

Big Body Squad

By Lupine

The vehicle had been on college campus for over half an hour, outside the entrance to one of the dorms of residence. It was still pretty early in the morning, but a bunch of students had clustered loosely around on the strip of manicured grass and the pavement out front. More gradually joined to see what was going on, and there was near constant chatter as the rumours spread from person to person. With its boxy shape, flashing lights (off), bright panels of fluorescent colour, medical-looking equipment visible through the half-open door and the bored-looking driver in a similarly fluorescent uniform, the van-like machine certainly looked a lot like an ambulance to them. A couple of cracking noises floated through the dorm's open glass double doors, followed by a sarcastic cheer that could only have come from fellow students.

The air of expectancy outside increased, with people nudging each other and sharing knowing grins.

A rotund figure slowly lumbered out of the entrance, supported unsteadily under each arm by a uniformed animal. Still just about recognisable as a donkey rather than, say, an elephant, he was so wide that the three only just made it through the double-doors at a squeeze. A mixture of ironic applause, boos and catcalls greeted his puffing appearance. Looking up at the crowd, the enormously fat equid glowered around belligerently and tried to draw himself up taller, his bloated, sweat-sheened cheeks red from embarrassment.

“Wh-what’re YOU all looking at, you bunch of shrimps?! *Hee-haw!!*” Supported by the officers, he slowly took the three shallow steps down from the entrance. With each thudding step his big, BIG belly, hanging almost to his knees, wobbled heavily, threatening to pitch them all over. It was mostly hanging out of his clothes, which he had obviously considerably outgrown during his time at college. They consisted of a charcoal-grey pair of tracksuit pants, stretched across a butt ample enough to rival a pair of beer kegs, dwarfing the tail squashed between his cheeks. The fabric was stretched tight around his tremendously chubby thighs as well, ending half-way down his calves where the pulled-tight cuffs cut into the flabby flesh. Despite being several sizes too small for him, he was stubbornly wearing a red-and-white football sweater that struggled to cover much more than his chest, and the sleeves of which now resembled tourniquets on his upper arms. Whatever number he played was

stretched into humorous illegibility. A thick roll of fat around his thick neck stretched the v-neck out wide. Even his sneakers were unlaced, presumably because he'd never be able to bend far enough to tie them. This was some party-animal, who had obviously over-indulged in college life to the max. A chorus of loud 'oinks' trailed his laborious, lumbering progress.

The 'ex' jock, both sets of cheeks bouncing sluggishly in counterpoint to his gut, continued glowering around him, then resumed directing complaints at one of the luckless creatures helping to support his weight.

"I keep telling ya I don't NEED to be taken to hospital! I'm fine, damnit, I just got a LITTLE stuck, that's all!"

"Sorry big guy-"

"Don't call me 'big guy', ya runt!" the double-XL donkey snorted ungratefully at the helper on his right who'd spoken, his doughnut-like double chin wobbling at he turned his head. He didn't like the way the guy had been so damn jovial about the whole thing. He'd taken his sweet time in helping, too! The officer on his left, a female tiger with refined, college-educated tones cut in more sympathetically.

"Sir, I'm afraid it's a policy thing, after an... incident like this." Two more uniformed personnel emerged from the dorm chatting cheerfully to one another. One of them was coiling up a huge length of rubber sling around one arm, the other winding in what looked a lot like a two-ended hydraulic ram. They adroitly overtook the waddling trio and went to open the rear doors of their vehicle wide. "Once we get you there it shouldn't take too long." "It'd better *not*," the donkey subsided grumpily as he reluctantly hauled himself towards the rear of the vehicle, for once acutely aware of the way his rump wobbled with each step. "I've got practice later." He manfully ignored his fellow students, some of whom now started up a ragged chorus of 'Baby Got Back'. Geeks.

"This ain't my fault," the preposterously pear-shaped jock repeated doggedly to the two officers mostly swamped under his bulging upper arms, "they shrank that damn doorway, I swear."

"Of course, sir."

"*Everyone* puts on a little weight at college."

"That's often true."

“Anyway, I’ve been bulking up for football.”

“Naturally.” They’d reached the back doors to the ambulance, and there was a step up into the back.

“You sure took your sweet time getting here too! Two HOURS I was stuck there!”

“We were dispatched as soon as we got the call, sir.”

“I’ve seen the normal paramedics we get round here turn up in about 10 *minutes*!”

“We’re a special team, sir, trained and properly equipped to deal with... *this* kind of situation.”

“They don’t call us the Big Body Squad for nothing!” the guy on his right added loudly in a cheerful voice. The donkey’s face reddened as the crowd tittered. This was *humiliating*.

“You sure your buds placed the call immediately?” the annoying dude continued in a too-innocent tone of voice. The donkey paused unsteadily in thought, one sneakered hoof on the step, chunky hands grasping both sides of vehicle

“They’d better damn well have, or I’ll *sit* on ‘em next football pract- *hee-haw*!” He quivered, bolt-upright, then with deliberate slowness turned his head to glare viciously down at the dislikeable medic- a damned mutt of some kind- his ears back. “*No-one* gropes the Big Donk, ya hear me?” He growled, baring his large equine teeth at the helmeted figure.

“Sheesh, I’m giving you a *shove*!”

“Up you go sir, *please*.”

“*Hee-haw*!” With unexpected force both he was propelled bodily upwards by hands on either side of his rear, whilst other hands inside grabbed his top and pulled him forwards. He nearly tumbled into the back of the ambulance, practically squashing the two guys already in there, who threw themselves out of the way just in time. Jeeze, for a team who were meant to be used to this kind of thing, they were all pretty puny. The other two jumped in right after him, pulling the doors shut with a slam. The girl blipped the walkie-talkie on her uniform.

“We’re all aboard- go!”

“*Finally*.” Came the distorted reply. The inside of the ambulance lurched as the wheels spun under them, and the donkey glimpsed the crowd shrinking into the distance through the rear windows before two small, medical-green plastic curtains were pulled across them. There weren’t any sirens though, which kind of annoyed him.

“If you could just lay down on the stretcher, sir-”

“I ain’t tired!”

“*Please*, sir.” They went over a speed-bump at some speed, and he banged his head on the

ceiling. The Big Donk then reluctantly conceded, rolling onto the raised stretcher already set out in the compartment while the two other medics strapped themselves in to folding seats along the sides. One thing at least, this ambulance was pretty roomy, even with five of them in it. The stretcher was pretty big too. Hah, they must deal with some *real* fatsos if they needed this thing.

The mutt was strapping some kind of cords over him. And he seemed to be tying it unnecessarily tight around his stomach. He could feel himself bulging to either side of it. “For your own safety, sir,” the girl explained calmly as their patient belligerently opened his mouth, “in case of a traffic accident on the way.” He shut it again, reluctantly, giving the mutt another hard glare. *He* was busy rummaging in a medical kit of some kind. The canine pulled out a syringe and filled it with something colourless from a medical-looking vial. “I have to give you this, sir,” he said to the donkey in a very formal-sounding voice, “For the shock you’ve sustained,” he explained. His partner gave him a look, but said nothing. “I play FOOTBALL! I’m not in any kinda stinkin’ shock!” He *hated* needles! Ignoring their passenger’s outburst, the girl pulled some kind of breathing mask arrangement from the wall and pressed it over his snout. The pachyderm-sized football player made to shove it away, but his wrists were under the cords. “You stick that thing in my arm and I’ll... I’ll...!” “Policy again, I’m afraid sir,” the girl replied calmly as he squirmed, “Please remain calm.” Just on the edge of his sight he could see the mutt brandishing the syringe, then unexpectedly felt someone swabbing a bulging patch of his rump with something cold.

“Huh? *HEE-haw!!*”

“Now that wasn’t so bad, was it?” The mutt pulled the needle out again and inspected it with obvious satisfaction. The feline tugged the facemask strapping over the donkey’s nose, and cool gas started to tickle his nostrils. He subsided back onto the stretcher in a smouldering temper, suddenly feeling a bit woozy after all.

“That’s more comfy, huh Jack?” the dog said with a grin. In the background, the other two seated medics exchanged a glance.

“My name... ain’t Jack!” the donkey replied thickly, his tongue suddenly feeling twice as big as it should. Must be the shot or something. The ambulance compartment started to float in his vision.

“Funny, you sound like a jack-ass to me, fatboy.” Their extra-large equid patient began to splutter in disbelief, volcanic outrage not far behind. This runt was getting *fired* for that!

“Leave it,” the girl said wearily to her colleague, cutting off the donkey’s harsh bray of fury. She pulled off her helmet and ran her paw through a surprisingly long mane of hair, before grabbing her walkie-talkie again. “Jupe? Clive’s gone and juiced our passenger early, what’s our eta?”

“About 20 minutes.”

“Make it 15,” she said curtly. The other guys were also taking off their helmets and giving the mutt hard looks. He seemed unrepentant, whatever it was he’d done. Wheezing, the jumbo-sized jock pulled in a deep breath and managed to lift his suddenly-spinning head. His view of the cab was partly obscured by his own chest and stomach.

“What the *heck* is... going...” he trailed off, and stared in disbelief. His chest and stomach were both slowly rising in front of him like bread dough. His eyes went round, and he gawped in horror for about 20 incredulous seconds, during which time his middle impossibly continued to grow. A wrinkle in his jersey slowly stretched out and vanished as new flesh filled it.

“*HEE-HAWWW?!?*”

The other two medics- another dog of some kind and a bear- leapt on their rapidly-plumping patient from their seats as he tried to thrash against the ‘safety-cords’. They pressed him down as he futilely tried to buck and kick.

“Still pretty strong for that much weight,” one of them commented in a conversational way as he kept the wobbling mass underneath him restrained. “Maybe Clive did the right thing after all.”

“Football player,” the other concurred wisely, shoving the distending donkey’s softening shoulders back down against the stretcher, “Kept some muscle-tone up. Won’t do him much good much longer.” The bear, pressing down on the donkey’s chest, wrinkled his nose in distaste.

“Phew! He stinks like an old brewery crossed with a pizza parlour!”

“Jock parties hard, too,” divined the other succinctly. “College life, frat parties, fun-times! BEER! Explains the *gut*, right, Tubby?” He reached over and slapped a hand against the equid’s exposed, expanding underbelly, eliciting a muffled squeal amidst the struggling.

“And no time for laundry, huh?”

The tigress rolled her eyes and then glared hard at the first dog.

“You *over*-dosed him.” The dog scratched himself inside his uniform in a distinctly un-professional way, grinning vindictively.

“The obnoxious loudmouth deserved it.”

“I’ll loudmouth *you* once this is over.” She picked up her walkie-talkie again. “*Faster, please!*” The ambulance accelerated, and the wail of the siren filtered through into the compartment over the muffled *hee-haws*.

They reached their destination in 10 minutes. By which time, the back of the ambulance had grown a lot more cramped. Beforehand, this egotistical jock might have grudgingly admitted to being kinda on the heavy side these days, but to his mounting horror, he continued ballooning unstoppably during the ride, like he was on a pump or something, gaining weight until he was rounder than the most obese buffet-beasts he’d ever laughed at waddling around campus. The Big Donk was blowing up into a total doughball!

“*Hlmpfh-hwwwww!*”

He managed a muffled bray as his chest started to consume him, pressing his snout back and up, even as the breathing mask got wedged more and more between the chubby cheeks he could feel billowing out to either side of it, as well as pressing into his field of view. No one helped him, and nothing stopped his gargantuan gut as it grew bigger, and bigger, and bigger, eventually lifting his captors off their feet and threatening to crush them against the ceiling. But by then his struggling further was pointless, the sheer weight sitting on top of him enough to keep him pinned helplessly, and the weight on top of him *was* him! The bungee cords holding him prisoner stretched hugely until they finally popped, but by then his arms and legs felt like they’d been coated in cement, then got dipped in another layer, and another, and another, until he could barely lift one at a time, let alone kick or punch. He could feel himself spreading, legs and arms splaying out, forced by the swelling collars of flab he could sense inflating around them and the outward pressure from his expanding torso. His widening back rolled out until he was filling the stretcher, the support poles pressing against the flab, whilst his butt blew up like butter was being injected directly into it. He wheezed as his monstrous stomach weighed down on him and continued to spread, shoving his legs further apart and rolling his chest up against his snout, each moob pumping up like a football-

no, a basketball!- of blubber. He could feel the fabric of his jersey getting squeezed between his chest and his cheeks. Pretty soon he was sprawled there more helpless than a beached whale. This. Could. Not. Be. Happening!

His weight grew until his clothes were straining around him, stretched to their limits, and then beyond. Stitches started to pop loudly in his clothing, each small explosion setting a gelatinuous quiver through him before he spread out a little further, each rip causing a slight change in shape to his gargantuan juggernaut of a gut. By the time the ‘ambulance’ screeched to a halt, the ‘patient’ filled pretty much the entire rear compartment, the ‘medics’ pressed back against the corners to avoid being squashed by all that donkey-dough. When the reception committee opened the straining rear doors, a light-brown tidal-wave of donkey-gut surged out in slow-motion to jiggle to an unsteady halt a foot beyond the doors, Jacob’s ladder and all. The upgraded suspension on the vehicle went ‘glunk’ as the rear axle sank further.

“Looks like you’re gonna need the forklift for this one,” someone said.

“Just get the second gurney,” the tigress replied briskly, pulling the air-tank or whatever off the wall and propping it securely in the deep valley between the donkey’s mountainous moobs, shadowing the mask still firmly attached to his fat, fat face. Then they each took a corner of the conveniently-supersized stretcher.

They had to *squeeze* him out through the ambulance doors, and he was still getting fatter. By the time they got their sumo-supersized patient inside his clothes were barely clinging to the curves of his blubber-bloated bulk by threads, and the wheels of the two reinforced trolleys side-by-side squealed in protest at the load. For the disoriented, drugged-up donkey the trip was just a disconnected, dreamy succession of swirling corridors, doors, the occasional indistinct face peering at him, and the growing, all-pervasive sense of *weight*. There was an almighty lurch, and then the world started swimming back into focus.

The ‘medics’ and another group of burly animals in technicians’ overalls- by that time some *serious* muscle was needed- hauled their gargantuan cargo from the gurney and onto something resembling a full-sized trampoline converted into a hammock, its rhomboid frame curving up at the top and bottom corners to form a 3D crescent like a steel-giant’s idea of origami. The whole structure was set at a 40 degree-or-so angle to the floor and surrounded

by a complicated mechanical cradle of machinery. As the college-donkey's colossally overblown butt hit the neoprene surface it streeetched beneath the enormous weight, and he half-sank, half-slid into position with a chunky-sounding thud. The upheaval set him wobbling like a ludicrously-sized waterballoon-animal, but only elicited a dazed grunt. He came to rest reclined at the centre of the strange 'seat', sunk deep into the huge dent his weight stretched into the elastic fabric, his stuffed-sausage lower legs hanging over the edges of the frame, hooked under his chubby knees, hooves dangling uselessly off the ground. Pressed down and back into the elastic material by his own bulk, his sheer size forced his limbs to spread wide, porky arms resting on the rolling hills his chest and sides formed, whilst beer-barrel thighs were almost at right angles, parted by his sagging gut's inexorable pressure. The lowest point of the 'seat's' frame stuck up and out in front of him, cradling the vast ball of donkey-belly that gravity rolled into its embrace.

"Hpmmm...?" Eyes clearing, the extremely-ex-jock equid blinked a couple of times, then woke up more to his situation and stared around him, struggling to focus past the two bloated watermelons his cheeks now resembled. In front of him was a patch of metal walkway illuminated by spotlights, and in the very far distance huge smooth walls, but the view in between was mostly in gloom- all he could see was the occasional shadowy curve of some kind. There seemed to be some kind of regular series of compartments alongside the walkway, in one of which he sat. Squinting groggily up, he thought he might be able to see another walkway in the darkness above. What... what kinda hospital was this?

Even as he finally registered where he was, something clicked into place across his middle. With supreme effort the doughball donkey part-rocked, part-rolled himself forwards- the taut fabric supporting him distending like rubber as his weight shifted- but then came to a suddenly halt as something restrained him. Squinting, he see some kind of y-shaped harness securing him in place, stretched back over his shoulders and down beneath his belly to vanish somewhere between his legs. His eyes widened as he also discovered his old clothes had gone, and instead he was clothed in some kind of weird one-piece spandex outfit like a leotard for a sumo wrestler- although it *was* in red-and-white. Underneath it, he could feel small, thin circular pads placed at intervals on his chest and stomach, and each time he breathed they slid beneath the figure-hugging fabric stretched around his torso. But what arrested his attention entirely was his *size*. His belly formed a horizon that blocked his view downwards, and in the foreground a pair of spandex-squeezed moobs rippled and wobbled

like waves threatening to crash down on a beach. Feeling as though he was bench-pressing his max in the gym, he hauled up one flabby arm- holy hell!- and prodded into the side of one breast, watching it jiggle in disbelief. This... this was *really* him? He looked like a freakin' *whale*! He... he just COULDN'T be this big...

“Ah, the test-subject is awake. *Good...*”

The supersized sports-donkey struggled to turn his head to where the voice had come from, but it felt so *heavy*. A grizzled, authoritative-looking polar-bear was standing in the pool of light cast along the metal walkway in front of his berth. He squinted down curiously- the bear kind of looked like a college professor or something, dressed in a white lab-coat thing that buttoned at the side. A couple of similarly-dressed assistants stood behind him on either side, holding i-pads. The other animals all backed away smartly to leave him the floor.

“Flmphhl...” The breathing mask, now disconnected from any air-supply, was still around the donkey's snout, the elastic holding it stretched around the back of his face and neck. It nestled securely against the combined, bulging flab of his cheeks and chins, flexible enough to let him move his jaws but hard to talk through.

“Please do not consider trying anything foolish, it is most tiresome for everyone,” the bear said calmly, “You really are in no... aha... fit state at present.”

“Hmphhhh!” the balloonlike beast-of-burden wheezed. At least partly sitting up like this made it easier to breathe. The polar bear was consulting a list of notes, and didn't bother to look up as he carried on.

“Doubtless you are wondering why you're here,” With speaking impossible, the donkey tried to nod, and found even that was an effort. “You are here, my rotund young friend, because you are *very* fat, and the very fat are a... aha, *big* problem for the government.”

The *government*? Suddenly the donkey felt a lot colder.

“I imagine that even such a... physically-oriented creature as yourself is aware of the current obesity epidemic that is plaguing society?” The sumo-sized equid grunted, and managed to gesture at himself in a way that clearly meant ‘have you SEEN this?’ “Ah, I see that you are. But that isn't all- the general population is not just becoming obese, but in many cases *extremely* obese. Bigger than ever recorded before in history. Those who were once thin are

becoming fat, and those who were fat are becoming... well, the Guinness World Record for the fattest animal is being broken year upon year upon year for almost every species. And we in this institute are studying this particular phenomenon. What makes an animal grow *enormously* fat?"

So these guys were planning to try to slim him down? The hope in the farmyard fatboy's eyes must have shown, because the polar bear chuckled and shook his head.

"You misunderstand. Just studying those who let themselves become casually obese is of no use statistically, we require..." the donkey's eyes widened, and cold sweat tickled between the rolls of lard cushioning his shoulderblades. "... Bigger datasets. To study the problem *scientifically* we require test-subjects with an already high BMI to gain more weight under carefully controlled conditions. *Much* more weight. In the name of progress, naturally." The bear checked some the computer screens whilst his assistants made additional notes. "Of course, this wretched keep-fit craze amongst you equines means that the supply of good test-subjects has grown very thin of late. It is most vexing. However," he looked up and smiled beatifically, "now that we have invested so much in getting you to an acceptable starting level, I am sure we can make the most of you. Though you responded to your pre-treatment far better than any of our projections. We've had to bring you in quite a month ahead of schedule."

"...Hnnph?"

"You didn't think it a little *odd* that you were putting on quite so much weight at college? You excelled at *that* far more than your academic pursuits, such as they were." The bear tsked and shook his salt-and-pepper muzzle sagely. "Such is the modern college lifestyle, I am told. Such a breeding ground for obesity amongst animals in your age-group. Most fortunate for our purposes" The bear clapped his hands together, smiling around at the technicians and then at their humungous, recumbent 'recruit', as a researcher would smile at their prize lab-rat. "Yes, yes, I think you will make an *excellent* test-subject. Such a very high *potential* for great things."

The bear gestured and the watching teams resumed their work, ignoring the muffled noises emanating from the titanic teenage test-subject. One technician moved forward to a console,

pressing buttons. The bright lights illuminating the colossal spandex-clad college-donkey began to dim to an undersea intensity, while a hose extended out of a gantry above and connected to the end of the breathing mask with a solid ‘thunk’ that sent a ripple sloshing through his near-spherical frame. At the flick of another switch a large transparent screen flickered into glowing life above their captive’s face. The donkey stared wide-eyed at the image on it, of a figure so fat it was recognisably equine only by the vague shape of its muzzle, its ears and hooves. The leotard it didn’t so much cover its bulk as merely prevent it from overflowing. It- *he*- filled roughly half of the elastic cradle in which he was held, his huge belly sticking out beyond his knees. His neck had seemingly been squashed down into a thick doughnut surrounding his fat face, several chins now nestled in the valley between his mammoth, neoprene-covered moobs.

“I believe the expression is, not even your own mother would recognise you.”

“*Hee-haww!!*”

Instead of his usual football position something else was printed in its place across his chest, but was too spread and distorted for his fat-fogged mind to decipher it. As the dumbstruck donkey watched, lettering sprang up clearly at the edges of the screen. Prominently along the bottom he read:

F4T-A55

“This is your serial number. A figure blinked on in the top left: 704. It cycled through several other values before returning to 704. “This is your current weight, expressed in a range standard measurement scales, although I believe you are most familiar with pounds. You will *enlarge* this number to our satisfaction. Your co-operation would be appreciated, but, and I stress this reluctantly, is *not* necessary. In the top right is your required remaining minimum calorific intake for the next 24 hour period...”

“MPHLHGH!” Other measures at the edges of the screen altered- one of which, presumably his heart-rate, leaped upwards. The top right value flickered increased fractionally.

“Please do not agitate yourself, you will only burn calories that the system will need to replace.” Just then, the hose linked to the mask he was wearing rumbled and swayed, and with a ‘whoosh’ his mouth was suddenly full of food! His cheeks bulged painfully, straining, and he was forced to swallow some of it. It tasted of...

“Hngh-**GULP**-haww!”

...*doughnuts*?

“I believe you found the taste satisfactory.” It was a statement, not a question. “Your treatment regime has been synthesised according to your excessive dietary lifestyle and proclivities to replicate the effects of your natural environment.” Again the notes were checked. “Based on our sources, this consists almost entirely of junk food and copious alcohol.” Once the donkey had swallowed, the dispenser refilled his mouth with more sweet, meltingly-warm foodstuff. It was difficult NOT to swallow it. He tried to block the tide with his tongue but the flow just continued inexorably until his snout was crammed full, after which it paused patiently. The bear’s voice growled on. “After your initial induction period, commensurate on satisfactory progress you will be allowed greater interactivity in your dietary intake, and perhaps eventually even some freedom of movement, but for *now*, in light of your potential, our purpose is to maximise your body-mass as rapidly as possible.”

The sumo-sized jumbo-jock donkey sprawled there helplessly with his mouth stuffed full, his jaws clenched shut and sweat beading on his fat face as he endeavoured not to chew, not to swallow, not to *taste* the calorie-laden flab-fuel they were trying to pump into him. After a few moments of stalemate the machinery hummed, and he suddenly found more food being pushed into his mouth, slowly but unrelentingly. He was forced to swallow in a series of huge, painful gulps, one after the other. It was that or burst something. For now, his muzzle didn’t refill, and he was left panting with relief. The top-right figure reduced very slightly, then flashed at him.

“The system can tell when you are not *trying*, F4T-A55,” the bear chided him gently. He nodded at the technician in front of the donkey’s niche, who pressed and held another button.

“*Hee-haww!!*”

A deep tingling suddenly blossomed through his chest and stomach, making his fists clench involuntarily. The colossally corpulent donkey found himself having flashbacks to every time at college where he’d got so stuffed he’d ached in this weirdly, almost *addictively* good way. Muscles he didn’t even know he could clench wound up clenching. The technician

took his finger away and the test subject sagged in his one-piece suit like a pile of dough, wheezing heavily as nerves twitched their way back from Nirvana. He'd broken out in another sweat. A small moan escaped from between his lips, echoing through the breathing mask.

"I am told that over repeated exposures this sensation becomes highly... enjoyable to a large proportion of our test-subjects. They find it quite motivating. The sensors in your clothing and harness will inform the system when you have progressed sufficiently to deserve a reward."

Finally shocked back into some kind of activity, brain-cells in the enormously fat equid's head began firing sluggishly. He squirmed desperately against his own blubbersome bulk and, red-faced with the effort, grunted out indistinctly:

"Mphhlgl gfl col zhe *cops!*" He stopped, shocked to hear how much his voice had altered, its normal bray now deepened to something more like a fat foghorn. The bear sighed with weary patience.

"No, F4T-A55, nobody will do that. You forget, we are the *government*. Your remarkable weight-gain has been an increasingly large difficulty for your college authorities to accommodate, to the point where you were getting wedged *in* their accommodation. As far as they are concerned, you were *seen* to be taken to hospital, and they will have a reliable witness to that effect." The bear snapped his fingers, and a figure stepped down the dimly illuminated catwalk into the light. Behind his bloated cheeks, the donkey's disbelieving eyes went round with shocked recognition.

"Woah, the Big Donk finally got REAL big!" The muscular stallion standing there grinning up at him wore the same style of red-and-white sweater slung casually over his full football uniform, obviously fresh from practice. The horse's eyes roamed hungrily over the donkey's distended curves, lingering on that gargantuan, gelatinous gut, larger-than-life lovehandles and capacious chest. If anything, his smirk just grew wider and wider. "I came to make sure they're taking good care of you, fat-ass!" He then brought one hand out from behind his back, and waved something, adding brightly. "And you forgot your cap..."

Before anyone could stop him the horse sprang up athletically in front of his locker-room sized team-mate and began to mountaineer up his vast, spandex-stretching belly, grabbing deep handholds in the massive, quivering wall of donkey-flab on his way up.

“*Hmphh-hwww!! Hmphh-hwww!!!!*”

Reaching the summit of that stupendous stomach, he leaned unsteadily up and over the enormous equine chest atop it to jam a faded red-and-white cap into place between the donkey’s ears. It looked hilariously undersized against his bulging, bloated features, which bobbed and swayed under the sudden impetus. Grinning like a demented pumpkin, the musclebound horse wrapped his arms as far around the donkey’s domineering chest as he could, thrust his face hard against the spandex spanning the valley between his moobs, and squeezed. When he finally withdrew, cheeks flushed and mane askew, his eyes had the slightly crazy gleam to them of those who’ve had their darkest wishes fulfilled.

“Damn, I nearly didn’t believe them when they told me they could make you *this* big!” He grinned into the eyes of his now-enormous fellow-equine. “That massive ego satisfied *now*, ‘Big Donk’? You’re FINALLY bigger than anyone else on the team! Haha, you outsize all of us *put together*!” The horse absent-mindedly wiped a little froth from his chin, his eyes darting everywhere as they tried to take in the vast expanse of donkey-blubber beneath him. Arms still outstretched, he hefted those mountainous moobs in their spandex prison, straining to lift them before letting them SLAP back down. “And this was just with me slipping you a couple of drops of their wonder-juice a day! If I’d given you *more*...”

He trailed off, tongue practically hanging out, before he turned abruptly and slid down the huge curve of his ‘buddy’s’ belly, landing on the catwalk with a clang. The bear continued as if there had been no interruption.

“Our mutual friend here has been an invaluable assistance in obtaining your participation.” He patted the horse almost fatherly on one muscular shoulder. “And he will report to the college authorities that, after an assessment at the hospital, you were transferred elsewhere to a college specialising in drastic weight-loss therapy.” The colossal captive stared at them in dumb disbelief, and the horse winked and gave him a thumbs-up. “Naturally you will be

continuing your studies there. Your old college should be receiving the confirmatory paperwork even now.”

“And there are *always* more football players to take your place on the team,” the horse put in. He glanced at the bear, suddenly uncertain. “They’re not going to... suspect anything, are they? You said this was all legal.”

“We’ve never encountered any suspicions before,” the bear said, soothingly. “F4T-A55 here has, to all intents and purposes, disappeared. Although, of course, in the meantime more and more of him will be appearing. Hans,” the bear gestured at the one remaining technician, who nodded professionally and pressed more buttons. Their superfattened farm-animal’s cheeks bulged almost as roundly as his eyes as the steady flow of pulverised food began again, and this time continued indefatigably.

“Heee-GLURP-fnaawwww...!”

The stallion dragged his wild-eyed gaze from the stupendously-sized sight in front of him, and asked almost plaintively. “I *can* come and visit him, right? When he’s even *bigger*? Watching him blimp up on campus like that was...” he visibly struggled to find a word that adequately expressed himself, “...so *intense*!”

The bear smiled warmly, and put a congenial arm around the horse’s broad shoulders as he began to lead him away down the catwalk.

“Why *of course* you can come and see how your friend is progressing, my boy. We have very high hopes of him. You really must visit again soon. But for now, why not have some lunch in our cafeteria before you go...” his voice faded into the dimly-lit distance, leaving the captive, force-fed whale of an ex-jock equid alone with Hans, the one solitary technician. In the absence of his superiors he relaxed considerably, leaned comfortably against the control console on one elbow, and grinned up at his colossal charge.

“Don’t you worry, big boy, I take goooood care of my animals. I’ve gotta say, I ain’t looked after a donkey before. It’ll be interesting to see just how big you can grow.” With a smirk he reached up and rubbed a hand along the wide curve of that spandex-spreading belly. It quivered in response to the contact. “We’ll be getting to know each other very well...”

“Hmpmg-BURRRP!-hwww!”

“Hehe, *that’s* the spirit. Eat up, fat-ass! Do good and later on I’ll break both of us out some beer.” At the press of a button the cradle-like chair tilted back slightly, and the donkey felt his body spread, and the weight settled on him as though a sumo-wrestler had sat on him. The flab of his neck bulged out to act as a pillow for his head. “Don’t worry about outgrowing that chair, tubby. That’s nothing. We’ve got floatation tanks for our *really* fat fellas. If you outgrow one of THOSE babies, *then* you’ll impress me.”

The flow of food continued unabated, and F4T-A55 chowed down reluctantly, belly swelling sluggishly inside its lycra. Another shiver of electricity through his harness made him snort and shiver. He picked up the pace some.

“Thaaaat’s it. You *want* to grow big n’ impressive and make me proud of you, don’t you?” Hans the technician crooned, his smile lit by the glow of the control panel. “And don’t worry about getting lonely down here, either,” he continued with a wink. “I think you’ll have some competition pretty soon...”

The vast specimen of forcibly-obese donkey-hood blinked dazedly as the bay opposite him lit up, its enormous chair empty. The screen flashed into life, and printed a different serial number across it.

B16-H055

The End...?