

You're going to get Fat

By Maverick

"You're going to get fat!"

That's what my roly-poly little sister said to me every time she spied me eating junk food (which was quite often). I felt sorry for her. I took after my Father--long lean and athletic--while she took after my Mother—short, stout and squatty--and no matter what we did it seemed we were destined to grow into their respective physiques. This, despite her hyper-awareness of what she put into her mouth and my adherence to the Epicurean variant of "if it feels good, do it."

I would puff my cheeks at her cajoling and make an orgasmic spectacle of the brownies, cookies, French Fries, cupcakes, or whatever else I was enjoying at the time. She would just smirk and shake her head. I tried not to flaunt it too much--it had to be hard to watch me gorge on donuts while she got fat eating apples—but what's sisterhood without some good natured teasing?

By eighth grade, I was the tallest kid in class and a ranked junior tennis player, while my stubby sister waddled through sixth grade and her weekly swim lessons. Nevertheless, she continued to heckle my eating habits, which had only gotten worse as I spent more time away from home. Whenever I returned with a post-practice burger, she would greet me with the same refrain--

"You're going to get fat!"

High School brought me boobs, bras and boys, but despite pizza-party sleepovers with girlfriends and Olive Garden dinners of pasta and breadsticks with boyfriends, my body remained as lean as ever. Still, whenever I'd get home late, my sister would creep downstairs in her PJs, spy my Styrofoam leftover container, and then, as she rubbed her eyes and doddered back to bed—

"You're going to get fat!"

I would simply chuckle—then polish off whatever leftovers had survived in front of the TV before heading to bed. And why wouldn't I laugh? The whole thing was amusing.

Until the day it wasn't.

I remember it like it was yesterday. I was sitting on the edge of my bed in my panties and, as I bent to put on socks, a roll of flesh spilled over the band. As I hunched further, a smaller roll formed above the first.

I sprang upright like I'd seen a snake beneath my bed. The rolls disappeared, as if by magic, but the angry red crease running across my belly provided evidence they'd been making appearances for awhile.

When did this happen? I had noticed my clothes were a bit snug, but I chalked it up to Spring humidity. I plied the softness around my middle. Maybe it was time to acknowledge the truth—

I WAS getting fat.

Still, no need to make a thing about a few pounds of pudg that were only noticeable to me. I would simply cut back a little and it would be gone before anyone else knew.

For the next couple weeks it was my little secret. And, truth be told, I kind of dug it. I would absentmindedly rub my belly on the school bus, and even diddle the little roll during tests and lectures. Each time I caught myself I would whip my head around, embarrassed, but nobody seemed to notice.

Except my sister, of course. She was always watching and smiling. I made a point to suck in my stomach and mind what I ate when she was around, but that was even more conspicuous. At least she stopped with the “*you’re going to get fat*” shit, but her sideways smirk at my celery snacks and miniscule meals was almost as bad. To make matters worse, she looked like she had dropped a good ten pounds overnight.

Around everyone else, however, it was business as usual...until the final day of Freshman year. It was so hot that the school relaxed our dress code, allowing us to wear shorts and T-shirts while the A/C labored to keep up. I donned a forgiving pair of cotton shorts with a drawstring waist and paired it with a navy blue tank top I wore for tennis, but it was still miserably uncomfortable as I sat in Mrs. Johnson’s first period Algebra class (by far my worst subject) taking my final.

Solve for e:

$$9e+4=-5e+14+13e \quad 9e+4=-5e+14+13e$$

Heat and anxiety-fueled sweat beads erupted across my brow. As I nibbled my pencil’s eraser, my free hand moved unconsciously to what had become my go-to stress reliever--the security blanket of flab covering my waist. Instead of easing tension, however, my heart raced faster. Despite weeks of watching my diet, the roll was bigger and thicker than ever!

I looked to my lap. The pudg that had been percolating beneath blouses and shielded by sweaters was now pressed tight against the fitted fabric of my top, outlining a ridge of fat that ran hip-to-hip and protruded over my waistband a good inch. I quickly covered it with my arm.

Fidgeting in my seat, I nervously bounced my legs up and down. It was then I noticed my thighs. They seemed tanned and toned when still, but as they shook the soft flab bubbling beneath bounded into view, rippling in waves across their surface like a disturbed pond. I jiggled them from side to side. Their meaty undersides swung like

pendulums in opposite directions. I watched, fascinated, until the flab met in the middle with a loud 'SLAP'.

Horrified, I glanced around the room. My eyes met Judd Rumley's in the row next to me. His flushed face was a mix of bemusement and arousal.

"Eyes on your own paper, please!" Mrs. Johnson said.

My eyes darted downward, but went straight back to my lap. I watched as my thighs spread against the rigid wooden seat. They melded together in the middle, and, with nowhere left to expand, oozed over the chair's outer edges like an adipose avalanche.

A drop of perspiration plopped atop what few notes I'd managed to scribble. I wiped it away, blurring my chicken-scratch in a soggy graphite smear.

I looked to the clock. Ten minutes left!

My pulse pounded inside my light head and not-so-light body. I was flush. I was dizzy.

I was horny!

The perspiration on my face was nothing compared to the flood of moisture building between my legs. I let my #2 pencil dangle in my hand until the eraser rested against my swollen crotch. As I pushed it against my labia, I writhed slowly in my seat, hoping my classmates would interpret it merely as uncomfortable squirming.

Before long, however, I was grinding my legs together like I was trying to start a fire. And it was the thought of trying to start a fire with such soft and flabby 'sticks' that pushed me over the edge. My eyes closed and I let out a soft moan just as the bell rang. I think most kids assumed it was out of frustration, but a few, including Judd Rumley, couldn't conceal their smiles as they handed Mrs. Johnson their test papers and funneled towards the exit.

I lingered in my seat for a moment, physically drained but utterly relaxed. Then I gathered up my belongings and deposited my exam at the edge of Mrs. Johnson's desk. She looked at me and smiled—

"Did you finish, sweetie?"

That night, I stopped by my Sister's room. If I couldn't beat her, I might as well join her. Maybe even get some workout and diet tips.

She was in the middle of sit-ups and damn if it didn't look like she'd dropped a few more pounds. I instinctively sucked in.

Waiting for her to finish, I glanced around the room. On her desk was a picture of me holding a tennis racquet.

“Why do you have my picture on your desk?” I said.

“That’s not you,” she said without breaking form---

“That’s mom.”

I snatched up the photo. Mom once mentioned to me she used to play tennis, but I had dismissed it. I just couldn’t envision her Weeble-wobble form plodding around the court. Yet here she was. Beautiful. Tan. Fit. Had it not been for the Duran Duran T-shirt and 1986 verso timestamp I still might have argued it was me.

Despite my failure with figures--algebra and now my own--I mustered the mental math to determine Mom was my age in the picture.

“I keep it for inspiration,” my sister said as she completed a final rep. Her disposition was as rosy as her cheeks. “Want to see a picture of Dad?”

I didn’t answer, but that didn’t stop Sis from standing and pushing past me like I was taking up the entire room. She opened the drawer in her desk and, as she rummaged through, jutted out her ass. It had a ways to go until it rivaled mine at its pert perfection peak, but it was well on its way to shapely.

She turned around with a broad grin. “Here.”

Extended in her hand was a Polaroid picture of a fat, acne-riddled boy with a bowl haircut. His belly hung over his belt so much a sliver of flesh was visible beneath his untucked blue IZOD. I took the photo from my Sister and flipped it over. 1986.

Sis looked over my shoulder as I gawked. *When had she gotten so tall?*

“Mom gave these to me a few years ago when I was really feeling down,” she said. “She told me—‘just because things are a certain way now, doesn’t mean that’s how they’ll always be.’”

I flipped back to the boy. There was no trace of my tall handsome Father, but I knew he was buried in there somewhere. I handed the photo back to my sister and headed for the door.

“I tried to warn you,” she called after me.

That she had.

I descended the stairs, hyper aware of the jiggling going on beneath my clothes. My mind screamed that I should grab a racquet and head for the courts, but my body stopped in front of the refrigerator. It knew what was in store for me.

I was going to get fat.

THE END