The life of a Girl Friday was not a glamorous life at all.

That isn’t to say that Molly didn’t like it—the mouse woman’s position as assistant to the boss of a small, successful company had many perks. The pay was good and she got to work in a comfortable office with nice views of the cityscape. Her days were just long and filled with busy work that wasn’t very challenging or interesting, leading the meek mouse woman to the occasional flights of fancy regarding what it would be like to be the one in charge, making the decisions and having others scurry to do her bidding…

But those daydreams were just that—fantasies.

*“Can you imagine* ***Felicity*** *taking orders from* ***you****?”* she asked herself with a snort as she typed up another report for her boss, the Fat Cat who ran the show around here.

No, it was better this way. She was content in her role, even if it was a little boring at times. And Felicity, for all her gruffness and bluster, was actually a pretty nice boss. She never yelled or threw things, and she always had time for a quick chat when Molly brought her coffee in the morning. Still, there were days when Molly couldn’t help but feel like a little mouse running on a wheel—endlessly doing the same thing day in and day out with no real end goal in sight.

All that being said, she wouldn’t deny that there were certainly *benefits* to being the woman beneath a woman such as Felicity Mainecoon…

Th-That didn’t come out exactly right!

“Molly—” the speaker on the rodent woman’s desk buzzed to life, “—Come into my office and let me… *chew your ear* for a second.”

“Of course, Ms. Mainecoon, I’ll be right there!”

Running her hand over her brunette bob, smoothing out the stray locks that had come out during the last of her little errands that had taken her across the building, Molly paused to make herself look as presentable as possible. The little mirror on her desk lead her to discovering a popped collar on her blouse and an undone button along the top of her neckline that she hesitated to fix. She wanted to look presentable, but not *unapproachable* after all…

A smile into the mirror, flashing prominent front teeth as her cheeks began to redden, was evidence enough that her job wasn’t *all* bad.

The office of the fattest cat in the corporation was large and spacious, with a corner view that showed off the skyline. It always made Molly feel a little small and insignificant when she had to enter, much like the way that Felicity made her feel during their little game of—

“Molly, my girl!” The larger feline woman beamed as she leaned back in her chair, “Come in and have a seat!”

The CEO was always impeccably dressed and groomed, often looking more like she belonged on a runway than in an office despite her rounding physique. She carried herself with an air of confidence and authority that demanded respect, despite her “comfortable” size, and Molly certainly couldn’t imagine ever speaking to her boss in anything other than a respectful, deferential manner. Despite her unmistakable expansion since Molly had been given the position of being Felicity’s secretary, there was no denying that she was a *very* pretty cat woman…

*Some people—*not Molly per se but *some people*—might have thought that the extra weight made her look more… *powerful.*

“You… wanted to see me?” she queried meekly, her voice small and the smile spreading beneath her pointed nose softly

A chuckle rumbled from deep within Felicity’s heavy chest as she shook her head, long brown hair swishing from side to side, milky white double chin rolling ever so slightly as she steepled her chubby fingers, the tips of her manicured nails click-clacking against each other as she did so. Her eyes narrowed into slits as a long orange tail flitted lazily back and forth behind her, belly rolling out into her lap as she reclined lavishly in her high rise office.

“You say it like I wasn’t the one who called you in here.” The plump woman purred before gesticulating calmly to the chair on the opposite side of her desk, “Sit.”

Molly hesitated for a moment before doing as she was told, meekly scurrying over to the chair and perching on the edge of it gingerly. Her palms began to sweat as her heart rate spiked, green eyes darting around the room nervously as she tried to avoid eye contact with her boss. It wasn’t that she didn’t want to look at her—God knows, the woman was easy enough on the eyes—it was more that Molly knew what looking into those deep amber pools could do to her…

“Now then, my little mouse.” Felicity leaned forward in her chair, elbows resting on the desk as she steepled her fingers beneath her chin, “What have *you* been *up to* lately?”

The question caught Molly off-guard, and she fumbled for an answer, throat going dry as she licked her lips nervously. “N-Nothing much… Just work, y’know? The usual.”

“Is that so? And here I thought you might have been up to something… naughty.” A smirk tugged at the corner of Felicity’s mouth and she raised an eyebrow skeptically, “I could have sworn that I saw you talking to that new intern we hired the other day…”

The blood rushed to Molly’s cheeks as she shook her head vehemently, “N-No! I mean, we were just talking about work stuff, I swear! H-He’s just in the mail room, y’know? He doesn’t really know anything…”

Her words trailed off as Felicity began to chuckle softly, a deep rumbling sound that made Molly’s skin tingle and her toes curl. It was a sound that she had come to know well over the years. One that made her think back fondly to the Christmas party, all those years ago. When they’d…

The first time that they’d—

“Mollyyyyyyy, honeyyyyyy.” The large woman drawled slowly, leaning back in her chair and crossing her arms over her chest as she regarded the mousey woman with a look of amusement. “You know you can tell me anything, right? We’re friends… aren’t we?”

“W-Well…” The question caught Molly off-guard and she hesitated for a moment before answering quietly. “Y-Yes… Of course we are.”

A Cheshire smile tugged at the corners of Felicity’s mouth as cute little fangs crested out from underneath her upper lip. She reached out across the desk to lay a hand atop Molly’s own, much smaller one. The contact sent a jolt of electricity through the smaller woman and she gasped softly as their eyes locked.

“Good.” Molly’s boss purred, leaning forward ever so slightly as her eyes began to smolder. “Because I was hoping you could do me a little favor…”

Molly’s ears tucked as she felt herself grow weak at Felicity’s gaze. Watching her sausage fingers fiddle with those itty-bitty buttons, the sheer force of what laid behind her business suit forcing the flaps open as soon as the top two were undone. Molly could feel her heart racing in her chest as she stared at the slowly opening window to Felicity’s cleavage,

“S-Sure thing, Ms. Mainecoon!” Molly finally managed, smiling sheepishly as she tucked a lock of brown hair out of her face, “Y-You know me, eager beaver, always happy to help!”

“That’s what I *like* about you, Molly—always so ready to please… *the company*.” Felicity continued, voice low and husky as she squeezed Molly’s hand gently. “I was hoping you could stay a little late tonight… Just the two of us…”

The implications were clear, and Molly could feel her entire body beginning to tingle with anticipation. She knew what this meant—what Felicity was asking for—and she couldn’t deny that the idea of it made her more than a little bit excited. Still, she hesitated for a moment before answering quietly.

“Sh… Sure thing!”

“Are you suuuuure?” Felicity grinned devilishly as she allowed her hand to rest on her modest shelf of a tummy, “I wouldn’t want to get in the way of any *plans* you might have had that… well, didn’t involve your *boss…”*

The unspoken threat was clear, and fully understood. It was almost kind of cute—seeing her boss so jealous like this. So *protective*. It shouldn’t have made her feel this way, but Molly was kind of hot and bothered by the fact that Felicity didn’t want her eyes to wander anywhere but to those teeming tits of hers; and *maybe* that plush, round tummy that bulged against her business suits…

“Y-Yes, ma’am… I mean, no ma’am! I mean—I don’t have any plans! Nothing that can’t be put off until tomorrow at least…”

She was babbling now, but she couldn’t help it. The way Felicity was looking at her made her feel like a deer caught in headlights. All she could do was sit there and stare as the other woman slowly stood from her chair and made her way around the desk.

Molly could feel her heart racing as she watched Felicity approach, those sausage fingers undoing the buttons of her blouse one by one as she did so. She licked her lips nervously as she tried to think of something—anything—to say, but nothing came to mind. Her brain had seemingly gone blank as all blood rushed southward…

“I…”

The words caught in her throat as Felicity finally stood before her, close enough that Molly could feel the heat emanating from her larger body. The scent of her perfume was intoxicating, and Molly had to fight the urge to lean in and take a deep breath.

“I think you know what I want, Molly…” Felicity purred, leaning down so that their faces were level. “And I think you want it too…”

It was true. She did want it—God knows she had wanted it for *so long* now—but she couldn’t just say yes! This was neither the time nor the place for the two of them to finally decide to cut to the heart of the matter…

“M-Ms. Maincoone we—s-someone might—”

“Shhh…” Felicity hushed her softly, a finger pressed to Molly’s lips as she shook her head. “We’ll talk about it while we work late tonight.”

The words were like honey, and Molly found herself melting and nodding before she could even think about it. She was powerless against the larger woman—against the soft belly that pressed into her chest from Felicity’s standing position, and against her sinfully soft touch.

“Okay.” Molly whispered, “I… I’ll see you tonight?”

A satisfied smirk tugged at the corner of Felicity’s mouth as she took a step back, fingers working quickly to redo the rest of her blouse buttons.

"I knew I could get you to agree to work late." the fat woman said in a completely normal, aromantic tone of voice, "God you're so easy."

The words were like icewater falling over Molly’s head. The blood rushed from the mouse’s cheeks as she realized that her boss’s demeanor towards her had changed entirely within the span of a few seconds. As she fastened the buttons on her blouse, Felicity waddled back behind the desk with a smile like she’d just caught the canary, leaning back into her chair and taking a chomp out of a celebratory donut.

“Wh—”

“Ha! You didn’t think that I’d just *openly* call you in here for a booty call, did you?” Felicity’s chest heaved with boisterous laughter, one finger snaked into the loop of her bitten donut, “Come *on* Molly, I’m not going to make it *that* easy for you.”

“J—F—B—*NNNN!*”

The mousy secretary steamed as her chunky boss reveled in having pulled the wool over Molly’s eyes. After all of the teasing that she’d been subjected to lately, why in the *world* would she have been surprised that Felicity would… th-that her boss could…

“That’s *not* funny, Mrs. Mainecoon!”

“Ohoho… I disagree.” Felicity grinned, “Now get your cute little ass back to work—I’ll call you if I need you.”