Senior Year was going to be *the* year for Sam—after all, how many times do you turn eighteen during your last year of high school?

Fully grown and developed early, puberty had hit her like a ton of bricks. A short, stylish mane of fiery red locks with every outfit carefully chosen to appear smart and stylish (while making it obvious that she was more approachably wealthy than the upper-middle-class families that populated her neighborhood) it was as if nothing before this moment mattered in the long life that had led up to it.

The only thing that mattered now was making the most out of the time that she had left before she went off to college. And that meant doing everything that she’d ever wanted to do in high school, but had been held back silly things like worrying about what other people thought of her, or if she wasn’t pretty enough.

But there was no reason to worry, now! Slim, perky, with ample C-cup breasts that nestled just a bit too tightly in her bra to be really comfortable and a *beautiful* face, Sam felt like she was ready to take on the world!

“Ugh—move it.”

Sam’s internal monologue was interrupted, as she was sent tumbling into the trash cans.

“Loser.”

Sam knew that she could take on the world from this late, all-important age of eighteen. And she’d be happy to do it, just as long as she got to start with Jen Laurieson—the head cheerleader who had made her life a living hell at every opportunity.

Starting with showing her up at cheer practice their very first day of Freshman year, Jen had managed to score *captain* of the cheer squad just from tryouts alone! Not only that, she’d held onto that position for a highly improbable four years, and used every opportunity to wield the immense power that her position in the social hierarchy of high school gave her.

Ooh, how Sam had hated her. From the moment they met, she had known they would be enemies for the rest of their tenure together in this prison called high school. Even while secretly envying her arch-nemesis for her beautiful good looks and ability to command the general populace from way up there on her high horse.

It was just because she was blonde. And had big boobs. Just as Sam had shot up like a rocket over the Summer and filled out into a mature beautiful woman, Jen was similarly blessed by the puberty fairy. A trim waist, pretty face, and long luscious hair that cascaded as if in slow motion with every passing glance. Her nose slightly upturned, like a little pig’s snout, helped to point out just how high she kept it raised over everybody.

But this was the year that Sam was going to get her arch-nemesis back. This was the year that she was going to make Jen pay for being such a bitch to everyone, and making her feel like crap for the way that she dressed, or for not being as pretty, or any other highly relatable teenaged problem.

This was the year that Sam was going to make Jen fat.

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There were a lot of ways to do it—Sam had spent an obsessive amount of time researching these methods online from trained professionals. Reading stories, articles, and devouring webpages from Geocities that were all focused on making people fat.

“Hey Jen!”

Thinking nothing of the fact that this geek Sam was approaching her—like she thought nothing of any of the other folks that she felt were beneath her—Jen simply lowered her sunglasses. They were inside. It wasn’t like she needed them anyway.

“What do *you* want?”

“I was just reading about these energy bars that you could add to your cheerleading routine!” Sam, having practiced this moment for the better part of last night in her bedroom mirror, expertly held out one of the aforementioned, readily available over-the-counter protein bars, “They’d do a lot of good for your after-practice crashes.”

“As *if*.” Jen rolled her eyes, “Like, I’m the *cheer captain*—I don’t *sweat*.”

Drat. A flaw in her otherwise perfect plan.

“They… have chocolate?”

Aha, a moment’s hesitation. Sam had done so much recon on Jen, how could she have not thought to start with that? What was all that time spent rooting through her garbage for if not for this *exact* moment?

“Okay.” Jen sniffed proudly, throwing a lock of blonde hair over her shoulder, “I’ll think about it.”

And from that moment, the seeds of her plan were beginning to come to fruition…

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“Ugh… *why* isn’t she getting *fatter*?”

Of the many adolescents attending Avery High School, Jane was one of the few who had the time, energy, and patience to put up with Sam’s bullshit these days. It wasn’t that she had been unpopular before, it was just more that Sam had gone away to her aunt’s for Summer vacation, and then she came back… *like this*, and now most people couldn’t help but look at her cock-eyed.

“It’s been *two weeks*, Jane—how come Jen isn’t Jumbo-Sized by now?”

For starters, Sam had shot up about six inches and gained two cup sizes. She’d lost all the baby fat in her cheeks, not to mention more than a few of her freckles. There was a *passing* resemblance to the awkward girl that she’d grown up with, but you could be mistaken for thinking that this was a whole-ass woman sitting next to her in the lunch room.

“Uh… I don’t know?” Jane furrowed her brow in confusion, “Maybe because she isn’t eating them for every meal?”

“She must not be.”

Sam huffed loudly.

“I’ll have to try and convince her that they’re a dietary substitute or something.”

“Wouldn’t that… cause her to *lose* weight?”

“Ugh, you’re *so* right…”

Sam crossed her arms underneath her womanly chest in an exaggerated pout.

“There’s only a few more months of school left—I’m never going to be popular if that slut’s all anyone can look at!”

“Is that… why we started this?” Jane glanced around uncomfortably, “I thought—”

“You’re a genius, Jane!” Sam clapped her hands together excitedly, “I just have to make her think differently! About everything!”

“…I don’t follow.”

“Food! I’ve just got to get Jen to think about food differently!”

And with that, Sam stood up from her seat at the table, hurried out of the cafeteria with an idea in her head, and left Jane alone amongst a sea of the other teenagers.

“…lunch isn’t over, though?”

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Sam had spent plenty of nights outside of Jen’s window—especially lately.

She could see into her bedroom from where she was on the front lawn, hiding in the bushes. After two weeks of giving that slut a taste of her own medicine and deftly tricking her into thinking that the weight gain bars that she’d given her were actually *protein* bars, she’d been watching her tummy like a hawk in hopes of watching it expand.

So far so good, she looked like she’d gained exactly ten, maybe fifteen pounds. There was a slight softness to Jen that she could see even from the lower story.

After waiting outside for a few hours, Sam was relieved when Jen finally went to sleep—it was a school night, after all!

Climbing up to her mortal enemy’s bedroom window, she entered the room as quietly as she could. She didn’t make a sound as she tiptoed over to Jen’s sleeping shape. Her loud snoring made Sam sure that she was as fast asleep as a girl could get.

Reaching into her pocket, Sam pulled out a cassette tape that she had recorded subliminal messages on. She had written them as soon as Jane had given her the idea, and practiced them all that night before coming over—her voice was going to be sore tomorrow, but it was going to be worth it if she could get Jen’s gain train on the fast lane!

Tippy-toeing back over to the dresser, where Jen kept her tape player, she slipped the cassette into the dock and quietly pressed PLAY. The hum of the machine wasn’t enough to wake up everyone’s favorite cheerleading captain for sure, and the subliminal messages that she’d recorded were so quiet that Jen would never be able to hear them!

*Get fat. Exercise is dumb. Eat cookies, cakes, and pie. Go to McDonalds for every meal—*all helpful advice for the big fat life that Jen was going to be living!

Placing a hand on her sleeping rival’s stomach, Sam rubbed in a slow, concentric circle before leaving just as quickly and quietly as she came…

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A full month into the plot, and Sam’s single-minded obsession with seeing Jen gain weight was starting to pay off.

At least, if you believed Sam. But she’d been saying pretty much the exact same things on repeat for the past few weeks.

Jen *had* put on weight, that much was obvious to those who looked. She was getting a little puffier in the face, mostly, but Sam had been kind enough to point out to Jane (and really, anyone else who would listen) that she was starting to get a little belly on her.

“Oh my gosh, Jane, *it’s happening*!”

Sam squealed excitedly.

“She’s totally turning into a big fat tub of lard!”

Personally, Jane couldn’t see just where her friend was getting all of *that* from. The weight that Jen had put on was noticeable, but not nearly as rotund as the self-appointed architect of her demise was making her out to be. To anyone else, it would have seemed like what it was—a little winter weight, now that October was just around the corner.

But to Sam, it meant everything.

“I guess you really showed her…” Jane lead warily, venturing a small punch across her best friend’s arm, “I guess we can stop all this now… right?”

“Wrong!”

Sam scoffed in disbelief, whipping around in surprise.

“It’s just beginning, Jane! Have you forgotten what a bitch Jen was to you all these years? Have you forgotten how much she’s humiliated and embarrassed the two of us, just for trying to be ourselves?”

“I mean… she’s never really been all that mean to me. You know, personally.” Jane thought for a moment, “If she’s been… you know… making you feel like you should be ashamed about who you are for all this time, then—”

“Well she has! So you’re either with me or against me!”

There was a certain steeliness in Sam’s big green eyes. Her fiery red eyebrows furrowed sternly. Her hands were placed defiantly on her hips as she towered over Jane by at least half of a head.

“Sam, you know that I’ll always have your back.” Jane said calmly, “But don’t you think you’ve been actin—”

“*There’s* the best friend that I met all those years ago!”

Sam hugged the shorter girl dramatically, whipping her around in a flurry of an embrace.

“With the two of us working together, there’s nothing that we can’t do to end Jen Laurieson’s rule of tyranny over this school!”

“I don’t know if I’d call it *tyranny*, but I guess she *has* been acting kind of weird lately too.” Jane shrugged, “Almost like—”

“That’s *it*, Jane!”

Sam’s expression brightened to that of a million suns.

“Call! I need to make a phone call—I know just the thing that will help us take Jen’s growth up a notch!”

The eighteen-year-old Senior threw her right hand into her purse, whipped out her cell phone, and started dialing. Right there, in the middle of the main atrium of the school.

“Are you fucking nuts, Sam?” Jane pushed her friend’s hand down, “If a teacher sees you with that, they’ll—”

Jane did a double take. She couldn’t help it.

“Sam… is this a flip phone?”