II

Stationing Agent 299 on such a low-risk assignment was honestly the only way that anyone was going to be able to proceed without racking up some *serious* trouble down the line.

It wasn’t that she wasn’t a good agent. It was that she was a *loose cannon* of an agent and absolutely refused to be reeled in. There was far too much peacock in her for her to be the first line of defense on larger issues like this, and that display with the Russian Ambassador’s party had shown Geraldine everything that she needed to know in order to feel like the best course of action was putting Agent 299 on a simple, “boring” assignment.

And perhaps, if this had been any other assignment, Geraldine might have been proven correct.

“What do you mean you can tell?!”

Over the course of the months that she had been assigned to work with Sugar Rush Unlimited, spying on the CEO in hopes of snuffing out whether or not they’d been putting addictive additives into their snacks, Agent 299 had been stationed away from the headquarters; longterm. As such, Geraldine’s communication with her field agent had been hard-limited to encrypted text-messages, phone calls, and the bi-monthly flights so that “Edna” could visit her “mother”.

And boy was this mother hen surprised every time her little chick flew home.

“I didn’t mean anything *by* it. You’re technically off active field duty, so it’s perfectly alright if you let yourself go a little…”

“WHAT DO YOU MEAN I’M OFF ACTIVE FIELD DUTY?!”

“You’ve been sitting behind a desk since June, 299.” Geraldine said dryly, “When did you think the guns were going to come out?”

At any rate, Agent 299 was in hardly any shape for spy-work—at least, her usual flavor of the stuff. When she had walked into the room, Geraldine had tried and failed to hold back laughter. To think that one day, her agency’s most energetic and troublesome agent would come shirking through the door one day, muffin-topping out from underneath a pair of khakis while she filled a hoodie to maximum capacity with that husky upper half of hers. Out from underneath her disguise, 299’s bob now framed chubby cheeks that dimpled whenever she pursed her lips. Her purposefully unflattering and oversized clothes belied a rather busty physique, held up by a softening tummy that—

“*Geraldine*.”

“I’m sorry?”

“You better be! I’m out here *ruining* a perfectly good body just so you guys can “compile information” or whatever—and I’m telling you, you don’t need to! Marissa’s *weird* but she’s not like… a supervillain or anything.”

“We don’t think that she’s a *supervillain*.” Geraldine rolled her eyes, “We *think* she’s breaking FDA regulations by introducing small amounts of addictive chemicals to her company’s production.”

“Same difference.” Agent 299 pouted, putting her hands on her hips as her whole body jiggled quickly with the impact, “When am I gonna get taken off this? I’m blowing up like a tick, here!”

“If you ask me, it’s about time you learned that not every assignment can be turned into one of your action movies—other than your poor outlook on the matter, you’re doing excellent work, 299.” Geraldine said dismissively, harrumphing back behind her desk as she rifled through papers distractedly, “Suit up in Wardrobe for some new clothes, then submit your observation notes. “Edna” is looking a little plump these days, and should probably indulge in some new clothes while she’s on her “vacation”, don’t you think?”

Agent 299 scoffed, throwing her hands up in the air as she turned on her heels to exit Geraldine’s office. On her way out, the older woman couldn’t help but sneak a glance at the ripening cushion swishing around underneath 299’s civilian wear.

“A little plump *may* be an understatement on my part...”

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While assuming the day-to-day life that was her special assignment, Edna *Keever*’s routine was one of monotony and boredom.

Wake up early and get dressed. This meant taking a shower, having breakfast, putting on her wig, and then her make-up. Then was always plenty to keep her busy at her desk. And then it was lunchtime, and then… boom. Day over. Week over. *Month* over.

And that was literally *most* of the time, too.

Sure, there were exceptions. On her lunch breaks, Agent 299 would snoop around a little. But there was only so much that she could do from SRU’s HQ. She had gotten locations of plants and distributors and passed that along in any of her reports back to the Agency, but there was almost literally nothing to be done here, sitting outside of Ms. Mayer’s office and staring down the business end of a snack bowl.

“Shhtupid… mm… hate the pretzel ones…”

Agent 299’s weight gain was not some great mystery that needed answering. Instead of high-octane missions where she got to shoot at people, steal secrets and kick ass, she was playing the part of a frumpy secretary. Sure, she could go out after work as “herself” and have some fun, but she could never get so crazy that she forgot about where she had to be the next morning. And dumpy, frumpy Edna *Keever* wouldn’t be able to explain away a hangover or a black eye without breaking character…

“*ooh* that one was *peanut butter…*”

At least Agent 299 had found something to keep herself occupied with.

The mystery behind the old secretary, Meredith, and her weight gain had been solved that much was for sure. The dish that sat in front of Agent 299 all day was always refilled every morning and after every lunch—there was never a moment when she didn’t *not* have something yummy to snack on. And even when she didn’t want to, she found her hand crawling into that bowl so often that she’d reached the bottom more times than not. And the longer that this mission went on, the quicker she wound wind up clinking her finger nails against the bottom of the crystal bowl.

She couldn’t help it! They were *so* tasty, and this boring line of office work just wasn’t what she was cut out for!

“Shit, maybe these things *are* addictive…” 299 frowned at her vast, drooping gut as it strained the fabric of her button-up, “I’ve gotta cut back on these things, or I’ll *never* get put back on active field duty…”

Pinching just one ample inch of her fresh rolls of flab, the visceral fat between 299’s forefinger and thumb squished and blobbed over the lip of the desk that she spent much of her time sandwiched against. She’d put on enough weight that she was all but certain she’d never be able to wriggle her way into those tight catsuits again without some *serious* training. Maybe even surgery—lipo and its reverse equivalent were something that the Agency implemented all the time if it meant helping its agents blend into the crowd a bit better, but Agent 299 had never thought that she would have ever had to undergo it personally.

Her body used to be a lean, mean, spying machine! But now all that machine was good for was unwrapping bite after bite of these *surprisingly* addictive snacks…

“There’sh… definitely something in these…” 299’s plump cheeks bounced ever so slightly as she scarfed down more and more of what had been laid out for her to consume by the hospitality centers of the office, “I better… mm… send these to Geraldine…”

A chunky fistful of candies was scraped off the top of the bowl before 299 leaned back in the office chair, drop feeding them into her mouth instinctively, despite yet another immediate assessment of these treats in particular.

“Mm… maybe… mmmm… maybe after lunch...” “Edna’s” nostrils flared as her eyes went glassy behind her lenses, one hand resting pleasantly on a full stomach that fought against the tight pinstripe jail cell that was the latest in a long line of *Keever*-esque button-ups, “They always… mmm… refill them after lunch…”

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Long-term assignments were not unheard of for anyone employed by The Agency.

Before all of this, Agent 299 knew of many of her colleagues that had spent *years* undercover. Part of their jobs was to be able to come and go, which meant getting rid of all attachments outside of what was necessary to complete the mission. The protection and security of the United States and its assets were far more important than material possessions or even a sense of personal identity. 299 had heard *plenty* of stories about other agents within the community leaving long-term relationships in foreign countries, sometimes even abandoning *children that they had raised and birthed* when the time for them to be shuffled into the shadows of another dignitary or threat to freedom came.

It was a lonely life, to be sure.

But instead of establishing anything noble, instead of getting to crack skulls as a mafioso enforcer or getting tatted up with the Yakuza, even getting to surprise people by revealing that the Southern Housewife could secretly kick your ass the entire time, all Agent 299 was doing was getting fat.

And while that’s not *entirely* true, it was far from an over exaggeration.

The longer that Agent 299 was placed on the staff of Sugar Rush Unlimited, the harder that it was getting to so much as touch her toes. All of the muscle underneath the squishy, visceral fat that had cropped up over the course of her employment was still *there,* but after so long of not having to *use* any of it, 299 was almost literally softening by the day. With the addictive substances that she was being exposed to by an indifferent Agency and the lethargy that soon came with hauling herself around as she continued to balloon, Agent 299 was getting less exercise in an average month than she used to get almost every day of her life.

Of course, she wasn’t swinging from chandeliers or dual-wielding katanas for show anymore.

The secretary’s spread was a real thing, for sure. This wasn’t even the first time that 299 had put on some weight while staying undercover. But with how deeply she was being pulled into the role of Edna *Keever* and how heavily she was being weighed down by all of the weight that she was putting on, there wasn’t a time when she didn’t feel completely exhausted after her day job of pushing pencils, squashing chairs, and sucking down snacks at her “employer’s” behest.

As her confident stride devolved into a slow, jiggling waddle, Agent 299 spent more time apple-cheeked and winded than she did walking about the California streets these days. What little social life that she had carved out for her alter ego’s alter ego in expensive bistros and bars began to dry up as she only continued to get heavier…

“You’re doing *wonderfully* Edna—I don’t think that I’ve had an assistant as good as you are since… oh, well since Meredith was around!”

And bigger…

“299, I’m *not* taking you off this case. It’s important for you to learn that… erm… your, uh… your button has um… I can see your belly button…”

And *fatter*…

“I, uh… I *think* we can manage a more frequent refill? Let me, uh… lemme as Ms. Mayer…”

And there wasn’t a damn thing that anyone could do to stop it.

As Agent 299 acclimated to an onslaught of calories and chemicals, she became all but dependent on those little snacks that her boss laid out for her. And being invited on all of Ms. Mayer’s power lunches hadn’t helped either. And neither had the company-funded grocery program.

Anything and everything that Agent 299 needed to do her job as Edna *Keever*, dutiful secretary to the head honcho of Sugar Rush Unlimited, was being provided for her. And as Ms. Mayer’s secretary only continued to balloon, Agent 299 slowly began to disappear beneath it all…