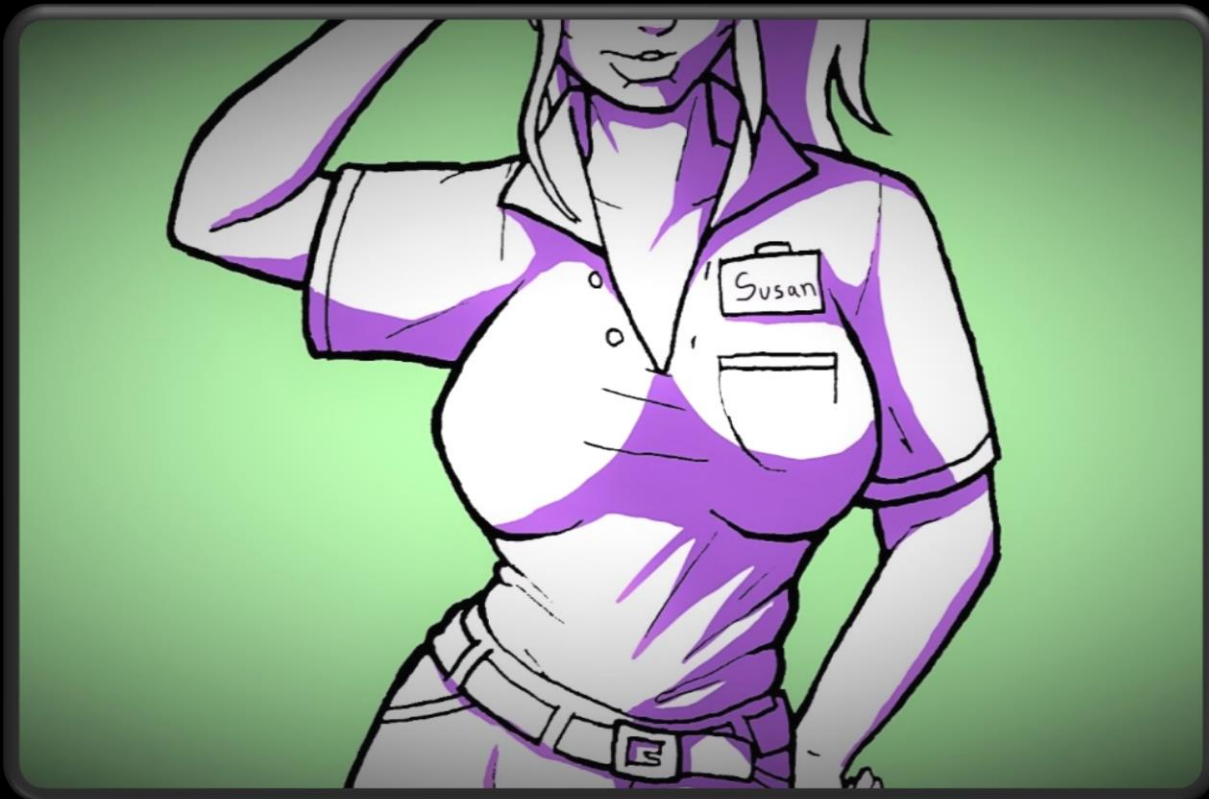




THE LESSON

25th Anniversary Edition

by

MAVERICK

cover illustration by SilverPathfinder

THE LESSON

25TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

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FOREWORD

Back in 1998 I was a high schooler just starting to explore the wild new world of the internet. Places to find kinky weight gain stuff were few compared today. Even so, it wasn't long before I stumbled across the Dimension Online "weight room" library of stories. With little context to guide me, I read stories at random. Many didn't do much for me. Often, the weight gain was too rushed, the scenarios too implausible, or the tone too charmingly committed to moralizing about sizeism. And, of course, some were so amateurish in execution as to be nearly unreadable. But there were also a few gems, and that kept me coming back for more.

The first such "gem" I discovered was "The Lesson," by Maverick. While I'm not sure whether at that young age I could have coherently articulated exactly what I was looking for, I didn't need to because Maverick had done it for me. Revenge, role-reversal, sabotage, and an unapologetically negative treatment of weight gain amongst all of its small but engagingly-realized cast of characters—"The Lesson" popped a lot of what were, and still are, my favorite buttons. I liked it so much I printed a copy of the story and kept it hidden in my room, so that I could enjoy it without having to worry about navigating access to the shared family computer.

The landscape of feedism fiction has changed a lot since then. What once could be found almost exclusively in editor-managed print magazines had begun finding its way to the early incarnation of the Dimensions Online library. Soon, specialized independent internet forums cropped up, like the now-defunct Yahoo! groups, the Fat Celebs forum, Fantasy Feeder, and Curvage. In time, hosting platforms managed by individual content creators grew prominent, such as DeviantArt, Tumblr, and Instagram. Even more recently, individually monetized content creation using vehicles like Patreon and Amazon self-publishing have further connected authors and readers to incentivize the creation of new material in ways ever less tethered to third-party oversight.

And yet for all that change, some things remain remarkably durable. A quarter century later, Susan Singleton's fattened failure continues to titillate readers old and new. It's a testament both to the timelessly primal pleasures the story taps and to the enduring appeal of its accessible craftsmanship: self-aware, focused, and uncluttered. Shining a spotlight on the story again, on this the year of its publication silver jubilee—now not only dusted off but embellished with new flourishes made possible only because of those many changes in the

feedism landscape—seems fitting. Fitting in the same sort of way Susan's old Burger World uniform never did again in all that time. Job well done, Crystal and Judy. Job well done.

But that's my opinion. Read below for reflections from some other folks you may know.

-Riptoryx

October 26, 2021

Maverick stands as a giant in the field of weight gain erotica, one of the first wave of Internet fetish writers to bring this artform to the people. "The Lesson" is a deliciously nasty but still beautifully sympathetic tale of revenge whose power to entice remains as potent today as when the story first premiered in the late 90s. Maverick's pen first crystalized so many of the themes and ideas that have since become standard in our field that it would be fair to say that, like the first Velvet Underground album, "The Lesson" might have only initially reached a niche audience but every one of those people went on to their own careers in weight gain erotica.

Mollycoddles, author
[deviantart.com/mcoddles](https://www.deviantart.com/mcoddles)

Unquestionably classic and deliciously wicked. The fall of Susan is still, 25 years later, a reference for the whole genre; not only because the themes remain relevant after all this time, but because of its indisputable quality, difficult to match even today.

Berserker1133, illustrator
[deviantart.com/berserker1133](https://www.deviantart.com/berserker1133)

Decades after it was first uploaded, "The Lesson" remains one of the finest examples of role reversal and schadenfreude in the online weight gain community. A classic tale of a haughty beauty's fall from high status grace into low status obesity that still influences stories today.

Westmetal, author
[deviantart.com/westmetal](https://www.deviantart.com/westmetal)

I'm thrilled that this gem of story is being remastered for its 25th anniversary!

Of the many niches in the weight gain genre, comeuppance tales are perhaps my favourite, and few are as sexy and intriguing as "The Lesson." A crackling revenge plot, titillating descriptions and a deliciously bitchy leading lady are just a few of the things that make it one of my all-time favourite stories. Realistic weight gain is perhaps the hardest kind to write, but Maverick is an absolute master of it.

Here's to another 25 years!

Halrion, author and illustrator
[deviantart.com/halrion](https://www.deviantart.com/halrion)

It's very easy for young, up-and-coming readers and writers to forget that some of us have been around for a very, very long time.

The story that you're about to read is older than some of the people reading this forward right now. This is a horribly depressing thought to experienced fat fiction writers such as myself and, probably, the author of such an aged and vintage piece of fiction. Though we live in a time when people might be tempted to use the term "old" to describe such a piece, I prefer the term "classic."

It looks much better in the subtitles.

When this story was first published online, you would have had an easier time finding the sort of things that we write every day in a book at your local library, or in a specialty magazine that came to your house wrapped in brown paper. Which is a very, very old-fashioned sentence. The age of digital publishing has been a boon for a community such as this one, and has helped us to come together over a mutual appreciation of large, voluptuous figures.

This is quite literally one of the earliest pieces of Fat Fiction that was published on the internet.

For every story that you've read within the genre—perhaps mine, perhaps not—owes something to stories like "The Lesson."

While I won't use the phrase "timeless" to describe the struggles of Susan Singleton, because like all things with time the story does show its age, I will instead suggest that the story is a perfect time capsule of Fat Fiction, dating back to the late nineties. An accolade of equal, if not greater importance due to the significance of such an achievement to publish something like this on an internet that had not even yet gained mainstream acceptance.

In this story, you'll find all of the hallmarks that we have come to know and love over the course of our evolution into experienced readers. Role-reversal, sabotage, and an incredibly well-developed and (pardon the pun) fleshed-out cast of characters await you. While you almost certainly have read stories that promise all that and more, I can guarantee that you've never read something with a shadow that reaches as long as this one.

So, sit back, grab a snack, and take in the classic Fat Fiction story "The Lesson."

You might just learn something.

Bobo the Hobo, author
deviantart.com/bobothehobowrites

Shockingly this story is totally new for me. Having read it for the first time recently, I did not experience the same nostalgia that others may feel when reading. However, this story is very well written and I can see why so many are still excited about it all these years later.

S77, Curvage administrator

curvage.org

The Lesson changed the game. It might be a classic trope but it was well-written and engaging - pretty much a first for weight gain fiction at the time. It set a new bar - a bar that remains the standard today.

Engineermeister, Curvage moderator

curvage.org

25 years ago, the Internet Archive started crawling the web and saving webpages in time. If you find the earliest capture of the Dimensions Weight Room

(https://web.archive.org/web/19981206104037/http://www.dimensionsmagazine.com/Weight_Room/stories.html), you'll find "The Lesson" there. That means I must have seen and read "The Lesson" many, many years ago when the Weight Room was my only form of exploring my fat admirer tendencies. I voraciously read everything that was there. Some stories were short on plot but titillating, others short on description and long on ponderous plots that didn't resonate with me.

"The Lesson" was one of those stories in the middle ground. There was a reason for what was happening and the milestone growth helped you envision a woman fattening as if it happened before your very eyes. I imagine most of the people who read it had an easy entry point through the concept. We all knew fast food and we all knew it wasn't part of a diet that resulted in thin waistlines (not to mention everything else). Coupled with the mild revenge plot of two chubettes, it struck so many chords. You could read it all in one sitting, visualize a woman getting fatter (in my case, that protagonist was close to my own age, making it all the more engrossing as fantasy), and there was a sense of justice about it. We weren't necessarily invested in why Susan wronged Crystal and Judy, but we knew that society writ large didn't endorse our proclivities and it felt good for an avatar of that society to conform to our standards of beauty.

The-Id, author

deviantart.com/the-id

I will never forget the first time I read "The Lesson." It was the first story about female weight gain I had ever read. Many years later it still remains my favorite story about female weight gain I have ever read. The vivid imagery of a frustrated hot girl, slowly ballooning into an indolent little porker inspired many to write themselves. I include myself honored to be among the inspired. Happy Anniversary to "The Lesson," still the greatest tale ever told!

Kowlooner, author

[deviantart.com/kowlooner](https://www.deviantart.com/kowlooner)

'Having come into contact with "The Lesson" decades after it was first written, I can only feel how this gem from the early days of weight gain fiction was influential for some of the tropes that are now classic in the community. It felt as if I was watching an old movie that eventually came to define a genre.'

SilverPathfinder, author and illustrator

[deviantart.com/silverpathfinder](https://www.deviantart.com/silverpathfinder)

I remember reading "The Lesson" during the formative years of my feedism inclination. It was so well written that it was one of the few stories where I didn't just skip the end for the weight gain result.

GoodGirlGrow, model

[instagram.com/goodgirlgrow](https://www.instagram.com/goodgirlgrow)

Maverick is a master of the genre and this is a fitting introduction for a long and illustrious 'career' in weight gain fiction. While these particular themes are well trod now, few still can compete with this classic. All the high points are pitch perfect and it's neither rushed nor filled with extraneous filler. I know it's one of the formative texts that introduced me to this exciting world of fattening fantasies and it's one of those rare tales that I'll happily return to again and again.

snr6424, author

[deviantart.com/snr6424](https://www.deviantart.com/snr6424)

"The Lesson" by Maverick was one of the first WG stories that really hooked me into loving WG fiction. Frankly, it's the standard I aspire to with my own writing. Above all else though, the story proved to me that I wasn't alone in my interests and gave me confidence to eventually put my own thoughts to paper. Thanks Maverick! Here's to another 25 years!

Polarisdreamer, author

deviantart.com/polarisdreamer

THE LESSON

"How demeaning," Susan thought to herself as she slithered into the purple and green uniform. "I can't believe I actually have to wear this. Oh well, I guess if anyone can make this hideous outfit look presentable I can." Susan quickly donned the neon-colored Burger World visor, adjusted her make-up, and then headed out for her first day on the job.

"Burger World...How trite," she thought as she slowly pulled her car into the parking lot. Even the name brought feelings of loathing and contempt. "How could Dad do this to me?"

Susan's father, John P. Singleton III, was one of the wealthiest men in town and hadn't been too pleased when his only daughter wrecked his brand new Ferrari while joy-riding with her friends on the eve of her birthday. He became even more incensed when she flippantly responded; "Oh well, that's what insurance is for." He decided his daughter was out of control and needed to be taught a lesson. Even if that meant suspending her allowance and forcing her to get a job at the local "greasy-spoon." Little did he know just how big a lesson she was in for.

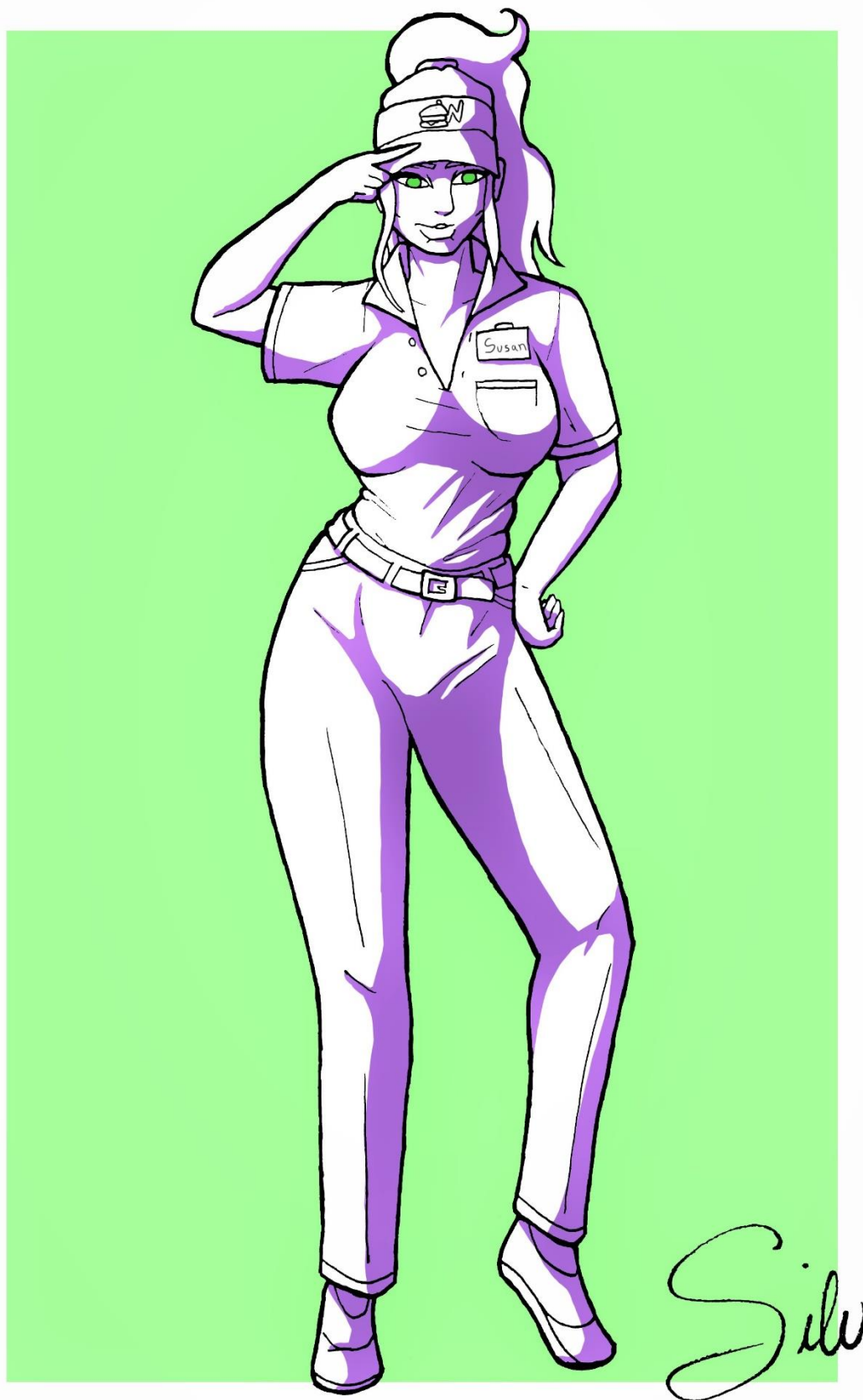
"Here she comes. Miss God's gift to everything." Crystal and Judy watched as Susan slowly got out of her new Mercedes and made her way to the front entrance of the restaurant. "Jesus, how can anybody make polyester look that good," Crystal wondered aloud as Susan swung open the front door causing the cow bell perched above the archway to jingle, announcing her arrival. "Yeah, I wish she'd die," Judy muttered under her breath.

Blessed with full, pouty lips, clear green eyes, high cheekbones, and long blond hair, only one word could adequately describe Susan Singleton's physical beauty: gorgeous. Drop-dead, looks to spare, gorgeous. Many words, however, were used to describe Susan's personality: conceited, arrogant, bratty, bitchy, and rude were all thrown about with regularity when describing the budding matriarch.

"I can't believe I have to work with her," Judy said as they watched Susan fill out her W-2 form. "I think I'll quit."

"Well, I think it's pretty hilarious," Crystal said as she snatched a French fry out of the fry bin.

"I guess if anyone can make this hideous outfit look presentable I can."



"Little Miss Priss taking orders at a fast food joint. I never thought I'd see the day."

"I can't believe you're taking this so well," Judy said as she paced the floor. "It'll be just like cheerleading freshman year, debate last year, and journalism this year. She'll boss everyone around, get praised for being outgoing and spirited, bat her green eyes at whatever male superior is around so she can get away with murder..." Judy took a handful of fries and munched absentmindedly. "Look! That's what I'm talking about."

Crystal looked over to where Susan was sitting. Chuck, the manager on duty, had taken an interest in making sure Susan was filling out the correct forms. Standing beside her so he could see down her V-necked uniform, he spied her generous cleavage while making token gestures at the forms. Susan just smiled and nodded appreciatively.

"I don't know," Crystal said as a devious smile spread across her lips. "Something tells me things are going to turn out a little differently this time."

"I can't believe I have to work with them," Susan thought as she punched her time card. It was one thing to be subjected to the humiliation of having to flip burgers, but it was another to have to work with a couple of jealous hags like Crystal and Judy. "Looks like they've been eating well," she said to herself, watching the full-bodied cashiers sashay to and from the front counter. "It's a good thing they quit cheerleading... They'd be laughed off the field now." Susan smiled inwardly then headed towards the front.

"Well, well, well, what do we have here?" Crystal said as Susan approached. "Slumming, Dear?"

"Ah, Crystal good to see you, and in such fine form too," Susan said, patting her stomach for emphasis.

"Look b-bitch," Judy stuttered. "What are you doing here? Why don't you go home to your rich dad and sip margaritas by the pool like you always do?"

"Now, now Judy. There's no need for such language," Crystal interjected. "We're all one big happy family here at Burger World... Besides she can't. Didn't you hear? She's grounded. Suspended without pay until she can repair the damage to her dad's precious Ferrari."

"You two comedians can practice the rest of your routine from the kitchen because I've got front counter."



Crystal grabbed a calculator off of the cash register. "Let's see, at \$4.75 an hour...40 hours a week...you should be done sometime in 2005."

"Ha ha ha, very funny," Susan said with a smirk. "You two comedians can practice the rest of your routine from the kitchen because I've got front counter."

"No way! Trainees have to start in the back," Judy said, looking ready to explode.

"She's right," concurred Crystal, giving Susan a sympathetic pat on the back. "Sorry Sweetie, but all newbies have to start on the frier. Hope all that grease doesn't ruin that peaches and cream complexion of yours."

"Um, I don't think so. Chuck said he wanted to start me on the register. Something about wanting to have a pretty face behind the counter. Sorry Sweeties!"

"I'm going to kill that bitch," Judy mumbled to Crystal as they walked back towards the kitchen.

"Unbelievable," Judy watched as Susan and Chuck participated in another "selective staff meeting" as Chuck liked to call them. Usually they consisted of Chuck and Susan sitting in the dining room sharing a cool drink while Chuck ogled Susan's breasts.

"Hey, I need your help here," Crystal called to Judy, while frantically making a burger. "We have customers you know."

"Yeah, I know," Judy said as she made her way back to her station. "They seem oblivious though."

"Just give me a hand."

Two weeks had passed since Susan's debut and, much to the chagrin of Crystal and Judy, little had changed since that first day. They were still stuck cooking in the back, while Susan tended to the counter, which usually meant socializing with a manager or cute customer, pausing only long enough to bark out the occasional order to Crystal and Judy.

"This has got to stop," Crystal said as she wiped the sweat from her brow. "I don't think we've

ever been so busy."

"It would be nice if we had some help," Judy said, motioning towards Susan who was busy flirting with a member of the school football team. "Maybe we should talk to Chuck."

"Are you kidding? He worships the ground she walks on. If her cash drawer is short, he thinks we stole. If she screws up an order, he thinks it's cute. And he's still patting himself on the back for all the increased business we've gotten as a result of 'having someone as attractive as Susan taking orders.'" Crystal grabbed a chicken nugget out from under the heat lamp. "Makes me sick."

"Hey, put that down. I thought you were starting a diet."

"Ah changed ma mind," Crystal said, her mouth full of chicken parts. "I know I've gained some weight since I started work, but I really don't care anymore. I don't want to be a cheerleader anymore, I've got a steady boyfriend, and I certainly don't miss being in the social circle." She finished the nugget and swallowed hard. "Bunch of phonies anyway."

"Well, I wish I had as positive a self image as you," Judy said, grabbing a nugget for herself. I mean, I've only gained 15 pounds and my mother treats me as if I'd committed a cardinal sin. I don't look that bad do I?"

"Not at all. In fact, it's hardly noticeable. Now this on the other hand..." Crystal lifted up her shirt exposing her protruding belly, which was just beginning to poke ever-so-slightly over the elastic band of her too-tight pants.

"Wow, I can pinch an inch," Judy said, playfully grabbing hold of Crystal's soft belly flesh. "How much have you gained?"

"Twenty-five pounds since I started here in June," Crystal exclaimed proudly, helping herself to another nugget. "Five in the last two weeks we've worked in the kitchen."

"Geesh, twenty-five pounds in four months! I...I...I knew you were eating a lot but...Aren't you a little concerned?"

"Nope. I've always liked to eat and the food here is plentiful, free, and very tasty," Crystal said, licking her greasy fingers.

"Not to mention low-calorie," Judy joked as she gave her friend a Pillsbury Doughboy-like poke to her swollen stomach.

"Less talk, more work," Chuck shouted from the front counter, interrupting their giggle fest.

"Yeah, where's my number five?" Susan added before returning her attention towards the football player.

"I'll give you your number five," Judy muttered under her breath.

"I will say this much," Crystal whispered in Judy's ear. "I'd gladly give my extra twenty-five pounds to our little Miss Priss up there."

"I'd give up my fifteen!" Judy added.

Both women paused for a moment, imagining how an extra forty pounds would affect their svelte antagonist, smiling inwardly at the potential results.

"Yeah, it's too bad Susan doesn't seem to want to indulge in Burger World's culinary delights," Judy lamented. "She brings a Greek salad to work every day."

"I don't know," Crystal said, thinking aloud. "I've caught her snitching a fry or two. Perhaps all she needs is a little push to let her know what else she's missing."

Once again a devious smile spread across the young girl's lips.

"Disgusting." Susan watched as Crystal slowly restocked the upper shelf of the beverage station after the store had closed. "I can't believe how fat she's gotten," Susan thought as Crystal stood on her tippy-toes to adjust the cups, exposing her swollen tummy as her shirt rode up. Crystal seemed to sense Susan's presence, and created an even greater display for her slender colleague, sticking out her stomach as far as it would go while taking long, slow sips of the strawberry shake she was drinking.

"Would you like some?" Crystal said after a particularly long sip. "It sure is good." She rubbed her tummy for effect.

"Certainly not," Susan said, a little embarrassed she had been detected. "Some of us have figures to watch." With that she turned and left the shop, leaving Crystal smiling behind her.

"Bitch!" Susan drove home in silence, unable to escape thoughts of Crystal, Judy, and the previous two weeks. Things were not going well. She had just received her first paltry check, most of which had gone towards a shopping spree at Neimans a few nights before. Needless to say, her father wasn't pleased and gave her an ultimatum: either quit cheerleading and work more hours or figure out her own way to go to law school. To Susan, neither option was feasible. She had her hopes set on going to Duke after high school but wasn't the greatest academic, so a scholarship was a virtual impossibility. Cheerleading, on the other hand, was her life. Ultimately, she resigned her spot as head cheerleader, figuring that if she got the promotion Chuck had been promising her she could make enough money and re-join in time for senior year. Nevertheless, it was a tough pill to swallow and Susan spent many nights crying herself to sleep.

"Hey Susan! Would you like a burger?" Judy said as she put the finishing touches on a deluxe double stack.

"What'd you do, spit on it?" Susan said, clocking out for her break.

"No, I swear I didn't," Judy said, feigning a look of shock. "I just thought you might like one."

Susan eyed Judy suspiciously. "What's the catch?"

"Jesus Christ," Crystal chimed in. "Does everything have to have a catch? We just thought you might be sick of those puny Greek salads by now, and I know they're expensive. The food here is free to employees. Free!"

Susan paused to think for a moment, taken aback by Crystal's outburst. "O.K., but I want to make it."

Crystal threw her arms up in disgust. "Fine. Suit yourself."

Judy and Crystal watched as Susan carefully prepared her burger. When she was finished, she filled a cup with diet soda, hesitated at the fry bin before taking a small order, then headed back to the break room. "Well..." Crystal said as she gave Judy a quick high-five.

"It's a start."

For the next few weeks Crystal and Judy studied Susan with an intensity usually reserved for trigonometry exams. Soon the Greek salads disappeared altogether as Susan continued to eat generous portions of Burger World's greasy cuisine for lunch or dinner (sometimes both when she worked a double shift), and Crystal and Judy continued to monitor her for possible "progress." When a month had passed with no visible results, they began to study and exploit her eating habits. When Crystal noted Susan liked to munch in the afternoon, Judy made sure there were plenty of extra fries in the bin. When it was discovered she was a cola junkie, the diet cola label was mysteriously swapped with the regular one. And when Judy observed that Susan had a weakness for French toast sticks during the morning shifts, she made sure a few spare ones always stayed within eyesight.

"I think it's working!" Judy said, struggling to contain her excitement. "Come see for yourself." It had been over six weeks since the girls had cooked up operation "Feed Susan," and it had yet to pay dividends. In fact, both girls were growing a little weary of the supreme effort it was taking to try and plumpen a girl with the metabolism of a hummingbird. That was until today.

"God, I think you're right," Crystal gushed, sharing in Judy's enthusiasm.

The girls peered through the kitchen window into the dining area where Susan stood, munching an order of fries, and visiting with a school friend. With the intensity of children studying a new toy through a shop window, Crystal and Judy examined their siege for signs of their handiwork. Although Susan's uniform was still relatively baggy, it was clear something was going on underneath her clothes. The polyester fabric of her pants was stretched tight across her rear, emphasizing the expanding curves, and creasing under the swell of each cheek as they undulated with the shifting of her weight. Her legs, too, seemed to have less breathing room than before. The pant legs still hung loosely at her side when she stood upright, but when she would sit the fabric would stretch tight around her thickening thighs. Even her face seemed fuller (though Crystal and Judy agreed it was just probably just the bulge of the French fries she was stuffing in her mouth three at a time), and although her shirt still bloused loosely over the elastic waistband of her slacks, Judy was sure she could see the unmistakable bulge of her lower abdomen, sticking out slightly from the front of her outfit.

"Well," Crystal said, grinning from ear to ear. "I think it's time to cook up another batch of fries."

As Susan removed her shirt, Judy wondered how they had failed to notice Susan's gain until today.



Crystal and Judy were inspired by the prospect of their plan actually working, and redoubled their efforts that day, keeping lots of fattening tidbits well within Susan's reach. It wasn't until closing time that evening, however, that they realized what they saw that morning was more than an aberration, or wishful thinking, and that their project was, indeed, "taking shape."

Susan made a habit of quickly changing out of her work clothes in the break room, and that night Judy made sure she was in a position to discretely watch. As Susan removed her shirt, Judy wondered how they had failed to notice Susan's gain until today. Susan's once tight, tan washboard stomach had disappeared under a cocoon of soft, pale, flesh. Although still relatively flat, all traces of muscle definition had vanished and small creases had formed at her sides where the elastic waistband of her pants dug into her tender skin. Her bra strap cut deep into her spongy back, causing a small roll of fat to spill out over the top, as the cups in front tried in vain to contain the fleshy avalanche of Susan's ample breasts. Before Judy could study her top half for too long, she quickly put on a loose fitting t-shirt and removed her pants. Although the t-shirt was long enough to cover Susan's hips and underwear, Judy could still see the fleshy creases of her butt cheeks sagging below her undergarments. Her rear still maintained its smooth, round shapeliness, but no longer firm from cheerleading, wiggled and shook as she moved to put on a pair of baggy sweats. Taking one last glance, Judy scurried back to the kitchen as Susan finished dressing.

"I don't believe it..." Judy said. Crystal glanced up from her cleaning to see the stunned look on her friend's face. "...Susan's really getting fat!"

"I'm getting so fat!" Susan stood naked in front of her bathroom mirror. "Look at all this blubber," Susan thought, sticking her stomach out as far as it would go, then violently shaking it with her hands, sending shock waves through the rest of her body. Amazed at its heft, Susan lifted her belly again, felt its increased weight, then dropped it and watched as it shook back into place. Flexing her once rock-hard stomach muscles produced only a slight quiver in her newfound flesh, and failed to prevent her index finger from sinking deep into her skin. Susan caressed the newly swollen softness of her lower abdomen. Feeling its tender warmth, Susan slowly massaged her flesh, kneading it like dough as she made her way down the slope of her now prominent abdomen, eventually coming to rest between her meaty thighs. "I'm even getting fat there!" Susan exclaimed, after a brief, but pleasurable massage.

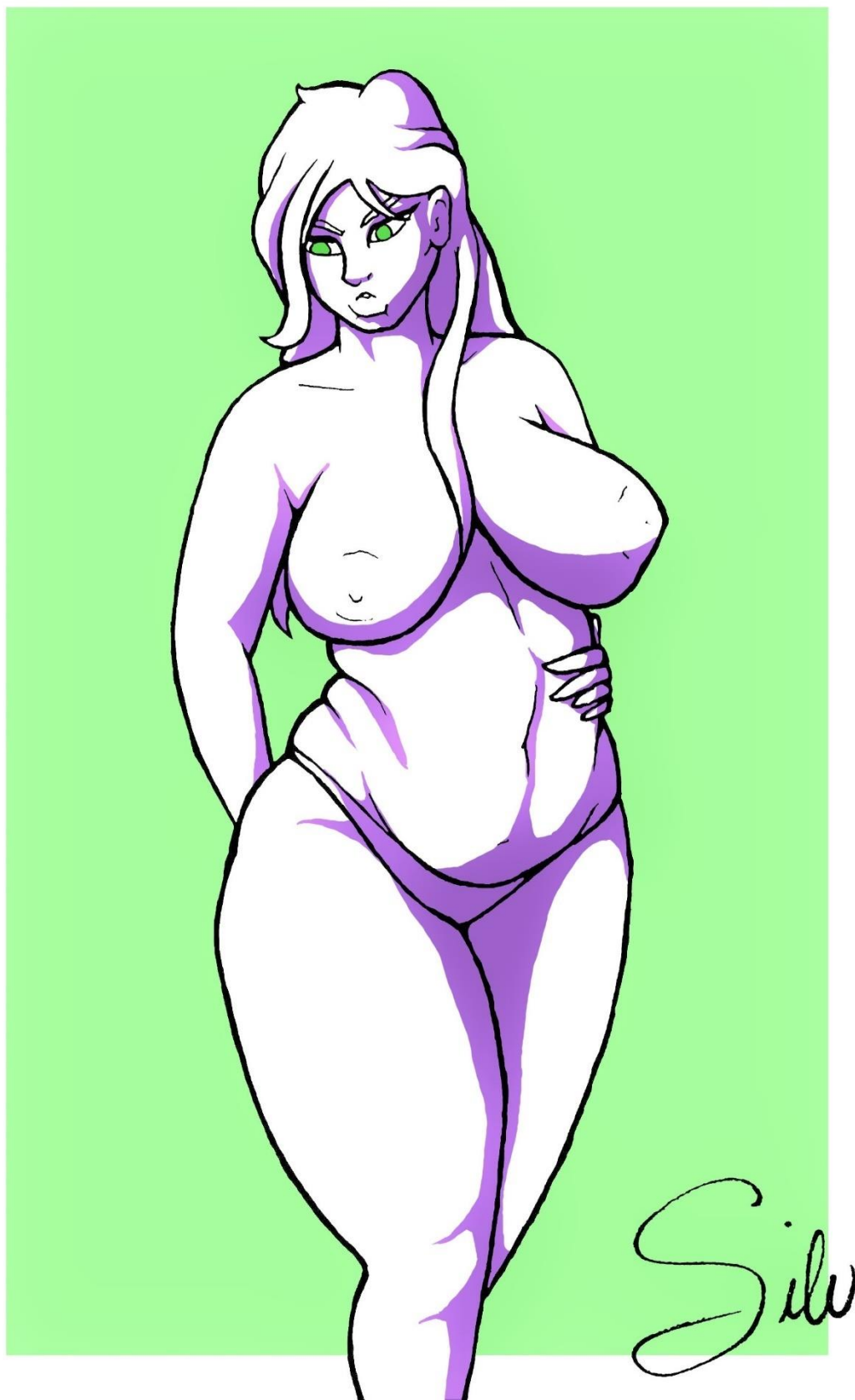
Susan then turned her attentions towards her back half. Facing sideways in the mirror, she was shocked at just how dramatically her rear stuck out from the rest of her body. Twisting around to examine it closer, Susan felt rolls forming underneath her shoulder blades and watched in horror as love handles formed at her sides as she leaned from left to right.

"My God, how much have I gained?" Susan wondered aloud, as she frantically pulled the scale out from under the sink. Hesitating for a moment, she took a deep breath and stepped on. The dial spun frantically for a moment before settling on 141. "141!" Susan's mind raced. "I've gained fourteen pounds in ten weeks!" Susan collapsed on her bed. "If I keep this up I'll be as big as Judy and Crystal in no time," she lamented, tears welling in her eyes.

Susan's mind raced as to what to do. The last two and a half months had been the most miserable of her life. She went straight to work from school and straight to bed from work. Fortunately, with the cooler weather she was able to conceal her modest weight-gain with jackets and baggy sweaters, but at the rate she was growing it wouldn't be long until she began to show through even those. She knew she couldn't quit, because her father would kill her, but it was obvious something had to be done. She had only saved a few hundred dollars, and at the rate she was going would have to work throughout the rest of high school, a thought that made her shudder. Her one hope was the promotion Chuck had promised her. Not only would it nearly double her salary, but also give her rank over Judy and Crystal. Susan smiled at the possibilities. As for her weight, Susan wasn't sure what to do. She considered bringing her own meals again, but felt obligated to eat at Burger World since she was on a budget and the food was free. She also didn't want to seem unwilling to eat the food of a restaurant she would soon manage. "I'll just have to be more careful," Susan thought as her stomach began to growl.

The next few weeks seemed to fly by for Crystal and Judy. They actually looked forward to coming to work as operation "Feed Susan" reached a fever pitch. Each day they would devise new ways to add fresh pounds to the rubenesque beauty, and each day they would scrutinize her form for possible results. Susan, on the other hand, was becoming conditioned to the greasy food and although she tried to cut back, still would snack absentmindedly on handfuls of fries during afternoon lulls and eat substantially at mealtimes. The girls did their part by making sure that surplus amounts of Susan's favorite sandwiches were "accidentally" made so Susan, who knew that Chuck made a big deal about waste, would occasionally munch an excess burger in order to curry favor. After a while they became even more daring; sneaking "multi-gain" powder into her shakes, and extra cheese on her burgers.

"I'm getting so fat!" Susan stood naked in front of her bathroom mirror.



Before too long it became evident to everyone, not just Judy and Crystal's keen eyes, that Susan was filling out.

"I overheard Mitch Traymer say he thought Susan was becoming a fat pig," Judy said to Crystal one day as they clocked in for work. "Not only that..." Judy added, barely pausing to breath. "Cindy Jackson told me that she saw Susan eat an entire bag of M&Ms during their homeroom English class and that if her ass got any bigger she would have trouble getting in her seat." The rapid inflation of Susan Singleton was becoming a hot topic at school.

"Well, you won't believe what I heard," Crystal said, gushing with excitement. "Mrs. Johnson...Y'know the speech teacher? Well, this year she's acting as the head of the prom committee and I overheard her say that she used to think that Susan was a shoo-in for Prom Queen, but since she was now, and I quote, 'having obvious figure problems,' that it was anybody's race."

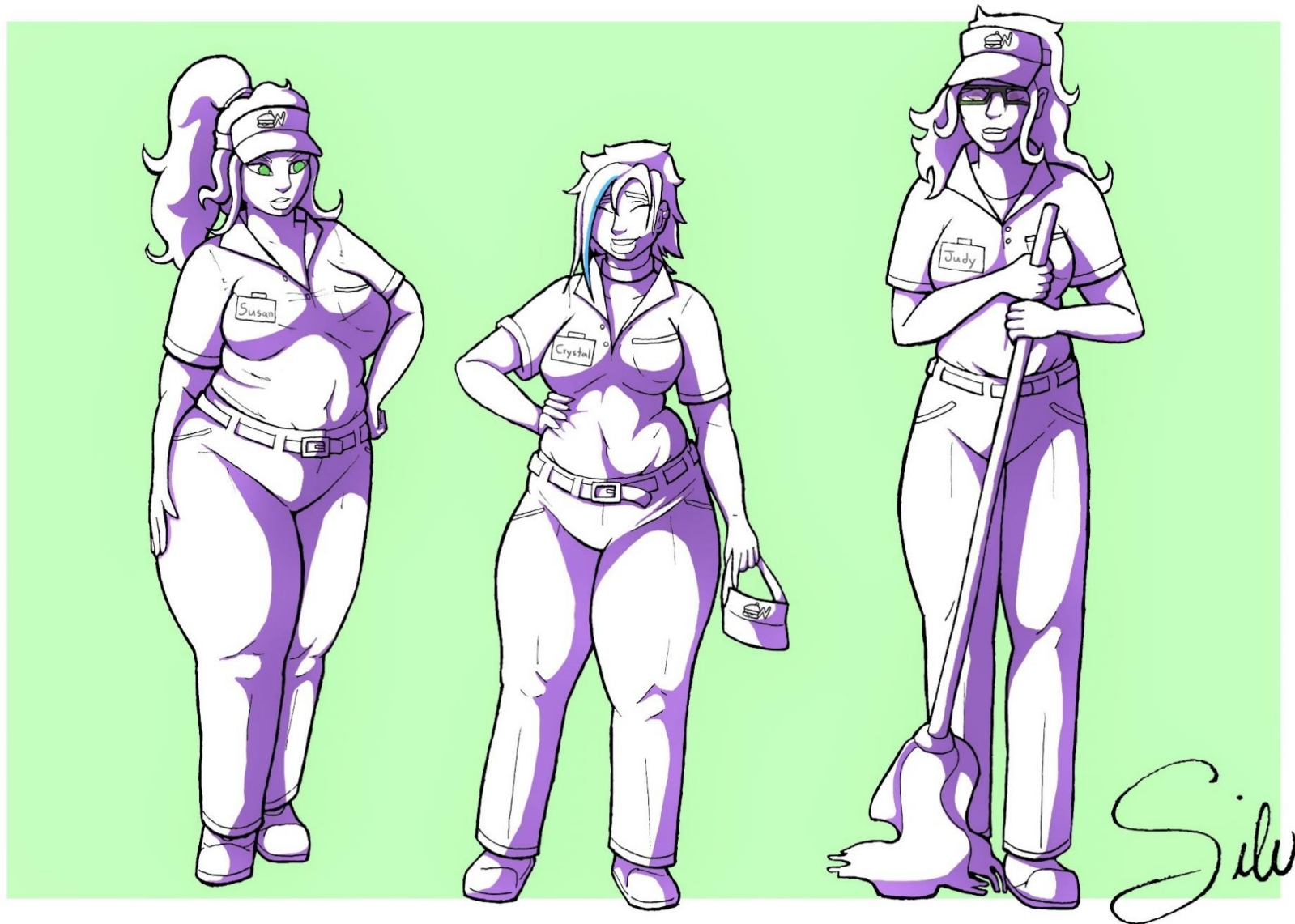
"A teacher said that?" Judy said disbelieving.

"Yep," Crystal assured. "And I don't think she was referring to Susan's poor math grade either." With that the girls broke into hysterical laughter, interrupted by the sound of the front door cowbell which announced Susan's late arrival. Crystal and Judy watched as she plodded through the doorway, her formerly lithe body moving awkwardly, unaccustomed to its newly acquired bulk.

It had been over three months since operation "Feed Susan" was initiated, and Susan's once baggy uniform was beginning to show the strain. Her formerly toned upper arms had nearly doubled in circumference, stretching the fabric of her form-fitting sleeves. Her generously proportioned breasts had also grown but seemed to be succumbing to gravity. No longer pert and perky, they hung lower on her torso, sagging ponderously with the extra weight. Her lower body, however, was showing the most significant growth. Susan's posterior continued to jut out further and further behind her, causing the uniform's fabric to pull tight across her lower abdomen, which visibly protruded beneath the elastic waistband of her pants. Even her thighs, once sleek and smooth from cheerleading, now appeared trunk-like, pressed tight within the confines of her pant legs.

"What are you looking at?" Susan said, noticing Crystal and Judy's stares.

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"Uniform shrink?" Crystal replied, unfazed.



"Uniform shrink?" Crystal replied, unfazed. Until then Judy and Crystal had been careful not to mention Susan's expanding girth for fear they might scare her into dieting, but Crystal couldn't resist the opportunity.

"You're one to talk," Susan said, gesturing towards Crystal's zaftig figure.

"Me?" Crystal balked. "Over the past few weeks I've managed to lose a few pounds, but I can sure see where they went."

"You...you..." Susan seemed shocked. Her face reddened as she stammered for a reply. Before she could, however, Chuck appeared from behind the counter.

"You're late, again..." Chuck said, glaring sternly at Susan. "...and I'm getting pretty sick of it." Crystal and Judy looked at each other in stunned silence. Susan just smiled innocently and ran over to where Chuck was standing.

"Oh Chuck, I'm so sorry," Susan purred, wrapping her plump arms around him playfully.

"This is no joke," Chuck said, pushing her away. "Susan, I want you working in the kitchen today."

"But...but..." Susan's eyes began to well with tears.

"No excuses just do it," Chuck ordered as Susan sulked off to the kitchen. "Crystal you've got register, O.K.?"

Crystal stood speechless for a moment, not quite realizing what had just happened.

"Uh...Yes sir," she finally choked out, as she and Judy exchanged awkward glances.

"Good," Chuck said, heading back towards the office. "Let's get some work done then."

The rest of the day passed without incident. Susan's face remained somber and expressionless as she worked to keep up with the orders. Even Crystal and Judy were silent as they quietly reflected on what had happened earlier. That night they decided unanimously to suspend operation "Feed Susan."

Days soon turned into weeks and Susan remained on kitchen detail.

Silv



Days soon turned into weeks and Susan remained on kitchen detail. Crystal would occasionally volunteer to take over for Susan for a few days, but Chuck would always refuse, saying that things were better the way they were. In fact, Susan was becoming a pretty good worker. She rarely spoke on the job anymore and would absorb herself in her work. Even without Crystal and Judy's subtle encouragement, however, it was clear she was still putting on weight. She munched incessantly on leftover food and would always make extra fries for herself. Soon it became obvious that Susan was in dire need of a new uniform, but she seemed hesitant to ask for one. One day, after it had become so ridiculously tight that it looked ready to burst at the seams, Chuck tossed her a larger one saying, "Thought you could use this." Susan simply said, "Thank you," and went back to work, her face flush with anger and embarrassment.

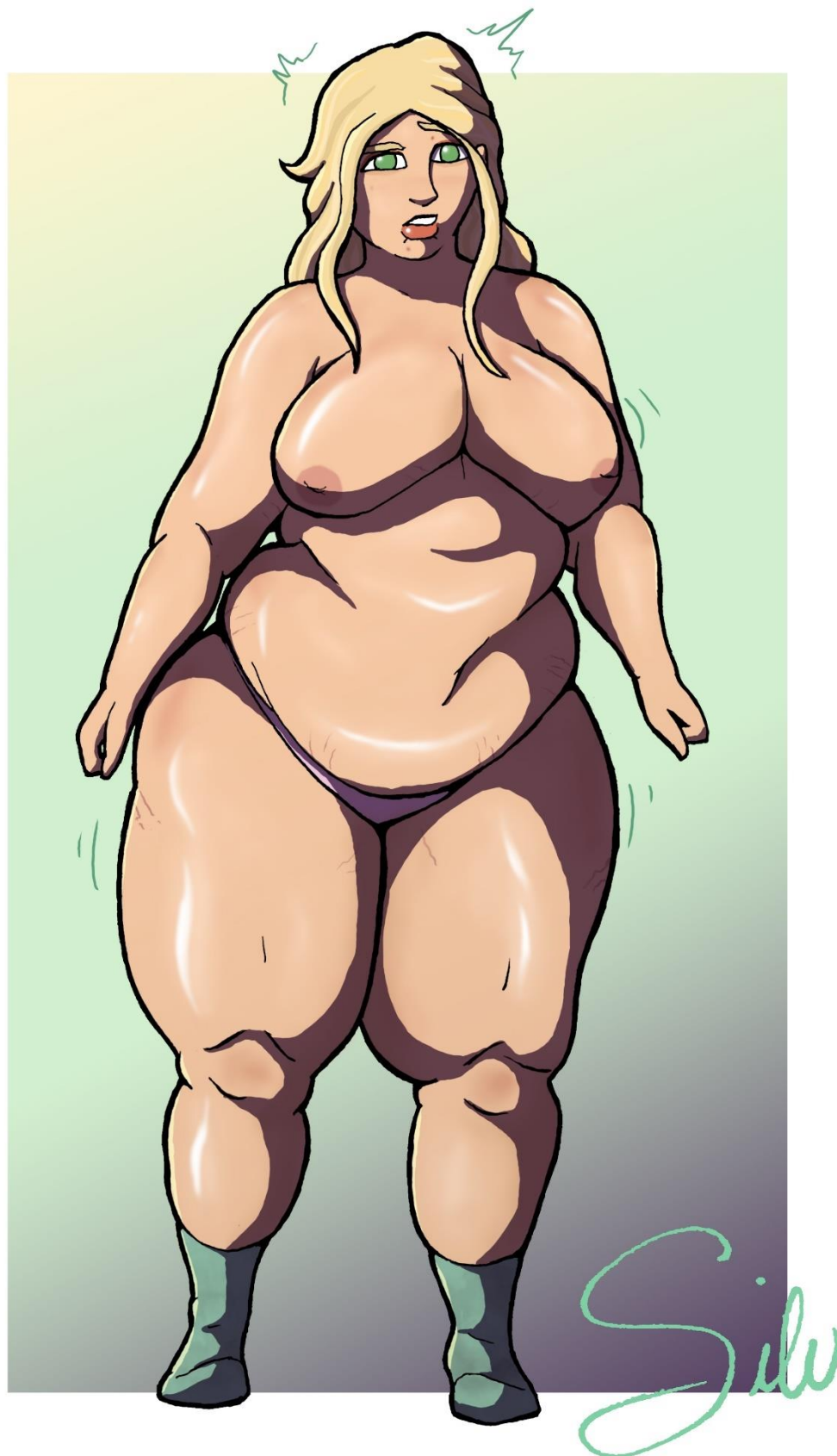
"I can't believe today's the day," Susan thought to herself as she rolled out of bed. It had been six months since Susan's first day on the job at Burger World and she finally had enough money to pay back her father for the damage done to his car. It had been the longest six months of her life, but today it would all be over.

Susan moved to the bathroom where she slipped out of her night gown to shower, accidentally catching a glimpse of herself in the full-length mirror. She had learned to avoid mirrors, especially when naked, except to comb her hair and fix her make-up. When she paused for a closer look, she hardly recognized the image in front of her.

The body that six months ago had captained the state's most popular cheerleading squad had disappeared, leaving a chubby, pear-shaped one in its wake. Her hips had become so wide that they extended past the edges of the mirror. Touching them, she realized she could no longer feel her hip bones, as they had been buried under a soft cocoon of fat. She was almost as wide in profile, her stomach and rear pushing out from each other like two magnets with the same polarity. Her breasts rested lazily on top of her swollen belly, which nudged them gradually to each side. Even her goddess-like face, which had been the one area of her body to remain relatively unchanged, was beginning to show the effects of her excessive gormandizing. A small, yet perceptible second chin was forming, and her once sharp features were beginning to soften. Her silky-smooth complexion had also started to blemish, as pimples erupted across her cheeks and forehead.

Tears rolling down her chubby cheeks, Susan once again pulled the scale out from under the sink. If there was anything she had been avoiding more than her mirror, it was her scale.

Susan moved to the bathroom where she slipped out of her night gown to shower, accidentally catching a glimpse of herself in the full-length mirror.



With her heart in her throat, she closed her eyes and stepped on. Susan knew she had gained a substantial amount of weight since the last time she weighed herself, but nearly died as the arrow came to rest just to the thinner side of 190.

"How could I do this to myself?" Susan cried as she threw herself on the bed. "I've gained over sixty pounds in six months."

Her mind wandered as she lamented her fate. Swimsuit season had already arrived and she was still wearing baggy pants and sweaters in a vain attempt to hide her increasing corpulence. All of her friends were preparing for spring break beach trips, while the thought of herself in a bikini made her want to vomit. Not that she'd been invited along anyway. Most of her friends had long since shunned her, and those that hadn't still could be heard making snide comments behind her back.

"To hell with them," Susan thought, wiping away the tears. Looking at the clock she realized she was late for her final day of work.

"To hell with them too," Susan repeated, becoming increasingly angry. Susan got out of bed and took one last look at her bloated body in the mirror. "I'll show them," Susan thought as she pulled her exercise mat out from under the bed. "I'm going to get in the best shape of my life...We'll see who's has the last word then."

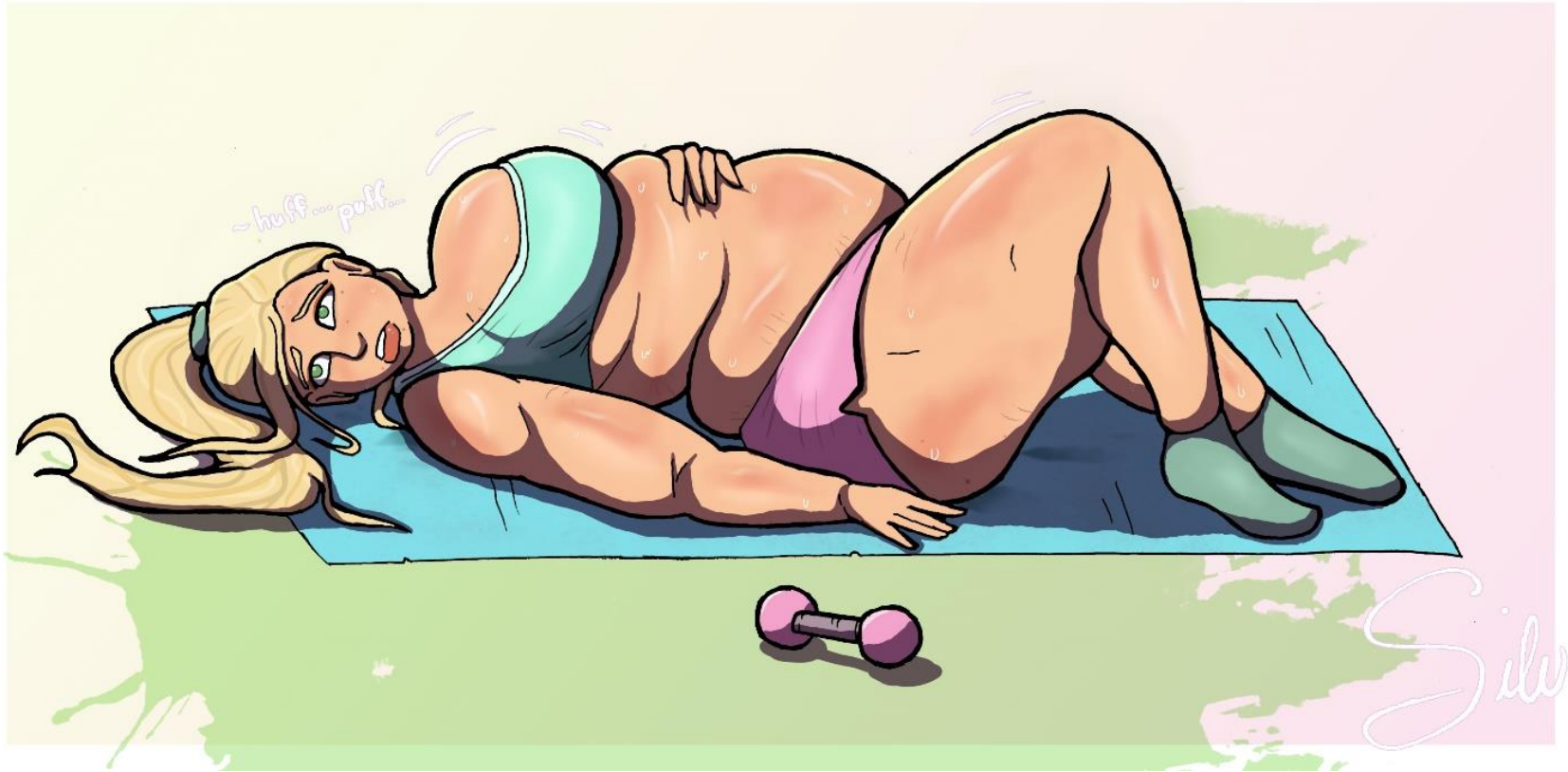
Huffing and puffing, Susan quickly did thirty sit-ups before collapsing, exhausted, back on the mat. "I can't believe how out of shape I've gotten," Susan whispered to herself between breaths. "I used to be able to do one hundred without breaking a sweat... But now..." Susan watched her stomach as she began another set of sit-ups. Her formerly tight belly shook and quivered, segmenting into three distinct rolls of fat as she bent forward, eventually spilling out onto her lap as she completed each repetition. Susan again fell back to the mat, tears flowing.

"It's hopeless," she thought. "I'll never be thin again."

She wasn't.

THE END

*Huffing and puffing, Susan quickly did thirty sit-ups before collapsing, exhausted, back on the mat.
"I can't believe how out of shape I've gotten," Susan whispered to herself between breaths.*



~EPILOGUE~

"How long on that number five?"

"Coming!"

"May want to dab that brow, Sweetie. Or should I say 'Sweaty?'" It was the new girl, the tall redhead, Shelby. "Or are you making that burger extra juicy?"

Bitch! She reminded me of me when I started at Burger World. Cocky and self-absorbed. Full of herself and the affirmation of others. Despite my seniority, I dutifully mopped a hand towel over my brail-like brow. My complexion used to be as smooth as Shelby's but now was lumpier than the burgers and greasier than the French fries.

Shit! I forgot the fries!

I spun to grab the basket from the fryer but caught my hip on the handle. Bubbling grease splattered across my arm.

"Fuck!"

"Watch the language, Susan!" Chuck, the mustachioed night manager, poked his head through the narrow window separating the kitchen and the cashier's counter. "And hurry up with that number five!"

I'll give him a number five. I examined my arm. Angry red splotches mingled with the bleach-white speckles dotting my forearm. It certainly wasn't my first run-in with the fryer--everyone who worked the back had similar scars--but my incidents were becoming more frequent. It didn't help that the kitchen's quarters were close and getting closer. Fiery grills, burning oil, and lava-hot heat lamps were a few inches from my flesh in every direction.

"Order up!" I finished the burger's assembly and slid it down the chute.

Chuck frowned. "No pickles?"

I didn't answer.

"C'mon, Susan. We're slammed out here."

"Two more minutes."

I plucked another patty from the grill. I never understood why patrons couldn't just pick off the pickles--it's not like they left behind a radioactive residue--but Chuck always forced me to remake them. Something about food allergies.

Chuck was the only Burger World employee with a longer tenure than me. Everyone else had moved on to greener and less greasy pastures. I should have, too. This was supposed to be a part-time job to repair a fender-bender in my father's Ferrari. "Tough love," my father called it. That was five years ago.

Five years. How was that possible? How could something pass in the blink of an eye, yet seem like a lifetime ago? When Chuck hired me, he was an upwardly mobile manager with good hair and a Harley--we even hooked up a few times--but now he was a balding thirty-something with a dad bod and a Volvo.

At least he was a dad. I had no such excuse.

My eyes welled with tears. If I wasn't careful, this burger would be even juicier than the first. I tried to focus on making the order--lettuce, cheese, tomatoes, special sauce (just ketchup mixed with mayo)--and not how my potbelly dented against the counter and kept me from reaching the condiments.

"Refire up!"

I hurriedly slid the replacement down the ramp to heat lamp hell. As I caught my breath, my shirt slid up the slope of my stomach until warm air tickled my tummy where it dangled over the elastic waistband of my polyester pants. Tugging the hem of my untucked top, I inadvertently released a cascade of crumbs that had caught on the canopy of my belly. At least I hadn't mopped yet.

"Chuck said you'd want this." Shelby plopped my failed number five on the cutting board in front of me. Chuck was a stickler about waste. ("You waste it, you taste it," was his mantra.) Needless to say, I've made a lot of mistakes through the years.

I tried to focus on making the order--lettuce, cheese, tomatoes, special sauce (just ketchup mixed with mayo)--and not how my potbelly dented against the counter and kept me from reaching the condiments.



My stomach growled like Pavlov's guard dog. I indeed wanted it. But instead, I slid the pickled patty back to the generously proportioned ginger. "That's OK. I already ate. You can have it."

I'm not sure what compelled me to do it. Maybe it was her assuming smirk. Maybe it was her impossible hourglass figure. Maybe it was because I could guess what she'd say...

"Thanks." Shelby snatched it from the table like she was afraid I'd change my mind. "It's time for my break anyway."

As the robust redhead hurried from the kitchen with her fatty feast, I couldn't help but smile. Maybe she'll learn the same lessons I did.



*Expect to see more of Shelby in Maverick's text-based adventure game:
"One Night Adventure: The Tutor"*

Coming soon to MAVRIP!