

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Crooked accountant who has insider sources in the IRS and can get away with fudging the numbers; to keep a low profile, though, she happily takes a lot of her fees in favors and, quite often, gift baskets. Many, many, many gift baskets....

Contains: *Weight Gain*

Under the Table

“-brAAAP-”

Meredith rubbed her prodigious paunch as it spilled over the surface of her desk, threatening to interfere with her use of the keyboard.

“Let’s see Mr Wells... There’s a purchase here for nearly four thousand dollars at a steakhouse?”

Thomas grimaced. “My new wife has a very *refined* palate...”

“Hmm...” Meredith reached under her desk, bingo wings shaking as she plucked another cupcake from the basket. “Looks like the restaurant’s management corp has a small charity division; we can call it a donation...?”

The man in the Brooks Brothers suit reached for his checkbook. Meredith held up a finger to forestall him.

“Ah ah ah...”

“Oh yes, of course. My apologies...”

Thomas bent down to his calf hide satchel, retrieving a box of *Ferrero Rocher*. He slid it across the desk, where Meredith’s chubby fingers snatched it away from him. Perching the box on the uppermost swell of her bloated figure, Meredith lifted the lid, inhaling the heavenly aroma.

“Thank you so much for the *gift*, Mr Wells...”

Meredith unwrapped a chocolate with one hand while she punched in the changes on her computer with the other.

“I think that *-munch-* should cover it. Your amount owed is barely ten percent of what I see in your last year’s Return.”

“Thank you so much, Meredith. I’ll have the rest of the paym-*er-* gifts sent before end of day.”

“Thank *you*, Mr Wells.”

Half the lights in the office were already out when Rachel passed by Meredith’s desk. As always, the spindly redhead couldn’t help but do a double-take at the way Meredith’s body spilled out of her chair.

“Working late again, Mare?”

“Oh, Rachel! *-urp-* Yeah, just a few more Returns to finalize here.”

Rachel looked around Meredith’s cubicle at the piles of food wrappers. There were still several *large* baskets of snacks and desserts stacked around the obese accountant.

“You *-um-* get a lot of gifts, huh?”

Meredith unwrapped another brownie and took a bite. The ring of fat around her neck wobbled as she chewed.

“I guesh so.”

She shrugged, and the creaking of her office chair made the smaller woman wince. Meredith’s doublewide donk spilled over both sides of the overtaxed piece of furniture—the armrests had been removed long ago—and there was more body fat bulging out around the backrest than Rachel had on her entire body.

“My clients are *-chomp-* very generous...”

Rachel swallowed nervously, watching Meredith stuff herself with sweets. The ample accountant seemed to be eating constantly. It made the redhead wonder how she never made herself sick.

“That’s *–um–* a little unusual, isn’t it?”

Meredith shrugged again, causing a fresh set of creaks from the chair, now harmonizing with her desk, as she leaned forward to grab a bar of Belgian chocolate from a basket just out of reach. She grunted with the effort, squeezing her overpacked gut. Cheap metal and particleboard wood screamed, but Meredith managed to claim her prize. Leaning back in her chair, she unwrapped the candy.

“I guess I’m just *really* good at my job...”