

Shantae the Obese Office Worker

Shantae's pointy ears perked up at the familiar sound of seagulls flying above her head. Clutching handfuls of sand as she picked herself up, the half-genie discovered that she was laying on the beach of an unknown island. Shaking out her long ponytail of purple hair, she rubbed at her head as she recalled the intense battle that had sunk her ship. Though the fight seemed to only leave marks in the form of slight cuts into her red bikini top and matching pants, she was still concerned about her friends. Scanning the area and jingling the golden hoop earring dangling from her ears, she hoped to see any sign that her companions had made it out of the shipwreck safely.

Though there was nothing immediately on the beach to help the half-genie with her predicament, she did spot something sticking out from the lush trees behind her. Proceeding through the foliage, she used the golden cuffs around her arms to push aside any branches that got in her way. Carefully tiptoeing around fallen logs and things crawling along the ground, she prepared herself to run into a tribe of monsters or an ancient temple filled to the brim with perilous traps.

Shantae was left stunned as she looked upon the massive, stone-grey monolith that greeted her as she stepped into the clearing. The building was over 50 stories tall, with each floor dotted with shimmering windows. The glass was tinted to avoid giving her a peek as to what was inside. Her only clue as to what the structure was for came in the form of a sign posted over the double door-entrance that read "Business Co Inc."

Driven by her own curiosity, the half-genie braced herself as she stepped through the entrance. As the doors swung close behind her, the natural scenery of the island gave way to a more sterile and lifeless lobby. The warmth of the tropical climate was replaced with a moderate

temperature maintained by a state-of-the-art AC system. Wandering past the waiting room's various couches and oddly wide chairs, she eventually made her way over to the reception desk.

Shantae ceased her exploration of the room as she noticed the woman sitting before her. The small gasp that left the half-genie's lips caused the desk worker to heave her over 400-pound self into a standing position. Pressing her doughy gut up against the wood, the obese woman took a moment to fix the skirt that barely hid her chubby rear. Once her tie was pulled free from between her wobbling tits, she cleared her throat and held up a clipboard.

"Name?" the receptionist asked.

"Shantae," she replied. "Um, I'm not sure exactly why I'm here. Have you seen any of my friends? One's a woman with blonde hair and the other is a zombie. Don't worry she doesn't bite...that much."

"Ah, you must be the new hire," the receptionist interrupted. "Please have a seat and your manager will be along shortly for your orientation."

"New hire?" Shantae asked as the receptionist popped open a bag of chips. "I think you have the wrong idea. I already have a job as a guardian genie back in Scuttle Town. All I want to do is find my friends and grab a boat to--"

"I said, have a seat," the receptionist insisted, waving her plump fingers with one hand while the other dug for more chips. "Patience is an important aspect at Business Co Inc. Better learn that quick if you want to get anywhere in this job."

"But I--"

With her words drowned out by loud chewing noises, Shantae let out a defeated sigh and walked away. Sitting down and sinking into one of the plush cushions, she tried to get a better grasp of what was going on by looking over one of the magazines. Her only take away was a

developing headache as each page contained graphs and charts of numbers that became more impenetrable as she went on. The sound of her slamming the disorienting magazine back on the table came alongside the loud slam of a door being swung open.

Getting up from her seat, Shantae prepared her magic to take on the fearsome creature she was certain had created the noise. Instead, she was left dumbfounded as she beheld a woman twice as large as the receptionist. Despite her lumbering waddle, the new arrival made a bold appearance with her chunky form clad in a bright pink suit. Moving her way over towards the lounge area, the woman set herself down to have an entire couch be buried by her ass cheeks. Wobbling back and forth to get settled, she let her pink-painted nails massage the part of her gut slipping out from her dress shirt. Trying not to gawk too much at the pair of medicine ball-sized breasts before her, Shantae forced herself to look past the three chins to see the woman's puffy, pink-painted lips were in the shape of an eager smile.

"Hmm, interesting," the enormous woman said as her fingers were swept through her long, curly black hair. "I think you might be the perfect fit for our new position. After some training and adherence to our company guidelines of course."

"I'm sorry miss--"

"Moloplyn," the woman replied. "Breyla Moloplyn. I'd give you my business card, but the pockets on my suit are a little tight today. Ohohoho," she added, seemingly proud of the way her hips strained the fabric of her outfit.

"Ms. Moloplyn, I came here hoping that I could find a way off the island with my friends," Shantae insisted.

"Well, I would be willing to help," the businesswoman began, "but not for free of course. That's how business is done around here."

“I think I have some jewels on me,” Shantae said as she began to rummage through her pockets.

“Hmm, I’m afraid that those won’t do here,” Moloplyn replied with a shake of her head. “However, I think I know of a way that you can pay us back while we assist you with your search.”

An unsettling shudder went down Shantae’s spine. “What did you have in mind?”

Moloplyn’s grin grew wider and more unsettling as she hoisted herself back into a standing position. “Follow me,” she said, looking like she was on the cusp of falling over as her heft constantly jiggled. “You’ll understand in just a moment.”

Waiting for the Moloplyn to waddle down the hall, Shantae tried to weigh her options. Even if she did question the motives of the mystery woman, the building was the best chance she had. After all, it was the largest landmark on the island. Even if she couldn’t see her friends from the highest part of the building, she knew that eventually that they would be drawn towards it. Figuring that she might as well make nice with the locals and potentially secure an escape route, she followed the businesswoman into an elevator.

After barely squeezing herself into the cramped space, Shantae’s stomach jumped as the lift rapidly ascended. When the elevator did come to a sudden stop, any damage was mitigated by the ample blubber that encased her guide. Though she was shaken by the experience, Moloplyn looked as eager as ever as she waddled her way out into a hallway lit by buzzing, fluorescent lights in the ceiling.

“Right over here,” the businesswoman said as she opened up one of the dozens of identical looking doors.

Peeking her head into the dark space, Shantae saw that it was lit by a single, bright computer screen. The desk in front of the set up was twice as wide, with extra cushioning along the back and seat. All along the walls were motivational posters with phrases such as “Think Big, Do Big” and “Live Large for Large Profits”. Too busy staring at bizarre image of a fat woman in a cat suit hanging from a tree branch, the half-genie didn’t even notice that her body was moving until Moloplyn sat her down in the chair.

“Here we are,” the businesswoman said as she nudged a keyboard in front of Shantae. “I hope you’re as excited as I am.”

“I thought you said that you were showing me a way to get off the island?” Shantae asked as her host dragged out a computer mouse.

“Oh, but I am,” Moloplyn replied as she led the half-genie’s fingers down to the keys. “Do well enough and you’re certain to earn all kinds of different perks. One of them could be your very own boat. The company is more than happy to show favor for employees that help it to grow.”

Leaving Shantae’s hands resting on the keyboard, Moloplyn waddled her way back over to the door. “I’ll leave you to get acquainted with your workstation. Take your time to get used to how the system works, but don’t dawdle too long. Business Co Inc is counting on you.” Just as she was about to close the door, she stuck her head back in. “Oh, and welcome to the first day of your big, bright career.”

With the door shut behind her, Shantae was enveloped by the glow of the screen and a surge of confusion. Turning back to the computer, her eyes slowly adjusted to the light to see a prompt that seemed to ask for her to type something. Curious, she let her fingers tap along the keys at random. These guesses ended up being more direct than she expected as something took

a hold of her. Moving faster than she thought was possible, she rapidly clacked her fingers against the keys in order to satisfy the machine's desires.

Shantae's hypnotic-like trance came to a halt as she heard a rumble echo from her stomach. Blinking for what felt like the first time in hours, she looked around the room to see just how long she had been sitting there. The thought of having to make her way back to the forest to forage for fruit made her desperately search through desk for any nourishment.

The half-genie found more than enough sustenance as she opened up one of the drawers to find an abundance of chip bags. Opening another compartment revealed a built-in cooler that was stuffed with a variety of sodas and energy drinks. With each tug of a handle, she revealed another stash of junk food that included sugary candy and savory, smoked jerky. As impressive as the sheer quantity was, her choice was made for her by another, impatient growl from her stomach.

Grabbing a sack of chips, Shantae tore it open and dug in. Humming to herself from the taste, she continued to help herself to the snack while her fingers tapped away at the keyboard. Once the bag was emptied out, a swift chug of a soda helped her to wash away the crumbs. Moving onto sack of pretzels and cookies, she continued to intersperse her typing with more indulgence. Once more, she fell into a rhythm that kept her oblivious to what she was doing until she heard a small ding.

A message popped on the screen, informing Shantae that her shift was over. Pulling her hands away from the keyboard, she looked over at the time to see that she had been sitting there for eight hours. This realization came alongside an unsettling view of the large potbelly sticking out from her mid-section. Looking between the bulge and the empty cans and wrappers overflowing her trash can, she knew that something was very wrong.

“I need to get out of here,” Shantae spoke to herself as she struggled to lift her and her bloated belly out of the chair. “The others are waiting for-AAHH!”

A single misplacement of the half-genie’s hand activated a switch on the side of her chair. The seat laid itself out flat, stretching her along it at the same time. The panic that had come from the sudden movement subsided as she felt the cushions cradle her body. All at once the exhaustion from her work hit her to make her eyelids grow heavy. Resting her palms against her gut, she let herself drift to sleep. She was sure that her friends could wait until after she had properly rested up after an excellent first day of work.

A soft beeping noise awoke Shantae from her slumber. Opening up her eyes, she was greeted by her computer screen wishing her a good morning. Groggily tapping a finger on the keyboard shifted the display from the alarm to the work program that was always hungry for seemingly random lines of texts and numbers. Putting her chair back into an upright position, she got ready to perform the same task she had been busying herself with over the past month.

Reaching into one of the desk drawers, she extracted a can of iced coffee to get herself going. Over the course of the past few weeks, the small dose of caffeine provided more than enough energy to get her through her daily tasks. In between typing one paragraph after another of business terms, she would help herself to one of the many bags of junk food that always seemed to be restocked while she slept. This constant snacking and typing led her into the typical trance-like state that let her so easily get through her shifts.

The half-genie's routine was broken up as she heard a loud tearing noise. The sound sent a shiver down her spine and broke through her lingering sleepiness. No longer tapping against the keyboard, she turned off the monitor for a moment to let the black screen act as a mirror.

Shifting back in her chair, Shantae first noticed the second chin she had developed. Further down, she spotted her bikini-top struggling to stay in place as it cradled her bosom, which had easily doubled in size after arriving to the island. Between her legs, her belly had taken its spot resting against her thighs with the extra hundred pounds or so she had accrued.

While she was trying to understand how she had gained so much in such a short amount of time, a shift of her seat created the ripping noise again. Standing herself up and turning around, a blush formed on her cheeks as she spotted the hole in the seat of her pants. Shuddering at the sight of her panties getting sucked up by her chubby buttocks, she nearly missed the notification ding on her computer.

"Employee 622002 your attire has violated the work code," the message played. "You will be issued a warning. Further actions will be taken for each subsequent day until you have corrected your appearance. Please report to the company clothing area to find a replacement outfit at your nearest convenience."

"Don't have to tell me twice," Shantae said, making sure her work on the computer was saved before shuffling her way out of the office.

As the half-genie made her way through the corridor, she was keen to keep one hand covering up her clothing mishap. Passing by the bathrooms, private shower areas, and the multiple vending machines she had frequented in her down time, she wondered when she last had a chance to step outside of the building. The few coworkers she did manage to pass by kept their greetings to casual hellos as they waddled along with papers usually clutched in their arms.

It hadn't taken long for Shantae to notice that even with her added chub, she was one of the smallest women in the building. The only exception she had at least heard about was the batch of new employees that had all joined the company around the same time as her. Having been so busy keeping up with her daily work, she hadn't had a chance to see who these other people were. At least, not until now.

Arriving at the company clothing room, the half-genie stepped inside and was met with a familiar head of blonde hair tied up with blue cloth. Her elation of recognizing her old friend Sky was hindered by the way the bird keeper was currently dealing with her own, bulbous gut. A gloved hand once used to protect her from talons was now being used to keep her top in place in order to prevent her melon-sized breasts from popping out. Daring to look towards her friend's white pants, she saw a similar looking hole revealing Sky's bubble butt.

"Sky," Shantae called out, causing the blonde-haired woman to jump and quickly cover up the tear. "What are you doing here?"

"Getting a new change of clothes," Sky replied, letting her top slip free for a moment in order to steady her belly. As soon as the chubby protrusion stopped jiggling, her blue and purple-feathered bird, Wrench perched atop it. While the feathered companion was mostly unchanged, there was a vest around his torso labeling him as a "Emotional Support Animal".

"What kind of support does Wrench give?"

"Mostly bringing me snacks when I run low," Sky replied, giving the bird a cracker to munch on. "Anyway, what are you doing here? You also got 'hired' by Ms. Moloplyn?"

"Yeah, she kept saying that she would give me a way to get off the island if I worked here," Shantae explained. "Although, all I've done is type in random things on a keyboard for weeks on end."

Sky let out a sigh. “Any idea what the point of us sitting at a desk and snacking all day is supposed to be?”

“No clue,” Shantae replied with the shake of her head. “All I know is that it will somehow...increase our productivity and equity far beyond our original parameters; ensuring a dynamic year of profit unity with our partners.”

Sky stared at Shantae for a moment. “What does that mean?”

“I don’t know,” Shantae said, grabbing one of the suits hanging from the racks. “But I do know that I need to get back to work.”

“Right, I should do the same,” Sky replied, grabbing her own change of clothes. “We’ll meet up later. Say over lunch?”

“Yes, that would be an efficient use of our allotted time,” Shantae almost mechanically replied.

“...what?”

“Um, I’ll see you later,” Shantae replied, uncaring if Sky spotted the tear in her pants as long as she was able to hurry back to her desk in time to finish her tasks.

As much as Shantae wanted to keep up her workflow, a message from HR about a gift in the break room had gotten her out of her office to pass by her fellow employees. As she made waddled her way down the hall, she still felt a sense of anxiety every time she passed one of the obese women. Even after her own body had surpassed 350 pounds, she was still a bit nervous about letting other people see her. However, she had to admit that after yet another recent wardrobe change, she found something that seemed to enhance her new self.

The doughy belly that had spurred her towards the promise of food was barely contained by a purple dress shirt. Though the red blazer helped a bit in containing her mass, it fell to the task of her yellow necktie to obscure the cleavage of her F-cup breasts. Initially she had picked a long, red skirt in favor of pants for the sake of covering up her double wide rear. Unfortunately, the garment had other plans as it kept forcing her to pick wedgies out from between her buttocks as she made her way down the hall with heavy stomps of her yellow, high-heeled shoes.

Lurching her way into the break room, Shantae had to take a moment to lean against the doorway. Taking in a deep breath, she regretted spending so much time sitting on her fat ass. In the back of her head, she told herself that she should be out searching for something. However, anytime she drew close to remembering what that something was, her thoughts quickly turned to work or food. This same strategy allowed her to procrastinate making up a workout plan to lose her weight in favor of opening up the fridge to see what she could stuff her face with before returning to work.

The moment lasted for only half a second. During that time, the half-genie was able to take in the full features of the head with a mop of dark green hair, held back by a yellow headband. The strange color extended to the lime color of the chub surrounding its face. A flicker of the head's red eyes came alongside crumbs spilling from its mouth to tumble down its three chins. As cute as the skull earrings hanging from its ears and the smile on its chubby face were, the sight still made Shantae jiggle her plump cheeks with a terrified yelp.

"Sorry," the head replied as she swallowed her last mouthful of cake. "I thought I'd be done before anyone else showed up. Oh, would you mind stepping aside?"

A thump echoed through the room as Shantae's behind backed up into something round and soft. Swiveling herself around, she had to stifle another scream upon seeing the headless

torso standing there. Judging by the green skin on the figure's plump hands, she could already assume who the owner was.

"I figured that it would be more efficient to separate myself like this," the head spoke as her torso bumped its equally chunky rear against Shantae's. Carefully leaning down to ensure her skull-sized breasts didn't pop free from her black blazer, the head gently picked herself up.

"Whether I'm attached or not, it all ends up here," she said, slapping her pillowy gut with her free hand and sending ripples through the thick thighs straining the limits of her black slacks.

"Just wish management would listen to my request for more brain-flavored treats to snack on."

"Hold on," Shantae said, the gears in her head clicking to recognize the bizarre diet. "You're... Rotty Tops, right?"

"That's me," the head replied as she put herself back in one piece. "Ms....Shantae?"

"Yes, that's right," the half-genie replied, nearly popping out of her suit as she jumped in place. "You must be another one of my friends. Just like Sky."

"You mean that weird lady with the bird that keeps roosting on her boobs?" Rotty Tops asked.

"That's her. The three of us all arrived on this island together after... after..."

At a loss of an answer, Shantae clasped her hand against her pudgy cheeks. With each passing day, she felt like more of her memory was being overwritten by graphs and stat sheets. Though this did improve her work output, she couldn't help fearing what exactly she was losing in the process. Her silent dread about her physical and mental changes was interrupted by a playful nibble on her thick neck.

"GAH!" Shantae said, hitting a table with her hips as she stumbled away from Rotty Tops. "Why did you do that?"

“Because you were completely spaced out there,” the zombie woman replied with a playful grin. “Figured it would help you out. Anyway, I get to get back to my desk,” she said as she waddled towards the door. “I’ll catch you later over dinner and we can talk more. Oh! And don’t tell HR about my little nom. Feels like they’re out to get just me.”

The questionable nature of Shantae’s coworker was something pushed aside by a hungry growl from her stomach. Opening up the fridge and being careful to avoid the half-eaten cake, she was able to procure herself plenty of doughnuts and other pastries. Adding an armful of milkshakes to her collection, she carried them over to a free table. Seating her rear down on two chairs to make herself comfortable, she told herself that everything might feel better after she ate something. At the very least, the sugar would be a big help with pushing her through the rest of her shift.

Burning through whatever nutrition she had extracted from an energy drink chugging session, Shantae waddled as fast as her thick thighs would carry her towards the printer room. As she shuffled forward, she was well aware of the lingering danger that her buttocks would pop out of her pants at a moment’s notice. Even now, she could feel her similarly large, beachball-sized breasts trying their best to send the buttons along her top careening ahead of her. However, the fear of her over 500-pound belly plopping out for all to see was nothing compared to her concern about being late on finishing her project.

Coming to a screeching halt at the printing room, Shantae was forced to stop and catch her breath. Purposefully unbuttoning her top, she used her tie as a makeshift fan to help cool

herself off. Wiping a bead of sweat from her three chins, she tried to get herself moving again. Unfortunately, she was a little too slow to be the first to access the printer.

A woman slightly larger than the half-genie office worker was currently blocking the view of the device with her chunky rear clad in tight-fitting, purple pants. Though Shantae tried to push her way forward, she kept getting bounced back by employee's wide hips. One of her attempts sent her stumbling back as she got a face full of a pair of light-blue colored tits that hit her like two bowling balls. Making use of her back flab to cushion herself from hitting the wall, she looked back to see the blubbery, blue belly of the person hogging the printer.

"Just wait your turn," the woman said, flaunting the red ribbon keeping her purple hair tied into a neat bun. "Small fry like you should know to kneel to their superiors."

"Superior?" Shantae huffed as she waddled back to the device. "I have no idea who you are."

"You can't be serious," the blue woman said, tapping her plump fingers against her red painted lips. "Anyone with any worth at this company has heard of the legendary Risky Boots."

The name made Shantae look away from the woman's heavy, purple eye shadow to look down at her feet. "But...you're wearing heels."

Risky's pride took a noticeable hit as her smile turned into a grimace. "I didn't pick what I was named," she fumed. "It doesn't matter though. By the time I've finished my latest presentation, Ms. Moloplyn will realize how much of an asset I am to this company and put me on the fast track to success. When that day comes, I hope you're willing to waddle that fat ass of yours back and forth to get my coffee."

“Ugh, I just met you and you’re already the worst employee I’ve met here,” Shantae shot back as she clenched her fingers. “We’re supposed to be working as a team. Not biting at each other’s throats.”

“Ohohoho, how cute,” Risky laughed as the last of her papers spit out of the machine. “That naïve way of thinking is the exact reason why you’ll be stuck in that little cubicle until the day you retire in complete obscurity. As for me,” she continued as she held her papers close to her chest, “I’m going to continue working my way up until this entire company is under my boot.”

“But you don’t wear any-“

“It’s metaphorical,” she replied with a huff as she turned away.

Watching Risky waddle off down the hall, Shantae was filled with a sense of rage unlike anything she could remember. Part of her wanted to use her bulk to stomp the irritating woman down like a rampaging elephant. Her sausage-like fingers twitched, as if they were moments away from shooting out a righteous fireball. Even her long locks of hair stuck within the folds of her back fat seemed more than willing to whip the evil woman into a model employee.

Shantae’s collection of justified fantasies were silenced with a deep exhale. Turning her attention to the machine, she used her pudgy hands to start printing out her files. With her packet completed, she picked it up and nestled it within her thick arms as if it were her own child. Taking a moment to fix her hair and grab a soda from the vending machine, she started making the journey back down the hall towards her office.

During the half-genie’s trek, she inevitably passed by her coworkers. While most of them were greeted with typical, polite waves, there were two that certainly gotten her attention. Peeking her head into Sky’s office, she saw the obese woman clad in a blue suit busy feeding her

plump bird with crackers. Further on, she spotted Rotty Tops not so secretly stuffing her head back into the fridge to help herself to some leftover sandwiches. Though their meetings were brief, the interactions with her close work friends helped to rid herself of the lingering hatred she felt towards Risky. In place of the anger came a sense of resolve that pushed her back on task.

Returning to her office, Shantae was greeted to the welcoming sight of her double-wide chair. The already cushiony seat had been upgraded as a way to keep up with her girth and reward her for her progress. Setting herself down into the chair's embrace, she neatly stacked her papers on the desk and balanced her keyboard on top of her belly. Shoveling chips into her mouth for the needed nutrients, she let her gaze focus on the screen with the intention of proving the smug, bootless woman wrong.

The Business Co Inc auditorium was rife with activity as all of the employees gathered for the day's presentation. A cacophony of chatter mixed with ravenous chewing filled the air up until a soft bell signaled the arrival of Ms. Moloplyn. Waddling her way out onto the stage, the enormous woman clad in a pink business suit was still as astounding as ever no matter how much she had met with her employees. Making her way to the couch in the center of the stage, she brought her behemoth backside down and dragged over a lectern to speak.

"I want to thank you all for taking time out of your busy schedules to join us today," Moloplyn addressed the crowd. "I am aware of how important your tasks are to the company. However, I believe that this brief respite is necessary to properly congratulate one of our employees on her groundbreaking achievement. Please help me welcome to the stage, Ms. Shantae!"

The announcement brought the whole room to heave themselves out of their double-wide chairs to break out into applause. The cheering and clapping of pudgy hands muffled the sound of Shantae's stomps as she waddled her way over to Moloplyn. For the occasion, she had attempted to adorn herself with the largest version of the company's standard attire available. However, this still left her with an outfit that was a little tight in some places as it had to bare the burden of the extra weight she had put on over the course of her project.

Shantae's prideful stride towards Moloplyn took a momentary break in order to adjust the fabric of her pants attempting to be sucked in by her massive ass cheeks. The only thing that rivaled her enormous rear was the pair of medicine ball-sized tits nestled within her blazer that earned a noticeable hum from her equally endowed boss. By the time she did make it to the lectern, the sheer exertion of moving her over 800-pound belly had left her winded. Thankfully, Moloplyn was there to help ease her down into her own couch and place a microphone in her pudgy mitts.

"Thank you all so much for this honor," Shantae said, giving a bow that scrunched up her multiple, flabby chins and shook the golden hoops hanging from her ears. "It's really too much."

"Oh, don't be so modest dear," Moloplyn said. "It's because your marketing strategy that we were able to efficiently consolidate the accounting department's budget for the quarter to ensure a more dynamic and synergistic workflow."

"When you put it like that, it doesn't really sound so complicated," Shantae replied, trying to sound humble despite her overwhelming pride. "But I can't take this all on alone. I had my co-workers by my side to help me through this."

Looking out onto the crowd, Shantae saw her closest companions nestled amongst the obese populace. Sky was easy enough to see thank to her overweight bird resting a top her

exposed belly in wait for his next meal. Rotty Tops revealed herself by standing up from her seat to use a combination of her waving bosom and decapitated head held between her fingers to draw the half-genie's attention.

The presence of Shantae's friends were appreciated, but there was someone else that truly made the moment perfect. Though she attempted to blend in from the far back of the crowd, it was impossible for Risky Boots to fully hide the girth of her hips and rear. Looking out over the audience, Shantae was able to accurately shoot a grin towards her rival. With a huff, Risky replied by turning her face away and giving a reluctant wave.

"It is because of that very teamwork that I have made some changes to the promotional prize," Moloplyn spoke. "Oh, don't worry. You and your project partners will still be receiving your raises. What I'm doing is giving a prize that our entire company can enjoy."

Making her way to the front of the stage, Moloplyn raised a hand to turn on a massive screen behind her. The monitor depicted a lush, island paradise that was a stark contrast to the more mundane accommodations of the office. As the footage continued, it showed a bustling town with its denizens busy with keeping up their various shops, eateries, and even a hot spring. Panning away from the tropical scenery and towards the sky, the screen brought up a title that said, "Visit Scenic Scuttle Town!"

"What you're seeing here is the destination for our company vacation next month," Moloplyn explained. "Scuttle Town is an adorable place that lays host to all sorts of strange and unique sights. There are even legends of it being home to things like giant birds, zombies, and even genies. That is, if you dare to traverse there under the threat of being attacked by pirates," she added, waving around her plump fingers as she laughed off the supposed danger.

While the rest of the crowd erupted into applause once more, Shantae swiveled herself around to look at the screen again. As she got a second look at the locations and people of the island, something in the back of her mind kept itching at her. A strange sense of déjà vu tried to make her remember some important detail of the location. She had no recollection of being in such a place, but something about it gave her a strange sense of warmth and comfort. The feeling made her rub at the golden cuffs tightly clamped around her blubbery arms.

“Is everything alright?” Moloplyn asked Shantae. “Are you still tired? I’m aware that you were doing quite a bit of overtime to get your project done on time.”

“Oh, I’m fine,” Shantae replied, shrugging off the strange feeling as she used her boss’s hand to stand up. “Just thinking about how this vacation will bring some real unity and perseverance to the team to expand our possibilities in terms of revenue and optimization.”

Moloplyn left out a laugh as she began waddling Shantae over to the ramp leading off of the stage. “While I do appreciate your devotion to work, now is not the time. A good conference isn’t complete without the traditional feasting and conversation with the other employees.”

Wading her way into the sea of equally obese office workers, Shantae blended into the horde of fatty bodies wrapped in tight-fitting suits. Helping herself to a plate overflowing with food, she was able to locate Sky and Rotty Tops in order to catch up. Though they did speak of plans about what they would do on their vacation, they inevitably turned their conversation towards their next project. After all, they were eager to show their appreciation to Business Co Inc; the company that had made them into the huge successes they were today.