

With Melissa gone it just left Claire and David to continue the work that she had started. The two became much more intimate and continued to feed Claire each night, she rapidly found herself giving into the rapid weight gain, she was changing more mentally by the day. She loved the feeling of being stuffed full, she found it even arousing to turn up to work stuffed and bloated.

In the following weeks Claire only continued to grow and get fatter. She rapidly approached 600 lbs; she had just ordered clothes after the initial expansion but now she was much too big for those. Her TV producer was constantly on her back for the amount of weight she was piling on. He would resort to name calling more frequently and even got some of the cast on board, Claire was too scared to speak up for herself. Ultimately they were right, she was huge, she was fat, she was still growing. That fact turned her on.

Ultimately the board did decide to cut her show, despite the numbers of the show still growing, much like Claire's waistline. They had another show idea for her, she would be now getting her own food show, just focused on her, her travels and the food around the world. It came with a much bigger budget and plenty more money.

She was now making so much money that David was able to quit his job and join her on her travels. She would travel to a country and sample their cuisine and then show an easy way to replicate it at home. She was quickly becoming a daytime TV star,

Venice, Italy. The camera panned over the lovely architecture of the beautiful European town and Claire's voice spoke over the footage.

"Venice. The Italian capitol of love. Over 300 miles or 500 Kilometres away from the actual capitol, Rome. Venice draws in almost as many tourists and for good reason. The town is so beautiful

and a destination for many couples who all want to take a gondola ride. I am here however for one reason. Food.”

The camera shows a table with a large assortment of Italian dishes, Pasta, Pizza, Cold cuts and more.

A gigantic woman thundered into the scene, Claire. Her massive body wobbles so much that even her long summer dress can't hide the true girth of her. The fabric struggles with a few bulges of fat and is tight in places, especially as she moves, each footstep causes ripples over her whole body. Claire's tits have grown and even though the network picked the least revealing dress for her, her now J cups are spilling over the top of her dress. Her wideness cannot be captured truly on camera but in person she is almost three times as wide than your average male. She reaches the table and takes a seat, one which was reinforced before filming, it creaks in agony as it does its best to withstand her tremendous weight.

“I am here to sample the delicacies of the region and with each bite a new flavour unravels on my palette, helping me understand this town more.”

Claire picks up a slice of pizza and slowly brings it to her mouth.

“The bases have been made here for centuries, the technique is rather unique and hard to replicate but nothing can quite top the outcome.”

Claire's mouth opens wide, and the large pizza slice looks minuscule compared to her gaping mouth. The whole slice enters her mouth and she moans softly as she only acts up slightly for the camera.

“You cannot beat the cheese too, that was made locally, mozzarella from Italy is the richest cheese I have ever tasted, it is no wonder that it became such a staple all over the world. Even the

knock offs that other countries make or import cannot beat the real deal.”

Snap

“Cut!” A man yells from the monitor that everyone is crowded around. Everyone eases up, as does Claire.

When Claire eases up, the fabric of her clothes creaks thanks to her letting out her gut, she lets it fall over her lap, the overtaxed corset beneath on its last legs. Somehow, she looks even bigger now.

“That was fantastic Claire.” The director says, “The boys can edit the rest of it together, sorry to get us all set up to re shoot that one part but hopefully this will be us all done now.”

“Thanks Joe, I appreciate it. Yeah I can’t wait to head back home for a few weeks, it feels bizarre that we have been travelling for six weeks already. Time flies.” Claire looks over at the table of food still out in the sun.

Joe has been working with Claire for all of about six weeks, but he knows exactly what she is thinking. “Go on.” He says as he gets up. “Meet you on the plane tomorrow.”

He was nice to Claire, he didn’t judge, he just wanted to get the best out of her. She made her way back to the table and started to eat the pile of food that was now left there.

“You are starting without me?” David teased.

One perk of the new role she had was that David could come with her, she actually negotiated it in her contract. She looked at her husband and smiled.

“I can’t help it... I’m just so hungry, my love...” She pushed another slice of pizza into her mouth with her chubby finger, sucking longingly on it as she pulled it out.

“Let me help with that.”

Claire leaned back, still restrained by her corset, she grunted. David picked up a spoon full of

pasta and fed it directly into her mouth. She moans loudly.

“That good?” David asks.

“Yes... Oh my god...” Claire moans, rubbing her stomach.

“I think we can bust you out of that...” His hands reach for the straps on the back of the corset before Claire stops him.

“I do too... But not like that...”

David’s face turns a red and his cock, which was already hard, starts to throb in his trouser leg.

“Feed me David.” She coos.

David doesn’t need to be told twice, taking time to lovingly feed his wife this vast Italian platter before them both. Thanks to her increased appetite and willingness to eat, the platter quickly disappears, it goes straight in without any resistance. David knew that this wouldn’t have been enough to sate her increased appetite. He looked over his huge wife and noticed a look of discomfort on her face.

“Full?” He asked.

“Not quite...” She huffed as she sat straight, the movement causing her to release a large burp.

“Come on... One more slice of that pizza should do it.”

There were a few rogue bits left of the food, David picked up one of the last slices of Pizza and fed it to his wife and watched intently as she swallowed it.

“Aaagh... That is it...” She moaned.

With a loud rip David saw his wife’s stomach surge forward, busting out of the corset and filling the dress, pushing the fabric to its capacity. It looked as if she was growing again, like with Melissa. Her stomach was massively bloated but still not full, it stuck out from her middle so far that she had no hope

in reaching all the way around it. Thanks to her boobs, she couldn't even see most of it.

"Fuck." David gasped.

He didn't waste much time, his hands found their way to her stomach, not caring about the crew packing up behind them. This had become a common occurrence during their travels and filming.

"I think this is it, David." She said ominously.

David knew what she was on about, he followed her train of thought.

"Help me... *Burrp* up. I need to see." She moaned again.

With a herculean effort, David got Claire on her feet, they made their way to her car and David got in the back with her. She always hired a driver when she was on location, lest she had to walk anywhere. The short drive was filled with David giving her tummy rubs and trying not to get too aroused in the back of the car. Every so often, Claire would release a belch thanks to his firm massage.

She managed to waddle to the lift and get to their room. David rushed through first and dove into the bathroom, pulling out the scale and turning it on. Since she started gaining, she would always weigh herself, every night, she was so focused. When she started travelling she would bring a scale with her, to make sure she could track her gains accurately even when not in her normal routine.

She laid a heavy footstep on the glass surface and David bent over to watch the number as it changed a few times, finally stopping on a number that made David bolt upright and throw his arms around her.

She hit it, she knew it.

"Exactly how much?" She asked.

"612" David replied.

The two started excitedly jumping up and down, the hotel room shaking from her massive

movements.

“I am probably about 9 lbs of food right now, but that still means I am over 600!!” She screamed in joy as did David. “This calls for a celebration don’t you think?”

She led David to the bed and pushed him down on his back. She hadn’t done this in a long time, for great reason. Thanks to her weight, her mobility was affected and therefore she found riding on top to be difficult, but not impossible. David stripped off quickly, as did Claire. The mountainous woman lifted her huge, cellulite covered fat leg and planted it one side of David on the bed. With an impressive feat of strength, she pulled her other leg up. It came crashing to the other side of him and she mounted him.

Claire’s plump fupa covered the entrance to her awaiting vagina, she parted it and impaled herself on David’s cock. It was difficult for her to move but she did start to bounce on top of him, the weight pressing on David was equal parts unbearable as well as pleasurable. Her fat body enveloped him, he felt in heaven being swallowed by her massive thighs. He lets out some grunts as her belly crashes on his chest, covering most of his torso at this point.

Without warning, she leans forward, covering the entirety of his body. His 600 lb wife now causes him to sink into the bed. Claire was too turned on from the weight revelation that she found she was cumming only after a few bounces. With a few post orgasm bounces there was a loud crack, the bed gave way and they crashed onto the floor in the debris of the broken bed.

This didn’t stop David, he slithered out from under his wife and as she was panting and trying to catch her breath, his hands made their way around her hips as he thrust his still hard cock deep into her from behind. Claire was even too tired to use her arms and legs to hold herself up, she moaned in

pleasure whilst David took her from behind. His hips slapping against her gargantuan ass, it was four times wider than his body, he found himself getting lost between her cheeks almost, just to reach her pussy.

This time it was David's time to cum.

"Are you *Burp* close?" Claire asked, the pounding riling up another burp.

"Yes..." He panted.

"Good. I want you to do something for me."

"What's that?"

"Knock my fat ass up." She moaned. "Make me bigger, give me a baby, cum in me and breed this huge fucking pig."

David screamed out as he came deep inside her.

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