

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

A poor barista watches in shock and horror as the whipped cream in the popular new drink causes everyone in the store to fatten up!

Contains: *Weight Gain*

Whipped Cream

Lee looked around the coffee shop with annoyance. She wasn't annoyed because of her job. She took great pleasure in being the very best coffee artist she could be. She'd even spent six months perfecting her technique for latte foam art. Though, it'd been along time since she'd been able to make one of those, with everyone asking for whipped cream. No, Lee was annoyed because every last customer in the coffee shop was so... plump. Well, maybe one was only plump, the rest were downright fat. That one in the back corner could only be classified as 'obese!'

Lee stewed over her annoyance as another chubby customer stepped up to the counter. She was a tiny little redhead with freckles dusting her nose. Well, in height she was little. Her thighs oozed out around her shorts, and her belly and love handles spilled out of her tank top. She might have been cute, Lee thought, if she lost a few hundred pounds. She made the girl's cafe mocha, mounding it high with whipped cream before handing it to her.

What was wrong with the women in this town? Didn't they care about their appearance at all? Lee glanced at a couple of college students, comparing notes for an exam while they sipped their iced caramel macchiatos (with extra whip). They were wearing skirts, which were maybe supposed to hide the size of their hips, but to Lee, they looked more like tents, or maybe something to cover up a nice sports car with.

Another customer, this one worked in an office, based on her suit. A suit whose blazer hadn't been able to button at least twenty pounds ago. Lee fumed as she ground fresh beans for the woman's vanilla latte. How did she squeeze that ass into

an office chair? Maybe it had no armrests. Did she go into meetings like that? With her belly making a huge mound in the front of her skirt? With her fat gross tits stretching the buttons on her shirt? Lee dispensed whipped cream onto the office lady's drink, handing it to her with a retail smile.

Self-consciously Lee smoothed down the bottom of her green polo with the *Bean Machine* logo on the breast. Her khakis were starting to feel a little snug, and the thought made her ill. She'd gone to the gym that morning but decided to have another workout after her shift. Looking over the coffee shop crowd again, Lee reaffirmed her decision to hit up the gym twice a day.

There was something in the water in this town. A mother and her adult daughter laughed at some inside joke, belly rolls filling their laps as they sipped cold brew with whipped cream. A whole book club in the alcove spilled over the edges of their chairs as they argued over character motivations and sipped tea with whipped cream.

Suddenly it hit her. Lee glanced from table to table to confirm her suspicion. Every last customer had asked for whipped cream. Lee had been the one to suggest to their boss that they make fresh whipped cream last year. It was immensely popular. Emphasis on 'immense' Lee thought, putting her head in her hands.

"Hello... can I get an Americano with extra whip, please?"