

Of all the things to find in the hoard of a space pirate, she did *not* expect to find an upgrade to her suit that would lead her down *that* path.

Everything looked fine, at least at first; with Kraid defeated (again) and the marauders under his command sent flying (*again*), Samus believed she could rest easy knowing she had at least a few more days before something inevitably went wrong and forced her back into action. What was better still, the beast had been guarding a cache of high-grade tech, one that she fully intended to make good use of seeing as no one was technically watching.

She had expected the suit upgrade she found hidden among the rest of the hoard to be something akin to the ones she'd found and applied beforehand; something to enhance her mobility, perhaps, or maybe even endurance, a full-on flat upgrade if she was lucky. It would be entirely in character for Kraid to hold onto something like that, if for no other reason than to taunt her over the fact that *she* didn't, presumably in an attempt to draw out a confrontation. As always, however, the beast had overestimated his strength, and Samus thus stood there, staring at an upgrade for her suit that left her... confused.

It wasn't an accessory, or plating, or even a circuit board installed to unlock further functions. It was, in fact, something that looked like a netting to be worn above her existing suit, a thin, transparent webbing that looked more like an archaic fishnet than anything else. It was definitely suit-compatible though, she could tell that much from her current equipment's scanning capabilities, which just begged the question of what that thing would do to her.

No better way to find out than to try; her suit was designed to keep her safe from danger anyway, so what was the worst that could happen? Even the most useless of upgrades had been helpful in one way or another, so surely something guarded by Kraid with half a battalion's worth of pirates should be worth *something*, unless the giant reptilian was even dumber than Samus assumed. Shrugging, she found an opening on the netting, threw it over herself, then let it settle down on her body.

She found that it adapted to her contours with near-supernatural ease; in fact, she barely noticed her arms slipping into the "sleeves" before the whole thing was on her, but there it was: every inch of her suit, from top to bottom, covered in the thin webbing, one that... clung, like glue. It didn't occur to her at first to try and pull it off, but once she did, Samus was left with the startling and somewhat worrying realisation that she actually *couldn't* take it off; whenever she attempted to pry off a small chunk, it stretched out like some form of hyper-resistant gunk, before snapping back into place the moment she let go of it.

Worse yet, it seemed to be *melting* into her suit! It was impossible, given that the damned thing wasn't absorbent, but its surface was definitely not being corroded, yet the webbing was

apparently sinking into it, almost as if phasing through solid matter! Now panicking, all Samus could do was keep trying to pull it off of her, to... less than satisfying results. It wouldn't take much longer before she felt the sting of it on her skin, but rather than the searing pain she expected, the young woman instead felt... comfy.

It was hard to put to words, but the sense of panic faded almost instantly after the first touch of the webbing, and only became better and more soothing the longer contact was allowed to go on. It felt like she'd just come out of the shower, a several hour long, incredibly warm and bubbly shower that she really didn't want to leave. It was enough to get her to drop down to the floor, though by the time she did, Samus came to understand just what the "upgrade" had done to her.

She landed just a moment or two before she "should" have, and rather than a hard plop, Samus instead fell onto what felt like a pair of very fluffy cushions, along with a loud *thwap*, almost like the sound of someone slapping a side of meat. This was followed by her whole body seeming to jiggle in tandem with the sound, a shockwave criss-crossing her from head to toe, leaving Samus to wonder just *what* had happened.

Only when she looked down did she see what had happened... or, more specifically, what had happened to *her*. It was hard to believe at first, but those two colossal cheeks she was sporting were definitely *her* ass and no one else's, the suit stretched over them in such a way that it almost looked and felt natural, as opposed to... well, whatever it was. Her brain didn't process what had happened, refusing to accept that was, indeed, her rump, but as Samus brought a hand to it, then two, then squished down on her soft and supple flesh, she couldn't deny it for much longer.

It wasn't even big by *her* standards, but outright *gargantuan*: each of her cheeks was easily big enough that it could compete with a whole beanbag, and the more she looked at them, the more Samus came to notice that they were growing still! Jutting out from her body at an awkward angle, those two colossal orbs looked almost like someone had slapped someone else's ass on her and called it a day... but give it a few more seconds and it wouldn't look so lopsided anymore as the sudden appearance of extra mass was mirrored in the *rest* of her lower body.

Now, it was less like someone had slapped a third person's ass on her, and more so that her entire upper body had been removed from her old lower half and plucked onto one belonging to a much larger, and *definitely* more well-endowed and curvaceous creature; her two slim and svelte thighs went full thunder as the fat deposits responsible for her ass seemingly multiplied and melted down into her legs, thickening her up so considerably that she had no choice *but* to fall back down!

Another loud slap, another set of rumbling shockwaves and jiggling coursing through her, and suddenly her entire body was swelling in every direction, fattening up so quickly that Samus barely had any time to register what was even happening anymore. She stared down at her belly, watching as it grew wider and rounder, not so much possessed of fat rolls as it did just become one enormous sphere. She looked at her bust, reaping the benefits of the sudden infusion of mass, as it billowed out from her suit and plopped unceremoniously onto her rotund gut. She looked at her arms, growing thicker and wider by the moment... and carrying a different texture as well.

The appearance of scales was certainly not something she had expected to see on her, but in that moment, Samus figured it made perfect sense: Kraid *had* been the one guarding that “upgrade”, so of course it made perfect sense for it to turn out like this. Really, in her last moments of lucidity before the transformation fully took hold, Samus forced herself to look back into the cache, hoping to find *something* to give her an indication of what that thing was, only to come up empty apart from a small note next to the container:

*“Save for future: after freedom is bought”*

The implications of that were perhaps a bit too much to Samus to process at that point, hence why chose not to; the idea that Kraid might’ve been a slave to the pirates wasn’t something she’d considered, and quite frankly, having to put every single one of their encounters into this new fresh perspective was absolutely not worth her time. Besides, it wasn’t as if *she’d* started anything; the reptilian beast had been the one to initiate every single time... though, to be fair, that descriptor could now very easily apply to herself as well.

She didn’t want to admit it, but the way she was turning out was distressingly familiar, enough so that Kraid, were he still around and conscious, would likely start catcalling her the moment she stepped into the room. Or, well, *waddled* into the room; given how much fat was settling on her, Samus doubted whether she’d even be capable of walking normally anymore, or if she was doomed to constantly wobble from place to place, unable to really do anything with herself other than desperately try and not roll over from the sheer lack of balance.

Yet, simultaneously, there was certainly some allure to it all; looking down, the curves she was blessed with weren’t all *that* bad, and she’d be lying if she said she’d never imagined herself a bit “fuller”, as it were. Granted, never quite to the extent that her plump self was rounding itself out, but now that she saw what it looked like, it was hard to turn back and earnestly say she wanted to return to her previous state. And while there was still a significant part of herself that insisted she didn’t want to remain as was, but rather take a step back to a middle ground of sorts, this chunk of her psyche grew increasingly smaller with every ounce of fat that settled on her, until it, too, became a minority.

How could it not, when she was so gloriously proportioned? Everything from her gargantuan rump, to the equally plump thighs and wide, motherly hips, turning up to a belly that slung out so far ahead of her that it nearly touched the ground and a pair of tits heavy enough that, were it not for her whole body growing to adapt to her new weight. She filled out the room as well, more quickly than was perhaps advisable, until her head bumped against the ceiling at around the same time as Samus felt her ass slamming against the ground, despite the fact that she was still standing. It was as if she were being made to take up all available space around her, which, while definitely worrying, didn't feel as such to Samus... or, at the very least, not as much as it *should*.

Perhaps there was a mental component to the "upgrade" transforming her, or maybe she'd always had those urges and had just been repressing them for most of her life; the fact was, the bigger she became, the less Samus felt that instinctive need to pull back and return to where she'd come from, that voice telling her that maybe it'd be a good idea to exercise some self-restraint and not allow herself to go fully off the deep end with whatever was happening. After all, she'd been affected by some unknown, goop-like substance that seemed capable of burrowing through her suit and making her burgeon outwards with apparently phantom mass; by all means, she *should* be terrified of the implications.

But... she wasn't. Quite the contrary, in fact, as the longer the transformation went on, the more accustomed to it Samus' brain seemed to grow. As the number of nerve connections approached a critical level and her mind was reformatted fully to deal with her new body, the notion of going *back* seemed almost ludicrous; growing accustomed to her new self, Samus honestly couldn't see her old form as belonging to her in any manner, but rather as a larval stage for this new, far more beautiful body the universe had gifted her, one that, while certainly more reptilian than she was used to, was far more... more.

Just *more* in the literal sense of the word. Not just bigger with more size, but more empowering, more powerful, more domineering, more *everything*, to the point where, when the structure around her began to groan and buckle under the strain of containing her, Samus didn't stop to think that maybe she should be moving before the whole thing collapsed on her. After all, Kraid was downstairs, so if she *did* break through the floor then at least the giant would soften her fall. What was important was living through the transformation and experiencing every moment of it as if it were the last ever in her life, squeezing every second for as much wonderful enjoyment and ecstatic bliss as she could.

She was becoming something greater. With every ounce of fat, every inch of curves, every jiggling motion and rippling of her girthy frame, she became something *better*; she had shed her old form and adopted a new one, and now, she was taking it to even greater heights. It wouldn't take much effort for her to reach Kraid's size, given how quickly she was growing, but she

wouldn't stop there, either; as far as Samus was concerned, seeing as she'd defeated the reptile multiple times before, it only made sense that she should deliver one final indignity: usurping his place as one of the biggest of his species by turning around and outdoing him in the one category he had left.

For in upgrading herself, Samus had left humanity behind, though she didn't quite mind it. She once thought she would; if something were to happen and her sense of self were affected to such a degree, she once earnestly believed she would fight tooth and nail to hold onto what she perceived as being who she "was"; but now, given such a better form, it was hard to look back and say this was a good idea, as opposed to the delusional ramblings of an ignorant child who didn't know any better.

Look at her now: gloriously oversized, rotund to the point where she was more a collection of curves and spheres than anything else, pudgy and fat and *full* and so enormous that she could barely even more. Curvaceous enough to make anyone's knees weak and so immensely overstuffed that she was lucky her tits weren't already leaking, though they most definitely would in very short notice. So heavy that even the space station she was in could barely contain her any longer, the floor plating cracking and bending as her weight grew increasingly insurmountable. Soon enough, she would crash through, and then *hopefully* Kraid would keep her from ploughing through to space outside.

Even if she did though... who was saying she couldn't keep going? She still had her suit on, even if it wasn't obvious; it had merely melted into her skin, becoming a protective layer over the blubber below! Even *if* she broke containment, the vacuum of space would have no means of damaging her... which only left even more room for her to grow into. All the room. All of existence, there for her to take and swell and bloat into. The whole cosmos, given a new ruler.

All for herself.