

Quarian Love – by Soline

The note was waiting in Doctor Chakwas' office when the pair stumbled out of the reactor room. Legion, frequently alone to consolidate its reasons to remain on board the Normandy happily shifted elsewhere within the ship, often down to the ship's hold with Grunt, whenever its commander required a 'checkup' from the good doctor. Still naked, Shepard stepped into the chemical shower and closed her eyes to the steam, letting the 'decontamination' shower wash off the sweat and other...fluids in a matter of moments, while leaving her skin and hair totally dry. Stepping out she stepped casually into her boots, the mechanical joints clicking to grip her ankle firmly, an absorbent sock like material filling the remainder of the space to keep her feet dry and sweat free. Across the room, Chakwas slipped her doctor's jacket back on and sat down, gingerly. A barely muffled *squelch* drawing a smirk as the two dildos found themselves pressed deeper still, almost out of sight into her body, and certainly out of sight of anyone happening to glance in the door. Buttoning up the coat, to conceal her lack of clothes, Chakwas turned, and *blushed* at the sight of Jane walking towards her in nothing but a pair of boots, the commander's casual expression such a delicious contrast to her nudity.

"Well...am I fit for duty?" Jane quirked an eyebrow for a moment, smiling, before leaning forwards, heavy breasts swaying within a hair's distance of the older woman's face as she scooped the note off the desk in two fingers.

"I...yes Ja-Commander Shepard" tongue flicking over her lips, Chakwas blew cool air playfully over Shepard's nipple, before watching the commander turn and head across the room to slip into a pair of white panties, and her armour again, as with her boots, joints and filling clicking and whirring to lock together and surround her with dry, absorbent materials. Less than a minute later Jane Shepard made her way back across the room an extra hundred pounds heavier, the dense armour supported independently so that her movements were barely hindered. She left her helmet off.

"Good, I'll see you later then Doc'" Jane walked past the desk, her armoured hand accidentally catching Chakwas' coat and popped open several buttons, exposing the women's bare chest to the far wall again; just before Jane left the room, just under the 'whoosh' of the door the sounds of a heated sigh, accompanied by a muffled *squish*, brought a smirk to the Commander's lips. Legion gave her an odd look...odd for him at least, as the Geth Construct made his way past her in the hallway and headed back to the reactor chamber.

The note was from Tali, and a quick glance into the engine room on her way past told Jane the Quarian had already headed upstairs. Only Gabby and Kenneth remained, and Jane couldn't resist a sly smirk as she picked up the sounds of their near-constant flirting. The last time they'd challenged her to poker and gotten drunk enough to accept her suggestion of *strip* poker had been rather....revealling. Jane wasn't exactly 'promiscuous' as such, she simply knew a relaxed crew was a better, harder working crew; the easiest way to make sure they were always relaxed around her was if they'd been naked together. Very few of her staff got to do more than look, of course.

"Commander. I've been *waiting*" Tali's flanged, slightly robotic voice floated out of Jane's bedroom as the elevator doors opened with a metallic hiss. The elevator required either a password that only Jane and Tali knew, or permission from someone in the room already, to reach the Command-Suite, so of course she knew it was Jane in the elevator. Even so, the knowing, *expecting* tone of voice send shivers of delight down her spine.

Smiling, the human walked into her bedroom, "Sorry, the checkup took longer than I thought, I only just got your note." The quarian hummed softly in response, and Jane heard the rustle of cloth as she shifted a little, still out of sight for a few moments longer. Jane's nostrils flared as she picked up a pungent, not *entirely* unpleasant scent hanging thick and heavy in her room. Though she recognised the scent from before, it was so much stronger and *thicker* than usual, clinging to the very air, and peaked Jane's curiosity even before she was stunned into motionless silence. "Tali...?" On the floor several feet from the bed, the quarian's distinctive two toed boots lay discarded several steps from the bed, but the greater shock was the sight of her suit crumpled onto the floor. When not stretched over her body, the suit separated into several pieces, interlocking stretchy lengths of fabric over a combination of armoured plates and bullet-proof latex or rubber. Almost like an artistic, battle-ready hazmat suit. On top of the pile of clothes, her helmet and fabric hood sat, the familiar 'face' angled to watch Jane as she entered the room.

On the bed, Tali herself lay, the purple skinned Quarian sat against the headboard, legs together and body twisted into a casual, suggestive pose that concealed anything intimate, leaving Jane with nothing but a view of the curves of her shoulders and back, her enormously ample hips and the swell of her ass. A curious mixture between insect, possibly arachnid, and human, she had skin, and a humanoid body, but the soft pads of her digitigrade feet split and formed two distinctly insect-like toes. So did her hands. When Shepards gaze rose up from Tali's curvaceous, exotic form she couldn't help but stare at the quarian's face, it drew her in every time. Golden yellow irises surrounded by the dark, inky purple of her eyes watched Jane intently. Tali's bone structure vaguely reminded Jane of the Asari, just a little more insectile, an angular, narrow, yet soft and smooth skinned purple humanoid face flowed up into three flat and wide horn-like sections of what could almost be a carapace, mimicking the way an Asari face flowed into the sculpted tendrils of their hair. Quarian's had thinner, more numerous tendrils that stretched back from beneath the three 'horns' over and down the back of their heads, much like dreadlocks, that hung loose and longer than Asari tendrils, and flowed more like hair. Tali's were a lush, coppery gold much like her eyes that shifted into a near-black purple as they pulled away from her head.

"Lock the room. The commander is not to be disturbed." Even without her helmet, Tali's voice was ever so slightly flanged and robotic. When all a baby Quarian heard was the robotic speakers of their parents, they grew up trying to imitate, 300 years of that had 'evolved' an organic-robotic tone of voice. She spoke to the intercom, and moments later EDI confirmed her order

"Did you *hack* EDI?" Jane asked, watching the woman on her bed shift a little, exposing the swell of her breast more clearly as she tugged away her gloves and tossed them casually onto the floor, almost visible trails of ozone and her natural environment still leaking out of her discarded clothes, leaving the Quarian entirely naked on Shepard's bed. Her skin glistened, the suit was airtight, and kept her constantly warm. Given the Quarian species favoured cold-blooded behaviour, shifting to a warm-blooded biology when necessary, Tali preferred to stay hot and sticky. Not to mention the only alternative was a week of debilitating sickness in order to have her suit cleaned and re-freshed.

Tali gave a shy smile, her naturally curved lips – remnants of where proto-Quarian mandibles might have been – parting just enough for light to glint off the inky black, pointed teeth behind them. "Maybe." Her toes flexed and curled into the mussed up sheets "I thought maybe you might like some privacy." She shifted again, making to reach for the remote on Jane's bedside table, revealing her breast entirely, and a distinct lack of nipples. Her hand hovered in the air, tentatively, before retreating back to her body, resting on her hip "I, uh...gave up with the music and I couldn't think of anything anyway and all my music is in the reactor room and I didn't...**cough**, Bosh'tet" a sharp, sick-sounding cough broke her chain of speech and, after an embarrassed giggle, she wiped her lips and smiled. She still occasionally started babbling, even when completely comfortable around Jane.

As she slipped, almost effortlessly, back into a more relaxed, nerve-less posture, she inhaled, and coughed again. Concerned, Shepard took several steps closer, hovering at the side of her bed “Tali...are you ok?” she paused as the atmosphere almost overcame her. To call it a ‘stench’ wouldn’t be fair; it wasn’t a *bad* smell, just...*strong*. The air hung thick and humid, each breath seeming to linger, a languid ball of air that slowly dispersed into the thicker cloud of *Tali*. That was the easiest way to describe it, the smell was simply *Tali*, musky, pungent; exotic above anything else.

“Of course, Commander,” the soft smile was back, with a sly tint as well “You said you didn’t mind how I appeared, remember? And you didn’t mind my being sick?” she took a deep breath, coughed into a closed fist, and shifted to spread herself out on Jane’s bed, her luminescent gaze fixed on the human as her hands slid smoothly down, over her nipple-less breasts, over the soft swell of her belly-buttonless belly and out around with width of her thighs, smearing a little mucus into the sweaty, slick sheen coating her entire body.

“Just going to leave me naked Shepard?” she murmured, interjecting herself. Jane’s boots had come off near the door, and she dropped her helmet to the floor, seemingly forgotten, as her bare fingers reached up and behind to unhook and press buttons to remove the armour she’d only recently donned again. Before she could press the question again, Tali continued “I took less antibiotics than usual. More supplements, but less chemicals. I’ve had Chakwas running some tests for me and I tested it myself and I found this forum on the Floatilla infranet for others trying to do the same and though a few got *really* ill we’ve got the right balance worked out and it all seems to be wor...and I’m babbling again aren’t I?” she coughed again, sharply, finally clearing her throat and filling her palm with sticky, thick mucus. Absently wiggling her fingers and squishing the slime around, she finally said “What I’m trying to say is, the plus side is I’m out of action and feeling like crap for less time after tonight. The down side is I’m a little sick and...messy, tonight”

She looked back to Jane and blushed, her cheeks turning a darker purple as she wiped her hand off on her belly, “Well, down side for *you* maybe.” Jane stepped fully out of her armour-cum-clothes, stood before Tali in just her panties, and blushed in return. Because Quarian’s fell sick whenever they exposed themselves, ‘love-sick’ was a literal ailment, and because it happened *each* time they were with a lover, the race...or perhaps just Tali, came to find a sort of fetish in being sticky, snotty, sweaty and unwell. As soon as she knew Jane wouldn’t mind, Tali had returned to never washing, the suit kept any smell or fluids firmly locked up with her, so no one else knew, and with Jane indifferent, showering wasn’t remotely worth the effort. The same measures that kept sweat and her scents locked away from the rest of the crew locked out any actual filth as well, so while she was sticky, sweaty and grimy, Tali was never actually *dirty*...and Jane kind of liked it.

Tali growled something in her native language and leaned back heavily, her powerful, broad thighs spreading, revealing her crotch for just a moment, too briefly for Jane to see, before her legs reached up and forwards, feet angling in to hook around Jane’s waist, the thick toes sinking into the warm layer of flesh in her back. A shiver of delight ran up Shepard’s spine at the feel of cold-sweat and Tali’s cool soles pressing into her bare skin before the Quarian flexed again, muscles rippling faintly in her thighs as she *dragged* the commander down and onto the bed, her arms rising to catch Jane and guide her down, pulling her human lover down atop herself, her legs and arms wrapped possessively around Jane as her lips found Jane’s and pressed a kiss onto them. They held together for several long, needy minutes, only the faint squish of their lips and tongues teasing one another breaking the silence. When they finally broke for air Tali’s breath came out in a steamed cloud, pushing the intimate, warm air from her lungs up Jane’s nostrils; overpowering the commander with the scent of Quarian.

“This is...”

"I know." Tali interrupted and leaned forwards for another kiss.

Leaning backwards, Jane tried a final time "Are you sure?" By way of response Tali's hands hooked over Jane's shoulders and *pressed*. Jane was already mostly coated in Tali's sweat and grime, her damp panties soaked through already, concealing the trickle of her own juices into the crotch, and their slippery bodies slid against one another easily, letting Jane wriggle lower, her larger, heavier breasts dragging over Tali's eliciting a sharp gasp of delight. Though nipple-less, Jane had discovered the first time they were both entirely naked together that a lifetime without touch left almost every inch of Tali's body an erogenous zone. Getting the hint, Jane moved lower, kissing the slick, warm body as she wriggled down, her hands stroking and rubbing all over Tali's body, fingertips dancing over the swell of her breasts, never pausing even as Tali's moan of delight turned into a mucus-laden cough. As her chin slipped down, sinking into the softer, thicker flesh of Tali's mound, sliding through the sticky, slick mire of juices and fluids Jane could smell the lust. Even through the other scents the smell of sheer arousal was overpowering; a tangy, heady aroma much like the rest of Tali, but so much richer and sweeter. Jane had once made the 'so sweet I could eat you!' joke, and received a black-fanged grin and an all too sincere 'likewise'; she trusted Tali implicitly, but Humans were an illegal delicacy among Krogan, and as a spectre she'd heard rumours of...tastes, within Asari culture, she'd learned not to rule anything out.

A few inches lower brought Jane's face dragging over the drooling, sticky nethers; smearing her chin, lips and nose in the slime as she kissed over Tali's clitoral hood and dropped a little lower to drag her tongue right up the steaming hot cleft, eliciting a sharp gasp of delight from above. She pulled back a little with a lewd *shlurk*, and thick, clear strands of glistening juices formed between the hairless vulva and her lower face, the gloopy, sticky juices almost seeming reluctant to let her pull away. Swallowing to clear her mouth, Jane glanced up, her palms sliding down over Tali's thighs and under her rear, and couldn't resist a little teasing.

"Are you happy to see me or...just a little sick?" She knew it was the former of course, Tali was *always* a bit...overly wet, but as she coughed again and looked down, her hands coming down towards Jane's face, thick, sticky mucus from her throat covering her hands, Jane had a sneaking suspicion illness had something to do with *quite* how sticky she was down below...not that it mattered. The Quarian shot her an amused wink before her sticky hands slipped behind Jane's head and pressed into her hair, smearing snot and mucus into her red locks and roughly pushing her forwards again, mashing her face into the drooling slit as Tali lifted her hips to meet the eager tongue, her lips parting with a soft squish moments before. Moments later, Tali's thighs squeezed together and joined her hands in trapping Jane's head in the heated, gooey depths, holding her firmly in place as she rolled her hips and squirmed against the delving, flicking tongue and suckling lips, swearing softly, delightedly, in Quarian as Jane ate her out. Despite Jane's best efforts, as always, it took an age, albeit an age both women were *delighted* to enjoy, before the twitching, rippling contractions reached a crescendo and brought Tali to a shuddering climax as a thick, sticky, gooey flood of juices splurged from her depths, gushing over Jane's head and shoulders and forming new, thick strands of cum that bridged every gap and dip within reach. The contractions finally slowed, and she spread her thighs again, freeing Jane's head to pull back with an *obscene*, sucking squelching sound as though she were pulling her head from quicksand. Thick...*vines* of cum formed between her face and the tight, dripping wet vulva in front as she pulled back and grinned, licking her lips and wincing a little, her jaw aching somewhat after such efforts, and she realised Tali's pulling, squeezing *need* had forced her nose and chin *into* her sex, stretching and spreading herself much wider than usual...though her vulva still looked trim and almost virginal after their fun.

“Ok...whew...normally sick crew get leave of work but...mnhh...I’m gonna make you *work* Tali’Zorah vas...*huff* Normandy...*my turn*” Jane panted, and made to crawl up higher, planning to sit on her lover’s face and return a little of the pressure she’d ‘suffered’. Instead, the Quarian’s thick thighs came together around her head again, blocking her shoulders from rising any higher. Jane felt the coolness of Tali’s heels resting in the small of her back, as she pressed her back down to the bed before spreading her thighs again, most of the trailing strands of goo still not broken. Tali’s gaze flicked over to the computer screen on the far wall, and EDI’s silent, bobbing orb...she’d also prevented EDI from speaking beyond in direct response to a command, having correctly assumed the hyper intelligent AI would guess her plans.

“I have an idea Shepard...don’t worry, I still do all the work” she smiled to herself “You don’t even have to move...though feel free to” Her hands slipped back behind Jane’s head and, as before, she pulled while arching her hips up to meet Jane’s face, her features mashing back into the supple flesh with a sticky squelch as before, the voice of dissent lost into a muffled, gurgle against Tali’s pussy. Unlike before though, Jane felt the waves of heat spreading more quickly over her face, swallowing up her chin and forehead and slipping further in a steady, slimy, oddly tight wash of heat. A loud, sharp gasp from Tali grew suddenly much more muffled, barely audible as a thick surging squish filled Jane’s ears and the heat and tightness covered them. By the time Jane realised she could see nothing and the lewd, squelching sounds were all around her, the intense pressure and sticky heat had swallowed up her entire head, squeezing around her neck, and Tali’s moans were more muffled than ever before.

Tali panted and squirmed in delight, twitching and rolling her hips around, one hand massaging her clit and vulva, stretched wide around Jane’s throat as she kneaded the commander’s head, trapped deep inside her pussy, thick, sticky juices oozing out onto the bed and drenching the human even more than before. Even if the muffled, confused sounds Jane was making inside her body wasn’t arousing in itself, each sound sent tingling vibrations deep into Tali’s loins, working better than any vibrator could ever dream to. Tali dropped her legs, letting the weight of them press down over Jane’s shoulders and back, her heels resting on the human’s panty-clad backside, and for several long, delicious minutes she didn’t move save to rock and grind her hips, enjoying the enormous intrusion into her body, a soft swell already in her abdomen as Jane slowly worked out what had happened amidst the liquid squishing, and started to struggle, worrying for Tali’s safety. Though with the weight of Tali’s legs pinning her to the soaked bed, there wasn’t much she could do as the flexing, tugging gyrations worked her head deeper, pressing Tali’s drooling vulva into her collar, swallowing up her throat and pressing her nose against a particularly tight, flexing valve. Had Jane been more aware, she might have known it was the Quarian’s cervix.

Desperate for more of the shuddering, intense pleasure, Tali shifted to dig her feet into Jane’s ass, her toes hooking into the plump flesh and gripping, spreading her legs wide, the quarian held back long enough to admire the commander’s bare body, and slide a finger through the sticky, glue-like juices coating Jane down to her belly-button, ropes forming as she pulled her finger away and instead leaned down, roughly gripping just below Jane’s chest. Shepard had just enough time to reach up, feeling the drooling mound bulging around her throat, before Tali *heaved* with a hungry, almost feral *growl* of lust, feet and hands feeding Jane’s shoulders into her voracious folds, cramming Jane’s nose and face at first against, and then *through* the tight valve, the sheer force of her efforts stretching her cervix open and cramming Jane’s entire head into the sweltering sauna-like heat of the Quarian’s womb as her lips stretched wider, impossibly so, to swallow up Jane’s shoulders and most of her breasts, squeezing and compacting the pliant pillows of flesh until they were simply *dragged* inside with a sticky slurp.

By then, Jane had finally started to worry for herself. She could breathe, just barely, amidst the incredible pressure and oppressive heat and tightness, though even with a clearer mind she wouldn't want to think about exactly how. Tali's womb wasn't big enough to take Jane's fist, and it stretched only *very* reluctantly around her entire head, squeezing tightly enough to make her ears pop even as it filled them with the steaming hot, mucus-like goo. Her hands lifted to push, even slap, at Tali's thighs and buttocks in a vain bid to free herself even as the achingly tight ring of muscle inched down over her throat and was forced wider by her shoulders. As surprise gave way to shock and terror, she grew dimly aware of the Quarrian's toes flexing and curling against the flesh of her rump in *utter* delight, and her subconscious finally made her see sense...this was *intentional*!

Tali coughed again and sniffed back her runny nose reflexively, too focused on the enormous rush of pleasure between her legs and the growing, tight bulge in her belly to care about a little illness. As her hands walked down Jane's back, they pulled free from her juice-soaked skin with sticky squelches, and her knees rose higher and higher as her feet pushed on Jane's ass, feeding her deeper inside, the voracious cleft only seeming to flex and tug ever more, even more hungrily, the more Jane sank inside. The tingling vibrations of Jane's voice from so deep inside her was just the icing on the cake, and coaxed her to squeeze and pull and push even more aggressively, even as Jane's voice took on a distinctly worried quality, as she fought the crushing embrace of the thick womb walls to shout for help. "Ohh Keelah!" was the only response Tali bothered to give as the swelling size of her belly forced her to sprawl backwards again, sticky hands rising to her petite breasts to add to the pleasure as she continued to grind and gyrate, the rolling motions of her hips grinding Jane deeper while her clenching feet continued to pull and push, forcing the human's navel out of sight, sliding down over her abdomen with a lewd, sucking down. Unable to push with her feet anymore Tali simply wriggled and clenched and pushed, contorting and twisting her hips amid coos of delight to stretch and push herself down over Jane's soaked, sticky panties and the wide, smooth swell of her hips and ass. Sprawling back on the bed, Tali pressed her feet down onto Jane's calves, letting the simple weight of her legs pin Jane's down as she reached around her distended, lumpy, writhing belly to masturbate, rubbing her stretched lips needily and gently working herself lower and lower. With Jane's ass the thickest part of her legs, the rippling, tugging flexes of her velvety, slimy folds began to really *pull*, dragging Jane's legs deeper and deeper inside, swallowing her up inch by satisfying inch. Confused beyond belief, Jane's muffled, unintelligible voice shifted to a pleading tone as she begged for mercy, her toes curling and feet twitching as she felt the hot, wet tightness sink down over her knees, nothing compared to the ungodly heat and crushing tightness encasing so much of her body, holding her almost immobile and bathing her in the sweltering hot, turgidly thick juices, the oppressive walls forcing her to curl up into a tight little ball even as each needy ripple forced another inch of her body inside.

"Get...*in* you little *bosh'Tet!*" Tali hissed, masturbating furiously with both hands as her pussy lips squished and squelched, clenching around Jane's ankles but not quite taking in her feet. Driving her own heels roughly into Jane's soles and arching her hips finally did the trick, the combination of intense, overwhelming sensations pushing Tali over the edge into another powerful orgasm, inside her womb, Jane groaned uncomfortably as her world grew even tighter, crushing down around her and filling up even more with the unpleasantly thick slime as cum rushed from the Quarrian's quivering lips, powerful peristaltic contractions slurping Jane's feet deeper, fully inside, pressing them up into the depths of her pussy as Tali's lips squeeze closed again, returning almost immediately to the tight, trim mound from before as Jane is crammed entirely through the cervix, the tiny, incredibly powerful valve clenching shut, forcing her toes inside and shrinking down too small to even accept Jane's little finger back through. Giggling triumphantly, and a little hysterically from pleasure, Tali let her body go limp, thighs coming together and obscuring her mound with a wet, ominously 'final' sounding slap, her legs stretching out delightedly, toes curled in bliss as she rested her hands on her belly, and passed out.

Half an hour later, Jane's constant struggles roused the Quarian again, and she grinned at the wonderful sensations "Oh...oh I'm going to be ill for weeks...*Totally* worth it though." She cooed, ignoring the muffled, panicked voice from her belly as Jane heard her voice again and struggled all the harder, especially at those particular words.

"I can't be seen like this though! Better get dressed again...nice as it is to just lie here." Tali groaned with exertion as she pushed up into a sitting position and shuffled to the edge of the bed, dragging her stuffed pussy along the slimy bedding. The motion dislodged a pocket of air that had been dragged in alongside Jane, and it bubbled out of Tali's pussy as she stood up. Tugging on her gloves and stepping into her boots, Tali ran a black-purple, pointed tongue over her lips and bent down, dumping all her clothes onto the bed to avoid having to bend down too much, and began to get dressed again.

The suit was built with Tali in mind, and wasn't built to stretch or accommodate new size. Quarians rarely put on *that* much weight, and pregnancies had to be reported to the migrant fleet for a suit modification to accommodate the belly. Instead, as she slipped on the first layer of protective, insulating latex, her belly was compressed a little bit, drawing an uncomfortable groan from inside her body as Jane was crushed and compacted even more tightly. Each new layer heaped on the pressure, pushing and compacting down around Jane and steadily hiding Tali's enormous bulge that was as big as herself. At first her clothes creaked and groaned, close to tearing themselves, but the build-up of layers steadily grew stronger and tighter. Inside her body her organs compressed and shifted and moved, pressing up into her ribcage or down into the very bottom of her pelvis to accommodate the human trapped in her womb as she was slowly crushed down into Tali's torso, filling her ample hips. Tali's breathing grew a little more shallow, as her lungs took up less space to allow Jane's head higher into her ribcage, but it was barely noticeable, and the Quarian was so overwhelmed with pleasure she couldn't care less. Inch by inch her belly shrank and melted back into herself, until with a final pair of belts strapped around her middle and buckled on particularly tight, the Quarian was fully dressed and her belly swelled only a little, entirely unnoticeable against the dark colours and patterns of her clothing, and with her natural posture. Jane's entire being compressed into the smallest possible space and shape, and trapped firmly within her torso, held so tightly every tiny ripple and shift sent bolts of pleasure through the Quarian's apparently spacious body.

Tali walked over to the mirror, stumbling the first few steps as she adjusted to several stone extra weight, though the compressing clothing was pressing Jane firmly over her hips and centre of balance, making things much easier. Fastening her helmet back on and pulling her cowl up again, Tali looked herself over in the mirror, admiring herself...if she couldn't feel the human wriggling, hear Jane's muffled groans of discomfort...probably a little pain as well...it wouldn't take much more pressure to break something so she fitted inside a little more snugly, she would never have guessed the suit contained two whole, living people. The thick, gooey juices filled every crack and space in her womb right up to Jane's throat, muffling her voice even more...even Tali could only barely hear her...more *feel* her voice than anything, no one would ever suspect a thing...certainly not with EDI reprogrammed to never mention it.

"*Perfect.*" Tali hummed to herself, cooing softly and stroking her hands over her slightly rounded middle as she made her way back over to Jane's bed and, after pulling off the filthy, slimy sheets, collapsed belly-down onto the mattress.

"Chitika?" the floating tech-drone materialised a few feet away "Load up that 'Shepard Stand-in' program I've been working on...I'll need it" the drone gave a few beeps of acknowledgement and dematerialised again, leaving the sated Quarian to drift into a dream-laden slumber, her love held as close as she could ever be.