

Office Hottie

There he was, a vision of utter perfection stepping out of the elevator: dull black faux-leather loafers, dark grey slacks, and a shirt liberally spotted with all manner of food stains which was ill-fitting enough to leave a couple of inches of belly to jiggle freely in the stuffy office air. In one hand he carried a laptop in its carrier, in the other was his golden-arched breakfast.

His chair squeaked loudly as he sat down at his desk, his belly spreading out across his lap and forcing his shirt still higher; he didn't seem to notice, or maybe he just didn't care. He took out his laptop, firing it up along with the desktop that occupied much of the remaining cluttered space.

While he waited for both to reach states of full operation, his hand delved into that brown paper bag, withdrawing not one, but two of the biggest of Macs, along with large fries, chicken nuggets, a coffee, and a milkshake. He gorged on these seemingly haphazardly, seldom taking a bite or a gulp of the same item consecutively. He was breathing heavily as he ate, his extra chin wobbling as he chewed his noisy way through his incredibly calorific morning meal. With no napkins in sight, he merely wiped his greasy, sauce-covered fingers on his shirt which was surely becoming more stain than its original blue.

And then he belched: a long, deep, reverberating sound that had numerous heads turning in his direction; it was music to my ears. He still appeared oblivious to the attention he was receiving – mostly negative, though I was watching on rapturously.

Around an hour passed after he had finished his breakfast, during which time I did my best to busy myself with my own work while stealing occasional glances of him. And then...

"Hey, intern!"

'Intern', that was me.

I hurried to his desk dutifully, though he wasn't even the boss of the office. "Y-Yes, sir?"

"Go get me coffee."

My eyes flickered south to where one pudgy hand was trying to reach into the pocket of his pants which were pulled taut across his thick thighs; I noticed he needed to nudge his gut aside slightly to squeeze his fingers into the opening.

After a moment of struggle, he withdrew his wallet and handed me a single bill. "I want to see change from that."

I gave a shaky nod, accepted the money, and hurried from the office.

When I returned, he wordlessly held out his hand for the change; I tipped the coins onto his palm as I set down his drink along with a box of donuts.

"Th-They were giving out free samples," I stammered; it was a lie, I had delved into my own pocket to provide them.

He said nothing, he didn't even nod.

As I walked away, he was already pulling the box open and starting on the half-dozen glazed delicacies I had delivered.

Three more times that day I was summoned to his desk with orders for coffee. Three more times I returned to him with what he'd asked for and more: first time I brought him cake, the second cookies, the third several slices of pizza; all of them bought with my own money, all of them consumed by him without the slightest acknowledgement.

At lunchtime he had called me over to demand that I go down to the sandwich chain across the street to get him two foot-longs and a soda. This I duly did, negotiating traffic and waiting in line with the rest of the lunch rush; I don't think he even noticed the extra six-inch sub I slipped into the bag.

When the end of the day came, I engineered my exit to coincide with his: just he and I alone in the elevator for twelve floors.

"Ground floor?" I asked with a smile as he joined me in the little metal box.

The next thing I knew, I was pressed up against the wall of the elevator as he leaned over to push the button for the basement carpark. As he was rather taller than me, I received a face-full of soft, squishy side-moob, made slightly damp by its covering of sweaty shirt.

Once he had drawn back, I heard the rustle of a candy bar being unwrapped: one from the stash I knew he kept in his desk.

"Th-They're my favourite," I said in another effort to strike up conversation.

He looked down at me with disdain, chewing up the chocolate and caramel concoction with an open mouth; I don't think he even recognised me as the peon he had been ordering around all day.

"BWARRRRRRRRRP," he finally said before looking away from me and dropping the now empty wrapper onto the elevator floor.

I exited for the main entrance moments later; I felt small, unappreciated, insignificant, and very, very excited to see my crush again the next day.