

Big Bull on Campus: Cheesecake Dreams

By Lupine

“Uh?”

Calvin Boavida blinked, and looked around rather muzzily. Where... where was he again, exactly? As always when he was confused (which he quite often was), the chocolate-brown bull scratched the side of his head, just below his right horn. Wherever he was seemed really... *familiar*, somehow... but he just couldn't put his hoof on it. Wait- a movement off to one side attracted his attention, and as he turned he found himself looking in a full-length mirror, the splash of cream-white fur between his eyes catching the light brightly. Hey, the football uniform he had on, that wasn't right. This wasn't his High School team, instead this one was blue with white trim- but, oh, yeah, that made sense, didn't it? This was the Atlantis U. uniform, and he'd just arrived on his football scholarship. Yeah. Funny, for a second that had almost completely slipped his mind. Was this the locker room...?

Calvin gave his new uniform another glance in the mirror, straightening up as much as he could and drawing in a breath. Then he tugged distractedly at the neck of the shirt, pulling it up and away from his pecs. It felt kinda snug around the chest- not as comfy as old uniform had been. That was kinda weird, he'd definitely asked for the same size- unless he'd had another growth-spurt over the summer vacation, or something. Calvin gave himself a closer stare in the mirror to check, turning sideways on and tugging down on the shirt- an action that made his well-sculpted chest bounce slightly. It fit pretty much ok- his chest had always been the biggest part of him, after all. Craning his neck to peer past that solid shelf of brisket, he ran a hand down his front, smoothing out the material- his fingers gliding over a firm, thick plate of well-exercised muscle beneath. The bottom of his top still reached the waistband of his shorts, and- the brawny bull twisted slightly more in the mirror, his tail flicking a couple of times- *those* seemed to fit ok, too. Uh... okay, maybe they were a *little* tight around his thighs. He hoped he wasn't going to get *too* much bigger- his High School coach had already called him 'sturdy' and 'stocky'. He didn't want to look dumb by having to ask for a bigger uniform straight awa-

“Hey, newbie! You're our new freshman fullback, right?”

“Huh?” The square-built football scholar jumped slightly as he realised there was someone standing right beside him in the mirror. “Uh, yeah! Hi. I’m Calvin.” He turned, remembered his manners and stuck out a rather chunky hand to shake. He squinted as he did so- for some reason he couldn’t *quite* make out who he was talking to- though he was sure he knew him. A name suddenly popped in between his ears. “Uh, are you *Chad..?*”

“Great! Welcome to the Team, Cal!”

“Yeah, we really need a *big guy* like you in offensive backfield.” This voice came from behind Calvin, and a companionable hand slapped him on the shoulder from the same direction. The bull grunted slightly under the hearty blow.

“Now, drink up!” Out front a large, cold glass was unexpectedly pressed into Calvin’s outstretched hand.

“Huh?” he blinked, abruptly realising he *wasn’t* in the locker room. No, they were in... a bar? A little bewildered, he reached up and scratched his rather thick skull amongst his dark, neatly-shorn curls. “Uh, what...?”

“Team ritual,” the guy in front of him said, smirking. He reached forward and tapped Calvin between his beefy pecs- right on the breastbone- with a pointed finger. “Geeze, don’t they tell you freshman *anything* important?”

“Yeah!” The hand on Calvin’s shoulder gave it an encouraging shake. “You’re part of the *Team* now- you want to be one of *us*, don’t you Cal?”

“Uh, well, yeah...” He *did*.

“Then drink up!” Calvin looked down at the big plastic glass he was clutching, and realised that it was... a milkshake?

“Uh... okay...” The bull obligingly lifted the plastic to his lips and swallowed some. The cold, sweet, thick, creamy liquid coated his throat on the way down, leaving a wake of foam. He felt his ears flap a couple of times- hey, this was almost as good as his mom made! He took another mouthful, then made to lower the glass- but someone put their finger under the bottom of it, keeping the edge pressed against his lips.

“You’ve got to finish it, Cal! Team rule!”

“Yeah!” said the voice behind him again. They leaned closer and started chanting insistently, close to his ear. “Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug...!” A lot of other guys- his new Team?- began chanting the same thing as well, all around. Calvin blinked, then shrugged and opened his lips again, tilted the glass back. He kept on swallowing until it was all gone.

There was a big cheer as he finished it- that made Calvin feel good.

“Woo!” the guy behind him hollered. “THAT’s a chug! Our new foot-bull’s a big drinker!”

Calvin stifled a small burp and smacked his lips- there was this funny taste lingering on his tongue.

“Uh... was there *alcohol* in- mph...?” his question was cut off by another glass being pressed to his lips. More milkshake- chocolate this time- filled his mouth.

“Ritual’s not done yet, fresh-bull! One down, *plenty* still to go.”

Calvin really loved milkshake- or *anything* creamy- but he’d never had two milkshakes in a row before. Back home he’d be told off if he had them more than a couple of times a week because they were so bad for you. But he was at college now- he could choose for himself, right? And just this *once* couldn’t be too bad, right?

“Course not, Cal,” the guy behind him said, squeezing his shoulder again “C’mon, live a little! Get chugging!”

“Yeah!” the crowd around him roared approval. “Chug! Chug! Chug...!”

Calvin obediently began drinking the milkshake down. The glass was suddenly tipped higher- his rather sleepy eyes widened as he had to start taking larger gulps, feeling his cheeks being stretched by the big mouthfuls. He’d have been told off for that back home, too. A few substantial swallows later and the glass drained. There was another massive cheer. Calvin puffed and panted a little from having drunk it so fast, the cold tingling his throat, but he was feeling ok. Actually, he felt pretty good! Another big glass was pressed to his lips, and by now he knew what to do. Say, being at College was pretty easy- and tasty, too! Mmm, butterscotch! It was gone in a few big, eager gulps, to be immediately replaced by another- strawberry. This place was GREAT! The cold was kinda starting to give him horn ache, and make him feel a little fuzzy-headed, but actually that helped, stopped all the chanting and cheering from being too distracting, made it easier for him to keep drinking like they wanted. And the faster he drank, the more everyone cheered! He hadn’t realised you could get popular from drinking milkshakes! He’d drunk what, five now? Six. Seven. Eight...

“Bet you’re *hungry*, huh Cal? Snrk, we’ve seen how much you pack away at parties, *big* bull.”

“Oooooof...” Calvin grunted rather woozily as he let himself be tugged along a hallway. M-maybe he’d had one milkshake too many- he was feeling kinda *full*.

“C’mon Cal, cafeteria’s open! You gotta get in line! They’re doing mac n’ cheese!”

“Uhh... hey, they *are*?” Suddenly Cal didn’t feel quite so full any more, and picked up his pace, sneakered hooves thudding on the boards. As the burly football bullock hustled he absent-mindedly tugged the hem down of his uniform top, stretching it over a middle that curved out just a little beyond the waistband of his shorts. Each step he took made that blue-covered bulge joggle ever so slightly.

“Hurry up, Cal! You want to get there before it’s all gone!” Cal hurried, muscles in his well-toned legs bulging and pumping. But this corridor felt like it went on forever-

Slotch!

Cal blinked as a tray he couldn’t quite recall picking up suddenly grew heavier in his hands, laden with the largest portion of mac n’ cheese he’d ever seen in his life. His jaw dropped slightly, but as he opened his mouth to say something a small hill of fries was dumped on the side. AND onion-rings. Uh, woah, they gave really GOOD portions here-

“Snrk, Team perk, Cal. You’ve gotta Bulk Up, after all.”

“Uhh... I have? Uh, o-okay...” Without his asking ketchup was being liberally splattered over his meal- just the way he liked it. Had they served him before? He turned and walked unsteadily away from the counter, staggering a little under the load despite his upper-body strength. The bull took a sniff of the savoury steam rising from his heaped platefuls, and his stomach let out a deep *growl*. Suddenly he didn’t feel full at all- he was *hungry*! Tearing his eyes from the mouth-watering food Cal looked about urgently for somewhere he could sit, feeling a little lost, then blinked as he recognised the Team table a little way off. Duh, how could he almost forget *that*? He must be so hungry he couldn’t think straight...

The thick-framed bovine plonked his tray down in a free space, then unceremoniously dropped his rear onto the plastic cafeteria chair, making the rubber feet squeak on the lino floor. His middle gave another impatient rumble, and Cal tucked into his lunch with gusto- Mmm, it all tasted so *goo-HOOD*! Ears flapping, the bulky bull began wolfing it down, shovelling the pasta up to his mouth as quickly as he could with a knife and fork. But pretty soon that just wasn’t enough, and so he dropped the knife and began to grab fries and onion rings with his other hand, munching on those as his fork excavated its way into the side of the cheesy-mac mountain that he’d been served. Though, funny, it now didn’t seem *quite* as huge as he remembered-

“Hey Cal, you forgot your drink!” A big glass of chocolate milk *thunked* onto the table near his elbow.

“Uhh... hey, thanks!” Panting for breath a little, the bull hurriedly swallowed his latest mouthful, dropped his fork and picked up the beverage, taking a big swig. The thick liquid slurped rather embarrassingly loudly. The guy standing behind him who’d given it to him snorted and thumped him on the back approvingly.

“Atta bull! But bro, you forgot *this*, too.” Another *thunk*, and Cal found himself staring at *another* tray, with a *huge* baked potato on it. It was the size of a football, its skin crispy-brown, its slit-open inside fluffy and heaped with so many toppings it was practically overflowing- chili, guacamole, cheese- you name it!

“Uhh... h-huh?”

“You scored an extra main, bro! Snrk, they musta heard about that *appetite* o’ yours, Big Bull.”

“Uhh...” Cal really wasn’t *that* hungry anymore. He blinked, discovering to his surprise that his first tray was nearly empty. Almost embarrassed by this, he hurriedly forked the last remains up into his mouth, chewing uncertainly. His stomach was feeling kinda *heavy* from such a big meal- he probably couldn’t fit in seconds. He should really pass. But- his nostrils flared a little as the new plate was shoved encouragingly closer- it DID smell good. And it was free- he could just have a taste, right...?

“*Sure* you can, Cal! Just a *taste*, bro...”

Cal tentatively stuck his fork into the potato’s flesh and scooped up some of it. It was bigger than he’d meant it to be, and he had to open his mouth wide to fit it all in. His lips closed around the heap.

It was practically *oozing* melted butter.

“Mmm... mm-*hmmm!!!*” Cal swallowed with an audible glop and plunged the fork back in for more. He began to devour the delicious dairy-laden spud, leaning forward over the tray in his eagerness. He ignored a slight pressure on his lap- but in profile any observers could see how a definite tummy now rolled over the waistband of his shorts inside his top, just touching his thighs. Still demolishing the tremendously-tasty tuber bite after bite after bite, with a

grunt Cal subconsciously shifted on his rump to make himself more comfy, the chair giving an inexplicable creak beneath him.

“Woah!” A hand exuberantly clapped Cal on the shoulder, fingers squashing slightly into his flesh. “You, like... totally *destroyed* that thing!” The bull puffed out his cheeks and sat back in his chair, knees splayed out. Oogh... He’d... *really* eaten too much this time! His stomach *ached*! “You eat that fast and you’ll get a clog, bro! Better wash it down!” His glass of chocolate milk was proffered in front of his snout, so refreshingly cold that moisture was beading on its rim- but wait, hadn’t he already drunk it all? Ugh, didn’t matter, so long as it made him feel less *full*! Cal gratefully grabbed the glass and put it to his lips, letting the chill liquid pour down his throat in thick swallows. He clonked the empty glass onto the table, hiccupped and then surprised himself with a short, sharp *bwurrrp*! His middle let out an appreciative gurgle, and all of a sudden felt less achingly swollen. Oof, that was *better-*

Thunk!

Cal re-focussed his attention on the table in front of him.

“Uhhh... *pizza?*”

“Haw, just what you *need*, right big bull? I swear, I could hear that gut of yours rumbling all through practice!”

“Uhhh... *huh?*” The bull scratched one horn again, strands of curly hair in need of a trim twirling around his finger. Hadn’t he just... but he was *full*, right?

Cal’s stomach- the big hefty sand-bag filling his lap unnoticed- let out a deep, long, creaking *gr-o-o-w-w-l-l*. No, Cal *wasn’t* full.

“Told ya, Beefy!” A hand clapped his meaty shoulder again. “You’ve really gotta learn to keep yourself *fuelled*, bro! The Team needs you Big!”

“Yeah,” Another hand clapped him on the back. “You don’t wanna go getting *scrawny* on us, do you?”

“Uhhh... no-hooo...” Cal grunted. He shifted in his seat- the out-bulging curves of his sides and rear visible to either side of it.

“And it’s your *favourite*.” The hand on his back moved slightly, slid over to his side.

“Stuffed-Crust Pepperoni...” The broad-backed bull’s nostrils flared, his eyes unfocussing.

“With *extra* cheese.” *Squeezed.*

Cal's thick arm shot out and he grabbed a slice, flesh around his elbow dimpling as he pulled it free, gooey strands of melted cheese stretching with it like a spider's web. The bulky bovine didn't even bother to turn the slice around, just jammed the crust between his lips and began chewing. The melted, oily cheese set his tongue tingling, filled his head with fumes. Cal *shoved* the rest of the slice in, the pizza base buckling under the force like a car in a car-crash until his cheeks were bulging. Slurping slipped toppings from his other hand, the round-faced bull immediately reached with greasy fingers for the next slice. And the next... and the next... and the next!

"Wahoo!" A hand THUMPED Cal between the shoulder-blades and bounced off "Lookit our Beefsteak pack it *away!*" Cal grunted, absent-mindedly sucking his fingers, brown eyes lingering longingly on the now-empty pizza plate. They must make pizzas *smaller* here than back home- that one barely hit the spot-

Thunk. Another pizza was plonked in front of him. Cal couldn't see who by- just the grin. "Y'looked like you needed *another*, Champ. Try the Hawaiian Special- it tastes GREAT!" Cal didn't need telling twice- and it DID!

"Bro, he's *inhaling* it! Someone get our *Biiiiig* Bull another pie, STAT!" And they did. Sucking down the last shreds of pineapple, Cal reached for the new pizza obligingly presented to him- only to find that it wasn't cut. "Snrk, time to eat pizza the way big-boys do, Cal! Roll 'em up!"

"Uhhh..." Cal's cheeks flushed slightly as he hesitated- wasn't it really *greedy* to eat pizza like that?

"Dude, what's the matter? You've been eating them like this for the whole semester!" Oh, uhhh, yeah. Now he came to *think* of it... b-besides, those itty-bitty slices really weren't very satisfying- he could hardly get a decent mouthful. As if in agreement, his belly gurrrgled at him. The chunky cow's indecisive mitt lurched forwards seemingly of its own volition, rolled the pizza end-on with practiced ease, and brought it up to his snout. He took a *biiig* bite- almost a quarter of the pizza at once- and chewed, cheeks straining around the mouthful, even as his eyes rolled and his only-just-closed lips curved into an involuntary smile. Oh yeah, *that* hit the spot....

"Haw, pizza-party! C'mon Cal, *plenty* more where that came from! You're unstoppable-bull!"

"Yeah! Eat... Eat... Eat... Eat...!"

Oooogh... Cal's tongue was slowwwly licking up the latest pizza plate, leaving a polished stripe gleam amidst the sea of grease, when the fullness hit him like a hammer. He almost dropped the platter- it crashed loudly onto the untidy stack of others that unaccountably sat next to him, but the sound was drowned out by the cheering from his good buddies. But then, he felt like everything was coming from far away, he could only focus on what felt like a balloon being blown up inside of him. He. Was. *Stuffed!* He rocked back from the table with a moan, legs stuck out rigidly as though that might help ease the problem. Sweat was causing strands of his overgrown curls to stick to his forehead. Even as he wheezed, his tongue absent-mindedly surfed around his lips, lapping up a tide-line of crumbs, grease and the occasional orphaned bit of topping. He swallowed- but it took actual effort to do so, and the food sliding down his throat made it ache. As he leaned back a cement-sack stomach wobbled weightily against his chunky thighs. Panting, his eyes fell on the stack of plates... but he gave up counting after six. Whooo cared, he was too *full* to think straight! He tried taking a couple of deep breaths, his ruddy-cheeked face going even more red. As he breathed in, the hem of his top separated from the waistband of his shorts and slipped upwards slightly, exposing a couple of inches of bare beef to the world. As he breathed out, it didn't slip back down. He absent-mindedly reached to tug it back down- but before he could a hand suddenly grabbed his wrist and hoisted his arm skywards, to more enthusiastic cheering.

"We *knew* you could do it, Big Bull! That's a record! Haha, you're unbeata-bull, huh Champ!?"

"Uhhh... yaaaah!" Despite his swimming head, that made Cal feel good again. So good, in fact, that his stomach suddenly didn't hurt so much anymore, almost like it had stretched a couple of sizes bigger.

"Bet a couple of celebratory football subs would slide down real *good* about now, wouldn't they?"

"Uhhh... yaaaah!" Actually, they WOULD. Cal smacked his lips at the thought. That'd be *tasty*... he hoped they'd be-

"Italian hoagies coming right up!" Cal blinked, and found the tip of an enormous sandwich nearly poking him in the muzzle. It was so stuffed with fillings that mayo and bits of gherkin were oozing out of the join. "Figured only foot-longs would do you YOU, huh Big Bull?"

"U-uhh..." Cal's jaw dropped slightly, but before he could speak the end of the hoogie was wedged in there, like he was being made to *swallow* a football. The flavours hit his

tastebuds, and the big bull's ears twitched once, whilst his expression became even more unfocussed. He bit down and *chewed*, crunching through the still-warm bread, the crisp crunchy lettuce, the juicy tomato, the cheese... His thick-fingered hands reached up, took hold of the sub and began pushing it in further, the bull chewing away at it industriously. "Those'll *really* put some bulk behind you, huh Bull-dozer?" Someone joked. "XL subs for an XL bull." A hand patted his front- petted it, *jiggled* it. Cal barely noticed- he was too absorbed in eating, in the flavours rolling over his tongue, the feel of the still-warm bread in his mouth. The first hoagie inched down bite by bite, and when it was all gone he wiped at the mayo and mustard smeared across one cheek with the back of his hand, licked it clean, dropped it down onto the second, picked it up and bit the end all in one gesture. As the second one met its fate, its progress gradually slowed, but never stopped. By the time he reached the last mouthful Cal was puffing again. He chewed the last bit of crust stolidly for half a minute before he finally swallowed. It felt like it only sank to just below his mouth before it stopped dead. His middle felt like a solid cement ball. So... *full*...

"You aren't done *yet*, are you, Big Bull?"

The panting football player's eyes almost crossed as he tried to focus on what was being held in front of his nose- though he worked it out more by the smell. Hot dogs.

"Uhhh... uhhhhh... *unghh*..." The wide-backed bull's response was an inarticulate, hazy moan half-way between pain and desire- though his eyes remained firmly fixed on the hotdog, and even tracked it left and right as it was moved about.

"You *know* you want this, Big Guy! Stadium's finest! A *double* weenie, too- with fried onions, ketchup *and* mustard!" The tantalising treat was brought a notch closer to Cal's lips, and the bulging bull emitted a little snort, his nostrils flaring. He felt ready to *burst*... except... (his aching belly gave another *gurrrrgle*) not *quite* yet. He... he maybe had a *little* room... The wheezing, huffing bull's lower jaw slowly sagged open, bouncing unexpectedly against a roll of padding below it- some kind of bib or bandana? But before he could investigate the front of the hotdog was pushed into his mouth- practically down his throat- and he closed his jaws around it, then chewed sluggishly. Mouth full, he let out another moan- though this time desire weighed the scales more heavily, grease dripping down his chin. He began chewing a little more energetically.

"You can do it, Cal! Remember- no pain, no *gain*! Push through the wall! You *want* more, don't you?"

With a half-stifled *mooooo* Cal swallowed with a *glop*... and then, shoulders slumping as though that would ease the ache in his middle, he opened *wiiide*.

“Haw, bull’s not full!” Cal downed the rest of that hotdog in two big bites... and the one that followed it in three... and the one after that... and then a drink... and then some nachos, loaded with cheese... and then a burrito... make that two...

The cafeteria seemed kinda crowded now, lotta noise, lotta chanting going on. Stuff almost seemed to be happening speeded up. Around Cal’s spinning head guys kept stopping to give him more from their own lunch trays, and as they did so they patted him on the back, the side, the butt, told him to take one for the Team, the Team, the Team, keep going Champ, *atta boy* Cal, rockin’ work *Keg Cow*, bull’s not full, bull’s not full, bull’s not full!

It all. Tasted. So. GOOD...

“Hope you saved some room for dessert, *Big Bull!*”

“Uhhh...?” The bull blinked blearily, looking up from the latest plateful he was resting atop his groaning, aching belly. *Dessert?* One of the Team- maybe?- was leaning across the table, holding out a big bowl of-

Ice cream. A big, BIG bowl. There must have been a dozen scoops in there, all different flavours. And whipped cream. And sauces. And sprinkles. There were even a couple of candy-bars stuck in there...

The bull’s half-lidded eyes slowly opened to their fullest extent.

“Uhhh... *yeeeeah*...” There... there was *always* room for dessert, right? No matter *how* full you felt. Right? Cal grunted, sucked his fingers clean and with a *grrrunt* of effort made to reach for the bowl. But whoever it was- he’d remember them in a minute if he thought about it- pulled the bowl a little further away.

“Heh, you SURE, Bull-dozer? You’ve been eating an *awful* lot lately...”

“Uhhh... *yeeeah!*” Cal repeated, nodding urgently as he stretched further over the table for the bowl. He felt his stomach press against the edge of the table, which made him grunt in

surprise. And funny, it kind of felt like his face had *bounced* for a little after he'd stopped nodding...

His fingers got a grip on the stupendous sundae. Suddenly Cal couldn't be bothered with any of that other stuff- not when there was dessert! Grabbing the spoon that was stuck into it, he levered out a half-scoop in one go, dripping with caramel and chocolate sauce, opened his lips wiiiide and shoved it in, whole.

"Mmmgmph... mmm-HHMMMMM!!!" The bloated-feeling bull's ears flapped, once, twice, then three times, faster and faster. He golloped the mouthful down and greedily dug the spoon back into the bowl for more. And more... and more... and MORE-

"Yo Cal...!" The bull was too engrossed with gorging down ice cream to look up. "Cal, buddy! They're serving *chocolate parfait*!" *That* got his attention. The bull slowly lifted his snout out of the bowl he'd been industriously licking, new splashes of cream-white adorning his face. "You want some?"

"Uhhhh... uhh-huhhh!!!!" The bull nodded vigorously, already licking his lips at the thought of-

Thunk! Woah... It... it was a *whole* one, too! It was the size of a loaf...

"Here ya go, Beef ball! I'd say dig in before it melts but, snrk, we all know you're not gonna let *that* happen!"

Cal was already on his second mouthful. Trying to get his lips lower to shorten the time between spoon and mouth, he grunted and squirmed- it was too *hard* to hunch over like this! With a mmmmmooo of frustration he hauled the chilly platter up and sat it on his chest. *THAT* was better! And it was so good, too- so *rich* and *creamy* and *goood*....

"Better finish that up quick, Cal- they've got those little pancakes you like so much!"

"Uh-uhhhhh?" Cal blinked, then hurriedly slurrped his tongue across the remaining smears of chocolate and dropped the tray with a clang, just as the *doryaki* arrived, stuffed with a custard centre and cherry sauce. Uhhh... those were GREAT! But they were so tiddly he had to get three in his mouth in one go just to feel like he was even eating something...

“Yo, time for your doughnut-run, Big Bull!” A large paper bag *thunked* down on top of Cal’s chest, just under his chin. Powdered sugar sprayed upwards, tickling his nose. He grunted, looking down- the bag was jam-packed with baked goods. “Got you a dozen- custard-filled, just like you like ‘em, right?”

“Uhhhh... URRRP! Yeeaaah...!” Cal was already reaching into the bag for Doughnut Number 1.

“Haw, and those’ll barely last you 5 minutes, right bro?” A hand smacked playfully at his side, sank in, *squeezed*. Cal’s eyes widened and he bit a little too hard into the doughnut he’d pushed between his jaws. Custard squirted out. “Forget bulldozer- you’re a wrecking-bull! No *wonder* that butt of yours needs a bench, *BIIIIIG* guy!”

“Hlmpg...” Cal coughed and swallowed the half-doughnut he was chewing. “Uhhhh...?” He slowly shifted his bottom slightly from side to side, but the creak that had become so incessant he’d stopped even noticing it had disappeared. As he pushed the remains of the deflated doughnut into his mouth he spared the time to glance over his shoulder. Hey, yeah, he WAS sitting on a bench. Uh... Where did the chair go? Wasn’t he in the cafeteria anymore? But... he shifted his weight again, feeling his backside slosh from side to side- actually, this *was* pretty comfy. And they made those chairs so smaaaaall, anyhow- they’d really started to pinch.

While his eyes were busy looking over his shoulder, his hand dug into the bag unprompted, and stuffed another delicious doughnut between his lips, smothering them with sugar. The puffy dough burst apart, and flooded his tongue with thick vanilla cream. Mmmm...

Doughnuts were his absolute favourite. He barely paused for breath after swallowing before his sugar-crusted fingers mechanically reached for another doughnut... then another... then another... then *another*...

“Woah Champ, don’t they *feed* you enough?” *Thunk*. The bull blinked around the paper bag he’d stuck his snout into to retrieve the last few traces of sugar. “Have some yum-yums!”

“Uhhhh... th-thaanks...” O-okay, maybe yum-yums were his *absolute* favourite. They were so sugary, he just couldn’t say ‘no’ to them...

“Here ya go, Beefcake, got you a whole batch of triple-chocolate chunk cookies! You looked like you were needing a snack!”

...Or maybe *those* were his absolute favourites.

“Hey Cal, I got a whole *tray* of brownies here! Beer-flavoured! You want first dibs, Keg-Cow?”

...O-or maybe *those*...

“You’re looking kinda *hot* there, Big Bull. You want a milk popsicle to cool you off?”

“Uhhhhh... uh... uhu-URRRRP!!” The bull blearily took the stupidly flimsy-looking stick between two meaty fingers, stuck the whole length of the icy treat in his mouth and sucked. He was breathing through his nose in deep, steamy snorts. He felt sorta full, but at the same time he didn’t- not that sore, about-to-burst feeling. So he couldn’t be full, right? Absent-mindedly he bit the lolly in half, ice crunching between his teeth as he chewed like a cement-mixer. Funny, he hadn’t felt that kinda hurty-full in a while- it was like he could just keep on eating, and eating, and eating, and *eating*...

“Tastes *goood*, huh?” Cal blinked as a voice unexpectedly butted in on his reverie- then a hand smacked him playfully on the backside. More food incoming? “No wonder you’re so FAT.”

“Uhhh... HUH?” Cal blinked, his eyes slowly widening. He swallowed, spitting the now-bare popsicle-stick out. “Uh, I’m not fat,” he said. Or rather, that was what he *planned* to say. What he actually *heard* was. “Uhhhhh... I’m nooooooot faaaat...” Wait, w-who’s voice was-?

“Uhhhh, yes, you *ARE*,” the voice replied knowingly. “Seriously, seriously FAAAAAAAAT.” Grunting, Cal tried to turn his head to see who this was, but a pair of hands cupped his face from behind and turned it back front. “Just *look* at yourself!”

The bull blinked- the table he was sitting at had disappeared, and locker-room mirror was standing in front of him. Only it was a lot wider than it had been before...

Cal’s eyes slowly grew rounder and rounder as he stared at the bull in the looking-glass... if he *was* a bull- it was hard to tell! The bench *that* guy was sitting on was *bending* under his weight, because he more than half-filled it. He was so *round* he completely blocked whoever

was behind him from view. He *was* wearing a football uniform, but he was stretching it nearly to the point of bursting! The blue fabric was straining around the brown-furred bovine's chest, with Cal's number '50' stamped across it, but the white numerals were so wrinkled and stretched-out as to be practically illegible across the material suspended between a jumbo-sized set of overblown bull-udders, like a pair of foam tackle-shields had been stuffed under there to pad him out to a ludicrous extent. But they were nothing compared to this guy's *stomach*- the straining hem of his top barely reached half-way down its enormous, doughy curve, letting a vast, overstuffed sack of bovine blubber hang out for all to see! There were dorm-room refrigerators smaller than that thing! Sitting down, it was squashed out wider than it was tall, its lower curve hanging almost to the floor, navel a deep shadowy slit across it, its sheer size and flabby weight forcing his legs to spread wiiiiide against the bench to give it room. The only reason his legs were visible from behind it at *all* was because they were equally obese. The big-boy's football boots were unlaced, the tongue of each one bulging out from the pressure of his chubby ankles, and above these his socks looked like they each had a party-balloon stuffed into them. His knees were only distinct because his legs were bent, barely dimples in bloated bulges of lard between his calves and his thighs, which swelled above them a like humungous ham apiece, the legs of his shorts stretched to second-skin tightness around their gelatinous girth. And even they paled in comparison with the ranch-sized rear-end that was bending that reinforced bench beneath its bulk. The bench wasn't even deep enough- that butt was bulging over it out back, each cheek a flabby sack roughly the size of a yoga-ball, the waistband of the shorts visible at his hips barely reaching the mid-latitude of those twin moons. His hips weren't quite the widest part of him, however- above them bulged a double-row of lovehandles, the lowest, much larger one forming the shelf for the second before they squeezed under the rolling blue of that stretched top, and the undercurve of those moobs. Those huge, juicy, plump-looking lovehandles were wider than the bulging footballer's shoulders, which were big, soft, sloping curves themselves, chubby collars for the flabby flour-sack arms bulging out of the shirt's straining sleeves. They were so thick that if they were made of muscle he'd have been a shoe-in for the Mr. Bulliverse competition, but any hint of upper-arm strength was buried beneath huge bulging buffalo-wings of blubber that forced his arms to hang out at about 45 degrees, before dropping to vertical were his chubby chubby elbows bent, as though the weight of holding his hefty hands up was too much work. Even the blue-and-white sweatbands around his wrists looked almost ready to pop- his fellow students wouldn't have been able to get their hands to meet around him even here, at his narrowest point.

Cal's eyes slowly rose up to look the bull in the face- reluctantly, but his gaze was drawn irresistibly upwards until he was staring at some hugely plump features sat atop that massive chest like a bowling ball atop a pillow, with practically no neck on show beneath two hefty chins in addition to the bovine's natural jawbone- barely visible as a small nub below plump, almost pouty lips. Instead that neck bulged out to either side, ridiculously thick even for a bull and stretching the neckline of that shirt to its absolute maximum. His horns were almost an afterthought in comparison, especially amidst an unruly, overgrown thatch of curly brown hair. The bull's face was similar in shape to a chocolate-glazed doughnut- in fact he could easily have had two doughnuts apiece stuffed into those chubsome cheeks and no-one would have been able to tell, they were that big. They were sandwiching a broad, square snout that was almost lost between them, the only feature Cal recognising being the cream-white splash up between his eyes. He locked gazes with his reflection- with some difficulty, as he abruptly realised that what he could see in the bottom of his vision was his cheeks.

The bull let out a slow 'gulp'.

"Uhhh-uhhhh....!!"

"Face it, Calvin," that voice- weirdly familiar- said, "you're *HUUUUUGE!*"

"Uhhh... nooo-HOOOOO! I... I'm *nooooooot-*" Was that *really* his voice? What had happened to it? It sounded... so deep and... and so *slow*, like a record being played at the wrong speed.

"You-hooo ARE, *Fat-boy!*" Cal's heart gave a lurch in his chest, and a shiver ran down his back. He saw the mirror-bull's sides ripple like some kind of sea-monster's. "You're *enormous.*"

"Uhhhh... *n-noooo-!*"

"The *fattest* guy on the Team. Look at that *belly* of yours, you big dough-bull!" Cal felt a hand *smack* the lower-front of his stomach, and gasped. Sweat beading on his forehead, he watched the mirror-bull's huge gut wobbling sluggishly.

"Uhhhhh... *n-n-noooo-!*"

"You're not a football player anymore." Cal's eyes shot wide, and his spine stiffened.

"You're a *bull-oon* in a football uniform!"

"Uhhhhh... *n-n-nnnn-!*"

"A blimp! A hog! An out-and-out, superchub CHOW-COW."

The bull just gulped, and let out a wordless, panicky mooooooo.

“And you’re totally *loving* it, aren’tcha, Big Bull?”

“Uh-H-*HUH?*” Cal’s heavy ears lifted so high in shock they almost reached horizontal again.

“Oh, you *do*.” A wide-open hand suddenly pressed against his side- against the biggest and softest of those lovehandles- and then dug in deeply, and *clenched* around a handful of bull-hide. Cal gasped again, sucking in a deep, sharp breath, whilst another deeper shiver rippled up his spine, making his flanks shudder. “You’ve loved every *bite* of it. All that *eating*! Every pizza, every hot-dog, every doughnut... every big, greasy, sugar-and-saturated-fat-stuffed mouthful of junk-food that was offered, you’ve yummied it up, then opened for more!” “Uhhhh... nu-*uhh*-!” The hand in his side squeezed deeper, making Cal’s protest stutter to a halt.

“And you’ve just kept *on* stuffing your face, haven’t you, you gigantic greedy butter-bull? Over and over and *over*- all those Team nights, all those after-game celebrations, all the *frat parties*, Keg-Cow!”

“N-nooooo...” The bull tried to shake his head violently, felt his cheeks wobble instead, could feel them steadily turning red.

“Yeeees! Because it feels so *goood*, doesn’t it?” The hand shifted position again, squeezed a new roll of superfatted belly-flesh, forcing Cal to stifle a moooo. “Getting so FULL you can barely walk, barely even *see* straight! This *thang* stretched tight as a drum.” Those fingers tapped rat-a-tat-tat on the hide stretched around his stomach, making it twitch, then sloooowly began to stroke up the curve of that unbelievable bull-da-belly, against the grain of his fur. As it did so, Cal’s eyes slowly widened more and more. “You *need* it, don’t you, ‘Big Bull’? Stuffing yourself to almost bursting’s the only way you can feel *satisfied* anymore.” A snrk. “You’re *insatia-bull*.”

“N-n-nuhh...”

“But it’s not *just* the eating, right ‘Champ’?” A hand brushed through the curls on the back of Cal’s neck, and the voice spoke next right by his ear. “It’s been feeling yourself get *bigger*, too...” The massively obese bull in the mirror shuffled wordlessly on his rear, eyes locked on his own reflection. The voice continued, up close and personal. “Mm-hmmm. Getting *heftier* after every single meal. Just watching yourself blowing up by the *day*, *rounder*, and *wider*, and *chubbier*...” Behind him, a hand patted his rump, pressed against the lower curve of one overhanging cheek, hefted it slightly. Another shiver rippled through the bovine’s bulbous back. “It feels so *good* to be so *fat*, doesn’t it, lard-bull?” In the mirror,

the skin under one of the bull's eyelids twitched slightly. "Filling out those clothes of yours, and then watching them *burst* off of you, proving how *huge* you're getting. First L, then XL, then XXL, then XXX-X..." The hand released its grip on his rear, but then suddenly slid forwards and pinched deep into the soft folds and rolls on one side. The bull inhaled, his nostrils flaring. "Feeling that *belly* of yours hanging lower and lower, *swaying* as you waddle, making you *lumber* like an *elephant*, your *butt* sloshing out back like a pair of oil-drums. So slow... So heavy... So big and *dominating*, filling the *room* with your presence. Football scholarship? Pffft! *Anyone* can get one of those! You're the Big Bull on Campus now: *everyone* wants a piece of you- or at least a squeeze." The hand did just that. "But you *know* you can be even BIGGER than this..."

Another squeeze- but this time Cal felt himself *expand*, that mirror-bull's belly suddenly *surging* outwards. The underside of his stomach slapped against the floor, then lifted off it as his rump visibly swelled beneath him like a pair of spacehoppers being inflated, before it sagged down against it again. The mirror-bull instantly got wider too, his sides porking out like a time-lapse of rising dough, lovehandles growing even thicker and deeper than they had been, the bench creaking under him all the more, cleats squeaking on the floor as his legs were shoved further apart by that expanding belly-bulk. In the time it took for one shocked, in-drawn breath, he bulged out by an extra foot in pretty much every direction. He was left wheezing in shock, his eyes wide, upper arms stuck out even wider, his entire bulk still quivering sluggishly from the sudden shift in load. The lower part of his vision was now a field of blue with white patches where his chest had swollen into view, rising and at the same time being pushed up by the tectonic lift of the titanic tummy beneath it. As he panted, he could feel his bulk swelling and contracting, his football top now *squeezing* him each and every time.

"Feels even *better*, doesn't it?" A hand brushed lightly against the newly-bloated bulge of his side, and the intensity of the sensation made him *gasp*. As he did so, there was a soft but audible *pop* from a stitch somewhere in his uniform. With a panicky look in the mirror he could see a small gap appear in the stretched sea of cobalt blue, a diamond of brown flesh peeking out from one seam. "Won't be long before you're too fat for that uniform, 'Big Bull'. Won't be long before you're just too plain *fat* for football altogether. Then you'll be able to just sit back, pig out, and let yourself *grow*."

"M-moo-HOOOO!!!"

Cal leaped to his hooves and ran. Or rather, that's what it *tried* to do. Yes, he successfully heaved his behind up off the bench- on his third attempt- but from then on he could only manage a slow, lumbering waddle forwards, forced to swing his thunderous thighs wiiiide each time to make any forward motion against a belly that hung past his knees- and was wheezing and huffing even from that much exertion. H-he was so BIIIIIG! He felt every pound of his bodyweight dragging on him as though he'd suddenly been turned to lead. Worse, his belly *glooped* up and down with each laboured step like a waterballoon strapped to his front. Roughly every three steps his knees seemed to shove it in a different direction, all that swaying weight unexpectedly pulling him to one side- but on the next step he had the same trouble from his wobbling butt! As he staggered along he collided heavily with walls on either side, squashing and then bouncing off of them like some massive pin-ball (or rather 'pin-bull') and stumbling on, leaving huge circular dents in the plaster. Worse, the entire hallway seemed to shake under his thudding hoofbeats.

"You can't run from it, Calvin..."

Arms stuck out like stubby wings for balance, sweating buckets, he rounded the corner (bouncing off of the far wall in the process).

"You ARE it."

Panting, Cal blinked. Down each side of the corridor stretched two rows of his buds- all of them carrying food. As one, they all grinned at him.

With a weak moooo Cal stumbled forwards.

"C'mon Couch Crusher, you can't quit *now*!" One of the team- Jasper?- waved a cream puff temptingly under his nose. Biting his lip, Cal tried to hold his nose and waddle past - but his tempter suddenly stuck his arm out into his path, palm vertical. Cal's weight carried his lumbering leg forwards, and the front of his stomach hit that with a resounding SLAP! "Uhhh... m-moo-HOO!" Cal *gasped* at the sensation that rippled out from the contact, stopped dead in his tracks. "-Umph...!" And as his mouth opened, the cream-drenched, calorie-packed dainty was unceremoniously shoved in, up to the second knuckle of the guy's

thumb. The super-chubby cow's cheeks bulged, the sweet, whipped-dairy filling bursting out over his tongue. "...M-m-mmmumpphh..."

"That's it, *fat-boy*," they smirked as Cal gulped the treat heavily, their outstretched hand draaaagging along the side of Cal's belly as he pushed past. "It's what you're best at."

Cal lumbered on a couple of paces, breathing heavily through his mouth, unable to stop his tongue lapping up the stray crumbs and blobs of cream around his lips. His belly wobbled in front of him like a jello-filled zorb-ball, slowing him up even more, the lower curve of it jostling and squashing against his upper shins.

Another figure appeared suddenly in front of him- Larry?- and stuffed a pair of twinkies double-handed into his panting mouth before he could close it.

"Yeah, plenty more BULK left where *this* came from, right, ya big meatball?"

"Uhhhhh... m-murrphhp," the groaning bovine sputtered, chewing instinctively as he tried to push past- but not before another twinkie was inserted between his jaws. He swallowed that too, and staggered on. As he gulped the cakey treat, his middle seemed to grow heavier with an almost audible *gloop*, and he swore he felt his arms thicken and lift to either side of his chest. His walk became even more laboured, his butt's embarrassing wobble even more pronounced.

"Want a ding-dong, Dough-bull? Haw, as if you'd say no!" The chocolate-sandwich snack was dodged expertly between Cal's lethargic defence- his arms so slow and *heavy*- and was slipped expertly between his lips like an air-hockey puck finding the goal. "After all, what harm's one more gonna do NOW, you massive mountain of moo..."

"M-m-mooooo..." Gulp- another *gloop*. Cal lumbered on, head aswirl with chocolate. His gait rocked like he was on a ship at sea, stomach now sagging to his lower shins.

"Dude! Forget doorways- won't be long before you're wedging in the *hallways*, Lard-bull!" What seemed like a cubic-foot of sponge cake was stuffed into Cal's unprepared mouth.

"Looking forward to helping you squeeze into the cafeteria, Bull-ubber Butt." A hand suddenly spanked his rear- or at least a fraction of one cheek, just above the waistband of his shorts. Cal stiffened and spluttered, nostrils flaring- and he breathed in the heady scent of

tres leches cake, the cream-soaked, cream-layered concoction already compacting into a dairy-saturated sludge atop his tastebuds.

“Mmmmmooooo...” He couldn’t help it- it practically swallowed itself. Another couple of lumbering steps, his eyes now just fixed ahead, looking for the end of the corridor.

“Y’gonna *oink* for us, you massive hog?” Someone chortled by his ear. He felt his swollen shoulder grabbed, tugged on, and the off-balance bull pivoted uncontrollably on one hoof, the other still raised. His snout met a large slab of black forest gateau coming the other way.

Schlomph! “You ain’t the college Foot-Bull anymore, are ya? You’re our big, *fat*, bull-hide bull-imp!” A hand smacked flat-palmed against the side of his belly, pressed into it.

“Uhhhhhh... *noo-HOOomph!*” Cheeks even more swollen with food, and with sweat beading on his brow, Cal struggled not to chew, to ignore the sweet flavours soaking temptingly into his tongue.

“Don’t fight it, ya Incredible Bull-k,” someone else said coaxingly. Their hand unexpectedly smacked against his other side, and together they wobbled his gut, pressing close on either side as it jugged like a huge mould of jello. “It’s like, your *destiny*. You’re gonna be the fattest guy the Team’s ever had!”

“Yeah,” the other grinning voice agreed, both of them snuggling up closer to Cal’s cake-splashed cheeks, the bull’s eyes darting woozily left and right. “You’re gonna be the fattest fat-boy this campus has ever *seen!*”

“The fattest bull *ever!*”

“You’re porking up for the *Team*, Chubber-blubber! And you’re still hungry, *right...?*”

With two grinning muzzles pressed up either side of him, the bull let out what might have been a little whimper, and swallowed with a *glop*.

“Atta bull, Burger-butt!” Cal staggered as he was half-released, half-shoved forwards down the corridor, sent on his way with a double-handed spank to his backside that made him *moOO!* “Keep eating- I’ve got *big* money on you having to be *rolled* into graduation...!”

Cal stumbled on, huffing and panting, no longer even *trying* to fight off the foods that were pressed upon him, just stolidly ploughing through munch after munch after munch after munch as he lumbered down the corridor. Wait- was this a corridor? Why were there yard-lines painted across it, all of a sudden? But... only 30 yards to go...

Helpless to stop himself, his instincts kicked in and he began pressing forward over the lines- he didn't even *think* about not following them. 30 yards should have been *easy*, but, ughh, it felt so haaard! Each laboured step, he could feel his overblown body *bounce*, his muscles groaning from trying to shift so much reluctant weight! It felt more like he was walking some mile-long *parade*- and with each mouthful stuffed into him, he only felt *bigger*, and *slower*. Boom... boom... boom... The entire place seemed to quiver with each step he took. Ears flicking heavily, he suddenly realised what he'd thought was someone banging a big drum right behind him was totally in time with the way his backside was bouncing along inside his shorts. He could *feel* his tail wedged deeply in between his cheeks.

"Keep the Big Bull eating, he's impossible to miss..."

Cal ricocheted from snack to snack as he plodded doughtily along, jaws opening in readiness- anticipation, maybe- even as the bulk of his expanding chins slowly pushed his snout further and further upwards. As he duck-waddled laboriously onward, arms stuck out almost completely horizontal, his belly rippled and jostled against his ankles whilst his rear sloshed and wobbled. He lumbered past the 20-yard line, the front of his belly passing it a good couple of yards before the rest of him

"...His butt keeps getting bigger so there's even more to kiss!"

The corridor's 'field' seeming to get more and more thronged with grinning, cheering, students, all armed with food. Almost every other step now his snout kept being re-filled, accompanied by an unceasing rain of pats, smacks, slaps squeezes and jiggles to his belly, back and behind. Each one caused a grunt, a stifled gasp, a twitch, a shiver, a tingle up his spine. And the feelings they provoked in him only seemed to grow stronger as he waddled forwards, his ponderous progress slowly eating up the hash-marks even as he himself ate more, and more, and *more...*

And then, as he took a swollen step over the 10-yard line, he felt the bottom of his belly brush the floor as it sagged, then lift away. His eyes widened in shock, and he spluttered around the latest mouthful (cherry pie), nostrils flaring.

"Uhhhhh.. m-moo-HOOO!"

"Wa-HOOO! TOUCHDOWN, folks!!!"

The cheering redoubled, noise erupting, and as he lifted his lard-laden leg to take his next step, grunting with the effort this now took, a ‘celebratory’ custard danish was crammed into his snout whole by a cheerleader- he chewed and swallowed it almost without noticing, eyes now fixed ahead, searching for the End-Zone.

Gloop.

His hoof thudded down, the leg-flab above it jiggling- forget tree-trunks, this limb was a stacked series of giant-sized ice cream-scoops, each one bigger than the last - then his gut followed it down, slapping against the ground, lifting for a moment and then sloshing back down with finality, and starting to spread. Panting, rivers of sweat dripping from his curls, Cal felt his swollen cheeks lighting up red as he tried to take another step, but couldn’t... t- there was no space for his leg to go! So... heavy... so hard... to moooooove!!

“Uhhh.... uhhhh....! Mmmmmooooo!!!” With super-bovine effort Cal hauled himself forward a step, pushing his belly in front of him, then another, then another, his stomach half-rising, half-dragging along the corridor floor like a gut-glacier. It was so crowded ahead he could barely see past the throng as he practically barged them out of the way with his belly, snacks constantly being shoved into his snout now, almost like he was eating his way out, crunching and chewing, and feeling his body blow up *bigger* as he did so...

...And then suddenly he was shoving himself slowly through thin air, across the goal line, everyone gone, except...

“Hey, Cal.”

Wheezing, the hugely heavyweight bull blinked past cheeks the size (and weight) of medicine balls.

“Uhhhhhh.... *B-Braaaaaaad?*”

“I baked you a cake, big guy.” Standing in front of him, Cal’s giraffe buddy smiled at him shyly. “I hope you like it.” He stretched out his arms, holding a tray that carried-

- a *football*?

“It’s chocolate fudge... You like that, right?” *Like?* He *loved* it- it was practically his *all-time* absolute favourite cake *ever*. And this one was actually shaped like a football, only slightly bigger. The frosting on it looked so good... there was even white chocolate piped on it to make the laces. The scent of it was so chocolate-laden, you could almost eat it with a spoon!

Cal’s belly *grrrrumbled* loud enough to make the room shake.

“U-uuuhhhhhh...!” C-couldn’t Brad see how *b-b-biiiiig* he’d gotten...?

“Don’t... don’t you *want* it?” the giraffe asked uncertainly, his ears wilting. He looked hurt, and sad, and...

Cal gulped.

“Uhhhhh... y-yeeeeeah....” He reached out for it reluctantly- actually groaning with the effort of lifting his arms, each of which looked thicker than Brad’s waist- only to find that he couldn’t reach past his own stomach anymore!

“OOF!” The giraffe BUMPED back against the rear wall, sandwiched there by Calvin’s belly!

“Uhhhhh... s-sorrree....” the bull moaned in embarrassment, arms still outstretched.

“Heh... n-no problem, big guy.” With his long arms, the giraffe reached the cake over into Cal’s hands. Oof! It weighed *way* more than a proper football! There was no way to cut it up- gulping, the bull had to lift the whole cake to his snout, and tried to nibble one pointed end off. Just... just to *taste*...

Oh... it tasted... SO. GOOD...

“Mm-mmmmmooooooooo...” Eyes rolling back a little, before he knew it he had taken another, bigger bite- to *really* taste it, this time! He’d barely gotten through the frosting first go! Now the moist, dense cake crumb filled his snout, coating every inner surface, lubricated by the inch-thick chocolate frosting. It was so rich Cal could barely swallow it- until the surprise chocolate-cream centre popped open and helped him gulp it down.

Gloop...

Cal stared wide-eyed at the cake, his eyes almost crossing, and then with a low, heartfelt moo he opened his snout and pushed the bitten-off end between his jaws, grunting animalistically as he took a slow chomp out of it, then another, cramming his face as full as he could with it- he needed more, he needed it ALL!

Gloooooop...

More and more of the cake inched into Cal's jaws as he gnawed away at it like a rock-borer, eyes closed in gluttonous rapture. He'd never had a cake this goo-HOO-d before!

Gloooooooooop...

He could *feel* it making him fatter by the mouthful, but he couldn't stop. Even as straining stitches in his uniform- sausage-skin tight!- began to burst apart (*pop, pop, pop*) he didn't let up- he just needed to EAT!

"Heh, y-you're getting *r-really* big, Bull-buddy..." The behemoth bovine moaned wordlessly in reply, his belly growing bigger bite-by-bite, rising up higher against Brad with each swallow- or was Brad sinking lower? Cal was down to the tail-end of the football now, his tongue keeping it balanced in place against his tilted-back snout, unable to reach with his arms any more. Panting, groaning, sweating, he managed to wrap his tongue around the end-piece and open wide, dragging it inside. His thick lips slowly pulled closed around the cheek-bulging mouthful- almost but not quite able to meet- and he began chewing lethargically. As he did so, he could have sworn he felt hands planted on the front of his gut, a little below and to either side of his navel, then- right between them- a kiss. "You're... so... *faaaat*..."

"Uhhhhhhgh... moo-HOO-URRRRRRRRRP!!!"

The surprise belch caused Cal to rock back on his hooves. His quivering, aching, ham-like legs finally had had enough, and buckled. His rump dropped like lead. He CRASHED down- right back onto his bench! The wood beneath him creeeeaaked, bobbing him up and down a few times as the reinforced hardwood flexed after the impact, the two raised ends of the four-person bench digging into the sides of his butt. And then, slowly, with a drawn-out

splintering sound, it cracked and collapsed completely beneath him. Cal's rump dropped the final 17 inches and hit the floor with a resounding BOOM!

The bull sat there, panting and wheezing dazedly, snout haloed in smeared chocolate. In the comparative quiet he realised he could still hear creaking. His field of view was partially blocked at the bottom by two fuzzy, not-quite in focus curved surfaces which constantly shifted and changed shape, wobbling slowly. Beyond them, mostly all he could see was a sea of blue with a funny dip in the middle, some meaningless white shapes stretched across it like funny-shaped clouds. Above that- he blinked as he realised... he was back in the cafeteria? Head spinning, he tried muzzily to get up. He strained, but nothing happened- he couldn't even get his legs to move! They felt squashed, pinned down, spread out sideways like he was doing the splits. With a huge effort he got one of them to shift slightly- and then *grrrunted* as he discovered that what was pinning them down was his *belly*. Cheeks going red, he nervously flexed his hooves. *More* belly, pushing out beyond them. H-how big *waaaas* he?

Still panting heavily, Cal squinted again at his restricted view, trying get some idea of his own size- if only these stoopid *things* weren't in the way! Tilting his head to try to look around the two blue mounds blocking his view, he felt his entire body move slightly as his centre of gravity shifted, and that pair of cobalt hills rippled-

Uhh.... oh. Uh-o-oh. W-wait... Th-that... that was *him*? The shock made him inhale sharply- and he felt the hem of his uniform top *dig* into him, incising a tight line across his chest, accompanied by an audible *creeeeeeak*. He swallowed dryly, staring at his two ma-hoo-sive honking bull-udders rising up atop his belly. They... they must have been as big as a cafeteria table *each*, at least half of each bulging out bare beneath his top, by the feel of it. He gulped again. He... he must be nearly as big as the *whole* cafeteria...

“Uhhhhhh... B-Braaaaaad?”

He nearly *did* fill the entire room. He was an absolute *bull-lob*, completely im-moo-vable. His belly *overwhelmed* the space around it, more the size of a swimming pool than a stomach, its uppermost curve rising level with the top of his moobs, furthest point a scant inch from swamping the cafeteria serving line and spreading so far to either side he had no hope of reaching beyond himself ever again. His sides were lushly rolling brow-furred acres of

lovehandle, each spare tyre thick enough to service a monster-truck, whilst he was seated on a tuckus that had become truly titanic, each cheek as big as a weatherballoon! The butter-soft bull's thighs had grown to the size of yoga-balls apiece, huge doughy bulks of blubber, with the calves beneath so chubby they kept his hooves clean off the floor. He found he couldn't lift his arms, either, they were too fat, and his shoulders felt like someone had stuffed a mattress into his top with him rather than his ordinary football padding! He tried to bend his head back, to look upwards and also un-bury his snout from between his steaming cleavage, but it felt like someone had shoved a tyre back there too, jamming him in place. The attempt to move his head made his cheeks jiggle like jello at the lower corners of his vision. He could *feel* them resting on where his collarbones would be, if they weren't buried under a yard of lard. His football uniform was hanging on by *threads*, the skin of a beef sausage that hadn't been pricked before cooking, its seams burst almost entirely open to let its mammoth mooey filling of bovine blubber bulge out in vast ruckles, rolls and folds. The waistband of his shorts remained only just visible, somehow hanging on even when more than three-quarters of his rampant rump had overflowed them, the side-seams of his shorts burst almost all the way up to his hips. It looked as if so much as a sneeze and those clothes would explode- and maybe Cal along with them!

“Uhhhhhh... B-Braaaaaaad!?”

Cal grunted suddenly, his eyes widening as he very definitely felt a hoof dig into his navel. More grabbing and scrabbling higher up- s-someone was *climbing* him like his stomach was a wall!

“Uhhhhh... w-whoooo's theeeeere?!” the blimped-out bovine wheezed, chest heaving. His stomach continued to quiver with the unseen ascent, his chest starting to slosh as well. The bull grunted. Then he snorted. And then he started to squirm as much as his massively meaty bulk would allow, his bounce-house blubber-body shaking and wobbling easily, the bull buoyed up in an ocean of his own obesity. “Hahahaha, stoooooooooop iiiit, Braaaaaad!! Tha-haaaaaaat TIIIIICKLES!”

The ticklish mooing broke off with an abrupt ‘gulp’ as he saw someone clamber into view, cresting his ‘summit’. It wasn't Brad. They were carrying something in one hand. The superchubby steak-bake's eyes slowly grew rounder and rounder in shock as he found himself staring at-

“Uhhhhhh... *H-huh?!'*” Cal swallowed again. “Y-yooooou’re...?”

“Uh, yeah!” Cal blinked. I-it was that same voice from earlier. *His* voice! “I’m *you!*” This other Calvin nodded cheerfully, kneeling atop the bull’s behemoth belly. He was even wearing Cal’s favourite gear- his hoodie and sweats. B-but he *couldn’t* be him... this guy looked so *skinny!* And those clothes, they were so *baggy* on him. They’d never fitted him like that... h-had they? “Uh, I’ve got cheesecake,” the athletic-looking bull added, waving the china plate he was holding. On it there rested a single triangular slice of the foodstuff, and a fork.

Cal’s nostrils flared, and his eyes managed to get even wider. His mountainous middle let out a subterranean *grrrrumble* at the sight, causing the relatively lithe and lissom-looking Calvin on top of him to sway. But it didn’t stop him from cutting a neat piece with the fork- the way *his* mom had taught him to- lifting it up and popping it between his lips.

“Uh, this is *really* good!” he said around the mouthful, and then swallowed it with a contented ‘moo!’. Then, he started to bulge bigger. It was rapid, steady and all over, like he was being blown up like a party balloon! His stomach swelled while the rest of him widened, bent legs spreading as they swelled with suet, the outsides of his butt becoming visible beyond them! His hoodie filled, the front bulging out, the wrinkles shrinking until they stretched taut, a bulging plain of yellow, and then the hem began to lift as his belly blew up, sagging and slapping down against the now skintight-fabric of those sweats. The definition of his chest disappeared, and then immediately reappeared and then deepened dramatically as his beefy pecs grew into buxom bull-udders, stretching the top of the hoodie almost as much as his stomach was straining its bottom. His face grew as round as a beachball, then rounder- it looked like he’d got the world’s biggest marshmallows stuffed into each cheek, squashing either side of his snout. His face looked like a brown-and-white magic 8-ball. In pretty much the time it took Cal to gasp in shock, Calvin inflated from football fit-to sumo-sized, his weight dimpling into Cal’s middle. A muffled ‘pop!’ and a certain widening of his hips suggested he’d just blown a stitch in his underwear. The bloated bullock didn’t look the least concerned- in fact, one hand was slowly rubbing up and down the side of his big, half-bare belly, making it slowly slosh. “Uhh, yooou want some?” he queried, the voice emerging from that chubby countenance now noticeably deeper, slower, more mooing.

He cut another piece with the fork, held it out invitingly. The cut edge glistened lusciously in the light.

“Uhhhhhhhhhh...” the behemoth bull’s cheeks burned pinkly, but... “U-uh-huh!!!” He couldn’t help it. It was *cheesecake*. His absolute, *ultimate*, all-time favourite ever, hooves down! He just couldn’t say ‘no’ to the stuff! He tried to nod, but could barely raise a ripple, so instead he opened his jaw as wide as he could against the encumbering crush of his chins, and stuck his tongue out. He would have pointed, if he could, but couldn’t move his couch-like arms. Calvin got the hint. The overweight bovine shuffled forwards on his knees, gut rippling and glooping like a waterballoon, but when he reached Cal’s chest he had to lay forwards, rolling onto his big belly, resting it in the deep valley between Cal’s moobs, and stretch his weighty arm as far as it could go in order to get the fork to Cal’s eager snout. Cal stretched his neck as faaaar forwards as he could possibly get it to go, still panting and wheezing, but now in *need*. His lips caught the edges of the little trapezohedroid of temptation, and he sucked it off the fork with a deep, rumbling mmmmmmmmmmmoooo-HOOOO! A sense of absolute bliss filled him as he chewed. Oh that was so GOO-HOOOOD! Whoooo *cared* if it was bad for you...?

“Uhh...” Calvin commented, still laying there comfortably. “You’re getting reeaally faaat.” And he reached out with thick digits and he poked Cal’s moobs- right in their most sensitive, ticklish spot! The bull spluttered a little and gulped his mouthful of cheesecake, his cheeks practically starting to glow from embarrassment. His mouth opened and shut a few times, but nothing came out

“Uhhhhhhhhhhhh... Uu-UURRRRRRRRRRRRRRP!” he blinked in surprise- the blast-wave had made his doughy doppelgänger’s hair ruffle. Then a wave of another kind hit- a sense of *fullness*. “Uhh-ungghhhhhhhhhhh...?”

“Uhh... yoou burst that uniform and Coooach says he won’t get you anooooother one,” Calvin said conversationally. Even as he spoke he seemed to be swelling bigger, more and more blubber bulging the fullback’s frame even fuller and heavier, weighing down into Cal. Cal grunted- but then felt himself pushing *back*! His eyes widened in surprise, and then in panicky realisation as he registered a sound.

Creaking.

“Uhhhhhhhhhh... moo-HOOO!” Cal tried to look around himself, look *at* himself, but he was too utterly big, helplessly afloat in his own body. B-but he could *feel* himself growing, slowly but surely g-getting...

“Uhhh... yooou’re gonna be tooo *faaaat* foor football,” Calvin drawled deeply, sinking further into Cal’s belly. W-wait- he WAS sinking! H-he was *disappearing*, dissolving into his stomach! “Buuut at least yooooou won’t haaave to do moooooore laaaaps...”

His face the only thing left above the blubber line, the dough-bull duplicate merged into him entirely, leaving nothing but a sweat-stain on Cal’s over-strained football-top- which chose that moment to blow another stitch! With a gelatinous wobble, the burgeoning bovine blob’s bulk bulged through the widened gap, stretching it further. The cafeteria-sized Chow Cow whimpered as he felt himself gaining even *more*, extra weight piling on unstoppably, seemingly by the tonne! He could feel his arms slowly beginning to lift up, like he was swelling to dirigible sizes, and beyond! And as he grew so absolutely, unbelievably, unimaginably FAAAAAT his football uniform somehow still held on, even as the creaking and ripping noises from it grew louder and louder, its last few remaining threads and stitches starting to snap and tear even as they grew tighter, and tighter, and tighter, and tighter, and tighter....

“Uhhhhhhhhhh..... M-MOOO-HOOOOO-!!!!!!”

RRRRRRRRIP-POP!!!

Cal’s eyes slammed open and he sat bolt-upright in bed. Or at least, the way his stomach quivered suggested that’s what he *tried* to do, long-buried abdominal muscles contracting futilely. With a breathless grunt he dropped back the one-eighteenth of an inch he’d managed to rise and lay there flat, blinking and breathing heavily, the bed creaked rhythmically under him as he did so. The bleary-eyed bull’s vision swam sleepily into focus, and in the near-darkness of his night-time dorm room he took in the encroaching view of his chest, and the black, rising dome his stomach silhouetted beyond-

He blinked again, and for a moment his eyes opened *wide* in panic-

-And then his stomach *gurrrrgled*. The light in Cal's eyes became slightly glazed behind his chubby cheeks, lids lowering to their usual half-closed state as some burgeoning sense of self-realisation vanished, swallowed up by another, far-more familiar feeling that swelled in him like a rising, unstoppable tide...

"Uhhhh.... huuungry..."

"Och, jings," Joe- his roommate- mumbled from across the room- under his protective pile of blankets, duvet, pillows over his head, ear-plugs and eye mask- not really awake himself,

"Noo he's even goin' on about it 'n his sleeeeee...zzzz."

In unquestioning obedience to his body's *need*, Cal drowsily rolled out of bed- quite literally. He log-rolled himself onto his side to bring his legs around rather than try to sit up first, an accommodation to his swollen size now so ingrained he didn't even realise he did it, though on this occasion it took him a few attempts, tree-trunk legs kicking lethargically. When his hooves touched ground he stood and stumbled towards their dorm's kitchenette. For a few paces the still half-dreaming bull became naggingly aware his belly's *weight*- its lowermost curve burying his legs to the bottom of his calves, jostling and shaking with each step. But the sensation faded from his waking mind and it slipped back to feeling utterly, totally *normal*, the muscle-memory in his legs taking up the familiar strain, his gait changing gears automatically into a habitual, unthinking, rolling waddle. Then the shadowy outline of their refrigerator hove into view and Cal forgot even noticing *that* much as all his thoughts became focussed on just one thing- *food*.

In the dark of the dorm-room Cal's chubby mitt unerringly found the handle with long-practiced ease, and pulled the door open. He could have found his way to it first try whilst sleep-walking. Cool white light spilled out from behind the swinging door, mostly blocked by the deep curve of the bull's body- equally practiced, he'd stood side-on in order to reach the handle. The second the door swung past the critical angle he turned too, planting himself face-on. The bare-topped bull bent forward- letting out an unconscious grunt at he did so- and reached inside, while behind him his out-stuck butt- once toned, now two gigantic beef-gelatine globes- stretched a pair of boxer-shorts (or were those seriously-outgrown sweat-pants?) near to bursting. The tension on them slackened only slightly as he straightened up, holding an entire gallon container of milk by its plastic handle. He popped the cap off with his thumb via another gesture he'd practiced more often even than passing a football. In the

soft glow of the refrigerator the legend ‘full cream’ could just be made out on the label as he swung the bottle straight to his mouth with no apparent effort, plugged his lips around its neck and began to gulp. Inside the bottle the surface of the thick liquid began to drop in time with the butter-soft bull’s swallows. As he drank, and drank, and drank, and *drank*, Cal’s eyelids slowly lowered even further, partly in tryptophan-fuelled bliss and partly in response to feeling all that liquid gush into his stomach, filling it, taking the edge off an appetite that was now as constant as his need to breathe. More so, in fact, as the bull apparently didn’t take a breath whilst the milk-level steadily sank further and further, the bull tipping the bottle back higher and higher as though to maintain the flow.

In the fridge-light, the supersized softmoover’s stomach stretched bigger by a fraction of an inch.

The draining of the bottle was signalled by a milkshake-style slurping sound, quickly followed by the sides of it imploding as Cal *sucked* prodigiously. Finally convinced there was no more to be had, he pulled the bottle away from his mouth with a satisfied gasp for air. Satisfied, but not sated. He plonked the hollow bottle down onto the counter straight-armed and then immediately resumed foraging in the fridge, rotund rump jostling with itself as he shuffled from hoof to hoof- he needed something to *eat*. He began to search the fridge’s shelves, automatically grabbing a couple of caramel-laden candy bars and munching on them as a stop-gap until he could find a *real* snack. Uhh, hey... he wondered sleepily to himself... where’d that cheesecake go? That had been *gooooood*. Uhhh, oh, yeah... he’d finished it all before bed. Maybe that was why he’d had such a *crazy* dream... Uhhh... what had it been about, again...?

His roaming hand suddenly made contact, jolting his attention away- a cold plastic tuppaware container of tiramisu a fan had dropped off while Cal was at practice. Uhh, this was more like it! The sumo-sized bovine student hauled it out of the fridge, needed both hands to lift the dense dessert’s weight. Tugging the lid off with a *schllp* sound, the creamy scent hit the dairy-devoted doughbull’s nostrils, making them flare. He licked the smeared lid clean with a single sweep of his tongue, then- letting that drop to the counter too- he looked around the dark kitchen for a spoon. He couldn’t find one (or at least, not within reach of where he was standing), and so Cal did the only sensible thing. Tilting the plastic pot, he balanced the

corner of it in the crease of his chest, dunked his snout into it up to his chin and began licking once more. Mmm, this was *goo-hood*!

Whilst he casually devoured a dessert big enough for four, supporting the balanced tuppaware box with one hand, the other plump paw started to move apparently of its own volition. It slowly crept up level with his side, and for a moment hovered there uncertainly. Then it took hold, and *squeezed*.

...Gonna be the fattest bull ever...

Cal's cheeks suddenly burned bright red, and he had absolutely no idea why. The sudden, inexplicable sense of embarrassment troubled him enough to slow his eating- slightly- a confused frown beginning to crease his normally unfurrowed brow. Uhh... there had been... something... hadn't there? Something in his dream? Like... like he was trying to tell himself something. What was it about, again? Uhh... he remembered...

...Running? Uhhh, waaaait... Had he been doing *laps* in his sleep? The bull's cheeks stuffed full, he suddenly emitted a snort, then swallowed the extra-large mouthful with a gulp. He resumed demolishing the contents of the container, ears flicking as he did so. Uhh, yeah, *that* was it. He musta still been steamed up about Coach making him do laps *yet again* during practice. It was soooo unfair...

Pausing eating again, some niggling feeling made Cal look down at himself. At the same time, both hands pressed against his lower middle, and lifted- or at least tried to.

Uhh, after all, doing laps all the time was for if a player got fat, and it wasn't like *he* was fat, or anything...

Straining, his arms hefted his stomach sluggishly up and down a couple of times, all the milk inside it sloshing audibly. Then they slipped upwards, slid underneath his chest, and did the same there.

Uhh... He *wasn't* fat, but m-maybe he *had* gotten a bit *bigger* this semester. But that's what Coach had *wanted* him to do, right? Or at least, that's what the Guys had *told* him that's what Coach wanted...

...*Y'gonna oink for us, you massive hog...?*

A little shiver ran up Cal's spine, and he felt his cheek twitch. Uhh... Oh yeah, some of the Team had been in his dream, hadn't they? Shouting encouragement while he was doing laps... And so had...

...Brad?

Cal's middle *gurgled*. The bull's blush returned full-force, and again he had no clue why. Yeah... Brad... But... why did thinking of Brad make him think of *cake*...?

Uhh... Heyyyy, maybe *Brad* would have some cheesecake! His giraffe buddy *always* seemed to have something tasty in his refrigerator whenever Cal stopped by. Eyes widening slightly, Cal turned his head to look at the wall clock, but his ears wilted when he saw the time. Uhh... 3am. It was kinda late- Brad would be asleep... wouldn't he?

Maybe he could go see?

The bull wrestled with the question- he could really *go* for more cake right now, and this fridge was out- but in the end a jaw-creaking yaaaaaawn settled it. Uhh... actually, he was really *sleepy* right now. He could stop by Brad's tomorrow... maybe on his way to breakfast. Yeah...

The cream-and-calorie-stuffed cow-boy lazily dropped the tuppaware box- now licked sparkingly clean- onto the kitchenette counter to be dealt with (by someone) in the morning, turned and left, a casual hip-bump swinging the fridge door closed without his even looking. Backside still rippling from this action, the fulsomely-figured overly-fullback waddled back to his bed like a bovine zombie, still with smears of cream and cocoa-powder on his cheeks, his tres-leches tonnage slowly distorting and wobbling with lethargic voluptuousity. Reaching the goal-line he let his rump sink down onto the mattress- unaware of the unconscious grunt

of relief he let out, nor of the way his backside *spread* like he'd sat on a couple of giant waterballoons- and then he laid back. The reinforced frame of the King-sized divan- a luxury provided by the college out of sheer necessity in Cal's case- let out a *creak* of protest at this unwarranted, warranty-voiding abuse, which the drowsy doughbull utterly failed to register. Prone on his back, he let out an involuntary *oof* as the weight of his gut pressed him down into the mattress- to anyone else it would have felt like being dog-piled by a sumo wrestler. Gravity took a hold of his bulk and his shape changed as it settled, arms and legs being pushed out by the pressure from his titanic torso. His abundant abdomen sloshed into its accustomed place on top of him, spreading rounder, shoving his chest upwards until a wall of brisket was almost pushing into the front of his snout. Oblivious, the colossally-corpulent chow-cow merely wriggled slightly from side to side to get properly comfy, his heavy eyelids already starting to droop closed. The bed creaked in time like a dog responding to its master, and then sank a little lower. He lay there on the bending bed- almost overflowing it at his widest girth- completely padded, protected-feeling and passive, pinned in place by his stupendous stomach.

...You're the Big Bull on Campus...

Entirely unprompted, his hands crept down the sheets and then rose, lightly touching each out-curving side of his blown-up belly, and began to slowly rub back and forth. That overbearing bull-hide jello-ball rippled like a sea at low-tide in response to even this miniscule massage, stretched skin tingling sensitively beneath his thick fingers. In its shadow, the bull's somewhat wheezing breathing stuttered, and then deepened, his full-moon features going even more slack. His heavy head squashed even deeper into the pillows supporting it as his neck muscles in the car-tyre of tubbiness surrounding them slackened.

...So big... dominating... filling the room with your presence...

Uhhh... besides... Cal's last conscious thought rattled unguided along the rails, even as the rest of him sank below the surface of sleep... even if he *had* gotten a little beefy lately, that wasn't necessarily a *bad* thing... right?

Uhhh-huh... Riiiiight...