

Metroid: Rubber M

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(CW: Transgender Transformation [MtF], Mass Twinning, Rubber Transformation, Soft Identity Death, Corruption, Brainwashing, Mild Toonification/Cartoon Physics, Breast Expansion, Ass Expansion, Flattening, Contagious TF, Embarrassing Transformation, Bimbofication, and poor adherence to health and safety protocols)

A young researcher covered from head to toe by a hazardous environment suit unsteadily made his way down the boarding ramp of a large interstellar research vessel, The *G.F.S Asclepius*. Underneath his hood, he had a head of brown hair and matching brown eyes. The ship had just touched down in a clearing surrounded by dense jungle, which seemed to be the predominant biome on this as yet uncharted planet, which had been designated as “Laylon V.”

The initial scans conducted by the deep space exploration probe that had discovered this planet some twenty-three odd years ago had determined that its surface conditions were all relatively human friendly. The atmosphere was mostly nitrogen-oxygen in composition, the gravity was about 0.95G, or 5% less than the galactic standard, and the temperature range was consistently survivable, if a bit on the *tropical* side of things.

That meant it was a promising candidate for development and potential colonization. But that wasn’t taking into account any nasty surprises that might’ve been lurking in the air. Until they had a better idea of its ecosystem, and a comprehensive understanding of the air quality of this planet, they couldn’t trust this air was safe to breathe.

But that was one of the primary things they were here to find out. Their objectives were to gather and research as many samples of the local flora and fauna as they could, name and catalogue them, along with conducting a geological survey to determine the presence of any exploitable resources. Until they knew that nothing in the air or on the ground would sicken or kill them, they needed to wear these suits as a precaution.

The interior of the suit was very stuffy and ill-fitting, especially in the muggy and sweltering climate of a tropical planet like this. It was made out of a pliant rubbery material about a millimeter and a half thick. The thickness and elasticity made it ideal for preventing any nicks and tears that could compromise its integrity, it was also radiation resistant, but the downside was that it didn’t breathe at all.

Speaking of breathing, embedded in the face of the suit was a respirator with a smart filter, the key defense against potential contamination by any unknown airborne pathogens or allergens, but the thick filters made the simple act of taking in air a slower and hotter affair. Full sealed environments with oxygen tanks and rebreathers were even safer, but that option was generally reserved only for planets with atmospheres known to be toxic.

He could already feel himself starting to heat up inside of this thing. He'd be a sweating mess within a few minutes, and it was likely that within the hour he'd need to head back inside to cool off and rehydrate, then he'd go out and do it again the next hour. That would mean a trip through the airlock and decontamination process, each and every time. But all of this was necessary discomfort, it was more important to be safe than comfortable, especially when dealing with unknown alien life. That didn't mean he had to *like* it though.

As he descended, he shielded his eyes from the bright red sun blazing overhead, turning his head away from it and towards the side of the ship, he stopped mid-stride when he noticed a solitary figure, a lone sentinel watching over the expedition, patrolling the clearing ahead of the rest of the crew to ensure that it was safe for them to work in.

In contrast to his baggy and cumbersome suit, designed to be able a wide variety of different wearers interchangeably, she was dressed in a much more elegant, durable, and personalized suit of metal powered armor. White on her torso, upper arms, and thighs, a reinforced chestplate of red armor protected her upper body and neck.

Large, spherical pauldrons covered her shoulders, and orange armored greaves ran from her knees to her feet. Golden threads flowed and bound all of the pieces of the armor together. Her left arm beneath her elbow was covered by more orange armor, ending with a segmented gauntlet protecting her hand, and her entire right arm from her elbow down was operating a massive cannon-like energy weapon. But perhaps the most distinctive and recognizable element of her appearance was her helmet. All red, with the front dominated by a bright green visor.

She was Samus Aran, a woman who needed no introduction. Her accomplishments could fill several textbooks and she wasn't even in her 30s yet. The legendary and lethal bounty hunter, and the hero of the federation several times over. The researcher stopped and watched her go about her task in awe. She was so methodical, almost eerily precise in her movements, how could someone move so gracefully and purposefully in a suit of armor like that? It was as if she was one with it, like it was a second skin... Then he felt a tap on his shoulder, which startled him out of his stupor.

"You know, Aaron. It's rude to stare." One of his female colleagues chastised him, her voice muffled through her respirator. "She's not a specimen, you don't have to gawk at her like one, she's here to do a job just like we are."

"I- I know that, Brianna." The tech replied, flustered, "I guess I'm just a little..."

"A little what? Intimidated? Do powerful women intimidate you, Aaron?" Brianna's voice was droll and teasing, the kind of good-natured ribbing that two long time friends could share. Her green eyes, and traces of her curly red hair could be seen through her hood. The two of them had studied xenobiology together, with Aaron having specialized in botany, while Brianna had gone down the zoology track.

“Give me a break, Brianna. It’s not like that, really, it’s more that I’m, I guess the word I’m looking for is ‘starstruck.’ It’s not every day you get to work alongside a genuine living legend. But I guess her being here does also make me kind of nervous.”

“Nervous? How come...? Oh for-, Aaron, please don’t tell me you’ve taken those dumb jokes the troopers make seriously! Come on, do you really think the planet is going to *blow up* or something, just because she stepped foot on it?”

“No, of course not, don’t be ridiculous! It’s just- don’t you think it’s just a little bit *odd* that the Federation was willing to shell out the credits to hire Samus Aran of all people to protect our expedition? I mean, she couldn’t have come cheap. Doesn’t it make you worry that maybe there’s something here that the higher ups already know about that they’re not-”

“*Aaron.*” A casual but chiding voice came from the astrobotanist’s earpiece. The voice belonged to Dr. Curtis Conroy, the Lead Researcher on the expedition. A man with wavy black hair and green eyes. “Don’t be so *cynical*. Not everything is a conspiracy. The Federation cares about its researchers and it didn’t spare any expense getting us the best protection they could, it’s as simple as that.”

The Galactic Federation... The governing body that administered all of known space, all of the *civilized* parts anyway. It had been locked in a state of near endless tumult for the last decade. But with the resolution of the Metroid Crisis, and the Phazon Crisis, both largely due to the critical intervention of Samus Aran, it was finally beginning to enter a period of much welcome peace and stability.

The Federation’s bane and anathema had always been the anarchic Space Pirates, but with the destruction of their key leaders, Mother Brain and Ridley, their organization had been scattered and their power broken. It was almost certain that they’d regain their strength someday, they always did. They were a cancer on the galaxy, they always managed to survive in some dark corner of space and regrow even when it seemed they’d been fully eradicated. But for the time being, resources could finally be shifted away from the navy and warfare and towards research and expansion.

That’s why this research team was here. Laylon V had been a planet that the Federation was aware of for quite some time, but they could never spare the resources to conduct a proper expedition until now. It was teeming with diverse and unique forms of life, and while the climate was a little *balmy*, there was still hope that it could serve as a potential colony. But the only way for them to know that was for them to do their job well.

“Now once Samus gives the all-clear, I want you to save the gossip until lunch in the mess hall. We need to get this equipment set up ASAP, we’re on a tight timetable here, after all. Understood?”

“Y-yes, Doctor Conroy, I understand, I apologize, sir.” Aaron hastily responded. Even though Curtis was only a couple years older than Aaron and Brianna, the difference in authority and imbalance of power between them was still strongly felt.

Technically, the two of them weren’t proper researchers yet, only research assistants. They were serving under Curtis as a form of residency, in order to complete the final requirements for earning their degrees. In that sense, he held their futures in his hands.

He was monitoring the situation outside for both field research and sample acquisition from a security room onboard the ship. His tone softened as he tried to ease Aaron’s concerns, “No harm done, and don’t worry about Samus. She’s here to keep us all safe. She should make you feel *more* at ease, not less. Just stay out of her way and let her do her job.”

After completing one last walk across the clearing and carefully scanning through the thicket from left, to right; then right, to left... Samus turned towards the crew waiting on the loading ramp and gestured to them to move in.

“Alright, that’s our cue! Let’s get this show on the road.” Brianna remarked as she, Aaron and the rest of the research team started hauling their equipment down onto the jungle floor. There were a handful of other full-fledged researchers on the expedition, mostly focused on the geology side of things. But the ship had a contingent of other essential personnel. There was a squad of about half a dozen Federation Marines, a team of four technicians to keep things running smoothly on the ship, two cooks working in the mess, a janitor to keep the place neat and tidy, and then, of course, there was Samus.

As the researchers walked down the ramp carrying their equipment, Aaron felt a chill run up his spine as she passed by him. In her Power Suit, she stood an entire head taller than him. Despite the fact that she’d been onboard from the moment the Asclepius had been deployed, this was the first time he had actually seen her the entire mission. His mouth felt like it was full of cotton, and his throat felt like he’d swallowed a cue-ball, but he still mustered up the nerve to say, “E-excuse, Ms. Aran?”

Samus paused and turned to look at the research assistant. At first he couldn’t see a thing through the green light of her visor, so she tapped the side of her helmet, dimming the light to allow him to see her blue eyes through the protective screen. She was looking down at him expectantly, her head at a slight tilt as she cocked her hip to the side and rested her hand on it.

After a moment, Aaron realized that she was waiting for him to get on with it. “I- I just wanted to say, um, th-thank you for, um. For all that, uh, t-that you’ve done to keep the galaxy safe.” He was sweating even sooner than he expected to, though out of stress, not heat.

Samus didn’t say a word in response, but her head straightened out and her body gave a brief, almost imperceptible little start, the kind you’d make when you find something amusing and

exhale through your nose. She took her hand off her hip and shot him a quick thumbs up before resuming her walk back towards the side of the ship where her orders were to keep watch.

As she walked away, Aaron let out an exhausted “*Pheewww... Glad I got that off my chest.*”

“You’re unbelievable.” Brianna shook her head, “I can’t believe you actually pulled her aside just to tell her *that.*”

“H-hey! I wanted to say that to her since I found out she’d gotten on board. I just hadn’t had a chance to before now. And who knows if I’ll ever get another opportunity, this is probably the only time in my life I’ll actually be lucky enough to meet her in person. It’s a big galaxy out there, you know? Besides, I’m sure she doesn’t hear it enough.”

“She doesn’t *need* to.” Curtis chimed in over both of their earpieces, “She’s getting paid more to be here in a day than the three of us are going to get paid in a year, *combined.* Now c’mon, you two, no more distractions, get to work.”

“I apologize for him, Samus.” He then addressed Samus privately over her personal commlink as she took her position away from the rest of the team.

“It’s fine.” She replied, calmly and simply. She thought to herself, “*I was expecting a lot worse. For a moment he seemed like the type who’d ask for an autograph. Or a date.*”

She sighed internally, “*Adam...*” She underestimated just how quickly she would come to miss his company whenever they were separated following their “reunion” on the B.S.L Research Station only a relatively short while ago. Normally she didn’t travel without her Gunship, but it was in need of repairs and upgrading after suffering some damage on a recent mission.

The cost of repairs on her advanced and customized vessel was prohibitively expensive, and that’s why she’d agreed to help protect this expedition. She needed the money. Despite her reputation as one of the galaxy’s most expensive bounty hunters, Samus *very* rarely actually got paid for her work. Her high fees were mostly to discourage non-serious or petty offers she wasn’t interested in. Otherwise with her reputation, she’d be constantly drowning in contracts.

She almost always waived her fee when working alongside the Federation on truly consequential matters. But for a mission like *this* though? She had no qualms about charging them her standard rate, and the Federation had no qualms about paying her.

Still, it wouldn’t have been her first choice to quarter on the *Asclepius*. It was actually *Adam’s* idea that she take this approach while the gunship was being repaired. He told her that it would be a good opportunity for her to “reacclimate” herself to being around other people, and that too much time spent working in isolation could be having “negative repercussions for her mental health.” She was tempted to roll her eyes, but she had to admit he might’ve had a point. He usually did.

But she hadn't exactly done much on the "socializing" front since boarding the ship, unfortunately. Samus had forgotten how stir-crazy she could get without the freedom of movement that she'd started to take for granted. Even now, her instincts were telling her to walk off in the jungle and explore.

That's what she wanted to be doing, that's where she wanted to be! Exploring someplace new, not standing here watching these researchers get excited about scooping up samples of dirt into vials all day. Well, that wasn't fair, she knew they were doing important work, there was no disrespect meant to them at all. She simply wasn't the type to stay in one place for too long.

Still, it wouldn't be for long... She'd slain the likes of Mother Brain, Ridley, Dark Samus, and Raven Beak, she'd fought her way across a dozen planets in hundreds of pitched battles, she'd survived nearly having her brain stem devoured by X parasites. She was pretty sure she could handle acting as a glorified babysitter for a couple of scientists for a few days without losing her mind from boredom... In fact, after everything she'd gone through in the last couple of years, a nice, quiet mission like this could've been exactly what she needed.

Besides, who knew? Maybe this would turn out to be more exciting than she-... *Wait.* What was *that*? No sooner had the thought crossed her mind did Samus snap to attention. Something was coming, she could feel it. Her hyper keen senses and intuition trained from her years of near constant exposure to danger, along with her Chozo DNA and the advanced sensors in her suit, all informed her that something was coming long before the researchers would become aware of it.

They'd barely started their research, but Samus could tell that whatever this was, it was coming here, it was coming fast, and it was something very **strange**. She sped into action, wasting not a second of precious time as she ran towards the researchers.

"All of you. Get back on the ship. Now!" Everyone dropped what they were doing and looked at the bounty hunter. Their eyes widened behind their hoods. For most of them it was their first time hearing Samus' voice. When she spoke, they heard.

"Wh-what!?" Brianna exclaimed in disbelief, proving that just because they heard Samus doesn't mean they liked what they were hearing. "What do you mean? We just got all of this stuff down here, we-"

SNAP!

SqqQQqqWwwWwiliiluUUuuUurRrRRrkKk~!

The sound of a large branch being snapped in two along with an unnatural creaky sound that almost resembled rubber being stretched and bent echoed through the forest. Samus threw the dissenting research assistant a rather pointed glance, her brow furrowed. Brianna immediately inferred the wordless message sent to her through that look, "*You were saying?*"

“Okay! I got the picture!” She immediately conceded, running for the ramp alongside everyone else. No matter what was lurking out there, there was no way it could be scarier than an annoyed Samus Aran.

Samus readied a charged shot, as she watched and waited... She cycled through visors, looking for any sign of the approaching creature. But before she could get a clear read on it, it attacked! A pair of shiny purple tentacles shot out of the thicket, right towards Samus. With superhuman reflexes, she responded to the first, firing her charged shot off at it. The impact repelled it, but didn't seem to damage it at all, and of course, there remained the problem of the second tentacle.

Samus was barely able to dodge it by utilizing her suit's Aeion reservoir to perform a “flash step,” seemingly warping out of place in the blink of an eye several meters out of the way. Having lost its intended prey, the tendrill seemed to take its frustration out on the closest piece of lab equipment, a miniature mass spectrometer. It lashed out and whacked the sensitive piece of research equipment, cracking and denting its exterior before the tendrills retracted. Only a moment later, the beast properly revealed itself. It was some kind of fungoid creature. It was relatively narrow in build, around nine feet tall and two and a half feet wide.

Its body was neon green, with a broad, curved down cap atop its head that displayed purple gills. It was moving on a mass of numerous writhing purple tendrills. There were at least two dozen by Samus's approximation, but likely even more. A faint green and purple mist was dislodged from the underside of the monster's cap with every little movement it made... There was no doubt in Samus's mind that they were spores of some kind.

Squurreweeaaak~!

It let out a high pitched wail that grated the ear drums, displaying a wide, three parted mouth, which was the only facial feature that the fungus possessed. It was the same kind of rubbery squeak that she'd heard as it approached, but much more aggressive and abrasive. It left her feeling momentarily disoriented, and the fleeing researchers behind her all staggered at the sound of it, trying to cover their ears. A couple of them fell to the ground, stunned by the sound, and the creature took advantage of this.

Three tendrills launched out right around Samus, targeting the stupified staff members. Samus fired on them, demonstrating her uncanny marksmanship under pressure as she had to carefully avoid hitting the scientists while she tracked three erratically moving targets. The tendrills seemed to have an effective range far beyond their apparent length of around ten feet from base to tip, as they could taper and narrow themselves to a ridiculous extent.

Samus' shots managed to dissuade it, but again, the tendrills showed no signs of damage. She tried opening fire on the main body, but that went even worse! Her shots were bouncing right off

of the creature's body! She'd encountered enemies that could deflect the power beam before, and it was only the first of multiple weapons she had in her arsenal.

Unfortunately, as she worked her way through her options, she found that none of them were proving any more effective. Her missiles bounced off of it as well, before exploding against the jungle floor. Her ice missiles momentarily seemed to slow it down, especially when they were aimed at the joints of the tentacles, but it just as quickly snapped the frost off and continued its rampage no worse for wear. The storm missiles might as well have been like firecrackers going off on it, and her diffusion and wave beams weren't packing any more of a punch either!

From inside of the *Asclepius*, the entire crew was packed like sardines in the observation deck watching the fight unfold. They watched in dismay as Samus struggled to fight the seemingly implacable hostile fungus. "Ooh, all of our equipment! We *just* got it set up!" One of the scientists lamented as the *delicate* machinery was becoming the largest casualty of the battle.

"The equipment!? Who *cares* about the equipment!" Aaron snapped angrily at his colleague, "We can replace the machines, we can't replace *her*!" He pointed to the bounty hunter defending all of them from whatever the mycological abomination outside was supposed to be.

The closest Samus came to a breakthrough with her armaments was charging and firing a super missile at the creature and managing to shoot it into its mouth as it roared- er, *squeaked* at her again. The missile exploded inside of it, causing its body to stretch and expand for a moment, ballooning in size, only to bounce back to its regular shape, still with no lasting damage inflicted. This situation called for desperate measures, it seemed distracted with attacking the lab equipment. That might've given her a chance to use one of her secret weapons, but she'd only have one shot at this.

Samus ran back towards the ship's ramp, getting as much distance between her and the mushroom on relatively flat, straight terrain as she could. She knelt towards the ground in a running stance, her fingers brace on the dirt before she broke into a mad sprint towards her enemy, activating her Speed Booster. The air around her began to shimmer as she got faster and faster, then a scintillating aura of color surrounded her Power Suit.

She instantly came to a dead stop, crouching down and capturing the power in her suit, she then aimed herself right at the monster, clenching her fist as she hovered a couple inches off the ground, lifting any small twigs or pebbles around her feet up into the air with her. A moment later, she launched herself towards the mushroom creature at incredible speed!

This was the Shinespark, and it was one of the absolute deadliest techniques that Samus had access to. While she used it, she moved so fast and with such intense energy that afterimages were left in her wake, as if the universe itself couldn't keep up. She felt herself impact the fungus, and she was certain that she'd tear through it like a cannon ball through tissue paper, but... something was wrong, she felt herself *slowing down*, alongside a loud stretching noise.

UuuRUrururuppppcchhrruurrp...!

She couldn't see anything but green, that was steadily thinning and allowing more light in, but still completely blocked her vision. She couldn't believe it! She'd gone right through it, but it wasn't breaking, it was actually completely stretched out around her and absorbing the force of her impact. How was that possible? The Shinespark could punch a hole through the hull of an Olympus-class Battleship! How could a simple mushroom of all things not be atomized by it?

From the outside looking in, it was like something out of a cartoon. The creature was distorted, a taut depression in its midsection, alongside a long, narrow string of "rubber" that connected to the human shaped pocket that Samus was in. Unfortunately, the outcome wouldn't be nearly as humorous as a cartoon for her. While it seemed physics defying, the truth was the physics were still in full effect for her, which meant that all that momentum wasn't just vanishing, it was being-

SpPprOoOlnnNg!

Reversed.

Samus was sent hurtling back with nearly as much speed as she'd entered, right back towards the research vessel. Only now she had absolutely no control over her movement, there was nothing she could do but brace herself for the inevitable; which in a small "mercy," if you can call it that, she at least didn't have to wait long to experience.

PANG!!!

The dull, brash clank of metal impacting metal rang out across the entire ship as Samus slammed into the hull and left a Power Armor shaped dent nearly four inches thick in it in the process. "**Aahhhh!**" She let out a cry of agony as her body took the force of the impact much worse than the fungus had.

On board, the crew let out a chorus of horrified gasps and yells as they saw, heard, and **felt** Samus slam into the ship. "W-we've gotta do something to help her!" Aaron, unwilling to stand by, tried to take a step towards the exit.

"Stop!" Curtis grabbed hold of his elbow, "Don't be stupid, Aaron! If *Samus Aran* can barely hold her own against that thing, what chance do the rest of us have? We'd just get in her way!"

"W-we just have to trust her! I'm sure she'll think of something!" Brianna tried to convince the others, along with herself, as she quietly muttered, "*I hope.*"

Gravity did the work of prying Samus free from the dent she'd made in the *Asclepius*, and she fought just to stand on her feet, gasping for breath. "*Not here... Not like this.*" She told herself defiantly, but while the spirit was willing, the body was weak. It felt like most of the bones in her body had been pulverized and the Power Suit was all that was holding her together. Anyone

else would've probably been dead after what she'd just done. She didn't have it in her for any more maneuvers like that, but then her thoughts turned to one last trick she had up her sleeve.

The only time she'd seen this creature show any signs of pain or vulnerability was when it swallowed the super missile. That meant its interior was the closest thing it had to a weak spot. Her missiles might not've been strong enough to get the job done, but luckily for her, she had something *much, much* stronger than any of her missiles. The caveat was that she'd need to be *inside* of the creature to use it. If this didn't work, she was more than likely done for, as she doubted getting out would be as easy as getting in.

But she was out of options, and nearly out of time. So she put her plan into motion. She curled down and converted into a perfect sphere, the "Morph Ball." This allowed her quicker movement without the need to rely on her badly injured legs, and it would also allow her to immediately deploy her weapon of last resort. She sped right towards the fungus, hoping that it would take the bait and swallow her whole.

As its tentacles wrapped around her round form like rubber bands, she was proven correct. The mushroom beast reeled her in and popped her into its mouth. It didn't try to bite or crush her either, it just let her roll down what she imagined must've been its "throat" and into something resembling a "stomach," though there didn't appear to be any kind of stomach acid in here. Instead, the concentration of spores was an *order of magnitude* great inside of here. It was so dense that it was managing to penetrate her Power Suit's filters, even being in Morph Ball form wasn't keeping it out!

There was a strange taste in the air, almost treacle, she felt an urge to gag on the flavor as it made her feel sick, but she needed to focus on the task at hand. Right there in the heart of the beast, she dropped one of her Power Bombs. The yield of one of these high explosives was comparable to some low-grade nuclear weapons, and this mushroom that'd given her so much grief was about to experience that first hand.

Bwoooooommm!!!

There was a loud boom as the creature's entire elastic body started to stretch wider and wider, from top to bottom as the explosion expanded within it. Its tentacles writhed in surprise, if it had eyes, they'd have been popping out of its sockets right now. It swelled up like an overfilled party balloon, and for a moment it looked like even this might not be enough to put a stop to the creature, and yet...

POP!

In something of an anti-climax that served as a final reinforcement of its sheer durability, the fungus didn't explode into pieces, it didn't disintegrate, it just... popped. A hole blasted in the side of it, compromising its structural integrity. It wasn't even a particularly big hole, it couldn't have been larger than a basketball, which sounded big, but considering the kind of weapon that

Samus had just set off inside of it, that was terrifying little actual damage. But it seemed like it was enough, a thick cloud of spores escaped into the air around the creature as it completely deflated and went inert.

The crew of the *Asclepius* watched to see the results of the battle, faces pressed against the glass as they hoped to see Samus had served her gambit. The green and purple mass wriggled and shook, and they witnessed, after negotiating with finding its mouth, as Samus emerged from the monster's corpse, seemingly no worse for wear than she'd been before it swallowed her. Still fighting to stay standing, she looked back towards the ship and raised her fist up into the air, clenched in triumph.

The confirmation of her victory caused a round of cheers to erupt from the marines. Everyone else was more relieved than anything, not to mention concerned about how badly she seemed to be injured after all that, especially the impact into the side of the ship. "You'd think *they* were the ones that killed that thing with how they're carrying on." Brianna noted with snide as she and the rest of the staff made their way towards the airlock to see if Samus needed help when she made it back, and if necessary, to go out and help her make it to the ship if she couldn't get there on her own.

Samus's steps were slow and shaky as she walked back towards the ramp. She hoped that that monster was either only one of its kind or the only one in the area... At least if it wasn't, she knew how to deal with them now. Not that she'd be able to for a while, her limbs felt heavy and numb, that miscalculation with the Shinespark had cost her dearly.

She climbed up the ramp and into the airlock, waiting through the decontamination process, which was basically a formality for her, but she wanted to make sure she wasn't carrying any of those spores loose on her Power Suit considering she was practically marinating in the stuff. She coughed a bit, feeling an odd tickle in her throat. Her suit wasn't notifying her of any kind of hazardous toxins, poisons or infections present in her bloodstream, so she was trying not to worry about it too much.

As the inner door opened, Doctor Conroy had to keep the rest of the crew from swarming her, stepping forward and asking her if she was alright and needed to be taken to the on-board infirmary. "We don't have a dedicated medical doctor aboard, but the automated systems should still be able to-"

Samus held up her hand and shook her head, offering a firm but grateful refusal, "I'll be fine. Just let me through to my quarters."

"Are you-?" Curtis began to contest her, before biting his tongue and acquiescing, "Alright, you all heard her, don't crowd the lady... Let her through, we've gotta get that thing and bring it in for autopsy anyway."

"Autopsy!?" A shocked Aaron parroted, "Doctor, are you sure?"

“Absolutely, we’re here to figure out what kind of life exists on this planet, and I think the fungoid that smashed up all of our equipment and nearly got the better of the strongest bounty hunter in the galaxy deserves an in-depth investigation.”

“Are you sure it’s *safe*, sir? I mean, what if it’s not really dead?”

“It’s dead.” Samus succinctly put an end to any debate on *that* front, weighing in to provide her expert opinion.

Curtis chuckled, “Isn’t it amazing how much she can say while saying so little? You know, I wish the Research Department Heads would learn a thing or two from her example.”

Samus walked down the ship’s corridors towards her private room, a privilege that only she, the captain of the vessel, and Doctor Conroy were afforded. Oddly enough, she was already feeling a bit better. Each step she took seemed easier than the last, the pain was rapidly fading from her limbs, and they felt lighter and more limber by the second. Maybe it had just been a long time since she’d been injured like this, and she’d forgotten just how potent her healing factor really was.

She couldn’t help but grin under her helmet, a gentle rush of endorphins starting to course through her, one that she could easily chalk up to her body’s reward for escaping a dangerous situation with her life. Meanwhile, the research crew, taking extra precautions to make sure that their suits were airtight, went out and retrieved the remains of the monster responsible for sabotaging their research mission before it even had a chance to get started! At least they had all the same equipment they’d taken outside on the ship, but it was still going to dramatically slow down their progress.

Doctor Conroy led the autopsy alongside his two assistants, while ordering the rest of the science team to carry on according to their original plan, collecting dirt samples and plant trimmings for analysis. The fact that the creature was almost completely intact was something of a blessing and a curse. A blessing in that it made it easier to understand each part of the deflated mushroom that they were researching, a curse because it was emblematic of just how downright *indestructible* this thing was!

Rrrk-Squirk-Crrk-Sqweek-Reerrk-Krerk!

A high pitched whiny squeaking was all that Curtis was getting for his troubles as he took a scalpel to the mushroom’s hide out of pure frustration. These scalpels could practically cut their way through rock, and they weren’t even leaving scratches in the rubbery skin. “Unbelievable... Pfeh!” He scoffed as he tossed the scalpel aside, clattering off the tray next to the dissection table as he took a few steps away and put his hands on his hips, gathering himself.

The three were once again wearing their hazmat suits, as they were still unsure if this thing was poisonous or not, and considering it was a mushroom, the odds of it containing some kind of toxin were greater than not. "I... think we can rule the scalpel out, Doctor." Aaron stated the obvious as he guided an overhead laser beam emitter and tried to find the most vulnerable spot to make an incision, though none of his attempts were working any better. "I'm not getting anywhere with the laser cutter either. Brianna, do you have any ideas?"

"Yeah... Fire a mass driver at it, or maybe throw it into a *star*!" Brianna wasn't at the table, she was at a separate workstation, looking at swabbings that she'd taken from the internal organs of the monster under a microscope in a couple of petri dishes. It was mostly just spores, at least by her estimation. If these were the monster's cells, they didn't look like any cells she'd seen before.

"This is just great. We've discovered perhaps one of the most remarkable materials in the galaxy, and it's completely useless!" Curtis continued to rant as he paced back and forth, "This thing causes over half a million credits in property damage that I'm going to have to explain to the top brass- *completely* sabotages this mission within twenty minutes of touching down, and as if that wasn't bad enough-!"

He walked over, grabbed the scalpel in his hand and tried to stab it down into its elastic skin, only to have it predictably bounce off, "I can't even get any *catharsis* by slicing it into bits, I mean we can't even put a *nick* in this thing! If it weren't for Samus, we'd-"

"Doctor...?" Brianna's voice rose in a worried tone, "You might wanna take a look at this..."

"Brianna?" Curtis quickly walked over to the workstation, with Aaron following after, "What? What's the matter? What is it?" Brianna was usually unflappable, and she never referred to Curtis as just "Doctor." She made way for him as he looked under the microscope. "What am I looking at?"

"So I- I put some of the spores that I got from that thing into a couple of biofilms, th-this one is plant based, this one is animal tissue, and that one is fungal mycelium. Do you see what's happening to them?"

Curtis adjusted the microscope to try and get a better look and the animal tissue sample, while Aaron examined the fungal sample. Both of them watched as the green and purple spores spread through the dish. They were transforming each of the cells they came into contact with, changing them into a similar form of their own, before those altered cells would seek out and change other cells. "It's... it's spreading itself!?" Aaron remarked in horror, "Reproducing by converting other cells, almost like a- a virus, like Phazon, or maybe a parasite, like the X." Aaron offered two equally grim theories.

"B-but it's *not* either of those things." Brianna was quick to remind them, "Phazon- even if any of it had survived the destruction of Phaaze, our equipment is calibrated to detect and recognize it.

Our radiation sensors would be going *crazy* right now! Same with the X Parasites, they're a known alien entity recorded in our xenobiological database, and this thing didn't release one when Samus killed it. I've *never* seen anything alive with properties like these before, it's a kind of polymer, like isoprene, but it's *alive* somehow... I don't know how, but it *is!*"

"No." Curtis shook his head, "This isn't a virus or a parasite. I think it's something even *worse*."

"Worse, Doctor Curtis? With all due respect, sir, what could be worse than-?"

"I want you to take a *closer* look at these so-called 'cells.' Notice the lack of DNA, or RNA? These aren't cells, they're more like *proteins*, a complex blend of protein and latex polymer, folded unlike other proteins, and they're changing the cells into more of themselves."

Aaron and Brianna shared a knowing look, "Wait... misfolded proteins? Are you saying that these are-?"

"Proteinaceous infectious particles." The head researcher confirmed. "*Prions*. These are prions, or something close to them, 'Super Prions,' for lack of a better name, that have found some way to convert even *cells* into more of themselves, not just other proteins."

"But if... If these are *prions*, then...?" Aaron started to put two and two together, "Then if they can convert even cells, then that would mean that monster is-"

"Made entirely out of prions? Yes, that would be correct, Aaron, at least, that is my working theory." The doctor pursed his lips and folded his arms, "This is dangerous, *extremely* dangerous. Now it all makes sense why we can't cut into or burn this thing no matter what we try, doesn't it? After all, prions are virtually indestructible. There are few things in the universe more difficult to break down, no wonder even Samus Aran wielding all of the weaponry of the Chozo still struggled."

Brianna had spent an entire unit back studying prions in the pathology course she'd taken at university. The terrified her, the fact that much like cancer, they could simply spontaneously form one day; but unlike cancer, there was no true cure for prions. It wasn't until the advent of nanomachine technology that there was even a *treatment* for prions. Nanobots were sent into the patient's bloodstream to find, capture and physically remove the misfolded proteins, as removing them was seen as more practical than trying to destroy them.

"Given how prions spread, I suspect this creature wasn't originally like this. It's possible that it could've eaten the wrong meal, or drank from the wrong water source, or perhaps even just stepped foot on the wrong path of dirt. Once it was exposed to these *contagious* proteins, its fate was sealed." He looked back at the rubbery mushroom no longer with anger, but now with a mixture of fear and almost *pity*.

“Doctor Curtis, we looked inside of this thing, and y-you and I both noticed that its internal systems seem unusually simple. There’s nothing resembling a digestive system or an excretory system. There doesn’t seem to be a circulatory or respiratory system of any kind either!” Aaron recalled, “All there is in there is an internal cavity that just seems like it was meant to be saturated with those spores, it’s as if...”

“It’s as if spreading the ‘spores’ was its primary goal...” Curtis finished spelling out Aaron’s theory for him. “Of course, because that’s how it reproduces itself, these prions, whatever they are, maybe they’re more concerned with converting other living tissue into more of themselves, acquiring new hosts.”

“So... if this thing really is made of prions, then what do we do?” Aaron was practically glued to the doctor’s side, figuratively and almost literally leaning on him for support and guidance.

But Curtis knew that he was out of his depth on this one, he was no pathologist. “Well, Brianna’s wisecrack turned out to be rather apropos.” He sighed, “We’re going to need to gather and quarantine everything that might’ve come into contact with this thing’s spores or tissues and jettison them into the sun.”

“Everything?”

“*Everything!* Every single thing! Every scalpel that touched it, the table it sat on, every suit worn by every staff member who even got *close* to it, including these ones we’re wearing obviously... Every single bit of it needs to be quarantined and then dumped into the nearest star! We can’t take any chances here, anything that was exposed to-”

“Oh *shit!*” Brianna gasped as she suddenly realized, “Samus!”

“Damn, you’re right, we’ll have to make an exception for her Power Suit, I don’t think she-”

“No, you don’t understand! She was covered in that thing’s spores while she was fighting it! She was literally *swallowed whole* by it! What if she was infected?”

“Oh no... B-but, no, that- that couldn’t be! I mean, don’t you think her Power Suit would keep anything like that out?”

“Brianna makes a good point, Aaron.” Curtis made a determination, “I hate to admit this, but... Samus Aran was more at risk of inhaling those spores than anyone else. We can’t rule out her being potentially contaminated by them.”

“Well, what should we do, sir?”

Curtis found himself in a far more difficult position than he’d wanted to. His head was throbbing, this was supposed to be a routine research expedition, and Samus was supposed to make it

easier. But he supposed that if she hadn't been here, it would've been an even bigger disaster than it was. "We have no idea what these prions actually do, let alone how they might interact with Samus and her Chozo DNA, *or* her Metroid DNA. If we're lucky, maybe she and the rest of us aren't even vulnerable to these things because we're not native to this planet, but..."

"I mean, she'll probably be alright. It's Samus Aran! She survived nearly being terminally corrupted by phazon, and she's the only known victim of X Parasitism to survive!"

"Yeah, but only *barely* in both of those cases." Brianna corrected Aaron, albeit with heavy reluctance in her voice.

"We should put her in quarantine and keep her under observation until we know if, and how, her exposure affected her. She's probably not going to like it, but I'm sure she'll understand. Aaron, can you handle this?"

"Me...? W-well, sure." This was a hell of a monkey's paw moment for him, he'd hoped for an excuse to interact with Samus more, but he sure wouldn't have chosen these circumstances. "Her room is next to yours and the captain's rooms, right?"

"That's right... Oh, you might need this." Curtis reached into one of the pockets of his suit and tossed Aaron a keycard, "That's a copy of my personal keycard, it'll give you clearance to every room on the ship, including Samus's quarters... You bring that *right back* to me as soon as you're done fetching her, or I'll have you thrown out into the wilderness naked, you got it?" His tone was more playful than serious, but it was still just sincere enough to let Aaron know it wasn't a joke.

"Of course, sir, I'll be right back." He passed through another decontamination sequence, taking off his suit (seeing as how it was technically a biohazard now) and carefully disposing of it. It was a good thing they had a surplus supply on these things. He made his way towards the ship's bridge. His heart was pounding, Samus was his hero, he'd always wanted to be more like her, he'd nearly fainted from just trying to thank her earlier, how in the world was he supposed to break bad news like this to her?

"I'll just... Tell her that it's Doctor Curtis's orders, she needs to be placed under temporary quarantine. L-like he said, she'll understand, I'm sure!" He psyched himself up as he reached her door. As he stood before the sliding doors, they stayed closed. "Samus?" He called inside as he knocked on the metal doors, receiving no answer.

After waiting a couple more seconds, he knocked and called her name once more. "Samus, are you awake?" She did seem exhausted after that fight... Great, was he going to have to wake her up too? Did she-? She didn't *sleep* in the power suit, did she?

He wished he could just give her her privacy, but this was a matter of grave importance for not only her, but everyone else on the ship as well. Taking a deep breath and biting the bullet, he

held up the keycard that Curtis had given him and brought it towards the card reader in the wall beside the doors. “I- I’m sorry, Ms. Aran, but I’m coming in...” He tried to warn her, he thought he might’ve heard a groan from the other side right as the keycard tapped on the scanner...

That suspicion was confirmed when he opened the door to find Samus struggling to stand in the middle of the room, still in her power suit as she was clutching at her head and thrashing about. The suit was crackling with energy, and sections around her chest and rear were straining, as if something was trying to force its way out from inside. “*N-no! W-why!? Why’d you unlock the do-hohoho-oor?*” Samus exclaimed, looking towards Aaron with her eyes wide as saucers. She was clearly distressed, her voice strained like she was fighting to get out every word, and yet, she let out a very uncharacteristic sound: laughter.

Aaron gasped and took a step back, “S-samus!? Holy shi-! A-are you okay? C-can you walk? Let me help you-!” Without thinking, he then ran into the room, reaching a hand out towards the bounty hunter.

“**Stay back!**” Samus shouted as she backed up towards the corner, warning the young research assistant, “D-don’t touch me-*heheheheee~! Hnnrrggh-! I C-can’t... Need to-!*” Once again, between her terrified groans, she let out a high pitched giggle. “M-my head!”

“Samus, come with me, p-please, we need to get you to quarantine, I- we can help!”

Samus shook her head, “L-listen to meee-! I won’t- m-make it out of this room! Y-you have to lock the door again-! *Ahahaha~! S-seal the vents, d-don’t let me ooouut!*” She fell to her knees, her fingers scraped down against her visor before she pounded her fists on the floor, “H-hurr-*eehehehe~! Please! Hurry! I can’t f-fight it any... longerrr-!*”

“Fight what!? S-samus, I-” Aaron felt like he was sinking into the floor, he couldn’t believe this. Poor Samus, after everything she’d gone through and all she’d done for the galaxy, she didn’t deserve to have to go through something like this! He could clearly see that she’d told the truth: she was in no state to leave her room. Yet he was worried that if he just left her here, she might not survive at all! She needed medical attention, that much was obvious. But Aaron never for a moment suspected that Samus wasn’t the one who was really in danger here.

Krrzzztthttzzt!
CRrrRRnncchh-!
BOOOM!

The sparking and crackling engulfing her suit reached a fever pitch before the armor started to crack and splinter, and then *shattered* into pieces. There was a blinding flash of light as Aaron reflexively covered his face to protect it from any bits of shrapnel.

When he opened them again, he could scarcely comprehend what he was looking at. Samus's Power Suit had been blown clean off of her body, and she was left in her Zero Suit, or was she...?

"Eheeeheheee~! *Ahahaahahaa~! Huuhuhuhu~!*" A woman made entirely out of rubber was standing in Samus's place, she had a solid blonde ponytail, twice as wide as her head and running halfway down her back. Her head was like a big round orb, with a massive cartoonish smile, stretching from ear to ear. No lips, just a black outline with several more vertical lines across its stark white length, giving the impression of teeth. It took up nearly half her head. Her nose was nothing more than a single, flat curved black line in the middle of her face, and then there were her *eyes!*

Her eyes were **massive**, and just as perfectly round as her head was. They were green and flat, yet somehow they shone with a manic light as purple spirals were etched into them, the same shades of purple and green as the mushroom monster...

Her narrow neck, only about three inches long and a single inch thick, connected to her rubbery shoulders, and just below them were her huge squeaky, shiny breasts. Each one was bigger than her head, practically the size of basketballs. Beneath them her torso tapered to absurd thinness, maybe two or three inches wide at the narrowest point, before *ballooning* out again at her hips, which widened to give her a gigantic, ridiculous ass.

If her breasts were like basketballs, then her ass was closer to a pair of beach balls, her curvy sleek legs ran down to a pair of rounded feet standing on bouncy high heels that were part of her body. Speaking of her clothes, she wasn't really *wearing* any, it was more like her clothes were a part of her skin. Specifically, they were the stylish and form fitting mixture of light and dark blues that made up Samus's famous (some circles would say *infamous*) zero suit, but stretched out for the inhuman proportions of the perverse parody of herself that she had become.

Her arms grew wider down to her hands, which were a pair of solid, bulbous round masses at the end of her limb, nearly useless for anything requiring manual dexterity. She starts to rub them up and down her body, the squeal of rubber on rubber piercing Aaron's ears as he watched the living caricature of Samus play with her newly expanded breasts and rear.

Her body was so unnaturally smooth, and like before, she moved with an unnatural grace, but now it was so much more uncanny. "*Aahooohoo~!*" She was laughing to herself in a goofy and inane voice, a mockery of her usual stoic calm. "*Eeehehehe~!*"

"S... Samus..." Aaron sounded like he was going to be sick, "A-are you-?"

"Heehehe!" The rubberized Samus just turned and stared dead in his eyes, her head tilting to the side at a near ninety degree angle as she continued to laugh at him. "*Ooohohohoo!*" She

leapt and threw her feet up off of the ground as she started to bounce on her giant rubber ass, all the while, she just kept laughing at him.

Bwoeing~! Bwoing~! Bwooinng~!

As if the fact that these spores had infected Samus in the first place wasn't bad enough, the transformation they'd subjected her body to felt almost willfully malicious. It was as though the vile infection was intentionally trying to make her transformation as ludicrous as possible. Turning her into her own antithesis: the noble, reserved, and dignified bounty hunter now reduced to a depraved, giggling, shameless monstrosity that was closer to a living blow-up doll than anything else!

Every bounce elicited the sound of a bouncy ball striking pavement, as she dribbled herself on the ground right towards him. Aaron let out a gasp as he realized, now much too late, that he needed to lock the doors like she'd asked, there was nothing they could do for her, at least not right now, but who knew what she could do if she was set free like this!

He wouldn't get the chance though, as her arms stretched out towards him and curled around his torso, "N-no! Samus! Get off! Lemme *goooo-!*" He protested as her arms retracted and yanked him right into her. He collided with the rubber woman with the characteristic squeak of a chew toy as she forced her lips against his.

Cccchhuuww~! Mwaaah~!

Despite the lack of any kind of opening on her face, Aaron still felt an intense sensation of *suction* as Samus pressed her rubber smile against him. His mouth was filled with an overwhelming saccharine flavor of bubblegum that made his head spin and his mind go fuzzy.

"S-Samus, stop it! Y-you have to fight this!" He tried to fight out of her grasp, but she was just too strong, or maybe he was getting *weaker*. She smothered him against her new body, her big flappy, squeaky hands rubbing against the back of his head and his rear. Any attempt by Aaron to get a grip on her skin just resulted in his hands sinking in or sliding off of her.

"*Heeheehee~!* But whyyyy? Sammy feels *goood!* All squiiishy and *boouncy!*" She continued to bounce around on her ass as she clung to Aaron, "Don't you like her even *better* like this?"

"**No!** This is nothing like you-uuuh...? I- *Heh-? Heheheee... W-wait*, what's-!? Hap-peninggg~?" Aaron felt like the world was spinning, an overwhelming pleasure was spreading through his body, starting in his face and working its way through his bloodstream from his lungs. The *spores!* She must've infected him with them somehow! "*M-make it sto-hahahaha-!*" Aaron's body rapidly started to rubberize, but rather than turning into an absurd rubber version of himself, he was turning out just like Samus.

“You’re gonna be juuuust like Sammy~! You’ll be all creaky and squeaky! You’ll see how fuuun it is, how *greeaat* it feels to have big bouncy boobies and a rubber rump! *Hahooohohohoo~!*” She taunted him, sounding like some kind of children’s show villain. If she’d still had even a tiny shred of sanity, she’d have probably preferred to just be dead than have to endure this level of humiliation. But her mind and soul had been completely assimilated by the prions along with her body, and it’d given birth to a dangerous new “monster” that wanted to do only one thing-*spread*.

“S-samus, pleeeaaase-! D-do-*hohoho~!*” Samus forced Aaron to watch his body change in the mirror as he was corrupted and twisted up like her. His skin took on her perfect glistening sheen as his brown hair blew up into the same huge shiny blonde ponytail. The surreal sensation of his waist and neck shrinking and tapering should’ve been painful, but the sickness conquering him only brought pure bliss... His clothes were ripped to shreds as his breasts and ass rapidly swelled up, complete with the telltale sound of balloons being inflated.

“S-saam-yyy! I dooon’t *waannaa-!*” Aaron tried to protest, watching as his fingers fused together and then plumped up into useless rubber stubs good only for fondling and hugging... At least, that’s how it seemed at first. In truth, they were just more *versatile* than they seemed, as Samus had demonstrated by using them to grapple him.

“Yes you dooooo! Look at that big dumb happy smile on your faaace~! You **know** it feels *super-duper goood*, so just join Sammy! Then we can share this with everyone!” Samus twisted the knife, pointing out the permagrin that’d already spread and painted over his mouth as his head was being forcefully reshaped. As it overtook his eyes, starting to paint them over with made purple and green orbs like Samus’s own, Aaron made a brief and futile attempt to fend off the wicked influence devouring his mind...

But it was utterly hopeless, his will and identity were bounced and squashed into oblivion in a matter of seconds by the overwhelming and goofy personality of the “bounty hunter” who’d captured him, and the instinctual drive of the prions to spread to others literally overwriting every fiber of his being...

She may have been warped beyond recognition, but her willpower and strength remained, and now every ounce of it had been devoted towards her ridiculous rubber body and breaking everyone she met into being just like her.

As the rubbery changes overtook his face and sealed his feet, reshaping his body to perfectly match the original Samus’, he- now *she*, started to “understand.” She wasn’t sick, she wasn’t defective, she was *perfect!* Sammy was *perfect*, and she needed to share perfect with everyone and everything!

Wubble~! Crrraank~! Weeeooo~! Bwomp~!

Her body squashed and stretched like dough in a baker's hands as her proportions shifted to perfectly match the other Samus. She'd never felt so good or so happy, her head was filled to bursting with a bubbly infectious joy that needed to be shared. "Ooooooh~!" She cooed as she played with herself and the original Samus, as giddiness and pleasure were quite frankly the *only* things in her head at this point.

"So, how's it feeeeeel?" Samus asked her new twin, bending over backwards at her tiny waist, her head practically resting on her ass.

"Ooooh, *hmmhmm~!*" Her clone just cooed, moaned and nodded like an air-filled bobblehead as she rubbed and squished her breasts, lacking a certain amount of intelligence that the original had.

"Seeee, Sammy told youuu!" The corrupted bounty hunter patted her on the head, before strutting towards the open door out of the room and carefully lifting the keycard that Aaron had dropped onto the floor. "Now, let's start shaaaring!"

The captain of the *Asclepius* was a stolid, square jawed man on the verge of middle age. A well kept beard and moustache ran across the line of his jaw, a short, quaffed head of brown hair sat atop his scalp, speckled with premature hints of grey from the stress of a command position.

He was in the middle of recording his log for the day, and he had quite a lot to report, none of it good. "Captain's Log, Laylon V Expedition, Day 1: This mission may already be over before it even had a chance to begin. Almost as soon as we landed on the planet and the research crew started to set up their exterior work camp, the site and the team were attacked by an unidentified alien entity that appeared to be fungal in nature."

"By some miracle none of the crew were harmed, thanks to Samus Aran's almost preternatural sense of danger, so I'm told... Unfortunately, the equipment that was deployed is a total loss, utterly pulverised in the battle. That creature was downright impervious to nearly every weapon in her arsenal, and so the standard issue rifles my marines are carrying certainly wouldn't have stood a chance at felling the beast."

"Lead Researcher Curtis took the initiative in conducting an autopsy of that giant mushroom. I've ordered him to send me a full copy of his report as soon as it's finished. At least we can continue to perform research here on the vessel, though it'll certainly slow things down."

"Still, I should consider us to be extremely fortunate that we were lucky enough to have Samus Aran serving as our security specialist on this mission. I can only call it serendipitous; who knows what would've happened if she hadn't been here to destroy that monster and it was able to get on board the ship... That woman may as well be the Federation's guardian angel, I don't know what we'll do if anything ever happens to-"

The captain's doors suddenly slid open as Curtis' backup keycard overrode the lock he'd applied for the sake of his privacy. "What?" He turned, confused, and nearly had his eyes pop out of his skull at the sight of a big rubber ass swinging around and around right outside his cabin, wobbling and jiggling with a low pitched, "*Bowmb~! Bowmb~! Bowmb~!*" accompanying each revolution. "**What** in the-!?"

"Heeeey, Cappy-taaan!" Samus twisted her head backwards and insipidly greeted the commanding officer as her twin waved at him with one arm and rubbed Samus's booty with the other, "Hard daaay? Why don't you play with Sammy's big, bouncy, bounty hunter bubble booty~!? Ahahaaahaaaha!" She offered, pressing a hand over her mouth scandalously as she laughed.

The Captain didn't know what he was seeing, but in the split second his brain had to process it, he interpreted it as some kind of mocking impersonation of Samus Aran, and the mere idea of it filled him with outrage. "What kind of sick joke is-!?" He growled, offended for Samus' sake as he rose from his seat, only to be interrupted as the former Aaron fired her stretchy arms out at him and grabbed hold of the captain. "S-stop! What are you doing!?"

"Hoohohohoo~! Shaaaring!" Was all the explanation that the former research assistant offered as she pulled the baffled officer forward at full speed.

"**Someone help m-phhff!**" The captain yelled as he was yanked through the air towards his assailants. The good news was that there was a lovely and soft pair of "airbags" waiting to stop the force of his blow. The bad news was that the moment he impacted them, his fate was sealed.

Samus fell back onto the ground with the captain's head sunk firmly between her rubber cheeks, and started to bounce and grind on him, laughing with her twin as they watched him try in futility to lift her off of him and pound his fists against her, causing nothing but more pleasure for him and Samus as they jiggled with every strike... That pathetic resistance barely lasted more than a few seconds before his head turned to rubber, along with the first of his body, his clothes bursting off as he turned into another goofy, buxom Samus clone, bringing their number up to three, and quickly decapitating the chain of command on the ship.

A pair of guards came running, responding to their commanding officer's cry for assistance. "Captain! Are you okay, we heard you sho-!" They turned the corner, finding themselves staring at the three laughing, living rubber women. Their jaws dropped, "What are you- *things!*?" One of the two demanded they identify themselves as he leveled his rifle at them.

The two converted former crew members looked at each other and started to laugh like they were sharing an inside joke, they wrapped their arms around each other, pressing their chests together as they loudly and abrasively squeaked and whined, while bouncing on both of their asses. Meanwhile, the original Samus took a few steps towards the two, "We are..."

"S-stop right there! Don't come any closer!" the other guard warned, his finger trembling on the trigger of his rifle.

"*Perf-fec-she-yun~!*" Samus sounded out as she too jumped onto her ass, but rather than bouncing, she seemed to squash harder and harder against the floor, a gentle sound of ticking, like tension building up... "Aaaand you will be *tooo!*" She declared before-

Sproooing!

Bouncing forward like a loaded spring, complete with an appropriately ridiculous noise like a jack in the box. She launched herself right at one of the unfortunate guards, causing him to stumble back and toss away his rifle as she grabbed hold of him and wrapped him in a tight, transformative hug.

"Get her offa meeee!" The panicked guard shouted as his comrade in arms pointed his gun at her and opened fire. The roar of gunfire echoed down the corridors of the hall, but even though he was firing into her at point blank range, he literally wasn't making a dent in her, his bullets were bouncing right off!

"Teeheheheehe~! That tiickles!" Samus shrugged off his weapons fire, before smugly informing him, "Silly billy! Sammy is invincible!"

"I-invinci-? Wait, *Sammy!*? Samus!? What's- *Glch!*" Before he had a chance to do anything, the other two Samuses grabbed hold of him with one arm each, one wrapped around his neck, and the other around his waist. The former captain and Aaron pulled their terrified captive right into their symmetrical docking session, trapping him between their over-exaggerated figures and leaving him in a hell of squeaky soft rubber as they continued to bounce and grind together, rubbing out his individuality and sanity like a pair of erasers.

Just a few moments prior, back in the research room, Curtis and Brianna had just finished placing the remains of the rubber fungus that'd started this whole mess into the biohazard storage, and were busy disposing of anything else that touched it, along with placing special protective wrapping on top of anything that couldn't be easily moved, such as the dissection table itself. "I wonder what's taking Aaron so long to get back."

"Maybe he got distracted trying to butter up his knight in powered armor..."

"At the risk of abusing my rank, Brianna, that almost sounds like jealousy in your voice."

Brianna huffed, her face turning red, "Oh, shut up, *Doctor* Conroy! What? Did you pick up a *psychoanalysis* doctorate while I wasn't-?"

Brbrbrbrbrbrbrbrbrrrr!

“What was that?!” Brianna flinched at the noise from down the halls.

“Gunfire... What’s going on here?” As much as he wanted to believe there was some innocuous explanation for that sound, like one of the marines playing around with their gun, he knew that the odds of something like that being the case were slim to none, he ran into the adjacent security station, his eyes desperately scanning the monitors as Brianna came in after him. “Let’s see, let’s see...”

“Doctor! There, by the bridge!” Brianna pointed to the monitor, where the three, no four, no **five** rubber freaks of nature were expanding their ranks. “Oh shit... What are those things? They look like... N-no way! No *fucking* way...!” Brianna shook her head, quickly putting the pieces together.

“Brianna, seal the doors to this room!” Curtis hastily ordered.

“But-!”

“**Now!**”

“Okay! Fine!”

As Brianna scrambled to carry out his command, Curtis ran his hands through his hair, what was he supposed to do? Could that really be Samus? Why was there more than one? As he watched the marine in her arms start to inflate and warp to be just like her, his worst suspicions were confirmed. Poor Samus, she’d succumbed to the effects of these prions, and now she was spreading it to other members of the crew.

“Alright, that should at least keep us safe for the moment, but... We need to figure out what we’re going to do now. How we’re going to-...”

His voice trailed off as he stared at the monitor, unable to tear himself away from what he was seeing, the original Samus turned and looked straight into the camera, right into his eyes... It was as though she somehow knew she was being watched. She waved one of her bappy hands at him and blew him a kiss. “*Uaugh!*” He finally broke his gaze away, rubbing his temples as he tried to keep a handle on things, he had no idea what he was going to do.

A cold wave of despair gripped him as he realized the Catch 22 that he was trapped in. As Samus had demonstrated against the fungus, the only one who could have stopped her, was herself. Despair then bled into guilt and regret as he realized that one of those ridiculous bimbos riding their own asses out there was all but certainly his other research assistant, who **he** had unknowingly sent to his doom.

“Alright, I did it... But I didn’t like it.” Brianna sourly informed him, clearly bitter about having to potentially lock out Aaron. “So, what do we do now? Should we call the Federation for help?”

“Y-yes, or *no!* I- I don’t know. Just let me think!” Curtis’s brave face started to crack, if *Samus Aran* had fallen under the sway of this sickness, if this strange contagion had done what the Phazon and X couldn’t, then it could potentially be an even greater threat than either of them if she was set loose on the galaxy and allowed to spread herself.

The most important thing was to make sure that Samus and her fellow corrupted progeny couldn’t get off this planet, no matter what. In his heart, he quickly surmised what the “right” thing to do was, what the most responsible course of action would be: Send out an emergency transmission, explaining the situation on the planet and transferring all the data he had on this infection, ordering that a planetary quarantine be put into place, so that nobody would come here again and risk letting this plague loose on the galaxy.

It would mean consigning himself and the rest of the crew to their fate as rubbery satires of Samus Aran. Abandoning any hope of rescue, and either hoping these things couldn’t manage to fly the ship, or sabotaging the engines so that they definitely couldn’t.

Suddenly, every tale of selflessness, courage and bravery exhibited by the Federation’s finest he’d ever heard ran through his head. Those who made the hard but necessary decision to heroically sacrifice themselves for the good of the galaxy... Those were the kind of people who got starships named after them and monuments built in their names. Growing up, he’d always respected those people, but he never wanted to be one of them, nor did he imagine he might be put in such a situation.

His head pounded and his hands shook as he realized- He couldn’t do it. He couldn’t do it! Damn it all, he just couldn’t do it! He knew that he should, deep down he knew it was the only responsible course of action in this situation, it was what every crewman of the Federation was called to do, and he knew that it was selfish to do otherwise, especially with how hopeless the situation looked and how dire the potential consequences. But he just couldn’t throw his life away!

He didn’t want it all to end here! This wasn’t fair! He had never expected to be put in a position like this, and he certainly had never asked for it! He was still young, with his whole life and career ahead of him. He wanted to escape, he wanted to *survive!* How could anyone possibly condemn him for that!? He was only human, and what was more human than the desire for self preservation?

If anyone wanted to call him a coward or a fool, then let *them* walk a mile in his shoes first, put them in the hotseat, and see what decision they would make! It was so much easier to cast aspersions from the safety and comfort of one’s own home, thousands of light years away from any danger!

But he knew that it didn’t change the fact that this was cowardice, and he didn’t want it to be his only reason for the choice he was about to make. So he tried to rationalize it to himself. The

optimistic side of the young doctor eagerly chimed in to express hope that this affliction could somehow be cured, that everything could be fixed, as unlikely as it seemed. He was a true believer in the power of science, surely there was an answer if they just had the time and knowledge they needed to find it! There *had* to be an answer!

“Alright, I’ve got it. You know about the emergency escape shuttle?”

“That’s on the other side of the-!”

“I know! I *know* where it is! But it might be our only chance, we’ll just have to wait for an opening, a-and then try to slip through.”

“What about the others? What about *Aaron*? Are you telling me it’s everyone for themselves!?”

Curtis sighed and shook his head, “Brianna, I know how you feel. I hate having to do this just as much as you. But this situation is beyond our control, and at times like this, the decisions we make can’t always be the ones we’d be proud of.” His gaze was far away from his assistant as he spoke, “*Someone* is going to have to make it out of here to warn the rest of the Federation!” He conveniently omitted mentioning that there was a way to warn the Federation *without* them trying to escape... But if the thought had occurred to Brianna, she didn’t call him out on it.

Outside, the ship was rapidly descending into utter pandemonium, with the remaining marines rallying to try and protect the rest of the crew as they rushed to get anywhere safe. A pair of marines were covering the escape of a few of the technicians as a pair of Samuses rounded the corner and laughed at them conspiratorially.

“What are these freaks!? Why do they look like Samus!?”

“Who cares!? Just shoot! We’ve gotta hold these things off long enough for the rest of the crew to escape!”

“‘First ones in, last ones out,’ huh? Talk about a raw fucking deal!”

The marines kept the rubber girls under gunfire, but it didn’t do anything except perhaps amuse them further. Then, as they started to run down the hallway, they leapt up into the air and curled in on themselves, turning into big bouncy balls in a very literal interpretation of the original Samus’s own Morph Ball, with their big smiling faces now even larger, front and center in the middle of the balls. They started to bounce off the walls and each other, almost like pinballs as they rapidly closed the gap.

“I-it’s not working!” One of the marines panicked as the two of them were forced to pull back.

“Damn it! Don’t let up, the damn things have to go down sooner or lat-*Mppph!?*” As the other marine was distracted, he didn’t notice that one of the Samuses had bounced up and launched herself straight towards his head.

Pwop~!

With a heavy, squelchy noise, the giant landed right on top of his shoulders and swallowed his head. The marine dropped his gun and let out a muffled scream, feeling at the Rubber Ball and trying to yank it off to no avail.

It looked ridiculous, a cartoonish display, but that somehow only made it more horrifying. The other trooper looked at his comrade aghast. He thought he could hear him letting out muffled screams for help underneath the bobblehead-like orb of giggling rubber, but he knew that all he could do now was try and run and save himself, especially with the other rubber creatures closing in on him.

After just a few seconds, the abandoned federation soldier stopped trying to break free, overwhelmed by the pressure and pleasure pressing in on his head and oozing right into his brain from all sides. He went limp on his feet, his arms dangling as his body started to inflate and rubberize from the shoulders down. Meanwhile, the other Rubber Samus had no intention of letting his fleeing companion get away so easily, and rolled off after him around the next corner.

“G-gotta find somewhere to hide, o-or the shuttle! Yeah, I gotta get to the shuttle! N-now where was the shuttle again!? Shit!” The remaining Marine rambled to himself as he tried desperately to recall the lay out of the ship. He’d spent weeks patrolling the thing but it was all just a blur of boredom, and now, under pressure, his mind was completely drawing a blank.

“*Heeehehehe!*” The Samus on his tail didn’t give him long to try and jog his memory though, she was right on his tail. He turned back and stared her down, looking right into those cold, flat green and purple eyes. Then, the Samus began to *spin*, only she was spinning in place.

Vrrrrmmmmm!

She kept spinning faster and faster, turning into an incomprehensible blur. A sound like a revving engine and screeching rubber became almost deafeningly loud. The Marine shook his head, “Oh, you gotta be *kidding* me! No fucking way!” He remarked incredulously as he turned tail and tried to run.

RRrrrRrrRrr!

The Rubber Samus, making use of her version of the “Speed Booster,” peeled out like a drag racer flooring their ignition, squealing as she tore down the corridor at breakneck speed right towards the fleeing Marine, who barely had a chance to realize what was coming before-

SPLAT~!

The contagious rubber girl ran him clean over and left him instantly transformed and literally flattened on the floor of the ship as another Rubber Samus, albeit a completely deflated one.

FFwwwOooOosSsh!

Gradually, she started to fill out, expanding up from the floor like dough that'd been left to rise. She peeled herself off the floor as she was played with and explored her new body. Around the corner, the other Marine finally popped the Samus Ball off of her head, now looking identical to the face of her attacker, overjoyed with her new form, she kissed the big bouncy ball right on her silly permagrin and proceeded to wrap herself around her as the two rolled on the floor together.

Both of them had been quickly reduced to the same simple and vapid mentality of their other sisters, their body corrupted and their minds converted into the same perverted mockery of Samus's own, their primary concerns being to sink into the pleasure of their "perfect" bodies and spreading that bliss with everyone else they came across. Though as their surprisingly effective coordination and use of their "weapons" across the ship was proving, they *did* inherit some of the "real" Samus's tactical and strategic acumen, making them a legitimate threat.

Perhaps it even made them *more* dangerous. with how difficult it was to take them seriously, they had a kind of disarming quality to them. One would likely only realize their mistake in underestimating them as a serious threat once it was already too late.

Speaking of the "real" Samus: despite looking identical to all of the others, the original was quite a bit more clever than the rest of them, and a touch more devious. Serving as the locus for the expanding hive mind of her and her twins, she was the only coordinating their efforts and ensuring that everyone on board the *Asclepius* would join her in her squeaky ecstasy.

"I... I can't believe this! Th-this is horrible! I-..." Brianna's voice was laced with guilt as she muttered to herself while following Curtis' lead towards the escape shuttle.

He'd decided that their best and only chance was to try and make a break for it before too many of the crew were infected. If they stayed in the lab, it was only a matter of time until they were boxed in with no way out. Brianna had suggested they wear the suits for added protection, but Curtis had pointed out that not only would getting suited in them take minutes when every second mattered, but they'd just slow them down and, if they ended up getting caught, they weren't actually going to keep the Samuses out anyway.

"Brianna, you need to be *quiet!*"

"Aaron, I didn't even... I never got to tell him, I just-!"

“Brianna, you still might be able to. I- I’m sure we’ll be able to find a cure for this, somehow! But we’ve gotta make it off of this ship fir-”

Crrrssh!

Both of the researchers nearly jumped out of their skins as the metal grate on the nearby vent just overhead them along the wall popped out and rattled to the floor. They pressed back against the opposing wall fearfully as one of the Rubber Samuses came creaking and squeaking out of the darkness, letting out a playful giggle as she scampered towards them. But just as it looked like she was about to lunge from the vent and put an end to their escape attempt.

Rrrrrrkkk...! Sqeeuuaak!

“Huuuh?” She found herself unable to emerge from the vent, her oversized ass appearing to be suddenly giving her much more trouble as she dangled down about three-fourths of the way out. “Awww, Sammy’s squeaky butt is *stuuuck!* Hooohohohoo~! It’s just too big and too squishy! Won’t you help her out?” She requested, her arms flopping forward and swaying gently from her stuck position in the vent.

“Ugh...” Curtis groaned and rolled his eyes in the same mix of disgust and pity he’d felt for the mushroom once he’d realized its origin. It was even worse to see as brave and courageous a symbol as Samus Aran insulted through these farcical facsimiles. “I guess we should be thankful these things are so stupid compared to the real deal.” He insulted his would-be attacker as he began to walk away.

Rather than being offended or trying to deny it, the Rubber Samus was all too willing to revel in it. “*Teeheheehe!* Yuup! Sammy is *really* silly and stupid! She’s just a big, dumb rubbery *dooope!*” She mocked herself as she began kneading her breasts, before looking eyes on the lead researcher, “It feels *sooo goood!* Join me and be silly toooo!”

Brianna, who’d been a bit more paranoid, saw the rubber woman reeling up her arms and managed to react in the nick of time. “Doctor, look out!” She shouted just as Samus’s arms sprung out towards his back. She tackled the doctor, pushing him forward and taking his place as the rubber arms happily claimed her as their replacement target.

They curled around her waist like a pair of pythons, squeezing her tight as she tried to pry herself free, “Damnit! Shit, you fucking-! Get offa me!” He shouted as she stubbornly kicked and flailed her legs, lifted off the ground and closer to the Samus’s smiling face.

“Hey, *heeeey~!* It’s okay! You’re gonna love being Sammy!” The rubber blonde assured her captive as she pulled her right up to her and started to rub and smear her face all over Brianna’s in something resembling a makeout session. The sound of a thick balloon being rubbed against skin nearly drowned out Samus’s exaggerated kissy noises and Brianna’s disgusted struggling.

Brianna felt her mind getting all bubbly and soft, she could feel this sickness creeping through her body and see the smiling permagrinning face of Samus in her mind's eye, consuming her every thought. Her body tingled like static and pins and needles, but every little spark carried with it irresistible pleasure. "D-daaamn it, w-why's it f-feel so goooood!? N-nooot faaiir!" The hot-blooded researcher grit her teeth as she tried to resist as long as she could out of spite.

"Heeheehee~! Because it's perfect! Perfectly dumb! Perfectly rubber! Perfectly Sammy!" She softened her grip on the girl ever so slightly, "Come ooon, kiss Sammy back, Brianna... Sammy heard what you saaaaid," The rubber girl teased her, before her voice fell into a seductive pur, "*she loves you toooo~!*"

"What!? H-how did you know my-?" Hearing her name come out of this thing's mouth broke her concentration, as she stared into the rubber clones eyes, the truth dawned on her, "A-aaron...? I-is that you?"

"*Teehehehe~!* Of couuuurse- *not!* Silly~! There's only Sammy here noooow! Now let's be Sammy togetherrrr!" Samus pulled Brianna back into another kiss, but this time, her victim seemed much more receptive to her advances.

"Sammy... T-together..." Brianna moaned, all of the fight having left her as she puckered her lips and started to kiss the face of the soft rubber woman, the light started to fade from her eyes... Before it returned in the form of the glassy sheen from the ceiling lights reflecting off of them.

Curtis felt like he couldn't move, like he was watching himself stare at the sight before him, he knew that on some level, this was his fault, his own carelessness had led to this... He felt dizzy with dread as he watched Brianna's body distort and morph into the obnoxious hourglass figure of the rest of the Samus's. She'd saved him by doing what he couldn't do, sacrifice themselves for someone else.

And *this* was how she was rewarded for it. "You were *sooo riight*, Sammy~! Sammy looooves being Sammy!" The now converted Brianna started fondling her own ass as the Samus in the vent let go and started clapping for her. Her thick rubber booty bounced up and down on the floor. After the initial bounce, she started giggling and doing it on purpose.

The realization that he'd end up rendering Brianna's sacrifice meaningless if he didn't high tail it out of there was enough to break the spell and allow him to continue making his break for it towards the shuttle. The two Samuses didn't seem to mind letting him escape. "Sammyyy~! I wanna bounce *toooo!* Noooow will you help me out?"

"Suuuure will, Sammy!" The Samus that had once been Brianna stretched her arms up to the vent, intertwining them with the arms of the Samus that'd been Aaron, the two squeaked and squealed as the stuck rubber girl was finally pulled free with a loud "**Shwoomp!**" In a display of

slapstick so contrived it must have been intentional, the younger of the two Samuses ended up on the floor, with their face buried in the other's chest.

"Eeehehehe~! Hmmm, your rubber boobies feel great, Sammy!"

"Awww, thank you, Sammy! Ohohoohohoo! It's so nice to finally here the *truuth* from you!"

"Yesss, I love you, Sammy! So, soo, sooo muuch!"

"Heehehehee! Of course you love Sammy, silly, you're Sammy too! And now we can be Sammy together forever and ever and ever..."

As Curtis continued to run through the ship, he managed to avoid the attention of any of the other Samuses, all of whom were too distracted picking off the rest of the crew to pay him any mind. The screams of their victims echoed alongside their laughter, and with each passing second the screams grew fewer, and the laughter more common... and *louder*.

He wasn't sure if they were actually homing in on him, but it certainly felt like they were getting closer. As he turned one last corner, bracing himself for the possibility that one or more of them had already blocked the passage to the shuttle, he was relieved to see that it was completely unprotected.

This was almost going too well, but in his panic and frenzied desire to escape, he overlooked that fact. He **needed** to get out of here. In his pocket he was carrying a data stick holding all of the information from the autopsy on the fungal monster, alongside the security footage of this entire disaster.

He dug through his pockets for his keycard and slammed it against the card reader, "C'mon, c'mon, open *uuup!*" He hissed impatiently, running in place as his eyes darted back and forth. After an agonizingly long couple of seconds, the door slid open and he scrambled inside, shutting the door behind him and locking it down once again. "There are no other survivors by now..." Is what he told himself to try and feel less guilty, as he made his way to the front of the shuttle.

It was meant to seat six, with the two chairs at the front allowing for a pilot and co-pilot. His vision was completely tunneled on the flight console as he started to frantically interface with it. Everyone on board the ship knew about the escape shuttle, but what most of them didn't realize was that in order to actually launch it, it required an authorized user to initiate the escape sequence.

It wasn't that much of an issue, as pretty much any ranking member on the ship could fulfill the requirement, that included: the captain (obviously), the chief of security, the chief technician, and also, as was relevant for Curtis's case, the lead researcher. Samus also would've been authorized in theory, which is why he was relieved he'd gotten here before her.

“Activating Authentication Protocols: please hold still for facial recognition, and provide your name and position.” The sedate and feminine digitized voice that seemed to be standard issue across Federation ships instructed Curtis as he positioned his face in front of a small sensor on the console.

“Doctor Curtis Conroy, Lead Researcher.” The purpose of this second measure was voice authentication, an added layer of security alongside facial recognition.

After a thin blue line passed over his face, the console emitted a brief sequence of high pitched beeps, followed by the digitized voice announcing, “Identity confirmed... Initialize emergency shuttle launch sequence?”

“Yes, yes! Please!”

“Acknowledged... Priming shuttle for launch. Please enter in coordinates, or specify desired destination.”

“Oh, I don’t-!” He could hear the sound of rubber squeaking and laughter outside, growing alarmingly close. “J-just set a course for the nearest Federation capital ship!”

“Acknowledged... Scanning... Coordinates confirmed. Conducting pre-launch diagnostics and ignition. Please wait, and make sure that all passengers are safely seated and secured. If the number of passengers exceeds the number of seats, additional passengers may be secured via the emergency harnesses stored in the overhead compartments of-”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever...” Curtis tuned out the rambling of the announcement system, listening for the sound of the Samuses outside... It seemed like they’d stopped, maybe they’d passed on when they realized they couldn’t get in.

Once he was convinced he was relatively safe, he let himself flop back into the seat behind him. Letting out an exhausted groan. He closed his eyes and relaxed, for the first time since everything started going wrong. It hadn’t even been that long, this all happened within the span of an hour once he sent Aaron out, but it felt like it’d been forever. He supposed that that’s what it felt like to be in a crisis, every second was agony. If time flew when you were having fun, he supposed it made sense that the inverse would be true.

“Haaaa...” He sighed in relief, the chair he was sitting in was just what he needed after everything he’d just been through and seen. It felt so cozy and soft, almost cradling and molding around him as he closed his eyes and just let himself breathe. “Heh...” He mirthlessly chuckled, “I wouldn’t have thought the Federation would put such nice seats in their escape shuttles. But then again, I suppose if you’re fleeing a disaster, you might as well have the consolation of doing it in comfort. It’s the little things.”

He could feel the shuttle rumbling to life around him as the diagnostic finished and the thrusters warmed up, in just a few moments, he'd be truly safe. "Aaron, Brianna, *Samus*... I'll figure something out, I- I promise, I won't just abandon you." He swore to himself as a conspicuous red button on the console lit up.

"Uh-ooooh, not so faaaast! You forgot to buckle up for safety fiiiirst~!" As he reached out to push the button, a high pitched voice whispered directly into his ear. Curtis's blood turned to ice as he swore he felt his heart stop. He glanced down and noticed what he'd been sitting on. *Blue*. It was blue.

"**Aaah!**" Out of blind animalistic instinct, he tried to jump up out of the chair, but Samus was too fast.

"Ooooh no, you don't! You're not going *aaaanywhere*... Not without *Saammmyy~!*" She taunted him as a pair of rubber arms crossed over his chest, eerily similar to the actual belts of the shuttle's seats, and pinned him back down as the bounty hunter's body started to re-inflate, rising him up as her ass got larger and her breasts pressing out against the back of his head. "Just *siiit* back and *relaaax*, *Ahahaaahaha~!*"

She'd wrapped herself around one of the seats and deflated her voluptuous assets to more conspicuously pass off as one of the seats. It was a bit of a risky gamble, as he still would've easily noticed her if he'd been at any point looking behind himself or paid attention. But she'd had a chance to see how single-minded he was towards escape, and how inattentive he was to threats around him from how he'd almost gotten caught by her "sister" stuck in the vent. It was completely unnecessary on her part, but she just couldn't resist, and seeing the look on his face made it all worth it.

"H-how!? How'd you get in here!?"

"Heheehee, Sammy's been waiting here the *whoole* time." She revealed, then explained herself, before stretching one of her arms over her back and between her ass cheeks to retrieve something wedged in there. "She used *thiiiiis*, that you were sooo nice to give heeerrr!" She waved her hand in front of Curtis's face like a fishing lure, stuck to her rubber skin was a keycard.

"Th- the backup card...! The one I gave- No, *fuck!*"

"That's *riiiight!* Sammy was hiding, waaaiiiting, when you got in, she had the other Sammy's make all that noise so you wouldn't notice her wrap herself around one of the chaaairs! Heeheehehe, you fell for it! You sat *right on meee!* Sammy knew you would!"

"Wait, wait! S-samus! If- If that's really you, the *real* you- the- the original you!" He desperately tried to reason with her, it was his last resort, and he didn't think he could feel the change starting to overtake him yet, so he may have still had a chance.

“Hoohohohoo, Sammy is definitely Sammy, for suuure~!”

“Listen to me! D-don’t do this! Please don’t do this! Don’t let this... thing, this *disease*, use you like this! You have to resist it, I-like you did against the Phazon! Let me go and I- I’ll find a way to fix this, to turn you and everyone else back to normal!”

“Fix Sammy? Samus’s voice seemed to soften, almost sounding a bit more like the *old* her, as she looked at one of her rubber hands and ran it down the side of her face. “Turn Sammy back to... n-normal?”

“Y-yes! I’m sure that there’s some way to-”

“Heehehehe, **haaahahaha**!” Samus drowned out Curtis’s words with her squeaky, goofy laughter, cruelly stomping on any hope he might’ve had that he was getting through to her. “Did ya hear that, Sammies?” Samus twisted her head backwards and shouted towards the shuttle door, “The doctor thinks we wanna turn back to *nooor-maal*! Isn’t that the *silliest* thing you’ve ever heard!?” From just behind the door came a raucous chorus of identical laughing voices.

“What!?”

“Oooh, doctor, you’re just so silly! You’re even sillier than Sammy!” She stretched her neck out and over Curtis’s head, looking at him eye to eye upside down as she purred, “Sammy doesn’t *wanna* go back to normal... eeeverrr! Sammy *loooves* being all squeaky and squashy and rubbery! She’s *perfect* nooooow!”

She then stretched her arm still “holding” the keycard back towards the keycard reader next to the door, slapping it on and letting them open as her gaggle of sisters all started to bounce inside on their oversized rubber butts. “We’re gonna bring peace and bliss to the *whoole* galaxy! Everyone will join us in being beautiful, soft, squeaky happy rubber!”

“No! Y-you can’t! Just- please, think about what you’re doing! Look at yourself, look at what these prions have done to you, Samus! It’s turned you into some kind of sick, perverted mockery of yourself! I- I know you don’t want this, I know you’re strong enough to fight it! I’m begging you, just let me go and I’ll-”

“‘Let you go?’ But, Doctor... *Sammy already let you gooo.*”

“Already I-let me... go? What do you-?”

“Teehehehe! Doctor, did you think that you made it here because you were so smart, or sneaky? Noooo, silly billy! You made it here because Sammy wanted you to. Sammy made suuure you wouldn’t get grabbed, because Sammy still needed youuu!”

“N-needed me? Needed me for... for *what?* I don’t-? Wait... *Wait... No!*”

“Yeeeeeep! Sammy couldn’t get this silly shuttle to boot up on her ooowwn, Sammy *triiied*, real haaard, but even though this dumb computer knows Sammy’s voice, it thinks that Sammy’s face isn’t Sammy’s anymore! That’s why she needed someone else who could start it up, so that Sammy could leave and *shaaare* her perfection with everyone!” As Samus fully revealed the extent of her subterfuge, the shuttle was getting increasingly cramped as more and more Samuses literally piled in.

Eeerrrk! Squeeeak!
Squiirrk!
Creeraarrkk! Reeaaaarrkkkk! Krrweerk!
Weeeerrrrppp!

The sound of squeaking and laughter filling the room was deafening and mind-numbing, and the scent of rubber flooding the dwindling airspace was causing Curtis’s head to spin, and yet even with all of the overstimulation, he was still unfortunately able to process the reality about everything that was about to happen.

“No... No, I- It’s my fault, all of this is- it’s all my fault...!” The galaxy was quite possibly doomed because of his cowardice and arrogance. He was an absolute disgrace to the Federation. He felt himself coming to the verge of tears, he was miserable and terrified, he wished that this was all some kind of nightmare he could wake up from.

“Awww, now don’t be saaaad, Doctor, be *haaaappy!* Be *Saaaammmy!*” Samus hugged and squeezed him tighter into her squishy body, practically enveloping him inside of herself. “Hey, hey, Sammies! Let’s *aaaal* show the doctor how grateful we are!” She ordered her subordinate Samuses, as they crowded around the lead researcher in an impenetrable and inescapable mass of writhing, shining rubber.

Nearly a dozen asses were grinding and smacking into Curtis’s body, he was completely entombed in the rubber. He couldn’t breathe, he couldn’t even *scream!* All he could do was accept his fate, perhaps in a way it was a mercy, he wouldn’t feel any guilt once he was another Samus...

And within the span of a couple of seconds, he went from being encased in the rubber to a *part* of the rubber, assimilating into the squeaking hoard as she joined in their playful laughter, even standing out for how enthusiastic she was. “***Aahahahahaaha! Eeehehehee!*** ***Hooohooohooohooo!*** Sammy- *Saaammmy* feels *in-creed-i-blleee!*”

“Heeheehee~! I *knooooow*, and this is just the beginning, now hurry uuup everyooone! The entirety of the ship’s nearly two dozen staff crammed themselves in a space that they could only just barely fit themselves in, they all ecstatically wriggled and squeezed against each other, moaning and guffawing from the unbearable pleasure they felt. After a few moments, they

hardly even remembered what their actual reason was for getting on board this ship in the first place... Then, one of them managed to accidentally slam into the launch button and sent the shuttle blasting off towards its pre-configured coordinates. Oh yeah! That was why!

At the center of it all, the original Samus giggled mischievously as she planned her next moves... She couldn't wait to see how all those Federation grumps on whatever starship they docked on would react to seeing her and her sisters pour out of the shuttle like clowns out of a clown car. With a ship they could travel much farther, and much faster, to other ships and other planets. Yes, they'd spread their rubber perfection to every corner to the galaxy, just like their bodies were telling them too.

The galaxy had just witnessed the birth of a new crisis, and this time, Samus Aran wasn't going to be coming to save them...