

Corpulent Espionage

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Tasked with breaking into Lard Looker's research lab, Sonya puts her skills to the test and infiltrates the building. It's conventional measures prove to be of little inconvenience, and she makes it to her destination with ease. The second layer of security proves much more strange and troublesome, however, putting her skills to the test. Will the bat be able to escape with the secret formula? Will she be able to escape at all?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and contains a Female Bat, Skin-Tight Clothes, Tactical Espionage Action, Food Addiction, Rapid Weight Gain, Wardrobe Malfunctions, Hose Feeding, and Immobility

A thrill fluttered in Sonya's chest as she crawled through the air vent, dragging her latex-clad form through the smooth metal passage. Faint squeaks called out and threatened her presence with every brush of her hips to the walls, limiting her pace to a slow, methodical slog. Time lost its scale within the chilled and cramped labyrinth, but the thief shrugged the toll of her trial off as she neared her destination. She peered through vent slats and surveyed the room below, calling to mind a mental floor map and pinpointing her position. A grin spread across her short muzzle as her memory confirmed her instincts, placing her in spitting distance of her first objective. Adrenaline surged through her at the thought of securing her promised reward, though she fought the rising jitters with a calming breath. The bat nearly filled the duct as she breathed deep, then let it out slowly to calm her nerves. Her speeding pulse slowed, and her premature celebration took a back seat to the task at hand. She stretched an arm out into the duct's darkness as she had thousands of times before, then inched forward with the patient pace of a hunter on the prowl. A second peer to the floor below revealed her first major obstacle, and with it a hitch in her plan.

There was not one, but two guards posted at the secure door.

The dark-clad bat glared daggers into the unexpected canine, and she resisted the rising urge to throw something at him in favor of concocting a plan. Her brow furrowed as the wheels in her head ground together. Her limited resources offered few options, and she wracked her brain for possibilities. Finally, a thought occurred to her, and with no obvious alternatives, Sonya put it to practice. With great care, she wormed her way backwards through the tight passage until she reached a branch, then took the path into a neighboring room. The scheming thief unscrewed the vent and claimed access to the office below, then dropped an inappropriate magazine to the floor. It fluttered to the carpet perfectly and landed with its dirty pages splayed open, revealing images of rotund beauties showing off their softened figures. With her bait set, the bat dropped the metal vent panel to the desk below, ensuring to hit the computer and create the most noise possible. The ensuing clatter rang through the empty floor loud enough to wake the dead, and in the following silence, she picked out the whispers of the two guards. She grinned with glee when one told the other to investigate, and she waited with baited breath as the first of the concerned canines entered.

A column of light whipped around the empty office and quickly fixed on the source of the sound. Sonya ducked back into the vent as the revealing ray shined through the opening, illuminating her passage while the guard noted the broken panel for maintenance. A pang of doubt shot through the bat's chest when she considered her diversion might escape the dog's attention entirely, until the beam left her hiding spot. Her ears swiveled while she strained and listened for his footsteps, and when she failed to pick them up, chanced a glance. Sonya cautiously peered down to the guard, and she grinned with delight at the sight. The canine chuckled to himself and flipped through the dirty rag, poorly concealing his interest in the lardy ladies within. The bat silently willed him to call his coworker over, trembling to herself until a voice broke the overbearing silence.

"What's the hold up? Did you find something?" The other guard called out.

"Yeah, it was just a vent plate that came loose. I found something something else too," he snickered.

"You gonna tell me what it is, or you gonna make me come over there?"

"Just com'ere. The exercise'll do you some good."

The ursine muttered something under his breath, and his lumbering footsteps followed. A quiet moment hung between the two as the dog shared his find, until the bear spoke up. "You really shouldn't be going through folks's things."

"I didn't. It was just layin here on the floor."

Before the bear could counter, Sonya made her move. She plucked a canister from her belt and took aim at the pair, then unleashed a narrow cloud of charged mist. Its faint hiss caught their combined attention, but by the time they looked up, it was too late. The fog only just reached both of them, but the effect was immediate. Their senses dulled as it scrambled their thoughts, crumbling their balance and crumpling them to the floor in an unconscious heap. The bat waited a moment to ensure their incapacitation, then dropped from the ceiling with practiced grace. She splayed her wings and landed without a sound, scattering only a few loose papers in her wake. A victorious smile spread across her face, and she patted herself on the back for pulling off something she'd only seen in video games. She frisked the napping pair and relieved them of their keys, as well as their guns and radios. The notion of stealing a uniform crossed her mind too, though neither came close to her size. She shrugged off her fantasies of the movie-star spy lifestyle and turned her attention back to the security door. Her clock was ticking, and it would only be a matter of time before the pair woke spoiled her presence.

From its foot, the imposing door looked even more intimidating. Layers and layers of plated metal protected every possible weakness, including the key reader at its side. Sonya could only guess its thickness, though she concluded it would be easier to tunnel through the adjacent wall than the fortress of a gate. Fortunately, she didn't need to. The bat plucked one of her two key cards at random and swiped it through the slot, then stood back as it opened. Heavy thunks sounded out as magnetic locks disengaged, and low clacking filled the aural space as gears strained and turned. A sliver a perfect darkness appeared and widened between the multi-ton panels, yawning open to reveal a surprisingly quaint room. The door only opened a few inches wider than her hips before she slipped through, and she shut it behind her to slow her inevitable perusers. She surveyed the break room while the halves of the vault door reunited, sealing her within the depths of the research lab. Sonya allowed her self a short moment to celebrate her first victory of the night, then scavenged for the next piece of her plan.

A Lard Lookers company poster helpfully directed the bat to a locker room, where she found exactly what she needed. She browsed the clear-faced cabinets and perused their

contents, searching for a weakness in the bunch. Unfortunately, the scientists and technicians had the discipline to actually lock their lockers, forcing Sonya to call upon her unique skill set. Once she found a clean suit roughly in her size, the bat leaned in close to its digital lock and cleared her throat. She calmed her mind and sang a note well above the average hearing range, and her ears twitched with attention as she tuned the sound. A faint buzzing within the lock hinted at her progress, growing louder as she shifted ever closer to a tonal sweet spot. A peak in volume betrayed her mark, spurring her to crescendo until the device sparked and fizzled out. A boastful grin spread across her face when she unlatched the door and helped herself to its contents, somewhat surprised her outlandish trick worked. The bat thanked the god of resonance and loose wires as she slipped into the light covering and pilfered a new set of keys, then shut the locker and covered her tracks. A quick swipe of her new credentials granted her access to the deep lab, and her pace slowed with awe as she stepped into the central hub. Numerous, immaculate passages radiated from the chamber in a sterile arc, presenting her with several options and few clues on how to proceed.

The bat eyed the corridors with scrutiny, doing all in her power to divine her route. The hallways appeared identical in every way, save for the one directly ahead. It was noticeably wider than the others, and given the importance and value of her target, it seemed the natural choice. Sonya mustered her nerve, then strode deeper into the complex with deceitful confidence. She kept her back straight and eyes forward, but drank in every available detail through her periphery. Glass panes lined the walls at her sides, windows into countless and fascinating test chambers and trials. She glanced by several experiments without investment, most of which featured little more than spinning vials and baking cultures, but the unexpected inevitably caught her eye. Viewports into makeshift apartments hobbled her focus, giving her pause as curiosity demanded her investigation. She chanced a quick look back to ensure her solitude, then defied her roguish instincts and peered into one of the many rooms. Her breath caught in her throat at the sight of a nearly immobile pig, sunken into a sagging couch and stuffing her muzzle as if her life depended on it. The bat squinted and spied an expression of glazed bliss across her eyes, explaining the over-swelled curve of her figure-dominating belly. She had no way of telling how long the porcine subject had spent glutting herself, but based on the mountain of wrappers surrounding her, it had been a while. The bat tore her gaze away before perversion crept into her thoughts and pressed on.

Similar displays played in every window she passed from then on, each one labeled with a unique code. The sequences of letters and numbers meant nothing without a key however, and Sonya drove them from her mind before curiosity distracted her further. Still, she stole glances into every chamber as she passed, both feeding her wonder and playing the role of a scientist. The bat sustained her charade and stayed her course through the seemingly endless hall, until she reached a door that would have been quite at home on space station. It boasted the title of "Airlock 01" and barred her from the end of the wing, no doubt standing between her and her prize. Her hand drifted to her hip and rested on her borrowed keycard, and a smug grin spread across her face at the thought of defeating such a staunch security measure with ease. A small panel to the side glowed in acknowledgment

of her presence and requested her credentials, which she gleefully swiped. A soft ring confirmed the badge, and a scanning beam swept across her face in the following instant. Her heart skipped a beat when she realized her blunder, then sank as the lock processed the image. Just before her fight or flight impulse settled on flight, the door opened with a metallic rumble. An electronic voice confirmed the presence of her clean suit and mask, then invited her inside for decontamination. Sonya's fears screeched to a halt, and she stepped inside once she reclaimed the wits to move her legs again.

The guarded chamber bordered on claustrophobic, then crossed that threshold when the door sealed her in. A flash of UV light scattered spots across her vision and sanitized her suit, and a cleansing spray finished the job. Sonya closed her eyes and sputtered as the purifying cloud swirled around her head and infiltrated her nose, blurring her thoughts until it dissipated seconds later. She questioned the nature of the fog as a second mist washed over her, infinitely more pleasant than the first. A grin spread across her face as its sweet scent painted pictures of pastries in her mind's eye, stoking an appetite she didn't realize she had. She wondered if raiding the break room fridge would be worth her time as the air cleared again, and she resolved to keep an eye out for one as the inner chamber revealed itself. In many ways, it resembled the hallway leading up to it. The floor and walls were bright and sterile, favoring function far above form, though the similarities ended there. Pipes and machinery hung from the walls in clusters, gently humming and feeding the devices below. Their metal lines stretched into the rooms at her back and everywhere else, no doubt pumping a steady stream of whatever was being tested to their subjects. Curiosity compelled her to follow the feed lines to their source, and her stomach quietly complained while she followed them deeper yet into the facility.

The scents of pastries and baked goods permeated the air, exacerbating her hunger until she couldn't ignore it. Sonya crossed her arms over her complaining middle as her pace slowed, and she divided her efforts between seeking treasure and treats. None of the off-shooting hallways lead anywhere useful, however, and the intensifying aroma of pies and cakes locked her to the main hall. Her focus frayed more with every step, and by the time she reached the heart of production, she'd almost forgotten her goal entirely. Fortunately, her twin desires converged at her destination. A cavernous room opened before her, brimming with delectable treats on restless conveyor belts. Glowing monitors helpfully denoted each line as a different product, ranging from high-calorie protein bars to low-fat desserts. Regardless of their nature, every morsel passed through a central mechanized column, where presumably, Lard Lookers added their top secret ingredient. Her mission bubbled to the top of her mind as she entertained that possibility, and she set off for the towering pillar to retrieve her sample. Helping herself to snacks along the way was simply a bonus.

The bat lost herself in a haze of fresh sweets as she stepped down into the expansive room, and she struggled to maintain her focus while she crept toward her target. Every cupcake and fun-sized pie she passed chipped at her self control and stoked her rising hunger, until finally, her resolve faltered. Sonya rationalized that helping herself to a single serving couldn't possibly be a risk to her cover, and she plucked a particularly tempting

muffin from its production line. She slid her face mask away and chomped into it without a thought, then let out an indulgent moan as its flavor coated her tongue. The thief helped herself to a second one the instant her hand was free, shredding its wrapper and carelessly tossing it aside. The bat crammed it into her muzzle whole and greedily chewed, barely attempting to savor its flavor before gulping it down. She brushed the crumbs from her chest and patted her belly with affection, then remembered her mission with a blush and tore herself away from the defenseless buffet. Her nagging hunger faded as her belly happily gurgled around its contents, though unfortunately, her gastric satisfaction proved fleeting. She'd hardly resumed her journey before her middle grumbled for more, forcing her to help herself to a second line as she passed.

The bat plucked a fresh moonpie from a conveyor belt and stuffed it between her lips, hardly bothering to chew before swallowing it down. A deep groan of appreciation resonated in her chest as its flavored lingered on her tongue, offering a compelling argument to abandon her mission in favor of an illicit tasting tour. What remained of her self-discipline intervened, however, forcing her to compromise instead. Sonya scooped up an armful of the delectable treats, mashing them to her chest in a vain effort to spare some from dropping to the floor, then meandered on. Each baking line passed rekindled her appetite and enchanted her like a siren song, though she resisted further delays by devouring one of her pilfered pastries instead. Her desperate snacking kept her mostly on track, but her method didn't come without consequence. Her middle rounded out ever so slightly more with each hasty mouthful, testing the limits of her body suit and flattening the wrinkles of her tissue smock. The bat's outer layer offered next to no resistance to her thoughtless gluttony, shredding without hesitation the instant it snagged on her growing curves. Her outfit's glossy finish emerged through widening tears as she continued to eat, remaining oblivious to the trail of tattered fabric in her wake.

Her pace slowed with each bottomless compromise, stretching her leisurely walk to a ponderous waddle. Soft squeaks accompanied her every step as the gap between her lardy thighs closed, and her breath quickened with the toll of hauling her growing mass. Despite her enlarging assets and dwindling stamina, however, she stayed her course to avoid another pit stop. A small part of her feared she wouldn't be able to start moving again if she stopped, but another traitorous section found perverse glee in the notion. She shed the last of her clean-suit as she reached the base of the central tower, and an exasperated groan tumbled from her lips as she beheld the steep stairway to its control platform. The bat effortlessly reasoned she would need an extra burst of energy to conquer her final obstacle, and she reached out to a conveyor belt without a glance. She filled her arms with steaming pies and held an extra in her mouth for good measure, then began her laborious climb. Her body suit creaked as she lifted her leg and dropped her foot onto the first step, sending a ripple through her figure and reminding her just how far she let her figure slip. In the back of her mind, she knew such rapid growth was cause for concern, but the connection between that thought and action never sparked. Nor did it on the second step, the third, or any one after. Sonya scarfed down the dessert in her teeth before she conquered ten steps, and she automatically reached for the next as she pressed onward and upward.

Sonya's mind fogged in a haze of hunger and exhaustion as each element of her climb dissolved together, and she struggled to preserve her meager momentum. Her skin-tight outfit clung to her hills and valleys and wobbled in perfect sync with waddling gait, leaving nothing to the imagination. Embers of lust kindled in the heat of her exertion as the tight garment rubbed between her thighs, laying the groundwork for a dangerous association. Her stamina dwindled just as quickly as her rations replenished it, locking her in a persistent cycle of munching between panting breaths. The bat's back bowed and her shoulders sunk as her inadequate muscles burned beneath generous padding, and her tectonic pace faltered with a painful cramp. The thief nearly dropped her pies and doubled over when her calf seized, easily convincing her to stop for a break. She looked to her feet, or at least the sliver of her toes not blocked by her middle, then carefully spun in place and sat down. Her plush rear squished and molded over several steps while she hunched over and recovered, presenting her with an obvious opportunity to finish her borrowed treats. A shower of crumbs spilled down her fattened breasts as she finished them off, then she caught her breath and hauled herself up. The bat's colossal belly spread her thighs as she planted her hands, and a grunt of effort spilled from her chest as she pushed off. Sonya vaguely worried about the noise blowing her cover until a loud, sharp rip sounded out after.

The bat instantly froze, but her newly freed flab took much longer to come to rest. A bright blush warmed her muzzle as she reluctantly came to terms with her partial nudity, wholly unprepared for its complications. Her mind raced in a hundred different directions, torn between covering her tracks or declaring her stealth lost and a thousand other concerns. Adrenaline surged through her doughy form and she cut the unmanageable and infinite list down to a workable size, establishing her priorities and recovering her wits. Once she gathered her nerve and assessed her situation, Sonya calmed. Rather than explode and crumble as her clean-suit had, the latex suit merely tore. She had yet to shed any material in her wake, only open a massive tear in the seam running along her ass. Though embarrassing and exposing, it wasn't necessarily a critical failure. The bat took in a deep, calming breath, then slowly exhaled. As long as she didn't get any bigger, success was still an option. She turned her gaze down and stared at the few surviving scraps of her snack haul, pitting her willpower against her ravenous hunger. With great reluctance, she released her grip and let them tumble down the stairs, and she drew upon every shred of pride and dignity she had left to stop herself from chasing them. Once the treats tumbled well beyond mind and sight, she turned back to her prize and resumed her climb.

Sonya huffed and puffed with every sluggish step, struggling and failing to establish even a slow rhythm. The tear running down her ass subtly widened with every heavy ponderous wobble, exposing more and more of her cheeks as she went. A fierce heat kindled in her muzzle with the slight breeze playing across her hide, though she defiantly shook it from her mind. She refused to think about that, or the other rips opening up across her garment, or the increasing impossibility of her exit. The bat only considered reaching her objective at the top of the stairs, and to that end, she devoted every fiber of her being. Sonya ignored her burning muscles and willed her feet one before the other, breaking down each element of her climb into a single, simple motion. Still, her cracked willpower only

carried her so far. Matter eventually overtook mind, and any resemblance of a steady pace crumbled with her flagging stamina. Fortunately, only three steps remained by the time she faltered. Unfortunately, they proved to be the highest steps of her life. Her chest smoldered with exertion as she dropped to her hands and knees, then abandoned her dignity and scrambled up the remaining flight. Her sagging belly dug across every edge and shredded her suit in the process, exposing her breasts and further compromising her disguise. That mattered little, however, and she celebrated her victory for half a second before doubling over and begging for breath.

Once it returned, Sonya straightened her back and surveyed the summit.

She ignored the embarrassingly low elevation of her vista while she took in its details, which were few and far between. A few scattered terminals surrounded the central column itself, presumably control panels designed to managed the production stations. The bat lumbered around the pillar until she found the largest station, then stepped toward it with sloppy caution. Statistics poured across its screen and populated gages with a flood of information, most of which went over the thief's head and above her pay grade. Luckily, the feature she searched for was the only one that stood out from the racing numbers. A gently pulsing button reading "Master Sample Eject" caught her eye, and her mission demanded she press it. The factory ground to a halt when she tapped the screen, and a hidden panel opened with a soft hiss. Within the revealed alcove, twin vials beckoned her hand her with gently glowing fluid. She hesitated for a moment and struggled to recall which one she needed to take, then shrugged and swiped both. Her blush rekindled when she tried to stuff them into her pockets and found only bare hide, and she instead carefully clutched them in her softened fingers. Sonya's rolls swung out as she turned to make her escape, only to find a hose staring her in the face. A bright light mounted to its nozzle stared down her with mechanical intensity, rooting her in place with uncanny awareness. The bat glanced to the side to calculate an escape route, spurring the rubbery tentacle to act and unleash a spray.

The thief coughed and sputtered as the faintly familiar mist wrapped around her head, fraying her thoughts and fostering a ravenous hunger. The hose then lunged between her lips with blinding speed, and her reflexes and instincts slowed to a crawl as it filled her mouth with a sinfully sweet substance. A brief resistance flashed across her eyes before she swallowed, which only made space for the next serving. The shock melted from her muscles as a narcotic high suffused her form, and she fell onto her padded rear with a thundering thud. Her mind fogged as she gripped the hose with both hands and locked it in place, allowing her to slurp the concentrated batter down without fear of deprivation. Her belly swelled in a languid avalanche and easily surpassed her thighs, and she eagerly traded her dwindling mobility for more caloric dough. Her curves softened as its additives sped her metabolism, distributing tens and hundreds of pounds across her figure. Her body suit clung to her lardy curves for as long as it could, making a valiant effort to preserve her damaged modesty until it reached its limit. A sharp pop echoed from the mechanized mountain top and tatters of latex fluttered on the air-conditioned breeze, announcing her change of priorities and defeat. In the back of her mind, she felt her copious rolls wobble free, but her state of exposure was the farthest thing from her mind. Her only remaining

desire was to test the limits of her belly, and she did exactly that.

Mobility drifted farther and farther away with each gulp of the high-calorie batter, and her once-lithe figure vanished in a mountain of rolls and valleys. The mixture's flow slowed and evened out once it had her firmly in its chemical grasp, much to her gluttonous dismay. Sonya wrung her sausage fingers around the hose and sucked with all the gluttonous force she could muster, drawing soft whines from unseen pumps. Fortunately for the greedy bat, the mechanisms weathered her greed and rationed their reserves throughout the rest of the night. Her growth slowed with her increasing figure as each added pound lost its impact, tapering off at the far end of immobility. Sonya's taught belly dominated and defined her rolling form, pinning her to the floor with ease. The flab swaddling her arms and legs buried anything resembling definition and rendered them too heavy to move unassisted. She hardly noticed the wall of lights sweeping across the factory floor, and she remained in her hedonistic trance until workers gathered around her. A fierce blush blazed in her cheeks while she glared at them and silently demanded their departure, until a well-dressed figure arrived and split the crowd. Her attire read "department head," and her eyes read "dominatrix."

Without fanfare, the department head yanked the hose from Sonya's lips, allowing a few drops of the experimental mixture to dribble free. She gave the bat no time to lament its loss. "Who sent you," she demanded.

The bat blinked several times as her blissful high diminished, just about the only movement she could muster. It took her a moment to process the question, and once she did, it took her another second to form the words. "No one."

"Bullshit," the department head spat. "You couldn't have possibly wandered in here without help."

The bat remained silent, but her eyes stayed locked on the hose and betrayed her weakness.

A devious grin spread across the department head's face. "It seems our latest batch was particularly effective. I'll make you a deal. Tell me who sent you and why, and I'll add you to our test program. You'll be able to guzzle down as much of this stuff as you want."

The bat's brain rejected the deal, but her stomach called the shot. A needy gurgle resonated in the space between them and gave Sonya's answer. The captured thief furrowed her brow and retracted it with a shocking display of willpower, then immediately folded when the department head lifted the nozzle to her nose. The bat's rolls rippled and wobbled when she lunged out to bite it, only to catch empty air.

"You've already tipped your hand," she laughed. "Don't forget I can take this deal back and throw you on the streets. I'm sure you'd be alright. It'd only be a matter of time before some poor sod in need of a new couch found you."

The denial of food alone changed the bat's mind. "It was Swole Foods," she blurted. "They wanted me to steal your formulas so they could dominate the market before you."

The department head jammed the hose back into Sonya's mouth and resumed the feeding. "Get a team down here to move her into one of the research suits. Once she's settled, get her started on weight loss testing. And someone mix up a fake batch set of formulas for Swole Foods. They've been a thorn in my side for far too long, and I think it's about time to end this feud."

In the back of her mind, Sonya pondered the consequences of her actions, but they were well beyond her concerns. As long as Lard Lookers kept the treats flowing, she didn't particularly care who won the corporate grudge match.