

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Cat burglar comes out of retirement for one last job, uses her new calorie-enhanced boobs to her advantage

Contains: *Large Breasts, Peril*

Cat Burglar

Felicia worked her way slowly up the massive highrise. The suction cup grips in her hands made a rhythmic “*thwop, thwop*” as the rubber toes of her black lycra suit kept her steady.

“I should *not* have agreed to this...” Felicia muttered at the empty space around her, thirty stories above the city street.

“thwop, thwop”

Felicia’s breasts mashed against the tempered glass as she spider-crawled ever higher.

“‘One last job,’ they said, ‘one-third of a twenty-million score’ they said...”

“thwop, thwop”

The zipper on Felicia’s suit crept slowly down, showing more and more cleavage as her overfed orbs pushed their way upward.

“At least they could have given me six months to drop some of these pounds! And cup sizes...”

Felicia had been enjoying her retirement. A quiet penthouse apartment under a false name, endless entertainment, a stable of rotating “bed-warmers,” and access to whatever room service or food delivery at just a few taps of her nimble thief’s fingers. Glancing down at the medicine-ball-sized knockers swelling against the floor-to-ceiling windows, Felicia regretted using those delivery apps *quite* so often.

“thwop, thwop, whiff”

Felicia’s hand found empty air as she reached the top of the building. She scrambled onto the roof, wincing as her cleavage scraped the metal edge of the building. Standing in the breeze of the skyscraper, Felicia stowed the suction cups in her bag and zipped herself back up. She ran silently across the rooftop, heading for the ventilation shaft.

She’d been amazed the suit had even still fit when she agreed to this mission. Sure, the material had creaked in protest when she stuffed her massive mammaries into it. When she’d pulled the zipper up the first time, she thought the damn thing was going to burst open. But it stayed closed. Now that she was running, her boobs bounced and swayed, making the zipper slide down even faster than before.

“Damn it! Stay in there, you two!”

She reached the shaft and connected her cable to the ledge.

“Once momma finishes this job, we can go home, and you can have all the cheesy bread you want.”

It turns out that paying for an off-the-books apartment, a string of escorts, and an endless supply of delivery food can eat into a bank account from a lifetime of professional burglary pretty fast.

Felicia spread her limbs wide as she floated down the wide shaft. She came to a stop just above the floor, where her breasts collided with the linoleum. The impact sent a thrill of pleasure through her body via her nipples, and Felicia cursed softly. She disconnected the cable, retracted it, and crossed the large room.

The server banks were directly adjacent to the vent shaft, and Felicia quickly unscrewed the grate barring her way. She dove through the square opening as she’d done many times before her retirement and came to an abrupt halt halfway through.

“Whu–what?”

Felicia wriggled in place, but her hips and bubble butt refused to pass through the opening.

“Not you too!?”

“Who’s there!!”

Felicia whispered a curse. The server room was supposed to be empty!

A wiry, balding man stepped around the corner of the server racks and spotted her. Felicia tried to slide back the way she’d come, but now her plump breasts held her pinned on the other side of the wall.

“Hey there, handsome,” Felicia said sultrily, “Wanna help me out? Give me a pull?”

She wriggled in the narrow opening, making her zipper slide down a few more inches.

“I’ll make it worth your while...”