“Well what do you know if it isn’t another *calorie crusted* visit from my new Office Administrator?”

Victoria leans back and rubs along the swell of her stomach as it distends beneath her business casual shroud. Her blue fingers trace delicate, loving little stripes against the second skin stretched taut by her growing pudge. Her haunting yellow eyes narrow approvingly, giving you the once over as she leans back in her office chair the same way that a queen might on her dais.

“I mean, I’m for sure not *complaining*—I knew as soon as you installed those vending machines that my will-o-the-wispy physique was going to go the way of the dodo. But it’s cute that you think I can’t see *just* how pleased you are at *this* dour, doughy development.”

The ghost gal dips a hand down lower along the penumbra of pudge and grabs a handful of her blue buddha belly. Her long tongue hangs out and a ghastly glowing eye closes in a playfully seductive expression, shaking and quaking her extra ectoplasm and adipose. After making sure that you’ve gotten an eyeful, she titters a raspy chuckle and relinquishes her roundness to sit contentedly on the half of her lap. Her ghastly apparition trail wiggles contentedly back and forth in her teasing, smile growing wide and toothy at your awkward shuffling.

“Ugh, you’re so *obvious* too. That’s the best part. Like, how does Chloe *not* realize that our mysterious new boss who brings us all donuts every morning is the one keeping the cafeteria stocked with chocolate? And that thing with Pearl and the candy dish? I’m onto you.”

Victoria reaches forward to grab one of the many personal-sized bag of chips that she has acquired from the vending machines. Despite her shroud being attire, it is just as semi-transparent as her bulging blue belly. The contents of her stomach(?) swirl lazily in place even as she prepares for more. Plucking one morsel from the freshly opened bag, Victoria bites into a single chip with a decadent crunch; her eyebrows and curiosity piqued.

“You’re gonna try and make us all *fat*, aren’t you? Just a bunch of chair-squashing, meaty monster gals that you can ogle from your office. Are you ever even *in* your office? It seems like your whole day revolves around catering to your employees. Literally, you’ve been here a week and you’re probably closer to being a catering team than an administrator.”

Another throaty, ethereal chuckle from the ghastly gal leaning back in her office chair. Her long black hair, perpetually blowing as if it were caught in a gentle breeze, raises slightly. It is as if in approval but due to the obscure nature of apparitions, as well as Victoria’s aloof personality, it is rather hard to pinpoint what the subtle change in the accoutrements of her semi-corporeal form actually mean. She takes another bite of chip without breaking eye contact with you. She enjoys making you feel uncomfortable—but whatever else she might enjoy, you aren’t sure.

“And here I thought that Kathy was our resident office prankster. She’s gonna throw a hissy fit if she finds out about this…”

Victoria drums the fingers of a free hand along the curvature of her gut. As her ethereal tail swishes back and forth, not unlike Kathy’s might have in a similar position, you can see the beginnings of where this conversation is truly headed start to flicker behind the glow of her eyes. Her smile is more mischievous than ever as she sees that you understand just where all of this is going.

“Chloe too—let’s not forget how hard she worked to lose all that weight. And now you’re sending her right back on the train to chunky town by smuggling chocolate into the HR Department. Constantly.”

With a flick of her wrist, she gestures to you vaguely. She is enjoying this game of watching you grow more uncomfortable as she recites the various ways in which your interference has sabotaged the diets or girlish figures otherwise of the many monster gals who populate your new workplace. Even moreso, she is enjoying reminding you that the many women of this office are *dangerous—*herself included, presumably.

“Now, I *could* be convinced to keep this quiet… for a small fee, of course.”

Her hand resumes rubbing in slow swathes across her swollen stomach. The chair creaks as she leans forward, her fatted physique wobbling as the chair falls back into proper posture. The semitransparent tummy rests lavishly on her widening hips—Victoria appears as though a queen in her natural element, surrounded by computers in a cold IT department, holding your feet to the fire while eating chips.

“If you were to, say, start stocking the break room with *jelly filled* donuts too, I know that I’d *really* appreciate it. That and a few items from *this* list.”

Victoria slides a meticulously crafted (and surprisingly well-penned) list of items that she has written out previously. Upon examination, it appears to be loaded with energy drinks and salty foods. Typical “gamer fuel” for the resident computer expert. It makes sense that this is the sort of thing that she would enjoy.

“And you know, *maybe* if you were to come by a little more often…”

If Victoria could cross her legs, she almost undoubtedly would have. But given her more limited options, she is contented to flirt in her own coy way. Her smirk turns saucy as she continues to bring attention to her growing, growling ghostly gut.

“A girl could get kind of jealous, her new boss spending all that time with her coworkers. And you wouldn’t want me to feel *neglected* now, would you? I don’t think you’ve taken me out for lunch once since you’ve been here…”

You feel yourself compelled to step forward, closer to the swollen specter. A power of possession? You are unsure. Either way, your hand is brought to the surface of Victoria’s beautiful, blue belly.

“Noooo, you wouldn’t want that at *alllllll*…”