IV

The hows and whys of how Commander Shepard defeated the Reapers and restored balance to the galaxy are, unusually, not important to the daily goings-on of the massive woman splayed out, vast and heavy as she laid in his apartment.

Huffing and gasping as the automated shaft slid in and out of Miranda’s buried snatch, the beached brunette clutched uselessly at the rolls that fell from her side. Blue eyes crossed, losing focus on the image of herself—how she’d been designed to look—shifting from one photo to the next on the LCD screens installed in the ceiling. Her pink tongue lolled out over full, sculpted lips as she continued to shift and slosh whatever amounts of fat that her pathetic little arms could reach. Thick sausage fingers snaked underneath heavy folds as she squeezed and pulled and squished against *hundreds* of pounds of…

Of…

“*Hahhhghhhhhhh…*”

Miranda’s chest deflated as she exhaled gratefully. It wasn’t often that she pleasured herself this early in the morning, but she’d caught quite the reflection of herself in the mirror, and after only getting to cum once last night she felt that she was quite overdue. Shepard’s pet piglet couldn’t go wanting for much of anything, could she? Not with how well he was supposed to take care of her to keep her happy…

Although to anyone other than the spoiled, over-indulged princess lying in the lion’s share of the bed, one would have thought she was quite well tended to.

Palming the upper-most roll of gut flesh as she struggled to look down, Miranda was still panting like she’d just run a marathon despite the fact that her tools had done most of the heavy lifting for her. There was simply no way that she would have been able to take care of her very important, very carnal feelings towards her body on her own. It was only through all the money that the Systems Alliance kept pouring at her boyfriend that she had been able to blow up so big in the first place, so it was fitting that being so well-funded was similarly the only way that she’d be able to stay reasonably satisfied sexually.

Dark brown hair matted against the dew of her cheeks, framing her insular orbit of chin as it ran down her back and got caught in the crevices of her body. The meat of her shoulders rolled into her biceps as they fused into huge, waist-thick wings that rested atop her vast middle tire. In turn, that middle tire spilled lavishly between and over her useless little legs, a landslide of stomach conquering every inch that stood between it and its steady march towards the edge of this mattress meant for two.

“That’s… that’s a morning well spent…” Miranda’s pitch had lowered until it was slow and heavy, her accent crowning behind shallow breaths as she positioned herself more upright with the aid of her biotic abilities, “Now then… onto breakfast…”

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Commander Shepard being a sprawling flat in the capital of the Citadel was the least that they could have done for his involvement in defeating the Reapers—but at the end of the day, it had made this lifestyle far more possible than anything else that he could have been given.

Cramming Miranda into that little cabin on the *Normandy* would have been cruel—there was hardly enough room in that place for her to *turn around* let alone get comfortable.

But their current living arrangements weren’t without reminders of Cerberus Operative Lawson’s time spent in what felt like an ever-shrinking private suite. The move from space to spacious had come with another mouth to feed, with the justification that Yeoman Chambers was a far better candidate to tend to Miss Lawson’s needs after spending so long as her unofficial attendant. It wasn’t as though anyone was going to disagree with the Savior of Humanity, but Miranda had always assumed deep down that it was because he might have been nursing a little crush on that redheaded little pencil-pusher.

His insistence that she indulge on his account at every opportunity had done very little to dissuade anyone who was more in-tune the Commander’s predilections.

“Good morning Miss Chambers.” Miranda sounded over the low hum of the motors currently keeping her afloat, “I see you’ve taken it upon yourself to start breakfast without me. Again.”

The puddling, freckled face of the fat woman seated at the head of the dinner table was awash in shock, surprise, and shame. Not only had she not woken up Miranda yet, but she’d also clearly started to tuck in without her—both things that she’d been gotten onto about after one too many breakfasts went missing while Operative Lawson slept off dinner from the night before. Her hugeness struggled to reel itself back in as she pushed against the table with fat-buried elbows and anchoring herself by cooly throwing one of those speedbag arms over the back of the chair.

“Huhh… hey Miranda!”

“*Miss Lawson.*”

“Miss… Miss Lawson.” Yeoman Chambers panted, the swell of her cheeks appled in embarrassment as she laid one hand on the shelf of a stomach that spread out in front of her, “Is it… time for you to be up already?”

“Oh please—I’ve had enough time to climax and steer myself in here.” Miranda rolled her perfect baby blues as her hover-seat slowly saddled her up to the opposite head of the table, “Don’t pretend like you weren’t going to let me sleep in again so that you could sneak more than your share.”

“…in my defense, I had EDI set an alarm.” The autumn-haired assistant smiled awkwardly from behind big, fleshy cheeks, “I, uh… must not have heard it…”

*“And in my defense, you were eating very loudly.”*

Yeoman Chambers’s familiar face had certainly rounded out the longer she stayed under Miranda’s watchful eye. Poking her, prodding her, and downright reeducating her until she was just as much of a glutton as The Perfect Woman was had become quite the pastime for Miranda and Commander Shepard. Not that he would have ever *acted* on his perverse little desires—not with his humongous honeypot waiting for him, barely able to move under her own power. Starving for, among other things, his touch while splayed out on the bed he worked so hard to keep from buckling underneath her…

“D-Do you want to join me?” Chambers’s voice had grown just as heavy and slow as the rest of her had, her cheeks dimpling twice over as she tried to look as innocent as possible, “Plenty to go around!”

“For now.” Miranda side-eyed her attendant, “You greedy little thing.”

Miranda had convinced herself that Kelly wanted what she had. She’d been convinced of it since they were both stationed back on the *Normandy*—the freckled, unimposing Yeoman pining after her chubby-chasing himbo of a commanding officer, watching as alluring, stunning, gorgeous Cerberus operative assigned to represent the corporation began to balloon under his tender love and care. For a stopped-up little virgin like her, it must have been so difficult to watch; Miranda gobbling up every hope that she ever had of getting with Shepard like it was seconds at dessert must have been so hard on the poor thing.

Not that Miranda didn’t enjoy getting to rub that snub nose of hers in it every chance she got.

Parking herself at the table was no easy feat at such a size, but with the help of her hovering platform, Miranda was able to manage. The semicircles cut into either end of the table didn’t always brush so closely to the vastness of Miranda’s shape, let alone succumb to her girth in the way that it did, but it was still the most comfortable way for her to dine. Ringing the food around her, aided by EDI serving from the hydraulic pipes that ran into the center of the table, ensured that Miranda barely had to move—even if it meant further satisfying her expansively incorrigible appetite.

But as soon as she got to wriggle her chubby sausage fingers and struggle to peer past her stomach for what laid in wait for her come breakfast, wouldn’t you know it that another distraction soon reared its ugly head.

Or rather, voice.

*“Miss Lawson.”* EDI’s voice rang over PA system built into the flat, *“You’re receiving a phone call from—”*

“Can it *wait*!?” Miranda snapped petulantly, “I’m in the middle of something here, and—”

*“It’s not like you can’t afford to skip a few meals anyway, fatass.”*

The harsh, nasal sounds of Miranda’s least-favorite reminder of her time aboard the *Normandy* were enough to make her shivers go up her spine, even buried beneath all of that excess fat. The windows of the apartment could be converted into display screens for important communication, but more often than not Miranda’s use for them boiled down to Jack shitposting and bothering her during mealtimes. Because somehow she *always* knew when Miranda was eating.

*“Because you’re always eating, wide load.*”

Before Miranda had been able to reject the call, EDI had patched it through. Instead of seeing the Citadel in the morning, Miranda looked out to see nothing but Jack’s bald, tattoo’d head looking back at her from behind a steadily growing double chin. Even with most below her neckline cut out as she adjusted the camera, Miranda could see that she hadn’t shed any over her own excess weight yet. Not that Miranda actually *believed* that she’d be able to deny that big mouth anything these days…

“Try not to sound too jealous about that.” Miranda snarked as she ran one hand down her stomach, looking from the corner of her eye at the chubby moon glaring at her from behind the screen, “Now Kelly and I are both very busy women, so if you’ll *excuse* *us—*”

“F-Fuck, uh… is *Shepard* around?” the smallest sensation of worry shot through Jack’s voice in a way that only someone who loathed her as deeply as Miranda could notice, “It’s kind of important.”

“There are only two reasons why you’d ask him instead of me.” Miranda chuckled thickly, “Either something needs blasting, or somebody popped out of something. So who busted out of their leather pants, you or the Asari?”

For the briefest moment, Miranda could *see* Jack trying not to fold. To pretend like she hadn’t been caught red-handed because it would have given Miranda too much satisfaction to know that she was right.

And it did; because she was.

“…Tali busted out of her containment suit last night and now she’s whining about getting a fucking cold or something.”

“I COULD DIE.”

“Well you wouldn’t die hungry, that much is for sure."

How this happened to so many people, Miranda might never know. Something about being war heroes in peacetime just leant itself well to letting go, and it would have been a disservice to say that a few select members of the *SR2 Normandy* had learned to indulge themselves *almost* as much as she had. Though while she had a perfectly good excuse for giving up active field duty early on, there were hardly as many excuses for *those* three wide-loads on the other end of the receiver…

Jack’s round face looked even moreso now that she had cleaned up her shave. Chunky cheeks were beginning to swell slightly over the corners of her mouth as she continued a (comparatively) slow outward expansion. In the time since they’d all retired, Jack had probably only put on a hundred pounds, but compared to monoliths like Miranda she might as well have still been in fighting shape. Even still, Jack’s stomach-heavy physique and fat upper arms had given new life to her tattoos as they spread up and down her lush, overgrown body. As she backed away slightly from the camera to grab a seat, the biotic bitch let out a heavy “oof” as she plopped down; clearly getting comfortable for the first time that morning.

Miranda tried to contain her schadenfreude (and admittedly, a smidge of arousal) watching the big bellied biotic get comfortable as the camera zoomed out slowly to reveal the other occupants of Shepard’s “summer home” on Omega. The harsh orange light flickering in through the shudders was balanced by the soft white casting everything in a more natural-looking light.

All the better to see that massive blue stomach struggling under its own weight and size—it appeared that not *everyone* had adjusted to retirement (more specifically, the rotundity that came with it) in the same ways that Miranda had.

“You should invest in one of these, Liara.” Miranda didn’t even try not to sound smug as she pat the arm of her hoverdais, even that small impact sending the littlest ripples up through her forearm, “It’d make everything a whole lot more bearable.”

“We don’t… all… have Shepard… to…” the downright spherical Asari was growing purple in the face as she tried to surmount her substantial size, “*…to…*”

With a final harrumph, Liara collapsed back on the bed behind Jack. The bald biotic was wide, but even with her heft and the chair behind her, there was simply no disguising the Shadow Broker as she swelled into view behind her. With each and every soft, belabored breath that vast blue belly rose and fell in defeat of its own heft before Jack rolled her eyes, rocked herself to a stand, and helped to hoist the big cobalt butterball to a seated position rather than a horizontal one.

“You could have just pushed her up with your biotics, you know.” Miranda raised a prominent brown eyebrow judgmentally, “Or did you want to get in close for a more personal touch?”

“Fuck *off* cheer-eater.” Jack bit back at the camera, “Like Shepard hasn’t had to hoist your fat ass up after a big meal.”

“Well it was very kind of you to wait until after your dinner to call us.” Miranda sniffed, stabbing into her breakfast with a fork pointedly, “I won’t be offering the same platitude, but it might be nice to let someone else be the bigger person.”

A dainty, pleased little nibble off of her fork while three faces scowled at her from the window.

“At least, metaphorically.”

“Keelah, you really are getting big these days.” The respirator in Tali’s suit seemed to struggle with her shallow breathing as she wobbled, already seated on the bed, “If I were closer to your size, I don’t think I’d be able to find a containment suit to fit me.”

“Lucky for you, you don’t have Shepard to hoist your fat ass up after a big meal.” Miranda winked one of her beady baby blues at the more amicable Quarian, palming a handful of her exposed stomach and hefting it upwards for a small show, “The weight looks good on you though, darling.”

“I-It… wasn’t exactly intentional…” Tali’s embarrassment was evident just by the tone of her voice, “I am afraid that Liara is something of a bad influence on me…”

“Shut the fuck *up* Tali—like your fat ass wasn’t all for the tube just as much as—”

“Jack, we agreed not to *talk* about the—”

“What the fuck *ever* okay?!” Jack threw up her hands in defeat, letting them fall back down to her sides in a wide, wobbling display, “J-Just… fucking… tell Shepard I called, okay? We can patch it for now, but if he’s got any info on taking care of fatass fucking girlfriends then his dumb ass had better—”

“I’ll make *sure* that he knows you called.” Miranda purred, unable to so much as shift sarcastically but adopting a tone that suggested as much, “Ta~”

Just as suddenly as they had interrupted, Jack, Liara, and Tali were removed from the window—leaving nothing but the beautiful skyline of the Citadel in the morning. Kelly and Miranda were alone, once again, with nothing but their carnal creature comforts to pass the time until Shepard eventually found his way through the elevator.

“Well they seem to be having fun.” Yeoman Chamber’s many chins jostled as she laughed politely at the display that she’d been given, “Looks like I’m not the only one whose put on weight since—”

“Shut *up* Kelly.” The Perfect Woman snarked as she shoved an entire mouthful of Krogan sausage into her mouth, “Honeffly, I’m tryinff foo enfoy my breffaft.”

The rotund redhead could only sigh. And smile, just a smidge. It had taken her a long time to realize that the biotic queen bee of Shepard’s apartment didn’t outright *hate* her—in fact, they’d shared plenty of meals together where Miranda had opened up and shown her a much softer side. Though how much softer she could get than that huge stomach barreling forward over her legs, Kelly had resigned herself to probably never knowing.

Shepard had promised that he’d be home the morning after—something about a diplomatic meeting that required him to be off-world. And whenever he traveled off-world, he always did his best to haul back as much of the local cuisine as he could manage.

It was never enough to keep Miranda full for very long, but Kelly knew that if he had come home to a full table of food, Shepard might have suggested putting off the no-doubt vast assortment of snacks that he had brought home for his growing, gorging girlfriend. And judging by the twinkle in her eyes, there wasn’t a more unpleasant thought in the world than having to put off gratification.

And admittedly, the idea of Shepard letting them “finish breakfast” before spoiling them in whatever he brought home—because *surely* there was something in that cargo bay for her too—was distressing in its own right.

“*I guess working for Miranda is rubbing off on me…”*

The two housebound heifers dove headlong into their first of many meals of the day, eagerly awaiting their Commanding Officer’s return to the Citadel while also trying to beat him setting one foot through the door in record time…