

“Excellent work there Clara!”

Vivian clapped as the sweaty brunette woman dropped the dumbbell she had been lifting for 50 reps.

“Is it... weight in.. time yet?”

“Sure, I think we can end for today!”

Vivian handed her a water bottle as they made their way over to the scales. With a shaky leg Clara got onto the scale and waited for the electronic monitor to register her weight.

135 pounds.

Vivian put her arms in the air then hugged Clara. She distinctly remembered when that would have been impossible to do.

2 years ago, Vivian was just starting out as a trainer when one of the fattest women she had ever seen waddled in. She huffed and puffed that she wanted to lose some weight, and that's exactly what Vivian had helped her do.

They started small, but Vivian was impressed at how quickly Clara caught on. Vivian guessed that Clara was someone who used to be fit and active but had really let herself go once she reached 30. But she never offered any judgment, and helped her lose weight at a safe and steady pace.

“You’ve come a long way, Clara. I’m proud of you.”

“Thanks, Vivian.” Clara breathed in heavily as she looked at the numbers on the scale. Vivian assumed she was rewarding herself for such an excellent job well done.

She punched her arm lightly, feeling the toned muscle where once was soft flesh. “Next week we can move forward to some maintenance.”

“Oh that won’t be necessary. Me and my husband were talking and I feel like it’s time to stop going to the gym so much.”

Vivian was taken aback by this. “Are you sure that's a good idea Clara? Losing weight is one thing, but maintaining can be a whole other beast.”

Clara laughed. “You won’t have to worry about my weight any more dear. Here, this is for you.”

Clara reached into her pocketbook and handed Vivian a wad of cash in an envelope. "That's all the money I would have given you if I continued throughout the year. A nice little thank you gift, from me and my husband."

Vivian hugged her. "Thank you! And just because I'm not your trainer anymore doesn't mean we can't meet up every once in a while."

Clara laughed. 'Oh trust me, you'll be seeing plenty of me soon enough.

In the weeks that followed, Vivian found herself busier than ever. Her bosses loved how much of a difference she had made in Clara, and gave her a raise. She used before and after pictures of her to help convince potential clients that she was the perfect person to hire to help them lose weight.

Her social life also blossomed. One of the other trainers asked her out, and before long he proposed to her.

Two years after she had seen Clara last, Vivian was living the high life.

She walked into a restaurant with her fiance. It wasn't until they were seated that she saw... her.

Lumbering towards a table was a woman weighing easily 600 pounds, in an ill fitting blouse and skirt. Long brown hair fell around her shoulders, Sitting at the table was a nerdy looking redhead, wearing a nice looking shirt.

The person looked so... familiar. Then it dawned on Vivian.

It was a person she had last seen two years ago, in a form she had seen four years ago."

"Scuse me, babe, there's someone I need to talk to."

She got out of the seat and walked over.

Sure enough, the figure seemed to recognize her.

"Vivian! Hi! It's been ages!"

"It sure has Clara. You look... good!"

"Oh you don't have to beat around the bush dear. I know I'm fat."

"I tried to warn you, keeping the weight off is the real challenge."

Clara's husband chimed in. "Oh, we were never interested in keeping the weight off."

Clara shot him a look. "Carl, why don't you use the bathroom now."

He got up, and Vivian sat across from Clara. She grabbed and kneaded as much of her gut that overflowed onto the table.

"Carl and I have a... kink." She said finally. "We're into something called feedism."

"Isn't that where some lonely guy forces a lonely girl to get fat for him?"

She laughed again, sending her flesh quivering. "Well, sometimes. But this was a mutual agreement we made."

"Why lose all that weight then? Was this something recent?"

Clara pondered for a moment, searching for the right words.

"When a painter finishes a painting, he gets a new blank canvas, right?"

Vivian nodded, unsure where this was going.

"I guess you could say I'm both Carl's new and old Canvas."

"Wait so you-"

'Gained all that weight on purpose, then lost it so i can regain it all again? Yes.'

"That can't be healthy."

Several of Clara's appetizers arrived. She put a napkin around her neck and dug into some wings.

"You should see the inventions Carl's lab creates. Cures for most obesity related ailments, plus a safe way to lose excess skin."

Vivian was silent as Clara devoured wing after wing.

"How many times."

"How many times what?"

"How many times have you... finished and started a painting?"

“You are the third trainer I've had.”

“Ok, this is getting too weird. It was nice seeing you Clara.”

Vivian began to get up, weirded out by everything her former client told her. As she did, Clara wiped her hand off and grabbed her arm.

“Wait, how would you like to be my fourth too? We can pay double your standard rate.

Vivian was silent for a bit.

“Aright, but no mention of your... kink. While we train. Got it?”

Clara smiled.

“Deal.”