

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*Uh oh, it's a new member of Q and she has a fat fetish!*

Contains: *Star Trek, Feedism*

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## Barbie Q

The USS Enterprise sped along at Warp 6, en route to deliver medical supplies to a mining colony on Nigel IV. In a flash of white light, a tall man in a command uniform stood on the bridge.

"Q!" Captain Picard said, "What are you doing here?"

Q clicked his tongue. "Such poor manners, Jean-Luc. Is that any way to greet an old friend?"

"Old friend," Picard scoffed. "I've no need of friends who only appear to cause trouble to me and my ship."

Q seemed about to launch into another playful diatribe when his expression soured. "Alright, fine. I need your help."

"Help with what?"

"Well," Q paced the ramp that ran along the side of the bridge. "We've lost one of our own."

"Lost?" Commander Riker asked.

"Yes," Q sighed, "one of the Continuum has been missing for quite some time."

"I thought you people existed outside of time," Riker noted.

"Yes, yes... Well, I won't bother trying to explain it to a bunch of mortals." Q tapped his lips with a finger. "Though that *does* sound fun. Especially in your case, Riker..."

"Enough of your nonsense, Q," Picard said. "Why have you come to us? Can't you find this other Q yourself?"

"You're going to make me say it, *mon capitain*? Fine. We can't find her. She's hiding from us."

"I still fail to see what that has to do with the Enterprise," Picard said.

"Well, I think she's... 'borrowed...' one of your crew."

"What!?" Lt Commander Worf barked.

"Computer," Picard said, "confirm location of all *Enterprise* crew."

"There are one thousand, three hundred and forty-eight crew members in active service. One crew member is not on board."

"Which crew member is absent?" Picard asked.

"Ensign Nallaa."

"The Orion?" Riker asked.

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Nallaa lounged in a hammock between two palm trees. A thin woman who appeared middle-aged stood over her, dressed like a Victorian nanny.

"That's it, Ensign, have some more pineapple cake."

The Orion woman stayed in the hammock because she was too big to climb out of it herself. Dressed in a hula skirt and a bikini longer than Nallaa was tall, her green belly rose out of the hammock, pulsing and throbbing as she digested.

"I don't understand, Qsie," Nallaa said. "If this is all you wanted, couldn't you have just *made* me fat?"

Qsie ran a hand appreciatively over Nallaa's rolls, gently tickling the undersides of her head-sized breasts. "Don't be silly, my pet. Making you fat with my power would be no fun at all. You have to do it to yourself. With my *help*, of course.

The Q stuffed cake into Nallaa's mouth to stifle any more questions. The Orion girl ate, her taut belly seeming to rise higher and rounder with each bite.

"I must say," Qsie murmured as she fed the Ensign, "I made an excellent choice with you. You're just so..." She stuck her index finger into Nallaa's cavernous belly button, "green."