

Gala of Girth
By Haxcall

It was a big night for Amber Alexandria. After years of hard work, she was finally headlining a major fashion event held by world famous designer Kevin Ermano. As she got ready in her dressing room, she suddenly heard a large commotion happening outside.

“What’s going on?” She asked a stagehand running by.

“Paula Porciniza is here asking if she can be a part of the show!”

Amber gasped in both shock and disgust upon hearing the name. Paula Porciniza was one of the biggest names in the fashion world, with every major brand willing to move Heaven and Earth for the opportunity to have her promote their products. Additionally, she was in her late thirties but could easily pass as a college freshman, something that all the major fashion agencies adored about her. However, she was also known for her huge ego and snobby, standoffish attitude. She had an obnoxious habit of showing up to shows uninvited and offering her services for free as long as it was in the main spot, an offer that no designer or fashion brand in the world would refuse since she was just that big. She did this for no other reason than she enjoyed ruining the big nights of young, up and coming models. Part of the reason why Amber’s chance at headlining a show had taken so long was because Paula had shown up at her shows twice already and now she was doing it a third time.

“Mr. Ermano, please!”

“I understand but it’s Paula Porciniza!” He said sheepishly. “I’m sorry but I have cut you from the show.”

“This is bullsh*t!” Amber shrieked at him.

“Yeah, well this is just how the world works.” Paula said as she walked by and rudely injected herself into the conversation. She had done this before to Amber but this was the first time the older model had ever spoken to her. “Small timers like you should be grateful that you

get to even be graced by my presence. It will make for a great story to tell all your friends at your hovel about how you met the great Paula Porciniza! Now then Ermano, show me the dress I'll be wearing tonight."

"Right away ma'am!" Ermano said in a groveling tone.

Amber was livid as Kevin walked off with Paula to show her the dress that Amber should have been wearing. She had spent years working for this. She and her agent had to pull countless strings and favors in order to give her this spot tonight and Paula just took it from her on a whim. Amber was typically nice but could be very vindictive when pushed and she was not about to take this lying down.

While Paula was on the runway receiving her ill earned adulation, Amber snuck into her dressing room, which was somehow nicer than Amber's despite it being given to her at the last minute. She had decided that she was going to vandalize her belongings and sneak off before anyone could definitely pin it on her. Amber was surprised to see that Paula had brought a considerable amount of luggage to the event, at least two dozen large duffel bags. However, as she started going through each of the bags, she discovered that each of them was filled with pounds and pounds of fast food and high calorie desserts. Most models would recoil at the thought of eating just a bite of this fatty trash yet Paula carried around a veritable junk food buffet. Before Amber could muse any further on this discovery, she could hear people walking towards the door and complimenting Paula on her performance. Paula's time on the runways was over sooner than Amber had expected and she was about to be caught red handed!

Paula shooed away her sycophants and walked into the dressing room the literal second after Amber had hid herself within a nearby closet. Amber stood as still as a statue as she watched her rival through the slits of the louvered door, praying that she wouldn't open the door for any reason. If Paula caught her, then she could have her blacklisted from the entire fashion world. Paula took off her expensive and elaborate gown and was in nothing but her panties and a black, tightly bound girdle. Amber remembers reading something about it from a magazine

interview that Paula once did, that the girdle was a family heirloom that had previously belonged to her mother and grandmother, both of whom were famous models who also aged slowly, and that it had been supposedly gifted to their family in the old country from a wizard who had owed them money. Paula claimed that she considered it a good luck item and refused to take it off during photo shoots but Amber was about to learn the unexpected truth of the matter.

Paula loosened the girdle to about halfway and as the fabric was let out, her body expanded with it. Not just her waist but her entire form started to proportionately fatten to match her growing midsection. Her waistline nearly tripled in size and her pot belly bulged tightly against the girdle's loosened restraints. Her boobs went from being like plump D-cups to being slightly bigger than her entire head. Her butt went from being perfect to being so fat that it probably had almost, if not more mass than Amber's entire skinny body, with her elastic panties swallowed between her expanding cheeks. Amber also noticed that she had considerably aged as well, looking her real age as a woman in her late thirties. She was still rather pretty but looking like a rubenesque milf meant that she may as well have been an obese old hag by the high standards of the modeling world. Paula let out a satisfied sigh as she let her flab hang out, her voice sounding significantly deeper than before, before she grunted and let out a massive fart. She then sat down in her chair, which creaked loudly under her new weight, and began to tear into her hidden fried chicken like a starving animal, letting loud burps and rancid poots as she did so.

Amber was taken aback by what she saw. As she gathered her mental bearings, Amber realized that this was the perfect opportunity to get back at Paula. She could just pull out her phone and film her rival's true form and post it to her many internet followers but right as she reached into her pocket to grab it she decided against it. Something like this would be too far fetched for anyone to believe it to be legit. Paula would just deny everything and accuse Amber of creating it in a desperate bid for attention. No, if Amber wanted she would need to expose her in front of a live audience.

Amber continued to watch her stuff herself like a pig for almost half an hour, farting and belching with glee between every bite. Paula was clearly enjoying herself, getting to unleash her true, gluttonous slob personality away from prying eyes. However, she was careful to place the bones and wrappers and the like from her junk food feast back into the bags she pulled them from, likely to minimize the mess and keep anyone from asking too many questions.

After about an hour of this, Paula's manager knocked on the door to inform her that it was time to leave. Paula quickly got to her feet, though not without visibly clumsiness as she briefly struggled to stay balanced thanks to all of her weight and the massive amounts of food inside of her. With practiced skill, she grabbed the corset's strings in her plump palms and tightened it around her waist, restoring her slender, youthful beauty with one sharp tug. After becoming thin, putting on some clothes and fixing herself up a bit, she exited the dressing room and left her manager to pick her grease stained bags and to have them refilled for the next day. Once the coast was clear, Amber finally exited the closet and snuck away without being seen, her mind abuzz with ideas for revenge.

The first thing Amber did was look up Paula's public schedule for appearance dates. It turned out that her next major appearance would be for an Earth Day fashion event called the 'Gala for Gaia' where she would be wearing an elaborate designer dress crafted out of leaves and recycled cardboard, materials that would tear easily against a wobbling fat ass. The first thing that Amber did was contact her agent to get her on the show as a back up model in order to get access to the backstage. The second thing was to contact some acquaintances of hers that were into experimental fashion design. A while back, she had been to a fashion show where one of the models wore a dress that had small flickers of flame igniting in elaborate patterns. This was done through remote controlling hundreds of tiny ignitors, each the size of a small button, that were sewn throughout the outfit. Amber managed to convince the dress' designer to hand over some of the same ignitors, though she didn't go into detail why.

A few weeks later, it was Earth Day and the Gala for Gaia was in full swing. Thousands were in attendance and potentially millions were watching the event at home. Amber had shown up to the event extra early and, being one of the models for the show, security didn't stop her from entering the room where the dresses were being kept. Working quickly before anyone could see her, she sewed a dozen igniters inside of the dress Paula would wear, using her memory of the closet incident to guess where the girdle's lacing would be most exposed. The flickers of flame wouldn't be strong enough to hurt Paula but it would be enough to burn through the tight strings holding the girdle together.

As she finished up, she quickly left the room before anyone could walk in and discover her meddling with the works. However, as everything was falling into place, Amber began second guessing herself and her scheme. Was she right in trying to humiliate Paula on the world's stage? Would doing this make her just as bad, if not worse, than Paula? Amber decided to herself that she would meet with Paula one last time and would abort the plans if the older model was even mildly polite towards her.

Amber found Paula just a few minutes before it was scheduled time to go on stage. She looked absolutely stunning in her recycled dress, looking like a nature goddess in her gown of intricate leaves and expertly placed pieces of decorative cardboard. Her personality, on the other hand, remained anything but divine. As Amber walked up to her, she was in the middle throwing a fit at a gofer over the vanilla latte she was brought, claiming that it was prepared wrong but refusing to explain what she didn't like about it. Paula threw the beverage all over the assistant and told her to get her another one. The poor assistant had no choice but to meekly comply if she wanted to keep her job. Amber walked past the soaked gofer and greeted Paula.

"Hello, Ms. Porciniza. Do you remember me? I'm..."

"Who are you supposed to be... Oh! I remember you, you're the small timer from a few weeks ago." Paula said with a condescending sneer. "I would have expected for you to have gone back to whatever dirthole town you came from and gone back to posing for ads for the

local flea market or whatever you did before tricking yourself into thinking you could work anywhere near my level. So what brings you here? Did you come to see how a real model works?"

"... I just wanted to wish you good luck for tonight." Amber said, no longer feeling a hint of guilt for what she was about to do.

"Please, someone like me doesn't need luck." Paula said smugly.

Paula walked out onto the runway to raucous applause as Amber watched on from the backstage, pulling out her phone and opening the app program that controlled the igniters. As Paula stood at the end of the runway, striking various poses for the multitude of flashing cameras, Amber activated the igniters to flicker all at once. Paula winced and stumbled as she felt the sharp but brief flames across her torso but otherwise there was no obvious effect. Paula stood on stage confused as Amber worried that it didn't work.

It was then that Paula's youthful appearance suddenly nearly doubled in years as her face morphed to reflect her true age, with multiple cameras getting a close up of the entire thing. The crowd gasped as Paula buckled slightly and started growing pudgier with every passing second.

"NO! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPEN... *BURRRPPP*" Paula shouted both defiantly and impotently, unable to keep herself from letting loose a belch, which was caught by every microphone in the room.

In a matter of seconds, Paula's body went from a Size 2 to a Size 32 in front . The eco-friendly dress she was in stood no chance against her girth and it tore apart . Many livestreams of the event had to cut away to avoid the indecency of the now morbidly obese Paula panicking and jiggling nude. Amber grinned as she watched Paula grow to the same size she had seen her be in her dressing room weeks prior. However, she was taken aback as she saw Paula continue to expand. Back at Ermano's fashion show, Amber had witnessed Paula

only loosen her girdle halfway. Now the whole thing was off of her and she would expand to her full size.

Paula continued to bloat more and more in front of the large crowd. Her once youthful, angelic face now looked like an overweight soccer mom with a double chin so thick that her neck was lost in adipose. Her slender torso and modestly heavy bosom was now home to a huge, stretch mark covered gut that hung almost to her knees and two melon sized sacks of milk. Her previously shapely behind was now so wide and dumpy it wouldn't be able to fit through most doors. Her arms and thighs were draped in dimpled rolls of thick fat and her cankles were almost bigger than what her waist used to be. For the first time, the world was now seeing Paula Porciniza for who she truly was: a middle aged woman who weighed well over five hundred pound and had terrible gas issues.

Paula fell onto her soft backside, unused to having to support her true weight. As she looked out onto the faces of the stunned crowd and the multitude of cameras that were on her, Paula felt her heart sink and her stomach get queasy. So queasy in fact that she was unable to keep herself from a massive fart in front of everyone that sounded more like a foghorn than anything a human body could make. The scent was blown into the audience by the air conditioners and it was pungent enough to make the entire front row back off out of fear that they would gag on her toxic odor.

The Gala for Gaia was forced to shut down early. Paula was unable to move herself so a forklift was brought in to carry the flatulent, immobile woman away to a local clinic. In the unfolding chaos, Amber managed to dig through remains of Paula's dress and girdle and retrieve the igniters before anyone else could find them.

In the event's aftermath, many of Paula's closer associates who knew of her magical girdle realized the jig was up and sold her secret out to tabloids and news outlets to get one final big payday out of her. Similarly, many models and assistants who had been wronged by her in the past were emboldened enough by the incident to go public with how she mistreated them.

All of this resulted in Paula Porcinza going from being one of the most influential models to the most mocked one, with few feeling bad about the awful woman's humiliating true self being revealed. The clip of her transformation broke records with how many people viewed it, comedy writers around the globe wrote entire routines around her incident. There were even multiple shows and movies in the works, all of which would be completely unflattering with how she would be portrayed.

Meanwhile, Amber's career started to take off. It quickly became an open secret that she was responsible for Paula's downfall and the many people who had been screwed over by the disgraced model over the years thought highly of her actions and helped to quickly push her up the ladder of the modeling world. Soon, all of the various brands and promotions that had previously contracted Paula now wanted Amber to represent them and offered her lucrative multi-year deals. Amber was all but set to take Paula's high place in the fashion world.

As for Paula, she wanted to retire from public life and spend the rest of her days glutting herself in spiteful solitude. However, the stigma now attached to her meant that the only people using her photos were those mocking her, meaning that her royalties had started to dry up and being permanently stuck in her obese, gluttonous middle aged form put a fast drain on her existing finances. In order to maintain her spoiled lifestyle, she had to perform in projects that would have previously been unthinkable for her. She modeled 6X clothing for specialty sites and became a product tester for all kinds of elastic wear. She advertised gas relief medications and plus sized protective underwear as the clip of her breaking wind had over a hundred million views. The most profitable venture she partook in, however, was OnlyFans videos and fat slob fetish streams. Much to her annoyance, Paula's fiasco at the Gala had attracted to her a legion of gross perverts who would happily pay through the nose to watch her eat, jiggle her belly and let loose farts and belches on camera.

It was hardly how Paula imagined how her career would end but she wouldn't take this turn of events lying down. The burnt and tattered remnants of her magical girdle remained in her

possession and every night, when she wasn't busy with gorging herself or going on extensive and gaseous bathroom breaks, she would be working on her needlework. Her plump, uncoordinated hands were ill suited for the task but she was getting better with practice. Every day that she had to promote Plus Sized Depends or film herself squealing and eating off the floor like a pig for her paid videos, what got her through all the humiliation was fantasizing about plans to reclaim her spot at the top of the world and dreaming about crushing that small timer Amber under her ass for what she had done.

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