

## The Lady wot lunched a little too much ~ Chapter 6 PREVIEW ~

Now, it's fair to say that for the architects of Ryan's Porsche, space had not been a priority. The sporty, low-slung motor was based on a classic model from the early 1950s: an era when the average rump had been deflated by post-war rationing.

It had not been designed with Kardashian-hipped young ladies who breakfast on Swiss truffles and double down on the Michelin-starred plum pudding in mind.

Consequently, as Abby planted her full weight into the passenger side (her height and width forcing her to bend and execute in inelegant arse-first entry) the car tilted so sharply that Ryan had to grab the door handle to stop himself sliding into the handbrake, and his nose came within inches of being crushed by a colossal mink-clad buttock.

The leather squeaked and the suspension creaked as Abby squirmed her hefty behind into a more comfortable position.

'Are you going to sit there staring,' she said, failing to keep the smugness out of her voice as she smoothed her coat down her thighs. 'Or are you going to fetch my case?'

Still in something of a daze, Ryan wheeled the huge Samsonite travel case around to the back of the car. His cheeks puffed as he hoisted it into the boot. Christ, what the hell had she packed? They were only staying for one night, yet the thing was bursting at the seams.

*Rather like its owner.* Closing the boot carefully, Ryan gazed through the back window.

*Fuck me, her arse is literally bulging over the sides of the seat.*

Abby had always had a fat arse, of course. Indeed, the side-to-side sway of her generous rear as she'd left the interview room had been the main reason Ryan had hired her.

But this... this was something else.

*I'll have to add a free gym pass to her salary package, he thought ruefully. And not just to make her hot again. No one's going to believe our claim that a house is 'spacious' if the girl showing them round can barely squeeze her hips through the hallway.*

As Ryan slid back into the car he caught a waft of warm vanilla and Damask rose petals. Despite her increased size, Abby had clearly lost none of her vanity. If anything she looked more glamorous than ever. Her raven hair was sleek and abundant, her cheeks elegantly contoured with a hint of rouge, her lashes thick and glossy.

And of course there was *one* upside to the extra weight.

'Maybe you'll get to see them later,' she said carelessly, inspecting her nails. 'If you earn it.'

Ryan couldn't help grinning. Arse too fat for a car seat, designer coat squeezing her thick curves like a sausage casing, yet still as full of herself as ever.

*What the hell, he thought. It's worth it just to see them bounce.*

The Porsche growled like a randy lion. Trying to ignore the fact that he couldn't grip handbrake without pushing his knuckles into the plumpness of Abby's outer thigh, Ryan flashed her a wealthy smile.

‘Breakfast?’ he said.

Eggs Benedict with dressed crab, bacon-topped syrup pancakes, candyfloss waffles slathered in raspberry ice cream... Abby bit her lip as she scanned the mouthwatering menu at the Snout and Truffle.

Her impressive bosom was fraught with conflict.

Of course, it’s not unusual for a young lady to feel conflicted while perusing a delicious menu. On one shoulder the Angel of Restraint exhorts her to hold firm, to think of her waistline, her cholesterol. While on the other, the Demon of Gluttony hunches, filling the ear with honeyed whispers of delicious syrups and thick caramel, of sweet creamy chocolate oozing out of flaky croissants and the sleepy contentment of a stomach richly stuffed.

It wasn’t quite like that for Abby. Her Angel of Restraint hadn’t been seen for some time, having long ago been bound and gagged and tossed into some dark corner of her psyche. Yet just as Gluttony was pointing a plump finger towards the ‘make it double’ deal on the candyfloss waffles, there came a small cough from the opposite shoulder.

*I know they look amazing, murmured Pride. But if we eat all that there’s no way this dress is going to fit. And then what? We’ll have to fake a headache and sit in our room all evening. No champagne, no flirting with all those millionaires, no Instagram stories of us in our gorgeous gold dress...*

*But we’re hungry!* Gluttony stamped a chubby hoof. She wasn’t used to this! For years she’d been getting her way, entirely unopposed. *A plate of those ice cream waffles won’t hurt. We have to eat something!*

An assenting grumble from Abby’s belly put Pride on the back foot. She knew she was up against it. On a normal day, those morning rumbles would have been muffled by several slices of white toast thick with jam and butter, a creamy caramel latte and a couple of large danish pastries.

Today, however, Abby had eaten nothing but a few measly truffles.

*And protein is so important, Gluttony went on, pushing her advantage. The bacon on those bacon topped pancakes will do nicely. Ryan’s paying, the devious demon added, hoping to recruit Greed, so it’s free.*

*But do you know what else is free? Pride’s voice was soft but confident, for all this talk of food had given her an idea. Dinner later. And not just any dinner. A sumptuous, unlimited gourmet buffet prepared by a celebrity chef. If we can’t get into the dress, we’ll miss out on that. We won’t even be able to get a picture with him.*

This revelation rocked Gluttony to her core. She reeled back, gulping in horror.

‘A... plain croissant.’ Abby choked out her order, thrusting the menu at the waiter before she could change her mind. ‘And a black coffee.’

‘You *mmf* sure you don’t want anything else?’

Through gritted teeth, Abby watched the egg yoke ooze beneath the prongs of Ryan’s fork. ‘No,’ she said quietly, staring at the flakes of pastry on her own plate as if willing them to form into another croissant - preferably one stuffed with chocolate. ‘My Portugal holiday’s

coming up,' she straightened her back a little, trying to motivate herself. 'Have to keep myself trim for the beach, or I'll end up looking like poor Holly did on her ho- ...what are you doing?'

Ryan held up a hand to indicate that his sudden bout of choking was under control.

Abby frowned for a moment - then smiled. *Must be picturing me in a bikini*, she reasoned, smirking as smugness briefly overcame her hunger.

She was right too - though it was a picture she might not have liked. In Ryan's mental image, the big raven beauty was slouched in a deckchair, its seat drooping so low under the weight of her huge, spherical bum that the fabric was almost touching the sand. Beads of sweat trickling down her bulging flanks as she sucked down pina colada after pina colada, desperately trying to cool her overfleshed body in the sun.

Trim! She was a good sixty pounds off being trim.

*Still, at least she's on a diet.* Ryan watched as Abby forlornly pressed her lavender nailed fingertip here and there on her plate, acquiring the last few flakes of croissant and bringing them up to her matching lips, her other hand resting on her poor deprived belly.

Meanwhile, in the office of New Century Properties Ltd, hands were also resting on bellies. But for a very different reason.