

If Samus wanted an upgrade to help fix the unwanted growth of her ass, there was a clear frontrunner: the nurse upgrade. She needed medical knowhow, and if this machine gave it to her it would presumably include how to fix said machine's errors.

"Give me the nurse upgrade" she said

Once again, with a beep, a chip dropped down the tube into the small container by the terminal. This one was white with a red cross on it - the centuries old, universal sign of medical aid. A good start.

Another slot appeared on the neck of her zero-suit, just below the first. The stupid machine could magic more sockets into existence but couldn't get one unwanted chip out of an existing one. Samus slotted the chip into place.

Immediately, her sense of time warped. She felt like she'd entered the station years ago, and in between she'd had nothing but medical training...and experience. It wasn't just facts - she remembered patients she'd diagnosed, challenges she'd overcome, drugs and treatments that had worked and hadn't. Damn. She felt totally confident she could work as a nurse. This tech actually worked.

"Welcome, Nurse Aran" the computer said "You are not wearing appropriate uniform. One will be provided now"

"Wait, what?" Samus said "I didn't sign up to be your..."

Quick as a flash, a large robotic arm folded out of the roof and grabbed her around the waist, lifting her up. She struggled and kicked. She felt the slightest give - in her power armour she could have smashed this thing to scrap, but as it was...

"Oooh!" She exclaimed, as another arm dropped down and swept some sort of laser across her blue, skin-tight suit. It split and fell away, leaving her totally naked.

"Medical staff must wear appropriate underwear" the computer continued. More robotic arms emerged holding a lacy red bra and panties. Skimpy and flimsy, they could only be described as lingerie.

"Get...off!" Samus growled, still kicking and struggling in the gentle but unyielding machine's grip. Then, in a flurry of precise motion, her arms and legs were pushed and pulled and before she knew it she'd been dressed in the slutty underwear. The bra fit perfectly, cupping her generous breasts in a very flattering way. The panties, though, were wedged uncomfortably between the cheeks of her enormous ass, stretching only a little way across its bulging curves.

"What the hell does this have to do with being a nurse?" Samus shouted

As if to answer, the robotic arms bought up two other items of clothing - a tiny white latex minidress, and a pair of *very* high white heels. They were held for a second in front of her, seemingly to give her a preview.

“Oh, come on, I’m not wearing *that...*” Samus exclaimed, but the arms had other ideas. Once again, there was a blur of complex motion and then she found herself free, standing in front of the terminal, squeezed into her new uniform.

Like the underwear, it seemed to have been made to fit her perfectly *before* she’d had the pear “upgrade”. Her boobs were pushed even further up by the tight, rubbery fabric, showing off a nice stretch of cleavage. The back of the dress was as high as the front was low-cut, high enough that two sockets could be set into it in the same place they’d been in her zero suit.

The skirt, though, was ridiculous. It was stretched tight over her hips and was very, *very* shot. Her new panties were just about hidden, but only because they themselves were nestled out of sight between her butt cheeks. Half her ass was hanging out. Samus tried and failed to tug and stretch the skirt further down, only for it to slip back up each time she did.

One more arm shot down from the ceiling and popped a nurse’s cap on her head, neatly in front of her long blonde pony tail.

“Your uniform is now acceptable, Nurse Aran” the computer said, sounding faintly amused despite being just a machine “report to the medical deck for your first shift”

“The hell I will” Samus said “I’m done with you and your upgrades. I’m out of here”

She turned to the door back to the docking bay and began to walk, staggering a bit on her new high heels which forced her to stick her plump ass out even more. She paused and tried to kick the stupid shoes off, only to find them seemingly stuck to her feet. The computer spoke again.

“The nurse upgrade includes a period of mandatory service, as per the terms and conditions”

“*What* terms and conditions?” Samus snapped.

The computer seemed to ignore her, and said instead:

“Transporting to medical deck”

A round hole with a glowing edge appeared from nowhere under Samus’s feet. She fell straight in...and immediately got stuck, her dump truck ass wedging into what must have been the mouth of a wormhole. Her vast, soft butt squished and bulged as she struggled, trying to push herself out. The force pulling her into the hole was strong, though, and after a couple of seconds her voluminous backside was finally squeezed through and she slid through a kaleidoscopic tunnel. Its wall felt strangely fizzy against her half-naked butt cheeks.

The end of the wormhole arrived quickly. Samus dropped out of it feet-first but the normally agile bounty hunter stumbled on her high heels and fell onto her huge, scantily-clad ass, hips bulging out of her tiny skirt.

She got unsteadily to her feet. Her skirt slipped up as she did, showing off her new pair of lacy panties nestling between her peachy ass cheeks until she tugged it back down.

She was in a new room, large, windowless and a pristine white as her new rubber uniform. A single syringe-like tool sat on a pedestal next to her. One door, similar to those she's gone through elsewhere on the station, led out of the room. The only other item of furniture was in the centre of the room: a large, adjustable couch resembling a dentist's chair

A voice spoke from some hidden speaker. It was computerized and female, but it wasn't the station AI she'd spoken to so far. This sounded cruder, like a recording adding in numbers with primitive text-to-speech.

"Hospital deck online. There are one. Hundred. And. Ninety. Two. patients awaiting treatment. Of these, one. Hundred. And. Ninety. Two. are in long-term suspended animation. Accessing staff roster. Staff roster is one. Junior. Nurse. Staff availability confirmed. Reviving first patient."

Another portal just like the one Samus had been pulled through opened over the chair. A moment later a pair of legs appeared through it, pale, perfectly smooth and shapely - much like Samus' had been before she'd been burdened with her new pear-shaped backside. They were naked aside from a bright pink thong...and they kicked in the air, their owner seemingly stuck in the glowing aperture.

"Eeek! Stupid...boobies!" A muffled, girlish voice said

After a couple seconds more kicking and wriggling, the woman fell the rest of the way through and the reason for her difficulties became clear. Her tits were enormous, easily two feet across each, bouncing wildly in an equally gigantic pink bra apparently made to fit them. The woman's face was almost as exaggerated - huge, puffy pink lips, pink eyeshadow, and a mass of blonde hair in a messy yet somehow perfectly styled do.

As the woman's tit's finally jiggled to a halt she looked around with a confused expression on her face.

Another disembodied voice spoke, and this time it was the computer that had offered Samus the "upgrades" earlier:

"Patient 1, presents with a bimbo upgrade stuck on a high setting. Upgrade is an early model and not responding to normal controls due to an error. Subject requested assistance, and was placed in stasis due to no medical staff being available"

Another defective, irreversible upgrade - seemed to be a pattern of that on this station, Samus thought to herself. Then the platinum-blonde woman noticed her for the first time.

“Oh hi!” She said, confusion giving way to a sudden excitement “You are, like, totes gorgeous!”

Then she seemed to become confused again. She put one manicured finger to her lips

“There was, like, a thingy...that I was going to ask you...but I’m, like, suuuch a ditz, I can’t remember what it was...”

Then she seemed to lose her train of thought and became bubbly again

“That skirt looks, like, sooo good on you!”

Clearly she had asked for the changes to be reversed, but then those same changes had made her forget that was an option.

Samus picked up the strange device next to her. A set of holographic controls were instantly projected from it. They were bewilderingly complex...but she was pretty sure she knew how to use them and how the tool, a powerful nanotech healing wand, could help the bimbofied woman in front of her. Maybe that would count as the “mandatory service” the computer had mentioned.

On the other hand, there was a door out of this strange examination room. Why submit to this damn computer’s bullshit? She could surely find a way out of...wherever she was.