Oh hey there, I didn’t expect to see you again so soon. You were at the job fair, right? It’s so nice to see that you’ve actually decided to join us instead of just walking off with the free pizza.

You ready to start work at the Big Wide World of Yeng?

Of course you are—you seem like a real eager beaver. I think I’m gonna like working with you.

I’m Ms. Black (please, call me Piper though!) and I guess I’m gonna be your supervisor from now on! That’ll be fun, won’t it? It’s always nice to have a friendly face on the other side of that glass. Trust me, I’d know. It feels like just *yesterday* that I was in that seat, getting interviewed by the woman who used to be my boss…

Okay, let’s get this underway then. You wanna have a seat? There are some candies right there if you want one…

Why don’t you take a few? After all, I think you’ve earned it—dealing with all those bureaucrats out there is enough to make anyone feel a little hairy. In fact, I think that I might just have a couple myself…

Mmf…

Don’t worry, you can stare. I know that I’ve put on a little weight. But you can only stare because you haven’t *officially* started yet, capiche? Once you’re on the payroll, my eyes will be all over you.

I think that the weight’s gone to all the right places though. It really helps me fill out this pantsuit—it’s so *tight* in the seat, and the jacket’s too small to button over my tummy. But I think that it looks good.

Do you think it looks good?

Mhmm. Don’t answer that.

Anyway, since you’re here a little early and not *technically* on company time yet, I figured that I’d warn you about some of the hazards about working here. You know, the *real* scoop—not whatever Director Hinamizawa wants me to tell you.

And the *real* scoop is (hey, don’t be afraid to get some more candy, I’ve got a whole bowl full!) the real scoop about working with me in the R&D Department, is that you’re probably gonna put on a little weight…

I mean, you probably figured that out, right? Looking at me and listening to me talk about how my pantsuit’s tight and talking about my tummy? And not to mention the fact that I can practically *hear* my bra creaking. And I’ll be honest, yeah, I kinda put this weight on while I was in your seat…

And then some.

I managed to lose most of it once I got promoted, but I like to use what I learned at the bottom rungs to help out the people who come on after me.

I’m gonna let you in on a little secret… I used to be *huge* before I got promoted.

A lot of our employees in R&D are. Or at least, the ones who stick around. And I mean, I get it—it’s a lot to ask to be *okay* with putting on weight at your job. But you’re tasting junk food all day. You’d think that most people understand the consequences that come with that.

Like you do. Good. I’m glad to see that we’re on the same page.

It’s not *all* bad—I like to think that I’m the token Fun Boss these days. I have a very (let’s say) hands-on approach to making sure that everyone on my team feels nice and rewarded for all the hard work they do throughout the day. We’ve got to make some pretty high numbers, and there’s no way that we’re gonna do it if everyone’s miserable…

I just wanted to talk to you first hand and warn you… you may get kinda fat when you’re working for me.

I push my people hard.

But I reward them a lot too.

Oh—you look kinda nervous! No need to freak out. I’m not gonna like force-feed you or anyth—

Ohhh… it’s because I touched your thigh, isn’t it?

I am gonna have to call HR on you so many times. I can already feel it. You’re gonna be my little problem child, aren’t you?

Hehe. It’s okay. I was the problem child too when I first started out. But I was also the best performer on my team.

You want a donut? I’m trying to cut back, but it’s hard. You get hooked on that sugar high, and Yeng makes the *best* donuts. Here. Open wide. No, op—

There we go.

Mmm… they’re good, right? So tasty.

Lucky for me, it all goes to my chest. You better watch out, newbie.

I mean, most of the time when I warn people about what’s going to happen to them, they bail on us. But not you. You’ve been pretty cool with it. I can already tell that you’re gonna get along great with some of the other people on staff.

If you keep your numbers up, you’ll get along with me too.

All I need you to do is eat a piece of junk food, log your opinion on it in an app, and submit it. There’s a quota to meet, and anything you manage after you meet your quota gets you extra points. Plus, it gets you in *my* good graces, which… well… judging by the fact that you’ve been checking out my chest ever since you walked in, I think you’d appreciate.

Oh, you want another donut?

You’re just trying to get on my good side now.

Well, our *official* orientation isn’t for another couple of minutes. I think that I can let you have another one if you promise to wow me on your first day. I’m gonna walk you through the basics, but for the most part you seem like you’re already pretty good with your mouth…

Hehe.

Oh yeah, I think you and I are going to be really good friends.

You know what else I think?

That you’re going to get really, *really* fat by the time I’m done with you.