

“Shhhh Jack I said Shhhh”

“Tali, the only people on board are either fast asleep below deck or fast asleep in the captain's quarters.”

“Still, you can never be too careful.”

The tattoo-riddled biotic rolled her eyes.

She should have known what she was getting into, being invited on Shepherd and Miranda's honeymoon cruise.

The wedding had been a few weeks ago, both of the brides looking extravagant in their ivory dresses.

And when you are the savior of the galaxy, you get special privileges, like getting your old spaceship all to yourself and your friends for a whole year.

That year would be spent sailing from tourist planet to tourist planet, with all the luxuries that would offer.

And being the magnanimous person she was, Jane Shepherd didn't want her friends to miss out.

Tali and Jack were joined by Liara, Ashley, Samara, and Kelly. It was the galaxy's ultimate girl trip.

Currently they were en route to Illium, to see how the Asari liked to party. But Tali had made an offhand comment that night, and Jack had to see it for real.

“You know, with Mordin's old equipment still on board, I could make some pretty cool drugs.”

Jack had no idea that the purple suited alien was a skilled chemist as well as engineer, but Tali explained that most Quarians had to have at least some degree of chemical understanding to make the various medicines they needed for their weakened immune systems.

And so they were going to raid the Salarian scientists stash, hoping to find something she could use.

Mordin had a boatload of chemicals still onboard, but what drew Tali's eyes was a display of pink vials.

“Hm, wonder what these are for?”

It was then that the other passenger on this ship decided to make an ill timed appearance.

A holographic sphere appeared next to Tali.

“Ms Zor’ah, is there anything I can assist with?”

“SCRAM!”

Tali dropped the vial as she scurried towards the door, moving as fast as she could.

Jack was right behind her, but before she left she turned to EDI and said “Erase any history of this moment from your databanks. Beta Alpha Triad.”

“Code confirmed.”

EDI went back to silently monitoring the ship, unaware of the events that had just happened.

The chemical Tali had spilled reached a ventilation grate that might have been sealed if EDI had any memory of a spill occurring.

The other vials of liquid sat silent, a note next to them reading “Shepherd, Hope this will solve the issue you and your wife are having. Keep contained, data unsure what would occur if airborne. Mordin Solis.”

Upstairs, Miranda Lawson was drinking her own pink vial.

“Mmmh, it tastes like strawberries.”

Shepherd sat down on the bed next to her perfect wife.

Well, almost perfect.

“Remind you of those pies I forced you on valentines day?”

“Oh yes, and the tarts you made for me the morning after.”

Miranda Lawson was a shapely woman, with runner’s thighs, perky tits and a heart shaped face surrounded by luxurious raven locks.

Despite how much she tried to be otherwise.

Both she and Shepherd were of the same mind that Mirand should be a useless ball of adipose, both out of spite for her absolute cunt of a father and just how hot that would be.

But when her father set out to make her perfect from birth, genetically, he had done a damn good job.

Miranda ate like a hog, got no exercise apart from what she and her wife did in between sheets, and yet she still looked like a bombshell knockout fresh out of college.

The thought of eating away her figure, letting her high IQ go to waste as she lived like a food dumpster made her incomparably wet.

“And we are sure this will work?”

“Mordin said it would halt your metabolism, spike your sex drive, and make you even more of a bottomless pit.”

‘Good, I can’t wait until I can’t see my feet anymore.’

“And I can’t wait to hear what the rest of the girls say when they see you.”
Just then Miranda’s stomach growled fiercer than ever before.

“I think it’s working. Let me get my princess her snack.”

Miranda bit her lip, anticipating what was about to happen.

Jane bent her own thickly muscular ass over to pick up a fresh tray of empanadas for her wife.

As she did, she took in a big whiff to get the smell, and inadvertently got a dose of Mordin’s aerosolized formula. Her own stomach rumbled

“Hey, Miri, mind if I have some of these too?”

Miranda got the changes she wanted, oh you bet she did.

Her thigh gap vanished, her tits popped out of her lingerie, and she had a developing double chin.

She just didn’t expect everyone else to change so much.

“BUUUUAAARRRP” Jack bellowed, her belch fueled by the thick stomach that had appeared on her.

“Hey, urp, manners!” Tali said to her companion as she drank more soda from her emergency induction port, no doubt fueling her already plush thighs growth.

“My my, someone has been enjoying earth cuisine.”

Kelly Chambers was sitting on Samara’s lap, rubbing her soft blue belly, the Xenolinguist major having recently started hooking up with the Asari Justicar.

“And it seems someone has been taste testing her creations.” Samara pinched a roll of fat mushrooming out of Kelly’s fatigues.

A jealous Liara munched on some muffins, doing some business as the shadow broker. SHE cursed when one of her overfed tits popped out of an ill fitting bra.

A sloshed and belly heavy Ashley walked over to Liara.

“Hey I’m about to do a keg stand, want to see?”

“Maybe later.”

A dejected Ashley walked away, having struck out on her crush yet again.

Miranda saw all of this occur.

“Shepherd, you are sure the crew doesn’t know about... what we like?”

Shepherd had gone through her own changes. The military brat was a curvaceous knockout, with her own plumping belly, and cheeks that would look chubby even if they weren’t currently filled with éclair.

“Hmmp, Whaaph? Newo.” She said as best she could around her stuffed mouth.

Miranda had to admit she did not dislike this change to her wife’s figure.

“I hope none of Mordin’s... gift... affected the crew then?”

Shepherd shrugged.

“Hey EDI, has there been any chemical containment breach since the start of our voyage?”

“None on record, ma’am.”

“See, we’re fine. Maybe they are just following your lead.

Miranda decided to not look a gift horse in the mouth.

Jack suddenly got up, her belly banging into the table.

“Hey everyone, I picked up “Pin the Tentacle on the Reaper” back on Noveria, whoever loses does shots!”

As her former squadmates got up and cheered, Miranda smiled.

Whatever was the cause of all of them going to seed, she was thankful all of them were so happy.

“I guess all of us will be blimps by the end of this, not just me.”

And she saw nothing wrong with that.

When the year ended, none of them wanted to leave.

Mostly because they couldn't.

“Push! Harder!”

Liana was a big blue berry of flab, so engorged the squad of Alliance marines nearly threw out their backs getting her out of the airlock.

As she flopped forward onto the grav sled, she saw her other former squadmates all waiting.

Kelly and Samara had their faces pressed against each other, noisily making out while they could, useless limbs covered in fat.

Ashley was drunk, and Jack was high, based on the red tinge of her eyes, laughing at some joke, sending ripples through their absurdly sized bodies.

Garrus was attending to his girlfriend, rubbing her skin through her many sized up quarantine suit, while she told him all about the honeymoon cruise.

And of course, Shepherd and Miranda were together, the two biggest out of all of them. While not her goal, Jane had come around to the feeling of the Citadel's gravity on her drastically overfed frame.

And Miranda was in bliss.

Freed from ever having to call her body something her father made. She was a useless blob, just like she wanted.

The harbormaster shook his head, looking at the piles of lard he had to remove from the Normandy,

“Get the anti-grav crane fired up! We’re gonna need it!”

