

## Model Degradation

Years of hard work and effort had brought Angela within inches of her goal of becoming a world class fashion model. Auditions were done whenever possible, opening herself up to any modeling job that would take her. Most of her budget went to advertising herself to agencies in hopes of finally landing the job that would have her spotlighting at fashion shows and get her face printed across magazines.

When the fateful day came that she received a call from the largest fashion company in the country, Angela had to stop herself from shouting for joy into her phone. A week later she was sent a sample of one of the many outfits she would be asked to wear for a photo shoot, alongside a date for her grand debut. It was all so perfect, making it all the more heart wrenching when the studio had to be closed down.

Angela was at a loss for words as she aimlessly stumbled through her apartment, still reeling from the news she had just been given. A pandemic had spread through the country, forcing the studio to close until further notice. Despite the company being more than willing to give Angela a steady income until they could resume the photo shoot, it did little to lessen the sting of knowing her dream had been pulled away from her when she was so close.

Driven by an invisible force, Angela began putting on her outfit. Fixing her make up and assuring her hair was perfectly in place, she stepped before her dressing mirror. A smile began to form on her red-painted lips as she observed the silky black strands of her bob-cut style hair that caressed the lines of her gently sloped chin. The dark tones of her locks went well with the shimmering vinyl leather material that made up the top caressing the curves of her perfect bosom. Her slender waist was left bare to show off the efforts of her rigorous dieting plan and

workout routines. A tight black skirt made of the same, shimmering material as her top went down to just above her knees. Adjusting the skirt with a slight push put it in the prime position to show off the shapeliness of her rear.

Still smiling to herself, Angela effortlessly strode about her bedroom upon the black high heel pumps that completed her ensemble. She twirled and posed in the various positions she had practiced to properly show the world her body and skills. While only her own reflection was there to watch her breathtaking display, it helped to ease her nerves. She glanced at her reflection once more before she began taking off the outfit, sure that she would be able to show the whole world it and her beautiful figure before she knew it.

Angela attempted to keep her spirits up as the days turned to weeks, striving to maintain her fit body for when she would be able to return to the studio. On occasion she would let herself indulge in a pizza or an order of brownies, but it was usually overcome by a rigorous exercise session soon after. Every so often she would put back on the outfit to model in front of the mirror to remind her of the reward for when the pandemic was over. As much joy as the act brought her, its effects became less pronounced by the time she reached her second month in quarantine.

A constant feed of seemingly never ending bad news had Angela spiraling down into a depression. Not a day went by where she didn't hear how worse the pandemic was becoming and how unlikely it would be things would ever return to normal. Overcome by ever increasing stress, her body yearned for something to keep her stress at bay. The urges that were usually quelled by her desire to be a model dug deeper into her mind. While she had put down the bad habits time and time again, she couldn't help thinking she deserved a treat or two to keep up her morale.

Before she entirely realized what she was doing, Angela began to neglect the body she had put so much work into. Indulgent takeout meals became more frequent, with larger orders being made to satiate her growing appetite. She unintentionally shirked her typical exercise routines more and more in favor of wasting her time watching things on her computer or television. Her meticulous hygiene upkeep began to fall apart as she sometimes skipped bathing for a few days and found fewer reasons to shave herself.

Angela's neglect of her self-care all came to a head one day when she was sitting on the couch and a fart came blasting out of her rear. The scent and sound easily dwarfed the small puffs she used to discreetly let out when she was sure no one was looking. While she didn't have anyone around to hear or smell her, she still found herself overcome with a sense of embarrassment. A belch rolling up her throat shortly after had her shuffling towards the bathroom to grab something to soothe her stomach.

Turning on the lights in the bathroom and reaching for her medicine, she paused as she glanced at herself in the mirror. Though she had seen her reflection many times before, something about the lingering blush on her cheeks made her see herself in a new light. It was still her, albeit with some changes that made her heart skip a beat.

On the verge of a panic attack, Angela ran into her bedroom. Pulling out her precious outfit, she slipped it on in an attempt to calm herself down. Finding the task of putting on the clothing harder than usual, she persevered to ensure everything was in place. Stomping upon her stiletto pumps, she approached her dressing mirror with the intention of dismissing her worries only to have them come back stronger than ever.

Angela was aware that her hair had grown in length overtime, however she failed to account for the few stray strands that peeked out of the shoulder-length locks that glistened with an oily substance. Trying to focus on her bust was a double edged sword as she realized that it had gone up in size. While the added heft was appreciated, less flattering was the way she could see the outline of her boobs through the shimmering leather wrapped around her torso. As she trailed her finger down her body, she shivered as she felt a patch of fuzz around her belly button. Moving her hand to the side brought her attention to an unwanted deposit of fat around her mid-section that gave her an unsightly muffintop. Pinching the extra chub of her potbelly to confirm it was real finally let it sink in that she had put on weight.

Stumbling over her own heels, her fall to the ground was cushioned by her skirt and an added layer of padding on her rear. While she was protected from the fall, the impact pushed out an unruly BWOOOOOORRRRPPPP that echoed through her room. Reeling from the gnarly belch, Angela forced herself back into a standing position to look at herself once more in the mirror. Staring just long enough to recall how loose the outfit used to be on her, she stripped herself down and put the clothes away with the intention of trying to get back into shape to regain her former figure.

Many times Angela made the hollow promise to regain her former weight, but her motivation continued to dwindle as half a year of solitude passed. Through the presence of a growing lethargy, she started working out less and less. Her complete disinterest in shaving off the pounds getting packed onto her body got to a point where her weights and other equipment became nothing more than dust collectors in the corner of her living room.

Furthering her descent into hedonism, her diet had gradually changed into a ravenous appetite with a complete disregard for calories. The ratio of home cooked meals to delivery

shifted into the complete opposite direction. It was a very rare occasion when Angela got around to eating something that wasn't dripping with grease or filled to burst with sugar. When she did decide to cook for herself, she made sure to enhance each dish's flavor with copious amounts of cheese, grease, and condiments, alongside washing it all down with whatever booze or sugary drink she could get her hands on.

The cherry on top of Angela's descent was the pitiful state of her hygiene. Having lost the hope of anyone coming to see her in person, she freely let loose with gas from both ends that left the apartment reeking with her stench. The lingering odor of her farts and burps found recess in the various patches of hair across her body. Thick bushels could be found within the depths of her armpits and surrounding her womanhood. Had Angela gone back to her ways of bathing more than once a week, she might have been able to do something about the aura of stink that permeated her greasy skin and the trail of hair going down the center of her burgeoning belly.

In a haze of living her slob life, Angela failed to grasp how much time was passing. Sleeping at random intervals further strained her ability to tell what day it was. The only way she could get a semblance of time moving forward was her viewing of various tv shows and internet videos to keep her mind off of the state of the world. However, her life of simple hedonism came to an abrupt halt the day she got a phone call from the modeling studio.

Rushing to retrieve her cell phone from between her cleavage, Angela forced herself to stifle a belch and lifted it up to her ear. The agent on the other end spouted out what was supposed to be the good news she had been hoping for. Instead, as the agent explained how the studio would be opened up again albeit with some restrictions, she felt an anxiety she had long banished to the back of her mind rear its ugly head. Then the agent asked a simple question that sent a shiver down her spine: Could she come to the studio the next day?

Letting a stream of lies pour from her mouth about how she was more prepared for the photo shoot than ever, she nervously dragged her fingers across her belly hair. While the call ended with the agent brimming with excitement, it left Angela with a sense of dread she knew no amount of pizza or binge watching would fix. Taking several moments to try and compose herself, she exerted her body to heave herself out of the deep hole she had made in her couch over the course of the quarantine. Making her way towards her bedroom, she pulled out the box containing her modeling outfit and stared at its contents. Continuously trying to convince herself she would still fit, she pulled out the clothes and began to put them on.

The top served as the first hurdle, forcing her blubbery arms to frantically wriggle to get the tight leather over her head and past her chins. As she shuffled about, she soon realized that the shimmering material could no longer cover her entirely, forcing her to settle on having it wedged around the center point of her breasts. When she finally managed to get the top in place, it looked as she had painted it on with how it showed off every bit of her meaty breasts. Tracing a sausage-like finger across the imprints of her plump nipples, she tried to ignore the sensation of the leather rubbing against her armpit hair and turned her attention towards the skirt.

Placing the skirt around her thick cankles, she squatted down as far as her body would allow and began to pull the leather over her legs. The higher the material rose over her plush thighs, the harder the task became. Reaching her widened hips, she could feel the leather start to stretch out to overcome the herculean task of fitting around her chunky rear. Shaking herself about and releasing a tirade of flatulence in the process, she managed to put the skirt in place with only the bottom half of her ass cheeks peeking out from beneath the hem.

Trying to ignore the sound of leather being stretched out, Angela waddled her way over to the last part of her outfit. Plopping down on the edge of her bed with pumps in hand, she

attempted to squeeze them onto her plump toes. The shoes proved easier than the rest of the outfit, saving Angela from adding another layer of sweat to her body. Perked up by how simple the pumps were in comparison to her top and skirt, she optimistically put her full weight onto them as she got up off the bed.

Angela's good mood was shattered as her right heel popped off and flew across the room. Her bulky limbs flailed about as she tried to maintain balance with her remaining heel. The struggle came to an end as the other heel snapped apart to give her back even footing at the cost of doing irreparable damage to the designer shoes. Finding a semblance of balance, she bemoaned the fact that her beloved pumps had been reduced to a pair of flats that lacked the much needed support for her added girth. Shaken both literally and metaphorically by the near fall, Angela took a deep breath and stepped before her mirror.

The reflection showed off every pound of her estimated 300 pounds of flesh. Her self-survey started at the top, tracing the shimmering strands of greasy hair that led down past her armpits. A few moments were spent ogling the more than generous amount of cleavage shown off by her hefty breasts trying to split apart her top. Continuing down her trail of belly hair let her watch the remaining ripples of her earlier wobbling still vibrating through the pudgy flab rolls that stuck out between her top and skirt. Turning herself to the side let her take a good look at the way her ass stuck out from beneath her skirt. Wobbling her butt cheeks up and down to be mesmerized by their jiggling was quickly stopped as she heard the leather begin to rip.

Swiveling herself back to face the mirror head on, it was clear that she was a far cry from her former beauty. However, the longer she stared at her obese, slobby self, the more her mind began to play tricks on her. In complete disregard of the protesting squeaks of her outfit, she performed the poses she had practiced so many times in preparation for her big day. While her

movements were nowhere near graceful with bouts of gas forcing themselves out with each position, she found herself focusing on how incredible it was she could attempt the poses at all. Completely enamored with a delusion of how skillful she was despite her weight, she turned away from her mirror with the intention of going to the studio the next day to show them the new her.

When the morning came, Angela let a smile spread across her chubby cheeks as she pulled off the covers and rolled out of bed. Her morning ritual was as simple as slipping on her flatted pair of pumps and shoving a wad of microwaved bacon past her lips. There was no need for her to take a shower; her mind convinced that the studio would appreciate her natural scent. Even if she did want to bathe, it would require pulling off the leather clothing that had practically glued itself to her flesh through the help of her fragrant hair and copious sweat.

Stepping out of the cab completely ignorant of the way the driver doused the vehicle with a can of air freshener, Angela confidently waddled her way towards the studio. Shoving her hips through the door, she made her way down the hall with her head held up high. Each employee she passed she happily greeted, sometimes accidentally mixing her hello with a guttural belch that stunk of morning breath. Shoving her belly against the stage door to open it, she made her arrival known through the sound of a loud PHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTT rippling out from her rear.

The crew were left in a state of stunned shock as they watched her waddle into the photo area. Taking their silence as disbelief of her beauty, Angela took her place and struck her first pose. Blinded by visions of her grand debut, she snapped her fingers to signal the cameraman to capture ever detail of what her time in isolation had done to her body.