

Metroid: Kraid Fusion

The Galactic Federation Outpost was ablaze with activity with troops and other staff members rushing through the halls of the space station orbiting the nearby planet. The center focus of this panic was the aftermath of a recent raid on a space pirate research facility. Though the mission had been a success, it had come with a hefty blow to the ground team. While miraculously none of the soldiers had been severely injured in the attack, there was one person that wasn't so lucky.

Keeping a tight grip on the wheeled gurney, the troopers made a mad dash to get their patient to the medical bay. Someone had to stay at the front of the charge at all times to ensure that no one would get in their way. The reason for the constant intrusions were people wanting to see the famous bounty hunter, Samus Aran. After hearing all of the stories of her victories, it was almost surreal to see her iconic, orange, and red varia suit. The sight was confirmed as a harsh reality for those who got to witness the massive hole in the side of her armor where there could be seen a strange, blue fluid mixing in with her blood.

Reaching the medical bay, the doctors took over in an attempt to stabilize Samus. The first step was to remove her suit. Though it took a couple of tries, they eventually managed to access her armor's system to release her from its hold. This gave them the rare opportunity to see her clad in her skintight, blue zero suit. Very carefully removing her helmet, one of the nurses paused for a moment to linger on the sight of her long, blonde hair tied up into a ponytail.

“Stop staring and help me,” the doctor said, rushing over with surgery equipment.

“Sorry, I didn't know that Samus was-“

“You can worry about that later. For now we have to focus on-“

The doctor and nurse jumped back as Samus sat up in bed. Flicking her eyes open to show off their blue coloring, she looked around the room to try and get a bearing on her surroundings. Recalling back to the raid on the base, she instinctively reached out towards her wound. As her hand pressed up against it, both she and the rest of the staff were surprised to see that it had been covered up by what appeared to be scales bearing a dark shade of blue.

“What is the status of the mission?” Samus asked.

The doctor froze in shock for a moment, knowing that very few had had the opportunity to hear her speak. “While the raid was a success, it came with a few injuries. The most major of which being your own.”

“I’ve had worse before,” Samus replied as she stood up and made her way towards the door.

“Ms. Aran, I must ask that you return to bed. We need to perform tests. There is no way of knowing what was in that canister they shot at you.”

“I’m just fine,” Samus assured. “Nothing that can’t be fixed back on my own ship. Now hand me my armor and I’ll be-“

Samus’s speech halted as she felt something pulse out from her wound. Though she reached out to clutch her side, her attention soon became drawn to a throbbing sensation in her forehead. Stumbling her way over to a nearby sink, she tried to ease the pain with a splash of water on her face. Lifting her head up to try and see what was going on with her, she got her answer in the form of the bright blue, orb-like eye sticking out of her forehead.

Gathering outside the door to Samus’s room, the doctors discussed amongst themselves who would be the one to tell her the news. The duty eventually fell on a woman with wiry, red

hair by the name of Dr. Parker. It was an obvious choice considering she had been the one to examine the materials recovered from the lab, but she didn't seem to agree. As brilliant as she was, it was a well-known fact that her eccentricities nature made it difficult for her to get along with her test subjects. Convincing herself that the need to be at the forefront of researching the bounty hunter's condition, she tried to put on her best smile as she opened up the door.

Dr. Parker and the others found Samus in her usual spot in front of her room's mirror. It wasn't so much that she was vain, but more so that she was so focused on the continued mutations affecting her body. The most prominent features were the scattering of blue scales that could be seen through various tears in her suit. Though a few of these rips could be attributed to the bit of extra weight she had managed to put on during her stay, it was safe to assume that it was just another symptom of her condition.

Even as the doctor and the others entered into the sterile, white room, Samus didn't acknowledge them. Stepping closer to get a better look, the group realized that she was a full head taller than when she first entered the base. Smart enough to know not to point out the increased height or her developing potbelly, Dr. Parker cleared her throat before tapping Samus on the shoulder.

“Ms. Aran, my name is Dr. Parker. I'm here to-“

The doctor and the others jumped back as Samus turned away from the mirror. At first their attention was drawn to the orb-like, blue eye on her forehead. However, they were able to see equally bizarre features by looking at the way her original eyes had morphed to mimic her additional one. No longer able to ignore the way the group was staring at her, Samus got their attention by clearing her throat.

“Do you have anything to report?” Samus asked.

“Er, yes,” Dr. Parker said, quickly recovering from her speechless gawking. “Going through the research notes, we were able to determine that the fluid in question was part of an effort to revive one of the space pirates’ more formidable allies.”

“Easy to guess who,” Samus said, pointing towards her third eye. “Any idea how much further I’ll mutate? I’m sure that the Federation wouldn’t appreciate me destroying one of their stations overnight.”

“Not at this early of a stage,” the doctor replied, leaning in close to get a look at the scales along Samus’s neck. “At least, that’s all we can go off of from the notes we recovered from the lab. The pirates never got around to testing it. The only thing we can do for the moment is wait and monitor your condition.”

Samus let out a huff as she made her way over to her bed. “So that’s it. The mighty bounty hunter doomed to be turned into an overweight lizard.”

“Like I said Ms. Aran, it’s not all hopeless,” Dr. Parker explained. “We are intently looking into ways to reverse your condition. In the meantime, the Galactic Federation is more than happy to provide anything and everything you would need to keep you comfortable. You’ve more than earned it considering how much you’ve done for us.”

Right on cue there was another knock on the door. Upon Samus calling out for them to come in, staff members rolled in a cart of food. The sizable spread was easily twice the amount Samus was used to eating over the course of a single day. This irregularity did not go unnoticed, prompting her to glance over at Dr. Parker.

“Why do you keep increasing my portions?” Samus asked, getting up from her bed to glare at the large amount of food. “I’ve already been exercising as much as I can to try and fight back against this thing,” she added, giving light slap to her gut to make it jiggle.

“Just trying to keep up with your necessary calorie intake,” Dr. Parker replied. “Your overall health is important, so I admire you participating in physical activity. That being said, I see very little benefit in purposefully starving yourself.”

“There’s no way I’m eating all of this,” Samus replied.

“No one said you had to,” Dr. Parker said, pulling out a notepad and pen. “All we ask is that you eat your fill to keep yourself properly nourished.”

Turning her attention back to the platter, Samus tried to think how she would be able to take out even half of what was in front of her. Sure she had put on some extra weight, comparing her chubby form to Dr. Parkers’ slim appearance made that painfully clear. Despite this, she couldn’t stop herself from looking over the food with a kind of ravenous hunger, similar to a starving animal. Though she tried to rationalize this as just her working up an appetite from healing up her wound and running laps around her small room, a more primal instinct itched at the back of her head. It was this very same feeling that made her ignore the set of sharp claws emerging from the tips of her gloves in favor of picking out where to start eating.

The utensils that had been laid out for Samus were completely ignored as she used her newly grown claws to tightly grasp a hunk of meat to bring to her face. Acting like she hadn’t eaten anything in weeks, she proceeded to gobble up every dish at breakneck speed. Considering the ferocity with which she tore into food, it was hard for the researchers to ignore the new behavior. Especially with the various crumbs that spilled from her maw to further sully her suit all in service to her own gluttony.

“That was impressive,” Dr. Parker remarked as Samus finished off the last bite of her meal.

The comment seemed to do the trick in bringing Samus back to her senses. Looking over the licked clean platters before her and staring back down at her belly, she tried to piece together how she had managed to eat so much. Reaching out towards her gut and gawking at her modified fingers, she mumbled a curse to the long dead monster that was currently being intertwined with her DNA.

“Maybe for a complete glutton,” Samus replied, wiping her face clean of any leftovers. “Sorry you had to see me like that. I feel like it gets worse every time I eat. It’s like there’s something inside of me pushing me to stuff anything and everything into my mouth.”

“While that is concerning, it’s nothing we can’t handle,” Dr. Parker remarked. “Would you like another serving? Judging by your performance, that wasn’t nearly enough.”

“No thanks,” Samus replied, walking away from the serving platter. Taking a deep breath, she proceeded to do a set of squats, ignoring the way her stuffed belly fought against the fabric of her suit. “I don’t intend to give in to Kraid’s demands so easily. Especially if it’s just a cocktail of his leftover-“

Samus stopped moving as she heard a loud rip echo through the room. She and the others slowly brought their gaze down to stare at her feet. From the tips of her toes emerged sharp claws that matched the ones on her finger tips. Tapping her feet across the ground, Samus turned back to glare at the people ogling her latest mutation.

“I’ll, um, get back to the lab,” Dr. Parker said, she and the others taking their leave. “Don’t worry Ms. Aran, we’re doing everything in our power to help you.”

Left by herself once more, Samus gave a few more passing glances at her gut and claws. Gritting her teeth, she let out a growl reminiscent of the scaly beast to try and keep her mind on

task. Resuming her squats, she kept her thoughts focused on fighting against the serum's influence to get out of the lab and put this strange mission behind.

No matter how much Samus pushed herself to the point of exhaustion in countless exercise sessions, the unsightly bulge in her suit wouldn't go away. Continuing to gaze at her blubbery belly, she thought back to the multiple instances of herself giving into her unnatural hunger whenever food was placed in front of her. Carefully sliding her clawed fingers along the surface of the taut sphere contained by her zero suit, she paused as she reached a rigid bump that had formed in place of her belly button.

Tracing her claw upwards brought her attention to another one of the mysterious growths, this one mere inches below her chest. Though she might have been aware of it, she had had some trouble actually seeing it over the past few days thanks to the added heft that had begun to layer on to her breasts. The slightest shake of her torso threatened to pop the engorged boobs right through the fabric. Despite this, she found it worrying that she wasn't able to see or feel the outline of her nipples through the tight material.

Momentarily poking at another bump that had sprung up around her undercarriage, she turned her attention towards the other side. There, she found a pair of plump butt cheeks sucking up what they could of her suit deeper and deeper into her butt crack. As worrying as that was, there was still the matter of yet another lump that had begun to grow out above her backside. Considering that she could feel her hard scales through the materials as she continued to prod, she didn't have to wonder too long what these various growths might be.

Samus's self-exploration came to a halt as she heard a knock at the door. "Come in," she called out.

“Good afternoon, Ms. Aran,” Dr. Parker said, walking in with the others for the bounty hunter’s daily checkup. “How are you feeling?”

Letting out a sigh, Samus lumbered her way over to her bed and sat down. “Like I’m completely useless,” she said, holding out her arm to allow Dr. Parker access to it. Even with her sitting down, the doctor still required a step ladder in order to reach her shoulders to properly record her latest measurements. Looking between herself and the doctor, Samus couldn’t help but notice the stark contrast between the two of them. Most infuriating was how closely the doctor resembled her old body, the very one that she was slipping further away from with each passing day.

“Ms. Aran, you can’t beat yourself up like this,” Dr. Parker said, craning her neck up to look Samus in the face as she squeezed her arm. “As I’ve said, it will take time to find a way to reverse your condition. Until then, try to enjoy a much needed vacation.”

As the doctor continued to poke and prod her body, Samus had to turn away to hide the way she was chewing her lip. She had noticed some time ago that Dr. Parker’s examinations were becoming more involved. As much as Samus seemed to hate her changing body, the doctor was absolutely smitten with it judging by the way her hands squeezed and groped her form. While most of the other doctors wrote this off as just strange fascination, Samus could see that it was for a more carnal reason considering how tenderly Dr. Parker caressed her thickening hide. These repeated sessions of stimulation brought back some of Samus’s primal urges, this time begging her to forgo her façade of dignity in favor to indulging in a different kind of need.

“There’s only so much I can enjoy about it knowing that this thing keeps growing,” Samus replied, tapping her sharp claws along her belly to try and keep her wandering thoughts at

bay. “I’ll be lucky if I can even crawl around the ship at this rate. No idea how that giant lizard was able to move at all at his size.”

“I’m sure it’s something that you’ll grow used to,” Dr. Parker remarked as she moved towards examining the lump above Samus’s buttocks. “Although that does remind me, we will be making the necessary accommodations to move you to another location during your stay. To be honest, we have no idea just how large you’re going to become. Rather than face the scenario of you being trapped in your own room, we have set aside some space where you could freely spread out and remain comfortable.”

“At the rate I’m going, I doubt that will last for long,” Samus continued, trying to ignore the sensation of the doctor squeezing her breasts. “It’s all the more reason I need to get out of here and do something before...”

Samus trailed off as an intoxicating aroma drifted into the room. Flaring her nostrils as the smell became stronger, she removed herself from the doctor’s grasp to stomp her way over to the door. Opening it up, she was met with a group of soldiers with a cart laden with hunks of raw, green meat. She had seen similar chunks laying around Kraid’s den. They were parts of an alien creature that Kraid considered a delicacy. Watching the leftover droplets of blue blood trickle out from the recently slaughtered creature, the logical part of her mind begged for the urges running through her belly to stop.

Unable to resist her powerful hunger pangs, Samus relieved the soldiers of their duty by snatching up the cart and dragging it into her room. Moving like she was possessed, she opened up her mouth as wide as possible and sunk her teeth into the meat. Though the tough hide made her struggle at first, the increased fervor with which she ate prompted for a set of fangs to emerge

throughout her mouth. As revolting as its appearance was, the meal might as well have been ambrosia to her modified taste buds.

Tearing out chunks of meat under the influence of her near insatiable appetite, Samus showed little concern about how her rapid movements sullied her suit. The bumps along her body were able to burst through after she slammed it up against the cart, revealing the small series of spikes that had emerged from her belly button. A hard tug back with her head to pull out a hunk of fat was enough to pop her bosom out from within the confines of her suit. Though this moment let the researchers gawk at her white underbelly and lack of nipples, it was soon covered up by trickle of juices that spilled out of her mouth.

Grasping the last hunk of meat in her hands, Samus swallowed it bone and all. Overcome by a sense of lethargy, she fell to the ground with a loud slam. Sitting up on her plump hindquarters, her post-meal bliss left her mostly ignorant to the damage done to her suit. In the wake of her indulgence, she subconsciously began to reach between her legs to take care of her other needs. That was until the frantic scratching of pen against paper reminded her that other people were in the room with her.

“Hmm, intriguing,” Dr. Parker remarked, rapidly writing down notes on her clipboard. “I had hypothesized that Kraid’s natural diet would work, but not this well. It was almost like you were a different person.”

“Am I done being your science experiment?” Samus asked, wiping the blood from her lips. “Then stop trying to feed me this garbage and get to work changing me back.”

“I guess that’s our sign to leave you for now,” Dr. Parker said, gesturing for the other researchers to follow him out. “If you need anything Ms. Aran, don’t be afraid to call us.”

Samus remained silent as the group filed out of her room. As soon as the door closed up, she heaved herself into a standing position. For just a moment she considered indulging in her carnal desires, only to be reminded of the camera in the corner that was observing her. Careful not to bump her head up against the ceiling, she made her way over to her mirror again. Once more locking eyes with her reflection in the mirror, seeing the few scraps of her suit clinging to her scales, she worried just how much more her body would change. There was also the concern that the changes would end up morphing her mind into something completely unrecognizable from herself.

Flexing her three digit claws in front of her face, Samus still had a hard time believing that they belonged to her. Waddling about the ship's hangar with her similarly reptilian feet didn't help matters either. As much she would have liked to try and hide away her thick scaley hide, there weren't any other places aboard the station that could fit her.

At all hours of the day she could see people passing by, poorly trying to hide the fact that they were staring at her prominent bosom. The drooping chest was supported by a boulder-like gut, partially making up for the struggle it was to lug it around with her. Her slow strides gave a show to the people assigned to her of her lanky tail lazily swinging above her elephant-like rear. As much as she would have like to put her bulky legs to good use to find somewhere that she could be alone, she was well aware that was impossible considering the ship was made for people, not cold blooded monsters.

The longer people continued to stare at her monstrous form, the more a certain series of urges reared their ugly head. The very same primal instincts that had her devouring her meals of bloody meat with reckless abandon tried to push her to use her over 20 foot tall body to smash

anyone that dared to look at her funny. Her violent thoughts were intermixed with ones that encouraged her to ignore the people staring at her in favor of letting her fingers do a more thorough exploration of her needy womanhood. Though she could keep these urges at bay for the time being, she still wondered if she would eventually be reduced to a slobbering beast. Thankfully for her, Dr. Parker walking in alongside the day's meal portions momentarily pushed aside these worrying concerns.

“Good day, Ms. Aran,” Dr. Parker said, her casual tone of speaking being one of the few constants in the bounty hunter's daily routine. “How are you feeling?”

Though Samus tried to speak, what came out instead was a growl. Clearing her throat, she slowly replied, “About as fine as I can be.”

“Have you noticed any other changes in your body? Physical or mental?”

“Nothing out of the usual. Or at least nothing I can notice. Not that I can see much past my...”

Samus trailed off as she took notice of the cart of fresh meat being pushed towards her. Putting her long, blubbery arms to good use, she began to shove the carcasses down her throat. Flesh, organs, and bones were quickly ground down by her sets of jagged teeth. In the midst of going through yet another session of ravenous eating, the tie that had been keeping her hair in place finally came loose to let the strands bounce against her broad back and scaly, plump cheeks.

So enamored with fulfilling her body's desires, Samus barely noticed anything around her until she gobbled up the last of her meal. Picking out pieces of meat from her fangs with her claws, she finally took notice of a slight tingling sensation on the side of her hip. Turning to the side, her globular eyes went wide at the sight of a trooper holding up a thermal emitter right up

against his skin. Letting out a roar, she attempted to swipe at him with her hand only to stop as Dr. Parker jumped in front of him.

“Apologies,” Dr. Parker quickly spoke up, “but I didn’t think you would readily agree to this little test of ours.”

Glaring at the doctor, Samus daintily picked her up by the coat so they could speak face to face. “Explain.”

“Our progress on finding a cure for your condition has been... unsuccessful so we’re researching alternate methods to keep you comfortable.”

“By trying to burn me?” Samus asked, momentarily considering swallowing the woman whole.

“I know it sounds extreme, but our science is sound. Tell me, did you feel any pain?”

Samus used her free hand to scratch her thick chin. “No,” she admitted.

“That is to be expected considering where Kraid usually likes to dwell. Your scales have a very high heat resistance. Even greater than your varia suit’s capabilities. You should be able to survive, and even thrive in the most extreme of environments.”

Having heard enough, Samus relented in placing the doctor back on the ground. “I’m sure this is all very fascinating, but you’ve failed to tell me the reason this is useful.”

“I don’t mean to come off as rude, but you are starting to outgrow your living quarters again,” she said, she and Samus aware of how close her head was to the ceiling. “Ergo, our intentions are to move you to a place more suitable for someone of Kraid’s species.”

“Yeah, and where would that be?”

“You’ll see shortly,” Dr. Parker replied, gesturing the soldiers to bring in the next serving of meat. “We’ll be moving you there within a few days.”

“Hopefully I can still fit on a ship by then,” Samus replied, before tearing into her next serving to continue fueling her monstrous form.

“All the more reason for us to work quickly,” Dr. Parker said, using a lift to get an up close examination of Samus’s body. “Now hold still, I’m going to grope, er, study your body while the soldiers expose you to the heat emitter again.”

While Samus wasn’t exactly thrilled with the idea, she nodded her head under the assumption that this would do something to help with her condition. Even still, that didn’t stop her from involuntarily wriggling her tail as the heater was put up against her belly. The combination of the warmth mixed with the doctor’s touch sent a wave of euphoria through her body. Too concerned with her growing lust, it took her a moment to see the pointy spike emerging from the peak of her nose. Accepting the new addition as just part of her now, she took a deep breath in an attempt to keep herself calm.

Samus never thought she would be stepping on the planet again, not after receiving her little “gift” from the space pirates. The stretch of barren wasteland and destroyed facilities were just as how she remembered it from three months prior. The main difference was the large presence of Galactic Federation troopers that were busy focusing on one base in particular. This enormous effort was all being done to create a suitably sized place for Samus to house her monstrous mass that towered at 30 feet in height.

Careful not to smash anyone beneath her feet, Samus began to waddle down the path the troopers had roped off for her. Slowly making her way towards the cavern entrance, she pushed through the strange feeling of her massive, scaly blue ass cheeks wobbling with each stomp.

The heavy strides constantly swung her tail across the enormous spheres, each one capable of crushing her old ship with little effort by their sheer mass.

A myriad of spikes led up from her extra appendage to go along her flabby back and thick neck. The vicious bumps were similar to the ones that jutted out from her white underbelly, their blue marking helping them stand out against the pale tone of a gut that could eat tons upon tons of meat without breaking a sweat. Her sizable stomach served the secondary purpose of adding some support to her pair of wrecking ball-sized breasts as they shook about. Despite a lack of nipples, that didn't stop some of the troopers from constantly ogling at her exposed chest. Yet again, she had to suppress the temptation to rampage through the countless number of onlookers as she heaved her obese form into the cave.

It was only by the smallest margin that Samus managed to squeeze past the entrance. Brushing the tangles of unkempt, blonde hair covering her face, she tried to judge how little clearance there was. Squatting down as far as she could left only a few feet of clearance between the top of her head and the ceiling. Waddling her way through the narrow corridor, she hazarded to turn her head to the side to allow her eyes to watch the number of troopers following behind her. Flapping her fan-like ears, she could make out the chatter of people questioning if she was really the famous bounty hunter. Considering what she was now and where she was heading, she couldn't help asking herself the same thing.

Samus's introspection was put to the side as she felt a growing warmth coming from up ahead. As the heat grew stronger, fewer of the Federation's flood lights were needed to illuminate her way. As she reached a wide open chamber, a bright orange glow lit up the walls. Peeking her head out over the side of a steep cliff, she gazed upon the lake of molten lava bubbling from

below. It was all too similar the same place she had found Kraid the last time they had had the misfortune of running in to one another.

“Ms. Aran!” Dr. Parker called out, using a megaphone to get her attention. “Are you ready to submerge?”

“Not really,” Samus roared back. “You’re sure I’m not going to melt the moment I touch that stuff?”

“Our multiple tests have shown that your body is specifically suited to this kind of environment. You have nothing to fear.”

“Easy for you to say,” Samus shouted before turning back towards the lava.

Feeling like the tiny doctor was pushing her with a force large enough to move even her own sizable body, Samus inched ever closer to the edge. Fighting against every survival instinct she had developed over the course of her career, she closed her eyes and leapt forward. Hurling her bulky body through the air, she waited for the moment she would be burnt up by her bath of molten lava.

Splashing down, Samus’s tense muscles loosened up in the wake of the extreme warmth that enveloped her body. Opening up her eyes while still submerged, she was astounded to see that she had survived the drop. Though she could still feel the heat, it felt more like a hot spring with how comforting the lava felt against her blubbery scales. Subconsciously her hands began to run along her flesh, bringing about the same sensations of desire that she had suppressed for so long.

Breaching the surface of the lava in the hopes of getting fresh air to calm her mind, Samus’s three eyes were forced to look towards the group of people intently staring at her from above. Between the shivers going through her body from the comforting grasp of the lava and

the overbearing gaze of the various doctors and soldiers, she could barely muster so much as a yelp as her face stretched out into a reptilian maw. Her new facial features came complete with a snout to prominently show off her nose spike and a wide mouth to show off her rows of sharp teeth. Glancing back down at the lava to see her bestial visage reflected back at her was the final breaking point to bring her over the edge of self-control.

Upon Samus letting out a primal roar, the troopers on reaction reached for their weapons. Just before they could unload their ammo into her, Dr. Parker held up her hand with the order to wait. The soldiers' patience allowed them to watch as Samus planted her fat ass down into the lava and begin groping her body. The self-imposed restrictions she had placed on herself were pushed aside as she used her long limbs to squeeze and grope her heft with reckless abandon. She didn't care who saw her or who heard her euphoric cries of ecstasy, all that mattered was finally giving into the urges she had craved for so long.

Leaving a hand to squeeze at her bosom, Samus led the other one to just below her belly. Though it took a few attempts to get in place, she eventually found the right angle to get her claws to reach her womanhood. The thick hide around her vagina meant that it was more than capable of taking the rough rubs against it with her claws. Each drag brought with it a wave of pleasure to reward Samus for giving in. Faster and faster she moved, with rumbling moans leaving her lips as she continued to masturbate. All the while, she kept her eyes glancing between her own form and the people watching her moment of depraved indulgence.

Reaching her very limit, Samus let out a loud roar as she reached her orgasm. The after effects were a number of the spikes lining her body shooting off into a nearby wall. Shaking from the lingering euphoria of her release, she paid little mind to the freaked out Galactic

Federation Troopers as she sat back down in the lava to catch her breath. While the rest of the team was hesitant to even look at her, Dr. Parker had no such reservations.

“I take it you find your new accommodations suitable, Ms. Aran?” the doctor called down, unable to hide the ecstatic expression on her face as her own hand rubbed at her groin.

“I think it’ll work,” Samus replied, gliding a claw across the surface of the lava while the other continued to explore her body.

“Is there anything we can do right now to make you more comfortable?”

Samus paused for a moment to tap her fingers against her belly. “Can you get me some meat? I feel like I’m absolutely starving.”

With a wave of her hand, Dr. Parker gestured for the other researchers to join her by the observation window. While most of them were excited to look out at what laid beyond the glass, a few were worried if the recently built lab could truly resist the heat of the lava below. Dr. Parker recognized that their true concern laid in the fear that they would become the next meal for the beast lurking in the cavern. Rather than try to ease their nerves with her own words, she instead went ahead with the demonstration.

“Hello, Ms. Aran,” Dr. Parker spoke into a microphone, letting her voice echo into the adjoining chamber. “I have a group of researchers that have come to visit. Would you mind coming up to say hello?”

Moments later, Dr. Parker got her answer as the lava below began to ripple. The visitors let out a collective scream as a massive figure emerged from the molten rock. Rising up to a staggering 50 feet in height, Samus lumbered her way over to the window to ensure everyone got a look at every bit of her mutated body.

With the help of her bulky, blue scaled legs, Samus managed to gradually waddle her way over to the window. Each earthshaking stomp of her massive, clawed feet sent waves through her lava pool to sway about her lanky, spiked tail as it trailed behind her. This slow movement gave the researchers plenty of opportunity to gawk at the way her enormous butt cheeks wobbled with each step. Looking away from her jiggling derriere, they turned their attention towards the prominent, ginormous gut that hung between her thighs. Taking note of the jagged spikes that lined the outer surface of her bulbous mid-section, they inevitably turned their attention upwards to gawk at her breasts, each of the meaty orbs capable of squashing the entire lab without a second thought.

The researcher's continued observation of Samus's heftier proportions was put on hold as she waved her blubbery limbs in front of the glass to show off her claws. Following a gesture of her hand, they turned their attention towards her monstrous maw filled to the brim with jagged teeth. These fangs were contained in her protruding snout, accentuated by the massive spike at the tip that was flanked by a hiss of smoke from her nostrils. Looking between her three eyes and feathered ears, they found it hard to believe that this was the supposed bounty hunter. That was until they noticed her long mane of blonde hair, tied together with a gigantic hair tie made up of some of her old teeth. As monstrous as her form was, the golden strands along with most of her mental abilities had managed to keep a semblance of her old self in her fearsome form.

"Hello," Samus roared, the word barely audible through her monstrous voice.

"Hello Ms. Aran," Dr. Parker answered back, the only one in the lab to greet the reptilian creature with a smile. "I see the hair tie is doing its job well."

"Still feels weird wearing my own teeth," she said, scratching at it with her claws.

“I’m afraid it was the only thing we could find strong enough to withstand the heat that could also match your size.”

“Makes sense since I have so many to spare,” Samus said, opening up her maw to show off to the researchers her vast horde of fangs. “In any case, it does the job of keeping my hair out of my face while I eat. So, did you bring these people here just to cower in terror?”

“They’ve actually come because they think they might have a way to recreate the space pirates’ serum. This could lead to a way to reverse your condition.”

“You don’t say,” Samus replied as she lazily scratched her gut.

“I beg your pardon, but I thought you would have been more excited to hear the news.”

“Don’t get me wrong, I do miss my old body,” Samus began, swinging about her tail as she lumbered back and forth, “but I think I’ve gotten used to this.”

“Are you saying that you wish to stay like this?”

“I’ve given it some thought, and I think so,” Samus replied, a wave of her arms accidentally making a show of her jiggling bosom for the scientists. “Like you said, I’ve more than earned a break. Though this isn’t exactly the way I would have pictured it, I’ve grown to adore this body and all of its quirks.”

Holding up a hand, Samus turned to the side. Taking in a deep breath, she focused on the spikes lining her front. With a grunt, she managed to send the protrusions flying into the nearby wall to join dozens of others. Regrowing the spikes on her body in a matter of seconds, she turned back to bask in the shocked expressions of the researchers.

“That was quite impressive,” Dr. Parker said, giving Samus a round of applause.

“Thank you. I’ve been practicing. Something to do in-between feeding and ‘other’ activities,” she replied, both she and Dr. Parker being well aware of how often she indulged in her body’s desires.

Dr. Parker couldn’t stop himself from putting on a wide grin. “Glad to see you finally taking my advice to heart, Ms. Aran. Would it be alright if we watch you eat? The researchers need all the data they can get.”

“Be my guest,” Samus replied, swiveling her body around to let her face the opening in the cave wall.

As the monstrous woman made her way over to the chute, her ears flickered at the sound of her next meal tumbling down. Chunks of recently butchered meat slid onto a metal grate that acted as her dinner plate. Sinking below the platter, she opened up her mouth wide to collect the droplets of blood that trickled out of the hunks of flesh. Sliding her forked tongue along her lips, she raised herself up once more to let her eyes linger on her meal.

Rather than delay the inevitable, Samus gave into her more animalistic urges and hastily devoured the meat with reckless abandon. No doubt the researchers back in the observation window were getting quite the show of the former bounty hunter subjecting herself to such a brazen display of gluttony. However, she had long stopped caring about the various people that stared at her strange form. Dragging her tongue along the tray to lick up the last few drops of blood, she dropped herself down into the lava as she rubbed her stuffed belly.

“I’m assuming that was more than enough of a demonstration?” Samus asked.

“And then some,” Dr. Parker replied, she and Samus enjoying the sight of the other scientists repeatedly scribbling down on their notes. “They should be able to recreate the serum in no time at all.”

“I don’t see why at this point,” Samus commented. “Like I said, I have no intentions on changing back.”

“True, but there could always be an option later,” Dr. Parker replied as she placed her hand on the glass. “That and I’m assuming you wouldn’t mind having a ‘playmate’ in the future,” she added, making sure Samus looked directly at her as she licked her lips.

“That would be perfect,” Samus replied, having long grown accustomed to the doctor’s obsession with her form. “I’m guessing they wouldn’t mind a demonstration of my other indulgences then?”

“By all means,” Dr. Parker said, putting her notes aside to slide a hand against her crotch, “be my guest.”

With a toothy grin, Samus once more followed the desires of both her body and the good doctor to begin pleasuring herself. The once shameful display had just become a mundane event in her day to day routine. Though it wasn’t the most glamorous of lifestyles, it was one that was well-earned. Enjoying every part of her monstrous form, Samus was content in her fate of becoming little more than a beast obsessed with her own hedonism.