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<Hometime>

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## Gluttony

I made my way into work making sure not to make any turns that might take me further away from the office. Walking in late covered in blood did have its benefits, everyone swarmed me to check if I was alright. I noted that Lisa was her very bubbly self but there was an extra bounce in her step, Angela was the same as earlier and Michelle was looking different. I didn't notice any changes yesterday but there was something different about her today, she looked a bit rounder in her middle. Rob didn't get up from his desk, but Chris rushed over. I noted that he looked different too, but I couldn't place what was different.

"I'm fine, honestly, let's just get on with work." I dismissed everyone.

Everyone walked back to their desks and started their work again. Lisa kept looking at me with a sad expression, clearly she was worried. Her breasts were resting on the desk, and I must admit I kept noticing them whenever I looked up from my PC.

Angela wasn't working, she was looking at herself in the mirror, touching up her makeup. I was going to ask her to do something but the way her desk was set up I could clearly see a profile view of her and for the first time I had noticed something on Angela.

*Has she always had curves?*

I dismissed the thought when I saw her head turn into my direction, my eyes landed right on Michelle and she was typing with one hand, the other was rubbing her stomach. From the way her clothes were pressed against her midsection thanks to her fingers, I could tell there was something

there that wasn't previously.

I wasn't quick enough to dodge her gaze but when Michelle turned to me, she winked and continued to rub her midsection.

My face felt warm, and I looked over to Chris who was eating at his desk. It wasn't a first, but something felt different about it. I noticed his shirt was looking a bit tighter than normal.

Lastly, I cast my eyes over to Rob and the stone-faced man was just working away.

*At least he is the steady rock...*

*Hang on...*

There was a bead of sweat on his forehead. His gaze was darting between his screen and Lisa.

*That isn't like him.*

I was startled by the ping to my inbox, it was Chloe. I checked the time and realised that it was right on time, unlike myself.

I rushed into the office ready to apologise but it was no use. As soon as I entered Chloe tore into me for being late.

The words didn't mean much to me actually, mostly because I knew it would reset tomorrow. What did mean a lot to me however was what I saw.

There were more snacks in the bin than yesterday, she looked a bit... Puffy?

Her face looked a bit swollen, her fingers too. The suit jacket she wore was ill fitting, much like yesterday but it seemed much more strained on the top portion.

I was on autopilot and apologising, she had done this type of thing before, I had survived so I knew I just needed to hang in there. Her words were firm and loud, I was sure the team could hear my verbal beatdown. I just couldn't stop from looking at all the subtle changes she had gone under. Was I making it up? Was it real?

"You aren't even listening!" Chloe yelled, standing up and bursting out of her jacket.

What I saw stopped me dead, time froze for a second that I could take in her entire body.

Her tits bust through the jacket first, the bra she had on was at least a size too small to contain her breasts. They appeared to be bigger than yesterday and in danger of busting a button from her shirt. I looked down that shirt and saw a chubby middle, it didn't quite look like Becky's chubby fat, and it didn't look like Michelle's round stomach. There was something else going on with Chloe. Her face was red, and she looked like she was going to pass out from how angry she was. Taking a moment, she lowered herself down and took some deep breaths.

“Look... Ethan... Just don't turn up late. That simple. And change your shirt, you look awful.” She sputtered out.

“I'll need to pop out to get a shirt.”

“Do it, the blood is turning my stomach...” Chloe said, placing her hand on her puffy middle.

“Sure... Shall I go now?”

She nodded, opening her drawer and plucking out a snack.

I quickly left and upon opening the door I saw everyone was looking at the door with a look of dread on their face.

“I'm alive... Crack on everyone... I need to go get a new shirt.” I ran out before realising that I didn't even give them work to do, nor did Chloe share it with me.

Racing downtown, I bought a new shirt and rushed back to the office. I got back and most of the morning had gone. Standing in the middle of the office, I saw each of the team was just doing their own thing. Chris still eating, Rob looked to be working on a side project of some sort but still unable to keep his eyes from darting to Lisa. Lisa was shopping, Michelle was looking at her old classmates on social media, she did this often, primarily to hook up with some of them now that her husband had left.

“Finally, back... What are we doing...” Angela said sternly.

I shared the workload from memory and sat at my desk and started to look into the symptoms that I had earlier, but nothing really came up that fit my description. Chloe ventured out of her office around lunch time, she looked rather stuffed, Michelle stood up and their bellies looked

almost similar now. I stayed at my desk and messaged Becky.

“Hey... I’m sorry for this morning. Love you.”

I didn’t expect a reply, so I looked to get some lunch myself, standing up I saw Rob watching Lisa bounce out of the room. I hung back and watched as he awkwardly walked out of the room, clearly hiding his erection.

*That is very much not like Rob at all.*

“Chris... Are you coming for lunch?” I asked, shocked when he nodded.

*He had been eating all morning.*

The afternoon was rather uneventful, I did manage to get some work done, enough to escape Chloe’s wrath but she walked out on time today, like she was making sure that I caught up, which meant I couldn’t dismiss anyone early today.

Driving home, I saw a message on my phone.

“Can you pick up some takeaway...”

That was very unlike Becky.

*That usually meant she was sad...*

I felt guilt wash over me before I turned into the drive through.

*Fast food usually worked.*

I knew her order and for whatever reason when I came to pick up the bag there was double in there. I mentioned it to the youngster on the window and he just told me to keep it.

Pulling into the drive and walking through the door I heard Becky call out immediately.

“I’m in the living room.” Her voice sounded full of sorrow.

Entering the living room, I saw the blanket wrapped around her body and there were two cartons of ice cream on the floor, empty.

“Babe...Are you okay?” I asked with my head hung low.

“I’ve been a mess all day.” She said almost through tears. “Because of what you said this morning...” She let out a soft sob. “I’ve been working so hard... And you broke all that down in a

second.” She wiped her eyes. “I’ve been struggling with my weight recently; you could’ve let me get it back under control!”

I stood there shocked. I didn’t know what to say.

“And today’s damage is going to take at least a week to work off.”

I raised an eyebrow from her words instinctively.

“You want to see? Is that it?” She was starting to sound angered.

Before I could answer she threw the blanket off of her and stood up. She was still in her gym gear from the morning, but her belly was bulging over her shorts. She looked like she had been eating since she got home. Her stomach looked stuffed and bloated.

I was turned on instantly, my gaze only made Becky more upset. She snatched the food bag out of my hand and tore into it.

“Oh, and look, you bought double! Because one portion isn’t enough! Not for this fatty!” She sounded insane but she shoved the first burger into her mouth with a hedonism I had never seen from her.

Sure, she was trying to prove a point and make me feel guilty, but it just turned me on.

I felt ashamed.

Not for my preference but for her not knowing. I couldn’t muster up the courage, but I brought her in for a big hug, my body revelling in the feeling of her bloated middle against my trim stomach.

“I never meant to make you feel that way... I think you look beautiful...”

She broke off the hug and looked at me through tear filled eyes. “Even though I’ve eaten two tubs of ice cream today...”

*Especially because of that.*

I couldn’t bring myself to say that out loud. “You are the most beautiful woman in the world, you don’t need to be thin to be beautiful.” I reeled off the standard coping line that almost every larger woman had likely heard in their lives.

Before Becky could reject my words I planted a kiss on her lips, the greasy fast food taste on her lips was overwhelming, I placed a hand on her forming love handle and coaxed her down onto the sofa where she sat for the next hour eating both portions of food before falling asleep next to me in a food coma.

She was completely out, my hand played with her firm belly and I was so turned on, I didn't take things further before I too started to doze on the sofa, the discarded fast food packaging and ice cream tubs on the floor were the last things I remember before drifting off.

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