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Contains: Weight Gain, Stuffing, Feeding

Life in Lockdown

A gentle breeze flowed through the studio lot. A row of trailers was parked between the large soundstages. The sun was bright, but the bite of a cool Vancouver breeze cut between the buildings.

Inside her trailer, Kate checked her reflection in a full-length mirror. Her auburn curls cascaded down her face to rest on her partly exposed shoulders. Her cheeks were rouged, and her lipstick bright red. Dark cats eye eyeliner completed the look. Between the makeup and a demure floral dress, Kate looked like a stereotypical 50s housewife, albeit slightly updated. Her wardrobe was topped off with a pink apron with ruffled edges, and her white shoes had low heels.

The look perfectly embodied Kate's character, June. Kate started a narrative podcast with her roommates Sara and Aleisha about their lives during the pandemic lockdowns. Losing her writing job and being stuck at home with her friends, Kate used the project as an outlet for her boredom. Some people built furniture or learned how to make sourdough bread; Kate made a podcast. This is not to say she didn't also get super into baking— she'd based "June" heavily on herself, after all.

–TAP TAP–

The flimsy trailer door rattled, and a familiar voice called, "Shooting starts in ten, Kate!"

"I'll be right out, Priyanka; thanks!"

Kate checked her reflection again, brushing invisible lint off her modest, apron-clad bosom. The budget for this production was so low they could only afford one hair and makeup person, so Kate did most of her styling herself. Truthfully, most of the *Life in Lockdown* budget was spent on food.

Kate crossed the bustling studio lot, smiling slightly as she heard her heels clicking on the pavement. One of her favorite things about making this series was the wardrobe— it made her feel pretty. As Kate stepped into the dim,

cavernous soundstage, she spotted her friend and costar, Aleisha, hovering over the craft services table. Kate's baking had been largely responsible for Sara and Aleisha's "pandemic pounds," and making their podcast into a television series had only encouraged her friends' slide into becoming BBWs.

"Good morning!" Kate said cheerily.

"Hey, Kate."

When they'd moved in together, Aleisha was a curvy black goddess with D-cups and a proper "ghetto booty." Over the past three years, those curves had increased at least threefold. Kate watched Aleisha finish spreading a layer of sweet cream cheese half an inch thick on a cinnamon swirl bagel and bite into it. She gave her friend's body a once-over with her eyes, ostensibly checking Aleisha's "Kerry" wardrobe. Aleisha's light khakis stretched so tight over her bubble butt that Kate thought she could hear the seams creaking. Her dark blue tank top showed off every millimeter of cleavage that would make it past the network's censors. Her pitch-black hair was pulled back into a cute ponytail, the better to show off her dark, heart-shaped face.

"DB wants us on set in five," Kate said, "and we're starting with the cupcake scene."

"I'll be ready," Aleisha said, biting into her bagel, "I'm just getting the ol' girl warmed up."

The dark-skinned girl patted her soft belly with her free hand. The center of Aleisha's hourglass hadn't grown quite as large or as fast as her conventionally attractive assets, but every time she moved just right, a sliver of cocoa brown skin peeked out between her tank top and khakis.

Kate told herself she wasn't sexually attracted to her roommates, but she often found the sight of their growing bodies fascinating. It was a significant motivator in how she'd written June, the ultimate nurturer, wanting nothing more than to see her friends completely "satisfied."

“Besides,” Aleisha said, “You know I’ll always look skinny as long as Sara’s in the shot.”

Kate chuckled nervously. Sara was a chubby Latina pear who’d let both Kate and “June” turn her into a big round butterball. They’d adjusted her character “Gretchen” to work from home to justify her being nearly twice Aleisha’s size. “You’ve got me there,” Kate took a sip of weak coffee and wondered if they’d get to the belly-rubbing scene today. “I’ll see you on set, ‘Leesh.”

Aleisha gave a two-finger wave as she lifted the bagel back to her mouth.

Kerry storms into the apartment, slamming the door behind her. The studio audience cheers and lets out a few customary wolf whistles.

“Kerry! Welcome home!” **June** says from the apartment’s massive kitchen. She sets a final cupcake atop a pyramid of frosted treats.

“Ugh, that creep!” **Kerry** exclaims, tossing her backpack to the floor.

“Which creep?” **Gretchen** asks from her usual place, reclining comfortably on the apartment couch, snacking continuously.

“Our new mailman.” **Kerry** says.

“Mail *carrier*...” **June** corrects her.

The audience laughs.

“Oh, he’s a man, alright.” **Kerry** goes on. She raises her arms in exasperation, treating the camera to a flash of tummy skin. “The worst kind of man. He thinks I don’t see him checking me out because he’s wearing a mask? I can still see his eyes!”

More audience laughter.

“You poor thing...” **June** replies, stepping up beside **Kerry** with her towering tray of baked goods. She plucks one from the tray, wafting it under **Kerry’s** nose. “Try one of these cupcakes. They’re still warm...”

“They’re *really* good.” **Gretchen** adds, patting the small mountain of belly resting between her knees.

“I can see that...” **Kerry** says, plucking a cupcake from the tray and taking a bite.

The audience laughs.

“Aaaand cut!”

DB leaned forward in his director’s chair, “Alright, ladies. Let’s do one more take. Aleisha, try putting a little more emphasis on ‘eyes.’”

“Got it.” Aleisha crossed the set to pick up her prop bag. “How many times have I told you not to take such big bites, Sara? Are you really gonna go to town like that every take? You’ll make yourself sick.”

“I can’t help it ‘Leesh,” Sara said, “They really *are* good...”

“She’s gonna be immobile before we finish the season...” Aleisha muttered, opening the apartment’s door to return to her first position. Across the set, Kate felt a tingle at the nape of her neck at Aleisha’s prediction.

Filming continued for three more hours; then, they broke for lunch. The roommates-turned-costars sat at a large round table chatting.

“Have you seen the latest streaming numbers?” Kate asked.

“Yeah, it’s kinda crazy,” Aleisha said, sipping sweet tea, “I mean, obviously, we’re not gonna get Emmy nominations, but people are actually *watching* this, now?”

Kate leaned back in her chair— the podcast had been her brainchild.

“First of all, ouch,” She said, “But honestly, I know what you mean. I’m surprised there’s still an audience for pandemic jokes.”

“Maybe *—homf—* it’s nostalgic for people,” Sara added through a mouthful of pasta salad.

“Nostalgic for two years ago?” Aleisha asked.

Sara shrugged her hammy shoulders. “Who knows? All I know is I’m getting paid to sit around eating and playing Gretchen again.” She scooped another forkful of creamy pasta between her lips. “Don’t let your dreams be dreams.”

Aleisha stirred a cherry tomato around her salad. “How are you *still* eating? I can feel those cupcakes just sitting in my gut.”

“I’m hungry all the time lately.” The big blonde shrugged. “I think doing this show is stretching my tummy out. I can’t seem to ever get full.”

Kate felt that chill again. She wondered if her rotund costar would ever get a little *too* enthusiastic playing “Gretchen” and find that limit again.

“It’s stretching *something* out, that’s for sure...” Aleisha said, glancing down at the valley of brown cleavage stretching her tank top. “I’ve gone up three bra sizes since we shot the pilot.” The dark-skinned girl ignored the sight just past those growing breasts— a belly that was visibly fuller than it’d been that morning.

Kate made a mental note to stop by Wardrobe and see if she could find out what Aleisha’s exact sizes were.

“Don’t be mean to her, ‘leesh,” She said, sliding a container of potato salad toward the massive blonde. “Here, try some of this, Sare’.”

Sara didn’t hesitate, scooping alternating forkfuls from each matching plastic deli container.

“What happened to all that ‘save your appetite’ talk from this morning?” Aleisha asked the redhead.

“I just want to make sure we get good takes,” Kate shrugged. “Unlike you, I can count on Sara to always have room for more.”

Kate wondered if she could “encourage” Sara into another Wardrobe Malfunction on set. She knew she shouldn’t hope for a production delay, but a tiny voice in her kept pushing her to try.

“Hey! I could keep up with her if I really wanted to.” Aleisha pouted.

“Sure you could, sweetie.” Kate’s smile held no malice. She slid a plate of quarter sandwiches toward the bustiest of the trio, pushing the sad salad aside. “Have some lunch; we can’t have you cranky for this afternoon’s scenes.”

Aleisha plucked a sandwich from the stack and bit back her retort with a mouthful of bread and meat.

“Action!”

Gretchen and **Kerry** sit on the couch, while **June** flutters around the set, refilling plates and glasses.

“What movie do you girls wanna watch tonight?” **June** asks.

“*Princess Bride!*” *Gretchen* cheers, chewing on a brownie. Her legs are propped up on the coffee table, and a polka-dot mumu covers her mountainous belly. Even though she’s been eating all day, Sara is so large that her bloated state compared to this morning isn’t as obvious in her supine pose.

“We watched that last night...” **Kerry** whines through a mouthful of cookies. Aleisha enjoys her food more enthusiastically than during the earlier scenes.

“But it’s the best!” **Gretchen** retorts.

“Whatever,” **Kerry** grumbles, “I have to get on a Zoom with my parents tonight anyway.”

The audience laughs.

“This lockdown stuff is the *worst*.” **Kerry** continues, as **June** hands her a massive glass of milk.

Gretchen swallows her bite and pats her huge belly. “I don’t think it’s so b–
uuuUURP–ad!”

“Cut!”

“Sorryyyyy!” Sara said.

“Back to one!” DB called.

Kate refilled plates and glasses from containers hidden behind the set’s couch. Stirring up a little rivalry between her friends often made them enjoy eating even more, making Kate feel warm and happy inside. Not that Sara needed much encouragement, but looking at how Aleisha’s pants cut into her stuffed belly gave Kate an idea. She crossed the stage to chat with DB.

Gretchen swallows her bite, patting her belly. “I don’t think it’s so bad!”

“Easy for you to say.” **Kerry** grumbles. “You get to stay here being June’s taste-tester all day, while some of us are ‘essential workers.’”

Kerry makes air quotes, and the audience laughs.

“Kerry, why are you still wearing your work clothes?” **June** asks. “You’re always so grumpy when you’re wearing pants.”

The audience chuckles.

“Pants are bullshit.” **Gretchen** quips before gulping chocolate milk.

“Cut!”

“What?” Sara asked.

“That’s not the line, Sara...”

“Oh! Sorry DB...”

“Back to one, people!”

Kate leaned down to whisper to Aleisha, “We’re changing these next few lines. June is going to do that bit we did with Gretchen in episode 3.”

“What?”

“I think it’ll play well; just roll with it?”

Aleisha sighed, “Fine...”

“...you’re so grumpy when you’re wearing pants.” **June** says.

“Pants are stupid.” **Gretchen** quips, brownie in hand.

“The button’s stuck...” **Kerry** mutters, fumbling at her waistband.

“Oh, you poor dear.” **June** says, crossing before the seated women, crouching beside **Kerry**. “Let me help you...”

As **June** undoes the button on **Kerry's** pants, her bloated gut swells into her lap. **June** positions herself carefully between **Kerry** and the camera, then drapes a blanket over **Kerry's** lap.

"There, doesn't that feel better?" **June** asks, rubbing the surface of **Kerry's** half-exposed belly and handing her another cookie.

Kerry's voice is a little shaky as she bites into a cookie and says, "Thanks, Junie..."

"You're the best!" **Gretchen** adds.

June stands and walks back behind the couch, squatting to put an arm around both young women as they eat. She prays the flush in her cheeks isn't visible on-camera as heat rises in her lower abdomen.

June says, "Aww, thanks, Gretchen. What would we do without each other?"

Kerry pats her taut stomach while reaching for another cookie. "Probably not have to buy new clothes so often."

The audience roars with laughter.

"Aaaand cut! That's a wrap!"