while she opened up her bag. Aside from various lab equipment and a smart device filled with her notes, there was a special container that had been “borrowed” from the research facility. She knew that what she had done had been against protocol. However, she couldn’t help herself in the presence of such an exquisite sample.

Making sure that she could still hear Hannah hard at work in the kitchen, Jenna pulled out a long, metallic tube. Through its see-through surface could be seen a bubbly, green liquid dotted with red particles. What she was holding onto was a genuine Metroid extraction sample that had been kindly provided by Samus, the legendary bounty hunter. For weeks, she and the rest of her team had been studying the sample in the hopes of better understanding the creatures that

terrorized the galaxy. Knowing how close she was to a breakthrough, she was sure just a few more hours of study within her home would be enough to produce a discovery capable of making up for her protocol violation.

Jenna's pondering about how she would start the experiments the following morning was halted by a sharp pain in her finger. Pulling her hand away from the tube, she took note of the small drop of blood on her skin. Turning back to the container, she spotted some of the liquid seeping out from a jagged opening in its side. Seeing the sharp acrylic that had caused the injury, she wondered if it had been broken during her welcome home hug.

The scientist's mind raced to think of what to do. Securing the sample within another container, she started to make her way to the bathroom to clean up her mess before Hannah could notice. She only managed to get a few feet before a sudden dizziness took over her body. Unable to keep herself standing, she fell against one of the walls and knocked her glasses off her face. Her blurred vision managed to witness her spectacles landing near the tainted capsule before her eyes disappeared within her body.

Lacking sight, Jenna had to rely on the vibrations cascading through her form to figure out what was going on. Touch became near impossible as her arms began to sink into her torso. With each inch of her limbs taken away, more of her mass made its way towards her chest. The last things her fingers were able to feel were her breast merging together into a single lump before migrating upwards towards her face.

Jenna staggered in place as her legs went through the same process of retracting into her torso. Feeling her knees dissolve to add further bulk to her upper body, her thoughts turned to running out of the office while she could still move. In her attempt to deal with her shrinking

stature, she tried to shuffle her way over to the door to get Hannah. Unfortunately, her feet left a parting gift as they sent her tumbling to the floor before becoming part of her torso like the rest of her limbs.

Stuck on the ground and still stricken with tremors, the scientist tried to steady her mind in order to think of a solution. Without even fingers or toes to wriggle around, it was only logical she would try to call out for help. However, she was robbed of even screaming as her mouth joined the rest of her limbs in being molded to better match whatever form was being forced upon her.

Deprived of most of her senses, Jenna rolled back and forth on the floor trying to find something to stabilize her panicked state. When she managed to run into a wall, she managed to hear a squishing noise that emanated from her cranium. The sound seemed oddly familiar to her as something she had run into multiple times in her studies. Worryingly, it was typically while she had been in the lab's dissection area.

A sliver of relief was provided to Jenna as she began to gain a blurry sense of vision. Her eyesight wasn't perfect; illustrated with the green sheen that tinted her view of the office. Any disappointment she could summon was pushed aside as her new sight was expanded to look through the entire room in all direction at once. Trying to make sense of how she was able to achieve such a feat, she was left further stunned by the sight of her wife running into the office.

"Jenna," Hannah cried out, looking above Jenna with the assumption that she was still at her desk. "I heard a crash. Are you-WHAT THE HELL?!"

The wide-eyed stare on Hannahs' face made Jenna assume that she had been found. She wanted to cry out for help. Or at the very least tell her that the thing she was staring at was her wife. As if her body was listening intently to her thoughts, it cruelly gave her what she asked for.

From Jenna's underbody, a set of fangs emerged from her body. The sharp teeth clicked as they were given experimental flexes. The maw allowed her to release a breath, but little else. Any attempts for her to speak just came out as a chattering mess of her teeth wriggling against each other.

"H-hold it right there," Hannah said, grabbing a microscope as a makeshift weapon as she stared down the orbs floating inside of Jenna's see through cranium. "I... I don't want to hurt you."

The way Hannah's body shivered revealed that the bluff was the only real defense she had. With a flex of her mandibles, Jenna managed to push herself upright. The intention was to merely shuffle her way towards her wife to comfort her. She didn't expect that her body would leave her floating in mid-air.

Jenna's flight pattern was far from steady, but the relief of being mobile again was enough to get her through the first, awkward motions. Floating over her torn, discolored lab coat, her first instinct was to fly towards Hannah. She stopped as she noticed the way her wife's foot started to back away. Awkwardly readjusting her position, the scientist instead made her way over to her desk for an alternative form of communication.

Landing near her computer, Jenna's attempt to reach her keyboard was paused as she noticed her computer screen. Though it was still hard to make out what her reflection was, months spent researching the creatures had burned it into her memory. Everything, from her

bulbous, green dome to the red veins connecting the orbs in her see-through cranium matched the monsters that had been the main focus of her research. Clicking her maw together once more, she confirmed that the Metroid staring back at her was in fact herself.

The screech that left Jenna's mouth ended up freaking out Hannah more than herself. Reminded why she was on her desk in the first place; she got to work maneuvering her teeth on the keyboard. After a few, deliberate clacks against the buttons, she managed to at least convey to her wife that she meant no harm. Slowly making her way through her typing, she kept tabs on Hannah's slow approach. Just as she managed to finish up her writing, her wife hazarded to lean in close to ask.

"Jenna... is that really you?" Hannah asked, gently placing her palm on the creature's head.

"Krrk krrk," was all Jenna could reply with.

Things in the household had taken a strange turn ever since Jenna's return. What was supposed to be a prolonged vacation filled with relaxation and overdue intimacy had turned into a living nightmare. Upon discovering her wife's condition, Hannah had insisted on getting in contact with the Federation in order to find a cure. That was until the scientist was able to type out an explanation that the discovery of her theft would lead her to be fired at best and turned into an experiment at worst. Out of options, the couple were stuck with having to deal with their strange form of living for the time being.

Within the confines of her office, Jenna tried to keep up a semblance of her usual workflow. She could no longer wear her favorite lab coat, but she was still determined to make use of her mind to figure out a solution to her problem. Unfortunately, everything from recording her notes to even picking up test tubes had been turned into an arduous task all thanks to her lack of proper hands. Still, she persisted with the fear of what would happen, not only to herself, but to her wife if she didn't find some way to regain her normal body.

Slowly clacking her mandibles against the keyboard, Jenna couldn't stop herself from looking at her own reflection. Even after a week of being turned into a Metroid, she still found it unbelievable that it was all real. When waking up from her sleep, seeing her own image was usually enough to get her to let out a shrill cry that reminded her of her lack of speech. Similarly unsettling growls coming from inside her form let her know that she still needed to take care of her monstrous form's basic needs.

Jenna tried to resist these urges at first. It was the very same instinct that had caused Metroids to be so feared. However, even her work obsessed mind was starting to waiver as she felt the hunger inside of her. Normally, these creatures would receive their sustenance by seeking out other life forms to drain energy from. Rather than scour the local area for wildlife and risk being discovered, she had managed to quickly come up with a solution. All she needed was the support of her still doting wife.

"Skereeeek krak!" Jenna managed to screech out. She wasn't sure if what she was saying actually made sense in the theoretical language of Metroids. However, it did succeed in being a good call for Hannah to come to the office with her arms burdened with a heavy battery.

“I was wondering when you would call me in,” Hannah said; a smile on her face as she looked upon her partner. Heaving the battery onto the desk, she wrapped cords around it as a type of meal prep. “I must say, your head is looking extra shiny today.”

“Krrrk,” Jenna mumbled out, having distinct memory of her wife taking careful care of her monstrous form via bathing and other maintenance. “Ekkk kra.”

“Right, I remember the process,” Hannah said, not understanding a single word but guessing the meaning behind the screeches. “You may be the actual scientist, but I can follow directions well enough. How else do you think I made all of your favorite meals?”

True to her word, it didn’t take very long for Hannah to get the unique meal ready to go. Opening up her maw, Jenna accepted the pair of wires and sucked them up like pieces of pasta. With the chords properly in place, she was able to start drinking up the energy from the battery. The electricity did the job of taking care of the power her body needed to properly function. The one trade off was that her meals usually had the feeling as if she was consuming nothing more than water and tasteless rations.

As she sucked on her lackluster meal, Jenna could stop her vision from focusing on her wife. Before she had transformed, she was well aware of how warm and comforting her plush form could feel. She longed to wrap her fingers around her wife’s once more, but it wasn’t just the lack of hands that was stopping her. It was a fear of what would happen should she lose control.

Deep inside, the scientist could feel her instincts trying to push her to do something awful for the sake of achieving a more satisfactory meal. Even now, she couldn’t stop herself from looking towards her wife’s plump, inviting form and making drool seep out of her mouth. Letting

out a creaking sigh from her maw, she tried to remind herself that she needed to keep herself away from Hannah unless necessary for the sake of her safety.

Jenna's attempt to hide her inhibitions behind internally reciting the next steps of her experiments was interrupted by the flow of energy stopping. Try as she might to pull out more energy, nothing would come from her straw-like wires. Realizing that she had drained the battery and was still hungry, the small grunt she let out sounded just enough like a whimper to get her point across.

"Sorry, I must have forgotten to recharge that one," Hannah commented, giving the Metroid a light pat on the head. "No worries. I have a backup in the living room ready to go. Let me get this swapped out and we can get right back to your feeding time."

Hannah's rush to satisfy Jenna's hunger had the adverse effect of not realizing she had forgotten a crucial step. As the doting wife pulled away the battery, she took with it the beachball-sized Metroid still firmly clutched around the wires. Moving too fast to notice, Hannah ended up sending her partner careening towards her body. The end result was the two of them toppling over one another as the battery clattered to the ground.

Shaken by the sudden fall, Jenna's first instinct was to see if her wife was alright. While Hannah appeared to be unharmed, it was hard to ignore the position they were in. She was currently sprawled out on her back on the ground; unharmed but firmly pinned down. Jenna currently had her mandibles nestled right up against her partner's tit, with the very tips of her mandibles surrounding the tender area.

The flesh lurking beneath Jenna's maw was enough to cause a jerk reaction. Pushing through the fabric, she clamped onto the nipple and began to suck. The rush she felt with each

repetition sent a shiver of pleasure through her. It was a strange mix of experiencing a delicious meal while simultaneously getting herself lost in lustful euphoria. Lost in this state of feeding off of her partner, she was only brought back to reality once she heard a small gasp from Hannah.

“Krrkkk raakk,” Jenna screeched out in a panic, immediately releasing Hannah from her grasp and floating back off to her desk.

“I-it’s okay,” Hannah said as she picked herself up off the ground. Noticing the marks on her exposed breast at the same time as her wife, she was quick to cover it up with the rest of her shirt. “You... didn’t know what you were doing. I’m fine, I promise. Give me a moment to get changed and I’ll get that next battery for you.”

Seeing Hannah rush off, Jenna let out another clacking sigh. Returning to her desk, she tried to recenter her efforts on the task at hand. However, her thoughts were impeded by giving herself an internal scolding for giving in to her urges. More determined than ever to find a cure now, she began to type up her thoughts on the keyboard for fear of the next time she would lose control in front of the one person who cared about her monstrous form.

Things had gotten awkward in the house thanks to the feeding session gone wrong the previous week. While Jenna still required assistance from her wife to accomplish certain tasks, she tried to keep as much distance between them as possible. Her thoughts about the moment of weakness that had overtaken her rational mind was still as fresh as ever in her memories. Even if it meant slowing down her progress in creating a cure, she wasn’t about to risk seriously injuring Hannah again.

From within her den, Jenna tried her best to keep mandibles steady as she prepared her next test run. Very slowly, she carried the test tube between her teeth over to the device on her shelf. Even with the time she had spent in this body, she still found it difficult to perform more dexterous tasks without the aid of physical hands. Not helping matters were the shudders that went through her form as her insides craved for her next meal.

Having to fight both gravity and her own appetite, Jenna faced the inevitable result of the tube slipping out of her grasp. The sound of the glass shattering against the ground was accompanied by a shrill screech from her own teeth. Watching the fluid seep into the floor, she was reminded that she was running low on her supplies thanks to these constant spills. Even worse, these mistakes necessitated a much larger risk as they required someone with actual fingers to take care of.

“Don’t worry, I’m here,” Hannah spoke up as she entered the room with cleaning supplies in hand. As she moved towards the spill, she paused for a moment to allow Jenna to fly to a corner of the room. “Yes, I understand the procedure,” she added, donning gloves as she got to work. “You’ve made more than enough messes the last few days to give me plenty of practice.”

Getting on her knees, Hannah made quick work of safely disposing of the spill. Any impressive remarks that Jenna could have theoretically expressed instead had to be relegated to the back of her thoughts. Whether conscious or not, she found her attention based on each jiggle of flesh that came from her wife’s cleaning duty. Left to stare at the inviting, chubby form, she couldn’t stop droplets of saliva from leaking from her maw as her mind wandered towards where she could sink her teeth in.

Loudly clacking her mandibles together, Jenna tried to remind herself that she had to keep herself in-check. She couldn't even bear the idea of hurting her wife again. Stuck in an endless battle against her logical thoughts and bestial urges, her senses seemed to dull. In this state of introspection, she didn't realize where Hannah was until they were standing mere inches from one another.

"Kreee kraaaw!" Jenna screeched, attempting to fly away, only to have her path blocked by Hannah's arm.

"You haven't been eating properly, have you?" Hannah asked, making the Metroid bounce in place. "Even if you're not human anymore, you still have a habit of forgetting to eat when I'm not around. It makes you clumsy with your tools. Keep this up and you'll likely pass out at your desk again."

Jenna clicked her mandibles together, hoping her show of surrender would be enough to get Hannah to retreat to a safe distance. Though there was movement from her wife, it wasn't to get towards the exit. Instead, Jenna found herself in awe as she was left staring at her wife's completely exposed torso.

"Come on now," Hannah insisted as she held up her tits. "Eat up."

"Raaaak kreeeeee!" Jenna clicked out, hoping to talk some sense into her wife.

"You're not going to make progress on your research without proper nutrition," she insisted as she took another step forward. "Please, eat from me. It's the only way to get you back on track. I can take it, trust me."

A whimpering click left Jenna's maws; a last ditch effort to push back her urges and dissuade her wife from senselessly sacrificing herself. The sound did make Hannah pause for a moment and chew on her lips. Though this was brought about by a moment of introspection, the black-haired woman didn't retreat. All she did was take a deep breath and stare straight towards the bulbous creature as she spoke.

"What if I told you that... I liked it," Hannah admitted to a bewildered Metroid. "I... enjoyed your little feeding session. Whatever pain you caused paled in comparison to the pleasure it brought." Pushing her breasts together, she made another stomp forward to present her needy nipples to the creature's maw. "Please. I think... we both need this."

The wild look in Hannah's eyes revealed the truth behind her words. The woman that Jenna had known showed hints of her wilder nature before during intimate moments, but she never thought it would go this far. Watching the way her wife's own body trembled with anticipation slowly ate away at the Metroid's resistances. Just as she was about to hit her breaking point, she decided that the only way to stop any serious harm to her wife was to go forward on her own terms.

Slowly floating over to the right breast, Jenna gently clamped onto the teat. Following her instincts, she began to take long drags of energy from her wife. The hisses she heard from Hannah's lips slowed her for a moment. The slight moan of pleasure that followed told her that there was a dire need from both of their bodies to press onward.

Sucking a little stronger filled the Metroid with the sustenance she sought. In turn, Hannah returned the renewed vigor with a cry of euphoria leaving her lips. Continuing to drink up the delicious energy within, Jenna began to take on some of the same eagerness. The feeding

brought not only nutrients, but a sense of freedom as she gave attention to the urges that she had been suppressing since the day she transformed.

As the Metroid shifted to the other breast, her partner tightly clutched her squishy cranium. With her suckling wife within her grasp, Hannah slowly lowered the two of them to the floor. Laying down on her back, the human was able to sprawl out on the floor to let her body shake from the strange ecstasy. Perched atop the bosom, Jenna was able to see the look of pure ecstasy that was left behind on her wife's face as she took her final sips.

Feeling overstuffed by the feeding session, Jenna unclamped herself and pulled herself back up. Wobbling as she flew under the weight of her excess energy, she hovered close to Hannah. Before she could check on her wife's vitals, she was caught off guard as her cranium's membrane was gifted a warm kiss.

"Good girl," Hannah said, rubbing at her feeding partner and making the Metroid release a sound akin to a purr.

Late in the evening, Jenna found herself once more engrossed in her research. In the wake of her giving more into her new instincts, her body had allowed her a better chance to focus on her work. Her movements had steadied and no longer fearing her own appetite let her freely go about her research with minimum accidents or spills. While this did accelerate her progress towards finding a way to return to her old self, there was something else that had taken her attention.

No longer under the pressure that at any moment she would mercilessly attack her wife, the scientist had let her interest wander towards an odd phenomenon taking on her body. There had been various recorded cases of Metroid's changing to better suit their environment. It seemed like every time a new Space Pirate facility was discovered, there was another form of the creatures to deal with. That was what made the small growth that had started to appear along Jenna's cranium pique her interest.

If the Metroid focused on these new parts of herself, she could sometimes make them twitch. Though they were still small, she could feel them grow each time she had a chance to feast. The little additions were enough to make her forget about the fear she once held about hurting her beloved. Especially after Hannah had shared with her a special collection of stories and images she had perused while the scientist was away.

A familiar emptiness inside of Jenna made her turn her attention away from the screen of notes she had typed up with her mandibles. In addition to gradually increasing her size with each passing day, her feeding sessions had increased how often she needed to eat. As she started to float over to the bell placed on her desk, she was stopped by the sound of footsteps coming towards her. Mere seconds later, Hannah poked her head into the office with a knowing smile.

"Feeding time already?" the loving wife correctly guessed. "Well, I have your meal for you. But you'll have to come into the kitchen for it. I think you've spent a little too much time in here for today."

Watching Hannah stroll down the hallway once more, Jenna let out a clacking noise in anticipation. Using her teeth to save her work, she floated her way through the door and down the hallway. During that time, her gelatinous cranium was overflowed by the variety of ideas that

her wife had shared with her. As fantastical as the suggestions were, they were successful in showing the Metroid that her wife was more than willing to play her new role in their relationship.

Jenna let out a clicking screech as she spotted Hannah spread out on the floor. Thanks to the removal of a bundled up apron nearby, the luscious woman had been left completely nude. Though Jenna lacked any facial features, a simple bob of her body and clicking of her teeth made her reaction well known. Lifting up her head, Hannah showed her own eagerness through a wide smile and a gesture of her fingers.

“Come on now,” Hannah said as the Metroid flew in close. “I’m sure you’ve worked up quite the appetite. Don’t be afraid to dig in.”

Two weeks of indulging in similar meals had given Jenna supreme control over her movements as she came in. Latching onto one of Hannah’s breasts, she wasted little time starting to suck. Her tight grip was given motivation through the series of light gasps she heard from her partner. As the first moan made her body shiver, her next few suckles became motivated by her own, growing adoration for the strangely intimate acts.

Leaving behind marks around the tit, Jenna shuffled over to the other breast. Just like before, she took slow, deliberate sucks to both savor the meal and keep her wife safe. While Hannah had expressed a desire to go all out with these feeding sessions, the scientist had still managed to be the voice of reason. That still didn’t provide a way to do these sessions without leaving behind noticeable marks on wherever she latched onto.

Lifting up from Hannah’s chest, the Metroid slowly maneuvered her way past the shuddering belly to reach her prize. Slipping in-between the thighs, Jenna’s mouth pressed

against the wetness that came from her wife's growing arousal. Carefully letting her maw latch onto the womanhood, her first suck was nearly enough to make her wife climax then and there.

Before, Jenna would have been terrified of even the idea of feeding on such a tender area. However, the surplus of nutrients she got from the area mixed with the continued cries of euphoria to make her enjoy each suck. Even after Hannah's body convulsed from her inevitable climax, the Metroid continued to let her hunger run wild as she sucked up each, and every drop. For a moment, she forgot that she was once human. All there was lingering in her mind was a bestial instinct to take just a few more sips from her special prey.

Once Jenna had drank her fill, the Metroid side of her mind subsided enough to let her regain a sense of clarity. Picking herself up off of Hannah's groin with droplets of saliva and other liquids dripping from her maw, she started to slowly float over to her wife's face to check in on her. Her path was slowed as her vision focused on where she had formerly left her marks. Though she could still see teeth impressions around the nipples, they had faded away to almost nothing. It was only now that the scientist thought to ask herself about what had happened to the countless other marks she had seen on her wife's body the previous day.

Carefully landing on Hannah's stomach, Jenna attempted to reach out with her teeth to examine the discolored skin. To her surprise, the growths along her head took on the task as they weakly extended outwards. As the flaps of her flesh gently rubbed down the still sensitive flesh, she got a clearer idea of what they were.

"Well now," Hannah commented, sitting herself up to gently rub her palm on the Metroid's head. "I guess you've learned a new trick," she added, getting a series of excited clicks

in response. For the first time, the two of them got to share a moment of exhilaration for one of the scientist's discoveries.

Two months into Jenna's vacation had completely changed the way her home looked. The office space where she used to spend the majority of her time was a complete wreck thanks to numerous experiments, a lack of attention, and a few too many spur of the moment feeding sessions. A week ago, the once well-stocked home lab had run out of most supplies due to accidents or overuse. In the past, this kind of situation would have left the scientist in a fugue state as she frantically tried to continue her research with whatever she could cobble together. However, Jenna the Metroid had no such problem. She had other things to keep her mind busy.

Floating past the entrance to the dimly lit office, the creature only paid it a passing glance. The once unwieldy wobble that accompanied her flight pattern was now replaced with a smooth glide. Despite her head having grown to the size of a medicine ball, she was able to perfectly control her trajectory as she moved around her home. This became especially important when she finally gained control of the latest gifts her new form had provided her.

Hanging off of the sides of Jenna's green cranium were numerous, bulbous green tentacles. She had purposefully set her hovering height to leave the tips of these tendrils just a few inches above the ground as she moved. The gathering of these new appendages partially obscured the teeth around her maw that always glistened with drool. Aside from using her tentacles to help around the home, she had mostly used them during her frequent sessions with her wife.

Floating over into the kitchen, Jenna found Hannah in the usual spot. It had been a while since the woman had bothered to put on any clothing around the house. After all, she took pride in the various marks along her flesh that lingered after the Metroid sampled her flavor. The spots along her body varied in size and shape, but they all bore the same, astounding ability.

Floating up to have Hannah's arms wrap around her entire body, Jenna got a close up look of a mark on her chubby belly. Right in front of her, she got to witness the red blemish already healing up at a rapid pace. This increased ability to heal mixed with the Metroid's grown tendrils had promised interesting things to the couple should the research ever be shared with the Federation. However, that wasn't their main priority at the moment.

"Krrrrr clkkkkkk?" Jenna asked with a tap of her drooling mandibles.

"Go ahead," Hannah replied, pushing the creature closer to her. "I have plenty of energy to share. Eat your fill."

Attaching her maw to the fading mark, Jenna took a deep gulp of the bountiful energy lurking within. Once her sucking had brought about the expected moan from Hannah, she crawled her way further up her torso to access her breasts. At first, she gave individual attention to each teat. However, she soon showed off her increase in mass by biting down on both breasts at once. In addition to being gifted a delicious surplus of nutrients, the act made her partner tremble in absolute ecstasy.

"Come on, you know what I can take," Hannah said through haggard breaths. "Give me more. Don't hold back."

"Krrkrkr," Jenna replied, the sound being their sign to brace for her full hunger to take over.

Wrapping her tendrils around Hannah's body, the Metroid easily hoisted her into the air. Turning her over like a piece of prime meat, she finally sunk her teeth in once she had gotten a good glimpse at the human's backside. Just like before, each suck of energy came with an ecstatic moan that led to a constant drip from between Hannah's thighs. This leak was soon taken care of by simply turning the human over and letting her mouth suckle on the quivering womanhood.

It didn't take long for the pair to get into their usual flow. As Jenna used her maw to sample each part of her wife's body, her tentacles kept themselves busy. When they weren't keeping Hannah in specific positions, the tendrils gently caressed parts of her body in order to either ease any lingering soreness or soften it up for the next bite. Though the Metroid was arguably getting more out of these sessions, her pleased clicks heard between each suckle paled in comparison to the euphoria expressed through each of her wife's moans.

Towards the end of the feeding session, a sound from outside of the house made Jenna shudder. When the noise grew louder, she carefully placed Hannah down on chair and floated over to the front entrance. Peeking out from one of the windows, the spaceship she saw outside made her hope that she was having a nightmare. It only became worse once the orange plated vessel opened up to allow its solitary passenger to stomp out.

Clad in her familiar, red and orange varia suit, Samus used to fill the scientist with a sense of hope for the galaxy's safety. In her current state, all she could summon was dread about her blissful existence coming to an abrupt end. Seeing Hannah slouched in her chair, struggling to get up, her mind tried to push through her lingering urges in order to come up with a proper plan. Her monstrous form said that she should rush out there and make the bounty hunter her next meal. Her more scientific side tried to think of an escape route that would allow both her

and her beloved to get out of range of Samus's weapons. While she was struggling with this inner turmoil, she failed to come to a decision by the time the door opened.

Stepping into the kitchen, Samus took a look at the scene and immediately raised her arm cannon. Left stunned by her imminent demise, Jenna could only watch as the beam started to charge up for a single, decisive blow. Just as the gun was about to fire, Hannah clutched onto the Metroid and held out a hand.

"H-hold on, Ms. Aran," Hannah stuttered out. "This is my wife. The one I told you about in my message."

The comment made the bounty hunter lower her arm for a moment. Tilting her head, she made a gesture towards the horrifying creature in front of her.

"I know it's hard to believe," Hannah continued, using Jenna's tentacles to help stand up. "But it's the truth. Come with me to the office. As long as you're willing to wait on her slow typing skills, she should be able to explain in better detail than me."

"Kraaaa clrrrrrk?" Jenna asked.

"I called her," Hannah said as she nuzzled up to the Metroid's cranium. "We were running low on supplies and she was the first person I thought might be able to help." Looking over her shoulder, she gave the wary bounty hunter a reassuring smile. "Trust me. She'll understand."

As worried as Jenna was, the way her wife held on kept her moving forward. Helping Hannah down into her old chair, she floated over to her desk and turned on the computer.

Carefully typing her tendrils against the keyboard, she kept a wary gaze on Samus the entire time. Once she was finished, she backed away to allow the screen to be fully visible.

Stepping forward with her weapon at the ready, Samus carefully read through the multiple paragraphs of text. As she read, her demeanor became noticeably more relaxed. Looking away from the screen on occasions to glance at Hannah and Jenna, she eventually reached the end of the explanation. Standing back at her full height, she raised a hand towards her face. With a click of a button, she released her helmet to let her head of blonde hair be revealed.

“If even half of this is true, the Federation is going to be looking for you,” Samus said. “But before we talk about possible punishments for stealing their property,” she said as she placed her helmet on the desk. “Let me help you get this place cleaned up,” she said with a small grin.

“Thank you so much,” Hannah replied as she rushed over to the kitchen. “I’ll get you something to drink.”

“You’re very lucky,” Samus said to Jenna. “Most people in the galaxy would kill to have someone like that by their side.”

“Krrrk krrr,” Jenna replied, her feeling of anxiety drifting away as she started to help the bounty hunter with her task.