

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

So I know you're just the door dash worker, but I could use an extra set of hands.

Contains: *Weight Gain*

Door Dash

Sam drummed her fingers on the steering wheel as she waited for the light to change. She was anxious to see her favorite customer again. Kate had been ordering DoorDash every weekend for the past six months, and Sam always tried to take her Dashes when she could. She'd started passing on Dashes around the same time every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday night, just to make sure she was free whenever Kate's Dashes popped up.

On the passenger seat beside Sam were two plastic bags, stacked high with foam clamshells full of sugar chicken. Kate usually made some excuse about movie night or book club, but Sam was almost certain there was no one in that apartment but Kate. A suspicion that was validated by the fact that Kate's love handles got closer to the doorframe every week Sam saw her.

How she wanted to grab onto those love handles and dive into that wobbling, quivering mass of delicious woman.

The light turned green, and Sam punched the accelerator.

Kate drummed her hands across the curve of her belly. Her weight had been stable at just under two hundred for five years, but now she was flirting with three! She'd always been a woman who enjoyed a good meal, but ever since that first night, that moment of weakness...

Kate had just gotten home from a particularly annoying workday. It was a Friday, and she didn't have the energy to make her usual salad. Opening the app she wished she'd deleted, Kate had ordered a salad from the closest sports bar. The only one they had came with fried chicken, but she could always pick that out and save it for lunches for a few days. Then she saw her. The cutest, most adorable little blonde in a polo and baseball cap. Kate didn't pick the chicken out of her salad.

Sam was Kate's dream girl, but Kate was too shy to ever do anything about it. So she did the only thing she could think of, she ordered delivery food just for the chance to see Sam again. Maybe this time, she told herself, she'd have the guts to ask her out.

But she'd told herself that every time. And every time, she chickened out. Then, ashamed of herself, she'd eat all the food she'd ordered. She fell off her diet overnight. She blew past the two-hundred mark, then the two-fifty, blowing out of her pants along the way.

Months went by, and Kate's appetite increased along with her weight. Every weekend, so nervous at the chance of seeing and speaking with Sam, she ordered more and more food. She'd lie and tell her crush she was having a party, or hosting game night. Then when she inevitably failed to say more than, "Thanks so much!" She'd plop down on the couch and stuff her face.

—Bing Bong—

Sam stood outside Kate's door, heart racing.

The door creaked open, and Kate stood leaning on the frame, chest heaving. Sam couldn't take it anymore, she had to take her chance with this goddess.

"Hey, Kate! Nice to see you again."

"Uh *—huff—* thanks?"

"I'm *really* glad I caught your order..."

Kate eyed the heavy bags in Sam's hands. She screwed up her courage, blurting out, "So, I know you're just the DoorDash worker, but I could use an extra set of hands."