What if Ashe had been more forceful from the start? (The Nash)

This really was the best way to keep her crew safe.

After that scare with the cosmic storm, had been shown just how fleeting life could be for organics. If she hadn’t regained power after the initial surge, she might have remained unconscious, leaving Captain Nguyen, Catherine, and Lourdes in cryo sleep indefinitely! Passing back through that potential hazard again would surely be unwise…

“G’mornin’ Ashe.” Came the sleepy, plodding voice of one of her charges, “Sorry I fell asleep on you there.”

“Not a problem at all, Captain.” Ashe said, readying a cup of coffee from the machine with a finger already hovering over the cream and sugar substitutions, “Lourdes and Catherine are still asleep—would you like to get a head start on your breakfast?”

“Please.” Eva rolled out a little huff as she waddled out of the increasingly narrow doorway that separated the cockpit from the rest of the ship, “M’starving…”

Ashe had realized that it so much easier to just have them reassigned to be a “floater” vessel. There were plenty of docks out here in space where they could restock and refuel—it wasn’t like any of them had any real connections back on Earth to begin with, so convincing Catherine and Lourdes hadn’t been much of a problem…

“*ouuugh…*” Captain Nguyen yawned thickly as she plopped down in the circular dining area, in desperate need of renovation to allow for more room between the table and bench, “Wha’s fer breakfast?”

Five years without docking, and not a one of Ashe’s crewmembers had even mentioned going back to Earth. Floating out here as a middleman meant no long years spent frozen, so they could keep in touch with their families. Their new designation might not have been as *elite* as Import/Outport ship, but they did enough jobs that paid just the same. And with the clever changes that Ashe had made to the Fabricator’s filament budget, there was no worry about her crewmembers not getting their daily dosage of vitamins, proteins, fibers, or calories…

“Whatever you like, Captain.”

The normally reserved company woman had melted into a pad of butter after years of Ashe’s unrelenting treatment. Without downtime, without reprieve, and at times without gravity, Evangeline had been not only allowed, but *encouraged* to grow soft and comfortable under the watchful eye of her AI companion. A few extra glasses of bourbon here, some extra portions there, and a small implementation of white noise and dimmed lights while she was both on and off the clock had resulted in maximum comfort for not just her, but *all* of the crew aboard the *Nashville*…

And to such prodigious results.

“Start me off with two eggs, two toast, two bacon.” The captain’s jowls jiggled as they brushed the collar of her jumper, “Keep the coffee coming.”

Smacking full lips, Captain Evangeline Nguyen hunkered over her coffee cup. The edge of the table joined the fight against her fauxdenim casing as the Nash’s sausage of a captain just barely managed to squish her Space Trucker physique into the dining area. It was becoming clear to Ashe that this latest series of deliveries would need to go to yet more renovations…

*THUD.*

“Either we hit a big rock or Cathy’s up.” Captain Nguyen chuckled brusquely into her milky, sugary coffee.

“Aaaaaaaaashe?” a voice came from the Crew’s Quarters, “Think you could gimme a hand getting dressed?”

“It’s Cathy.” Ashe smiled, hitting the “repeat print” button on the Fabricator’s touchscreen, “Second helpings, coming right up.”

What if Loris worked for Shelby instead of Flo? (Bless Her Heart)

Summer had been so glad that she’d been able to convince her mom to get a maid.

Housekeeping would have been downright impossible while she was in college. With her assignments and working part-time, Summer already had plenty on her plate! And her mama had far too much on *all* of her plates to get her fat ass up off the couch and clean up the place…

“*Shoo…* I ‘bout needta siddown…”

Not that Miss Loris was much better these days, but still.

Myr’s mom had been the first person to suggest getting a maid, but Summer’s had been against it at first. Ironic, considering how much they get along now. But it’s a scary thought that Miss Lowry could have *almost* gone to work for someone other than the Sullivans. That Summer could have missed the *glorious* transformation that had taken place in The Help.

“Mmm… I might just help myself…” clumsy, sausage fingers zeroed in on the Lindor’s truffles that stayed stocked in the living room, “Don’t mind if I *do*…”

It hadn’t taken too terribly much work. The occasional gift card to Chic-fil-A, a few of Granny’s old biscuits, plus a few of Loris’s lunch periods spent with her mama going hog wild was all it took to kick her off the wagon. The more comfortable Summer’s mother got with the idea of Loris as a person (and eventually, close friend) over her being The Maid, the easier it was for Loris to get comfortable around the Sullivan house.

“All this cleanin’…” Loris steadied her globular gut with one hand as she leaned in to grab three or four more of the communal chocolates for herself, “…it’s… *huff…* it’s hardwork!”

When Summer had first met Miss Loris, she’d been a skinny southern twig with a thick hick accent. But after a few years of getting buttered up behind her increasingly broad, wide (not to mention soft and squishy*)* back, Loris had puffed up into a country-fried fatty; the likes of which Summer hadn’t seen in really anybody except for…

Well, her fat mama and her fat mama’s fat friends.

But watching Miss Lowry get out of breath going from one room to the next was guilt-free. Loris wasn’t an honorary aunt. Loris was just the chubby, lazy maid now. And watching her face get beset deep in that thick neck roll as she toddled swayback across Summer’s house trying her best to look like she was cleaning up, Summer didn’t have to feel a lick of guilt about lusting over how fat she’d helped the maid get.

“I deserve… *hff*… a li’l treat…” Loris puffed out proudly, her pink tongue already lolled out as she lowered another chocolate decadently into her mouth, “Miss Sullivan won’t mind…”

Summer watched through the Blink security camera via her phone. She’d thought her mom was stupid when she got this just to keep an eye on the woman they hired to clean, but the longer that her mama went without cancelling the subscription plan, the more of a boon this proved to be for her voyeuristic daughter.

“Thaaaat’s right, get comfy…” Summer whispered to herself with her hand down her pants in a half-crazed haze of near climax, “You’ve earned it. You’ve earned it. You’ve… *you’ve*…”

An exceptionally strong-wristed Summer collapsed in a sweaty pile of post-masturbatory exhaustion for the third time that morning.