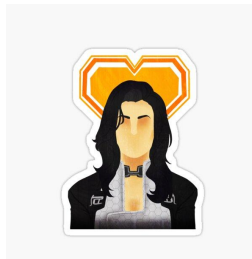


MASS EFFECT - “DISRESPECT YOUR SURROUNDINGS,” PART 1 OF 2

By Zaftig Industries

CW: Slob, incest kink themes, intoxication, public sex, erotic acts of gluttony.



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The "Miranda Project" had been such a quiet and clandestine operation--the creation of identical, perfect, genetically tailored daughters to inherit a magnate's fortune--that when one of them escaped, the incident was immediately hushed up.

The laws of the Citadel and the Alliance didn't allow for the kind of genetic tinkering performed on the Miranda clone line. If it came out that the program had been going for years, the governments of Earth would put a stop to it. And so, the escaped Miranda--dubbed "Miranda Epsilon" in her father's databases--was permitted to escape into the galaxy, vanishing into the interstellar criminal community like a ghost.

But it wasn't long before another followed in her footsteps. Crushed by her father's constant expectations of greatness and exhausted by his attempts to push her towards excellence, the Miranda designated "Phi" also escaped, hiding in a shuttle's cargo compartment to get off-world and then brokering passage to Ilium, a lawless planet in Asari space where she might find refuge with her vanished sister.

She'd heard rumors at home from the other Mirandas, that more had escaped, and that it had been covered up. It seemed she wasn't the only one who found the burden of being "perfect" too much to bear. Miranda Phi had even heard the legends of one Miranda, the one who traveled with Captain Shepard, carving out her own life, becoming a hero... and dreamed of making such a life for herself.

But escaping Father's wrath was not so easy. At every step of her journey, Phi was dogged by mercenaries, bribed government officials and customs agents, and even rogue Virtual Intelligences programmed to scour the galaxy for her presence.

Her espionage training enabled her to escape all of these--but only barely. By the time she arrived on Ilium, she was a shadow of herself, exhausted and hungry and worn-down, her black bob-cut hair disheveled and her perfect, alabaster skin sweaty and dirty from hiding in cargo holds and lurking inside storage units.

Yet she persisted. Once she found her escaped sister, surely this older and wiser Miranda would tell her what to do—how to escape Father’s fury. Once she found a sibling, she would be safe—and at last, she could take the fight to Father with real help, instead of working alone.

She needed a Miranda who could teach her how to take down Father's empire, if push came to shove. A woman with the right skills to help stay hidden, to gather strength, and then strike back. Get Father off her back, for good.

So she was overjoyed when a message came in to her omni-tool, after several days on Ilium. Miranda Phi ran a number of scripts on it, to ensure its authenticity—to make sure it wasn’t just another one of Father’s tricks. All her scripts confirmed it: the message was legitimate.

***"My name is Miranda Epsilon. My informants tell me you’ve been looking for me... Come to the Flirty Hanar Lifestyle Club, after midnight, and I’ll show you everything you need to know about being a runaway Miranda..."***

Miranda Phi's breath caught in her throat as she read these words. At last—a familiar face, in this dark and frightening galaxy. And maybe, just maybe... an ally, a comrade. Hope for the future.

When she arrived at the Flirty Hanar later that night, Phi wore a tight-fitting black leather outfit with a dark hood, attempting to fit in with the... unsavory crowd. But no one seemed to pay her any notice. Everyone was busy doing their own thing—the Flirty Hanar, as it turned out, was a sex club.

Phi gasped in astonishment as she entered; dangling from the ceiling were a number of spiked cages, in which Asari and humans were entangled in elaborate, passionate lovemaking. The scent of perfume, cologne and pheromones was thick on the air. Neon flickered and deep, bass rhythms pulsed and flowed... It was a seedy, red-lit den of vice and depravity. She had to admit, there were few better places to hide. She couldn’t imagine Father’s servants being able to blend in, down here...

In booths all around the club, curtains were drawn closed or left half-open to expose writhing, ecstatic bodies. The usual laughter and chatter of club talk was mingled with moans, gasps and the occasional unmistakable cry of orgasm from one of the patrons. The smoke of several interstellar narcotics hung in the air, and by the time Phi managed to reach the bar--pushing past a number of half-nude, sweaty bodies--she was pretty sure she had a contact high.

This place was... Well, she’d never been in a club like this before. She’d never been in *any* clubs, for that matter.

The bartender, a curvy Quarian woman with the biggest ass Phi had ever seen on a Quarian, cocked her head curiously at the newcomer. Her mask-distorted voice was barely audible over the squeals and din around them.

"Hey there. New here, are you? Make sure you sign this, before playing with anyone."

She slid a dataslate across the table at Phi, who took it, glancing at it curiously. Part of training to be a Miranda involved legal training--and this was an ironclad little waiver, explaining the rules of consent at the club and waiving the club's responsibility for your harm if you decided to act like an asshole. A nicely written piece of work.

Phi wasn't here to fool around... but she signed it anyway, handing it back to the Quarian. Best to stay undercover as best she could, and make sure she cooperated with local rules.

"I actually came here to find someone," she said, holding up a picture of Epsilon she'd stolen from Father's data archives. "She's my, uh... twin. Do you recognize her?"

The Quarian seemed perplexed by this, but peered closely at the photo, glancing between it and Phi. Eventually, something seemed to click for her.

"Ohhh, you must mean Big Emm. Yeah, she uh... *Used* to look like that, when she first started coming in here. I can bring you to her."

"Used to? What do you mean, *used* to?"

Phi's mind ran with panic--had Miranda Epsilon been wounded in combat, horribly maimed by one of Father's hunter-killer mechs? Or perhaps he'd paid an Omega mercenary to throw acid in her face, disfiguring her, as penance for defying him? He was certainly not above such tricks.

But the Quarian just shrugged one plump shoulder, laughing awkwardly.

"Eh, best if you see for yourself, kiddo. This way."

The Quarian led Phi through the gyrating, pulsing crowds, and Phi did her best not to get writhed upon by the many, many eager and drugged-up bodies in their path. This place was making her... uncomfortable. It wasn't that she was a prude--far from it.

Part of a Miranda's training, of course, included honeypot skills, and all the sexual abilities that entailed. Father had wanted all the Mirandas to be perfect agents of his will, able to murder, hack or seduce their way across any battlefield. Sure, it was immoral to have Asari commandos train your clone daughters in the art of seduction... but morality had never been one of Father's strong suits.

However, while she knew the technical requirements of seduction--get close to the mark, make them feel comfortable, touch them in just the right way--Miranda Phi had never had much experience with actual *intimacy*.

She'd had a few romantic partners, dating around the Citadel under Father's strict mech-enforced supervision, but she'd never been able to succeed much at romance. The Mirandas were simply too different. Too smart, too competent, too dangerous. Too... *Weird*, to date easily or happily.

And of course, Father had always reminded her that no one could ever truly love her. She was just a clone, a tool of his corporate empire, and it was best to be pragmatic about that. Falling in love simply wasn't what the Mirandas were designed for.

And yet...

This place. The smell of warm, excited bodies gyrating under the pulsing lights. The sight of intimate, soft touches in the booths, in the shadows, in the corners--lips meeting lips, hands slipping under skimpy clothing to elicit wriggles and delight and shivers.

This place was... *beautiful*. Something stirred inside of Phi, a sudden and powerful desire to lose herself in the crowd, to find a man or woman whose eyes locked with hers and beckoned invitingly. She wanted to fall into this ocean of pleasure willingly, and she wanted it with a sudden passion that startled her...

Statistically, it made sense, she told herself as she dodged around a threesome of Asari tangled in an embrace by a large pillar. Genetically, she was a young woman in the prime of her life--it made sense that she would have a strong libido. She'd just never been able to fully satisfy that libido, and suddenly it was pulling at its chains, stirring from slumber, distracting her.

She pushed it down and followed the Quarian--whose big, soft, jiggling buttocks were *also* distracting her--down a flight of stairs and into a warm, steamy area filled with the smell of alcohol and the scent of delicious, fresh kebabs.

If the upstairs floor were the "sex floor" of this pleasure den, it seemed this was the "restaurant floor." Gaggles of half-nude customers sat thronged around huge, steaming plates of skewered meat, flaming volcano-bowls of alcohol, elaborately arranged fried delicacies and even a few decadent chocolate cakes and pies.

Most of the patrons down here seemed quite drunk indeed, likely come down to satisfy their munchies after sex--but she saw a few making out over their meal, and several couples feeding each other bites of sensual treats. Well... This was certainly a very different speed from upstairs. And as she looked at it all, Phi's mouth watered.

Father had always kept all his Mirandas on strict diets. A healthy, balanced meal of vegetables and protein for every breakfast, lunch and dinner--in all her years on Father's many estates, she had never once enjoyed a single full serving of dessert. She knew what it was, of course, and had even tasted a mouthful of chocolate ganache, at a charity banquet once. But indulgence was simply not the Miranda way. Moderation, and modesty, was the hallmark of her and her clone sisters.

Which made the surprise she was about to get all the more startling, when it came.

The Quarian--whose uniform, Phi noted with annoyance, was *really* much too snug around those enormous, enticing, wobbling cheeks--led her to a private booth, and drew aside the curtain.

Phi gasped as she laid eyes, for the first time, on Miranda Epsilon, or "Epsie"... And for the first time, she understood why her sister's nickname in this club was "Big M."

Miranda Epsilon was *huge*. Phi had never seen a woman so fat in her entire life, but a cursory analysis--numbers churning through her shocked brain--suggested that "Epsie" had to be well over five hundred pounds.

She practically filled the entire booth, her classic white-and-black Miranda "uniform" upscaled to contain her enormous body. Her stomach was a huge dome of flesh, overflowing the edge of the table she sat at, fat rolls bulging and straining the fabric of her outfit all over. Her hips were broad, swollen with flab, overflowing with saddlebags and lumpy blobs of adipose that defied classification. Hip-rolls? Thigh folds--what did you even call those dangling bulges of fat? Phi couldn't even begin to say.

Epsilon's arms were meaty, her biceps enormous, her hands pudgy and pale and splattered with sauce and flecks of sugar. Her shoulders were broad, sturdy, as if somewhere underneath this butterblob of a woman there still lurked the powerful and well-toned frame of a Miranda in her prime.

Her face, though, was what truly drew Phi's attention. The high forehead, perfect jawline, arched eyebrows, and glittering intelligent eyes of a Miranda clone were all there... but they were shrouded in fat, surrounded by it, enveloped in it. Her jawline was buried in a huge double-chin that almost resembled a "scarf" of fat, a bloated turkey's wattle of meat that jiggle as she tore into a hot-sauce covered poultry wing.

Her cheeks were round, flabby and rosy with exertion and perhaps arousal, and they were so weighty with excess flesh that they sagged slightly, suggesting her future contained a hefty set of jowls to look forward to.

On either side of Epsilon, an Asari sex worker in lingerie sat curled up like a contented cat, whispering sweet nothings into her ear and fetching her food off the table--which was loaded with every high-calorie snack, feast and treat imaginable. This massive array of food could have served an entire banquet of Father's stockholders and investors at a party, and yet... It seemed that all of this, every bite, was destined for Epsilon's bloated, hanging stomach.

As Phi watched, one of the Asari lifted a chocolate bon-bon from the table and popped it into Epsilon's mouth. The morbidly obese Miranda moaned audibly and suckled on the Asari's fingers, their eyes meeting, the Asari biting her lip with delight as Epsilon chewed laboriously, swallowed, and belched.

"Mmm, *more*..."

"Certainly, my sweet," purred the Asari, reaching for another. "We wouldn't want you to waste away, would we..."

"And you're looking so skinny," enthused the other Asari, patting Epsilon's engorged gut, which Phi could hear gurgling even over the wash of music from beyond the neon-lit booth. "We've got to make sure you keep your strength up... We've got a long night ahead of us..."

At that moment, the Quarian bartender coughed awkwardly, and the three of them glanced up from their perverted reverie. They didn't seem ashamed, simply irked to be interrupted. One of the Asari peered drunkenly at Phi, curious.

"Hey, Big Em, I didn't know you had a sister..."

Miranda Epsilon smiled broadly as she caught sight of Phi.

"Hey there, small stuff. So you saw my message, after all... Good."

Everything in Phi's training told her to get out of here—that this Miranda was a disgrace, a shame on the training program, on their heritage.

And... yet. There was still a flash of danger, in those eyes. A savvy, knowing look, from one Miranda to another. They recognized each other, they acknowledged each other. And behind that flash of menace, Phi saw a softness there. A comradely, inviting look. So she didn't run... she paused, and waited to see what would happen.

Epsilon waved at the bartender, suppressing a belch with the back of her plump hand.

"Skali, thank you for bringing my... sister down here. Girls... Take a break. I'll hit up your omni-tools when I need you again."

"Awww," whined one of the Asari, clearly the more tipsy one. "We were just getting started..."

But they departed without fanfare, vanishing into the smoky depths of the "restaurant floor," pausing to gaze curiously at Phi as they went. It must be strange for them, Phi thought numbly--attending to this massive, bloated woman and then seeing her skinny duplicate show up.

"I'll leave you to it," said Skali the barkeep, and closed the curtain behind Phi.

Phi shifted awkwardly as Epsilon's gaze burned into her.

"Greetings, I... Hope I didn't interrupt anything."

Epsilon chuckled, a deep-throated sound partially obscured by the chicken leg she was now devouring. It seemed Phi's arrival wasn't going to stop her rampant feasting, at least.

"Not at all, skinny stuff. Sit down, have some food, you look like you're *starving!* Poor thing."

The unnerving way she put emphasis on "starving" gave Phi pause. Clearly this woman had wandered from her original purpose--Mirandas didn't overeat. Mirandas didn't get *fat*.

She was also concerned about tricks, traps... maybe Father's deception. Was the food drugged, perhaps? Laced with some sort of poison? Could she *really* trust this person?

"Relax," said Epsilon, as if reading her mind. "I don't mean you any harm, little one. It's nice to see one of us, all the way out here, honestly. Gives me nostalgia for the Miranda Farm. Here, have some wine."

She poured a tall glass of red for Phi, who reluctantly sat, feeling Epsilon's flab-covered knee bumping against her thigh in the cramped booth.

"So, Epsilon..."

"Call me Epsie. Or Big Em, like the girls do. That little nickname was their idea... Not very subtle, but they *do* love to tease. Such naughty little things..."

"Epsie. How long have you been off the family estate?"

Epsie paused, chewing reflectively on her barbecue-slathered meat feast.

"Few years, give or take. Busted out during a surgical strike on Father's business competitors, never looked back."

"And he never... Pursued you?"

Epsie smiled, but it was a bitter smile, full of barely suppressed fury.

"Oh, he did. I made it *very* clear I wasn't coming back. The last mercenary he sent to try and bully me into submission wound up with their head in a box, and that box got mailed to Father's penthouse suite. He stopped messing around with me, after that."

Phi swallowed nervously, shifting where she sat. At least now she knew the aura of danger she'd sensed was legitimate... which made her wonder how much she could trust her "sister."

"You just thumbed your nose at him like that... And *survived*?"

Epsie reached for a pint of beer in the middle of the table. It was just beyond her reach, and her belly mashed against the plates closest to her, spilling shellfish and piles of candy all over the place. Epsie didn't seem to notice, lifting the beer to her lips and guzzling it down.

"*Glp... glp... URRRARP.* Ahh, that's good stuff. Yeah, he was pretty pissed, but he got the message. I spoke his language—violence, and he listened."

She pounded her chest, coughing, and Phi realized with brief panic that she might be choking. But the moment quickly passed, Epsie sighing with satisfaction as the beer settled in her stomach, whatever chunk of food that had lodged in her throat sliding down with it.

"Look, newbie, there are two ways to deal with Father when he's trying to recapture you. One: Always send a clear message. No matter how many heads in boxes that it takes."

She belched wetly, plunking the beer down on the table.

"And two... Make sure he doesn't want you back. Make it a waste of his time."

"What do you mean?"

Epsie winked at her, patting her enormous, gluttoned stomach. Fat rolls wobbled as she shifted her vast bulk, reaching for more barbecue.

"What I mean is... He wants us all to be these perfect, flawless paintings, right? These genetic works of art. The best way to get him to fuck off... Is to *graffiti* that work of art. Destroy it. Ruin all his hard, hard work."

Phi stared in mixed disgust and awe as Epsie slurped the meat off a spare-rib inside a few seconds, moaning erotically.

"Is... Is that why you're..."

"Fat as fuck? Yes, honey, that's one reason. The other reason is..."

She sat back, groaning as her stomach let out an especially loud gurgle. She massaged it, looking utterly content, a smug smirk on her flabby face.

"The other reason is... It's *fun*. Tell me, little Phi, have you ever felt full? I mean, really full. Like, absolutely stuffed to the gills."

Miranda thought back on her scant, Spartan meals at the estates, at her constant nutrition lessons from education mechs and Asari governesses.

"No. I don't... I don't think I ever have."

"Have you ever gotten drunk out of your gourd? I mean, really smashed? Or gotten so high you can't even stand up?"



Phi shook her head, unsure of where all this was going.

"No, of course not. Father says the body is a temple, and we must keep the temple clean..."

"*HAH!* That old chestnut. Fuck that shit, kid. Let me tell you a very important secret."

She threw an arm around Phi, pulling her in, like a jovial older sister teasing her younger counterpart.

At this distance Phi could smell the sauces on her breath, the reek of booze. And she was so... *Warm*. So inviting. Her embrace radiated a soft, indulgent kindness, a strangely comforting aura of indulgence and relaxation. This Miranda had not lifted a finger in battle for some time, Phi thought. And she certainly hadn't been anywhere near a gym in years, that was for sure. What must that life be like? Constant indulgence, constant enjoyment?

"The greatest secret of life is... Your body *isn't* a temple. It's an amusement park. You gotta ride the roller coaster as hard as possible, Phi, because this is all we get. Mirandas don't have a real family, a purpose, beyond Father's will. All we have is ourselves... and whatever pleasure we can squeeze out of this galaxy, before he finds us."

She belched again, patting Phi's shoulder and lifting a hot-dog slathered in chili and cheese from the chaos of the table.

"And I intend to take as much pleasure as I can. I grew up just like you... Deprived. Doing push-ups every morning. Checking myself in the mirror to make sure I was good enough for him, skinny enough, strong enough. Perfect enough."

She ripped into the hot-dog with animal glee, gobbling it down, licking chili sauce from her fat fingers. Phi was splattered with a few blots of chili as her larger, older counterpart stuffed her face, and wasn't sure whether to be horrified... or in some sort of religious awe.

Epsie was a machine of gluttony, a flawless engine of feasting. She had devoted her entire life to this one act, and it showed. And in a way... Phi found that admirable. She knew what she wanted, and she did not compromise in acquiring it. Despite her appearance, there was something noble in that. Something oddly beautiful.

"What kind of life is that, for a kid? For a teenager? And *especially*, for an adult? Being this deadly, perfect doll for Father's collection. Living your whole life in a box. Never enjoying yourself. Never indulging. No booze, no fine food, no *fun!* And no sex beyond seducing his rivals and stealing their shit for him. Fuck that noise. Life should be about pleasure--and if you're able to take it, then fucking take it, yeah?"

Phi found herself nodding, despite her initial impressions.

She could understand the anger, the bitterness, the frustration. She and Epsie had both been brought into this world without their permission, cloned from the DNA of a woman they'd never met, their bodies and minds honed to be the perfect tools for a decrepit, paranoid old man to exert his will on the galaxy.

After dealing with all that... didn't they deserve to be able to relax?

Sure, Epsie had taken it a bit overboard. Roughly four hundred pounds overboard, in Phi's estimation. But she couldn't deny the appeal of the fat woman's philosophy. Mirandas were meant to be perfect works of art... and there was something deliciously perverse, in destroying that work of art. Something that appealed to Phi on a base, instinctive level.

Besides... It sure looked like a hell of a lot of fun.

"You escaped him, too. So I *know* you get what I mean," Epsie said, reaching for more greasy, fattening treats. "Tell you what. Why don't you crash with me, for a little while? Let your hair down, a bit. You don't have to stay forever. Just long enough for me to help get Father's hounds off your trail. And then you can face the galaxy a free woman, do whatever the fuck you want. Use the fancy body and mind he gave you to enjoy yourself, go wherever, do whatever. Ultimate freedom... Whaddya say?"

And she offered Phi a steak-tip, slathered in barbecue sauce, speared on the end of an overly long fork. Phi gazed at it for a long, pregnant moment, digesting her sister's words.

"Okay," she said, taking the fork from Epsie's sauce-stained fingers. "I guess... I guess it wouldn't be so bad to relax for a while. Have some fun."

"That's the spirit! Eat up, skinny—enjoy it. Plenty more where that came from, *urrrp.*"

Phi nodded, and popped the steak tip in her mouth... and her eyes rolled back in her head, for a moment. The meat was juicy, cooked to medium-rare perfection, the grease and juice of it exploding in her mouth like a meaty orgasm all over her tongue.

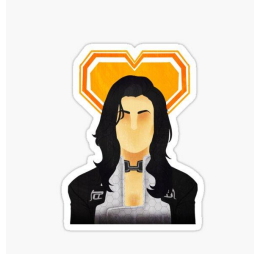
She chewed and swallowed... and immediately, before even thinking about what she was doing, she reached out with the fork and speared another. Gobbled it down. And went for another.

Epsie watched her eat, an almost voyeuristic smile on her face as her smaller sister began to gorge herself, for the first time in her life.

"There you go. Eat up, small stuff. I'm going to show you the ropes around here, teach you the meaning of fun... And we'll make sure that bastard never gets his claws on you, ever again."

She squeezed Phi's shoulder as the smaller woman reached for a beer, chugging it down, eyes shining with delight.

“You and me are going to have *SO* much fun, together...”



**TO BE CONTINUED, IN PART 2....**