Prologue

The Gordge Corporation, as a whole, was never a company that shied away from rewarding its employees materially rather than financially. Given that there were plenty of companies out there who didn’t do either, this practice at least helped to ensure that company-wide turnover was generally kept pretty low. Even if the employees weren’t getting paid as much as they would have at, say, DynaCorp or Yeng, the companies that Gordge partnered with, they were at least rewarded marginally well.

Over the years, and across plenty of different branches, this had led to something of an uptick in obesity in employees with longer tenure with the company. Frequent office parties and partnerships with local businesses went pretty far when it came to living on a budget these days, and it wasn’t as if they could afford to have health food at every occasion. Add in the typical concerns of your average office worker, a sedentary job with rote and mindless tasks throughout the day with a fully-stocked break room and a vending machine by the bathrooms, and you’ve got an environment that’s absolutely *ripe* with ample amounts of Office Ass hanging over either side of the poor squashed chairs stationed at every cubicle.

But ever since Lily had been put in charge, it was becoming very clear that nothing was going to be the same ever again.

Not for Gordge, not for Lily, not for her second-in-command Kierra, and definitely not for their friendship.

“How in the *fuck* do you manage to screw up so bad that corporate has to get called on you?”

The marshmallow brunette with the tight brown bob and a belly that hung below her knees under her desk wasn’t listening. That was part of the problem. She *never* listened. It was always what Lily thought was best and it was always what Lily wanted—which had gone a long way into her management style.

She had been snacking feverishly since she had been put on that FaceTime with her boss. Crumbs dotted the corners of her mouth as she stared blankly ahead, ignoring her zaftig second-in-command as she laid into her in all of the ways that her boss had done better.

“Are you paying attention to me?—we’re in *big* trouble!”

Excessive and frequent power lunches, putting personal items on company credit, and even getting her suits tailored on the Gordge company’s dime had all been ugly mainstays in the Office Manager’s newfound rise to power. Sometimes it felt like the only thing more swollen than Lily’s figure was her head; and in moments like this, where corporate was breathing down her meaty neck because of the consequences of her own actions, it would have really helped if she were capable of taking any sort of criticism as anything less than a personal attack.

“Gawd, you don’t think I *know* that, Kierra?” her chubby cheeks bulged with apple fritter as she shoved another mouthful past her sugar glossed lips, finally breaking out of her trance for another petulant outburst, “Why the fuck are you yelling at me? You’re supposed to be my friend!”

“Noooo, I’m *supposed* to be the Assistant Mananger.” Kierra leaned forward on her boss’s desk, the poor thing groaning at the lopsidedness of its load, “And *you* got *me* in a shit ton of trouble by getting me to go along with all your stupid ideas!”

Despite her righteous fury and indignation, Kierra was hardly as innocent as her barrel-built bestie was. Since obtaining her position through nepotism (she *was* qualified to do the job, but there were far more talented people that Lily had deliberately ignored over her) Kierra had spent much of her tenure as Assistant Manager doing much the same that her superior had. Long lunches, putting work off onto those below her, and more or less spending far too much time deciding how to extend their branch’s food budget over things like profitability.

And in extending that food budget with some “creative” applications of making money disappear, all it had done was wind up extending Kierra’s big fat ass. Even from the front, it was visible. Standing to her full height—at least an inche shorter than when she’d started thanks to that dump truck weighing her down but whole *feet* wider—Kierra’s enormous office ass spread almost as wide as Lily’s desk! And whether or not it truly absolved Kierra of her hedonism during her time in charge… she was right when she said that it (probably) never would have happened if it weren’t for Lily’s shenanigans!

“Well what the fuck do you want me to do about it now, K? We’re screwed!”

“I don’t know, but they’re gonna fire your fat ass if you don’t—”

“Don’t call *me* fat you bottom-heavy freak!”

The two women that were in the office now were what remained of an entire generation of staff after everyone else had quit—those hastily hired or promoted to replace them without any idea that they *used* to be anything less than the titanic tubs that ruled this branch with an iron fist.

Over the course of their tyrannical rule, bringing Mean Girl style drama back to the forefront after so many years of decrying managerial favoritism from the previous teams, Lily and Kierra had gotten *fat*. Like, really *really* fat. And given that a whole crew of underlings didn’t know what to expect when it came to the “Gordge Gut” that came from all of those parties and discounts that people *used* to get in this branch, it wasn’t even like there was a precedent set for it either.

That’s right—the biggest reason for such a high turnover rate and the lack of competence in Lily and Kierra’s hiring had stemmed *directly* from them sopping up all of the extra room in the budget like greedy sponges.

“They should have *never* put you in charge, Lily.”

“You think you can do a better job than me—fucking *prove it then,* bitch!”

If They Were In Charge 3—They Never Should Have Been Put In Charge.

And she had been. Or at the very least, she’d been trying.

Kierra actually had a pretty good head on her shoulders when she wasn’t being led around by the nose, getting stroked under her chins by Lily and goaded into excessively indulgent displays. Oh sure, she still ate like a hog, but at least she wasn’t squirreling away money from the company to do it. Luckily *her predecessor* got the blame for most of that circus. And sure the higher-ups spent her first year watching her like a hawk, but all in all, Kierra had really surprised everyone with just how good of a General Manager she was. The role fit her like…

Well, the list of things that could fit Kierra these days was growing worryingly slim. Unlike her figure. She had tried to go out of her way to diet and exercise where she could, but the stresses of working at her job and the bad habits that she had picked up back when *a certain someone* had been treating her to extravagant meals on the company’s dime day in and day out meant that she hadn’t exactly lost any weight since taking the reigns for herself. In fact, she probably sat a hundred pounds *heavier* than when she was just an assistant…

“Sorry Jer—didn’t mean to bump you there.”

“Whoops, that’s (huff) my bad Barb…”

“Oh for Pete’s sake, move out the way, Joel!”

Kierra’s ass was legendary among those who had seen it. And not for the reasons that asses were usually legendary—in that only a very select few people enjoyed watching those big brown boulders wiggle and quake, and they wouldn’t have dared to admit it to Kierra’s face. The shelf space behind her was enough that many a mug had been placed on the summit of just one of her gigantic ass cheeks and nary but one of them had ever fallen. Over five hundred pounds of General Manager spent her days oscillating between desperately trying to get a pitiful amount of steps in and hoping that nobody saw her sneaking donuts literally every time she passed the break room. Despite her best efforts, Kierra went home cradling a belly full of food far more often than not as it stretched her button-up blouses to the point of being drawn taut—chocolate diamonds of flabby flesh threatening to break free with every labored step.

Even getting back to her office, she wasn’t safe. It had been moved around since she’d taken over for the sake of not destroying the place with one swing of her ass cheeks, but she still had to turn sideways just to fit through the door. Kierra’s gut scraped one side while the other usually got wedged between her cheeks somewhere between her second and third step through the threshold. The act of hauling one huge leg in front of the other was daunting in and of itself, but the chub rub and fatigue that came with waddling her way across the whole building just to try and squeeze some exercise in was exhausting.

*Careful K—don’t want to break another fucking stool…*

The one thing that Kierra missed about when Lily was in charge—at least, the one thing that she wasn’t ashamed to admit—was that if she needed a new chair back then, she’d just get one. Made with like airplane steel or some shit. One that would be good for her back. But with the company still watching her so closely (and her ass still steadily exploding in size) she knew that she couldn’t spring for anything more fancy than a big stool for her to plop down on.

No arms, no back, no leaning power.

Just four wheels and a suspension built to hold half a ton.

*Hopefully I’ll never have to test that weight limit…*

Kierra grabbed her truck-sized spare tire as it bulged out over the top of her waistband. Buying clothes was hard enough, but she didn’t even want to think about the out-of-pocket premium that Gordge would make her pay on a chair that could support her if she ever got *that* fat…

But who could ever get *that* fat. And despite what she thought about herself, she wasn’t anywhere *near* big enough to worry about testing the warranty on that thing. How many people in the world really had to worry about testing a *thousand pound* weight limit? Kierra was happy to know that she wasn’t one of them. And besides, this stool was way better for her posture. Probably.

*Still though… I gotta start cutting back.*

Kierra’s desk was U-shaped—allowing for her to sort of position her computer and her papers and other various knick-knacks *around* the growing gut that had proved to be so obstructive that a traditional rectangular desk had proven to be. At her advanced weight, Kierra could barely see three steps in front of her, let alone be bunched up at a desk where things were always getting lost underneath that thing.

And sitting down on this stool was uncomfortable *as hell*, but getting off of her fat little feet, crammed into those flats? It was all worth it.

“Ahhhh…”

She sighed as the weight shifted and her feet got a chance to breathe. Carefully and quietly, she slipped out of her flats. It’d be hell trying to get them back on, but it was worth it. Those things were *tight*, and Kierra had learned that she worked far better when she was comfortable…

Looking around, as if there were someone else in the room despite her being the only one with a key, she took the opportunity to *truly* get comfortable.

*“Ahhhhhhh~”*

Kierra’s squishy stomach surged forward as she unbuttoned her pants and pulled up her blouse. At her size there wasn’t much to be done about keeping that fat belly in check, but by God those extra inches really meant something when it was getting close to the end of the day.

“*Fuck*.” She panted, palming an acre of ample middle and rubbing the angry indendations where her waistband had been in a placating way, “I gotta get some bigger pants…”

*Or just fucking lose some weight.*

Kierra was quick to cut herself with that. But she was just as quick with a distraction—a notification on her work e-mail about an unread message. It must have come some time before she left for a donu—er, *bathroom* break.

Leaning over with a grunt, slowwwwly dragging the wheeled stool underneath her titanic tush as she hauled her big ass around to the monitor screen, Kierra was dumbfounded at the name that had been in front of the company domain name…

“Still Stuck at Gordge?” the subject line read, “Unblock me on Messenger and we’ll talk.”

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Kierra hadn’t seen Lily since they blew up at one another right before she had gotten fired.

And the couch-assed former assistant had spent the whole way over to what used to be their favorite sushi restaurant worrying about how embarrassing it was gonna be since she was bigger than ever. Sure, she had a much better job (and a way higher approval rating) than Lily ever had, but Kierra really wanted to put the whole “successful” image together—and that was a lot harder when she weighed almost a hundred pounds more than the last time that they had seen each other.

Sure, it was only an off chance that Lily had managed to shed any of that weight that they’d picked up together, but on the off chance that slim chance had fallen through, Kierra didn’t want to lose the upper hand in this sure-to-be awkward meeting before it started…

But as soon as she got a *look* at Lily—rather, as soon as it registered that the stomach poured into the other side of that buffet table was her old work friend—Kierra realized that she quite literally had nothing to worry about.

“Kaykay!” Lily lifted a wide arm high in the air, her bicep forming a fleshy tire of fat as she waved it slowly back and forth, “Over here!”

Kierra had known, in the back of her mind, that the chances of Lily slimming down were slim to none. And sure, her blowing up even more than she already had was more of a probability than a possibility. But as Kierra shuffled awkwardly across the restaurant, hip-checking tables and chairs with her ass as it swayed behind her at every belabored step, she couldn’t help but wonder… what had Lily *done* to herself?!

“It’s sooo good to see you.” She said with that same cat-like smile beset by chubby cheeks, her face almost sinking into an innertube of swaddling neck, “I see that Gordge has been treating you well!”

“Y…Yeah.” Kierra was aghast that this popped tube of biscuit dough had the audacity to say anything about her weight, especially in such an offhanded way, “You… uh… wherever you work—”

“Oh I work for Yeng now!” Lily said proudly, her bright blue eyes narrowed behind those tennis ball cheeks, quiet gesticulations reverberating in her fluffy arm fat, “You know, one of the companies that Gordge works for?”

“Yeah. Sure.” Kierra was still far more shocked than impressed or jealous or… whatever Lily wanted her to be, “They, uh… they treat you well too, girl.”

“Ooofuck don’t remind me.” Lily palmed her middlemost slab of stomach roll with both of her greedy grabbers, “I was hoping that it wasn’t *that* noticeable.”

“…it’s noticeable. Really, *really* noticeable.”

“Well. Whatever. It’s not like either of us are as skinny as we were back when we were interns, right?” Lily struggled to lean forward to grab at what looked to be her third bowl of appetizer potstickers, grunting as the table bowed slightly under the weight of her side, “You want something to eat? You’re gonna want to pay attention to what I want to ask you—and I *know* how you get when you’re hungry.”

“Yeah, sure…” Kierra picked up the last one for herself, “Do we wanna order first, or—”

“I’m gonna need a *little* more time and some crispy cheese wontons before I know what I *really* want.” Lily said in that offhanded, lighter-than-air sort of way that literally hundreds of pounds couldn’t weigh down, “Oof… fuck, I asked for the roomiest table that they had and I swear to fucking God it’s already smaller than when I sat down. Do you want to move?”

“…do you *need* to move Lil?”

“Fine, I’ll deal with it. It’s not a big deal. Not nearly as big of a deal as what I want to talk to you about…”

And so, Lily (who was quite a big deal herself these days) talked. And she ate. Mostly she ate, but inbetween the chomping and chewing and scarfing, the groaning about how good everything tasted and how much she missed coming here and the picking at the waistband of her elastic(?) khakis, the massive marshmallow that was Kierra’s old friend and former boss told her about the opportunities that she had come across once she had been fired from Gordge. Opportunities that she now wanted to *share* with Kierra.

“Yeng. Is. Fucking. *Great,* K.” Lily popped one, two, three California rolls past her pudgy pink lips as she hunkered over the table, huge breasts pooling on top the layer of tum that ate into the tabletop, “I get paid more, I do even *less* work, and I don’t have to go to any stupid meetings! I just sit on my ass all day, I tell them what I think about whatever product they ask me to test—”

“—don’t they make snacks and shit? Are you seriously testing junk food all day?”

“Fucking *sometimes*! Okay? I’m *actually* testing furniture and tablets and stuff, but okay yeah I *am* earning some extra money by testing the snack foods too.”

“Just checking…”

“I was *going* to ask if you wanted to join me—my boss came to me and asked if I knew anyone who could help fill out our roster. I thought you’d be a great fit. Plus, I kind of miss having you around, and I *definitely* miss neither of us being in charge of anything…”

“I don’t know, Lil… I’m makin’ good money at Gordge…”

“Yeng will match it. I promise. I think. I’ll talk to my boss about it.” Lily clutched her Vienna sausage fingers together pleadingly, “Just *pleeeeease* say you’ll think about it? It’ll be like the old days! You and me, kicking our feet up, being catty as fuck—”

“Scarfing down junk food?”

“I mean… probably!” Lily shrugged her sandbag shoulders, “If you want! You don’t have to eat the stuff if you don’t want but I’m basically getting paid to do two jobs while I do, like, a *fourth* of one.”

Kierra *did* like the sound of that… and maybe if she weren’t so stressed, she’d eat less throughout the day…

“Come on…” Lily stuck out her lower lip, “Come work at a fun job with your old pal Lily?”

Kierra crossed her arms over her chest and leaned back, testing the suspension power of the two chairs that her carnivorous ass swamped beneath her…

Epilogue

“I’m so fucking glad we’re not in charge.”

Kierra leaned back luxuriously on her heavy-duty Yeng recliner, with nary a squeak or a groan from its reinforced metal frame despite nearly seven hundred pounds of bottom-heavy beluga filling it to maximum capacity.

“I never would have thought about putting this into a loveseat.”

The former General Manager at Gordge had settled nicely into the life of a mundane R&D Consultant for Yeng—almost to the point where she genuinely wondered why she’d been doing that hard work at all since her promotion! Here she could sit, and she could snack, and she could watch television on the flatscreen Yeng Technologies TV while her best friend did much the same.

This was literally the best office ever, as far as Kierra was concerned.

“Glare’s a little off at this position though…”

The truth is, she just didn’t want to admit that sitting like this was making sweat pool under her neck. The facilities were designed with *Lily* in mind, so it wasn’t like she was wanting for support on the off chance she had to haul her big ass up off the ground (this thing was fucking *hydraulic—*do you believe that?) but the little bits that served as reminders for her not-so-little gains were the only thing that kept her from having as good a time as…

Well, as someone who had either fully bought into her job, or was just impressively deep in denial. Knowing Lily, it could have easily been both.

“Fry fhe remote fhinf.”

“Chew your damn food.”

“I *said—*” Lily was breathing hard after choking down that mouthful of cookies, “Try the remote thing; it’ll angle it so it’s not so glary.”

“They got you *well* trained.”

Kierra’s laugh had devolved into a sort of husky chuckle as she leaned back and allowed the minutiae of her creature comforts slip into semi-automation. As she made the small adjustments to ensure maximum comfort for her size, Kierra laid the remote on one of her colossal columns of thigh, laying her hands comfortably on her sizeable belly shelf as she leaned back ever so slightly and let the built-in (and well worn) massage heads do their job on her excessively dense backside.

“Like that’s a bad thing.”

Lily rolled her eyes as she shoveled another handful of food, this time off-brand M&M’s that the company was floating, past her lips with one of her plump hands. It was attached to an arm so thick and fat that her wrist had been officially lost to the oncoming expansion of her forearm—and above that, her arm wings were so heavy that they sagged over her elbow and fought her sagging slabs of tit for space on her chest. Just laying in her own dedicated loveseat and snacking to her heart’s content left the brunette beluga winded sometimes, but she always had enough to say when it came to a good idea about how to make their lives more endlessly bearable in what was effectively their office here at the Yeng Corporation.

“I mean, it’s not how *I’d* run things.” She said with a little sniff, another handful, and more sounds of hedonistic chewing, “But it’s pretty great.”

“How would *you* do things then?” Kierra chuckled again, “You want a hydraulic couch now so your big ass has room to grow?”

“If anyone’s talking about asses here—“ Lily offered as a little jab without looking over to see Kierra’s pursed lips, “Nah, if I were in charge, I’d make getting food a lot easier. It takes so fucking long to wait for those interns to bring me more *food*… I mean, product to test.”

“Uh-huh—and what would your solution be, since your time is so valuable?”

“Mmm…” Lily drummed the fraction of fat that she could reach with her plump digits, a wide smile dimpling her cheeks as they rolled into the fold of her double chin seamlessly, “Maybe some kind of *tube*…?”

“You want a *tube*?” Kierra scoffed, “You’re hopeless.”

“Come on K, think about it! No waiting, just sitting back and eating…”

*And eating and eating and eating…*

Lily licked her lips wantingly as the thought overwhelmed her. A simulacrum of sensation that she couldn’t help but cook up—the satisfaction of knowing that she’d never be denied while she worked, getting to fill herself endlessly…

It was *so* tempting. Something that even Kierra couldn’t *completely* deny.

“Yeah well, maybe one day you’ll be in charge and you can hook me up with a Tube ™” Kierra wriggled and writhed on her couch-sized ass as she got comfortable for the next episode of their Yeng-approved show, “But until then, let’s just enjoy the fact that we’re *not* in charge. ‘Kay?”