

“Diagnosis: Feeder”

By Maverick

“Samantha, I’m afraid we have a rather...weighty issue to discuss.”

The raven-haired girl cast her eyes downward. All she could see was cleavage and the tips of her knees as she sat on the edge of the examination table. “Yes, Dr. Stevens?”

“I’ve known you for quite some time, haven’t I?”

Samantha kicked her legs nervously. “Yes.”

“And you’ve always been an active girl.” The doctor consulted his clipboard. “Soccer, dance, theater. Are you participating in any extra-curricular activities this year?”

The girl shrugged. “Not really.”

“Why not?”

“They just got to be too much work.”

“You weren’t enjoying them? I understand you were quite good. Especially at soccer. Your Mom tells me you were scholarship material.”

Samantha shrugged again.

Dr. Stevens sat beside the dejected looking teenager. “Look, I understand burnout. I played High School baseball until my senior year. I wasn’t a star athlete like you were, but I was pretty good.”

Samantha’s eyes finally met the doctor’s. “Why did you quit?”

“I met a girl. I enjoyed spending time with her more than playing ball.”

Samantha smiled. “That’s sweet.”

“How about you?” Dr. Stevens nudged his arm against Samantha’s. “Did you meet a special someone?”

Samantha blushed and looked away again. “Yes.”

“What’s his name?”

“Michael.”

Dr. Stevens arched his brow. “Wow, same as mine. He must be a great guy.”

“He is,” Samantha said, nodding.

“Well, I’m glad to hear it,” Dr. Stevens said, patting Samantha on the knee. “That certainly explains things. Puppy love can be all-consuming.” The doctor placed a hand on his midsection. “It can also be fattening. I packed-on ten pounds before graduation and I’m still trying to lose them.”

Samantha rolled her eyes. “OK, Doctor, I get it. I’ve put on a few pounds.”

“How many have you gained?”

Samantha watched her legs as they kicked. “I don’t know...twenty?”

Dr. Stevens stared blankly at Samantha for a moment then gestured towards a large black beam scale lining the wall. “Tell you what--let’s find out for sure.”



Grudgingly, Samantha huffed to the scale and stepped on. Dr. Stevens checked his clipboard and nudged the larger bottom weight to “100.” He then slowly slid the smaller weight across the top--10...20...30...40...50—without even the slightest tilt.

The doctor pushed the small weight back to zero and tapped the large weight to 150. Again, he slowly slid the top weight along the length of the beam. 10...20...30...40...

“There’s something wrong with this thing!” Samantha protested. “Should I take off my shoes?”

Dr. Stevens said nothing. He simply repeated the ritual of returning the small weight to the left and pushing the bottom weight further right. Samantha winced as it clicked into the ‘200’ slot. Mercifully, the beam achieved equilibrium as Dr. Stevens again slid the smaller weight across the top.

“217 pounds,” he announced as he scribbled on his clipboard. “Step off

and lift your blouse please.”

Still shocked by the number on the scale, it took a moment for the doctor’s request to register with Samantha. “What? Why?”

Dr. Stevens pulled some calipers from his lab coat and clicked them together demonstratively. “I want to measure your body fat.”

Samantha lifted the hem of her untucked button-down blouse, exposing the pale flesh around her waist. Instinctively, she sucked in, but her paunch barely retracted enough to reveal her belt.

Dr. Stevens positioned his calipers like a divining rod a few inches from Samantha’s quivering stomach. “Try to relax please.”

Exhaling, Samantha’s belly oozed over her waistband like rising dough. The doctor’s warm hand pinched at her flab, but she recoiled before he could measure.

“I’m sorry,” Samantha said with a giggle.

Dr. Stevens forced a smile. “Let’s try again.”

Samantha lifted her shirt once more, but as the doctor plied the pudge encircling her waist she pulled away again, giggling like the Pillsbury dough boy and covering her belly with her hands.

“We’ll have to do this another way,” Dr. Stevens said in an exasperated tone. “Please turn around and remove your blouse.”

Samantha felt a surge of shame as she turned away from the doctor and dutifully began to undress. As she wrested for enough slack to undo the buttons, she could feel the eyes of Dr. Stevens boring into her. Her face flushed. She was used to the eyes of men upon her, but the doctor’s scrutinizing gaze was more disgustful than lustful.

At long last, her blouse fell from her well-rounded shoulders and she tossed it towards the examination table. It landed on the edge and slowly slid to the floor.

Glancing sideways into the mirror, Samantha watched Dr. Stevens manipulate the folds of fat bunched above her black bra. *Is that really my back?* Samantha thought. It looked like a Shar-Pei puppy.

“35.4,” Dr. Stevens said in a clinical tone.

“What does that mean?”

“It means more than 35% of your weight is fat.”

Samantha grimaced. “Is that bad?”

“It wouldn’t be too bad if you were over 60,” Dr. Stevens said, again consulting his clipboard. “But at your age, and with a BMI over 37, you’re basically a cheeseburger short of morbid obesity.”

Samantha’s face flushed further. A drip of perspiration trickled down her side before getting sucked into the fleshy crease above her love handles. This time last year, she was scoring Hat Tricks for the varsity soccer team, but now she was a fast-food meal from morbid obesity.

That last thought made her pussy as wet as her throat was dry.

“Please don’t tell my mother,” she eventually choked-out.

“I have to. You’re still a minor.”

Dr. Stevens looked up from his chart. Samantha looked pitiful. Head down. Shoulders slumped. He gave her a sympathetic smile. “What do you think she’ll say?”

“It doesn’t matter,” Samantha shrugged. “She already thinks I’m a failure. She says I’m throwing away my future and my figure for some stupid boy.”

“Well, she’s not wrong.”

Samantha locked eyes with Dr. Stevens. “What do you mean?”

“What do I mean? Samantha, you had the world by the short hairs. I know girls that would have **KILLED** to be as pretty and fit as you...and you threw it all away for a boy who’ll probably dump you the moment you’ve grown too fat for him.”

Samantha looked like she’d been slapped. “Michael’s not like that!”

“Are you quite certain? What about when he starts getting shit from his buddies? ‘Damn, Michael, what happened to that babe you used to date?’ ‘Poor Michael...started off with a 10 and ended up with a 3.’”



“I don’t have to listen to this!” Samantha bent to retrieve her fallen blouse, but the fresh gravity from her belly and boobs sent her toppling against the examination table. She clutched its edge to steady herself before standing, red-faced and disheveled.

Before she could mount a second attempt at grasping the garment, Dr. Stevens grabbed her arm. “I never said you could get dressed.”

Samantha’s eyes narrowed. “Let go of me, Doctor.”

“Not until your examination is through,” he said sternly.

Samantha tried to break free, but Dr. Stevens held firm. “Not as strong as you used to be, are you?” he said, squeezing Samantha’s bicep. “When did this get so squishy?”

“Stop!” Samantha tried to wriggle away again. “Or I’ll scream!”

“You won’t do anything of the kind.” Dr. Stevens took hold of Samantha’s other arm and spun her to face him. “Tubby.”

“Don’t call me that,” Samantha whispered tersely.

“What are you going to do about it?”

Samantha opened her mouth to scream, but the doctor tightened his grip. Samantha’s face contorted in pain and she stopped struggling.

“That’s better,” Dr. Stevens said, releasing her. “Besides, if the shoe fits...” He spied how the straps on Samantha’s sandals cut deep into her swollen feet. “Or doesn’t fit in your case.” The doctor pressed his finger into Samantha’s bulbous belly. “Right, tubby?”

Samantha didn’t say anything. She just stared at her frumpled blouse lying on the floor at her feet.

Dr. Steven’s studied Samantha, occasionally touching various spots along her swollen body and jotting in his notes. “Damn, you’re becoming a porker.” He tilted Samantha’s chin until her chestnut eyes met his. “You’re still fairly pretty though.”

A number of red blotches had erupted across Samantha’s once flawless face. They spoiled the smooth contours of her cheeks and forehead, and appeared especially angry against her pasty indoor complexion.

“I can write a prescription that’ll help with these,” he said, turning her head from side-to-side. “But these...” Dr. Stevens grasped the muffining flesh at Samantha’s sides. “I’m afraid there’s no prescription for.”

Samantha pushed out her bottom lip. “What do you recommend then, Doctor?”

“In my professional opinion? They’re permanent.”

“Mmmmm.” Samantha wrapped her meaty arms around the doctor’s waist and pulled him into her. Her breasts flattened against his chest causing cleavage to rise to the base of her neck. “Fuck me.”

“What?”

Samantha tugged him towards the examination table. “Fuck me, Michael. Right here, right now.”

“Don’t you want to grab a burger first?”

“Later,” Samantha said, stripping the lab coat from Michael’s shoulders. “Then you can fuck me again once I’m morbidly obese.”

Michael grimaced as he hoisted Samantha onto the table. “Know a Doctor who can treat a hernia?”

“Fucker,” Samantha said, pulling him on top of her. “Where’d you get the calipers?”

“\$6.95 on Amazon,” Michael said between kisses. “Nice touch?”

“Oh, yeah.”

Samantha lifted Michael’s undershirt above his head and pressed her body against his. Her soft cool flesh felt like it was melting against his hard hot body. But as Michael fumbled with her bra, she pulled away--

“You were just joking, right?”

Michael cocked his head. “About what?”

“About dumping me once I got too fat.”

Michael smiled. “Just role-playing.” He massaged Samantha’s swollen tummy. “Besides, you’re way too skinny for me.”

“Mmmmm.” Samantha nibbled Michael’s ear. “And what do you prescribe for that, Doctor?”

Michael closed his eyes as Samantha’s hot breath tickled his neck. “Eat two cheeseburgers and call me in the morning.”

“That sounds good, but before I do...” Samantha stroked the growing mound of manhood in Michael’s trousers. “I need to learn more about your bedside manner.”



THE END