

“The Party”
(A *One Night Adventure Tale*)
By Maverick

The rumors were true--Jenny Petersen was getting fat!

You had heard whispers in the high school hallways for a few weeks, but figured it was just idle chatter from jilted jocks and gossipy girls. Of course, that didn't keep you from trying to spot Jenny at school, but all you could find were photos of her on posters for the “*Stop Underage Drinking*” campaign she had spearheaded at the beginning of the year. She looked the same as always in those: gorgeous.

Blessed with full pouty lips, crystal clear blue eyes, high cheekbones, and silky blond hair waving its way down to the middle of her back, Jenny was a stunner. Your favorite facial features were her dimples, both chin and cheek. They softened her pearly-white smile and projected a warmth that kept her from being too intimidating.

Of course, the campaign posters didn't show her body. Now THAT was intimidating! Jenny's figure was flawless--and not flawless in the underfed fashion model sense--flawless in the horny anime artist sense.

With a bodacious body bordering on cartoonish, you'd be forgiven for expecting her mind might be sketchy. But it wasn't, and your futile efforts to glimpse her gain were evidence to that fact. Let's face it--you didn't exactly run in the same academic circles as Ms. Advanced Placement. She attended classes in wings of the school you've never even visited.

And you certainly didn't run in the same social circles. You attended the party that night as a favor to your mom, who was a friend of the mother of the popular kid who invited you as a favor to his. Nevertheless, here you are and there she is.

You almost didn't recognize her.

First of all, she was alone. On the rare occasions you did see Jenny in the halls, a gaggle of girls always trailed behind her like paparazzi around a starlet, complete with the fake shutter clicks of smart phone cameras as they posed for duck-lipped selfies. Yet here she is, standing by herself near a table overflowing with snacks.

Secondly, she had indeed packed on some serious pounds. You'd figured the rumors were typical high school hyperbole (“Never let the truth get in the way of a good story,” your grandma used to say), but Jenny's gain was obvious--maybe more so to you since you hadn't seen her in weeks.

She was dressed demurely in a jean skirt and sleeveless white button-down blouse. At least, it would have been demure a few months ago. The blouse was untucked, but its tail in front barely extended below her waistband, while the longer tail in back bunched up

above the significant slope of Jenny's well-padded posterior. Along the sides, where the blouse rounded higher, a tantalizing glimpse of muffining flesh could be found.

Every few seconds, Jenny would either tug down the hem of her blouse, or pull up the waistband of her skirt. The latter seemed to be more effective; as her sweater stretchers had swelled to the point little slack was available up top. Jenny wasn't one to show off her sizable assets. If anything, she tried to downplay them. Still, undoing at least one more button might've been prudent. It would have given her puppies more breathing room and reduced the puckered gaps between the buttons containing them. It also might have distracted partygoers—at least the guys in the crowd—from her sizable gain.

She still looked good, however, and if it weren't for her self-consciousness and her woebegone wardrobe she'd probably still look great. Despite Jenny's athleticism (she was head cheerleader and played on the varsity volleyball team), she'd always had full breasts and womanly hips. And unlike "skinny fat" girls—victims of the phenomenon where flab looks out of place on an otherwise lithe frame—Jenny's hourglass figure seemed to welcome the pounds like a liberating army, with the legions of lard dispersed uniformly across the buxom beauty. It might not be Jenny's destiny to be fat, but her body was clearly open to suggestions.

You ordinarily wouldn't have the nerve to talk to a girl of Jenny's stature and beauty, but her sudden vulnerability, coupled with the liquid courage flowing inside you, had you considering saying hello. You weren't a complete stranger to her, after all. Back in fifth grade you were classmates and even lunch buddies for awhile, sharing a table and playing four-square during recess with mutual friends. Of course, this was before puberty blossomed her out of your league.

Taking a swig of beer, you ogle the sag of her flesh-filled funbags and the gentle ridge of soft flesh poking over the waistband of her rivet-tight jean skirt and feel your own jeans begin to tighten. Perhaps she was over-ripening back to attainability?

Chugging the remainder of your drink, you sidle up beside the cheerleading captain. You try to think of something clever to say, but all that comes out is "Hey, Jenny!"

"Hey!" she shouts back. Even with the crowd noise and blaring music it's louder than necessary. Her cheeks dimple gently as she smiles. She looks genuinely pleased (or perhaps relieved) to see you.

"Can I get you a beer?"

Jenny's face loses its luster. "I don't drink."

You want to kick yourself. How did you forget about those underage drinking posters with her beautiful face plastered all over school? At least you polished off your own beer before you ambled over.

Clearing your throat, you raise a lone index finger toward the ceiling. "If you must imbibe, stay inside!" you say, parroting the posters' slogan.

Jenny smiles again. "Catchy, huh?"

"Did you write that?"

"I did."

You nod approvingly. It didn't exactly rhyme, but you decide against mentioning it, especially since it appears you've righted the ship. "So, you've never had anything to drink?"

"I did...once," Jenny says. "It wasn't pleasant. I hated feeling like I wasn't in control. And you can't always trust people you think you can...especially if they've been drinking too."

There's definitely more to her story. Jenny sighs heavily before continuing.

"That's the main reason I come to these parties. Somebody needs to stay level-headed." Jenny shakes her head. "Usually there's not enough room in my car for all the knuckleheads."

"You're a good person for doing that."

"Thanks. I just wish somebody would lookout for me."

Her blue eyes moisten, but she doesn't cry. The brave face she presents belies real pain. You're not exactly sure how deep you should probe—you hardly know her after all—but trying to switch back to casual conversation now seems silly.

"My grandma used to say what doesn't kill us makes us stronger."

Jenny's face tightens. "Well...That remains to be seen."

You're not exactly sure how to take that. Jenny senses your confusion and lets you off the hook.

"Enough about all that," she says with a dismissive wave of her hand. Her face brightens and she goes back into prom queen mode. "It's a beautiful night and we've got all this delicious looking food to sample!"

"Where should we start?" you ask.

The blonde bombshell ogles the treats on the table before pointing to a platter of moist looking brownies. "What about those?"

You grab a large one off the stack and offer it to her.

She shakes her head. "You first."

"Mmmmm," you say, taking a large bite of the gooey treat. You immediately cover your mouth with your free hand, keenly aware that you're having a conversation with the most beautiful girl in school while eating the messiest food imaginable.

Jenny laughs and hands you a napkin.

"Thank you." You wipe the corners of your mouth and clean your teeth with your tongue. Hoping that a blob of chocolate isn't lodged between them, you smile and jiggle the brownie like it's a fishing lure. "Your turn."

Jenny hesitates, then maneuvers her mouth around the fattening treat. Her moist lips linger against your chocolate-stained fingers. "Mmmmm."

You could fall for this girl.

For the next ten minutes, you sample nearly everything on the table—cheese logs, lemon squares, guacamole, peanut butter cookies—only the celery and carrots, which both of you wrinkle your nose at, go untouched.

In between bites, you talk like old pals even though you haven't said more than a casual "hey" to one another in five years. You reminisce about grade school and chat about former friends. And you're pleasantly surprised to find Jenny knows more about you than you ever would have expected. You may only be a blip on her radar, but at least you're on the screen.

The conversation is so effortless you don't notice how conspicuous you've become. Not because you and Jenny are making pigs of yourselves at the snack table—though certainly people have noticed that—but because of the attention you're giving one another. Out of the corner of your eye, you spy a trio of Jenny's gal pals gossiping. Elsewhere, Jenny's longtime beau and captain of the football team, Tad Fifer, stink-eyes you from the base of the stairs. You suspect it's only a matter of time before some fringe element negatively impacts your boner and your chances with Jenny.

"I wish we could go someplace quieter," you say.

"I have an idea," Jenny says. "Grab the brownies and follow me."

As you grab the platter, Jenny grabs your hand and winds you through the crowd. All eyes are upon you as the class beauty, standing taller than you in her pumps, guides you, Mr. Nobody, past Tad Fifer, a gaggle of gawking girls, and a pack of preening preppers.

You try not to pay attention to their reactions, but you sense conversations are stopping and mouths are dropping as you trail Jenny up the stairs.

Jenny opens the first door you come to. Normally that would be a dangerous proposition at a party like this, but the night is still young and the room is empty. She plops on a large bed in the center of the room and beckons for you to join her. You comply, trying not to stare at the virgin flesh spilling over her waistband or the surge of cleavage pushing up from her overtaxed top as you sit beside her. The brownie platter in your lap hides other evidence of your affection.

"Feed me," Jenny whispers, leaning close enough that your knees touch. Then she opens her mouth and tilts her head back like a baby bird.

Obliging, you drop in a bit of brownie. A second follows. Then a third. A fourth misses its mark and falls into her lap. You retrieve it instinctively, not thinking about how close your hand is to her crotch. "Oops! Sorry."

"You better be!" Jenny grabs your hand and guides it to her lips. "That's mine!" She gobbles the bite from between your thumb and forefinger and then kisses away the goeey residue staining each of them.

Bite after bite, the crest of Jenny's belly swells beneath her breasts like a full moon rising behind mountains. It becomes a game to see how far you can get it to stick-out before Jenny's appetite or the brownie supply dries.

With only one remaining, the pale dome of Jenny's stomach extends several inches beyond her Double Ds; however, her breaths have shortened and her facial expression has transitioned from ecstasy to agony. As you lower the final brownie towards her mouth like a crane, she turns her head away. "I'm done."

"But you're so close to finishing," you say, wagging the sole survivor before her chocolate-stained face. "And this one is wafer thin."

The blimping blonde's hands disappear beneath the crest of her belly. It jiggles for a second, then lurches into her lap as her skirt springs open. The avalanching paunch buries the unzipped denim beneath its protuberance until only the tips of her fly are visible. They look like pointy blue ears on a pale bald head.

"OK." Jenny lolls her head back, closes her eyes, and opens her mouth wide. "Let's do this."

You aim the brownie like a bombardier--then drop the entire thing into her gaping maw.

"Hmmpggh!" Jenny sits up and covers her mouth with her hand. She shoots you a dirty look, but any dirty words that might follow are swallowed along with hundreds of calories.

Mission accomplished, Jenny falls back onto the bed. Her breathing is shallow, constricted by the bowling ball like mass in her stomach. "Oh my god," she says, lifting her head off the mattress and causing a delicate double-chin beneath her jaw line. "My belly sticks up past my boobs!"

You lay beside her. Between the bloated babe's labored breathing and the pregnant swell of her stomach you feel like you're in a Lamaze class.

Maybe someday.

With liquid courage still coursing through your veins, you plant your thin dry lips against Jenny's moist plump ones. The kiss starts tentatively, but transitions from PG to PG-13 as she parts her lips and your tongue slides in for a taste-test. It's an appropriately full-bodied flavor with a bouquet of strawberry lip gloss and a nice chocolatey aftertaste. Four stars!

Although you make-out passionately, whenever you fondle Jenny's newfound flab—the folds bunched by her bra, the creases beneath her shoulder blades, or the meat of her inner thighs—she goes rigid. It's clear she isn't keen on the adipose armies invading her lush landscape, or your saluting of them.

"What's wrong?" you ask.

Jenny sits up and studies your face. "Do you really want to know?"

No, what you really want is to push her back on the bed and ravage her, but you're pretty sure now's not the time. You like her. You don't want to be a dick. You suspect she's had to deal with her share.

"Of course."

Jenny swallows hard. "About four months ago, right at the start of the year, I went to a Senior kick-off party with Tad."

You nod. You have a sinking suspicion where this is going.

"There wasn't supposed to be alcohol there, so I wasn't even thinking about it. Anyway, Tad kept bringing me this punch. It was really good and I kept asking for more. Anyway, I must've had three or four cups. Then all of a sudden it hit me. I felt flush and light-headed...but good. Really, really good. It hit me so fast I didn't even have time to get mad. I knew what had happened, but I felt so carefree and loose I didn't stop. Next thing I know, I'm waking up in my bed the next morning in the same clothes I had on. At first, I was grateful that Tad got me home safely, but then I noticed the clasps of my bra were done up wrong and...well...there were other clues."

You squirm a bit. Why is she telling you all this? You're not exactly close.

Maybe you just answered your own question.

"I confronted Tad the next day and he swears nothing happened. It's not like I have much recourse even if it did. Anyway, I felt ashamed...violated...stupid. I had just posted those underage drinking posters the day before. I felt like a hypocrite."

Jenny lets out a dry chuckle.

"Now I just feel like a hippo."

"There are two things I'm certain of," you say, sitting up and placing your hand atop hers. "You're no hippo and Tad's an asshole."

Jenny gives you a somber smile. "Y'know, it's weird. I'm not really mad at Tad. I know I should be. I'm madder at myself. I've just been avoiding him."

"My grandma would say that's avoiding the problem."

"Do you always blame your grandmother when you say something that will piss people off?"

"No, just giving credit where credit is due. Personally, I'd say let's forget about Tad and get more brownies."

Jenny laughs and wraps her arms around you. She pulls you against her warm and yielding bosom and kisses your cheek with an audible '*Muah.*' "Thank you," she says. "We'd probably better get back to the party before people start to talk."

You'd be fine with people talking, but you dutifully stand and offer her your hand. She declines it.

"Why don't you go ahead?" she says. "I want to compose myself for a second. I think Tad and I are going to have a little chat."

You nod, then exit the room and head down the stairwell, brushing past another couple on their way up. As you reach the bottom step, you find the party has doubled in size.

You also find Tad Fifer waiting for you. Even though you're a step above him, his eyes are even with yours.

"What'd you do with Jenny, dork?"

Your face bunches into a tight smile. "Well, I didn't rape her, that's for sure."

Tad's eyes bulge and his face turns crimson. "Is that what that bitch told you!?" Then he shoves you against the railing and storms past you up the stairs. You grab his arm to stop his ascent. It works, but only for a second. Then he rips his arm free, turns around, and punches you right in the face.

The last thing you remember is your head smashing through the drywall at the base of the stairs.

"You awake, sweetie?"

You open your eyes and are greeted by an angelic face haloed in brilliant light. For a second, you wonder if you're dead...but then you hear the whirl of medical equipment and realize the ethereal light is merely hospital white. Beside you is Jenny, still dressed in her party attire.

"You look like an angel" you say, the daze from your injury affecting your natural tendency to self-sensor.

"Must be that bump on your noggin," Jenny says, wryly.

"Is it bad?" You touch the side of your head. It's tender and there's a bandage wrapped around it.

"Just a concussion. The doctor didn't want to tell me since I'm not *'family'*." Jenny makes air quotes with her fingers. "But I was able to pry it out of him."

"Oh, yeah," you say, smiling. "How'd you do that?"

She leans in closer. "Maybe I'll show you when you get out of here."

"Can you show me now while Tad's not around?"

Jenny's back straightens. "You don't have to worry about Tad."

"How do you mean?"

"Let's just say some serious skeletons spilled from his closet tonight."

You nod your head. It hurts. "I wish I could've seen that."

"Well, it wouldn't have happened without you." Jenny leans to kiss you just as your parents walk in. She quickly diverts her lips to your forehead and pecks your bandage. "Next time," she whispers.

"See you Monday?" you ask, as she sashays towards the door.

"You better!" Jenny blows you a kiss, smiles at your folks, and exits into the hall.

Your dad makes a 'wow' face behind your mom's back. "Who was that, son?"

"That was Jenny Petersen." You put your hands behind your bandaged head and smile.
"You're going to be seeing a lot more of her."

THE END

Epilogue

Once you're released from the hospital, Jenny plays coy for a few days. On Monday, you pace past her locker like a duck in a shooting gallery until she acknowledges your presence with a laugh and a wave. On Tuesday, she parades coquettishly past yours while her entourage looks as if they took a wrong turn into a bad neighborhood.

Before your flirtations become fodder for everyone from Freshman to faculty, however, you figure you'd better make your move.

The following morning you find Jenny at her locker. She's dressed casually in blue jeans and a baggy purple sweater, wears little make-up, and her hair is pinned into a single pigtail.

If anything, she looks even prettier than she did at the party.

"Hi."

"Oh...Hi!" She's so surprised to see you she almost drops her books.

"Can I buy you lunch today?"

"Sorry." Jenny holds up a brown bag from her locker.

"That's too bad," you say, leaning against the locker next to hers. "I know this quaint little French place right around the corner. Perhaps you've heard of it? The Café Teria?"

Jenny smiles. "And what kind of French food do they serve at The Café Teria?"

"French fries, French bread...the list goes on and on."

"You talked me into it." Jenny shuts her locker door. "But I'm buying."

"I'll make reservations for 12:30" you say, as Jenny starts down the hall. "There's a quiet table overlooking the vending machines."

Jenny does a 360-degree turn, smiling and waving to you at the 180 mark, before continuing to class.

Come lunchtime you wait anxiously in your usual spot, drumming your fingers across the table. Suddenly, the most beautiful girl in the school--probably the entire state--appears by your side.

"Excuse me, is this seat taken?"

"Not at all!"

Jenny turns and addresses a group of about eight girls parading behind her. "I'm going to sit with him today."

After the shock wears off, some girls saunter silently to their usual spots while others wander the cafeteria like ants whose hill has been covered.

Alone at last, Jenny touches your arm and whispers, "I'll be right back."

You enjoy the view as Jenny sashays her way towards the cafeteria line. A few minutes later, she returns with two bacon cheeseburgers on a tray piled high with fries.

"Didn't you bring your lunch?" you say, as she sits back down.

"I did," Jenny says with a smile. "Today just seemed like a burger and fry day."

"More of a burger and Wednesday."

"Ha, ha!" Jenny smothers a few fries with ketchup and pops them in her mouth.

You reach for a burger and she slaps your hand. "Ow!" you say, shaking off the sting. "What'd you do that for?"

Jenny slides her brown bag lunch your direction. "This is for you," she says with her mouth full. "My mom will be mad if it goes to waste."

You peer inside. "Rabbit food?"

"Mmm-hmm," Jenny intones through chubby, burger-filled cheeks. "I need you need to stay in shape for me."

When Jenny's mouth isn't busy chewing the two of you talk like old friends. Days earlier the prospect would have petrified you, but now it feels completely natural. You hardly

notice the stares and whispered conversations occurring around you and, before you know it, Jenny's burgers are gone and the bell is ringing.

You sit together again on Thursday, pizza day, and have another burger come Friday. Saturday is your first official date--at an all-you-can-eat place called The Portly Pig.

You lose your virginity to Jenny a few weeks later. It happens in your very own bedroom, following a big dinner at a Mexican place, while your parents are out of town. As you watch Jenny undress beneath your vintage Star Wars poster, you can't help but think back to that fateful party, when Jenny was teetering between fit and fat. Now it's obvious her culinary adventures with you have flipped her to the fat side.

Despite packing on a few more pounds before graduation, Jenny doesn't really balloon until the summer, when your lazy days are spent lounging by her pool. Apart from quick dips to cool off, the only exercise you get is love-making sessions after raiding her parents' well-stocked fridge. You end up with a bit of a gut, but keeping Jenny satisfied burns enough calories to keep you from blimping too much. The same can't be said for Jenny, and by August she's well over 200 fat and happy pounds.

Perhaps expectedly, the romance fizzles once she leaves for college. You call and e-mail for a while, but without the shared bond of food and sex you quickly run out of things to talk about. (She does titillate you with a story about how she was deemed "too fat" for a certain sorority, but you go limp when she laments her poor calculus grade.) Although you both move on, it's primarily you that stops corresponding. You feel like a distraction and, as much as you lust for her, you want her to reach her goals.

Ultimately, she does. She becomes a chemical engineer for a major pharmaceutical company. You don't talk, but you're friends on Facebook. You 'like' posts about her kids (a boy and girl), but give posts about her jogging with her fit husband the 'sad face'. Most people wouldn't notice, but you hope Jenny does and it makes her smile.

Despite the exercise regimen, Jenny remains moderately plump. She's nowhere near as gloriously lush as she was that magical summer, but she still looks to be pushing 200 pounds. It suits her--she's fit and pretty enough to be considered a MILF by anyone's definition, but sports the curves of someone that's enjoyed life. She looks happy and you're happy for her.

Life goes on for you, too. You graduate, go to college, get a job, and take a wife. And though you try to avoid comparing her to Jenny--it's simply not fair--every now and again she bakes brownies and lets you feed them to her. (Though not in bed--that's crazy messy.)