

## Vinnie's Bulk Up

By: IndigoRho

Vinnie hurried through the side halls of the university's main gym, eager for his private meeting with the Coach. The crow was a star member of his college's wrestling team, the proud owner of an overflowing trophy case and a full-ride scholarship. Even now he proudly wore his school varsity jacket. Coach hadn't given him any details about their meeting, but Vinnie was certain the experienced elephant wanted to discuss strategy for the next big tournament.

As the crow pushed open the doors to the main practice area, he grinned wide as he spotted Coach waiting patiently in the middle, a large table set up behind him. Like most elephants, Coach was massive, his belly rarely contained by his polo. He'd wrestled in college as well, even nearly made it to the Olympics before an unfortunate training injury forced him to retire to coaching instead. Coach never sounded bitter about the lost opportunity, instead putting his all into training the next generation of wrestlers. Vinnie had greatly admired that dedication over the years.

"Good, right on time!" Coach said. "Vinnie, you're one of the best wrestlers I've ever seen, but I think it's time we take your training to the next level. Have you ever thought much about changing weight classes?"

Vinnie shook his head. He was a fairly fit two hundred pounds, had been most of his wrestling career. "Not really Coach. Never thought I'd get much out of dropping a class or two."

Coach grinned. "I was thinking more along the lines of *increasing* your weight class. If you were a super heavyweight you'd have a much smaller pool of competitors to stand out amongst, that's how I got my fame."

The crow blushed at the idea. Despite diligently staying in shape for years, Vinnie had always mused about how it'd feel to be bigger, like Coach. Now he was outright being encouraged to indulge in his dream. "You really think so, Coach?"

"Definitely! With my proven diet regiment you'll pack on the pounds in a flash and take the next tournament by storm." Coach turned Vinnie's attention towards the table behind him, which the crow now realized was overflowing with fatty foods. "Take a seat and dig in, I guarantee this'll be the best decision you've ever made."

Driven by his devotion to Coach and desire to finally be huge, Vinnie eagerly sat down to attack the bounty provided. The wonderful aromas competed against each other for Vinnie's attention, the enthusiastic wrestler jumping from dish to dish in a frenzy to ensure he managed a little taste of everything. It all tasted amazing and rich, far better than what the crow was used to at the dining halls. He'd rarely had the chance to truly pig out, but Vinnie found scarfing down the feast surprisingly easy, totally unable to hold back at all. Soon his varsity jacket was growing tight around his expanding middle.

Coach loomed right behind his protege, nodding in approval of the crow's gluttony. "You're doing great, always make sure you've got a plate in front of you, only take breaks to wash down food in between bites. Don't worry about feeling full, this stuff has been specially prepared to let your appetite run rampant and unhindered."

The elephant was right. Despite feeling his jacket straining against his bulging gut, Vinnie didn't feel the slightest bit full. If anything he was starving. As Vinnie continued to eat with reckless abandon, Coach carefully leaned over and unzipped the stuffed crow's jacket, allowing his feathery belly to bounce free and expand with leisure. Vinnie let out a content sigh as he felt the pressure in his middle relieved, but was too obsessed with stuffing himself to offer a thanks. More. He needed more. Pastas, pizzas, burgers, piles upon piles of fries. All were greedily shoved into his beak to fuel his growing gut.

"You're a natural Vinnie!" Coach cheered him on. "By now the special ingredient should be kicking in as well, and everything you eat will be converted straight into fat."

Sure enough Vinnie felt the faintest tingling sensation in the back of his mind as he dutifully

gobbled up plate after plate. His arms and thighs were gradually thickening up, growing softer and flabbier by the second. The crow's massive gut would shrink slightly in between meals as it worked overtime to churn its contents away, while also growing more blubbery itself. Vinnie's pants and jacket slowly started to tear at the seams, ripping apart little by little as the pounds piled on. Beneath his round butt the chair creaked and wobbled till inevitably snapping apart under the pressure.

Vinnie let out a caw of surprise as he fell to the floor, his whole body jiggling on impact. Though his ego was bruised his hunger and desire to impress Coach were unbreakable, and the crow swiftly rolled atop his own massive belly so he could reach the food once more. Coach quietly moved in, rubbing Vinnie's expanding middle and squeezing his love handles, feeling the crow fatten up. Inquisitive prodding quickly turned into more intimate exploration, Coach gently embracing his gluttonous star and grinding up against his ample sides.

Vinnie blushed as he felt Coach's touch, yet another deeply held dream coming true. He aggressively dug into his meal with gusto. The crow's enthusiasm was paying off, and he'd managed to somehow triple in size with plenty of food still remaining. In the heat of the moment Coach unzipped his pants and let his throbbing member free, carefully repositioning himself to fill Vinnie up in his own special way. A grin grew across Vinnie's beak and he moaned as Coach entered him, his blushing becoming permanent.

With every thrust the hefty crow's entire body wobbled, still growing out of control as Vinnie continued to gorge even during sex. Feeling Coach's own sizable gut pressing against his back only made the crow want to eat more. All he cared about was being bigger, being stuffed, being huge! His cheeks were round and his neck pudgy, his once modest stomach now a delightful mountain of flab, and every part of him felt thicker. The crow's dick was erect as well, grinding against his pudge. Vinnie almost couldn't believe his incredible luck, the whole evening felt like a dream.

The last plate was cleared right as Coach came, Vinnie gasping in pleasure as he was stuffed just a little more, shooting off a load of his own. Exhausted, Coach leaned across the crow's back and returned to rubbing his swollen gut.

“You're gonna be a star Vinnie, you're gonna be a star.”

The pair quietly snuggled together, a bright new future ahead for Vinnie.