

Halloween Horseplay

By Lupine

“Happy Howloween everybody!” Knox hollered cheerfully as he stepped into Arden College’s campus gymnasium. After the long vacation, this was the first party of the semester, and the normally laid-back horse was feeling the buzz- this was going to be a *good* evening.

The silver-pelted stallion swapped a few casual ‘yo’s and high-fives with fellow-students in fancy dress as he strode across the floor- most of whom he didn’t know, but *he* was instantly recognisable to fans of the college’s football team and more widely around campus thanks to his near 7-foot silhouette and draft-horse muscularity. His gait was casual, but he headed directly for the long line of refreshment tables down the far long-side of the hall, where he could see a bunch of his team-mates already gathered, setting stuff out. He smiled in anticipation of a warm reception- he hadn’t seen any of them all summer.

“Dude, where’ve *you* been hiding?” The team’s quarterback, Hurley, demanded grumpily. “You missed all the hard work!” Knox grinned unrepentantly- he didn’t have a problem with that. “And you call *that* a costume?”

“What?” Knox made a show of looking innocently down at himself and the crimson-and-white football uniform he was wearing. The top looked appropriately bloody under the lighting, and the short sleeves nicely showed off his bulging biceps for all to see. His silver coat almost gleamed under the hall’s lighting. “Should I have worn the cleats too?” He’d left those in his room as a safety precaution, and his headgear so as not to muss up his fine black mane – helmet-hair always made him look like such a dork.

“Didn’t you check your FoxApp messages, dumbass?” Hurley growled. “The Team are all coming as the same thing!”

“*What* thing?” Knox looked Hurley’s torn and lumpy, erratically-padded clothing up and down- or, given his height, down and further down- his expression disdainful. He *had* got the message, and he had a little surprise for them later on, but why spoil the fun now?

“*Were-animals* of course, you big dumb hooper!”

“Ooh,” the horse rolled his eyes. “Animals walking around on two legs and using their arms at the full moon?” Knox wagged his hands up and down in front of him in the classic spell-casting gesture. “SpooOOooOOoopy!”

“Seems like *you* transformed into the biggest-ever horse’s ass instead,” Hurley shot back, glaring. Then his gaze dropped, and he suddenly smirked. “Oh dear- you couldn’t fit into the Howloween costume you’d originally planned, is that it?” He poked the horse in his middle, where bulge of pudg had replaced a set of abs since last semester.

Knox spluttered, losing a great deal of his ebullience.

“That’s... it’s not... there were a LOT of traditional equine cultural festivals over the summer, ok? Oktoberfest, Apfelfest, Ciderfest, Carrotfest... *hmph*...! Shuddup and gimme a drink!”

The horse snatched Hurley’s beer bottle and swigged it, partly in revenge and partly to hide his blushes- he just *knew* that about now his coal-coloured cheeks would be turning a ruddy red. So he’d gotten a little thicker over the holidays, big deal! All the same, he was uncomfortably aware of just how form-fitting his uniform top now felt, conforming to the noticeable bulge in his torso just below his still-powerful chest, and then to the larger bulge of his lower abdomen beneath. He was still totally decent, but the top had progressively untucked itself from the waistband of his pure-white pants on the walk over (thanks to his stomach having developed an undeniable wobble lately), and the hem was now hanging free with a safety-margin of a scant inch below the bottommost curve of his belly. It wasn’t like he was *fat* or anything, though. The handful of obviously fat guys on campus tended to get a lot of stick for their size- with the notable exception of Callum Reiner, a seriously tubby drake who got away with it by a) being the best amateur baker on campus and b) being ready and willing to sit on any jock who poked fun at him until they cried ‘uncle’ or they passed out from lack of air down there. But Knox wasn’t one of *those* guys, no sir: his shoulders were still the widest part of him... right?

The other reason he grabbed the bottle was to hide the desperately-stifled whinny that that poke had caused. Hurley’s finger had come dangerously close to digging into his bellybutton. He had to tape over it whenever he was going out onto the field. If his team-mates found out just how... *sensitive* that part of his anatomy was- *especially* lately- they’d never stop ribbing him about it- or rather, navelling him. He knew his team-mates, and there’d be camera-phone footage of him rolling around on the locker-room floor faster than you could squeal ‘turn that off or die!’.

The beer finished, and trying to find a further distraction, the somewhat-heavyset horse cast his gaze around the hall.

“Huh, well at least the atmosphere fits the party theme pretty well.”

“What does *that* mean?”

“Dead,” Knox snrked into his bottle and gestured at the half-empty hall, conveniently forgetting his vicarious responsibility for the whole shebang.

“Meow! Saucer of milk for the *cat* pretending to be a big dumb hoss!” Hurley exclaimed indignantly. “We’re not supposed to start for another 5 minutes you doof. It’ll liven up!”

“It better. At least you made an effort with the decorations,” the horse conceded reluctantly, his eyes falling on the buffet’s rather impressive centrepiece. It was Hurley’s turn to snrk as they moved closer to inspect it.

“Yeah, we roped the nerds into helping out.”

“You didn’t *invite* them, did you?” Knox’s eyes widened in genuine horror.

“Dude, are you *nuts*? They’d only turn up looking like something out of the Meatrix. We just promised to lay off their lunch-money and the wedgies for the rest of the semester.”

Knox just rolled his eyes again - that was soooo High-School.

The showpiece was the middle table of the buffet-line, draped in something pretending to be black velvet. In the centre stood a large, translucent, plastic pumpkin on a stand, doing duty as a punch bowl, full of something cherry-red that smelled overpoweringly of fruit juice and alcohol, which would double very effectively as a sinus-clearer for anyone who drank it. A couple of flickering LED tea-lights under-lighting it imparted the punch with an acceptably spooky glow- or at least they would when the main lights were turned down. But *that* wasn’t the impressive part. Around the punch-bowl someone had drawn this incredibly intricate- Knox paused to recount- *thirteen*-pointed star in... chalk? Wait... his sensitive nostrils flared, and then he snorted in amusement. Whoever had done this had used powdered sugar- *that* was classy. Using the same medium, in the various gaps of the star the same artist had squiggled a whole load of symbols the horse didn’t recognise, but which definitely looked pretty eldritch to him- they gave you a chill just to look at them. More pertinently, at the point of each arm sat a doughnut. Now *those* looked cool- whoever had invested in those as party-food had the right idea. The multi-coloured, highly patterned glazing on them was detailed and immaculate, and he could see no two alike. They looked *diabolically* tempting.

Suitably impressed, the horse let his eyes wander out from the centrepiece, following more symbols stencilled across the velvet... and then he sighed. To the right-hand side stood a tatty-looking old book with a brown binding- maybe old enough to be called a tome. It rested on an angled display stand to show off a couple of pages, the left covered in dense spidery writing, the right with some kind of old drawing. And, inevitably, sellotaped to the table in front of it, an A4 printout of explanatory notes. What did those nerds think this was, a Science Fair project?

“Sheesh,” Hurley groaned theatrically, his eyes falling on the book at pretty much the same second, “those geeks really haven’t got a *clue* about what makes a party rock- *damnit* Scott, what kinda costume is *that*?”

This last was aimed at another member of the football team, who had joined them in front of the display, an unopened can of beer in his hand. The newcomer started guiltily.

“Uh... a minotaur?” he replied, giving them a smile which was both hopeful and anxious at the same time. Given that he was a bull, this was the second-lamest costume idea Knox had heard after Hurley’s. But then, Scott was a country-boy. He *had* made the effort to wrap his horns in toilet-paper- but not *that* much of an effort, as Knox could see Callum in the distance *entirely* wrapped in TP like a mummy (his tail included) and lurching amongst the crowds to hilarious effect. Apart from *that*, the bull’s ‘costume’ consisted of his best shirt, a pale check short-sleeved button-down effort, tucked into smartly-creased, belted cargo shorts. He looked less Howloween and more dressed up to go to a barn dance.

“Oh, great- can’t *you* read FoxApps either?!” Hurley enquired nastily, shooting the horse by his side a Look into the bargain. “We’re *never* going to win the costume prize at this rate!”

“S-sorry, Hurley,” Scott said, crestfallen: his ears wilted, shoulders hunching a little. “I, uh... broke my phone last week,” the bull admitted shame-facedly.

“Geeze, *again*? How can you be such a complete and utter *klutz*- *hlmph*!”

Knox had something of a soft-spot for Scott, and didn’t like to see him bullied like this. Which was ironic, given that Scott was the second-biggest guy on the team- only a head-and-a-bit shorter than Knox himself and actually broader in the shoulders. This was, Scott had confessed, because his parents were both double-muscled breeds- his dad was a Belgian Blue and his mom a Limousin. This had left him *double*-double muscled, or as he put it, “I only

have to walk to the bathroom and my legs get pumped.” This explained how he’d turned up at college with shoulders the size of a barn but no rippling 6-pack to go with them- and, with no need to work to maintain his physique, why his stomach had progressively pushed forward further and further in his past year at college, and now sagged over the waistband of those cargo pants by a healthy hand-width. But this modest paunch was dwarfed by the pair of boulder-like pecs the size of doors for that proverbial barn sitting atop it, which were so big they were preventing him from doing up the top two buttons of his shirt- or of any *other* shirt in existence, it seemed. By weight, he was probably a bit heavier than Knox- not that he’d ever go *near* a scale in public. Perversely, his huge size meant that Scott was completely lacking in bullish self-confidence whatsoever- the poor guy constantly seemed to be trying to make himself seem *smaller* in an attempt to better fit in. It didn’t help that was far too strong for his own good- he *was* a complete and utter klutz, but that was something Knox found rather adorkable about the big moofus. The team had been trying to draw Scott out of his shell since he arrived, to actually make him useful out there on the field. Half the Cheer-Squad had tried to date him, but he seemed too shy- then again, half the Cheer-Squad had dated *Hurley*, so maybe he just figured they weren’t that picky. Knox thought Scott was actually pretty cute, if only he’d let himself realise it- naturally quite chunky features with a rather broad, stubby snout, hazel eyes and bright, flamelike orange-red hair which seemed to grow in a rough-and-ready Elvis-cut (big sideburns and all, unfortunately). The fur on his face, throat, arms and front half was cream white, except for a splodge of caramel-colour around his left eye. And from the locker room, Knox knew that the fur on Scott’s back-half was also caramel in a slightly more gingery shade, except for a hand-sized oval of cream fur to one side of his lower back- right where the crease of a lovehandle started.

Not that Knox had been peeking, or anything.

“Don’t mind him, buddy” the Brabant grinned cheerfully, a friendly arm wrapped around Hurley’s shoulders- or at least, where his shoulders *would* have been if he wasn’t so *short*. Instead the horse’s thick arm was wrapped around the quarterback’s head, squeezing it against the side of his chest. “His bark’s worse than his bite. Seriously- he has this really annoying *yap* when he gets mad.”

Scott smiled back rather uncertainly, his ears lifting a little. But just then his gaze dropped to Knox’s waist, and he stifled a gasp, his ears going rigid. His eyes shot back up to Knox’s and

stayed there, but his cheeks flushed a guilty pink.

Maybe it was that beer kicking in, but Knox just couldn't help himself- he was in too good a mood not to tease this big, insecure side of beef. He really shouldn't have, but he balled his free hand into a fist and he placed it on his (if he said so himself) rather shapely hip.

"See something you like?" He challenged lightly.

Scott's face suddenly went even paler than usual, then his blush returned at full intensity, and he swallowed heavily. Then his beer can popped. Literally- the ring-pull burst open under the pressure of the bull's clenched fingers with a *BANG-FWSSHHHT!*, the liberal spray of suds soaking Scott's face, chest and shoulders. The thickest stallion's eyes widened with hilarity as the completely caught-out bovine coughed and spluttered, but as he drew in breath for a howl of unfeeling laughter he caught sight of how transparent the bull's beer-sodden shirt had gone across the top of his colossal chest, and then it was Knox's turn to gulp. He was so distracted by the way those pecs flexed and bulged as Scott futilely tried to wipe himself dry with a solitary paper napkin that he relaxed his grip, and Hurley surfaced from under his arm with an audible pop.

"*Yap?! You... rock-dumb hooper!*" he wheezed, pointing an outraged finger. "Don't make me wolf-out on you!" Knox snorted, eager for a distraction- any distraction- just then.

"Oh, it's so *adorable* when you try to act all Wild-Thing," he cooed maliciously. Hurley was a corgi- the laughter of the genuine wolves on campus had been positively *cruel* when he'd publically declared himself 'one of you'. Knox put both hands on his hips and deliberately loomed over the diminutive quarterback. "Want me to *sit* on you, this time?"

"You'd squash me *flat*, fat-ass!"

"Sounds good to me."

Hurley's mouth opened and shut a few times, but in the face- or rather, the chest and upper abdomen- of an implacable 7-foot stallion he was clearly at a loss for a sufficiently cutting response. He turned and caught sight of Scott, who was still dripping, drew in breath sharply and opened his mouth for an angry tirade, caught Knox's eye, hesitated, then shut it again and spun to face the display instead.

"*Damnit*, these dumb *nerds*! What do they think this is, a *Science Fair*?" Knox blinked to hear his own thoughts so closely echoed by someone who annoyed him so much. He glanced

at the old book on the table again, and when something about the picture in it caught his attention, took a closer look. Hurley meanwhile tore the printed notes off the table and held it up, the better to vent his frustrations upon it. “Blah blah blah, ‘symbol a faithful recreation from medieval sources’... blah blah... ‘supposedly summons up a terrible spirit’- dude, and they didn’t even *try* the punch- blah *blah*... ‘historical sources across many ancient cultures’, *ugh, blah*... ‘whose name probably best translates as ‘The Satisfier’.’ Geeze! *Lame*, much? What’s so scary about being *satisfied*?”

“Woah...” Knox whinnied despite himself. “*I’d* be satisfied if I looked like *that*,” he blurted out, staring wide-eyed at the illustration in the book.

“You *wish*, wide-load,” Hurley grumbled snidely.

The picture was a charcoal sketch of a clearly equine figure, but the artist didn’t seem to think that species was as important as *physique*, from the truly monumental build he’d given his vision: the charcoal curves denoting those pecs and abs so were thick and dark and over-worked his stick must have been ready to snap. The intensity with which he’d drawn them was almost hypnotic- they drew the eye so much you nearly didn’t notice the skimpy loincloth or the surprisingly cocky grin. Those pecs were so big they practically followed you around the room. The only chest he’d ever seen remotely *that* big was, well... Knox involuntarily glanced up and to the side, at Scott’s beef-laden breastbone. The bull’s blush instantly redoubled- which would hopefully help dry out his shirt more quickly. Snorting, the college-horse returned to curiously inspecting the intriguing picture, around which someone had added lots of arrows and XXX’s and ‘Beware’s.

“Trusteth... notte... ye... Char-minge... Horrore...” Scott diligently read out from the spidery text on the opposite page, bending over beside Knox to get a closer look.

“Guys, this is a *party*, not a *museum trip*!” Hurley snatched the old book from in front the bull’s nose, closed it with a dusty thump and with a grunt of effort threw double-handed it as high and as hard as he could into the hall. It landed with a heavy *thunk*.

“OW!!”

“Whoops,” Knox commented lightly. “Seems some people just don’t appreciate Art.”

“Dude, what in Heck do you think you’re *doing*?” A black cat- one of the football team’s wide-receivers- stalked furiously out of the crowd towards them, rubbing the back of his skull. “Throwing a book at my head! That’s, like, forced education or something!”

“What are *you* whining about then, Frankey?” Hurley snarled back, fur bristling, “Your professors all agree that you’re *immune* to education!”

“Oh, *yeah?*”

“*Yeah!*”

Knox snrked and rolled his eyes- Hurley and Franklyn had a big love-hate relationship thing going on. He reckoned it was only a matter of time before they were caught somewhere making out together. The silver stallion gave Scott a meaningful glance and jerked his head. The biddable bull shuffled after him a little further down the table, away from the burgeoning brouhaha... and, incidentally, closer to the baked goods.

“Uh... are we *allowed* to take these?” Scott asked uncertainly, staring at the doughnuts. Knox snorted- the only reason he’d not yet was because he was struggling to choose which. They all looked filled, but he couldn’t see a way to know what filling each might contain- except perhaps try them all.

“Hey, party started a good 30 seconds ago!” Unable to wait any longer, his fingers squidged into the closest cruller and he took a bite. Hey, apple- his favourite! “Mmmph! ‘S first come, first stuffed- I mean served!” Whoof... Spraying crumbs over his team-mate, Knox’s eyes unfocussed distractedly as the full flavour hit his tastebuds, and a deep equine rumble welled up out of his throat. Woah... this was like, the most *perfect* apple filling he’d ever tasted! Soft but not mushy, with an intense apple aroma that seemed to fill his nostrils, sweet but not cloying, with just the right amount of tanginess. He gulped. “Oh wow... you’ve gotta try one of these!” He took a second bite that almost took the whole of the rest of the doughnut, a squirt of filling splash out onto his cheek. He licked at it even as he chewed the rest- so good!

“Uh...” Scott obediently picked up the doughnut nearest to him, then he hesitated. “Actually... I... I really shouldn’t. I’ve gotta watch my weight.”

Knox swallowed his mouthful and turned to face the bull, hands on his hips and one eyebrow raised in interrogation. Scott’s cheeks slowly started to turn pink under the stallion’s steadily sceptical stare. He looked down and shuffled his hooves on the floor.

“Seriously, Scott? Is this part of your ‘too big’ hang-up?”

“No man, you don’t understand!” Scott pleaded earnestly, “this bull-friend I know from back home, *he* went to college last year too, and he’s like, turned into this total *monster!*” Scott theatrically puffed his cheeks out and made suggestive curves in the air that to Knox were patently a hysterical over-exaggeration- no one could get *that* fat. “And Calvin went to college to *play* football-”

“Well then you’re just gonna have to bulk up to be able to *counter* him, aren’t you?” Knox responded sarcastically. He saw the gullible freshman farm-boy gulp, and he laughed. “Scott, c’mon! You’re *fine*. Seriously, you’re blowing this whole thing waaay out of proportion.” He watched the bull look ruefully down at the doughnut between his thick fingers, clearly torn between temptation and whether he could get away with putting it back. Not with the dents he’d made in it, he couldn’t.

“Uh... here man, you have this.” Scott rather pleadingly thrust his hand clutching the doughnut towards the sturdy silver stallion. Knox gave him a long-faced look for a moment. Then he sighed pointedly, shook his head in despair and took the treat-

- and received an almighty *pang* of static shock, so big that a visible spark actually flashed between their fingers.

“Yow!” They both flinched back, and Knox nearly fumbled the doughnut. They stared at each other in stunned surprise for a moment, then the silver stallion’s shoulders started to shake with suppressed laughter.

“Woah... talk about animal magnetism, big fella!” Scott blushed, but started to grin as well as he looked down at the cheap polyester carpet roll that had been laid out in front of the table, upon which he’d been shuffling his hooves.

“Guess we should have paid more attention in Science Class, huh?”

“We ought to charge you up before a game! Did you see the *size* of that spark? I swear, it was bright green!”

He took a bite of the no-longer electrified doughnut- *yum*, apple again. Score! Taking another greedy munch, the horse looked down at the last of it, oozing filling, and gave the bull a sly look. “C’mon man, this is a party! You’ve got to at least *try* a doughnut this good!” With his football-trained reflexes his thick arm shot out, got past the unprepared bull’s guard and stuffed the last of the treat between Scott’s thick lips. Knox stood back and smirked, sucking his sugar-coated fingers clean as the bull blinked, and chewed.

“Mmm-*hooom*...” The massively beefy bull stifled a very bovine kind of noise. “Aw, *man*,” he mumbled, blushing again. “Raspberry- my favourite.”

Arms folded across his chest, Knox blinked- how had he got *that* so wrong? He opened his mouth-

- Only to have another, *whole* doughnut jammed in there unexpectedly! He whinnied in surprise, snapping his mouth closed defensively. Filling spurted to either side, splattering his top. At least this one was cherry, so it wouldn't show so much...

“Aw, dosa big dumb horsey lunkhead LIKE doughnuts, hmm?” Chewing, Knox glowered down at a grinning Hurley- transparently getting revenge for the arm-thing earlier. “No wonder you're turning into such a *fat-ass*!” Behind him, Scott gulped uncomfortably.

Knox made a point of chewing AND swallowing the doughnut before answering- fortunately it was just as delicious as the other two.

“That's the trouble hanging around with such *short* guys,” he grumbled to Scott over Hurley's head, “You just don't notice them until it's too late!” He glared down at the dog.

“Then they wind up *squished*.”

“Hah, like you could run fast enough to catch me with the *gut* you're packing, *fatboy*.” Hurley poked Knox in the stomach again- again, very nearly hitting his bellybutton by accident. Knox was so focussed on not-reacting to that that he couldn't think of a putdown in time. Hurley sniggered.

“Ah man, payback tastes sweet! Almost sweeter than... doughnuts!” He grabbed another one off the star *and* a cup of punch, then sauntered off into the party, munching. Knox turned his body to make it clear he was following the corgi with his best you'll-pay-for-that expression, but Hurley didn't bother looking back.

“Go pick on someone your own size, *weenie*,” he said, speaking quietly but distinctly, and was rewarded by seeing the dumpy dog's stupidly big ears lie back flat and his fists clench.

A slightly strangled noise from behind the victorious Brabant made him glance back over his shoulder. Scott was still standing there, his eyes rather wide and- tellingly- hurriedly rising from looking downwards.

“Uh... Y-your *pants*, man...”

Knox gave the bull a slow smile. Refraining from the obvious ‘caught you looking’ kind of comment, he instead theatrically peered further over his shoulder. On show against the snow-

white fabric of his spare uniform leggings, just below his left hip, were a neat pair of holes he'd carefully made- which when stretched over his backside were a little larger than he'd intended, but were at least noticeable, his silver-dappled hide showing through nicely. Each hole was rimmed with red- in this case, scarlet hoof-varnish. The girl in the beauty store had given him a very funny look when he'd bought it.

Knox slowly looked back up into Scott's eyes, and he flashed the bemused fresh-bull a cocky grin.

"Musta gotten bit on the way to the party," he said.

"AWOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!" Both the horse and the bull flinched as an amplifier-distorted wolf-howl suddenly rent the air- less spooky and more just plain painful. "WELCOME TO THE ARDEN COLLEGE FRATENITY HOWLOWEEN PARTY, MAULS AND FE-MAULS! BROUGHT TO YOU JOINTLY BY THE GUYS OF GAMMA UPSILON TAU AND ALPHA MU MU! THIS IS YOUR LYCAN-THROWDOWN DJ, DJ QUICKFANG, READY TO CHILL YOUR BONES TOONIGHT-"

"YOU'VE GOT THE SPEAKERS SET TOO FREAKING *HIGH* AGAIN, QUINCY!" Knox bellowed over the cowering heads of the partygoers, everyone's hands clapped over their ears. There was a pause, during which his fellow-student behind the music desk shot the horse a reproachful glower for blowing his alias, and then the feedback loop mercifully dropped below hearing.

"Ahem. The party-hour is close at hand, people, so let's get this... uh... party *spooking*!"

Because you know I'm all about that base, 'bout that base, no trouble! I'm all about that base, 'bout that base, no trouble...

A roar of mutual laughter erupted from the crowd, and the track stopped with an abrupt *querk* and an off-mic 'whoops'. Even the DJ's shoulders were shaking at this gaffe.

"Uh... J-just making sure you guys were paying attention!" The music restarted- with the much more event-appropriate (though possibly even cheesier) Ghostbusters' Theme Tune.

Knox rolled his eyes.

"And that's about the best intro of Quincy's I've ever heard. Didn't you guys at $\alpha\mu$ know not to hire him for parties?" he shot at Scott, who twisted his fraternity ring uncomfortably on one thick finger.

“Uh... I heard he offered to deejay for nothing so long as he got free pizza.” And indeed, Knox could see the rangy lycanthrope already dangling a slice above his jaws- and incidentally dripping grease across his vinyl decks. “S-so there was more money left over for beer. A-and food...” The silver stallion noticed the bovine’s thick hand creeping back towards the doughnuts, only to snatch away guiltily at the last second. The horse grinned and made sure that Scott saw that he’d seen.

“Catch you later, *big* guy-” Knox relished the momentary blush he provoked by calling the bull that- “I’m gonna go hit the buffet before the best food gets gone!” On an uncharacteristic impulse, he patted his stomach meaningfully, then patted Scott on *his*, eliciting a surprisingly high-pitched squeak of surprise. “Us *biig* fellas gotta eat, y’know!” Boy, he really *was* pumped for this party! He winked, waved a hand, and began wading through the crowd towards the table with the pile of paper plates.

* * *

It was a great party! Knox couldn’t remember when he’d last enjoyed himself more. He had to admit, college parties normally wound up being a little lame because the food and drink inevitably ran dry, but not tonight! Maybe saving money on the DJ had been the smart thing to do after all- and even Quincy got a laugh when he announced (around a mouthful of pizza) ‘Now for thomething REALLY thpine-chilling!’ and his speakers accidentally blared out ‘Chunky’ by Moto-Moto. Whoever was keeping the serving bowls and ice-boxed filled up was doing a great job- in theory it was meant to be the Team, but from what Knox saw of them they were increasingly wasted, so someone else must have stepped in. They ought to go easy on that punch, he thought as he sank his third beer- or was it his sixth? But *he* was fine, he was eating *plenty* to soak it up. In fact, every five minutes he found himself back at the buffet, having a graze- not to mention stopping by to swipe another doughnut every now and again. Even *those* delectable delicacies always seemed to be available, never more than a few points on the star devoid of doughnut. He hadn’t tried one yet he’d not loved! Scott really ought to cut loose and enjoy some of them- so what if they might add a little to that belly of his? Heh, a bit of extra padding might even *suit* the big cutie... Knox blinked, then snorted and shook his head. Woah, how much *had* he had to drink? Funny though, he’d not seem the bull around the party for the last little while- and normally it was hard to miss him. He hoped the poor shy-guy hadn’t left early- not when there was so much great food!

Oh well, at least it meant there was all the more for Knox! Normally after his first few buffet-runs an uncomfortable feeling of bloatedness would set in and curtail his enjoyment, but tonight he seemed to be totally immune- no matter how much he ate, he always seemed to have room for more! And as the party wore on in an increasing blur of lights and laughter and music and pumpkins, the nibbles he laid his hands on just seemed to get better, and better, and better, rather than being left with the totally-not-like-prawn-cocktail chips and the cheese-and-pineapple sticks. Despite the food tables being so crowded, no-one seemed to be making a dent in them, they were still practically overflowing! So... much... food... He was having an absolute *BLAST*!

Until a stitch popped in his uniform pants.

It was a bit like jerking awake from a dream. Knox stumbled slightly, his mouth full, paper plate sagging in one hand from its overladen contents, beer bottle between the fingers of his other. Suddenly he felt... funny. *Full*... but at the same time, somehow still hungry. Maybe he HAD had one beer too many, after all. Or maybe he needed another one to keep surfing the buzz?

He looked around blearily, the music suddenly a bit more jarring (the base-beat of Baby Got Back was echoing off the walls), the mouthful he was still chewing not quite so delicious as a moment ago. And was it just him, or was everyone eating and drinking *a lot* tonight? Sure, people normally danced whilst still holding a drink, but with a plateful of cocktail sausages at the same time...?

Knox grunted and stumbled unsteadily again as Hurley bumped into his side on his way past- but for once the corgi totally ignored the opportunity to snark at him, instead making yet another bee-line for the heaped buffet tables, which were still three people deep. The horse's rather unsteady eyes widened slightly as they focussed on Hurley. Woah... either the padding on his costume had *seriously* slipped, or the annoying yap-dog was sporting a *gut* all of a sudden. In fact, now he really *looked*, quite a few of the party-goers he knew were looking... thicker than usual. The rather booze-sodden Brabant snickered fuzzily in amusement- they'd better lay off the party-chow pronto. Then again... he shifted his weight uncomfortably... p-perhaps *he* ought to cut back as well after this plateful- damn, his pants felt tight allofasudden-

I like big BUTTS and I cannot lie-!

Seriously?! Quincy had JUST played this song! As a couple of the more with-it partygoers raised disparaging cries, the dumb mutt in the DJ booth was scratching his head in theatrical puzzlement, hurriedly gulping a half-eaten slice of pizza to free his other hand to deal with this latest malfunction. Knox twisted and glared at him to make his annoyance plain-

- and felt a long *RRRIP!* down the seat of his pants. It had the same immediately sobering effect as a whole bucket of cold water. The black-snouted Brabant froze, standing bolt-upright, his eyes widening as his pants suddenly felt less tight, but more breezy.

“Haha, you’re getting *FAAAT*, smart-ass,” Hurley slurred, stumbling up in front of Knox with a paper plateful even more heaped than the horse’s. He paused long enough to give the embarrassed equine’s belly a drunken poke, sniggering, before he carried on walking, taking a big bite of hamburger as he did so. “Y’r gonna have t’do s’rious LAPS at train’n t’mrrw...”

A shockingly deep quiver of pleasure ran up Knox’s spine from the poke, a reaction he again tried hard to hide. He coughed, nearly choked, realised he still had a mouth full of food, swallowed it down, took a lungful of air, then blinked as his hand immediately grabbed more food and brought it up to his mouth of its own accord. *No*, he thought to himself- but he found himself taking another big bite anyway. W-well, it was easier than putting the food *back* on the plate, right? He really needed to reach behind himself to assess the damage that had been done- but then that would spill the food...

Wait... he could just put the plate *down*, couldn’t he? Wouldn’t that be easiest?

Oh yeah, of course...

...So? Why didn’t he?

Knox realised he was sweating. He felt... really weird. He was suddenly overcome by the spine-prickling sensation that something was *wrong*, somehow, but he just didn’t know *what*.

It was just too hot and loud to think in here! He put his half-eaten plateful down- but even that felt difficult, like his fingers were stiff, or the plate sticky- and he stumbled towards the locker-room entrance, one hand held beneath his tail to preserve his modesty. Glancing back over his shoulder, he saw two other partygoers- both in surprisingly snug-looking costumes- pounce on his abandoned plate at once and start squabbling over it like they were famished. What was *with* everyone tonight?

He made it to the sanctuary of the locker room, the double doors swinging shut behind him to muffle most of the party-noise. It was reassuringly dim and private, the main lights off for the night, just the emergencies casting enough of a glow to see by in between the moon-glow coming through the skylights. Panting, Knox stood just inside the doors and took a couple of deep, calming breaths, trying to concentrate against this hazy, spaced-out feeling of *fullness* that had taken hold of him. *In*, out, *in*, ou-

“HWURRRRP!”

He clapped his hand to his mouth and stifled *some* of the rolling belch that took him completely by surprise. Oof... *man* that was embarrassing! It did seem to shake a few more of his brain-cells awake, though. Now more with-it, he headed towards the wash area, feeling the need to splash his face with some cold water before he did anything else. Ugh... without the distraction of the party, he suddenly realised how leaden and *heavy* he felt, his normally graceful gait all slow and sluggish. Almost lumbering. Maybe Hurley was right, he *did* need to practice a few laps...

Knox reached the row of sinks and turned one on. Dunking his head helped to clear it even further. Wiping water out of his eyes as he stood upright, he glanced blearily in the mirror- and then froze.

“W-woah...”

The horse staring back at him in the reflection had Knox’s colouring, and was wearing Knox’s uniform, but looked easily *twice* the weight he should had been! That rather solid muzzle (he had always preferred the phrase ‘sturdily handsome’) was so plumped-out it was practically porky, his face almost moon-round with extra padding- especially thick around an

impossible extra chin and suddenly-chubby cheeks. Behind those bulbous curves, the apparition's eyes slowly widened until the whites were showing all around, and even despite the black fur colour visibly drained from those fulsome feature.

“Th-this can't be real...!”

Below the unwanted spare tyre of flesh hanging beneath Knox's jaw, his neck had swollen from 'thick' to 'downright bloated', looking almost as though he had tried to swallow a beer-barrel whole. A couple of creases in his dark-silver fur showed where outright *rolls* of neck-flab would develop if he gained any more weight in that area. His shoulders were still broad- in fact broader than ever, but rather than visibly bulging with muscle they just plain bulged, softened into heftier, lard-laden curves by added adipose. But whilst they had been the widest point on him when he'd checked himself out in a mirror at 6pm this evening, in the mirror *now* they were being upstaged by the chest below them. His pecs weren't the twin hulks of horse-meat they had been- or even the ever-so-slightly padded hulks, if he was being totally honest. Now a pair of out-and-out moobs were stretching his uniform out obscenely instead, so big and flabby their thick curves were even bulging out under his arms, pushing them away from his sides.

“I-I'm dreaming. I'm h-having a *nightmare*, that's all...”

Knox bit his lower lip, his eyes managing to stretch a little rounder in shock. Slowly, disbelievably, almost fearfully, his hands reached up and cupped his chest, squeezing it. He let out a loud, deep *gasp* and pulled his hands away as though they'd been scorched. Those doughy moobs continued to slosh and wobble sluggishly, sending lightning-bolts of sensitivity deep into the pit of his being. Even the smoothness of his spandex-weave uniform-top rubbing over them was almost unbearably intense. No dream had ever felt like *that*!

“Th-this isn't *possible*!”

His chest wasn't even the widest part of him! Below the deep crease that had formed underneath his jiggling moobs his torso continued to bow outwards, some hefty lovehandles now peeking out from below the hem of his suddenly-inadequate top! A thick slice- slice?

Almost *half!*- of a silver-furred belly now hung out from beneath it, the crimson hem crossing his front barely below his bellybutton. This porky paunch pudged out in front of him and was almost rolling into the sink he'd just availed himself of, but it was *dwarfed* by his hips, which *were* the widest part of him, hands down. In the mirror he glimpsed a couple of splits in the gleaming-white fabric of his pant-legs, thighs like two waterballoons disappearing behind the sink's stand. With an involuntary little whimper Knox convulsively broke eye-contact with his reflection and tried to peer over his shoulder at the damage behind. What he caught a glimpse of was *acreage* of rump hanging out back, bulging above the waistband of his pants as they struggled to keep all that Brabant-booty contained. Those buttocks were starting to make his long, luxuriant tail look a little small! Struggling to get a full view beyond his swollen shoulder and bulging back, Knox twisted slightly, nervously trying to bring his butt more into view in the mirror but frightened of just how much he might see-

RRIP!

The split down the centre of his pants grew a little wider, even as his hip bumped into the marble wash-stand, wobbled and then spread against it, his rotund rumpcheeks jiggling gelatinously behind it.

He, Knox, sports-stallion extraordinaire, had gotten Big. Officially obese. Sumo-sized. A *fat guy*.

“Wh-what’s... what’s *happening* to me?!”

Somewhere outside in the darkness, a distant wolf-howl rose mournfully. Normally Knox would have figured someone had just been stood-up on a date and laughed, but *this time* it made the mane on the back of his neck stand on end. Something really *creepy* seemed to be going on tonight...

Somewhere inside the darkness to his left, there was a noise.

“Huh? What’s that?” Knox lurched back away from the mirror, his heart pounding. The bottom-heavy was suddenly struck by the clammy, spine-chilling certainty that *he wasn’t*

alone in here. And, while his top was the colour of dried blood in the moonlight, his white pants glowed like a very easily-seen target. “Wh-who’s there?!”

No response. Then, that noise again somewhere, quietly. A kind of shuffling, slithering, sliding sound.

The very off-season stallion peered skittishly into the gloomy void. The shower stalls were so dark he couldn’t see all the way to the end of the row.

“H-Hurley?” He called out hesitantly. “If that’s you, this *isn’t funny!*” If this was a repeat of the Plastic Bags Prank, he WAS going to sit on him this time, even if that risked literally squashing his QB flat with his new ‘bulked-up’ physique.

Again, no response. Then, a stifled, groaning moan. So faint that Knox could almost have imagined it. Almost.

Oh, *Heck...*

The horse’s chubby fingers fumbled clumsily for the light switches, but in the dark he just couldn’t find them. He gulped, and tried to reign in his fear. Some big brave stallion *he* was!

Knox swallowed, and took a quiet, stealthy step into the shower zone, ears pricked for trouble. However, unaccustomed to his new size, his hoof CLOPPED heavily down onto the floor, and his wobbling rear bumped against something- the towel dispenser, probably- next to the archway entrance, sending it squeaking across the tiles.

“*Hoof-damnit!*” Knox stifled his whinny of irritation and, gritting his teeth, edged as *stealthily as could be expected for his size* along the dark row of stalls on his right. Each of them was shielded by a three-quarter-length privacy-screen of frosted glass (and boy, was Knox going to need THAT now with his butt as big as this!), with skylights set above each for better illumination and steam-release. The moonlight filtering through these imparted each cubicle with a ghostly back-lit glow against the dark-blue gloom elsewhere. He peered cautiously over the screen into the first cubicle, to find it completely empty- as it should be. He inched forward to the second, to get the same result. Feeling slightly braver, he checked

the third. Had he just imagined the noise? Or had it maybe been *outside*, and his ears had been playing tricks on him...?

As he was creeping alongside the fifth screen, *something* suddenly bumped up against the frosted barrier heavily! Knox nearly jumped out of his skin, too scared in that second even to squeal. He stood rooted to the spot, quaking, as whatever it was rolled back, then squashed against the screen again. It slid and squeaked a little against the translucent glass, jiggling with a gelatinous *globble-obble* sound before pulling back into the dim interior- but Knox could still see there was something lurking in there. Something weirdly two-toned, ghostly pale and... *reddish-brown*?

There was another, grunting kind of noise from inside, and then the sound of chewing.

Knox lurched forward and threw open the screen. He gasped.

“SCOTT?!”

Was it Scott? The *hair* was right, but otherwise... woah! This... *beast* was leaning back against the right-hand tiled wall of the normally-spacious shower cubicle, the belly bulging out in front of him big enough to fill about two-thirds of a space that normally could comfortably fit three team members. That pale-cream monster-gut hung there, rippling and distorting sluggishly like a puffed-out marshmallow that had overflowed the microwave. Its lowermost curve squashing down against tree-thick tubby thighs, that gelatinous gut melded into a tractor-tyre lovehandle you would have needed both hands to get a proper grip around. His rotund legs were braced diagonally to support all that weight, squashing his butt back against the wall. At the size it was that bovine booty had to make a pretty comfy seat, but it looked almost insignificant compared to all the bulk he had out front. Atop that stupendous stomach sat a chest that was almost awe-inspiring in its swollen size, pecs bloated and rounded to waterballoon-like juiciness, but still just trembling on the cusp of becoming full-on fat-boy moobs. It didn't look like it would be long before they made the grade, though- resting in the valley of that chest sat an open pastry box, crumbs and smears of cream already littered over the living 'shelf' it sat on. Thick rolls of neck-flab pillowing against the tiles, the bovine beast's face was tilted back and up slightly, breathing heavily, his padded shoulders slumped in almost hypnotic relaxation. Those pale, chunky features had filled out to almost beyond moon-fullness, cheeks protruding forwards so far they nearly sat level with

his rather square and stubby snout. Two additional concentric chins chubbed-up his countenance even further, the lowest of which was acting to cushion his half-open jaw against that titanic chest. Even as Knox stared, a bloated arm as thick as a beer-barrel slowly reached up- a stitch in the sleeve's seam popping in the process- took a cream éclair out of the box and pushed it casually into his snout, almost whole. He bit down on it, and chewed lazily.

“S-Scott??” The bloated Brabant's eyes steadily grew wider and wider as he took in all of this tubbed-out vision of his team-mate. He gulped. “Wh-what HAPPENED to you?” Which was really, really dumb- he could *see* what had happened. Scott had somehow gotten even fatter than *he* was! His check shirt now resembled a cow-girl pin-up's crop-top, its straining hem barely reaching to the bottom of those porked-up pecs, whilst his cargo-shorts had shrunk nearly to a pair of Daisy Dukes around those ham-like thighs.

“H-Heyyyyy... man...” the pumpkin-bellied meatball grunted around his mouthful, cheeks bulging out even more as he continued chewing. He sucked his chubby fingers, all the way to the third knuckle. Just below his blazing red hairline Knox could see sweat glistening. Half hidden behind those airbag cheeks, Scott's eyes looked glazed and unfocussed. Then he lifted his furthest hand, put the neck of a beer bottle to his lips and took a swig. “Found where they're... keeping the snaaaacks...” As Knox's eyes adjusted to the gloom, he could see more pastry boxes scattered around the shower stall, and elsewhere. Piles of them. This must be where the guys were storing all the spare food for the party. Boy, had they over-ordered. That wasn't going to stop them being *mad* at Scott when they realised that had happened.

But that wasn't his biggest problem- Knox could feel his cheeks steadily turning a dull red. He bit his lower lip, hard. Oh, maaaaan... he'd thought earlier that his overgrown college buddy might look *good* packing a few extra pounds, b-but he hadn't banked on him looking *this* good! Oof... He could stand to stand here and watch this hefty *hunk* of a bull stuff his snout all night-

- At that exact moment, his football pants chose that moment to pinch tightly, making him wince. *What the Heck was he thinking? Snap OUT of it, you doof!* Snorting abruptly, the unnaturally-corpulent college-equine blinked and shook his head hard, trying to dismiss these

errant daydreams. As he did so, he saw Scott dazedly push the rest of the pastry treat into his mouth, chew a few times, his cheeks wobbling, and then swallow. And then he saw Scott grow even *fatter*, belly rolling a couple of inches further forwards with an audible gloop, and that shirt straining even more tightly as his pecs porked out even more expansively, the flabby crease between them deepening doughily. That sweat-stained shirt collar was straining to keep that bull-neck contained even as rolls of it lapped and overflowed it. Even Scott's face got visibly fuller, his cheeks chubbier than ever, his ginger eye-smudge now stretched out onto his left cheek's curvature. There was a breathless pause, and then the panting bull's shirt's central button burst free, pinging loudly off the cubicle's far wall and rolling into the shadows. The material pulled to either side with a creak like a sail at full stretch, allowing a glimpse of the crease where his pecs clashed together beneath.

Knox's eyes almost fell out of their sockets.

"Woah! S-Scott, *stop!* S-something's going *on*, man! You're *huge!*" The bull's gut chose that moment to let out a disturbingly deep, grumbling *gurrrrgle*, and the silver stallion winced as his own middle apparently answered this Call of the Wide with its own deep (if slightly less grotesquely gastric-sounding) growl. His mouth started to water- those treats his big buddy was scarfing down did look *real* tempting- n-no, *bad* horse! Knox gulped. "W-*We're* huge. We gotta get some help, here!"

The fact that this wasn't just happening to him actually made Knox feel much better- it meant that this *had* to be a prank of some kind. Maybe those freaking nerds had spiked the party-food with something, as revenge for not being invited? Or *something* like that, anyhow- there had to be a rational reason why they had both gotten so freaking *big*. But whatever it was, it seemed to still be affecting Scott. Knox really ought to try and save his poor size-sensitive buddy before he got any bigger- even if he *was* looking better and better the 'beefier' he became.

But Scott didn't appear to hear him. He'd picked up a new pastry box- Knox didn't quite see where he'd got it from- and was levering it open, using his bare belly as a convenient shelf. He pulled out a huge bearclaw and began slowly, self-indulgently snarfing it down, heedless to pounds he was piling on.

"Scott? Scott, snap *out* of it!"

Pink filling began to drip down the crease where Scott's natural chin submerged into the rolls of his new ones, and the smell of raspberry filled the air. An expression of bloated bliss suffused his features, and he let out a muffled moooooo. The wall behind him actually creaked from the pressure of his weight against it.

"C'mon, Scott!" The silver stallion reached in and tugged on the bull's arm, trying to pull him out of the cubicle. His hooves squeaked on the tiled floor as he only succeeded in dragging himself closer, Scott's bulk as immovable as an overfilled cement-sack. The bull grunted absently as his doughy arm jiggled, still dreamily focussed on the figure-damaging pastry delight he was devouring. "Hnnf... if you won't come out, I'll just have to come *in*," Knox muttered through clenched teeth- maybe he could lever Scott out that way.

Turning sideways, the horse aimed for the space between the front of the bull's grain-sack stomach and the cubicle's far wall, and pushed himself in. Then he gasped as his belly unexpectedly bumped up against Scott's. At the same time he felt his rear hit the side-wall and begin to dig in, hard. Nff... th-this was a *much* tighter squeeze than he'd been expecting- he'd forgotten just how large he was! Scott let out another distracted grunt, but otherwise carried on eating obliviously. Another swallow, after which Knox *felt* the bull blow up bigger against him- rounder, fatter, *softer*. The sumo-sized stallion gulped, then scowled stubbornly and pressed sideways harder, squeezing himself into the cubicle like a cork *into* a bottle. He let out an involuntary nickering whinny as his sizeable belly smooshed and squeezed against Scott's, the two grain-sacks of farm-flab rippling and distorting as the pressures between them equalised. At the same time, the way the Brabant's backside rippled and jiggled as his cheeks slid over the ridged surface of the tiled wall sent a shiver up his back- up until the moment he heard another muffled *rrrrrip* from back there. Darn it!

Unable to squeeze in any further, Knox was at least now face-to-face with Scott- almost quite literally nose-to-nose. The horse blinked in surprise as he realised something- had Scott gotten *taller* somehow, too? But at least the bull finally seemed to notice him properly- given that they were squeezing against each other whenever one of them breathed in, Knox certainly hoped so! His bloated bovine buddy slowly lowered the half-eaten Danish from his lips, blinking at him.

"Uhh... heyyyyy.... Knox," he panted, sounding as overstuffed as he looked.

"Hey yourself," Knox found himself grinning despite the weirdness of the situation.

"Damn... Looking *good*, Big Guy." He couldn't help himself- with the hand that wasn't

squashed against the rear of the shower stall he gave the side of Scott's stomach an open-palmed smack of appreciation, making it ripple. Scott squirmed a little, sluggishly. "B-but we gotta get out of here, like *now*. Before you get us both *wedged*."

He tried pushing the bull outwards, but Scott didn't take the hint. He was still looking at Knox- whilst the hefty horse tried hard not to notice just how colossal his bull-buddy's chest now was, nor how it rose and fell with each grunting bovine breath, nearly right in the stallion's eye-line, remaining shirt buttons creaking each and every time. At least he'd stopped eating.

"C'mon, Scott, *hustle!*" Knox tried. The expression on the bull's now-downright fat face was still uncomprehending, but he seemed to be rising out of whatever trance-like state he'd been in, his eyes slowly widening. A sneaky smile spread across the stallion's snout. "I've got *plenty* more food back at my room, big fella- you're *welcome* to raid my refrigerator," he encouraged enticingly. "We can hole up there until this wears off." It *had* to wear off, right? But if Scott maybe wound up too *fat* to squeeze back out the dorm-room door, well, Knox maybe wouldn't be complaining *too* loudly about that...

The bull still didn't respond. Still looking at Knox, his eyes were slowly growing wider and wider, as though seeing him properly for the first time.

"Hey, Scott... you ok, buddy?" The silver stallion was starting to feel a little uneasy. Shuffling on the spot, he inspected his friend's face more closely in concern, and got a shock. "Woah, Scott... your eyes are... kinda *green*." It was true- in fact they looked almost *bright* green, nearly glowing. Knox had never seen moonlight have that effect before. But it must be: those two scimitar-like black-tipped horns of Scott's also had a greenish sheen to their edges as well. They gleamed glossily with exaggerated sharpness in the strange light- wait... was Knox imagining it, or h-had they always been quite that *big*? He felt his nebulous sense of unease growing. E-even the big bovine rube's red hair had a kind of greenish aurora around it, like it was surrounded by a faint green fire. "...Sc-Scott?"

The bull's face was slowly breaking into what Knox could only describe as the most un-Scott-like smile he could remember seeing.

"Woah, man... y-you've gotten *fat*."

“Ehe...” Knox felt a blush bloom on his dark cheeks. He resorted to retorting, “Hey, I-look who’s TALKING, fatso.” He jabbed a finger into the bull’s behemoth belly, but although that bovine blubber twitched, the bull didn’t seem to notice, still giving Knox that same fixed grin. There was something downright disturbing about it.

“Th-that’s a *goood* for you, Big Brabant...” The heavyweight horse’s coal-dusted cheeks abruptly flushed a much brighter red. A little bashfully, he tried to wriggle, but Scott shifted his weight slightly, his centre of gravity rolling forwards- and Knox *oofed* as extra weight pressed against him like a slow-motion wrecking ball, squashing him back against the cubicle wall.

“Haha! Sc-Scott, c-cut it out, ya big dumb doof...” Knox wheezed again, blinking as he abruptly realised the bull was now definitely taller than him, somehow. He heard himself ‘ulp’.

“Y-you look *hungry*, hoss,” the bull said eagerly. His eyes were very wide, their green glow seemingly stronger. That grin was still in place. “Y-you gotta *eat!*”

His thick arm shoved forwards, and the half-eaten bearclaw he was holding hit Knox in the mouth.

“*Hmmph!*” Knox choked, grunted and swallowed- only to have a pecan-and-maple twist stuffed whole between his jaws. “*S-Sthcoth!!*” He spluttered, tried to shove the suddenly berserk bull away- only to discover just how *strong* that massive meathead truly was! Knox couldn’t move him a millimetre! Instead, he found himself irresistibly pressed back against the cubicle wall, both his wrists casually gripped over his head by just one of Scott’s huge hands, whilst the erstwhile shy-guy stuffed a *second* pastry into Knox’s mouth on top of the twist, cramming his cheeks full.

“Gonna... feed you up,” the barn-sized bull grunted, his gaze glassy. “G-gonna make you FAT, tubbo!”

His body desperate to breathe, Knox swallowed the obstructing mouthful whole- it felt like a cannonball going down! He coughed, looked up in shock, only to receive a cinnamon bun in the chops. Cheeks bulging again, he shoved futilely at the monstrous wall of bovine holding him captive, chewing despite himself, gulping it down- and then could *feel* himself growing flabbier, his butt blowing up against the wall behind him, pushing him more firmly into the

suddenly-psycho foot-bull's clutches, his sides swelling out, his belly bulging. There was another *rrrip* from his shorts as a further stitch burst, his absolutely skin-tight uniform top digging into him and feeling like it was moments away from similar emergency pressure-relief measures. Yet another pastry was forced effortlessly into his mouth- j-just how many came in one box? Knox frantically renewed his struggle to free himself, his hooves scrabbling frantically, but he was pinned helplessly! He was utterly powerless against this musclehub mountain! Then his hooves slipped out from under him and the weight of his bottom abruptly dragged him downwards! There was a kind of sucking *gloop*, and the next thing Knox knew he was sitting on the floor, Scott's belly resting partly on top of him, his shoulders level with the bull's chest, nose buried between those pulsating shirt-stretching pecs of pork, right in the gap where Scott's shirt was gaping! That beefy bulk sucked at his face as he pulled his head back, wobbling like a tsunami about to break over him.

With a whimper Knox looked up to find Scott looking down at him, still with that unnatural grin in place.

"Gonna... make you... s-so much BIGGER, fat-ass..." Scott panted, his green-glowing eyes wild with enthusiasm. A fiery green nimbus seemingly covering his entire head and shoulders. "Y'r gonna LOVE it!"

"S-Scott... *help!*" Knox whimpered, even as he knew he was blushing badly. His burgeoning belly gurrled, and suddenly he felt *hungry!* A growing part of him wanted to give in, to just *pig out* in the hands of this new, bigger, *better* Scott. B-but what was with the green weirdness? Sweat breaking out on his brow, he gritted his teeth and tried to think thin thoughts. A-at least he'd managed to knock the pastry-box out of Scott's reach- he could feel it upturned across his thickening ankles.

Even as he thought this in satisfaction, he saw that *freaky* green fire travel down the bull's meat-laden arm until it enveloped one hand. A glowing doughnut materialised in his grasp.

HUH?!

The bull's grin became downright diabolical, and then Knox's porked-up, seemingly-possessed pal shoved the impossibly-conjured pastry down between the trapped horse's lips!

"Haaaaalp-hmmptthhhh!!!" This... this was CRAZY! He... he *had* to get away!

Knox did the only thing he could think of- he reached up with both hands and convulsively *squeezed* handfuls of that hanging bull-belly, just as hard as he could! There was a sudden, shocked indrawn breath, and then a surprisingly high-pitched ‘Mooo-HOOOOO!’. Scott’s stupendous stomach heaved and quivered like a wrecking-ball of pudding on a trampoline, and Knox *yanked* his head downwards. He slid down and came free with a POP, rolling and scrabbling frantically out of the cubicle on his hands and knees! Adrenalin somehow got his hooves under him and he came up and accelerating as though from the starter’s blocks at a running race!

And *then* his weight hit him.

The bulging-bodied Brabant wheezed, his pell-mell run slowing to a frantic lumber after only three steps, his spacehopper-sized thunderthighs smacking and thumping against one another, knocking his hooves every which way as they tried to gain traction. Worse than that, he could feel his butt bouncing wildly behind him, cheeks hanging half-way down his thighs, their erratic swinging throwing his balance further off with each and every step! The lockers around him shook as his hooves thudded down, his uniform creeeaking and squeaking like someone squeezing and twisting a balloon- accompanied by the pang-pang-pang of overburdened seams popping. He felt so *heavy*, like he was trying to run through treacle! But it didn’t matter, just so long as he was faster than Scott, who was still *way* fatter than hi-

WHUMP!

Something huge collided with the small of his back- actually his *whole* back! It distorted, seemingly trying to envelop him like some giant, flabby amoeba, and then tree-trunk-like arms clamped around his waist like a padded vice. Knox went down like a felled oak, blinking in disbelief- Sc-Scott had *tackled* him! Perfectly! Normally they couldn’t even get him to take down a practice dummy!

“Uh-uh, cutie-pony!” The bull’s tremendous weight pinning the overblown equine down onto the floor, Scott’s voice- somehow *deeper* than it had been- grumbled with ominous glee above him. “M’not gonna let you waste away...” Those tremendously thick arms wrapped around the sumo-sized stallion’s belly *squeezed* in a sensuous parody of fondness, and with a gasp Knox felt himself *expand*, his back lifting up as his belly swelled beneath him. Then the

suddenly-growing weight of his chest caused him to pitch forwards. His arms thrown out in front of him to catch his fall, the helpless haybale of a horse saw a green glow flickering in and out around them like a faulty projection as they grew unstoppably softer, dimples developing at his elbows. Knox's eyes widened as the carefully-trimmed horsefeathers around his wrists started to grow out shaggily, like the start of some terrible B-movie transformation scene. His cheeks actually ached they were plumping up so fast, whilst his uniform squeaked in terror as it tried to contain his over-filling frame. Then one of the bull's enormous arms pulled back, and there was a percussive SLAP against one of Knox's ballooning buttcheeks, bare hand meeting exposed flank. Knox squealed like a panicked cheer-filly. The mooing voice above him chuckled, taking on a creepy echo, like two different people talking almost at once. "Gonna make you too chubby to get out the door, handsome hoss, then we can enjoy fattening you up *properly*..."

In desperation Knox reverted to instinct, and bucked and kicked with all his might! He felt one hoof connect solidly- only to have it sink deeper and deeper into what seemed to be endless depths of bull belly-blubber! His leg was almost at full extension before the beast on top of him let out an 'Oof!' and actually rolled back a little, letting go! The stallion's swelling abruptly stopped and, panting, he wriggled forwards as fast as he can, rolling onto his back like a beached seal- accompanied by a further popping of stitches- to better protect himself! The vast meatball of a bull was kneeling behind him, his legs spread wide, rubbing the spot on his lower stomach where Knox had kicked him, a distracted expression of what looked like bliss on his snout. His shorts had shredded into rags around those waterballoon thighs, muffin-top lovehandle jiggling out over the waistband wherever it wasn't hidden by a downright huge belly. The last buttons had blown on his shirt, leaving it more of an open waistcoat with ripped sleeves. Then those green eyes refocussed on Knox, and that unreal grin returned. His horns were now so large their points almost touched above his head, his red sideburns bushier, wilder. Another doughnut was summoned into his hand, shimmering like a heat-mirage.

"There's no escape, man. *Give in, grow for me...*"

The bull lunged forwards. Knox threw himself back, shoulderblades trying to dig into the floor as he raised his arms to ward off this monster-

-And his uniform exploded. Everything has its limit, and the superchubby stallion's clothes

had long since stretched past theirs. The final stitches all gave way simultaneously and his top and pants blew apart with a BANG, scraps of high-velocity fabric smacking Scott right in the face.

“Ow!!” The monstrous minotaur stopped in his tracks, rubbing his stinging snout. Then he looked down at the prone and helpless horse, whose bloated belly and watermelon-sized moobs were now wobbling on top of him, totally exposed and vulnerable....

And blinked.

“Woah...” Scott said, in a much more normal tone. Amidst the unnatural green, a spot of pink began to glow on each cheek. “Wh-what the *Heck*...?”

Knox felt his own cheeks starting to burn. He wriggled uncomfortably on the spot, and the leather harness he’d had on under his uniform creeeeaked snugly. It was so tight now, he could barely breathe in the thing. Even his black spandex boxer-shorts had reached the limit of their elasticity and were cutting off his circulation.

“I-it’s part of my Howloween costume, ok?” he blurted out. “I came as a were-horse!” This *really* wasn’t how he’d planned to reveal himself- he’d meant to sneak out and take his uniform off in the bathroom half-way through! He avoided mentioning that he’d already owned the harness. Of course, it hadn’t been quite so... figure-hugging earlier in the evening.

“Woah...” Scott said again, still staring round-eyed. His face was going increasingly red.

“A-and the Madonna bra-cones..?”

“*They were just a joke, alright?*” His own face now bright red, Knox reached up and violently ripped off the two ornaments sellotaped to his harness- and then gasped deeply, shivering and biting down on a squeal as his back arched of its own accord. His bloated and stretched moobs were now so excruciatingly sensitive that even the harness rubbing against them was pure ecstasy. He regained enough control to glare back up at this supernatural stalker, trying to find a way to defend himself against the bull’s overwhelming strength. If only he’d not decided to leave his *whip* back in his room at the last minute!

But like the oncoming dawn, Scott’s blush seemed to have the power to defeat the night-time malevolence of that eldritch emerald fire, which was fading and sputtering away before the

advancing glow of bright pink. When his cheeks reached full-intensity the greenish glow died out completely, and he blinked hazel eyes uncertainly. His plumply-padded shoulders slumped a little, like someone cutting the strings on a puppet. He now definitely looked more hoofus-moofus than hocus-pocus.

“Uh... I...” Scott puffed, suddenly breaking out in a sweat above his bushy red eyebrows. “I... I f-feel... really *weird*...” A deep, drawn-out, throaty *burrrrrrrrp!* took him by surprise, and he clapped both hands to his snout in mortification. Then, pulling his plump digits away from his mouth, he inspected his chubby hands- now with a fuzz of red hairs sprouted on their backs- with bewildered disbelief. “What... wh-what the...?” Then he caught sight of his bare chest, and with a strangled *moo!* tried to yank the two sides of his shirt across to cover himself. The size those moobs were now, he stood no chance in Heck. “Wh-what’s *going on*, man?!”

“T-tell you later, big guy,” Knox wheezed, trying to do a sit-up against the ponderous weight of his own paunch. “Let’s just get *out* of here!”

He stuck out a flailing hand. After a moment’s incomprehension Scott stumbled forwards and grabbed hold. Getting Knox to sit up was the comparatively easy part. The hard part was heaving his butt up off the floor- it took all of his and Scott’s combined strength! The supersized stallion finally got his hooves under him and pushed up on shaky legs- accidentally colliding with Scott’s grain-silo-sized gut.

“Oof!” They had to grab hold of each other for mutual balance, Knox’s fingers accidentally sinking into bulging bull-flesh along the ballooned-out bovine’s sides. Standing belly-to-belly, the two jumbo-sized jocks stared wordlessly at one another for a long minute- before the swollen silver stallion’s sumo-sized frame was then shaken by the bull’s behemoth belly letting out an ominous, rippling burbling sound, like the Jabberwocky’s approach.

“Uh... I... I’m feeling *really* weird now, Kn-Knox...” Scott stammered shakily. His gingerly put his hands on either side of his stomach- which left them separated by about 2 metres. “I feel...” His belly gurgled again, louder this time. “I... I f-feeeeeel...” Another gurgle, louder still. Knox took an involuntary step back. “...*hungry*.”

“Fight it, man!” the hugely hefty horse got out, before he grimaced and an equally deep *grow-ww-ww-l* emerged from his midsection, like a starved tiger was lurking in there. If there was, it was going to be swallowed by the black-hole that it felt like was opening up

inside of him. A wave of ravenous hunger abruptly washed through him- that primal body-need to just eat, *now!* Knox gulped. “We gotta *go*, Scott. Right now!”

He started to push the bemused bovine towards the locker-room exist, whilst all the while trying to keep an eye out all around them for new dangers. Dazed, Scott let himself be propelled unsteadily along, belly wobbling ahead of him, legs spread wide to walk around it and to accommodate thighs as big and rounded as hogsheds of beer. In that respect he was in slightly better shape than Knox, whose thighs were like yoga balls and whose butt felt like two hammocks of jello strapped behind him, wobbling and sloshing with every step. He could feel the bottom-most edge of his cheeks bouncing and rubbing to mid-thigh. He was monumentally pear-shaped. But that was ok, he kept telling himself as he kept pushing the almost sleep-walking Scott along, they just had to get out of the locker-room and everything would be fine. It’d all be fine once they got back to the party. Even if he *was* about to make an entrance that he was probably never going to live down in his life, *ever*.

They just had to make it a couple dozen more steps...

“Uhhhh...” Scott groaned uncertainly in front of him. The bloated bull’s belly gave another *grrrrrowl* that caused him to stagger. The stallion bit down on a whimper as his gut emitted a twin groan, his hunger-pangs increasing markedly. “I’m s-soooo hungry, Knox!” Then out of the corner of his eye the horse caught sight of a pale glow partly eclipsed by the bull, and he turned his head just in time to see a large, translucent, temptingly-tasty looking doughnut floating directly in front of Scott’s panting snout, like the ghost of an already-eaten snack.

“Scott, *don’t!*” But the bull had already lunged forward, his triple-chinned jaws closing on the unreal treat. Most of it broke up and streamed to either side of him like fog breaking up in a passing breeze, but with a moan of need the bull chewed and swallowed *something*. Immediately, his gurgling stomach took on a different, more ominous tone, and from behind Knox saw Scott’s sides beginning to fill out further, his caramel-and-white lovehandles softening and swelling. On the next laboured step his arms started to lift higher from added under-arm pressure, an increasing bulge of side-moob visible underneath them. A loud *rrrip* announced the back of Scott’s shirt starting to split open, like a bovine grub emerging from a butterfly’s chrysalis. Then his butt began to jiggle and sway more as his rumpcheeks expanded step-by-plodding-step. In four paces he gained easily 50 pounds of added pork, and he was still filling out!

Oh, *Heck*...

“Sc-Scott!! C’mon, *hustle!*” Knox said, his heart pounding. Just a few more steps! He reached forwards and gave that expanding rump as hard a slap as he could- eliciting a deep mooo! from in front of him. The pace picked up momentarily, but that was all. Even Scott’s ridiculous strength was starting to struggle under the load of so much bulk. “Move that fat butt of yours, Butter-scotch!” His eyes widened as another Dearly Departed Doughnut coalesced like a jellyfish out of the night- right in front of HIM! “Eep ‘oing!” he said as forcefully as he could, through tightly clenched jaws.

The doughnut surged towards him, hit the barrier of his gritted teeth and disintegrated. But another shape formed in front of him almost immediately- a cinnamon roll- and the same thing happened again. And again. And again, and again...

Four steps to go. Nearly... made it! Scott’s stomach hung between his legs past his knees, and he was panting and puffing audibly with each slow-motion, staggering step. He looked like the Stay Puft Marshmallow Bull on a binge-rampage. With a silken tearing sound the remains of his shirt ripped down his back, leaving two separate halves across his shoulders. He had grown as wide as he was tall- and given that Knox was staring at him dead at the base of his neck- which now looked like he had a car-tyre worn around it under his fur- that made him almost 8 feet in all directions. With his red hair and orange-ish back-fur, he was looking more and more like a living pumpkin. His huge, juicy-looking rump was quivering with the slightest provocation, the only clothing left down there being his underwear- bright blue boxers that just had to be spandex- which revealed an interesting insight into the big-bull’s thinking. But Knox wasn’t faring much better- his legs *ached* from the effort of keeping himself up, and hauling his humungous butt around. His mane was soaked with sweat, and his nostrils were quivering and sore from the effort of sucking in enough air to keep him going without fainting from lack of oxygen. Finally his body took a deep involuntary breath through his mouth- it was that or suffocate, it had plainly decided- and an ectoplasmic slice of apple tart got sucked in like a cloud through a jet intake. Knox coughed, gulped, and then a moment later a deep, perfunctory BURP escaped, along with a whisp of steam. His eyes widened in horror, but...

But it tasted so *good*...

“Oh, *nooooo...*” he moaned, even as with his next step he felt his thighs and backside starting to blow up even bigger. His belly glorrpped and jiggled, and with an all-over squeeze he felt his harness grow tighter, horseflesh really beginning to bulge softly through the straps like equine dough.

Only two more steps to go! B-but he... was... so... *heavy...* They were the fattest pair of students he’d ever seen! He only had to hope that he and Scott were the only ones who’d been affected by whatever-the-Heck had happened to them. But then Knox’s ears detected the unmistakable- if rather muffled- bars of Michael Jackson’s ‘Thriller’ the other side of the locker room doors, and he took heart. If *that* was playing, everything had to be fine! They... they were going to *make* it! Just... one... more... STEP-

THUMP!

Knox OOFed as he collided with a soft surface immediately in front of him and sank into it, causing himself to slosh and spread gelatinously. His bulk rebounded, as did the obstruction in his way, and with a startled whinny he staggered backwards. It was Scott- the double-doors immediately ahead were swung wide open, but the gigantic jello-ball bull wasn’t budging. H-he was so fat, he was wedged!

“Uh... HNGHHHH...!!” Scott heaved, but his struggle didn’t take him any further forwards. “C-c’mon big guy, PUSH!” As the stallion’s eyes widened in near-panic, he saw Scott’s sides still swelling against the edges of the frame as paranormal pounds continued to pile on! Th-this nightmare wouldn’t stop until they were ALL the way through! With a determined SNORT, the increasingly enormous equine took a couple of further lumbering steps backwards, then teetered unsteadily as the weight of his rear suddenly increased, threatening to overbalance him. If he sat down now, game over!

With a herculean horsey effort Knox managed to recover his balance. He glared at the bovine blockage in his way, mouthed a silent apology, lowered one shoulder, and charged. He didn’t have the chance for much of a run-up, but with that butt behind him, boy did he have *momentum*-!

Ker-BLOOM!

Knox SLAMMED into Scott's swollen back. His bouncing belly collided first, so at least it was a cushioned impact. There was a microsecond's trembling resistance, and then the behemoth bull lurched forwards with a POP, bursting through the door and out into the hall. The exhausted equine's momentum carried him on forward, stumbling over the threshold-

Squimph!

Knox blinked, dazzled by the coloured lights and assailed by the pumping disco rhythm. Surprisingly still on his hooves- although rather bent-over forwards- he tried to take another step into the party. His hooves scraped on the gymnasium floorboards, but he couldn't move. His hips were stuck in the doorway!

With a gulp he realised he could still feel his rump getting rounder behind him, the pressure trying to suck him back into the darkness of the locker room! He opened his mouth to holler for help-

- And then people were grabbing his wrists, and heaving, and with another cork-like POP he was through, too.

"Hey hey, look who's back!"

He was *through*! He and Scott were both safe. Now if they could only get away this awful party for some quality time together. And if he could somehow persuade Scott not to lose that extra weight. With a groan he relaxed for what felt like the first time in hours, and let the dreadfully cliché'd music of the party wash over him.

... 'Cos this is FILLER! FILL-ER night...!

Knox's eyes bulged, and he glanced around suspiciously- had he really heard that? He opened his mouth- only to have a cream cake stuffed into it! The stallion spluttered in shock.

...Ain't nothing gonna save you from the feast you're about to bite!

“You’re more my size *now*, huh, fat-ass,” the person... the *creature* holding his wrist growled. Knox blinked, focussing on them- and whimpered.

“H-Hurley?!”

If it was, h-his costume had had a serious upgrade. The corgi was now roughly the same size and shape as a refrigerator, his clothes barely holding onto him at the appropriate places. A biiiig belly hung out in front of him, almost to his knees, his chest equally swollen, arms and legs thickened up so much his sleeves had split and his watch-strap had popped. Long, untrimmed claws extended from his fingertips and had burst through the remains of his shoes. The dog grinned, exposing waaaay more canines than he normally had, and with much worse dentistry.

His eyes were pupil-less fields of glowing green.

Knox’s heart began to pound.

“Gonna stuff that smart mouth of yours till you can’t talk back no more, you big dumb greedy horse-ball,” Hurley sniggered around his snaggletoothed fangs. He raised a hand, and with a flare of green fire a slab of carrot-cake appeared in it. With a demented bark of laughter, he rammed the whole thing at the stunned stallion’s snout. Knox tried to fight back, but his arms were yanked out to either side, and the cake hit home, frosting and all! About 80% of it wound up sliding down Knox’s stunned and disbelieving throat. It was... devilishly good. His treacherous tummy gurgled appreciatively, and he felt himself fatten even further, harness squeezing him even more tightly.

“Hmmmph!”

“You n’ Scott’re gonna be our team *fat-boys* from now on. Gonna have to *roll* you both onto the field, haha!”

Flinging his heavy head from side to side, the now extremely obese equine’s rolling eyes frantically tried to take in what was going on. He was held in what felt like a grip of iron- two more of his team-mates were holding him fast, but they had gone through similar monstrous metamorphoses as Hurley. Further to one side he saw Scott- well, you could hardly miss him *now*! He didn’t *need* anyone to hold him in place! The utter butterbull was beached on a belly as big as a freaking tractor, his hooves barely able to touch the ground any

more. He looked like a marshmallow that was about to pop. Huge tears in his underwear suggested that it was ready to blow any time now. He was reaching out sluggishly for something being proffered by... Franklyn? He looked more like Frankenstein's Cat- moreover, one who had *eaten* the good Dr. F., to judge from the size of his stomach. The feline's glowing-eyed head hung between swollen, misshaped shoulders, and he gave a grin that wouldn't have looked out of place on a prehistoric sabre-toothed tiger. He gestured, and the poor captive cow whimpered and opened wide, enslaved to his still-growling stomach. Frankey-stein stuffed the food into the flame-haired blubber-bull's calorie-saturated snout with diabolical glee, and then summoned up a second helping.

"Heh heh heh, that's right fat-bull: one for you, one for me! Plenty more where that came from. Gonna make you *fill* that football field!"

Scott moooooed in panic, only to have to face stuffed full again.

FILLER! FILL-ER night...!

Knox's disbelieving eyes wildly roamed the hall, which seemed a lot larger, darker and more gothic than it used to be. They fell on the line of buffet-tables, which seemed to stretch off *forever*. Along their entire length, they were at least four people deep, all fighting greedily to get at the food. Every single student looked about three meals away from bursting, they were that fat. Costumes were in ruins, not to mention their figures! Where the punch-bowl had stood, an enormous silver fountain of ridiculously over-ornate complexity and decoration now dominated the table, purple-red punch playing from its various outlets. Leaning back against one of these was Callum Reiner, his snout tilted back, eyes closed and mouth open, glugging insatiably straight from the source. Knox only recognised him by the remains of his costume, punch-stained strips of burst toilet-paper fluttering around his swollen form, the bottom of his belly spreading across the ground like a slow-motion dam-burst, growing and spreading sluggishly by the glug, the stretched bands of azure blue scutes floating and separating across a swelling ocean of stretchier grey scales. The drake looked like a living water-balloon!

Hurley loomed, brandishing more phantasmal food for force-feeding- a pie! Knox clamped his jaw shut, leaned back as far as he could, turned his head up and away and tried to close his nose to the succubus smell of sweet pastry and apples. He *would* fight this, he *could* fight

this-

The corrupted colossus of a corgi pushed his entire fist into Knox's navel, and twisted, dragging silver furred flesh around with it. The superchubby stallion shuddered and made a HAAARMPH noise like a seal, feeling like he'd been electrocuted. The canine monster in front of him gave a very 'Hurley' snrk, and shoved the pie down Knox's hapless, slack-jawed throat, bending it in half to make it fit better. The trapped trekapaard's tonnage increased again. His silver colouring probably made his size most easily comparable to elephants- only not as slim. His legs were straining to stay upright against the weight of his whopping rumpcheeks, which were still the largest part of him. Given that his stomach probably couldn't have fit into elevators by itself now, that was saying something. There was a loud *rrrip* as his underwear finally started to tear at the seams, exposing bare, vulnerable horseflesh. So *much* horseflesh. He could feel flab rolling out between the shifting, straining straps of his harness- he was so fat he was *overflowing* it! He heard the *thing* that had been Hurley snicker again, and managed to focus on him just in time to feel that hand press back into his bellybutton. It jiggled about,- it felt like there was room for TWO hands in there- then lifted, pressing against the top of his navel and actually dragging his belly upwards, before letting it drop down again with a flabby THWACK! Knox hissed in air through his teeth, feeling like his spine wanted to bend in half, his cheeks as crimson as his uniform had been.

"Heh heh heh," Hurley snickered. "Looks like we found your weak spot, fatboy." Keeping the horse speared through the navel, with his other hand he slapped the side of the stupendously-fat stallion's stomach, making it jostle- and dragging another stretched, oversensitised squeal from Knox. "Ain't nothing going to stop us feeding you up *good*, now!"

You're fighting to stay light inside a filler, filler toniiiiight....

When the panting, groaning horse could focus again he realised that the disco was still in full swing. Emphasis on the full- although Quincy was sitting in his booth, his eyes were glazed, zombie-like, a slice of pizza hanging half-eaten from his lips. He couldn't even *reach* the decks past the huge swollen bulk of his belly. But that was ok, they seemed to be operating by themselves. On the dance-floor, grotesquely overblown figures- many of which looked a lot like transmogrified team-mates and monstrous frat-brothers- were dancing in suspiciously

perfect synchrony, the floor-matting bouncing and shaking under their combined stomping bulk. Knox's bewildered eyes widened to see so many big-boy bellies and behinds bouncing, distorting, jiggling and gyrating in unison, hanging half-out of now-totally inadequate clothing. These porked-up performers seemed to be slavishly performing a routine for the amusement of...

...The figure on the dais that had appeared at the far end of the hall.

...I'm gonna fill ya up toniiiiight...

Knox swallowed. The figure was a horse- his fur as black as glistening midnight, except for a single gleaming star of white fur on his forehead, and another inverted triangle of white behind his nose. He was reclining on an ornate, gold-encrusted chaise-longue, his legs crossed casually at the knee. His was so massively muscled it was a wonder he could bend in the middle- his shoulders looked almost as wide as he was tall. He was dressed in a pristine white shirt, open at the collar and the sharpest, most achingly-well fitted black suit that Knox had ever set eyes upon- though nothing could disguise those mouth-watering pecs. His fur, clothes and furniture all had a slightly red-tinged sheen to them, as though the whole dais was bathed in unseen red light. His mane was pulled back in a slick ponytail, and he was wearing black sunglasses. Through these he was perusing a book- an old, battered, leather-bound tome with apparent amusement. He held it cupped in one hand as easily as if it were a pocketbook. He must have been at least 12 feet tall.

Knox felt his jaw drop open. But he couldn't shake the uneasy feeling that he'd seen them somewhere before...

*Darkness falls across the land,
The midnight hour is close at hand...*

The speakers blared out the passage, the music rising to a crescendo. The larger-than-life figure closed the book with finger and thumb, and casually flicked it over his shoulder. Languidly, he began to raise himself from his reclined pose.

Stomachs growl in need of food,

To stuff with greedy abandonment...

Now sat upright, the stallion on the dais began slowly turning his neck over the gorging, frenzied crowd at his hooves. He seemed to find them amusing. The silver stallion gulped- whoever they were, they were almost unbearably handsome. That physique and that face made Knox want to say 'yes sir!' to whatever he suggested. He would happily do this charmer's bidding!

Charmer...

Something about the thought made Knox look again at the enormous equine's face- good-looking enough to be used for a statue depicting classical beauty- and the white star on the midnight velvet of his broad, smooth, perfectly-proportioned forehead.

A thirteen-pointed star...

Knox swallowed again, and found that face turning to point directly at him... and then stop. His eyes were invisible behind those glasses, but his gaze bored into the hapless horse nevertheless. A little smile appeared on the creature's lips.

*And whichever jocks shall be found,
without the greed for chowing down,
Must face their friends, now feeders all,
and GLUT, until they fill this hall...*

With a smirking snarl, Were-Hurley grabbed hold of the Knox's extra chins, dragged the horrified horse's jaw open before he could resist, and shoe-horned in a football-sized choux bun that almost exploded with whipped cream and chocolate sauce inside his muzzle like a bomb. It had the same devastating effect on his waistline. There was a further *rrrrrip*, and Knox felt his bottom sag a little wider, further overflowing his failing underwear and jiggling against the back of his knees, whilst every breath now made his harness squeak with tension, straining around a pair of moobs that he couldn't even wrap both arms around anymore- if he could even have bent his arms that much. Even bending his fingers was getting to be a struggle.

On the dais, the monumental stallion's smile grew, and he sat forward a little further.

*Those pants are tight around your rear,
the bulk from forty thousand beers...*

Knox was forced to eat another pie- though 'forced' was putting it rather strongly, now. The panting, groaning, sweating stallion, whose silver-furred stomach now hung almost as low as his monumental behind, found his snout opening of its own accord at the pie's approach, his treacherous tongue hanging out in anticipation. The biggest struggle was opening it against the pressure of the four chins that had blossomed beneath his jaw. The two 'helpers' were straining to keep his colossal weight upright now, their grips under his medicine-ball-thick arms constantly slipping. Knox could feel his tail flicking sluggishly behind him against a near horizontal plane with a crease in it, and that shelf was just the top of his voluptuous tush. And still he gnawed his way through the pie, having to stretch for it as Hurley held it teasingly almost out of reach. He finally reached the last mouthful, chewed, and swallowed it with a gulp. So... *good*... S-so... hard... to... resist...

His harness burst. Knox gasped as the straps pinged away, the loss of one causing a catastrophic change in tensions that ripped the remained free as well! There was also a long, rending RRRRIP! from his spandex shorts, which finally gave up the ghost, splitting completely down every seam they had left at once! With that support suddenly gone, he felt his belly and backside both drop heavily like bombs released from a plane, bound to smack into the ground, leaving him completely immobile- but then he felt something like twisting snakes wrapping around his stomach instead! With a shuddering whinny he watched straps of green light materialising out of nowhere around his stomach and chest, lacing together to form a new, much more complete harness. At the same time he saw a thick spiked collar made of green fire wrap into being around Hurley's neck. A very similar collar flared into being on Franklyn, only his had a clanging, spiked bell hanging from his. The green-eyed monsters didn't seem to notice their servitude. Knox's eyes widened, and he stared across at the now truly astonishingly obese beast Scott had been fed into. As he watched, a glowing green line of fire formed a ring through his nostrils. Behind grossly bloated cheeks, the red-headed bull blinked, trying to squint down at his own nose, and his flab-filled face went even paler.

"Oh, *nooooo...*"

Knox gulped, and turned his head back towards the smiling, stygian-black stallion on the dais. He tilted his head slightly, and the barn-sized Brabant suddenly felt an added pressure around his bloated neck. A green glow was visible out of the corners of his eyes- a *horse-collar*? There was an audible ‘click’ as the new harness finished cinching itself around his enormously fat equine frame, collar and all- and then the way it then *squeezed* him made Knox groan, his knees going weak in undeserved pleasure. It was so tight... *because he was so big...*

*And greasy foods to swell that moon,
are closing in to seal your doom...*

From his chair, the colossal cart-horse gestured slightly with the fingers of his other hand, and everyone except Knox and Scott genuflected at once. A twitch of the fingers on his other hand, and Knox found his vastly doughy legs working of their own accord, waddling him painstakingly towards the dais, even as they groaned under his own weight, rolls of lard encasing his hocks. He could feel his backside dragging on the ground behind him, whilst his stomach threatened to do the same out front any minute now. His moobs felt as big and heavy as car airbags filled with jello. They swayed and swung and glooped with each heavy, laboured, whinnying step he took. He was sure it was only the harness that was somehow keeping him mobile. Knox heard a grunting moo, and realised that Scott was also lumbering forwards, so fat that his arms were stuck out like stubby aeroplane wings. The bull’s belly and chest were so big they were piling up in front of him, the bovine blimp having to plough himself along the floor. As they exchanged a round-eyed stare, a thought that Knox was sure wasn’t his own own kept flickering through his mind like a fly banging against a closed window- *there’s a bull who needs more meat on his bones...*

As the two humungous bags of farm-lard dragged and hauled themselves unwillingly up to the dais, surrounded by an expectant semicircle of their terrifyingly-transfigured team-mates, both supersized sports-animals’ legs gave out, and their fell onto their massive butts with twin almighty THUDs. Knox whimpered, unable to even reach past his own sides now. His eyes widened as the grinning corrupted college-monsters closed in, food at the ready.

That be-suited beefcake horse slowly began to tilt his sunglasses down his long nose.

*And though you fight to stay all lithe,
your belly starts to quiver...*

The enormous enthroned stallion gave Knox an unblinking, basilisk stark with eyes that were the glossy black of starless eternity, except for his pupils, through which a now-familiar green fire flared and flickered. The smile beneath those eyes slowly grew into a wickedly promising smirk.

*For no mere horsey can resist,
the evil of the Filler.*

The spherically-fat silver stallion's pupils dilated, then shrank to pinpricks in a moment of absolute terror.

AH-HAHAHAHAHAHA! AH-HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Th-those stupid *dorks*! T-trust them to do a job *too well*...!

The Beginning?