

GAMER: AVATAR OF GLUTTONY

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“THE CAMGIRL”

By Zaftig Industries

CW: Stuffing, flatulence, mild Pavlovian conditioning, masturbation, burps, weight gain, mild slob

Somewhere, in the not-too-distant future...

Fiona Applegate had never been a ‘nine-to-five’ type of girl. She hated working jobs of any kind--taking orders from peevisish managers, straight-laced office bosses, and nosy corporate types wasn’t her thing. She wasn’t interested in spending her life behind a cash register, or working a secretary’s desk. She liked her free time, and she liked working her own hours, on her own schedule.

Unfortunately, in a world revolving around the “remote piloting” economy, it wasn’t easy to find a niche. In recent years, the ‘Gamer’ avatar program had expanded from the military and prison-industrial complex into the private sector. Companies around the world--especially shipping magnates--had found they much preferred the complete control of body-puppetry to actually *trusting* their employees. Debates over consent, the legality of controlling one’s employees like drones, and issues of free-will raged from college classrooms to the highest levels of Congress.

Fiona didn’t care about any of that. She had found her gig, and she was sticking with it. Fiona was a camgirl--she enjoyed showing off for internet pervs, and it made her a decent chunk of money, enough to keep the messy trailer-home outside Seattle that she’d landed in after quitting college.

Camgirling wasn’t easy. People were demanding, total assholes, or stalker creeps--sometimes all at once. She’d had to Mace more than one over-eager “fan” who’d followed her home, but she stuck with the gig regardless. It appeased her desire to run her own life... and she was just a little kinky. At least enough to enjoy being told what to do by strangers now and then.

Okay, maybe more than a *little*.

“Mmm, you want me to squirt some whipped cream into my mouth? Okay... But that’s gonna be fifty crypto...”

She was surprised when the anonymous requester in her group-chat forked up the money right away. Rising from her computer chair, the dirty-blonde twenty-something wiggled her booty-short-clad rear at the camera, winking over her shoulder. Throwing back her bob-cut and sticking her tongue out, she wiggled into the kitchen, tugging down the edges of her white tank top.

“Geez, do I even *have* whipped cream? These guys are so demanding...”

But Fiona was in luck--she still had a whipped-cream can from a private cam session last week, where she’d sprayed it on her nipples and licked them off for her viewer’s pleasure. Grinning, she swayed her ample hips back to the computer chair, settled her plush rump back into the seat and adjusted her robin’s-egg-blue panties. Fifty crypto-coins was enough for a takeout meal, at least... though it wasn’t going to pay her rent.

Halfway through guzzling whipped cream and erotically licking her lips for her viewers’ entertainment, she noticed a private message request.

“Hmm, one sec guys... Need a little break.”

Cries of protest sounded all across the chat. Her little flock of perverts begged her not to go; smirking, she closed the chat window anyway. She liked having control over them: in a twisted sort of way, it made her feel like she had more control over her own life. Though trying to camgirl in between other side-hustles was stressful.

For the hundredth time, she wished she had a sugar-daddy to support her... but given her chunky hips and vaguely trailer-trash look, she wasn’t the kind of Insta-THOT who attracted sugar daddies. She had her own “brand,” and she wasn’t going to update it for some schmuck when she could just rake in coins online with minimal effort.

The message, she found, was very straightforward: the anonymous requestor wanted to use the Gamer program on her. Turn her into an Avatar.

“Oh, hell no...”

Fiona was about to delete the message, when she noticed the payment the guy had offered. Her eyes widened.

“Holy *shit!*”

The mysterious pervert had offered her the equivalent of three years' salary just to obey his commands for a few weeks. With her tongue running neurotically over the stud on her lower lip, Fiona tried to weigh the dangers of submitting to an anonymous creep's complete control of her body.

In the end, she had to decide against it. There was no way she was going to do this--it was simply too dangerous. While self-harm was prevented in the Gamer program codes, there were ways to get around that. She simply couldn't risk it... not even for the astronomical amounts of money he had offered.

Then she saw another message, from the same guy. This one detailed the specifics of a "special" Gamer neural rig he had set up for her... a rig that could only give her certain commands.

She paged through the document he'd attached, frowning. Fiona wasn't the most technically savvy girl... but she could smell a trap from a mile away. As a sex worker, it was an instinct she'd honed over many difficult ups and downs, and this situation stank to high heaven.

All that money, though...

Her mind raced as she pictured what she could do, with funds like that. She would be able to rent a real apartment... buy real food... and all for the low, low price of letting a stranger puppet her around, a few hours a day, for several months. He had even specified she was free to continue cam-girling, when she wasn't "working" for him. He'd given her weekends off, as well. Which was... odd. Most people like him preferred absolute, obsessive, 24-7 control.

Biting her lip, Fiona examined the commands he wanted her to follow every evening.

Drink large amounts of soda, water or beer... Record any belches or bodily noises that result, and send them over... Masturbate after every meal... and listen to some ASMR tracks at night? That's all?

She read it over again. There had to be a catch--some kind of hidden trick, something he was keeping from her. But the more she looked, the more she liked the sound of the deal he was offering.

He was a pervert, sure--some kind of burp fetishist. She'd dealt with those before, and found them a little boring. They always wanted the same thing, and besides, doing chugging or food-stuffing always left her bloated and feeling fat and gross. But this amount of money... hell, she would do just about *anything* for that amount of cash.

Still nervous, but seduced by the prospect of never having to work again, she responded: *Yes. I'll do it. Send me the rig.*

Two days later, it arrived in the mail, and her strange odyssey began.

The “rig” was a small pill, filled to the brim with microscopic neurotechnology. She signed a lengthy user agreement on her phone to take it, and downed the thing with a glass of milk.

Rigs came in many forms, but this one was the easiest method of delivery. Within a few hours, she felt small muscle twitches as the neurotechnology meshed with her muscular system. Within a day, she was receiving orders via her Gamer, and the weirdness kicked off in earnest.

It was just little things at first: snacking, occasional binge-drinking of soda and other sugary liquids. Oddly, while most Gamer controllers were very chatty and loved teasing their “avatars,” Gamer Zero said nothing--only sent commands through the rig. Fiona had to admit, it was kind of refreshing. A free card to eat whatever she wanted, and she didn’t have to deal with a babbling pervert? It was practically a vacation.

She’d shut down her regular streams for the duration of the “session,” and it was a good thing, too. Almost immediately, she was feeling embarrassed.

“BURRRAPPP.”

She pounded her chest, her modest bosom jumping as she spewed out a massive belch. Her webcams were active, recording every room of her house except the bathroom, and she made sure to show off a little for the camera: rubbing her stomach, lifting the soda bottle and shaking it at the camera.

Then she felt the telltale tingle of the neurotech inside her arm... and the soda bottle whipped back up towards her mouth, tilting back, bubbly cola sloshing into her throat. She choked a little, but managed to maintain her composure, chugging away like a champ.

“Glug... glug... gllg... B’HORRRP.”

It was a little frightening, how completely the tech controlled her body. But she’d signed a waiver... and of course, his control didn’t apply while she was sleeping, or in the bathroom, or on weekends. There were limits to this.

But she didn’t find that very comforting when he piloted her to the door to pick up a massive, greasy bag of takeout.

She smiled weakly as she took the bag from the (rather attractive) delivery boy, whose gaze lingered on her slightly swollen stomach. She was wearing her usual camgirl attire: white tank top and booty shorts, and the tank top was riding up just a little bit. She awkwardly thanked Delivery Hottie and shut the door, blushing furiously.

“Yeesh... I probably should have put on real pants for that...”

But there was no time for silly luxuries like that; her Gamer wanted her to *eat*. She could almost feel his desire coursing through her body as she sat down at her kitchen table, pulling what seemed to be a half-dozen cheeseburgers out of the bag. They weren't cheap fast food either: these were fancy *artisan* burgers, from that new expensive place downtown. Her eyes widened as she unwrapped the first one, gazing in astonishment at its glistening buttered bun and oozing, still-hot beef patty with cheese dribbling down the sides.

“You're kidding, right? I can't eat all this--HMMF!”

Apparently, her Gamer disagreed. The burger was in her mouth before she could do anything, her jaws moving on their own, chomping away. She had to admit, it was utterly delicious: the onion, ketchup, lettuce and mustard with just *tiny* slices of avocado made for a great texture. And the beef was rich, filling and just dripping with grease. For a little while, she was in heaven... but at the point she would have ordinarily stopped, Gamer Zero made her continue eating.

“Okay, easy there... I'm not used to **HORRP**, used to this kind of... of food... *Gromf, gllp...*”

Indeed, she wasn't. To her embarrassment, as mound after mound of ground beef and cheese tumbled into her stomach, her guts began to sound calls of distress. She'd never eaten so much meat before in one sitting, and soon the results of her gastric overload began to emerge from her backside.

Pfrrt... p'toot!!

“Good thing there's no one here to... **URP**, smell that,” she grumbled as he forced another bite into her mouth, her own arms betraying her as they lifted a fresh burger to her face. Her chin and lips were slicked with grease, her hair disheveled and her stomach aching with fullness. But she kept eating... after all, she wasn't in control here. She didn't really have a choice.

The money, she thought blearily as she belched around a face-full of burger. *Just think of the money...*

A short break for some well-seasoned wedge fries, and she was back to it. At this point, she kind of wanted to finish the burgers just to spite the guy. She felt disgusting, of course--like a pig being fattened for market. In the back of her mind, she wondered if he *was* trying to fatten her up. It certainly felt like it.

But with the money he was paying, she could afford a gym membership--not to mention health food. She would sweat it off. It would be easy... or so she told herself, as she gobbled away, dizzily blinking away tears of discomfort as she gorged herself beyond her limits. Her belly stretched painfully, aching and throbbing.

Finally, with a few burgers still on the table, Gamer Zero had mercy upon her. Leaning back, she belched with a long, undulating wet blast of burger-scented air, and staggered to her feet, storing the leftovers in her fridge.

Then she received his *second* command, with something approaching genuine terror. She felt her legs moving, carrying her bloated, gassy self into her bedroom... pulling her box of sex toys from under the bed. Most of these were only brought out when a high paying customer wanted to see her get off--she was too busy working to *really* enjoy her collection, most weeks.

Gamer Zero selected her biggest Hitachi wand from the box, its thick round tip ridged with circular indents to create texture, and plugged it into the wall. To Fiona's relief, she was permitted to lie down on her back, her stuffed stomach jutting in the air as she settled onto her bed. Gamer Zero helped her pull off her booty shorts--the PINK logo on them dotted with grease from where she'd wiped her hands on them--and then her panties.

"I don't usually put out on the first... **URP**, date," slurred Fiona, slightly delusional as her food coma settled in. "But for you... **HORRPpph**, I suppose I can make an exception..."

Her finger tapped the "on" button of its own accord, and the loud mechanical whirring of the vibe filled the room. Fiona remained bloated, exhausted and annoyed... but all of that vanished when the buzzing bulb of the Hitachi grazed her exposed vulva.

"OoooOOOH! Easy th-there, big guy... Gotta be d-delicate with my, um, equipment..."

It was a surreal experience, having someone else pleasure her with her *own* body. To be fair, he was pretty good at it. Spreading her pussy-lips with her fingers, Gamer Zero teased her clit with the very edge of the vibe, so skillfully she forgot all about her stuffed condition... though her intestines, packed with food, frequently reminded her by venting gas from both ends of her body.

"Burrarpph..."

FRRRmmpf.

"Oooh, that's nice... A little h-harder? Yeah... Ohhh yeah. That's good..."

BZzzzzZZzz...

It took barely five minutes for Fiona to hit the crest of her first orgasm, her legs twitching and hips jerking as her mouth opened with involuntary ecstasy. The rush spread from her loins to caress her entire body... and then, after a brief pause, Gamer Zero went in again, this time being more firm--even cruel--with the pressure of the vibrator.

Fiona squirmed with delightful agonies as her tormenter teased her mercilessly, the unpleasant memory of her animalistic eating-binge already fading. She had the distant sense she was being... conditioned, somehow. Like Pavlov's dog. But she couldn't put together what the conditioning was, or *why* such an elaborate thing would... hell, never mind. It felt too good to question.

She gasped with genuine surprise as another orgasm began building inside her, heat swelling and pulsing...

"You and I," she whispered, "are going to get--**URRRP**--get along just f-f-fine. *Oooh...*"

Her "shifts" progressed in the same way each day--lavish takeout meals, three times a day, with snacks and masturbation sessions in between. At night, she listened to the odd ASMR tracks Gamer Zero had sent her--mostly just subliminal murmurs about food, with soft wet chewing sounds mixed in. She didn't really "get" the point of those, but they were enjoyable enough. Lulled her right to sleep, every time.

And she needed plenty of rest. The constant, relentless attack on her body was starting to wear on her. It was inevitable, under the assault of fried calamari and hoagies and quesadillas and artisan tacos, that she would start to gain weight. She'd expected that, even welcomed it: she'd always been a little on the gangly side, despite her ample hips, and she'd looked forward to putting a few pounds on her ass.

But this... this was something different. The all-out caloric assault on her frame deposited extra ounces everywhere, from her underarms to her stomach, and she didn't know how to feel about it. If she was gaining weight like this in a few *days*, it was nearly impossible to conceive herself just hitting the gym and dropping the pounds after *months* of such treatment.

And yet, she had a difficult time protesting. Each meal was followed by squirming, gasping, earth-shaking orgasms, so any objections she might have had tended to melt away during *that* part of the daily "cycle." She was certainly uncomfortable--constantly overfed, gassy and becoming a little sweaty and disheveled--but she wasn't being mistreated. Far from it, actually. She was having the time of her life, and she didn't even need to writhe around in front of a laptop cam. She was free to just cut loose, be a complete mess, and enjoy herself.

At her suggestion, Gamer Zero had branched out from the Hitachi wand to other toys--dildos, eggs, even the occasional butt-plug when Fiona was feeling freaky. She rapidly went through her supply of lube and was forced to order more; just for good measure, she threw

a few extra sex toys into the order in case she got bored of her current collection. While she pitied the poor Lightspeed Shipping employee who had to pack all her weird items into a box, she was overjoyed when they arrived--getting off had now become the main focus of her day, whenever she wasn't eating.

At first, she was worried she might get bored with this routine. But somehow it wasn't so bad. Gamer Zero let her scroll her phone and check her laptop while eating, even watch TV or play video-games as she pleased. His only *true* control fixation was making sure she kept eating. She often had to juggle her personal belongings with whatever decadent crap he was currently shoving into her mouth.

“URRRP... Mmm, a little lower, honey...”

Bzzzzrm...

Watching porn while she stimulated herself was a bad habit she'd resurrected for this particular "job." Amateur lesbian stuff was her favorite: she got enough of men camgirling, most of the time, and it was cute to watch girls explore each other. When she wanted something *really* nasty, though, Gamer Zero was happy to oblige. She quickly acquired a taste for darker BDSM material, and even a little bit of his boring, cliché'd "stuffing" porn began to seem more interesting as she continued tumbling down her rabbit-hole of gluttony and pleasure.

And the hole was very deep indeed. Fiona's suspicions had been correct: he *was* trying to condition her, although she couldn't figure out why. Her body was being subjected to a gauntlet of pain and pleasure: the indulgent but uncomfortable process of stuffing three times a day, then the eye-rolling, disorienting pleasure of masturbating furiously while her belly gurgled and churned and helpless burps rolled out of her, one after the other.

She couldn't help it: after a few weeks, she started genuinely *enjoying* this process. Eating led to pleasure, and pleasure led to eating, and eating to pleasure, and on, and on... The two became so intermingled in her mind, that it was nearly impossible to think of one without the other.

Of course, the effects of this depravity on her body soon became obvious. Her "skinnyfat" frame ballooned outward with frightening speed; by week two, she had a small pot-belly, and by week three, delicate love-handles were showing up on her sides. By a month, she was noticing a distinct sag and jiggle to her buttocks, and her upper arms were growing smooth and soft. Her breasts, while they'd never been the biggest, now had an appreciable heft and weight to them. And her face, constantly red and puffy from the strenuous eating schedule, was growing rounder.

“Mmmf... Fuck, time to eat again? Mm'kay, just... just let me **HORRP, just let me... get up...”**

Sitting in a puddle of her own juices, panting heavily as her heart rate slowed after a fresh orgasm, Fiona found herself forgetting what meal of the day she was about to eat. Was it... lunch, maybe? Dinner? It was still light outside, though she'd pulled down the shades and drawn the curtains for a little privacy. Whatever... Food was food. And it was time to eat.

Time to eat, she thought, the phrase echoing in her brain with the voice of the ASMR voice actress who now inhabited her dreams as well as filling her evenings. *Time to eat. Time to eat.*

Time to EAT.

Rising from her bed with difficulty, she surveyed the messy wreckage of her room. Once it had been Spartan but functional, with only a few vintage Hello Kitty dolls and some generic posters for flavor. Now it was a wasteland of empty soda liter-bottles, fast food wrappers, and discarded condoms covered in lube--because, frankly, she had gotten a little too lazy to wash her toys and the condoms were just a faster way of ensuring a nice clean self-fuck.

For the hundredth time, she reminded herself she should clean up... but then Gamer Zero was shoving her legs towards the kitchen, leftovers in the fridge awaiting her already-salivating mouth. She shrugged to herself; she could always clean up tomorrow. Although that was what she'd told herself yesterday. And the day before that... and the day before that...

"Whatever... 'Sh fine. It's not even... that messy. **BW'ORP.**"

Her toes nudged soda and beer cans out of her way as she went, condoms squishing under her heels. Feeling her ass jiggle and bounce with extra flesh as she moved to the kitchen, Fiona reached for the fridge handle... and her hand stopped. Surprised, she waited for Gamer Zero to continue piloting her. But he didn't.

Glancing at the counter, she saw her modem blinking with one red dot--her wi-fi was down. And with it, Gamer Zero's control was gone. She wouldn't get any commands from him until her connection resumed.

Fiona's mouth opened with astonishment. She'd gotten so used to her routine... and now, confronted with sudden freedom, she wasn't sure what to do. A modest, confused little fart escaped from her cheeks as she looked around the ruined kitchen, her mind reeling.

I guess I could... get some exercise, she thought with grudging, almost frightened reluctance. *Or go outside. When was the last time I went outside, anyway?*

It had been days, at least. Maybe even a week. Her skin, already fair, had gone pale and a little clammy from confinement in here, dancing to Gamer Zero's whims. For a moment, she considered taking a walk, while the connection came back up. Maybe calling her friends, checking in on her family. Something like that.

But then her stomach--ever the traitor--began to rumble with a menacing, insistent little growl. Even though she'd fed it just an hour ago, it was already demanding food.

And going outside would be so *difficult*, so tedious... she would have to put on clothes, instead of the filthy bra and unwashed panties she was now accustomed to wearing. It would be so much easier to just stay inside... and eat.

Pulling open the fridge, Fiona felt another chunk of her free will slide down the drain, replaced with a simple animalistic need: a desire to glut herself, and then masturbate. And then maybe eat some more. And then masturbate again, and again, until her cunt went numb and it was Time To Eat once more.

Oh yeah... how could she have forgotten? It wasn't Time to Take A Walk, or Time to Talk to Friends. Right now was *Time to Eat*. In fact, it was always Time to Eat. And she was okay with that.

Time to eat. Time to... yeah.

Smiling with a simple, stupid glee, she pulled a milk jug from the fridge and began chugging from it, her belly filling slowly with rich cream and swelling bigger... bigger. Fuller. And fuller was better. Fuller made Gamer Zero happy, and then Gamer Zero did nice things to her clit. Therefore, she must get fuller, bigger. Rounder. This was her life now.

"Gllk... Glupp... GHLP. **BRALLLPCH.**"

Fwrrr'tppt...

When Gamer Zero's connection came back an hour later, Fiona had already finished her gorging session and was shoving toys into herself, squealing and gasping. She didn't even hesitate when Zero sent her an offer to extend their little "deal" that night--she accepted it immediately. No questions asked. She didn't even read the fine print, signing over her free will with absolute joy.

Being a chubby, shut-in, porn-addicted sex puppet might not be heaven... but it was damn close to it. She never, *ever* wanted this experience to end... and she would do anything to keep the food and orgasms coming.

Her conditioning was complete.

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