

# Midnight Heist

By: Dr-Black-Jack

Gotham City slept under the veil of midnight as one shadow moved with purpose along the rooftops. Catwoman, the infamous feline burglar clad in a sleek black catsuit, dropped down to the quiet street where Gotham Bakery stood. The bakery was dark and silent at this late hour, its display window full of unsold treats: golden pastries and frosted cakes gleaming faintly under the streetlights. Catwoman's nose twitched; even through her mask she could smell the lingering sweet aroma of sugar and fresh bread.

She reminded herself she wasn't here for dessert. She had come for jewels, not jelly rolls. Earlier that evening, during a daring heist, she'd hidden a small pouch of stolen diamonds inside a vat of cake batter in this bakery's kitchen to evade the cops. Now, under cover of darkness, she intended to retrieve her treasure and slip away. With a quick flick of her wrist, she picked the lock on a back door and silently slinked inside.

The air inside was warm and heavy with vanilla, sugar, and butter. Catwoman's boots made no sound on the tiled floor as she moved past stainless steel counters and racks of baking supplies. Large sacks of flour and bowls of batter were lined up from the day's work. Somewhere in here was her pouch of gems, and she intended to find it fast.

Catwoman crept through the kitchen toward the storeroom, eyes peeled for the batter bowl that hid her prize. As she passed a counter, a tray of cupcakes and cookies caught her eye. Her stomach rumbled; she hadn't eaten since midday and the scent of chocolate and sugar was distracting. Maybe one little taste won't hurt, she reasoned, hoping it might even sharpen her focus for the task ahead.

She plucked up a chocolate cupcake from the tray. It was topped with a swirl of frosting and a tiny sugar pearl. Catwoman smirked and popped the tiny sugar decoration into her mouth first, savoring the brief hit of sweetness. Then she took a bite of the cupcake itself. Rich cocoa flavor and buttercream icing flooded her taste buds. She purred with delight. In a matter of moments, she had devoured the whole cupcake, licking a smear of frosting from her black-gloved fingers.

"That was... mmm... worth it," she whispered to no one, feeling a spark of satisfaction. One cupcake down, and already she craved another. Eyeing the tray, she reached for a sugar cookie dusted with sparkling sprinkles and took a generous bite. The cookie was soft, buttery, and heavenly. It vanished almost as fast as the cupcake had. Catwoman's indulgent instincts were kicking in now. The jewels can wait a minute... she mused as her gaze drifted across all the treats on display. She decided the gems could wait; she had all night, and so many sweet temptations were beckoning.

Once Catwoman allowed herself that second treat, her restraint crumbled completely. A ravenous glint shone in her eyes as she beheld the bakery's bounty. The night's real treasure was laid out before her:

- Glazed doughnuts lined up in rows, their sugary coating glistening invitingly.
- A tall layer cake on a pedestal, layers of sponge slathered with pink icing and topped with silver candy pearls.
- Cream-filled éclairs oozing vanilla custard from their chocolate-dipped ends.
- Petite fruit tarts, each crowned with jewel-like berries.

She couldn't resist. Catwoman pounced on a glazed doughnut first, devouring it in three eager bites. Sweet glaze coated her lips, and she let out a soft moan of pleasure as she chewed. One doughnut disappeared, then another – a chocolate-frosted one this time, which she polished off just as quickly. As she ate, crumbs and dribbles of glaze fell onto her sleek black suit. She hardly noticed or cared.

Her appetite only seemed to grow with each bite. After demolishing a half-dozen doughnuts, she turned her attention to the magnificent layer cake. With a swipe of her clawed glove, she cut out a huge wedge. Not bothering with a fork, Catwoman raised the fluffy cake to her mouth and bit in. Velvety cake and sugary frosting filled her mouth; she practically purred with delight. In short order one huge slice was gone, then another, frosting smearing her cheeks and nose as she indulged.

She lost herself in an orgy of eating: éclairs, cupcakes, cookies, fruit tarts – each met its end in turn. Rich cream from the éclairs coated her tongue; buttery flakes of pastry and sweet fruit from the tarts followed. Every swallow sent waves of sugary bliss through her. A wild hunger had been uncaged inside her, knowing no bounds.

Before long, the evidence of her binge was everywhere. Empty pastry boxes, smeared napkins, and crumbs littered the countertops and floor. Catwoman, breathing a little heavier now, leaned against a counter to steady herself. A pang of pressure in her midsection made her glance down. The leather catsuit that hugged her figure was beginning to feel tight. A new roundness pushed against the confines of her suit – her belly, once flat and firm, was swelling from the sheer volume of dessert now packed inside.

She exhaled and unzipped the front of her suit a few inches to relieve the pressure on her stomach. The zipper fought her at first, but finally gave way, allowing a small paunch of soft flesh to peek through the opening. Catwoman sighed in relief at the release. Yet she still found herself reaching for more, determined not to leave a single crumb behind.

Minutes ticked by with Catwoman stuffing herself past all limits. Her sleek costume continued to stretch over her expanding curves, creaking at the seams. Her hips and thighs thickened as countless calories seemed to turn straight into padding on her body. Catwoman felt intoxicated by sugar and excess; each time she thought she absolutely couldn't eat another bite, the sight of yet another pastry spurred her on.

At last, with one final, sticky-fingered handful of crumbling cookie, Catwoman's feast came to an end. She slumped into a sturdy wooden chair, panting softly. The bakery looked like a tornado had blown through a candy store. Trays were empty, frosting smeared across surfaces, and not a single treat remained un-devoured. Catwoman groaned, rubbing her swollen belly, which gurgled loudly, packed to capacity.

In the haze of gluttony, time flew by and the once-agile thief now bulged with massive rolls of fat. Her catsuit was in tatters from the rapid expansion. The zipper had split down just above her navel, struggling to contain the great belly that surged outward onto her lap. Soft, pale flesh protruded through every gap. Her breasts, now heavy and plump, strained the upper half of her suit. There were tears along the sides of her outfit where her widened hips and butt had burst the seams.

Catwoman heaved herself up from the chair with great effort. She gasped at how heavy she felt. It was as if she had turned into one of the bakery's overfilled dough sacks. 700 pounds – perhaps more – of indulgence now made up her once-athletic body. She could barely waddle, her thighs rubbing together and her bloated belly brushing against them with each step. Still, she was determined to get her jewels and escape.

Lumbering through the kitchen, Catwoman knocked aside empty boxes with her wide hips. She made her way toward the corner where bags of flour and sugar were stacked. Sweat beaded on her brow from the effort of moving her immense form. At last, she spotted one flour sack with a subtle mark she'd left – the hiding place. With trembling, chubby fingers, Catwoman ripped open the sack. White flour puffed into the air, dusting her front. She reached deep inside and her heart skipped a beat as her hand closed around a small velvet pouch.

"Gotcha," she breathed, pulling out the pouch and spilling the flour-covered diamonds and rubies into her palm. They glittered even in the dim light, a beautiful contrast to the chaos of the ravaged bakery. A grin spread on Catwoman's flushed face. Despite everything, she had her prize. This heist was still a success... albeit a far messier and rounder success than she'd planned.

Stuffing the pouch of gems into what remained of her belt, Catwoman turned to leave. That's when she confronted her next challenge: the front door. She had entered through it easily enough when she was slim, but now it looked far too narrow for her new breadth. Undeterred, Catwoman waddled to the double doors and pushed them open.

Catwoman tried to slip through the doorway, but her body had grown too wide. Her thick middle and ample hips got wedged between the doorframes. She sucked in a breath and tried turning

sideways, but only managed to cram her oversized rear into the space, still blocking her escape. She grunted in frustration. It was a comical yet dire predicament – Gotham's slyest thief stuck like an overstuffed pastry in a narrow pan.

Before she could try again, a deep, familiar voice spoke from the shadows outside. "Going somewhere, Catwoman?" The tone was cool, edged with smug amusement. Batman. He stepped forward under the streetlight, the cape trailing behind him. He must have been tracking her all along, waiting for the right moment.

Catwoman's heart skipped. Caught literally in the doorway, she had nowhere to run. She mustered a defiant smile despite her embarrassment. "Oh... hi, handsome," she drawled, resting one pudgy hand on the doorframe. Her attempt at nonchalance was undercut by the fact that she was panting from exertion.

Batman crossed his arms, taking in the unbelievable sight of his feline foe. The corners of his mouth twitched as if he were holding back a laugh. "It looks like you bit off more than you could chew this time," he remarked, eyes flicking to the demolished interior of the bakery behind her and then to her bloated form wedged in the door.

Catwoman couldn't help but chuckle, a hand on her hip (or as close to a hip as her roundness would allow). "I may have indulged a little," she admitted, feigning innocence.

Batman approached until he was just a couple of feet away. He pulled out a pair of handcuffs and stepped forward to help. With a firm tug, he popped Catwoman free from the doorway. She staggered onto the sidewalk, and Batman caught her soft arm to steady her, clearing his throat as he did.

"This isn't how I pictured catching you," Batman said dryly as he fastened the cuffs around her wrists, taking a moment to maneuver around her girth.

Catwoman gave a sultry grin, despite being out of breath. Even now, she couldn't resist teasing him. "Not the smoothest cat-and-mouse game we've played, is it, Batman? Next time, maybe bring a bigger trap," she quipped, patting the side of her bulging belly.

Batman almost smiled at her bold humor. "You're in a lot of trouble, Selina," he tried to sound stern, though it came out gentle.

Catwoman batted her eyelashes and stepped (or rather, waddled) closer, the chain of the handcuffs clinking. She lowered her voice to a purr. "Come on, cut a girl some slack. I'm in no shape to give you a chase now," she said, winking. "Tell you what... if you let me go this once, I promise a special treat just for you later." She leaned in as much as her round tummy allowed and added, "Something sweet, from me to you. Deal?"

Batman actually blushed and was momentarily speechless. Finally, he cleared his throat. "You know I can't do that," he muttered, gently guiding her toward the Batmobile parked at the curb.

Catwoman smiled and allowed herself to be led, moving slowly with her new heft. “Your loss, Batman,” she purred. The night hadn’t gone as planned, but she still had her jewels – and a belly full of bliss. As Batman struggled to maneuver her into the Batmobile, Catwoman hummed happily. It was one wild night in Gotham neither of them would soon forget.