

“BRAND LOYALTY”

*A thrilling, chilling Outer Worlds SMUT PAPERBACK by those DEVILS OF TEMPTATION at...
ZAFTIG INDUSTRIES!*

TW: Weight gain, slob, altered states of consciousness, immobility, flatulence, burping.

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‘CONGRATULATIONS - YOU HAVE WON A LIFETIME SUPPLY OF SPACER’S CHOICE SNACKS!!! Visit a Spacer’s Choice Reward Office to receive your FABULOUS PRIZES!!!’

Parvati stared blankly at the blue ink on the inside of the Saltuna can, unable to believe her eyes. Slowly, she stood up, adjusting her goggles and brushing engine-oil-scented brown hair out of her eyes.

“I... I actually *won* something? All these years I’ve been getting ‘please play again’ cans... But now... I actually *won*?!”

The other crew members were alerted by a shriek of delight from the Cargo Bay as Parvati lost her composure entirely.

“I WON something!! *Yippee!*”

The rest of the crew were interrupted in their work as the frizzy-haired, oil-smudged engineer raced through the *Unreliable*, squealing with delight.

Stumbling into the kitchen, she nearly tripped over a chair as she held her prize high, waving it at Ellie and Nyoka, the ship’s doctor and wildlife expert.

“Ellie, look, I won a *contest!*!”

Ellie glanced up from her Tossball broadcast, chewing on some Purpleberry Munch. Her freckled brow furrowed under her crop of short red hair, as Parvati shoved the odorous chunk of tin-can under her nose.

“Easy there, spacer--do you *have* to do that while I’m eating?”

Nyoka, who had been pouring herself a mid-morning shot of Spectrum Vodka, snorted with amusement.

“Damn, you’re wound up tighter than a Mantisaur during mating season. What’s gotten into you, Parvati?”

Parvati blushed, pressing her prize to the bosom of her coveralls. She hadn’t meant to be quite so... *aggressive*, but then, she couldn’t help it. She had *won* something! It was the first time in her life she could ever claim such a thing.

“S-sorry, gals... I guess I got a bit carried away. But look, I *won!* Free supply of snacks, for *life!* Can you believe it? Isn’t it just a *dream?* Ooh, maybe I should pinch myself, maybe it IS a dream... Ouch! Guess not. But that means it’s real, I won--oh my stars, I *won!*!”

Ellie and Nyoka glanced at each other, each trying to hold back a snort of laughter. Their younger companion was a bit... over-excitabile at times, but they knew she meant well.

Trouble was, Parvati was also... Well. A bit gullible, now and then. Nyoka stood, gulped down her vodka, and held out a gloved hand.

“Lemme see. We have to make sure it’s legit, Parvati--could be some kind of scam.”

Parvati reluctantly handed over the lid, with mumbled protests.

“I mean... They wouldn’t say I won if it wasn’t *true*, right?” Her face fell, with the sudden realization that she might *not* be a winner. “Th-they have to give me a prize, right? It says so on the can... Spacer’s Choice would never lie to their consumers...”

Ellie rolled her eyes. Parvati was relentlessly loyal to the mega-corporation that had raised her--even after decades of Spacer’s Choice throwing her under the bus. But... Her loyalty was endearing, in a way. If a little misplaced.

Nyoka squinted at the can lid, wrinkling her nose.

“Parvati... This saltuna expired like, three years ago. How much of this did you eat?”

The engineer shrugged.

“About three cans or so... My usual breakfast.”

Ellie winced.

“Parvati, honey, we’ve asked you to go easy on the Saltuna in the mornings... You know it’s uh, it’s not healthy for your digestive system to have so much processed meat, so early in the day...”

Parvati went beet-red, remembering the gaseous “incidents” that had resulted from her Spacer’s Choice-brand eating habits.

“H-hey, it’s not my fault if my... uh, *exhaust* gets a little extra-potent when I eat it... I just love Spacer’s Choice goods *so much*, Ellie, and now look! All these years eatin’ Saltuna, and I’m finally gonna get something back. They’re rewarding my faith in the brand!!”

Nyoka held up a hand.

“Not so fast. There’s a set of coordinates, where you can pick up your prize... But... It’s on Gorgon, which is strange.”

“The asteroid?” Ellie frowned. “Why would there be a Spacer’s Choice office, out there? Isn’t it abandoned?”

Nyoka nodded. “I never heard of no ‘Spacer’s Choice Reward Office’ there. I dunno, Parvati... Something here seems fishy. And it ain’t just the Saltuna.”

Parvati’s lower lip trembled. The idea that Spacer’s Choice might lie to her, that her precious mega-corp was not to be trusted, was clearly upsetting her.

Taking pity on the poor girl, Ellie sighed and rolled up her Purpleberry Crunch bag, shoving it in her flight-suit’s pocket.

“It can’t hurt to take a look though, right? Captain’s out on a mission with Max, Felix and that glitchy **SAM** unit. I don’t think the Captain would mind, if we took the *Unreliable* out for a little road trip in her absence...”

The lip-quivering stopped, and Parvati's eyes filled with brightness and joy once more, the engineer bobbing on her booted heels.

“R-really? No, I couldn't, I wouldn't want to take the *Unreliable* away from the Cap'n, she'll be so upset if she comes back and ADA's not here to pick her up, we can't just take the whole ship, that's probably mutiny or some such thing, I've heard about it on the radio serials...”

Ellie gave Nyoka a significant look, clearing her throat.

“I think it's fine. Right, Nyoka?”

The purple-haired bounty hunter shrugged.

“I'm down. We'd better bring our shooting irons, though--Gorgon isn't exactly what you'd call a 'hospitable' place.”

“Omigosh. *Omigosh!*”

Parvati was ecstatic, practically spinning in place.

“You won't regret this! I'll even share the prizes with you--ohmygawd, *prizes!* I'm a winner, I won a lottery! *Whee!*”

And with a chorus of high-pitched squeals, she ran off to her quarters, rummaging through her gear.

Nyoka nudged Ellie, lowering her voice.

“Are you sure this is a good idea? She just broke up with Junlei again, she's going to be a bit... over-dramatic for a bit. I don't want anything going pear-shaped on that asteroid. And she's still just a kid--I don't want Spacer's Choice scamming her into a lifelong labor contract, or something.”

Ellie sipped her coffee, shrugging.

“That 'kid' is almost as old as we are, Nyoka--she just acts like that because she's funny in the head, from living in a Spacer's Choice colony so long. And besides, she's got to learn the truth about the mega-corporations, eventually. They're bad people, and if she has to learn that firsthand... well, maybe she'll finally do some growing up.”

The ship's doctor chuckled.

“Besides... if anyone makes Parvati cry, I’ll kick their ass. Megacorp or not, nobody messes with our little grease monkey.”

Nyoka smiled, imagining slamming her fist into a smug, well-preened Spacer’s Choice corporate goon.

“Hey, ADA? Prep for takeoff. We’re going on a little trip.”

The ship’s intercoms crackled as the *Unreliable*’s A.I. unit received the command.

[“Affirmative. Starting engines, and preparing an apology letter for the Captain when she finds out we have gone AWOL, and stolen her ship.”]

Nyoka stuck her tongue out at the intercom.

“Stow the sass, Ada... Oh, and order some more Spectrum Vodka for us, would you? We keep running out for some **urrrp**, some reason...”



~LATER, ON THE LONG-ABANDONED TERRAFORMING COLONY OF GORGON...~

The Spacer’s Choice “Rewards Office” was not easy to find. After passing through the force-field holding Gorgon’s atmosphere intact, the *Unreliable* docked at the old landing pad, settling amid the wreckage of older, half-stripped ship hulls. From there, it was a matter of following the coordinates on Parvati’s can lid, which eventually brought them to a low, squat building half-covered in asteroid dust.

“This is supposed to be it?...”

Nyoka kicked aside a pile of old Sprat droppings.

“Doesn’t look like much.”

Ellie peered around, watching for movement in the shadows of Gorgon.

“No power. Even the faux-windows are off, and those have got their own battery packs... No one’s been here for a long time.”

Parvati loitered by the entrance, tapping at the keypad there.

“It’s still got reserve power, at least. Look, the access code still works!”

With a soft *click* and a whoosh of releasing air, the hydraulic door opened... disgorging a mixture of strange smells. Nyoka wrinkled her nose, raising her plasma rifle.

“What the hell is that? Smells like... Chemicals. Lots of chemicals.”

Parvati, however, was undeterred. Holstering her pistol, she waved her friends forward.

“Smells like home, to me! Haven’t you ladies ever been inside a Spacer’s Choice cannery, before? Gosh, they must make their own food supplies on-site here--how *posh!* I wonder if they use molecular fabricators!”

Nyoka and Ellie shared a nervous glance... but Ellie shrugged, nodding at the door.

“I think she’s gonna see this through... we might as well make sure she’s safe while she does it, right? Come on.”

Nyoka nodded. Already Parvati was skipping down the entrance hallway--the girl was sweet, but she could be a little oblivious to danger. Following her inside, they discovered the central hallway led into a large, well-lit lobby, with plastic ferns and a gleaming mahogany desk. As they entered, colored lightbulbs flickered on overhead, and a hatch opened in the far door.

An Automech emerged from the shadowed aperture, clanking towards them. Nyoka instinctively raised her rifle... but Parvati, ever the diplomat, held out her hand.

“Woah--don’t shoot! It’s got Spacer’s Choice branding on it, see? It’s just a welcome ‘bot.”

Nyoka squinted at the thing suspiciously. It resembled **SAM**, the Sanitation And Maintenance automech back on the Unreliable--but this bot had the manic, grinning moon-faced logo of Spacer's Choice on its chassis. Slowly, she lowered the gun.

"It's got weird nozzles on its arms--what's up with that?"

"Nyoka! Don't be rude. We're his guests."

Parvati walked up to the mech, and to Nyoka's eye-rolling annoyance, actually bowed to the machine.

"Howdy, there! Name's Parvati Holcomb--I'm here to collect my prize!"

The automech straightened, and turned towards her, a cheery salesman's voice booming from its hull--interspersed with stilted, mechanical phrases that were clearly

"Greetings! Autonomous Calorie Extruder unit 7-1-5 at your service--you can call me ACE! Welcome to the Spacer's Choice Reward center. Please display your [WINNING PRIZE] so that I may scan it, and make sure you're not filthy spies from the Auntie Cleo Corporation!"

"Uh... Sure! No problem."

Parvati fished the can lid out of her pockets, and showed it to the 'bot.

A laser scanner popped out of the automech's hull, and Nyoka held her breath--old automechs had a tendency to be glitchy, and she'd seen more than one go "aggro" on a spacer due to nothing more than a few crossed wires.

But "ACE" seemed well-preserved for his age--and when he scanned the can lid, a cheery DING sounded from his carapace. Swivelling around, the automech stomped towards a door in the corner of the room.

"[PRIZE WINNER] confirmed! Please follow me to receive your [LIFETIME OF SPACER'S CHOICE FOODS]!"

Ellie put a hand on Parvati's shoulder as she made to follow the robot.

"Hold on, P. Something about this feels... off."

Nyoka nodded, watching as the door hissed open and the ‘bot vanished from sight.

“No way would they just... Give you the food right here? It seems to easy, for Spacer’s Choice. And how are we supposed to carry a *lifetime*’s worth of food back to the Unreliable?”

Parvati shrugged.

“Maybe! We have to at least see it to find out, right?”

The trio reluctantly followed the automech down a long hallway, lined with strange nozzles. As they walked, a spray of glowing neon-purple mist emerged from the nozzles, smelling vaguely of chemicals.

Nyoka coughed, waving a hand.

“Parvati--shut these things off! I can’t see a thing!”

From up ahead, ACE’s voice boomed, leading them onward.

“Your mandatory [REVERSE TIME-DILATION SERUM] shower is part of the Spacer’s Choice awards ceremony! Please remain calm!”

“Like *hell* we will!”

Nyoka fired off a blast of plasma at one of the nozzles--but the plasma-burn melted right through a gas line, and suddenly they were deluged in the stuff.

Ellie cursed, holding a hand over her mouth.

“Dammit, Nyoka--come on, move it! We gotta get out of this crap!”

Sprinting ahead, gagging and choking, the three Unreliable crewmates staggered into a vast warehouse chamber, rubbing the weird chemical off their bodies. Ahead of them, ACE swivelled and blared out a short alarm-tone.

“Sealing [EXIT] doors. Please stand clear.”

Nyoka fumbled for her rifle--but she’d dropped it in the confusion.

“You little sprat! Parvati, quick, jam something in the doorway, before he--”

But it was too late. The blast door slid shut, heavy clamps sealing them in. Parvati, still wiping yellow residue off her hair, winced at the sound... and her hand dropped to her pistol.

“Ah, those are some *big* locks there, huh? ACE, pardner--why are you locking us in this big, scary, dark room? Not up to any nefarious dealin’s, I hope?”

Nyoka searched the darkness beyond for a potential exit... and saw none. Large, dark shapes loomed just beyond the feeble emergency lights. Pulling her plasma scythe, Nyoka menaced the automech with it.

“Let us out, ACE--now! I ain’t gonna ask twice.”

ACE seemed to pause, calculating, and there was a burst of static from its speakers.

“Activating interior lighting.”

Spotlights burst into brilliance along the length of the massive chamber. The looming shapes Nyoka had glimpsed in the dark were, in fact, shipping pallets--massive, towering assemblies of packages in all shapes and sizes. And every single one of them was marked FOOD or BEVERAGE.

“You are hereby awarded your [SPACER’S CHOICE] Lifetime Prize,” crooned the ACE unit. **“However, due to Spacer’s Choice profit regulations, you are not permitted to remove the [PRIZE ITEM] from this room. In addition, all food or beverage based [PRIZE ITEMS] must be consumed on Prize Facility grounds. This creates a zero percent chance of your prize being sold on the black market--and completely prevents profit margin loss to [PARENT COMPANY], Spacer’s Choice. Spacer’s Choice--you’ve tried the rest, now try the best!!”**

The three of them stood there in astonishment as a hatch in the ceiling opened... and ACE’s thrusters activated, boosting the robot through the ceiling and into a dark, vertical tunnel.

In the fading cloud of rocket exhaust, the three women stared at each other, horrified. Parvati spoke first.

“Gals... I’m so sorry. I didn’t know this would happen, honest!”

Ellie rubbed her temples, struggling to focus--the chemical they’d been sprayed with had made her groggy, a little confused, and slightly nauseous.

“It’s okay, Parvati. This isn’t your fault. We never should have trusted a Board company--we brought this on ourselves. Come on--let’s see if we can get that door open.”

The door proved to be a non-starter--it was protected by a reddish energy field, and every time Parvati tried to tinker with it, more of that strange chemical burst from the wall, driving them back. Ditto the hatch in the ceiling--the whole place was honeycombed with countless tubes and nozzles, all of which seemed to activate when the walls or lighting were tampered with. Before long, all of them were once again coated in the strange ooze, dizzy and disoriented.

Nyoka coughed, wiping the purplish gunk off her face.

“Ugh--what is this stuff? Smells like Raptidon guts!”

Ellie sniffed it, rubbing some of it between her fingers.

“Hard to say without a lab analysis--but the speakers mentioned a serum of some kind. I’d say it’s probably modifying us, on a chemical level--but how, I have no idea.”

Parvati sighed.

“Well, it ain’t killed us yet... C’mon ladies, let’s see if there’s another way out.”

Creeping through the pillars of packaged food and drink, the group found themselves dwarfed by the sheer size of the room. It seemed to go on forever--in fact, it was far larger than the facility above, suggesting that Spacer’s Choice had hollowed out part of Gorgon just to build their “prize facility” here.

“It’s like a big tomb,” Parvati said, awed as she inspected the endless cans of beans and bottles of soda stacked on top of each other.

“Nah, not a tomb,” said Nyoka. “Look sharp--there’s life forms around.”

A scrabbling noise and hissing from the darkness proved her correct. When the group trained their lights on the sound, it proved to be a Sprat--but unlike any Sprat they’d ever seen.

This Sprat was morbidly obese, nearly a sphere of whiskered reptilian rat-creature. It hissed half-heartedly at them, and then waddled off behind a pallet, barely able to move on its four clawed feet.

“Aww,” Parvati cooed. “It’s so cute and *chubby!*”

Nyoka snorted.

“Chubby? That thing could pass for an over-inflated tossball. It must’ve been eating the food in here, or something.”

Ellie nodded. “There’s certainly plenty of food to eat... uh... Speaking of which. Anyone else feel kind of... Hungry?”

In the silence after she spoke, the audible rumbling of three empty bellies served to answer her. Parvati blushed, fidgeting.

“Look, I know we’re tryin’ to escape and all... but I’m just about famished. Mind if we stop to have some a’ this food?”

Nyoka scowled... but then spied a pallet of Mock-Apple Cider crates, stacked nearly to the ceiling, and her face softened. “I guess we can take a short break... given they left us a bit of hooch to drink. Nice and hospitable of them.”

Ellie watched with concern as Parvati tore open a Bunch-A-Nanners box, peeling and nibbling at the mutated fruit. Meanwhile, Nyoka popped the cork on a bottle of cider and began guzzling, her trademark lack of restraint on full display.

“Ladies... Let’s take it easy on the snacks. Remember, we’ve still got a lot of ground to cover...”

But she, too, was desperately hungry. Which was odd, given she’d eaten right before leaving the Groundbreaker. Ellie was no nutritionist, but she could tell their newfound eagerness to snack wasn’t natural--in fact, it had started just after they’d been sprayed with that weird, purple liquid...

But maybe it was best to eat first, and think second--she couldn’t focus, not with these hunger pangs distracting her. Reaching into a nearby crate of Dark Matter chocolate bars, she opened the packaging, and bit into the rich creamy chocolate...

And suddenly, a haze of purplish distortion passed over her vision. She saw herself, as if disconnected from her body, eagerly consume the rest of the bar, licking her own gloved fingers to get every scrap of chocolate. And then--as if her own perception were a Tossball game, and she’d hit “fast-forward”--she saw herself opening another chocolate bar, and consuming it, and another and another, faster and faster--

Finally she snapped out of the weird, hazy fugue... and found herself slumped next to the food pallets, stomach painfully full of sugary chocolate, her lower face smeared with it, hands stained brown with treacly smears. Blinking in shock, she sat up, and was disgusted to hear a wet belch emerge from her own lips.

“Parvati--**URrrRP**, Nyoka, I think I... spaced out there for a minute...”

But her friends were no better off. Instead of nibbling at a single Buncha-Nanner, Parvati was now surrounded by them, the peels heaped on one side of her and a fresh box of the monstrous fruits ready at her side. Her cheeks were splotted with Nanner-paste, and her eyes were glassy and unfocused.

And Nyoka’s situation was even worse. She was lying on her back, stomach distended, guzzling from a Mock-Apple Cider bottle like before--but now she was surrounded by half a dozen empty bottles! To her horror, Ellie realized she wasn’t the only one who had “zoned out” and over-indulged.

“Woah--you two, snap out of it! We’ve been... **URRP**, we’ve been drugged!”

Tugging away the Nanners from Parvati’s eager fingers, she saw the glazed expression sharpen, and the engineer seemed to come back to herself.

However, when she pulled Nyoka’s bottle away, the bounty hunter swayed drunkenly, scolding her.

“Hey... Why’d ya do that? I wash **HIC**, jush havin’ a... a lil’ drink.”

“You’ve had a lot of *little drinks*, by my estimation. I’m cutting you both off.”

Ellie stood--with difficulty, considering her packed stomach--and struggled to figure out what was going on. The words from the tunnel speakers came back to her.

“Reverse time dilation” serum...

“Hold it. Don’t touch anything.” The piratical doctor snapped her fingers. “I’ve got it. Time dilation--it’s a side effect of cryo-sleep, sometimes, right? Slows down your perception of time. The Captain’s got it. And this serum... gave us the *reverse* of that syndrome, so...”

“It speeds time up!” Parvati’s jaw dropped. “Or... Or at least, how we perceive time. One single thought could last for ages... or...”

Ellie shuddered. “One bite of food could be a feast that lasts for *hours*.”

The overstuffed doctor realized with horror how bad their situation was. They had no idea how long this “reverse time dilation” would last--and it seemed to trigger whenever they ate or drank anything. Which, if they didn’t want to starve to death here, they would have to do.

Ellie paced, clutching her gurgling stomach.

“We’ll... we’ll have to monitor each other, to make sure we’re not **URrrRRP**, falling into time-dilation again... ugh, damn this gas... We’ll have to be very careful to not give in to temp... to temptations...”

But she was so hungry. So desperately, eagerly hungry. And even as she watched, Parvati’s eyes wandered back to the pallets... and Nyoka’s hand fumbled drunkenly for another bottle of cider. And Ellie found she already had a fresh chocolate bar in her hand--how convenient.

“Maybe just... one more quick snack,” she told herself, unwrapping it. “Just to... uh, make sure we’re too full to eat anymore. Right? There’s no way we can keep eating once we’re... too full to eat... anymore... it’s scientifically impossible...”

But her rambling, roundabout logic was cut off by a mouthful of chocolate... and the pleasant, purple haze came over her again, as she watched helplessly in sped-up timeframes as she ate another... and another... and another.

And then, seemingly unable to stop this time, she moved on to a box of Purpleberry Instant Lunches, their contents flash-cooking as she opened them. And once that box was empty, the pain of her overstuffed stomach a distant and unconcerning thing, she moved on to a massive pallet of Fish Stix...

Every time she started to come out of the fog, she got hungry again... and every time she got hungry, she started eating. Which brought the time-dilation back. In a strange way, it was comforting--Ellie had spent her life in study, but now she didn’t need to think. She didn’t need to do anything.

Except eat.

~~~**MANY, MANY TIME-DILATION FEASTS LATER...**~~~



*“Urrrrgh... How long have we been... Eating?”*

Ellie’s own voice reached her through the flicker and pulse of a fading Time Dilation haze... She felt full. So very, very full. She had never felt so full in her goddamn life, in fact--full, and heavy. Very heavy.

She found she was laying on her back, and struggled to sit up--but there was something pinning her down. The freckled surgeon groaned, trying to see what the huge, dark hump on top of her was... and when she raised a hand to try and push it aside, a heavy, meaty limb swayed into view.

It was her own arm. But far from the toned, willowy limb of a space-pirate, it was instead meaty... Doughy. Laden with flesh.

*Oh, no. No...*

The hump on top of her, that weird pale dome... that wasn’t a foreign object, pinning her down. It was...

*My own... Stomach?!*

Horrified, she flailed to try and get some kind of handhold, recover her mobility. A heavy clanking nearby announced the arrival of an Automech.

*ACE... That son of a bitch!*

“Thank you for choosing [LIST OF MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED PRODUCTS] for your dinner,” chirped the machine, looming into view over her. “Would you like assistance moving to the next course?”

“N-no...”

But even as she spoke, she felt herself salivating--she was hungry. So hungry. Despite being impossibly, horribly full, so full she was ready to puke.

“Nonsense, you’re doing so well! Here, allow me to help you up. At this rate, you’ll finish your prize earnings in [TWO THOUSAND YEARS]!”

“Two thousand... **urrrrp**, no, I can’t eat right now, we gotta get... out of here, gotta find the Captain...”

But in the absence of any other handholds, and pinned down by her newly vast, soft warm bulk, she had no choice but to accept ACE’s house. She gripped his nozzle-arms, disgusted at how weak and trembling her own grip was, and heaved herself upright... and glimpsed her own reflection in ACE’s gleaming, chrome-polished hull.

“Oh, by the Plan... What have I *done* to myself?!”

Before she’d been a chisel-jawed, stern-eyed badass in a starfarer’s jacket, a trendy scarlet scarf around her neck. Now the scarf was pulled tight and the jacket was stretched to its limits, her shirt below it riding up to expose a massive, hanging gut.

And her face... Her face was meaty, almost saggy with fat, round and moon-like. She pinched one of her own freckled cheeks, feeling the soft, satiny fat flesh.

“Parvati... **URRRP**, Nyoka... W-we have to stop... Gotta **BRULLCH**, get outta here...”

But as she wheeled around on her chubby feet, tottering slightly under her own sheer weight, the massive *Unreliable* crewmember saw that her friends were in no condition to go anywhere.

Nyoka, ever the tippler, was nested in the middle of a *mountain* of booze bottles. Empty, drained-dry glass containers were all around her... Spectrum Vodka, Iceberg Aged Whiskey, Rum-And-Sumthin, and Tripi-Stout, every booze brand under the stars. And Nyoka herself looked rather like a keg, after consuming them for who-knew how long...

She was simply a pyramid of brown meat now, her clothes long since shredded or discarded, leaving only her ascot and a booze-splattered white brassiere. Her dyed hair was matted with sticky beer residue, and her neck had disappeared entirely, her fat face sitting on top of massively wide, fat shoulders.

Nyoka noticed Ellie gesturing to her, and grinned stupidly, her eyes bloodshot and cheeks gleaming with an alcoholic's blush. She was drunk--no, more than drunk. She was *obliterated*.

“Hey, Doc... thisssh place ain't sho bad... I haven't drank thish good since... Ever!”

Her massive, dome-shaped blubbery body shook with laughter, and she licked her lips as another ACE unit marched over to her, uncorking a bottle of Purpleberry Liquer and lifting it to the morbidly obese booze-hound's lips.

“Mm yeah, thash what Mama wantsh... gimme another **HIC!** round, bartender! Heh-heh... **HORRRPf**. Gllk-glllk gllp... Mmm, **MORE!**”

Shaking her head in disgust, Ellie staggered along the endless rows of food-pallets--many of which had been torn into by herself and presumably, her friends. Parvati had to be here somewhere... and surely the *engineer* of the crew would not have succumbed to this time-dilation crap. Parvati might be a bit of a ditz, but she was level-headed in a crisis--she was so tacit and reserved she didn't even like *sex*, much less food, most of the time! Surely she had escaped Nyoka's fate...

But when she rounded a stack of Tobaccorn Ear boxes, following the sounds of distant movement, she found even Parvati had fallen prey to the sinister substance. The once-petite engineer hadn't just grown... she had *exploded* in size, reaching an almost inhuman level of flabbiness.

She filled the entire twenty-foot gap between two stacks of food pallets, her folds and rolls mashing into them. Parvati was lying on her stomach--a huge sack of meaty pale-brown flesh which spread to all sides around her, so bloated that Ellie could actually see her intestines bulging against the surface of the taut skin, bubbling and gurgling with slow digestion. Atop this balloon of Parvati-meat, Parvati herself was lounging comfortably, her arms and legs dangling with fat-rolls, face round and puffy with flab. Impossibly, her engineer's goggles were still in place.

“Ohh... H-hey there, Ellie... **URRRP...**”

Floored with shock, Ellie watched as Parvati opened her mouth, and an ACE unit clomped up to her, sticking its nozzle-arm in her mouth. A tank on its back, labelled **TRUFFLE-FLAVORED TARMAC 'N' CHEESE**, rumbled ominously... and Parvati's eyes rolled back as a hydraulically-pumped stream of gooey, steaming mac-and-cheese gushed from the nozzle directly down her throat.



Ellie watched this grotesque spectacle for a good thirty seconds, until Parvati finally seemed satisfied, making a hand signal with her chubby fingers. The ACE unit stepped away, its tank completely emptied, and another automech replaced it--this one's tank bubbling with Lemon Slapp soda-pop.

“Thanks **URRRRppPH** Ace buddy, yer such a pal!”

Parvati's attention turned to Ellie, the corners of her mouth still dribbling molten cheese. She swallowed heavily and moaned with almost erotic delight.

“Oh, my STARS, that was good. ACE must have changed the recipe, the Tarmac-N-Cheese is **BLORRRP**, cheesier than ever...”

She licked her lips to catch the errand drops of liquid cheese, eyes bright with piggish greed, before she finally was able to focus on Ellie again.

“Uhh, sorry Ellie... I kinda seem to have, um, forgotten my darn manners lately... Especially since, urrgh, some a' this food don't sit too well with me... I can't tell ACE no, though, he's so sweet! Mmf, plug your nose, so sorry 'bout this--it's gonna be a big 'un--”

***FRRRRAARRRPPPPPttttfffFFFFRRRT.***

Parvati grunted in pig-like ecstasy as her asscheeks, massive and sweaty and raised shamelessly towards the ceiling, vibrated with gas. Ellie choked as an invisible, miasmic cloud of Parvati's gas rolled over her.

“Oooh, I NEEDED that one! Mmf, Ellie, it's n-not so bad here... I admit, maybe I'm a bit too chubby to fit in my usual date spots on the Groundbreaker, but... Junlei's always said she likes 'em a bit husky...”

From behind Ellie there was a raunchy, drunken whistle as Nyoka caught a whiff of Parvati's stench.

“*Damn*, that stinks! Parvati, what you been eatin'? Jush' kidding, I know what—practically ev'rything, ha-ha!”

Ellie covered her mouth, struggling to tug up her pants, which had been pushed down to her knees by the expansion of her own midsection.

“You... you two are *enjoying* this?”

Parvati blushed, looking a bit ashamed... but openly salivating as the new ACE unit raised its nozzle-arm to the level of her mouth.

“Well, we didn’t at first, naw... but the Time Dilation feels kinda nice, after a while... it’s like how Vicar Max meditates, ya know? Except we get to eat, while we wait to get rescued. **URRRPHff.**”

Parvati’s plump lips wrapped around the nozzle, and she shuddered all over with glee as the automech pumped her full of soda, to the point that Ellie actually saw a little leaking out of Parvati’s nose while she drank. Finally, the nozzle was withdrawn, and Parvati gasped and panted, burps rumbling out of her.

“I did the math, and **HORrRRP**, the Captain should find us soon if she ran a grid-pattern search for... at least a few months... Dunno how long we’ve **urrrrpFF**, been down here...”

Parvati grinned, a devilish look of mischief in her eyes.

“And honestly...I dun’ even *care* when she finds us, Ellie... I can really cut loose here, have whatever I want, any Spacer’s Choice food I like... I’m really doing the brand proud, I’ve eaten through... URRP, at least three tons of their stuff...”

Her lips pursed, and a constipated expression crossed her face.

“Plus, nobody here to complain when I have my... Little digestive problems...”

**FWARRPPTFFFT.**

This time Ellie was ready, covering her mouth and nose when Parvati’s reeking, bean-scented flatulence blasted over her. The stink-bomb was so long and intense that the ACE units’ chassis began to get foggy with fart-humidity.

Finally, Parvati’s rumbling sphincter sputtered and went silent, and Ellie struggled to breathe through the fabric of her food-stained ascot.

“But... Parvati, what about the ship... Stopping the Board... The Captain’s mission? Don’t you care about *any* of that?”

“Sure I do!”

Parvati hiccuped, her whole monstrously fleshy body jiggling and bouncing.

“But in a way, I’m *literally* eating my way through the Board’s bottom line--this is all their property, right? I’m still--**BRAAAaallCH**, fighting the good fight...”

Ellie’s head spun with the absurd logic of this--clearly the Time Dilation Serum was affecting Parvati’s judgment.

But she couldn’t deny, there was truth to it... There was at least a billion credits’ worth of food stored in this chamber. An incredible amount of “liquid assets,” as it were. And since every megacorp was part of the Board, every single bite was slowly making them less wealthy...

Ellie groaned as her stuffed stomach churned, and she couldn’t help it--she had to let loose a fart of her own, her shredded red-leather pants allowing the gas to escape freely, blurring and blatting out of her.

Parvati wasn’t lying--it *did* feel good to let loose. And the leftover effects of the Time Dilation serum made the pleasure stretch, longer and longer... soon she was passing gas freely, multiple farts combining into one long, unbroken moment of release.

Coming back to herself after her long, nearly orgasmic burst of gaseous release, Ellie shook her head, struggling to focus. Nyoka and Parvati were both squealing and moaning with pleasure. Parvati was simply riding the sensual effects of her own flatulence, while Nyoka’s moans were more carnal, almost animal. She was soon muffled by an automech shoving a nozzle connected to a **PURPLEBERRY WINE** tank between the bounty hunter’s lipsticked lips.

“Mmyes, gimme gimme, more BOOZSHE pleashe, fuck yesh... **HRRP. Hic!**”

Parvati’s squeals had reached a crescendo as she let loose another roiling cloud of foul-smelling gastric fumes.

“Ooh, GOSH that feels n-nice, even better than my Aramid Ballistics vibrator back home...”

Ellie waddled towards her, struggling to push away the automech even now replacing its own tank with a fresh one labelled **GIGANTAUER ENERGY DRINK**. But her muscles, long atrophied by time-dilated gluttony, could hardly budge the thing. And even worse, the slightest level of exertion made her body pour out buckets of sweat, soon soaking her from head to foot.

“Dammit Parvati, I thought you were *nnngh*, an asexual...”

Parvati giggled, grunting with delight as a fresh mega-fart brewed up inside of her.

“Hey, just because I don’t wanna get frisky with *other people* doesn’t mean I’m a prude! Have some **hurrUURrrP**, sensitivity Ellie...”

“Sorry, big girl... Oof, I can h-hardly move... at this size... got to... Rest...”

Ellie collapsed in exhaustion within moments, slumping against Parvati’s titanic heaving belly, one of the woman’s overfed, nude breasts grazing the top of her head.

“You really think... The Captain will find us?”

Parvati licked a crumb out of her own neck-folds, gobbling it down.

“Sure she will! She waited years for Doctor Welles to wake her up, didn’t she? She’s patient enough to... **URRP**, find us if we just stay put...”

Ellie sighed. She was far too obese to put up a fight, now--the Time Dilation had seen to that. And it was pointless to get herself worked up--hell, at *this* size, she might have cardiac arrest if she over-exerted herself. She’d never seen any colonist as fat as she herself had become--hell, she wasn’t sure how Nyoka and Parvati were even still alive, at their size. But they seemed happy and healthy enough... other than being too fat (and in Nyoka’s case, too drunk) to walk under their own power.

*Would it really be so bad... to put aside my Hippocratic Oath for a bit, and have some actual **fun**, while the Captain looks for us?*

She knew it was the serum talking. She knew it was crazy to stay here--the automechs wouldn’t stop feeding them, not until the “prizes” were all gone--and yet, she was too exhausted and truth be told, *lazy* to do anything else. Moving was so *hard* now, and she was tired. And hungry. And a little bit horny.

“Well... At least we won’t... starve in here. **UrrrrP.**”

***FRRRRURRRPTt.***

This time, when the urge to pass gas arrived, she didn’t fight it. She embraced it, whimpering softly as the Time Dilation turned a series of farts into waves of pulsing pleasure through her entire body.

“Ooh... And I should definitely... investigate THAT feeling, for... f-for science. Right?”

She looked up at Parvati... but the perky engineer was already gorging greedily on an automech's nozzle, the gloop, gloop sounds of her body filling up and growing ever-fatter echoing through the chamber. Parvati, her eyes half-crossed with pleasure, gave Ellie a cheery thumbs-up with one porky fat-swaddled hand.

"Yeah..." Ellie leaned back into the wall of fat. "I'll stay and monitor you two... **URRP**, for the sake of medical science."

But as she plucked a pack of instant-cook Bred Noodles from a pile of food nearby, she knew it was a lie. She didn't give a *damn* about documenting this experience for "medical science"--she just wanted to enjoy it.

And after escaping her parents on Byzantium, and a thousand other deep-space adventures... she deserved a little rest. She deserved to lay back... and eat.

And eat.

And...

*Ooh, here we go...*

A heady buzz of Time Dilation slipped over her again, like a warm purple bath of stuttering, pleasurable images. One single thought occupied her brain over the hours, and days, and weeks to come.

*It's time...*

*To...*

*Fucking...*

**E A T.**





*~END~*