

Fattening the Team Captain

By Parry Yak (Commission for Soleo on Ferzu)

I watched the grizzly bear waddle his way through the door. He made his way right to the counter to place his order, rather than to scan the coffee shop to see if his date was even there. I was sitting in the back of the coffee house taking advantage of the both the view and the privacy the shop allotted me. He stood at the counter, waiting for them to give him his order rather than have it brought to him. Then he received his mug, something that appeared to be hot chocolate with far too much whip cream for your average man. It ran down the side of the cup and all over his paws as he made his way to the seat.

“Hello,” I said, eying the belly that had expanded over the last seven years. In high school, he prided himself on his fitness. He was captain of the soccer team. He spent his mornings jogging to school, circling the campus three or four times just to round off the two miles. His drink of choice was protein shakes rather than milkshakes. The best I could extrapolate from his online dating profile was that he lost interest in athletics and instead put his emphasis on writing and language. He was a blogger and a translator, and the sound of things, very successful.

“Hi,” he said awkwardly, putting the small layer of pudge behind the table. I’m guessing that he was intimidated by me. After all, he had gained a bit of chub and the start of what could be impressive breasts, while I had taken my body and sculpted it, toned it into a fearsome display of musculature underneath white and blue fur. It didn’t help that the main added a few inches, making me appear as though I were taller than him.

I watched intently as he licked the whipped cream from his finger. Whatever I had planned on saying to break up the silence was lost in that moment. “Meeting like this,” I said, “Makes me wish we had talked more in High School.”

"Well, you just didn't seem to be interested in-"

“-in men?” I asked

“In athletes,” he said as he shook his head.

True, I didn't care much about athletics in High School. I didn't think that my relative apathy ever translated to hatred or disdain, but to be honest when everyone was taking the field I preferred to stay in the weight room. It kept me from having to talk with people in a time when socializing was the last thing I wanted. I had a few friends, fewer awkward romantic relations, and a lot of time alone with my fantasies. I regret none of it.

“Well, seems you’ve found a new calling,” I said, “And I think it suits you.”

Some of his cocoa dribbled down his chin as he finished his mug. He wiped it off his chin with a napkin. I have to admit I was disappointed he didn’t use his paws. Rather than speaking, he stared into the bottom of his mug. Perhaps I wasn’t being forward enough.

“Would you like a piece of pie?”

I was already standing up before he said yes. I concocted a plan as I made my way up to the counter. I ordered three slices of pumpkin pie and added a double helping of whip cream to all of them. I balanced the three in my hand and put them all down in front of him. He growled at the calorie-heavy snack.

“Is this it? This is why you responded to my ad? To mock me? Look at that, Captain of the Soccer team, what a fat ass.”

“No,” I said in a calming voice, before admitting “Maybe a little bit.”

“Give me one reason for me to stay.”

“Because if you eat all three of these, I will fuck you harder than you’ve ever been fucked before.”

He was taken aback. He let out a sigh as soon as the fork cut through the pumpkin filling. He was clearly disappointed with himself for agreeing to those terms. A bit humiliated, I would prefer to say, but still quite willing to go along. He made it through the first piece with bites that seemed to go in pace with what a normal person would eat. The second slice was sloppy. The third he stopped halfway through.

“Oh come on, Craig,” I said, “You are almost there.”

“This is stupid,” he said, “It’s too much.”

He pushed the pie towards me. I said nothing and after a minute of staring each other down. Then he pulled it back, eating it in two oversized bites. It crumbled down the brown fur of his muzzle. I gave him a sadistic smile.

“Well?”

“You think that’s done?” I asked. “There is so much whip cream left on the plate.”

I scooped up a large helping of it on my fingers and held it in front of his face. It took him a few seconds to decide if it was worth going for. I pulled my fingers back, forcing him to lean over the table. He did so, licking my fingers clean. I wiped whatever remnants there were on his cheek. He leaned back and finished wiping what was left off the plate.

“Can’t let any of those calories go to waste,” I told him.

I opened the condo door for him. It was sparsely decorated. There was a TV, bookshelves, everything that one would normally expect from a small two bedroom place. I closed and locked the door behind us. He was still getting the lay of the land when I put my arms around him. One grabbed the bottom of his shirt and the other gave his package a rough squeeze. I nipped at his neck and hoped that he could feel the large growing bulge under my jeans.

He unbuttoned his pants and let them slide to the ground and show off his ill-fitting briefs. I helped the shirt off, eager to see how that belly looked. It was exactly as I pictured. I alternated between gently rubs and squeezes, making my admiration for his fat gut clear. I slipped my hand into his pants and grabbed his part. It was a little on the rough side but the sounds he made in response made it apparent that that wasn't really a bad thing.

My hand grazed his belly up to his chest. I grabbed his right peck and pulled it. I continued some intermittent squeezes on his package. I pushed forward with my body, rubbing the stiff part against his rump. I released the tension off his cock and pulled his briefs to the ground. I kept my pants on and continued with the grind. My hand shifted focus to his rump. I slid it into the brown furred crack and squeezed until he growled. Then I let go.

"Bend over," I told him, though I was already bending him over by pulling on his peck. He braced himself on the couch. I gave his ass a nice hard slap before pulling off my pants and unpacking my stiff member. I separated his cheeks, ran the stiff cock up and down the crack, line it up, and pushed in.

"Shit," he said gruffly, possibly expecting a smaller package. He let out an 'umpf' as I pulled once more on his chest. I thrust the length in, pounding in him as if I were trying to penetrate through him. The first few thrusts were met with painful grumbles but the more I thrust the more pleasure slipped into the sounds he made.

"Like how I fuck your fat ass?" I asked the bent over bear. He didn't say anything. Outside of the noises he was making, he wasn't very vocal during sex. That wasn't going to work for me so I gave his rump a nice hard slap. "Answer my question, fat fuck!" Perhaps 'fat fuck' was a bit too much too fast, but it did get a 'Yes' out of him.

His fat rump cushioned my pelvis every time I pushed into him. My testicles were becoming sore from banging against his violently. Little drips of excitement leaked out and the long shaft spread it back and forth along his rectum. I pulled the cheeks apart, slowing each one of my thrusts to prolong the moment. My cock was burning at the tip and eager for released. My heart was pounding and it got to the point where I almost just let it all go right there.

"You want my cum, don't you, fatty?"

"Yes," he said with humility, having accepted his place.

“What was that?”

“I want your cum.”

I pulled out of his tight hole and gave his sore buttocks a downward hit. He didn't quite get the intent. He just sat there disappointed that I was no longer inside of him. So I hit him harder, with instructions to get on his knees. This time he picked up on the subtext. I rubbed my cock on his nose, filling his nostrils with the scent of his anus and my cum.

“Eat it, then,” I said, “You want my cum? Then swallow it. All of it.”

He licked around the tip and forced the pre out of it. A few more well-placed licks would have me shooting a stream all over his face. I didn't want that so I pulled my body back. He leaned in for it with an open mouth. Put my cock in and felt his lips wrap around it. I moaned as the wet, cavernous muzzle massaged my aching part. He took more than he could handle and ended up gagging on the length.

“Keep your head there,” I told him, “Just put the tongue to work.”

He complied and swashed his tongue back and forth. He added some small bobs to the mix, but not enough to excite his gag reflex. I held the back of his head but gave him enough give to push back if he needed to while also asserting my dominance. After just a few more seconds I exploded a long hot stream into his mouth. He pulled his muzzle off and let some of it drip to the floor.

“Eat it,” I told him.

He did.

"You are good at taking orders," I told him. He blushed as his eyes drifted to the floor. I caressed the top of his head. He deserved a bit of a cool down after all that. He couldn't resist a long lick along the shaft and up to the head. He took one more spin around the head before withdrawing.

“Good boy,” I told him with genuine adoration, “You can get off your knees. Maybe help yourself to whatever's in the fridge.”

I took a seat on the couch. I flipped on the TV but I was more focused on watching the fat body waddle as he stood up. I could see bits matted in his fur under his chin. I couldn't tell whether or not that was whip cream or semen that had dripped out from his lips. Either way, it was a sign of a job well done on my behalf. I rubbed my half-deflated cock aroused and amused by how long it took for the chubby former jock to get to his feet.

“I insist that you get something from the fridge,” I told him, stopping him before he could sit on the couch next to me.

Without a word of protest he complied. Seemed the fight he had before was gradually pouring out of him like sweat in a sauna. Then again after a rough session like one we just had anyone would require a bit of refueling. I signaled for him to bring out a drink for me as well. He found me a dark stout and found himself two-thirds of a pot roast I had been working on for a couple of days.

He cut himself a big helping, picked it up on a fork, and bit off piece after piece while the juices dripped down the fork and onto his fingers. The teeth tore into it and mashed it over and over with his mouth open just enough to let crumbs fall out. I reached over and grabbed his year meat and started rubbing it. He pulled the fork from his mouth and back to the plate.

“Don’t stop,” I said, picking it back up and shoving the rest in his muzzle with my free hand. He chewed it but couldn’t swallow it without a little bit of struggle. He barely had time to catch his breath before I shoved in the next piece. It took two big swallows to get it down. His cock bobbed with each swallow. I gave it a rough squeeze and felt some early excitement dribbling down on my hand.

He pulled his head back and took in a deep breath.

“You must have more,” I told him, “You fat fuck.”

He grumbled, but I coaxed him back into the spirit of things with fast, gently strokes on his cock.

“What? You seem to be enjoying yourself. Fill that fat gut of yours with whatever you want, get fucked constantly, and grow as fat and filthy as you like.”

“Disgusting,” he said between soft pants.

“But appealing,” I said, loosening my grip on his member. It was pulsating wildly. Cum was already beginning to leak. And then, without any further stimulation, it ejaculated. The semen splattered back on his long shaft and on to his testicles.

“Dammit,” the bear said with a defeated sigh.

He didn’t move in for a few more months. Once a week he would come over. I would gorge him with fatty foods. I generally controlled the fork, shoveling more and more in before he could finish the first bite. I wouldn’t let him finish a single bite if a piece of it didn’t roll onto his slowly expanding chest. Every time I would have him suck me to completion. Usually, I would fuck his rump, but sometimes we kept it limited to a few hard slaps and focused on building his gut.

Every week came with a weigh in every Wednesday. It was a slow start even with the six thousand calorie diet I had him working on. It took a few weeks to notice that his shirts were no longer fitting (I asked him not to wear any new clothes around me). That same white shirt he wore that first day rode higher and higher up on his belly. I made sure he wore it on the day he moved in.

He had gained about two hundred pounds. His get fell well over his pant waist. His breasts grew into large, meaty flabs. His ass dropped over his thick legs, both of which had large enough dimples that you could use as a bowl. He didn't even bother to button his pants. He just let his belt hold them up with his briefs exposed. Even those were overstretched by the massive growth of fat. The brown fur of his testicles could be seen through his leg holes.

"Take that shit off," I told him, "You look pathetic."

It was a bit of a chore for him. The clothes were so tight on his body that they actually pressed hard enough into his fur that it left indentations. His flabs rolled out and slammed against one another. It sounded like a fist against a cold slab of meat. The belly completely walled his cock from my sight.

"Fat fucking piece of trash," I said as he dropped his briefcase to the ground, "All you do is eat and beg for sex like a hedonistic little pig. Tell me why I have been wasting all my nice dinnerware and silverware on you when a fucking trough would be better for a disgraceful pig like you."

"Then feed me from a trough," he said, having become accustomed to the verbal abuse I subjected him to. Breaking his will down was just as important as building his gut. Though I made it clear with every one of our sessions that if he wanted to call it quits, he could leave. No questions asked. But no matter how hard I pushed him he never went for the door.

"If you would get on your knees," I said, "And crawl like a pig, snort like a pig, maybe."

It took longer than expected for him to get on his knees. His belly fat dragged on the floor. He snorted a few times before looking to me for approval. Instead of approval, I gave him a condescending glare. The noises started to come from his throat and gut. It was loud as it was pathetic.

I wasn't able to give him the trough as promised, but I did turn my leftovers into a pile of pig slop for the bear. I served it to him in a bucket. He was not disappointed with it. As he made a wet, sticky mess of his face I wrapped a collar around his neck. It was a simple collar just a black leather strip with a metal ring. I attached the leash immediately. I kept my hold on it loose, letting the pig bear move freely while he devoured the fattening mix of gravy and food remnants.

I placed my foot paw on the back of his head, pushing his muzzle deeper in. He pushed back gently a few times but I didn't relent. I let him up for air and pushed his entire head back in.

He knocked over the bucket pulling his head out. I lifted the leash off the ground then slammed my foot on the length of it to drive his nose in the mess. He cleaned up the solid bits with tongue and teeth while most of the juices ended up on his chest flabs.

“Fat, disgraceful pig bear. You should thank me,” I insisted, “Six months ago you would have believed that this is below you.”

"Thank you, sir," he said, dropping the bit of potato he was chewing on back on the floor, "For showing me how pathetic I truly am."

“Yes, but who else knows?” I asked, taking a quick photo with my phone, “I’ve been doing some research, and made a mailing list of the whole soccer team. Think they’d like to see what a fat pathetic mess their captain has become?”

He stopped eating. I could almost hear his guts twisting in knots with cartoon sound effects, and his heart was plummeting into a pit like the coyote falling off a cliff. His body was trembling but that may have been from the pressure of holding that massive body of his up. He panted while searching for the right words.

“No, wait,” he said before a long pause and a labored response, “Well, it doesn’t matter anymore. Do what you wish, sir.”

With that, he had given his life over to me. A few clicks and then my phone was back in my pocket. I only sent it to a couple people, there was no need to share it with everyone. I had already gotten what I wanted out of it. Besides, there were only two like-minded people on the team who wanted to see their captain reduced to such a pathetic sight. No need to bother the rest with the image when it was humiliating enough for the bear to think everyone saw it.

“I will get you a trough,” I told him, “But until then, you will have four buckets of this every day. And if you cannot finish it, I will feed it to you through a funnel. Is that understood?”

“Yes sir,” he said softly.

“No amount is ever going to be too much,” I reminded him, “Even when you get too big to move.”

“I understand, sir,” he said.

“Also, from this point on, I have no more obligation to fuck you. I will, of course, because I love to see my cum matted in your fur. But don’t expect it. But please do beg for it. I love when you debase yourself for me.”

“Will you please fuck me now, sir?” he asked, “I need you to use my fat body as a sleeve for your cock.”

“It is a special occasion,” I said, “I suppose. But next time you are going to have to do a much better job of asking. Well, anyway, assume the position.”

I spoke without too much emotional content in my voice, but truth is I never was more aroused. I had no interest in ever letting him go without a good rough fucking. But from this point onward every single encounter would have to start with a tinge of desperation in his voice as though he was worried that his body would be left wanting.

He was not too comfortable with his obese body pressed up against the floor. His arms couldn't even reach his crack anymore so he had to spread his buttocks by grabbing on to the sides. Even that came with a great amount of effort. He lost his grip four or five times over while shifting his weight in a vain effort to find a position that was agreeable to him. I unbuttoned my pants and stroked my cock in anticipation.

Then I mounted him. His hole had been stretched so many times before it slid right in with ease. I grabbed on to his fur to pull him back on my cock. He bit his lips to keep from crying out. He took the length in one go. My entire pelvis seemed engulfed by his fat cheeks. It was almost as if I was being absorbed into the fat mess. I pulled too hard tore out a tuft of his fur. He cried out and I grabbed hold of his flabs instead. I thrust back and forth and felt the massive meaty bits of fat and flesh roll against my sides.

His entire body was so loose and warm and wet with sweat and slop that it didn't take long at all for me to reach a point of excitement. I gave his ass one final slap as I came inside of him. I pulled out but kept his rump open wide so I could watch the seed dribble out of his anus. I let the cheeks slam closed over the stick white goop.

He was a bit disappointed when I tied the end of his leash the metal radiator. He was sad that it was over already. Well, that's how he felt. Truth be told, I was just getting started. I just figured that a few hours chained up waiting and wanting would have him ready to beg for more in just the right pitch.