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Fanfiction FRIDAYS



SQUEEZED and STUCK with my BOSS

[an SSBBW **ROUGE**
THE BAT]

AN EROTIC FANFICTION
INTENDED FOR 18+ AUDIENCES

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Squeezed and Stuck with My Boss (An SSBBW Rouge The Bat)

In the downtown core of Central City, skyscrapers tower over everything. The tremendous glass, steel, and concrete monoliths loom large over people's everyday lives. No matter what calamitous event or disaster befalls Central City, the skyscrapers have always endured as a fixture of this place.

Twenty years ago, when the godlike being known only to the public as Chaos flooded all of Central City, all the major buildings of industry and finance collapsed and were destroyed. These symbolic buildings of the city's achievements were rebuilt, floor by floor. At the time, it was considered to be the biggest rebuilding effort in the world.

Then, five years later, the villainous Dr. Eggman blew up a portion of the moon, sending fiery destruction down upon the city. Again, most of the skyscrapers were destroyed.

And again, they were rebuilt. Bigger, better, with new ones being built around them.

Each one a monument to their respective industries: Donpa Motors, Ramada Refining, MeteorTech, even Eggman Enterprises. In the wake of the dark aliens invading the city and being fought back by a plucky group of talking animal freedom fighters, several new businesses have emerged, each with their own skyscraper in the city.

The newest, biggest, and most influential of these new companies is S.T.U.F.F. Corp. A titan of snack foods, nutritional supplements, and innovative snacking solutions, S.T.U.F.F. (So Tasty Urban Food Factory) Corp came about precisely when the world needed a sweet treat in the wake of all the destruction around them.

STUFF is famous worldwide for their 'Rouge Buns' cream filled snack cakes, as well as their innovative Sparkle Paste line of products. The sweet, sparkly 'treat in a tube' has grown in popularity over the years, being featured in a variety of viral social media trends. The phrase "slurp the sparkle" has become common vernacular with today's teens.

A great deal of the corporation's meteoric rise to success had to do with its founder and CEO; one of the credited 'freedom fighters' who saved the world again and again along with Sonic and Shadow the Hedgehogs. The government spy and jewel thief who retired from a life of adventure and excitement, turning her eyes towards an equally worthy challenge: making the world just a little bit fatter with processed sugar filled snack cakes.

Yes, Rouge the Bat has come a long way from her rough and tumble past, becoming one of Central City's top earners, and the head of the company that expanded the fastest over the past five years!

Is it any wonder then, that the large and in charge CEO has *also* done a great deal of expanding too. Yes, the latest tabloid photos show Rouge the Bat is now a whopping-

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Rouge the Bat swiped away from the article she was reading on her phone as hard as she could. Her plump, painted lips were scrunched up in a frown, her brow furrowed. This was the *third* news article about herself and her company that made mention of her waistline and her weight.

"Positively amateurish. The nerve of these reporters. I help develop the most popular snack foods of the past ten years, and they go out of their way to call me *fat!*" she scoffed under her breath.

Rouge was on the R&D floor of the S.T.U.F.F. Corp building in Central City, spending her afternoon checking in on the department's new projects and product samples. She liked to take a hands-on approach when it came to flavor and texture testing. Rouge liked to think that this was the biggest reason so many of STUFF's snack foods went over so well with the general public: nothing they made went into production without her personally tasting it, making sure it's up to her high standard of quality.

Though all her taste testing might be the reason the papers were so quick to comment on her weight. Since she'd started STUFF Corp after her last mission with Shadow, Knuckles, and the rest of the gang, she'd gone from being a slim and trim 135 lbs to a whopping 650 lbs. Rouge told herself it came with the job: being sedentary, taking private cars across town rather than using her wings, and indulging on all the delicious products her company produced. She told herself she'd lose the weight...eventually.

She'd long ago retired her heart-shaped bodice and jewel thief attire, trading it in for a custom tailored dark purple and blush pink suit and pencil skirt with a white ruffled collar instead of a tie. It gave her an incredibly professional appearance that spoke to her executive position. It cost a small fortune to upkeep and darn the rips caused by her bending over, but Rouge felt it was worth it.

The attire fitted her enormous body like a glove, completely covering her massive apron-like belly. Her tremendous bust often strained her blouse and jacket's buttons if she didn't 'suck it in', but it kept her decent. All her lingerie and undergarments were custom made and imported. No one in Central City made a 92 JJJ cup brassiere. Each one of her breasts was the size of a beach ball.

Rouge waddled through the R&D floor, her every step making the floor quake and creak. Employees gave her a wide berth, making room for her to pass. She stopped by the team currently putting together a new product in their Sparkle Paste product lines. Their original 6 ounce tubes were roughly the size of toothpaste tubes, containing 4500 calories worth of birthday cake flavored, cookie-dough-like goop. R&D was testing an 'extra large' 30 ounce tube. It was roughly the size of an average person's forearm!

She carried the prototype tube in her free hand, heavy and crammed full of delicious paste, bringing it to the marketing department. It would be their job to come up with a miracle way of promoting and selling the giant tube of fattening goo.

"Maybe calling it a 'family sized' container?" Rouge thought aloud as she waddled towards the elevators, "Or we could just skip the niceties this time and call it '1 am craving sized'" she smirked, pressing the elevator call button for down. Rouge wanted to get this product handled soon. She'd already delayed her post lunch snack break, and was eager to get to it.

The elevator pinged and the doors opened, revealing a single passenger inside.

"Going down?" he asked, smiling. Rouge couldn't help but balk at the man. Unlike herself, almost everyone else who worked at STUFF Corp managed to stay slim and trim (the benefits of an on site gym). This guy, however, was almost as big as she was!

A black furred cat anthro with white paws, he had light green eyes with a splotch of white fur around his right eye. He was dressed smartly in a tight fitting white button up shirt and slacks. His company

ID badge was clipped to his shirt pocket, proclaiming his name was 'Wyde the cat', and that he was a mail room intern.

His round, rotund frame took up almost half the elevator. Rouge pegged him at being almost six hundred pounds. He was taller than she was, but certainly not wider. Most of his soft girth rested in his round belly and blubbery behind. Unlike her though, his clothes were store bought and ill-fitting. He looked ready to pop the bottom button of his shirt; the fabric stretched, exposing little diamonds of his soft black fur.

"Ah...yes" Rouge replied. She briefly considered waiting for the next elevator, but her snack break called to her.

She waddled into the elevator, squeezing herself inside the cramped, confined space. To his credit, Wyde looked apologetic over his girth, doing his best to suck in his belly to accommodate Rouge. When she squeezed herself inside, she hugged the outside corner of the elevator. As the doors began to shut, however, they bumped up against her ample behind and refused to close. Rouge blushed, her cheeks growing pink. She sucked in her belly as much as she could, clenching her enormous cheeks, allowing the elevator doors to close.

"T-tight squeeze, huh?" Wyde said sheepishly, "What floor are you going to?" he asked, offering to lean over and push the button.

"S-sixth" Rouge grunted impatiently. She glanced down, seeing the six floor button light already lit. Wyde's eyes lit up.

"Oh perfect. I'm headed there too" he smiled.

Despite his size, Rouge thought Wyde was decently attractive. His dark fur was glossy and well groomed, and even though his demeanor suggested he was a bit of a young dork, the tufts of white around his eye and muzzle gave him a bit of a rugged appearance. Of course, Rouge could have any man or woman in the city, anthro or otherwise. Either because of her immense wealth and power now as a CEO, or that she was considered quite the bombshell from her rough and tumble past as a jewel thief.

The elevator groaned ominously before finally beginning its descent. They were on the 28th floor, and Rouge silently hoped there wouldn't be any stops on their way down. She was hungry, and getting impatient.

Not that any other passengers could fit in here with us, Rouge thought to herself. Her and the intern's bellies weren't even an inch apart, and that was with her sucking in herself as much as she possibly could. On either side of them there was maybe a half a cubic foot's worth of space left in the elevator. The rest was taken up by their combined bulk.

Wyde and Rouge stood in silence in the elevator. The cat anthro attempted to make eye contact with her and smile a few times, but Rouge rebuffed him, looking off into the middle distance, or glancing over at the floor counter display above the doors.

"21...20...19...has this thing *a/ways* been this slow?" Rouge muttered under her breath in irritation.

"Heh, yeah, probably" Wyde said with a chuckle, overhearing her. Rouge's cheeks grew pink, and in her frustration she considered firing this intern. She certainly had that power. She was the CEO of this whole company! How dare he even *look* at her.

The elevator groaned again. The deep sound of metal buckling, followed by a sudden lurch within the elevator car. Rouge felt her stomach rise up into her chest, as the elevator abruptly stopped.

"What's happening?" she asked aloud, looking around herself. Wyde looked up curiously too.

Then, the overhead light snapped off, and was replaced by the dim red glow of emergency lighting. Rouge looked up at the floor counter display. To her dismay, it was frozen midway between 18 and 17!

"I think we're stuck..." Wyde said, swallowing.

Rouge let out a groan as loud as the elevator had been. She stomped her hefty foot on the ground in abject frustration. Her regret was immediate, as her heavy stomp sent the elevator plummeting a

few feet down, before stopping with a jolt! The sudden drop caused her to lose her balance...and her hold on her own belly. All at once, her blubber filled belly pushed outwards, popping open her suit jacket's bottom button. She crashed right into Wyde, who stumbled forward too.

~Bwoomp~ *~Smoosh~*

Both of their bellies collided with each other. All that padding prevented them from harm, but the sensation was unlike anything Rouge had ever felt before. It was like colliding with a wall of marshmallow. Soft, squishy, warm, surprisingly inviting. It felt *good*!

She looked up, seeing the intern's sheepish face as he kept her upright with his belly. "Eheh, sorry, you okay?" he asked her.

Rouge swallowed, getting her footing back. "Y-yes. I'm fine. Thanks for the catch" she said quickly, trying to regain her composure. No longer able to suck in her belly, she let it graze Wyde's.

Suddenly, the hum of the elevator's ventilation system died. A garbled automated message sounded over the elevator's speaker: "Warning! Elevator weight capacity of 1200 pounds exceeded! This elevator is -bzzt- no longer in service! Have a nice day"

Then the voice crackled off, and the two of them were left in silence.

"Okay, we're definitely stuck!" Wyde said, sounding a little worried.

"Ugh! Just my luck" Rouge complained. She reached into her breast pocket, awkwardly fishing out her cellphone while smushing Wyde against the wall. The feline intern didn't seem to mind too much, though, as her tremendous bust squashed down upon him when she leaned forward.

She pulled up her contact directory to try and get a hold of building management, pushing the call button. Her phone gave her a busy signal chime, followed by a pop up that read 'No signal available. Please try again later'. Rouge's eyes went wide.

"There's no cell signal in the elevator!" she said quickly, "How are we going to call for help?"

"Uh, what about the emergency phone line?" Wyde suggested, trying to stay calm, "It should be below the floor buttons"

Rouge and Wyde went for the emergency phone panel at the same time, their bodies squeezing together tightly. Rouge tried again, giving Wyde a belly bump to push him backwards. "I've...almost got it. Suck it in!" she said sternly to Wyde, her temper flaring.

"I *am* s-sucking it in!" he replied, "*You* suck it in! You're the one with-" he cut his sentence short, looking embarrassed. Perhaps he'd finally remembered his place in all this, Rouge thought.

"The one with *what*?" she asked him pointedly, "Go on, say it!" she taunted him.

Rouge watched as the feline intern's face grew red, "Nothing" was all he said, avoiding her gaze. Rouge struggled to reach the emergency phone line, but couldn't get to it. Wyde's bulk occupied too much space. She sighed in frustration. Even if she'd been alone in the elevator, it would have been hard to get to. With the two of their rotund bodies, it was impossible!

"Great! So we can't call for help, we can't get to the emergency phone, what *can* we do?! We're trapped here!" Rouge whined, her temper getting the better of her, "All because you're so *obese*!" she spat.

Wyde looked as though he'd been slapped. He scowled at her, "Me? *You're* just as obese as I am. I bet you're even *bigger*! How you could fit that dump truck of an ass in here is beyond me!"

Rouge gasped playfully, her face growing hot, "*Rude*! I'm the CEO of this company!" she said in a shrill voice.

Wyde smirked at her, "Yeah, what's that stand for? Chief...Over Eater?" he said.

Rouge stared at him blankly for a moment, then snorted and laughed. All her frustration was boiling over, and the last thing she expected was to laugh. Wyde broke down too, chuckling nervously.

“That...was pretty bad,” she said.

Wyde nodded, “Yeah...I kinda messed that up. Um...sorry” he apologized.

Rouge sighed heavily, “No, I should be saying sorry. Snapping at my employees isn’t professional”

“Do we just...wait to be rescued?” Wyde asked, “They’ve got to figure out that one of the elevators is stuck soon...and once they realize *you’re* missing, I’m sure building security will figure out how to get us out”

Rouge nodded, folding her arms, still holding the slightly cool tube of Sparkle Paste in one hand. “Yeah...I’m sure they won’t be long. We’ll be rescued in no time”

So Rouge waited in the darkened elevator with Wyde. After their mutual outburst, they waited in silence.

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The two of them waited for over an hour, standing in silence. When the wait grew too long and their knees started to ache, they carefully sat on the floor. It was a fair bit comfier, even if their fat bodies pressed together a little.

Rouge wiped a bead of sweat from her brow. The elevator had become a sauna, with her enormously soft body pressed against Wyde’s, as the two of them sweated and glistened. Rouge did her best to beat the stuffy heat, removing her tailored suit jacket and unbuttoning the first button on her ruffled cotton blouse. Wyde had done similar, unbuttoning his shirt all the way, letting his enormous belly free.

At the moment Rouge had wanted to object, but it was so hot in here that she couldn’t be bothered. That, and seeing the intern’s exposed

chest and belly gave her a little thrill. For someone so fat, Wyde seemed to carry it well. And all that marshmallow soft belly was just squished up against her.

Their silence was suddenly broken, as Wyde's belly gurgled and rumbled.

As soon as it did, Rouge's own stomach rumbled and groaned back, as if responding. Hunger pangs gripped her belly, making her sigh.

"Hungry?" Wyde asked her. Rouge nodded.

"I was already running late for my lunch break," she complained, "and now I'm probably going to starve to death in this elevator"

Wyde pointed to the corner of the elevator, "What about that tube you came in with? Isn't that Sparkle Paste?" he asked.

Rouge blinked. Her mouth fell open. She'd completely forgotten about it! Thirty whole ounces of buttery cookie-flavored goodness! She scrambled to pick it up, letting out a sigh of relief. Her mouth started watering at the sight of it.

"I-I'm sure R&D will understand," Rouge said hastily, justifying breaking the seal on it and unscrewing the cap. She popped the tube's nozzle into her mouth and gave it a hefty squeeze. A third of the tube's contents oozed inside, filling her cheeks up. She gobbled it up, letting out a satisfied moan.

Rouge reached up the tube, about to give it another big squeeze, when she looked past it to Wyde. His eyes were wide and his mouth was watering.

Reluctantly, she pulled the tube from her lips and leaned forward to hand him it. Wyde took it gratefully, nearly drooling on himself as he gave it a squeeze, filling his mouth with sparkly, calorie-loaded goo. He gulped it down with relish, giving Rouge a satisfied smile.

"Phew, that's a little better," he said. A third of the tube of sparkle paste remained. Wyde handed it back to Rouge. "Is that our new

size for Sparkle Paste? That's so much better. I've always felt the regular size was way too small" he said.

Rouge smirked, "It is...though I think marketing wants to call it 'family size' or 'made to share'," she looked over the substantial tube of fattening goo; almost completely drained between the two of them in only two gulps. "I might have to tell R&D to increase the size. Maybe double it"

"Or triple it. I could probably gulp down three times that tube in a single sitting, no problem" Wyde replied, then looked extremely embarrassed, like he'd shared too much. "Ahh, I mean..."

Rouge waived off his embarrassment, looking at the crumpled tube. "Triple sounds about right. I've...*definitely* stuffed myself with more sparkle paste than that in one go" she admitted, then gave her enormous chest a heave. She jiggled her breasts together, letting them shake. "*These* don't get that big from just eating our regular sized portion".

Wyde blushed and gaped. Rouge bit her lip. It was the first time since she'd gotten so big that a man outright ogled her like that. *Figures that it's somebody just as fat as I am*, she thought.

"I think you look amazing, Mz. Bat" Wyde said, "And I'm not just saying that because you're boss,"

"Call me Rouge" Rouge corrected him with a small smile.

"Sure...*Rouge*" Wyde grinned as he said her name, "I've actually, um, I've been a fan of yours since I was a teen. Back when you and your friends saved the world". Rouge smiled at how bashful the young intern sounded.

"A teenage fan, huh?" Rouge laughed, "Lemme guess...you had a pin up poster of me on your wall? Or were you more of a body pillow kind of boy?". When Wyde's face grew increasingly red, Rouge knew she'd pegged him right. "I'm afraid I don't quite fit into my jewel thief outfit the same as I used to".

"I-I bet you'd look amazing," Wyde replied, "I mean, you look amazing *now*. I wouldn't be able to keep my hands off you" he says. Again, oversharing and immediately thinking better of it, Rouge figured.

"Oh yeah, handsome?" Rouge smiled, raising herself up onto her knees. Immediately her enormous belly rose up, squishing down upon Wyde's. "I think you're a little out of your league with me" she grinned, watching Wyde squirm in pleasure. It gave her a giddy thrill, being desired like that.

"Ooof! No way," Wyde said, doing his best to stand up, "I doubt you've been with someone as *big* as I am".

"Oh ho~ Is this a 'once you go fat, you're a happy bat' kind of situation? My my, I suppose there's only one way to find out~" Rouge said. With some effort, she reached behind herself and unclasped her bra, letting her heavy bust relax atop her soft belly. Then, she leaned forward, huffing and puffing as she went, and unbuttoned a few bottom buttons from her blouse, exposing the soft white fur of her huge gut. "Stand up, big boy. You like this belly so much?"

Wyde nodded vigorously, rising to his feet faster than she expected. From Rouge's position, she could see the outline of his bulge through his slacks.

"Then you get to feel what I can do with it!" she grinned, inching herself closer to him. Her soft, wide belly smushed over his crotch and pelvis, smothering him in blubber. The tightness of the elevator meant she could feel every bit of him against her belly too. His girth, his arousal, and all that doughy softness of his own belly, practically burying her tits. It rose up so high on her it touched her chin and lips. "Ever think you'd get a 'belly job' from Rouge the Bat?" she teased him.

Wyde mrowled in pleasure, humping and grinding himself against her soft, obese belly. The pressure against her belly and breasts was getting Rouge more than a little hot and bothered as well. Free of her bra, her nipples got stiffer, sticking out like wine corks from her massive breasts.

“How much longer do you think you’ll last, handsome?” Rouge giggled, teasing him with her abundant softness, “Wow, you really do love me this fat. Phew~ Can’t say I blame you. You’re looking awfully-”

Just as Rouge was sure she was going to make the supersized intern cream himself, she heard a terrifying metallic creak overhead, followed by a snapping sound. She’d never heard anything like it, but it filled her with sudden dread. Wyde was also shaken out of his horny revelry by the sound.

“Oh no” Wyde breathed, “H-how fattening is that much Sparkle Paste?” he asked her.

Rouge tried to do the math in her head quickly. *30 ounces a tube, 2 ounces a serving at 1500 calories per serving was...*

Rouge swallowed, “V-very fattening” she replied.

Suddenly she felt a sickening lurch in her stomach, as the elevator plummeted! They were in freefall, hurtling down the elevator shaft! The emergency brakes, or whatever was keeping them stuck, suddenly let go. Now they were plummeting over eighteen stories!

Rouge screamed. Her voice echoed Wyde’s as he started screaming too. Rouge felt her enormous body; almost 700 lbs of pure blubbery softness, be lifted from the ground by the force of gravity. It bounced and bobbed, squishing into Wyde’s. The two of them, now standing, were pressed together as tight as can be! Rouge felt her still erect nipples graze against Wyde’s flabby bare chest, exposed through his shirt.

The two of them screamed together. *This is it*, Rouge panicked, *After everything I’ve survived, I’m gonna be killed by my fat ass being too heavy for an elevator!*

Then she felt Wyde lean in against her, locking his soft lips with hers in a kiss. Rouge was surprised, but returned it just as fast. Her heart beat faster and faster. Her sudden fear gave way to just the supreme sensation of softness against softness.

Then, all of the sudden...a slight bump. All of that rushing speed slowed to a halt.

The elevator doors opened with a anticlimactic *ding*. The two of their enormous hips and belly rolls spilled out into the S.T.U.F.F. Corp office lobby.

The handful of employees and visitors present turned and stared, seeing Rouge and Wyde in a state of undress, sweaty and panting, as they spilled out of the elevator. Despite her weight, Rouge never rose so quickly to her shaking feet. Wyde did likewise, turning around to hastily button his shirt back up. Rouge did her best to rebutton the bottom of her blouse, but there was no hiding her exposed belly.

"H-hey, we made it!" Wyde said with relief. Slowly, he waddled out of the steamy elevator into the cool, air conditioned lobby. He turned back around and offered a hand to Rouge, helping her out.

Rouge hesitated at first, suddenly remembering herself and her position, but then took his hand and exited the elevator. The mostly emptied tube of Sparkle Paste left discarded on the elevator floor. As she stepped out of the elevator, the AC was a soothing balm against her hot, sweat-covered face. She let out a deep sigh of relief.

"We did," Rouge replied. She felt a series of angry buzzes from her jacket pocket. She fished out her phone to reveal it once again had wifi and cell signal. Delayed messages began to stream onto her screen in quick succession. She'd missed a lot.

Wyde looked back at her, looking a little sheepish. It seemed as though their short lived elevator tryst was at an end. The blushing cat anthro gave her an appreciative but apologetic look, as if he expected her to suddenly leave his side to get back to her life.

She looked over his enormously fat form. The way his moobs rested in his shirt, big enough that he almost needed a bra. She took in just how tight his slacks were around his enormous ass, and how they left nothing to the imagination when it came to his sizable bulge at his crotch, still swollen with arousal. She watched as every shallow

breath he took made his belly jiggle and quiver, making her heart race faster.

Rouge looked back to her phone, then put it on 'silent'. She sent a mass email as quickly as she could, letting the staff know about the elevator...but also that she wasn't to be disturbed for the rest of the day.

"So, uh..." Wyde said nervously, seeing her check her phone, "I guess...it's back to work?"

Rouge shook her head, taking his arm in hers.

"Not on your life, tubby. I'm *famished*, and I'm not done with *you*" she said with a sultry smile, "It's too late for lunch, so I'm treating you to dinner...and drinks...and more"

Wyde smiled wide, looking relieved. "Is...is this a date?" he asked nervously.

Rouge laughed, "Call it what you want, handsome. But I'm gonna make sure we both get as stuffed as possible, and then you're coming back to my place. Don't think for a second you're getting away from me...after everything we did back there. You're all *mine*...and I'm gonna gobble you up~"

"Y-yes ma'am!" Wyde said enthusiastically, grinning nervously, as Rouge led him by the arm out of the lobby in the direction of dinner.



Miss Indulgence is a professional erotica author. She is known primarily for her private commission work on Fiverr, as well as her 'Momma Gobbo' persona on social media. When she's not spinning seductive yarns or corrupting the youth of today, she lives quietly in Alberta, Canada.

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