All of her life, Hannah Hammond had known that she was attracted to fat.

Not men, women, or anyone else per se, but by the fat itself.

The feeling of it bulging between her fingers. The weight of it. The heft. The jiggle and width. There wasn’t an aspect about fat people that Hannah didn’t find insanely arousing.

Hannah had known as early as childhood about her proclivities—she’d caught herself staring at her grade school teacher, fresh out of stirrups and teeming with baby weight. She’d helped her first crush Bobby Flannagan to put on fifty pounds before the sixth grade before he ever realized she was responsible. Her middle school years had been spent fattening up friend after friend, until her entire social circle weighed a collective half-ton of barely-pubescent heifer.

And when she’d entered Buttercombe Academy, she’d honed her craft down to a science.

In a school seemingly designed to pamper its students into a blissful, easy obesity, Hannah had been given four years of experience with *how* fat people thought. She’d been privy to what made them think. What she could do to help push them further and further over the line, until they were busting out of uniforms, crushing seats beneath them, and in at least one case, getting caught in doorways…

Hannah had spent most of her life knowing that she was attracted to fat.

But only a comparatively tiny amount of time realizing that she could turn that attraction, and those skills that she’d attained inward—onto herself.

One day, around the time she’d hit thirty, Hannah Hammond’s eating switch had been flipped to ‘On’. A minor dietary slip—a measly fifteen pounds—had been all it had took to bring down a lifetime of Easton-Ellis-esque perfection down crumbling over her head. Gone were the schemes, gone were the manipulations, and all that was left was this unholy desire to *consume*.

Hannah Hammond succumbed whole-heartedly to her desires, finally realizing that *she* could be the perfect fatty that she’d always wanted out of life, without having to rely on anyone else…

The world never stood a chance.

Laying in bed, Hannah had become a living monolith of fat. More than one thousand pounds of enormousness, and committed to growing more and more by the day. A shapeless, but prominent puddle of ivory colored flesh, Hannah spent her days in utter bliss as she relied on her servants to do *everything* for her.

“Milkshakes.” She huffed thickly to one servant, “See… the recipe book.”

One intern nodded, two more followed as they scrambled to the kitchen.

“You.” Her pudgy pointer finger twitched in what passed for a point, “Dinner—approved restaurants.”

Four interns now parted from the small crowd that had gathered around the humongous hotel heiress, all tasked with respective menus that would fulfil their boss’s caloric requirements for the hour.

“N’you…” she puffed at a particularly chunky blonde girl—one who had started this program a full sixty pounds lighter than where she stood now, “S’yer name?”

“M-My name?” the girl squeaked unsurely, “Um… my name’s Uma…”

“Uma…” Hannah chuckled huskily, “Fuck me.”