

Alright it's been some time so I should start up this journal again.

Things have been going really well for Maxine!

She still has to deal with all those lousy tabloids calling her "obese" and claiming she "got stuck in the doors of an all you can eat buffet."

But she seems just as happy as ever! Sure she might have gained maybe five pounds, but that's nothing to worry about!

My cooking has also certainly been improving. The cook we hired now just samples any new recipes I learn! Unfortunately we also recently learned that the company we got our chairs from makes some pretty shoddy work. She's broken three so far, and I only got those chairs because the previous company also made shoddy chairs!

Maxine said she'd be taking care of finding replacements from now on. Works for me.

Maxine has also been really moving it up in her office. She even said she's a few months from retiring!

I tried asking her about what she wanted to do, and she just smiles and says she has plans. I love it when my wife is happy!

Although, I do wish embarrassing things would stop happening to her.

There was one time recently where we went out to dinner together. It was a very fancy place, and even in my nice suit I felt under dressed. But next to Maxine, no one looked at me for a second! She was in the most gorgeous golden dress that tugged her body so tightly.

And also can I just say I'm tired of all these fancy restaurants and their weird chair sizes? I can fit just fine but almost every restaurant she seems to need two.

The night was going flawlessly, Maxine was eating her fill on the many delicacies the restaurant had for her.

She had just finished her third slice of cake, when the aforementioned gold dress split! The poor girl turned as red as the tomatoes in the salad I had for dinner.

I got her out of there before anyone could get a really good look, and I made sure to give her some extra special attention when we got back to our bedroom.

Sadly, she still kept saying "fatty" and "big cow" while we were making love. I really have to see someone about getting her to improve her mental image. I made more of the cookies she likes

the whole week after. That seemed to improve her mood.

Anyway, I'll wrap up this Journal for now. Who knows when I'll have the time.

It's really cute that Brian keeps these unlocked. I almost want to upload these, they make very good wank material.

In case I do, hello world, it's me, Maxine.

Up until recently in life I was a corporate stooge, making money hand over fist but still feeling empty inside.

And I found out the behest way for me to fill that empty feeling was getting fat as fuck.

It never occurred to me before, honestly. I was perfectly fine being the broad, tall breadwinner, with my running buddies, veggie shakes, and aerobics classes.

But when my sweet and adorable husband started making all those delectable treats... something inside of me changed.

I stopped seeing my body as the goal, and more as the before.

I was sure Brian would mention my weight gain but he just.. Didn't.

At first I thought he was being nice, but when I found his first Journal, I was shocked that no, he just doesn't seem to see that I am becoming a land whale (God that was so hot to type out.)

My parents always thought I was settling for Brian, and my friends would insist that I was seeing someone else on the side. But Brian, even before all this kink stuff happened, makes me happier than anything else.

I've thought about telling him, but part of me wonders just how fat I have to get before he notices. Maybe I have to be immobile.

It almost seems like I am weaning some kind of fat invisibility cloak. I hope I'm not being Shallow Hal'ed or something.

The other strange thing I noticed was that it's not just me.

The chef he hired? I found out not too long ago she started a fan page dedicated to her gaining journey. She was a slight French woman, and then one bite of my husband's cuisine turned her

into a total feedee. His psychiatrist too.

Maybe he has some kind of superpower. Or maybe he's just that good a chef.

Either way I have plans. I'm having a get together with my friends this week, all of them just as fitness focused and calorie concerned as I was.

If my husband is a bonafide feedee maker, I want to really put that to the test.

Fuck, Imagining all those abs being covered in flab turns me on like nothing else.

Brian is one of the best things to ever happen to me. Each day is a joyous adventure, at least for me discovering what new rolls I've developed.

My current weight is 342 pounds, most of it distributed pretty evenly, although I am a little top heavy.

I only hope that once the scales do fall from his eyes, he also still is attracted to me. I think that's been the biggest fear so far.

I know he'll still love me, but he has been keeping up pretty well as my libido has spiked higher and higher with each burst button and torn seam.

With my "retirement" coming soon, I'm sure my gain will accelerate from there.

The truth is I have enough investments to keep us both pretty rich without ever having to lift a finger again, so I'm quitting to focus on my new passion.

Oh and don't worry, he won't find out from reading this, I've copied his journal over to my laptop.

Currently I'm sitting on the couch doing work while my man cooks in nothing but an apron.

I hope the food doesn't cool down too much after I'm done with him.