IV

The history of the Agency was not without its fair share of turncoats.

In the world of cloak and dagger espionage, there would always be those to whom the allure of money, power, or amnesty would overcome a sense of civic duty. Almost all Agents had done *something* that they weren’t proud of, despite the various oaths and practices that they were beholden to. It was only understandable (if not regrettable) that the question of where loyalties would ultimately lie was *always* going to be something that the Higher Ups were going to have to account for.

But this might have been the first time in the history of The Agency that someone had indulged a mark in confidential information while being metaphorically stroked under the chins and lead around like a bull by its ring.

It hadn’t been that long ago that 299 had been an effective member of the Agency—fit and capable, if not somewhat of a wild card due to her tendency to make things more “lively” on top-secret espionage missions. But where she had previously conducted herself as though her life was an action movie, her handler had sent her to rot in this dead end of a position, knowingly exposing her to dangerous chemicals that she’d become addicted to, and just… *refused* to do anything about it. The fact that 299 had stuck around this long was due to her commitment to The Mission and a general trust that Geraldine had her best interests at heart.

But something had changed during “Edna *Keever*’s” last visit home to “mother”.

Agent 299 had gone rogue—and she was to be rewarded *handsomely* for it by the very person that she had been spent to spy on…

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299 had been dark for longer than two weeks.

Which, in all fairness, was not *unusual* for Agent 299 or anyone else out in the field. A lot of their work was *quiet*. Entangling themselves with those around them convincingly meant that, sometimes, it was hard to get a moment alone to make reports. This was the reason why there was no strict limit on when anyone had to report back to base.

But the more that this strange obsession Geraldine had found in the “new” Agent 299, the more that she found herself unable to deal with the utter lack of updates from this particular mission. The lines had been dead on 299’s end for the better part of seventeen days now, and rather than being *worried*, Geraldine was much more peeved than anything.

“Will that be all, ma’am?”

“No…” the older woman harrumphed, “…bring me another scone.”

The all but faceless service tech nodded politely and reached over to the trolley, pulled a small plate with a floral pattern on it over to Geraldine’s desk, and tried to avoid eye contact for as long as possible.

“…thank you, that’ll be all.”

“Of course, ma’am.”

The small ridge of fat that had crept up between Geraldine’s once-sharp jawline and her softening chest creased ever so slightly as she sniffed into her excessively creamy coffee. The longer that this mission went on and the more things like cakes and sweets were brought in front of her, it was only natural for her to develop a taste for them. Even still, the extra plates had been piling especially high since that last time that Agent 299 had struggled through her door. The frustration of not having access to Sugar Rush Unlimited’s visual feed of the waiting room where she worked was difficult enough, but not even getting to hear her struggle through seconds at dinner time while she recounted the events into the recording was something that Geraldine hadn’t thought she’d ever *miss*.

That being said, the more that she seemed to think about 299 the less able she had become to justify it entirely as worry. There had been such an *appeal* to the changes that the agent had been going through over the course of her time as a long-term plant. Watching her once cocky and disruptive agent go from Agent Peacock to a slow and unsure human water balloon was doing things to her that she had almost forgotten possible. And the more she came to terms with that fact, the more that she felt like she *needed* to get an update from 299 as quickly as possible.

A woman’s imagination could only take her so far, after all.

“She’ll report back soon.” Geraldine cleared her throat after swallowing an especially large mouthful, sipping on her tea afterwards before going back for seconds, “It’s only a matter of time.”

There was the ever-increasing notion that simply having Ms. Keever need to have an emergency trip home for an ailing mother wouldn’t be out of the question. It was not an option that needed to be used very often, but 299 would have been overjoyed to get out of the office environment for a few days. Geraldine was very much sure of that, if nothing else. Of course, *that* invited the idea of finally reeling her in. There really *was* no good reason for an asset to be that far out, actively going to seed as she chomped her way through handfuls at a time of addictive snacks. But Geraldine was hesitant to pull the trigger so hastily.

Sure, she could watch her jiggle around The Agency until she got back into fighting shape. Sure, she’d never fit into any of those silly catsuits again, but there was plenty of work for plus-sized agents. Albeit, she’d still be far more than plus-sized. With how big and round she’d gotten, 299 was always going to be at least a little heavy for the rest of her life—but that wouldn’t be enough for Geraldine. Not after seeing her like she was now…

*Rather, how she’d been. There’s no telling how much weight she’s put on since Ms. Keever’s last visit home to Mother…*

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“It’s so hard to believe that you were ever a *secret agent*.”

Looking at the butterball in front of her from behind was somehow more condemning than it was in the front. “Edna’s” back was wide and arched from having to waddle around at her size, tapering off into shoulder rolls and the backs of hammy biceps as they sloshed from side to side. Even looking over her shoulder was getting hard for her—her brown-again eyes narrowed at the slight.

“It’s *literally* your fault I’m here in the first place.” The supposed secretary snapped, “Just in case you forgot.”

“Mmm.”

Marissa Mayer still hadn’t learned “Edna’s” real name. 299 was her designation, sure, but she felt stupid saying it out loud. Besides, she’d been calling her “Edna” for all the time that she’d spent turning her into Meredith 2.0. And the more that she learned about The Agency that sent one of their own to infiltrate their offices, the more that it made sense why Meredith went away in the first place.

They’d sent one of their assets to spy on her—*her* little company! And for what? Testing the boundaries on what constituted an “addictive” substance? That was *rich*.

But not as rich as the fact that the asset that they’d sent over as a plant had gotten so *rotund.*

Meredith had just been a little side project. Something pretty to look at while she worked long hours in the office, growing plump off of Sugar Rush Unlimited’s finest. But Edna had gotten bigger than Marissa could have even imagined—and it had been *entirely* because The Agency wouldn’t take her off the assignment. The assignment of *spying on her*.

“I have to have a name to write the check to.”

“I figured we’d do this briefcase full of money-style.”

“That’s fine—of course you’ll have to wait a few *days* with me here while we gather up *that many* briefcases.”

“At *your* expense, I take it?”

“Of *course*.”

For the amount that had been offered by Sugar Rush Unlimited’s Higher Ups at the Yeng Corporation, 299 would have thought about it even if she *hadn’t* been forced to such extremes. The inaction from her handler, or *anyone* at that organization had just pushed her over the edge. With all of the connections she had, that amount of money was enough for her to get a comfy new identity where she could go shed all this lard. She’d be set up for life with how deep Yeng’s pockets could go, and for literally *not that many secrets*.

And until then, she could live it up fancy in the penthouse suite of this building she was getting too fat to waddle around in.

For a place whose boss had given her lowkey chubby chaser vibes since day one, there was not *one* bench for her to sit down and catch her breath on. And this hallway was long as *shit*—it’d been one of the few places that she hadn’t been able to finagle access to (back when she used to spend lunch doing spy shit and not stuffing her face in the ground floor’s dining area) and even when she’d caught glimpses of it in passing it looked long.

But it hadn’t looked *narrow*.

Her hammy biceps had been scraping the sides of the walls the whole way every other step. Her gait had gotten so wide and her ass had gotten so fat that she could hardly waddle down this fucking hallway. Hearing this part of the building creak underneath her was humiliating enough, but she could hardly see two fucking feet in front of her!

“Why aren’t *you* in the front again?”

“Because there’s a big booby trap on the other side, and I want to make sure that the super spy is the one that gets hit with the big cartoon anvil.”

“Fuck off.”

The door at the other end of the hallway lead to a small meeting area that was normally reserved for people with financial clearance—the bigwigs like Marissa could go in, but 299 hadn’t been able to swipe one of their cards before now. It had a great view of the city, the California sunset painting everything orange as they both moved to sit down.

“Why was there already a bench here that I could plop down on?”

“Howard from Accounting is a very big guy.” Marissa tried not to sound too terribly smug as the big redheaded marshmallow bellowed out like a beached whale from a little walk down a hallway, “Don’t worry, there’s an elevator to the right that’ll take you back to the lobby.”

“I know, I tried to hotwire it.”

As Ms. Mayer’s perfectly manicured fingers danced over a checkbook with a pen, she ripped off the leaflet and handed it to her former secretary. That should be enough for a few weeks’ worth of groceries while she waited it out in the apartment they kept rented out to accommodate potential investors. Thanks to their partnership with the Yeng Corporation, they now had plenty of amenities to offer them, after all.

“TJ from accounting is going to drive you to an apartment, you can stay there until my people get back to me with your payment.”

“A few days.”

“We’ll try.”

299 would have rather resigned any other way than this. But Geraldine had lost her mind if she thought that she was just going to blow up like a balloon and do nothing all day. With the amount of money that these people were going to pay her, she could live in *luxury*. For a good, *long* while with a few of her brokers. She wouldn’t have to worry about *anything* other than kicking this addiction to all of SRU’s products.

She’d shed this weight in no time and freelance herself out—she’d have to get back in shape if she ever wanted to be suited at being anything other than a (pretty lousy) secretary.