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Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Mild Peril*

Mass of Mystery

Adrian Blake sits alone at a table in the lounge adjoining a Mediterranean casino. The soulful stylings of a jazz singer and her band affect him not at all as he sips his signature cocktail, a Bourbon Manhattan. All around him, couples and small groups make hushed conversation or simply appreciate the music in sparkling cocktail gowns and designer suits. Blake himself is dressed in a white dinner jacket, blending in effortlessly with the high-rolling club patrons.

Unlike most of the well-dressed people surrounding him, Agent Blake is at the club for business, not pleasure. Yet, as his mind drifts back to memories of the person he's expecting this evening, he thinks perhaps the evening might include some pleasure as well. He doesn't dare to hope, for hope is not the province of men in his line of work, but he believes the odds are in his favor.

As Blake muses on the late evenings he once spent tangled in the proverbial sheets with Miss Frost, a large shadow falls over his small table. He turns his gaze upward to find the woman herself standing over him. Ever the consummate professional, Agent Blake's face betrays none of his surprise as he takes in the sight of considerably more Miss Frost than he expected to find. He rises from his seat to greet her, putting a hand on one fleshy shoulder and leaning in to exchange soft kisses beside either cheek, a gesture which the woman returns.

Blake speaks in a soft baritone, a faint hitch in his voice betraying but a hint of his carnal desire. "Elena, so good to see you."

Elena Frost is twice the woman Blake remembers. Though still barely a handsbreadth below his own six-foot stature in Prada heels, the glittering Versace gown clings to her enlarged form like a second skin. The V-shaped neckline of her maxi dress plunges past her sternum, revealing more flawless tanned skin than her entire bosom claimed when last he saw her *au naturel*.

"You as well, Adrian," Miss Frost says in a voice like silk brushing across skin. "How long has it been?"

"Too long. I see the years have been kind. Won't you take a seat... or two?"

If Miss Frost takes offense at his not-so-subtle barbs, her face betrays none of it. With an air of complete confidence, she lowers herself into a chair beside Agent Blake. Despite the backside that has grown nearly as extravagant as the woman's bosom, the

elegant piece of furniture bears Miss Frost without incident.

"You know," she says, "They called me out of retirement for this mission. The PM rang me up herself."

"Quite an honor. I trust you've been... enjoying civilian life?"

Miss Frost demures with a small nod. In spite of her increased plentitude, she outshines every woman in the lounge, in Blake's estimation. The thousands of pounds spent on skin treatments, personal trainers, and cosmetic surgery by the throngs of heiresses and debutantes surrounding them pale beside Miss Frost's natural elegance. Skin like fresh cream, midnight-black hair reflecting the many-hued stage lights, glittering blue irises that see nearly as much as Agent Blake himself, and lips which her crimson gown and shoes were chosen to match, as plump and enticing as the rest of her.

"Mmm," those lips purr, "As you see."

"Indeed. My compliments on the dress. Doubtless, it required an expert seamstress and her entire team to make it fit so well."

"Interested, Adrian?" Elena smirks. "I'd offer you her card, but she doesn't take male clients."

"Pity. Can I offer you a drink and an *hors d'oeuvre*? Or perhaps you'd prefer to skip to dessert?"

Miss Frost lifts one eyebrow in a wordless reply, and Agent Blake raises a hand above his shoulder, summoning their waiter.

"*Monsieur?*"

"A lemon drop for the lady and a plate of *mille-feuille*, *s'il vous plaît*."

Seeing his companion's expectant expression, Blake continues, "*Pardon*, a *tarte aux pommes*, as well."

"Right away, *Monsieur*."

Elena clears her throat in a way that is somehow endearing. "Could we also have a plate of *macarons* and the *beignets*, please?"

Adrian remembers the drink and the first dessert as favorites of Miss Frost in the past, and she appears to have enjoyed an abundance of both, along with the additions to their order and a myriad of other delectable indulgences over the intervening years. It seems that, along with becoming twice the woman she once was, Elena's appetite has grown in lock-step. They make companionable conversation until her drink arrives, accompanied by a platter of confectionaries.

Turning to the business at hand, perhaps to speed his path to business *in* hand, Blake asks, "What can you tell me about the estate of our mutual acquaintance?"

Elena clicks her tongue, plating a pastry and drawing it to her. "Shop talk during a meal, Adrian? How gauche."

"A thousand apologies, Miss Frost...ing."

Elena's glare more than suits her frigid surname as she slices a generous portion of *mille-feuille* with a silver fork and lifts it to her lips. Adrian remembers the enthusiasm with which she enjoyed all the finer things epicurean, and tonight is no different. Indeed, Miss Frost resembles a *religieuse* turned upside-down and filled with richest butter creme until her form threatens the very stitching of her peerless ruby gown. Blake forces his gaze to his drink, but he is unable to see anything but the pneumatically gorgeous beauty devouring bite after bite.

"Don't look now, Adrian," Elena breathes, "But I believe you've acquired a tail."

Silently cursing himself for a libido-addled fool, Agent Blake lifts his unused dessert spoon to examine his surroundings. True to Elena's warning, two gentlemen, slightly underdressed and significantly overbuilt for the club's typical clientele, sit a few tables away. Doubtless, they are little more than goons for the *Violent International Profit and Extortion Ring*, and Agent Blake rolls his shoulder to feel the comforting weight of the Beretta holstered under his arm.

"It seems you're right, my dear. VIPER agents?"

"I'd bet my very expensive bra collection on it."

Pausing but a moment to imagine his companion's vast undergarments, Blake says, "They'll not make a move in such a crowd, even if their patron has the constabulary in his pocket. When you've finished eating, make your way to the Ladies'. I'll meet you there."

"I hope you're not planning any thrilling heroics, Adrian. I'm not as... nimble as I once was."

Blake refrains from pointing out that he's never known Elena to be spry. Even in the past, her plenteous curves made excessive athletics quite impractical. "I'll get us out of this, Elena. Trust me."

That eyebrow rises again, conveying precisely what Miss Frost thinks of his reassuring words, but she continues to savor her pastry as if nothing is amiss. After taking her time with a near-buffet's worth of sweets, reducing each platter to nothing more than crumbs and a lingering aroma, Elena dabs her kissable lips with the cloth napkin and rises to her feet. Her waist, which could only be called trim in comparison to the generous swells above and below, is somewhat more prominent than when the woman took her seat.

As Miss Frost's abundant form disappears from view down a corridor leading from the lounge, Agent Blake downs the last of his Bourbon Manhattan. He deftly slips several banknotes from his dinner jacket and tucks them under the empty glass. Standing from the table, Blake adjusts his jacket and straightens his tie, proceeding from the lounge in the opposite direction.

He doesn't need to look to know the VIPER agents follow him out. Blake cuts a pace edging on improper through the twisting corridors adjoining the lounge to the casino. In the maze-like rooms clamoring with the noise of gaming machines and the exclamations of gamblers, Blake weaves a path to confound his pursuers. When the two men look around in confusion near the blackjack tables, Blake slips away through a row of slot machines.

Miss Frost stands outside the washrooms, wringing her hands with an anxious crease in her flawless brow. Blake takes her by the elbow, steering her toward the entrance. "I shook them off, but we should take our leave nonetheless."

At the valet station, a burgundy-suited man brings Agent Blake's car around. The Mercedes SLC-Class is an exceptionally fine automobile, but it takes less than half a second for Blake, Frost, and the valet driver to realize there's little chance of fitting the Versace-clad woman into its passenger seat with any degree of decorum.

Elena clutches Adrian's arm, and he turns to look through the revolving glass door, spotting the VIPER agents emerging at the far end of a corridor. He says, "Perhaps we'd best proceed on foot, my dear."

The pair rush down the cobbled streets of the city through the mist of the cool sea air. Miss Frost's breaths grow labored, and a loud crack pierces the night as one of her heels snaps.

"Do you know how much these shoes cost?" She growls.

"I'll see that you're reimbursed," Blake says, crouching down and laying one hand on her bare calf.

"Adrian?"

He looks up but can see nothing but the undersides of her prodigious breasts. "Perhaps you'd prefer to make our egress barefoot?"

Unseen by Agent Blake, Elena scowls but lifts her foot nonetheless. She places a hand on Blake's shoulder, and he nearly buckles under the added encumbrance. He slips off her shoe, breaking the surviving heel on a nearby storm grate before sliding it back onto her foot. As Adrian rises to his feet, heavy footfalls echo down the street as their pursuers close the gap.

Agent Blake half-drags his companion down an alley. Miss Frost is now more steady on her feet but moves with scant added speed. The alley is a dead end, and the moonlight reflects off Elena's eyes as they land on Adrian in mounting desperation. Blake aims one arm upward, pressing a button on his watch to send a grappling hook and cable sailing toward the nearby rooftop. He tugs experimentally on the watch, then extends an arm to Miss Frost. She eyes the thin cable dubiously but leans into him. For the briefest of moments, Adrian savors the sensation of Elena's plush thighs, full belly, and colossal bosom pressed against his body. He tugs on the watch, and it begins to retract. The pair rise mere inches from the cobbles before the cable snaps, the tiny motor in Blake's watch whirring in vain.

Dropping back to their feet, Elena's heavy arms flail as she attempts to right herself. Adrian grabs her waist to steady her, his hands sinking into soft, delectable femininity. The echoing footfalls grow closer, so Blake hurries Miss Frost behind a nearby rubbish bin, crouching beside her as she lands roughly on her cushioned backside, scowling.

Wordlessly, Agent Blake unholsters his gun, threading a suppressor to its threaded barrel. Squatting with his back to the bin, he waits.

The footfalls grow louder, then slow. Long shadows dance on the cobbles and the brick wall blocking their escape, then fade as their pursuers pass.

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Blake looks at his companion. Elena's cheeks are flushed to the most alluring pink. Was she already struggling to digest her excessive indulgence, or were four plates of dessert truly not enough to satisfy her?

In thickly accented English, a voice echoes down the alleyway, "Blake! We know you are in there!"

"Why not come quietly?" The other says. "We do not have to doing this the hard way."

In one smooth motion, Adrian pivots on the ball of one foot. Still crouched, he brings his pistol to bear on the enemy. A pair of soft pops split the night, and the VIPER agents collapse like ragdolls to the cobbles.

With a small sigh, Agent Blake stands to his full height, straightening his jacket and tie. He extends a hand to help Miss Frost to her feet, but the task requires both. Elena's scowl is replaced with relief, but her expression is far from pleased.

"I fear you've made me tear my dress, *Agent*."

Adrian pulls her into him, once again melding his lean body into her luxuriant one. "Apologies, my dear. Perhaps we should get you out of it; the better to... assess the damage."

Elena presses her abundant bosom against his chest, and their lips meet.

-bzzt, bzzt-

Lying supine in the bed of his hotel suite, Adrian taps a button on his watch. "Blake here."

"Blake! Thank heavens. We've been trying to reach you for hours! Were you able to make contact with Miss Frost?"

Suppressing a grunt as Elena grinds her voluptuous backside against his hips, Adrian smirks up past the curve of her enormous bosom. "I have, but there were... extenuating circumstances."

The voice on the line sputters. “Extenuating... what the devil is that supposed to mean?”

“VIPER agents were at the meeting. They must have known we were coming.”

“Bloody hell... are you alright?”

“Of course, though I did have to *unf*— put the snakes down.”

Mid-sentence, Elena interrupts Adrian with an unseen hand slid between her pillowy thighs. His hand travels up the curve of one plenteous breast and pinches. She stifles a cry with her free hand, her heated glare carrying more promise than wrath.

“Never mind that, Adrian; we’ll handle things with the local authorities. Are you and Miss Frost unharmed?”

“Miss Frost is a bit the worse for wear, I’m afraid,” Adrian says, thumbing a nipple the size of said digit. “But it’s nothing too serious. I’m giving her a thorough examination as we speak.”

Elena’s sapphire eyes sparkle with mirth and hunger, and Adrian pinches her again.

“See that you do. You’re both needed in Monte Carlo in the morning to brief the Ambassador.”

“I’m afraid we’ll need to stay another day,” Adrian says, “Miss Frost is too heav— too *injured* to travel.”

Elena shifts on top of him again, one hand still buried beneath her backside, and Adrian nearly bites his tongue to stifle a groan of blissful pain.

“Oh, very well. Day after tomorrow, then. And we’ll have a medic on hand to see to Miss Frost.”

“A sensible precaution. Though I’m sure she’ll be fully recovered after a day of... bed rest.”

“Very good, Blake. We’ll see you soon—”

Elena taps Adrian’s watch, terminating the communication. “Too heavy to travel, am I?” She grinds herself against him, crushing his body further into the mattress.

“Of course not, my dear,” Adrian gasps, squeezing her substantial thighs in both hands. “Merely looking out for the welfare of such a... well-rounded colleague.”

Those sapphires flash ice down at him again, but Adrian’s hands dart to the apex of her overfed breasts, taking advantage of her startlement to flip them over. With his lean body draped across the rolling hills of the woman, Adrian’s head pops out of her cleavage, cradling each voluminous lobe with an entire arm. “Now then, I promised a full evaluation, so we’d best get to it.” Gazing at the abundance of Miss Frost surrounding his head, he adds, “This will take *some* time...”