

Note: This story is not suitable for minors. Everyone portrayed in this story is of consenting age.

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Flash fiction based on this prompt:

MC is a scientist who made the most calorically dense food imaginable, disguised as a simple sandwich as revenge for the roommate always eating their food and lying about it. The roommate's steadily been slowly expanding for a week now and won't admit to eating the sandwich.

Contains: Weight Gain

My Sandwich

Doctor Christine Dellar cleaned up her workstation and hung her lab coat on a peg. She'd made another breakthrough in her quest to design the more calorically dense food possible. The flavor was still a little off, but the obvious fat content should still make the sauce irresistible.

Christine made her way back to her apartment, where she found her lazy slug of a roommate as always planted on her fat ass in front of the television.

"Welcome home." Molly said indifferently.

Christine examined her roommate with a scientific eye. There was no doubt about it, Molly was gaining weight faster than ever.

They'd known each other for years, and Molly's fluctuating – but mostly increasing – waistline was a familiar feature in Christine's life. But ever since they'd moved in together, her greedy growing roommate was constantly stealing her food.

The worst part was, the bitch would never fess up to it!

“Hey Moll...” Christine called from the kitchen, head in the refrigerator.

“Yeah?”

“Did you see a sandwich in here?”

Unseen by Christine, Molly pulled the last quarter of her sandwich from under a nearby pillow.

“What kind of sandwich? –*homf*–” Molly took a huge bite of the sandwich, chewing as rapidly as she could.

“It was a ham turkey bacon swiss with my special sauce on it.”

“Hmm –*gulp*– doesn't ring any bells...”

As Molly swallowed her large bite, the buttons on her shirt drew a little tighter over her middle.

“Are you sure you didn't see it? I left it here this morning...” Christine's head popped out of the kitchen to glare the accusing question at her slovenly roommate.

Molly only shrugged. Christine ducked into the kitchen again, but she could hear her roommate chewing. She paused out of site just long enough for Molly to seal her own fate.

Molly chewed as quickly as she could. Another bite made the seams strain on her sweatpants and the buttons of her pajama tops pulled open in big diamond shaped windows of pale flesh. Frantically she shoved the last of the sandwich

into her mouth, swigging some cola to wash it down faster.

Christine reappeared in the living room, seeing her roommate's chipmunk cheeks.

"Molly.."

"Mhmm?"

"Are you sure you haven't seen my sandwich?"

Molly shook her head and tried to swallow the massive glob of food in her mouth.

"What's that you're eating?"

Molly held up a finger, chewing rapidly and then swallowing the last of the sandwich and its genetically engineered sauce.

"Just *-uh-* some chips..."

Molly's body rumbled audibly, artificially compressed calories expanding to their true size within her stomach. The buttons running down her torso pulled tighter and tighter until one at the very apex of Molly's bloated belly shot off with a *-ping-* and sailed across the room, narrowly missing Christine's face.

"Want to rethink that answer?"