

Metabolism curse story

APRIL 2026



April

I knew my boyfriend was cheating. We'd been together for two years, and lately he'd been different. Kinda distracted, and yet happy. His phone buzzed all the time. "Work," he'd say.

Bullshit. I knew it.

And I knew it was her.

His favorite colleague. The one always hosting dinners. Organizing team-building trips. I think she worked in HR or something.

One afternoon, I got out of class early. I waited in the park across from his office, heart pounding.

They came out together, laughing. She touched his shoulder. He didn't flinch. He smiled. The bastard.

I saw red.

I walked straight up to them, looked her in the eye and said, "Stay the fuck away from my man, you fat pig!"

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I should probably mention: Violeta was taller than me, and much heavier too. Thirty-two years old, with a body that some men called “curvy” or “womanly,” though I couldn’t see it. To me, she just looked... fat.

A Latina with a child from a past relationship and clearly on the hunt for younger guys. I wasn’t certain about it but I later found out she had been flirting with my boyfriend for months at that point. At first he’d resisted but eventually he’d given up.

I couldn’t understand it. Why would my boyfriend go for her when he had me? With my lean, charming, twenty-something body?

It made no sense to me.

So when I confronted them and spat out that insult, he stepped in right away, trying to calm things down, extremely embarrassed. She just muttered something under her breath in Spanish, looking at me. She looked so strong and confident it scared me, more than I could admit to myself.

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May

Luckily, the crisis passed, more or less. He later explained that he had just been friendly with her – maybe too friendly – and that in such a toxic office, he simply needed someone to talk to. Nothing had happened, he said, and they wouldn't see each other outside of work again, if that would make me feel better. I didn't want to talk about it. But after a month, the resentment started to fade. He stopped returning home late. And I began to forgive him, slowly.

Then something else caught my attention. My clothes were feeling tighter than usual. At first I blamed the new dryer – but the scale told a different story. I'd gone from 50 to 55 kilos. That's about 107 to 121 pounds. Not much, I know, but it felt like a shift. My breasts had also gone up a cup size – from an A- to a small B. I'd always been slim, and this caught me off guard. Maybe I'd been snacking more than I realized. Probably due to the stress.

Strangely, even my hair had changed. It used to lie flat, neat. Lately, it had started to frizz – a bit wavy, harder to brush. Probably just the humidity.

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July

“Babe... I think I gained more weight. Again.” I hesitated. “Do you remember that dress you bought me last month? It’s already kind of tight.” No matter how hard I tried, I was constantly hungry, I snacked during the day and sometimes at night. And I kept gaining weight.

Luckily, I didn’t look bad. My bra size had jumped from an A to a full C, and my hips had filled out too. I looked curvier. Less like myself but more conventionally attractive. Men held their gazes longer. My boyfriend seemed to like it. He said so, though he also warned me not to let it get out of hand. I had gained a massive 15 kgs and was now hovering around 65 kilos – 143 pounds. At 165 centimeters, I wasn’t fat. But I was nearing being overweight. Some of my girlfriends tossed me half-teasing compliments. I could tell they weren’t honest. Which was ironic, given how I used to talk about their bodies.

I thought of her. Violeta. That day in the park, about three months before. The insult I threw at her. A cold knot formed in my stomach. Could she have—? No. I shook my head. That’s ridiculous. Magic isn’t real.

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October

After 6 months, I hit 72 kilos. I was chubby, and it showed everywhere, including my face. I had no choice – I booked a doctor's appointment. Something wasn't right. He sat across from me with a concerned expression.

"Your BMI is 26," he said. "You're overweight now." I blinked. It felt unreal. I had always been naturally skinny. "You were 50 kilos not long ago. That's a dramatic change in just a few months," he continued, visibly puzzled. "I reviewed your previous labs – your metabolism has shifted significantly. You're now metabolizing like someone predisposed to weight gain."

I sat in silence. Even *he* was shocked. "What would cause that?" I asked, trying to stay calm. He shrugged slightly. "Age, hormones, lifestyle. It happens. Sometimes after 30, the body settles into a new balance." "I'm twenty-two," I muttered. I thought about telling him my hair had changed too – how it had gone darker, and wavy. But I didn't. It felt too bizarre. He already looked at me like a case study. Something was happening to me. And I wasn't sure it could be undone anymore.

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December

I had been dieting for a few months with modest improvements but then the holidays hit like a tidal wave. Food everywhere. Family gatherings. I had no control over my portions anymore. I tried to fight it. Skipped breakfast. Fasted the day after every family dinner. But none of it mattered. It only made me hungrier for the family dinners.

I dyed my hair back to blonde. Straightened it obsessively. Contoured my face to hide its new fullness. Bought new outfits to smooth my curves. But it was too much to hide.

At one dinner, an uncle asked: "So... when are you due?"

I froze.

"Oh, I'm not— it's just— exam stress," I blurted, cheeks burning. "I've been stress-eating, that's all."

My parents told me I needed to start eating healthier and bought me a gym subscription.

By the end of the month, the scale said 80 kilos. Eighty.

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January

After the holidays, I made a decision. A promise, really.

No more excuses. No more surrendering to cravings or blaming hormones. I was going to fight whatever was happening to me – tooth and nail.

I dropped yoga. It was too soft, too slow. I needed sweat. Strain. Results. I signed up at a gym across town, where nobody knew me, where I could disappear into the noise of clanging weights and pounding treadmills.

I told the trainer my goal – bluntly. “Weight loss,” I said.

He nodded like he’d heard it a thousand times. I felt it from the first session – how heavy I’d become. How sluggish. My core felt like it had forgotten who I was. Even small things were harder now: squats, planks, breathing in the mirror without flinching.

But I pushed through. Set after set. Day after day. Because deep down, I couldn’t shake the fear that this wasn’t just about food. That something inside me had changed – or been changed. And if I didn’t fight back now, there might come a point where I couldn’t.