

Slob Blob Samus

The Federation outpost was on high alert as alarms rang throughout the facility. All non-crisis personnel were rushing away from the lab to avoid falling victim to whatever disaster had occurred. Answering the call, Federation troopers rushed out to take control of the situation. Among the soldiers sprinting to rescue the scientists, there was an addition to their ranks that stood out like a sore thumb.

While the rest of the troopers were equipped with their standard issue armor, Samus Aran made her way towards the scene clad in only her zero suit. The bright blue fabric of the skintight garb seemed to be ill-suited for whatever danger lurked ahead. The only reason the bounty hunter was reduced to this was because she had handed her armor over to one of the scientists mere moments beforehand for research and repairs. The staff had begged her to let the troopers handle the situation, but she wasn't about to let innocent lives be lost under her watch.

Nimble running past the rest of the personnel, Samus set her eyes on getting to the center of the facility. With her boots clacking against the floor and her blonde ponytail flowing behind her, she made even the most grizzled veterans stop to stare. Managing to keep her focus on the task at hand, she barged into the innermost lab before anyone else could arrive.

"Is anyone here?" Samus called out, scanning the room for any sign of danger.

"Over here!"

Turning towards the voice, Samus spotted a woman clad in a pink lab coat with a long mane of green-dyed hair. Though she didn't seem seriously hurt, her fingers were tightly clutched around her ankle. The bounty hunter tried to go over to take a closer look only for the woman to wave her away.

“Forget about me and take care of that,” the scientist said, gesturing towards the vat of green liquid in the corner of the room. “That’s what’s causing the issue. If the device isn’t stabilized soon, the entire facility will be bathed in radiation.”

“What do I need to do?” Samus asked, already moving towards the device.

“You have to very carefully stabilize the pressure,” the woman explained. “One wrong move and you’ll be exposed to the mutagen.”

“I thought you said it was radiation,” Samus said, looking up and down the device.

“Whatever, I’m just focused on trying to get it under control,” the scientist replied. “Just start by turning that wheel to the right all the way around three times and then press the red button.”

Putting questions to the side, Samus did as she was told. Under the threat of disturbing whatever was inside of the tank ,she worked diligently to follow the scientist’s every command. With a sigh of relief, a few more button presses brought the device into a stable state and turned off the alarms.

Turning away from the vat, Samus looked to see a group of troopers arrive just in time to take care of any lingering issues. While the soldiers double-checked for signs of danger, the bounty hunter looked back towards the scientist to see her with a gentle smile on her face. The sense of serenity the woman’s expression conveyed was disrupted as the alarms started up again. Samus only had a moment to see the worried look on the scientist’s face before she was sent flying to the floor as the vat exploded.

Sprawled out on the ground with the green fluid covering her body, Samus felt herself quickly losing consciousness. The troopers scrambled to help her, but they could only do so

much with the fear of exposing themselves to the fluid keeping them wary. Just as the last of Samus's vision began to fade, she swore she could see a grin on the scientist's face.

Samus woke up in a daze to find herself staring up at the sterile, grey ceiling of the medical bay. Clasp ing her forehead, she tried to recall everything that had happened back in the lab. Hoping to find some answers from one of the troopers, she pushed aside the sheets on her bed and tried to sit up.

The bounty hunter froze in place as she felt something lurch between her legs. Looking down brought her attention to the massive potbelly currently stretching out her zero suit. Reaching towards the unsightly protrusion jiggled around the excess chub hanging off of her arms. Pulling back the sheet further revealed that her legs had similarly plumped up to match her wider hips and chubby rear. It was sometime between her groping at her larger mammar ies and her extra chin that the door to her room opened up to reveal a familiar looking face.

“Good, you’re awake,” spoke the green haired woman Samus had seen in the lab. “My name is Dr. Justine Baile. First and foremost, I want to thank you for your hard work. Because of you, we were able to avoid certain disaster.”

“Doesn’t seem like it to me,” Samus said, tapping her fingers against her gut, feeling as if she were mere moments away from giving birth to triplets. “What the hell was in that canister anyway?”

“It was a serum we confiscated from a space pirate facility,” Dr. Baile said, hurrying over to Samus’s side to check on her diagnostics. “From what we were able to recover from their lab, its purpose is to incapacitate enemy combatants through a very...unique method.”

“By making me a little chubby?” Samus asked, pinching at her love handles through her suit.

“I’m afraid that this is just the beginning,” the doctor said, nodding her head at the read out of over 200 pounds for the bounty hunter’s weight. “As the serum works its way through your system, you will continue to increase in size.”

“Just how big am I going to get?” Samus asked, poking at her chubby cheek.

“We unfortunately don’t have a definitive answer,” Dr. Baile replied. “The space pirates didn’t have a chance to test it on anything before we raided their complex. This also means that they had yet to develop a way to reverse the process.”

Staring down at her gut once more, the depressive state Samus found herself in was pushed aside by her typical determination. Swinging her legs over the side of the bed, she heaved herself up and started walking towards the entrance. Her path was blocked off as Dr. Baile ran out in front of her.

“What do you think you’re doing?” the doctor asked.

“I’m going try and take care of this weight issue the old-fashioned way,” Samus explained. “I figured a sprint around the base would be a good start. From there I can see what kind of equipment they have in the gym.”

“I know you’re quite willing to go back out there,” Baile explained, the look in her eyes making it clear that there was no chance of her physically stopping the bounty hunter from going through. “However, this isn’t something that can just be taken care of with diet and exercise. Ms. Aran, please go back to bed and get some rest.”

“I can rest after I get rid of this globe of fat,” Samus said, reaching out to move the doctor aside.

Samus stopped as an unruly groan echoed out from her body. Claspings at her gut, she anticipated that she would either turn into a pile of goo, explode, or somewhere in-between. As the pressure built and built, her eyes scanned the room for something to soothe her pain. Just as she felt like she was at her breaking point, Dr. Baile rushed forward to squeeze her belly to relieve her discomfort.

A roaring belch opened up Samus's lips to echo through the room. Still recovering from the gassy burp, the bounty hunter could do little to prepare herself for the squeaky fart that followed soon after. Enduring the fumes drifting up to her face, she began to stagger on her feet. Thankfully, Dr. Baile was there to lead her back over to the bed and sit her down.

"I think you see what I mean now," the doctor said, remaining polite even as another fart slipped out of Samus's bubble butt. "We're not entirely sure how your body will react to the serum as it takes its course. For the time being, all we can do is monitor your condition and try to make you as comfortable as possible."

"I don't UUURRRP like it," Samus commented, "but I guess that's what I'm stuck with. Sorry about gassing you out like that."

"It's no problem," the doctor said, taking her leave. "After all, it's only right that I do everything in my power to help you out in this time of need."

A sound akin to slabs of meat being slapped together echoed through the base's corridors. Though a few of the newer troops were quick to assume the noise belonged to some kind of fearsome creature that had escaped from the labs, they were prevented from running towards it

by their superiors. This was both to keep the newbies focused on their tasks and to provide Samus with the space and privacy she needed to continue fighting back against her condition.

Thanks to some major modifications, Samus had managed to rework her zero suit into a tank top and pair of gym shorts. Her altered outfit gave some relief to her doughy gut to let it freely jostle around as she jogged. The fabric around her sizable, melon-like bosom was put to the test each time her breasts tried to break free. Every so often, she was forced to slow down her pace to pull part of her shorts out from between her chunky butt cheeks. Remedied of her wedgie, she would take a deep breath to re-energize and resume her run.

As determined as Samus was to fight against her unnatural weight gain, her body was less willing to participate in her extraneous exercise. In addition to the strain of heaving her obese form through the halls, the trickles of sweat appeared along her forehead to cascade down her two chins. The perspiration worsened the aroma clinging to her flesh that was left behind by her earlier attempts to push out all of her gas before wandering around the base. However, her efforts were negated by the wiry strands of blonde hair sticking out from her pits that soaked up a sizable portion of the rancid sweat.

Unable to bear the sweat and strain on her blubbery legs any longer, Samus relented and came to a stop. Leaning herself up against a nearby wall, she took deep breaths to try to regain her stamina. The deep exhales morphed into belches as a way for her gut to rebel against her exercise. Completely drained of energy, she could feel herself giving into the temptation to collapse on the spot right then and there.

The bounty hunter perked up a bit as her nose picked up an irresistible smell that broke through her body odor. Straining her aching, thick thighs, she pushed herself to round the next corner. Her efforts were rewarded with the sight of a cart loaded down with hunks of cooked

meat alongside cans of various sodas. Even knowing that the indulgent meal would only worsen her condition, she still charged forward to begin eating like a complete pig.

Over the course of her impromptu feast, Samus cast a side eye towards Dr. Baile standing nearby with a clipboard in hand. The doctor had been a constant dining guest for each of Samus's meals, even if she never ate anything herself. The green haired woman was content to merely observe and write down every detail of her patient's gluttonous display. Even as the bounty hunter was forced to let out a sputtering fart, Dr. Baile merely nodded her head and recorded her notes.

"Interesting," Dr. Baile commented as Samus finished slurping up the last few drops of gravy from the platter. "Even with the sizable portions we served you this morning, your appetite seems as ravenous as ever."

"Probably because I UUUURRRP worked it up again with my jogging," Samus answered, graciously accepting a napkin to wipe her mouth clean. "Hopefully that BWOOOORRRP snack will keep my stomach sated long enough for me to finish another lap."

Dr. Baile shook her head. "Ms. Aran, I don't think you're in any condition to continue straining yourself like this," Sliding her hand along Samus's arm, she made her point clear by showing off the number of sweat droplets clinging to her fingers. "You appear to be on the verge of collapse," she continued, pouring the collected perspiration into a jar for later study. "We're just as eager as you are to bring you back to your old self, but you need to be aware of your current body's limits."

Samus chewed on her plump lip, only to let out an exasperated sigh of defeat. "Fine," she said, swiveling her body around to begin waddling towards her room. "But see if you can make

some adjustment to my UUURRP diet. I feel like the food I've been eating lately had been wreaking havoc on my-UGH!"

A sharp pain shot through Samus's mid-section to force her to bend over. The sensation of bubbles rolling around inside of her gut was a familiar one that usually heralded a surplus of rancid gas. Feeling the pressure make its way down her digestive tract, she gritted her teeth in preparation for what was to come. Ignoring the unpleasant feeling of hairs sliding across her face, she buried her head into her armpit to try and escape the resulting smell of a powerful BRRRRAAAAAAPPPPPP ripping its way out of her rear.

As the fart petered off, Samus's ears picked up something that sounded like someone taking a deep inhale of the putrid air. When she finally picked her head back up and turned around, it was to see the doctor adjusting her blown back hair. Getting a whiff of the stench clinging to the doctor's coat, Samus realized that she had incidentally given Baile a face full of her flatulence.

"Sorry," Samus said, her sympathetic expression in dire contrast with her chunky rear letting another squeaky fart slip out.

"Like I've said so many times before, it's fine," the doctor replied, recovering from the incident to continue writing down her notes. "It was an...enlightening demonstration of your body's progress. While you go back to your room I'll bring this up with the other researchers. Just be sure to take it easy. I'm sure you don't want to upset your stomach any further."

"You're right about that," Samus replied, gently massaging her belly to calm it down as she slowly waddled her way back to her room.

Samus's morning alarm was drowned out by a combination of a groan and a guttural belch leaving her lips. Blindly slapping her pudgy hand around, she eventually managed to turn off the ringing to leave the rumblings from her stomach to be her background noise. Shifting herself up into a sitting position, she winced as her belly rolls folded over each other. As much as she would have liked to take her time scratching at the tufts of hair sticking out from the gap in the center of her suit, her morning routine was hurried by an ominous quake going through her body.

Tossing off her covers and rolling out of bed, Samus set her sights on the bathroom. Hastened by another groan, she began the arduous process of waddling towards a place where she could properly take care of the gas that had been building up over the course of the night. Her glacial pace became even slower as her ears picked up the distinct sound of her suit being torn apart by her wealth of fat.

Through various tears in the material, Samus watched as parts of her flab peeked out. Tired of being restrained, her breasts finally managed to liberate themselves enough to leave her plump nipples exposed while the head-sized tits rested against her gut. She was reminded of her inability to properly clean herself thanks to the odor emanating from the strands of armpit hair peeking out from holes beneath her blubbery limbs. Seeing the strands along her belly button stand on end as her rumbling gut grew more active, she forced herself to move in order to get to the bathroom in time.

Samus managed to reach the entrance to the bathroom just as a small puff of gas leaked out from her chunky rear. Feeling the noxious fumes spill out from the tear that showed off her deep ass crack, she pushed herself to move those last few inches. Unfortunately, she was

reminded of all 600 pounds of her degraded condition as her love handles got lodged in the entryway.

With her goal so close, Samus began to frantically jiggle her body in the hopes of freeing herself. In the wake of her struggle, her typically neat ponytail broke apart to let the greasy, blonde locks cradle her chubby cheeks. The strands were blown away as a series of gas bubbles summoned from her wriggling rolled up her thick throat. The sudden expulsion reminded her of the storm brewing within her. Faced with wanting to find relief, while avoiding setting herself off in the process, her only option was to stay as still as possible until someone came along to help her.

The sound of the door to her room opening up forced Samus to look over her shoulder to see Dr. Baile come in. Upon seeing the bounty hunter's unfortunate circumstance, the doctor poorly hid a small grin on her face. Any ominous feelings Samus had about the expression were undone as she watched Baile rushed towards her with her arms outstretched.

“Hold BWOOOOOORRRRRPP on! If you do that I’ll-“

Samus let out a huff as the doctors sunk her hands into the meaty set of butt cheeks. While the bounty hunter was certain that the act was done as a means to free her, it had the adverse effect of unleashing a thunderous BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP from her anus. Undeterred by the fumes blasting her in the face, the doctor continued to push into the bounty hunter's backside. Feeling herself gradually get shoved through the entrance, Samus forced herself to endure the smell to use Baile's assistance to push forward. While she did manage to finally free herself, it was only after her sides broke off part of the entryway in the process.

“That should do it,” the doctor said, fixing up her coat before making her way towards the exit. “I’ll leave you some privacy to take care of yourself. Please meet me outside your room when you’re done. I have something special for you.”

Given a chance to take care of her built up pressure, Samus stood before the mirror to take stock of her current self. Seeing the ragged state of her suit, she let out a defeated sigh as she began to tear apart what little remained. While it was degrading to have her entire, flabby form exposed, she had to admit that it was liberating after being confused by the suit for so long. Finally able to stretch out her blubbery legs without fear of tearing something apart, she stomped her way through the modified bathroom threshold and headed towards the hallway.

Carefully maneuvering herself out of her room to avoid getting stuck again led to Samus coming face to face with a strange, metal contraption. At first glance, the device looked like a throne with its cushioned seat and high headrest. Any elegance of the metallic throne was undone by the fact that it was wide enough to be considered a couch and came equipped with various compartments along the side that were stuffed full of snacks. While she was left dumbfounded by the chair, Baile seemed quite pleased with it as she stepped out to stand next to it.

“Do you like it?” the doctor asked.

“What is this?” Samus replied, stomping over to the device.

“It’s a mobility chair that we put together just for you.” Reaching into her pocket, she produced a remote. At the press of a button, the chair lifted itself up several feet with hover jets. Another hit of a switch produced a collection of metal arms from the back that were quick to procure snacks from the compartments. “Go ahead and take a seat,” she said, handing the remote over to Samus.

“Not that I don’t appreciate it,” Samus began, looking between the doctor and the intimidating chair, “but weren’t you supposed to be working on a UUUUUURRRRRP cure for my condition?”

“Indeed we are,” Baile said, getting behind Samus to begin not so subtly pushing her towards the chair. “In the meantime, we also want to make sure that you’re kept comfortable. Now come on and give it a spin.”

Finding it strange how easily the small woman was able to move her, Samus relented in climbing into the chair. Upon letting her full weight rest on the seat, she felt the hover jets momentarily falter. Acclimating to her heft, the device reoriented itself to keep her level. Sinking into the cushions, she had to admit that it was the most comfortable thing she had ever sat in. Just as she was about to close her eyes to go back to sleep, she was stopped by one of the arms holding out a breakfast burrito.

“You’ll have time to rest later,” the doctor explained, showing off a copy of the remote in her hands. “For now, we must really get to work on the day’s tests.” A series of button presses ordered the arms to begin feeding Samus while the chair followed after the doctor. “Sorry to be rude, but I figured we’d save time if the device distributed your morning nutrition while we made our way to the lab.”

“That’s BWOOOORRRP fine,” Samus said, easily downing a foot long sausage in an effort to keep her hunger at bay. Moments after finishing the hunk of meat, she followed up with a horrendous blast of flatulence to rival the morning’s earlier outbursts. “Whatever it takes to UUUURRRP fix this as fast as possible.”

“Of course, Ms. Aran. Of course,” the doctor replied, pressing another button to shovel more food into the bounty hunter’s mouth as they made their way to the lab.

The troopers tried to keep their voices low, but the sheer volume of people talking about Samus as she passed by made the comments hard to ignore. The former praise they once showered over the bounty hunter had been gradually overtaken with concern for her wellbeing. A few of the newer soldiers that weren't around the day of the incident were surprised to hear who she was. She didn't entirely blame them considering the sorry state she found herself in.

The metal chair that was Samus's only form of mobility bobbed up and down with the constant threat of dropping her like a ton of bricks. While she wasn't far off from overtaking 1000 pounds, it was mostly due to the hairy, flabby belly that dipped between her legs. Unable to scratch an itch around the protruding gut, she shifted around her blubbery limbs to access the series of buttons on the side the doctor had installed when the remote had gotten crushed by her buttocks.

On her command, the well-used, metal arms came out to perform their various tasks. In addition to scratching the bristly fur on the peak of her belly, the fingers came in handy for remedying the itch festering within the confines of her bushy armpit hair. A pair of hands pulled back her greasy, long locks to brush away a few of the crumbs that had clung to her chins and breasts. Rather than dispose of the morsels, the arms were keen to bring them up to her mouth to give her a small snack.

Amidst the whirlwind of activity created by the hands, Samus had to relent in letting go of her building pressure despite the numerous people passing by in the halls. The result was a constant fog of fumes that partially obscured the sight of her nude, slobby form as it teared up the trooper's eyes. While Samus herself had gotten quite used to the stench, that didn't make it

any easier unleashing a guttural burp that made people look on with disgust before they ran in the other direction. The resulting, depressive sigh gave her a dose of her own flatulence as an explosive fart leaked out, the bombardment ensuring the corridor would be vacant for a while.

Hearing the chair starting to give out as its bottom scrapped against the floor, Samus was relieved to finally make it to one of the bases' storage areas. Her trip came to a premature end at the center of the room as the machine finally came crashing down. No matter how much she tried to slam her pudgy fingers against the controls, the hover jets wouldn't move. Thankfully Dr. Baile was nearby to assist with a group of troopers clad in gas masks.

"Hellwo BWOOOOORRRP Bwaile," Samus said as the troopers got to work attaching wheels to what remained of the chair. "Shworry abwout your cwhair."

"It's fine," Baile said, approaching Samus with notepad in hand. "Tell me, when did your speech start to change like that?"

"Like UUUUURRRPPP what?" Samus asked, letting out another fart as the troopers began to push her through the room.

"I suppose you haven't noticed it," Baile commented as she followed along, poorly hiding the way she sucked up the foul air. "It appears your weight has begun to impact your speech."

"Thwat'sh UUUURRRRP awful," Samus said.

"Yes, but it's not unexpected," the doctor replied. "Especially considering how much your condition has progressed. Besides, your constant belches made it hard for most other people to understand you up until now anyway."

"Ishn't thwere somewhay you can BWOOOOOOORRRPPP help?"

“Hmm, we’ll see,” Baile replied, paying more attention to directing the troopers. “We’ll see once we’re finished setting up your new living quarters.”

“Cwan’t I jusht shyta in my UUUURRRP rwoom?” Samus begged.

“I’m afraid if we did that, you’d get stuck there,” the doctor replied. “Have no fear, we’ve taken every necessary step required to make sure you’re comfortable.”

In comparison to Samus’s broken down chair, the new living area appeared very low tech. Rather than a state of the art seat, there were instead bare mattresses pushed together to create something akin to a double, king-sized bed. Through the combined efforts of the troopers, they managed to hoist the bounty hunter upon the cushions. As humiliating as the act was, there was a certain sense of comfort that came to her as the impact of being put down unleashed a maelstrom of flatulence.

Even with their protective gear, the troopers couldn’t handle the fog of flatulence that sputtered out to enhance Samus’s already atrocious body odor. This made it clear that they weren’t going to be of any assistance when it came to feeding her. Thankfully, Dr. Baile had taken the liberty of attaching metal arms in the ceiling that mimicked the ones from the broken machine. Just like the other appendages, these were quick to answer the rumbling of Samus’s stomach by bringing food to her mouth. On reaction she ate up whatever was handed to her in an effort to resupply the energy burnt from the strenuous act of being carried around by the group of soldiers.

“I know this isn’t the most ideal,” the doctor said as Samus continued to eat, “but it will have to do for now.”

“How UUUUURRRP cwose are you to finding a cwure?” Samus asked just before a sandwich was stuffed down her gullet.

“Any day now, Ms. Aran,” the doctor replied. “I feel like we’re going to hit our big breakthrough soon. Just remain patient for a little while longer.”

“Whatever you BWOOOOOORRRRP shay,” Samus replied, opening up her mouth to allow the machines to continue their work.

Within moments of Samus opening up her eyes, the machines that had become her constant companions sprung to life to begin her morning ritual. The vast majority of them began to pull from the boxes spread throughout her room. Each container was stuffed full of snacks that were restocked by the troopers throughout the course of the day. Though Samus found it strange to not see any of them running around for her typical morning tests, her thoughts turned towards what was really important as a metal arm held up a snack cake to her mouth.

Though the fattened face could barely talk or even see with all of the pudge surrounding her, Samus still had all the movement she needed to scrunch up her row of chins to scarf up the first morsel of the day. Licking her lips clean and re-tasting the snack with a belch, she gave out a muffled order for the machine to give her the next serving. With another arm coming in to continue stuffing her, the rest were able to focus on taking care of her immense body’s various needs.

As another BWOOOOOORRRRPP sprung forth from her hungry mouth, a collection of crumbs tumbled down her chest. From there, the misplaced morsels would have to get over the hurdle of rolling out of the cleavage of her immense, wrecking-ball sized tits. The few that succeeded went on to lodge themselves within the folds of the gigantic, hairy gut that made up the majority of her nearly 2000 pound mass. It was even rarer for one of the crumbs to reach the

collection of mattresses buried beneath her bulk to keep her supersized rear comfortable at all hours of the day.

Regardless of where the crumbs ended up, the mechanical arms were swift to clean them out. Their diligent grooming regardless could do little to remedy the odor that constantly clung to Samus's flesh. Though the metallic fingers had a knack for weaving through the long, greasy hair that hung down her back fat, the most they could accomplish was to bring the aroma clinging to her flesh down to a level low enough to make the resupplying runs from the troopers more bearable.

Thinking that maybe the troopers were waiting for her to get through her entire morning routine first before entering, Samus began to wobble herself back and forth. The motion shook about her massive ass cheeks in an attempt to stir up the gas lurking inside of her colon. Her efforts bore fruit in the form of a prolonged PHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTT rippling out of her rear. As the lingering tremors made their way across her jiggling mass, she couldn't help herself from letting out a sigh of relief from both the pressure release and the strange addiction she gained towards her own fumes. Only one other person was seemingly able to understand these unique feelings she had begun to develop for her sloppy self. As it so happens, that was also the one who climbed up the adjoining ladder to meet Samus face to face.

"Good morning, Ms. Aran," Baile greeted atop the raised platform. "How are you doing today?"

"I'MPH UUUUURRRRP FWEELING VWEWY BWOOOOOOOORRRRPPP GO-"

The rest of Samus's fat speech was drowned up by another rumbling
BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP from her behemoth butt cheeks.

“Hmm, I guess the day has finally come where the speech patterns have become completely unrecognizable,” the doctor commented. “This couldn’t have happened at a better time either. I have a special presentation today.”

Though Samus couldn’t properly verbalize herself, she managed to wave around her pudgy hand enough to gesture towards the food containers.

“Yes, yes, I’ll get you more food in a moment,” Baile said, pulling out a device from her pocket. “This won’t take long. Now, make sure you smile for the camera.”

“ACCESSING SECURE NETWORK TO SPACE PIRATE OUTPOST Z-AX.”

The words emanating from the device sent a shudder down Samus’s spine that made her body jiggle far worse than any gas bombardment.

“I’ve held up my end of the bargain,” the doctor said, holding out the camera to make sure that whoever was on the other side could get a good view of the blobby bounty hunter. “The great Samus Aran has been changed into a living mass of hairy, gassy, fat. Just like I promised. You can send my payment to the usual location.”

Pressing the button to turn off the device, Baile turned back to look directly at Samus. The once loving and caring woman she had known was replaced by the single, malevolent grin on her face.

“YOUFE BWOOOOOOORRRRPPPP WORWKING WIF UUUUUUUUUUUURRRR!”

“I have no idea what you’re actually saying,” Baile said, “but I can assume you’re not too happy about that. Allow me to ease you a bit in saying that I don’t intend to harm a single hair on your body. The space pirates merely asked for me to infiltrate and take down the biggest threat to them.”

Holding out her remote, she pressed a few buttons to get the machines to start feeding Samus once more. Though she tried to resist, her body pushed her to open wide on reaction as food was shoved down her throat. Amidst this session of unhinged hedonism, she barely noticed the feeling of something crawling along her body. She was only able to figure it out once she saw the so-called doctor perch herself atop her pair of massive breasts.

“I’ll admit, this had become more than just a job to me,” Baile said, flopping down onto the oily bosom. “I was just going to leave your fate in the hands of those worthless researchers, but something changed as I got to watch you become what you are today.”

Shimmying further up Samus’s chest, Baile grabbed at her chins and began to shake her head around. In no time at all, the motion summoned forth a large gas bubble to be released in the form of a powerful BOOOOOOUUUUUUUURRRRRRPPPP. Holding steady through the belch, Baile lifted up her head to get a deep whiff of the horrendous smell.

“Since everyone still thinks I’m a researcher, I don’t see any reason to stop playing around with my new toy,” Baile commented, finding sick glee in the look of hopelessness in Samus’s eyes. “Aww, don’t fret. I’ll make sure to take care of you my little, lardy pet.” Reaching into her pocket, she pressed a few more buttons on the remote to summon forth more food. “Now come along and eat up. I need to make sure you’re just the way I like you: as nothing more than my sloppy plaything.”