

Samus the Slobby Trash Blob

It wasn't uncommon for Samus to answer a distress call coming from a sector of space that few others dared to travel. What stood out to her was the exact reason that no one was willing to fly near the planet. Space pirates and hostile wildlife were something she could understand easily enough. Even the supposed harsh environment was something she wasn't a stranger to her. However, she had yet to run into anything like planet Slojeap's unique hazard of overwhelming garbage.

Flying over the surface, trying to keep herself from crashing through the miasma of smog, Samus kept her eyes peeled for any sign of the distress call. When her computer was finally able to locate the signal, she had to maneuver herself around massive mountains of trash and filth. Successfully avoiding crashing into the heaps of garbage, she spotted a tall, grungy looking building sticking out of the ground. Confirming that it was the source of the signal, she brought her ship in to land on a docking station near the structure's peak.

Emerging from her vessel, Samu's power armor immediately alerted her to the toxic nature of the atmosphere. Hoping that her suit would handle most of the heavy lifting with keeping her safe, she stomped forward with her boots making a loud, metallic clang. On reaction, the door at the end of the docking station opening up got her to aim her arm cannon towards it. Her brows furrowed as she watched the things that squirmed out.

While each of their upper halves resembled that of jelly-like humanoids, everything from below their waists resembled a slug. Their bodies were made up of different colors, but there was a definitive preference for dark greens and browns. Watching the sludge slink down their skin and antennae, Samus prepared herself for an unfriendly welcome. That was until the creatures held up their arms and let the six, glossy black eyes on each of their faces stare on in fear.

“W-who are you stranger?” spoke the creature at the front, their skin a mixture of leafy greens.

“My name is Samus,” she replied, not dropping her weapon for a moment. “I’m here in response to a distress beacon.”

“I was the one who activated it,” the alien spoke. “My name is Sliju. Did I hear that you’re Samus? As in, Samus Aran the famous bounty hunter?”

“That’s me,” Samus answered, the flattery helping to make her lower her guard a bit. “What seems to be the danger?”

“Oh, it’s more of a persistent problem than anything,” Sliju replied. “Come with me and the rest of my research team. I’ll show you what I mean.”

It was only after the creatures turned their backs to her did Samus lower her aim. Following them at a steady pace, she kept herself vigilant for any signs of danger. Unfortunately, the most that she could see were the countless acres of garbage that surrounded her on all sides. The view of supposedly uninhabitable the ocean of trash was disrupted as she stepped inside the structure to have the vile scenery replaced with sterile, steel corridors.

“I know our planet is more than a little messy,” Sliju began, “but we do our best to keep things clean at the few locations that have yet to be corrupted. You will find this building free of the toxic miasma that plagues the rest of the world. Please, feel free to take off your helmet. The air has been thoroughly filtered of any toxins.”

On principle, Samus distrusted strangers for the sake of keeping herself alive. However, she also realized how unnerving it was for the research team to have her fully armed while they had little more than vests to protect themselves. Hoping to show that she was there to help, she

used her free hand to remove her helmet. Revealing her long ponytail of blonde hair, she attempted to ask Sliju about the details of how the planet had become encased in garbage.

Samus was stopped mid-speech as something in the ceiling burst open. A deluge of a dark, green slime poured out from the hole to cover her head. With a series of strong pulls, she managed to get the gunk off, but the damage had been done. Unable to keep herself standing in the wake of the rancid aroma that clung to her face, she tumbled onto the ground. As her vision began to fog, she could vaguely see Sliju looming over her.

“I am so sorry,” she heard them say moments before she blacked out.

Strong growling noises made Samus break out of her slumber. Sitting up in bed, she looked around the medical room to try and find the source of the sound. Though there weren’t any deadly creatures looking to make her their next meal, the noises kept getting louder. Tossing aside her blankets and glancing down at her body clad in her bright blue, skin-tight, zero suit, she found the source of the growls as she placed her hand up against her mid-section.

“Ms. Aran?” Sliju asked as they entered the room. “Are you feeling alright?”

“Fine, just a little hungry,” Samus replied as she clutched at her head. “What happened to me?”

“I’m afraid that’s our fault,” Sliju replied. “Though we try to keep this facility in top condition, we don’t have the staff to maintain all of the ancient technology that is in dire need of constant attention. This includes the piping we use for our filtration system. The very same that broke down and covered you with that...stuff.”

“What was that?” Samus insisted, the hair on the back of her neck standing on end as she watched the slug-like alien squirm.

“It was a sludge created from a mixture of different chemicals. There’s no telling what exactly was in the sludge that covered you. For the time being at least, there doesn’t seem to be any ill side effects.”

“If you don’t mind, I would like a second opinion on that,” Samus said as she began to make her way towards the door. “My ship should be able to do a full medical scan to see if I’ve contracted any viruses or-“

Another, more powerful growl emanating from the bounty hunter stopped her in her tracks. Looking back down at her stomach, she was struck with a powerful hunger pang stronger than anything she had felt before. Despite being hit, shot, and stabbed multiple times in the past, for some reason this feeling of starvation was what got her to wince in pain.

“Hmm, I suppose that makes sense since you’ve been asleep for several days,” Sliju remarked. “Wait right here and I’ll hurry back with some food.”

Watching Sliju slither away, Samus clenched her teeth as she tried to order her stomach to calm down. Even if the food the aliens brought her was edible, she wasn’t sure if she would be able to wait that long. Desperate for some form of sustenance, she scrambled through the room in the hopes of finding something. Tossing open drawers and flipping over her bed, her hunger kept pushing her to seek out something as meager as a crumb.

Flinging open the closet door in desperation, Samus was pushed back by a rancid odor. Within the cramped space she spotted a trash bag that looked like it was on the verge of bursting open. Through her hazy thoughts, she assumed that it must have been left behind by one of the

cleaning crews. It was this flawed, hunger-induced thinking that gave her a strange urge to open the bag to try and scavenge something.

The plastic sack contained the expected wads of used tissues, plastic wrappers, and emptied food containers. Sticking her head further in to see if she could find anything else, Samus's mouth moved on its own to swallow up a wad of the garbage. The initial reaction shocked her as her body continued the revolting act of chewing on the rotten trash. Enduring the horrific taste that afflicted her tongue, she finally realized what her body was trying to do as she swallowed. For just a moment, the hunger afflicting her stomach was silenced.

Driven by this sense of satisfaction, Samus pushed herself to continue eating from the bag. Any awareness of what she was devouring was something she would rather ignore. Chewing her way through the collection of used rags and unrecognizable pieces of rotten food, she put her sole focus on the pleasant feeling of her stomach being filled up. Long after the hungry growls had stopped, she continued to eat her way through the trash until she was left licking up the juices clinging to the inner lining.

Just as Samus was able to swallow up a few droplets of mystery fluid, she heard the door to her room open. Pulling her head out from the bag, she spotted Sliju and several other aliens standing in the entryway. While they were obviously all shocked to see the bounty hunter in such a degrading position, they all seemed to concentrate their gaze on one part of her in particular.

Pushing the empty trash bag away, the bounty hunter spotted the sizable potbelly she had developed over the course of her rotten feast. Watching the bloated sphere stretch and strain the fabric of her suit, she didn't want to imagine the horrific mixture that was inside of it. Rubbing at her puffed up navel in the hopes of getting a grasp of what she was supposed to do, she incidentally summoned a loud BWOOOOOOORRPPP to roll up her throat. Forced to re-taste the

many pieces of trash she had devoured like a wild animal, she was caught off guard as Sliju squirmed up next to her.

“My goodness,” the slug alien commented as he held up the emptied-out bag and stared back at Samus’s gut. “This...may be just the thing we were looking for.”

“What are you talking about?” Samus asked.

“Er, nothing, nothing,” Sliju said, doing very little to ease the bounty hunter’s concerns. “We’ll leave you with your food and let you rest. I’ll come back to see you later for a full checkup.”

Before Samus could ask her question again, Sliju and the rest of their team departed. Left alone again, she looked towards the platters of food she had been given. Though she was already full from her revolting binge session, she was desperate to get rid of the after taste. Digging into her meal, she hoped that she would make sense of things once she had a chance to calm her stomach with real food.

Exiting the room that she had called home for the past three weeks, Samus shuffled her way out into the medical bay hallway. Passing by other aliens, she could see the way their eyes followed the almost-hypnotic jiggles of her chubby form. She was painfully aware of the fact that she was well over 300 pounds, with most of it going towards her belly. Thankfully for her, her suit could modify itself to stretch around her heaving breasts and bubble butt, but it was of little comfort. The material couldn’t do anything to hide her two chins or the smell that clung to her body.

Even if Samus could wash off the rancid aroma that emanated from her figure, she was doubtful that it would stay off for long. During her stay at the station, her condition had developed into a strange modification to her diet. While she could still ingest regular food, it never fully satisfied her. The only thing that could keep her hunger at bay was the very thing she had been called to the planet in the first place to take care of.

As Samus walked, she was unable to prevent a loud PHHHHHRRRRRTTTT from slipping out of her rear. The gassy outburst was one of many that came about from the constant bubbles that rolled around inside of her. The stench that came with each burp and fart varied depending on what type of trash she had devoured during her previous meal. She had hoped that eventually her body would go back to normal and stop pushing her to eat literal garbage. However, her increasing appetite for spoiled trash came alongside the constant fattening of her once fit figure.

Drawn towards the station's exit by an invitation from Sliju, Samus stepped outside. Realizing how similarly the planet's air resembled the fumes that lingered in her room, she spotted the slug alien standing nearby. Next to them were more of the facility's scientists along with a sizable mound of trash bags. The hill of garbage was left to sit as Sliju herself placed one last sack towards the bottom.

"Thank you for coming to us, Ms. Aran," Sliju said with a bow.

"What is all of UUUURPP this?" Samus asked as she approached the pile. "Is this something to do with curing BWOOOORRRPPPP me?"

"Well, not exactly," Sliju replied as their eyes flickered. "I brought you out here to test a theory of ours. If we're correct, your unique appetite might be the very thing we need in order to take care of our planet's trash problem."

“You can’t be BWOOOORPP serious,” Samus replied, the belch holding with it the rotten taste still lingering from her morning breakfast of the waste basket in her room. “I want to go back to normal. Not make it UUUURPP worse,” she added, punctuating her point as a BRRAAAAPPPPP spurted out of her rear.

“But Ms. Aran, this may be our only chance at salvation,” Sliju insisted. “Everything you eat gets directly turned into either body fat or gas. It’s a modern miracle that could be the key to making our planet thrive once more.”

“I’m sorry,” Samus said as she looked at the slug alien in their eyes. “But I need to get back to my BWOOOOOOOORRRRRPPPP work. Who knows what’s happening out there with the Space Pi-“

A loud ripping noise initially made Samus look over her shoulder. Seeing her bubble butt was still contained within the confines of her suit, she was left momentarily confused as to where the sound had come from. An overwhelming odor drew her attention towards the bag that Sliju had torn open. Finally locating the source of the sound, her body began to move on its own. As much as she hated what she was about to do, she had no chance to resist intoxicating aroma of the feast that had been prepared for her.

Diving headfirst into the sack, Samus began to eagerly eat up anything and everything that met her mouth. No matter if it was food soft as expired meat or objects as hard as a tin can, her teeth made short work of it. Downing bones of a mystery creature and chasing it down with a mouthful of strange juices, the pure rancidness of the taste had become irresistible to her.

Pulling herself free from the bag, the once proud bounty hunter ended up falling backwards onto her pudgy rear. The impact forced a BRRRAAAAAPPPPP to splatter across the ground as the full consequences of her indulgence took effect. Looking over the emptied out bag

in front of her, she gently massaged her belly in a futile effort to fight against her stomach's urges. All that resulted in was another BWOOOOOORRRPPPP rolling up her throat that nearly drowned out the sounds of more bags being ripped open.

Turning her attention back to the pile, Samus watched as Sliju and the other researchers busied themselves with tearing the other sacks to reveal more delicious trash. From the look in their eyes, she could see some remorse for what they were trying to do. Still, they continued their work and gradually convinced her to heave her chubby form back into a standing position. Watching garbage leak its way onto the ground, the once noble bounty hunter gave up on all sense of control as she ran towards the pile to continue her rotten indulgence.

A loud ding awoke Samus from her slumber. Over the course of the past month, the sound had become her sign to wake up from her one hobby of sleeping most of the day away. Ever since she had been "convinced" to help the inhabitants of Slojeap with their trash problem, she had spent the majority of her time in this empty room near the bottom of the facility.

Samus's sole source of light came in the form of the dim bulbs that hung from the ceiling and illuminated the grungy walls surrounding her altered figure. The light shined down on the blue material that still clung to her flesh like a second skin. With her suit stretched to its limits, every fold and crevasse of her blubbery body was put on display. The same went for the plump teats that made up the sacks of fat that were her breasts. As much as she wanted to desperately reach back and take care of the material getting sucked up by her elephantine rear, her doughy arms had little chance of reaching that far past her girth.

A shudder from above got the blobby bounty hunter to turn her attention upwards. Hanging several feet above her head of disheveled hair was a chute that shook from something heavy being rolled through it. Even if her legs were buried beneath her several tons of fat, she was in no hurry to move. Especially since it meant that her body was going to receive exactly what it wanted.

Opening her mouth, Samus's first meal of the day was a slurry of mystery juices similar to the gunk she had swallowed when she arrived on the planet. Swallowing up the sludge and letting it pour across her chins, she was given a moment to catch her breath. The deep BWOOOOORRPPP that rolled up her throat allowed her to re-taste the rancid flavor that had become more intoxicating with each day. Though her mind realized just how disgusting she was, her body still pushed her to part her lips for the next helping.

A torrent of meat well past its expiration date was the next to come rolling down the chute. The chunks proved slightly more difficult for Samus's hungry mouth to catch, with some of the morsels missing her entirely. Still, every mouthful she managed to swallow gave further fuel to the rotten BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPs that began to spurt out from her backside. Nose becoming clogged up by the smell of what was going in and out of her body, she could feel a powerful fog taking hold of her thoughts.

This trance-like state that Samus allowed to take over her mind helped her to get through the rest of the meal. The side effects of drool leaking out of the sides of her mouth weren't much of a concern to her. The various stains her suit acquired through each helping of garbage quickly covered up any droplets that seeped past her lips. Even once the doors of her chamber opened to let in the research team, the dribbling mess she had made out of her mouth didn't stop her from swallowing up the remnants of a piece of plastic covered in rancid milk.

“How was your first serving of the day?” Sliju asked, their small form made to look even tinier as they stood next to the house-sized woman.

“BWOOOOOOOOOORRPPPP fine,” Samus replied, the bit of conversation helping her to retain her former clarity. “How is our UUUUURPPP progress?”

“Most excellent,” Sliju answered with a gracious bow. “We’ve already cleared out the entire base of any reserves we had filling up space. What you’re eating now is the things we gathered around the base of the structure. If you keep eating like this, we might even be able to expand our base for further research.”

“You might want to OOUUUURRPP consider giving me a larger space too,” Samus commented as another blubbery fart from her rear was blasted against a nearby wall. “Not long before I outgrow this BWOOOOORRRPPPP place.”

“Of course, of course,” Sliju answered. “Anything for you, Ms. Aran. You’re doing so much for my people. There is nothing out of the question for your needs. Just let me know.”

In truth, Samus wanted to voice her desire to return to her old body. However, it was hard for her to voice her concerns in the wake of the gratefulness Sliju and the other inhabitants were eager to shower upon her. As much as she hated the gassy lard ball that she had become, she told herself that she could endure it for their sake. That was at least a better excuse to tell herself than admitting the true reason that she kept taking in one load of trash after another.

Right on cue, the next course came rolling down the chute. Gobbling up whatever trash was shoved towards her mouth, Samus was given some relief from her clothing as a small tear opened in the back of her suit. Using a pungent fart to widen the gap, she could feel other tears forming across her once reliable outfit. Though it was disheartening to lose her suit in the

process, she saw it as a sign that things were progressing. She was certain that any day now her job would be complete and she could resume her life as a fit bounty hunter.

Samus's nap was interrupted once she heard a spaceship quickly approaching her nearby. The sound that used to make her wary of any incoming attack didn't hold much threat to her anymore. Even if the pilots somehow managed to ram themselves into her, they couldn't do much damage to her. The thousands of pounds of fat that encased her body would make sure of that.

The roar of the engine brought the former bounty hunter to her full attention. As the ship hovered above her head, drool began to uncontrollably leak from her plump lips. The smell that drifted out of the vessel's hatch further excited her taste buds in anticipation for what was to come. While her appetite hadn't yearned for regular food for several months, the smell of fresh garbage was always more than enough of a promise that her body was about to gift her with a one of a kind of experience.

With the hatch fully opened, the ship unloaded the entirety of its cargo into Samus's gullet. Full bags that used to satisfy her on their own went down her hardened throat like popcorn. Each sack was met with her gnashing teeth to tear open their plastic exterior to get at the delicious trash. Every helping she received came with its own surprise of rot and filth to fill her stomach. Whether it was as soft as used tissues or as hard as shards of metal, her body was eager to use it all for the sake of further fueling her gas output.

As the last of the ship's cargo was dropped out, Samus's body began to shake. As much as her trembling, bulbous belly wanted to let it all out at once, she had begun to enjoy the build

up. Sucking up the saliva around her mouth, she allowed the rising pressure to knock around her wrecking ball-like breasts. A few bubbles managed to escape her lips, but it was far from enough to lessen the pressure. It all culminated in one last push as a powerful BRRRAAAAAPPPPP spurted out of her behemoth backside.

In the wake of relief that spread across her enormous form, she heard the last remnants of the research facility crumble behind her. For as much as Sliju promised that the building would be restructured once the trash was cleared, that empty space had been quickly taken over by her girth. Considering that she was now as tall as the place where she landed, it didn't take much effort for her to see the new lab off in the distance. As she stared at the metal structure past her bulbous cheeks and rows of chins, a thought in the back of her head tried to get her to wonder what had happened to her ship.

Samus's thoughts were overwritten by hunger once more at the sight of another vessel flying towards her. Though she opened her mouth in expectation of her next serving, the ship remained front facing. From within the glass cockpit she watched as Sliju wriggled their way over to the control panel and gave a small wave.

"Hello Ms. Aran," the alien called over the speaker, pausing to allow a powerful BRRRAAAPPPPPPPP to echo out from the massive woman. "How are you feeling today?"

"I'm BWOOOOOOORRPPP just UUUUUUUUURRRPPP fine!" she tried belching back to him and splattering the cockpit with her spit in the process.

"Apologies, but I can't seem to understand you," Sliju replied, them and the other caretakers of the human garbage disposal aware of how her speech was starting to be impeded by her size. "I'd ask you to signal to us what you wanted," they continued, glancing over at the

massive, blubbery arms that remained slumped against her sides. “Although I don’t think that would be much help at the moment.”

The dire realization that even her ability to speak was dwindling brought Samus back to one of the few things that kept her going. Even if her body was enjoying her constant feedings of trash, there was still a lingering hope that one day a cure would be found for her condition. That chance slipped further away with each ton that was packed onto her body, but the fumes afflicting her mind didn’t seem to care. After all, she wasn’t in much need of anything other than the constant attention of her caretakers.

“BWOOOOOORRPPPPP MORE UUUUUURRRRPPPP TRASH!” she managed to force out, the mighty shout coming along a downpour of drool that poured down the front of her body.

“Of course, Ms. Aran,” Sliju replied with a bow. “I’ll get on the comms and ask for my colleagues to provide...ah, perfect timing.”

In the distance, Samus could spot a squadron of more ships flying towards her. Their flights were unstable thanks to the undoubtedly sizable amount of cargo they were carrying. Aware of the feast of garbage on its way, she couldn’t stop her body from trembling in anticipation. Making the ground shake with a thunderous BRRAAAAAPPPPP from her rear, she licked her lips in preparation for her next meal.

From Slojeap’s orbit, the changes it had gone through were blatantly obvious. The miles upon miles of trash were nowhere to be found. In place of the scattered dumping sites, some of the surface’s foliage had miraculously begun to grow back. Where there was once waste too vile

for even the dirtiest of slums now stood new construction projects that would ensure plentiful living spaces for the planet's denizens. After a little over a year, even the atmosphere's thick smog had been made almost non-existent. The only exception was the persistent miasma that partially obscured the direct cause of the planet's recovery.

More fumes were added to the cover as Samus's enormous rear unleashed its payload of a reverberating PHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTTT that could be heard for miles. The quakes that collided through the city blocks-wide butt cheeks would have been more than enough to destroy anything else on her secluded patch of land. If anyone was foolish enough to be near ground zero of the fart, they were sure to choke on the toxic flatulence that spread out to fully engulf its creator.

The poison gas didn't so much as phase Samus who was currently busy chewing on her latest mouthful of trash. Swallowing up several dumpsters worth of waste, she finished the snack with a powerful BWOOOOOOORRRPPPP. In addition to restarting a waterfall of saliva to drip down her countless chins, the sound acted as a signal to her caretakers that she was ready for more.

In the distance, the former bounty hunter could see the latest group of ships flying towards her with their next load of cargo. As ravenous as her gigantic belly was, the most she could hope to move herself was a few miles before the exhaustion caught up to her. While covering that distance on foot would have been impressive when she was her old self, her gigantic legs were far too underpowered for their size. Just like her equally massive arms, her legs were content to merely provide more space to cover up with fat as she ate her fill day in and day out.

Before the vessels could properly get into position, smaller crafts were dispatched towards the area around Samus's breasts. The massive mounds that were as large as mountains provided a makeshift base for the caretakers to plan out their next moves. The deep valley made up from her cleavage provided a major storage area for extra food and supplies in case of emergency. The only catch was that any being that climbed atop the enormous bosom had to be adorned in special hazard gear to avoid getting a whiff of the leftovers that were forever lodged within her fat folds.

Though she couldn't necessarily reach her city-sized belly with her pudgy fingers, Samus did manage to exert a modicum of control over it. Stabilizing her gas bubbles into small streams from her mouth and anus, she allowed her team to safely land. The trick was something that had become necessary if they wanted to perform their tasks in safety. Not that she could see much of what they were doing considering they looked like little more than actual slugs as they treaded carefully along her mammaries.

When a ship finally came up to her mouth, Samus was sure to turn her thick neck to the side as far as it went to let out a powerful OOOOOOOOUUUUUUUUURRRRRRPPPP. Turning back around, she was met with the inflated visage of Sliju on a projected screen. When she had first met them, they had been adorned in simple research attire. Now, they were dressed up in the finest clothing possible. It was just one of many luxuries afforded to their team in the wake of a very lucrative business agreement.

"Hello, Ms. Aran," Sliju said over the speaker. "I see you're doing good as always."

Samus's weakly nodded her head as a dribble of saliva leaked out of her giant maw.

"I wanted to give you an update on our current contracts. If you would believe it, the Federation has reached out to us to help with their trash disposal. While we already agreed to

their offer, we do wonder if they might change their mind once they realize who our blobby trash eater is.”

With her only recognizable feature being the unwashed, miles long lengths of hair stuck within her back flab, Samus didn’t have to worry much about being recognized. While she did somewhat miss her old job, she didn’t have much to yearn for with her new position as a living trash dump. She could already picture the headlines talking about her legacy as a hunter and how she mysteriously vanished without a trace one day.

“We just have to be a bit careful that the Federation doesn’t notice our other benefactors,” Sliju continued. “Especially when they were the ones who introduced us to you in the first place.”

The comment brought a worrying shake that cascaded through the trash blob’s blubber. Attempts to inquire further met the same result of just slobbering up her face more with saliva. Thankfully, Sliju had become adept at deciphering the meaning behind her attempts at speech.

“Well, they did say to keep their identities a secret,” Sliju began, his hesitancy glimmering on his orb-like eyes, “but I suppose you can’t really tell anyone else at this point. The Space Pirates are the ones who told us that you were the perfect specimen for our serum.”

The statement momentarily made Samus regain her old senses. Hearing the name of her dreaded enemies, she lost control as both ends of her unleashed a rancid maelstrom of her fumes. It was only thanks to her helper’s fast thinking that they were able to keep themselves stable enough to endure the onslaught without suffering any injuries.

“I should have expected that reaction,” Sliju continued. “After all, their name isn’t the most revered in the galaxy. Even still, their scientists correctly pointed out how your unique, genetic make up designated you as a perfect host for our trash eating gene splicer. Our better way

of life is all because of their advisement and your...voluntary assistance,” he said, the hidden meaning behind the statement left to linger in the foul air.

Samus wanted to use the momentary pause to do multiple things. First and foremost was to curse the Space Pirates for finally finding a way to put her out of commission for good. Second would be accusing Sliju and their people of taking advantage of her. Thirdly, she wanted to properly beg for them to rethink their plan and to find a way to change her back before it was too late.

“BWOOOOOOORRPPPPP OOOUUUUUUURRRRPPP!” was all Samus managed to speak up as Sliju wisely flew off to leave her to stagnate in her filth and thoughts.

Sucking up a mouthful of garbage-flavored saliva, the trash blob tried to prepare herself to shout out again. She paused as she noticed that one of the carriers coming towards her was holding something familiar beneath it. Though it was covered in sludge and stuffed to its limits with trash bags, the orange color of her ship was all too familiar.

The purpose behind the vessel’s movement became clear as it was held above Samus’s head. Part of her wanted to continue crying out in the hopes of communicating her feelings to her caretakers. She so desperately wanted to go back to her old life and take revenge on the Space Pirates for putting her through this strange form of punishment. However, that all changed as she got a whiff of the delicious treats waiting for her inside her once beloved vessel.

As Samus’s ship fell from its restraints, she was quick to catch it with her mouth. Chewing through the hull with no trouble, she moved on to eating up the irresistible trash inside. The feast helped her to ease back into her former mindset. She no longer cared about who she once was or whatever the Space Pirates would do without her around. Swallowing up the last

hunk of her ship, she merely released another loud BWOOOOOOOORRRRPPPP to call out for another helping of garbage.