

## America's Next Top Model Restyled (Part 2)

By Haxcall

### Week 8

The next two challenges were more of the same. Week 6 was a modeling challenge where the girls had to pose sprawled out on the hood of a car. Sara won by the virtue of being the only contestant to not have the windshield break under her weight. Week 7 was a promotional episode for the Wizarding World at Universal Studios with the challenge being a butterbeer drinking contest. Valarie won and the belch she let out after drinking nearly three gallons of calories of thick, sugary cream soda nearly broke the world record by being over a minute long in length.

In a scant two months, each of the girls had gained nearly 200 pounds and it had become obvious that their size increase was something that had been planned by Myra and the show. They complained to the producers who reminded them of the contracts they signed agreeing to do what they were told. They also dangled the \$200,000 cash prize and the assured five year modeling gig with Victoria's Secret over their heads. Figuring they were stuck and had come too far already, the girls felt like they had no choice but to see the contest through to the end.

In the eighth week, Myra met the models in the dining room while wearing a grocery store uniform and standing behind a small table that held a mini cherry pie, a ham and cheese finger sandwich, a small fruit cup, a small serving of pumpkin seeds and a small styrofoam cup of coffee with a foam kitty at the top.

"One at a time, come up and pick one of these items." She requested.

Already knowing that this would lead to trouble, Ashley went up first and hesitantly grabbed the pie, Mari took the pumpkin seeds, Sammi took the sandwich, Sara took the coffee and Valarie took the fruit. It was the smallest meal any of them had eaten in over two months. Before the show, each of these small servings would have been enough to make them feel full for hours but now it didn't even whet their appetites.

"I hope you enjoy your choices because today's challenge is that you're going to wear clothes styled to the food you just picked out!" Myra said with gusto.

The girls let out an annoyed sigh that would no doubt be edited out of the episode. They were all but dragged backstage to be measured and dressed up in whatever crummy, demeaning costume Myra had cooked up.

Later that day, after the girls had spent hours being prepped by the wardrobe staff, they were led off to a circular auditorium with five separate, unlit stages. The only place that was properly lit was the middle of the room where Myra was standing.

“Tonight, our resident food fashionistas have prepared quite the model menu for us!” Myra said to the cameras. “Our first course in this delicacy of design is Ashley, the champion of cherry pie!”

A spotlight was shone onto Ashley’s podium. The 295 pound girl was frowning as she wore shiny silver leggings, bra and jacket, simulating a pie tin. Her bared fat gut, which now sagged halfway to her knees, was painted bright red and was stuffed in a fishnet of golden brown leather straps, like a bloated lattice crust over cherry filling.

“Doesn’t she look scrumptious?” Myra said, before turning to another stage. “Time to ham it up, Sammi!”

The next spotlight shined onto 298 pound Sammi, wearing a suit designed to look like pork products. Her fat tits and wobbly belly was covered by an elastic material designed to look like ham slices. Her flabby arms and legs were stuffed into skintight fabric that was covered in dozens of pieces of hard, wavy plastic designed to look like bacon, as if she was wearing armor made out of crispy breakfast meat. Most notable though was the fact that the pants of her outfit was backless, allowing her sow sized rear to hang out freely. Her ass alone was now almost bigger and heavier than she was when she first started the competition and the costume designers had painted them to look like a pair of giant, honey baked hams. In her mouth was a glittery, apple shaped ball gag to complete the swine ensemble.

“Mmhmm! I love a luau!” Myra said. “But we need some fruit to go along with this roast pig!”

Another light shone on a third stage where the 296 pound Valarie was dressed in a bright, sequined, blue and gold ruffled dress and with a bowl of exotic fruits placed on her head, making her look like a Chiquita Banana cosplayer. However, her massive boobs, which had grown so swollen and sagging that no regular bra size could hope to contain them anymore, were left to hang and sway out of her dress in a custom made top designed to look like watermelons. Her breasts were now so bloated with milk that they started leaking, so much so that white liquid started to drip heavily through the fabric.

“So far we’ve had succulent pork, juicy fruit and sweet pie, but we can’t forget to have our veggies as well!”

The 302 pound Mari was revealed on the fourth stage. It was the simplest of the costumes, just a smeary green and yellow bodysuit. However, out of all the contestants who gained weight, Mari’s body had the most “misshapen blob-like” look to it. Her flabby figure was completely covered in saggy cellulite, her stomach fat had a deep roll and was visibly working on a second one. Her ass was dumpy with uneven cheeks. Her arms were wobbly chicken wings and her legs were swollen with loose adipose. This meant that while wearing the suit, she looked like a big lumpy gourd.

“And after such a fulfilling meal, what better way to end then with a calming cup of coffee with a cute foam cat on top.

The fifth and final stage was lit to reveal a grumpy looking Sara. The 295 pound model continued to gain weight evenly across her body, maintaining her “lumpy potato” look even as she grew wider and wider. She was dressed up as a white cat, wearing a white one piece swimsuit, white kitty ears and waterproof white face paint, and placed in a shallow pool of black dyed water designed to look like the upper part of a Starbucks cup. As she sat there, her insides started acting up again and she started to fart so much it made it look like she was sitting in a cup of boiling coffee.

“I don’t know about you all, but tonight has made me want to cheat on my diet a little.” Myra said jovially to the increasingly ticked off contestants. “However, tonight I won’t be choosing who wins, the fans will! We’ve posted photos of tonight’s challenge on all our various social media accounts and whoever gets the most fan support wins!”

It two days later when the results came in and showed that Sammi and her hamtastic ass got the most likes and upvotes across Twitter, Facebook and Instagram, granting her victory and a trip to an all-you-can-eat pork buffet as a reward.

## Week 11

After nearly three months of enforced gluttony and televised humiliation, the girls had lost any type of ambition or drive they had originally had when they first arrived. They were now eating for at least 13 hours everyday and their cravings had become so strong that they couldn’t stop glutting themselves at every possible opportunity. Their sugar and grease filled diets had also ruined their ability to hold in gas as well. What few interviews and talking head segments they did was constantly interrupted by frequent belches and farts. Despite competing with one another, the five would be Top Models had become close friends under their shared, stuffed suffering due to the understanding that no matter who won, all of their potential modeling careers were likely dead before they could get off the ground.

As they neared or even surpassed 400 pounds in weight, the models’ obese figure began to become similar in their fatness but each off them still maintained some unique trait that separated them from one another. The 399 pound Ashley’s belly was so big she could barely see her feet anymore, and could barely stand on them as well. The 398 pound Sammi’s fat ass needed two chairs to sit down and even then it felt like the furniture would collapse under her elephantine booty. The 402 pound Valarie’s breasts were each filled nearly two gallons of milk and containing her “girls” was such a hassle that she walked around topless when off camera, forcing the crew to find something to cover her bloated tits whenever it was time to start filming. Mari’s 420 pound frame was a mess of uneven saggy rolls and cellulite, with her body shifting and jiggling wildly whenever she moved or even breathed. The 395 pound Sara was now an obese shortstack, as her body distributed its surplus of fat equally to each part of her barely 5 foot tall body, making her a fat, sweaty dumpling of a woman.

Week 9's challenge was a booty tooching contest, which was mostly just a twerking challenge. Sammi won due to how the vibrations caused by the intense clapping of her massive asscheeks caused the entire room to physically shake. Week 10's challenge was a mobility scooter race, with the scooters being provided by the show's sponsors and the girls having to wear jumpsuits covered in various brand logos. Mari managed to win the slow moving race and all the girls were upset when the show took their new rides away and made them start walking around again. However, Myra and the producers were now looking to create more "meme" moments that could be popular with its millennial demographic.

Valarie may have won the Week 8 photo challenge but it was the clip of Sara farting in the pool of fake coffee that was becoming more widespread on social media and getting more people to tune in so Myra and the producers decided to try and recapture that magic by significantly increasing the girls' already ludicrous gas output for the next challenge, filling their already gut churning meals with mild laxatives.

For the 11th challenge, the girls were driven to a warehouse and separated into five different rooms. They were dressed in well fitting, flowing nightgowns and were led to a large canopy bed locked inside an airtight glass cage. They were then shown photos of Myra modeling for Beds, Bath and Beyond, with her lying on her side in repose on a similar looking bed, and were told to replicate it, with whoever staying in the pose the longest winning. The girls were surprised since this was the closest thing to actually modeling they had done on this show, even though they knew there was likely a catch.

They each entered their cages and laid on top of their beds in a relaxed pose, with the crew sealing the door behind them. For a few precious moments, they actually looked and felt like super models, extra plus sized ones but models nonetheless. However, they each all felt a severe grumble in their bellies and massive farts started to grow within them and broke loose against their wishes.

Ashley, Sammi and Mari tried to keep a dignified look as gas blew from their rears but they couldn't keep themselves from blushing heavily and looking nervous with every loud break of wind or stop themselves from scrunching their faces to push out particularly strong bouts of flatulence. Over an intercom, Myra told the three that they had lost the challenge for being unable to keep face. Too lazy to move, the three models just continued to lay on the bed, farting up a storm, engulfing themselves in their own brand of stench and trying their best to forget the fact they were on camera. They had already humiliated themselves so many times before on this show that what sense of shame they had was becoming weaker by the day. As they felt their expulsions get wetter, they took some small comfort in the fact that these dresses probably cost the show a lot of money and they were almost certainly leaving a very personal mark on them that ruined any chance of reuse.

Meanwhile, Valarie was having a much rougher time. She had eaten half a dozen extra spicy burritos for an after lunch snack and now it was coming back with a vengeance. Her farts

burned her asshole with every loud and messy toot and the scent was so awful, almost like a septic tank. Val never knew humans could produce such foul smells and never would have imagined that she was capable of producing them. After a few minutes of being forced to endure her own odors and unable to keep herself from pushing the rancid air from her *extremo*, she leapt up and started banging on her cage door, demanding to let out. The crew opened the door and immediately closed it before she had the chance to squeeze through, unable to bear the odor for even a second. Myra informed Valarie over the intercom that she had lost and that she would have to stay in there with her smells while the crew went out to buy gas masks and extra strength air fresheners. Valarie could only pinch her nose and sob as she released a rough, sputtering fart so awful that it made her tearfilled eyes sting as it drifted throughout the already stinking room.

Sara's reaction to her sounds and smells blasting through her cheeks was entirely different from her contemporaries. She had become so gassy in the past few months that letting her gas flow sloppily through her sphincter had become almost second nature, her body learning to enjoy the sensation of releasing pent up flatulence. The foul odors emanating from her gas was nearly as bad as Valarie's, but she had been forced to smell it so much that it no longer bothered her. If anything, the scent and sounds were now pleasing to her senses and being in an airtight room with her farts was making her feel so relaxed, as if the noxious odors loudly blowing between her cheeks were like smelling soothing incense while listening to soft ambience music.

Sara continued to just lay in a relaxed pose, barely moving as she broke enough wind to cause her dress to flutter as if it was caught in a breeze and Myra informed her that she had won. Soon after the episode aired, clips and pictures of Valarie's smelly predicament, Sara's nonchalant poots and the other girls' gas faces became the basis for countless jokes spread across the internet.

#### Week 14

As the competition reached its final weeks, the girls had finally become total, unabashed gluttons with little to no hope of returning back to their previous svelte forms. Almost nothing mattered anymore to them aside from stuffing and getting through each week's challenge as quickly as possible. These women, who had devoted their lives to fashion, no longer cared how they looked or dressed, spending the final weeks of the competition walking around the Model House naked, covered in sweat, food, grease and other filth they couldn't be bothered to clean off themselves. The show's crew had to wash and dress them by hand whenever it was time to film. Despite the constant humiliation and general apathy they now felt towards the contest, each of the contestants increasingly dreaded the day the Cycle ended as it meant they would have to go back out into the world, forced to buy their own food and having to interact with people who had watched them go from hot to hogs.

The challenge for Week 12 was a trivia contest where the girls had to guess the number of calories in various foods and guess the dress sizes, heights, weights and ages of professional internet models the show brought as guest stars. It didn't escape the girls' notice that the

women brought in were of similar size and stature to them when they first arrived or that most fattening food featured in the quiz was served to them multiple times a day. An uncaring Ashley won.

Week 13's challenge, the final one, was arguably the most embarrassing of them all. On Labor Day, the five models were taken into a mud field and were changed into bathing suits but covering enough that the show's maturity rate wasn't increased. They were introduced to five farmers holding white corsets. Myra explained it was the final day to wear white and that the farmers were here to help them put on these designer corsets. The first four to get dressed would get to be in a photoshoot that would cause them to miss their pre-dinner meal. The thought of missing even one meal was enough to get the food conditioned girls to waddle away in panic, falling over themselves and crawl haphazardly through the mud in an attempt to get away from the crewmembers trying to dress them. The farmers spent the next hour grappling with the gassy contestants in the mud, struggling to get a hold on their sweaty, stinking frames and tighten the corset around their torso. In the end, Mari "lost" and was taken back to the Model House while the other girls were carried off against their will to pose in front of a camera, their bellies roaring with hunger from missing just one of the many meals they ate throughout the day. It was only a few days later that the girls realized that they had let the show use them in what was essentially a human hog wrangling show. This didn't bother them much as they already knew the show had turned them into already pigs of their former selves in front of the entire world.

Now it was the 14th week, the final day of the competition and it was finally time for the final judging. The models were brought back to Skylight Clarkson Square, where it all began. The house was once again packed with fans who were hooked on the new "restyled" Top Model. Myra addressed the excited crowd from the runway.

"Thank you for watching the first Cycle of *America's Got Talent Restyled!* It's been a fun ride but all things must come to an end!" Myra shouted to those in attendance. "First up is Ashley!"

Ashley, now 539 pounds, slowly walked out in a clumsy, bow legged gait. Her giant jelly belly all but covered her bloated knees and thighs, jiggling and bouncing as she cautiously moved forward down the runway. It was a struggle to keep her balance and not fall over onto her heavy, humongous tummy. The crew had to sew together three 4X sized shirts to cover her gargantuan gut and even then it wasn't able to completely hide her bulging, low hanging paunch.

"Next up is Sammi!"

Sammi, now 541 pounds, waddled out, her massive ass intensely quaking and audibly clapping behind her morbidly obese frame. Similar to Ashley, she risked falling over onto her titanic badonkadonk if she lost her balance. Her giant pair of pants had repeatedly ripped against her wide rear earlier in the day and the seat was covered in obvious makeshift patches that were just barely holding together.

“Third out is Mari!”

Mari, now 550 pounds, body now resembled the Michelin Man’s fat Indian sister with her countless cellulite tinged rolls and layers. A person’s entire arm could comfortably fit in any of her flabby folds. Mari had asked for a conservative dress but Myra insisted that she wear a revealing top and miniskirt, meaning everyone could see her fat, lumpy, curdled cheese-like frame.

“Everyone say hi to Valarie one last time!”

Valarie, 536 pounds, came out holding her sore back, her tits now rivaling those of Anne Hawkins Turner in size. The show was unwilling to fork up the cash needed to custom make the enormous bra needed to contain her megasized love melons so they swung freely and unsupported in the repurposed bedsheet the crew had wrapped around her chest.

“And last but not least, give it up for Sara!”

The 540 Sara trotted out in a huff, now almost more wide than she was tall. Like Mari, Myra had forced Sara to wear a skimpy top and miniskirt to the finale but she worked it better due to her fat body being relatively much more smooth and supple. However, it also showed off the not so discreet protective underwear she was wearing. Her increasingly filthy flatulence had ruined dozens of panties, pants, skirts and cushions and filled the Model House with her sewer scent. In response, the show made her start wearing XXXL sized Depend Fix Flex, with her having to put on three layers just to stifle her rear’s smells to barely tolerable levels.

“It’s been so hard to pick who gets to win. I just want you to know I’m proud of you all and consider each of you a Top Model.” Myra said, to each of them to scoff and eye roll at what they saw as hollow, manipulative dialogue but Myra meant every word of it. The show’s hostess was secretly obsessed with nontraditional beauty and considered these girls her first steps in normalizing her idea of what a fashion model should look like.

“However, now it’s time to reveal the victor. The winner of the first Cycle of *America’s Next Top Model Restyled* is...”

The five models leaned in close and listened intently as Myra briefly paused for dramatic effect. They were each mentally done with this show and hated everything about it but the only thing they were still invested in was which of them would get the prize they had foolishly entered this show for?

“...all five of you!”

The crowd broke into a roar of thrilled excitement as the show's theme music triumphantly played and confetti rained down from the ceiling. All five models stood in stunned delight at this revelation.

"Yes, Victoria's Secret wants to sign all of you onto their label!" Myra explained. "You each proved you have what it takes and it all paid off in the end. You each get a contract! You each get \$200,000!"

The models couldn't help but cry and hold each other in happiness. Their weight gaining nightmare seemingly had a happy ending after all.

"It's been quite a journey getting here and thank you all for watching the first Cycle of *America's Next Top Model Restyled!*"

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It was true that Victoria's Secret wanted to sign on all five of the contestants, but not to model for them. Their selection of XXXXL sized undergarments was limited enough already that a single day of photoshoots with the girls was enough to create advertisement material to last for years to come. Instead, they saw potential in licensing out their contracts to other companies at a profit to what they had paid to bring them on, as many companies would love to have low level celebrities sell their less dignified products. None of the girls could complain about it publicly as they had signed a lifelong non-disclosure agreement as part of the contract to be on the show.

Ashley was sent to be a spokesperson for Las Vegas's Heart Attack Grill, appearing in many advertisements as a fat slob addicted to the menu. During her time there, she managed to repeatedly set new records at the tourist restaurant for most Quadruple Bypass Burgers eaten in a single sitting. Using the prize money from Top Model and her time as a model, she adopted the Heart Attack's Grill's controversial marketing strategy and opened up a very successful chain of BBQ buffets called Big Ass Ashley's, restaurants that exclusively served high calorie food and had a pot belly pig as its mascot. It had a farm theme where customers were called "piggies" and could win free meals for a year if they could finish a trough's worth of food without using their hands.

Sammi was sent to model granny panties and to appear in various ads and infomercials about hemorrhoid cream and toilet paper wands. Once she had been freed from her contract she used her newfound wealth to start up her own lewd video hosting site, where she frequently headlined with videos of herself eating erotically or engaging in butt themed porn. She maintained a friendship with Ashley long after the show ended and the restaurateur allowed Sammi to use her business as a filming location and even posted her own belly themed content to the site.

Valarie was sent out to model for breast pump companies. When her contract was up, she used her money and clout to start up her own business venture, selling her own bottled breast milk to



parents and perverts over the internet. It ended up being so successful that she hired dozens of other fat titted women to help keep up with the supply and a couple of the pump companies she had previously modeled for were reaching out to partner with her. Eventually “Leche de Val” became a million dollar business that started extending out into foreign markets.

Sara was sent to model plus size adult diapers. This ended up becoming a lifelong career for her as not only did adult diaper models have a very long shelf life but her time on the show had affected her bowel control so much that she now needed to wear protective undergarments and she got them for free from the companies she was now employed by.

Mari was unfortunately given the shaft by most companies looking for a fat person. Her excessive saggy and cellulite ridden form was considered undesirable even for an obese model. She spent most of her time under contract as the “before” model in Before and After ads, with her face often being photoshopped out and replaced with the “after” model’s head. After her contract had concluded, Mari, now disillusioned with the fashion industry, fled back to India to live a life as a quiet, gluttonous spinster. However, this changed when she met a charismatic, young indie filmmaker with a fat fetish who thought she was his dream girl and she returned his feelings. Using her money, she helped fund his projects and even guest starred in some as a massive belly dancer. The films ended up being successful, especially with the Indian chubby chasing community, and the two lived a happy life of moderate fame.

Myra Marbels, meanwhile, was now more famous and successful than ever before in her career. She had talked Hulu into giving her creative control and to give into her wishes of fattening the contestants and she had delivered some of the highest viewership numbers Hulu had ever seen. She was given a lucrative five season contract and a promise that the show’s budget would double so she would have the resources to do even more wild, widening antics with her models. There had been some controversy over the show’s fattening and public embarrassment aspects but it was outclassed by the vast numbers of people who had become obsessed with the program, and with the contestants and crew being contactually forbidden from complaining to the media about their experiences the show’s criticisms quickly disappeared due to the lack of drama for tabloid sites to latch onto. Likewise, despite the high calorie hell the contestants were visibly put through, there were thousands of girls sending in audition videos requesting to be part of future Cycles, apparently believing that they could come out better than the first five. Myra was more than pleased that she would get plenty of chances to show off her vision of what the modeling industry should be like and mold unsuspecting women into what she considered to be true Top Models.

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