

Sure, looking back, maybe the Metroid DNA had an effect on her.

Or, it was simply that she felt she had done enough, and earned a nice retirement.

She woke up, not caring if it was morning, afternoon, or evening.

She was alone, which was fine. The people she brought back were usually gone in the morning anyway.

Heaving herself up, her eyes fell on the replica of her Power Suit that laid at the other end of her spacious room. The real thing was bonded to her DNA, so it was a bit tough to display.

Sure, she could probably summon it still, but she didn't want to.

Samus began her daily morning ritual, feeling her heft.

Pillowry arms struggled to lift the sheer weight of her girthy stomach. Her breasts flopped to either side of it. It was the center of her entire universe, and all she could think about was making it *grow*.

She thought about Metroids often for someone who retired after hunting down the last of them. She wanted to understand the shift in her behavior.

A Metroid was an organism that consumed energy, growing more and more massive as it did so.

What were calories if not energy?

After her unofficial retirement, she had more money than she could spend in a thousand lifetimes. At first, she thought of opening a school, or maybe a protection company. She gave herself a year's "vacation" as a reward for saving the galaxy once again, for the final time.

That tear saw the normally stern and combative Samus slowly descend into more and more hedonism.

She was no stranger to sex, but she started having more one night stands in a week than she had in entire years. Food and alcohol flowed freely past her soft lips, and she left most restaurants with a food baby where her abs should be.

The first time she noticed her growing paunch, she was in the bathroom after a night of decadence, both her partners of that evening still snoozing.

They didn't even wake up as Samus had one of her most intense masturbation sessions ever.

Part of it was degradation. Seeing herself go from the literal savior of the galaxy to an overfed blonde was intoxicating.

But most of it was just pleasure. A pleasure that she had never known since she first heard the cry of a Space Pirate descending on her backwater planet she grew up on.

It didn't take long to find others who shared her interest. They made sure she was overfed and over sexed, the idea of fattening up this legendary hero too much for them to resist.

They didn't stay long. As demanding a partner that Samus was, that made sense.

She didn't want to have candle lit dinners or take long walks on the beach. Hell, she didn't want to *walk*, period.

She wanted to be fed and fucked. And her partners obliged, to a point, which would mean she would have to find a new partner.

A drone hovered next to her, a breakfast platter of sausage, cake, and gainer shake on its head. Samus grabbed the sake and began gulping it down, her other hand rubbing an area of her gut that was close enough to her nether regions to stimulate it.

Her eyes drifted to the display above her bed, which was linked to a scale. The number, 714, nearly ,made her choke on her shake as she brought herself to orgasm.

Her genetics were very stubborn, as she knew she could probably already be immobile by now.

It was probably her Chozo genes, or any other species that formed her genetic make up.

It was her ultimate goal, transforming herself from sleek and pristine bounty hunter to wanton glutton and hedonist.

Maybe after that she would find a permanent partner, or two, or three...

Imagining herself with a harem, a whole host of people dedicated to worshipping her, making sure she just got bigger and bigger and bigger....

She had another climax, and the only physical activity she really participated in nowadays once again left her breathless.

Since she wasn't immobile yet, she had to heave herself up off the bed.

The feeling of hundreds of pounds of Samus Aran pulling down on her withering muscles almost made her come a third time, but a different hunger was roaring in her gut.

She waddled into the kitchen, to take a clear look at today's deliveries.

Her former partners still wanted to help her grow, even if they weren't there. Samus winked at a drone she had set up to give them nearly 24/7 access to her, a privilege she only gave to the most deserving.

Before her lay a bounty of sweets, baked goods, and several very fine roasts.

It was enough to feed her entire apartment block, and she would get through most of it in a day.

Like a machine, she just grabbed and ate. She was glad she still had to eat the food to absorb it, as she doubted the taste would be as good if it went through her skin.

Hunger and fullness were meaningless terms right now, as Samus just ate herself bigger and bigger.

The moans she let out were lewd enough that she knew she had every watcher's attention, but she wanted to try to do something a little extra today.

Her Zero Suit could be summoned just like her power suit, but she hadn't done it for a few hundred pounds, at least.

At once the blue material appeared on her skin, slowly spreading over every nook and fold.

But even the usual skin tight nature of it was even tighter now.

Just as soon as the blue suit finished, tears started to appear, and before long it exploded off of her.

Samus hoped something else exploded for her viewers as well.

Late into the evening, she finally stopped gorging, unable to consume another bite. She lumbered up and returned to bed, exhausted from the sheer gluttony and ecstatic at the idea that this was her life now.

She dozed off, dreaming of the feasts to come.