In this line of work, there’s never really “one last job”.

You see it all of the time in movies. You know, the scene where the grizzled protagonist says “one last job, and then I’m out.” And then they get to go straight at the end of the movie because they found the briefcase or whatever. Or you know, if they don’t, they wind up dying or some shit at the end of the movie.

Triana had been a firm believer in the “last job” for most of her career. Always holding out for the one big score that would set her up for life! The kind of life that she’d always wanted anyway.

No more sneaking around for table scraps from the rich folks at the parties she’d break into. No more wondering where the next meal was going to come from after her cut of the last heist ran out. No more dealing with gross fences that (almost) always tried to get a quick grab at her ass before she left the room.

And for a while, she’d been a living, breathing success story! A “rehabilitated” thief who had gotten enough money to set her up for the life of luxury, as well as enough street cred to protect her from the very same crowd that she’d rolled with before she landed in high society.

The trouble is, things get more and more expensive every day. Especially when you don’t have the know-how to keep that money going. Unlike all the socialites and debutantes, actors and financiers, that she had been stealing from all of these years, Triana had no idea how to turn money into *more* money.

She just knew how to spend it—and *that* she was good at.

Just two years after hitting her “big score”, and Triana was back at Johnny’s looking for work. Which, despite having been out of the game for a while now, she’d been able to find.

Though perhaps not able to perform—at least, not to the best of her abilities.

“You know how, in video games, you play as like this grizzled badass but you’re still able to go down in like one hit at the beginning?”

Triana jumped up and down as she tried to force the zipper to her body suit up over the hump of her caramel-colored pot belly. There was a godawful squeaking coming from the rubber soles of her shoes, and an uncomfortably loud *thud* with each one of her footfalls.

“That’s… *phew…* kinda how I feel right about now.”

Two years out of the game, living in the lap of luxury had made Triana soft. She’d let her hair get long and her ass get fat—certainly too fat to squeeze comfortably into that old catsuit of hers. This thing was one of the ones that Johnny kept around for temp jobs, and she was still having trouble squeezing into it.

*So much easier to lose track of how fat you’re getting when everything is tailor-fitted and custom made*.

“I don’t remember Commander Shephard starting with a caviar belly.” Jackie nudged his elbow into the shiny, tight leather as it stretched over her gut, “You sure you’re up for this Silver Spoon?”

“A little tight, but I think I’ll manage.”

The job was supposed to have been an easy one. An entry-level gig to get Triana back in the game after so long away. Not a big score, but enough to help keep the repo men away from that swanky apartment of hers, and all of the nice stuff that she’d loaded it with. A simple B&E at a biotech company, one with corporate ties to one of the megacorps that had been cropping up all over the place since Ace fell. Something that you wouldn’t send some punk with a gun to do, but something that someone with Triana’s amount of experience should have been able to handle easily.

Of course, someone with Triana’s amount of experience would normally have been in better shape.

Johnny had given her shit about needing to break out the stronger suction gloves to hold the extra poundage, and her belly had been squeaking against the reflective windows all night. Getting a look at how wide her hips had gotten, as well as the fact that she was getting out of breath earlier than the penthouse floor, were silent reminders that she really, *really* needed to get back into the gym.

But if that hadn’t been enough reason for her to feel the extra weight that she was carrying, being presented with the classic “room full of laser tripwires” was enough to make her head spin.

Johnny whistled.

“Breaking out the antiques on these files, aren’t they?” he laughed, “You think you’ve still got enough limber left underneath those unsightly pounds and inches?”

And, deep down, Triana *knew* that she probably didn’t. But at the same time, she was one of the best in the business. At least, she used to be. She wasn’t about to accept the fact that she’d let herself go to seed lying down. And besides, they didn’t look all that close together *anyway*—she could do this kind of thing in her sleep.

“Just step back and watch me work.”

Back in her old gang, Triana had been the one that they used for this kind of thing. She’d always been the nimble one. The expert at avoiding traps and pitfalls set for those who might have broken into this or that. Even at her paunchiest, she still knew what to do.

Bend, reach, and crawl. Stabilize on her fingertips, extend her toes, and arch her back. She was like a cat—a fat, spoiled housecat at the very least—in the way that she avoided the red wires visible only to those with the proper goggles. You would have never known that she, or the lasers, were there if you hadn’t been paying attention.

At least, until, she forgot about how far her belly stuck out and set off the alarm.