

## FAT DREAM

Everytime he sits down, I wish one of his shirt's buttons would fly off. He has gotten so fat that I can't resist looking at him. I'm speaking about Jerry, my coworker. He came in the office two years ago, and all the girls here couldn't take their eyes off of him.

He is a tall guy, and when he first came here, he was quite a muscular guy. He was tan, wore stretchy shirts that enhanced his defined abs and big arms... At first, I wasn't interested in him, but now it's me the one that can't stop looking at him.

He is eating a greasy burger. He takes a sip from his coke bottle and licks his lips. He has two more burgers in the bag, and I'm sure he'll have a second lunch in a few hours.

I'm sitting in the corner table, so no one can see that I've rolled up my skirt and I'm not wearing panties. I slyly touch my clitoris in circular motions, as I watch him stuff himself. I take a pen and play with it around my vagina. I use it to rub the upper part, where I like it the most. I bite my lips as I imagine him getting fatter and fatter.

I use a big round marker and put it inside of me. I rub my clit faster, and I see how he starts eating his second burger. He pats his full belly and puts his head back. He looks stuffed, but he keeps pushing himself to eat more. It turns me on so much I involuntarily let out a little moan, and I fake a cough afterwards.

I look around and no one seems to have heard me, so I get back to what I was doing.

I love watching him get so fat, and stuff himself, but I wish he would get fatter faster. I really, really want him to become obese, very obese...

That night, I have a weird dream. I'm in my office, and Jerry is incredibly fat. He looks so big and helpless, so sexy.

A very big woman appears from nowhere, and she explains to me, without using words, that I can make him as fat as I want. I want to know how, and she explains to me, again without saying or doing anything, that the only thing I have to do is eat.

Jerry has a cake in his lap, and he is looking at me. I take a piece of cake from him and eat it, and he instantly begins to eat cake. When I stop, he stops, and so I eat another piece.

The woman disappears, and I eat more and more cake, so Jerry eats too. He gets fatter by the minute, and then the cake is finished and I wake up.

I feel disoriented, and the alarm is buzzing. I get up from bed, change my panties and put on a bra. Then I put on semi-transparent tights, an over-the-knee skirt, an undershirt and a sweater, and brush my hair a bit. I put on a bit of foundation to cover a few pimples and eyeliner, put my heels on and go to the kitchen.

I make myself a cup of coffee with condensed milk, some bread with butter and cheese and a chocolate doughnut. I feel extra hungry today, so I get another doughnut and I eat it while I get my purse and my car keys.

I drive to the office, but I stop on McDouglas drive-in to get another coffee with cream and a chocolate muffin.

I feel my belly pushing against the fabric of my skirt. I've been gaining weight lately, but with no one at my side, who cares if I put on a few extra pounds? I mean, I already weigh around 180lb, so getting to 190 or 200 won't make a difference.

As I eat on the McDouglas driveway, I recognise Jerry's car going through the drive-in. I watch the girl at the window handing him a muffin and a coffee, and I think of him pairing that with his daily box of doughnuts.

My hand finds its way to my already wet panties, and I take a deep breath. I don't know what is going on with me lately or why am I so horny. I bite my lip, take another deep breath and turn the engine of my car on.

I drive to the office, and park on the usual spot. I get through the metallic doors and get in the elevator. I get to my floor, the 22<sup>nd</sup>, and I walk to my desk. I leave my purse and start my computer, and while it boots up I go to the snack machine to get a chocolate bar and then back to my desk.

I notice Jerry getting out of the elevator and stopping at the snack machine to get a chocolate bar. Again, I bite my lip and think of him getting fatter. I rub my clitoris a bit and feel myself getting wet. Then it hits me: what if my dream had become reality? What if Jerry is going to eat whatever I eat?

Despite me being full, I decide to give it a try and go for another chocolate bar. Tracy is there too, the 24 year old bimbo that has plumped up. She greets me and picks up two chocolate bars and a bottle of coke from the machine.

Her sweater rides up, but she doesn't notice and walks to her desk. I could see red stretchmarks on her hanging belly and wide love handles. She must have weighed 120lb at most when she came in six years ago, but now she looks like she could be pushing 300lb.

I buy a chocolate bar, unwrap it and start eating right away. I notice how Jerry stands up and walks towards me, looking to the machine. He doesn't say anything, he just buys a chocolate bar, unwraps it and eats it. He finishes eating it at the same time as me, and then goes back to his desk.

I can't really say if it's working just by having him eat a chocolate bar, but it would be a bit weird if he was to turn around to get another one, so I buy another chocolate bar and start eating as fast as I can, before he gets back to his desk. Just as I take the first bite off of the chocolate bar, he turns around and comes back for another chocolate bar.

I can't believe it's working. It is as I am in a dream. Do I have such a power? Can I make him fatter?

For the next days, I force myself to eat more and more, knowing that Jerry would be doing the same. In the office, I always have lunch just after he has had his, and I enjoy watching him stuff himself past his limits everyday.

Its been a year, and I'm in my desk eating my eighth doughnut. Tracy waves at me, smiling. She's been gaining more weight, and one day she was talking with her mum by phone and I heard that she weighs 0lb.

I look at Jerry's desk, which now has a reinforced chair, installed after he broke his. We are all going to need them if we keep gaining weight. I have grown very fat myself, gaining between 100 and 120 pounds in this year. However, I don't have plans to slow down. Jerry comes back from the bathroom to sit on his desk and then I get the daily reminder of why I am forcing myself to eat so much.

He is massive; the biggest and fattest man I've ever seen, and he is getting fatter everyday. He waddles towards his desk, and lets his huge gut hang between his legs. He is sweating, and eats a doughnut with one hand while he rubs his overfed belly with the other.

I watch him eat as I grab another doughnut and my free hand finds its way between my legs...