

Fattening Fleet: “The Pushover”

By Zaftig Industries

CW: Male weight gain, SSBHM, orgasm denial, teasing, humiliation, dub-con, borderline non-con, sweat, musk, force feeding.



It had been several months since Vanya had come to live with her, and Dr. Lexi remained grimly resigned, smoldering at the invasion of her life by this parasitic presence. Her vampire of a sibling had already wormed her way into the Fleet’s good graces, Vanya’s beauty and charisma allowing her to open doors that weren’t available to Lexi. Working as an “Asari Consort”—a title she didn’t actually possess—Vanya had set up an office near Lexi’s, and had rapidly become a fixture aboard the Quarian fleet. Superstitious or stressed Quarians came to her for “spiritual advice,” and of course, many of Lexi’s patients ended up visiting Vanya as well..

Stressed about weight issues or love-life troubles, they were easy prey for Vanya, who used mental biotic powers to “relax” them before taking a tiny scrap of their life-force with a gentle, erotically charged Melding. And the worst part to Lexi was... they *thanked* her for it! The Quarians who stumbled out of Vanya’s private quarters were indeed happier, more at peace—because Vanya used her biotics to overwhelm their pleasure-centers, allowing them to “relax” until their minds were dizzy with blissful sensations.

Lexi knew she should do something. But as long as Vanya still possessed blackmail on her, she was powerless to stop the unfolding depravity...

And that depravity was only getting worse, with time.

But Lexi had a plan. Using her talent for tech, she’d hacked her way into Vanya’s office and planted a thumbnail camera in the highest corner of the Ardat-Yakshi’s lavish office. Now she had a perfect view to watch and record the many, many crimes Vanya was sure to commit under the guise of her “Consort work.”

As she activated the camera’s cloud upload option, Lexi reached into a bag on her desk for more crunchy, salty Turian tuber-chips. She was stress-eating again, but had grown so distracted by Vanya’s presence that she didn’t even care. Her stomach bulged out of the gaps in her white lab-clothing, pale blue fat oozing onto her lap. But that was none of her concern, right now.

She had a criminal to catch.



Vanya was reclining on a sedan chair, watching Turian porn on the omni-net, when her security sensors alerted her to a fresh visitor—a fresh face in need of a Consort’s “talents.” The door chimed as the newcomer requested to come inside, and Vanya rose, a smile tickling the corners of her cruel lips as she checked the security feed.

“Oh *my*, yes... You’ll do nicely...”

Tapping the intercom, she invited the stranger inside. Mood lighting switched on over the several small fountains in the room, soothing music playing over the speakers. Everything about her office—its soft reclining chairs, the enormous refrigerators and open bar behind Vanya’s desk—was designed for comfort. For relaxation. And, of course, for temptation.

As the door hissed open, Vanya smoothed her stolen Consort dress, getting into “character.” She needed to convince the Fleet she was a real Consort—if anyone suspected her true nature, there would be hell to pay. But so far, no one had batted an eyelid at her presence... after all, this section of the Fleet had bigger problems.

With an emphasis on “big.”

Her newest customer was a Quarian male. And what an absolute *specimen* he was. While most males on the Fleet were fairly trim, always busy with repairs, *this* Quarian was colossal. Easily the fattest member of his species she’d ever seen—and Vanya had seen literally hundreds of lard-asses jiggling their way out of her sister’s clinic.

“*Huff, huff*... H-hello there...”

His voice was slightly muffled by his mask, but it was smooth and musical, almost a little... feminine. Vanya’s breath caught in her throat as she watched him heave his way into the room.

Most of her Quarian “clients” had topped the scales at three, maybe four hundred pounds. This lad must be pushing five or six hundred—at *least*. His every step was cumbersome and hesitant, his body-suit so tightly fitting that she could practically hear his fat straining against the inside of it, stretching the material to its breaking point. His wobbling saddle-bags of flesh knocked a vase over as he came in, and he fussed over it, apologizing profusely.

My goodness, she thought with a flood of lust, *he’s almost helpless. So fat he can hardly walk... Much less try and escape me, even if he wanted to...*

Awkward and fidgety, the immense Quarian peered around the room as he approached Vanya, as if he would be ambushed any moment. Vanya understood his hesitation—while Consorts were a common sight on Thessia and other Asari worlds, they were rare in the Fleet, where her people’s influence was rather weak.

All the same, she felt a little slighted by his nervousness. He was in the presence of a minor *goddess* of biotics, a superior being—and yet, he acted as if he were visiting some common sex worker. Maybe she should teach him some manners, while he was here...

“I was told I could find... advice, here. Are you... Vanya T’Perro?”

“Yes, I am,” said Vanya, gesturing to the couch. “Thank you for gracing my sanctum. Please, sit down—tell me what troubles you.”

The Quarian heaved and wobbled over to the couch. Even with his mask on, she could hear him audibly huffing and puffing. The inside of his mask was heavily fogged, his glowing eyes mere slits above the puffy, wobbly gray flesh of his cheeks.

“*Huff, huff.* Th-thank you...”

When he lowered his bulk onto the sedan, there was an ominous creaking sound. She could actually see the chrome legs of the sedan *bending*, under his sheer weight.

Vanya’s eyes widened—she had hosted dozens of fatties in here, and none of them had warped her furniture with their sheer size before. A flood of lust filled her, and she did her best to keep her composure, trying to resist her Ardat-Yashi instincts.

It was difficult. This weak, adorable, pathetic blob of blubber was exciting a predatory response in her... a desire to leap on him, ravish him, *force* her love on him, drink deep of his life-force until he was drained dry. But she’d worked too hard, been running for too long, to blow her cover now. She took a deep breath... and sat down next to him, biting her lip at the fact that there barely *was* any room left, with his colossal rump filling the chair.

“What’s got you down, handsome? Tell me all about it...”

She saw him blush a little at the compliment, and his fidgeting increased. Poor boy, he acted as if he’d never even been around a *girl* before, much less a beauty like Vanya. Yet he was clearly past Pilgrimage age... by the marks on his suit, he was in the prime of his life, the equivalent of a human in their twenties. Yet... He acted like a total, stammering virgin.

“Y-yes, I was told you could help with... Certain problems of a *spiritual* nature. Well, my problem isn’t spiritual, really... but it *is* causing me a lot of suffering.”

Vanya placed a hand on his shoulder, squeezing it reassuringly. To her delight, she didn’t find an ounce of muscle there—he was all soft, overfed blubber.

“Go on...”

He swallowed, resting his hands on his massive, doughy belly.

“My name is Farro Vas’Romni. I’m the deputy chief engineer... My mother is chief engineer. Usually I help her with repairs, but in the last few years, the ship’s gotten so efficient there’s very little need for maintenance. She assigned me to food processor repair... But our food processors are the best in the fleet, so there’s not much for me to do down there, either...”

Vanya nodded, smiling, although she was barely listening to his words. Though she was not a true Consort, she’d been trained by one at the Ardat-Yashi monastery, and she knew how to watch for signs from her customers... tiny motions, glances, showing her what they *really* needed. And there was one signal she was getting loud and clear: his scent.

Vanya sniffed the air, smelling his sweat, even through the ports of his suit. Quarian pheromones had a distinct odor, which you could learn to recognize, over time... And this poor boy was *covered* in them.

He was overflowing with lust, like an animal in heat. Every time Vanya shifted her weight, his eyes flicked to her impressive bosom, or the smooth, seductive curve of her waist and hips. She stretched out her biotic senses, peering into his mind... and to her delight, she found he hadn't made love recently, or maybe *ever*. His thoughts were a jumble of frantic, feral needs, his massive body practically aching to be touched.

"How long have you been working in... Food processing?"

He coughed, glancing down at himself with something like guilt.

"Uh... A few years, now. The machines are so efficient, there's not much to do but sample the nutrient gel for flavoring and consistency... I may have, um. *Over-sampled* during my time there... And my mother's always coming by with snacks for me, so I put on, er. A few pounds..."

A few pounds? Vanya couldn't believe her ears. A reclusive, nerdy, undersexed Momma's boy... and he had just dropped right into her lap. The comely Asari could barely stop herself from salivating.

"I see. And this bothers you?"

He squirmed, his suit creaking.

"Well, you see—my mother's telling me to go out and get a girlfriend, but... I'm worried I'll have trouble. With the... romantic arts."

Vanya put her chin in her palm, leaning forward. Every client needed to see a different part of her, to open up a bit... and this boy needed the "wide-eyed sorority girl" act. She put honey into her words, cajoling him like a schoolyard crush.

"Trouble? But you're so *handsome*... Any girl would be eager to get with a nice, sturdy guy like you..."

She traced one blue finger up the side of his gut, biotic sparks passing through the fibers of his suit... and swimming into his nervous system, soothing his pleasure-neurons. She saw him visibly sag with relaxation.

"R-really?"

"Of course... Any girl worth her salt appreciates a man of *substance*."

The biotic tendrils of energy intensified, as she eased her palm under his massive gut, where he wouldn't see all the biotic activity. He squirmed, sighed softly, and shrugged.

"If you say so... But I'm still nervous. I'm worried that I won't be able to... You know. *Satisfy* a woman, with all of... this, getting in my way."

He gestured at his massive body. Vanya's eyes widened as she realized what he meant—it was suddenly so obvious. His stomach was so massive it drooped over his crotch, sagging between his legs.

He wasn't worried about first-date jitters—he'd come to Vanya because, quite simply, he had grown *too fat to have sex*.

And that wasn't all. Vanya nearly creamed her Consort uniform as she saw his arms were too fat and stubby to even reach under his gut. Not only was he too big to have sex normally, he was *also* too big to touch himself, at least without help.

He hadn't said as much, but his hair-trigger libido suggested to Vanya that he hadn't gotten off in a long time. Days, weeks? ... Years, maybe?

No wonder he's a sexual volcano, she thought, her whole body tense with desire. He's so fat, he can't even jerk off. What a pathetic blob! How I'd love to just drink him dry, all in one gulp...

But she couldn't devour his life force—and not just because she feared getting caught. To extinguish this butterball's sad, horny existence would be a crime in itself. He was the perfect prey for her, the ultimate soft, lazy toy. It was like the Goddess herself had sent the Ardat-Yakshi a flawless, succulent plaything.

"Ah," she said, nodding sagely and trying not to laugh. "Yes, I can see why that might be... Stressful."

She rose and stood before him, admiring his girth. His softness.

"But I think I can help. You see, it's not *impossible* to make love, for someone of your... Ampleness. It just requires help."

"Help?"

"Yes."

She placed her hands on his belly, lifting it slightly.

"May I... Take a look at your equipment, please? I assure you, it's for *therapeutic* purposes..."

He went into a frenzy of mumbling and wheezing, his mask fogging up even more.

"Oh, you don't need to do that—it's very deep under there, anyway—"

Vanya heard the quiet pleading in his tone, saw the way his toes were curling. She smiled.

"Not to worry, honey. I'm a *professional*. Now, let's see what you're packing down here..."

She flexed her biotic powers, her implants humming, and a field of biotic force cupped the Quarian's huge gut, levitating it upwards.

Beneath, she saw a second dangling shelf of flab, barely contained by skin-tight bodysuit fabric. His fat upper pubic mound, so swollen and overfed that it was nearly the size of a pot-belly itself. And in the center of his FUPA was a tiny, insistent nub of hardness, straining against the fabric of his suit...

Vanya had to pause, and wipe saliva off her lips. *By the Goddess, his cock must be buried completely in fat...*

Still levitating his belly, she reached down to unbuckle the crotch of his suit. Quarian men had a port there for easy access, in order to use the ship's bathrooms... and luckily for her, by now she knew *exactly* how to open it.

The straps popped off with a hiss and the flap was open... and instantly his FUPA came pouring through the gap. A sagging mass of soft grayish blubber, it was punctuated by a few inches of fat-draped cock, emerging from the very center. Beads of precum dribbled off the tip as the Quarian jiggled back and forth, meekly protesting against her inspection.

“This is... Huff, huff... So embarrassing. P-please, you don’t have to... Go down there...”

“Oh, but I *do*,” said Vanya, relishing his embarrassment. “This is the source of all your concerns, isn’t it? It’s my duty as a Consort to help you with it...”

Vanya knelt, one hand upright, biotic field still suspending her partner’s fat gut. She lazily cupped the hanging fat-folds around his cock, squeezed them, fondled them... and then slid her fingers past the tip of his cock, seeking the base of his shaft.

It took her a surprising time to reach the base of it. He was hung like a horse, at least for a Quarian... and yet he’d wasted all his sexual potential, eating and eating until his impressive member was all but smothered in flesh.

“Such a *big* boy...”

She gripped the base of his shaft and was rewarded with a sharp gasp, and a flexing curl of his four toes. His huffing and puffing increased as Vanya caressed and teased him, watching his cock harden until it was pitching a warm, musky tent under his suit-fabric

“Is this what you need, big fella? Just a little... Attention, down here?”

“*Mmmf...*”

“I thought so. When were you last touched down here, anyway?”

Whimpering, Farro pawed helplessly at his belly, trying to haul it up so she could get better access.

“Not for... A long time, huff...”

“Looks like it. Poor thing, you’re all pent up. You need someone to help you... get some *release*.”

As she spoke, she squeezed his shaft, grinning as his belly quivered and he struggled to stifle a moan. But Vanya wasn’t satisfied with a mere handjob. She was no common strumpet—she desired an experience more debased, more *depraved* to really get her rocks off.

So she let go of his cock... and replaced the caresses of her fingers with a small, fine-tuned biotic field, a funnel of bluish energy that swirled around his phallus, gently stroking him off. Precum bubbled and drooled off the edge of his manhood as the obese Quarian groaned and gasped... but every time his hips began to buck, she slowed the motion of the field, so he couldn’t *quite* climax.

She didn’t just want her prey horny. She wanted them *rabid*, driven insane with lust for her, willing to do anything. Keeping her victims on that edge of ecstasy was like a drug to Vanya—that level of complete control got her wetter than any actual, penetrative sex could ever accomplish. Leaving his belly suspended in one biotic field

and his cock massaged by another, she circled around to his face, where his fogged-up mask was turned plaintively towards her.

“Having a good time, big boy?”

He nodded frantically, hands digging under his belly, struggling to reach his own cock and relieve himself... but he was simply too fat. Vanya giggled as she watched him struggle, and leaned in, whispering to him.

“Part of my Consort method is something called ‘ego reduction,’ it’s very effective in helping my more... Submissive clients. I’m afraid it involves being rather *cruel* to you. Would you like that, my plump little toy?”

More nodding. He really was a glutton for punishment—he didn’t just want to be jerked off, he wanted to be put in his place, while she did it.

It made sense—a lazy little momma’s boy like him probably had an omni-tool filled with “dommy mommy” porn. It was so pathetic... if rather endearing.

“Good boy. Now you lie back and enjoy my ‘abilities’ while I fetch us some... refreshments.”

She went to her kitchen, retrieving several packets of nutri-gel. Quarrians could eat other substances, but the specially sanitized gel was less likely to get them sick... and she wanted to squeeze as much of it as possible into her fat, jiggly plaything. Simply preying on him now wasn’t enough for Vanya—she wanted him even bigger, even *fatter*, before she took a bite of his juicy life-force.

She fastened the gel packets to a few specially prepared drones she’d been keeping for just such an occasion. The small, spherical robots buzzed through the air, hovering above Ferro, who looked at them quizzically.

“What are... *mff*... What are those for?”

“My dear, sweet boy. You didn’t think I’d let you go hungry while you’re here, did you?”

Sliding down onto the couch next to him, Vanya grabbed a handful of his belly-fat through the suit, squeezing it, massaging it. Her eyes were locked on his flabby chest—his “moobs” were so huge, they were practically the size of an Asari stripper’s mammaries, albeit flatter and more pancake-shaped. This poor hog had eaten himself into having stripper-titties... How cute.

“I know big boys like you have big appetites. And I aim to fulfill *all* of them. Understand?”

He nodded... but paused, looking nervously at the drones.

“Mother says I need to go on a diet, that I’m too big—”

“Your mother can suck my clit, Ferro. Open up, it’s *chow time!*”

And he eagerly opened his suit’s nutrient ports, taking the bag of calorie-rich slush from her and sucking on it as Vanya used her biotics to slowly, gradually, jerk him off.

“Gulp... gllrp, slorrrp...”

“That’s it, big boy. Eat up...”

Vanya squeezed the biotic field a little tighter and watched Farro’s eyes roll back behind his mask, as he was satisfied from both ends—rich food gushing down his throat and a hard grip undulating up and down his cock.

Vanya reached down and squeezed one his moobs, pinching his oversized nipples through his suit. Her bloated male concubine writhed and gasped, legs twitching as she opened up new worlds of ecstasy together.

“You and I are going to have lots of fun, little piggy... You’re going to need a *lot* of appointments with me, to help ‘soothe’ your needs. Maybe dozens... And I don’t want you skipping a single meal, in between our sessions. Understand?”

Confused but massively aroused, Farro nodded, guzzling nutrient goop as his new dommy-mommy teased him, called him dirty pet names, and stroked him towards climax...



Lexi sat back from her console in shock, watching as her sister worked the enormously fat Quarian male into a frenzy. His squeals and moans of delight were all being recorded for posterity, Vanya’s enabling of his darker urges all recorded and uploaded in digital form.

This was definitely *some* sort of crime, or at least a violation of the Consorts’ moral codes. But Lexi wasn’t focused on that right now; she was distracted by the fact that this vulgar display... *excited* her.

Back in their youth, Vanya had “conditioned” her using biotics, wiring up Lexi’s brain for maximum pleasure and hedonism. And the worst part, Lexi had *asked* for it, begging her sister to deepen the unhealthy bond between them. Since then she’d learned how dangerous biotic conditioning could be, and she’d worked to “deprogram” herself of such foul urges... But watching Vanya bully and stuff this bloated Quarian was stirring the old desires inside her. Parts of Lexi that she’d denied for years were coming to life again, and she found herself growing wet as she watched this repulsive display. It was so dirty, so foul, so... *decadent*.

It would have been easy to just let the camera run, turn off the volume and come back later to collect the evidence. But Lexi felt suddenly compelled to watch every second of this, absorb every detail. It was her *responsibility*, wasn’t it, to make sure she watched all of it? For posterity, of course. She couldn’t put her sister in jail without knowing the dirty details of her crimes, after all... Every sordid, filthy detail...

And so Lexi watched as gluttonous, depraved acts unfolded on her vid-screen, one hand in her bag of chips... and the other hiking up her long white lab-skirt, chubby blue fingers creeping up her thigh and then into the warm, dripping, soft cleft between her legs.

Although Lexi would never admit to herself, Farro wasn’t the *only* one addicted to Vanya’s cruel, erotic touch. Watching her sister “work” also gave Lexi a feeling of power in their relationship, a rush of control... and few things in the universe were more arousing than *control*.

As she rubbed herself towards climax, gobbling snacks, Lexi reflected she might need to add more cameras to Vanya's office. Very soon.

All for *posterity*, of course...



~TO BE CONTINUED~