Genevieve Devereux was simultaneously the best and worst thing that could have ever happened to the Wittenburroughs.

Some time ago—it was years now, just shy of a decade though it didn’t much feel like it—Genevieve had come to the estate with nothing more than a well-polished resume that primed her well for the position to which she was applying. At the time, the Wittenburroughs had been very much the picture of the modern wealthy family; a patriarchal politician, an educated and established professor, and their two children set on a prestigious path to private schools, each with their own respective extracurricular activities that made them (seemingly) the picture-perfect family.

Suffice it to say, much had changed in the eight years that had passed since Genevieve had come to work for her current employers. The Wittenburroughs had changed since the advent of Genevieve’s employment at their estate, though you would be hard-pressed to find anyone that thought they’d changed for the better.

The father, once a dashing and well-spoken man, had grown overweight and sluggish, only leaving his armchair to make his way to the liquor cabinet. Though no politician’s work life was going to end the minute they set foot in the door, John Wittenburrough’s presidential aspirations had been shelved some time ago in favor of leisurely nights in and luxurious meals for him to grow fat on, paid for by the taxpayers and his constituents. The mother, Mary, who had once been an eloquent and beautiful woman, was now unrecognizable; her sharp features had melted into cheeks, jowls, and a wattling double chin, her hair fading into a bright platinum as she aged, and she, too, had gained a downright absurd amount of weight. Her classes were spent almost entirely seated, her steady rise in weight enabled by the stress of her job, the luxury to which she had become accustomed to, and a certain weakness for the comfort foods of her poor youth. As for their now-adult children, Lucy and Troy, they had both ballooned to such an extent that they hardly resembled their former, press-friendly selves.

The Wittenburroughs, the entire lot of them, had steadily ballooned through the better part of a decade—a phenomenon that could be traced directly back to installing Genevieve Devereux as their housekeeper.

“Good morning, everyone~” the chipper woman greeted the family as they toddled ponderously, single-file, into the kitchen, “I’ve had the staff prepare your breakfast.” As she spoke, Genevieve directed the four Wittenburroughs to their seats before bustling off to the stove where, sure enough, a hearty breakfast was waiting to be served.

“Genevieve, you’re a godsend,” John muttered as he lumbered gut-first into the kitchen by a good step and a half, eying the food on the table with something that bordered on lust.

“Oh, stop,” Genevieve said, waving a hand dismissively as she heaped food onto the plates of her employers, “I’m just doing my job.”

And, boy, did she do her job well. Over the years, Genevieve’s pampering had worked to fatten up the entire family by *overwhelming* proportions. It had started with small things; Troy adding an extra scoop of mashed potatoes to his dinnerplate or an extra helping of dessert for Mary, leading into John thinking nothing of sneaking an extra slice of pie for dessert or Lucy happily playing taste-tester for Genevieve on her nights in, but it quickly snowballed into larger and larger portions until the Wittenburroughs were eating enough to feed a small army. John was up to two servings of breakfast, Mary much the same. Though their young heirs could outeat them easily—Troy and Lucy were always *ravenous*; after almost ten of their most formative years spent getting to eat anything at the behest of their friendly housekeeper, they could never seem to get enough, no matter how much they ate. Troy and Lucy could go for three helpings—an increasingly commonplace event that foreshadowed the two of them simply allowing breakfast to run into lunch as they grew increasingly larger still.

“You really… hff… have outdone yourself… Genevieve…” Mary huffed and puffed as she struggled to bring her chair close to the table. Her wide, low center of gravity bulged out from underneath the arm rests and squished from between the spindles of the chair that her fat hips smothered in acres of fat.

“You haven’t even tasted everything yet!” Genevieve gushed, slyly giving the Wittenburrough matriarch an extra biscuit for her flattery.

The Wittenburroughs were happy, in a way, to have found Genevieve.

They loved the food she made and, more than that, they loved how she always seemed to make them feel so comfortable. They never had to worry about their clothes fitting or looking presentable—Genevieve took care of all of that for them. In a lot of ways, it was like having a second mother around; someone who was always there to take care of them and make sure they were well-fed and happy.

Of course, there were downsides to being as large as the Wittenburroughs had become. Simple things like getting out of bed or going for a walk had become difficult, if not impossible tasks. More than once, Genevieve had come into work only to find one or more of the family members stuck fast in their armchairs or beds; it wasn’t uncommon for her to have to call for help from the other staff just to get them moving again. Even then, it was a slow and arduous process; each member of the family combined weighed close to a ton at this point and simply lifting them was often beyond the capabilities of even two grown men.

And of course, it wasn’t like they were showing any signs of slowing down—Lucy and Troy in particular…

"Troy, darling, please pace yourself," Mary said wearily as her son shoveled food into his face at an alarming rate, "You're going to make yourself sick."

"I'm fine, mom," Troy said between mouthfuls, not even slowing down as he spoke, "I eat like this all the time—Genevieve makes great food."

"I know, sweetie, but you need to slow down," Mary said, not even batting an eye as she readied a truly monumental mouthful for herself in the process, “The food’s not—mph—the food’s not going anywhere.”

Troy had always been rather big; a consequence, perhaps, of him being especially receptive to Genevieve’s special treatment and being at a particularly impressionable age when Genevieve came into their lives. When he was a child, he had been on a baseball team that he hated. But after a few talks with his father, Genevieve had convinced Mr. Wittenburrough that his time should be spent doing what he loved to do. And what Troy loved most was to sit in his room, play games on various consoles throughout the years, and have seconds (then, eventually as he grew larger, further servings) at dinner. Though there had been some pushback in his early years, now that he was out of high school and well into his “gap” year, there wasn’t much that could be done now…

"Hey sis," Troy said around a bite of eggs, "Pass me the bacon?"

"Get your own," Lucy retorted good-naturedly as she snatched the plate of bacon away from her brother before he could reach it.

Troy wasn't the only one with a voracious appetite; Lucy was eating just as much as her brother if not more. The two of them bickered back and forth good-naturedly as they shoveled food into their faces, neither of them slowing down for a second. Despite being at such an equally high weight as her brother, Lucy had hardly as many excuses as he might have enjoyed. She’d been a good bit older than Troy, more set in her ways before Genevieve’s influence took hold, but she had succumbed just as easily to Genevieve’s insistence that she indulge herself. She had become just as reliant on the Wittenburrough maid for the simplest of tasks as her weight continued to climb throughout the years and her stress over college compelled her to nose-dive into new heights of indulgence.

"Genevieve," John’s jowls rippled as he managed around a mouthful of food, "You really have outdone yourself today—is this a new recipe?"

"Oh, it's nothing special," Genevieve answered dismissively with a wave of her hand, "I just put a little bit of love into everything I make."

And that was the truth; she did. Genevieve loved her job. She loved to see the Wittenburroughs happy and content, stuffed to the brim with her cooking. She *thrived* on feeling needed by them, and tending to their every little whim.

"More food, please!" Troy called out the most common of their little whims as he held his plate up for Genevieve to see

"Of course, sweetie," Genevieve said with a smile as she went back to the stove to dish out second helpings for everyone.

“Oh yes, please, some for me too…” Mary grumbled huskily as she saw her son’s plate getting piled higher and higher, “Mmm… I do *love* these indulgent Saturday mornings…”

There was no such thing as a day without indulgence in the Wittenburrough home. Genevieve had seen to that.

"Genevieve, can you please pass the syrup?"

"Of course, Lucy," Genevieve said as she unfastened the large bottle of maple syrup for the heiress, snaking around her broad, fat shoulders to drench her pancakes in sweet, sticky goo "Anything for my sweet girl.”

Patting the young heiress on her pillowy bicep, the large woman bounced excitedly (in and of as much as she could at her size) in her seat, watching the maple syrup drizzle decadently over the fluffy pancakes that had been set out for her in a hungry haze.

The Wittenburroughs continued to stuff themselves with food, their plates piled high with whatever Genevieve had prepared for them. They were always ravenous, no matter how much they ate.

"Another round of pancakes, anyone?"

"I'm game," Troy said with a grin, already starting to pile his plate high again.

"Pass them this way," Mary said with a wink, her eyes alight with mischief as she held her plate out for Genevieve to fill.

The others soon followed suit and, before long, the table was piled high with pancakes drenched in syrup once more. The Wittenburroughs dug in eagerly, their plates disappearing rapidly as they devoured the food like there was no tomorrow. And Genevieve just watched on happily; content in knowing that she had made them all happy yet again.

"Genevieve, can I please have some more bacon?"

"Of course, Lucy," Genevieve said as she heaped a few extra strips onto the young woman's plate.

It was always like this; the Wittenburroughs would stuff themselves until they were ready to burst, and then they would waddle off to their respective activities for the day. John would retreat to his armchair and watch TV, Mary would go upstairs and sleep off her enormous meal, Lucy would curl up with a good book on the sofa (that she probably wouldn't be able to finish because she'd fall asleep), and Troy would head back into his room for another gaming marathon. And Genevieve? She'd start preparing lunch; something that was sure to tempt them all out of their food comas in due time.

But judging by the look on Troy’s face, Genevieve figured that she’d have at least one straggler sit with her while she prepared their next meal…

"Genevieve, you really are the best," Mary managed between mouthfuls as she shoveled syrup and pancakes into her face, "I simply don't know *what* we would do without you."

"Oh, it's nothing, dear," Genevieve said with a dismissive wave of her hand as she went back to top off everyone's drinks, "I just love taking care of all of you. You *are* my family, after all."

And that was the truth; to Genevieve, the Wittenburroughs were her family. She loved them dearly—perhaps even more than they loved themselves. They were happy and content under her watchful eye and that was all that mattered to her.