

The next morning comes around and David wakes up first. The events of last night are very vivid in his groggy mind. He can still feel the soft flesh of his now ~350lb wife, his fingers finding their way between her folds and squeezing pockets of fat on her body. The feeling, coupled with his morning wood, has his cock now poking against Claire's huge fat ass. Claire wakes up after a few minutes and moans softly.

"Fuck... Again?" She coos.

"You feel so good..." David replies.

"So, you *can* speak." She giggles.

He playfully spanks her, the rippling of her ass against his body causes his cock to pulse.

"I'd love to but I've got to get to work." Claire says disappointed.

"What about the new you?" David squeezes her body for emphasis.

"Well... I've got to work sometime... I am not really going to get any smaller, am I?"

That comment gets David's cock to throb again.

"Sorry babe." She says, pulling her larger body out of bed.

Claire waddles over to her wardrobe and notices that all her clothes have changed sizes.

"Wow!" she exclaims.

"What is it?" David says, unable to take his eyes off his Wife's huge fat ass.

"Everything in here has changed..." There is a rattling of hangers as she lifts out an outfit and checks the sizes. "Size 24."

"Woah." David responds.

Claire starts to get dressed, with much huffing and puffing, she finally is ready for her day on TV. Her stomach rumbles, thankfully David made her breakfast, a bit bigger than normal. She suspects it is

because of her size, he just wants to feed her more. She quickly finds that the food is gone, and she is still left wanting, but due to the time she can't stay and eat anymore, her slightly bloated stomach grumbles when she gives her Husband a long kiss before leaving, he couldn't help but rub her stomach. This just served to arouse them both.

Claire squeezes herself behind the wheel of her car. She struggles to reach under the wheel to adjust the seat but finds that it is already all the way back. She struggles but manages to drive the car to the studio. Walking through the door she notices the stares, a few of the other talent giggling amongst themselves. Claire feels her cheeks burning red, she felt turned on and sexy this morning, now she just feels humiliated.

"Here comes the whale." Claire overhears someone say. "Wonder what fattening thing she is making today."

The second part confuses her, but she tries to ignore it, the embarrassment is just too much.

She quickly slips into her dressing room and gasps when she finds that the makeup girl is already there.

"You are running a bit late today Claire." The slim girl gestures to the chair. "Your call time is in 15 minutes; you best hope I can get this done by then."

The girl is in her early 20s and rather feisty for her age.

"I bet you stayed too long having breakfast or something." She snidely remarks. "You look bloated." She scoffs. "I can't hide that... I can do something about this triple chin though."

Claire can't really believe what she is hearing.

"I can't add blush to your cheeks, you are already blushing so much... What gives? Tubby blushing because I am right?" She pokes Claire's stomach. "You ate too much this morning didn't you?"

She scoffs again. “I don’t see why you get a TV show but I’m here doing makeup.”

Claire cannot even open her mouth because she is so ashamed.

“Right done, get going, if you speed waddle, I’m sure you’ll make it in time. Just.”

The girl walks out, leaving the stunned Claire in the chair for a moment. After a few seconds she starts to move, heading to the set. She was very surprised to see that the set was very different to what she was expecting. Claire’s normal set was now a bunch of counter surfaces with hobs and ovens. It looked like a cooking show. She was about to turn around when her producer slowly clapped for her.

“Finally made it here. You need to stop eating so much, the camera usually adds 10 lbs but I think your breakfast already did that.” He pats her stomach causing it to wobble and shake. “If you miss a call, I will have you replaced. You are only here because you started this show, the execs are thinking of pulling the plug before you get any bigger.”

Claire’s crimson cheeks burn bright, her eyes fill with tears.

“Come on, don’t cry, my daughter spent time on your makeup, don’t make me call her in here. Let’s just get on with it.”

Claire was embarrassed and humiliated and confused by the set. She turned to look at it again and regained her composure just as the lights came on and the full crew got into positions.

“Right, so you just need to introduce the contestants and they’ll start cooking, make your way around the counters in order and we will be good. Oh, and one more thing, don’t drool this time, we don’t have the budget to edit it out.”

The shoot goes well, Claire just instinctively knew what to do, like she was tapping into some lost memories. She played it perfectly, despite her producer’s comments ringing in her earpiece constantly. She couldn’t help but get hungry at seeing all the food being cooked, her producer kept

reminding her to pay attention to the show, not the food. The aim of the show was to cook with a limited set of ingredients and tools, Claire's job was to host, support and taste. The last part couldn't come soon enough for her.

"Remember just one bite, anything more and it looks unprofessional." Her producer reminds her.

She does her tastes and hands out her grades and they wrap up for the day.

"That was rather painless." Her producer said, maybe the first compliment all day.

Claire could barely concentrate with the remainder of the food at the table next to her.

"Oh my god you want to eat it don't you." He said in a judgemental tone. "Well, the cameras are off, go for it. Maybe if you gain any more they'll pull the plug and I can work with a new skinny host." He says as he storms out of the studio.

There were some crew members left, Claire didn't care, she started to wolf down the rest of the food, enjoying the amazing flavour that these talented cooks each tapped into. She eats the first three without it even touching the sides. By the time she was on plate five she was feeling rather full, but something else. A burning feeling emanating from her pussy. Her bloated stomach was adding more weight to her thighs which only served to turn her on. Her stretched skin should feel a bit pained but it was just turning her on.

Claire finishes the sixth and final dish and leans back in her chair and rubs her stomach fondly, the size 24 outfit struggling to contain her stuffed stomach, her hands rubbing the mass turn her on. She notices some of the crew members staring, most are disgusted, it was plain as day to see on their face but there was one who was looking with fascination, dare she suggest, lust even.

Claire has had enough of the judgemental eyes on her, and she waddles out the studio and

squeezes her stomach behind the wheel again to drive home. David was off again today, she would be glad to find herself in his arms again, hopefully doing more than just cuddling.

When she opens the door she hears David call from upstairs, she struggles up the stairs, finding she needs to support her belly with her arm as she ascends the stairs. David calls again when she makes it to the landing, he is in the bedroom. Opening the door to the bedroom she sees David is laying on the bed and looking at her at first with shock and then arousal.

“What... Woah...” He gestures to her stuffed stomach. He moves towards her and places a hand on her swollen stomach.

“I might have eaten a bit...”

“A bit? You feel packed.”

“Actually... I am still hungry, I am so horny too, but the drive home made a lot more space in here.” She rubs her stomach with David. “Wait, why are you in the bedroom?”

David looks towards the hallway. “Want to come in?” He calls.

Confused Claire looks over and sees a familiar face. Melissa, but not just Melissa, Fat Melissa.

Her huge body rivals Claire's, she is bursting out of her clothes, lots of her skin visible between large gaps on her fashionably ripped clothes.

“Hey... I'm hungry too.”

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