III

“*Hmmm*… decisions, decisions…”

Miranda drummed the uppermost shelf of her stomach as she eyed the restaurant’s menu up and down, side to side, and through and through. It was all on Cerberus’s credit, so she could afford to indulge a little bit, couldn’t she? If they could pay for a man to come back from the dead and to rebuild a spaceship piece by piece, surely they could ensure that she got a decent meal in now and again.

“I know I’ll be getting *that*… ooh, and maybe that on the side…”

After all, this all started because of a direct order from the Illusive Man himself. For her to become a chubby little honeypot for their own personal Lazarus—for her to indulge herself and intentionally neglect that Perfect body of hers so that he could have a more motivated Shepard fighting for him and the hope of Humanity as a whole.

“And for *dessert*…”

“For God’s sake, Miranda.”

“Are you *really* going to complain about me getting a good meal in?” Miranda crossed her arms underneath her heavy chest, “Honestly, with the way that you practically *begged* me to crawl out of my office, I would have thought that you would have been *excited* to have an actual date.”

“I didn’t mean that, it’s just… you know… there’s kind of a *line* forming.”

“So you order then!”

“I… already did.”

The Citadel was a hustling, bustling sort of place. Filled to the brim with species from all across the galaxy in any number of trade that you could imagine. And somehow, there wasn’t enough room for all of those people and the large personality, the big attitude, and the fat ass of Miranda Lawson—the, now mostly self-described, “Perfect Woman.”

“Fine. I’ll have two number ones and a number 7.” Miranda scoffed, not even looking behind her, “And make it snappy, would you?”

Fast Food wasn’t exactly Miranda’s idea of a perfect date. But at the same time, the *Normandy* was only going to be docked for a little while. Shepard had always been absolutely lousy when it came to managing fuel efficiently, darting from one objective to the next, seemingly at random despite the logistics of doing things as they appeared on his map. Mass effect relays were handy, but—

“Here you go, Miranda—I know how you get when you’re hungry.”

—but… he was still awfully sweet when he wanted to be.

“Are you implying that I throw temper tantrums when I get hungry? Like some sort of toddler?” Miranda’s hip-check was enough to coax an audible “oof” out of Humanity’s Hope, “I ought to put you right back in the ground for a crack like that.”

“If anyone could put my dick back in the dirt, Miranda, I think it’d be you.”

“Don’t say ‘dick’ in public—we’re representing Cerberus while we’re out and about.” Miranda’s stiff upper lip never failed her, even as Shepard wrapped one arm around her wide, squishy waist, “But… you’re damn right.”

The whale-tailed woman waddled heavily to the delivery area of the stall that had set up shop on the lower levels of the Citadel, eliciting a collective groan of relief as the line of patrons behind the curviest couple aboard stepped aside to allow the rest of them time to eat today. Not a one of them would dare have said anything. Not when—

*“I’m Commander Shepard, and this is my favorite restaurant on the Citadel.”*

—well, not when *the* Commander Shepard was taking his girlfriend out for a much-needed walk.

—

Miranda had spent so much time playing Puss In Boots that she had genuinely lost track of just how long it had been since she had stopped play-acting as the Cerberus Operative that got shelved to desk duty and then let her figure go to seed.

That was, after all, what she had been pitching this whole time as a way to further get Shepard’s guard down. To make him more *sympathetic* to a cause with Miranda’s pretty face attached to it—no matter how many chins came bundled with it.

But this campaign had been *so long.* She had been eating *so much* for *so long* that she genuinely couldn’t remember a time when she wasn’t taking seconds from Sergeant Gardener’s cafeteria. Her uniforms had always sort of hugged her hips and her belly. Getting winded while walking across the *SR2 Normandy’s* long hallways was normal, as far as the length of this trip was concerned…

But there were some people that could still remember a time when Miranda was in prime shape. When she didn’t feel exhausted just hauling herself from one room to the next. When she could go through a meal without getting hot and bothered. Or when she could manage to wear the same uniform for longer than a few weeks, tops.

When the term “cheerleader” was more of an on-the-nose assessment for her perfect body and Ice Queen demeanor than an ironic name for someone who clearly had very little use for the title.

“You are making this *way* too easy.” Jack’s dimples showed as she stared Miranda up and down, “Three helpings at lunchtime? What, did you skip your second breakfast?”

“That’s an awfully cold comment, Jack. You seem particularly cold a lot recently.” Miranda said, nonplussed, “You might be a little warmer if I couldn’t count literally every single one of your bones.”

“Don’t body shame me, you fatass.” The rage-filled, rail-thin biotic scoffed, “If we’re measuring dicks here, at least I’d be able to see mine.”

“It’d be the only dick you’d get around here, that much is for sure.”

“Yeah, well… who says I even *like* dick?”

“Either way, you’re quite skinny. Here—have some of my lunch. It’ll keep your mouth busy, and it might make you just a bit more tolerable.”

These sorts of conversation had become far less fun for Jack, after Miranda had begun to embrace her new size. To pardon the pun, Miranda’s skin was far too thick for any of the bald biotic’s grabbing at the low-hanging fruit that was her physique. If anything, with the way that she and Shepard had been getting on, Miranda wasn’t exactly *not* aroused by their little games. Something that, Miranda had learned, got under Jack’s skin *almost* as much as back when she was just a “cheerleader.”

Now that Miranda was far, far *more* than your average cheerleader—anywhere from twice the size of one to teetering on thrice—she had built up a bit of resistance to Jack’s biting tongue. Especially in her surprisingly lacking toolkit for overweight tormentees like Miranda.

“…You’re no fucking fun.”

Jack took Miranda’s pithy offering and scowled at her for her trouble, the small tattooed belly folding just a bit over the waistband of her leather pants while she nibbled on her second course of the day. While she was hardly the size of Cerberus’s largest (non-financial) asset, the subtle softness in Jack’s face belied a certain softness that she had begun to feel with the rest of the Normandy crew…

—

“Do you think she looks better with some weight?”

“She’s not you—why does it matter?”

“Answer the question.”

Miranda spread her legs wide as she straddled the naked Vanguard, her belly beaching itself on her boyfriend’s washboard abdominals. She enjoyed being on top, now and again. Feeling Shepard squirm beneath her, wriggling and writhing dick first while she steadied herself by bouncing on her fat ass as it cut off Shepard’s circulation from the thighs down.

“I mean, yes.” The Commander grunted, “Not as good as you, but—”

“Of course not.” Miranda’s hands traveled underneath the carriage of her white, wobbling stomach as she squished it between chubby sausage fingers, “But… admit it. It turns you on a little bit. What being around me is doing to your little team.”

“Being around *you* is what turns me on.”

“You’re such a brown-noser, Shepard.” Miranda’s neck roll creased just under her chin as a wicked smile crossed her face, “How could we ever let a simp like you lead our ragtag bunch of misfits?”

“Are you implying that you’re not having a good time, Miss Lawson?”

A reactionary thrust from Commander Shepard as he shoved his dick a little further into Miranda, bouncing the big brunette up and down. She bit her bottom lip as her blue eyes traced him up and down. She was definitely having a good time.

“Not a *horrible* time.” The overfed operative purred, her breath breaking just enough to know that she was putting him on, “I can think of a few things that would make this a little more enjoyable…”

Using her atrophied muscles, Miranda tapped into her woefully underutilized biotic abilities to levitate the latest in a long line of chocolate bonbons from the Citadel and bring them to her outstretched palm. With surprising deft and nimbleness for their short and stubby shape, Miranda’s fingers were able to pop the top off with no problem and get the first one primed between her forefinger and thumb.

Paragon: “You don’t want me to feed them to you?”

Renegade: “Isn’t it my job to keep your ass growing?”

“If you’re going to stare at other women as they start to pork out, then the least that I can do is keep your attention with a little showing out.” Miranda said in a low voice, her accent thick and husky just before she popped a sinful little snack past her lips and onto her tongue… “*Mmmm*… I could sit up here on my little perch all night, eating these bonbons and giving you the show that you’ve always wanted.”

Another bite, another delicious little moan as Miranda played it up for the routine. She’d long stopped pretending that she didn’t enjoy getting to eat whatever she wanted, and whenever she wanted it. But this embellishment was all a part of that pageantry that had been so important at the beginning of their relationship—and so crucial to the enjoyment of little intimate moments like this…

“It *is* quite a show…”

“You bet your ass it is.” Miranda panted hotly, “Now fuck me harder. I should be enjoying your cock at least half as much as these chocolates, and you’re *very quickly* falling behind in the polls, Commander…”

—

Watching Miranda Lawson waddle around the *SR2 Normandy* was a sight to behold. Not just due to the rarity of such a thing, but because of the actual display of it all. Seeing all of her in motion was almost an entirely different experience than seeing her sitting down.

Having shot well past her goals, falling headfirst into hedonism as her relationship with Shepard continued, there was more of Miranda now than there ever had been in the past. And the number on the scale was only growing higher and higher as standard days and cycles continued to pass. Tick by tick, Miranda was growing heavier, rounder, and hungrier—and all at the behest of one Commander Shepard.

“Miss Lawson! There you are!”

Yeoman Chambers’ voice could be heard just underneath Miranda’s haggard huffing and puffing. Moving around outside of her office, where the artificial gravity had been adjusted to make her life a little less difficult, was such an exhausting endeavor these days. That might have been the reason that Shepard had “given” Yeoman Chambers to her, so that she wouldn’t have to venture out of her office or chambers unless she needed to.

But in the long run, all it had really done was further enable Miranda’s laziness (a side-effect that Miranda was sure that Shepard had seen coming in a crude attempt to further her weight gain) and introduce poor Kelly Chambers to some less than stellar eating habits. Which, Miranda would admit, was not a *total* disappointment. It wasn’t like Miranda didn’t get *some* enjoyment out of knowing that she could ruin the Yeoman’s diet just by being around her.

Having a cute little chubster packed into a Cerberus uniform following her around, tending to most of her many whims throughout the day was far from the worst development that had come out of all this, after all.

“I was just looking for you.” Yeoman Chambers’ stomach was still bouncing lightly with her every step as she made her way up to the super-sized Cerberus operative, “Commander Shepard wanted to see you in his chambers.”

“Did he now?” Miranda’s fleshy face dimpled and creased in no small amount of excitement, “Good girl, Kelly. *Very* good girl for letting me know.”

“I, uh… I don’t suppose this means that we’re still on for lunch, does it?”

Miranda rolled her icy blue eyes, growing squinted behind her round cheeks, as she tapped a bit on her omni-tool. Within a few moments, her assistant’s also began to beep.

“Lunch is on me today. Well, more accurately it’s on Cerberus.” Miranda shuffled on her feet a bit, the great heft of her size weighing her down after so long standing, “Make sure to get them to regret it.”

“Of course. Thank you, Ms. Lawson.” The chubby redhead said with a little glimmer in her eye, “Say hello to the Commander for me!”

Miranda wouldn’t be doing that. Getting her away from her man had been hard enough; the last thing that she wanted to do was to give him any lingering ideas about having some sort of heavyset harem. As far as Miranda (and almost assuredly Cerberus) was concerned, there was only room for one operative turned office ass aboard the SR2 Normandy.

And that was Miranda Lawson—the world’s largest, most perfect woman.

—

*“That walk is getting longer and longer.”*

There had been a time when Miranda could have gotten to the Captain’s Quarters without so much as breaking a sweat. Her lithe, thin form well-muscled enough to make even the considerable trek across the *Normandy* seem like nothing. But after fully giving into the wants and desires that had cropped up after she had begun dating Shepard, she hadn’t been able to do it without stopping to catch her breath for longer than the damn ship had been *built*.

She entered the quarters belly-first, the heavy overhang of her hexagon-patterned stomach still sloshing as she wrestled with her humongous legs. The sides of her hips and the saddlebags on her thighs were beginning to scrape against the metal doorway that lead into her boyfriend’s quarters—something that he had been especially vocal about appreciating as the weight had only continued to pile on.

“Commander… Shepard…” she huffed in a husky, worn-out voice, “You wanted to see me?”

This was her having stopped for composure. A breathless, wheezing feedbag who was coated in a thin but persistent layer of sweat. Her uniform outlining every curve and fold, from the front of her fupa to the dimples on her ass. With one hand placed as far back on her ass as she could reach for a little support (and maybe a little show—Shepard *did* always like it when she arched her belly out at him) Miranda waddled heavily into the room.

“A little further in, Miranda.” Commander Shepard’s voice called from the dark loft, “I’ve got something for you.”

“I hauled myself all that way for a little further in?” Miranda joked as she took another lumbering step forward, “I’d better be getting a lot more than a little further in by the time we’re done up here, Shepard…”

“I think, if you play your cards right, you’ll get what you’re after.”

The lights came on just overhead—a soft, orange glow that just barely lit the apartment with a sensual hum of color. On the bed, over the covers, was none other than Shepard himself, with a box of Miranda’s favorite Citadel chocolates just over his exposed crotch. He laid angled towards the door, his eyebrow piqued enticingly in a move stolen explicitly from Miranda’s playbook.

“What’s all this then?” she asked, her fatigue (mostly) forgotten as she continued to waddle forward, “Don’t tell me you’re the one surprising *me* now.”

“As if I could ever pull one over on you.”

Miranda could feel the butterflies in her stomach as she continued forward, feeling light as a feather despite the extra heft that dragged behind her. Her cheeks and chins jostled in time with her tummy and the swishing of her ass, back and forth, as she hurried towards yet another opportunity for her to enjoy herself.

“I’ll let you pull something over me, that much is for sure.” Miranda said with an almost uncharacteristic excitement in her voice as an overworked Id began to steer her out of workday mode, “Scoot over—there’s not exactly a lot of room for the two of us these days, is there?”

“You say that like it’s a bad thing.”

“It’s not a bad thing as far as *you’re* concerned.” Miranda’s whole body quaked as she lowered herself down, “Or… ahh… or me. Not at the rate you keep me satisfied.”

“Just satisfied?”

“…fine. Happy.” Miranda admitted with a little kiss to Shepard’s cheek, “But don’t go telling anyone.”

“Wouldn’t want anyone to think you’d gotten soft, now would we?”

“Absolutely not.” Miranda smiled, leaning forward to place a deep, passionate kiss onto Shepard’s lips, “Nothing soft about me.”

The words lingered on Miranda’s lips, and then Shepard’s, as the bottom-heavy brunette lowered herself down, down onto the surface of the mattress. Her stomach still rose high and her thighs spread wide as she struggled to keep eye contact with her lover over the vast swell of fat that clouded her vision.

“Well?” she asked impatiently, “What are you waiting for? I haven’t got all day, you know.”

PARAGON: Fuck

RENEGADE: Feed