Recharging the Zero Suit

Zone quadrant-1810. Space station-Zeta Omega. Incoming ship: Hunter Gunship. Pilot: Samus Aran. Docking Permission: Granted. Welcome aboard.

 The orange spaceship flies into the opening doorway to the docking bay, within the center of the station. Several robotic droids secure the ship and attach a resupply line as an armored hunter exits the ship. Her suit is massive in torso and shoulder pads, but she taps on her chest causing the suit to phase back into its storage on the ship.

 The now skintight blue suit cups and follows every curve of the female bounty hunter’s form. Samus looks around for any organic life to communicate with. A small communication bot rolls up to her feet. She looks down as it pops up a holographic screen.

 The screen reads: *Welcome aboard the Zeta Omega Space Station. We are a mostly automated space station with a few residents on board to maintain service of the station and droids within. Are there anything you require that we are not already supplying?*

 “I need to recharge my suit here. May I speak to one of your personals?” Samus speaks. Her voice his female but deep. It’s not harsh but stern and blunt. Straight to the point. Really no reason for conversation with droids that have hundreds of tasks to perform after their interactions here.

 The screen displays a new set of words: *Milo is in the Mechanics shop. He may be able to assist you in ‘recharging’ your ‘suit’. I advise being cautious with Milo. He is a fickle boy. The others aboard tend to give him his space and doesn’t bother him much or converse with him. I will show you to the mechanic’s station.*

 The screen disappears and the bots turns around and speed towards the doorway. Samus follows as her heels clank against the metal paneling. She follows the bot down several corridors and to a steel door. The bot taps in the keypad to the side and the door slides open. It rushes off as Samus walks into the shop.

 Bits of wiring and metal litter the sides of the room as I large work bench sticks out from the far wall and a young-looking man works at the table.

 “Are you Milo? I was told you could help me with something?” Samus walks up to the bench as Milo lowers the tool in his hand and looks up. He instantly blushes and trains his head up towards Samus’s face.

 “You’re Sa—, er, Miss Aran?” He straightens up as it quite noticeable that he is shorter than her.

 “Samus is fine. Milo?” She leans over a bit, lessening the height between them only a little.

 “Yes?”

 “I need some help with refueling my Chozo suit here. Now normally I have a biotically female to help me with it…”

 “What do you need to refuel it?” Milo asks, his eyes darting back and forth as he seems to be thinking of all the wrong definitions of the words being used. “I have a variety of cables, um, or, any type of fuel that it requires?”

 “In a matter a speaking, yes.” Samus stands back up straight and takes a step forward. The heat coming off of her and her suit can be felt by Milo. His eyes rest at her breasts as he looks back up to her. “A certain bio-organic material is required every decade or so.”

 “By bio-organic do you mean gen-gen-genetic material?” Milo blushes harder, a tent pitching below his waist.

 “Sort of…” Samus leans in closer, her hands come up and cradle his face. He is rather cute, almost girly in the light. Like a tomboy, not respected by her peers but still skilled. “I usually have females help me to keep my hormones and assets in check.”

 “So, y-you’re worried a-about male seed—”

 “No, not seed,” Samus stops him. She has to clarify. “I need your whole body to become one with the suit… and with me.”

 “So, I would be you?” Milo is blunt but given the twitching in his pants shows Samus how little he’s refusing the idea.

 “Yes, you would become a woman, intertwined with my mind and body.” As Samus defines the act, she feels a rather nice surprise. “You want to be a girl? Specifically, to be me… I’ll take that as a yes.” She leans back a bit and reaches down to rub the bulge trying to free itself from his pants. “You wouldn’t have regrets with that?”

 “No. not really.” Milo looks down a bit ashamed that he can’t find a reason to say no to this. “no one here really talks to me. And I’ve seen more looks of hunger than of companionship from the others. The robots aren’t much for company either.”

 “Well then…” Samus pulls his shirt up over his head. “Let’s get started.” She leans in for a kiss. Her tongue invading his mouth and wrapping around his. She pushes in deep, swapping saliva with him as she pulls back. She drops to her knees to undo his pants, quickly dropping them down as his member pushes into the underside of her skin-like suited breasts. “You want need any of this after we’re done.” She completely disrobes him.

 Milo feels a little self-conscious as he is completely naked, and his partner is still completely covered. She sees his anxious gaze and crawl up onto the table. She spread her legs, giving him a view of her covered rear. She reaches down between her legs, rubbing her crotch as the scent of a woman’s arousal fills the room. The suit seems to get thinner and thinner as her genitals and anus start to appear through the suit, in fact, after a few moments her pussy and asshole are bare as can be but are just the same blue as her suit.

 Milo stares at her underside as she motions for him to come closer. She parts her folds. And lets him get a good look at her. Unknown to him her breasts on the table have become barer. Her nipples poking out and the small details of her chest not hindering her in the slightest through the suit.

 “Let’s have some fun before we come together,” she says as she teases her clit as Milo sees her folds getting moist from deep inside her. He leans in and even though he’s touching her suit, he swears it’s actually her skin. It’s soft and smooth and smells like human skin. His tongue darts out to lick at her folds, tasting her for the first and last time. Each lick elicits a louder moan from Samus.

 Milo straightens back up and nudges his cock at her pussy. He notices her asshole clench as he pushes in. He instinctively grabs onto her hips and thrust deep into her. Samus scoots back, letting her ass hang off the table as her body gets closer to his. She reaches back to grab his hands and pull them up to her breasts.

 As her hands match his, she traces them over her breasts, teasing at her nipples and giving a squeeze every few moments. She blushes and smiles.

 “These will be yours soon enough,” she teases and turns her head to lock lips again. “I can feel you building up. Go ahead… fill me.” Milo focuses and ramming her rear faster and faster. His moaning quickly turns to whimpering as Samus lowers herself down on her arms. She too is panting hard.

 Milo give a final thrust, lodging his member deep in her blue tinted folds as he cries out from his orgasm and Samus lets a cry of pleasure escape her lips. She can feel his cock throb within her, and the warmth of his seed in her belly. She knows the suit will keep her from getting any infection or aftermath of the act.

 “Whenever you’re ready you can start cleaning the mess you made… no rush,” Samus teases him, figuring afterglow of sex would feel better sharing her body. Milo slowly pulls out leaving a dripping stream of his spunk escaping Samus’s lower lips. He kneels and licks at his seed, up and into her pussy.

 A few moments pass of Samus being very sensitive down there, Milo giving all his attention to her pussy. She reaches back, pushing her ass onto the top of his head. She bumps his head further up at her asshole which is quite apparent under the blue skin suit.

 “My anus could use some attention Milo. Don’t be shy.” With her words, Milo moves up to her backdoor with her hand still on his head. He gets a few licks in before Samus pushes on the back of his head. Her cheeks part and her asshole stretches open accept the young man’s head into her rectum.

 Samus moans as she feels Milo tense up a bit. His hands pressing into her ass cheeks as her pucker slides down his neck. Her cheeks press against his shoulders as he starts to calm down and gropes at her cheeks. It seems the suit is lubing the inside of her ass, making the insertion of Milo all the easier.

 As more of him enters, the more Samus’s gut sags with the extra body in her. She moans out as she grinds back, causing her ass to suck in the boy. His shoulders pop in and surge up into her ass as his chest is consumed by those bubbly cheeks swiftly. She reaches down to tease her clit, hoping to get one more orgasm out as she absorbs and merges with her new refueling tank.

 Milo doesn’t seem to be in any distress as his member has regained its stamina and pokes back into Samus’s pussy as his stomach and hips lurch forward and are pulled deep within her. His cock can only tease her folds before his member is pulled in with the rest of him. Samus gut has taken on a sort of bloated figure as it looks as Samus has eaten a feast and a half. Her belly wobbles with the mass but it’s not from Milo struggling but from her clenching around him.

 Milo, on the other hand, doesn’t feel like he’s in her gut at all, actually the further he’s pulled in the more he feels like he’s kneeling across his table and feeling his lower self hanging off of it. As his thighs slide in, he nears his second orgasm, but he feels his hand lower down and teasing at his crotch, but his dick feels a lot smaller and he feels a need to be filled. That need is partly being filled by something deep in his ass.

 As his calves are pulled directly in, he cums along with Samus. They cum as one. Her pussy leaking her climax onto the table as the sagging gut full of young man gurgles and diminishes within the high-tech skin suit. But he feels complete and whole, with a beautiful pair of breasts and a big ass all encased in a hot blue skin suit.

 The mass that once was Milo adds to Samus’s breast and ass, pushing the suit out in those places as well as a bit more adds to her flanks. The suit takes over and hides her nipples and privates once again as the glowing pattern on her back flashes and surges bright and full.

 “Well, now that was quite a recharge. Too bad there aren’t many boys wanting to become a girl. Samus teases but Milo feels himself think and say those things as well. Blushing inside Samus, he knows this is a chance of a lifetime and he’s glad he accepted, well guess he is a she now.

 Samus dismounts off of the work bench and heads directly out the door. She is greeted by a droid and led back to her gunship. The ship is restocked and refueled. It is cleared for departure. She thanks the droids and to tell the rest of the crew that Milo was a big help. She boards her ship and blasts out of the space station.

 “Got a long time of drifting ‘til we get to Federation space, so…” Samus opens a compartment in her dash. Out falls several weirdly shaped looking toys. She grabs one and looks at her reflection in the glass cockpit. Her sultry smile reflects back to herself and Milo as she gropes her other hand on her larger breast. “How about I show you how much a woman can feel?”