

Rise of the Binge Burger

A pair of thick rimmed glasses with a no nonsense, red tie made up the majority of Ray's outfit. Standing before the mirror in the break room, he took special note to ensure the button down dress shirt and black slacks adorning his scrawny form were free of wrinkles. Combing his short black hair into place, he glanced over at his watch. Realizing that the time had come for him to face his greatest fear, he took a deep breath and grasped the bundle of paper wrapped around his latest creation. Making his way to the Glutton Burger office, he tried to extract a hint of calmness from his memories of carrying out his duties as the manager to the best of his abilities. Unfortunately for him, someone was already waiting for him in his chair, sucking up any feeling of ease with her mere presence.

Ethel Windstradt's gaze behind her fashionable glasses was more than enough to send a shiver down Ray's spine. Her neat bun of black hair combined with her flawless grey business suit showed off the lengths she went to make herself presentable. The only flaw Ray could see was that she was a little on the skinny side, guessing that she mostly subsisted on cups of coffee and energy bars to get through the day. These thoughts remained bottled up in Ray's mind as he took his seat across from her.

"G-good to see you again, Ms. Windstradt," Ray stuttered out. "You're looking lovely today. Did you do something new with your--"

"That'll be enough," Ethel said with a raised hand. "As you can probably the guess, being the CEO of a company doesn't leave me with a lot of free time. Hurry up and show me what you've got so I can move on."

"Yes, right away," Ray replied, quickly unwrapping the bundle of paper.

Placing the recently cooked burger on the desk, Ray tried to present the greasy mess that was the culmination of his hard work. The three meat patties dripped with cheese and a strange, pink sauce. Picking up the sandwich between her fingers, Ethel lifted off the top bun to examine the strips of bacon, onions, and various condiments balanced atop it. Putting the bun back on the burger leaked out a gush of grease onto the paper below. Despite all of this, she still opened up her mouth to take a small taste of the sandwich.

“Not bad,” Ethel commented as she chewed. “Not bad at all.” Swallowing her food, she placed the burger back on the paper and cleaned her face with a napkin. “Then again, it’s to be expected considering you’re using my special formula.”

Ray took a deep breath. “While I won’t deny that you are a major contributor, you did come to me specifically to create a tasty burger to go along with your creation.”

Ethel shrugged her shoulders. “True, however that was because you were the only one available. As much as I would have liked a gourmet chef to take on this task, the stigma around making products for a fast food restaurant is too great. You were chosen because you were available and didn’t ask for much compensation.”

“Um, thank you?”

“You’re welcome,” Ethel coldly replied, picking up the burger and ripping it in half. Leaving one part lying on the paper, she proceeded to nibble on the chunk in her hands. “Go on and eat.”

“If I may be so blunt,” Ray began, “I’m not hungry. I already had a salad for lunch.”

“That won’t do,” Ethel reprimanded through another mouthful of meat. “If we’re going to be selling these at your location, you’re going to need to show some more appreciation for your own product. Now eat.”

Knowing there was little use in arguing against his boss, Ray did as he was told and picked up his half of the burger. Taking a bite, his mind raced with the various things he read about the formula. It was a mixture of grease and additives that made for an extremely unhealthy sauce for anything it was put on. Despite that, the drastic negatives came along with an otherworldly flavor that helped his usually small stomach be able to get through the entire meal.

“How soon can we begin selling these?” Ethel asked, tossing him a napkin to clean the leftover sauce from his face.

“I should be able to teach my employees the process within a week,” Ray replied as he cleaned up his lips. “I just need to think of a name for it before I place it on the menu.”

“That’s simple,” Ethel said, getting up from her seat and heading towards the door. “You will call it the Binge Burger.”

“The Binge Burger?”

Looking over her shoulder, Ethel shot Ray a glare. “Do you have a problem with the name?”

“No, no, of course not,” Ray replied, hurriedly picking up the remains of their impromptu lunch. “I’ll get to work right away on incorporating it into the menu.”

“See that you do,” Ethel said as she took her leave. “If this plan works out as I expect, our company is about to climb to the top of the fast food world.”

Ray’s store had always had a modest amount of customers that mostly consisted of regulars. However, over the course of a month the popularity of his Glutton Burger location

exploded. No more was this evident than during the lunch hour where there was a line reaching out the door. All of the customers were there for a single reason: to sink their teeth into the addictive Binge Burger.

Watching from the back as one person after another made the same order, Ray witnessed his employees move like clockwork to create the specialty sandwiches. What joy he got from seeing his crew work so efficiently was immediately canceled out by looking at the dining area to see people further distending their potbellies as they devoured their burgers. The added chub around the clientele was becoming more frequent with each passing day and each new person that became obsessed with his creation. It was the same reason Ray himself was struggling to shift his shirt around to make it fit the extra pudge around his mid-section.

“Hey boss, that lady is here again!,” one of the employees called out.

Ray stopped adjusting his pants around his thicker rear and let out a sigh. “If it’s Mrs. Mimbles again, please tell her that company policy prohibits the use of coupons that are well past their expiration date. And no, that is not a reason to call the cops on us again.”

“No, it’s that other lady. The one in the suit. She’s waiting for you in the office.”

As if a bolt of lightning had struck him on the spot, Ray began to move with purpose. Hastily fixing his outfit to make himself as presentable as possible, he quickly made his way over to the office. Opening up the door he was greeted with Ethels’ familiar face intently staring at him. However, the aura of intimidation she usually carried with her was diminished by certain addition to her body since their last meeting.

“Sit down Ray,” Ethel commanded, pressing her spherical gut against the desk as she unwrapped a recently made Binge Burger.

“Yes of course,” Ray replied, taking his seat across from her. “Is everything alright?”

“More than alright,” she said, a hint of her joy breaking through her usually stern voice as droplets of sauce spilled from her mouth to splatter against her engorged chest. “I was looking over your sales reports for the last month. I’ve never seen a Glutton Burger location have such an increase in profits in all my years at the company.” She paused, taking a moment to get another mouthful of the Binge Burger before holding it up to Ray’s face. “It’s all thanks to this little marvel of culinary science.”

“Thank you very much,” Ray said, hazarding a smile.

“That being said,” Ethel began, shoving the rest of the burger into her mouth before resuming, “we should get to work incorporating your creation into the base menu for Glutton Burger.”

“I’m not sure that’s a wise idea,” Ray said as he rose up a shaky hand. “While the burgers are tasty, I fear they could have long term, negative effects on our customers.”

The slight hint of Ethel’s positive mood vanished as she lifted up her bubble butt from her seat to loom over Ray. “Explain.”

“Well, I’m sure you’ve seen that the customers have taken on more than a few pounds since they’ve started eating the burgers,” Ray said, shaking like a leaf in the wind. “It would be unethical to release this into the mass market in its current state. If you give me some time to tweak the formula, I’m sure I can-“

“Absolutely not,” Ethel coldly refused. “The clock is ticking when it comes to the fast food world. If we don’t capitalize on your discovery now, our competitors will more than likely try to recreate your formula and take our consumers right from under our noses.”

“But Ms. Windstradt, what about our customer’s health concerns?”

“What concerns?” she asked, grabbing another one of the burgers she had brought into the office. “As far as I’m aware, the only problem is ensuring our consumers have access to our wonderful invention.” Unwrapping the paper around the sandwich, she held it up to Ray’s face. “The company is going through with this decision whether you like it or not. The only difference is if you’re going to be around to benefit from our future success. So I’ll ask you, are you in or out?”

Ray hesitated, his eyes glancing back and forth between his own belly and the delicious burger in front of him. Dragging his gaze across the added plumpness around Ethel’s body, he dared to look into her face once more. Pushed by her presence and his growling stomach, he grasped the burger in front of him and took a bite.

The lights in the conference hall grew dim as the main event began. Placed in a seat of honor on the stage, Ray tried to look as presentable as possible. The task was easier said than done as he couldn’t stop himself from constantly tugging at his black slacks to pull the fabric from betwixt his chubby butt cheeks. From there his plump fingers slid across the front of his overburdened dress shirt to ensure that the buttons were still doing their job of keeping his prominent potbelly covered up. A slight tinge of terror entered his mind as he looked down to see a ketchup stain clinging to the tie grazing against his pudgy chest. Whatever concerns he had about his appearance standing out were put to rest by looking upon the crowd seated in front of him.

Everywhere Ray looked he saw someone either the same weight as him or beyond it. The added pudginess afflicting the Glutton Burger higher ups was quite evident by how tightly they were all pressed together in their seats. Stains of various condiments littered their clothes here and there, some freshly acquired from the catering table serving the very burgers that made them like this in the first place. Just as his gaze began to focus on a person in the front to try and determine if the dual sacks of meat that hung from their chest were either breasts or sagging man pecks, Ray was brought back to his formerly respectful stature as Ethel made her way onto the stage.

The added blubber that had been packed onto Ethel's body did little to take away from her ability to garner the room's respect. Even with the sizable belly bulge pushing against her grey blazer, she drew a wealth of applause from the audience as she waddled her way to the front podium. Holding up a pudgy hand, she swished her hips back and forth to ruffle her skirt against her chunky rear in an attempt to silence the crowd. As the last few claps died down, she placed her hand against her plump breasts to clear her throat as she began the conference.

"I would like to start today by thanking you all for coming to this business strategy summit," Ethel began. "As you are all aware, our profits have skyrocketed over the past few months. This is due in no small part to the Binge Burger, the creation of Ray Edgerton. Mr. Edgerton, please stand up."

Recognizing his cue, Ray heaved himself out of his seat and held up his hand. Waving towards the crowd as he accepted the round of congratulatory cheers, he tried to keep up a smile even as he watched their chubby bodies jiggle from the exertion. Fighting against a well of worrying thoughts in the back of his mind, he waited for Ethel to gesture away from him before he sat back down to end the applause.

“That being said,” Ethel said, her voice taking on a much dire tone, “there has been an issue brought to my attention lately. Some opponents to our company claim that the Binge Burgers are causing a widespread epidemic of obesity. Though we have tried to brush them away like so many other problems, this is an issue that can no longer be ignored.”

Ray breathed a sigh of relief. He had brought up the plethora of health hazards of his creation multiple times, but he wasn't sure if Ethel had ever actually listened to him. A spark of hope lit in his chest, momentarily expecting her to make an announcement that would allow him a chance to rework the formula.

“In response to this,” Ethel said as she pulled out a remote and pointed towards a large screen, “I have prepared something to show you all today.”

With a press of a button, the screen turned on to show footage of a man and a woman on a sidewalk. The pair looked practically emaciated as they trudged forward, their eyes sunken in and their bones visible beneath their thin flesh. The depressive scene was then suddenly lit up by a bright glow emanating from a Glutton Burger restaurant. Rushing into the building, the couple were greeted with a pile of Binge Burgers on a table. As the pair ate through the meal, their skinny forms rapidly grew in size. Finishing their meal with both of their bodies filling up the entirety of the booth seats they were squeezed into, they turned towards the camera to show off wide smiles on their pudgy faces.

“What you see here is the beginning of our new marketing strategy,” Ethel explained. “Rather than vilify fat like so many others, we intend to glamorize the big, beautiful people that are our loyal customers. In the next coming months we will be releasing advertisements like these into our major markets. Though this may be a radical strategy, it is the most assured one to continue making Glutton Burger the peak of the fast food world.”

A roar of applause erupted from the crowd to congratulate Ethel on her idea. Awestruck by the unbelievable plan the CEO had just announced, it took Ray a few moments to notice Ethel making her way off the stage. Leaping up from his seat, he gave chase and managed to catch up to her in the backstage area. Rushing forward with sweat dripping down his face, he managed to step in front of her to block her way.

“With all due respect, Ms. Windstradt,” Ray began, taking deep breaths to recover, “what was that?”

“An advertisement,” she plainly stated. “Don’t tell me you thought that was real. Those were just special effects. This isn’t like some weird fetish story you find in the depths of the internet where a person fattens up in a couple of seconds. Come on, I thought you were more intelligent than that.”

“No, I mean what you’re doing is wrong.”

Ethel’s eyebrow twitched. Taking a step forward, she loomed over Ray as she locked eyes with him. “What do you mean?”

“W-we shouldn’t be sweeping this problem under the rug,” Ray replied, ripples going through his pudge as he shook in her presence. “There’s only so much we can deny that what the Binge Burger is doing is bad for our customers. Let alone trying to put out a positive spin on an obesity epidemic.”

Ethel let out a huff of hot air from her nostrils to wash over Ray. “What are you trying to insinuate? That fat people are disgusting?”

“No that’s not-“

“You’re just like the rest of them,” Ethel continued, pressing Ray up against the wall with her belly. “So stuck in your old ways that you’re convinced that anyone with a little extra weight

is less than human. Is that what you think of me? Just because I'm a little chubby you consider me some kind of gross monster?"

"That's not at all what I--"

"Spit it out," Ethel said, slamming her body against him once more. "I like to think I'm an open minded boss. Tell me what you think of me. Come on, say it! Don't hold back. Tell exactly what you think of--"

"YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL!" Ray blurted out.

Ethel's expression faltered for a moment under the influence of a red blush. Any doubts that Ray had spoken truthfully were struck down by the gleam in his eyes and his heavy breathing. Pulling back from Ray to release him from her grasp, Ethel straightened her posture to regain a semblance of control over the situation.

"That will be all for now," she said, not daring to look him in the eyes. "Enjoy the conference Ray-I mean, Mr. Edgerton. I'll stay in touch."

Ray wisely stayed silent as Ethel took her leave. Though he was no longer pressed against the wall by his boss's pudgy, he didn't move from that spot for several minutes. Contemplating what had just come out of his mouth, he fixed up his clothes and headed towards the buffet table. Hopefully a nice stuffing session was just the thing he needed to make sense of the feelings in the pit of his chest.

Waddling through the Glutton Burger head office was an arduous challenge for Ray to say the least. The daily challenge of maneuvering his 600 pound body around was already

difficult enough to make him break into a sweat after only a few minutes of shuffling his feet. This issue was compounded as he was forced to squish his barrel-like belly against similarly thick guts as he traversed the busier parts of the office building. More than once he had the opportunity to compare his thick pecs to the chests of the various men and women he ended up running into. Barely managing to squeeze his wide rear past a set of fat women in tight dresses, he finally arrived at the reception area.

“Name?” the secretary asked, paying him the barest of attention as her pudgy fingers grasped a Binge Burger and brought it up to her mouth.

“Ray Edgerton,” he spoke, having to raise his voice to be heard over the sound of her frantic chewing.

“Go on through,” she replied, leaning back to create a loud straining noise as her chair struggled to keep her wide rear aloft. “You’re her last appointment for the day.”

“Thank you,” Ray said, walking by while making a poor attempt not to stare at the grease running down her chins to further besmirch her stain-riddled blouse.

The head office of the company was just as extravagant as the rumors said. Wide windows looked down from the top floor of the building, giving a near unobstructed view of the city line below. All across the walls were various pictures showing off important moments of Glutton Burger’s history. Looking past the lavish chairs in a small sitting area and a wall of trophies, Ray forced himself to gaze upon the woman that had called him to the office in the first place.

Located on a throne like-chair were a pair of meaty butt cheeks belonging to Ethel. Her thick rear wobbled back and forth as she devoured her sixth Binge Burger of the day. The rapid motion of her mouth sent droplets of grease across her three chins and seeping between her

melon-like breasts. Further condiment stains were scattered across her blazer, working alongside her doughy belly to hamper her formally dignified appearance.

“Um, excuse me,” Ray spoke up.

Ethel paused, lifted up her head to lock eyes with Ray. Finishing off the rest of her burger with one big bite, she wiped her lips with the back of her pudgy wrist. “Ah, yes. Thank you for coming in today. Please, have a seat.”

Waddling his way over to the chair, Ray winced as he sat down and heard the seat creak beneath his weight. “What did you want to talk about?”

“A new business proposition,” Ethel replied, rummaging through the leftover food wrappers on her desk to find a packet of papers. “What I have here is a collection of proposals from other fast food chains asking to use our special sauce. They’re each offering quite a sizable share of the profits as long as we can provide products that fit into their menus.”

“That’s what you brought me in for?” Ray asked. “To recreate the abomination that has made me and so many others a part of the obesity epidemic?”

“Yes,” Ethel replied, unfazed by his scornful words. “I didn’t think there was anyone better suited for the job than the man that created the Binge Burger in the first place.”

“Bullshit,” Ray said, daring to raise his voice for the first time ever against her. “Your marketing has done more than just fatten people up. It’s glorified the world of making greasy food at the peak of cooking. I’ve heard that chefs around the world are trying to recreate our success by making equally unhealthy meals. I’m sure there’s no end to the list of more qualified people to do the job. Why, out of all those people, would you pick me knowing how much I despise what I’ve done?”

Ethel remained silent for a moment, never wavering with her dead stare into Ray's eyes. Heaving herself out of her chair, she shuffled her way around the desk. Left frozen by the impact of Ethel's heavy stomps coming closer and closer, Ray could only watch as she pressed her gut up against his equally enormous belly. Grasping onto his shoulders, she leaned forward to have their faces be mere inches from one another.

"Because I want to do this with you," Ethel replied. "There are others yes, but none of them would be the right fit." Grasping Ray's arms, she lifted it up and pressed his hand against her chest. "Ever since that day at the conference, I knew you were the one. I admit, I don't really understand this myself. However, you have to trust me when I say wouldn't want anyone else to join me on our company's rise to the top."

Ray sat there in silence, letting Ethel's words linger as his fingers sunk deeper between her breasts. He smacked his lips, feeling a sensation rise up inside of him that he was all too sure was the same one Ethel was feeling. Pushed by this well of urges, he dared to lean forward to press his lips up against hers.

Rather than push him away or slap him, Ethel returned the spontaneous act by accepting the kiss. As their tongues intertwined, the pair allowed their hands to reach out and grasp what they could of each other's blubbery bodies. Amidst squeezing Ethel's bountiful backside and her pressing her tits up against his man boobs, Ray made the decision to go along with Ethel's proposition. As the pair rolled onto the floor and their embrace became more passionate, Ray was certain that he was more than willing to see where Ethel and his devious creation would take him.

Arms burdened with a large haul of various fast food take out bags, a delivery man made his way to the front door of the elaborate mansion. Though he had made the trip many times before, it was still a challenge getting his portly form up the ramp leading to the entrance. Bracing himself against the exterior wall to catch his breath, he fixed up his appearance and knocked on the door. After several moments of hearing his own labored breathing and a set of heavy stomps leading towards the door, the delivery man was greeted by the very man responsible for the country's every growing weight problem.

A silk, red robe was wrapped around Ray's body, just tight enough to show off every belly fold of his massive, over 800 pound body. The garment was made for comfort rather than function, as evidenced by how much room they afforded to the pair of pudgy man boobs that sagged against his boulder-like gut. Swaying his wide hips back and forth brushed the hem of the robe against the bottom cheeks of his elephantine rear. Partially mesmerized by Ray's multiple rows of chins that jiggled with each slight movement, it took a moment for the delivery man to remember he was on duty.

Scrambling for a piece of paper in his pocket, the delivery man cleared his throat.

"Delivery for Windstradt?"

"You're at the right place," Ray replied, putting his bulky arms to good use to accept the take out bags. Balancing his haul of food against his belly, he shuffled around his pockets until he dug out a sizable wad of cash. Handing the generous tip over to the grateful delivery man, Ray waved him off before closing the door and waddling back inside.

The trek through the massive mansion was accompanied by the various sights created over the past year from his decision to go full force with Ethel's plans. Various trophies and

awards lined the walls, each one a testament to their fattening food stuff's ability to be tasty and addictive. Posters from Glutton Burger's successful advertising campaigns were spread throughout to promote the beautiful side of larger bodies. Peeking into the various sitting rooms and lounging areas allowed him to peek at the various stashes of snacks available to keep himself and any other guests' bellies sated.

The epitome of Ray's work was made evident with a quick peek into the kitchen. A glimpse inside revealed the staff preparing food for the evening's dinner. Though the pudgy chefs were eating about half of what they were cooking, Ray couldn't blame them. After all, their heightened appetites were a direct result of the delicious sauce that he had instructed them to use in every recipe. Leaving the cook staff to their work, Ray continued on his way to the bedroom.

It took some effort actually getting past the door, the double wide entrance scraping the edges of his hips. Making a mental note to put in another order for renovations to accommodate his hefty form, he managed to squeeze his way inside. Careful not to spill a single piece of food in the process, he closed the door behind him to gaze upon Ethel spread out on the mattress before him.

Body covering up most of the king-sized bed, Ethel rolled around her massive form to greet Ray. A thin negligee looked practically painted onto her body, showing off each and every pound of her massive gut. With a brush of her plump, sausage-like fingers she removed the crumbs clinging to her chin to send them sprinkling onto her heaving bosom to be lost within the vast valley of her cleavage. Managing to crawl her way over to the very edge of the mattress, she slammed her gigantic backside down on the edge of the bed. Ignoring the various creaks and

groans from beneath her body, she flung about her wild strands of black hair to show Ray a welcoming grin on her pudgy face as he joined her on the bed.

“How did your business call go?” Ray asked, handing Ethel a Binge Burger.

“Annoying, but we’re making good progress,” she replied before stuffing her face full of the greasy meat. “We’re looking to expand out into additional countries. Starting with the United Kingdom and then hopefully reaching out into Japan before the end of the fiscal quarter.”

Washing down her food with a gulp of soda, she reached into the bag to hand Ray a box of fried chicken covered in his signature sauce. “On to more pressing matters, have you made reservations for tomorrow night?”

“Of course,” Ray answered, graciously accepting the food and chowing down on the fried meat. “They set aside the table next to the window just like you asked.”

“And the menu?”

“I’ve already sent over your specifications,” he said, shoveling a spoonful of mashed potatoes down his throat before speaking once more. “Everything will be cooked with the special sauce.”

Before Ray could take another bite, he was interrupted by Ethel pushing against him. His patient lips were rewarded with a deep kiss as she leaned in to grasp what she could of his body. Allowing her fingers to poke and prod at whatever they could reach, he still found himself shivering at the sensation of the gold band around Ethel’s ring finger dragging down the expanse of his back fat.

“Excellent work as always, dear,” Ethel commented as her palm slid across the ring on Ray’s own hand.

“Just trying to be the best employee and husband I can be,” Ray replied, setting aside his food to once more revel in the beautiful, blubbery bodies they had acquired on their way to the top of the culinary world.