

# BEHIND THE SCENES



**In-Game Illustration Development  
for  
“One Night Adventure: The Tutor”**

## **Introduction**

This document presents a summary of how the in-game illustrations for [“One Night Adventure: The Tutor”](#) were developed. For each of the nine illustrations you’ll find a selection of pertinent communications between [Maverick](#), [Riptoryx](#), and [SilverPathfinder](#) (the illustrator), curated to showcase the underlying vision, collaborative evolution, and related commentary.

The main categories of communication are as follows:

### **Commission Notes**

This a set of information Maverick and Riptoryx prepared to provide Silv with the foundational vision for each illustration. Generally, this included a single-sentence summary, some additional notes or suggestions about details that might be important to capture, and a chunk of excerpted story text pertinent to the illustration (which generally corresponds to where the illustration eventually appeared in the game). The story text excerpts sometimes feature highlighting intended to flag bits of particular importance for Silv’s attention.

### **Drafting Stage Emails**

These emails capture highlights of the back-and-forth between Silv and Riptoryx. Generally, they track the process as Silv sent a draft version of each illustration for review, followed (sometimes) by various modifications based on feedback from Maverick and Riptoryx. Occasional noteworthy discussion between Riptoryx and Maverick during this stage of development appears here, too. This material is largely unedited, original correspondence, so in some places it may be a bit rough or lacking in context that exists within the complete chain.

### **Final Proof**

These are the finalized versions of Silv’s illustrations, after going through all revisions. These usually are identical to the images that appeared in the game, with a few notable exceptions as detailed herein.

Below, the sequential titling and arrangement of the illustrations tracks how they were presented in the Commission Notes materials given to Silv. It might seem a bit odd, being out of order relative to the narrative flow of the story, but it roughly reflects the sequence in which Maverick and Riptoryx settled on specific game scenes warranting an illustration.

There’s a lot of content in here, so you may want to use the navigation pane to zip around via the linked headings.

## Shelby 1

### **Commission Notes**

#### Single-sentence summary:

A fat and frumpy Shelby working at Burger World about two years after high school. Susan (of "The Lesson") has a cameo in the form of an "employee of the month" headshot photo, hanging on a wall in the background.

#### Additional notes and suggestions:

We see two potentially good alternatives for illustrating this scene. If you have a strong preference as between them, we'll be happy to let you choose.

##### Option 1:

Shelby in her too-tight uniform, wedged into the booth, chowing down on her massive meal. Susan's most recent "employee of the month" headshot photo hangs on the wall in the background.

##### Option 2:

For a more action-y alternative: depict Shelby as she's trying to scooch into the booth, sending fries tumbling.

For Susan's cameo via employee of the month photo, probably a detailed representation only of the most recent photo in that series is needed. That said, I think it'd be easy enough to allude to the presence of other employee of the month photos, as described in the scene, by having a little parade of frame shapes in the background alongside it, sans any detailed image inside.

#### Excerpted story text:

The booth isn't as empty as you thought. Burger wrappers litter the table's surface and crumbs cover the bench. Apparently, Burger World's child labor hadn't had time to clean it yet.

You brush away the crumbs, push the wrappers to the side, and settle in, happy to be free from the crowd. You're starving, but you don't want to scarf everything down before Shelby arrives so you sip your soda and people watch.

The crowd seems to be thinning...in numbers if nothing else. Between portly patrons you spy a wall separating the kitchen from the dining room. In addition to typical burger joint ephemera--regional sports pennants, old license plates, 1950s era record albums, etc.--it's decorated with dozens of employee photos in readymade wood frames arranged in neat rows. //Employee of the Month// awards. About five years' worth.

You scour the visages for signs of Shelby, but are distracted by a certain blue-eyed blonde whose image recurs throughout. It takes a while for you to connect the dots of the acne-riddled frump in the final photo with the fresh-faced cutie in the first, but it's definitely the same person. Near the top, she looks to be about Shelby's age and equal in beauty, with a radiant smile, piercing peepers, and cherubic cheeks that beg to be pinched. Row by row; however, her face inflates like a balloon, growing rounder, fuller and redder with each passing picture. By the time you hit the bottom, so has she--her radiant smile reduced to a "do we have to do this?" smirk, her piercing peepers pinched tight between swells of skin, and her cherubic cheeks swallowed by her neck and absorbed into her jawline to form a single jowl dangling from what remains of her chin. The poor girl looks to have aged twice as much as the photo's timeline would suggest.

You squint and read the name on the placard: //Susan Singleton//.

"I thought I said get a table."

Shelby lifts the tray in her hands above her head and squeezes into the booth with a fitful series of scooches that jiggle the table and everything else. Fries rain down from her tray as she shimmies, adding extra flair to her limbo-like dance.

"Sorry," you say, trying not to stare. "This was all that was available." Of course, now there are plenty of tables. "Want to move?"

"Too late now!"

Shelby lowers her arms--hiding sweaty pits and frays in the fabric of her banded sleeves--and plops the tray on the table. Her meal is twice the size of yours. In addition to a Double World Burger there's a mountain of fries avalanching over the sides (apparently Shelby didn't want to waste a container) and a giant strawberry shake that miraculously survived Shelby's shaking.

She glances across the table at your untouched kiddie meal. "You didn't have to wait."

"I didn't want you to eat alone," you say, unwrapping your burger.

Shelby smiles and unwraps hers. "Always the gentleman."

"Not always."

"No." Shelby takes a giant bite and quickly washes it down with a swig from her shake. "Not always."

You eat in awkward silence, caught between the need to eat quickly and the struggle for a conversation starter. //How have you been?// No. //What are you up to?// Absolutely not. Ultimately, you settle on "How's the job?"

Shelby shrugs and shoves three fries slathered with ketchup in her mouth. "Fattening," she says. "If I don't watch it, I'm going to end up bigger than our cook."

"Susan?"

"How did you know?"

"Her reputation precedes her."

"So does her belly," Shelby giggles.

You grin. Not at the Burger World babe's gossipy comment, but the irony that she seems to be on the same career path. Based on the fullness of her face and the oily sheen of her skin you'd place her somewhere between Susan's third and fourth pictures on Burger World's wall of fame.

Chuck, the manager with hair even greasier than Shelby's complexion, eyes you from behind the register.

"What's his deal?" you ask, tilting your head in his direction.

"Don't mind him. I only have a 15 minute break and he usually starts strumming his fingers at the ten-minute mark." Shelby noshes four more fries. "Besides," she mumbles with her mouth full. "He's probably a little jealous."

Chuck looks more annoyed than jealous, but you don't argue. Instead, you gobble an onion ring to keep up with Shelby. Somehow she's nearly finished with her meal.

"Do you mind?" Shelby asks as she pilfers a ring from your pile. "The onion rings are really good here, but I always forget to order them."

"Help yourself," you respond, ex post facto.

"Thanks," she says, skewering two more rings with her finger.

"I should probably get going anyway. I don't want to be late for class."

"Glad I don't have to worry about that anymore." Shelby punctuates her comment with a death throes slurp of her shake and a loud belch. "Whew! Excuse me, professor."

"No problem," you say, forcing a smile.

Shelby rubs her chest and makes a face like she's expecting another burp. When it fails to arrive she says, "I should probably get going, too."

You slide from the booth with your tray and wait for Shelby to extract herself. The way the table digs into her stomach you're afraid you'll need to call for the jaws of life. Fortunately, she's able to reverse her shimmy-slide entrance. Better still, her belly's dance across the table cleans away most of the crumbs.

"Just leave your trash," Shelby says as she stands. "That's Jesus' job. Or is it Jose? I can never remember." She tugs the hem of her shirt, sending a cascade of captured crumbs to the floor.

You dutifully set your tray back on the table. "It was good to see you, Shelby."

"Goodbye, Professor \$name." Shelby holds out her arms and the hem of her shirt rises back up, exposing a pouch of pale fat.

You give Shelby an awkward hug. With all her fresh bulges it feels like anywhere you touch her is inappropriate. Nevertheless, the feel of her flesh produces some fresh bulges of your own.

"This will really make Chuck jealous," Shelby whispers.

He still just looks irritated, but you indulge Shelby with a long embrace. You inhale deeply, hoping for a whiff of the flowery scent that's lingered in your nostrils for two years.

All you smell is burger grease.

"Take care of yourself, Shelby," you say as you release her.

"Somebody has to," she says in a chipper tone that belies her words. With that, she turns and shuffles back to the counter and, after a brief whispered admonishment from Chuck, takes her place behind the register.

After Shelby waddles back to work, you grab the trash from the table and dispose of it in a nearby bin. Then you exit to the cowbell's clatter and hustle to your car.

## **Drafting Stage Emails**

This illustration underwent more substantial revisions than any other. The scene it captures is a crucial one. From the outset, Maverick and Riptoryx imagined this scene probably would be the highlight of “One Night Adventure: the Tutor” for many folks. Accordingly, capturing the right vision was especially important. As reflected in the discussion below, Silv was quite gracious with accommodating the feedback.

Initial draft illustration from Silv:





Feedback from Riptoryx re: initial draft:

**Regarding the Shelby1 Burger World image:**

For this one, I think we need to do a reset. The pose, layout, and size didn't quite capture what we were looking for.

First, Shelby looks way too big here--she looks almost Susan-sized already! As Mav described to me, at this point--roughly two years after the main events of the game--Shelby would be somewhere in the neighborhood of 300 pounds--versus the 180ish that she's described as earlier in the game. And that 180 pounds is after gaining about 50 pounds during the course of her senior year (as compared to that trimmer physique in the tennis photo, for example). So, Shelby's certainly "fat" but still not the total lardball Susan has become (yet). In his response to me, Mav noted: "As someone with a wife in the 250-300 pound range, I know restaurant booths can be a source of constriction and consternation, but the Shelby shown here would need her own row on an airplane!"

Second, we'd like to try a different perspective. Rather than a sideways view into the booth, we'd prefer a head-on view of Shelby from across the booth table--i.e., essentially the narrator/player's perspective. There are a few benefits to this. One is that there won't be a need to draw Shelby's legs and lower body (the proportion and pose of her legs in the draft looked kinda odd to us). Another is that it will facilitate positioning the photo of Susan behind Shelby rather than next to her. This would be a more logical placement for an employee of the month display--e.g., on a far wall near the register counter, entrance, soda fountain, or restrooms rather than as part of the booth's decor. It also still allows, and maybe even enhances, the ability to focus on some fun details like Shelby being a bit squished by the booth, her expression, and the jostling tray and food as she shimmies herself in.

Sorry for being picky about this one, but as I mentioned before it's a particularly important scene for the story.

Let me know if that all seems feasible and if there are any other details you'd like discuss.

Thanks!

-riptoryx

Silv response to Riptoryx re: initial draft feedback:

Hi!

The Burger World one is, as you probably expect, a more complex issue. I will attempt a redraw, but going with a POV angle has some perspective challenges I was trying to avoid with the sideway view. That means I will have to go for the less

dynamic option 1 and forget about the action of spilling drinks and tumbling fries. I can scavenge Susan's picture, so there is that! :3

This is the first time I have had a line art so utterly rejected, but I must admit this was a learning experience about sticking to the script and taking in criticism. After all, that's why I give previews before the finishing touches. You are not picky, you have standards. I simply went a little too carefree with the project and got tunnel vision instead of thinking about the whole scene. My bad. Hopefully I can finish all of this before May dawns on us.

If you don't mind, I will probably re-use some of the lineart of the rejected piece for my own projects. I guess I got carried away by that lovely booth squeeze prompt and made Shelby too big (that's indeed much bigger than 300 pounds, knowing from having my GF in that range as well), but I love the figure on that one. Still, I see what you mean about the legs being kinda odd, but I really liked the girth of that upper body ^^'

Thanks for the feedback, and I will try to deliver some new linearts and the finished #8 over the weekend.

Silv

Second draft illustration from Silv:

Here we go, one final drawing and my second take on Burger World's Shelby!

I will be waiting for your comments!

Silv



Feedback from Riptoryx re: second draft:

Hi, Silv!

Mav and I think the revised Burger World image is much better fit for what we have in mind. The cheeky "message" you've snuck into the background is super cute, too! A couple minor tweaks we'd like to suggest (but not dealbreakers if infeasible):

(1) change the "message" to be from the "manager" rather than the "director" (it aligns with the title of the pertinent character in the story, Chuck--manager of the restaurant);

(2) maybe slightly shrink down the picture of Susan in the background and, with that smidgen of saved space, squeeze in the edge of a second "employee of the month" photo (without need for any meaningful character detail), to suggest that this is part of a series of such photos displayed on the wall.

When I've seen "employee of the month" photo displays, usually the photos are pretty small and fairly often they're part of collection that spans back several months or sometimes longer. As described in this story, there's a bevy of such monthly awards lining one wall, with Susan appearing in several of them across a span of several years. We only need the one detailed photo you've already crafted in the background, but it'd be nice to see at least a token indication of it being part of a bigger display.

Not that it needs to look exactly like this in any particular details, but just as a general example of the concept, here's an "employee of the month" display roughly along those lines.



-riptoryx

Third draft illustration from Silv:





Feedback from Riptoryx re: third draft:

Hi, Silv.

The colored Burger World image looks nice! Thanks for making those tweaks to the background I suggested. In this colored version, I noticed Susan's nametag might have a teensy typo in it ("Suzan?"). I can probably edit it myself, but if you wanted to nip that detail as a final touch, then I wouldn't say no. ;)

Thanks again!

-riptoryx

Riptoryx email to Maverick re: further edits to Silv's third draft:

Hey, Mav. I wanted to check in with a little update on what I've been doing with the ONA: the Tutor stuff this past week.

**First**, Silv sent a colored version of the Burger World image. The color definitely is an improvement. I couldn't help noticing that Silv misspelled Susan's name on her tag ("Suzan"). I can ask her to make that little correction, but on a whim I also took a stab at doing that myself, plus making some minor adjustments that perhaps nudge Susan a bit closer to the portly-and-pimpled mess I think you intended her to be. I've got not talent for illustration, though, so YMMV. And in any event I suspect those details on Susan probably won't be easily noticeable with the resolution displayed in the game; folks might notice it in standalone versions of the image if expanded to a large size. What do you think--is the edited version worth using or should we just use Silv's version (ideally with the nametag corrected)?



Maverick response to Riptoryx:

Hey Rip:

Frankly, I think you DO have a talent for illustration! Poor Susan (or as French Canadians would say, "Sužan"). She was already in bad shape and here you go softening her jowls and pimpling-up her face :). Definitely use yours. I expect people WILL big-up that particular illustration to read the sign if nothing else (at least if they're over 40 like me); however, I zoomed in and it still looked great. Well, except for Susan, of course, but that's the point, right? ;)

Mav



**Final Proof**

Silv's name-corrected final version:



Riptoryx's edited version (as appears in-game):





Cross-compare of differences in Susan:



## Shelby 2

### Commission Notes

#### Single-sentence summary:

Shelby chunky and pregnant.

#### Additional notes and suggestions:

While Shelby is described as wearing sunglasses here, for artistic reasons it may make sense to adjust them to avoid hiding too much of her expression and appearance. Perhaps they could be tilted lower on her face, or worn up on her head, or held in her hand, or...well, you get the idea. ;)

#### Excerpted story text:

The last week of summer there's a knock on your apartment door. You peek through the peephole to find a fat girl blubbering on your porch. Must be the girl in 310. Her midnight scream-fests with her boyfriend were the stuff of legend and had brought the cops on multiple occasions.

//Hopefully, she didn't kill him//, you think as you open the door. Though you'd probably sleep better if she did.

"Hi...P-P-Professor!"

It's Shelby. Hair slicked back. No makeup. Sunglasses. And a baggy sweatsuit that looks like it could be her father's. She's dressed way too warmly for the weather. You're used to Shelby dressing to disguise her girth, but this is something else. This seems intended to disguise her identity.

"Jesus...Shelby. How have you been?" you ask. It's a stupid question, considering she's sobbing.

Still, your acknowledgement is all it takes for her to fall into your arms. She embraces you as if you were the last life vest on the Titanic. You return her hug.

She feels more like the Titanic.

Despite her potato sack attire, a quick squeeze is all it takes to realize there are a lot more potatoes than the beginning of summer. Her shoulders are soft, her waist is thick, and her belly sticks out so much it's almost as if she's--

"Pregnant," she says, crying into your shoulder.

You don't remember how, but you make it to the sofa. Hopefully, Shelby didn't have to carry you in her condition.

After a foggy conversation several things become clear. It's yours. It's due in early March. And it's coming, whether you like it or not.

Now you're the one who feels like they're sinking. In fact, you feel like you're already sunk.

That's when a sad solution comes across Shelby's tragically beautiful face...

"Will you marry me?"

What do you say?

## Drafting Stage Emails

There wasn't any noteworthy developmental chatter about this illustration, largely because Silv nailed the vision with the initial line art draft.

Initial draft illustration from Silv:



Shaded portrait-crop proof from Silv:



**Final Proof**

Color tone shaded final version from Silv (as appears in game):





## Shelby 3

### Commission Notes

#### Single-sentence summary:

Shelby thin and fit, as depicted in the hallway of photos at her parents' house-- maybe a skimpy tennis outfit, in an action pose, showing some skin and booty?

#### Additional notes and suggestions:

For this image, Mav would like it to have it stylized with a few minor details so that it looks like a framed photo. Giving it a relatively simple picture frame style border would go a long way. Maybe adding a few vague scribbled suggestions of glass reflection in the space around the image would help with the illusion too?

#### Excerpted story text:

As you reach the landing, you enter a hallway which doubles as a shrine to Shelby's beauty and achievements. A Refectory Table runs its length which overflows with painted plastic trophies of varying tiers and activities: equestrian, tennis, dance, and a few with copper-topper figures you can't decipher. (Is one doing yoga?) Shelby's triumphs are accentuated by a line of photos on the wall. There's Shelby in a riding jacket and jodhpurs astride a black steed. In her cheerleading uniform. In a bikini on a beach. Playing tennis. Atop the Eiffel Tower. Holding the largest trout you've ever seen. Smiling beside a matronly woman you suspect may be Barbara Bush.

Perusing Shelby's 'Greatest Hits' collection, it's obvious the biggest hit is Shelby herself. No matter what the activity--be it smashing serves or sunning on shorelines--Shelby looks every bit the fresh-faced cover girl. Of course, with more slopes and summits than the Kilimanjaro backdrop in the final photo, she'd be right at home on the pages in-between too.

At least until recently. The pictures, aligned chronologically, showcase Shelby's transition from junior athlete to senior sexpot in a manner that suggests ripening fruit. And while Kilimanjaro may have been her literal peak (Shelby discussed the trip, ad nauseam, at the beginning of the school year), more recent photos that might suggest said fruit was overripening were conspicuous in their absence.

You suddenly feel a twinge of guilt.

Despite your reputation as the school's hip new teacher, you run a fairly tight ship. "No cheating, chattering, phones or food," you announced to your classes back in September and, for the most part, it's a mantra you've stood by and enforced.

With one notable exception.

The first few times you caught Shelby snacking you called her out, confiscating a Snicker's Bar, Skittles, and numerous Hershey's Kisses. Over time, however, Shelby became more discrete with her contraband. You would still occasionally catch her in your periphery, but she was quick at eschewing her chewing and flashing an innocent "who me?" smile. Of course, you saw through her ingénue act, but it was hard to be angry when you were smiling yourself.

Emboldened by your tacit approval, Shelby made it a game. She would lick her chocolate-stained lips, suck food residue from her fingers, and even brush crumbs from her cleavage in the middle of lectures. If you caught her in the act you would still call her out, but you tried to ignore the displays lest your blushing--or latent childhood stutter--betray you.

As the semester marched on, and it became clear Shelby's incessant snacking was damaging her fabulous figure, babbling and blushing became the least of your concerns. On more than one occasion, you were forced to stand behind the lectern until the bell rang.

Emerging from Shelby's 'tunnel of time,' you find yourself at a T-junction. There's a bathroom in front of you and closed doors at either end of a short hallway. Did Kaye say which room was Shelby's? You can't remember.

Which one do you try?

## Drafting Stage Emails

The revisions to this one were subtle.

Initial draft illustration from Silv:



Feedback from Riptoryx re: initial draft:

Hey, Silv!

Thanks for sharing these. Maverick and I are always glad for a chance to preview, and I personally enjoy seeing the creative process. Good call!

I shared these previews with Maverick and we both agree they look good. Maverick seemed particularly impressed with your take on pregnant Shelby. Whatever initial qualms you have may have had, you certainly delivered!

Regarding the tennis image, Mav and I love the pose but, if possible, we think it might be good if Shelby looked less "buff" there and more just "slim." So, like, maybe a bit more slender through the hips and thighs, and with less muscle definition across her middle. (I know, know--what fun is THAT? ;P )

Here's how Mav described it:

*The pose is great in the second; however, I picture Shelby as more naturally fit than gym-rat ripped. (She would never have the discipline for that.) I recommend slimming the hips/thighs slightly and either toning down the six-pack (a well-defined waistline and cute bellybutton is really all she needs) or making the tennis dress a one-piece and covering the abs entirely.*

Does that make sense and seem feasible?

-riptoryx

Silv response to Riptoryx re: initial draft feedback:

Hi ^^

I can easily remove muscle definition for tennis Shelby, and I will try to slim her down a little further! My skinnies tend to be a little thicker and beefier than average, but I can work on that :P

Thanks for the quick follow up!

Silv

Riptoryx response:

Haha, thanks! And yeah, I said as much to Mav--trying to slim down even the depiction of the "slim" Shelby is kinda wrestling against Silv's general style. I appreciate your willingness to give it a go, though!

-riptoryx

Second draft illustration, colored shaded:

Hello there,

I had some extra free time early this week, so I finished Shelby 2 and 3. What do you think of the color theme I picked?

Silv



Maverick input to Riptoryx re: second draft:

Hey Rip:

I think those will do just fine. I definitely prefer the new image of Shelby to the ripped, six-pack version even though she still looks a bit...sturdier...than I envisioned. The colors and the 'frame' look fine...though the frame might need a tweak or two. (It's a little hard to tell how it will look embedded in the game.)

Please let Silv know I like what she's done so far!

Thanks,

Mav

Riptoryx feedback to Silv re: second draft:

Hey Silv!

I think that color scheme looks good! The retouches on the tennis illustration are nice, too! And Mav also wanted me to relay his approval. ;)

I can imagine I might wind up tinkering with some alterations to the "frame" border, depending on how it looks when embedded in the game files. I don't think that'll be too difficult even for me, though.

-riptoryx

## Final Proof

This is the version that appears in the game, featuring a slightly different frame border overlaid on Silv's second draft.



## Shelby 4

### Commission Notes

#### Single-sentence summary:

Shelby married and huge at 30—in overalls, nearly 400 pounds, but happy and living a fulfilling life.

#### Additional notes and suggestions:

It might make sense to give Shelby a little farm-related prop, like a basket of veggies or the like. Nothing too complex, of course.

A ruddy, sweaty look for Shelby might be on-point here—but also smiling and happy.

#### Excerpted story text:

Despite the occasional Talking Heads //"How did I get here?"/" moment, life is pretty good. The salacious nature of your nuptials is quickly forgotten (now that Shelby's "made an honest man of you") and you soon settle into a routine. You spend most of your time being a full-time teacher while Shelby spends most of her time being full. After a year on the farm, she's fattened more than the hogs you homestead.

Despite this, motherhood agrees with her and her fuller figure agrees with you. By the time you're forty, Shelby's pushing thirty and you have six kids: Jay, Kay, Elle, Emma, Enya and Opie. With each one, Shelby gets a little fatter and by the sixth she's nearing 400 pounds. Still, when she waddles out in her oversized overalls to feed the chickens or slop the pigs you can't help but hanker for a seventh.

You don't dare, however. The way Shelby struggles to tend her garden in the summer--knees aching, sweating profusely--tells you she probably couldn't take it. So, you get yourself fixed like the farm dog so you can pork her, worry free.

Between teaching, homesteading, and harvesting, which your kids eventually help with, you make a lucrative living. Shelby even adds supplemental income from her garden through canning and award-winning baked goods. (Her peach cobbler is to die for.)

In fact, you do so well for yourself that you host a giant Super Bowl party in 2035 to watch the Cowboys win it all.

THE END



**Drafting Stage Emails**

Initial draft illustration from Silv:



Riptoryx feedback re: initial draft:

Hi Silv.

Mav and I think these look great. Mav seemed to think the basket of veggies was a particularly helpful touch. ;)

Response from Silv:

Hello there! I hope you had a nice weekend.

I finished #4 and #7. I am pretty proud of the results ^^

As I mentioned previously, I think I would like to use #7 for the teaser. It might be the less spoilery version of "fat Shelby". Do you think I could release it on my DA in the upcoming week? What could I disclose about the project and the game itself, and what should I link to my followers?

Take care,

Silv



## Kaye 5

### Commission Notes

#### Single-sentence summary:

Kaye, a shapely cougar mom as seen a bit earlier in the story; clothed in fairly conservative and formal yet seductive attire, a bit tipsy.

#### Additional notes and suggestions:

For Kaye's look here, Mav suggests Kaye be wearing something buttoned-up and a bit "formal," with a decorative bow or necktie for blouse. There's a brief mention of decorative knotting in one scene: "*Kaye fiddles with the decorative knot at the top of her blouse, but eventually gives up trying to undo it. 'My husband's the knot expert.'*" The story appears to be set in Texas, so something with a bit of a "western" theme might be appropriate?

Mav also suggested that in this image Kaye probably ought to be wearing her hair in an up-do of some sort.

I don't think it's mentioned in the story, but Mav recommends Kaye have blue eyes.

Maybe it would make sense to depict Kaye holding a champagne glass here? I don't think that's critical, though, if it's a complication.

#### Excerpted story text:

After a moment, the heavy door is opened by a decidedly unheavy woman. "Hello," the petite blonde says. "I'm Kaye Jackson. You must be Professor...?"

She's waiting for you to introduce yourself. Tell her your last name:

...

"Good evening, Mrs. Jackson."

"Please, call me Kaye. Welcome to our humble abode." Kaye ushers you inside with an open arm. At its end, her dainty fingers are filled with jewelry and an ornate

whisky glass holding a clear liquid. The way she sloshes it around suggests it's probably not water.

The abode is anything but humble. A balled crystal chandelier dangles precariously over your head, illuminating the white walls and milky marble floor like some sort of disco sanitarium. "Ostentatious" is how you'd describe it. Of course, "welcome to our ostentatious abode" doesn't have quite the same ring.

"SHELBY!"

Kaye's scream is so shrill and piercing she seems to irritate herself. "I'm sorry," she says, touching a hand to her chest. "My old cheerleader voice kicks-in now and again."

She would have been the perfect weapon for deafening the opposition...though you can appreciate the morale boost she likely provided the home team. With high cheekbones, ivory skin, full lips, and a pleasingly symmetrical figure, Kaye looks thirty-five at most. Her socialite wardrobe and a few gray hairs are the only clues to the forty-something truth.

"Thank you so much for doing this," she says.

When not bellowing, Kaye's voice is pleasing as well. Husky and slightly drawn, as you've come to expect from this "neck of the woods" (as the locals say), though you suspect in her case it may be the booze talking.

"I hope you didn't feel compelled to come because I'm head of the school board."

"No, it's my pleasure." In truth, that was one of the two reasons you came. The other was her daughter.

"SHELBY!!!"

Kaye sets her empty glass down on an end table and removes a set of keys from the drawer.

"I'm late for my Ladies Auxiliary," she says, opening the front door. "Go on upstairs. Shelby's room is at the end of the hall."

"Wait, you're leaving?"

"I'd just be in the way. I know you two have a lot of ground to cover."

"I don't know if I feel com—"

"Don't worry. I trust you." Kaye pauses in the doorway to look you up and down. "It's a good thing you're not tutoring me though."

After a drawn and unsettlingly precious "buh-bye" Kaye shuts the door, leaving you alone in the foyer. You stare out the window for a second, like a pet left home alone. You really don't feel comfortable poking around the house by yourself.

### **Drafting Stage Emails**

Silv shared her drafts of “Kaye 5” and “Kaye 6” at the same time, so the email discussion covers both at the time. Silv has a knack for fashion design. The details of style and color in Kaye’s outfit are an example of the additional creative flair Silv can bring to the process when given free rein.

Initial draft illustration from Silv:

Hello there, I hope you had a nice weekend,

Here are the previews for Kaye's pieces. I went for more of a professional outfit with a tight skirt hiding the shapewear. I noticed she was described with a dress a bit late in the sketching process, so I decided to just go with my idea.

Hopefully it works well for you. If not, I am simply going to keep those drawings for myself and redesign her from scratch ^^'

I will be waiting for your comments.

Silv





Riptoryx response to initial draft:

Silv,

Both Mav and I think you did an excellent job capturing Kaye's likeness with these. The detail in the outfit is great, and I bet it'll look even better in color! Please do proceed!

-riptoryx



## Kaye 6

### Commission Notes

#### Single-sentence summary:

Kaye, a shapely cougar mom, stripping out of her shapewear to reveal a flabbier-than-expected physique.

#### Additional notes and suggestions:

Here, Kaye would be partially (or largely) stripped out of the outfit shown in #5.

Mav also suggested that in this image Kaye probably ought to have her hair down.

#### Excerpted story text:

Kaye takes hold of your hand and leads you into the hall and past the study. Fortunately, Mr. Jackson is fast asleep in front of the largest television you've ever seen. His jackhammer snore makes it sound like they're performing maintenance at the stadium of whatever baseball game he's watching.

You hurry up the steps and through double-doors that lead to a master bedroom that's more like a ballroom. The second the doors shut, Kaye's on you, taking your face in her hands and mashing her lips against yours. They're soft and wet and taste of alcohol. She leads you by the face to the edge of the bed which, like everything else in the Godforsaken state, is far bigger than it needs to be, even considering Mr. Jackson's hulking physique.

Unfortunately, it's the consideration of Mr. Jackson's hulking physique that keeps you from enjoying the moment. Kaye slips her small hand down the front of your pants and rubs your manhood vigorously. She's determined to build a fire out of the soft wood, but it's no use. Your Willie's one-eye is too focused on the door. If Mr. Jackson burst in, he'd surely add a chicken and a cougar to his animal menagerie.

Just as you're preparing to apologize and excuse yourself, you notice how soft Kaye's thighs are. You slide your hand beneath her dress, but just above the hem it bumps against what feels like bicycle shorts. The way her flesh funnels from them like compressed cookie dough they must be at least two sizes too small.

"Please don't," Kaye says, pushing your hand back down her leg.

"Why not?" you reply.

"Because I don't want you to know how fat I am."

What do you do?

...

"Absolutely." Your fingers slide beneath Kaye's skintight undergarment, but beat a retreat as the blood is pinched from them. Fucking thing was harder to get into than Mr. Jackson's liquor cabinet.

"Would you like me to take that off?" She asks.

"Yes, ma'am."

Kaye stands and, after fiddling behind her back for a second, her dress falls to her feet. She steps from it, leaving her heels behind in the heap and nothing between you but her Spandex chastity belt.

Kaye squeezes her thumbs into the ridge of rubbery fabric beneath her pits and yanks downwards. Her Queen-sized pillows immediately pop from their twin-sized casings like biscuits from a can. No longer constrained, they swing to and fro, as if enjoying their freedom, before settling low on Kaye's torso.

Unfortunately, after giving up her Double Ds, the shapeware snaps tight beneath them. Each time Kaye makes progress on one side, the other creeps back up. You wonder how much time Kaye has wasted on the ritual during her lifetime.

You kneel before her and, after a quick kiss to each of her tits, grasp the sides of the garment and tug downwards, peeling it like a banana and slowly revealing the ripe Chiquita beneath. You feel like an architect unearthing a Hellenistic sculpture. It isn't pristine--there's age-related wear and even evidence of some shoddy and unnecessary restoration--but it's still a worthwhile discovery. One that never should have been buried in the first place.

Kaye trembles and shuts her eyes. She's clearly uncomfortable without heels and hosiery to hide behind; however, your warm and tender kiss of sensitive areas--the flare of her hips, the swell of her belly, the faded C-Section scar above her brown-haired pubic patch--eventually calms her nerves and opens her eyes.

In more ways than one.

Free from restriction, Kaye kneels down and kisses you. This time it feels different. It isn't perfunctory, fueled by a desire to help her daughter or cheat on her husband. This time it's fueled by desire for you. An instant later, the bed is forgotten and you're [[locked in an embrace on the floor]].

### **Drafting Stage Emails**

Silv shared her drafts of “Kaye 5” and “Kaye 6” at the same time, so the email discussion covers both at the time. Silv has a knack for fashion design. The details of style and color in Kaye’s outfit are an example of the additional creative flair Silv can bring to the process when given free rein.

Initial draft illustration from Silv:

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Silv



Riptoryx response to initial draft:

Silv,

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-riptoryx







## Shelby 7

### **Commission Notes**

#### Single-sentence summary:

Shelby abashedly yet defiantly revealing the 50+ pound damage of her weight gain this year, with shapewear briefs tugged down to let her disproportionately prominent potbelly pooch out.

#### Additional notes and suggestions:

Here we have a bit of a conundrum—two similar scenes with Shelby wearing different clothes depending on how the player gets to this part of the story. As reflected in the excerpts below, one version has Shelby in the sundress depicted in the “cover art,” while the other has her in a Harvard sweatshirt and PJ pants. See the gray highlighting.

I'm not sure it makes sense for us to commission essentially the same illustration twice. But I wonder, would it be possible for you to illustrate this one in a way that would make it relatively low(ish) effort to create a version in each outfit, hopefully with a slight savings for us on whichever is the “alternate” outfit version? If so, then we might want to commission the two versions of #7. If not, and we have to pick just one, then Mav would favor the sundress version because it complements the cover art. Mav and I are open to your input on this, of course.

#### Excerpted story text:

"Pffff, you don't have to pander to me professor."

You sit on the bed beside Shelby. "See, if you were stupid you wouldn't use a word like, 'pander.' When most people say 'pander' around here they're referring to bears from China.

Shelby smiles--the first genuine one since you arrived.

"And look at that!" You point to her reflection in the mirrored closet doors. "That's a million dollar smile if I've ever seen one."

Shelby's smile quickly fades as she views her reflection. "The smile is OK. It's the rest of me that's the problem."

You're not sure how big breasts and a bubble-butt on a perfect hourglass (maybe an hour-and-a-half-glass) could be a problem, but you indulge her anyway. "How so?"

"I'm getting fat."

Her statement is so matter-of-fact it takes you aback. The only thing quick to respond is your manhood.

"Thanks for not arguing." Shelby stands and huffs to the far corner of the room, away from you and her reflection.

"You're not f-fat!"

"Oh, yeah?" Shelby lifts her sundress. It's so abrupt you fail to protest, avert your eyes, or do anything remotely appropriate for the student/teacher dynamic. Frankly, you're not certain you'd have resisted had she warned you it was coming.

Beneath its colorful cotton contours, a Grandmotherly support garment runs from a few inches above the hem of her skirt to just above her waist. Drab and utilitarian, it starkly contrasts the dress' festive frivolity.

"Shelby, I don't want to see this."

"Nobody does, trust me."

Shelby bunches the skirt beneath her arms and slides the latex material down her sides. Pasty flesh pops from the constriction like canned dough, settling several inches beyond its banded border.

"Care to rethink your evaluation, professor?"

...

She's changed into an oversized Harvard University sweatshirt (an unlikely choice) and baggy blue pajama bottoms emblazoned with cartoon sheep. Her face is still made-up like she was expecting a date, but the rest of her looks designed to be as unattractive as possible.

It doesn't work. She's still hot as hell.

...

"Are you kidding?" Shelby glances around then lifts her sweatshirt.

You begin to protest, but are distracted by the flesh-colored contraption encircling her waist. The redhead bunches her sweatshirt beneath her boobs and pushes her fingers between the top of the grandmotherly garment and the base of her frilly Frederick's bra as if breaking up a sartorial scuffle between a matron and a maiden. Then, with a downwards tug, Shelby releases an avalanche of pasty belly flesh into her lap.

"I've put on 50 pounds this year!" Shelby whispers tersely as she pinches the jiggy flab.

Gobsmacked, your ape-like gape alternates between Shelby's quivering fat and her beautiful face as you try to rationalize how the prettiest girl in school has a potbelly like Mr. Reaves, the boxy middle-aged biology teacher.

"I know, right?" Shelby says, as if reading your mind.

Actually, she must not be reading your mind or she'd be more disturbed by your thoughts. The more she struggles for room, the more your manhood does too. You watch as Shelby maneuvers the miracle material over her Queen-sized stare as know like she's fitting a double

"You know who bought me this?" Shelby asks as she tucks her fat back into the constricting gadget. It may look old-fashioned, but it's clearly a marvel of modern science.

You manage a stupified shake of your head.

"My mother. I put on a couple pounds last summer and she gave it to me the day before school started. Said it would improve my posture sitting in class. Nice try mom. I didn't even wear it at first, but..." A look of remorse flashes across Shelby's face as she rubs her hand across her suddenly flat belly. "Now I wear it all the time. It's even starting to rip along the side."

"Good thing we didn't order the Chinese food."

"Maybe we still should?"

What you SHOULD do is get back to studying, but the image of Shelby's rolls springing out after too many spring rolls is hard to shake.

## **Drafting Stage Emails**

Here, Silv helped resolve a dilemma about illustrating two scenes depicting similar events but with different attire for Shelby. It was just one of many such quirks that arose in the context of crafting such a complexly variable interactive story.

There were some minor tweaks to the image during the drafting stage aimed at trying to make Shelby's shape a bit less overall plump (versus surprisingly potbellied once popped free from her control garment). In the end, though, the changes wound up being quite subtle.

### Feedback from Silv re: Commission Notes:

About the alternate version for #7, replacing a dress and shapewear for a sweater and pajama pants is essentially a complete redraw. I could only scavenge the head on that kind of outfit change ^^' So no real discount there. However, I wouldn't be opposed to do the sundress, fully colored, for the estimated price. I really want to color that belly :P The pose fee can be ignored if we go all in on this one. Also, I would probably want to use that picture as the teaser on my DA.

### Riptoryx response:

OK, let's go with that: just the sundress version, in color!

Initial draft illustration from Silv:



Riptoryx feedback re: initial draft:

Hi Silv.

Mav and I think these look great.

It's nitpicky on my part, but if I was going to tweak anything it'd probably be to make Shelby's thighs a smidge thinner in the shapewear image--maybe the partially occluded one in the background in particular. I think that might help the belly stand out a bit more by comparison. The contrast between her markedly tubby exposed potbelly in comparison to the chubbier-but-generally-well-managed weight gain is a key part of that scene.

-riptoryx

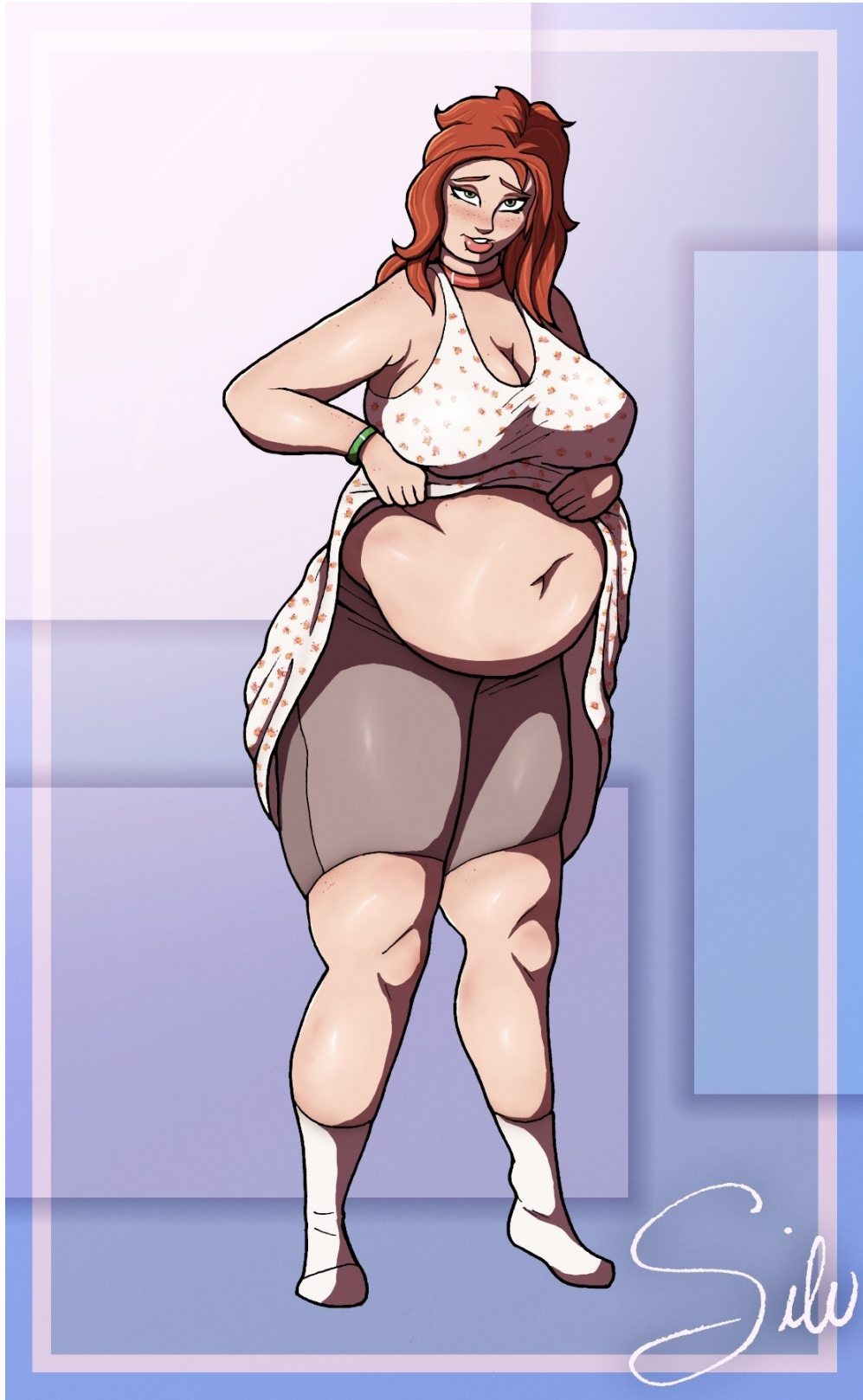
Silv response:

Gotcha ^^

I will adjust the thighs this weekend before coloring and shading!  
Thanks for the feedback!

Silv

Second draft illustration from Silv:



Riptoryx feedback re: second draft:

Hey Silv!

These look great! For Shelby7, would it be possible for you to send us a version without the background? Mav has some concerns it might clash with the surrounding overlays when set into the game. ;)

-riptoryx

Silv response:

Awesome ^^

Here is a version of Sheby7 with a more minimalist background, and a transparent PNG version in case the simpler BG isn't good enough for your needs. Was the problem due to the square-shapes?

Silv







Silu

## Shelby 8

### **Commission Notes**

#### Single-sentence summary:

Shelby sensually devouring hand-fed donuts in the midst of the tutoring session.

#### Additional notes and suggestions:

With this image, we're thinking of trying something a bit unusual. Rather than an image showing Shelby's full body, what we have in mind is something akin to a POV image from the player's perspective. It would show a close-up on Shelby's face as she eats a donut held in the player's hand. The hand holding the donut could be positioned in the foreground as if being fed by the player through the screen. Perhaps it could have a bite taken out of it and Shelby could be savoring it (licking her lips?) or wide-eyed in anticipation of the next one.

There are at least two reasons for going with this atypical type of image: one, just for variety since we've got quite a few other images of Shelby already; two, there are multiple versions of this scene in the game, with variations in what Shelby is wearing depending on earlier choices. Having an illustration that omits her attire avoids continuity problems (and the need to double up on otherwise similar illustrations). ;)

#### Excerpted story text:

You rip the seal and lift the lid, revealing the heavily processed rings of starchy goodness. Shelby sits beside you on the bed, tucking her hands beneath her butt as if to prevent some innate and involuntary defense her body might mount against the caloric assault.

Removing a donut, you wiggle it like a fishing lure and swim it towards Shelby. She licks her lips and opens her mouth...but you retreat the treat just as her jaws close. Shelby chomps after it like Pac-Man, catching both the ring and your finger in the process.

"Ow!"

"Sorry," Shelby giggles.

The first donut quickly disappears in a flurry of bites and chomps. You repeat the process with the second...and a third...and a fourth.

With each one, Shelby's Pac-Man pursuit gets slower, as if the doughy "Power Pellets" were stealing her energy instead of giving it. You always thought the classic arcade game would have been more interesting had Pac-Man moved slower the more he ate, or grew bigger with each pellet until he was too fat to navigate certain corridors. Maybe that was an early indication of your preferences?

One thing's for sure, the real-life game is much more fun. Teasing Shelby with your fat pills is much more entertaining than maneuvering the mechanical mastications of a yellow ball. As is the knowledge that she //IS// growing fatter with each one, and that if she keeps eating this way she really won't be able to squeeze down the hall.

In less than five minutes, half the box and 1,500 calories are gone.

For the second half of the box, you change tactics. The predator becomes the prey. No longer willing to race after the rings, you race them after her...and she's easy to catch.

"C'mon."

"Open wide!"

"Just one more."

"This one's lonely."

"Don't make me keep you after class, young lady!"

You immediately regret that last one, as the realization of what you're doing strikes you like a slap to the face. You're not a young man exploring the sensuality of feederism with his consensual date. You're a teacher taking advantage of a student in their bedroom.

The realization hits Shelby hard, too. Only she doesn't seem to mind. "Have I been a bad girl?" She asks, biting her bottom lip.

## **Drafting Stage Emails**

This illustration was an oddball. Silv seemed intrigued by the challenge. There weren't any revisions during the drafting stage but Silv provided some commentary about how she approached the task.

### Feedback from Silv re: Commission Notes:

Hello Riptorix,

All illustrations are feasible. I am particularly eager to try that POV picture, it will be an interesting challenge to focus more on Shelby's cute face and the player's hand. I will try to show some cleavage and shoulders maybe, but keep her body off-screen to make it impossible to know what she is wearing, or if she is wearing anything ;)

Waiting for your reply,

Silv

### Riptoryx response:

For the POV image (#8), while I'm generally all about including some cleavage, I have some concerns that it might conflict with the story text. I haven't seen all the details, but I think one variation of the scene has Shelby wearing a decidedly non-revealing sweatshirt or hoodie. Accommodating that sartorial variation is a big reason for limiting this illustration to a headshot. If you see a way to include some suggestion of shoulders, etc. without stoking continuity confusion I guess I'm game for it.

-riptoryx

Initial draft illustration from Silv:

Hello there,

Here is the linework sample for the last part of the commission. I will wait for your comments before moving on this last piece ^^

Silv



Riptoryx feedback re: initial draft:

Hi, Silv.

Mav and I think the linework for the donut snarfing image looks good. Please do carry on with that one!



## Final Proof

Hey Riptoryx!

Speaking of finishing. Here are the corrected Burger World drawings, and the Shelby feeding close up.

I went for a more stylized approach to hide her clothes without cropping too much, just fading the colors as it goes down her neckline. I like the finished result and I feel it doesn't clash too much with the style of the other pieces.

Silv



## Shelby 9

### **Commission Notes**

#### Single-sentence summary:

Shelby several years later, appearing on TV as a sharp, savvy, and somewhat plump meteorologist.

#### Additional notes and suggestions:

Here Shelby is a professional meteorologist for a local news channel, with all the various props and accouterments. That probably means including a recognizably detailed with a weather map or some such.

Weight-wise, Shelby is a little slimmer here than she was as a high school senior (i.e., most of the story). However, Mav tells me that further on in the scene, we learn that's partly attributable to that by now well-accustomed reliance on shapewear :)

#### Excerpted story text:

*"That's it for sports. Now for the weather let's go to Shelby Jackson."*

*"Thanks, Pete--"*

You throw open the shower door and rush to the TV.

*"We have a cold front moving through later this afternoon..."*

It's her! She looks a bit different though. Older. Wiser. Maybe it's her wardrobe.

*"...expect rain and even some localized flooding."*

*Shit!* You're experiencing some localized flooding of your own. You scurry back to the bathroom for a towel.

*"I'll keep you abreast of conditions as they develop, but for now, back to you, Pete!"*

*"Thanks, Shelby. We'll take another good look at the weather here in a few minutes, but now in other news--"*



You quickly dry and dress and are back in front of the TV in time for the next forecast. It's Must-See TV. The juxtaposition of Shelby against the weather map makes for a compelling collision of curves, with Shelby's own frontal boundary threatening to bounce the incoming one back up into Canada.

While Shelby's figure is predictably impressive, you're even more struck by how polished she is. It's not her tailored wardrobe or trendy new hairstyle that makes her seem smart and professional. She's doing it all on her own.

## **Drafting Stage Emails**

For this one, pinning down Shelby's style as a posh television meteorologist required some back-and-forth exchanges—particularly regarding Shelby's hair.

### Feedback from Silv re: Commission Notes:

Hello Riptorix,

About Shelby meteorologist drawing, do you think her figure could be similar to her mother's? (with the shapewear one).

Waiting for your reply,

Silv

### Riptorix response:

For image #9, a figure similar to Kaye's probably makes sense, yeah. I imagine Shelby's attire would be a bit "jazzier" than what Kaye was wearing, particularly in color. Based on the text Mav provided, I suspect a bit of a 3/4 profile view might be warranted--to match the "collision of curves" between Shelby's physique and the weather map superimposed behind her.

-riptorix

Initial draft illustration from Silv:



Riptoryx feedback re: initial draft:

Mav and I like pretty much everything about this one (and we presume the weather map details will come in as part of the final version), but we did notice that Shelby's hairstyle here seems to be pretty much the same as in earlier images--versus the "trendy new hairstyle" referenced in the pertinent text. Would it be possible to tweak that detail? Mav and I were thinking maybe a straightened bob cut would work. I've attached a couple reference photos as possible examples. I'm rather partial to the asymmetrical cut as something that would fit the "trendy" and "new" description, while I think Mav leans a bit more towards the symmetrical equivalent. I'll leave it to you to decide what exactly what aligns best with your interpretation of Shelby. ;)

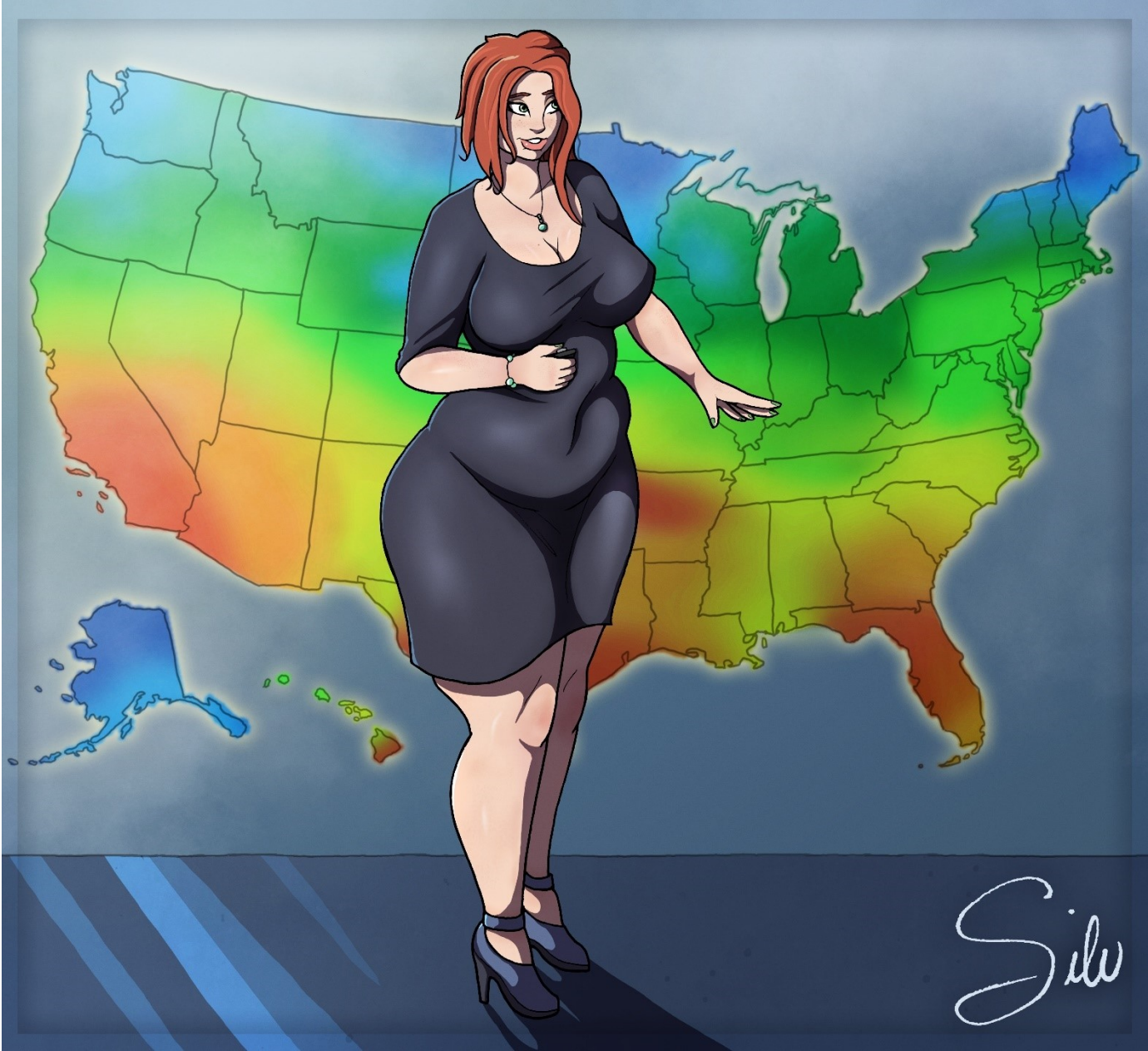


Silv response:

Hi!

About weather gal Shelby, I completely missed that text line about the hairstyle. I will fix it before coloring! That's an easy change to do, and that's on me.

Silv



## Promotional Poster

As a related footnote, here is a “poster” Riptoryx created for some announcements about “One Night Adventure: The Tutor” on DeviantArt and other platforms. It combines [MonoManiac's](#) cover art for the game and several of Silv's in-game illustrations into a single, stylized image. The vision here was to lean into the scholastic setting and themes of the story. To that end, a cropped version Mono's version of Shelby appears in the foreground, while a classroom chalkboard behind her features a selection of Silv's line art reworked in negative transparency to look like chalk-sketched doodles. The combination of Shelby's pensive pose and the faintly-sketched, semi-erased images behind her allude to the as-yet unsettled possibilities of the many player-driven choices in the game.



# ONE NIGHT ADVENTURE: THE TUTOR

## A Text-Based Weight Gain Adventure Game

Story & Game Design: Maverick  
[deviantart.com/maverickthewriter](https://deviantart.com/maverickthewriter)

Illustrations: MonoManiac (cover)  
[deviantart.com/monomaniacart](https://deviantart.com/monomaniacart)

SilverPathfinder (interior)  
[deviantart.com/silverpathfinder](https://deviantart.com/silverpathfinder)

Testing, etc.: Riptoryx  
[deviantart.com/riptoryx](https://deviantart.com/riptoryx)

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