

MEATY ROLES

by Supercake Studio (<http://www.patreon.com/supercakestudio>)

The Glass mansion was a sleek, cream-colored wedge of modern architecture, jutting proudly out over a steep ravine deep in the Hollywood hills. *It looks like a big slice of cheesecake*, Kit thought, *if cheesecake had big panes of glass around the sides—which I guess wouldn't make for very good cheesecake—*

She mentally grabbed herself by her metaphorical shoulders and gave herself a good figurative shake. *Get ahold of yourself, girl! Did you just hop off the bus from Omaha yesterday? You're not here to ogle like a tourist. You're a professional. You meet these big-shot star types all the time. Now go up there, knock on the door, and—and don't let her smell the corn on you!*

Still, *Evelyn Glass!* She just couldn't believe she was driving *Evelyn Glass!* Her friends back in the middle of nowhere would turn bright green and kill themselves if they knew.

Taking a moment to compose herself, Kit cleared her throat, slicked back one stray hen-brown curl, and rapped smartly on the door.

“Just a minute!” someone called.

The door swung open, and there she stood, an alabaster-skinned vision tightly wrapped in a deep maroon designer bathroom. The star's strong but delicate features—the plush lips, the dewy green eyes, the long, perfect nose which had earned her the name of “The Sultry Sphinx”—were framed by a straight, raven-black bob.

She flashed a smile, revealing perfect teeth. “So, they finally sent someone to drag me back to the old salt mines, eh? Forgive me for looking like an old frump, I'm afraid you caught me right in the middle of breakfast.”

“Oh, n-not at all, Miss Glass!” Kit squeaked. All her preparation flew right out of her head. Evelyn Glass was the biggest star of the decade, a true modern glamour girl for the 1930s, and here Kit was actually *talking* to her! On the screen she was a goddess, alluring, unapproachable, and here—here she was a flesh and blood woman! She was actually even a little on the short side. Kit had never even considered Evelyn Glass could be *short* before. Short and...plump? No, that was impossible, Kit told herself. The Sultry Sphinx could never be *plump*.

And yet, as she followed the starlet across the marble tiles of the foyer into the lavishly appointed dining room, she couldn't help but stare at Evelyn's rump, round as an oversized peach draped in silk. *Surely it wasn't that big on screen*, she told herself, hypnotized as it swayed from side to side. She tried to remember the last film with a shot of the actress from the back.

“See something you like?” Evelyn cooed, glancing over her shoulder.

“Wh-what?” Kit stammered, blushing and looking away.

“You can have a taste, if you want,” Evelyn said, gesturing to the breakfast table. A half-eaten platter of pancakes sat next to a demolished pan of eggs, a pitcher of orange juice drained to the dregs, and a rack containing a single lonely piece of toast. “Cook *really* outdid herself today.”

She leaned back against the table, deftly swiping a finger through a puddle of syrup and rolled her eyes with pleasure as she licked it clean. The robe's sash was tied just under her bosom, where it nearly disappeared into the folds between her generous breasts and pillowy pot belly.

“Oh, no, I couldn't take your food—” Kit began.

“Darling, please *do!* I simply couldn't eat another *crumb!*” Evelyn sighed, her tongue darting out to lick a few stray crumbs from her lips.

“It *does* seem like an awful lot of food for just one person,” Kit observed, unable to resist taking a forkful of fluffy pancakes. They were exquisite. She dug in.

“Oh, don't I know it! I've been absolutely *gorging* myself, but Mel insisted on it.”

“Mmelp?” Kit mumbled around her mouthful.

“My director on *Radar Princess vs. the Jungles of Jupiter*. We were filming the monsoon scenes, you know, and what with all the damp I came down with the most *awful* case of influenza you ever saw. I was just wasting away, perched right on death's door, and by the time I was well enough to get out of bed I was simply *shriveled*. Well, by then it had spread to the rest of the cast and crew, and we had to shut down production completely, it was an *utter* nightmare. The director ordered me to get plenty of rest and to build myself back up. Evvie, he said, Evvie, I don't want to see you back on my set until you've put at least ten pounds back on! And so I've been eating absolutely every single thing I can get my hands on just to get back to filming shape.”

Kit swallowed. “And you've gained back the...ten pounds.”

“At *least* ten!” Evelyn said cheerily, smoothing her robes. The silken fabric slithered over her body, clinging to every bulge and roll.

“At *least*,” Kit said diplomatically. “You're very...voluptuous.”

“Yes, I must say, I've outdone myself. Now you just let me toss on the old glad rags and I'll be ready for you to whisk me away!”

Evelyn's dressing room looked like someone stole a truckload of Valentine's candy and then tried to get rid of the evidence. Enormous hearts and cartons in every shade of red and pink were piled everywhere, overflowing with drifts of brown cellophane.

“Good old Mel,” Evelyn said when she noticed Kit staring at the boxes. “When it comes to helping a girl fill out her figure, he's never one to leave it to chance. He's been simply *showering* me with all the heavenly chocolate manna I can swallow!”

She plucked a square of chocolate that had somehow been overlooked in her previous rampage and popped it into her mouth. “Mmf. *Scrumffus!*” She swallowed. “Now you wait there while I get changed.”

Kit couldn't help peeking as the uninhibited star shrugged off her robe in front of the dressing robe mirror. All she had on underneath was a lacy black negligee which must have struggled with holding her in twenty pounds ago and had now nearly given up the ghost.

She's...she's overflowing! Kit thought, scandalized.

Evelyn, for her own part, was enjoying the effect she was having on the girl. *I don't know which dreary little prairie wasteland they found this one rotting away in, she mused, but I'll bet it has nothing on me!* The mousy little thing was stunned senseless. She was simple, sensible, the kind of girl who looked like she should be in a starched pinafore instead of the neatly pressed grey chauffeur's outfit she had on. A pretty little thing who didn't know it. The sort of girl who was so much *fun* to corrupt.

Probably never even kissed a boy, she thought, let alone a real woman. She smacked her lips.

She put a extra bit of jiggle in her movements as she wriggled out of the tortured negligee, exploding from it like a snake shedding an undersized skin and dropping it carelessly to the floor. Pink roses bloomed in Kit's cheeks, and Evelyn couldn't have been happier with the bouquet if she's been given it onstage at the Academy Awards. The little country mouse was just such a *cutie!*

Kit goggled as Evelyn bent down with a grunt to pluck a pair of black panties from the floor. Naked, it was even clearer just how soft and plush the actress had become.

“Be a dear and fetch me that Maidenform, would you?” she purred to Kit as she pulled the panties up her legs. The waistband caught under the plump cushion of her belly, lifting it up for a moment, then allowing it to bow down into a comfortable curve, like a heavy sleeper sinking deeply into a hammock.

Kit plucked the brassiere from where it had been casually thrown over the lampshade and handed it to Evelyn, who struggled to wrangle her substantial bosom into its silken corral. Kit looked away, reddening. What was she *doing?* She was practically *ogling* her!

Her eyes fell on a discarded note lying on top of one of the empty chocolate boxes. It was on yellow paper, and written with red ink in a series of loops and dramatic flourishes.

From Mel, to our studio's shining star. I spotted you at the Brown Derby the other day polishing

off that sirloin—well done! You're still looking a little skinny, though, so make sure you put away every bite of these. We'll have you in shooting shape again in no time!

Kit blinked, rereading the letter. Sure, Evelyn was as gorgeous as ever. But she was getting so *chubby*, especially for a movie star. Had her director really wanted her to gain *this* much weight?

I don't understand the movie business at all, she decided. *Maybe the camera actually takes off ten pounds!*

“Now, let's see here,” Evelyn was saying as she shuffled through a closet full of expensive clothes. “What shall I wear today? The red coat and skirt, maybe, or perhaps I'll go with a basic black.”

“W-well,” Kit said hesitantly, “black is very slimming...”

“Good point! The red it is, then. The last thing I want to do after all my hard work is to show up looking undernourished.”

“Oh, er, no! Of course not!”

“I bought this—” Evelyn said, “when I was still rather skeletal—oof—so it's getting—a bit—ugh—tight—ah, there!” She preened in the mirror, tugging down her sleeves and smoothing down the high-waisted pencil skirt over the bulge at her middle. “Well, we'd better get going, hadn't we?”

She put a hand on Kit's back as she led her to the door, enjoying the slight quiver that passed through the girl.

Kit maneuvered the car through a sea of shiny bumpers and lustrous paint jobs on their way through Hollywood.

“It's beautiful, isn't it?” she said. “You'd hardly known there's a Depression on—”

She snapped her mouth shut. Evelyn wouldn't want to be reminded of that! But the actress just smiled knowingly.

“We're the dream factory, dear. We're selling an escape from that reality. While everyone else is tightening their belts, we're the ones getting fat. Metaphorically speaking.” She pointed. “Say, be a doll and pull over here, would you?”

“Pull over? But we're not at—”

“I know, but look! *Hot dogs!*” She pointed to a sidewalk cart manned by a moustachioed man who was grilling a row of sizzling links.

“You're hungry already?” Kit asked in disbelief. “After that breakfast?”

“Well, no, not *hungry*, exactly, not yet. But that's the thing about the movie business, dear, you never know when you're going to get a break once the magic starts happening—so it's better to grab an early lunch when you can. This may be our *only* chance to eat *all day!*”

Kit pulled to the curb and Evelyn hopped out—and hopped back in a minute later bearing a cardboard tray loaded down with six hot dogs smothered in ketchup, mustard and onions. She brought the tray to her face and inhaled the steam. Her stomach was already so full she could feel it pushing against her thin belt, but the smell of grease and spices was intoxicating.

“Mmf, heaffently,” the starlet moaned around one of the steaming links. Kit pushed down on the gas with one smart black shoe, pulling back into traffic. She proceeded along the row of studios as Evelyn dedicated herself to demolishing the mountain of sausage.

“There it is—Godwin-Miller studios!” Kit said, pointing to the golden letters emblazoned on the high stucco walls behind a row of towering palms. “We're here!”

“Goo—OOueue—od,” Evelyn belched, looking down at the tray. One hot dog left. She knew she needed the extra calories, but she felt suddenly queasy. “Oh, dear,” she groaned. “Are you new to driving? I'm afraid you've made me a little carsick. Polish off this last one for me, will you?”

“That's...nice of you, but no thank you.”

“Oh, I insist!” Evelyn said, batting her eyes.

“No, really—you already treated me to breakfast, on top of my own breakfast—”

“Really, if you're going to work for me, you're going to have to learn that 'I insist' means *I insist!*”

Evelyn said, mock- sternly. She leaned forward, biting back a groan as her belt pinched her bulging middle, and turned Kit's head to face hers. The girl's cheeks pinked as Evelyn poked one end of the hot dog against her lips. "And I *do* insist," she murmured.

"Y-yes, Miss Glass," Kit stammered, opening her mouth and allowing the end of the dog to be shoved inside.

"Now eat it up quick, dear, we're already late!"

"Mmph!" Kit bit down on the dog, swallowed, and took another chomp, allowing Evelyn to force it down her throat. It was gone in under a minute.

"Good girl," Evelyn said with a smile, pulling her fingers out of Kit's mouth with a succulent pop. "I can't abide seeing good food wasted. Now—oof—help me out of the car, would you?"

Kit struggled to haul the overloaded starlet to her feet. Evelyn straightened her skirt. All those hot dogs hadn't done her creaking seams any favors, but it appeared they were going to hold.

She hiccupped and clapped a hand over her mouth.

"Are you all right, Miss Glass?" Kit asked.

"Yes, yes, I'm fine," Evelyn said. She felt half-drunk on grease and syrup, but the show did have to go on, after all. They'd missed enough filming. She just hoped she was shapely enough. She'd *better* be woman enough for Mel after all the effort she'd put in!

"I can't wait for Candy to see me," she murmured. "That witch's eyes are going to bug right out of her head!"

"Who's Candy?"

"Candace Apple. I know, can you believe it?" Evelyn laughed and waved a hand dismissively.

"She's played my sidekick on the last couple of Radar Princess flicks, but what she really wants to do is *star*—thinks she's a real up-and-comer. She'll never make it, though. Oh, she might be a year or two younger than me, and pretty enough in a plain sort of way, but she has no *presence*. She simply can't fill up a screen."

"Not nearly as well as you can," purred a voice from behind them. Kit turned. A peroxide blonde was sashaying their way, wearing a designer blouse and a mocking half-smile. She crossed her arms and raised one eyebrow. "Why, with you on screen I'll be surprised if there's any room left for the other actors."

"Candy! We were *just* talking about you," Evelyn said, her voice oozing false warmth. "I didn't even notice you there, the way you blend into the background."

"Something *you'll* never have to worry about, Evvie dear," Candy said, her eyes running up and down Evelyn's figure. "My, but that red suit makes you look *jolly*. If I didn't know better, I'd swear it was old Saint Nick himself! I'd offer you milk and cookies, but it looks like you've had plenty."

"We can't all still fit into the dress we wore in third grade, Candy dear." Evelyn smiled coldy. "Though I must say you *do* wear it well. But then, the figure of a ten-year-old doesn't exactly pack 'em in down at the bijou, does it?"

"Well, you *are* the expert at packing things in. From the looks of that waistline, you've been stuffing yourself shamelessly."

"From the looks of that bustline, I could say the same about you. And I'll have you know I strapped on the feedbag by special request from Mel himself." She looked around the set. "Where is our director? I wanted to surprise him."

"Oh," Candy smirked, "you'll *surprise* him, all right. I'll take you to him myself."

"I wouldn't dream of taking away from your time in front of the makeup mirror. I know how long it takes to make a girl look beautiful, at least when that girl is *you*."

"I don't mind," Candy said gleefully. "I wouldn't miss *this* reunion for anything."

She showed Evelyn and Kit across the lot to a small trailer parked next to the Jupiter Base set. MEL MENENDEZ was stenciled across the door. Evelyn rapped smartly on it.

"Mel?" she called. "I'm *baaaa*-ack!"

Mel Menendez, famed director, opened the door in his undershirt and suspenders, a copy of *Variety* tucked under one arm. His eyes opened wide.

“Eh-Evelyn?” he stammered. “Holy smokes!”

“Surprise!” Evelyn said, throwing out her arms. “It’s me, your little Evvie!”

Mel ran a hand through his thinning hair and let out a low whistle. “The name is familiar, but oh, boy, does the adjective leave something to be desired.”

“I missed you, Mel. I missed you a lot! Did you miss me?”

“Ev, honey, the worst shot in the army couldn’t miss you! What on God’s green earth happened? The last time I saw you, you were sick with the flu and—”

“Oh, I got better.”

“You got *bigger*,” Mel observed. “Suffering Christmas, Ev, you’re the size of a Chrysler!”

“But—but, Mel,” Evelyn said, frowning. “You wanted me like this. You’re the one who told me I should build myself up before we got back to filming.”

“A *little*, Ev, build yourself up a *little*!” Mel said. “Not add a whole new wing!”

“And an extra-large back porch,” Candy put in from behind her.

“We can’t film you like this!” Mel pointed out. “You won’t even fit into the Radar Princess costume!”

“Mel, I don’t understand!” Evelyn pleaded. “You *said* I was too skinny. You said looking at me would remind the rubes in Peoria how hungry they were.”

“And now you look like the *reason* they’re going hungry!”

“But—but you sent me all those chocolates!” Evelyn said, color rising in her cheeks. “How dare you stand her and tell me, *me*, Evelyn Glass, that I’m too fat after you practically crammed sweets down my throat by the pound?”

“*What chocolates?*” Mel cried. “I wasn’t sending you chocolates! I wanted you to, I don’t know, have an extra sandwich at lunch, that’s all, not eat yourself right out of the part!” He turned, his face pale and ashen. “Christ, everybody’s back on set. We’re supposed to shoot *today*! I gotta think. I gotta think about this.” He started to close the trailer door.

“Wh—well, what am *I* supposed to do?” Evelyn snapped.

“I don’t care, Ev, amuse yourself,” Mel said. “And find a way to do it without stuffing food in your face!” With that, he slammed the door.

Evelyn watched the jerky descent of the broken Venetian blinds, cutting her off from the director. Her face was maroon with anger and humiliation. *Nobody* just dismissed her like that!

“Oh, my,” Candy said. “If Mel didn’t send you all that candy, then I wonder who *did*?”

“*You!*” Evelyn snarled, whirling on her. “*You* sent it, didn’t you? *You* forged those notes from Mel! That was your game all along! You wanted to—to fatten me up so you could steal the part, you jealous hag!”

“Goodness, Evvie, I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Candy said, widening her eyes in badly-acted shock. “Someone wrote you a few notes? It was probably just some well-meaning admirer. Perhaps some wealthy old man who’s been a fan of yours since he was a little boy.”

“You made me *fat!*” Evelyn spat.

“You made *yourself* fat, Evvie, *I* haven’t even *seen* you in weeks,” Candy purred. She suddenly lit up, as if she’d just thought of something. “Say! You’re right about one thing. They *will* be needing a new Radar Princess now, won’t they?”

“Don’t you dare!” Evelyn raged. “Oh, you just wait, you—you—come along, Kit!”

She seized the shell-shocked young chauffeur and dragged her away. Kit fought to keep herself upright, dodging lights and cables, as the furious star steamed ahead like a freight train.

“Wh-where are we going?” she managed.

“Costume department!” Evelyn barked. “We’re going to show that stupid man just how wrong he is about me, and then we’re going to rub Candy’s stupid, stinking, skinny nose in it!”

She burst through the double doors of the costume room like a heavysset tidal wave. “Out! Out! Out!” she snapped, sending stagehands and minor starlets scurrying. “Everybody out! If you don't get out *right now*, you're fired!”

When the room was empty, she snatched down a costume and held it up for Kit's inspection. “Recognize this?”

Kit peered at it. It was a two-piece costume of black leather, consisting of pants and a zip-up jacket with a gold-trimmed flared collar and little epaulets. It was—

“That's the Radar Princess costume!” she realized.

“Exactly. *Mel* thinks it won't fit me anymore. So we're just going to have to prove him wrong, aren't we?” She started shucking off her clothes.

Kit looked at the costume. She looks at Evelyn. She looked at the costume again.

“Oh, Miss Glass,” she said nervously. “I really don't think that's going to work—”

“Ha! I've squeezed myself into tighter togs than this,” Evelyn said disdainfully.

“*Lately?*”

“The principle's always the same, darling. It's all about breathing. And sucking in. And squashing.” Evelyn swept a few half-finished costumes off a nearby table and flopped down on it. “It's *also* going to be a two-woman job, so chop chop. Let's get those pants on first.”

Kit looked at Evelyn and bit her lip. “I just don't think—”

“Listen, if that wretched little tart steals the role from me, we're *all* finished! The studio will go belly-up!”

Speaking of belly-up... Kit thought, eyeing Evelyn's bulging abdomen. Usually lying down was a good way to make your stomach flatter, but the starlet had eaten so much it barely made any difference. If the newspapers saw her like this, they'd think she was “in trouble”! Kit sighed and began slipping the pants over Evelyn's delicate feet.

She'll be fine as long as they only shoot Radar Princess from the knees down, Kit thought, and couldn't hold back a small giggle. She stopped once she got past the knees, though. Evelyn's thighs were no laughing matter. It was like trying to stuff a couple of fat Christmas hams into party balloons. By the time she finally managed it, she was exhausted, and she still had the monument task of actually zipping the pants *up* to look forward to.

“Maybe we can do this,” she said. “If we let your belly rest on the waistband—”

“Don't you *dare!*” Evelyn snapped. “That waistband is meant to go right up under my bosom, and that's where I want it.”

“But your stomach—”

“Oh, blast my stomach! Push it down! *Make* it fit!”

“*Push it down?*”

“You heard me! I can take it!”

And so Kit yanked and pulled on the skin-tight pants and put her shoulder into compressing Evelyn's bloated middle. The starlet moaned and whined, but she gritted her teeth and held it in even as her distended stomach took its punishment. Kit pulled, and heaved, and worked the waistband up inch by inch and the zipper up tooth by agonizing tooth.

“Done!” she gasped, feeling the zipper lock. She leaned on the table, exhausted. Evelyn's stomach still strained perilously against the zipper, but she was contained. She even looked a little slimmer now, although a ridge of fat bulged out like batter just beneath her breasts.

“All right,” Evelyn said, swinging her legs off the table. Her pants creaked warningly. “Now help me with that jacket, will you? I can't bend my knees.”

The jacket wasn't quite so hard—at least Evelyn could get into it with a minimum of grunting—but zipping it up proved to be even worse. Kit managed the first few inches all right, but once the zipper was under Evelyn's bosom, it stuck and would not be moved for love or money. She couldn't even see what she was doing, and her hand, squashed under the shelf of flesh, was warm and slippery.

“Oh, leave it like this,” Evelyn said, looking at herself in the mirror. “My, I *am* impressive, aren't I? As long as I show a bit of bust, nobody will notice that I've gotten a little curvier elsewhere.”

“Of—of course, Miss Glass,” Kit said. “Can you walk?”

Evelyn frowned. She tottered forward a few steps, then turned, grinning. “I can! Goodness, there's more give in this thing than I thought. I suppose I haven't put on that much—”

“Miss Glass!” Kit said, blushing. “You're—you're popping out of your shirt!”

“Oopsie-daisy,” Evelyn said, tucking the black silk back over her right breast. “Well, no matter. Radar Princess usually looks forward anyway. Towards the future! Now let's show Mel—and *Candy*—that they can't count Evelyn Genevieve Glass out just yet!”

Leather squeaking and seams creaking, Kit guided Evelyn down the corridors to the set. As they passed the commissary, Evelyn inhaled deeply.

“Shallow breaths!” Kit warned. Those zippers had to be suffering from metal fatigue by now, and a couple of minor failures would leave Evelyn standing there naked as a jaybird.

“Oh, it smells wonderful,” Evelyn sighed. “I think they're serving chocolate cake today. They must have just finished baking it. I just want to grab a quick slice—”

“Miss Glass!” Kit said, horrified. “Aren't you *full*?”

“We burned off quite a few calories getting my costume on, darling. I'm going to need the energy. In fact, I should probably just have lunch, too. I may not have another chance to eat *all day* and I *have* to keep my energy up!”

Kit sighed as the starlet waddled eagerly into the commissary. Keeping an eye on Evelyn *wasn't* going to be easy.

Her eyes fell on the star's rump as it swayed back and forth in its sheath of tight leather, straining the seams of her pants to the absolute limit. She felt a hot blush creeping into her cheeks.

But boy, oh boy, she reminded herself, does it have its perks!