Office of the Obese

A sunny morning and a cup of warm coffee in her hands was all Telyn needed to keep her in high spirits for her new position. She was certainly dressed for the part with her grey business suit and a pair of black high heels to give her the professional look she was hoping for. Finishing off her coffee and tossing it in a trash can, she paused before the door to check her reflection with a compact mirror. Putting on her brightest smile and ensuring her ponytail of blonde hair was properly in place, she stepped inside.

“Good morning,” Telyn said, greeting the front receptionist. “I’m Telyn Jenson. I just got transferred to the Hog’s Eye Foods accounting department.”

The receptionist lifted up her head and drifted her gaze across Telyn’s body. “Are you sure you’re in the right place? You don’t look like you exactly ‘fit in’ with the usual employees at that office.”

“I assure you, I am right where I need to be,” Telyn replied. “Corporate noticed that this place was a little slow on efficiency, so I’m here to assist where I can.”

The receptionist shook her head. “Well, best of luck to you. You’ll find the office on the fifth floor. Bit of advice, try to avoid the elevator.”

Waving goodbye to the receptionist, Telyn continued on her way. Reaching the elevator in question, she momentarily glanced over at the door leading to the staircase. At the risk of arriving at her first day on the job sweaty and tired, she neglected the receptionist’s advice and called for the elevator. As the doors opened up, Telyn’s sunny demeanor momentarily faltered as she caught a whiff of something foul. More concerned with being on time than the rancid odor, she quickly stepped inside and pressed the button. As she rode up to the desired floor, she took note to ask the cleaning crew to take care of the atrocious odor that was she sure had a hand in declining productivity. However, that thought was quickly lost as the doors opened up to reveal her new workplace.

The lingering odor of the elevator was overpowered by a much stronger scent wafting in from the office. Wincing at the awful smell, Telyn continued on only to be stopped as she bumped into something big and soft. Stopping herself from falling to the floor, she looked back to see an enormous woman dressed in a heavily stained, pink floral dress. The fabric had been tucked inside of the woman’s various fat rolls, showing off her bulging belly and sagging breasts. As she continued to stare, Telyn was forced to turn her head away as a loud BRRRAAAAAPPPPPPP rippled out from the woman’s chunky rear. Working through her coughing fit, she looked past the woman’s locks of long, greasy black hair to see a smile upon her chubby cheeks.

“Hello BWOOOOOORRRPPP there,” the woman greeted, adjusting her glasses as she let her belch wash over Telyn’s face. “You’re Telyn Jenson?”

“Y-\*cough\*-yes,” she replied.

What little fresh air was left inside of Telyn’s body was forced out as the woman picked her up and gave her a tight hug. The way she was being held made it clear it wasn’t an act of aggression. That didn’t make it any easier to deal with the woman’s horrific body odor or the sweat being slathered onto her suit. Released from the hug with a variety of stains clinging to her clothes, Telyn struggled to keep a professional appearance as she regained her balance.

“So nice to meet you dear,” the woman said. “My name is Melva. I’m the head of the department and act as the UUURRRRP mother of the office. I’ll make sure to take good care of you.”

“Much appreciated,” Telyn said, not daring to bring up her new boss’s various body issues. “Would you please show me to my desk? I would like to get started as soon as possible.”

Melva let out a hearty chuckle, bringing with it another rumbling fart from her backside. “A real go getter, aren’t you? Very well, right this way.”

Telyn followed after her boss, trying to remain silent as she was forced to walk through one of Melva’s lingering fart clouds. As she continued to walk, she kept glancing around the room to take a look at her new working environment. Each of the desks were covered in a scrambled mess of papers and empty food wrappers. The piles of trash were added onto as the women inhabiting the office stuffed their faces to please their fat bellies as they worked. Each one Telyn passed either greeted her with a mix of a hello and a belch or was too busy scarfing down unhealthy food to pay any attention to her.

“It’s an absolutely fantastic workplace, isn’t it?” Melva asked, getting Telyn out of her stupor. “Everyone here is so laid back and relaxed. To make things even sweeter, the company provides us with all the free samples we can eat. Not to mention the BWOOOOOORRRPP soda dispenser and small battalion of vending machines in the break room. Feel free to help yourself to anything you want. No need to wait for lunch. After all, you need UUURRRP energy throughout the day. Ah, we’ve arrived.”

Upon reaching the center point of the room of filth and flatulence, Telyn was dismayed to find her desk covered in the leftover food containers of its previous owner. Putting her pudgy limbs to good use, Melva brushed the mess onto the floor in an effort to make room for her new employee. Trying her best to mimic Melva’s wide smile, Telyn sat down and sunk into the impression the previous owner had left in the crumb-encrusted chair.

“I’ll leave you to settle in,” Melva said. “Let me or any of your coworkers know if you need any help.”

“Thank you. I’ll get to work right away on the-“

Telyn was drowned out by a parting blast of flatulence from the obese office worker. Waiting for the air to clear before pulling her jacket away from her nose, Telyn set her mind on trying to make sense of her work area. Bundling up the trash was easy enough, less so working through the absolute terror that was her computer system. The first thing to go was a variety of programs intended only for distractions, mostly games and links to various food ordering sites. With most of the garbage out of the way, she had hoped to get to work on something productive.

No sooner did Telyn open up the first document were her ears assaulted by various rude noises. A cacophony of eating, burping, and farting were a constant in the office, making it near impossible to concentrate. Even worse was the miasma of noxious fumes that drifted through the air, ensuring that her lungs were filled with the toxic gas of her coworkers. Determined to at least make some progress in these less than ideal conditions, she was caught completely off guard as someone dropped a snack cake onto her keyboard.

“Hope you like it,” Melva said, stuffing a similar cake into her waiting maw as she held out a soda can. “I saw how hard you were working, so I thought you could use a little snack.”

Putting the can by her keyboard, Telyn reached out to poke the cake. Sinking her finger into the spongy confection released a surge of cream to further besmirch her desk. Wracking her brain over the staggering amount of calories contained in a single bite, she turned back to Melva with a forced smile.

“Thank you, but I’m not really hungry.”

Melva shook her head. “Oh my dear, that won’t BWOOOOORRRPP do. You’re so skinny, it looks like you’re about to faint from starvation. Please eat. You need to keep your strength up.”

Unable to say no to Melva’s expectant gaze, Telyn grasped the cake between her fingers. Giving the sweet the smallest of bites was enough to flood her throat with the thick cream. The flavor was cheap and unhealthy, but it was hard for her to deny that it tasted good. Scarfing down the rest of the cake before she had time to linger on the side effects, she washed it down with a small sip of her soda.

“Thank you, that was UUUURRRPP!”

Telyn placed her hand over her mouth as her face turned red. “Excuse me.”

“Oh, no need to be sorry,” Melva said, beating her chest to let out a burp that easily dwarfed Telyn’s own. “That just means you enjoyed your snack. I’ll go ahead and grab you a few more to get you through the morning. Just make sure you save room for lunch. We already made an order from the pizza place around the corner. And don’t worry, I ordered five of each type at the largest size possible so there will be plenty to go around.”

Watching Melva waddle her way between the desks, Telyn let out a sigh. Covering her mouth with one hand to prevent any more burps, she tried to focus on the task at hand. She could tell she had a long road ahead of her if she was going to whip this office into shape.

Huffing her way through the hot summer sun, Telyn fought through her exhaustion to try and make it to her desk on time. Breaching the front doors of the office, she was greeted with the sweet relief of the air conditioning. Letting herself soak in the cool air, she tried to maneuver her sweat-slicked locks back into a neat ponytail. As she tried to do the same for her disheveled outfit, she was once more reminded of an issue that had worsened over her month’s stay in the accounting department.

The once properly fitted suit bulged out in certain place to make room for the chub layered onto her body. Her former trim mid-section now played host to a noticeable potbelly that was the result of her being showered with snacks at all hours of the day. A similar growth had occurred around her bosom, making her once modest dress shirt give off an air of promiscuity with the top buttons undone to give her D-cup breasts room to breathe. Reaching back to adjust her pants in the hopes of remedying her wedgie, she was forced to stop as she felt her fingers brush up against her pudgy rear. Aside from the unsettling feeling of the extra padding, she could feel an unruly rumbling from her gut. Realizing that the receptionist was staring at her, she gave a quick greeting before shuffling into the elevator.

Closing the door in the nick of time, she braced herself against the wall and let loose a bellowing BRRRRRAAAAAAAAPPPP from her rear. The smell was as awful as ever, but it was at least masked by the lingering stench of those that had come before her. Her rude expulsions had become more frequent with each passing day at the office, owing to Melva shoving junk food onto her desk at every hour of her shift. Waving away the foul air, she tried to make herself look presentable as the elevator reached her floor. Once she was inside, she would have to make it known that she wasn’t going to allow her condition and work ethic to degrade any further.

“Good BWWWOOOOOOOOOORRRRPPPP morning,” Melva greeted as the doors opened up. Her wide smile was accompanied by her handing over a breakfast burrito stuffed to the gills with cheese and meat.

“No thank you,” Telyn replied, gently pushing the greasy burrito out of her way as she began to walk towards her desk. “I just want to get to work. I’m already late as it is.”

Though her efforts were adamant, Telyn only managed to get a few feet away from Melva before she was pulled back by her collar.

“Dear, I know you’re eager to get the day started,” Melva began, “but you won’t be helping anyone if you pass out from starvation. Did you eat anything his morning?”

Telyn opened her mouth to refute the claim, only for a hungry stomach growl to reveal her true feelings. “I…had to skip breakfast when my alarm didn’t go off.”

With a smug grin, Melva once more presented the burrito. Rather than try and fight an unwinnable battle, Telyn accepted the morsel of food. Standing within Melva’s sight, she took a large bite to convince her boss that she would properly feed herself. Though the taste was good, it didn’t prevent her from noticing the splatters of sauce across her outfit or thinking about what the meal would do to her body. After receiving an approving nod from Melva, she turned on her heels and hurried over to her desk.

Reaching her seat, she set aside the half-eaten burrito as she started up her computer. Though she tried to focus on the intimidating stack of paperwork she had accrued from the more slothful employees, she could feel her stomach continuing to call out for more sustenance. Willing to do anything to get at least one productive day, she relented and scarfed down the rest of her burrito in a matter of seconds.

Left to wipe the leftover grease from her face, she reached out to put a dent in her work only to momentarily pause to stifle a belch. Over the course of the morning, she had to contend with similar gas bubbles trying to force themselves out of her lips. She managed to keep them at bay, but she could still feel her stomach rumbling from a combination of gas and hunger. The controlled burping helped, but there was still the unsettling gurgling in her chubby belly. Too focused on her work to dare get up from her seat, she hazarded to try and rid herself of the discomfort another way.

Carefully leaning back in her seat, she attempted to let out a small puff of gas from her rear. Though the tiny fart gave her a modicum of relief, it came with a much more violent rumbling sensation in her intestines. Unable to stop herself in time, the small flatulence gave way to a rippling PPHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT that echoed through the office. As the fart petered out, she was left to silently sit at her desk, face becoming redder with each passing second that no one spoke of her little outburst. She remained still until she felt someone tap her on the shoulder.

“I’m so BWOOOOOOOORRRRRP sorry. I didn’t think it would be that loud or smell that bad or-“

“It’s fine dear, it’s fine,” Melva said, ruffling up Telyn’s hair to try and calm her down. “Not like we don’t experience it on a daily basis.” Scrunching up her face, she proved her point with an equally thunderous BRRAAAAPPPPP erupting from her own rear.

“I see,” Telyn replied, turning back to try and get to work only to have her view blocked by a can of soda and bag of chips.

“This should keep you going until lunch,” Melva commented, leaving behind the snack. “Just make sure you save some room. We got a cake for Stella’s birthday. Well, several actually. She couldn’t decide on just a single flavor so we got one of each from the local bakery. Don’t worry, I’m a regular so they were more than happy to give a discount and charge it to the company card.”

Left to her own devices, Telyn once more stared at her computer screen. Simmering in the remnants of her and Melva’s flatulence, she cursed herself for being unable to shake off her boss’s incessant need to feed her. No matter how much she detested it, her fingers still reached out to open up the bag and shove a few chips in her mouth. Capping off her indulgence with a swig of soda and a burp, she attempted to resume her work under the notion that she would eventually be able to get rid of her worsening habits.

By month three, Telyn had given up trying to rush her way to work on time. Her former bravado for being a dependable employee had waivered greatly under the duress of her current position. Every day she came home disappointed knowing how little work she had gotten done. Though her lack of progress could be attributed to her poor working conditions and the bad influence of her fellow employees, at some point she had to recognize that she had fallen into the same pit of slovenly indulgence.

With a huff, Telyn pushed open the door into the office building with a bump of her belly. The sizable lump of chub was barely contained by an extra-large shirt, the impact leaving parts of her gut to peek out between the holes of her buttons. Grasping the edges of her blazer within her pudgy fingers, she made a vain attempt to fix her appearance. All her struggling managed to do was further emphasize her meaty, G-cup breasts and force out a rolling belch that reeked of her morning meal of a hastily eaten cheeseburger. Having forgone her typically, tight-fitting pants didn’t prevent her skirt from digging into the confines of her deep ass crack. Stomping her thick thighs about, she managed to grasp the hem of the skirt out from between her butt cheeks. Her sense of relief was almost immediately undone as a rippling BRRRRAAAAAAAAPPPPPP came spurting out of her rear to stink up the room. Trying to ignore the disgusted look on the receptionist’s face, she hurried her way into the elevator.

Letting out most of her early morning gas on the ride up gave her a moment to reflect on what little she could get done that day. Going over her agenda for her shift was interrupted by her always ravenous stomach. Patting her hand against her disruptive gut, she prayed it would actually listen for once and settle itself down. Scratching at her three chins as she pondered how much worse her body issues would be if she doubled her meal portions yet again, she was broken out of her train of thought as the elevator doors opened up.

The usual horrid stench that permeated the office was split apart by a heavenly aroma drifting through the air. Unable to resist the call of her appetite, Telyn began to follow the smell. Shuffling her way past the other desks, she couldn’t help noticing that she had matched the rest of her coworkers in sheer bulk. Passing by a woman wobbling on her rear as she frantically typed put her in the direct path of a loud PHHHRRRRTTTTT. Releasing a fart of her own, Telyn bemoaned the fact that her own gas was more fragrant and louder. Before she could linger on her slobby body, she was once more called towards the break room with another whiff of the mouthwatering aroma.

Using her added weight to her advantage, Telyn managed to push past her coworkers to find the source of the smell. Her mouth hung open in awe as she gazed upon a platter of hot wings drizzled in a mess of various sauces. Experiencing the smell first hand made her momentarily forget her body issue woes. Just as a line of drool began to fall from her mouth, Melva stepped up next to her to wipe her face clean with a napkin.

“Help yourself,” Melva said. “I know you’ve been feeling a little down lately, so I pulled some strings and got this from the R and D Department. Enjoy to your heart’s content.”

Stampeding towards the table, Telyn grasped a handful of wings and began devouring them like a ravenous animal. Her already disheveled outfit became even worse as her sloppy eating splattered stains across the fabric. Lost in the unequitable flavor, she paid no mind to her loud chewing nor the tirade of burps that escaped her smacking lips. Burying herself head first in the platter of wings, she hoisted her rear up into the air just as a billowing BRRAAAAAAPPPPPPP came out to flutter the hem of her skirt and show off her thong-like panties to her coworkers. The ponytail she had once prided herself on broke free from its ties in the chaos, leaving her hair to brush against her chubby cheeks. It was only once she had eaten through the entire platter did she pull her head up to survey the leftover mess.

The wild fervor that had fueled her feasting died down as she realized what she had done. Bending her thick neck down, she let out a hybrid of a gasp and a burp as she surveyed the mess she had made of her outfit. Her chaotic eating had let her body rip through parts of the outfit, showing off her fat rolls and more than a generous amount of her cleavage. Sliding a hand along her backside, she was bemoaned to discover that her last fart had ripped a hole through the fabric to show off her ass cheeks.

Clenching her teeth, she slowly turned herself around to look at her coworkers. Full expecting to see looks of anger and disgust, she was met instead by expression of pleasant surprise. As the girls gossiped amongst themselves, she could only fidget with her fingers as her mind went wild with what horrible things they could possibly be saying about her. Letting out her stress through a series of post-meal burps and farts, her worrying was halted as she felt a familiar set of plump fingers gently brush her shoulder.

“Wow, you were really hungry,” Melva said, handing over a packet of napkins.

“I’m BWOOOOOOORRRRP sorry,” Telyn said, graciously accepting the napkins and trying to wipe the stains from her clothes. “It all tasted so UUUUURRRRRP good. I didn’t mean to eat all of it.”

“Don’t worry yourself dear,” Melva commented, sliding her finger across Telyn’s exposed bosom to sample a drop of the spilled sauce. “Like I said, I put this altogether for you. The other ladies are just happy to see you so comfortable with yourself.” Walking over to one of the break room’s many fridges, she popped open the freezer door to reveal dozens of boxes of frozen chicken wings. “Besides, we have plenty more to go around. The researchers practically begged me to take all of their stock.”  
 Taking a break from wiping herself down, Telyn shuffled towards the cornucopia of food. “Considering the BWOOOOORRRP taste, I don’t see why they didn’t immediately send this out for mass production.”

Melva let out a sigh. “There’s been a bit of an issue with getting willing volunteers to try out the new creations. Everyone these days seems so worried about their waistlines and health that no one wants to take on the massive servings needed to properly test out our new products.”

For the first time in a while, Telyn stretched a wide grin across her pudgy face. “Do you have the number for the lab on you?” she asked, gathering up several boxes of wings and bringing them over to one of the microwaves.

“I do.”

“Excellent,” Telyn replied, shoving a platter into the microwave, and setting it on high. “I’m about to make this office much more BWOOOOOOOOORRRPPP valuable to the company.”

The time was 11:30 am, about two hours after Telyn was supposed to arrive at work. As she drove into her private parking spot, she glanced over at the dashboard and noted that she had made the trip in five minutes less than her previous outing. The cause of her constant tardiness was evident with a single glance at the interior of her car to see the numerous take out bags spread around with reckless abandon. Helping herself to the last handful of fries from her morning fast food trek, she turned off the engine, and got ready for the work day.

Popping open the car door, she let out a grunt as she barely managed to squeeze herself out of her vehicle. Her freedom was heralded by a thunderous fart crackling out of her wide rear to flap the hem of her overburdened, pink skirt and further stink up the interior of her car. Using her fat ass to slam the door shut, she took a moment to check her appearance in the side view mirror. She was impressed by how few food stains had managed to besmirch her pink blazer, counting a dozen or so splotches spread across her gluttonous gut and heaving, K-cup bosom. Sliding a sausage-like finger through one of the spots of sauce clinging to the bowling ball-sized boobs, she brought it to her face to clean it off with her plump lips. The pleasant hum that emanated from her thick neck was interrupted by a loud BWOOOOOOORRRRRPRPP forcing itself out to jiggle her five chins. Reveling in the opportunity to re-taste her greasy feast, she let her oily locks of hair freely hang over her shoulders as she waddled her way into the building.

“UUUUUURRRRRPPPPP morning!” Telyn belched to greet the receptionist.

“Good morning, Ms. Jenson,” the receptionist replied, her nose protected by a thick plane of gas Telyn had so kindly installed. “Everything has been prepared for your promotion. You should find everything already setup in the office.”

“Thank you,” Telyn replied, making her exit by leaving behind an atrocious cloud of flatulence.

Squeezing her 800 pounds self into the elevator, she waited until the doors closed to inhale. The smell she had once found so atrocious had become a comforting aura over the past year that reminded her that she was exactly where she wanted to be. As she got closer to her floor, she clenched her fists as she forced out a barrage of her own gas to keep the elevator suitably toxic for the next of her coworkers to enjoy on the way down. Just as a minute long fart petered out, the doors opened up once more to allow her into her perfect workplace.

The amount of empty food containers around the office had more than tripled since her arrival. Most of the packages bared the logo of Hog’s Eye Foods, confirming that the company was still sending their latest experiments to her coworkers. Judging by the various sounds of loud chewing and burping, Telyn had to assume that they were enjoying the newest batch.

Shuffling her thickened thighs through the office, she made sure to greet every woman with a smile. Amidst their light chatting and asking their opinions on the food, Telyn was always sure to leave behind a cloud of farts in exchange for getting to sample the various aromas from the other women. Making her way to the center of the office, she stopped in front of her old cubicle to see it was still as messy as ever. Various stains across the keyboard and a plethora of take out boxes ensured there wasn’t a clean spot on the desk, the disaster area filling her with a strange sense of pride. Taking note that she hadn’t left any tasty snacks behind, she swiveled herself around and continued on her way.

Telyn’s stomping was stopped as her belly collided with Melva’s. Both women stumbled from the impact, but thankfully managed to keep themselves standing. Still waiting for their flab to stop jiggling, Telyn took the moment to compare each other’s bodies. Though she tried to hide it behind a loud burp, she couldn’t stop smiling at the fact that she had easily surpassed Melva in terms of both size and smell.

“Good UUUUURRRP morning,” Melva greeted, her meaty fingers clasping onto her bosom to stop it from jiggling. “Ready to get settled into your new position?”

“As I’ll BWOOOOOOOORRRRPPP ever be,” Telyn replied. “Are you ready to take that long overdue vacation?”

Melva grinned as she held onto the hem of her skirt. Lifting up her dress revealed a skimpy bathing suit that left little to the imagination when it came to her various fat rolls and heaving bosom. “Hope you don’t mind me wearing something a little UUURRP casual this morning,” she continued, dropping her dress and letting a puff of flatulence ruffle the hem. “My husband and I are planning to leave as soon as I get off of work. Going to need to recharge before I take up my new position at the research department.”

“Not a problem at UUUURRRP all,” Telyn replied. “You go and enjoy yourselves.”

Stepping forward, Melva put her arm on Telyn’s shoulder. “Only if you do the same. I’m expecting even greater things from you.”

“And I intend to surpass them,” Telyn replied, pulling Melva in for a hug that forced gas out of both of their rears. “Now get a move on. I have a busy day ahead of me.”

“As you wish Ms. BWOOOOOOORRRRRPPP Jenson,” Melva replied, giggling at the silly smirk her comment placed on Telyn’s face.

Waddling her way towards the back of the room, Telyn’s excitement grew tenfold as she opened up the door to her private office. Though it took a moment to shove her hips through the entrance, she was more than happy to see a double-wide chair behind the desk that was the perfect size to support her weight. Closing the door behind her, she wasted little time taking her rightful place on her throne. Leaning back in her seat, she pulled open the drawers and was delighted to see the company had stuffed them full of snacks to get her through the day. Making a passing glance at the mini-fridge in the corner and the list of take out numbers on top of her desk, she confirmed that everything had been fulfilled to her specifications. Christening her new office with an explosive fart, she tore open a bag of chips and got to work cementing her position as the director of the department and the woman who would take the company into the future of hedonistic indulgence.