

Sweet Talker

By Lupine

As he walked up the drive, Knox found himself blushing before he'd even reached the front door. He'd been right- his pants *were* tight. He could feel the stone-washed denim squeezing at his rump with each slow, rather swaying step he took. They were the biggest pair he owned, and they were tight! Not only them, his belt- the longest he owned- was rubbing tightly within its confining loops, squeezing into his flesh about a quarter of the way down his tush, giving him an inkling as to how much of his *derrière* must, ahem, be on show. And that was even *before* he'd had this Birthday dinner with Atlas. Ulp. The big, handsome rogue had told him to bring a big appetite tonight, too. And Knox *definitely* didn't want to disappoint, no sir.

This... this was getting a little out of hand, Knox told himself reluctantly, even as his hooves crunched up the gravel path towards his rendezvous. Atlas' address turned out to be a little out of town, and the big, bulging Belgian Brabant had walked all the way here in a half-hearted attempt to burn off some of the weight he'd gained lately. Most of this excess flesh was 100% Atlas' fault too, plain and simple. But he just... couldn't say 'no' to that horse-tastic hunk. The swollen, silver-furred stallion found himself biting his lower lip as his coal-furred hand (undeniably chubby) reached out to grab hold of Atlas' doorknocker- an old, repurposed horseshoe. But as he did so, the front of his gut unexpectedly reached the door ahead of him and collided with the woodwork with a hefty *thud*. S-so much for knocking...

There was no getting away from it- he was getting *fat*. Knox had never been a skinny little showjumper- why would he have ever have *wanted* to be?- but even from that burly starting point, the Brabant's physique had frankly *ballooned* these last few months, and these days he more resembled the Pillsbury Dough-Horse. His belly- his big, round, heavy barrel of a belly- was swathed in the biggest shirt he could find in his wardrobe, an outsized plaid number whose folds he'd used to be able to envelope himself in. Now... well, the buttons *mostly* still did up around his stomach (all except for the lowermost one) though if he breathed too deeply they had a tendency to creak. But it still *fitted*, and that was the main thing- even if he *could* feel the curve of his middle overhanging his belt, stretching its cotton cocoon like a dam ready to overflow. After all, he'd wanted to look his *best* this evening...

Knox and Atlas had first met in a bakery- Atlas' bakery. But, unlike every other baker Knox had ever known- and in fairness, his penchant for sweet, scrumptious baked goods meant he'd met a *lot*- this one's physique somehow hadn't succumbed to his own Dark Arts. Quite the reverse- he was a pumped, prime specimen of horse-muscle. The 'solidly-built' silver equine had an acknowledged weakness for cakes of all kinds, and that definitely included beefcakes, too. The black-furred stallion *more* than qualified for that category. He was bigger than Knox- head and shoulders at least, and at 20 hands (or 6'8" in non-horse money) the silver stallion was no shorty, he was broader than Knox (across the shoulders, that is) and he was buffer than Knox- and with quite *devastatingly* rugged good looks to boot. The increasingly-smitten stallion had kept going back to the bakery just to sneak peeks at this rippling shire-horse heartthrob, a soon-daily treat almost as tasty as the foodstuffs he was scarfing down as an excuse for dropping by, though pretty soon it was hard to say which he was craving more.

And it may have just been wishful thinking on his part, but he could almost believe his interest was being returned. Within a few visits Atlas started greeting Knox by name, and striking up completely gratuitous conversations with him every time he went in. Sure, he came across as a bit big-headed (who wouldn't get that way at that kind of size?) but oof, what a charmer! The burly Brabant found himself being talked into buying *far* more food than was good for him, but then he couldn't just let it go to waste now, could he? And it was all super-tasty- way too good to pass up!

But the problem was- if problem it was- that instead of going to waste it started going to waist instead- not to mention his rear-end, and his thighs. The silver stallion had always put on weight easily, but it seemed Atlas' baking couldn't have worse for his figure if it had been deliberately designed that way- and addictively sweet into the bargain (much like its baker). The hedonistic horse didn't really mind this one bit- au contraire, he downright *enjoyed* being a Big Boy- but he did worry how his latest crush might react to him blatantly chubbing up like this. To his secret delight, if anything Atlas became even *more* friendly as Knox filled out- some of the comments he came out with about the stallion's 'healthy appetite' and 'fine masculine figure' bordered on teasing, if not downright flirtatious. And when Atlas bestowed upon him that broad, slow grin of his and called him 'Handsome', Knox found himself buying an even *bigger* take-out order of baked goodies, time after time after time...

Pretty soon after that he seemed to be tripping over Atlas almost everywhere in town- his local grocery store (the dessert aisle), the park (Atlas jogging, Knox strolling more leisurely), the nearby all-you-can eat buffet. Either it was Written in the Stars that they were destined get to know each other better, or- haha- the handsome horse was some kind of truly ingenious and dedicated stalker! Knox even bumped into him down the *gym* (his recent decision to attend more regularly *entirely* coincidental to the fact that his rump had outgrown a second size up in pants in as many weeks - he loved his bulk, but he really ought to keep in *some* sort of shape, after all). Knox had lumbered into the weights room in his newly up-sized workout gear, just a tiny bit self-conscious, but found that no-one paid *him* the slightest attention. There front-and-centre was Atlas, sprawled comfortably on the bench-press like it was his favourite couch, casually lifting weights heavier than Knox himself, at the same time chatting easily to a surrounding throng of ‘lifters who were staring at him in worshipful awe. *And* he was bare-chested. It was the first time Knox had seen the big sweet lunk without a shirt on, and it sure wasn’t a sight he planned to forget (or forgo) in a hurry! Underneath that baker’s apron the big black stallion had been concealing an 8-pack of cobblestone-sized abs running up to a truly *boeufsteak* pair of pecs, which *bulged* every time he clenched and levitated that metal with barely a grunt of effort. But the best moment had been when the hulking horse had spotted Knox back, and had spontaneously whinnied in delighted surprise- turned out it was Atlas’ first visit there, ‘giving the place a try-out’ (“But if *you’re* on the books, Handsome, it *must* be a winner!”).

They’d become semi-regular workout buddies- though Knox wound up doing precious little working-out, always distracted as he was by his spotting-partner’s habit of looming over him shirtless (“These places *never* seem to have any tanks in my size! Isn’t that just *ridiculous?*”). The big handsome Behemoth seemed quite beautifully oblivious to the fact that he outsized even the previously-undisputed Beefcakes of that particular gym- and the way that more than a couple of them were outright ogling him, Knox included. The one time Knox had cheekily pulled the ‘Whoops!-accidentally-walking-in-on-him-in-the-locker-room-shower’ routine to sneak a more complete peek at Atlas’ physique- his rear elevation in particular- the big clueless doof had dragged *him* into the shower too with a joyful whinny, to ‘help do my back’. The increasingly-tubby Trekpaard still found himself going weak at the fetlocks whenever he remembered *that* particular experience. Worse still for his figure, more often than not, after each ‘strenuous’ workout session Atlas would wrangle Knox into joining him for ‘refs’ at one of the nearby eateries- “*My* treat, big guy. No, I insist! You’ve gotta

refuel after putting in all that hard work, ya big Barbell Brabant! I know I get all *kinds* of cranky if I don't fill up regular. Shucks, surely you've worked up more of an appetite than *that?*" - which undeniably left Knox more swollen than before the start of his workout, but not in the way intended.

A couple of months of this relationship and he was having similar wardrobe issues as Atlas, but for entirely different reasons. He was starting to look more like a *hippo* than a horse.

And now the great big handsome hunk was cooking him a birthday dinner! Knox hadn't even meant to *mention* it was his birthday coming up, it had just somehow popped out in conversation when he was picking up his by-now routine bakery order. He'd tried to laugh it off as an attempt to wheedle free pastries out of the sweet black stallion, but Atlas had immediately pricked up his ears and raised the stakes to preparing a full-on celebratory meal for 'my big silver buddy'. Well, Knox couldn't say 'no' to an offer like *that* now, could he? Before he knew it, he found himself agreeing on an evening when he was free.

"So that's a date!" Atlas had declared cheerfully, as he scribbled his address down on a spare napkin.

"What, like a '*date*' date?" Knox had teased. Leaning across the counter to tuck the folded bit of paper into Knox's (increasingly snug) shirt pocket, the big black stallion's muzzle had suddenly split in a slow grin, showing off his pearly-white teeth.

"Would you *like* it to be, Handsome?" Oof, he'd walked right into *that* one! Normally not shy about coming forward, the hefty silver stallion had been left flummoxed, totally tongue-tied until he'd stumbled out of the shop and half-way down the street

So here he was. If only he'd worn some bigger pants...

Shuffling half-nervously from hoof to hoof on the doorstep, the thud from the ample equine's 'knock' was still echoing when the door swung open. Knox was almost knocked onto his rear by the great waft of cooking scents that flooded out with the indoor light. It smelled... *heavenly* in there.

"Hey there Handsome!" the back-lit behemoth beamed at him from the doorway, a seemingly-genuine smile of delight on his muzzle. Despite himself, Knox gulped slightly.

Tonight the big black stallion seemed bigger than *ever*- those exquisite equine pectorals seemed to be right in the bulky Brabant's eye-line. Kind of spookily, Atlas was also wearing a plaid shirt- in fact, almost exactly the same design as Knox's- but the top button had plainly had to be left undone to make room for his chest.

"Hey yourself, you great big doof," Knox retorted, trying to keep up his usual insouciant attitude around the big lug. "Ehe, sorry to be kinda late," he found himself adding despite himself, his deep, rather soft voice turning somewhat sheepish. He'd miscalculated how long the walk over would take, thanks to his 'enhanced' physique.

"Shucks, you're *fine*," the big fella said easily. "Besides, it gave me a chance to whip up a couple of extra birthday surprises for you!"

"S-surprises?" Knox blinked.

"Mhmmm." The horsey hunk gave the stammering silver stallion a slow, surprisingly sly grin, but didn't elaborate. "Oh, you like the shirt, huh?" Knox blinked again, his blush redoubling as he realised he'd been caught staring. "It's a li'l *tighter* than when I last took it out the wardrobe." Atlas rubbed a thick hand reflectively down the be-shirted front of his torso, flattening the material against his heavily-sculpted frame. "Must be your good influence, Workout Buddy." The neck of his shirt yawned open even wider, a couple of the buttons creaking momentarily, before he looked up and flashed Knox a grin. "But tonight's not about *me*- you're looking *sharp*, Big Guy." The big black horse's eyes ran slowly up and down Knox's full-figured physique, and the swollen steed could almost *feel* them come to rest on the gap where the two edges of his shirt gaped fractionally apart, leaving the smallest sliver of curvaceous silver horsehide on show, his bellybutton a shadowy hint at the very top of it. Suddenly feeling very exposed, the heavy horse fought the urge to suck his stomach in. "Y'got great taste, Handsome, but then I guess I already knew *that*." Atlas winked. "So are you coming in, or aren't you?"

Atlas took a step back, and pressed himself back against the in-swung door with a mock-chivalrous swoop of one girder-thick arm. Knox giggled slightly- this big delightful doof could be such a *ham*- then, taking a deep breath to calm a sudden, unexpected pang of nerves, stepped forwards. He hesitated as he realised that the doorway was narrower than he'd thought- or maybe *he* was wider- but Atlas didn't move to make more room, just kept smiling invitingly. With a huff Knox pressed on in, but even whilst avoiding making eye contact he was acutely aware of the big, hulkingly muscular farm-beast to his right- his bodyheat, the

rise and fall of that cliff-like chest shrinking the doorway even further- and how his own hefty, well-padded hip and doughy, shirt-stretching love-handle squashed and dragged against that outstanding eight-pack as he squeezed past, *and* the unyielding door-frame on the far side. Once he'd popped through into the wider space beyond, he heard the door shut with a 'clunk' behind him. He cast a questioning glance back over his shoulder to find his host grinning at something, his eyes cast downwards. As the wide-hipped horse's tail gave a self-conscious flick, Atlas' eyes lifted innocently to meet Knox's own.

"I hope you've saved *some* room in those pants for later, Sweet-Cheeks."

"Ahahaha, hahaha, hee hee hee!" Knox burst out laughing, his cheeks going cherry red under their charcoal fur from the verbal sucker-punch, even as the huge handsome horse gave him his biggest, friendliest grin and put a companionable arm around his soft shoulders (able to reach all the way across despite their padding). Still laughing, Knox found himself being ushered further inside Atlas' lair. Well, seeing as he'd brought it up... "If I don't then it's your fault, doofus! With all that good food you've been shovelling into me, I could swear you've been trying to *fatten me up!*"

"Well shucks," Atlas said with an easy grin, "Bang goes surprise Number One!" He clapped Knox on his far shoulder and pulled him closer, even as the silver stallion emitted a startled *meep* and twisted his head sharply to look at the easy-going equine egoist, winding up with his nose practically in Atlas' armpit. "And here I thought I was being so subtle!"

"Mmph... ehe... I d-don't think you could even get yourself into the same *sentence* as 'subtle', you big dumb doof," Knox quipped, feeling his cheeks glowing red. He tried to ease away slightly, but the big horse kept him clamped near as they walked on. "Erm... You... you really *have* been-?"

"Heh, shucks, I just couldn't help myself, Handsome," the horse grinned. "I've *always* appreciated a *fuller* figure..." Still walking, his hand slid slowly over Knox's shoulderblades until it was resting against the chubby roll of silver-furred flab that had bulged into being on the stallion's far side in recent weeks. He squeezed a little, sending an involuntary shiver through the wide-eyed equine's bulk. "...But when I got an eyeful of *you*, Big Fella-" his hand slid a little lower, until it was cupping the curve of Knox's Rubenesque rump "-I found myself going all *impulsive*."

“Mph...” Knox huffed, his snout now scant inches from bumping into Atlas’ chest. Every time Atlas moved his arm, one of those bulging, be-shirted pecs twitched bewitchingly. “Y-you just thank your lucky stars that I’m *used* to this kinda thing happening to me...”

“Ahh, I *knew* you’d be a good sport about it!” the musclebound, midnight-coloured stallion arched his neck to bestow another grin that could have cracked walnuts on his guest. “And as a thank-you, now I’m gonna work even *harder* to spoil you senseless tonight, Birthday Brabant.”

“Ehe...” Knox liked the sound of *that*. “I *guess* that might make up for you being so under-hoofed. Barely.”

“Shucks,” If anything Atlas’s grin grew wider, his lips lowering to the level of the silver stallion’s ear as his voiced dropped to an intimate nicker, “don’t you try n’ pretend you’ve not *enjoyed* every single mouthful I’ve fed you up till now, Cutie. I know a hoss who was Born to be Big when I see one.”

His coal-coloured cheeks burning, the stout silver equine took a sudden and remarkably intense interest in Atlas’ home, biting his lower lip between his teeth. The converted stone-walled barn was practically one long open-plan void inside, the middle living-area reaching all the way up to the rafters. Its height was making him feel dwarfed, the huge space only made more homely thanks to the mezzanine-style second floor running all around the walls like an outsized indoor balcony. Then he blinked, spotting what looked like a procession of portraits on the walls beneath these arcades.

“Woah,” he whinnied, swinging his neck to take a closer look. He’d been right the first time- the paintings depicted animals from a whole range of different species, but they all had something in common- each and every one of them was freakin’ HUGE. Here and there the occasional colossal critter was posing to show off an Olympian physique, but the vast (haha) majority of them were painted as outrageously, eye-poppingly obese. There were a few horses mixed in amongst them, with detailed enough markings that he could even believe they’d been painted from life... “Ehe... f-friends of yours?” he quipped.

“Mmmhmm,” Atlas agreed with an easy grin, following his guest’s gaze, “I’ve known a few Big Buds in my time.”

“Were they all that big BEFORE they met you?” Knox challenged him, half-teasingly, half-nervously, his eyes widening despite themselves at some of the more immense figures they were processing past. He wouldn’t have credited that some of the species shown could *get*

that fat- until the suspicion began to nag at him that some of the most realistically-painted images looked a lot like photo-prints, blown up.

“Shucks, some folks say I have a *problem* with impulse control,” the big black stallion grinned, “but *I* think of it more as a lifestyle-choice. If I’ve got a *flaw*, I’m sometimes maybe a little *too* generous with my friendship.” He winked. “But I’ve gotta say, not a one of my buddies has ever, *ever* complained about it.”

“Ehe...” Knox gulped slightly, despite himself. “Y-you’re pretty *good* at this, you know that, you big doof?”

“I sure hope so, with all the practice I’ve put in,” Atlas snorted genially. “But hey, why’re we talking about *me* again? Tonight’s meant to be all about *you*, Handsome...”

Despite himself, Knox found himself grinning back widely. He let himself be led into the middle of the main room, where underneath the high rafters a wide circular space was sunken a couple of feet, demarcating a room-within-a-room. It was ringed with one long, curved couch, plushly upholstered in white leather, its expanse only broken by a wide, shallow set of steps leading down into it. Whether or not this was normally a dining area, tonight the centre of the circle was dominated by a large table sheathed in a pristine white cloth, laden with what looked like genuine silver-service serving dishes, some on olde-worlde hotplates, each and every one tantalisingly covered over. There was a single place setting laid, with an awful lot of cutlery. Hooves clonking on the wooden steps, the wide-bodied Brabant stepped carefully towards it, trying to avoid letting his beachball-sized butt-cheeks knock into the table’s edge. Behind him Atlas ushered him forwards, one hand resting proprietarily on the shoulder of Knox’s short-sleeved shirt.

“I hope you’re *hungry*, big boy.” The stallion’s grin was a knowing one. Knox’s middle chose that moment to growl in agreement. Hiding his blushes, the overweight silver stallion decided he wasn’t prepared to let the big lug have things *all* his own way tonight- no matter how tempting that prospect might seem.

“Ehe, well what are you waiting for then? Bring it on, already!”

“Oho,” Atlas’ grin became more of a smirk, “that a *challenge* I hear?”

“Pfft!” Knox snorted. He turned round and bumped himself up against Atlas’ front, his ample weight making the musclebound mustang grunt and take a step back, “You keep on teasing, but when are you actually gonna put some money where that big mouth of yours is, hmm? I’m starting to think you’re all hay and no apple!” Knox’s silver-furred stomach

rumbled again, and he pressed more heavily against the statuesque stallion, feeling his shirt spread against those rock-hard abs his belly distorted inside of it. “See? You just going to let me waste away here, or what?”

Atlas whickered out a chuckle, and slowly leaned forward into Knox’s push, squashing his soft lard-sack of a stomach even more.

“Oh, we can’t have *that* now, can we...?” He winked, and then suddenly Knox’s snout was full, the big black stallion’s hand moving almost too fast for him to follow. The silver stallion grunted in surprise, but almost before it had left his vocal chords the sound morphed into a moan of pleasure as whatever it was began melting on his tongue. He tasted apple, and cinnamon, and the luscious sweetness of brown sugar, and crunchy, fried, caramelised pieces. “Oh my fomf...” he mumbled indistinctly, even as his knees buckled and his behind landed heavily on plushly-padded white leather, the couch’s seat deep enough that the leading edge was pressing into the backs of his knees. Knox opened his eyes, to find he’d sat smack-bang in front of the place setting laid for him. He was sitting with his knees apart, his belly resting on his thighs to almost half-way down their length. Although still decently clothed, by the feel of it his shirt had already begun to untuck itself from his waistband.

T-the big doof really *was* good at this...

“Heh, did *that* hit the spot, Handsome?” Atlas was leaning over him with his biggest, friendliest smile, one forearm resting across the couch’s back-rest behind him. “Candied apple fritter- just a li’l amuse bouche to whet your appetite.”

“More,” Knox grunted immediately, his tongue still tingling delectably. He struggled to sit up straighter, winding up eye-to-eye with the big black stallion. “C’mon, bigmouth, *more*! T-takes more than *that* to impress me.”

“Oh, don’t you worry none, Knoxy-boy,” Atlas smirked, “There’s *plenty* more to come.” He held up another glistening apple ring. Knox’s nostrils immediately flared, and his stomach let out another *rumble*, deeper than before. He opened wide, and the midnight-coloured muscle-head popped it in. If anything the second was even more salivatory than the first... and the third likewise. Several apples-worth went down the hatch before Atlas put a restraining hand on his shoulder.

“Heh, woah boy, hold your horses or you’ll spoil your appetite for the main meal!”

“Not gonna happen,” Knox grunted cockily, slapping a hand to one side of his belly and jiggling it. He was rewarded by seeing the big dreamboat of a draft-horse go very still for a long moment. Now it was Knox’s turn to grin. “You *said* to bring a big appetite, right, you big show-off?”

“Hrrrrrmph-phhh-phhh...” Atlas rumbled out a whicker, his ears flicking. He gave the silver stallion a disarmingly shy smile. “I hope you’re able to live up to that promise, Handsome. You wouldn’t go *teasing* poor ole Atlas, would you?”

Knox lounged back against the seat, one arm resting comfortably over the back-rest, one chunky calf crossing his other leg’s thick thigh, squashing against his stomach in the process. “I can take anything you can dish up tonight, you big doof,” he announced with a grin. “Heck, I can stomach *everything* you can dish up!”

Atlas whinnied, and smiled beatifically.

“Music to my ears, Stud.”

The fritters were just the *start*. Whatever else he was, the big black-furred doof was a demonically good cook. It suddenly seemed like he was holding back at the bakery- if he wares were all *this* tasty Knox would have wound up wedged in the doorway weeks ago, not to mention flat broke- or should that be ‘fat broke’? His host just kept on uncovering dish after dish after dish, and each time Knox thought it couldn’t possibly be better than the last one, a taste proved him wrong, and he found himself guzzling a portion big enough for two- and that wasn’t counting returns for seconds, or often thirds. As Knox kept munching, Atlas kept up a constant stream of cheerful commentary, like a soothingly babbling brook.

“...Have some French toast, big guy- I like to add a li’l cayenne pepper to spice things up a bit...”

“...Woah, you sure finished *that* fast, ya hunky horse. I’d say that means you need *another* helping of venison and red cabbage stew....”

“...Now you’ve just *gotta* try a little of my pulled pork, Handsome- *and* some of my special barbecued chicken...”

“...See? I told you that corn soup was good. Especially if you make it the way you *should*, with full cream...”

“...That moussaka’s *good*, hmm? Heh, don’t tell anyone, but the secret is to add honey along with the cinnamon...”

“...And here’s another beer to wash that down with, Big Fella. My own homebrew- nothing but the best for the Birthday Brabant...”

“... Nothing says ‘party food’ to me quite like a cheese-steak sandwich. What do *you* think, Stud? Some more garlic mayo to go with that...?”

“Shucks, I know they’re fiddly, but I just can’t seem to resist serving up Devils on Horseback...”

The silver stallion completely lost track as to how much he’d eaten- he might have been at it an hour, it might have been five. He didn’t care- this was Hog Heaven. He luxuriated in the seemingly endless stream of mouth-watering morsels, and the growing sense of replete satisfaction from his stomach. Even as that sensation slowly grew into a dull ache, he kept on eating, revelling in the attention this big lug was lavishing on him- and with more than just the food. A hand squeezing his shoulder here, resting on his thigh there, brushing accidentally up against the bulging side of his belly, casually tilting his chin up with a finger to pop a stray tasty tidbit between his lips. Knox felt he could go on eating like this *forever*...

Pop!

Reality finally returned from vacation, announcing itself with a button bursting violently off of Knox’s shirt and ricocheting off a dish-lid, which rang like an end-of-round bell at a wrestling match.

“Oof...!” The silver stallion puffed out his cheeks as a sudden feeling of bloatedness surged through him, seeming to rise up from around his hooves and finish just below his chest. He could have sworn he felt his ribcage creak. The knife and fork clattered from his hands, which he realised were aching a little, and he sank back against the couch, smacking his lips as he wheezed for breath. “Heh, phew, sorry about thaaa...” For the first time in a long while he looked down at himself, and trailed off, gulping slightly.

That wasn’t the first button he’d lost.

Knox’s shirt was wrapped around his chest and the upper half of his belly like it had been shrink-wrapped onto him, its hem now just beneath the level of his bellybutton. That’d be ok, but it looked like maybe four buttons were missing from the bottom up, the two halves of his shirt had separated in an A as though designed to parade his navel to the world. Not that

he could actually *see* that far forward- beneath the hem of his shirt a huge tyre of sliver-furred horsey dough bulged out, spreading his legs out to right-angles or even further, swamping his thighs and pushing forwards to nearly overhang his knees. He was the size of a sumo wrestler! Another creak drew his attention upwards- extra chins creasing unexpectedly beneath his jaw- and he realised his chest had filled out so much the mid-point button across his chest was now on the point of bursting, the two stretched halves of the material separated to give a shadowy peek at the fur-fluff between watermelon-sized moobs. This shirt wasn't so much clothing keeping him decently covered now as an inadequately-sized piece of body-art decorating and accentuating his heavily corpulent curves. He gulped again, his upper arms still held out at right angles- when he tried to lower them he met resistance, both from the stretched fabric of his shirt-sleeves but also from their sheer volume as they collided with another new juicy roll of Brabant-blubber, like a rubber-ring worn around his chest. Knox shifted his weight slightly from side to side, and realised that he was sitting on what now felt more like a pair of yoga-balls than beachballs. The warm leather soaking up his bodyheat had concealed it as he'd sat still, but now as he moved he *felt* wider, his physique having swollen out to take up a serving-place and a half! His pants creaked in response, and he dimly wondered why his belt hadn't pinched long before this- then blinked as he realised that, at some point in the proceedings, his belt had mysteriously come undone without his noticing, not to mention his pants top button, allowing them to unzip to accommodate his growing girth without giving the game away. N-no prizes for guessing how *that* had happened, the sneaky stallion! Knox's pants were now stretched around his hips like lycra, cooler air breathing over patches of his fur where seams in his pants- filled to capacity and beyond- had popped open along the swollen circumference of thighs that were now the part of him that had taken on the 'beachball' mantle.

Knox gulped again, feeling a deep, fiery blush blooming on his cheeks.

"Ehe... M-maybe I'm starting to get a *little* fu-mpph..." He blinked- a thick, black furred finger was suddenly being pressed over his lips in the universal gesture of 'shhh'.

"Don't you say the F-word on me, Cutie," Atlas grinned, leaning over his guest. One hand gently pressed into the big, groaningly-full boulder of a gut in front of it, making Knox stifle an overstuffed grunt, partly of pain, partly of ecstasy. "We've still got the dessert course to get through."

D-dessert *course*? Knox felt his eyes widen. He was starting to worry that this ‘boulder’ had dislodged a landslide, one which could only gather momentum- not to mention mass- from here on in.

“Mhmmm.” Atlas nodded slowly as though Knox had spoken out loud- reading the silver stallion’s expression as easily as a book- a wide, dazzling grin breaking out on his dark snout. The white, starlike patch on his forehead seemed to gleam along with his teeth. “You promised to eat *everything* I dished up for you, remember Big Boy?” He slowly lifted his finger away from Knox’s thick lips.

“Uhh... I d-didn’t *exactly* prom-*mmmph!*” Atlas thick finger returned. The big black stallion just chuckled indulgently and patted Knox on the stomach again, his warm, outsized hand pressing against that silver-furred dough and giving it a ripple. The swollen stallion stiffened his spine as much as he could, trying not to give way to the delicious shiver that ran through it- if he gave this equine egoist an inch, he’d stretch it to a mile, no doubt. Then a thick finger unexpectedly prodded him playfully in his exposed navel. Knox gasped deeply, then, as it traced slowly around the stretched oval of its inner curve, emitted a long drawn-out whiiiiiiiiinny, the tone changing as it shifted about. The softened-up stallion slumped, practically melting like a big scoop of icecream as Atlas teasingly probed this major weak-spot. Once that finger was withdrawn, Knox was left panting and groaning, shirt creaking over his heaving chest, arms thrown back over the couch’s back-rest for support. He was grinning like an idiot.

“You sure you can’t manage just a *little* more, Knoxy-boy?” Atlas smiled, still looming over him, “For *me*?”

“Guh...” the porked-up platinum pferd giggled incoherently before he slowly regained the power of speech, the swell of his chest subsiding as his breathing returned to normal. “I g-guess it’d be bad manners not to try at least *one* desserrr....”

He trailed off, looking up at the engaging equine-expander in momentary confusion. Had Atlas... *loomed* quite this much earlier? He tossed his head- nah, he must be hallucinating from being so over-full. Wishful thinking, Brabant! But then he noticed something- the horse’s stretched shirt now had the top *two* buttons undone. It had definitely been one before- Knox couldn’t have missed *that*- but it didn’t look any less snug. If anything, it looked *tighter*, those pecs even more prominent than he remembered, the shadow beneath them deeper.

Knox blinked, and looked up into the horse's expectant gaze.

"Heh," the bloated Brabant grinned hesitantly, "Sorry, you distracted me there, you big doof. Y-you almost seem to get bigger every time I look at you!" He laughed, and Atlas chuckled along with him.

"Well shucks, if it's *bigger* you want..." Then the big stallion clasped his hands behind his head and... grew! Knox gasped out an astonished whinny. At first it looked just like he was having a good stretch, muscles in his arms and chest standing proud, but then he was visibly shooting up in height- and width!- his shirt seemingly stretching with him. Jaw dropping onto his chest, Knox just stared at the expanding cliff-face of horse-muscle before him with dreamlike fascination, eyes the size of teacups. This continued until the topmost button fastened across Atlas pecs- visibly straining from the tension it was under- POPPED loudly. The button *pinged* off of Knox's nose, but apart from a momentary flinch he didn't react, his gaze riveted to the view in front of him.

"Phew," Atlas exclaimed with a grin, "*That's* better!" Even as he spoke, the horse's black-furred chest swelled to take up the shirt's remaining slack as though he had finally been given room to breathe. Unlinking his fingers and lowering his arms, he was now easily a foot taller than he had been, and if anything his proportions were even more Herculean. "Whoops..." he added, fingering the front of his shirt and inspecting the splits that had formed in the sleeves thanks to his expanded biceps. He didn't seem all that contrite about the wardrobe malfunction- in fact 'smug' was a more apt description. "This new-fangled Spandex weave is great, but I always forget they can't work miracles with it." He winked at the gobsmacked-looking Gee-Gee sitting in front of him.

"You... y-you..." Knox gulped, and belatedly rubbed the front of his stinging snout.

"Heh, sur-priiiiise..." Atlas announced in a sing-song voice, throwing his arms wide, his voice deeper and more resonant than before. Knox felt himself wanting to melt just at the rumbling sound of it. Fighting the temptation, he struggled to sit his wobbling, wideload equine frame more upright. This gave him an even better view of that plain awesome chest, at eye-level whilst his host was leaning over towards him. Now open by three buttons, the fabric of Atlas' shirt formed a wide-stretched V that almost perfectly framed his pecs, mighty slabs of muscle each the size of one of the serving platters on the table in front of him. That shirt creeeaked like a sail under full tension, and Atlas let out a pleased-sounding whicker. "I gotta say, it feels good to finally be able to be more *myself* around you, Handsome."

“But... *how*...?” It came out from the shocked silver stallion’s vocal chords almost as a squeak.

“Shucks, that really ain’t the hard part,” Atlas grinned modestly- for him. “The *real* trick is keeping myself so *small* most of the time.”

Knox’s eyes widened to the size of side plates.

“You...” he swallowed heavily. “You can... get *bigger*?”

“Mhmmm.” The extra-large equine nodded his head slowly, with that same knowing smile in place.

“H-how *much*- mphhh...” A horsey digit the size of a bratwurst pressed up against his lips again, silencing him.

“Heh, now that’s a whole *n’other* surprise, Cutie,” Atlas’ grin widened. “But maybe I don’t live in a place this size for nothing...”

Knox felt his charcoal-coloured cheeks blush a deep, burning crimson. Biting his lower lip, he stared wide-eyed at Atlas’ preposterously powerful-looking pectorals with a hungry look on his face- this was the most monumental equine he’d ever *seen*. As if in response, those big blocks of horse-beef twitched, bouncing a little. The silver stallion’s snout unconsciously bobbed up and down to follow them.

“B-bigger!” Knox blurted out around the finger.

“Woo-ah-hh-hh-hh-hhh there,” Atlas nickered in amusement. “Hold your horses, Handsome!”

“*Please?!*” Knox did something he’d sworn never to stoop to, and literally batted his eyelashes at this tremendous horsey hunk. The hulking, stygian-shaded stallion snorted, then whickered slowly.

“Well shucks,” he said, reaching down with one hand to cup Knox’s chin- both of them- “I wouldn’t *normally* go all-out on a first date...” Knox couldn’t help the giddy little noise that escaped his lips at this promising start. Then Atlas winked suddenly. “But in *your* case, I could maybe be open to a li’l *persuasion*...”

Knox blinked as something pressed pointedly up against his plump lips. Tearing his gaze reluctantly from the mundo horse-physique in front of him, he focussed on whatever it was, going almost cross-eyed in the process. It was the tip of a hearty slice of triple-chocolate

cheesecake. The near-ultimate calorie-bomb: a serving of this in a *normal* restaurant was usually guaranteed to see the silver stallion's hips widen by a pants-size the next day.

Knox looked up into the black-furred stallion's deep brown, smiling eyes. Then he opened wiiiide. Atlas whinnied happily, and the silver stallion's snout was suddenly full of chocolate.

"I *knew* you'd be able to make some more room in there somewhere, Handsome."

As Knox's teeth sank into the cheesecake's smooth, creamy texture, the ludicrously indulgent aroma wafted up into his nostrils, and he let out a muffed moan. It was so good, he suddenly didn't *care* about any 'damage' to his waistline. In a couple of greedy gulps it was gone save for the lingering cocoa aftertaste, and he immediately opened for more, sticking out his chocolate-coated tongue like a welcome mat. Atlas snorted again, and gave a soft chuckle.

"If you're trying to win me over with your *enthusiasm*, Knoxy-boy... it's working."

A second inch-and-a-half thick wedge winged its way to the stallion's snout, and the bulging Brabant practically ate it in one huge bite, cheeks bulging heavily either side of his muzzle as he chewed, thick neck bulging as he swallowed. The third piece was ready and waiting for him, and he didn't even pause for breath. He munched mouthful after decadent mouthful, eating with a will even after his stomach started to complain. He swallowed the last mouthful triumphantly and- panting heavily- stared up at Atlas. The supersized shire-horse grinned and- without expending any noticeable effort, not even a grunt- grew another couple of inches in most directions. Knox heard himself make an involuntary, embarrassingly girly little squeal at the sight. His blush redoubled, and then he felt a large, upside-down hand press against the lower curve of his middle, fingers flexing against that soft silver-furred surface. The shiver of pleasure ran through him completely unchecked this time, his hooves rat-a-tat-tatting against the floor. Then the hand's thumb sank into his navel- making him gasp and go rigid- and the fingers below squeezed until they were gripping a thick tyre of silver-furred horsey blubber on Knox's belly, before gently sending it sloshing from side to side. The doughball draft horse let out a low, rumbling moan, flab-swaddled shoulderblades sagging against the couch's back-rest, and closed his eyes in delicious sensory overload.

When something new was then pressed up to his lips, he ate it unquestioningly, eyes still squeezed blissfully shut.

During what felt like the next few hours, Atlas coaxed Knox into eating everything. Every. *Single*. Dessert. Carrot cake, cherry pie, apple strudel... the list went on and on, and each and every one absolutely irresistible to the equine palate. He did this through a cheerfully relentless combination of 1) teasing blandishments murmured into Knox's blushing ears, 2) strategic, hide-stretching belly-rubs on his bloating barrel- he seemed to have a sixth sense as to whenever the silver stallion felt like he was about to burst- and 3) growing into more and more of a pumped-up Goliath the more Knox ate for him. At least another two buttons burst as part of this process- not even counting Knox's side of the bargain. Lost in a hedonistic haze, the silver stallion would later remember lunging forward at one point to plant his snout into the cleft in his extremely large equine host's exposed chest and nuzzling, unable to restrain himself any more, and being rewarded with a thunderous whinny, an ear-fondle and an extra-large *pain au raisin* pushed between his lips when he emerged. He vaguely recalled trying this again later, finding himself too bloated to move that far, and Atlas obligingly scooting closer- Knox winding up with his head resting sideways against that equine rack, in absolute Neighing Nirvana even as his snout was filled over and over again with yet *another* diabolically delicious dessert...

When Knox's gauge finally hit 'full', it did so with the force of a marshmallow piledriver.

"Oooooooooof... URRRP! Ughh..." The silver stallion abruptly felt *stuffed*. He tried to sit up straighter, but his body felt like a bag of wet cement. This must be how piñatas felt. "Can't... eat 'nother *thing*..." he mumbled, even as his stomach let out an overloaded groan of gastric distress. He flopped back instead, reluctantly pushing away from the adorable Olympian uber-equine, trying to give himself as much stretching room as possible, sluggishly flinging his arms wide. This motion produced a material straining sound, followed by the distinct *pop* of a button bursting *and* the recognisable *rrrrip* of denim. Suddenly Knox's chest- and his rear- felt less constrained. Then there was a truly delighted-sounding whicker from Atlas. It set muffled alarm bells ringing dimly inside Knox's skull, but couldn't concentrate on them right now- too full.

"Shucks, *well now*..."

“Mphhh?” The bloated Brabant grunted around the wrecking-ball that seemed to be lodged in his torso. He managed to focus on Atlas’ big, grinning face. The swoon-worthy stallion was about half as big again as he’d been when Knox had walked through his door. Squeezed through, rather. In any normal-sized property he’d had broken through the ceiling by now. “Seems I’m not the *only one* with a surprise or two under their shirt, Handsome...”

Knox cottoned on and, blinking a few times, strained to dip his neck enough to see his chest. He met resistance from at least *two* extra chins. He let out a low nicker of embarrassment, having to use his hands- which felt like they’d been dipped in the same cement as the rest of him- to heft up his moobs enough for him to get a decent view. His shirt was now practically a bra, all the buttons below his chest gone, the one under his throat popped too under pressure from a neck which felt like it had an inner-tube pumped up around it. The moobs that shirt contained now resembled those huge prize-winning, forcibly-grown fruit at a County Fair, the nubs of his nipples distending the plaid pattern wrapped around them. Between where the two last buttons were clinging grimly on, suspended over the valley between those massive equine mammeries, a large diamond-shaped gap stretched. Head tilted, Atlas was peeking into it, one side of his smile hitching up another notch.

“Nphh...” Knox’s blush trebled, and he opened his aching jaws to explain, but the minute shift in weight this caused proved too much, and one of those two surviving buttons made a bid for freedom- or possibly a shot for the moon. The red-faced stallion’s chest gave an undignified lurch as it sagged wider, and the central silver ring of Knox’s favourite horse-harness was fully revealed, the edges of his shirt slipping further to expose the straps running up from it and over his shoulders, crossing on the small of his back beneath his mane, then wrapping around beneath his chest to re-attach to that ring. Even as Knox took a deep, embarrassed breath, there was the creak of leather under tension, the ‘give’ it had had at the start of the evening well and truly used up.

He slowly looked up at Atlas, and found himself giggling like a filly- despite his voice being about half an octave deeper than usual thanks to his added bulk. Busted. In every sense of the word. He hadn’t wanted to disappoint, after all...

“I... uh... it’s for s-support...”

“Heh, suuuure it is, Sweet Cheeks...” One of Atlas’ fingers plucked at one of the straps, trying to wriggle between it and the doughy horseflesh beneath. There was another creak, and the delicious squeeze this imparted made the stuffed silver stallion whinny deeply. He felt so... *big*.

“Oof...” he managed to focus his eyes a little further down, and bit his lip. He really *had* ballooned, now. His belly was pushing well past his knees and was starting to roll over the edge of the table- a tantalisingly enjoyable sensation in itself. That wrecking-ball analogy wasn’t too far off, in reality. With a grunt, Knox reached down with leaden limbs and tried to heft himself. He managed to raise his huge, gelatinous gut a few inches, then his aching arms let it drop. The *boomph* as it landed, *smacking* against his lard-laden thighs, made him shudder in involuntary delight. As for his rump... well, he now had the comfiest seat he could ever remember owning, his tail half-swallowed to judge by his attempts to flick it. He could feel his underwear straining around his curvaceous cheeks, still somehow stretching to accommodate him. His jeans, on the other hand, seemed to have reduced themselves to ragged thigh-length shorts, on the point of bursting completely.

In short, he’d probably be barred from sumo-wrestling now for being too big. He’d become a fat, *fat* Brabant.

Atlas was still gazing at Knox’s harness, a dangerously wide smile slowly growing on his face.

“Shucks now, that doesn’t look at *all* comfy, Handsome,” he rumbled. A hand the size of a dinner plate patted the side of Knox’s stomach, feeling small in comparison even as his stretched silver hide twitched oh-so-sensitively. “I think we should get you out of there, what do you say?” Knox’s cheeks were actually starting to ache, he was blushing so much.

“Ehe, i-it undoes round the ba-*harmph*!” The seal-like exclamation came as Atlas suddenly plunged a fingertip all the way to the bottom of Knox’s navel, filling it as snugly as a cork pressed into a bottle.

“Oh, I can think of a *much* more fun way...” Atlas drawled. He began slowly twisting his thick finger like he was adjusting a screw, and the supertubby Trekpaard leaned back- his neck creasing behind him like a built-in pillow- and whickered rapturously. Under all this exertion, the last button remaining on his shirt finally popped, letting his chest hang free save for its constraining harness. That finger was finally withdrawn with an audible ‘pop’, leaving

Knox's barnlike blubber-belly rippling for a full minute afterwards, his chest heaving along with it as he wheezed. "...After all, we haven't even *cut* your birthday cake yet."

"M-mmph?" Still panting, Knox blinked. B-birthday cake *as well*?

"Heh, sur-*priiiiise*..." Smiling disturbingly sweetly, Atlas took a step to the side, his hands clasped innocently behind his back, and the silver stallion gulped. There on the table sat a three-tier cake, its base possibly a yard wide. The frosting *gleamed*, the exact shade of brushed silver as his coat. It matched him down to the dusting of charcoal-colour towards its peak. "Pure chocolate gâteau, through-and-through," Atlas proclaimed, sounding proud-though whether he was referring to the cake or Knox himself, the swollen silver stallion couldn't tell. "Nothing but the best for my Birthday Brabant!"

Knox bit his lip.

"Ehe... Y-you're a real *charmer*, you know that?"

"I sure hope so, Handsome," Atlas winked.

The silver stallion gazed anxiously from the big black beast to the cake, and back again, his stretched stomach groaning around the sheer volume of food he'd been persuaded to pig out on. M-maybe he *should* have listened to his friend Callum's ludicrous warning that this heartthrob horse was secretly a stallion-psycho...

"A-Atlas," Knox gulped, "Th-this has all been soooo good, b-but... but I'm so *fu*-! *hHRRR-rrr-rrrr-rrr-rrr-rmpphhh!*"

Another plunge, another twist of that finger, another almost-squeal from Knox. Panting, he sensed that big, bad, beautiful beast's chin lowering to just inches from his ear, breath enticingly warm against his chubbed-up cheek. He could almost *feel* that adorably good-looking grin.

"Aww, just a *taste*, hmmm? Surely *that* couldn't do any harm, right?"

"Mphh... *ummmphhhh*... *j-just* a taste, ok?" Knox groaned, hanging on to the last shreds of his self-control by his hoof tips.

“Whatever you say, Stud,” Atlas said soothingly, “You’re in charge here.” Before Knox knew it a thick wedge of cake was placed tantalisingly before him, resting on a ridiculously undersized fancy little plate, doily and all, balanced precariously across the ravine between his moobs. Right.... under... his nose...

“Nnnn...” Knox said, trying weakly to resist the near-magnetic pull the slice seemingly exerted on him. It was practically breathing cocoa liquor up his nostrils. They flared of their own accord, even as he tried not to inhale.

“Awww, c’mon, Handsome,” Atlas said with an incorrigible grin, his persuasive presence seeming to loom over Knox all the more. “You *promised* me a taste...” Then his big black hand was holding a ridiculously dainty little cake-fork up to Knox’s thick, chubby lips, the triangular tip of the slice impaled upon it. Panting, the stuffed silver stallion stared at it helplessly, but just couldn’t summon the will to close his mouth against it as the big black stallion pressed the piece daintily between his teeth and down onto his wide, heavy-feeling tongue. The little morsel of cake seemed to dissolve, spreading chocolatey tendrils tantalisingly across his tastebuds. A shudder ran up the blubbery Brabant’s bloated back, and then he closed his eyes and swallowed. Letting out a deep, low *whii-iii-iii-cker* of pleasure, Knox opened his eyes dreamily, and saw the rest of the slice perched there before him. His snout descended on it with a *slap*, followed by almost obscenely greedy slurping, sucking, lip-smacking sounds. At the same time, he felt Atlas’ outsized hand fondle his ears delectably.

“Heh, atta boy, Knoxy...”

Even as the scale-tipping silver stallion salaciously licked the plate clean, the big black horse tilted his chin up and grinned down at him, hands cupping the bloated cheeks stretched either side of Knox’s snout.

“You forgot your candle, Cutie.”

Knox grunted dazedly, and lowering his gaze, saw a second piece of cake balanced in the kill-zone, amidst the scattered crumbs and spots of frosting. A striped little birthday candle was speared into it at a rakish angle, flame flickering jauntily.

“Heh... Make a wish, Big Boy, and blow.”

“HRRRR-rrrrr-rrrrmmm-mmph....” It was more of a wheeze than a puff, but the flame snuffed out obediently- just before Knox’s fat face lunged forwards and engulfed the slice, candle and all.

“Hrrrr-mmm-mmm-mmmphhh...” Atlas echoed with a rumble of his own, “I bet I can guess what your wish was,” the outsized equine smirked as he leaned in confidently against the still-chewing Brabant’s bulging bulk. A couple of fingers on one hand began to walk up the front of Knox’s round, hay-bale-sized belly, starting just above his butter-fat thighs and slowly making their way towards his navel. Knox’s eyes crossed, and he let out a *whiiiiinny* that was part delight, part plea for mercy. Atlas’ fingers reached the Brabant’s tender bellybutton, and began tracing tingling circles around its stretched curve like a pair of compasses, Knox’s cheek twitching in pleasure with every single touch. “I’ll be you wished you could eat this *whole* cake yourself, right?”

“Oooogh... Yesss...” Knox moaned through his chocolate-smeared snout, giving in at last to Atlas, and to the hedonistic *need* swelling inside of him. He was so *fat*, and he was loving it- he felt so *goood* at this size!

His gluttony was rewarded with a wonderfully intimate nose-bump, and then a third slice of sinfully scrumptious birthday cake materialised in front of him. The obese equine didn’t even hesitate, just guzzled it down like he was half-starved, then opened for the next... and the next... and the next... and the *next*...

Half-way, and his harness was uncomfortably tight, the straps sinking into his bulging, silver-furred flesh. But those slices kept coming, and he kept eating. It was so... irresistible...

Creak...

Three-quarters of the way, and every breath Knox took caused the constricting garment he was wearing to squeak as it tried to stretch in ways it wasn’t designed for, the centre-ring visibly quivering under the constant tension.

Creeeeeaaaak...

“Heh... Last slice now, Handsome.”

“Ungggghhh... *URRRP-hic!*” The silver stallion’s jaw was hanging open weakly, buoyed up by his additional chins, the tip of his tongue lolling exhaustedly over his teeth. His jaw ached. His tongue ached. His *lips* ached. He... was... *sooooo* full!

“Shucks, c’mon now, I *know* you can do it, Champ...” Absolutely saturated with chocolate, Knox moaned wordlessly, the sound becoming muffled as the final wedge of cake passed slowly between his jaws. The heavyweight horse’s teeth sank down into it, pulled by gravity more than muscle-power, and as his lips drew lethargically closed his cheeks bulged and wobbled like an overloaded washing machine, chewing at a snail’s pace. A brush against his tingling, over-stimulated bellybutton and he reflexively swallowed the mouthful in one gulp, feeling it splat to a stop somewhere in his ribcage, atop the chocolate compost-heap the cake had formed inside of him.

Creeee-aaaaaAAAAAAK...!!!

Even as that last mouthful settled and spread, the by-now constant complaints of his over-stretched, over-pressurised harness abruptly rose in pitch. It quivered, and then there was an almighty POP-BANG! The central silver ring *fired* forwards, spinning end-over-end in the air with a humming noise, just missed Atlas and hit the far wall. It left a dent before clattering to the floor like a dropped coin. The four over-strained leather straps separated with a PANG!, flinging themselves away from Knox’s chest like an electrocuted octopus, before hitting the couch’s back rest and sliding down like limp strands of squid-ink spaghetti. Knox didn’t notice- didn’t *care*. With a long, tectonic moan, the by-now elephantine equine slowly topped over onto his side and then turned turtle, rolling like a capsizing cruise-liner onto his back- accompanied by a series of *rrrrip-pops!* as the remains of his jeans burst asunder- and laying sprawled across the curved couch, feeling like a meteor that had fallen on him and pinned him in place. His belly rose and fell minutely with his laboured breathing, dominating his field of vision like he was standing at the base of a volcano.

“Hrrrr-rrr-rrr-rrrmph, I’m *impressed*, Knoxy-boy,” a familiar voice rumbled- just before a strong hand rested on his stomach’s summit and began rubbing in slow circles, thick, powerful fingers pressing in, ploughing furrows into the platinum-furred blubber on that hill-top. Too full to even whinny, the bulging, bloated birthday-beast puffed out his chubby cheeks and emitted a deep, rumbling BURRRP! “I think You’ve got it in you to be one of my biggest buds yet...”

“Mmm... mmmph... *marrph*...” Knox wheezed back unintelligibly, then, as the rubbing continued, a shiver rippled through him as his muscles went limp. He found his eyes closing of their own accord, their lids weighed down like they’d been dipped in the same lead as the

rest of his body. Even though he was laying down, it felt like he was tilting backwards into a deep tunnel, like an overstuffed stone dropping down a well. As the food-coma sandbagged him to into sleep, he heard that deep voice rumbling reassuringly in his ear.

“Now don’t you worry none, Cutie, of *course* you can stop the night here...”

* * *

“Buuu-RRRP!” Knox belched himself awake, then grrroaned and cracked open one eye. Not much light, but definitely some daylight coming through those skylight-thingies up there. Early morning? *Too* early-

Wait- *skylight thingies*? Wh-where *was* this? Startled, he tried to sit upright, then wheezed as a leaden sense of *weight* descended on him. Muscles in his back and thighs protesting volubly, he had to forcibly heave himself into a sitting position, swinging his hooves to the floor, and blinked around dazedly. Ooogh... Woah, this was a *big* pla-

As his brain finally started firing on more than one cylinder, hazy memories of last night began to acquire focus. Knox’s eyes widened, and he bit his bottom lip. Looking around again, he saw a ruckled horse-blanket dislodged on the curved couch beside him. Someone had been sweet enough to tuck him in last night.

Then *more* memories returned, and of their own accord his eyes slowly winched downwards. He gulped, then hauled himself into a standing position- something which it took most of his draft-horse strength to achieve- and tottered unsteadily towards what he hoped was the bathroom, as quietly as he could. H-he badly needed a mirror...

It *was* the bathroom. And- just as he’d hoped- a bighead like Atlas had a plate-glass mirror up on one of its walls to admire himself in. It was full-length and double-width, the better to accommodate all that hulking horse-muscle. It was barely big enough for Knox to fit himself inside of.

The massive mash-muncher in the mirror was easily double the weight of the heavyset horse who’d innocently wandered into the big dangerous doof’s Lair yesterday evening. His belly was a huge, silver-furred blubbery blimp that hung past his knees, soft as dough and heavy as

lead, forcing his legs wide apart for balance. His navel was a deep, dark crescent-moon-shaped pit sunk deeply into it. The chest that rested atop this supersized specimen of a stomach had gone beyond prize-winning specimens and into Frankenstein's Fruit territory, freakishly giant examples from a lab somewhere, induced to expand until ready to burst from their own pressure. The horse in the mirror bit his lip and gingerly pressed his hand against one of these massively fat moobs. He bit down harder to stifle the groaning, rapturous whinny that tried to escape him as that stretched, sensitive, platinum-pelted flesh-balloon resisted sluggishly, pressing warmly back against his fudgy fingers, and then slowly sloshed to the side, bumping into its partner and setting his colossal cleavage wobbling and rippling. But all these seriously adipose-amplified attributes were put in the shade by the sheer size of that horse's bottom half, which even Atlas' shoulders would have struggled to rival in width. With a hypnotised little nicker the stunned stallion turned side on, the mirror revealing his rump in all its 'glory'. Forget exercise balls, it was like he was carting a full hogshead of beer around in each gigantic glute, the two enormous orbs swelling out fulsomely behind him and creasing against the lard-laden hams his thighs had become- more like full-sized hogs themselves. His long, luxurious tail now resembled a mere fly-swat in comparison to the cheeks sandwiching it, so big that they'd developed serious dimples.

The hugely pear-shaped pony swallowed heavily (what else?). Turning to face the mirror full-on again, he tentatively put his hands to his stomach- what he could reach of it! Where his fingers dug in, they squeezed up a spare tyre that could do duty on a farm tractor. A-and all this in just one *night*? Th-that big doof really hadn't been kidding about fattening him up! Lord knows the folks in this town were used to 'big fellas' lumbering about the place, but even by local standards this was *ridiculous*! Knox bit his lip again. Yes, last night had been utter *heaven*, but...

But if he had any sense at *all*, he'd slip out now and put a safe distance between himself and that big, handsome headcase whilst he was still aslee-

"Morning, Handsome..."

"-Eep!" Knox squeaked and lifted up on hooftips as a pair of hands unexpectedly squeezed his soft, doughy sides. He caught a glimpse of the midnight-dark reflection behind him, including the flash of amused teeth. "Ehe, you startled me!" Know swallowed. "F-for such a big doof, you can sure move *quietly* when you want to."

“Mmhmmm,” Atlas agreed with a low, rumbling sound, resting his firm chin against the plumpness amply padding the silver stallion’s swollen shoulder, letting it press lightly against the tendon buried in the airbag of Knox’s hefty neck. The blushing, bulging Brabant whinnied softly, the noise turning into a nervous giggle.

“Wh-who knew that such a big, charming lunk could be so downright *sneaky*...?” Then he blinked in the mirror in confusion. “Hrmphhh... H-have you shrunk? Or have I gotten biggerrrrrrrrrrrmphhhh...” The huge-hipped draft-horse trailed off helplessly, his eyes rolling as those hands on his sides started to roam slowly and proprietorially over his circus-tent sized curves. But he was right- unless the hulking hunk of a stallion was hunching down, Knox was *definitely* taller than him this morning, by about half a foot. C-could that crazy black-furred beefcake be making *him* grow as we-ellllllll...? His thoughts scattered as that jutting equine chin shifted its position as its owner smiled, making the overstretched silver stallion groan sensitively.

“Heh, who can say, Sleepyhead? S’all *relative*, right?” Then Knox felt a kind of muscular *surge* behind him, the strapping stallion’s arms squeezing him deliciously, and then the hunky, haywire horse’s chin rose slowly from Knox’s shoulder, nuzzling his neck rapturously along the way until those lips were up next to his ear. “*That* more what you like, Cutie?” “Hhhnamph...” the seriously obese farm-beast moaned, eyes fixed on the reflected pecs that had risen into view over his shoulders. In the mirror, Atlas looked even more tanta-sizingly tanked-out than *ever*, his chest positively *bursting* out of that...

Knox did a doubletake in the mirror.

“...Is that a *kimono*?”

“Well shucks,” the musclebound beast said from behind him, and for the first time there was just a touch of wounded feelings in his voice. In the mirror Knox saw the stallion’s sizeable shoulders shrug the vibrantly coloured dressing-gown- sheer silk, by the look of it- to cover his chest more modestly. “Ain’t a fella allowed to show his more *sensitive side*, once in a while?” Knox emitted a snorting noise suspiciously like a suppressed snigger.

“C-ourse you are.” He glanced behind himself in the mirror again, and stifled another snorring noise. “Suits you.”

“Hrrrrmphhh...!” Atlas’ lips blew a petulant puff of warm air into the blubbery Brabant’s ear. Knox giggled openly- a point to *him*, at last.

“Hee hee, honestly! It, uh, it’s just looking a little *small* on you, th-that’s all.”

“Oh, now *there’s* a coincidence,” the big black horse behind him replied, his smug grin suddenly returning, “I was just about to say the same to *you*.”

Knox’s giggle cut off abruptly, and his blush redoubled.

“Heh, ohhhhh, hadn’t you *noticed*, Handsome?” The pumped pferd behind him asked far-too-innocently. Atlas’ fingers rested against Knox’s rump and teasingly twanged the stretched, straining remains of the ballooned Brabant’s half-burst underwear, now as figure hugging as a Boa Constrictor. They let out a warning creak, dangerously overloaded. “Trust me, this is a *good* look for you, Big Brabant.”

“Hrrrmphh!” Now it was Knox’s turn to huff in embarrassment. “And how exactly am I supposed to take this ‘look’ home, you big dumb doof? *Walk?*”

“Well shucks,” Atlas replied. His lips were pouting, but his swollen silver sleepover guest could *hear* the grin in his deep, rumbling voice. “I can lend you some clothes a Big Bud of mine left behind. But you’re gonna stay for *breakfast* first, right?”

Knox blinked. He had a sudden, searingly-clear vision of himself as an equine waterballoon, his lips wrapped around a huge faucet, cupped in a suspiciously-familiar pair of giant-sized horsey hands as he swelled up larger, and larger, and larger, and larger. H-he *really* had to get out of here. It felt like the bigger he grew, the more he was falling under this sweet-but-completely insane stallion’s spell-

Atlas chose that *precise* moment to press his snout against the side of Knox’s doughy neck and breathe warmly in his ear, wrapping his arms more firmly around the ballooned Brabant’s waist and squeezing his big, platinum parade-balloon of a paunch, hefting its doughy mass between his fingers. With a long, low whinny, the super-chubby silver stallion in the mirror sank back against that epically-sized equine, his train of thought totally and irretrievably derailed.

“I’ve made cherry pancakes, Champ...” The big black stallion crooned enticingly in his ear. “P-*pancakes*...” Knox groaned dreamily. The black stallion’s hands squeezed a small belch out of him like a bubble bursting, and despite everything, his belly emitted the tiniest *grrrowl*. “I-I...” He swallowed. “I could go for some of those...”

“Well now,” Atlas rumbled with a grin as he turned Knox towards the bathroom door, “I figured you just might...”

“J-Just the *one* stack, thou-oooooooooghghh.....” Knox remonstrated weakly, but his protest was blown away as Atlas pressed a finger deep into the wishing-well of the silver stallion’s navel. Whinnying blissfully, the titanic Trekpaard was towed from the bathroom by that finger like a captive parade-balloon, and guided unprotestingly back to his seat.

“Whatever you say, Handsome. Whatever you say...”

Atlas served up *sixteen* stacks of pancakes before Knox lost count. Slathered in butter and syrup, he found himself somehow soaking up each and every one under the cook’s unceasing encouragement, cheeks swollen and wobbling as he stuffed another in, even as he grew reluctant to swallow the last mouthful. The big black stallion soon solved *that* little problem, with more bellyrubs and a demonstration hulking-out of that dressing gown for his guest’s delight, pancake for pancake. Knox tried to exert self-control, but was soon gorging himself with gluttonous abandon, eating away even as he felt his stomach stretching even more. Mphh... so *gooooood*...

After breakfast, Knox was so full he needed to take a nap on the couch before even thinking of walking home. It seemed even comfier than before. His underwear had given out somewhere along the way, but the clothes Atlas loaned him were really comfy, too, although not really his style- and baggy, to boot. That ‘bud’ of his musta been... really... *really*... faaaaat...

By the time he finally woke up, it was lunchtime already. Oof, th-that had been one heavy sleep! H-he *really* ought to be going now, before he outstayed his welcome. But Atlas sweetly offered to whip him up a sandwich before he hit the road. Or three...

Before Knox knew it, ‘lunch’ somehow slipped into ‘dinner’, and then it was so late it was just *easier* to stay the night again, especially when Atlas offered him a bed...

* * *

“Yoo hoo! I’m *home*, Handsome!” A wide-shouldered silhouette filled the doorway momentarily before the front door swung shut behind it.

There was a soft grunt from somewhere deeper inside the interior.

Atlas swaggered through into the main living space, his ‘normal’ size, still decked out in his baking togs. The usually airy open-plan building was dimmed, almost entirely filled by a gargantuan, silver-furred shape. Rising up almost to the skylights in the roof high above, it swelled and subsided slightly on the spot like the tides of a captive ocean, dominating the room.

Knox was a blimp. He was *more* than a blimp. He knew it. Only vaguely recognisable to his closest friends- barely still recognisable as a *horse*- he was technically still sitting in that sunken circular dining area, but his butt now filled it like a venti-sized cup in a low-budget car’s cup-holder, the rest of its overflowing bulk spilling out over the lip and onto the surrounding floorboards, supporting a set of lovehandles that could have insulated a space station. His legs spilled over the sunken space’s confines too, some of the mass of his stomach resting atop his thighs- though only the Lord (and Atlas) knew how huge THOSE were now. His hooves were under there somewhere, but whenever he gave them a wiggle they just squashed against seemingly unending, soft rolls of bulging, luxuriant Brabant-blubber. Atop this monumental base the rest of him ballooned out like a zaftig ziggurat, wider than he was tall- and that was with his mouth now level with the upstairs mezzanine, the better for Atlas to feed him. The lowermost portion of his belly spread across the room almost to its very corners, still swelling out as its curves lifted into the air, a mountain of equine lard that could have qualified as a Wonder of the ancient world on its size alone (so Atlas claimed). His chest sat top this high plateau, a pair of monstrous moobs forming a topmost strata in the massive equine massif his body had become. Sticking out from the sides of this, his enormous arms were thicker than they were long, bloated by roll upon nested roll of blubber, the chubby mitts of his hands sticking out, resting heavily against the upper slopes of his torso. His head nestled between moobs and flab-swaddled shoulders, pillowed and cosseted by the hefty tyres of lard that had thickened his neck into a tubby turret tufted with his mane, above which only his ears still poked- and even they had gained added layers of bulk. His snout nestled in the deep dip where his moobs met, propped up by the multiple chins of chub that had accumulated beneath his jaw. Not that much of his snout was *visible*, thanks to the huge thickening of his cheeks, rounding out his coaldust-coloured face until it resembled the dark side of the moon.

Arms spread wide, Atlas walked forward and planted himself against the leading edge of the Brabant's behemoth belly with a happy rumble, head turned sideways.

"Whew, what a day! Did you miss me?"

The astoundingly expanded equine rippled gelatinously, and then let out a deep, grunting snort.

"Shucks, you're just saying that because I'm a little late." Face pressed side-on against the huge silver-furred wall in front of him, he grinned, his teeth flashing as his hands squeezed fondly. "You didn't really think I'd let you go *hungry* now, did you?"

Knox made another grunting noise, possibly a groan. He could barely remember what being 'hungry' felt like. He couldn't decide if he'd been pampered like the utmost Royalty or ruthlessly fattened up like some prize pig, or somewhere in between. He was fatter than he'd ever been in his life! He didn't even know how long he'd been here. About a week after that first dinner Knox had finally summoned up the willpower to leave, only to find himself too rotund to squeeze back out of the door. He hadn't resisted Atlas' 'charms' much after that. And, he had to admit, he'd adored every moment of it, even as this heavenly headcase of a hunk-horse had fed him into immobility, and beyond!

He was *glad* Atlas was back. Besides, he'd run out of snacks again.

"Hrrrrmphhhh..." Knox heard his charming captor whicker, felt that muscular frame shaking against his, feeling almost doll-sized in comparison. "But first, lemme slip into something more *comfortable*."

The musclebound maniac stepped back into view over Knox's personal horizon, then stretched luxuriantly, arms up and folding behind his head.

"Nnnnnghhh...."

Knox watched as the supernatural stallion began to grow, muscles rippling and expanding as he shot up smoothly in height, his entire body thickening and filling with beef. The increasingly huge horse's pants and shirt stretched with him, but grew tighter, serving only to accentuate the equine's physique, gaining more and more 'definition' by the moment.

“...nnnnnnnghhhhhh...!”

Torso rippling with more and more muscle, Atlas just kept on enlarging. His mighty, serenely-smiling muzzle grew level with Knox’s chest and then rose higher, the pecs lifting up beneath it attaining the same kind of width as the elephantine equine’s moobs possessed, a cliff-face of pure horse-beef.

“...nnnnnghh-Nyaaaaah! Thaaat’s better!”

Finishing his ‘stretch’, Atlas now loomed the whole height of the barn, his ears brushing the skylights. He looked big and burly enough to dead-lift an ocean-going liner. He lowered his arms, and at the same moment the buttons on his shirt all popped loudly, exposing the godlike physique of his torso- again.

“Heheh... whoops!” He grinned as he leaned over Knox’s fantastically fattened form.

“Shucks, guess I just don’t know my own *strength*.”

Atlas pulled this same corny routine every single day. But even though Knox knew it was completely deliberate, a part of the show-off stallion’s act, he just couldn’t help the deep, besotted blush that brightened his cheeks as he gazed at this irresistible rascal, nor the rapturous whinny as the gorgeous goofy giant put his enormous arms around him and kneaded his superabundant horsebulk like a stress-busting equine ball.

“Mmmmmm... looking *goood*, Big Boy,” Atlas rumbled appreciatively, in a voice deep enough to make the room quiver- not to mention Knox’s knees. He chuckled, fingers kneading seeming unending depths of equine lard, making the planet-waisted platinum porker-perd shiver reflexively in his grip. A finger the size and thickness of a stack of beer barrels squeezed into the superlatively fat stallion’s stretched navel, sinking beyond the third knuckle and transporting him to Heaven. Cupping the panting, airship-sized equine’s cherubic cheeks in his hands, the titanic Titan of a horse then rested his musclebound mass atop the Brabant’s blimp of a belly and leaned in to rub noses with him fondly.

“You know what I think I like the *most* about you, Beautiful?” he asked, a whimsical expression on his face. The spherical silver-furred grain-silo of a swollen stallion shook his head dreamily, groaning in plumped-out paradise, then blinked as that giant shrank down as

rapidly as he'd grown, until he lay sprawled luxuriantly between Knox's moobs, using them as the comfiest couch cushions ever, his hands still rubbing and rippling the equine's overflowing cheeks. Atlas wriggled up and over them until his nose was nuzzling one of Knox's heavyweight ears, and he whispered intimately. "It's the fact I haven't had to use a single 'trick' to get you to this size. Shucks, I swear I could sweet-talk you into doing anything I wanted. Anything absolutely whatsoever."

Knox felt an incriminating blush bloom on his enormously corpulent cheeks, across an area big enough to fill a couple of plasma-screen TV's. Lounging back languidly between the stupendously swollen silver stallion's moobs, a delightedly devilish smile spread slowly across Atlas' dark snout, the white star on his forehead seeming to glow in the dim light. "Hrrrmphhh... What's say you and me *test* that a little, hmmm, Good-Looking?" he grinned, then wrapped his arms comfortably around Knox's pneumatic neck. "Because I think you'd look even *better* if you were an even *bigger* boy than you are right now." A hand patted one of Knox's enormous cheeks teasingly. "That'd be ok with you, right?"

Knox whimpered, his pupils shrinking as he tried to imagine himself even more immensely obese than he was now, and failing. H-how big could he get before he out-and-out *burst*? But he felt his lips part, tongue panting softly between them, and heard his voice- his deep, slow, soft, supremely fattened-up voice- say:

"S-sounds good to me..."

"Heh, shucks, I *thought* it might..." Atlas winked, and pressed his nose up against Knox's again. "Now, open wide and close your eyes, Cutie. I brought you home a few *extra-special* treats from the bakery today..."

Blushing, the supertanker-sized, swelling silver supertub of a stallion did as he was told- and it almost felt like a relief to do so. His blubber-bewitched brain realised that he really *couldn't* say 'no' to Atlas anymore- and that he never *wanted* to, either.

Fin