II

Whether or not Miranda liked to admit it, the Perfect Human was still human. And running a crash diet meant to coach herself into gaining nine kilos over the course of some weeks would have affected any of the far less perfect humans aboard—let alone a Cerberus Operative whose combat skills were proving less useful by the mission.

“Well would you look at that—the Cerberus Cheerleader decided to grace us with her presence today.”

But whether or not she had intentionally been putting on weight, interacting with the rest of Shepard’s little team would have been a lot more bearable if no one else would have commented on an (unfortunately) still growing waistline.

“Hey, bootlicker. Get tired of licking boots and moved onto licking plates?”

It would have been easy for Miranda to respond. For her to indulge Jack in yet another tete-a-tete in what passed as human interaction for the *Normandy’*s resident feral Biotic. But at the end of the day, it was just easier for her to—

“Hey. Can’t hear me over your chewing?”

It was *easier* for her to—

“What’d the fucking fat go between your ears first? Shephard got you on the express train to zonked out housewife territory? Talk to me you fat cunt!”

“Alright, *listen* you—”

The soft white glow of biotic abilities shone around Miranda’s anatomy as she readied her figurative guns while Jack did very much the same. The ship’s cafeteria was hardly the best place for the two of them to hash it out. Thankfully, there was at least one party involved who could calm both of them down with some degree of success.

“Stand down, both of you.” Commander Shephard held up his hands between the two of them, “Jack, Miranda is just passing through getting her lunch. You two don’t *have* to interact every time you see each other.”

“What? So I’m just expected to ignore the fact that your girlfriend is the reason I’ve been getting shafted around here?” Jack growled, “Before you two started fucking I didn’t have to do shit around here—but now all of the sudden I’ve got Engine Room duties? What’s that all about?”

“Jack, we all have responsibilities to carry out while we’re on board. The fight against the Reapers is one thing, but pulling your weight—”

“If *anyone* is going to lecture me about pulling my weight around here, it had better not be the one hand-feeding chocolate bonbons to the Cerberus Cheerleader!”

Another fight. Another display of biotic power. Another flipped tray and plenty of uncomfortable operatives. Another lunch date ruined between Commander Shephard and his paramour. But nothing that the two of them couldn’t salvage. It wasn’t like Miranda’s tray had gotten flipped or anything.

“I’ll go talk to her.” Commander Shephard said sheepishly as the doors closed behind Jack’s exiting shape, “The last thing we need—”

“Is to miss another lunch date.” Miranda said in a low, alluring voice, “Let her cool down a little. Stay here. We dock in a few hours—that’ll give you plenty of time to deal with both of us.”

“And how am I going to deal with you, Miss Lawson?” Commander Shephard asked with a cocked eyebrow

“Oh, I believe that the standard fare should suffice.” The brunette biotic matched his expression, “After lunch? Our usual spot?”

Paragon: Sounds like a date.

Renegade: Why wait? We can do both at once…

—

“I honestly don’t understand what the big commotion is.”

Miranda turned in her chambers’ full-length mirror, arching her back and turning her head so as to better survey the purported damage.

“I can’t possibly have gained *that much* weight…”

Admittedly, nine kilos was a considerable amount of weight to put on in fat; especially as quickly as she had. But letting her exercise and diet regimen go to pots so that she could soften up enough to better play the part of honeypot was simply a necessary evil. It wasn’t like she hadn’t been enjoying the treatment that came with being the object of Shephard’s affections—all of the fawning, the constant treats, even the occasional little note… it was sweet, in a sickening sort of way.

But standing in her chambers, as naked as the day that she was born, it was undeniable that the Perfect Woman had overshot her nine kilo goal. The way that her hips widened, or how her rear had begun to fold when she stood in place. The subtle hang to her stomach that simply hadn’t been there before, enough so that Shepard could hold it with both hands—

“Easy now. Can’t afford to get too excited.”

One of Miranda’s porcelain hands ran along the decidedly imperfect stomach. When had it started to form into more distinct shapes other than just “round”? Sure, she had known that her pot-belly only played second fiddle to her lower expansion, but just when had she started to get curvier instead of just thicker?

“That’s certainly new…”

Miranda placed her fingers underneath the delicate penumbra of her pudgy paunch. The area was so sensitive, and the feeling of softness there was unlike anything that she could put into words.

“At any rate I’m certainly not *unattractive*.” Miranda reaffirmed to herself, out loud, in her quarters as she stiffened back up, “I’m not sure what her problem is. If it were Yeoman Chambers or Dr. Chakwas who had put on this weight, I doubt she would have said a single thing to them.”

Putting her hands on her hips, Miranda adopted her usual stance. Letting the illusion of being a softened adjutant fall to the wayside, and adopting the proud stance of a biotic of her caliber. An operative of her skill. A woman of her capabilities.

“…I’m *definitely* not unattractive.” She said with a little purr to her voice, “I can *definitely* see what Shepard sees in me.”

Nine kilos and some change definitely looked good on her. Better than she would have thought, when all of this started. Getting this assignment had felt like a massive insult to her capabilities as an operative. But after a few months of getting to eat what she wanted, not being put into life-or-death situations on a regular basis, and getting to roll around in the proverbial hay with a man like Commander Shepard well, let’s just say that Miranda hadn’t found much to complain about beyond the tightness of her uniforms…

“Personally, I think she’s jealous.”

—

The mission to stop the Reapers was a long one. One that, even with the resources provided to them, was months—perhaps *years*—in the making.

Planning and exacting whatever it was that Shepard had in mind, slowly reacting to their invasion and growing their crew, it was something that couldn’t be rushed. Not without consequences. And it was in Cerberus’s best interest to allow Commander Shepard all of the time that he deemed necessary, so long as he was steadily making progress towards the goal of saving humanity.

Which, ultimately, suited Miranda just fine.

It wasn’t as though she needed to rush things. She was having fun on this little mission of hers. To honeypot her commander and try to make him more sympathetic towards a human-centric cause. Having him on their side after the Reapers were dealt with would ultimately only help both him and Cerberus, so who was she to not lay it on thick?

In her experience, Shepard *liked* it when she laid it on thick.

“I’m beginning to think that you’re enjoying this.” Miranda shifted her weight on one of her hips, causing a small shift in stance as her stomach pressed against the skin-tight bodysuit, “Do you want *all* of your operatives to get winded when they walk up the stairs, or just me?”

“I don’t know… Yeoman Chambers is looking a little scrawny these days.”

Miranda furrowed her brow, a little flutter of playfulness creeping into her voice as she adjusted her stance to be more defensive.

“Good. I can’t afford for you to be responsible for yet another Cerberus operative’s dietary downfall, now can I?”

“Oh I’m responsible, am I?” Shepard smiled playfully as he wrapped his arms around Miranda’s thick waist, “What are you gonna do about it?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know?

As far as casual sex went, Miranda had never been shy about the fact that she liked to lay back and let her studs do the hard work. But monogamy was something that she had never found much success in—who would have known that she would have grown to like laying in the Captain’s Chambers and getting worked over by an aggressive bear of a man like Shepard?

Feeling his hands against her soft body, squeezing and pulling at her excess heft, there were hardly any words that could describe it. The sensation of his rock-hard member pressed against her full, fleshy thigh, her doughy stomach pressing against his chiseled abdominal muscles…

Getting flung onto the bed as if she were still as weightless as ever.

Miranda had been quite enjoying her time playing the role of the bureaucratic layabout. The perks were innumerable, and all it had costed her was a trim waist and a perky ass. Two things that her time with Shepard had proven that she didn’t need to be attractive. In fact, it felt like the more weight she put on, the more he seemed to like her. The weeks and months spent adrift in the stars between docking stations had given her ample time to have him prove that this whole “chubby chaser” thing wasn’t just bad intel.

Shepard really did find her attractive like this, didn’t he?

“You’re not going to feed me again, are you?”

“Maybe I am.” The thick-headed Vanguard said with a little smile, “Are you going to try and tell me that you don’t enjoy it?”

“I wouldn’t dare.”

An exaggeration. Not a lie.

Sometimes, he could be a bit clumsy. Sometimes he focused too much on the feeding, and not enough on the actual intercourse. Sometimes he tried to talk—now *that* was a painful thing to endure. But Miranda had come around to working some aphrodisiacs into their lovemaking. Her taste buds danced whenever he lowered those fancy chocolates from the Citadel onto her tongue, or whenever they sipped the rich Sallerian wine that he would occasionally pick up between stops. All in all, Miranda was rather liking this laid-back existence of a pencil-pusher.

A pencil-pusher with Humanity’s Savior wrapped around her little finger, bringing her expensive treats and fattening cuisine from around the galaxy.

If she didn’t have her biotic abilities, life would have been so much harder. But as it was, Miranda could still manage everything in her life just fine without so much as lifting a finger. And Shepard was very adamant that she not lift any undue fingers…

Wouldn’t want the Perfect Woman burning any excess calories, now would they?

“Ahhh~”

Miranda laid back and let Shepard lower the chocolate into her mouth, hands spread along the canvas of her pale white tummy. His hands placed on top of hers as they began to rub slow, concentric circles into her squishy midsection. It was something that, if you had described it to her when they were first reviving the man, she would have laughed at.

But now that Shepard was up and running and Miranda could see just how *charming* he could be… how doting and downright *affectionate* a Vanguard dope like him could act…

Whether or not it was because his brains were a little scrambled during the resurrection process was yet to be seen, but this sort of behavior *almost* had Miranda wishing that she could have signed on for this mission from the start.

Almost.

—

All eyes were on the Cerberus cheerleader as her thighs swished back and forth, big butt fighting for space in that tight catsuit of hers as she wiggle-waddled her way through the halls of the *SR2 Normandy.*

At the beginning of this mission, before Cerberus had literally brought a man back from the dead, Miranda Lawson had been the talk of the ship. Among its crew, not a one of them believed that she could have been real. The perfect specimen of a human being, poured into a black and white skinsuit legs first. She had been turning heads even after the great resurrection, but slowly less and less as the more colorful additions to Shepard’s crew began to flit in after this mission and that.

Now, Miranda was back to being the talk of the ship—and not in the way that she would have thought, all that time ago.

“Is there anything that I can *help* you with, Yeoman Chambers?”

“Wh—” the scrawny (by description, if not in actuality) redhead stiffened up suddenly at the address, her arm falling into a sharp and practiced salute to her superior officer, “N-No ma’am.”

“Really? I could have sworn that you wanted to speak with me—you were watching me as I walked by.”

Miranda knowingly shifted her weight onto one leg, pivoting on a heel to kick out one of her wide, wide hips. Behind her, the ample cheeks that spread her latest uniform so thin across the seat squished and rolled into position, dimples just barely visible beneath the form-fitting hexagonal pattern that was distorted by the biotic’s bloated butt.

“N… uh… n-no ma’am.”

“Are you implying that I’m *mistaken*?”

Here, Miranda raised a prominent brown eyebrow. A faint smirk dimpled her right cheek, and the slight tilt of her head accentuated a noticeable double chin. It was a look that, even softened by the rounder face, was one that Yeoman Chambers could recognize as a sign of trouble. Those icy blue eyes of her could really creep a girl out…

“*Ma’am no ma’am.”*

“Because if that *were* the case…”

“I-I was respectfully… uh… I—”

“You can relax, Ms. Chambers.” Commander Shepard’s voice came from behind them, “Miss Lawson is just trying to let out a little venom before the day’s out. There’s nothing to worry about.”

The entrance of the Commander was one that immediately broke the tension that had been building on deck. As much of a boon that the Commander was to Humanity and his crewmates, he was similarly a paragon among the less glamorous echelon of those staffed to keep the Normandy adrift and pointed in the right direction. Miranda’s whole stance changed in soft and subtle ways that didn’t escape the Yeoman’s notice. Her eyes opened wider, she puffed out her chest in faux confrontation, and her fingers went from hanging loosely to pressed against her fatted hip.

“Well you’re certainly no fun.” Miranda purred as her eyes flitted instinctively now to the hunky himbo dressed in his home fatigues, “How am I supposed to enjoy batting the poor girl back and forth when you come in and distract me?”

Miranda threw her arms around the back of Shepard’s neck, pressing her soft body against his as his hands traced down the widening pear shape that was the Perfect Woman’s body. They gazed at one another in a flirtatious sort of way, with Miranda crinkling her nose in an overly cute display of affection, while Shepard squeezed her a little tighter before breaking apart.

“Th… Thank you Commander Shepard.” Yeoman Chambers saluted unsurely, “Uh… n-no offense, M—”

“Oh, no harm no foul.” Miranda said in an uncharacteristically dismissive tone and a wave of her hand, “I’ll be sure to pick on you later, when your knight in shining armor isn’t around.”

“Don’t you mean *your* night in shining armor?” Shepard nudged her a bit

“You didn’t save *me.*” Miranda scoffed, hip-checking her honeypot, “Come on then; I think we’ve been casual enough in front of Miss Chambers enough for one day—it’ll be a miracle if she still respects you after our little PDA session in front of her.”

Miranda looped her soft white arm underneath Shepard’s.

“Come on then.” She commanded, “Let’s do lunch.”

“That’ll be all, Kelly.” Commander Shepard said with an awkward little wave as his girlfriend lead him down the hall, through the double doors, “Back to work.”

Yeoman Chambers had just enough time to thaw out from her interaction with Miss Lawson. Her presence on the Decks and outside of her office had become such a rarity that it had almost thrown her off. Seeing her standing up… it was hard to believe that the extra pounds and inches were really piling up that fast. It made sense, considering that Shepard had taken her off of active duty, but still…

“Yes, back to work *Miss Chambers*.”

The icy blue eyes that pierced through the little sliver between the doors just before they closed… *brrr.*

“Did I do something?” Yeoman Chambers winced, “I feel like I did something…”

—

Over the course of the campaign, Miranda and Shepard’s relationship continued as ordered.

“*Hnnnn*…”

At some point, Miranda wasn’t quite sure when, she began to enjoy this little tete-a-tete with the man who was to be her commanding officer.

“*Yess…*”

Of course, there was the obvious. Miranda could no longer deny it. It wasn’t just her enjoying Shepard anymore, but what he brought to the table.

“*Harderrr…”*

The warmth. The affection. The hands. The expert pelvic thrusting. But the freedom—that was most important.

“*I said* ***harder****.”*

Being with Shepard as he continued to dote and spoil over his woman, allowing Miranda to become more kept and free to indulge herself in the treats and truffles and other stimuli that he brought to her… it was unlike anything that she had ever experienced before, with any man.

*“I thought we gave you* ***enhancements*** *when we brought you back—fuck me* ***harder****, Shepard!”*

The thing about the Perfect Woman becoming *Shepard’s* perfect woman was that, unlike the test tube that Miranda was grown in, Shepard had no upper limit for her various quirks, traits, idiosyncrasies…

“More chocolate? Mmm… don’t mind if I do, actually…”

Or appetite.