“I tell you, if we were in charge, things would be *so* fucking different.”

Lily slumped appreciatively into the break room sofa, letting loose a well-earned sigh as she let down her messy brown bun. All day on her feet, and this single slice of cheesecake was the only solace in sight for the short pale brunette. That and getting to bitch about it with her coworkers. She and Kierra didn’t have too much to talk about other than how much they hated their job, but when they both got started, it was hard to get them to stop.

“You got that right.” Kierra’s fork clinked against the plastic plate as she skewered herself another bite, “We’d get shit done so tightly around here.”

Ever since they had laid off half of the staff, it had been nothing but work work work for these two busy bees. It was nice to get a load off every now and then. Even if it was only for the moment.

“Amen.”

“I’ll drink to that.”

Both women in their late twenties, Lily and Kierra simply weren’t *built* to run around like the interns were. They were younger, more energetic. A much more spry, very early twenties than they were. *They* certainly didn’t deserve this nice little cheesecake break. That was just a treat for the upper management.

“Please, you two in charge?” Cory the Copy Boy (no longer applicable since his promotion, but still catchy) said with a snort, placing his hands on the back of the couch, “Yeah, okay. That sounds like a great idea.”

“Then why are you saying it like that?” Kierra wrinkled her nose while Lily did her best to tune him out with more cheesecake, “Because we’re *women*?”

“Good one, K.” Lily snorted through a mouthful of cheesecake, “You tell him.”

“One, don’t be an instigator in the workplace regarding gender-based insults.” Cory held up a finger, and then another as he continued, “ And two, it’s because you two are *lazy*.” Cory laughed, “I’ll tell you *exactly* what it would be like if you two were in charge around here…”

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“It’s so fucking good to be in charge.”

Lily’s double chin split deep in her reclined position, catching the chocolate cheesecake crumbs that had tumbled from the corners of her mouth. She was the picture of creature comforts, chubby feet kicked up on the ottoman with her thick legs crossed. Her full belly nestled on the hammock of her pillowy thighs, orange dress taut and blue floral distended along the distinct fold of her double-barreled belly rolls. The pale brunette butterball hadn’t moved from her seat in the break room all day, and she certainly hadn’t intended to start now. Lunch was just around the corner, and cheesecake was just the appetizer.

“You got that right.” Kierra grunted as she collapsed onto the other side of the couch, “Oof… fuck, forgot my fork.”

Kierra made a desperate struggle against her bottom-heavy physique. She placed her plush hands on either of her mile-wide thighs, arching her back in hopes of getting some leverage with her great big behind. As big as it was brown, and just as soft and heavy as the rest of her, she wasn’t having much luck. Her pot belly lapped over her khakis, puddling into pudge as the clasp silently bent out and out. In no time, she’d need another pair. Her humongous hips flared out so far that she and Lily were sitting right next to one another, despite being seated a full foot apart. Wriggling her implausible hips and county fair-sized keister into place, her double chin folded unflatteringly as she attempted to get her sizeable self back to a standing position.

“Don’t worry about it K, I got this one.” Lazy Lily lifted her arm like royalty and waved over to the break room at large, her beckoning billowing bingo wings wobbling viscously even beneath her blazer “Copy Boy! More forks, and make it snappy!”

Cory grumbled as he brought his bosses another set of utensils, Kierra grunting happily as she leaned back into her seat. Plastic forks littered the floor around them, because they simply refused to bend over and pick them up themselves. This, ordering cheesecakes on the daily, and the *rest* of what his miserable job entailed, was what he had gone to college for. It was no wonder that the company was being bought out.

“Thank you Cory~” Lily plucked a plastic fork from his fingers, her pink lips curled into a devious smile, “Now go get us some coffee to wash it down with?”

Lily and Kierra were two titans tittering on their thrones. Kierra’s belly apron wobbled against the tight confines of her ill-fitting pants while Lily’s chipmunk cheeks rippled with laughter, bouncing in rhythm with her sandbag stomach. They fed themselves large bites of ill-gotten baked goods with newly christened forks, throwing their heads back in delectable decadence after a long day of doing nothing. As lunch time grew nearer, the agreed-upon cutoff point in this office for expectations to be fulfilled, it was becoming clear to everyone that these two greedy gals weren’t going to get anything done as per usual.

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“Whatever, that *so* would not happen.” Kierra made a face, picking her feet up onto the couch

“Agreed.” Lily said through a mouthful of cheesecake, “I’d never get that fat.”

“Yeah, well, tell that to your third slice of cheesecake and the fact that breaktime ended about two slices ago.”

“Fuck.”

“Maybe we *are* kind of lazy…”

Lily and Kierra begrudgingly got back to their feet, taking their plates and forks with them as they braced themselves for the workday ahead.

“I don’t know about you, but I want another slice.” Lily sighed deeply

“After Cory the Copy Boy’s story? No thank you.” Kierra snorted, “My pants are tight enough already.”

“Suit yourself.” Lily smiled deviously as she stole the remaining slice from Kierra’s plate, “I deserve it more than you anyway.”