

## Deep in conversation

Humming softly, the Right Honorable Zara Delores Prentis-Boswell (Sarah Boswell to her constituents) took a moment to admire her slender nose in the spoon's silver glint. Then, placing it alongside a thoroughly scraped avocado skin, she turned her wrist ninety degrees.

*Nine forty seven.* Frown forestalled by twelve units of fresh Harley Street Botox, Sarah glanced anxiously across the table.

And felt the dark, caustic arch of her eyebrows rise even higher than usual.

Hemmed in by a semicircle of greasy plates, elbow resting on table and fork clenched vertically in her fist, Becky Thornton MP was inhaling a giant pork sausage in a manner that made Ed Miliband's famous failure with the bacon sandwich look like the height of refinement. Eyes bulging down at the huge tube of meat, the young politician's cheeks swelled and hollowed noisily as she sucked and chomped like a pro, the fork briskly moving closer to her chin.

*So that's why the Party Chairman gave her that seat,* thought Sarah, watching the banana-sized sausage disappear by inches into Becky's glossy maw. Still, she couldn't help being impressed. Already late to breakfast (having lazily overslept) Becky had returned from the buffet with so much food that Sarah had been certain they'd miss the meeting altogether. Yet in the time it had taken her to scrape out a smallish avocado, Becky had packed away two Eggs Benedict, four rashers of butter-fried bacon, the aforementioned Lincolnshire sausage, two thick slices of jam-slathered white toast and a side stack of maple pancakes taller than Big Ben. All without spilling a jot on that new sleeveless black pencil dress she'd been flaunting herself around in.

Reared amongst the English aristocracy, Sarah had witnessed more than her share of gluttony. Violet-faced old viscounts hiccuping lecherously as the butler topped up their seventh postprandial sherry; the clattering of cutlery and crackling of corsets as bulging baronesses leaned back after an ill-advised fourth helping of Eton mess. But for sheer pace Becky Thornton outmatched them all. The girl must have set a new UK fork-to-mouth speed record.

*Well, you can take the girl out of Essex...* Sarah drew a snide sip of orange as her ex-beautician colleague dabbed her lips with a napkin. And yet it was precisely those ill-bred Essex roots, that "comprehensive-schoolgirl turned successful entrepreneur" nonsense that had made Rebecca Thornton the perfect parliamentary candidate in the eyes of the party leaders.

That and her ability to deep throat a Lincolnshire sausage in seven seconds.

Across the table Becky muffled a burp with her napkin.

'Woof! Excu-zay-moi!' said she in an accent Sarah could only describe as Estuary French. Swallowing a secondary belch, Becky shifted in her chair, pressing a pink-fingernailed hand to the obscene bulge of her chest. 'The sausages up norf are *lush*. Think they'd shift me to a constituency ahrand here?' she added with a giggle.

Sarah managed to twist her instinctive grimace into a grin. It was galling enough that this overconfident, underqualified young upstart - who played up her regional accent and ditsy Essex girl image for political points - had been selected for *any* parliamentary constituency,

let alone a safe seat in the party heartlands. And to think, the girl had very nearly been made a junior minister, at the childlike age of 29 and within one year of being elected!

'Shall we be going?' she asked, pertly enough to draw Becky's gaze away from the dessert counter.

In a single motion Sarah rose to her feet and shrugged smoothly into her demure grey Armani suit jacket - and fought to keep a straight face at the series of body contortions Becky was executing to get into her own lighter and marginally less designer blazer. It was like watching a magician's strait jacket trick in reverse. Bingo wings a-wobble, Becky tugged one super-tight sleeve up to the elbow, then stretched an arm above her head and gradually shuffled it down to her shoulder, before repeating the obscure process on the other side. And it took all Sarah's professional composure not to snort with laughter when, having finally squeezed herself into the ill-fitting garment, the young MP made a hopelessly ambitious attempt to button it, tugging the two sides a few inches towards each other and then frowning as if she couldn't for the life of her understand what the problem was.

Oh how Sarah longed to enlighten her. The problem, of course, was that pompous little Becky had fallen victim to what was known in the profession as the SW1 sprawl. As with so many new MPs, a job centered around leaking information to journalists over epic lunches in fashionable Westminster Bubble restaurants and sitting through endless meetings with civil servants had done a number on the not-particularly-slim figure Rebecca Thornton had brought to Westminster. The result was that a taut curve of six, perhaps eight inches of pencil-suited belly now separated button from buttonhole. All that breakfast wasn't helping either.

Sarah smirked as Becky made another futile attempt to unite the two. The only way that thing was getting fastened at the front was if it ripped clean in half down the back. Indeed for a few moments it looked as though this might very well happen. But (to Sarah's disappointment) after a third and equally feeble effort Becky gave up. Apparently unperturbed, she extracted a tiny mirror from her pocket, ran a hand through her silky blonde-streaked hair, dabbed a fleck of butter from her spare chin, and looked up with a smile.

'Ready?'

As the pair clicked their heels across the hotel lobby, conversation turned to the meeting ahead. It was a year since the party's re-election to government, and the honeymoon period was well and truly over. Inflation was rising, and opinion polls were plummeting. In a mild panic top brass had drafted in several political experts from America: real hard cases, according to rumour, who had decided that the best way to take the public's eye off the faltering economy would be to launch some bold new initiatives, fronted by the party's very limited field of good-looking MPs.

Hence Becky and Sarah's presence at the hotel.

As they walked, Becky probing her more senior colleague about what those initiatives might involve, Sarah found her eyes roaming across the young woman's figure. Council elections were only a two weeks away, and as MPs they were both expected to "get out there" and promote their party's local candidates. Yet from the looks of her Becky had been spending far more time filling her slightly too prominent jaw with lamb steaks and roast beef in the private booths of SW1 restaurants than blistering her toes on the campaign trail. That

bulky bottom, swaying with a spanx-controlled wobble as they crossed the lobby, certainly hadn't benefited from the slimming effect that came with weeks of delivering leaflets and knocking on doors; and the doubling chin and bulging tummy suggested plenty of warm, well-nourished afternoons in the Cinnamon Club and Shepherd's.

But the greatest evidence of Becky's laziness was in her legs. The young woman's pins were so porky that she seemed to have no kneecaps whatsoever, and her calves had to be bigger than Sarah's thighs, their lack of muscle tone evinced by the thick meaty wobble that shuddered through them every time her heels touched the ground.

'Will I be - I mean - do you think they'll have a role for me?' Becky was saying, increasing her pace to keep stride with her leggier colleague. 'Adrian Fairclough said I was impressive on the Daily Politics.'

*Adrian Fairclough wants to squeeze his stubby old fingers under your Spanx, dear. And no doubt he'll succeed at some point too, Sarah mused, given his influence in the party... and your own ambitions.*

Sarah smiled inwardly. It hadn't escaped her notice that, like everything else Becky had said that morning, the question had been subtly centered around herself. A loyal party servant for over twelve years, Sarah had no trouble sussing out the careerists - even the ones who were clever at hiding it.

For, truth be told, Becky *had* been impressive on the Daily Politics, soliloquizing about poverty with a restrained passion devoid of smugness - the kind of authenticity that usually took years to perfect. This meant one of two things. Either she really did care about the plight of the poor and was passionate about improving the lot of the common man, or she was a very natural political performer.

Sarah would have bet her six-bedroom Cotswold country house on the latter. Everything in Becky Thornton's behaviour suggested that she was in politics for the good of Becky Thornton. That endearing, mildly ditsy passion for the poor might have the public fooled, and perhaps even the party leaders. But not Zara Prentis-Boswell. Behind Becky's Essex-girl-done-good front lurked a shrewd ambition and fairly ruthless greed, and no mistake. You only had to look at the way she ate.

With only a few minutes until the meeting began Sarah had been setting a tidy pace across the lobby, and already Becky was puffing softly with the effort of walking and talking at the same time - and though she was never one to skimp on the blusher, there definitely seemed to be a deeper hue to her cheeks than when they'd set off. Sarah was appalled. Sure the girl was lugging around an awful lot of breakfast, but still, to be winded after a three minute walk at such a young age? It was embarrassing, frankly. Glancing down, Sarah could see the outline of her colleague's big thighs rubbing together and straining at her dark pencil suit. The woman was seriously porky. No wonder the some of the sharper-tongued and greener-eyed female journalists had taken to calling her "Bottomless Becky" behind her back.

Personally Sarah felt the nickname was unfair. Becky most assuredly had a bottom. Even now, as they continued towards the elevators male eyes were shifting subtly towards the plump wobble of the young MP's ample majority. Without breaking stride Sarah glared at a pair of slick-suited SPADs who'd exchanged a very leery look as they'd walked past. Why any man would prefer Becky's fat bum to her own perky gym-tightened buttocks was a total mystery to her, even if she was more than ten years older.

Whether it was subconscious envy or innocent lack of concentration, Sarah found herself tacking towards the stairs. She didn't change course. Out-of-shape Becky would've preferred the elevator, no doubt, but she couldn't possibly object to taking the stairs; the conference room was only on the first floor. The exercise might do her some good.

'Which is where you lurvely pair of English muffins come in.'

Randall D Mitchell fired pistol fingers across the table and flashed his born-in-the-USA smile, ignoring the withering eyebrow Her Majestic Ladyship Zara Prentis-Fentis The Fourth or whatever-the-hell-her-name-was arched at him in return.

*Stiff-assed bitch needs a good rogering, Uncle-Sam style.* He cleared his throat and clicked his fingers at his assistant, a toothy youth in an oversized suit, who immediately shuffled over and pulled down a projector screen.

'You see ladies,' continued Randall, 'Truth is this country's spiralling down the crapper. Your economy's tanking and it'll take more than a permatanned Canadian to fix it. There's only one way out. Austerity with a capital A. Jainist-style.'

Sarah sighed through her nose. The man was as dramatic and long-winded as one of the Shadow Chancellor's farts. *She* already knew what he was going to say, of course (one of her advisers was sleeping with the Prime Minister's secretary) but if this verbose Yank didn't get to the point soon, Becky would be out for the count. Throughout the talk Sarah had watched her full-bellied colleague slide progressively lower in her chair, eyelids flickering, stomach almost touching the underside of the table with each sleepy breath. It was Becky's own fault, of course, for being such a glutton at breakfast, but Sarah really wanted to see the look on the overfed little poseur's face when her new role was announced.

'But will that play with Joe public? No ma'am! One way ticket to a lifetime in opposition.' Randall mimed kicking an American football. 'So whaddawe do?' He placed his palms on the table and frowned down at them for a moment, then raised a vast white grin. 'Hit it, Johnson!'

The projector screen blared to life. Becky jolted up in her seat with a grunt, blinking.

'Mee-chelle Oh-bama,' announced Randall quite unnecessarily as the First Lady flashed up on the screen, all warm eyes and smiling charm. Sarah had seen the video before. It was one of the promotional ones for the *Let's Move!* campaign, the First Lady's flagship initiative to counter America's growing obesity crisis, featuring lots of smiley healthy children and an even smilier, healthier Michelle dishing out vegetables and joining in their playground games.

'This!' Randall hollered over the video, jabbing his finger at the screen. 'This is our ticket for selling austerity to the people! We make it seem like a commodity. Something they *want*. An austere diet? That's a good thing dammit. Eat less crap, drink less crap, do more exercise: be a better person! An austere lifestyle means a better you - a sexier you! Meanwhile we got less fatasses holed in hospital, sucking dry your massive ass-crack of a healthcare system. Okay kill the video.'

*Fewer*, thought Sarah. But grammatical errors aside, it was a decent idea.

'Best of all,' Randall gave a knowing grin and raised both palms, 'We do this right, we may even be able to get Michelle O herself over here to endorse it.' He clicked his fingers again, and Johnson scuttled over to hand him a couple of folders, oversized collar bouncing against his neck. Randall skimmed them across the table like frisbies.

Sarah trapped trapped hers under spider-like fingers. Sluggish Becky missed and hiccuped as the folder edge struck her upper belly.

'And like I say, that's where you gals come in.' The American spin maestro beamed painfully as the two MPs opened their portfolios. 'If we wanna get the First Lady on board, we need her to see that we're serious about this. It needs to be on every TV station, in every school, with the government at the bleeding heart of it.'

'Ladies,' he said, spreading his palms to conclude his peroration.

'For the next six months, you are gonna be our Healthy Living Ambassadors!'

'That *bitch!*'

Never much of a sportsman, Adam managed to duck directly into the path of Becky's flying shoe, its heel cracking into his forehead an inch above the eye. Falling to his knees he heard the other one dent the wall just above his head.

'AmBASSAdor!' Becky fumed, ignoring her stricken boyfriend as she began to shuffle violently out of her blazer. 'They were supposed to make me Junior Minista for Transport, not a fucking fitness ambassador! And it's all down to her, I know it: scheming *bitch!* Well don't just *sit* there, get over 'ear and help me with this!'

Adam scuttled across the hall and lifted his shaking fingertips to her shoulders.

'Don't *rip* it! Ugh, that towtal *bitch!*' Becky was stomping towards the bedroom even before her wrists were fully free of the blazer's sleeves. Resting it delicately over the coatstand, Adam scuttled after the violent swing of her buttocks like an out-of-favour puppy, sidestepping quietly into the far corner of the room to watch as she began, with impatient aggression, to extricate herself from her form-fitting pencil dress.

'Not even a salaried rawhl. Facking *voluntary!*' A rougher, whingier Essex accent than she would ever have allowed herself to use in public twanged viciously from Becky's mouth. She freed her soft shoulders from the dress with a furious grunt and then wrenched it down over her bouncing melons. 'More *hrrfff* work and no more *hrrrrffff* facking money. What do I look like, the Salvayshun *hrrrrfffff* facking Army?! ...Oh come *awwn!*'

Leaning forward to see over the ranging swell of her bosoms, Becky growled at her obstinate outfit. Hunching her shoulders up she pushed down violently again. But it was no use. Thanks to her initial aggression the zipper had jammed half way down her back, and her subsequent efforts to get the dress down over her midriff by sheer force had caused the fabric to roll up so tight around her waist that it was cutting her in two just above the bellybutton so that the upper half of her tummy sagged over the dress's rolled-up rim. Becky could squeeze her thumbs between fabric and flesh, but with her belly blocking her view and the zipper stuck fast she just couldn't exert the necessary force to push it off.

Unsure whether she was going purple with fury or as a result of the dress cutting off her circulation, Adam stepped forward. And then in the same motion he stepped back. When Becky was in one of these moods, the best thing was just to keep quiet and hope not to be noticed while she wore herself out. On past form he reckoned she'd be able to keep this up for another four, maybe five minutes before burnout. If not...

Adam said a silent prayer to Domino's, willing their delivery boy to speed up his scooter.

'*Uhhrraaah!*' Becky grunted triumphantly as through sheer force of anger the dress finally popped down over her navel, taking her high-waisted control pants with it. Released from its

painful constriction, her belly surged forth in relief, assuming its natural egg-shaped bulge with a flabby quiver, before drooping and swaying as she bent forward to edge the dress down her meaty thighs.

'Not even - *ugh* - the hint of an - *ugh* - reward.' Becky grunted, each knee in turn thudding into her dangling gut as she lifted one leg after the other to tug the dress over the final hurdle of her calves and then kicked it off completely. It landed, inevitably, atop Adam's head.

Unfortunately this only reminded her that he was there.

'And where the fuck is my pizza? Did you give them the wrong bladdy flat number again?!

Adam babbled reassurances, but by the time he'd fumbled free of the the jasmine-scented dress, Becky had returned to blackguarding Sarah and already had her back to him. Which, given that she was now naked save for very scant black bra, was in his opinion no bad thing.

Lusty eyed, Adam drank in the lavishly fleshy rear view of his temperamental sweetheart. Nightmare that it made her to deal with, Becky was undoubtedly at her sexiest when in a temper: all her excess pounds quivering with rage as she stomped around shouting in that filthy Essex whine, the squashed rolls of backfat jiggling beneath her overtight bra straps, a glorious wobble running across her wide, meaty bum and overfed thighs as she wrenched the sliding cupboard door open.

*Christ she's been putting on the beef*, he thought. *Must be all those expenses-paid cordon bleu lunches. And the fact that we order takeaway five or six times a week.*

'Ambassador!' Becky protested again, but now Adam detected the first signs of fatigue. There was a subtle lull in volume and the word had emerged a little too fast, as if she needed to catch her breath.

*All the hard work of undressing*, he mused thankfully.

'That... bitch,' Becky continued, a panting gap after each word. 'There must be... something... some way...' For a few moments she stood, breathing heavily, gazing at the purple top and tartan-patterned Abercrombie pajama shorts she'd lashed from cupboard to king-sized bed.

Adam gulped. He knew that look. Having exhausted all her physical aggression, Becky had entered the second stage of revenge: thinking.

His foot took an automatic step back. Viciously abrasive and intimidating in the heat of a passion, Rebecca Thornton was ten thousand times more terrifying when using her brain. She was like a dark-side Jedi, channeling all her fury into devious wisdom. During her victorious election campaign she'd ruined both her closest rivals with schemes as ingenious as they were merciless, somehow maintaining a perfect image of sweet honesty as she drove the knife into their reputations and twisted it around like a deranged surgeon. Amazingly, she seemed impervious to suspicion. Even her rivals themselves hadn't believed she was responsible for the career-ending rumours and campaign-destroying calamities that befell them, fulminating instead against her party's spin doctors and journalistic attack dogs. One even complimented her personal integrity in his concession speech! Somehow the more demonically Becky acted, the more angelic she appeared. In his five years of journalism Adam had never seen anything like it. She was political gold dust.

After a few more minutes of regaining her breath and exercising her brain, Becky looked up at him. And her expression was as innocently angelic as ever he'd seen it. Gone was the fierceness around the edges of her mouth, the tension in her thick neck. The burning purple

anger of her cheeks had calmed into a ruddy blush, the flames of fury in her eyes dissolved into sultry glowing embers.

He'd never felt so scared - or so turned on.

'Adam,' Becky purred; even her brash Essex twang had softened into a sexy semi-posh drawl. Still naked save for her very tight bra she began to float towards him, looking nonchalantly at the bed, fingertips drifting along the duvet.

'Darling.'

She didn't speak again until she was right up against him, with an arm draped over his shoulder, her fingers stroking the back of his hair and her chest pressing into his lower ribs. Edging closer still, she smiled up at him darkly as her soft, naked belly yielded against his erection.

'Adammm.' He felt himself stiffen further as her whispered breath reached his nostrils, sweet as the strawberry pavlova she'd devoured at lunch. 'Mmm, so tall... so handsome,' she purred, expertly unbuttoning his shirt with finger and thumb and slipping her hand into the gap. He shivered.

'Easy to see,' she continued, snaking her fingers over his ribcage, 'why the editor's new secretary has developed such a crush on you - ah-ah' she halted his yammered protestations of innocence. 'I'm not accusing you my love. I *know* you'd never betray your princess of parliament.'

Becky enunciated the last three words with an especially sexy smugness. "Princess of parliament" was an article title Adam had come up with shortly after she'd been elected. It had happened that by extraordinary coincidence a completely random bystander, unaffiliated with any political party or group, had been on hand to photograph a certain freshly elected young MP just as she was bending forward to give coffee and cake to a homeless man, at an angle that perfectly captured the heartfelt resolution in her smile and the flow of her rich blonde-streaked brunette locks (freshly cut and styled in the salon that very morning). Becky's ego had taken quite a liking to the title, and ever since she'd used it whenever she wanted to indicate that Adam was in for a real treat.

Which was exactly how she needed him to feel now. As he began to breath more heavily she shifted her bosoms subtly against his chest.

'But I wonder if we couldn't use her little... infatuation to our advantage.'

As she stretched onto her tiptoes to bring her lips towards his ear Adam felt his head spinning. He hated where this was going, and yet... he absolutely *loved* where it was going! The plushness of her warm body, the Jasmine scent, the fruity smoothness of her hair tickling his nostrils, the weight of her tummy resting on his erection, heavy with all her greedy indulgences. He panted hard as she unfurled her terrible, devious plan into his ear, wholly under her power, nodding frantically despite his rising horror at each ruthless, dangerous detail murmured with such soft innocence as she rubbed her bulging torso against him.

*No. It's not right. You can't!* his conscience implored.

'Yes,' he gasped, sweat dripping onto his nose as she ground herself against him. 'Yes! Of course! Anything! I'll-'

The doorbell rang.

One moment Becky was the siren of sex, touching him everywhere as if she had a thousand soft, bewitching hands. The next she'd detached herself completely and was giggling like a St Trinian's slut, skipping over to the bed, swollen buttocks slapping together.

'Well don't just stand there *gawking*,' she said amiably, tugging her pyjama shorts up over her thighs with some difficulty. 'Pizza's here!'

*'UHHmmmuuURP! - Oof. Excu-zay-moi.'*

Fingers rising too late and too lazily to cover her belch, Becky used them instead to brush the empty pizza box off her belly. It floated down to the floor beside the couch, depositing what few crumbs remained.

Closing her eyes the young MP grunted contently and turned her head against the cushions that Adam had chivalrously positioned against the arm of the couch earlier on so that she could lie back, head cushioned and legs resting in his lap, to enjoy her last few slices in reclined comfort.

Or more accurately *his* last few slices. After consuming a third of her own 14-inch pepperoni, Becky had asked casually if she might try a slice of Adam's ham and pineapple. While he gaped helplessly she'd proceeded to lift the three largest conveniently-still-attached-to-each-other slices from his box, placing them neatly in the gap she'd created in her own, and then continued to eat - offering nothing in return.

*No wonder she's getting so heavy.* Adam looked down at the pair of extra-large calves that lay across his lap and covered his legs from crotch to knee. Christ they were nearly as big as his thighs!

He felt himself stiffen at the thought.

So did Becky. Purring, she squirmed against the cushions and shifted one meaty calf closer to his crotch, and began to rub it up and down slowly, teasingly. Adam clenched his fists triumphantly. *Yes!* After all that pizza - not to mention three of the four cheese dough balls and the vast majority of the wedges - he'd been worried that his well-nourished lover might be too full to honour her promise of post-dinner intimacy, having so abruptly cut him off when the doorbell rang earlier.

'Aa-duhmm,' she drew out his name needily, like a kitten angling for a bowl of cream.

'Y-yes gorgeous,' he panted, hard as iron and giddy with lust as he ran his fingers up her considerable thigh. She smiled, groaning amorously at his touch, and turned her head onto its other side. After another sudden squirm - which brought Adam to within inches of blowing his load, she parted her sweet sultry lips, still glistening with garlic and butter.

'Rub my feet.'

Adam stared at her for a moment, blinking and grinning like an idiot - as if unable to comprehend the instruction. Dumbly his eyes moved from her beautiful face, with its long eyelashes and sweet lips, down over the swell of her splayed tits and the pizza-glutted dome of her tummy (its fleshy excess bulging beyond the confines of her pyjamas in every direction) and then down again over the trunk-like thighs and those colossal calves.

And came to rest on her toes, wiggling needily just beyond the edge of his lap.

Not daring to groan Adam sagged back against the couch. Dejected, he took the balls of one pudgy foot between thumb and forefinger he began to rub, eliciting from his lover a satisfied moan - though not of the sort he'd longed for. *She certainly makes a bloody good politician*, he thought bitterly. *It had taken her only an hour to break that promise, and that after extorting me into agreeing to...*



Adam felt his bowels rumble at the very thought of it. He looked again at his sleepy Becky: so angelic in her half-slumber, her garlic-stained lips half open, her auburn tresses streaked with dark gold curling softly across the cushion; so plushly put together, with all that vulnerable bulging flesh oozing out everywhere. Even now, five years into their relationship he found it hard to believe that a girl who looked so innocent could be a political operator of such Machiavellian ruthlessness and ambition. The very thought of what she wanted him to do... Of what he'd agreed to do.

Adam realised his bowels were churning again, and it had nothing to do with the minimal amount of pizza Becky had left him. Still rubbing her soft feet he closed his eyes and rested his head back against the couch.

Christ, what the hell had he gotten himself into!

*To be continued.*

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