



"Look, I didn't think it was that big of a deal, OK?"

Miranda cocked an eyebrow but remained otherwise impassive, her folded arms and hipshot posture radiating stern disapproval. Jeff's hopeful grin wilted under her practiced frosty glare.

Beneath the surface, however, Miranda was actually rather pleased. Not with Mr. Moreau, of course—he was a spoiled nuisance, merely tolerated as yet another concession for Shepard and the Lazarus Project—but with the situation. This was how Miranda preferred to lead; not by example or exhortation, but rather by sheer force of presence.

"It's not like there was any real harm done."

Miranda let another moment pass in uncomfortable silence.

"Aw c'mon," Jeff pleaded, throwing up his hands in exasperation. "It hijacked the pivot

control of my chair! I love this chair! What am I supposed to do, just let EDI get away with that?"

Miranda shook her head slowly. "Shepard may have been willing to indulge your little pranks on the old Normandy, Mr. Moreau, but I am not."

"Understand something," Miranda cautioned, leaning forward slightly and creasing her brow. "That chair is not yours.' This is a Cerberus vessel on a Cerberus mission. That no harm occurred this time is fortunate but not the point. The point is that there is absolutely no excuse for deliberately wasting the AI's resources, especially by ordering it to spend hours laboring over something as trivial as Pi."

"Oh, right," Jeff muttered, rolling his eyes, "I guess it's only OK when you do it..."

Miranda blinked and drew her chin back in flat-footed surprise.

"E-excuse me?" Miranda demanded, uncrossing her arms and planting her hands on her hips, her voice uncharacteristically raised a notch above its usual measured tones of unflappable self-assurance.

Equally uncharacteristic, if perhaps somewhat less obvious, was the fullness in the hexagon patterned outfit revealed by Miranda's change of posture. Flirting with the boundaries between alluringly snug and alarmingly taut, its fabric clung to the slight arch slopping outward below her pert breasts. It was a feature that of late seemed less a merely ephemeral hallmark of her return trips from the mess hall and more trending towards permanent residence.

"Nothing, Ma'am," Jeff amended, clearing his throat and looking away. "I, uh, promise not to waste anymore pie. I mean time."

Miranda started to speak, then cut herself short. "See that you don't," she stated after a moment, shooting Jeff a final glower before turning to leave the cockpit.

"Yeeeeeeesh," Jeff grumbled to himself once he judged Miranda safely out of earshot. "And I thought the commander was bad. Hey, remind me to run a search-and-delete routine on your systems for tattletale.exe, OK, EDI?"

On cue, EDI's luminous hologram popped into view above the console across from Jeff.

"YOU DO NOT HAVE READ/WRITE AUTHORIZATION OVER ANY OF MY EXECUTABLE PROGRAM FILES, MR. MOREAU."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Jeff replied, barely listening. His attention was still focused on Miranda, or rather on her backside. Typically, it was the only pleasant part of her blessedly infrequent visits to the cockpit.

Clucking his tongue, out of habit Jeff slipped into one of his standard quips.

"Miiiiir-anda. I like it when you leave...but..." He trailed off mid-thought.

Expecting to indulge himself with the usual view of Miranda's sculpted figure engaged in a polished strut, Jeff instead found his gaze captivated by something new. A jiggle. He squinted and leaned forward in his chair. It wasn't just his eyes. The fabric of her outfit was tight and confining, so the effect was modest, but it was definitely there. With each click of her boot heels on the Normandy's deck, a slight tremor shook the shapely curves of her fulsome bottom. A second, lesser wobble cascaded across her fanny between steps with each shift of her hips.

"...BUT I HATE TO WATCH YOU GROW?" offered EDI.

"What??" Jeff coughed, a startled laugh catching in his throat as he whirled to face EDI's holographic display.

"THAT WAS A JOKE."

