

“Ugh, Jenn is such a bitch.”

“I know right? Literally being paid to sit on her ass and get fat and she still finds ways to complain about it.”

Olivia and Edith were two PA’s on the set of “Model to Waddle,” a show about fashion models putting on a bunch of weight for 2 months, then losing it.

And Jenn Galliston was the most recent subject.

“Hey, Pig A’s, can I get some more Mimosa’s? I’m drying out in this heat.”

Olivia and Edith both rolled their eyes.

Their job had them working long hours and being constantly surrounded by food and an atmosphere of excess, so they were both on the heavier side.

Something Jenn liked to remind them of constantly.

“Hasn’t it been 2 months already? Shouldn’t she be slimming down?” Edith asked.

“I don’t know. The producer hasn’t told us to change our routine.”

“Hey! I’m waiting!”

Edith quickly poured a fruity alcoholic beverage for the star of the show, and brought it over to her.

“Took you long enough. I was worried you’d have drunk the whole pitcher already.

When she had arrived on set, Jen Galliston was among the hottest, fittest models the show had ever featured.

A very pronounced hourglass figure, with washboard abs, she looked too perfect to be true.

Add in a heart shaped face framed by soft pink hair, and she was a total knockout in every way.

Well, maybe except her personality.

But 2 months of being pampered, spoiled, and eating the most delicious food the show could throw at her, her figure had gone, and her personality even worse.

She was laying down on a chair next to the pool on set.

“Alright, quit gawking and get me a pizza from craft services. Now!”

As she said that, her double chin jiggled, and the arm attached to the hand pointing to the craft table shook.

Further down, her bright blue bikini top was on the verge of failing to contain her sacks of tit flesh, and there was nothing to hide the bulbous belly that had blossomed where her abs once were.

Thighs that had various men and women in the comments of her social media post begging to be crushed between them had thickened and softened dramatically.

She had certainly lived up to the premise of the show.

Edith muttered a curse under her breath and walked to the craft service table, which looked like a glutton's dream.

Cakes, pudding, ice cream, were on one side, and greasy burgers, hot dogs, and of course pizza were on the other.

Edith picked up a box, grabbed a brownie for herself, and returned to the dining diva.

“Very good, just leave it in my trailer, I think I'm going to dine alone.”

Edith walked further to the trailer, while she heard the grunts of someone dedicated to making herself fatter go through the effort of getting up.

Inside was a pig's den of wrappers, cans of soda, and discarded clothes. She left the pizza on a counter and vacated.

Jenn came in after, looked to see she had left, then locked the door.

“Now it's just me... and you...”

Her mouth watering, she pulled the pizza onto her lap and opened it up.

She moaned as the scent hit her.

“God.. what a fatty I am...”

When she had signed up for this show, she had genuinely been expecting to hate it.

She was an icon, someone who had a body unobtainable to the general public.

Maybe that was why she found it so hot.

“Just going to keep getting... fatter and fatter.”

The first night she had gorged herself in front of a camera crew, she felt... funny.

She was turned on.

All those people were bearing witness as she ate her pristine, goddess like body away for cheap entertainment.

It was so humiliating.

She had the best orgasm of her life that night.

Since then, she had dove headfirst into this new hedonism kink she had developed.

Shze was more beautiful than most people, so why shouldn't she be worshiped?

Why not get fatter from what was offered to her?

She met privately with the producers, and proposed a new plan: she would “fail” to lose the weight and the show would become a highlight reel of a descent into depravity.

He agreed, and a quick payment was enough to make sure he didn't tell a soul what her plan was.

In the two months she started her “diet,” she had put on over 30 pounds.

And she was nowhere close to stopping.

She had trawled various internet forums and websites and found that there was an entire community of people who were just as deviant as the young beauty was.

Through some traceless money transfers, she had even hired some of them to do morphs of her. What they thought was a piece of wank bait was actually a foretelling of the future.

She had them on a laptop in front of her, scrolling along a series of photos, starting with her at her normal weight and each photo after adding another hundred pounds.

The editor was good, very good. They had added not just heft, but folds, stretch marks and cellulite.

Jenn was looking at what she was turning herself into, with each bite and swallow.

As she polished off her pizza, she felt the growing desire to pleasure herself. She sated that desire just as she was sating her hunger.

“Fuck, just, a big, pig...” She cooed as her fingers pulsed in and out of her.

If only her fans could see her now. Would they be disgusted? Would they be converted?

They would have to wait. Once this show came out, the floodgates would be open, and both vitriol and praise would be coming her way.

How big would she be by then? That depended on how much she could eat, and how much her PA's could bring to her, but judging from her feast today, it would be quite a lot.

She was going to be massive.