

Winter break had been the absolute worst.

Everyone treated her like a kid, even though she was eighteen. This was her *senior year of high school* and they were still calling her names like Pumpkin and Sweetie. Ugh, how embarrassing!

But the worst part of it all was that she hadn't been able to check in on Jen Laurieson *at all* once they were both pulled out of school. Even though she only lived a few blocks away, she hadn't been given any of the ripe opportunities to stalk her mortal enemy the way that she had been able to back when they were both in school together. She needed to know just how well operation Jen-Normous was going, and she needed to know *now!*

She tried not to text so as to run up her family's data plan, but Jane lived so much closer to Jen than she did. What's more, they were distantly related! Going to the yearly family reunions meant that she would have an inside man on the job—or rather, an inside girl!

Look her up on Instagram if you're so obsessed with her... damn.

Ugh, as if. Like she had the time to sit around and wait for the internet to load for each and every picture. She really shouldn't have been text messaging at all right now, but the Jen situation was as dire as they came! Sam had to stay on top of it if she ever wanted to topple her rival as Queen Bee of the school, family plan be damned!

"Just... keep...me... posted... colon... end parenthesis..."

Sam kicked her feet back and forth as she lay belly down on the bed. Emphasis on *belly*—it felt like all anyone did around the holidays was feed her! Ten pounds had come and attached themselves to her trim waist, leaving her with a noticeable pot that made all of her sweaters ride up. Going back to school looking like a piggy was going to be hard, but it would be so much easier if she knew that Jen had put on just as much weight as she had... preferably more, obviously!

"These measly ten pounds won't mean anything when Jen waddles into the hall!"

Sam rubbed the sides of her fat belly with one hand as she closed her phone with the other.

"I may have gained a little weight, but Jen Laurieson is going to finish out this year at at least twice the size of our mascot—everyone better make way for the new Avery Swine!"

"Ten pounds."

Jane's jaw had hit the floor when she'd seen Sam walk through the school's double doors. While she had been prone to making dramatic entrances ever since she had gone away and come back a whole-ass woman, none of them had ever been quite so dramatic as her walking in slow motion with a big ass fucking basketball bouncing up and down beneath her tube top.

"This is ten pounds to you?"

"Ugh, you don't have to rub it in, Jane!"

Sam leaned back against the locker, placing one hand over the swell of her stomach as it gurgled on cue. Her face contorted in regret and revulsion of the large belly that hung over her belt line.

"It's just a little winter weight!" she whined, "Everyone in my family is like, big boned and we all have a really slow metabolism, okay?"

"Since when is everyone in your family big boned?" Jane shut her locker, books tucked under her arm, "I went to your aunt's house two years ago, and she—"

"Shh, omg Jane don't you hear that?"

With a startling amount of strength, Sam held Jane against the lockers. She couldn't help but feel that the roughness of her actions had something to do with questioning the machinations of Sam's latest new inner monologue. Sam had been acting so strangely since Senior Year had started, and it was all she could do just to keep up with the seemingly *weekly* alterations to the narrative of her rivalry with Jen Laurieson that Sam would make.

How she was able to pick out the sound of Jen's Jeep pulling up into the student parking lot, Jane would never know.

The double doors opened dramatically again for the second time that day, with none other than Jen Laurieson taking center stage as she entered Avery High School like she owned the place. Despite the purported changes that Sam had been seeing in her for the past few weeks, Jane hadn't been able to actually place them. Sure, she was a little thicker around the middle and her hips were a little wider, but with the way that Sam talked, you would have thought that Jen was the one who looked like she just swallowed some gym equipment.

That being said, there were *some* noticeable differences. The subtle softness to her cheeks, and the roundness to her face were the most obvious. There had been a definite growth, no doubt in part to Sam's disturbing insistence on doing everything that she could to make sure that the target of her obsession took in as many calories as possible. But at the same time, it couldn't have been more than fifteen pounds.

Of real people weight. Not whatever the hell kind of metrics that Sam was using.

"Holy crap Jane, look at her jiggle!"

"Y-Yeah, Sam... look at her go."

It had become so much easier to just roll with it at this point.

"I knew that those tapes would work, but I never would have thought that she would have put on so much weight over the holidays!"

"Tapes?" Jane blinked, "What are you talking about, ta—"

"And getting my Dad to hire her at the local McDonalds was risky enough as it is! Who would have known that she'd have such a greedy stomach to her? I hear him complaining all the time about what a hog she is while she's on the clock! She must be eating right out of the waste bin!"

Jane scrunched her face incredulously for a moment before ultimately resigning her position entirely. So very much about all of that made absolutely no sense. As far as Jane knew, Sam's dad was an accountant. Or at least, he had been the last time she'd bothered to check. Maybe there was some kind of gas leak going on at their house...?

"Okay Jane, I'm going to trust you not to let me eat too much at lunch today!" Sam said loudly, "Don't want to end up like ol' Fatty McGee over there!"

The older, taller girl slapped her hard on the back as she threw her head back in raucous laughter. Her perfectly round, beach-ball stomach bounced with every step, belying the ease with which she carried herself throughout the hallway.

"...sure thing, Sam."

Jane narrowed her eyes suspiciously. Something was very, very wrong here. With Sam, possibly with Jen, and *maybe* with Sam's parents. Why didn't anyone seem to notice the fact that Sam had become a completely different person as soon as this plot of hers began? Why was she almost never in class anymore? And why was it that all she *ever* seemed to want to talk about was making Jen Laurieson fat?

What's more—what was with the *belly* that she had come back to school with? They'd only been gone for a month and a half!

"Whatever you say..."

Watching Jen was never boring.

No matter what time of day, no matter what the cheerleader happened to be doing, Sam could always find some way to power through it. Whether it was looking in the window while the family ate dinner, catching the occasional glimpse of her from the garage, or sitting outside of her second story window in the abandoned treehouse, there was no angle where Sam wouldn't find a way to watch and make sure that Jen was doing everything right.

"Of course, it'd be a lot easier if I hadn't put on those ten measly pounds!"

No matter how loudly she talked, nobody ever heard her. Even in the dead of night, when the streets were empty and the lights had gone out inside of the Laurieson home, Sam was free to do and say as she pleased.

It helped that she had become some familiar with the layout of the room, she supposed. The first few times she had found her way inside had been clumsy. But now, after all these months, Sam was as smooth as butter. If anyone knew that she had been inside the house, they hadn't done much about it.

If Jen had known she got this close to her, she would have freaked.

"Just keep sleeping."

Originally, the idea had been to replace all of her clothes with bigger versions. That way she wouldn't realize that she had put on any weight. Replacing key items in her wardrobe, things that Sam knew that Jen liked to wear frequently, was the main goal. But seeing her rival's round little tummy rise and fall beneath her silk nightie had been too much to pass up.

"There you go..."

Running a hand along the curvature of Jen's gut, Sam shushed the wriggling cheerleader back to sleep. It must have felt good, getting her stomach rubbed like this. She liked it. Of course she liked it.

"You're gonna be such a great big, butterball Jen."

Sam's breathing deepened as she pictured the endgame of her scheme. Biting her lower lip hard, she couldn't help but get excited. Her fingertips dug into the squishy skin that rose and fell from the sleeping girl, so safe in her bed.

She wasn't getting big enough. Not for Sam. Not for her to have learned her lesson. There had to be a way for her to increase Jen's caloric intake. There were all kinds of ways to lose weight, but the girl could only eat so much while she was awake...

"*Butter*—You've seen her eat *butter* plain?"

"I sure have, Jane!"

Sam said all too confidently with a little giggle.

"Like it was a midnight snack!"

"...wait a minute, what do you mean like a *midnight snack*?"

Something about the verbiage that Sam had used didn't make Jane feel that much better about all of this. Not just for this most recent recitation of how she had been sabotaging Jen's diet, but for a surprising amount of their conversations lately. So much of what she said now, when taken out of context (hell, even *in* context) could have been taken in such a wrong way that she wasn't entirely sure *what* to believe anymore. Sure, Sam had gained a new obsession (and about thirty pounds in her belly) but...

"It's just an expression, Janey!" Sam laughed, "I'm just saying that at least I'm not the only one whose put on some weight—by the end of the year, I'll be big and beautiful while she'll just be big!"

People had started to stay away from Samantha. Jane couldn't exactly say that she blamed them. She was acting so *weird* lately, and she had changed so much. With her full height and mature features, she

stuck out like a sore thumb in high school. And now that she was lugging around a tank of belly, going around talking about how much she actively and openly hated Jen Laurieson to anyone who would listen...

Was Sam actually going crazy?

"Yeah, sure..." Jane narrowed her eyes, "Sammie? Are you okay?"

"What? Oh yeah, I guess I just stress-eat when I'm nervous—you know cheerleading tryouts are coming up next week. Here's hoping that I'll be able to dethrone our resident queen bee as the captain of the cheer squad!"

"Che—it's *January*." Jane furrowed her brow, "Exactly what teams are you gonna be cheering for?"

"Ugh, silly. You know!"

Sam didn't elaborate.

"At any rate, it'll be a great opportunity to show off just how fat and out of shape Jen's gotten ever since I've been putting my plan into action!"

"Sam—*listen to me*—I don't think that—"

"Whoops, gotta go! I've got to practice every minute I can if I want to beat that cow and show everyone what a real cheerleader looks like!"

Sam parted from their conversation with a subtle, but unnatural speed. Jane felt her blood run cold as she realized that *nothing* she had said to her friend was reaching through to her.

"Goooo team!"