

MASS EFFECT: The Fattening Fleet
Case File #1: "The Pear"



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>>Loading Tempest email client. You have 1 new email, Ryder!

**FROM:** Peebee

**TO:** Ryder

**SUBJECT:** Something weird this way comes...

>>ATTACHED: *Quarian\_Casefiles.vid*

*Yo, Rider! So I was hacking into Lexi's terminal because she's an uptight snoot. You know, just me being me, looking for dirt on her. And I found something REALLY weird.*

*These case files are from Lexi's early days as a residential doctor, in Quarian space. Apparently she was a bit of a specialist on Quarian biology, back when she was a hundred years younger. (Do you think her butt was cuter, back then? I digress.)*

*Anyway, these vids are her recordings of sessions with Quarian patients. She's locked more of them behind heavy-duty password protection, but I'm decrypting them as we speak. These vids are bizarre, Ryder. They show a whole different Lexi than the one we're used to. It's freaky.*

*Get back to me once you watch them. Let me know what you think. Ta-ta! --Peebee*

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OUTER RIM - THE MIGRANT FLEET

Approx. 600 years ago, factoring in Andromeda flight time...

Dr. Lexi T'Perro took her first client just an hour after breakfast. Her morning calisthenics, meditation and Asari rituals completed, she sat down by her desk and tapped the intercom.

"Gala Vas'Romni? Come in, please."

When the Quarian patient entered, Lexi's breath caught in her throat. She had been prepared for countless diseases, in medical school: sexually transmitted viruses between species, runaway Eezo cancers, even Krogan bunions. But she hadn't had much training in dealing with the current problem of the Migrant Fleet: obesity.

It was a common problem in space-faring species, especially in urban centers. Most species had figured out eons ago that regular exercise was crucial for their long-term survival and health. Yet, the Quarrians with their lifetime confinement in environment suits and living on the cramped Migrant Fleet ships, had some of the worst cases. She'd heard horror stories from many doctors... which was one of the reasons she'd volunteered here. She wanted to help, and extra commendations from Quarian fleet captains would help her career. But she hadn't been truly prepared for the... *seriousness* of the obesity problem in the Fleet.

Gala Vas'Romni was a Quarian girl in young adulthood, fresh off her Pilgrimage, according to the file. Her environment suit was dull-green, her faceplate a translucent yellow. And she had some of the biggest hips Lexi had ever seen.

Nearly as wide as the door, her massive thighs and chunky calves wiggled and jiggled as she made her way into the sanitized white office. Even her toes were chubby—all four of them. She had hugely fat ankles, a condition Lexi had once heard referred to as “cankles.”

But bizarrely, the Quarian's upper body looked fairly normal. A slight paunch, soft upper arms and chubby cheeks behind her visor were the only upward sign of the massive fat deposits going on south of the belt.

"Doctor!" She sounded nervous "H-hello. It's nice to meet you!"

"Likewise, miss Vas'Romni." She knew the girl's ship name wasn't technically a surname, and her cultural details were off. But she was still trying to grasp all the fat in front of her. "You scheduled an appointment about weight loss?"

"Yes! I... er, I could use some help managing... all of this."

The Quarian gestured at herself, obviously embarrassed.

Lexi nodded, slowly.

"Er... You're aware I'm not a nutritionist, right? Or a physical trainer?"

The girl shuffled from foot to foot, her hips wobbling.

"I know that. But the quarian doctors I've seen just tell me to run on a treadmill, or take shore leave. But treadmills hurt my knees, and shore leave... Well..." She gestured at herself again. "I attract lots of... Attention, outside the fleet. And amateur photographers. If you know what I mean..."

"I see."

Lexi tried to stay objective, but it was hard not to judge the girl for *getting* this fat in the first place. Over two centuries old, Lexi had passed through a number of university programs. One of these involved advanced calculus, and she was currently trying to figure out how many calories it had taken for Gala to reach this size. It had to be on the order of several thousand *per day*, to maintain so much fat. This Quarian's calorie intake was out of control.

"Will you help me?" the girl asked, hands clasped. "Please?"

Lexi sighed, remembering her doctor's oath.

"Of course, dear. Please sit down."

If my table can even handle that ass of yours, she thought with amusement. Lexi tried not to be biased, but obesity was a preventable problem, and this girl had not prevented it. Still, she was obliged to go through the motions of making her diagnosis.

They started with a basic physical: heart rate, reflexes, BMI. The girl's reflexes were fine—surprisingly quick, actually, for her size. Her BMI was very out of proportion+, even by Quarian standards, and her heart rate was a little rapid. Not surprising, given how embarrassed she seemed to even be here.

"These patches, on your suit... When did you get those?"

The girl squeaked as Lexi pinched her rear with a caliper, to test the fat density.

"Um... Last week?"

"And why were they necessary?"

"I... I put on some weight in the last few weeks..."

Lexi sat back. "How much?"

"Er... "

"How much weight have you put on?"

Gala told her. Lexi converted the numbers to Citadel kilos, and raised an eyebrow.

"That much, in such a short time? Has anything changed, in your diet?"

"No..."

Lexi could usually tell when someone was lying. But this Quarian sounded genuine, if a little embarrassed. The embarrassment makes sense—with an ass like that, she was probably mocked every time she went to the store.

There was something odd about the way the fat was deposited, though. Genetics alone couldn't account for the cellulite coating her body, under the suit. The girl was a lot of cellulite, more than was healthy for any species.

"I need to consult my notes. One moment."

In the intervening silence, the Quarian shifted in her seat, the fabric of her suit creaking around her weight. "Doctor?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Am I... would you say that I'm... a freak?"

Lexi paused. Her poor bedside-manner was legendary, even among the small medical community of Omega. She didn't beat around the bush, and her first thought was to try and break it gently to the girl that she was alarmingly fat. Obese, in fact, and it didn't look good. But that was no way to treat her very first patient.

"Well... Different species have different ideals of beauty, you know."

The girl harrumphed.

"Oh, that's nice. Maybe I'm attractive to a Hanar, you mean. How *kind*."

"That's not what I meant." She sat down beside the girl on the examination table, their hips brushing together. "You have a... unique figure, certainly. But the sheer variety of tastes across the galaxy doesn't leave much room for a universal 'standard' of beauty." She smiled. "I've had several human boyfriends who told me I was too skinny, you know."

Hope brightened the pale eyes behind the mask. "R-really?"

"Oh, yes. There are entire human communities who hold big hips in high esteem. There are plenty on the extranet, if you care to look."

She refused to go into detail on that, at the risk of appearing biased about the communities she'd served. She loved humans; her biggest medical mentor on the Citadel had been human. But the fact was, she didn't understand their culture at all. Preferring a big body over a small one was just so inefficient. But who was she to judge? People liked what they liked.

The Quarian giggled, seeming pleased with the idea.

"Maybe I should... look into that."

"Maybe you should. Anyway, I believe I have your diagnosis, dear. It's lipodema." She pinched a chunk of the girl's flabby thigh, wiggling it gently. "The size of the deposits around your ankles, knees and waist exceed normal parameters. There could be something hormonal going on, or it might be environmental. Either way, you'll need to moderate it with slightly lower caloric intake and moderate exercise."

"Exercise? But how? We don't have a lot of space, aboard ship..."

Lexi had to consider this. The Migrant Fleet did not have much room for exercise, that was certain. Quarian nobles and government officials would have access to gym facilities—space was at a premium, and they could afford to pay. But most Quarians couldn't.

This girl would need something easy, something that would get her heart rate up, something that didn't require leaving her room... Some kind of cardio that would get her blood pumping, but require very little space...

Well... there's always THAT, I suppose...

"I suppose I could recommend a few things..."

She went over options with Gala. There were bicycle kicks, sit-ups and other basic calisthenics, and Asari yoga. But the one idea the girl most reacted to was "recreational stimulation."

It was not an idea she recommended lightly. But it had worked well for Lexi, as a chubby teen in the slums of Omega. Back there, going outside had been dangerous—far better to stay inside with a few saucy vids, and a "vibrator" program for her omni-tool.

"Look, this isn't formally approved as a method of weight loss. But there are lots of omni-gel programs to replicate... well, male equipment. And as long as you get your heart rate up..."

She shrugged.

"Cardio is cardio, right? No matter how you get it..."

The girl's visor had grown fogged with body heat and humidity.

"I... I see what you mean..."

When Lexi finally saw her out of the office, she was already pulling up extranet listings on her omni-tool, searching for a free download.

"Have fun," chuckled Lexi to herself, watching the girl jiggled down the hall.

She paused before bringing up the intercom again, watching that enormous ass shake. Humans did have a point, about big bottoms. They were kind of... pleasantly mesmerizing to watch.

And unhealthy, of course. Very unhealthy. Shaking off her momentary fascination, she called in her next patient.

"Uh... Ferra Vira Vas'Romni? I'll see you now."

From the waiting room, heavy footfalls clumped across the floor. Was it a Vorcha, maybe, or a Krogan?

No, it was another Quarian. A female again, even bigger than the last one—and this one had double the amount of patches on her suit. Lexi checked her appointments, flabbergasted. She'd let her V.I. system make the schedule, and hadn't really looked into the symptoms yet. Concerned, she checked the list of "patient concerns" under each appointment.

Weight management... Weight management... Weight management? ALL of them?

As the next girl squeezed her flabby bottom through the med shuttle's airlock, a huge beer-belly bouncing under her suit, Lexi rubbed her forehead.

This was going to be a very long day.

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**TO:** Peebee

**FROM:** Ryder

**RE: RE:** *Something Weird This Way Comes*

**>>No Attachments**

*Hey, Peebee. This sure is odd, alright. More funny than weird, but I get what you mean. That bit where Lexi recommends masturbation? That doesn't sound like Lexi at all. She blushes whenever she has to ask about my sexual health! Unless she's got some kind of repressed issues, I can't help but wonder if these videos were doctored or altered. Possible team sabotage, maybe?*

*Either way, definitely keep sending them to me. Normally I would tell you to stop, but I know you wouldn't listen anyway—and I'd like to have this intel in my inbox, where I can keep an eye on it. Of course, my SAM unit will probably ask why I have vids of Lexi pinching Quarian butts on my terminal... but hey. I'm the Pathfinder, it's my job to make sure my team isn't keeping secrets.*

*And Lexi is definitely keeping secrets. Why all the passwords, for instance? I get that patient records are confidential, but why did Lexi bring these all the way to Andromeda? It makes me curious... makes me wonder if she's hiding something.*

*Definitely need to see more. Not to mention... That Quarian had a REALLY nice ass. Keep digging, and let me know what you find.*

--Ryder



## FATTENING FLEET, PART 2: THE DELINQUENT

CW: Flatulence, bullying, SSBBW quarians, medical malpractice, vaping/smoking fetish

### ANDROMEDA GALAXY - RYDER'S TERMINAL

*Hi Ryder! Peebee here. I hacked into another one of Lexi's files—this one is a doozy, even weirder than the last one. Let me know if this is TMI, but they're kind of turning me on? I mean, I'm not really attracted to Quarians, but young medical-school Lexi can GET it, you know what I mean? She's literally a sexy doctor—like a cliché out of some net-pervert video.*

*Not that I'm a net-pervert or anything...*

*... Okay, I kind of am. But I digress. Here's the vid-file. And be warned: this one should have been titled Quarians Behaving Badly. You'll see what I mean when you watch it.*

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THE MILKY WAY, [TIMESTAMP NOT FOUND]

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Doctor Lexi opened her schedule for the day, and checked her patients' diagnoses. Once again, what she saw made her groan.

“You've got to be kidding me... MORE obese patients?!”

This Quarian fleet, it seemed, was so inundated with obesity that other maladies had now become the minority. What she'd give to treat a common cold, or even an enviro-suit rash. At least it would break up the daily routine of lifting fat folds, wincing at BMI readings, and reciting the same diagnosis over and over.

*"I recommend you reduce your calorie intake..."*

*"Focus on a diet low on carbs, high on protein..."*

*"Stop taking extra rations at mealtime..."*

And so on, and on. Lexi didn't know how much more of it she could take. Mostly because the Quarian girls (most of them seemed to be women, though she'd found a couple fat males whose impressive 'moobs' defied any attempt at confirming their gender) were so uninterested in losing weight. They listened to her recommendations, nodding, but when they waddled out of her office she doubted they'd actually heard anything she'd said.

*It's a story as old as time, in every species, she thought with resignation. People want an instant fix to their weight problems, but aren't ready for a real solution...*

On top of that, the job wasn't challenging her. Lexi wasn't a genius, but she was a creative thinker, and she liked pushing her skills to the limit. The only thing these girls pushed was her patience.

And cooped up here, without any asari or humans to talk to... well, Lexi was getting a bit "pent up," so to speak. The intimacy of groping the next patient's dangling fat folds was the closest thing she got to intercourse.

And that was dangerous. Lexi, like all asari, had a dangerously high libido, and if she couldn't satisfy it with a partner, it found... other outlets.

This process had already begun. She was starting to *like* groping and fondling her fat patients. It made them flustered, embarrassed, and she found a perverse delight in that. There was something fulfilling about putting these porkers in their place, reminding them they'd let themselves go. Although she didn't always like where these intrusive, almost sadistic thoughts were going. She'd need a doctor of her own soon, a psychiatrist, if this kept up.

Luckily, her next patient broke the pattern in a very... challenging way.

When the hatch opened to her small, cramped office, a billow of vape-smoke oozed over Lexi's welcome mat.

The quarian who entered was fat, like the rest—but this one was different. The others were timid, jiggling, embarrassed by their bodies and by the slick sensation of their own sweat in their overheated suits. They walked nervously, as if their very footsteps might leave craters in the floor.

But this one... this one was different. She lumbered into Lexi's office with heavy measured steps, making the metal floor creak and groan underneath her. She was one of the biggest ones yet, with an enormous belly, pendulous breasts under her suit's shawl, and hips that grazed the doorway and knocked over Lexi's terminal. As the doctor scrambled to right it again, the Quarian snickered... and didn't apologize.

"So, you're the new doctor, huh?. *Kee'lah*, I didn't expect you to be so... Scrawny."



Zatta Vas'Ramni had some serious body language going on. She moved right into Lexi's personal space, allowing Lexi to glimpse a sardonic, chubby tattooed face behind her visor... half-hidden behind vape smoke from her regulator.

*Revolt*ing, the doctor thought, years of medical training leading her immediately to reflexive disgust.

*She's THIS fat, and she's smoking? Unbelievable! Doesn't she care about her health?*

Trying to compose herself, Lexi did a cursory analysis of her behavior. She had a number of graffiti-style doodles on her heavily patched suit, showing a disrespect for the usual Quarian reverence for their enviro-suits. She was smoking in a doctor's office, tattoos, bad attitude... Lexi decided to assume she was a bad apple.

"I'm exactly the size I need to be. My ship is pretty small, so I try very hard to keep slim."

She faced off with the Quarian, refusing to be intimidated.

"Speaking of exercise, I read on your charts your father sent you here for... nutritional advice?"

"Pfft, he's such a hardass. I eat what I want, always have--and I'm a captain's daughter, so I eat as *much* as I want. Got a problem with that, scrawny?"

She sat down on a couch in the corner of Lexi's hi-tech office, and the couch immediately broke under her weight, legs snapping clean off. Her "saddlebag" fat-deposits jiggled for a good ten seconds after she'd sat down.

"Well... No, I can't control what you eat. But if you want to please your father, you should probably consider dieting--"

"Hold on, Doc. I gotta vent some excess air from my suit."

The Quarian tweaked a setting on her omni-tool, and Lexi winced as the rancid flatulence which had been caged inside the suit was released into her office by tiny suit-ports.

"*Ahhh*. That's better. Nothing like a bit of fresh air, right?"

"*Ghkk...*" Lexi gagged on the stench, which also included the pungent tang of Quarian tobacco and the distinct smell of body-odor. Apparently this girl's lack of discipline extended to deodorant, as well.

Frantic to find anything that could give her an edge, Lexi scrolled through Zatta's chart... and found records of bullying, aggression towards other Quarian girls, hazing, and vandalism. Plus countless instances of stolen food, drinks and drugs. This girl wasn't just a bloated brat--she was also a criminal. Yet strangely, there were no convictions on her record.

*Of course there aren't... Because 'Daddy' will always come through for her.*

She stroked her blue-skinned chin, frowning. Really, despite her Hippocratic oath, she was tempted--strongly tempted--to not help this bloated, obnoxious gasbag. In fact...

Her oath was to help those in need, the sickly, to do no harm. But sometimes, the greater good outweighed the good of the individual. If Zatta got skinny, she might become even more dangerous--and physically strong and agile, able to dominate any Quarian on the decks, maybe even enter a true criminal circle. Lexi was honor-bound to prevent that.

And the best way to prevent it, she realized with unease... was to make the girl even fatter.

"Well, I found your biggest medical issue," she said, just as Zatta was pilfering a paperweight off her desk, clearly intending to steal it.

"Yeah? What is it, Doc? Because I think I have a big case of not giving a fuck."

Lexi gritted her teeth... and smiled, projecting the genial, patient doctor-personality she felt she needed right now. "Your biggest issue is not eating enough. See, you have a rare disorder... the less you eat, the more weight you gain. It's extremely uncommon, especially among quarians, but it can happen."

The miscreant Quarian squinted at her from behind her purple face-mask... and chuckled, flicking her suit's cloth hood back in the same way a popular girl at a university might toss back her hair.

"Well, duh. I've been telling Daddy for years, he doesn't send me enough credits for food. I'm a growing girl, I need my meals... but *nooo*, it's all 'you're morbidly obese,' or 'you're a bloated disgrace to the fleet, Zatta.' Well, this will show him." She cocked her head. "How much should I be eating, then?"

Lexi suppressed a smirk.

"Oh, easily triple your current caloric intake." She pretended to check some numbers on her datapad. "Yes, at least triple. Preferably more than that. Once you start packing away meals, your weight will drop in no time!"

"Heh. That'll show those skinny losers on Fourth Deck. I bet I could beat the shit out of Gala Vas'Ramni once I get bigger."

She snickered, venting vape-smoke again.

"Thanks, Doc. You know, you're not half bad--I used to think Asari were all worthless sluts, but you're a *useful* slut. I'll hit the mess hall right away. Later!"

"Wait, I haven't discharged you--"

But the girl was already jiggling out the door, her greasy fat-folds smearing stains against the airlock as she went. The door hissed shut, and Lexi sat down, stunned with herself. Her heart was pounding--she'd never lied to a patient before. Little white lies, maybe, but nothing like this.

This... well, it was malpractice, basically. But it was for the greater good--she had to remind herself of that. Zatta was clearly a danger to the Fleet, and by ordering her to stuff her face like a big greedy idiot, Lexi had saved Gala and the other local girls a world of trouble. If she was too fat to bully those around her, she'd become harmless.

Lexi leaned back in her doctor's chair, already running an encryption algorithm on the records of her meeting with Zatta. Maybe this job wouldn't be so bad after all... if she could inject a little karma into the Fleet, what was the harm?

*Actually...*

She frowned, pulling up the data on the Fleet's medical stats. Information on Quarian obesity was *extremely* hard to find, as it wasn't exactly something the Fleets wanted to advertise. She had never seen a single medical paper on it... and anyone who published the first medical paper on a species' disease, usually became famous. Well-regarded, honored among their academic peers.

It wouldn't hurt to nudge their weights upward, just a little bit... Map out some data-sets. Get a thesis going. She could be the first, the very first, to author a paper on Quarian female obesity.

Lexi turned the idea around in her head, inspecting it, even while feeling guilty. Would it really be *such* a bad idea, to encourage a little extra eating in the Fleet?

*These girls are all fat anyway, right? The Fleet has written them off, sent them to me because they won't listen to Quarian doctors. They probably won't listen to me, either--I doubt Gala will lose a single pound, for instance, no matter how much "bedroom exercise" she gives herself...*

Already she was imagining the accolades, the honors, the champagne-glasses clinking at a conference a year from now, when her tenure with the Fleet was over.

*It's immoral, certainly. Even a bit cruel. But if they're not going to take medical advice anyway... where's the harm, in expanding all their waistlines just a little bit further?*

A slow, devious smirk appeared on Lexi's lips. She began to inspect patient records--this one had a weakness for human fried food. Another was a flagrant alcoholic, spending all her time guzzling beer in the Fleet's bars. A third was a compulsive stress-eater.

*Why, it would be easy... They're like fat cattle, all penned up here for me to examine. I could get reams of data inside a week... A full paper's worth in months!*

Yes. Yes, this could work. And so what if she left without slimming down the Fleet? Statistics showed that obese people often gained back any weight they lost due to dieting--every non-synthetic body in the universe hoarded lipid cells, stashed energy ruthlessly. And she could help a lot of people by publishing that paper.

Smiling broadly now, suddenly in a much better mood, Lexi turned off the data-pad and paged her physician's assistant, a slender Salarian woman who worked the desk outside.

"Bidhara? Cancel my appointment for the afternoon. I've got some work to do on... a new kind of diet program, for these patients. And put my 'net mail on 'do not disturb' status."

"Yes, ma'am." Bidhara did as she was told, and Lexi cracked her knuckles, sitting down at her console.

She would get the credit she deserved, for sitting out this awful duty in the backwater of the galaxy. One way or another, she would turn this terrible assignment to her advantage.

*Hope you brought your appetite, girls... because Dr. Lexi is about to prescribe a whole lot of munchies to the lot of you.*

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### **ANDROMEDA GALAXY, PRESENT DAY - PEEBEE'S TERMINAL**

*Peebee, it's Ryder. Thanks for the new video. This is getting weirder and weirder... I definitely saw Lexi editing her own patients' charts in this one. It's blatantly illegal... but I admit, you're right. Things are getting interesting.*

*Keep hacking. And keep an eye on Lexi. If she's lied to her patients before, who knows whether she's been truthful with us?*

*Bring me more videos. And, uh, please leave out your commentary next time? Not that it bothers me, just... you know. Pathfinders need to be objective about their crew members.*

*(But to your credit, yes, younger Lexi is very hot. Point taken.)*

*Over and out.*

**--RYDER**



### FATTENING FLEET, PART 3: THE STREAMER

*CW: Heavy flatulence, humiliation kink, smaller-scale Quarian BBWs*

~\*~\*~

In the Migrant Fleet, space and electric power came at a premium. However, in her brief time as a doctor for the Fleet, Lexi T'perro had worked hard to get both.

Now she stood back as an Elcor maintenance worker shoved the final bench-press rig into her cramped, improvised "home gym."

"That's very good--thank you. I think we're done here."

"Enthusiastic well-wishes for the success of your medical practice," groaned the Elcor apathetically, as he lumbered out the airlock.

As the hiss of the sliding doors sounded, Lexi sighed with satisfaction.

Despite the fact that none of her patients in the Fleet had lost weight (not that they were going to, anyway) her office had been getting more and more prestige lately. Business was booming—which was why she was able to afford a home-gym, in the first place.

Really, she was practically printing money, by working here. It looked *good* for the Fleet to have an Asari doctor attached to it--it looked open and honest, in a time when the Quarians really needed to look open and honest to other species.

Recent conflicts had stoked tensions between the Fleet and other spacefaring races, and they needed to seem as if they were cooperating with the rest of the galaxy. Too many species saw the Quarians as parasites, traveling space-vagabonds who sucked up resources while giving nothing back.

Lexi didn't entirely share this view... but she had to admit, a lot of the Quarians she'd met were good at sucking up resources. Or at least, sucking up food.

The problem with the Quarian youth in the Fleet wasn't that they were becoming obese--this was, in fact, kind of predictable after generations in space. The problem was that they had no forward drive, no initiative, no hope for the future. With the threat of the Geth now in the distant past, they were happy to sit on their asses playing datanet games and sucking down nutrient paste, rather than going on Pilgrimages and advancing their species in the galaxy.

And in a stroke of apathy, Lexi had mostly given up on helping them. Every single Quarian she'd met so far was totally uninterested in losing weight--though they often pretended to be on-board with the idea, at least until they left her office. So, in the absence of actually getting anything done in the Fleet, Lexi had moved on to the harangued doctor's next resort: Puffing up her portfolio and resume with as many accolades as possible, before she left.

Part of this included the new gym facilities installed next to her office. This would allow her to offer the Quarian patients a place to do "physical therapy," an activity she *knew* they had no interest in. But the Fleet inspectors who came by once in a while would be very pleased to see it. It looked like progress--as if Lexi were actually helping their overweight sons and daughters, instead of just taking their money and padding her resume.

She'd scheduled dozens of physical therapy sessions already... and of course, none of her patients had showed up for them. This made her even more frustrated. Why should she help these lard-asses? They had done this to themselves, after all, and their refusal to listen to her was nothing short of insulting. They had eaten themselves into useless, slovenly hugeness, and now they didn't even have the decency to follow the exercise schedules she assigned them.

*These gluttons, Lexi thought spitefully, they deserve whatever they get.*

All the same, she did feel a *little* guilty, deceiving the Fleet for the sake of her own career. If she thought there was even a snowball's chance in hell to actually *improve* lives here, she would be doing it.

But she'd given up on that after the last patient had gotten stuck in her airlock doorway, the girl's colossal rump wedged in the steel frame. It had taken thirty minutes and a Quarian maintenance crew to get her unstuck. You couldn't medicate or "doctor" away this kind of laziness and gluttony—only a massive cultural shift in the Fleet could accomplish that. And the Quarrians didn't seem to be enacting any policies to help deal with their flabby, under-exercised youths...

To those who genuinely wanted to lose weight, Lexi would apply her full attention. To anyone else... well, she wasn't going to waste her breath trying to convince them of the error of their ways. Speaking of which... her next patient, Eriah Vas'Romni, was late for her physical therapy appointment.

Lexi's bluish fingers hovered over her omnitool... she was so tempted to take the day off. Just cancel the girl's appointment, and have done with it. But then her secretary paged her with the announcement that Eriah was actually here. Shocking-- a patient actually *showing up* for physical therapy? That was a nice change of pace.

She smoothed her head-tentacles, and shoved a box of sweets she'd been nibbling on into the drawer of her desk. Ironically, confined to a small space and with little room to pursue her normal fitness regimen, Lexi *herself* had put on a little weight as well. Nothing major--just a muffin top--but she was determined to get rid of it, hence the home-gym setup. Asari who gained weight had a tendency to keep that weight, sometimes for hundreds of years. It was a multi-century stain on one's reputation.

"Come in," she said.

Through the doors waddled yet another plump Quarian girl... but this one was a little slimmer than the others. She had a considerable pot-belly, which bulged under her suit, and a camera drone followed her every move, hovering over her shoulder.

"Excuse me--no drones in the office," said Lexi, pointing at the device.

"It's... It's for my job, I'm afraid. I'm a video streamer, I have to take it everywhere, in case I get good content..."

Lexi frowned.

"I... see. Well, it's nice to meet you, Eriah. And what exactly is your job?"

*It can't be anything very active, from the looks of you,* she thought.

"I'm a Quabang streamer!"

Lexi blinked.

"A... what?"

"Oh, it's a sub-genre of datanet streams." Eriah patted her stomach, with something Lexi thought might be pride. "I take antibiotics, and then eat a bunch of human food, or Salarian food, or whatever. People love it! They're all very impressed by my 'intake speed,' and I don't even get very sick--my body is used to it by now!"

Lexi raised an eyebrow.

"You... get paid money to eat a bunch of food, online?"

"Yep!"

"And you came here to... Lose weight."

"Well, not exactly." Eriah blushed as a small, rippling noise of flatulence came from the back of her enviro-suit.

***FRRRaarrpt.***

"I have... um, problems with indigestion. I was hoping you could help me with it... You know, with physical therapy and stuff. Help me re-balance my body."

"Hmm..."

Lexi stroked her chin. Against her will, she was intrigued by the scientific difficulties of this problem.

For one thing, it didn't require her to put Eriah through a complex exercise regime--she just had to figure out how to reduce the girl's flatulence. She wouldn't even need to run a full P.T. session. And for another, Eriah was the least rude patient she'd had in weeks. She was willing to help the girl out... despite the sight of that disgusting pot-belly jiggling and wobbling in front of her.

"Well, the first thing to do is find out what's ailing your digestive system. Sit down and give me a list of what you consume during the average... uh, 'Quabang' session."

"Sure!"

Eriah sat down on Lexi's couch, another deep *brrappt'f* emerging from her backside. Beneath her visor, Lexi saw the Quarian blush a deep, dark purple.

"S-sorry... I can't really control it. Anyway, here's my average meals during a session..."

She launched into a litany of different foodstuffs. Most of her food, Lexi found, was *puree'd* and funneled into her mask's nutrient port through a tube.

Lexi was astonished that anyone could find this erotic, but she supposed Datanet perverts would touch their genitalia to just about anything. Eriah was basically an exotic call-girl, doing "sessions" on commission, and making piles of money in the process. It was a clever little scam--and because she never got undressed, she didn't have to worry about the prudish laws of various species shutting her channel down for unauthorized sex-worker activities.

But the list of food-pastes she ate made Lexi's jaw drop with astonishment. Liquefied bacon, barbecue-flavor protein slurry, mashed and blended baked beans... Literally everything that Eriah consumed for her "job" was both monstrously unhealthy, and was certain to give her a terrible case of gas.

"Can't you... I don't know... eat something *else* for your sessions?"

Eriah shrugged.

"This is what my subscribers ask me to eat... so I eat it. It's a lot of fun, usually, but I always get so gassy. It's ruining the quality of my videos! I almost blew out a speaker with the... um, volume of my noises in the last session."

She spoke this last part with a mumbling, hand-wringing level of embarrassment. Lexi couldn't help but feel bad for her.

The doctor tapped her chin.

"Eriah, have any of your customers actually *complained* about this flatulence?"

The Quarian blinked. "Uh... No. Not that I know of."

"So they don't seem to have a problem with it?"

"Well, no one has said anything... I'm sure it grosses them out, which is why I have to find a way to stop it..."

"Hmm... Maybe you don't have to. Let me take a look at your channel."



Lexi pulled up Eriah's videos on her omni-tool--they were shockingly easy to find. She scrolled through the comments, and nodded, discovering exactly what she'd suspected.

"Eriah, are you familiar with something called 'eructophilia'?"

"Huh? Not really..."

"It's a sexual paraphilia. Those who have it tend to congregate on the datanet, like with most sexual sub-cultures. They're aroused by... well, by gaseous emissions. Belching, flatulence, that sort of thing. From the look of your comments section, you've attracted quite a few of them..."

She flipped the holographic display to show Eriah the comments. They were, indeed, very enthusiastic.

**So hot!!!!111**

--KrogansDoItBetter5000

**Fart LOUDER!!!**

--Naughty\_Little\_Bosh'Tet45

**Plz to eat moar beanz plz!!!! XD XD XD**

--MakeaFartofShe99

"That last one was posted just a few minutes ago. It seems most of your fanbase, if not all of them... Are eructophiles. Far from alienating your viewers, you appear to be... Getting them very amorous."

"Wh-what? Really?"

Lexi nodded.

"It's inevitable--if you are a female of any species, and post videos of yourself online, you're going to get lewd comments on the datanet. I've just never heard of *this* kind of commenting before. It's very interesting, from a sociological perspective..."

Eriah's voice was a squeak of embarrassment, supplemented by nervous flatulence.

"They're... they're turned on by my *farts*?"

**FrFFFumptf...**

Lexi deactivated the holovid and crossed her arms, trying to stay serious and professional... even as a smile tugged the corners of her lips. She fought to keep a straight face, as she replied in the affirmative.

"It would seem so, yes."

Eriah's Fleet accent slipped a bit, becoming more intense as she struggled with the new information. It was clear she had never considered this possibility.

"Well... *Kee'lah*. I had no idea. Do... do you think this means I don't need to worry about the... the flatulence affecting my viewership?"

"Affecting it?" Lexi snorted. "Eriah, your most recent video--this one, where you almost blew out your microphone--had almost a *billion* hits on the datanet! Even for a galaxy with trillions of 'net users, that's a lot of views. Eructophiles from every species are clearly flocking to your videos. No, I don't think you need to 'worry' about your bottom line at all. As a matter of fact..."

She sighed, already a little embarrassed over what she was about to say.

"This isn't strictly speaking, medical advice. But if anything, you should try to pass gas *more* in your videos. If that's what your customers are looking for, then you should give them what they want. It could lead to enormous profits for you..."

"Give them what they want..." Eriah nodded slowly. "It's very strange. But I see what you mean. Now I see why my fans keep asking me to eat more beans... Thank you, Dr. Lexi! I'll have to change my whole business model--and this will save me hundreds of hours editing my, um, *sounds* out of my videos..."

***BwarRRRpptf...***

Eriah thanked Lexi profusely, and after a short checkup during which Lexi confirmed she was in good health (except for her overloaded digestive tract) the girl departed. She even left her camera drone behind, calling it a 'gift' for Lexi after her "brilliant" professional advice. Apparently she had dozens more at home.

Lexi sighed as she looked at the drone, which hovered over her shoulder in a patient, blinking orbiting pattern.

*The Migrant Fleet is a lot... weirder than I expected*, she thought, and switched off the drone for maintenance.



## FATTENING FLEET, PART 4: THE SISTER

*CW: Asari weight gain, belching, mild gas, bullying, light incest overtones*



### MILKY WAY GALAXY, [TIMESTAMP NOT FOUND]...

The endless parade of overweight patients continued. While Lexi was receiving accolades from several Fleet officials by now, she still felt... unfulfilled.

It was stressful, living in falsehood like this. Yes, she was effectively moving towards a commendation from the Fleet, and a promising position somewhere in the Asari Republics. But she was building that reputation on a lie.

The obesity crisis in the Fleet wasn't improving--if anything, it was getting worse. Her patients' woes had expanded along with their waistlines: in addition to social anxiety and insecurity (disorders she wasn't really trained to deal with) she was now treating pre-diabetics, Quarian girls who had suffered minor cardiac arrest due to their sheer size, and even a few who couldn't move without the help of omni-gel structures propping up their massive, flabby bodies.

It was frustrating. It was depressing. And... truth be told, it made Lexi a little jealous, of her patients.

Why should *she* be working her ass off, when these gluttonous lardballs seemed to have no such urge? Why was she busting her blue butt trying to help them, when they couldn't even be bothered to lift a finger to help themselves? It was infuriating.

In the depths of her overworked annoyance, Lexi's diet began to slip. At first she told herself it was just stress weight--that the awful diet of the Fleet was rubbing off on her. It was true, she *had* been adopting the Quarian nutrient-slurry diet, blending milkshakes with it and slurping it while she reviewed X-rays and medical files. The calorie-rich fluid was easy to consume, quick and convenient--the perfect meal for a doctor "on the go."

But after a few months of sucking it down, she quickly understood how so many of her patients had gotten so massive, drinking it.

Nutrient slurry was, by definition, packed with things the body needed. Carbohydrates, proteins, dietary fats... All of it rendered down into an easy-to-consume slop, flavored with various additives. But the trouble was, the makers of the slurry actually expected you to *move* in your daily life. The liquid calorie drinks had never been designed for a desk job like Lexi's... And so, in an ironic twist that made her burn with annoyance and fury, Lexi found herself getting genuinely *fat*.

It was just a few pounds, at first, a little bloating. Some gas. Then the weight gain seemed to accelerate, as if her own chubby blue flesh was a parasitic organism finding its exact niche in her body.

Lexi burned through several pairs of pants, then her labcoat, and finally resorted to wearing stretchable omni-fabrics and ordering an XL coat instead. She was not happy about these developments... or the size of her rapidly growing belly. But she couldn't just give up nutrient slurry. It was too difficult, she found, to go back to normal foods--they required cooking, preparing. Nutrient slurry was always there for her, like a perfect companion, ready whenever she needed it.

And right now, she needed more of it.

"Bidhara... can you please bring in... **BRALCHh**, excuse me. Can you please bring in another canister of Nutri-Goo? I'm running dry again."

"Uh... Yes, ma'am. Right away."

The door to her office hissed open, and Bidhara--a tall, slender Salarian with fetching purple spots--entered, carrying a fresh container of Nutri-Goo. She deposited it on Lexi's desk, and stood there for a moment, looking perturbed.

Lexi glanced up from her files. "Yes, Bidhara? What is it?"

The Salarian cleared her throat.

"I just... I was wondering, ma'am. Is it really a... good idea, to be consuming this stuff? I mean... isn't an over-abundance of calories in a sedentary environment, kind of... the entire problem with the Fleet right now?"

Lexi scowled, feeling her chubby cheeks grow warm with an angry blush.

"Are you suggesting I'm becoming *sedentary*, Bidhara?"

The scheduling assistant balked.

"N-no, ma'am, not at all! I merely... It was just a suggestion..."

Lexi stood up from her hover-chair.

As she did, she felt a strain in her lower back, the effort of her underused back-muscles struggling to lift what had become a *very* obvious pot-belly. It bulged out under her work clothes, making her look several months pregnant... except a pregnant woman wouldn't have had the conspicuous fold of flabby flesh creasing the middle of her gut, where Lexi's waistband cut deeply into her soft azure flesh.

"Any further *suggestions*, Bidhara, should be kept to yourself. You are my secretary, not my lifestyle coach. I can handle the adjustment to the Fleet's... limited space in my own way, on my own time. Understand?"

The frog-like alien swallowed, bowing to her.

"Yes, Doctor... of course. I'm sorry I said anything."

"It's... It's fine." Lexi rubbed her forehead, and was disgusted to notice her fingers looked softer and thicker than usual. "We're both a little... stressed, with this heavy patient load. Please forgive my rudeness--I didn't mean to tell you your opinion wasn't wanted. I just... it's a lot of energy, dealing with these Quarrians."

"I understand, ma'am." Bidhara paused. "Oh... I also wanted to let you know, you have someone here to see you."

Lexi raised an eyebrow.

"Office hours just ended, Bidhara--I'm not taking any more patients today."

"Not a patient, ma'am. A visitor--an Asari, actually. Says she knows you... Wanted to stop in and see how you were doing. Lots of piercings, very rough-looking."

The Salarian's lips rose in a smirk.

"She's uh, wearing very provocative clothing. If I didn't know better, I'd say maybe she was some kind of... well, you know. Lady of the night."

Lexi's blood ran cold at the description of her mystery "visitor."

*No, she thought, horrified. She can't be here. Not after all these years. Not after I lost all that weight and got the hell off the Citadel... Not now.*

"Shall I tell her to come back another time, or...?"

Lexi shook her head.

"No. Send her in. She's... a friend of mine."

Bidhara nodded. "As you wish, Doctor."

She went outside and paged the visitor through the door to Lexi's office. The softened Asari bristled as she heard the click of platform heels, the telltale swish of fishnet fabrics against curvaceous flesh.

Even before the woman entered, she was already in full panic mode--cramming the Nutri-Goo into a drawer of her desk, struggling to minimize her huge midsection by buttoning up the lab coat in front. It was a difficult job; the buttons strained and creaked, compressed by her overflowing gut.

"Damn it..."

"Having some wardrobe trouble, Lexi?"

And there she was: Vanya T'Perro. Five feet and loose change of seductive, scantily-clad Asari. With a purple leather miniskirt, a crop-top and piercings decking her head-tentacles, she did indeed look like a lady of the night, just as Bidhara had assumed she was. But this was no mere street-hustler, Lexi knew.

"Sister," she said, nodding imperiously. "I should have known you would hunt me down. Nothing better to do with your time, I assume?"

"Oh, I think this is an *excellent* use of my time."

Vanya strode across the room, examining Lexi's things: her potted plants, her camera drone, her holo-portraits of famous Asari doctors.

She finally turned to regard Lexi herself, a purple light flickering behind her eyes. *Biotics*, thought Lexi, and shuddered. She knew exactly how dangerous Vanya's biotics could be... how darkly seductive.

"You've done well for yourself," purred Vanya. "Very, *very* well it seems. My, my... Just look at that big, prosperous belly. Been eating well, I take it?"

"Shut up."

Lexi was so filled with rage she could hardly speak. Vanya wasn't just her sister--she was a monster Lexi had spent years trying to escape.

Because Vanya was no normal Asari--she was an Ardat-Yakshi, a psychic vampire who fed on the life force of others. And she'd spent years feeding on Lexi: tormenting her, draining her of stamina, teasing and even seducing her. It had taken years of therapy to undo Vanya's work... both the mental strain, *and* the effects of Vanya's "pampering" on her waistline.

Lexi, truth be told, had once been quite chubby. Decades ago, she'd allowed Vanya to seduce her into a lifestyle of lazy snacking... and then was lulled into a trance whenever Vanya wanted to siphon off her life-force. Vanya had discovered that larger victims meant more life-force... and the larger they were, the longer they lasted as her prey, before expiring. Lexi had barely gotten away from her alive.

"I'm going to call security now," said Lexi, her voice trembling. "And you're going to leave. Understand?"

"Oh, I don't think so." Vanya winked at her. "I quite like this 'Migrant Fleet.' So many plump, innocent little tubsters waddling around... so much life force on display. I'd like to stay a while."

Lexi reached for her omni-tool to call the Fleet Marshals... and Vanya reached out with her biotics, pinning her twin to the wall.

"Now, now, sister. That's no way to greet your beloved relative, is it?"

"Get out of my office!"

Vanya clicked her tongue. "Little *pigs* shouldn't be so disrespectful. Sit down... and let's have a chat. Like adults."

She flicked her wrist, and Lexi was slammed into her hover-chair, which groaned and sparked beneath her weight. Stuck there with her stomach jutting out and her cheeks flushed deep-blue with exertion, Lexi cursed herself for not taking more precautions.

Of *course* Vanya had followed her here--in Lexi's quest for medical success, she'd become a public name in the Fleet. And the news had traveled all the way back to the Citadel.

"What do you want?" Lexi asked, trying not to panic.

"What I *always* want..."

Vanya hopped up onto her desk and sat there cross-legged, scattering notes and documents everywhere. Her eyes glowed with biotic energy as she licked her lips, staring at Lexi's swollen stomach.

"I want whatever you can give me, dear sister. And it looks like you can give me a *lot*. What happened to your precious discipline, and self-control? Just couldn't help yourself, could you... Just had to have a few extra helpings..."

"Perverted monster!"

Vanya shrugged.

"Maybe. But this perverted monster is here to *help* you--so listen up."

Lexi paused. Vanya was up to something--this wasn't just a shakedown, a trance session where her sister siphoned life-force. She was plotting something--Lexi could see it in her eyes.

And as long as Vanya stayed out of her mind, Lexi was willing to hear her out.

"I'm listening."

"Good. You've got a nice setup here--a comfortable little gig. I want a slice of it."

Lexi frowned.

"You're not a doctor. You're not even medically trained--why would you..." Realization struck her. "Oh, sweet Matriarchs. You're after them, aren't you? My patients."

Vanya chuckled. "Patients? *Swine* is more like it. They've let themselves grow fat and comfortable, penned up in this Fleet, bloated on new trade with the Citadel... It's the perfect place for a fox to slip into the henhouse, with nobody noticing. This Fleet is a paradise for an Ardat-Yakshi, do you realize that? All these waddling, lazy victims just waiting to be consumed..."

Lexi fought against the biotics, straining and sweating. To her embarrassment, a small fart escaped her as she struggled, pulling against her glowing purple bonds of biotic energy.

"I won't let you kill my patients!"

Vanya looked genuinely offended.

"Kill them? Sister, you *wound* me. Who said anything about *killing* them? I just want to skim a little off the top. Just a slice of their life force... enough to keep me going. And in exchange, I won't tell the Fleet you've been short-changing them, and falsifying public health reports..."

Lexi swallowed. It was true, she had... fudged the numbers a little, on the Fleet's obesity records. On paper, the anti-obesity crusade was going well: Quarrians were getting physical therapy, making lifestyle changes. But in reality, the Fleet was fatter than ever. And she'd allowed a monster to slip into their midst--a monster who now had blackmail dirt on Lexi.

"You can't siphon them forever, with no one noticing," she said. "Sooner or later, you'll get caught."

Vanya shrugged.

"Maybe. Maybe not. But this place suits me well... better a jail cell here, with a nice fat cellmate, than a brig on the Citadel. I think I'll take that risk."

She smiled, and Lexi recoiled with disgust--her sister's teeth had been filed down to points. She had made herself a predator in more ways than one.

"So what do you say, my soft little sibling... Shall we go into business together?"

Lexi swallowed... and thought of the alternative, if she didn't say yes. Exposure as a fraud, as a *fat* fraud, would ruin her. And that was assuming Vanya didn't just suck her dry and leave her husk behind for the authorities to find.

She had to play along... at least, until she could find some way to get Vanya to leave her alone.

"You have a deal," she said.

Lexi had a feeling, even as she said it, that she would regret those words... and sooner rather than later.

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