Recently, there had been some media blustering over the purported success of Buttercombe Academy’s fitness regimen.

The fact that it was now officially endorsed by the shadiest of shady transnational businesses, the Yeng Corporation, hadn’t helped matters at all. Once it came out that the school was stuffed lock stock and barrel with bright LED-lit vending machines meant to draw its students into mindless indulgence, resulting in queues where girls would squish butt to gut in order to get a fix, parents were outraged. Media corporations had settled the blame squarely on administration, and fingers were being pointed as to why these girls weren’t given a proper physical education.

“I’m a *national track champion.*” Coach Knight harrumphed in such a way that her swaddling neck bunched into a series of tiered chins, “One of my former proteges is well on her way to the Olympics, and the other won several scholarships based on athletic merit alone.”

“And where is she now?” Marianna Terwilliger tapped the back of her pen to her notepad, “Do you keep in touch with them? Are they teaching here, at this school, giving back to the community?”

“Well… no.” Coach Knight grimaced, shifting on her bean-bag booty uncomfortably, “I couldn’t get in touch with Jean Vandergriff in time for this interview, but Mackenzie Hollifield—”

“Now is she the aspiring Olympic sprinter or is she the one who received… scholarships?”

“The, uh… that last one.” The heavy-hipped brunette cleared her throat, “But this girl easily could have been a contender. She was fast. Faster than I was at her age, that much is for sure. I only had her for a brief period of time, but she thanked *me* in her Salutatory graduation speech.”

“And I’m sure you must have been very proud.” Marianna clicked her pen and scribbled something down, “So, she’s here? This… *second* best student that you’ve ever had? Out of hundreds?”

“Okay, listen, you can spin it all bitchy-like all you want, but there’s no denying that *my* place in this Academy is a necessary one.” Ashley Knight huffed as she crossed her meaty arms over her flabby, narrow chest, “These girls might be lazy, but I am for sure one of the one pushing them to be all that they can be.”

“And why is it, Coach Knight, that these girls might be considered… lazy?” Marianna looked piercingly ahead and tapped her chin with the back of her pen, “Would you care to elaborate on that?”

Thankfully, before Ashley could stick her foot in her mouth, she heard the knob on her office door begin to turn. The washed-up athlete quickly turned in time with her journalistic guest, eager to see the shallow look of superiority fall from her stupid angular face. However, as the door opened inch by inch, Ashley could practically feel the rug being pulled out from underneath her as Mackenzie Fogle entered her life for the first time in probably ten years…

“Coach Knight!!!” the woman in the doorway squealed, holding her doughy arms up high as she beamed excitedly, “It’s so good to see you!!”

Where once upon a time, Mackenzie Hollifield—nee Fogle—had been a slender, birdy track star in the FCA at her high school, the woman that brushed either side of the doorway with her tanky gut and supple flanks didn’t like she could even *walk* the distance of a track field without keeling over. With a drooping, sagging stomach that eclipsed all but a sliver of the hallway behind her. Thick, elephantine legs spread wide but still touched at the thigh as she began an awkward lumber into the office properly. Her whole body quaked with the impact of foot to floor as she shook from the cankles to her jowls, sloshing viscously from side to side as four… five… *six* hundred pounds of former athlete waddled in from the outside.

In that moment, Ashley could practically *feel* Marianna Terwilliger’s smug look as her head tilted over to take a glance at Mackenzie’s shellshocked former coach.

“Hey, uh… Hey Fogle.” Coach Knight did her best to keep up a tough front, “You, uh… y-you retired on me!”

“Yeah! I… phew! Havin’ a baby’ll do that to ya!” the chipper chunker chuckled vapidly, her chubby cheeks bouncing ever so slightly in good cheer, “I guess I don’t need to tell you that, huh?”

Ashley’s grimace melted quickly into a frown as the quarter-ton tub of washout furthered her gut-lead trek into the office. Seeing someone that she would have once considered to be one of her best and fastest runners in the whole of her teaching career wind up like *this* was enough to make her regret reaching out…

But Ashley had certainly *not* had any babies.

“Uh… F-Fogle, this is Marianna Terwilliger.” Ashley did her best to stiffen up and keep some of that authoritative “coachly” demeanor alive despite the wide tum-filled gap between them, “She, uh… she was wanting to talk to some of my old students about my teaching credentials and my… *effectiveness* on the job.”

“Well sure thing! I’d be happy to—“ Big Mack awkwardly stared down a chair that scraped against the linoleum floor as her tanky tum brushed it to the wise, “—Just lemme… oof… grab a seat and join you ladies!”

Twenty-seven and easily far fatter than the average student, teacher, or staff member at Buttercombe Academy, Mackenzie Fogle must have looked right at home in the sort of picture that Marianna Terwilliger was looking to paint about the school. With every huff and puff as the enormous woman lowered her hugeness down into not one, but two of those little plastic chairs, Ashley felt her chances of getting out of this interview smelling like roses shrivel up and die faster than her athletic capabilities…

“So… Ms… *Fogle* is it?”

“Not for *years*—it’s Hollifield now. Mackenzie Hollifield.”

“Great. Super. Just wonderful.” Marianna’s cat-like smile spread across her cheeks with devilish delight, “Now, would you say that Ashley Knight is… *directly* responsible for the person that you are today?”

“Absolutely I would!”

“Oh God…” Coach Knight hung her head in her hands, “I… need an energy drink or something.”