

Workshopping notes for “The Lesson” illustration commissions from SilverPathfinder

Updated as of 9/12/2021

General notes regarding the characters:

The three gals are of a similar age: late teens in high school.

Susan:

Personality: A rich and spoiled brat of a kid. Initially conceited, arrogant, rude. Manipulative when it suits her. By the end of the main story she’s greatly humbled, though not necessarily much reformed—more self-loathing and self-pitying than anything else, I’d wager. By the epilogue she seems quite resigned to all but with a bitter core.

Appearance: Initially classic cheerleader bombshell, with a bit of assumed “glamorous” affect and flair. Clear green eyes, high cheekbones, and long blond hair. A lean physique with well-toned legs, arms, and torso. Overall shape is a lithe hourglass, probably slightly top heavy in a relative sense. Complexion has a bit of a Hollywood style tan. Throughout the story, however, Susan’s appearance progressively worsens. She gains weight predominately in the “wrong places”—turning frumpy and pear shaped. She gets unhealthily out of shape, her tan fades, and skin breaks out in zits. Making Susan look progressively dumpier is about equally important as making her look fatter.

Crystal:

Personality: Slightly punky, tomboyish, and prone to defiance. Between her and Judy, she is more assertive standing up to Susan’s bullying.

Appearance: A smidge shorter than Susan. Reasonably cute, but a bit plain facially compared to Susan’s runway model glamor. Although it’s not detailed in the story, I think maybe she compensates for that with a slightly edgy asymmetrical bob hairstyle. She has black hair, perhaps dyed. She used to be on the cheerleading squad with Susan. The 25 pounds she’s gained since working at Burger World has given her bit of a potbelly and bigger boobs—trending towards an apple physique. However, that fades a bit as she loses some weight over the course of the story—probably about 10 pounds.

Judy:

Personality: Introverted and unassuming, but with strongly held opinions about what's fair and right. Judy is a bit of a stereotypical "nerd" compared to Susan and Crystal.

Appearance: A smidge taller than Susan. Shoulder-length brown hair, glasses, a bit "horse faced." Her style tends to more conservative, a bit mousy. A gangly, minimally curvy physique that's nonetheless gone a bit soft and pudgy around the edges due to the 15 pound she's picked up working at Burger World—perhaps showing up most prominently through some new love handles that stick out awkwardly on her otherwise lanky frame? She used to be on the cheerleading squad with Susan.

General notes regarding the Burger World uniforms:

The basic Burger World color scheme is purple and lime green, with black accents.

You seem to have a particular knack for showcasing the struggles of undersized clothing progressively failing to contain a fatter character. I'd love for that to be showcased with details in the fit of the uniforms, particularly on Susan.

Top:

A polo shirt. Lime green with purple collar, sleeves, and trim. Perhaps some black accents. Generally worn tucked into the pants, though that often becomes increasingly awkward and difficult to maintain given how so many of the employees seem to wind up rapidly gaining weight.

I think this top looks about right for the cut.

<https://image.made-in-china.com/2f0j00BnJtpelEEqoc/Fast-Food-Restaurant-Uniform-Short-Sleeve-Apron-Waitress-Uniform-Polo-Shirt.jpg>

Pants:

Polyester slacks in a high-waisted cut. Has an elasticated waistband, but also features a built-in decorative fabric belt strap with one-piece buckle. Purple, perhaps with some lime green and black accents.

Ideally, the high-waisted cut will help showcase Susan's growing and temptingly-pokeable below-the-waistband belly bulge--even if she eventually is compelled to wear the waistband slanted lower in front just to accommodate the rising cake of her unseemly bulky ass. The built-in belt and buckle are basically just decorative features, but I think they can help to provide further visual focus and torment for Susan as the fit grows worse and worse.

I think these pants (on the guys) look about right.

<https://i.pinimg.com/originals/59/c3/81/59c381dcb6c8b90e4ec036c9916dda56.jpg>

Visor:

There's nothing too fancy about the visor but I'm throwing in a couple reference images anyway. Perhaps black with purple trim and lime-green (or white?) lettering would work?

The visor could be a good place to put a little logo or lettering for Burger World, since it'll be pretty static (versus the fit of the shirt and pants).

I'm guessing Susan probably wears her hair in ponytail while at work.

<https://cdnimg.webstaurantstore.com/images/products/large/13989/1416805.jpg>

https://di2ponv0v5otw.cloudfront.net/posts/2018/01/13/5a5ab724c9fcfd708a17870/m_5a5ab7432c705dd77608d956.jpg

Notes regarding the nine illustrations:

1) Susan modeling the Burger World uniform for the first time.

Notes re: Susan's appearance, uniform fit, etc.

Pant legs hang loose at her sides, only touching through the hips. High-waisted design, elastic waist and polyester fabric.

Shirt tucked in but with an ample fit--bunches loosely over the elastic waistband of the pants, short sleeves have ample room for her toned and slender upper arms. A bit more fitted in the chest, with v-neck cut that gives view of proportionately substantial cleavage.

Pertinent story excerpts:

"How demeaning," Susan thought to herself as she slithered into the purple and green uniform. "I can't believe I actually have to wear this. Oh well, I guess if anyone can make this hideous outfit look presentable I can." Susan quickly donned the neon-colored Burger World visor, adjusted her make-up, and then headed out for her first day on the job.

2) Susan looking fabulous while lazily tending the front counter, with Judy and Crystal looking on in disapproval.

Include Judy and Crystal in this image as well as Susan.

The point of this image is to provide an early comparison between Susan at her best versus Judy and Crystal looking a bit chubby and plain by comparison.

Susan is has a lean hourglass physique, probably slightly top heavy, with sharply defined facial features accentuated by cosmetics and her long, stylishly vibrant blonde hair. Her complexion has a slightly tanned, healthy glow. Overall, Susan looks polished, fit, and confident despite the tacky uniform. A sassy hipshot pose for Susan might help convey attitude, but there's room for artistic license.

Crystal is a bit plumper than Judy, with a doughy little potbelly that pudges up against the snug waistband of her uniform. Both used to be cheerleaders along with Susan, but they've each gained weight since starting at Burger World a few months ago. (15 pounds for Judy, 25 for Crystal.)

Pertinent story excerpts:

"Here she comes. Miss God's gift to everything." Crystal and Judy watched as Susan slowly got out of her new Mercedes and made her way to the front entrance of the restaurant. "Jesus, how can anybody make polyester look that good," Crystal wondered aloud as Susan swung open the front door causing the cow bell perched above the archway to jingle, announcing her arrival. "Yeah, I wish she'd die," Judy muttered under her breath.

Blessed with full, pouty lips, clear green eyes, high cheekbones, and long blond hair, only one word could adequately describe Susan Singleton's physical beauty- Gorgeous. Drop-dead, looks to spare, gorgeous. Many words, however, were used to describe Susan's personality: conceited, arrogant, bratty, bitchy, and rude were all thrown about with regularity when describing the budding matriarch.

"I can't believe I have to work with her," Judy said as they watched Susan fill out her W-2 form. "I think I'll quit."

"Well, I think it's pretty hilarious," Crystal said as she snatched a French fry out of the fry bin. "Little Miss Priss taking orders at a fast food joint. I never thought I'd see the day."

...

Two weeks had passed since Susan's debut and, much to the chagrin of Crystal and Judy, little had changed since that first day. They were still stuck cooking in the back, while Susan tended to the counter, which usually meant socializing with a manager or cute customer, pausing only long enough to bark out the occasional order to Crystal and Judy.

"This has got to stop," Crystal said as she wiped the sweat from her brow. "I don't think we've ever been so busy."

"It would be nice if we had some help," Judy said, motioning towards Susan who was busy flirting with a member of the school football team. "Maybe we should talk to Chuck."

"Are you kidding? He worships the ground she walks on. If her cash drawer is short, he thinks we stole. If she screws up an order, he thinks it's cute. And he's still patting himself on the back for all the increased business we've gotten as a result of 'having someone as attractive as Susan taking orders.'" Crystal grabbed a chicken nugget out from under the heat lamp. "Makes me sick."

"Hey, put that down. I thought you were starting a diet."

"Ah changed ma mind," Crystal said, her mouth full of chicken parts. "I know I've gained some weight since I started work, but I really don't care anymore. I don't want to be a cheerleader anymore, I've got a steady boyfriend, and I certainly don't miss being in the social circle." She finished the nugget and swallowed hard. "Bunch of phonies anyway."

"Well, I wish I had as positive a self image as you," Judy said, grabbing a nugget for herself. I mean, I've only gained 15 pounds and my Mother treats me as if I'd committed a Cardinal sin. I don't look that bad do I?"

"Not at all. In fact, it's hardly noticeable. Now this on the other hand..." Crystal lifted up her shirt exposing her protruding belly, which was just beginning to poke ever-so-slightly over the elastic band of her too-tight pants.

"Wow, I can pinch an inch," Judy said, playfully grabbing hold of Crystal's soft belly flesh. "How much have you gained?"

"Twenty-five pounds since I started here in June," Crystal exclaimed proudly, helping herself to another nugget. "Five in the last two weeks we've worked in the kitchen."

"Geesh, twenty-five pounds in four months! I...I...I knew you were eating a lot but...Aren't you a little concerned?"

"Nope. I've always liked to eat and the food here is plentiful, free, and very tasty," Crystal said, licking her greasy fingers.

"Not to mention low-calorie," Judy joked as she gave her friend a Pillsbury Doughboy-like poke to her swollen stomach.

"Less talk, more work," Chuck shouted from the front counter, interrupting their giggle fest.

"Yeah, where's my number five?" Susan added before returning her attention towards the football player.

"I'll give you your number five," Judy muttered under her breath.

"I will say this much," Crystal whispered in Judy's ear. "I'd gladly give my extra twenty-five pounds to our little Miss Priss up there."

"I'd give up my fifteen!" Judy added.

Both women paused for a moment, imagining how an extra forty pounds would affect their svelte antagonist, smiling inwardly at the potential results.

3) POV: Susan spied on while changing, looking noticeably softer.

Susan probably is around 141 pounds here, up about 14 pounds from the start.

The text describes Susan as naked but she could probably be wearing panties.

Pertinent story excerpts:

Susan made a habit of quickly changing out of her work clothes in the break room, and that night Judy made sure she was in a position to discretely watch. As Susan removed her shirt, Janet wondered how they had failed to notice Susan's gain until today. Susan's once tight, tan washboard stomach had disappeared under a cocoon of soft, pale, flesh. Although still relatively flat, all traces of muscle definition had vanished and small creases had formed at her sides where the elastic waistband of her pants dug into her tender skin. Her bra strap cut deep into her spongy back, causing a small roll of fat to spill out over the top, as the cups in front tried in vain to contain the fleshy avalanche of Susan's ample breasts. Before Judy could study her top half for too long, she quickly put on a loose fitting t-shirt and removed her pants. Although the t-shirt was long enough to cover Susan's hips and underwear, Judy could still see the fleshy creases of her butt cheeks sagging below her undergarments. Her rear still maintained its smooth, round shapeliness, but no longer firm from cheerleading, wiggled and shook as she moved to put on a pair of baggy sweats. Taking one last glance, Judy scurried back to the kitchen as Susan finished dressing.

4) Susan naked (or nearly so), posing in front of the mirror again, bemoaning her increasingly obvious weight gain.

Per the story text, Susan is at 141 pounds here, up about 14 pounds from the start.

The text describes Susan as naked but she could probably be wearing panties.

Pertinent story excerpts:

"I'm getting so fat!" Susan stood naked in front of her bathroom mirror. "Look at all this blubber," Susan thought, sticking her stomach out as far as it would go, then violently shaking it with her hands sending shock waves through the rest of her body. Amazed at its heft, Susan lifted her belly again, felt its increased weight, then dropped it and watched as it shook back into place. Flexing her once rock-hard stomach muscles produced only a slight quiver in her newfound flesh, and failed to prevent her index finger from sinking deep into her skin. Susan caressed the newly swollen softness of her lower abdomen. Feeling its tender warmth, Susan slowly massaged her flesh, kneading

it like dough as she made her way down the slope of her now prominent abdomen, eventually coming to rest between her meaty thighs. "I'm even getting fat there!" Susan exclaimed, after a brief, but pleasurable massage.

Susan then turned her attentions towards her back half. Facing sideways in the mirror, she was shocked at just how dramatically her rear stuck out from the rest of her body. Twisting around to examine it closer, Susan felt rolls forming underneath her shoulder blades and watched in horror as love handles formed at her sides as she leaned from left to right.

5) Susan plodding into Burger World, looking frustrated and awkwardly fat in her now outgrown uniform.

Include Crystal and Judy in this image as well as Susan.

A goal for this image is to serve as the counterpoint to the image of Susan, Judy, and Crystal on Susan's first day at Burger World. In contrast to Susan, Crystal has lost a few pounds since that time. Susan should now appear to be the chubbiest of the three and no longer the obvious "hottie" of the trio in consequence of how distinctly unfavorably the weight gain has landed on her. E.g., Susan's former lean hourglass shape probably lost most any trace of a discernable "waist" as she continues to thicken through the middle and pear out. This all is readily apparent to Crystal and Judy. Crystal is especially enjoying that reversal.

Susan is probably around 165 pounds here, up over 35 pounds from the start.

Pertinent story excerpts:

Crystal and Judy watched as she plodded through the doorway, her formerly lithe body moving awkwardly, unaccustomed to its newly acquired bulk.

It had been over three months since operation "Feed Susan" was initiated, and Susan's once baggy uniform was beginning to show the strain. Her formerly tone upper arms had nearly doubled in circumference, stretching the fabric of her form-fitting sleeves. Her generously proportioned breasts had also grown, but seemed to be succumbing to gravity. No longer pert and perky, they hung lower on her torso, sagging ponderously with the extra weight. Her lower body, however, was showing the most significant growth. Susan's posterior continued to jut out further and further behind her, causing the uniform's fabric to pull tight across her lower abdomen, which visibly protruded beneath the elastic waistband of her pants. Even her thighs, once sleek and smooth from cheerleading, now appeared trunk-like, pressed tight within the confines of her pant legs.

6) Susan is fatter still. She's stuck working the fry counter, sullen, and all but exploding out of her once loose uniform.

Susan is probably around 175 pounds here, up over 45 pounds from the start.

Including a very simple rough sketch suggestive of a fry counter would help give this context.

A key point of this scene is to once again highlight how much differently Susan's uniform fits now compared to the initial image.

Susan's uniform should be pinching, digging in, and straining—particularly across her belly, around upper curves of her behind, over her hips, and at the sleeve hems around her upper arms. Probably having difficulty keeping her belly fully covered. Waistband on pants probably by necessity worn in an increasingly downward-slanted manner, to accommodate the rise of her bulky ass.

Pertinent story excerpts:

Days soon turned into weeks and Susan remained on kitchen detail. Crystal would occasionally volunteer to take over for Susan for a few days, but Chuck would always refuse, saying that things were better the way they were. In fact, Susan was becoming a pretty good worker. She rarely spoke on the job anymore and would absorb herself in her work. Even without Crystal and Judy's subtle encouragement, however, it was clear she was still putting on weight. She munched incessantly on leftover food, and would always make extra fries for herself. Soon it became obvious that Susan was in dire need of a new uniform, but she seemed hesitant to ask for one. One day, after it had become so ridiculously tight that it looked ready to burst at the seams, Chuck tossed her a larger one saying, "Thought you could use this." Susan simply said "Thank You," and went back to work, her face flush with anger and embarrassment.

7) Susan inspecting her even fatter and frumpier body in front of the mirror, naked.

Susan is up to about 190 pounds here, upwards of a 60-pound gain from the start. It looks like more and worse than that due to how out of shape she's gotten and how unhealthy her diet has become. Plus, it's become evident that, despite her formerly enviable proportions, it turns out Susan just really doesn't carry extra weight very well at all. No longer sexy, Susan's sunk below merely "average" and into fumpy butterball territory. Her figure has turned into a bottom-heavy bell-ish pear. Prominently bulging love handles, a fat and doughy potbelly, a bulky ass that's climbed higher on her back and grown boxy and a bit dimpled rather than round. Her upper arms are thick, flabby, and toneless. Her thighs aren't any better—chunked into chafing, tubby drumsticks. Her breasts have gotten saggier more than larger. She might have a few hints of stretchmarks in some key "problem areas."

I think this scene might do well with Susan in near-profile pose, as described in the text.

The text describes Susan as naked, but I think she could easily be wearing panties.

Making the changes in Susan's face evident is an important part of this image—the rounding of her cheeks, the developing double chin, and prominent acne breaking out on her cheeks and forehead. I think that last bit probably is something that can be demonstrated even with just line art and shading, right?

Pertinent story excerpts:

Susan moved to the bathroom where she slipped out of her night gown to shower, accidentally catching a glimpse of herself in the full-length mirror. She had learned to avoid mirrors, especially when naked, except to comb her hair and fix her make-up. When she paused for a closer look, she hardly recognized the image in front of her.

The body that six months ago had captained the state's most popular cheerleading squad had disappeared, leaving a chubby, pear-shaped one in its wake. Her hips had become so wide that they extended past the edges of the mirror. Touching them, she realized she could no longer feel her hip bones, as they had been buried under a soft cocoon of fat. She was almost as wide in profile, her stomach and rear pushing out from each other like two magnets with the same polarity. Her breasts rested lazily on top of her swollen belly, which nudged them gradually to each side. Even her goddess-like face, which had been the one area of her body to remain relatively unchanged, was beginning to show the effects of her excessive gormandizing. A small, yet perceptible second chin was forming, and her once sharp features were beginning to soften. Her silky-smooth complexion had also started to blemish, as pimples erupted across her cheeks and forehead.

8) Susan sprawled out on the exercise mat; an obese, exhausted, whimpering, defeated mess.

Except for the epilogue, this image probably is the least flattering for Susan.

She should be collapsed on a rough sketch of an exercise mat, a sweaty, exhausted, disheveled, weepy mess.

Some details on her facial changes are important to showcase here, especially with the benefit of the full color: the chubby roundness of her vanishing cheekbones and new little double chin; her face being flushed deep red from being both so out of shape and embarrassed; on top of that, the flush is further aggravating the prominent acne on her cheeks and forehead; her hair a ruffled and sweat-matted mess; her overall complexion a few shades paler than before.

The story seems to leave Susan still undressed in this scene, which could be beneficial for depicting her in a flopped and vulnerable state, but it might also make sense to put her in some (laughably undersized) workout attire, like a sports bra and shorts. I'll leave that your artistic discretion.

Pertinent story excerpts:

"To hell with them," Susan thought, wiping away the tears. Looking at the clock she realized she was late for her final day of work.

"To hell with them too," Susan repeated, becoming increasingly angry. Susan got out of bed and took one last look at her bloated body in the mirror. "I'll show them," Susan thought as she pulled her exercise mat out from under the bed. "I'm going to get in the best shape of my life...We'll see who's has the last word then."

Huffing and puffing, Susan quickly did thirty sit-ups before collapsing, exhausted, back on the mat. "I can't believe how out of shape I've gotten," Susan whispered to herself between breaths. "I used to be able to do one-hundred without breaking a sweat...But now..." Susan watched her stomach as she began another set of sit-ups. Her formerly tight belly shook and quivered, segmenting into three distinct rolls of fat as she bent forward, eventually spilling out onto her lap as she completed each repetition. Susan again fell back to the mat, tears flowing.

"It's hopeless," she thought. "I'll never be thin again."

9) Susan five years later; she's still stalled out in the drudgery of Burger World, a massively obese (~100 pounds up from her end-of-story peak, around 290) and homely-frazzled-sloppy wreck.

Image should show Susan working in kitchen in her frumpy, rumpled, stained, huge-yet-still-pathetically-outgrown uniform.

I think it'd be nice to include at least a roughly sketched indication of a counter for Susan's to be bulging up against as she struggles to navigate her bulk in the cramped quarters—akin to what the text describes.

Important to showcase here is how Susan is not just bigger but frumpier. Susan should look markedly worse for wear—not really conveniently attractive at all anymore. Blimped-out lunch lady chic.

Her face has fattened tremendously; cheeks swollen round enough to squish her eyes towards a piggish squint and her lips into a bit of a permanent purse. Her chin has nearly vanished into its neck-blurring jowly double. She still has prominent acne but now also looks haggard well beyond her mid-20s. Some tired-looking under-eye rings and frown lines might help with that.

Her complexion probably also ought to be a patchy mix of ruddy-flushed and pallid—kind of unhealthy-looking. She probably wouldn't be bothering with cosmetics at this point. Maybe she's cut her hair shorter and plainer out of convenience and indifference too.

Shape wise, her awkward bell-shaped has progressed even further. She's become very prominently gut-heavy and wide, balanced (poorly) by an ass that's bulky, boxy, and deeply dimpled with cellulite. Her tits have gone flabby and shapeless. Her upper arms and thighs are shamefully fat and flabby, drooping a bit around her elbows and knees. Her belly and hips would have visible hints of stretchmarks where any flesh is exposed. Maverick suggested Susan's size might be roughly similar to Sarya's in the third progression stage, but obviously with less in the chest. ;)

Pertinent story excerpts (from the new epilogue):

Five years. How was that possible? How could something pass in the blink of an eye, yet seem like a lifetime ago? When Chuck hired me, he was an upwardly mobile manager with good hair and a Harley--we even hooked up a few times--but now he was a balding thirty-something with a dad bod and a Volvo.

At least he *was* a dad. I had no such excuse.

My eyes welled with tears. If I wasn't careful, this burger would be even juicier than the first. I tried to focus on making the order--lettuce, cheese, tomatoes, special sauce (just ketchup mixed with mayo)--and not how my potbelly dented against the counter and kept me from reaching the condiments.

"Refire up!"

I hurriedly slid the replacement down the ramp to heat lamp hell. As I caught my breath, my shirt slid up the slope of my stomach until warm air tickled my tummy where it dangled over the elastic waistband of my polyester pants. Tugging the hem of my untucked top, I inadvertently released a cascade of crumbs that had caught on the canopy of my belly. At least I hadn't mopped yet.

"Chuck said you'd want this." Shelby plopped my failed number five on the cutting board in front of me. Chuck was a stickler about waste. ('You waste it, you taste it,' was his mantra.) Needless to say, I've made a lot of mistakes through the years.

My stomach growled like Pavlov's guard dog. I indeed wanted it. But instead, I slid the pickled patty back to the generously proportioned ginger. "That's OK. I already ate. You can have it."

I'm not sure what compelled me to do it. Maybe it was her assuming smirk. Maybe it was her impossible hourglass figure. Maybe it was because I could guess what she'd say...

"Thanks." Shelby snatched it from the table like she was afraid I'd change my mind. "It's time for my break anyway."

As the robust redhead hurried from the kitchen with her fatty feast, I couldn't help but smile. Maybe she'll learn the same lessons I did.