

Padding the Clock

By DarkeyeV2

The air in the storage room felt cool, smelling of copy paper and the faint chemical sweetness of a cheap air freshener. I pressed my back against a tall metal shelf, letting my weight lean fully into him while my head rested against his chest. My work blouse was completely untucked. The pencil skirt I wore remained bunched high on my thighs, and the sound of my own shaky breathing echoed loudly in the quiet space.

After a long moment, I stirred and pulled back just enough to look up at him. My face felt flushed, my lipstick was definitely smudged, and my glasses sat slightly askew before I pushed them back up my nose.

"Okay then," I said, my voice heavy with fatigue but shedding the husky whisper from a few minutes prior. I fumbled with my skirt, tugging it down over my hips with a soft grunt. It was a bit of a struggle since the tailored garment seemed to fight against the recent softness settling around my midsection. "I believe I have held up my end of the bargain."

I took another step back to create some space between us. Without breaking eye contact, my fingers found the clasp on my skirt and unhooked it with a soft click. The zipper slid down, allowing the tight fabric to relax. The soft, gentle curve of my lower belly pressed forward, forming a pale white swell against the dark waistband of my panties. I was not large by any means yet, just losing my definition and gaining a comfortable layer of padding.

"No, we are not going for a second round," I warned him, seeing his eyes drop to my waistline. "Keep yourself in check. I just needed to breathe again."

I looked up at my feeder, my cheeks still warm and my eyes wide behind my lenses. Coincidentally, he was now a higher up at the company I worked on - I was a lucky girl.

"So, about that work from home transfer for me. You said you would talk to HR and pull some strings now that you got your big promotion. Are you getting cold feet?"

He blinked, leaning back against another metal shelf and running a hand through his hair. He let out a sharp exhale.

"Are you for real?" he asked, his voice still a little rough. "Babe, let me breathe first. I literally *just* came. My brain needs a second to reboot." He adjusted his tie, the corporate mask slipping back into place. "I just... I can't believe you are actually serious about this. Like, determined. Look, I'll try, okay? But we don't even have that many fully remote employees. What am I supposed to tell them? I'm higher up the ladder now, sure, but I barely have the keys to my new office. I don't know if I have the capital to burn on a transfer request this early."

A small pout huffed past my lips, sending a stray strand of chestnut hair flying away from my face. I folded my arms across my chest, which only served to push the soft flesh of my cleavage up further against the constraints of my bra.

"Oh come on now, you just stood there and looked pretty while I did all the hard work," I teased, letting my arms drop to rest my hands on my hips. My thumbs hooked into the elastic of my panties, accentuating the new rounded curve of my belly. "And yes, I am very serious. Do you think I have been stuffing myself every night for fun? Well, obviously I have, but like..."

I stepped closer, closing the distance he had just created, and lowered my voice to a low whisper.

"Think. Think about what happens when I get to stay home all day," I purred, letting one hand rest on his chest to trace idle patterns over his shirt. "I need the flexibility to build that freelance graphic design consultancy we talked about. But while I am doing that, we get to have this all day, every day. No more desk lunches. Just me waiting for you with a full fridge and an empty stomach."

He smirked, his eyes narrowing with a mix of lust and skepticism. "Bullshit," he scoffed. "You wouldn't wait for me. You sure as hell wouldn't endure an empty stomach if I left you alone in that apartment with a full pantry at your disposal." There he was - the man I was falling in love with. He placed his hands on my hips, his thumbs digging in slightly. "You'd grow so fucking fat, you know that? You'd be grazing all day."

His words landed like a spark on dry tinder, sending a visible shiver through me despite the stuffy warmth of the supply closet. I did not pull away. I leaned into the touch, pressing my soft middle against him with a slow, lazy smile.

"Holy fuck, yes," I murmured. "I would not waste a single second. I would wake you up with the smell of pancakes and syrup. I would meet you at the door with my mouth full and a box of pizza in my hand. I will put this belly to the test."

He smiled, looking down at me with that familiar heat, but then his brow furrowed. "It's hot, Chloe, I'll give you that. But are you sure we can actually pull this off? Having you, well... essentially jobless? The economy isn't exactly thriving right now. If HR catches wind that you're getting paid to sit on the couch and expand, that's fraud. What if they audit your output? Mm?"

The mention of logistics was *such* a turn-off.

I rolled my eyes and pulled back, planting my hands on my hips again with a fond exasperation.

"Honestly, use that big brain of yours for something other than thinking about my ass," I scolded gently. "I have already handled it. It is amazing how much work a secretary like me can delegate when people assume you are just sweet and overwhelmed. Mika is surprisingly eager to help organize vendor invoices, and the marketing team absolutely chomped at the bit to take over the weekly report collation. For months I have been slowly giving my tasks away, playing the damsel in distress."

I took a step closer, lowering my voice again. "Listen. Fine. That's not a long-term plan. I get that. I do. But that's exactly why for the last two weeks, I have been employing an AI. I have been feeding it everything that is left of my job. So I will clock in from home, the AI will do the filing, and I will focus on my consultancy."

He stared at me for a moment, mouth slightly open, before letting out a short, impressed laugh. "You... got ChatGPT to do it?" He shook his head, looking at me with a new kind of appreciation. "Alright. Fine. It's not like those working in that department can tell the difference in quality. I'll pull the strings, babe. I'll talk to HR." He leaned in, kissing me hard on the mouth before pulling back, his hands lingering on my waist. "Let's get you out of those tight clothes. Let's get you well-fed from the comfort of our couch. I'm fine with either."

"Now that is what I wanted to hear," I breathed against his lips. "You will not regret it."

I gave his chest a final pat before turning away to head back to my desk. My movements were a little less graceful than usual as I bent forward slightly to reach the doorknob. The dark gray fabric of my pencil skirt pulled taut across the generous swell of my rear, and my soft belly pressed gently against the waistband.

It was just a small swell for now, but I was well on my way to taking care of that.