

Big Bull on Campus: Ram-paging Appetites

By Lupine

“Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug..!”

The college bar was even more crowded than usual thanks to the obligatory Atlantis Day celebrations, but the ruckus coming from table around where the football team was clustered was loud enough to be heard even above the extra-celebratory hubbub. The hollering paused- its absence leaving a sudden, sucking hole in the more regular sounds of a packed bar of students drinking irresponsibly- and then the alcohol-saturated atmosphere was ripped by a new noise.

“BWUUUUUURRRP!”

A deafening cheer arose from the knot of students clustered around the Team’s table, the roar gradually descending into a ragged chant of *Beef! Beef! Beef! Beef!...*

“Make a hole! Big Bull coming through!”

The crush increased noticeably as the college Also-rans parted to let members of the Atlanteans First Squad swagger towards the bar. Looking sharp in their college football jackets- after all, otherwise what was the *point?*- the loudmouthed deer and a tall, grinning red panda muscled through the crowd with ease, thanks to the behemoth bull wobbling between them- the only member of the Team too tubby for his varsity gear. Stuffed into casual clothes, this heavyweight hulk- maybe three times the width of any other single student on campus- had his flabby, flour-sack arms slung over the shoulders of his two supportive team-mates, the rolling bulges of his rotund shoulders nearly swallowing the doughy remains of his neck. At their approach some of the more inebriated students crowding round the bar took up the chanting, but the adulation didn’t seem to faze the big guy in the slightest. You might say it was because he was used to big crowds roaring at him out on the football field, but behind those big, doughy, dairy-milk brown cheeks his eyes looked dazed, the tip of his tongue lolling out of his mouth as he panted in between his two ‘minders’. It didn’t take a genius to guess that the Team’s Atlantis Day party had started elsewhere this evening- with their talisman Bull-oon at the centre of their festivities. The

butter-yellow hoodie that he habitually wore bore tell-tale splatters and sauce stains beneath his double chin and in the dip of the wide, rolling shelf of his chest. Even more snug than usual, this tent of a top was stretched tight over the upper hemisphere of a globe-like gut hanging to below his knees, navel peeking out from under it, the brown fur of the bloated bull-udders that sat atop his stomach peeking through its over-stretched V-neck. He moved with an undeniable waddle, the bull's bulging belly swaying and rippling sluggishly as thighs thicker than beer barrels rubbed and bumped against each other like a couple of cows headbutting. As usual, the waistband of his sweatpants (XXXX-X-L, at last count) was struggling to contain their load, showing off the top third of a backside inflated to the size of a pair of car airbags as it swayed out back.

"C'mon *shrimps*, make some room at the bar!" As their progress stalled the stag chivvied the lower-status students still in their way- entirely gratuitously, as they were scattering left and right rather than risk being Bull-Dozed by that titanic toro-tonnage. "And remember," he smirked, "the Atlantis Day Dare starts at 9 in the Sports Hall! If you've got the *guts* to take on the Champ here-" he and the red panda each slapped a hand apiece against the sides of the bloated bovine's overabundant belly and wobbled it up and down, eliciting a bleary, bemused smile from their 'buddy' and a muffled laugh from their audience- "you've only got half an hour for your stake to hit the helmet!" This was met with a derisive jeer from the student body... well, those safely anonymous towards the back of the crowd, at least. The helmet in question- the bull's very own, customised to take his horns- had been passed from table to table all evening, but it was still as empty as unkind rumour had its owner's skull. The stag scowled at this paltry effort. "Jeeze, c'mon people, we made the rules *easier*, didn't we?" Some more muffled snickering amongst the crowd. "Look, you don't have to *beat* him, alright? Whoever can *keep up* with him the longest wins the pot!" Emboldened, there was more jeering from the gallery- some of it now aimed at the clueless cow slung between the two players. "What are you all, *chicken*?" This earned a round of ironic clucking, with more than few oinks thrown in as well.

With a grunt, the bloated bovine was prodded back into motion by his team-mates, but he pulled up after a couple of steps. For some reason a sheep was still standing in the way, a big smile on his face.

"Yo, Cal! Great work yesterday!"

“Uhhhh... heyyyy, thaaaaanks, uhhhh...” as the bull’s brown eyes focussed blearily on the speaker, a slightly vacant frown slowly started to crease the fur between them. “Uhhhh...?” “Dude, it’s *Spence!*” Cal’s sidekicks snickered openly as the sheep’s smile shrank somewhat. The face he wore it on should have been quite small but was plumped up to substantial roundness, a decided double chin dwarfing the scruffy curl of ‘beard’ he possessed-. “We like, share classes together and everything, remember?”

“Ohhhh, uhhhhh, heyyyy... b-*URRRP!*-ddy...” The bull let out an absent-minded belch that visibly ruffled the bouffant ‘do the roly-poly ram sported between his horns, his dyed-blond hair even curlier than Cal’s and held back from his forehead by a blue headband. At being called ‘buddy’- however indistinctly- the stout sheep’s smile resumed at full wattage. A college fleece (‘get it? It’s, like, irony...’) hung open at his sides, unable to zip up around his tubby torso, his belly a sizeable keg out front that sagged noticeably over the waistband of the sweatpants he was wearing. Like the outgrown jacket, the faded gamer T-shirt he wore over a v-neck vest was clearly now a couple of sizes too small, barely meeting with his pants, a sliver of bulging belly peeking out from between them each time he breathed in. Despite how much this Look emphasised the size of his stomach, the sheep was still distinctly pear-shaped, his hips and thighs the widest point on him. In contrast, the bovine blimp he stood belly-to-belly with was definitely widest around his middle, those lovehandles bowing out like a water-balloon that had been left on the faucet for too long.

The bloated bull then blinked again, brow slowly furrowing once more as his brain blearily caught up with his ears.

“Uhhhh... Buuuut I didn’t plaaaaaay yesterday...”

“Hey, I wasn’t talking about *football*, dude, I was talking about *lunch*. They say you beat your own High Score!” His eye-line level with those *magnificent* moobs, the overweight ovine grinned and playfully jabbed at that stupendous stomach, only for his fist to rebound off of that gigantic, gelatinous gourd with barely a grunt from the big boy. “Dude, you’re *immense!* I wish I knew how you did it! But I swear, this time I’m gonna stomach everything you can-!”

“Pfft, as *if!*” The deer interrupted with a loud snort of ridicule.

“Dude, this time I’m *ready!* I’ve not eaten anything *all day!*”

“Yeah? Well Cal ate three stuffed-crust pizzas *and* a whole mess of garlic bread less than an hour ago. Otherwise we weren’t sure he was going to last out until competition time.” The

stag gave the sheep a hard, unfriendly stare. “Outa the way, Peewee, you’re keeping the Champ from his next drink.”

“Woah, *dude*,” Spence scowled back from beneath his woolly eyebrows- if he was in any way intimidated by the glares of these alpha-animals, he didn’t seem it. “Cal and me are *talking*, here. What’s your *beef*?- *urmph*!”

“*This* is our beef!”

The sheep wheezed as a wall of bovine blubber suddenly shoved against him, pushed forwards by the prissy pranksters on either side of the Big Bull. Spence collided with a *gloop* and then rebounded, hooves squeaking on the polished wooden floor as he was pressed back and to one side- like a moon orbiting around a planet- before being flung unceremoniously out into deep space.

“Uhhhh... soorrry, Speeeence...” Cal’s voice just about floated over his swollen shoulder as he was frog-marched towards the bar. The sheep was left staggering in a social vacuum, painfully aware of the snickering from his fellow students.

“...Jeeze, I can’t believe Ram-bi’s trying to go gut-to-gut with Cal, *again*...” one of them muttered to his friend, none-too-quietly.

“Dude!” Bristling, the sheep rounded on the unabashed canine. “A little *respect*, here? I’m like, the second-biggest guy on campus!”

“Pah, dream on, Spence-*err*,” the stag drawled spitefully over his shoulder as they shoved the near-spherical football star towards the bar. The stag- nominally a history major outside of his sporting prowess- snrked. “You wouldn’t even have made the cut as an Atlantis Day sacrifice, back in the day.”

“Dude! That’s like, not funny!” Spence glowered, cheeks going red as several of the surrounding students- not all of them herbivores- snickered.

“It’s true though- even Murph’s gotten fatter than you, and he’s not even been *trying*.”

Silence fell like a guillotine, and in one of the booths a grizzly bear raised a hesitant paw, a sickly grin on his snout, whilst his other surreptitiously tugged on the check shirt covering his stomach.

“Dude, that’s only because he’s *taller*!” the sheep retorted hotly at the deer’s dismissive back, his cheeks now bright red beneath charcoal-grey wool, contrasting with the paler patch around his snout. “*Proportionally* speaking, I’m actually *waaay* fatter than hi-”

“Only in Math-Land, Mary,” a hand patted Spence patronisingly on the head, none too gently. The sleeve attached to it belonged to an Atlanteans’ jacket. “Maybe try Bulking Up a li’l before you go around biting off more than you can chew, huh?” the jacket’s owner concluded as he moved on. The rest of the Atlanteans’ pack then sauntered past behind him, adding their own contributions.

“Back off Little Lamb, you’re not in Cal’s league.”

“Not even close.”

“Yeah, *snrk*, try picking on someone your *own* size.”

“Do you have any idea how *desperate* you sound, Wool-for-Weight? It’s pathetic.”

“Give it up, Souvlaki, you’re just not built to hang with the Big Bull.”

“You, ‘*fat*’? Your pants are practically falling off of you, Wannabe!”

“Yeah, you’ll have to get bigger than THIS if you want ‘respect’, Small-Fry!”

Adding injury to insult, Spence was assailed by a dizzying succession of absent-minded rough-housing as they passed- noogied by one guy, a team cap forced between his horns by the next, then rammed down over his eyes by the third. The waistband of his sweatpants was twanged derisively, another smacked him on the rump and then- still trying to force the cap off- he couldn’t help a *bleat* as two pairs of hands grabbed his pants on either side and hauled him clean off the ground, his legs kicking. He was left, standing there amidst a chorus of *baaa*-ing, his fellow students going into fits of drunken giggles over his embarrassing lapse.

“Oh ha ha, yeah, real *mature*, dudes,” the humiliated sheep muttered, trying to pull his sweats back down with as much dignity as he could muster. Not easy- he was suffering from the most almighty wedgie. “I’ll show you. I’ll show *all* of you!”

Turning his back, he marched huffily- and uncomfortably- up to the table where Cal’s helmet now rested. Brandishing a crumpled five dollar bill with his name pre-written across it, he thrust it inside- to the complete disinterest of the campus population- and then made for the bathrooms as coolly as he could, trying not to tug. He desperately needed to rearrange his underwear...

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Adjustments made, in the otherwise-deserted washroom Spence splashed his face with cold water. His normally bouncy disposition somewhat deflated by that bruising encounter, he stood back and gave himself a long hard look in the rather greasy mirror.

“Dude,” he muttered defensively, hands hefting his belly and wobbling it like a pudding, “I AM Big- I’ve, like, gone up *three* clothes sizes since coming to college.” And it hadn’t been easy- keeping eating like that had been hard work. “These sweats are, like, *aspirational!*” He stretched the waistband out as far as he could in front of him, feeling the drawstring straining against the bow tied at the front. *That* was how big he wanted to get, at least! Bigger, even- he wanted to *overflow* these babies. Dude, he wouldn’t have *minded* being a sacrifice- the history books said they at least got fattened up royally first, to make sure they met with divine approval. He let his waistband ping back- only for it to sag down his hips a little. His shoulders slumped in unison. “I don’t *care* what they say- I’m a Fat Guy too, *just* like Cal-”

“It’s a shame, isn’t it? He makes it look so *easy*.”

“Whoah!”

Spence lurched in shock, biting down on another humiliating bleat of panic.

“So, you wanna be *that* big, hmm?” the voice carried on conversationally, directly behind him. There was a tooth-sucking noise. “Could be a kinda *tricky*, don’tchathink?”

“Dude, who the *hell*-?” Shock quickly sparking into anger at being snuck up on, the bristling ram started to turn, but was spun forcibly back to face the front, a pair of hands clamped under his arms.

“Uh-uh, no peeking, tubby,” the voice drawled. It wasn’t one he recognised. The sheep struggled with surprising fierceness, but just couldn’t break free. When he subsided, panting, there was a pause, then a stream of sweet-smelling smoke puffed forwards over his shoulder in a purple-ish cloud, finished off with a smoke-ring. “I mean, I admire your *ambition*, I really do but, maaaaan, as big as *Cal*?” The hands slid down his sides far too familiarly, riding over the rolls of his lovehandles, and hefted the tummy inside his T-shirt in an all-too-eloquent comparison. “That boy’s the size of an Atlantis Day parade balloon- he can’t even *tie* his sweats anymore.” Spence’s stomach was jostled again, and then one of those hands reached forward and tugged on the drawstring-bow, before giving the belly it contained a

playful pat. “And all since coming to college- he had a *six-pack* when he arrived. It’s just not *fair*, is it?”

“W-who *are* you?” the squirming sheep asked nervously. Squinting in the mirror, its murky reflection further obscured by the smoky haze, he could only make out an indistinct figure standing behind him. “And what do you *want*?”

“Oh, I’m just a friend trying to do you a little Atlantis Day good deed,” the voice by his ear said cheerfully. “And boy oh boy, Spence, do you need one. You’re seriously going horn-to-horn against that Buffet-Monster in an *eating contest*? *Again*? Last time you puked barely an hour in- and you weren’t even keeping up with him.”

“Th-that wasn’t *my* fault! I had a bad corn-cob, that’s all!” the ram retorted hotly.

“Of *course*. But they didn’t laugh at you for *that*, did they? They laughed at you for even *trying*...” The shame-faced sheep’s jaw clamped shut, but he could feel his cheeks going embarrassingly red again. What was this dude, a mind-reader? A hand stretched out in front of him, and then uncurled, palm up. “But with *this*, my Friend-in-Need, they’ll soon be laughing out of their other ends.”

“Huh?”

Spence blinked, staring down at a teeny-weeny bottle. It was a ludicrously ornate little round-bottomed flask with a stopper, all cut-glass and sparkling like something out of Alice in Blunderland. It was full of some bright purple liquid- the contents seemed to glow under the bathroom’s spot-lighting.

“Dude, what the heck-?”

“Relax, it’s not *cheating*- I’m just providing you with a little Equalizer,” the voice said smoothly. “After all, you want to show those stuck-up bozos out there how much you can *really* eat this time, right?”

“Dude,” Spence said with a little laugh, “I’m not drinking *anything* from some stranger in a *washroom*-”

“Oh, too bad,” the voice said. There was a momentary pause. “I guess you’re going back out there to pull out of the contest, then. It’ll be embarrassing, but hey, that’s a brave decision. I *admire* it- everyone should know their limits.”

“Huh? Hey, I didn’t say-!”

“I mean, we both *know* you don’t stand a chance against Cal, right? He weighs, what, three, *four* times what you do? And he’s grown even bigger since the *last* time you took him on.” Spence stared mutely into the mirror. “Unless you *want* everyone to laugh at you again, that is...?”

The bottle was still being held out tantalizingly in front of him.

“What...” Spence cleared his throat tentatively, “What is that stuff, exactly?”

“Oh, a little of *this*, a little of *that*... is that *really* important right now? It’ll do the job.” The bottle was lifted languidly, brought up closer to the sheep’s muzzle, and the stopper was uncorked under his nose with a flourish. It smelled vaguely of berries. “Satis-fat-tion guaranteed.” Spence still hesitated cautiously. “Look at it this way,” the voice carried on reasonably. “You’ve got nothing to lose, and *everything* to gain, right?”

“B-but-”

“Aren’t you *tired* of the way they all treat you, Spencer?” the voice said seductively. “You want to be a Big Guy on this campus, don’t you?”

“Y-yeah, but-”

“You want to be as big as that honking *huge* butter-bull at the bar out there?” The fingers of the voice’s free hand stroked up through the sheep’s curly hair on the back of his neck. “So big your butt’s hanging off of *two* bar stools, the centre of attention, all your drinks bought for you, free food, getting everyone’s respect, and all because of your sheer outrageous *bulk*?”

“Y-yeah...” the sheep gulped a little. “Yeah, I *do*!”

“You want to be as big and fat as he is?”

“Yeah...”

“You want to be able to *eat* like he does?”

“Yeah!”

“You want to be a match for that big bovine pig, bite-for-bite, pound-for-pound, yeah?”

“Yeah!” In the mirror, Spence’s eyes were round and glassy. “You *bet* I do!”

“You do?”

“**YEAH!**”

“Then what are you waiting for?” The narrow throat of the bottle was brought up to Spence’s lips.

There was a moment's hesitation, and then the ram grabbed the bottle and upended it, the contents glugging down his throat in a few gulps. From behind him, he got the impression of a toothy smile amidst the fragrant smoke.

“Good decision, ‘dude’.” A hand patted the side of Spence's stomach. “Trust me- by the end of this evening, all your problems on *that* score will be well and truly over.”

The last drops of juice trickled down Spence's gullet. He wiped his lips on the back of his hand, leaving a blackberry stain.

“Uh...” he asked, rather belatedly, “Dude, what does this stuff actually *do*?” He blinked, and looked more closely in the mirror. “Dude?” He turned and looked behind him. “*Dude?!?*”

The washroom was completely empty. He hadn't even heard the door go- and those hinges really *squeaked*. Ok, this had to be a prank of some kind. Spence carefully checked the stalls one by one, but nobody was hiding there. He returned to the washroom mirror and blinked at himself.

“Woah,” he said, “*that* was weird...”

He was interrupted by a strange gastric *gurrngling* from his stomach. The sheep blinked again and looked down at himself.

“Dude,” he asked himself with increasing apprehension, “and what the Jeezum Heck did I just *drink*?” The gurgle suddenly surged in volume and- before he even realised what was happening- a deep, big *BURRRP* welled up from inside of him. It practically shook the walls. The ram managed to clap his hands over his mouth to stifle the tail end of it, then looked around guiltily.

“Duuude,” he said shakily, half-mortified, half-laughing. He'd never made a noise like that before in his *life*, not even after chugging a whole bottle of soda, shaken-up. He gave himself a sheepish grin in the mirror. Talk about being a fat... guy...

Spence blinked, then stared at himself.

“Woah... N-no way...” he slowly turned side-on, and as he did so he felt the drawstring of his sweats dig into his stomach. He gingerly brought his hands up to his middle and- in disbelief- hefted it. His belly wobbled weightily, indisputably bigger than it had been a few minutes ago. In the mirror, a good hand-span of charcoal-grey blubber now hung out from under his T-shirt, his top lifting up even further as he breathed in. The knot of his sweatpants drawstring was uncomfortably tight all of a sudden, digging into his lower gut. His chest bulged more beneath his T-shirt too, stretching it out. Even his arms were thicker- maybe not to a casual observer, but he could *feel* it. He turned and tried to peer over his shoulder in the mirror to get a view of his rump, but even as it swung he could tell- it was *hefty*.

Awestruck, the sheep’s eyes slowly met his reflection in the mirror.

“Duuuuuude...”

Just then, his expanded stomach let out another noise- a grrrrowl. Spence suddenly felt *hungry*. Like... hungry-like-the-wolf hungry. In the artificial lighting his reflection took on a slow, slightly crazy grin.

“Woah, *dude... please* don’t let this be a dream...” Loosening the waistband of his pants around his belly- giggling like a girl as he did so- he didn’t even notice that the little bottle he’d put down seemed to have evaporated into thin air...

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Out in the bar, the oblivious bovine subject of all that washroom envy was for one brief moment not the centre of attention, while his team-mates all hollered peremptorily at the bar-staff for their drinks. Bellied up to the counter- two plushly-padded bar stools practically buried beneath his butt- the big chunk of beef was spread wider than ever, his lovehandles guaranteeing him personal space even whilst his gut swamped the counter in front of him, its leading edge overflowing out past the far side. As he sat staring at nothing in particular, on auto-pilot he kept reaching for a big mess of cheesy-fried potato skins to one side of him, one chubby hand conveying the next up to his mouth, crunching it and then, whilst still chewing, reaching for another. His rolling chest had now acquired additional cheese-string decorations. On his other swollen side sat a beer glass, already down to the suds.

“Yo, Cal!” A hand slapped down companionably onto one of the bull’s swollen shoulders.

“Happy Atlantis Day, big guy!” The hand moved back and forth with jock-ish bonhomie rippling the shoulderblade-blubber beneath it.

“Uhhhh... heeeeyyy- hic!- thaaaanks,” the bull responded, the little hiccup setting a ripple through his overfed frame. He sluggishly made to look around, but at the same time the voice moved to the other side of his head, an arm draping companionably across his shoulders. “Uhhh... who’s thaaaa-?” A filled potato-skin then bumped unexpectedly against his snout, dripping in sauce. Automatically, the big meatball faced the front and opened. The crispy, gooey, calorie-soaked snack was pushed in. The bull’s chubby lips closed on it enthusiastically, just as they had two dozen more in the last ten minutes.

“Bet you’re looking forward to the fun *really* getting going this evening, huh, Party-Bull?”

“Uhhhh... yeaaaah,” Cal said, his deep, slow voice somewhat muffled as he chewed.

“I mean, its all-you-can-eat and everything!” One hand still on his shoulder, the speaker’s other hand slapped against the bull’s bare side hard enough to sink in, before the pressure of all that rebounding bull blubber made it bounce off. There might have been the slightest of grunts from the jumbo-weighted bovine jock. “Epic or *what?*”

“Uhhhh... yeaaaah.”

“Boy, you were real *eye-catching* as part of this afternoon’s parade. Glad to see the guys got all that body-paint off of you afterwards, though- well... most of it, anyhow. That coulda been embarrassing if they’d got mixed up and used blue car paint or something by mistake, huh?”

“Uhhhh... yeaaaah.”

“These new sweats, bud? They’re showing off your figure a *treat*.”

“Uhhhh... yeaaaah.”

“Heh, you *really* don’t have much small talk, do you Calvin?” The voice chuckled.

“Uhhhh... noooo...” Cal gulped the last of his mouthful and, like a whale filter-feeding, slowly turned his head towards the source of the voice again- but another potato-skin drew his attention back front and centre.

“But dang, you really are one *BIG* boy these days, aren’tcha, Beefster?” The hand rippled Cal’s shoulder again, pressing into the doughy flesh beneath his hoodie.

“Uhhhh... thaaaaan-”

“Boy, they’ve sure been feeding you up! I’ll bet they can’t even *fit* padding under your uniform with all of you in there as well, huh?” That hand pressed back against the bull’s bare side where it rolled out from under his top, and squeezed. So acclimatised to being

manhandled by his fellow students was he, the obese bovine merely grunted and reached for yet another snack even as the wandering hand rubbed forwards. The voice moved closer to his ear. “Heh, and you still just keep on chowing down, don’t you, you great big greedy porker? Wow. You’re a college *landmark*, Fat-Boy.”

“Uhhhh...?” A slow frown of confusion belatedly started building on the bull’s beefy brow. He began to turn yet again towards the unidentified speaker, but spread fingers slipped into the bull’s thatch of unruly curls - which could have done with more regular washing- and closed together firmly, holding his head still.

“If *that* doesn’t deserve a drink, I don’t know what does!” A large plastic cup of foaming alcohol- a pale shade of pink/purple- was thrust in front of the bull’s snout, the bubbles tickling his nostrils.

“Uhhhh... whoooo-?” the bloated bovine was cut off as the rim of the cup found its way unexpectedly to his lips. Surprised, his eyes opened a little wider than their usual sleepy state. “Glmphhhh?”

“Drink up, Big Bull!” The voice hollered cheerfully. Then, close enough to Cal’s ear to make it twitch, it began chanting in an almost-whisper, “*Chug, chug, chug, chug...*”

Cal’s eyes immediately became half-lidded. Utterly conditioned by his Team, the blubber-bull sagged back obediently on his seat(s), tilted his head up, and began gulping as the drink was literally poured down his throat. The hand on the back of his neck held him in place, the fingers massaging the bulging rolls of blubber that creased there. The drink was gone in four long glorpings gulps.

“Haw, *epic* chug, Cal!” The cup was taken away and a hand- removed from Cal’s curls- gave him a congratulatory slap between the shoulderblades.

“Uhhhh...” Still rippling from the blow, the bull’s supersized stomach let out an unexpected gurgle. Cal’s eyes unfocussed. “Uhhhh... Uhhh-hhh... *URRP!*” The deep but perfunctory belch welled up out of him like a cannon clearing its throat. There was a chuckle next to his ear, and his doughy shoulder was patted again.

“Heh, enjoy the rest of your night, you King-Sized Cow. Trust me, it’s gonna be a big one...”

“Uhhhh... thaaanks...” The bull finally twisted enough to look back over his shoulder, but there was no-one there. “Uhhhh...?”

“Yo, Cal!” A hand suddenly slapped the bloated bovine’s other shoulder, rather unsteadily.

“Wassup? Hey, those Buffalo Skins are gonna get *cold* if you don’t hustle!” Another potato-

based snack was thrust against the bull's lips by a grinning team-mate, smearing them with grease and salt.

"Uhhhh... yeah!" The Team's dough-bull fullback responded, his face lighting up with sudden enthusiasm. Licking his lips, he chomped into it eagerly. The crispy skin cracked, and melted cheese oozed over his tongue, effectively erasing the last few confusing moments from memory.

"And I've got *another* beer for ya here, Big Guy. I figured you'd be getting thirsty about now!"

"Uhhhh... thaaaaaanks...."

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At just before nine the Sports Hall was filling up with students fast, clustering around a roughly oval patch of free space in the centre. From the edge of the crowd you could see a knot of athletic figures in Atlanteans' jackets in the eye of this particular storm, plus one hugely tubby one.

"Pipe down everyone!" The ring-leading stag yelled, to minimal effect. Looking around, he cupped his hands in front of his face and tried again. "I said *shut it!*" The noise reduced a little. "We're still missing someone! Souvlaki? Get your butt up here, if you're coming!" There was an uncertain pause, during which students craning their heads curiously this way and that like a flock of multi-coloured flamingos. The stag looked around, then gave a derisive snort. "Well, since Ram-bi's *chickening out*-"

"Dude, as *IF!*" As Spence stepped through the double doors, the students closest to him turned, then- giving him slightly startled looks- moved to make a corridor. The sheep strolled along it, hands in his pants pockets, elbows out, grinning from ear to ear. It looked like he was chewing on something. He kept walking right up to the spokes-stag, only stopping when his stomach was a scant couple of inches away. The sturdy cervine flinched back reflexively at this space-invasion, then realised what he'd done. Drawing himself up to his full height advantage over the short-arsed sheep, he scowled at the wise-guy... then did a sudden double-take.

“Dude, *what?*” Spence asked, beaming from ear to ear. He spread his arms wide, hands palms up. As he did so the cuffs of his fleece slid back from his wrists, hugging his arms snugly. He shrugged- and the seams along his sleeves creaked. “Have I got something stuck in my teeth, or something?”

“Just... nothing.” Recovering, the stag narrowed his eyes and giving the smart-arse sheep his best glare. “Been chucking up in the toilets again, Mary?” He asked nastily. For some reason Spence’s smile only got wider. “You’re late, Little Lamb- we oughta disqualify you for that!”

“Hey, sorry dude,” the sheep swallowed his mouthful. “I had to go and get a hotdog- I was *starving!*”

The stag blinked momentarily- then snorted all the more loudly in disbelief even as laughter rippled out around them.

“Yeah, *right*. Takes more than onion-breath to fool *me*. Go and stand by the table, Skinny-ribs. Better take the end- it’ll be easier for you to duck out when you want to throw up!” But the ram’s buoyant attitude simply refused to be deflated; still grinning, he spun on one hoof and bounced over to the centre of the hall, where a makeshift buffet and chairs had been improvised from the college’s ping pong tables and some PE balance benches. The sheep’s ears caught a snatch of muttered conversation from behind him.

“Hey Chad, doesn’t he look... *bigger* to you, all of a sudden? I mean, his butt-”

“Nah, it’s showboating. Ram-bi’s just fluffed up his wool with a blow-dryer, or something. Cal’s gonna eat him alive.”

“Huh, yeah, like, *literally*.”

As Spence strolled up to the tables- pushed together along their longest edges to make one huge one with their nets running along the middle- he could *smell* the food already. A thick, greasy miasma hovered over the heaped junk-food- as students, this was of course the only food group they recognised. The heaps were still being added to: even as he watched a couple more ‘donations’ of campus take-out turned up. The Team had obviously persuaded a few more competitors to sign up for the Big Event, too. It was the usual suspects- even Murph was in the line-up, though not looking too happy about it. Apparently oblivious to it all, Cal was standing in the middle of the far row- taking up almost an entire table-width by himself. He was frowning in concentration- with anyone else it could have been assumed

that he was getting into the Zone, but Cal was slurrrrrping on the straw of what looked like an extra-large milkshake. Even as Spence watched the cup started to implode, and the bull put it down with a disappointed-sounding grunt. Some forward-thinking student had positioned a double-row of benches behind the Big Bull's butt to help spread the load if he decided to sit down. Everyone else merited one.

There was a free space right down the end, but Spence elbowed his way into a gap directly opposite Cal, forcing the two contestants to either side- inevitably, he vaguely recognised both as jocks- to shuffle further apart.

"Heh, sorry dudes- Big Guys only on *this* table." Both of them taller than him, the sheep was glared down on from either side- but their frowns turned to puzzled, can't-quite-put-my-finger-on-it stares. "Hey, Cal buddy! You doing ok there?"

"Uhhhh... oh, uhh... heyyy, Speeeence..." Standing facing each other, both farm-animals' abdomens hung over the table that separated them- the raring-to-go ram's bulging belly stretching his T-shirt out in front of him by about a foot, the bull's gigantic gelatinous gut spreading across the surface and almost threatening to reach the net. In the brief lull, Spence snuck a look to either side- ok, so maybe Murph's gut *did* stick out further than his, but the dude was, like, 7 feet tall, so that *obviously* didn't count. After him and Cal, Spence was *definitely* the biggest dude in the contest thanks to his bathroom growth-spurt. Well, probably- Manny from the wrestling team down the far corner was looking pretty majorly Off-Season in his spandex singlet tonight. But then those things could make *anyone* look fat-

"Alright everyone, listen up!" Having got their attention the stag paused, savouring his moment of power. "Ok, you guys all kn-" He was interrupted by a sudden, very audible gurgle from Spence's stomach. He shot the sheep a poisonous glare. "Cut it out, Peewee, no-one's impressed." His glare switched to a couple of spectators in the front, who had just giggled. They shut up hurriedly.

"Dude, I can't help it, I'm *hungry*!" Spence replied with a grin, "Let's just get on with this, huh?" Like, dude, *was* he hungry. The mingled smell of all that food in front of him had his mouth watering non-stop. He was having to fight the urge to just reach out and dig in- "Can it, short-stuff. Like I was saying, we're doing this freestyle- but the contest goes until the Bull's Full. You'll be knocked out when you fall too far behind - you get two warnings, ok?- or when you cry 'Uncle'. On my whistle, get- *Cal!* *We've not STARTED yet!*"

“Uhhhh...” the scale-bending bull swallowed the mouthful of the veggie-burger he’d just bitten into, to muffled laughter from the audience. “Buuuut I’m huuuungry,” he said, as if this explained everything. Cal’s stomach concurred with this sentiment, emitting a *grrrowl* far deeper and louder than the one Spence’s stomach had achieved. It sounded enough like an annoyed grizzly bear to make Murph flinch and look round. The laughter redoubled. “Cal, we *explained* earlier, remember?” the stag muttered, sounding exasperated. “First we’ve gotta- *CAL!!!*” The bull had lifted the rest of the burger to his lips and chomped into it again. The stag gaped impotently, his mouth opening and shutting whilst the crowd burst into full-throated mirth. Then he scowled, other members of the Team behind him nudging each other and snickering. “Well, what are you losers all waiting for?!” he snapped at the other competitors, “The Big Bull’s already started!” Cal was already on his second burger, a hotdog held ready in his spare mitt. Seven other pairs of hands dived in hurriedly to a riotous cheer. Enthusiastic whooping and hollering started up all around on the general theme of ‘*Eat! Eat! Eat! Eat..!*’ Some of the contestants even had their own unofficial cheer-squads- needless to say, Spence wasn’t one of them.

“I’ve so got this,” the sheep said to himself, as he grabbed a slice of pizza- his chow of preference- and opened wiiiide...

It was, like, the best night of Spence’s life, *ever*. He just did *not* seem to fill up. On summer break before starting college he’d managed to come third in a teen’s hotdog eating contest- he still remembered the feel of his stomach, stuffed to the limit, pooching out over his swim-shorts- and at the end of that he’d had to be helped off stage, feeling like he would burst if he so much as breathed too hard. And he’d only eaten 17 hotdogs. Now though, they’d been eating for... actually, Spence wasn’t sure how long it had been- an hour? Two? ... and he’d lost *count* of how much he’d packed away, but he was still ready for more! Spence wiped strands of congealed cheese from his snout with the back of his hand as he lunged for the last piece of pizza available- snatching it from under the hand of his left-hand competitor, who visibly hesitated and then reached for a water bottle instead.

“Dude, bad move, it’ll only take up room!” Spence found time to advise through a mouthful of pizza.

“Shut *up*... Pee...wee!” the burly alligator- called Brody, wasn’t he?- rasped, sluicing a desperate-sounding glug down his throat. A few minutes later the sheep was proved right: he heard a *thud* from that direction and a strangled croak of ‘*medic!*’. A brief glance showed

him the reptile sprawled back on the bench, cradling a stomach that stuck out from under his ridden-up T-shirt. His jaws clamped tightly together and an agonised expression on his face, he looked like a suitcase that had been forced shut on too much luggage and was now threatening to burst, whereas Spence still felt *great!* The wave of exultation seemed to stimulate his appetite- he turned back to the table and began working through a stack of veggie-burgers like he hadn't eaten all day!

And- best of all- *he was actually keeping pace with Cal!* The awesome bull seemed totally oblivious to his competitive surroundings but was just bull-doing the food, reaching for one thing after another, non-stop. If anything, he seemed to be speeding up a little even as other dudes- and a few dudettes- started dropping out, quite literally. The crashing sound of bodies falling back heavily onto the bench-work like dropped sacks of cement triggered cheers and groans from the audience, but Spence was too focussed on stuffing his face to keep track. Dude, he was so *totally* in the Zone tonight! Grab, chomp, chew, chew, swallow, chomp again, gulp it down- and grab again!

“Uhhhh... aaare yooooou gonna eat thaaaat?” Above the standing-wave of sound filling the hall Spence's ears perked up. Cal was talking to the kangaroo- Joel- standing next to him. The frat-roo- with a reputation from countless college parties as a consistently Big Eater, who repeatedly boasted that he ‘had hollow legs, mate!’- was holding his much-hyped stomach in both hands, his ketchup-splattered Hawaiian shirt stretched inadequately over a belly the size of a beachball but as firm and heavy-looking as a bowling ball. There was a pile of nachos in front of him on a platter, slathered in melted cheese and sour cream- *classic* party food- but he was sweating profusely and his face was going as green as those jalepenos. The notorious party animal looked as though the joke was finally on him. With no reply forthcoming, Cal just reached over anyway, dragging the entire pile in front of him, and tucked in with evident gusto. With a groan, his rigid competitor slowly toppled over backwards. His big butt hit the bench and he went over it, legs (and stomach) stuck straight up in the air. As two of his buddies started to drag him away by the arms, Spence's eyes flicked back to Cal. *Dude*, he was like, on his third handful *already!* With a hurried, throat-stretching gulp, Spence swallowed his last mouthful of burger practically whole and picked up the pace. *He was gonna do this, he was gonna do this...* and, dude, it all tasted so *GOOD...*!

“URRRRP!” Having freed up valuable space, Spence reached muzzily for his next helping, only to come up empty. Dazedly, he scanned around, but all the nearby platters were bare. “Hey, dudes, I’m outta- URP!- food here! C’mon, hurry up, willya?” He glanced anxiously over at Cal, who was pushing the remains of something between his lips with one hand, making his cheeks bulge out.

“Quit bellyaching, Peewee!” the stag growled from behind him. “Anyway, we’re out.”

“Huh?” Spence blinked.

“We’re out of *food*, genius. Show’s over!”

“*Huh?*” For the first time in what seemed like forever, Spence dragged his attention from the table in front of him and focussed further afield. It was true- the table-tops resembled a no-man’s land after an apocalyptic food-fight. The occasional wrapper was still sculling about between sauce stains, or dangling from a ping pong net like a soldier caught on barbed wire, but apart from a few specimens from the bottom of the heap too badly mangled to be recognised, no foodstuff larger than a crumb was left standing. “Woah, duuuude,” he wheezed. “Wait... waitaminute...” with a grunt he turned bodily, looking first to his left, then to his right. The only other person still eating was Cal himself. Where had everybody else gone...?

Realisation slowly dawned on him.

“Dude... I... I won?” He gave a disbelieving little laugh. “*Duuuude!* I WON?!”

“Yeah, yeah,” the stag said grouchily, sitting astride one of the benches. Behind him, the doors were closing on the last few departing students, leaving the detritus-strewn place deserted apart from him and the Team.

“Dude, *say it!*” You couldn’t have gotten Spence’s grin any bigger if you’d stuck a hose in his mouth and pumped it up with helium.

“You *cheated*,” the stag growled. Sweat was beading between his antlers. “Somehow...”

“Jeeze, Chad,” one of the Team, more sportsman-like than his leader, exclaimed, “*How?!*”

“*I don’t know!*” Chad snarled back. “But he *must* have! No WAY should Mary have been able to-”

“Dude, *SAY IT!* You guys made the rules, not me!”

“Ok, ok! You *won*,” the stag spat, standing up. “You officially ate as much as *Cal*.” He adopted a sarcastic sing-song voice as he approached, his hand outstretched as if to shake.

“Congratulations! You just made the most utterly *disgusting* spectacle of yourself in front of the entire College! You’re gonna be on ViewTube by tomorrow as ‘Is this guy a sheep or a pig?’. Well *done, fat ass.*” Chad’s hand clenched into a fist, two fingers outstretched, and he jabbed Spence sharply in the stomach.

“Oof! Hahahaha! Dude, that *tickles!*” Those fingers had sunk in deep. “You wanna get your hands on me, at least buy me *dinner* first, huh?” There was a distinct snort of mirth somewhere behind them from one of the Team, hurriedly stifled. The affronted alpha-stag practically quivered on the spot, looking too angry to even speak, then wordlessly turned and stalked out of the hall, ears back flat. “Though you might wanna put on a few pounds first!” Spence couldn’t resist calling after him. The victorious ram found he just couldn’t stop giggling. “Duuuuude, this is... *awesome!* Ooof...” He tried to take a step back from the table, and met resistance. “Huh? Hey, who’s..?” Blinking, he trailed off as he looked down at himself. “*Woah...*”

Spence’s stomach now sat on the ping pong table, its lowermost curve spread out over a roughly circular contact-space bigger than a dinner plate. It looked like someone had stuffed a spacehopper up his top, only his T-shirt riding up disproved that theory by exposing the lower half of his belly to verifiable scrutiny. If it *was* a spacehopper it was one made of dough- where his gut sagged onto the table two thick rolls of wool-covered blubber had piled up, merging with a pair of lovehandles that now poured over the waistband of Spence’s sweatpants. With a little gulp the sheep let his hands- which he now realised felt like he was wearing three pairs of gloves underneath his hide- trace those plumped-out curves back, though he met resistance where his bulging upper arms began to fight for space against his chest, which seemed to have risen like yet more dough and was now bumping against his chins as he tried to look down. Looking at the swollen, saggy flesh of his bare arms, Spence dimly realised that he must have burst out of his fleece whilst he was eating, strips of fabric hanging down from his shoulders like long feathers. The only reason his T-shirt still even remotely covered his newly extra-large torso was that it had begun to split its seams, steadily ripping from the bottom hem up, giving spectators additional glimpses of wool where he wasn’t covered by his vest. Shuffling slightly, Spence discovered that he was standing with his legs apart like he was trying to straddle a footstool, but when he automatically tried to stand more normally with his hooves closer together, he felt his thighs immediately squash against each other, like he had pillows stuffed into the legs of his sweatpants. With a grunt of effort he managed to turn his head to one side, against the constricting collars of weight he

found there. The bulging bulk of his shoulder blade should have prevented him from seeing anything behind him, but his butt stuck out so far the outmost curve of it was wobbling in view, barely contained by his stretched-out sweatpants. He could *feel* their waistband digging into him.

“D-duuude...” Spence wheezed shakily. He felt for the drawstring, his chubby fingers fumbling, and then finally un-tugged the bow- no way was he going to be able to re-tie that tonight! Unbelievably, his body bulged even *bigger*, and he let out a little groan as he actually felt the drawstring reeling into the waistband as it stretched, only stopping when the knotted ends pulled up against their holes. He was filling his pants to 100% capacity. “*Dude...*” he panted again, feeling his cheeks starting to go red. He poked himself in disbelief, then put his hands back against the sides of his belly and tried to lift it. With an effort he got it to rise a couple of inches off the table, then it slipped through his fingers and thudded back down. It went *gloop* and wobbled like a waterballoon, the sluggish ripple that spread through him and making him shiver. Then his stomach started to quiver and shake, slapping ticklishly against the table-top as he bounced on his hooves, a semi-hysterical giggle working its way up out of him. He didn’t care he was being stared at, hard. “Duuuuude! This... is... *epic*! I’m a freaking *blimp*!”

“Uhhhh...” Everyone’s attention was suddenly focussed on the table opposite him. Spence looked across too, and gulped slightly, well and truly cut down to size: he was big- CAL was the blimp! The bull was wiping his snout on the back of his hand as he swallowed, but he still looked like he had a football crammed into each cheek, the effect enhanced by the inflated tyre of fat under his jaw. With no more chow in front of him, the bull’s moon-round face turned sluggishly around the table, blinking. “Uhhhh... wheere’d the foood go, guuuuys?”

“You *ate* it all, Big Bull!” The red panda- seemingly the stag’s deputy- thumped the bull on the back, uncertainty playing around the corners of his grin. “Whatta *champ*!” He gripped one of Cal’s wrists and made to raise his arm, then wheezed in effort. He had to resort to using both arms to lift one of Cal’s, the bull’s bulging with flab like over-blown water-wings. Cutting Spence dead, the rest of the Team crowded around Cal and raised a cheer, but it was a little hesitant. Cal had been a bloated beast before the contest, but he now bulged more than ever. His gut was so big it stretched against the ping pong net like a fishing net trying to contain a whale. As the bull breathed it swelled further and rolled forwards, the net creaking.

The bull's belly now took up his entire half of the ping pong table by itself, reaching so far forwards it bumped up against Spence's stomach. The rest of him had porked out further, too, with a good extra foot of his sides exposed from under his hoodie- he looked like he had one of those giant rubber rings you found at swimming pools blown up under his hide. His moobs were bigger than ever, piling up in the open v-neck of his top and almost spilling down the sides of his gut. They were nearly the size of beer kegs. Stretched even further, that hoodie had somehow clung on, lifting up to show off even more bull-blubber to his fans, a crescent of yellow decorating only the top third of his table-filling belly. His sweatpants looked similarly strained- what was visible of them behind that titanic tummy. Spence couldn't see from here, but from the way the Team were spread out behind him Cal's caboose must have grown equally ma-hoo-sive. Dude, he was one Big, *Big* Boy!

"Uhhhh... buuut whaaat abooooout dessert?" Cal asked placidly above the commotion. The cheering stopped abruptly.

"Haha," the red panda said weakly, still keeping Cal's ample arm aloft. "Good one, Cal, you had me going there for a moment." The bull just blinked in confusion.

"Uhhhh... buuut I'm stiiill huuuuungry."

"You... *can't* be," the panda protested weakly, even as the rest of the team exchanged uneasy glances. He let the bull's ample arm drop.

"Uhhhh... I'm still huuuuungry, guuuuys," Cal repeated, looking bemused, as if they might not have heard him the first time. "Wheere's dessert?" As he gazed around expectantly, Spence's ears caught a few hurried whispers from behind the bull's back.

"Geeze, that lot shoulda stuffed him solid!"

"He's never eaten THAT much before!"

"What do we do?"

"Uh..." the red panda was shoved forward again. His face starting to go as red as the rest of him, he shrugged theatrically. "S-sorry Cal, but we're fresh out." He pulled his pockets inside out to indicate a lack of funds, and every other team-mate did the same. "See? Show's over, Big Guy."

"Uhhhh... But I'm stiiill hungry!" the behemoth bull repeated, more forcefully.

"Look, Cal," the red panda said, sounding exasperated, "it's getting late, y'know, and we've all got practice tomor-" he was silenced suddenly as the bull's belly interrupted with a deep, gurgling *grrrrowl*.

“Uhhhh... I’m stiiiiilll *huuuuuuuuungry*,” Cal insisted. The normally docile doughbull’s brow was starting to furrow into a frown. “I waaaant moooore, guuuuys. Bull’s not fuuull!” This last was delivered almost as a moo. There was an audible gulp from somewhere amongst the Team. Suddenly their supersized Fat Boy didn’t seem so funny anymore.

“Jeeze Cal,” the red panda snapped at him, “Do you ever *realise* how much you’ve just eaten, you big meatball? A joke’s a joke but now you’re just getting-”

Spence burst out laughing.

“Dudes! *Bull’s-not-full! Bull’s-not-full!*” The entire Team looked daggers at him for throwing one of their chants right back in their faces- like he cared! Giggling, Spence reached over his stomach- with some difficulty- and smacked his balloonlike bovine opposition’s awesome Buddha-belly. “Yo Cal, I’m with you- I could *seriously* go for some ice cream or something about now. If they’re not gonna give us any dessert, why don’t we just leave these *losers* to clean up and go find some ourselves?”

“Uhhhh... yeeeeeeah!” Cal replied. Insofar as he could from behind those cherubically-chubby cheeks of his, the bull shot his team-mates a dirty look. In amongst the pack, someone swallowed nervously.

“Haha, *awesome!* Make a hole, dudes! Oof... ram reversing here!”

The swollen sheep heaved himself backwards, trying not to squirm in glee as his stomach dragged heavily against the tabletop. As he parted company with its support, his stomach dropped like a bag of wet cement, smacking against his knees with a flabby *blamp*. Spence wheezed and staggered back, almost knocking into one of the Team who hadn’t taken him seriously- “Haha, sorry dude, don’t know my own strength!”- but after a moment or two managed to find his balance, more or less. “Woah... *epic!*” He giggled again, overjoyed at all this *size* he’d somehow acquired. He swung round in a giddy quarter-turn, hooves stomping down, luxuriating in the feel of all that weight he was carrying. Then there was a much louder *bloomp* opposite as the bull’s belly similarly succumbed to gravity, but Cal didn’t even seem to notice the extra poundage on his already fulsomely fat frame- what a *dude!* With a huffy snort the bloated beefster turned- causing team-mates to dive out of that way of that ‘wrecking-bull’ belly- and lumbered determinedly for the exit, leaving his Team gaping after him. Smirking, Spence rammed his hands into his sweatpants pockets- having to squeeze to fit them in- and sauntered after him.

* * *

“Haha, dude, that was just... awesome!” Spence could barely contain his enthusiasm as he followed Cal. It was past 11pm, and the Atlantis Day festivities outside were just starting to finish up. The overblown bull was ploughing determinedly across the campus’ manicured, street-lit grounds, but thanks to those titanicly-tubby thighs his gait was only marginally faster than a waddling duck. From behind, the ram could see the bulging bovine’s belly hanging to mid-calf between those lard-laden legs. His butt was a thing of awe, though- those cheeks were practically bumping into the chubby creases at the back of the Big Bull’s knees. He had to be stretching those campus-brand sweatpants to their *limits*. The fattened-up full-back was huffing along at little more than a slow walk, but Spence still found himself struggling to catch up thanks to his new size- each time he built up any sort of momentum his swaying, sagging stomach threatened to throw him off balance. Plus, he had to pause every dozen feet or so to hoik at the waistband of his *own* sweats to keep himself decent, until in the end he just gave up and let them sit where they were comfy. Whereas *Cal* just seemed to deal with his newly-gained girth like the champ he was.

A crowd of tipsy students coming down the path ahead saw Cal coming- everyone on campus could recognise Cal- and greeted him enthusiastically as they parted to let him through, exchanging knowing grins and administering a couple of celebratory slaps to that spectacular stomach as he passed- adding extra slosh to the Big Bull’s ample sway- but when they passed Spence they just stared in silence. Heh heh heh, yeah, get an eyeful, dudes and dudettes! Plenty more lamb where *this* came from! Spence stuck his stomach out as far as he could and waddled a little taller.

“Dude!” Spence caught up with Cal just as they reached the outskirts of the Atlantis Day Fair. The rides had all wound down, but there were still a few stop-out students who hadn’t yet realised the time- or didn’t care about their classes tomorrow. The area was illuminated by lights from the stalls that were still open of business. The bull began waddling through the wide lanes between them. His habitual expression of placid bemusement was back, any annoyance at the Sports Hall apparently already swept from his head by the prospect of more sustenance. Huffing along side-by-side with him- and practically beside himself- the ram impulsively hip-bumped his new best buddy. He thrilled at the pneumatic feel of bulk

smacking against bulk, and when Cal's weighty waist rebounded and bounced him back the way he'd come, it felt like a benediction from the campus' biggest blubber-butt. "Haha, I can't believe we ate *everything*! We are such a pair of *pigs*, dude!"

"Uhhhh... aaactually, I'm a buuuuuull..." Cal replied, with commendable accuracy, but breathtakingly little self-awareness.

"Dude, you're a bull and a *half*!" The roly-poly ram tried to throw his arm companionably around Cal's shoulders, but with his height disadvantage settled for thumping him on the back, his hand clapping against the broad canvas of hoodie-wrapped beef-suet.

"Uhhhh... thaaaaaanks..." Cal's ample arm automatically dropped across his new self-appointed sidekick's shoulders in return, landing on the stout sheep like a barge-load of grain sacks, but trailed off distractedly, sniffing. Buried against the bull's bulging, hoodie-stretching blubber, which was warmer than a hot-water bottle, Spence found his own nose beginning to twitch. Over the pervading odour of beef that Cal was giving off- not to mention a hint that his under-arm deodorant was running out- the air around them was saturated with the sizzling smells of grease and cooking and sundry fairground food.

The bulging bull's tonne of table-muscle let out *rrrrumble*. With his head pressed up close to the doughy dirigible that was Cal's side, to Spence it sounded and felt something like an earthquake deep inside that bloated bull-belly.

"Uhhhh... I'm *reaally* huuuuungry, Speeeence..." Nostrils flaring, Cal changed course, swinging into another temporary alleyway lined by food stalls.

"Holy cow dude!" Dragged bodily along for the ride, the slightly-squashed sheep was still grinning. "You're like, totally *epic*!" Spence broke off with a grunt as his own stomach let out a *grrrowl* as well- only mildly quieter than Cal's, if higher-pitched. "Woah... Dude, actually... me too!" And it was true. Despite the stupid quantities of food he'd been hogging down barely half an hour ago, he was starting to get actual *hunger-pangs*, here! He really WAS a fat-boy now! "Haha, *duuuuude*! You like, must be a good influence on me, big guy!" The overjoyed ovine teasingly punched a podgy fist into the bloated wall of bovine lovehandle pressed against him, setting it rippling. But Cal wasn't paying attention.

"Uhhhh... I neeeeed some fooo-*hooooood*...!"

That gargantuan gridiron gut gave another *rrrrrrumble*, like an impending thunderstorm. For once Cal actually picked up the pace, the surprised sheep left behind as the big butterbull marched straight to the nearest concession stall. Even the looming franchise holder- a

stalwart bear who Spence reckoned Murph's future self would resemble if he didn't cut back on the beers- actually gulped at the approach of this colossal customer.

"Woah. Uhh... Hey there, big fella!" The 7-foot bruin swallowed again. "Don't tell me, y-you must be this 'Cal' everyone round here's been talking about!"

"Uhhhh... uh-huhhhh!"

The fair's concession holders had been given very firm Instructions regarding Calvin Boavida by the Atlantean's football coach. The rant had gone on for a good ten minutes, but boiled down to "*Don't! Feed! The! BULL!*" That, the proprietor now realised, was easier said than done when the bull in question was standing eagerly right in front of you, almost literally larger than life. Standing so close, in fact, that his supersized stomach was rolling up against the slanted Perspex windows that shielded the average consumer from the stall's hot-trays. It suddenly didn't seem nearly enough to protect his produce from THIS particular consumer. Geeze, this boy was almost wider than the *stall*...

"You, uh, want something to eat, kid?" he hazarded. Cal nodded, his chubby cheeks wobbling like a pair of waterballoons. His whole attitude was weirdly expectant, like he thought the food was just going to magically stuff itself into his mouth, or something. "Ok, right... uhh, what did you want, exactly?" The owner gestured pointedly at the array of cooked convenience-food on display in front of him- though whether this big-boy could see them over his *stomach* was another matter entirely.

"Uhhhh... *fooo-HOOOD!*" The grizzled proprietor, a seasoned veteran of more festivals and Olde Worlde Fayres than he cared to think about- and with the scars to prove it- had encountered every kind of problem customer under the sun and could deal with them all with one arm tied behind his back, but even *he* flinched back slightly on hearing the *need* in Cal's deep, mooing voice. The Perspex screen creaked as that pachyderm-sized paunch pressed against it, looming like an impending tsunami. The beleaguered stall's owner rapidly weighed the sanctions threatened for breaking the ban on feeding the campus Fat-Boy against the likely consequences of telling him 'no'.

"Food we have!" The bear roared, putting on his best 'jovial' persona. He grabbed the nearest, biggest foodstuff to paw- a vegetable pie- and, wrapping a paper napkin over it, thrust it into the colossal cow's chubby mitts. "There you go, kid! On the house," he added, in the hope that he could nudge this bulging beast on his way. He failed- standing there, Cal bit into the pie with an almighty chomp. Cheeks bulging, he chewed, gravy leaking down the

creases either side of his lips. With a couple of swallows most of the pie had gone in one go, and the rump of it followed in less than half the time. The crumpled paper napkin fluttered forlornly to the floor whilst Cal, still licking his lips, blinked at the gobsmacked bear.

“Uhhhh... do yooooou have any moooore?”

“Eh...” the vendor struggled with himself momentarily, then just shrugged. “Sure, why not?” After all, he’d been preparing to shut up shop anyhow. It was this or wind up dumping the leftovers in the trash- or into his own lamentably large stomach. Besides, this massive meatball was pressing against his stand again- the creaking of distress was almost more than he could bear. He hurriedly grabbed another snack and held it out, and only *then* looked at it. “Whoops, sorry kid, that’s a sausage roll. Meat’s no good to *you*-” but his paw was already empty.

“Uhhhh... thaaaaath’s okaaaaaay,” Cal said indistinctly, spraying pastry crumbs. The bear gave the supersized student a long look, and felt a cold sweat break out on the back of his neck. He could tell when he was beaten.

“T-tell you what, big guy, you just have it *all*.” Grabbing a carrier bag he swept the entirety of his remaining stock- puff pies, pork pies, sausage rolls, the lot- into it with one arm and almost threw the bulging sack at this, this *monster*.

“Uhhhh... oh, hey, thaaaaanks-”

“Don’t mention it. Seriously.”

Spence watched this, open-mouthed. *Duuuuude!* Talk about the perks of being a Fat-Boy! Then the sheep’s own swollen stomach let out another clamorous *grrrowl*, as if it was afraid it had been forgotten. As if! Grinning- if wincing slightly- the ram gave his newly-grown gut a proud pat. Atta boy! Well, if it had worked for *Cal*...

The sheep turned and sauntered up to on the closest stand on the opposite side of the aisle to Cal, selling sub sandwiches.

“Hey there, dude!” he said cheerfully to the guy under the stall’s awning. “Order me up a-Oof!” He came to an abrupt halt as his recently-expanded stomach thumped unexpectedly into the stall, setting both it and himself quivering as he rebounded. “Haha, sorry dude,” the sheep beamed at the distinctly unimpressed owner- a wild boar in a none-too-clean apron- as he hitched his sweatpants back up a little, “I’ve been on a growth-spurt lately!”

“A ‘growth-spurt’, huh?” the pig commented sarcastically, very obviously casting looks at the way Spence’s stomach was hanging out of his clothes, then across to Cal, who was working his way through his Doggie-Bag like he hadn’t eaten in a month.

“Haha, dude, you wouldn’t believe it!” Just then, Spence’s middle let loose another growl, returning him to the business at hand. “But dude, like I was saying, gimme two-” *grrrrrowl* “no, make that *four* of your meatball foot-longs, please!”

“Uh-huh,” the boar replied, making no move to fill this urgent order. “And you’ve got the cash to *pay* for all of those, right, wide-boy?”

“Uh...” feeling his ears droop, the ram felt frantically for his wallet, but he already knew he’d used his last note to sign up for the competition. Extracting it from his back pocket with some difficulty, he poured out all his loose change and thrust it into the porcine stallholder’s hand. “How much does this get me?” The pig stirred the pile meditatively with a finger. “About three lettuce leaves and some mayo.” He derisively handed the change back. “Beat it, kid.”

“Hey, woah!” the sheep protested, “My buddy over there just got his chow for FREE! What about *me*? I’m, like, a big guy too!” The boar looked over the sheep’s shoulder at the enormous cow, then back at him... then just shrugged.

“Nice try, little fella.”

“*Dude!!!*” Spence bristled. “Who’re you calling *LITTLE?*” Incensed at this gross injustice, he rammed himself forwards. His stomach ploughed right across the stall’s counter until his thighs bumped against its front. His gut was now sticking out beyond the counter’s surface and threatening to squash the astonished owner against the rear wall. Inside, Spence absolutely thrilled to find himself- for once- looming over someone! “Don’t *ever* get between a Fat Guy and his food, dude, *especially* when he’s hungry!” He said, as menacingly as he could. For emphasis, he hefted his stomach in both hands and let it THUD down on the counter, making everything else on it jump. As if on cue, Spence’s gut *grrrowled* again from somewhere deep inside. Ugh, he needed to *eat*, and now! It must have shown on his face, too- the boar flinched at the noise, which sounded like it belonged to a far bigger stomach. “Now gimme those hoagies, or maybe I’ll just eat *you* instead!”

“Alright, alright!” Ashen-faced and shaking, the boar grabbed the sandwiches and shoved them into the sheep’s chubby arms. “N-now get lost, you fat freak!”

Spence made a show of turning slowly and lumbering off, already chewing on his first sandwich. Inside, he was sweating. Dude, did he really just *do* that? And how in Jeezum

Heck had he gotten away with it? But, dude, he was up four- make that six!- excellent sandwiches, right? Result! Spence felt light-headed. The sense of *power* he'd had as he thrown his weight around was... was... *epic*!

Spence abruptly realised that he'd gnawed through his first foot-long already. His belly *grrrowled*, and he industriously began scoffing another, then another. Dude, he wanted *more...*

Cal seemed to share exactly the same sentiment. Spence was still only on his fourth sub by the time his bulging buddy had polished off his belly-busting bag of fried pastry, without so much as a burp. Crumpling the bag in one fat fist the waddling wide-bull immediately made a bee-line for the next closest stall along: a hotdog stand staffed by a now-highly-apprehensive fox. He cowered back as Cal's shadow fell over him, the stall squeaking as it took some of the bull's belly-weight. And there was no Perspex shield to protect the food *this time*.

"Uhhhh... I neeeeed a hoooot-dooooog..." The over-ample bull announced without preamble. His stomach- sticking out of his hoodie further than ever, added another emphatic rumble. "Uhhhh... *nooow!*"

The vulpine's stall had been extremely popular with the students all afternoon and evening. From his expression, he considered this catastrophic customer's appearance some form of divine retribution. He swallowed heavily- but still some lemming instinct forced him into his usual sales patter.

"Uh... th-then s-step right up, sir! We've got any topping y-you care to name!" The fox gulped as this bovine behemoth's belly *rrrrumbled* again, ominously, and found himself speeding up, like a tape on fast-forward. "K-ketchup, mustard- th-*three* kinds to choose from!- barbecue sauce, hot sauce, onions, cream cheese, *blue* cheese coleslaw-gherkins-bacon-p-pineapple-"

"Uhhhh... yeeeeeeeah!" This monster of a meatball seemed to swell bigger as he took a deep, appreciative sniff, his clothes creeeeaking as he did so.

"Uh, wh-which *exactly* di-?"

"Uhhhh... Ah-HAAAAALL of them!"

"G-great choice, big guy!! I personally like 'all of them' the best too!" Grabbing the largest bread roll he stocked, the frantic fox stuffed not one but *two* frankfurters inside and slathered

as much randomly-grabbed mix-n-match topping on as it would hold. When he finished it looked more like a volcano than a 'dog.

"H-HERE we are, big fella! Enjoy! Th-that'll be-" the fox flinched as, with a moooo of impatience, Cal unceremoniously snatched his prize from the stall-holder's hand and stuck the end of it in his snout. "...O-on the house!" the vulpine vendor finished weakly as his ware vanished inside the bull as quickly as a torpedoed liner sinking beneath the waves. He tried not to shudder at the awful mutant mixture of toppings this gargantuan greed-ball was gobbling down with every sign of enjoyment. Ugh, kids today! But if he thought his ordeal was over, he had another thing coming.

"Uhhhh... that was goo-HOOOOD!" Cal said, as soon as he'd finished the last of Frankenstein's Frankfurter. He casually wiped the high-tide mark of toppings from around his mouth with the back of one chubby hand, then absent-mindedly wiped the back of his hand on the nearest thing to hand- the outside of his chest. It left a livid, multi-coloured smear across his hoodie. "Uhhhh... *anooooother* one!"

Eclipsed in the bull's looming shadow, smile still forcibly fixed in place, the fox's ears wilted.

Still gnawing at his last sub, Spence spluttered with laughter, but then his gut interrupted with another *grrrrrrrowl*. This time the hunger pang was so intense it bordered on painful, causing the swollen sheep to clutch at his ever-more marshmallowy middle with both hands. Woah... he needed another snack, *pronto*! The ram's rolling eye fixed on the nearest possible stand, selling filled pancakes, and hustled over to it, huffing.

"Dude," the starving-hungry sheep panted, as his stomach let out another, more lingering grumble, "you gotta let me have something to eat!"

"Uh-huh, I do, do I?" the vendor drawled mournfully. He was a donkey, of decidedly deadpan demeanour and- unlike that pig- head and shoulders taller than Spence, and almost as hefty, to boot. Years of serving fast food had clearly taken their toll on his figure, and his outlook. Leaning on his counter he looked lugubriously over the top of the sheep's horns towards Cal- in a weight class all of his own, demolishing hotdog after hotdog like some kind of industrial cement mixer- as though he'd seen it aaaall before. He seemed equally unmoved by this sumo-sized sheep's attempts to extort leftovers from him. "It ain't my place to say it, but it looks like you and your buddy over there ought to be cutting *down* on the snacks." He sounded as if he was used to his advice being completely ignored.

“Dude!” Inspiration born of starvation struck Spence, “Didn’t you get the *memo*?”

“Memo?” the donkey sighed the word, as though the thought made his heart heavy.

“It’s a *competition*, dude! We, like, do this every year on Atlantis day! Whichever of us eats their way to the finish line first wins! It’s a Team thing! Didn’t they *tell* you?”

“Figures,” the donkey sighed again, though for once it seemed to be in slight satisfaction. He slowly started to lift himself off of his elbows. “They don’t bother to tell us *anything*.”

“C’mon dude, don’t make me fall behind!” Spence was practically hopping from hoof to hoof, his belly shaking and swaying- and his pants creaking too. “He’s like, already got a weight-advantage on me!” The donkey rolled his eyes, but bestirred himself at last.

“Well, okay, I guess it’s *your* body...” He handed over a filled pancake: a plate-sized piece of cooked batter folded into a triangle, oozing cream and banana and chocolate sauce into the napkin it was wrapped in. The sheep tore into it with greedy haste, goaded on by his growling gut. The donkey watched this disgusting display of gluttony expressionlessly, then- when Spence swallowed the pancake’s point mere moments later and, panting, opened his mouth- wearily said “Don’t bother,” and handed over another one, but without the napkin this time. Spence grabbed it gratefully and began to eat. It took four pancakes to satiate his sudden craving to the point where he could think straight again, but he kept on going anyway, because they tasted so *good*.

“Dude,” the sheep said stickily between bites of his fifth (cherry filled), “hadn’t you’d better let everyone else know we’re coming? Otherwise it could get real *embarrassing* for you guys, if the College hears about it!”

“Okay,” the donkey said, shaking his head slightly, perhaps in disbelief at the sheep’s lame story- or perhaps at what students got up to these days. “Guess I’ll just go be the messenger, huh?” Still in his apron he lumbered off - but left Spence two last pancakes, one in each hand. “You’d only ask me for them, anyhow...”

A perfunctory *burp* from behind made the sheep spin around. Dude, Cal had completely *cleared* that hotdog concession- and hadn’t even broken a sweat doing so! With nothing edible left to consume, the Big Bull was turning away, chewing on his last helping. His voluminous belly slowly dragged itself off of the stand’s serving-space- exposing utensils and paraphernalia crushed flat as though hit by a meteorite- before it dropped against the supertubero’s titanic thighs with a flabby *thwack*. The unbelievable blubber-bull moved on like it was no big deal, leaving the fox staring amidst the devastation, gently weeping. With well over two-dozen hotdogs inside him, Atlantis U’s most pneumatic football player looked

bigger than ever: his belly now resembled a genuine wrecking-ball, sticking out a good couple of yards in front of him, the top of it forming a flat table-top upon which his chest rested. It sloshed and swayed heavily from side-to-side as he waddled on, the big bull's body leant back slightly to balance all that belly-weight, his fat face tilted back even further so he could see over those *mondo* moobs and glorious gut. But, dude, was it Spence's imagination, or was the *rest* of Cal looking bigger well? His butt seemed a pants-size or two plumper than it had a little while ago, to judge from the added strain his sweatpants seemed under.

Quivering at the seams, a couple of stitches had already blown around his keg-like thighs and- even as Spence watched- another burst with a softly ripping 'pop'. And he was *sure* the gap between those pants and Cal's hoodie had widened further, the space blown up with yet more bulk in those tubby tyres of blubber around his sides. However, before Spence could decide if his eyes were playing tricks on him or not, the bull reached the next stand along- selling waffles- and thunked a fat, ham-like fist down on the counter in front of the terrified-looking server.

"Uhhhh... gimme *moo-HOOre!*"

Yesss... more...

The increasingly-overblown bovine bull-oon of a footballer started wolfing down waffles as fast as stall's adolescent employee could dish them up to him. He didn't even bother with toppings, he just grabbed the big squeezey-bottle of syrup for himself and took a big, slurping swig every few mouthfuls, cheeks bulging like a calf suckling mother's-milk. Spence's eyes went round as he watched this epic exhibition of Pro-Eating- but then his own stomach *grrrrrowled* again. He glanced along the row of stalls still in Cal's path on that side of the aisle, and the stalls on *his* side. A slightly hysterical giggle escaped from his lips.

"Dude, this contest is so ON!"

Spence started eating like he'd never eaten before- but had sometimes dreamed of. Y'know, the kind of dreams you have after you've eaten an eight-cheese pizza just before bed. He just *went* for it, and his body somehow kept up! He just did not fill up- seemingly *could* not fill up- when by rights he should have burst about six times over by now. Whatever that weird-dude had given him to drink earlier in the evening, it was still obviously working! And thank the gods for that! Dude, he felt *drunk* on eating- although the beer-tent on his side of the aisle might have helped, too. Maybe the alcohol was reacting with whatever that stuff was,

because he was denuding entire stalls, here! They all began to blur together, sweet and savoury- he ate pretzels, popcorn, burgers, doughnuts, pizza, cupcakes- even Chinese chow!

“Dude,” the cormorant serving on that particular stall complained at him indignantly when he’d demanded his sixth refill, his feathers fluffing up, “who do you think you are, *Kung Fu Panda*?”

“Hahaha, *duuuude*!” He’d always *loved* the actor in that show for how unashamedly Big he was- and rumour had it he was putting on even *more* weight for the next movie. Spence hefted his stomach proudly and let it bounce- a *rrrip* announcing another split somewhere in his clothing. He slapped both hands to the sides of his belly and wobbled it, turning sideways to show it off, glorying in his swelling softness, its lowermost edge jiggling just below his knees, it felt like. “Is there a resemblance, you think?”

“Huh, more like that pig in *Spirited Away*...” the server muttered. This just made Spence giggle all the more. He crunched down the last few deep-fried prawn balls and then hurried on to the next stop, wiping his sweet-and-sour sauce-stained hands on his top to save time- his T-shirt was, like, burst all to hell anyway by this point, right? His competition was ahead by a nose- he glimpsed the bull silhouetted at a fire-pit stand, just reaching over the grill and unreeling a whole string of sizzling sausage links, gulping them down hand over hand. Haha, *epic*, dude!

By then Spence had huffed his way up to his next stop, drawing level with his immense idol. Dude, chilli-cheese fries! *Awesome*! The skinny snow-leopard serving- whose uncle had made him take the late night shift- took one petrified look at the panting, drooling, sauce-splattered sumo-wrestler of a sheep standing there, undersized clothes splitting off of him like an obese grub bursting out of a butterfly’s cocoon, and started almost throwing portions his way without his having to say a word.

“Take it! Take it *all*! Just promise you won’t eat *me*! And that goes *double* for your friend, too!”

Dude... Spence thought to himself as began voraciously shovelling the cheese-larded deep-fried potato sticks into his seemingly bottomless belly ...*this was respect*! He wanted more. And more. And *more...*

Unheeded, there was another soft ‘pop’ behind him as a stitch split apart across the seat of his pants, his hips widening with a wobble as his butt blew up by another belt-notch.

* * *

“*Duuuuu... BWOOOORRRRRRP!*” Spence felt his throat rattle with the long, deafeningly loud belch that blared out of him for a good count of three. It left the puffing, wheezing sheep panting for air as he waddled laboriously along.

The fair had finally shut. Well, he and Cal had shut it down. They’d run out of food. They’d eaten everything. Everything. *EVERY FREAKING THING*. How unbelievably awesome was *that*? Luckily, they had both finally started to feel full when it happened- who knew how the Big Bull would have reacted if he’d been left hungry? The two sated (‘sated’? Dude, Spence felt downright *stuffed!*) students were now making their way slowly back through the dark and quiet campus grounds, heading for their dorm rooms. As they walked, the shifting pressures of their thighs against their swaying, swollen stomachs had the pair of them burping uncontrollably as air was squeezed out of their overloaded digestive tracts, with a couple of parping escapes from the rear that went politely unmentioned-on. Their plodding rate of progress was mostly thanks to Cal- the bull’s belly had finally bottomed out and the underside of his gut was dragging along the grass, hoiking up briefly whenever he lifted one of those bloated barrel-legs of his and swung it forwards in its wide arc to take a step, only for it to *blomph* back down again and continue scraping as he ploughed laboriously forwards. Mind you, Spence was struggling to walk much faster than Cal, his unsteady stomach sloshing sluggishly from side to side as he staggered along in the champ’s shadow.

Dude, he’d... *BURP!* Oof... always been in awe of the Big Bull for his bulk and ability to chow down, but jeeze, he’d never realise just how truly, totally *epic* he really was! Cal had grown so big his sweatpants were now more hole than whole, huge splits in them stretched to almost circular roundness around his thighs and across his butt, bare flesh overflowing through them. His belly was this vast airship that stuck out in front of him, that hoodie of his finally reaching its limits- holding on only thanks to a couple of tears in the side-seams giving it extra capacity- but even then not quite able to keep those massive meaty moobs of Cal’s fully covered any more. Even with his body tilted back for balance, the bull’s snout was almost hidden behind the curves of those colossally obese bull-udders, which looked a little like advertising blimps themselves. Like, could he even see where he was going? Not that the uber-bloated *beast* that Cal had become seemed to be paying much attention to events,

least of all the view. Behind doughy, basketball-sized cheeks the bull's eyes were glazed over, and he was panting heavily, the tip of his tongue hanging out between his slightly-parted lips as that huge ball of beef waddled slowly on automatically, his almost planetarily-round body rocking from side to side. With each puffing breath came a wordless, wheezing *moo* from somewhere at the top of his lungs, but you had to be quite close to hear it: a few steps away and it was drowned out by the constant groaning and gurrngling coming from the blimped bovine's gargantuan gut- lord knows it was used to supersized portions, but it sounded like even *it* was struggling to process the lorry-full of food its keeper had gorged down tonight- not to mention the constant creaking and squeaking of his skintight clothes as his hide-bound bulk shifted inside them. It sounded a lot like someone rubbing a football.

A few steps behind, Spence's swollen stomach was making almost as loud industrial-sounding noises, and ached exquisitely from the sheer extent to which it had been stuffed. As he staggered along, the rammed-full ram rubbed the side of his belly blissfully with one hand, luxuriating in just how *big* he had grown. Dude, he didn't want this night to be over! But then again, it was so late, even the campus ice cream parlour was closed. Waddling past this student landmark lethargically, Spence glanced absent-mindedly in the darkened window- y'know... he probably could still have found room for a *small* ice cream- but then he stopped dead.

"Duuuuuuuuuuude..." he breathed.

There was this ram reflected in the window, but was that dude really him? He was... *enormous*! That sheep was easily as fat as *Cal* had been at the start of the evening and- come to that- almost as tall, too! Slowly, disbelievingly, Spence reached down and took hold of his belly, and tried to lift it, eyes still locked on the window. He moved almost fearfully, half-convinced that any second now his reflection would pop like a soap bubble, or a dream, but his hands- his round, plump hands with fingers so swollen and sausagey he was having trouble curling them into fists- sank through stretched-out wool and pressed into soft, pliant, *heavy*, kettle-warm flesh. In the mirror the dude's hands did the same, only able to reach two-thirds of the way down the huge, flabby bulk of his belly. Whereas *Cal* was round, round, round, the reflected-ram's belly sagged to his shins in a massive sack of dough, overflowing his stretched, stained and splitting sweatpants, his exposed sides piling up and overhanging the waistband in great folded rolls. And speaking of rolls, look at his *arms*,

dude! They were big enough to put a powerlifter to shame- if the slightest part of them had been muscle and not pure, grade-A lamb lard! Hanging out at 45 degrees from his body, his upper arms were swollen with thick, drooping tyres of blubber. Even straining with all his might, they could barely haul the lower edge of his gut up level with his thighs. Spence let it drop, panting, and watched the ripple slosh through the morbidly-obese ovine in the window, accompanied by a couple of *pops* as stitches blew in his pants. Correction- *more* stitches. That fat-ram's upper body was clad only in a v-necked vest. Dude, like, where was his *shirt*? Oh... Blinking, Spence hazily recalled a moment mid pig-out where his T-shirt had burst off of him and which he'd then absent-mindedly used as a rag to wipe under his arms where he'd worked up a sweat. Dude, had he *really* done that? But the much-stained, much abused vest had somehow clung on, stretching with this gigantic dude to more-or-less accommodate his mutton-moobs, which were bulging up through the neck-hole and out from under the shoulder straps. The hem of that vest ran out only a little way below his curvaceous chest, leaving the rest of that *huge* belly bare. A few tufts of chest-wool several shades darker than the rest of his fleece sprouted out above the overstretched 'v' of the neckline, and more was visible beneath the hem, forming a fluffy line of longitude that led to the deep slit that was his navel and then into a happy-trail below. Looking up, the hairy heavyweight caught his reflection's eye over chubbysome cheeks not much smaller than Cal's, merging with a tyre of added tub beneath his button chin, half-burying his much-thickened neck. That face was so round that those cheeks looked ready to bump against his horns if he so much as shook his head too vehemently.

"Woah... d-duuuuude..." With an awe-struck expression on his newly-fat face, Spence swivelled slightly, and so did the reflected ram, bringing his rump into view. Oh wow, this dude was still *seriously* bottom-heavy! His butt was almost as big as his belly, all that mass poured into the seat of those sweatpants, more and more until they'd overflowed- a good half of each cheek was hanging out above the waistline- and then just kept *on* pouring until they'd split apart under the pressure. The central seam had torn almost all the way up to his tail, leaving a wide diamond with a few strands of thread stretched across it like a loom, and smaller holes where stitches higher and lower had also popped apart. If anything his underwear- *Spence's* underwear- was in a worse state than his pants. Dude, he'd *thought* he felt a breeze out back! What a fat-ass!

Spence had a momentary, vivid flashback to their impromptu eating contest, when he'd taken a step back from a counter and bumping into Cal, rear-to-rear. It had been the softest, sloshiest collision ever. He could remember the *squimph* as they pressed up against each other, their back-rolls squashing and rubbing together. Dude, the size of Cal's keister had made him feel *small* at the time, but just look at the size of that *thang* he was hauling around out back! Together they must have filled the entire *aisle*!

"Duuuude!" Unable to contain himself any longer, the sheep erupted in delirious delight. "We are such total, utter FAT-BOYS!" He spun around to face his bovine buddy, arms spread wide in wild celebration. But Cal wasn't listening. Standing there, body bulging and creaking rhythmically with his slow and heavy breathing, the bull's eyes were fixed on the doors of the ice cream parlour, resolutely battened down against insomniac students and other night-time prowlers (who could be particularly ingenious, resourceful and determined when it came to obtaining 'free samples'). The silence lengthened. "Uh..." Spence hesitated. "...Cal?"

More...

"Uhhhh..."

More!!!

Cal's belly let out a growl- a deep, gastric gurgle like the grumble of some undersea monster in its lair. The noise echoed around the paved area.

"Uhhhh..." the parade-balloon-sized football player groaned, "*Huuuuuungry!*" The over-stuffed sheep blinked at him in astonishment.

Yessss... so HUNGRY! You want MORE, don't you fat-boy? MORE!

"Dude... Cal. Like, y-you can't *seriously* be-" Spence began hesitantly, but was drowned out by another ravenous roar from that grossly-obese bovine belly.

You. Want. MORE!!!

"Uhhhh... m-m-MOOO-HOOOO-re!" the exclamation erupted out of the massive mooer like a volcano. Beads of sweat suddenly stood out on his brow. Eyes falling on the ice cream parlour once again, the beef-ball's nostrils flared, and he inhaled ominously. His belly gave a long, drawn-out *growwww-ww-ww-ww-l*, a cross between the creaking of a galleon in a

full-on gale and a tiger preparing for the kill. The pachyderm-plus sized blubber-bull started towards it, at first lumbering along with glacial slowness, but then beginning to accelerate. His Team would have been astonished to see how he picked up speed- especially considering that bigger-than-ever belly he was encumbered with. The ground began to shake as the runaway bovine actually reached a jog- the fastest anyone had seen him moving in a whole year- his lard-laden legs pumping as his belly thud-thud-thudded against the ground like a pile-driver.

“Woah, dude!” Spence exclaimed in alarm. “What the-?”

“MOOOOOOOOORE!” A one-bull stampede, Cal charged the double doors. He collided with them belly-first, distorting like a supersized stress-ball under the impact. As he slammed into it, the entire building shook. The reinforced steel and plate-glass doors that took the brunt of the titanic ‘tackle’ strained, bulged inwards, and then- still locked together- burst violently off their hinges and crashed to the floor. In the ringing silence that followed they rocked there, bent out of shape, the doorway they’d barred eclipsed by Cal’s spherical silhouette as he squeezed through the gap.

Spence stood there, his mouth hanging open. He just stared stupidly as the Wrecking-Bull disappeared from view, then he blinked and shook himself.

“D-duuuuude...” He gulped, and then hurried after him, held up briefly as he found himself having to squeeze to get his backside through the gap. Cal wasn’t in the main shop, but the doors laying in the middle of the floor- having been blown several feet inside- bore trample marks that indicated the Big Bull had been this way. That and a ruler-straight line of devastation through a number of flimsy tables and chairs that had presumably gotten in the big guy’s way. It led to a pair of swing doors opposite, which were still swinging in a crooked manner that suggested they’d previously been opened with near-terminal force. There was even a dotted line of drool-marks along the cleared highway across the floor, gleaming in the moonlight. Huffing, Spence followed, trying not to make even more of a mess- though thanks to his new size he still managed to knock a few extra bits of furniture over. D-dude... being a fat-boy was harder than he’d thought! Even crossing the room worked up a sweat.

He found Cal in the parlour’s stock room- where *no* student was allowed to enter, unless they worked here, and only then if they had a good excuse. It was Atlantis U’s fabled, forbidden Aladdin’s Cave of frozen dairy dessert, with added chocolate sprinkles. With over 300 ice

cream-craving students on campus to feed- and Woe Betide them if they ran out of *anyone's* favourite flavour- the storeroom was bigger than the shop itself, the walls lined with seemingly endless 20-gallon plastic drums, in a rainbow of colours for easy reference. The colossal cow had one of these in his arms, supported on his belly and chest, and had his face jammed into it up to his curls. From around where his doughy neck emerged there echoed muffled and truly disgusting snorting, grunting, gronfing and slurping sounds. Spence stared, utterly gobsmacked and- for the first time- even a little uneasy at this demonstration of downright gluttony. Dude, like, even *he* had his limits, right? Right? Despite his abundant insulation the sumo-sized sheep shivered, partly due to the refrigerated air in here, and partly in apprehension.

“Uh... dude... Cal? Y-you ok, buddy?” There might have been a muffled moo in response from somewhere inside the drum. Still guzzling noisily, the blubber-blown bovine changed his grip on the trashcan-sized cylinder and hefted it up at a slightly higher angle. “Woah, dude...” Spence let out a nervous little laugh, “You’re uh, r-really going *all-out*, huh Big Bull? I mean, that’s like, totally *awesome* and all, but, uh...” He looked around nervously- especially over his shoulder. “I’ve... uh... got a *baaaaad* feeling about this, dude. We’re, like, gonna get into sooo much trouble if they catch us!” Woah, Spence, who knew you could do understatement? ‘Trouble’ didn’t cover it! And, at this size, it wasn’t like they were exactly anonymous! They must, like, have cameras in here, right?

He turned back towards Cal indecisively- and did a double-take. Woah! Dude, w-was he seeing things? Because it looked like his buddy-bull was now blowing up bigger and bigger literally by the bite! His back three-quarters turned on the swollen sheep, with each thick gulp of the bull’s throat Cal’s frame was filling out even further, like a gigantic pool-toy being inflated by an ice cream pump. Spence smacked a hand over his eyes and wiped it down, but even as he stared over it he watched the split in the fat-ass-tic football player’s sweatpants widen and tear further, that bull’s double-smorgasbord of rump-steak quivering as it bulged even bigger. At the same time there was a ripping sound, and a split began to open up across the back of that butter-yellow hoodie. This... this was crazy: Cal looked almost as wide as the Team Bus!

Just then, Spence’s belly let out a *grrrowl*. Gulping, he slowly put his hands to his sumo-sized stomach, and looked down.

“N-no *waaaay*...” he protested weakly in disbelief.

Yes way, his stomach insisted with a discontented, *hungry*-sounding gurgle. It wanted *more*...

A sudden, messy *slurrrping* sound from the drum suggested it was now empty. D-dude, had that been FULL when Cal started on it? The bull’s swollen, soft-serve shoulders wiggled a little, and then his face popped free of the plastic mouth, his ears flapping. Spence gulped again- Cal’s face was so much *fatter* than it had been a few moments ago, his first and second chins almost sunk into a third, the addition making him look more like a bull-*frog*. His face was now so round it looked like he had a full-sized watermelon stuffed into each cheek. These sloshed and wobbled as weightily as fully-blown water-balloons as he swung his head from side to side, his facial fur dripping as chocolate ice cream melted into it. Grunting wordlessly, the behemoth bull dropped the drum where he stood and- with some difficulty- waddled forward. D-dude, *another* one!!? Cal was getting so fat, he was *beyond* spherical now- in the couple of lumbering steps it took him to reach his prize, actually having to fight his bulk to make progress, the nearest thing Spence could compare him to was that old cartoon of Goofy at the circus, the one where he blew up until he burst. He flinched at a popping, ripping sound as the similarly-ballooning bull tore the plastic lid off of the next giant drum like he was opening a pack of Pringles, lifted it onto his belly with seemingly super-bovine strength and unceremoniously stuffed his snout inside.

“Dude, wait, STOP!” Spence stumbled forward, and tried to pull on Cal’s arm to get his attention. He couldn’t reach, so settled for tugging on the side of the bull’s hoodie. Even as he did so, with a soft pop another stitch in it burst, even more bull-blubber bulging into being. In desperation, Spence grabbed hold of the drum’s far end, and pulled. The bull moooooed inside of it in protest as they orbited around one another, his grip on the barrel tightening possessively. Spence lost his grip and staggered backwards, panting. “Cal, *listen*, s- something’s *wrong*, dude! We... we shouldn’t still be *eating* like this! We’ve... we’ve gotta *stop*-”

“Uhhhh... noo-HOOO!” the bull’s deep, chubby voice bellowed from inside the drum.

That’s right...

“Huh?” Spence’s ears flapped in alarm, “Who sai-? woaaahh....” he grimaced and shuddered as his stomach let out a truly tectonic *rrrrumble*. The sensation was so intense the obese ovine almost doubled over, clutching at his middle.

You boys won't stop...

"D-duuuuude..." Spence moaned through clenched teeth. All the food in his stomach seemed to be vanishing like it was sliding down a drain, and he actually felt himself getting fatter, his sides bulging, tyre-like lovehandles suddenly thicker, and his pants *rrripp*-ing at the seams as his butt blew up.

...You CAN'T stop. You're just too HUNGRY.

In place of all that food was left what felt like a yawning pit sucking inside of him. The voice he could half-hear seemed to be coming from inside that intestinal void.

You don't WANT to stop. So hungry...

The ram gasped and squeezed his suddenly-ravenous stomach, drool running unchecked down his chin. Sweat was dripping from his eyebrows as he fought against this freaky urge.

Look at all that ice cream... so goooooood. Sooooo hungry....

He was! He was *starving*!

EAT, fat-boy! Eat. Eat! EAT!

The last of Spence's self-control snapped. With a bestial bleeeat he lunged for the nearest drum, hauled its cap off and began digging into it, scooping out double-handfuls and stuffing them frantically into his mouth. Dude, lemon sherbert! But it just wasn't enough- he needed MORE! With another impassioned bleat, part-frustration, part-bewilderment, the swelling sheep planted his hands on either side of the drum's rim and stuffed his snout into it, chomping and licking greedily as though he was grazing grass. His head sank lower and lower into the drum, until his tongue was straining to reach the bottom of the cave he'd excavated. With a grrrunt he heaved on the drum, pulling, and- without letting up for an instant- hauled it up to balance it on his belly, Cal-style. An avalanche of cold, citrus-flavoured frozen full-fat cream hit him in the face, his jaws open wiiiiide. At LAST! The drum seemed to go on forever, and Spence ate, and ate, and ATE, barely remembering to breathe. Half-way down, when that first tsunamic surge of need was satisfied- or at least no longer all-consuming- Spence struggled with himself to stop stuffing his face, or even just throttle back some, but found that he just couldn't. He wanted more. He *needed* more!

Just then, with melting ice cream stinging his ears with cold, he could have sworn he heard what sounded like someone- or something- chuckling inside his head.

Thaaaaat's right, sheep-pig. You want MORE, don't you?

“M-more...” He mumbled inside the echoey drum. He had the sensation of fingers running through his curls on the back of his neck- or maybe just ice cream dripping into them. Then his hide flinched as he felt a hand squeeze his side. Even then, he kept right on eating- he couldn’t stop, didn’t even want to try, really.

Feels so goooooood to be so FAT, doesn’t it?

“Y-yeah...” he groaned into the groove his snout had excavated in the cream-face as the invisible hand seemed to stroke circles on his underbelly, hefting him, weighing him.

But you can get bigger than this, fat-boy. You WANT to be bigger, right?

“Y-yeaaaah!” Whether it was a word or a bleat, even Spence wasn’t sure anymore. There was another chilly chuckle inside the confines of the drum.

Yessss. You want MORE. More... more... MORE!

The drum finally ran dry, licked clean. Spence’s face popped out into fresh air, panting heavily, 20 gallons of ice cream heavier. His tongue slurped around his lips, clearing a small patch in his yellow, dripping face-pack. His belly *rrrrumbled*, bigger than ever, and he looked around hungrily. A greed-light gleamed in his eyes.

“More...”

Discarding his emptied drum behind him, the insatiable gainer-sheep grabbed another, and sank his face into it with an almost feral bleat. From his empties, Cal was already on his fourth barrel, and speeding up. He was starting to resemble the Team Bus in more than just width now, his belly looking like it would need wheels to support it. That bovine belly-beast growled and grumbled and gurgled constantly, demanding to be fed. Cal’s clothes were almost just tatters now, more splits than fabric, his enormous brown-furred butt hanging to the back of his calves, outsizing the stomachs of most of the buffet-monsters that Spence had ever seen. It was astonishing that he could keep hauling himself around at that size, but at the end of each drum Cal ploughed his way determinedly to the next, rocking from side to side, all the while swelling bigger, and bigger and bigger. As he gorged, what felt like invisible fingers rubbed fondly through the curls on the back of his thickening, fattening neck.

Thaaaat’s it. I knew you had it in you. Grow, fat-boy, grrrow!

For a moment, Cal’s panting snout emerged from the ice cream.

“Uhhhh... liiii’m nooooot-”

GROW!

“Uhhhh... moo-HOOOOOO!” Cal slammed his fat face back into the delicious dairy product so forcefully it formed a splash-ring on his shoulders, where the sleeves of his hoodie

were slowly un-zipping, stitch by bursting stitch as his arm-bulk ballooned. With another loud *rrrrrip!* his sweatpants burst a little more, the remains of the waistband slipping further, his underwear struggling to take up the slack. A deep, *slurrrping* sucking noise emanated from the drum, the heat of the bull's ham-like features starting to melt the ice cream on contact. The entire temperature of the room was rising- but that only made the softening ice cream that much easier to eat, and more quickly.

Spence was on his- what, sixth drum?- when he felt his sweatpants go. There was a POP and the constricting cinch around his middle disappeared, and the much-abused fabric slithered down his thighs to get trapped around his widespread knees. He didn't so much as hesitate. Another *rrrip*, and the 'snug' remains of his underwear relaxed a bit further, too. Dude... *puff... pant... about time!* Unheeded, his body wobbled fractionally wider, a sheepskin balloon on a pump. Eating like an out-and-out greed machine, Spence's stomach now sagged to the ground, the size of a double refrigerator. His vest was a decoration around his upper slopes, the hem ripped apart where his moobs had surged out from under it like a pair of avalanches caught mid-fall. If anything his butt was getting bigger faster than his belly- if he stepped back his hooves practically kicked at it. His arms looked like they were wrapped in full-on car tyres, swelling them to the point where it was hard to bend them. He couldn't lower his chin past horizontal- but that was ok, his body was big enough that the drums now lay flat on top of him anyhow.

Another empty dropped to the floor with a clang. Ooof... he felt so *heavy*, but at the same time so *goood*.

You wanted to be as big as CAL, hmmm?

Blearily, the supersized sheep blinked over his shoulder at the behemoth bull, who was funnelling an industrial-sized container of sugar sprinkles into his snout. Easily done- his snout was already tilted back at about 45 degrees because of the pressure of his chins and chest, which in profile rose above his field of view like a pair of extra foothills sitting atop a mountain. His belly was a globe, world-sized, teetering on the cusp of swelling into a shapeless blob. His arms were these vast cement-sacks of bull-hide blubber, his legs almost hidden behind his butt. He was so big, the only clothing still in any sense containing him was his underwear. That awe-inspiring bulk filled about a quarter of the room. Spence could practically see steam rising off of him in the chill- but rapidly warming- air.

Better keep eating, tubby...

“Mphhhhh...” With a bleating moan, Spence reached for a gallon-bottle of hot-fudge sauce, wrenched the top off and began gulping it down, his eyes half-closed as his rolls of neck-blubber rubbed against one another, almost like he was being massaged. This was so *sweet*!

There was another ripping noise, and his sweatpants fell away completely.

In utter Hog Heaven, the two stupendously outsized, out-of-control students devoured drum after drum of dairy dessert, every flavour, whether they'd usually touch it or not. They didn't *care*- it was food, so they ate it. It was all so good. Ice cream, ice-lollies, choc-ices, wafers, cones, mini marshmallows, jelly sweets, chocolate sauce, strawberry sauce, caramel, cookies, whipped cream, chocolate cream- *everything*. Their bellies growling and gurgling in a constant duet, they just kept stuffing their faces- both now too fat to squeeze inside the drums anymore, but dude, *that* didn't matter! All you had to do was rest it on your chest, tilt it toward you, sit back and let the melting ice cream to come to papa. *Epic*!

Something bumped against Spence's behind, distracting him from his latest helping. After a moment it bumped into him again, and began pressing, squeezing against him. With a grunt of annoyance, the super-heavyweight sheep- still somehow standing, but now wider than he was tall, and clad only in the remains of his y-fronts- looked behind him, to find himself butt-to-butt with Cal. Still chewing his latest mouthful, cheeks bulging hugely, the behemoth blubber-bull glanced briefly over the Fuji-esque slope of his bare, swollen shoulder, grunted and then resumed eating. The mammoth, barely-mobile meatball shifted his weight casually, and a ripple slowly sloshed its way through his behind and on into Spence.

“*Duuuuude...*” Giggling dazedly, the sheep gave a little rump-wiggle in return, and felt the pressed pairs of cheeks slosh and wobble. There was a straining sensation, and then with a muffled *pop* he felt his underwear finally rip apart, buried somewhere between the two of them as his backside expanded out to be as big as Cal's. “Epic!” he giggled again, and leaned back a little more. Woah, Cal was *comfy*! Like the biggest, plushest, softest couch he'd ever sat on, the bull's blubber seeming to buoy up his own weight as their backs met and squashed. There was a sluggish ripple between them as the bull's pressed poundage rebounded and pushed back, and then a kind of shifting stability. Thus supported, Spence grunted a little as the counter in front of him dug into the front of his belly, and leaned back a

little more. There was a muffled ‘mooo’ from behind him, and the pressure on him increased, pushing back. He blinked. Dude, they’d filled the width of the entire room...?

Eat, you pair of pigs. EAT.

The two outrageously obese college boys, jumbo-sized jock and gigantic gamer, moaned simultaneously- a bleat and a moo- and both reached eagerly, unstoppably for their next mouthful. And then the next, then the next, then the next, then the next...

* * *

“Ughhhh... OOOOORRRRRRRAP!”

The empty drum fell from Spence’s fat fingers, rolled down his stomach in a spray of melted ice cream droplets and bounced onto the floor, somewhere. He stretched automatically for yet another one- how long had he been eating now? It felt like years- but he couldn’t reach. Ugh... duuude. He tried again, straining his arms as far as they could go, but all he could reach was... himself?

“Huuuuuh?” Spence squinted, trying to focus beyond the curved horizons of his cheeks, but all he could make out were two bulging, woolly hills. Dude, were those his *moobs*? Just then, his insides grumbled at him, a noise that was a cross between industrial earth-moving equipment in action and plumbing in serious need of an overhaul. Actually, who cared what they were? He needed more *food*!

“Ugh... Caaaal, duuuude?” Woah, w-was that *his* voice? When had it gotten so deep and slow? Blearily, he started to take more notice of his surroundings- tried to move, but he seemed to be wedged. “Caaaal? Buuuuddy? Caaan you graaab me some moore chooow?” There was a grunt from somewhere behind him, and part of the steamingly-hot, doughy wall pressing against his back rippled. Then there came a panting, frustrated moooooo. Spence tried to see, to turn his head, but he just couldn’t see past his own shoulder.

“Uhh... Caaal? Budge *uuuuup*, buuuuddy...”

“Uhhhhh... mooo-HOO-OORRRRRRRP!”

They were sandwiched back to back. Like, you couldn't have got a crowbar between them. They literally *filled* the warehouse- Spence could feel the front of his stomach spreading against the wall in front of him as he sat on his butt. Behind him, the bull's backside was pressed up against his, spreading out wide under the pressure, and then their backs rose as a ziggurat of rolls squeezing and squashing together. These were changing slowly as their bulks shifted, spread, bobbing on their behinds, occasionally one roll sinking in as another pushed out elsewhere, lubricated liberally by sweat where the two masses of blubber made contact. It felt like Cal's swollen shoulderblades were sitting slightly higher than his, his back slightly wider. There was a sudden surge in pressure from behind him and he felt himself squeezed against the wall- dude, was that a creak he just heard?- and then the bull's breath wheezed out again, and the pressure subsided.

Spence's legs were splayed out at over 90 degrees to one another, spread as wide as they could go to accommodate the stupendous stomach piled flabbily up in front of him. Duuude, forget mobility- *gngghhhh*... he couldn't even stand up! His gut was ma-hoo-sive- bigger than he could describe, except by how tiny everything pressing against it felt. It was like someone had poured a bungalow's worth of jello into his middle and left it to set. His chest sat atop it with its own appreciable weight, moobs so big they wrapped around his sides like bedsheets, disappearing into truck-tyre rolls under his arms. These felt like they were laying atop a pile of mattresses, except that those had to be his love-handles. He tried to lift his arms- he'd been able to do it just a few minutes ago!- but in a few moments he let them drop, wheezing. It felt like they weighed a tonne apiece. And there was this constant pressure against his horns, like something was trying to push them out away from his face. He tried to shake his head to clear the feeling, but it felt like he had a dumper-truck strapped to either side of his face. Duuuuude, it had to be his cheeks! J-Just how big WAS he?

He struggled sluggishly to clear his head, think through this all-encompassing feeling of BULK weighing his thoughts down. It felt like he was floating helplessly inside himself, buoyed up and pressed down by his blubber all at the same time. D-duuuuude... Spence's vocabulary started to fail him as he struggled to assess his own scale. He... he was gargantuan! A huge, honking, *building-sized* sheepskin sack of flab! He could feel rigid walls pressing against three sides of him, and Cal against his back! One or the other of them took another deep breath, and the building *squeeeezed*. Bull and sheep both let out a moo/bleeat together, and the surge subsided. With an effort, Spence focussed on his chest-

smearred and puddled with multi-coloured ice cream stains and wafer crumbs- and saw a couple of tiny scraps wedged in the valley-like cleft between them, the same colour as his vest had been. As far as he could feel, his supersized, super-fat self was sat here butt-naked. The only clothing he had left was his hair-band.

But that wasn't the worst of it.

"D-duuuuuuude..." he panted, as his belly gave another room-shaking *growwwwwwwl*,

"Huuuuuuungry!"

"Uhhhh.... *moooooooo*..." Cal responded, his belly making an even louder noise of complaint.

From the feel of his back bowing against him, Spence would have to guess that the Big Bull was even Bigger than he was- wider, deeper, rounder, an absolute immovable *blob*. He was so huge and heavy, the squirming sheep could barely get him to wobble, even when he heaved his entire weight against him. His back felt like it was pressed up against a boiler. Filled to capacity with their unbelievable bulks, the confining room was as hot as a sauna, was starting to smell like a barn (which was at least a slight improvement on the average dorm room), and all around them was the constant trickle, drip and plink of melting icecream.

"Whaaat... whaaat aaare we goonna dooo, duuuude?" Spence wheezed over the grumbling and growling of their monumental midsections as they grew louder and louder. It felt like they were gonna implode! "Oooooof....!" The noises his insides were making suddenly changed in tone, seeming to sink deeper inside him, lower down... "Uhhh..." At the same time he realised the noises from Cal's stomach were changing too. They sounded like a couple of cauldrons that were coming to the boil! Then, with twin ominous *glorrrrrping* noises, Spence's eyes widened as his body experienced a very familiar feeling. Cal grunted and *moooooooed* as his gastric gurgling reached a crescendo, shifting his enormous weight uncomfortably on his mount Rushmore-sized butt.

"Uhhhh... huuuuuuuuh...?"

"Uhhh... oooooof.... C-caaal, b-buddy? I... uhhhh.... I thiiiink I'm gonna... ooof... c-can't hooold it.... s-soorry duuude!" He squeezed his eyes tightly shut, and tried to do the same with his nose.

~HROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO MMMMPHHHH!~

~PAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRP!~

Spence coughed and choked. Though the sound was actually more dreadful than the smell- the walls *rang* with the noise. His eruption was about an octave higher in pitch than the foghorn-like monster Cal let rip. Dude, talk about em-*baaa*-rassing!

Actually, it didn't smell too bad at all...

Spence opened his eyes, and blinked. Woah, he'd never farted so hard he'd made himself see *stars*, before!

He blinked again, and- his hysteria subsiding- realised the cloud of coruscating purple sparkles swirling in the air around him was *real*.

"Ugh... duuuuuude... d-diiid *those* juust come frooom-? Oooooooooof...!" Suddenly, a sense of *fullness* welled up inside the room-bursting sheep-blob like a rising tide, starting somewhere around the pit of his cavernous stomach and just kept on filling him until it seemed it should be squirting out of his ears. As the sensation continued to grow and grow and grow he gasped painfully, and could have sworn he was blowing up even larger. If the creaking of the walls was anything to go by, he was! Then- with a groaning moooooo and a surge of pressure from behind him- he guessed the same thing was happening to Cal! Dude, help! Th-they were going to BURST, he was SURE of it!

But he didn't. In the nick of time the sensation finally subsided, leaving Spence feeling like a balloon blown up to popping point and then left to stretch. He was *dizzy* with his own size. But his stomach was finally, finally silenced. Cal's, too. And- woah- he wasn't the *slightest* bit hungry. He'd almost forgotten what it felt like to feel full! Actually... the thought of his eating even a single bite more food made him turn slightly green.

"Duuuuuuuude, I- URRRRRRRRRP! Neeever... EVEER waaanna eeeat AGAIN!"

Oh, never say 'never', Fat-Boy...

The super-obese sheep squeaked as a chuckle echoed around inside his head, and the sparkling purple haze coalesced briefly into the outline of a vague but definitely familiar-looking figure reclining languidly between his moobs. Unless Spence had lost his mind- and he was quite prepared to entertain the idea, at this stage- it blew a purple smoke-ring at him, and Spence was sure it somehow winked before dissolving again, the mist rising.

Jeeze, you pair of good-looking greed-balls really outdid yourselves, didn't you? You had even more potential than I thought!

“Duuuude!” Spence panted. “J-just what the Heck are you? And what the Jeezum Heck did you DO to us?!”

I gave you everything you asked for, remember...? Spence shivered as what felt like a hand ruffled his curls fondly. Ah, relax, Woolly Mammoth. I'll slim you back down when the sun rises. Mostly. Probably. Maybe. Been a while since I tried this, might be a little rusty. Seems a shame, though- this looks GOOD on you, trust me. The hand seemed to move, and was now appreciatively squeezing the enormous expanse of Spence's stomach. No REAL rush, is there, big boy? As for who I am, well... Another chuckle. Let's just say this used to be my Special Day. I don't often put in an appearance nowadays- between all those new-fangled gyms and keep-fit clubs I can never find a good enough offering- but with YOU pair waddling about campus I figured it was worth a shot. And boy, was I right! A bleat forced its way out of Spence as a spectral hand teasingly smacked his enormous backside, and then goosed him to boot. There was a matching moooo from behind, too. THIS much sacrificial meat lumbering around my playing fields ought to last me a good few centuries!

The laughter redoubled, and the sparkling, spiralling purple mist started to funnel up towards the ceiling.

Thanks, boys, it's been a fun ride- and I always did prefer quantity! Happy Atlantis Day!

There was a pop like a lightbulb exploding, and the purple sparkles disappeared. Spence was left blinking in the afterglow.

“Ugh... duuuuude... weere we juust faaaattened up aas saacrifices?”

“Uhhhh... huuuuuuuh?”

“Uhh... nevermiiiind, duuuuude.” With a sigh, the immobile, stupendously obese ovine sank back against the airship-sized bull's bulging back, his moobs bulging up towards his face and

his face almost sinking into of the huge tyres of tub swaddling his neck, his lead-heavy cheeks seeming to act like floatation aids. He tried to fold his arms in a teenage-esque sulk, but could barely get them to bend. “Duuuuude, I dooon’t even belieeeve in religion...”

He had to admit though- this felt *awesome*. He tried to suppress a little shiver, and felt himself just keep on rippling like an ocean-planet of sheep-fat. They were going to go down in College history as the fattest students EVER. Let’s see Chad and co. try to take THAT away from him. Too bad, Murph- you can eat all you want but you’ll never beat this...

In the small, high windows along one wall, the sky was turning the delicate mauve of approaching dawn.

“Duuuuude, whaaaat’re we goonna *tell* them wheeen they fiiind us heeere? I mean, weee’re like, technically saaacred. Thaat’s, liiike, goootta be woootta some freeeee meeals, riiiight? A cooupon, at leeeast.”

“Uhhhh... Speeeence?”

“Yeeeah, duuude?”

“Uhhhh... wheeen’s breeeeakfast?” The barn-sized bull’s belly let out a small grrrowl. Spence started to laugh, his vastly fattened-up form rippling like a gigantic jellyfish.

“Duuuuude, yooooou’re so toootally *epic*!”

The End?