It wasn’t an understatement to say that the most interesting part of any given episode of the series *C.O.L.O.R.* would always be the behind-the-scenes work.

After all, the show had a very basic concept—various characters based off of various colors, some recurring and some not, work for the C.O.L.O.R. Corporation and try to stop *other* characters based off of *other* colors who act as villains. Three women old enough to be out of high school but written in such a way that the the target demographic couldn’t relate to them, working for W.H.E.E.L and busting various baddies every week. All while being marketed and polished so that it was painstakingly approachable to not only the Y7 audience, but also entrenched in things like shipping culture and off-screen lore meant to draw in the 13-18 crowd. There wasn’t a lot more to it—most plots were episodic, excluding last season’s three-part finale, and a lot of the characters were unbearably trophy.

Under the talents of less-experienced voice actors, the show might have been a flop in its first season. But it was thanks to the talented cast and crew, plus a few favors owed between the show-runners and the network heads if the rumors were to be believed, that *C.O.L.O.R.* was well on its way to a second season despite middling reviews. It was pretty clear though that, if things continued the way that they had been, the show would definitely not be picked up for a third season.

Diana De la Cruz had been hired on for two prior episodes last season, where she voiced Doctor Velma Von Violet—your typical run-of-the-mill Mad Scientist with a penchant for purple. Diana had always loved playing the bad guys; they were so much more fun than the goody-two-shoes heroes, and playing Velma Von Violet (Three-Vee, as the internet had started calling her) had been very much within her wheelhouse. Diana’s speaking voice was already pretty close to what they had wanted for her to do for the character anyway, so working on this show was about as easy of a job as she could get.

And hey, as long as the studio had Diana De la Cruz money, she’d definitely show up for a walk in the park like this…

*“Of course, in order to do that, they’re gonna have to make this next season a lot more memorable than the last one…”*

Diana muttered to herself as she looked over the new script for the season premiere. She hadn’t been surprised that she’d been asked to come back—apparently Velma Von Violet had been a really popular character when her episode debuted, so bringing her back this early in Season Two only made sense. In fact, she was slated to be in five episodes this season as a recurring villain for the hero characters to face off against. Not exactly stellar work, but knowing that her villain character got the second-most episodes focused on when compared to the veritable wheel (ha!) of antagonists with puns penned into their name *did* make her feel better about agreeing to come back and voice the character.

“Especially if they’re finally gonna let me have some fun and do something *other* than evil laughs…”

When you had been in the game for as long as Diana had been, you started to realize that a *lot* of cartoons (that’s western cartoons, anime, pretty much any form of animation) borrowed plots from one another. Whether it was due to sharing a writer, one series paying homage to another one, or just a happy accident, it wasn’t that uncommon for Diana to get a feeling of deja vu when reading through some of these stories…

But when the plots were good and campy like this one, she was hardly going to complain.

Come on—Dr. Velma Von Violet starts up a spoof on the girl scouts, loads them up with ridiculously addictive cookies, and pigs out on them throughout the episode as she gets like, circus fat lady big? At least it was something *different*, you know? Not a lot of shows still did plots like this one, and Diana was willing to use her expertise to help make her role as “Three-XL Three Vee” that much more memorable in return for being given the opportunity…

“Are you… gonna eat those in there?”

“Uh, yeah.” Diana scoffed to the director from behind the glass, “The episode’s called *Gradience of Greed*—you don’t want Velma Von Violet to sound *starved* do you?”

These recording sessions could be long. It was normal for voice actors to bring bottles of water into the studio with them. And yes, sometimes snacks. But Diana’s armful of boxed mini-muffins, sleeve of cookies, and clamshell of cupcakes from the grocery store were hardly indicative of the usual sorts of snacks that she and the other actors tended to bring in with them. Eating during recording could affect their voice in any myriad ways, causing rereads and throat-clearing… but for an episode like this, especially during the scenes were Velma started to get *really* big, Diana figured that it might actually help her process.

Plus, she had skipped breakfast. So really, it worked out for everybody.

“I mean, nah, it’s fine, just don’t drop anything in there.” The director of the episode shrugged her shoulders, “We get ants real bad.”

“You got it.” Diana held up a thumb as she popped open the first bag of mini muffins, “Let’s get started—just me in the booth today?”

“Afraid so—everyone else is already working on the next episode.”

“More for me then, I guess…” Diana sat down on the stool and pulled the mic down, until it was closer towards her, “Alright, read me in…”

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“*AAAAAAAHAHAHA!”*

Diana De la Cruz had been in the voice acting business for long enough that she could do an evil cackle blindfolded if she had to. So nailing those lines were no problem at all—in fact, they were practically automatic at this point. Velma Von Violet’s running gag *was* that evil laugh. Getting to subvert it with uncomfortable grunting, huffing, and puffing though, that made it a bit more fun.

“Are you *sure* that we shouldn’t be working on an antidote?” The director read the lines for Three Vee’s assistant character, Indigor, “Seems like it might be a good thing to have around… you know… just in case…”

“I don’t think I like what you’re implying, you witless worrywart.” Diana said in a voice that was only slightly higher and more nasal than her own, “Creating an antidote to my brilliant, dare I say *delicious* additive will only give those pesky C.O.L.O.R. agents something to use against me! Without anything to oppose my—*om*—calorific concoctions, nothing will stand in my way of becoming the richest woman in the world!”

The scene direction called for Velma to have already started plumping out here, and Diana very much felt like she was getting across that manic sort of denial that went into how she wanted Velma to sound here. After all, Three Vee was a scientist—and anything that got in the way of her goal of Mad Science for the sake of Mad Science was just going to fall by the wayside anyway.

*“Even if it’s a big fat gut.”*

Diana giggled to herself as she popped another muffin past her lips. This was the third package from the box, so three of five. She’d blown the first two packages just catching up from not having breakfast. But now that they were in the plumpy parts of Velma’s screen-time, Diana was trying to ration it a bit more. Eating between lines and washing them down with water. But not so quickly that the sort of thickness that eating the little dough bites leant her voice before a good swallow. After all, she *was* a professional. And as much fun as eating all this junk food for this part was, it wasn’t something that she wanted to really do retakes on—she was already starting to feel a little full up, and they were only on her third scene in the episode…

“You really think that you can take on C.O.L.O.R.?” The director prompted her, “They have some of the best agents in the world! They always find a way to stop you!”

“Oh please.” Diana, as Velma, scoffed, “Those so-called heroes? They couldn’t find their way out of a paper bag if their lives depended on it! I am Velma Von Violet—I will not be stopped by anyone! Least of all a bunch of tiny minds who aren’t fit to serve me, let alone stand in the way of my success! Er… No offense.” She added as an afterthought, feeling bad about insulting the director like that even if she was just in character.

The direction for this particular scene had been very clear—Three Vee was supposed to come off as unhinged and dangerous here, with her growing girth only adding to her sense of power and invincibility... And Diana definitely felt like she was nailing it so far.

“Now, bring me more. More, I say!” Diana shifted in her seat, hoping to get the sort of sounds that a slightly huskier version of Velma Von Violet might make as she hunkered her fat ass into her Science Throne, “There is much work to be done, and there’s no better catalyst to the scientific method than snacks!”

“*This has to be one of the writers’ vaguely disguised fetish.”* Diana snorted to herself as she turned the page on her script, “*Seriously, who talks like that?*”

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"Ooh, this is going to be good." Diana grinned to herself as she read over the new scene direction.

They were getting into the nitty-gritty of Velma's weight gain now, and Diana was more than ready to lean into it. She had been eating her way through most of the snacks that she'd brought with her, and while she wasn't exactly feeling stuffed just yet, she could definitely feel herself starting to slow down.

But that was fine—Velma Von Violet was supposed to be a big girl now, and Diana was more than happy to add a little bit of heft to her voice in order to sell it.

"Okay," She said after taking a moment to clear her throat and take a sip of water, "Let's do this."

The director gave her the cue, and Diana launched into her lines.

“Indigor… *Indigor!*”

She let her voice drop down an octave or two, letting Velma's extra weight add a bit of bass to her tone. She also slowed down her speech slightly, enunciating each word a bit more carefully as she added a touch of smugness to Three Vee's voice.

“Yes Doctor?” The director answered for the character

“Fetch me another throne. This one must have… erm… shrunk in the wash.”

The scene called for Velma to be pigging out on snacks again, and Diana was more than happy to oblige. She had been eating steadily throughout the recording session, and by this point she was feeling quite stuffed. But there were still plenty of snacks left in the box (not to mention the unopened bag of cookies and cupcakes), so she didn't see any reason why she shouldn't keep going. Diana popped another muffin into her mouth, savoring the sweetness of the frosting as she crunched down on the top. She could feel the dough starting to stick to the roof of her mouth, but she didn't mind—it only added to the sense of gluttony that Velma was supposed to be exuding.

She washed it down with a sip of water, letting out a small moan of pleasure as she swallowed. The liquid felt good going down her throat, and she could feel her stomach start to swell slightly from all the food. Diana popped another muffin into her mouth, savoring the way the sweet dough melted on her tongue. She could feel the crumbs clinging to her lips, and she licked them away lazily as she chewed.

She swallowed hard, letting Velma's extra weight add a bit of throatiness to her voice as she spoke.

“More! More I say!” She called out between bites, not even bothering to try and hide the fact that her mouth was full anymore, "There is… huff… much work to be done before those pesky agents arrive!”

The director nodded along with the scene, clearly pleased with how Diana was selling Velma's new weight. And Diana had to admit, she was pretty proud of herself too—she sounded amazing!

“This is really coming along well, Diana. Keep it up.”

“Fanks.”

The actress answered thickly with a mouth full of food, gnashing through a greedy bite as she laid one hand on her bloated tummy. Diana purred contentedly as she reached for another cupcake, feeling the sugar rush start to kick in as she and the director flipped to the next pertinent pages…

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"Ohhh…" the voice of Velma Von Violet moaned as she shifted in her seat, the added weight of a week’s worth of snacks causing the chair to creak quietly under her. "I… I think I might have overdone it a bit this time."

This late into the performance, when Velma Von Violet was supposed to weigh more than six hundred pounds, it had helped that Diana herself was feeling pretty bloated by this point. She had been eating steadily throughout the recording session (not to mention all the snacks she had brought with her), and she had started to feel pretty uncomfortable. Her stomach felt like it was ready to burst, and her jeans were starting to cut uncomfortably around her waist.

“Was that a line read or are you just starting to retain sugar?” The director asked, out of character.

Diana stuck up her middle finger to the glass.

"Just… give me a second." She said, her voice thick and slurred as she panted for breath. "I think I might have to… unbutton my pants…"

The director nodded sympathetically as Diana undid the top button of her jeans. It helped a little bit, but not enough. She could feel the waistband cutting into her flesh, and she knew that she wouldn't be able to make it through this scene (or really any more scenes after this) without making herself even more uncomfortable.

“Okay, I think we might have to call it for today.” The director said with a sigh, “We can always pick up where we left off tomorrow.”

“No no no, come on we’re… oof… we’re almost done…”

Diana leaned forward into the microphone, letting out an audible 'oof' as she did so. Her stomach felt like it was about to explode, and she could feel the contents of her last meal threatening to come back up. But she managed to make it to the door without incident, and she breathed a sigh of relief as she stepped out into the hallway.

“You sure?”

“Yeah, it’s the last scene, I can handle it.”

“Just… give me a minute.” She muttered, her voice muffled by the hand she had pressed against her lips.

The actress took a few deep breaths, trying to calm her stomach down. It was growling loudly, and she could feel the food she had eaten starting to come back up. Diana swallowed hard, trying to keep it down as she took slow, deep breaths through her nose.

Finally, after what felt like forever, she felt like she could speak without barfing everywhere.

"Okay." She said thickly, "I think I'm good now."

The actress took a few more deep breaths before she felt like she could continue. She undid the top button on her jeans, letting out a small sigh of relief. It was tight, but it would have to do—thank God that she hadn’t worn a belt to this…

"Okay." The director said after a moment, "Let's try this again."

Diana nodded as she sat back down in the chair, taking a moment to gather her thoughts before she started in on the last scene. She could feel the food she had eaten weighing heavily in her stomach, and she knew that she wouldn't be able to make it through this scene (or really any more scenes after this) without making herself even more uncomfortable.

But Velma Von Violet was supposed to be big now—really, *really* big. And Diana was determined to sell it, even if it meant making herself uncomfortable in the process…

“Curses…” Diana dropped her voice low and husky, the discomfort that she felt in the tightness of her gut as it fought against the flaps of her pants very much translating into her performance as Velma Von Violet who was literally buried underneath boxes upon boxes of the drugged confections that had been driving the episode, “Foiled by… my own appetite…”

“And W.H.E.E.L.” the director said in a (poor) approximation of one of the main actress’s characters, “Maybe once we manage to get Teal back down to size, we’ll get to work on you next!”

“Urp… please…” Diana huffed as she leaned back into her chair, “Like that’s not a joke Lizzie, I feel like I’m gonna get wedged in the doorway walking out of here.”

“Well, I’m not going to say that it didn’t pay off.” The director said with a smile, beaming after such a great performance, “Excellent work as always, Diana.”

“Yeah, no… ooooogh… no problem…”

Little things like this were what separated a voice acting veteran like Diana from the up-and-comers. Little things like a dedication to her craft, a wide variety of voices to pull from, and the willingness to go the extra mile if it meant getting a good performance out of herself. Even for a silly little episode like this one. How many other folks would have stuffed themselves for a role like this one?

“Hfff… haahahhh…”

Diana winced, touching her stomach tentatively as it teemed out from underneath her t-shirt. Sensitive to the touch and full of enough junk food that even the thought of finishing that last cupcake was making her feel a little sick.

“Curses.” She said in Velma’s voice once she was alone in the booth, a long sigh following her evil alter’sDiana utterance, “Foiled by my own appetite…”