Rosa Diaz was getting soft.

Not that anyone would dare say it to her face. A soft Officer Diaz was harder than the hardest member of the 99, and there was no doubt in anyone’s mind that she had the gumption to prove it. But when she wasn’t around to intimidate anyone into thinking otherwise, like on active patrol, there had been some talk around the precinct over whether or not putting her at a desk was the best use of her talents.

Not that there was anything *wrong* with working at a desk. Plenty of good, honest police work got done off of New York’s mean streets and behind thirty-six inches of mahogany.

But getting shot in the shoulder and being benched from active field work and patrol had shaken up Rosa’s hard-nosed, steely-eyed façade. Not just among the other officers, but to herself. And even though it had happened a while ago, everyone was for sure still feeling the effects of such an impact throughout the precinct…

Or maybe it was just Rosa getting out of the elevator. Nobody was quite sure which of those was the right answer.

Rosa had spent her time in the precinct trying to fill that hole in her shoulder with chicken wings, and while she hadn’t been doing a stupendous job at it, she’d been doing her level best to forget that she’d ever been vulnerable ever in her life. In fact, she’d come to work with a bucket tucked under her arm and nestled against her belly—the warm embrace of Colonel Sanders barely felt over several new layers of desk-grown belly chub.

She still entered the room with the same sort of snarl that sent even her closest friends into sphincter-clenching retreat, but there was much less bark to her bite. Both because now she had been shot, hadn’t been dealing with it well, and now was fat.

“Rose!”

“Hey, Rose!”

The fact that her new peers were none other than Hitchcock and Sully certainly hadn’t done much to convince everyone that she was just as much of a badass as she was before. The two of them hadn’t done much (…if anything. Like at all) to endear themselves to the rest of the ’99. And now that they were pretty much Rosa’s only source of constant companionship, it was getting harder and harder not to lump her in with their anti-social ilk.

What with the fact that she was open and adamant about not sharing her feelings or acknowledging that she had them.

She waved to them brusquely and continued, belly-first, down the central aisle of the 99th Precinct so that she could begin yet another long day of not being out on patrol.

Rosa’s weight gain had *been* noticeable. Everyone was kind of too afraid to really talk about it, but nobody *wasn’t* noticing it. Her angular face softening around her high cheekbones and sharp features couldn’t have been ignored any more than her burgeoning belly or her melting biceps. But things had gone beyond *noticeable* and were getting downright *out of hand* as Rosa only continued to eat through the feelings that getting shot had left her with.

Expanding outwards in a fierce campaign, Rosa’s lightly browned belly was effectively an inner tube of caramel colored flesh, with thick love handles that hung over either side of her jeans. It hung low, splitting into two distinct rolls, as the bottom one sagged into the crotch and bulged over the waistband of her pants. Her black leather jacket helped hide the jiggling, fleshy arm wings that wobbled with even the slightest movement, but their sleeves couldn’t completely conceal the sheer *heft* of her upper arms.

Below and behind, Rosa’s ass had inflated at a slower pace, just like her chest. Unfortunately, she was barrel-built. Rosa was deep-dish if there had ever been such a thing, with a wide and thick torso and pitiful (though certainly pudgy) parts of her feminine anatomy. Her chest comprised of two unimpressive, doughy breasts that filled out her bras comfortably. And the seat of her pants was filled with dimpled, squishy ass that had grown more accustomed to making the office chairs squeak beneath her than

And no matter how intimidating she tried to be (or still managed to be, all things considered) it was kind of hard to take Rosa seriously when she got out of breath walking from one end of the precinct to the other.

But what did it matter? She was on desk duty—it wasn’t like she had to be in shape to work this side of the job.

And even though that fact burned her up inside, it was a little freeing.

In a way.

Kind of.

Saying her mild hellos to the other officers before she waddled her way to her desk, Rosa plopped down contentedly with her bucket of chicken and sighed greatly as she got off of her feet. That walk just kept getting longer and longer, and there didn’t seem to be anything that could be done about it.

“Hey Rose—me and Hitchcock are about to go grab lunch.” Sully asked from across the desk, “We would really appreciate it if you came along. You know, to scare the waitress into not charging us for a second entrée.”

“Sully, it’s like 9 in the morning.” Rosa said with a furrow of her stern black brow, conveniently ignoring the fact that she *already had* chicken, “You can’t have lunch at 9 in the morning.”

The two older men mumbled impotently and stared at their feet. Either feigning ignorance or feigning apology—either way, they weren’t very convincing. Or good at it.

“You’ve got to wait until at least ten before you can call it lunch.” The large latina said authoritatively, “Otherwise, it’s still breakfast.”

“We could do breakfast.” Hitchcock nodded sagely, “It wouldn’t be the first time that Sully and I got breakfast on the clock.”

“So… brunch?”

Rosa cracked a smile, placed her hands on her desk, and hauled herself to her feet with a mighty *oof*.

Brunch awaited.