

Bebe, Drawn to Gluttony
By Levi Tompkins

Bebe Draughton hugged her roommate. "I feel like I'm really gonna miss you. Three months is a long time."

Wilhelmina "Wil" Ketch ran her fingers through her short close cropped hair and sighed.

"I won't lie... I worry a bit about what you'll do here by yourself, Bebe. Try and get out, or at least have some friends over. I know you love living your best fujoshi life and I get that... sorta, but try and get outside of your comfort zone a little."

Wil's mother had invited her back to go on a cruise to Alaska for the next month and then after that they were going to visit some family. The thin, perpetually tired-looking, young woman hated nothing more than the heat of summer; and seeing the majesty of Alaska instead of melting while schlepping around between caricature gigs and portraits seemed ideal to her. Bebe was happy for her but it was gonna make for a long summer.

The two hugged, the twiggy young woman practically engulfed by Bebe's marshmallowy-ness. "Bye Bebe, I'll call soon." Bebe watched her best friend, the only real tie to the world outside of her apartment, walk out the door and she got a sinking feeling. The pang in her heart soon turned into a pang in her stomach and she ordered herself a pizza and a two liter of pop.

A week later.

"Hey Bebe, just checking in. Cruise is beautiful. How you doin?"

The text was only the second Bebe had gotten from Wilhelmina since she'd left.

"Doin okay, thinking if opening up commissions. Works a lil light this month. You think I should do like a new example sheet?"

Bebe was wrapping up her work for the day. She was technically freelance, but she was kept in regular employ doing art for toy packaging, CCGs, and tabletop rpgs; mostly all by the same company. They were fun gigs, but there were occasional dry spells where less work was coming in and she always tried to take some commissions during that time.

Wilhelmina replied. "You absolutely should. Please raise your prices again. You do professional work, charge accordingly."

The two continued to chat while Bebe took the occasional swig from a one liter mountain dew and shoved the occasional chip in her face. When she and Wil finally wrapped up, she stretched her arms up above her head trying to work out the stiffness that came with prolonged periods of sitting hunched at her drawing station. She stood and noticed the draft of the a/c chilling her tummy. It was an odd sensation and it quickly became clear to her that she had outgrown this shirt without realizing it. She tried to pull the shirt down but it just kept riding up, the tip of her soft, extremely convex belly hanging out the bottom. "This is new..."

Bebe didn't pay much attention to her weight. She'd been a butterball as a child, then a tubby teen, and now a fairly fat young woman. It didn't bug her much, though if she was forced to think about it she would probably admit it made her a bit self-conscious to show off her skin.

Never before could she remember just suddenly being too fat for a piece of clothing to properly fit anymore. Things got tight over time. She would buy slightly bigger things before time was up and things rotated out. It's why she had drawer of jeans that hadn't fit since freshman year. She ran her fingers along the bottom of the protruding band of flesh and shivered. The skin was super soft and sensitive. She touched it again. Lifting her tummy slightly shaking it. "This is fine." She patted her gut. "...kinda cute even."

Bebe found it so cute in fact that when she sat down to do some sketching she found herself sketching her own round tummy and the rest of herself to go with it. She thought it was a pretty good likeness, cute and round, fat but with some sexy curves. It was so rare for her to draw herself, and usually when she did it was far more simplified, this was a fun change of pace. She liked the sketch so much she inked and colored it. When it was time to make her new commission example sheet she popped it in there with only the tiniest hesitation about showing her sexy cute fat self to the world.

A couple days later she read the comments on her comms sheet. They were thirsty.

"Thicc?" She jiggled her gut a bit unsure if she was amused or annoyed. "Do we qualify as thicc, tummy?"

It was weird that people reacted to a drawing of herself like that. No one ever reacted to real her like that and real her was probably a little thinner. Soon the comments turned into a commission request. She'd already gotten several of the normal types: Dungeons and Dragons OCs, a couple steamy shounen ai things, and then suddenly among them was someone wanting to commission her for a fat Sailor Moon.

She knew that this was probably some kinda fetish thing. "What kinda can of worms have I opened?"

It seemed innocent enough though really and she did nsfw art all the time, drawing Usagi stuffed on donuts wasn't really any kind of deep compromise. She took it and her only regret ended up being that she was drawing her in her senshi uniform instead of one of her incredible casual outfits, all of which Bebe thought would make for great fat girl clothes. Her Sailor Moon ended up being extremely round and soft-looking. Bebe was honest to goodness in love with the lil butterball. She wanted to poke her little chubby cheeks. Instead she ate a couple of snack cakes and fell asleep watching a Sailor Moon animation jam that was on youtube.

It ended up being a bit of a divisive pic when she posted it, there was a lot of positive comments though. It was super cute and Bebe knew it, so "Let the haters hate". Almost immediately she had another commission request for a fat girl. This was a bit weirder though; they wanted to see the girl from her commission sheet fatter. The girl that was basically her.

She loosely doodled herself a bit bigger. Loose lines suggesting wider hips and a bigger ass, big round belly, a more detailed face with big shiny fat cheeks. "Why not? They dont know it's me."

When she took the commission she realized that they wanted her, the other her that is, to be stuffed full of burgers. Bebe enjoyed drawing the food, enjoyed the big distended gut she gave herself, her art doppelganger's cheeks like a chipmunk holding fast food instead of forrest nuts.

"Jeez, I want some burgers." Bebe opened uber eats and ordered six burgers and two extra large fried for herself; it wasn't that she was deciding that she wanted to be fat, not exactly... It was just something about the Bebe in her art seemed free and confident. Cute, sexy, even a little dangerous. Bebe wanted to be her, *that* Bebe, and *that* Bebe was gobbling down food like there was no tomorrow.

Over the next couple weeks this became a pattern. She took commissions and she ate. Most of the commissions were for her avatar, a few for other people's OCs, one for the new Overwatch girl; but mostly people were asking her to do more stuff with her "character".

More stuffing, one of her ass getting stuck in a door frame. She'd thought that one weird at first but as she drew it she kept giggling at the thought and looking at the ever expanding amount of doughy tum protruding from under all her shirts. After she finished she went to the door waving her hips back and forth, musing about how big she would have to be to actually get stuck.

She used Wilhelmina's blender to turn an entire carton of ice cream into the biggest milkshake she'd ever seen. She thought she would have had trouble drinking it all, she thought her stomach would start to ache and keep her from going too far. Neither was true. Something deep in her burned with need when she drew herself fatter. That need that she used to fill with Harry Draco slashfic or the occasional stray thought about Gwendolyn Christie was now being

filled by filling herself with food. She was drunk off lust for herself; the endorphins let her ignore all protests from her body, at least while she was awake and stuffing her face.

Her nights became another story.

It was early, five am maybe. A sound woke Bebe up and she couldn't figure out what it had been. She tried to sit up but it was impossible. The discomfort in her stomach was palpable. She brought her hand up to her gut and was shocked when in the dark she felt herself. Her belly was a rock hard dome. She felt like a Yoshi, like she'd eaten and eaten and now a giant egg just lived in her body.

Her shirt didn't even begin to cover her gut. It felt suffocating and wrong; was it cutting into her arms? She pulled it off quickly, her breasts bouncing against the dome of her gut. She felt the marks on her soft sausage arms where the shirt had been digging into them. "Did it always fit like....?"

Bebe trailed off looking at how fat and jiggly her arms had gotten. She'd looked at some bbw models recently. Girls a hundred pounds heavier than her or more. Some of them had massive, fat upper arms. Seeing her own arm fat jiggling like that stirred Bebe up again and, discomfort forgotten, she reached around her bloated abdomen to touch herself. Suddenly she heard a groaning sound and stopped. She started laughing, it hurt a bit, the waves of mirth traveling through her overstuffed form, but she couldn't stop. The sounds of her stomach trying to digest had been what woke her. The laughing killed her lust. Full and tired she drifted back to sleep

It had been a month since Wilhelmina had left and Bebe felt that she was doing pretty dang good. She was making good money and she was enjoying herself every night. Bebe also felt; however, that Wilhelmina probably wouldn't approve.

She'd wanted for Bebe to get out more, meet people, exercise. She guessed she could say she was meeting people at least. The people were mostly serious kink enthusiasts, and some were a bit cloying, but a few were super cool peeps.

A woman with the screen name of GymFailureFriend had asked if she would be willing to draw her. They had had some discussions about being fat women. Friend seemed a little bit more confident than her though. Still, that was art she was eager to get to. Bebe wondered what the woman looked like. Friend kept calling her tiny...

First though, she had a commission of her avatar bursting out of her clothes. Bebe felt a bit conflicted. She liked the art but this felt a little close to home. Her weight was soaring and nothing fit anymore. She was supposed to go to a family thing the other day and when she tried to put on one of her dress shirts she wasn't able to fasten a single button. Her tummy in

particular had gotten huge, though her thighs and ass were working hard to keep up. Her slacks sure weren't getting much further up than her knees.

She had a couple of shirts that still managed to cover her tummy and she was afraid they were getting tight around the arms. She had one pair of shorts and two pairs of sweats. She needed new underwear like California needed rain. It didn't bother her that much to open the door to the delivery people with her fat bulging out and jiggling. Hell it was sorta hot, but she would feel weird going out in any of the clothes she had left. She didn't have any other big events anytime soon though. Bebe half-heartedly resolved to order some clothes online. She fingered her navel gently and popped a Little Debbie snack cake in her mouth, barely chewing before gulping it down. "There's no rush..."

GymFailureFriend was one of the fattest and sexiest humans Bebe had ever seen. She made Bebe look small and at this point Bebe was the fattest person she knew in real life. The woman, who was just this perfectly proportioned ball of folded dough, was so big Bebe wasn't even sure if she could walk. In one of the reference pictures she was standing, but the idea of that human sea of flesh walking, her fat rolls bouncing against each other, was more than Bebe could imagine. Even trying was making her equal parts hungry and horny.

She gathered all the snacks she had left in the house and called in an order for two pizzas, then she started drawing. She was barely aware as she drew. She crammed more and more food down her gullet as her mind mapped out rolls and folds. Her body on the edge of climax as feelings of fullness mixed with her intense focus on rendering back fat.

When the drawing was done after a grueling marathon session, Bebe was exhausted, sore, dehydrated, and so incredibly stuffed with literally every last morsel of food in the apartment that she was weighed down by her inhumanly distended gut. She could not lift her body out of her chair. She ran a finger along it. It was rock hard. Her face twisted in a mixture of ecstasy, discomfort, and shame. Being unable to move, she decided to try and sleep and digest. Before she could ease herself to sleep she heard her phone begin to blare out Wil's ringtone. She looked around but could not see the phone anywhere. She couldn't stand, couldn't even really change position, she was utterly unable to just bend down and find her phone. The orgasm she had stayed right on the edge of for hours came upon her body with a stifled moan and she quickly fell asleep her phone still ringing.

Bebe woke up a few hours later, sweaty and disheveled. Her gut had lost its turgidness, but she still felt stuffed. She slowly managed to get herself up. She bent down to pick up her phone, her still bloated tummy compressing painfully, and heard a "shrrriiip" as her burgeoning ass shredded the pair of panties she was wearing. Earlier she might have felt exhilarated by this, but right now she just felt tired and a little hopeless.

She'd missed three calls from Wilhelmina. Guiltily she read through the texts. "Worried about you."

Bebe worried about herself. She felt great lately, but what the hell was she doing? She looked down at her gut, it was just enormous now. "A month ago it wasn't, I mean it had been big, but it hadn't stuck so far out, hadn't hung so far down." She thought.

She felt like living bread dough, just rising and rising, and it was hot, and she liked how she looked. She liked all that flesh, she didn't look bad, she just looked really fat and bouncy. Other people were gonna look at her though. Wilhelmina, all her other friends, they'd all look at her like something to be pitied. Her family was all fat, but she was bigger than any of them now, they'd probably say something, too. Worst of all, she had no clothes. She had money for clothes, but the idea of going and actually buying them, even ordering them online, it scared her for some reason.

Why couldn't people just go, "Hey it's cool if you like being fat"?

"I gotta cut back or something..." That's when she heard a ding from her computer showing she'd gotten a private message.

"Are you still up? Loved the drawing of me, would love to get another soon. I wondered though... you seem like a fellow woman who enjoys a good meal, would you be interested in a special arrangement?"

GymFailureFriend's "hubby" it turned out worked as an executive for one of the nation's largest grocery chains and GFF was more than happy to pay double her normal commission prices if she would accept them in grocery credit. They had a delivery service too. It mean practically all the food Bebe could possibly eat without having to leave the house.

Bebe really thought about turning it down. She looked down at her naked body, at the big sagging breasts and expansive tummy that made it impossible to see the ground in front of her and thought, "This is fat enough right? Too fat really. It would be crazy to let myself gain another inch," but for all that Bebe wanted to draw what GFF was asking for.

GFF said she had plateaued with her gain, and she really wanted to have an idea of what she'd look like bigger. She said if Bebe was comfortable, she could put Bebe in the pic with her as well, a bigger, fatter Bebe

The next month was a vicious cycle for Bebe. She ate to draw and drew to eat. She was getting more commissions, even doing a weightgain drive with her avatar, and being constantly tempted into more gluttony by GFF. Every day she woke up feeling at the same time ravenous

yet still full from the night before. She drew her avatar inhumanly stuffed, every day more rolls more pounds, and Bebe herself couldn't help but try and force real life to emulate art.

The weight piled on. Her sedentary lifestyle, her utter gluttony, and gaining tips from GFF that she absolutely knew she shouldn't try out but was fascinated by, all resulted in a gain she would not have thought was possible. A week in she just couldn't fit in her clothes at all. Her tits and ass ballooned like they were trying to catch her big dough mass of a gut, and that was it for wearing stuff: She had to answer the door wrapped in a blanket.

She ordered a few very stretchy tops, shorts and even a couple of giant tent dresses in case she absolutely had to leave the house for some reason. The idea of going out was nerve wracking, though highly erotic too. Part of her wanted to be very fat and very exposed in public, to make people just deal with it. Most of her was too scared of the staring. Yet, even if she could work up the courage to show the world her body it was too hot out there. She was getting out of breath just walking down the hall in the ac, a couple blocks in the heat would just about kill her.

Her belly was a problem. Summer was nearing its end and Bebe had eaten herself into quite the pickle. In the last couple weeks her gut had grown and grown and its weight, mass, and presence were totally inescapable. Lifting herself up as it weighed her down required effort, reaching around it to grab things required effort. Yesterday she'd gone to take a shower, and her gut whiped out all the little shower shelves. Then when she turned trying to clean them up her ass took out the shower curtain.

These would have been problems all on their own, but everytime it happened she was so entranced by her own size, her own sheer mass, that she got turned on, and while reaching her clit and masturbating was a fairly arduous task at this point, going to the fridge and stuffing her face until she orgasmed was frighteningly easy. These days her old drawing station was incredibly cramped so she started using her gut as a table of sorts. It made her giggly looking at herself. After a bit she started fantasizing and ended up drawing an utterly obscenely large version of herself with two hot bishounen using her belly as a bed as they made out. She tried hard not to let things get too messy, to remember other work commitments, but the effort of doing those things made it so easy to sink back into kink art and binge eating once she was done.

Then, one day at the summer's end, Bebe found herself excitedly stuffing her face while drawing a group of succubi stuffing her avatars face when the door to her room burst open.

"Bebe! Are you in here, I've been call -- HOLY FUCK!"

"Oh my god Bebe... I'd been seeing the art, but... Jeebus, how did you get this fat? Can you even stand up." Wilhelmina looked amazing, new clothes, new short stylish little haircut,

probably all courtesy her mom. She was a tiny celery stick of a woman compared to the bowl of cake batter Bebe had transformed herself into.

“Hey, I’m not that fat! Of course I can stand.” Bebe attempted to stand. It wasn’t entirely successful.

“I can stand, just not right now...”

“Have you left the apartment at all since I’ve been gone?”

Bebe blushed... “Like, three times I think.”

Wil started pacing and muttering. “I knew the art was a bad sign. Wil, don’t worry, she’s just expressing her femininity through curves, don’t worry, we all pick up weird little kinks, the perverts probably pay well. Yeah its weird she’s drawing herself over and over again as some kinda huge blob but you had that period where all you drew were anthropomorphic chairs and no one ever called you out on that.. Oh my godddddddddd”

Bebe watched, too intimidated and ashamed to say much. Wil grabbed into her own hair, screamed, and then turned to Bebe. “Hey, how are you.”

Bebe brightened up. “I’d be better if my roommate didn’t come back as such a freak.”

Wil shot her a look. “No seriously,” Wil’s voice grew concerned, “I’m sorry I freaked out, but this,” her face grew red looking at Bebe’s mostly naked body, “is a heck of a change, Bebe.”

Bebe nodded, the motion causing her cheek fat to wobble against the roll of fat around her neck, Wil tried not to react to that. “I’m really good honestly! I mean it. I’m just scared though.”

Wil tried to take this in. “Hey, here have this.” Wil rummaged through her bag and pulled out a sketchbook, she opened it up and presented Bebe with a fairly detailed sketch.

“I kept meaning to ask you about all this fat art... I wish I had. I thought it was kinda neat, so I drew my own ‘fatsona’. I’m not quite as good as you at rendering chub though, but then I guess I have a lot less experience.”

A Wilhelmina that was nearly spherical greeted Bebe, it wasn’t particularly anatomically correct, but it was a really cute drawing. “Awww, Wil.” the two women hugged awkwardly, and slowly, ponderously Bebe started to get to her feet, her enormous gut pooling on the floor as she bent forward and slowly lifted her mass with her knees. “Whew.”

Wil’s eyes were wide. “Bebe...”

Bebe sighed dramatically. "I'm gonna have to go on a diet, huh?" Wil nodded.

"Wilhelmina, I really like being fat."

"You were already fat..."

Bebe shot Wil a look. "I mean, I like being this fat. Wilhelmina, this is amazing, this is like the sexiest thing that has ever happened to me. I love all this...I probably can't really keep living like this though, can I?"

Wil looked shocked, but rallied. "I don't think it's very practical..."

"Okay, I guess we gotta pack up the food, and I guess I gotta, god, I don't even know, how do you lose weight." Wilhelmina looked up and down at the doughy woman before her and smiled. "I'll try and help you, though I'm not sure how, but first we should do something else." Bebe's face clouded in confusion. Wilhelmina prodded Bebe's gut. "This is kind of like your art isn't it Bebe. We should preserve it." She grinned wide.

Two months later Wilhelmina stood in the local art gallery looking at an utterly enormous Bebe. She took up most of the floorspace of the room, four posts and red ropes surrounded her, keeping anyone from getting too close to touch her expansive belly or widened rear end.

Wilhelmina smiled down at her. "She's looking pretty good Wil." Bebe waddled down the hallway and looked down at the giant sculpture that portrayed the body she'd worn just two months ago.

In only two months she'd dropped a massive amount of weight. She was still heavier, and she was definitely softer and a bit saggier all over, but simply not stuffing herself eighteen hours a day made dieting fairly easy. Wilhelmina making her go outside and walk every day didn't hurt either. At first she could barely make it to the end of the block and back, but after a couple weeks Bebe felt pretty good waddling her big ass out there and building some muscle back up.

People did stare, and it was hard, but Wilhelmina was by her side, and before too long she felt not only confident in going out, but confident in showing off some skin. Tonight was a testament of that, Bebe wore a sleeveless gown, a cut out in the torso allow a pale egg shape of flesh to puff out show off her roundness and her deep navel. She looked all around her admiring the paintings and sculptures that Wilhelmina had made with her as a model. A tribute through an extreme life style.

She looked at the statue again, missing the giant warm mass of dough that used to practically pin her to the floor, missing the ability to eat ice cream until she passed out, wake up, and eat some more. She looked at a thin couple gaping at the statues size. "That was me!" she grinned.

The two were speechless. One managed to stammer out “Uh congrats on the weight loss.” Bebe smiled a bit wickedly and patted her jiggly belly. “Thanks, but honestly I miss it a lot, just not real practical.” The two blanched. It was a good showing though. Good for Wil’s career, good for Bebe’s confidence. She took some pictures to send to GFF later. She really wanted to come but she said she was having a serious problem with doors lately, Bebe tried not to be jealous. Wil put a comforting hand on her back. “Come on Bebe, when we are done here I’ll take you out to an all you can eat buffet, you’ve earned a cheat day.” Bebe smiled hungrily.