II

Being an artist often meant that Jenny had to take on pieces that she wouldn’t have necessarily drawn if she had been left to her own devices.

Sure, she had a commission sheet, and that outlined a couple of things that she just out and out did not feel comfortable drawing. But making any *money* meant at least being open enough to take on commissions that were not safe for the workplace. And while there was a laundry list of things that Jenny *wouldn’t* draw, getting paid to draw fatty pinups was hardly even enough to make her bat an eye.

“All of my Pornhub searches start with bbw anyway—it’s the only way I can feel included.”

Doing *these* kinds of streams always seemed to go down weird. Different strokes for different blokes and all that, but she tended to side with the apathetic over the “body positivity” and the “promoting obesity” crowds that they inevitably seemed to attract. And then there were the ones who were probably in the target audience for this pic; *that* was a whole different can of worms in and of itself…

She’d always found it much easier to just do the art and ignore the natter as much as possible.

“Let’s not… come on guys, don’t be weird in the chat about this.”

How much weirder would all of them be about this if they knew that she was using her own body as a form of reference? That far more than a little piece of her was going into this $150 pinup, and that she’d actually had to make the same ridiculous pose that she was drawing. It didn’t look as stupid when it was Morrigan squished up against her tummy like that, looking past her fluffy arms in a sexy stretch while her knees were brought up to her chest. Just the Jenny on the other monitor looked stupid.

“Listen, like… okay, I’m not a small girl either. It’s kind of nice to know, y’know, when I get commissions like this, that there are people out there who like what my body looks like. I try to look at it like that, y’know?”

That made sense, right?

“Of course, I’m not as big as Morrigan is *here*…”

She felt the need to clarify it almost as soon as she said that she was a big girl. She was big, but this Morrigan was kind of on the huge side—when she had sent the rough sketches off to the commissioner, they requested to add another fifty pounds or so. Which was a little weird, sure, but a paycheck was a paycheck. And it was kind of fun trying to find places to pack those extra pounds in ways that would really wow the right kind of crowd.

“But still, it’s like… the principle, I guess. I don’t know.”

Between spamming EXTRA THICCCC and the occasional one-handed comment, the pro-chunky Morrigan crowd really outweighed the snowflakes screaming about how Jenny was helping to promote an unhealthy lifestyle. Which made for a *nicer* experience hosting the chat, sure, but it was almost a little off-putting. More and more of these guys had been showing up in the comments of her DeviantArt or Patreon lately and, while she was happy to get more attention for her work, it was almost always *this* kind of work that people were responding the most towards and not her original work.

“You can *commission* nude alts, but that’s not… that’d be separate from what I’m doing here. Y’nasty.”

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That had been a hell of a thing for Megan to just overhear without any context. Jenny’s office was right next to the bathroom, which meant that even when she wasn’t *trying* to eavesdrop on or even crash Jenny’s stream, Megan could occasionally catch some really strange bits of conversation that often went without explanation. And the little bits that she could hear through the brick and sheetrock were enough to make the mind wander.

*What the fuck is she drawing in there*?

As supportive as Megan was when it came to helping support her girlfriend’s status as a not-so-starving artist, she didn’t often look at anything that Megan drew. At least, not unless prompted. Sure, sometimes Megan would draw something specifically for her or show something off that she was especially proud of, but Jenny’s job was just that most of the time; a job. Just like Jenny didn’t go to every runway shoot, Megan didn’t like and share literally everything her girlfriend posted on tumblr or Instagram.

But something about hearing the one-sided version of events without seeing the comments she responded to made Megan interested in a way that she couldn’t quite explain.

*How big of a character is she drawing?*

It was such a strange question to ask herself in hindsight. Something about her not being as big as the character she’s drawing and people liking bigger girls? The toned blonde woman who had been sitting on the other side of the wall had been there for a few moments longer, hoping to glean any additional information on… *whatever* it was that was happening on the other side.

*I could just walk in—she never really* ***minds****…*

The nights when Jenny was home were few and far between, and letting her work was important. Just like she gave her time to work out and take photos for Instagram, Megan tried to let Jenny have her space to be creative and do her art stuff. But at the same time, her curiosity was burning over what kind of picture she’d gotten herself roped into drawing this time.

*She’s taken on some weird shit before and she’s always shown me… maybe if I* ***ask***?

Wrapping a towel around her waist, Megan held the makeshift garment shut with one of her biceps. Her collarbone was beginning to disappear underneath her budding pectorals, getting rid of that bony look that had plagued her since she had started to get serious about modeling. Now that she actually had something that she *wanted* to see in the mirror, she’d found herself doing it in her off-time. All those cameramen and agents telling her how beautiful she was during photoshoots rang sort of hollow compared to the feeling of accomplishment that she was feeling now that she was getting stronger.

Whether it was that confidence coming through or the changes that she’d noticed in her girlfriend, Megan just felt so *sexually charged* lately. Not necessarily horny—she wasn’t walking around wet all day or anything—but just more… *present* in the bedroom. If that made sense.

*I’m not a small girl either… though not as big as Morrigan is here…*

The words echoed in the back of her mind as clearly as though she’d been in the room herself. That *is* what Jenny had said, right? Like, Megan hadn’t misheard her, and she wasn’t just dreaming it up. It seemed so odd for her to get caught up on this, but at the same time she just had to—

“Hey Meg, y’done in there?”

“Oh, yeah sure just lemme…”

Like a rubber band being let go after a long stretch away, Megan snapped back to the reality of her shared hall bathroom. Jenny. Other side of the door. Naked. Towel. Sure that wasn’t a *problem* but it didn’t exactly help Megan put a damper now that she had gotten herself…

*Why am I all hot and bothered by this?*

Clearing the steam on the full-length mirror that hung on the back of the door, Megan took one last glance at her toned, fit body before opening the door to reveal Jenny and her dump truck ass. Her little tummy was starting to spread outwards with the rest of her figure as she thickened and thickened over the course of the many months that Megan had been working out. Her thighs were getting flabby as they begun to hang out from underneath the pantlegs that stopped mid-thigh. Even her face, round and freckled, had begun to puff out in a way that—

“Hey. You uh… you gonna let me in?”

“What?”

“The bathroom.” Jenny cleared her throat, “I gotta pee.”

“Oh! Oh yeah sure!”

Megan shuffled past her girlfriend’s plush physique as they wriggled through the doorway together. Unable to ignore the fact that squeezing through sideways was a lot more snug now than when they had first moved in together. Either because Megan was getting meatier, or because Jenny was. *Both* of them were, technically, in their own special ways.

“Be out in a sec.”

“Kay…”

As soon as the door was shut behind her, Megan’s head had already turned to the right, towards Jenny’s office. She didn’t even leave the door shut; no way she would have been mad if Megan just *popped* in there to see how things were going. She kept her computer facing the back wall anyway—it’s not like she was trying to hide anything anyway.

*“This sort of thing just happens when you live together…”* Megan told herself as she took a quiet step inside the carpeted room, *“You just* ***stumble*** *into your girlfriend’s office sometimes…”*

Jenny had one of those big monitors. The curved kind that she could see better when she leaned in over the desk to draw on her tablet. And in the middle of the screen was this pale, green-haired girl in a purple leotard and cute little bat wings coming out of her head. And in the rest of the screen, or at least the rest of the screen that Megan cared to pay attention to, was the rest of the “big girl” that Jenny was drawing.

*Was that why she was making that pose the other day?*

Megan remembered taking that photo for her. With her leg all high up in the air against the doorframe to their bedroom. She recognized the way that the thigh fell and the way that the belly hung over the lap—but seeing the embellishments that Jenny had made to this anime waifu’s figure—

*Her figure.*

…was enough to really put it into perspective.

Was that what Jenny might look like if she kept putting on weight? Sure not the green hair and the wings, but the rest of it was something that Megan could easily live with. In fact, thinking about it made her sort of… *excited*. The same kind of excitement that she felt about herself getting stronger. They were *both* going through so many changes lately, it was kind of hard not to think about it. Not when it was happening in front of her. And certainly not when she was presented with a what-if of Jenny with a little more junk in her trunk literally right in front of her face.

“Honey can you *please* put the toothpaste back on next time you use it?” Jenny called from the other room, “We have this talk every week.”

Once more, the rubber band of Megan’s mind snapped back to reality as soon as she heard her girlfriend’s voice. She averted her eyes from the screen instinctively, taking her one foot back out the door and turning on her heel back to face the other end of the hallway.

“Sorry baby.” Megan said to the bathroom door, “Won’t happen again.”

“Uh-huh.”

Jenny said it while working her toothbrush back and forth in her mouth, white foam forming in the corners of her mouth. As Megan watched her girlfriend work the brush up and down, up and down, pumping her arm caused the softness that had developed over her bicep to bounce just out of step with her protruding tum. The little sway of her plush body was all that Megan *could* notice at the moment—the softness, the *heft* of her form as it actively fought against the tightening confines of what had almost assuredly been roomy pajamas once upon a time.

“You’re lucky you’re cute.” Jenny said as she spit into the sink, “Outta the way, I gotta finish up.”

Jenny was getting fat.

“Do we have any more of those granola bars you brought home?”

And Megan wanted to help her do it.