

Big Bull on Campus: Eye of the Beholder

By Lupine

No...

No...

No! It *still* wasn't right!

In a sudden spasm of frustration, Bradley made to *hurl* his paintbrush across the dorm-room in a chaotic splatter of pigment- but hesitated, and then finally lowered it again. Because he was too lily-livered to be even *that* dynamic.

Instead, he wiped his blonde hair up out of his eyes- making sure to use his clean, non-painting hand- and with a miserable growl sank down onto the barstool he'd 'borrowed' from the college watering-hole (but not before having snivellingly asked permission first). He glowered at the hated assignment he needed to finish. It was his sixteenth attempt at it in the past week, it was due by 3:58pm tomorrow, it was late at night, and it had become his equivalent of Van Goat's Ear.

With a restless sigh the giraffe immediately stood up again- at least the stool meant he didn't have to fold up like a freakin' *cricket*- stepped back up to the easel, squared his shoulders, then meekly began trying to make the worst bits of it slightly less terrible.

Self-portraits were the worst idea *ever*. The painter who first came up with them should have had theirs broken over their head as a lesson to others. Even worse, this was a self-portrait that wasn't *allowed* to look like a self-portrait, but it still had to be recognisable as a self-portrait. "Just express yourself, dear!" Ms. Monty's trilling voice had taken on a mocking edge as it echoed round and around his skull over the past week. That was the trouble- he *wanted* to express himself, but somehow he just couldn't. Artist's block.

Oh come on, that hated little voice at the back of his mind piped up. *Be honest with yourself, at least...*

Okay, okay. He *knew* what he wanted to paint. But he mustn't. That way lay shame, embarrassment, humiliation, social disgrace and probably people pointing at him in public.

He wanted to paint Cal.

Oh man, this was getting baaaaad. This was worse than a crush. This was... utter in-fat-uation! With Calvin Boavida! Seriously, what was wrong with this composition? Him, Bradley Ladysmith-Johansson, a serious, studious, intellectually-minded arts student- and Cal? A blockheaded bovine jock who was such a complete archetype of that genre he was practically a cliché, with the only thing that made him stand out from the whole herd of jock-kind *in any way* being that he had gotten freakin' FAT. No, FATTER than 'FAT'. He looked like he weighed four times as much as anyone else on his Team. Heck, he looked like he weighed as much as the rest of his Team put *together*- with the mascot thrown in! Rumour had it he was shaping up to be the porkiest player in the whole *history* of college football- pachyderms included. He left *divots* in the football field whenever his cleats touched turf. And it was painfully obvious that he was only getting *fatter* as the semesters rolled by- that belly was threatening to plough a furrow across the playing-field if it got too much bigger. And that was because the humungous butter-bull ate so freakin' MUCH, all the freakin' TIME! There were only two things in the world Cal every seemed to have *any* interest in- a pigskin, and making a pig of himself! Off the field, Bradley had practically *never* seen him without a snack in his hand- even in class (or so he'd heard- even in the one class the giraffe had shared with him last semester he'd not managed to engineer a seat close enough to check). They'd had to install a reinforced bench in the campus cafeteria for the huge, clueless Chow-Cow, and then he sat there, just *guzzling* down grub, plateful after plateful after plateful! It wasn't even deliberate- like he was trying to set a record or anything- more like it just didn't occur to him to ever stop! And not healthy, balanced meals like Bradley chose, oh *no*! The more cheese, butter, grease and calories you could cram into a dish, the more Cal yummied it up! He'd sit chomping down junkfood until stitches literally started to *pop* in that unwashed old yellow hoodie of his (no rumour- Bradley had crystal-clear memories of witnessing *that*) which when seated barely kept those big bull-udders of his decent, never *mind* that huge *blob* of a belly. And if there was *dessert* on offer he'd not stop even then! Bradley swore, give him enough cheesecake and Cal'd just keep on eating and eating until he *burst*, those big, chubby cheeks of his stuffed with cream and cake nearly to the size of beachballs, wobbling and rippling as he chewed indefatigably, every calorie-crammed mouthful working to make that behemoth blubber-bull even more *honkingly* huge and even *more heckingly handsome*...

Bradley swayed, and swallowed heavily. He couldn't help it. He'd found his 'moo'se. That one time he'd accidentally been brought up-close-and-personal with that super-tubb-tastic toro's titanic tuckus in the gymnasium locker room had left him trapped him helplessly inside that gordo-grazer's gravity-well. After months of trying to pluck up the courage he'd finally, *finally* managed to engineer an opportunity to 'hang out' with the 'Big Bull', and now-somehow- they were 'buuuuds', as Cal himself called him in that deep, low, moooooing voice of his, sounding as slow and heavy as he looked. Since then 'Brad' (as Cal always called him) had had the chance to get to know the Atlantis U's supersized star foot-bull up close and personal, particularly those times when Cal plopped his close-to-car-width caboose down on his dorm-room couch to watch TV, each cheek literally a buttload of blubber. Sitting on his tremendous tush in front of mindless sports and grazing on never-ending snacks seemed to be Cal's third-most favourite thing to do in the whole wide world. And, perched there alongside him (though it was increasingly a case of being wedged in alongside), Bradley had had the opportunity to watch with the kind of appreciation he was sure only an artist could have. The curve of those slouched shoulders, rounded and swollen to butter-softness beneath that hide-tight hoodie, any muscle they contained buried deep, unable to mar those aesthetically-perfect contours of chub. The rolls of fat on his sides, cascading in a Fibonacci escalation of growing size against upper arms so plumped-up with bovine pork that his almost-buried elbows constantly stuck out at 45 degrees. The tranquility of that smooth, moon-round face crowned with a delightfully contrasting thatch of rumpled overgrown curls. The way his weight had *amplified* his facial features, the point of his square jaw almost a button amidst multiple extra chins, his cheeks so hefty and rounded even when NOT full of food (something rare) that his sizeable square snout looked stubby. His once bull-neck now more a truck-tyre, relieved at the back by extra folds and ruckles rising to his hairline like the stairs to the Taj Moo-hal. The way those super-plump, super-friendly features were a swollen sea of chocolate-brown fur relieved by a dramatic splash of cream white from his wide-set nostrils up between his eyes- as though he'd dunked his face in a chiffon pie and hadn't been able to lick that part clean. (Bradley *had* actually witnessed him do just that- the Team had gotten Cal drunk, then got the poor guy's juices going, teasing his tastebuds with morsels *guaranteed* not to satisfy his awesome stomach-capacity, and then presented him with the pie and goaded him on, cameras poised at the ready...)

Bradley pulled his brush away from the canvas- his hand had started to shake. He tried taking a deep, cleansing breath.

You really need to get this under control, Bradley, he told himself for about the 10-millionth time. Admit it, you have a problem- and it isn't helping your studies. Never mind how much time you waste BAKING for you-know-moo (guilty), just look at how this is affecting your ART! I mean, even old Bob Hoss, the vaguest, most cheerful, blithely NICE art tutor ever, actually said he thought that you might be 'over-exploring the happy little idea of curves in your compositions just a bit too much'. From Professor 'It's your picture, your world, you put in it just whatever you want!' that's not a GOOD sign, is it?

Right, so that's settled, then. You are going Cold Beef. You are swearing off Mr. so-called Calvin Boavida COMPLETELY, you are going to FORGET about him, you are going to focus on your art for the rest of this semester and you are going to start by getting this WRETCHED self-portrait done...

The trouble was, he *knew* this obsession wasn't healthy, but he just couldn't help himself. Cal's mere presence seemed to intoxicate him- not that it was *ever* 'mere': Cal dominated a room just by standing there. Or by slouching lazily on the couch, bodyheat radiating off of him like a freaking boiler, his butt seeming to spread across the three-seater's seat-cushions more and more by the day, his ponderous presence just wordlessly *demanding* that Bradley pay attention to *him* rather than the TV. He swamped you with the sheer physicality of his bulk. Even the way the massively-marbled meathead *breathed*, making himself bulge even bigger, belly swelling and pushing forwards, his copiously chubby chest rising and wobbling, even those supersized sirloin steaks of lovehandles seeming to roll out towards you like an incoming tsunami before he breathed out and he shrank back down- though, Bradley was sure, never *quite* back to his original size. Sitting next to him was like waiting to be buried under a slow-motion landslide- how *could* you ignore that, when the freaking fat-boy was so *huge* and *soft* and *warm* and *cuddly*? Or when he sometimes casually slung an ample arm across the back-rest, making the fur on the back of Bradley's neck *bristle* where that doughy pile of bull-blubber jiggling only *centimetres* behind him, enticing him to relax, to lean back just a *fraction*, let his vertebrae bump against that bloated *spacehopper* of a bovine bicep-

-Stop it stop it STOP IT!!!

With something between a sigh and an anguished groan Bradley sank wretchedly back onto his bar stool, head in his hands. *It's ok*, he told himself. *You can do this. Just go to your Happy Place, and work.*

He took a very deep breath, and he tried, he really *tried* to visualise it, the hallowed halls of the Guggenheim Art Museum designed by one of his Inspirations, the visionary Frank Boyd Flight- a highbrow haven where he couldn't even IMAGINE a certain block-headed bull ever stepping hoof. Hah, no. *Cal's* natural element was more standing in a field- well, a football field, with its crowds and its crush and its shouting and its hotdog stands and its souvenir stalls and its inescapable and penetrating smell of *fried onions*...

* * *

“AAAAnd that's the END of the fourth quarter! The rrrreferee has BLOWN his whistle, and it's another CRUSHING victory for the home team!”

“That's right! The Atlanteans STAMPEDE to victory once again, and I can barely HEAR myself commentate over the cheering crowd...”

Bradley *wished*. It had been one of the most boring hour-and-a-bits of his *life*, and having Pinky and Perky blaring from the tannoy directly behind his ears for most of it hadn't helped. They really *hadn't* designed these stands with people of his height in mind. He was also pretty sure the two student sportscasters didn't actually *know* the rules of the game they were commentating on (not that they'd let *that* hold them back). But, then again, neither did Bradley. He'd done the logical thing to remedy that beforehand- he'd read a book on the subject- but during the game itself his attempts to apply that knowledge to what he was seeing just made things more confusing. It looked too much like rugby, that was the problem. He didn't *like* rugby, but he'd been forced to watch Springboks' games with his Dad enough times to have at least picked up how it was supposed to be played. *This* 'sport' had a similar-shaped ball and was played on the same green stuff, but after that it was like the show was being run by a madman- it seemed to stop and start every five minutes, the ball got passed every which way and those over-padded costumes frankly looked *ridiculous*...

Mind you, when he was enduring the rugby it was easier to pay attention because he was watching from the comfort of an Executive Box, where he wasn't constantly being distracted by having his elbows shoved and jostled by the whooping, hollering maniacs jammed either side of him, or having his shoulders sprayed with over-excited droplets of coca-cola from similar loonies behind. (Not that he was *ever* going to admit that comparison to Dad- he

really *didn't* need to see his old man's oh-so-*superior* 'I-told-you-wealth-has-its-privileges-my-boy' smirk yet again).

He'd not plucked up the courage to ask any of his Arts major friends (such as they were) to come with him. Not after he'd imagined their expressions. He was trying to pass this off as a cultural experience- though quite *whose* culture, he still hadn't 100% worked out.

Of course, there was *another* reason why he'd decided to break one of his personal rules and engage with organised team sports in any way, shape or form. The one player out on the field who couldn't *fit* padding under his uniform. At least it had been easy to pick him out from this high up in the stadium, and he didn't move that quickly either, making it easier to keep track of him amongst the *mess* that was unfolding on-field. Bradley hadn't had to take his eyes off the Big Bull for 70 glorious minutes- and nobody could accuse him of staring!

This maybe helped explain why he hadn't a *clue* about what had just gone on, just that it now seemed to be over. The two teams were parading from the pitch. Well, the Atlaneans were parading, quite a few of the opposing team were were limping off supported by team-mates, a couple were still being scraped off the grass. The only injuries for the home team happened *then*, when three of the Atlanteans tried to bodily lift Cal off the ground in celebration and carry him on their shoulders down the Team tunnel.

"Rookies," Bradley heard someone nearby snort derisively as Cal was rolled off of the now-two-dimensional trio by the rest of the team, and then helped up. He got a last glimpse of that superbly stocky figure waddling towards the locker room, before the rest of his Team condensed around him like a flock of oxpeckers descending on an elephant, obscuring him from view.

With one last longing look, the giraffe suppressed a sigh and stood up. Then he sat back down again and waited patiently for the sports-mad students around him to finally accept that the show was over and start to leave, which took another 25 minutes by his watch. He shuffled painstakingly behind them, along the row, up the staircase, then through the cramped exit tunnel. Finally, light and freedom, and he'd not seen *anyone* he knew-

"Bradley? Bradley Johansson?"

Oh no- please, not him, not HERE... But the giraffe was forced to stop- it was that or physically walk over the fellow student who had leapt into his path.

“Woah, never expected to see *you* attending a football game, Mr. Highbrow!” The hyena who had thrust himself in front of him exclaimed, snickering. “What’re *you* doing here?”

“Heyyy, Stan!” Bradley felt his teeth lock into a rictus approximating a smile, if you didn’t look too closely. Of *all* the students on campus to bump into, it had to be Stan. They shared classes in just the one subject- Business Studies. It was part of his Deal with Dad, who expected his son and heir to take over his business empire someday and so naturally wanted him appropriately groomed for the role. Having been fully aware of this since the age of about 13, Bradley had carefully and diligently connived his way into an offer of a place at Atlantis U. to major in the Arts, *then* broke the news to his old man. To his everlasting surprise, Dad hadn’t gone Kilimanjaro on him- in fact he’d laughed! Apparently his underhanded tactics and determination to get his own way showed Dad that Bradley has just what it would take to run the Firm one day. So they’d struck a bargain- Bradley could major in the arts, and Dad would even pay all his expenses, but only if (there was *always* an ‘if’, with Dad) he took at least one course per semester relating to business management or economics ‘for when you come to your senses, my boy’. Bradley had stuck with them so far, but he didn’t have to *enjoy* them (what made it even *worse* was he was *good* at them). Nor did he have to enjoy the company of his nakedly-capitalist coursemates. “Just uh.... y’know, experiencing the local cultural highlights, and all that...” Grief, when he said it out loud it sounded lame, even to *him*.

“Great, great- so you’ll wanna buy a souvenir as a memento of these precious cultural memories, won’t you?”

The only good thing about it being Stan who’d recognised him, Bradley reflected, was that it didn’t matter *what* excuse he gave, the only thing Stan cared about was making money. Stan was the most *entrepreneurial* student Bradley had ever met. His real name was actually Laurence Caterham, but he had been universally renamed by his fellow students in homage to a character in some computer game or other. As ever, the hyena was wearing his trademark check-pattern jacket and- inevitably- standing in front of a rack of some of the worst tourist-tat that Bradley had ever seen in his life.

“No, Stan.” From their shared classes, Bradley knew that the only way the hyena might be deterred from the full-on sales-pitch was a hard refusal from the start, and repeatedly- that incident with the ‘designer’ watches inside his jacket had just been plain embarrassing.

“Now, don’t dive in and pick too quickly!” Stan sailed straight on regardless. “Take your time, have a good look! Because I’ve got such great bargains on offer you’ll *kick* yourself if you miss them!!”

“No, Stan. Never in a million ye- is that *Cal*?” Too late, Bradley realised he’d spoken out loud, his eye having been caught by some of the more peculiar merchandise on offer.

“You bet your bottom dollar it is!” Stan replied animatedly, waving his arms. “That bull’s big business! That thing he probably did today to the opposition? Great stuff! Go team! Hey, he knows you, right? You’ll *definitely* want to buy a souvenir of the Big Bull then! He’ll be disappointed in you if you don’t! What’ll it be? Keyring? Cap-with-horns? Gen-yoo-wine Cal-sized (Kinda)TM Atlanteans T-shirt-”

“Is any of this *official* team merchandise?” Bradley butted in in an attempt to stem the flow- he’d already been funnelled past the gift-shop, and the gear that Stan was flogging didn’t correspond in any way, shape or form. Maybe the hint of bootlegging would be enough of a threat to ward him off...

“This is BETTER than official!” Bradley had to admit to being grudgingly impressed, the hyena just would *not* be deterred. “Limited edition, one-time only offer! So, how much can I put you down for?”

“Seriously, I’m not-” again Bradley’s treacherous eyes spotted another particularly gruesome detail before he could stop himself. “Are those meant to be Cal *plushes*?”

“Ahh, I can tell you’re an Arts major- you’ve got a REAL eye for quality!” Bradley did, and these *weren’t*. They looked very much like standard big-nosed bull plushes given a hurried and inexpert restitching to match Calvin’s facial colouring. (Though, he had to admit, there was something about their blank glassy stare that was just the tiniest bit familiar...)

“Aren’t they kind of *skinny*, if these’re meant to be Cal?” he asked, reaching the Sarcasm stage of exasperation, something he inevitably experienced in every conversation he was forced to have with Stan. Besides, it was a valid artistic criticism: the plushes’ torsos looked rather flaccid- *especially* in comparison with the Real Veal...

“Ah, again, that eye for detail! That’s the added value right there- these bad-bulls are MORE than just your average plush!” He picked one up in one hand and- incongruously- a battery-operated kettle in the other. “See? Give ‘Li’l Cal’ here a warm drink and he doubles up as a hot-water-bottle! *Great*, huh? Now you can even take the Big Bull to bed with you!”

Bradley made a choking noise at the back of his throat, but Stan was too busy in mid-flow to notice. “These are my very-best sellers! I’ve sold, ohhh, two of them already! And a cast-iron bargain- yours for only 10 dollars each!”

“No!”

“Okay, seeing as it’s *you*, buy two and I’ll discount you to 15 dollars-”

“No, Stan!!”

“No?”

“No!”

“Okay,” the hyena said, still with a pleasant grin on his snaggletoothed face as the departing crowds flowed sluggishly around them. “Here’s my best offer- buy something and I won’t tell your snooty Arts-major buddies I saw you whooping and hollering amongst the hoi-polloi at a college football game.”

“You-” Bradley bit off the rest of the sentence- Stan *would*, and they both knew it. “That’s *extortion*.”

“That, my friend,” Stan said, buffing his claws on his jacket and inspecting the results smugly, “is the first maxim of business- Information has Value. So, do we have a deal..?”

* * *

Bradley blinked, realised he’d been holding his brush aloft in empty air for the last five minutes, and abruptly lowered it. A slow head-shake morphed into a little shudder. So much for his Happy Place- the memory of how near he’d come to being caught ogling Cal had brought him out in a sweat. Which was *nuts*, given how freaking *cold* he always was on this *freaking* campus. Arggh, no *wonder* he couldn’t concentrate! He scowled impotently at his room’s pitiful excuse for a radiator, which he already knew was on full blast 24/7 but for the last month had still left him feeling frigid whenever he stopped moving. He remembered thinking before he came here that experiencing properly cold winters would be *fun*- ha ha! The only places he managed to get even vaguely warm on campus lately were in the gymnasium sauna- if he held his nose and ignored the fact that it smelt like a zoo- or the Jacuzzi, which anyway only went up to his navel. It wasn’t very wide across, either (not, for example, as big as the one in the garden back home), so if he ever wanted *any* leg-room he had to use it at really odd hours when no-one else was around. Which was why, when he had been sitting there perfectly quietly by himself that one time, minding his own business (alright, actually he’d been moping, wishing he could find a way to get to see more of Cal),

he'd been so completely caught-out when that oh-so familiar voice had unexpectedly called out right behind him "Uhhhh, *heeey*, Braaaaaad..." and suddenly there *he* was, lumbering down the jacuzzi steps, wearing what Bradley could only describe as the *tightest* swim-shorts he'd ever seen, and then- GERBLOOSH! Next thing he knew he had no leg room *at all*, the water up round his chest and cascading over the sides of the pool as Cal lowered himself into it like a bovine iceberg, Bradley's soaking-wet face pressed sideways up against this padded *wall* of bull-bulk as the humungous chow-cow utterly unselfconsciously let himself *spread* in the tub with this deep, lowing, luxuriating *moooo*. "Uhhhh... I gooootta cool oooff after praaaactice..." And boy, *did* he- Brad's cheek was practically burning- *not for that reason!* And the water had been bubbling before, but as Cal sank deeper it felt like it was starting to *boil*-

- *Oh dear God in heaven, he'd done it AGAIN!*

As Bradley abruptly jerked out of his guilty reverie of warmth and water and chlorine (and Cal's quite *enormous* bull-udders) his painting-hand leapt in a convulsive spasm, flinging spots of blue paint all up one side of his canvas. He stared at the ruinous mess in disbelief, his entire body going rigid. His mouth open and shut a few times, silently. Then he started to shake, and his jaw opened as though to *roar* all of his frustrations into the ether, but all that came out was a heartfelt little whine, like a gnat's squeal. Then his shoulders slumped, followed by his neck.

Ok. Time out, Johansson. This is a Sign- you are officially Done for the day.

Reluctantly, he fished in the pocket of his jeans with his one clean hand and somewhat guiltily pulled out the Rolex (unquestionably the genuine article) that Dad had given him "So that you at least get to all those arty-farty classes on *time*, m'boy. I know what you 'creative types' are like." It was nearly 2am.

Go to bed. You can try to fix this in the morning.

Bradley gave the hated canvas one last, long, baleful, impotent glare. It just wasn't fair- how could he be expected to do a portrait that showed everyone 'the real him' when he couldn't even bring himself to admit to his peers that his family was absolutely loaded? And (another

vision of moo-know-who lumbering across his mind's eye) how exactly was he supposed to express himself when he wasn't even sure who he *was* anymore? Expressionist, heal thyself!

He felt so down he just wanted to drop the brush and quit, but instead he meticulously washed and dried it, stored it away in its case so the bristles wouldn't get splayed, capped and packed up his paints, wrapped his palette in clingfilm to prevent it drying out, carefully wiped his fur free of any errant paint specks and splashes with a clean rag and some brush-cleaner, and *then* he quit. He stepped out of his painting-space, a plastic tarp and old bedsheet that protected the carpet in one corner of his dorm-room, which fortunately he didn't have to share with anyone. On autopilot he carefully divested himself of the old shirt and jeans he painted in and left them folded up in there, too. Down to a T-shirt and boxer shorts, he headed for the kitchenette- this hated assignment had killed his appetite, but he needed *warmth*. As he waited for the kettle to boil, all of a sudden a huge, irresistible yaaaawn took him by surprise, stretching his jaws so wide they almost creaked. With it came a wave of exhaustion that rolled over him almost like a physical thing, weighing on his shoulders and eyelids. He felt so drained he could hardly stand. *Definitely* time to hit the hay.

“Ugh. C'mon Cal.” The kettle just boiled, he picked it up and poured the contents into the mouth of the critter waiting for it with a *glug glug glug glug glug...*

So sue him, he'd bought one of those hot water bottles- of all that hyena's dreadful junk, this at least served a *purpose*. He hoped he hadn't over-played the fact he was *only* buying it to keep Stan quiet, because even then he'd had the germ of an idea...

...glug glug glug glug glug...

The hot water bottle took rather a long time to fill. Bradley put the stopper in and picked it up.

“Oof! Hehe, daaaang, Cal, you're getting FAAAT.” He was- so heavy that Bradley needed both arms to lift the water-filled plush, which he'd customised as a personal arts and crafts project. Learning to redo the stitching properly hadn't been too hard, nor had finding a new piece of fabric that matched 'Li'l Cal's' front and cutting it to shape, but it had taken some *serious* finagling to obtain what he wanted from the on-campus gymnasium without letting

the relevant coach get wind of it. “But then, I guess that’s what you get for being such a greedy *pig*.” Filled with water, the modified minotaur’s middle stuck out so far it hung over both of Bradley’s cradling forearms, its snout bobbing on top and its stubby little arms and legs flopping uselessly to either side, almost comically small in comparison to that water-bomb belly. The brown baize bull was so round and sloshy it looked like it had swallowed a basketball whole- which was pretty accurate, given that the giraffe had used the innards of one to swap out the original ‘bottle’. Even if he said so himself, *his* version of Li’l Cal definitely had more realism to it. With a grunt of effort he hefted it higher against his chest, making that pseudo-stomach jug some more. “Huff... It’s getting kinda tough to haul you around, Big Bull. Heh... we’re gonna have to put you on a *diet* soon, Fatboy, or you’re gonna POP.”

Staggering towards his bed, Bradley giggled- he couldn’t help himself, it just felt so *delicious* saying this kind of thing out loud to Calvin- at least in *some* form or other. And he knew that he might just die of shame on the spot if anyone actually ever *heard* him.

He was so tired he practically crawled into bed- the college authorities finally having provided him with a King-sized mattress to balance across two of the standard bed-frames, which at least meant he didn’t have to fold up like a paperclip or sleep with his legs dangling over the far end any more. He suspected the only reason he’d got it was because they’d recently been forced to get a custom bed for Cal (after their ever-expanding sports star finally ballooned up too big for the normal beds on-campus to hold his eye-widening weight) and so *not* to do the same for Bradley would technically be discrimination. Heh, as if Bradley needed another reason to admire him- even when he was *asleep*, the Big Bull was striking a blow for the comfort of his non-ergonomically-scaled college-mates...

With a groan the giraffe rolled over, wrapping the two layers of duvets around himself as much as possible. He wound up on his side, Li’l Cal cuddled up next to him inside his arms, radiating warmth against his chest. Lulled by the heat, he drew in a deep breath, and then slowly let it out as a sigh, trying to clear his mind of all its troubles. His eyelids began to droop of their own accord. He could do a rush job and fix that awful self-portrait tomorrow morning- it wouldn’t matter if the paint was still wet. Or maybe he could swing a pass just by arguing that the meticulous brushwork underneath represented his rigidly self-controlled exterior, whilst the paint-splash represented his occasional, uncontrollable outbreaks of

unpredictable lunacy. Like crushing massively on a... certain... massive someone... who we mustn't..... mention... *Zzzzz...*

...Hmmmm... Hngh? What the-? *AUGH!!!*

Bradley sat bolt upright, hands braced behind him. He blinked several times, his head feeling like a rock. For some reason the room was brilliantly lit- day lit. Morning *already*? But why hadn't his-? He checked his bedside clock, and stared at it in stunned disbelief.

3:23pm?

He'd forgotten to set his alarm, *he'd forgotten to set his alarm!* Bewilderment turned to mounting horror. He'd slept the entire *day!* His *assignment!* He was going to be late for class, *HE WAS GOING TO BE LATE FOR CLASS!*

The giraffe found himself out of bed and standing in the middle of his room, staring at his assignment, a sick feeling in his stomach- there was no *time* to fix it now! By daylight it looked even *worse-* it practically glowed with horribleness. He found himself struggling ham-fistedly with his clothes, trying to get them on whilst brushing his teeth at the same time- in particular it seemed to take forever to do up his shirt buttons. He finally gave up with two to go, grabbed the canvas and hurried out of his room, turning to race down the hallway that to his panic-stricken gaze looked practically endless-

“Uhhh, hey, Braaad...”

Bradley almost ran smack-bang into Cal, whose width took up easily two-thirds of the corridor. Screeching to a halt, the giraffe's heart leapt almost all the way up his throat as he let out a strangled *yeep!*

“H-heyyyyy, Cal!” Bradley felt a manic grin plaster itself on his face, whilst inside he writhed, assignment clutched to his chest. Of *all* the times for him to *genuinely* accidentally bump into the Big Bull, it had to be right NOW! He wanted to dash past, but what if he *offended* Cal? “H-how's it going?” And what was he doing *here?*

“Uhhh... I'm hungry, Braaad.”

“O-oh...” Well, that was pretty to-the-point... but sometimes Cal *could* be kind of blunt. They stood looking at one another for a moment. Almost blocking the corridor with his bulk, the bull didn’t seem inclined to say anything more, but his placid demeanour seemed... expectant. He was in full football uniform minus his helmet- had he just come from practice? Smile still held in place, the giraffe swallowed, and surreptitiously tried to edge through the gap, hating himself for passing up this opportunity. “Uh... I’m r-really sorry, Cal, but you see I’ve got to get to class-”

A swollen, sleeve-stretching arm suddenly barred Bradley’s way, chubby hand pressing against the far wall. At the hinge of his dimpled elbow, its still-wobbling width was almost twice that of the giraffe’s hand-span. Bradley blinked.

“Uhhh... I said I’m huuungry, Braaad,” Cal said again calmly, but perhaps with a tad more emphasis, like the giraffe might not have heard him the first time.

“Ehe... I’m *really* sorry big guy, but I’ve *really* got to go. Heh, I overslept haha, and I *have* to get to class or I’m gonna be late...” Wincing inside, the giraffe tried to talk his way past as politely as he could. “M-maybe I could come hang with you later- whoof!” Cal’s arm didn’t budge as Bradley thumped into it, unexpectedly finding that marshmallow-looking limb as immovable as a reinforced girder.

“Uhhhh... I *said* I’m *huuungry*, Braaad,” Cal repeated- there was no mistaking his expectant tone this time. The giraffe did a double-take, and felt himself start to blush in surprise as the big bull met his gaze dead in the eye. He’d never seen Cal quite so... direct, before. He even seemed to be standing a little taller- o-or had the jumbo-sized jock just gotten even *fatter* since Bradley had last had the chance to spend time with him?

“Heh... c-c’mon Cal, quit fooling, I’m late for class, I *r-really* have to go...” The giraffe tried to push again, then had to *shove* past that blocking arm.

“Uhhh... *no-hooo*.” That broad bough of beef stayed firmly in place as the blubber-bull leaned more of his weight against the wall, the gap narrowing like the Clashing Rocks of myth. Bradley wheezed as that encroaching bulk unceremoniously squeezed him backwards, not having shifted Calvin one jot (if you didn’t count making that arm-flab wobble). Non-plussed, the giraffe stared at this erstwhile nice-guy bull-oon. “Uhhh... I’m *huuuuuungry* Braaad.”

Bradley swallowed. He hadn't ever appreciated just how... *strong* Cal was, underneath all that hamburger-heft.

"C-Cal..."

"Uhhh... *noooooow*, Braaaaad," the bull mooed, a definite edge to his voice now. He took a slow step towards the giraffe, then another, hand sliding on the far wall as he continued to block the way. Bradley gulped- as Cal closed in on him he seemed to loom, filling the hallway more and more. The giraffe abruptly realised that the Big Bull had definitely gotten Bigger since he'd last seen him, that zorb-ball of a belly sloshing and jostling out front only a third-covered by his cobalt blue football jersey, its bare under-curve sagging to half-way down his calves at its lowest-hanging point, whilst his hips were stretching his white shorts more than ever, over a hand-span of bare rump-steak gaping on show to the world over their waistband. "Uhhh.... yooour baaaking's the beeest..."

"Mmph..." Despite his rising panic, the giraffe felt himself go weak at the knees. And the thought of Cal actually *seeking out* his baking... "Ehe... m-maybeIcanhangaroundforFIVE minuteslonger..." the blushing Bradley said all at once. He *couldn't*, but as his eyes roamed Cal's fat face he wasn't sure he had a choice- t-the Big Bull seemed so *determined*, all of a sudden. Still smiling, Bradley felt a sweat break out on his forehead. "I-I think I've still got some *cookies*..?"

"Uhhh-huuuuuh..." Cal just nodded as though he expected nothing less and continued plodding unstopably closer, that mundo mass of marbled beef-middle threatening to bulldoze right into him. Bradley backed up, then had to keep backing up, then nearly jumped out of his skin as his back collided with his dorm-room door. He turned to unlock it- then felt the tubb-tastic toro's hot breath snorting against his neck, and could *sense* the warmth radiating from that huge grazer-gut on his back as it surged towards him. The giraffe spun back around to face the big ball of bull-ubber (as if that would make *any* difference to fending it off), blindly wrenched at his door's handle and promptly fell backwards as it swung wide open inwards, dropping him full-length onto the dorm-room carpet! Assignment still clutched to his chest, Bradley struggled to scramble upright, his long legs tangling repeatedly beneath him. Then he froze as Cal appeared, filling the doorway. *Over*-filling it, actually: as the full-figured foot-bull tried to lumber forwards his gait checked, sides doughing out against the frame. The giraffe's eyes widened- *Cal had grown so fat he couldn't fit his dorm-room door!*

But that scruffy, sumo-sized steak-bake of a jock just snorted stubbornly, and with what looked like a small butt-wriggle shoved his way through, his shape distorting like a water-balloon being squeezed through a slot, moobs actually bumping up against his snout before he *bloomphed* back out to his full width.

Bradley found himself gaping up from floor level as Cal lumbered in- he could see how meaty the bull's bloated thunder-thighs had grown, quivering and pumping as his legs swung out sideways to accommodate that huge middle, which was still wobbling from his entrance. He could see Cal's socks stretched around those bulbous ham-hocks he called calves. He could see the long-lost waistband of Cal's uniform shorts, deep in the shadow of that looming stomach which was spilling over it in a near-Biblical flood of bull-belly. Bradley's eyes slowly widened as it started to loom *over* him, Cal's face and then even his moobs being eclipsed behind its circumference, before he came to a stop practically on top of the giraffe. In the shadow of that supersized stomach, Bradley's view now resembled something like a satellite orbiting Jupiter, Cal's belly filling his personal sky almost wall-to-wall. He could even see the faint smears of grass-stains on its stretched surface from football-practice. Bradley watched it swell and sag slightly with each huffing, hefty breath its overfed owner took, testament to the fact that despite its roundness, that bovine barrel-belly was one hundred percent *dough*. That overblown over-hang of bull-blubber bobbed scant inches from his chin, threatening to smother him. If he so much as lifted his neck off the carpet, h-he'd get a *face-full* of it...

...Mmf...

Hanging over the giraffe, that globe of a grazer-gut let out a loud, grumbling *gurrngle*.

"Uhhh... hurry uuuuup, Braaaaad..." Cal's voice came from somewhere behind that spectacular stomach- or it could possibly even have *been* his stomach talking.

"Mmph..." The round-eyed giraffe whimpered and scrambled out from under the bull's shorts-straining bulk, moving backwards crab-wise on his shoulderblades until he bumped his head on one of the kitchenette units. Unsteadily hauling himself upright, he tore his eyes from his blubber-blown bovine buddy, stared around wildly and spotted his tuppaware 'cookie-jar' on the counter. "H-here you go, Cal- cook-" Bradley popped the lid and passed the box forwards- which the bulging bull grabbed with a wordless grunt and immediately dug

in, his thick fist conveying white-chocolate-chunk cookies to his snout impatiently. “-kieees...” Bradley trailed off, his eyes distractedly tracking the way that weighty arm *wobbled* as it moved back and forth. Then his eyes widened further as he realised Cal was piling the cookies in faster than he could physically eat them, stuffing in the next before he’d even finished chewing the first, his already-chubby cheeks steadily swelling rounder as he did so. The accountancy part of Bradley’s brain treacherously started totalling-up: one, two, three, f-four... *gollop*, ... and one, two, three, four, *f-five*...

Bradley just stood and observed, entranced, until the now-empty box was negligently discarded, bouncing off of the huge chunk of chuck-steak’s stretched football sweater and hitting the floor with a muffled *clunk*. The sound broke the spell- the giraffe blinked stared Cal in the face, round-eyed, barely able to believe what he’d just witnessed.

“Uhhh, whaaaat *else* you goot, Braaaaaad?” the big beef-ball asked, as though he hadn’t just casually packed away two dozen cookies in under five freaking’ *minutes*. Still chewing his last mouthful, Cal plodded one not-quite-threatening step closer to the giraffe. “Uhhhh, I’m still huuuungry...”

Effectively corralled in the kitchenette by the bull’s width, Bradley swallowed, feeling his ears wilt.

“Ehe... I... I... I d-don’t think...” He blinked at the fatboy bull’s impassive, implacable expression. “L-lemmejustchecktherefrigerator, Cal...” Not daring to move from the spot, he reached sideways from where he stood and pulled the fridge door open on the off-chance- not that there WAS any chance. But to his relief, three laden shelves of baked goods sat there, gleaming- phew, he’d completely forgotten he’d made those!

“H-HERE you are, big guy!” he practically sang out as he grabbed a tray of his special vanilla-cheesecake muffins- already iced with buttercream.

“Uhhhh... uh-huuuuuh,” the bulbous bull-jock grunted expectantly, then grabbed a muffin in each hefty hand and began to eat both, at the same time.

“Gwahh...” The giraffe goggled stupidly as Cal pushed one muffin so far into his snout he bit off more than half of it in one go, then- with his cheeks bulging fit to burst- licked most of the frosting off the second. He chewed heavily, fat face distorting like a beef waterballoon each time his jaws worked, clearly struggling to hold *that* much of a mouthful. Then, the

moment he physically had space in his mouth (not long), he crammed in yet *another* bite, stuffing his cheeks like some monstrous hamster. He masticated a couple more times, swallowed most of it in one guzzling *gulp*, and immediately munched the remainder of the two muffins, actually squidging them together like an improvised sandwich to get them between his lips more quickly. As soon as his hands were free he grabbed two more, hefting them up and down while he macerated his latest mouthful, as though impatient to inhale them even when his face was still full to near bursting. When he finally did have the room at least he ate those one at a time, but this new tactic allowed him to steadily reach for replacement ‘ammo’, chowing them down like a reverse production line, one after another after another after *another*...

Bradley felt his cheeks starting to burn even as his eyes threatened to fall out of their sockets- he’d never seen Cal quite like this before, so... so... so unapologetically *greedy*! He stood there half-appalled, half-agog as he watched this big fat foot-bull totally pig out in front of him. Again, he found his accountancy side running the math. N-no matter how much of a sweat Cal had worked up on during practice, there was no way it could have burned off as many calories as the big bull was now bolting down! If he kept guzzling with this much gusto, Cal could only wind up getting *fatter*- his body growing wider, rounder, his lovehandles burgeoning bigger, layers of fat thickening and padding him out further, that butt blowing up, every inch of him filling out heavier, softer, more and more freakin’ly *hefty*... *And his baking was helping make it happen...*

Belatedly, Bradley abruptly remembered his art assignment, and a pit seemed to open up in his stomach. Oh man, he *was* going to be late now! He stared around in panic, and finally spotted it propped up against in the far corner at a haphazard angle. H-how had it wound up all the way over there?

“Ehe...” Whilst Cal was utterly occupied with stuffing his snout, the guilt-stricken giraffe began to surreptitiously edge sideways- albeit reluctantly. “Wh-while you’re busy with *those*, Cal-” he couldn’t help blushing at the thought of the bull polishing off two *dozen* muffins in one sitting- “I’ve juuuust gotta- WHOOF!”

“Uhhhh... uhh-uhhhhhhhh, Braaaaad,” Cal commented casually, leaning forward a little so that his huge, barely-shirted belly pinned Bradley back against the kitchenette counter. “Buull’s not fuuuuuuull...”

“C-Cal!!!” Bradley wheezed, squirming helplessly as all that bull-blubber steamrolled him into the chipboard. But the swollen sports-bull just slowly shook his head at the astonished arts-major, making those chubby cheeks and chins of his ripple sluggishly. Crumbs cascaded and bounced over the swollen curves of Cal’s jersey. The giraffe could only pray that his face going so red would be mistaken for a lack of air- though that definitely wasn’t the reason he felt so light-headed. After all the time he’d *longed* to make contact with this uber-big bull-belly, and n-now *this!* *This* was so up-close-and-personal he almost couldn’t cope. Panicking at the thought of being caught in this situation by somebody, he instinctively *heaved*, trying to shove back against that stupendous flab-sack of a stomach, but despite its gelatinous softness wasn’t able to budge the overblown jock backwards by so much as an inch! “Hnnngh-! Oof!”

Powerless, Bradley sank back, panting as heavily as he could under the circumstances, his chest having to strain against the pressure of Cal’s pachyderm-sized paunch pressing up against him. He could feel that gut rippling sluggishly, waves of force rolling through him. All his strength and he’d barely raised a wobble in this... this *globe* of a grazer!

“C-Cal...” He looked at the enormously overfed bull pleadingly, and felt like he’d suddenly shrunk by half a neck-length: Cal just seemed so *big* and *imposing*, pressing up against him like this.

“Uhhhh, I want moooooore, Braaaad,” the bull said impassively from behind his chubby cheeks, his chewing uninterrupted. With a start Bradley realised that the tray was empty- the chub-tastic chow-cow had eaten *every last single freakin’ one?!*

“M-more?!” the exclamation leapt out of Bradley’s mouth before he’d realised it. “Y-you *can’t* be se-heeeeerious!” His voice trailed off in a strangled squeak as the pressure on him suddenly increased, the bull’s belly smothering him a little more. “Uhhh, uh-huh,” Cal asserted with a nod. “Moouooooore...” He emphasised it with something very close to a moo before the pressure was relaxed. Th-this wasn’t even Cal’s full *weight?!* H-how could anyone let themselves get so flagrantly, disgracefully *fat...* a-and warm... and... *round...*

...L-late was late, right? A-at this stage, a few more minutes wasn’t going to make things any worse...

With something close to a whimper, Bradley bit his lip and struggled to reach the fridge again from his station trapped against the counter, his eyes not leaving the bull. He pulled out the second tray.

“H-here’s some, uh...?” He hesitated, arms half-stretched over Cal’s stomach. Woah, how had he found the time to bake a whole batch of *pastéis de nata*?

“Uhhhh... heyyy, thooose looooooook goooood, Braaaaad! Uhhh... whateeeever they aaare...”

Before the giraffe could react the dumb doughbull grabbed the first sophisticated little tart in a fat fist and rammed it between his plump lips. Whole. “Mmmm-hhhmmmm!” Bradley could tell when the flavour hit Cal’s tastebuds by the way his ears began to flap, but the bull’s other ham-like hand was already bringing the next up to his stubby snout. “Uhhh... these ARE good. But, uuuhhh, maaake them biiiiiigger next time, okaaay?”

“...O-okay...” Bradley found himself sweating, still casually pinned in place by that weather-balloon of a bull-belly, tray teetering unsteadily on top of it as Cal stood there and stuffed his face with tart after tart after tart after tart. The big bull ate like he was absolutely ravenous- and this was on *top* of two dozen cookies *and* two-dozen extra-large muffins! He wasn’t even slowing *down*! His stomach must literally be bigger than a trash-bag!

A completely bewildered Bradley stifled another little involuntary noise- he didn’t know what had gotten into Cal to make him so hog-wild, but worse, he couldn’t decide if he should be trying to talk sense into his seemingly-obliviously obese bull-buddy or cheer him on! The superchubby chow-cow seemed completely *bottomless*... w-well, in terms of his appetite, at least. Cal’s hips were easily four times the width of his own, and even from here Bradley could spy the outermost curves of the bull’s buttocks beyond the horizons of his hayrick of a belly. Those rump-steaks almost seemed to be swelling out of the waistband of his shorts like muffins themselves! Still scoffing down custard tarts, the sugar-saturated bovine blockhead let loose this unbelievably contented-sounding *grrrunt*, dragging the giraffe’s attention front and centre- th-that was practically an ‘oink’! The big bull shifted his weight from hoof to hoof in what might have been a comfortable butt-wiggle, and all that bovine belly-blubber wobbled against Bradley like someone rolling a water-balloon of warm pudding the size of a tractor tyre back and forth over him. There was the faintest little rip-pop from a stitch somewhere in Cal’s uniform, but to the giraffe’s ears it sounded like a gunshot. If he wasn’t being held up by that gut he might have fallen over- his knees suddenly went weak. It was like Cal was getting fatter by the bite! As the bull’s bulk rippled against him like a captive lake of leatherbound lard, Bradley suddenly felt his other arm slip free

from that imprisoning heft. Not that it was much help- it wasn't like he could *go* anywhere with this mega-moo pressed up against him! All he could really do was stand and... watch... and... and *try* not to stare...

Well... h-he could do *something*...

Whilst Cal was utterly consumed by the need to keep consuming, keeping Bradley pressed against the counter's edge by the continuing pressure from his massive midriff, the giraffe surreptitiously stretched his arms out as wide as they would go. After a few moments he stifled a little gasp- the dirigible doughbull's belly had actually grown wider than his arm-span. Oh, wow... Bradley's knees went weak again.

"Haha, y-you're getting pretty BIG lately, Cal," he heard himself blurt out.

Ohcrap, didIjustsaythatoutloud...?

Cal grunted, swallowed, snorted.

"Uhhhh... yeeeeeeeah..." To Bradley's astonishment- the ex(-XXL) jock put his hefty hands- through some cosmic oversight both momentarily free of food- to the swollen sides of his grain-sack stomach and jiggled it, just above the abused waistband of his shorts. "Uhhh... I'm the BIIIG buuull, huuuuuh?" He gave another satisfied-sounding *snort*. The giraffe's jaw, which had been in the process of dropping, was snapped back up again as the wall of blubber-bloated beef against him bounced up and down. Then, as Cal reached for the last pastry and began chewing, he slapped his free hand against the still-rippling side of that hugely overfed overhang. "Uhhhh, feels real..." *glop* "...goood." The tarts terminated, he finally lifted his gaze from the tray and looked Bradley dead in the eye from behind pastry-flake specked cheeks. "Uhhhh... I want moooore, Braaad."

Bradley's jaw fell for a second time, fell so far it felt like it stretched the entire length of his neck. He could feel his mane trying to stand on end.

"M-m-more..?" he quavered uncertainly. "Ehe... y-you mean, like, 'more food' C-Cal? O-o-or- *whooooof!!!*"

"Uhhhh... *moooore*, Braaaaad." Shoving his stomach forwards, the fat-filled bovine fullback took a deep breath, making his gridiron-sized gut *squeeze* the giraffe back against the counter.

Bradley's neck catapulted forwards in reaction, and the giraffe unceremoniously face-planted between those bloated, stitch-popping bull-udders.

"Gnhhhh...!" Legs locked rigid, the giraffe's hooves slowly slid forwards and outwards on his dorm-room carpet beneath that behemoth bull-belly. As his legs spread his butt dropped, his torso slowly sinking down the quicksand of that monster beefball-belly until his face unsucked from between this flab-tastic football's moobs. Cal just carried on giving him that impassive, *expectant* stare.

Mussed hair hanging over his eyes, his gaze locked with the bloated bull's, Brad wordlessly fumbled the fridge door open and by feel pulled out the third tray. Cal's chubby countenance lit up.

"Uhhhh... *thaaat's* beeetter..." His meaty mitts unceremoniously yanked the tray from the giraffe's fingers, an entire no-bake cheesecake wobbling alarmingly from the sudden acceleration. The blimped-up bovine's upper belly now made a sizeable-enough shelf that the tray sat rock-solid atop it while the calorie-cramming chow-cow set about *inhaling* a dessert big enough to feed twelve, slice after slice after slice after *slice*. He barely seemed to breathe between his huge, grunting mouthfuls, and Brad found himself holding his breath in sympathy, so much so that when the big lardbull golloped down the final snoutful a few minutes later they both gasped for air in unison- and then Brad gasped deeper as that swelling bovine bulk *squeezed* him all the more because of it. He slipped a little lower down against that gigantic gelatine-gut, the world turning funny colours at the edges of his vision. "Uhhh... *URRP!* Whaaaat more yooou got, Braaaad?"

His chin bumping against the hem of Cal's over-full football jersey, the giraffe raised his eyes to that uber-chubby cow-face, the bull's multiple chins resting in the valley between monumental moobs, like something carved by the Olmec. He gulped.

"You... you *still* want more...?"

"Uhhhhh... uh-*huuuuh*," Cal nodded, those cheeks and chins wobbling even from such a small motion. The giraffe's upper arms now totally pinned at right-angles to his body, Brad's fingers made contact with the curved wall of blubberous bull-belly that was near-smothering him, so gingerly he seemed afraid the ginormous jock might pop.

"You... you *can't* be hungry..."

“Uhhhh... nooo... but I still waaaant MOOOORE!” This was punctuated by an emphatic *gurrrrgle* from the big bulloon’s jumbo-sized jello-ball of a belly, pressing against the giraffe’s face. Brad swallowed heavily, his eyes darting to the stubbornly-empty refrigerator.

“Uh.... th-there *isn’t* any more, C-Cal...” He felt perspiration break out on his brow as he broke the bad news to the Insatiable Bulk his friend had become.

“Uhhhhh... okaaaay, nooo problem.” *Phew.* “Uhhh, Caaafeteria’s oooopen noooow.”

“*Glk!*”

“Uhhhh... *C’mooon*, Braaad...”

The giraffe’s world abruptly whirled around him as an adipose-laden bovine arm wrapped around his neck and effortlessly pulled him from his dorm-room like an oyster shucked from its shell, Brad’s rigidly stuck-forward hooves etching a trail into the polyester carpet as he was towed out behind the bull’s blubber-butt.

“B-but my *assignment!*” It almost felt like he was falling down the corridor instead of walking along it.

“Uhhhh... dooesn’t maaaatter! You gotta heeeelp me *eeaat*, Braaad!” The giraffe blinked. But right then one huge bovine sandbag of an arm flopped over the back of Brad’s neck, shoving it down and thrusting his face *smack* into the side of one of Cal’s mammoth, jersey-straining moobs.

“*Mnhhhh...!?*” After a long moment Brad’s face finally popped free as that bull-blubber shoved back, although ruckles and rolls of that skin-tight jersey clung to his face as though unwilling to let him go. “Eh... eheheh...” Face still pressed to Cal’s side, the giraffe stumbled along completely powerless to resist. He tried to look Cal in the face, but- neck still weighed down by that leaden yoke of a lard-arm- the giraffe found himself unable to see more than a tiny portion of the Big Bull at any time, just catching stolen side-glances. A chubby cheek wobbling, the hanging moon of his moob distorting like a ripe melon being squeezed, the forward-horizon of that barnstorming *belly* sloshing oceanically... Brad found himself quite unable to resist as he was pulled along by this supremely porked-out football player, feeling utterly dwarfed by his blimped-up bull-buddy’s bloated bulk. In a snatched glance ahead, the entire hallway seemed to be shaking and swaying with each thudding hoof-step this jumbo-sized jock took- before a curving wall of over-stretched blue-fabric engulfed his view again. As he stumbled along, Brad found out that the giga-sized grazer’s gait had gained this tidal side-to-side *slosh* as his lard-laden limbs fought that ponderous, pachyderm-

sized paunch for ‘leg room’. With each and every step that enormous cake-munching Chow-cow took, Brad received a balance-throwing *bump* in the hip from one booming bovine buttcheek- like being involved in a collision with a demolition bag full of butter- then that lardy tractor-tyre of a lovehandle above it rolled against him, spreading and squeezing him between hip and ribcage like someone trying to get the last toothpaste out of a tube, and then the huge, jersey-wrapped airbag of a bull-udder sitting atop it swung and smooshed against his face like some kind of balloon of pudding. Then *thud*- another hoofstep, and repeat. Wrapped in an oh-so pneumatic neck-lock, Brad could barely keep his hooves underneath him as he staggered along, the big-boy bull beside him over-filling all the available space around him. And the *heat* coming offa him... Brad started to feel like he was melting- certainly his legs felt like they’d turned to warm jelly. From this head-down viewpoint, Cal seemed bigger than *ever*. I-in fact...

With a lurch to his stomach, Brad abruptly realised that Cal definitely WAS bigger- the giraffe’s trim torso was pressed up against a veritable rampart of bull-blubber, his shoulder swallowed beneath a bloated bovine armpit whilst that flab-sack of an arm pressed across his collarbones like warm wet cement. B-but even accounting for a little lean-forward, Brad’s shoulders had always been higher than Cal’s! H-hadn’t they...?

Bump – whump - thump. Another thudding hoofstep, another self-heated stand-up massage, and Brad’s already shaky train of thought derailed entirely. He was overwhelmed by the sheer physicality of this experience. Cal’s bulk seemed to fill his world- up to and including his sense of smell, with Brad’s nose being repeatedly rammed into that insufficiently-washed football jersey with each swollen, swaggering step the behemoth-bull took. Crushed grass, earth, potato skins and fried onions, perspiration and deodorant, and this deep, rich undertone that the giraffe could only mentally label as ‘beefy’. Squinting ahead, face squashed against sumo-grade rib-eye steak, Brad stretched forward with his free arm, fingers stuck out as far as they would go, but they still couldn’t reach the front of Cal’s wrecking-bull belly. Instead his palm plapped down squarely somewhere on its forward-right undercurve. He felt that bulk quiver gelatinously, hide twitching, and there was a *snort* from somewhere above and behind his horns.

“H-hahaha!” he heard the giggle, felt his lips and throat move- was that really *his* voice? Brad felt the weight bearing on his arm as that gut pressed down on it in the next waddling step,

felt his fingers *spread* under the sheer pressure of that poundage filling his grasp. “Y-you’re getting *REALLY BIG*, Cal!”

“Uhhhhh... yeaaaaah...” came the rumbling, languid, lazily-rolling reply. *Shuttup, shuttup, SHUTTUP!* Brad shouted to himself, but *over* that he nevertheless heard:

“Haha! B-better be careful ‘big guy’, you keep *growing* like this and you’re gonna wind up too BIIIIIG for *football!*” Like a puppet on a string, he watched his own hand pull itself away from its berth on that fuzzy cliff-face of blubber swelling over the waistband of Cal’s shorts and then swing back against it with an audible *smack*. A visible ripple propagated out through that hanging horizon, exactly as though he had walloped a weather balloon full of jello. An accompanying deep, grunting *snort* echoed down the hallway.

“Uhhhhhhh... Dooooon’t *caaaare!*”

“*H-huh?!?*” The giraffe’s neck jerked rigidly, but jammed up against all that butterbull bulk as it was, all this achieved was a minute twitch, like a jammed piston. Just at that moment, Cal’s arm pressed in around him, squeezing him even more deeply into the superchubby jock’s blubber-blown side.

“I want *moooooore*, Braaaaaad...” The giraffe’s face completely submerged, over the near-deafening sloshing and gurgling sounds emanating from the bull’s monster middle, he could have sworn he heard a muffled, rumbling moo: “*I wanna gro-HOO-w...*” Then he felt that titanic tummy-tonnage *lift*, then *drop* back down with a gravitational GLOOP. The bull’s side *bulged* against him like someone had just squeezed the other end of a balloon, and his face popped free. At the same time, there was another distinct ‘pop’- the unmistakable sound of thread snapping, and out of the corner of his widening eye saw a tiny tear rip itself in Cal’s jersey, where the stretched side-seam met the sleeve’s overstrained under-arm stitching. Almost at once it stretched out as far as it could go, the bulk beneath it seeming to inflate to fill the added space.

“Ha... haha... hahahaha...!” Maybe it was the lack of oxygen under Cal’s more-than-ample armpit, but Brad suddenly felt *drunk*. He found himself swaying in time to the slosh of this big-bull’s out-and-out *waddle* as he hauled his huge ass down the corridor- or was it the entire hall shaking around them? His face still being mooshed by bovine side-moob, Brad felt his jaws stretching and distorting accordingly as his mouth took on a mind of its own. “Y-you grow, buddy! You grow as much as... nff... as much you WANT.” His palm overenthusiastically slap-slap-slapped that humungous horizon of overhanging, full-cream Fullback again, and then his fingers dared a little squeeze, gripping a soft, doughy roll

amongst what felt like unending depths of plush, butter-soft bull-lard. “You g-get yourself good n’ *big*...”

“Uhhhh... weee’re heeere...”

Cal stopped suddenly, but Brad didn’t. He stumbled, suddenly finding himself released from under the living landslide of Cal’s arm. He blinked in stupefaction, the room seeming to spin around him. O-oh yeah, the cafeteria. Of course... the ruthlessly ‘casual’ admixture of different table types with their concomitant colour-coded clusters of dining chairs, lounge-style tub seats, bar- tools, and multi-person benches scattered around the floorplan with algorithmically-predetermined spontaneity was as unmistakeable as it was soulless. Funny, something about the place made it seem *bigger* than usual, like he was inside a fish-eye lens- but right at this moment he couldn’t even tell for sure if he was even standing the right way *up*, so who was *he* to judge? And besides, *anywhere* would feel wide-open and empty after being squunched under the Beefsteak Bull-da’s right arm, right? Now he knew how a boiled sausage felt...

Skin still prickling from the sudden temperature drop, he turned back towards Cal... and gulped. Never mind the cafeteria, Boavida was the one who definitely looked bigger- like, bigger-than-ever bigger. They were standing facing each other across one of the rectangular 12-seater tables in the warehouse-like cafeteria, and the bull was looking Brad dead in the eye without the giraffe so much as even stooping! His focus flickered briefly to the doorframe behind Cal’s wall-like shoulders, distractedly trying to judge heights from that reference marker- but then his gaze was dragged back to the bull, and his *width*. From lovehandle to jiggling lovehandle, Cal somehow stood as wide as *four* of the six place-settings on the table. His belly... oh man, his *belly*. Cal’s gut now hung to his *ankles*, like he’d tried to hide an entire butt cask of Dad’s whisky under his football top. That couch-sized medicine-ball was so overblown it was no longer quite spherical, instead taking the shape of a flattened pear, its widest part around his thighs. The bull seemed to stand *around* his belly like one of those toys with a balloon for a torso that you blew up, his arms and legs spread wide, head pushed back and up a little to make room for it. His jersey now reached to a latitude only a few inches below the King-sized keg-cow’s chest, the number ‘50’ so stretched it was getting hard to read and the hem visibly straining and split where it still tried to contain that hulking hemisphere of hamburger. His cleavage looked like someone had stuffed a pair of spacehoppers side-by side inside his top- and that that same someone was trying to blow

them up still further *in situ*. Speaking of blowing up- how his shorts had hung in there as well as they had Brad had no idea, but they deserved a trophy all by themselves. They were still hanging on - even if they now resembled a cross between Daisy Dukes and the Hoover dam, Cal's overhanging butt looking ready to *inundate* them any minute. And in between shorts and shirt, it was almost *indecent* how much bare bull-hide was hanging out out on display. Cal looked *twice* the weight he had scarfing down pastries in Brad's room. H-how had this, this football-playing *parade bulloon* even squeezed himself down the hallways of Atlantis U? He'd known *elephants* less weighty than this King-sized Chow-Cow.

"Uhhhhhh, yooou *listening*, Braaaad?" The giraffe blinked guiltily- he'd been so busy staring at the mammoth meatball he'd not even *heard* him speak the first time around - again, about half an octave deeper down the scale, a tone which now resonated in Brad's chest. "I *saiiid*, goooo get soooome fooood!" the jumbo-tastic jock rumbled peremptorily as he dropped his butt down onto the table's bench. It creaked and bent beneath him like a longbow being tensioned. Forget 'King-sized'- the domineering dough-bull sat there with the expectant air of an emperor awaiting tribute

"Y-yes Cal!"

Yes Cal, no Cal, three bulls full, Cal!

The giraffe spun on his hooves and made a beeline for the serving-station, only half-registering that by some miracle there wasn't a queue in the way- but then he wasn't sure if right then he wouldn't have just walked over them anyhow. It certainly felt like his hooves weren't touching the floor, at points! He hurriedly grabbed a tray, but before he could even focus on the blurry chalk-board list of today's offerings one of the servers- again, whom he only vaguely recognised and who seemed remarkably hazy in detail- thudded an already-heaped plateful down onto it. OOF! M-make that TWO! They must have realised he was on a mission from Cal- the double-helping almost made Brad bend over double, there was that much of it. As he struggled to straighten up, eyes watering, through the blur he searched for the pay point, but it seemed to be shut and the server in front of him resolutely refused to acknowledge his existence. He hesitated for a long, awkward moment, then the burdened-down giraffe shrugged and staggered back across the hall, managing to keep the tray at navel-height, before setting it down in front of Cal with a *thud*.

“Ooof! Uh, heh, uhh... it’s uh... l-lasagne and baked potato today, big guy!” Still wheezing, he made to slide the tray across the tabletop, but it immediately met resistance. Glancing up, the giraffe froze- the bull’s meatball-belly almost filled the *entire* depth of the table, rising up almost to Brad’s chin like a bulbous wall. He was lucky the tray hadn’t fallen off the inadequately slim shelf of bare woodwork that remained. Brad blinked up past that tremendous tonnage and the capacious cleavage spread on top of it, to find that Cal was giving him what he could only describe as a Look.

“Uhhh... *duuuuuuh*, Braaad- hooooow’m I supposed to reach it *there*?” And the butter-blown beef-ball of a jock *deliberately* thumped a chubby hand against his bare hide, sending a ripple sloshing sluggishly round the circumference of that behemoth belly. As the distortions in that gigantic lard-sphere gradually died down, the giraffe swallowed, round-eyed, then- letting out a semi-hysterical snort of laughter- he heaved the tray up and sat it on *top* of Cal’s massive middle. As he let it go it sank in a couple of centimetres with a *gloop*, and then bobbed slowly up and down like a dinghy on the ocean swell as all that bull-blubber pushed back up. “Uhhhh-huh-huh-uh-huh... that’s waaaaaarm,” Cal grunted, with a noise that might almost have been a ticklish giggle, if a foghorn could *be* ticklish. Then his nostrils flared, and his face seemed to expand some. “Uhhhhh... smells goo-HOOD...”

Grabbing the cafeteria-issue steel-pressed cutlery from the tray with his ham-like fists the bull dove for the lasagne- *Ack!* Brad suddenly gulped, he hoped they’d served him the herbivore version! But he honestly didn’t think it would have mattered if they hadn’t- Cal was hunched over the tray, guzzling down messy forkfuls of pasta, cheese, béchamel and filling so fast it was like he needed them to keep breathing. Brad heard that over-stretched football jersey creak under the strain, the bull’s moobs rolling forwards as he pressed in further, seemingly trying to get his snout even closer to the plate, like a pig struggling to reach the food in a trough. The giraffe could see the jersey’s fabric *quivering*...

“Uhhhhh... *iiiiit’s tooo SLOOOW!*” the bull suddenly burst out in a small splatter of tomato sauce. Dropping the cutlery with a disgusted clatter, he hoisted the plate from the tray and- Brad’s eyes slowly growing rounder and rounder- lifted it to his lips and tilted, chugging a half-portion of lasagne like it was melty icecream or something. Cal’s cheeks BULGED as he crammed his face to bursting, then, hamster-like, they wobbled and changed shape as he chewed a couple of times before gulping, a boulder-sized bolus vanishing into the bloated tyre of his neck. Bradley let out a small, pressurised-sounding noise through his nose, even

as his barn-sized bull-buddy smacked his lips in satisfaction and then immediately transferred his attention to the baked potato. It was literally the size of a football, its crispy skin slit open, innards glistening with mashed-in butter and topped with mayo, paprika, melted cheese, chives and- whoops- bacon! Brad opened his mouth- but before he could say anything Cal grabbed the thing with both meaty mitts and bit into its middle, face-first. The giraffe's mouth slowly closed again as the blimped-up blubber-sack of a bull eviscerated the stuffed tuber as gruesomely as some of their less reconstructed predator college-mates dismembered a portion of spare ribs. The supertubby toro's tongue did the worst damage, scooping out the fluffy, gooey insides like a living ladle, all of it vanishing into that superlatively fat face like a shoal of fish being sucked into the maw of a whale.

Brad even ate *fries* with a knife and fork...

"Uhhhh... whaaaaa'at're you staaarin' at, Braaad?" The giraffe blinked and gulped, realising that Cal had paused, his attention fixing onto him from behind now-basketball-sized cheeks. Beyond the lick-zone of his tongue his snout was liberally splattered with spilled potato fillings.

"I... I..."

"Uhhhh...dooooon't just staaaand there, Braaaaad... goooo get meee moooooooooore."

"...M-more?" Brad quavered, feeling faint and elated at the same time.

"Uhhhhh, mooo-HOOORE!" the bull definitely mooed that time, but it was drowned out by a near-demonic *gurrrrrgle* from that gigantic gut of his- it sounded like the last of the water draining out of God's own half-blocked bathtub.

"Yes Cal!" Brad squeaked. The giraffe practically ran back to the server station, only then starting to wonder how he was going to convince the staff that they should let him have another serving- but before he could open his mouth a tray was shoved into his hands. Again, the weight nearly dragged his arms out of their sockets- THREE plates this time, *and* a milkshake! An entire pepperoni pizza, a whole puff pie a-and- uh-oh- a *honking* huge hamburger! Brad opened his mouth to explain...

"Uhhhhh... huuurrry UUUU-URP!- Braaaaad..." a belchy bellow echoed from across the hall.

...Brad shut his mouth, shrugged, turned and hurried back to the expanding couch-cow he was serving. If Cal wanted more, Cal needed more! Cal *deserved* more...

Mount Boavida was methodically sucking the gutted remains of his baked potato clean of filling. It now resembled footballs after Moo-Know-Who accidentally *sat* on them during practice.

“Heh, h-here you go, Big Boy- I mean, Bull!” He hefted the tray up towards Cal’s ‘table’. “S-sorry it took me so-” the tray was unceremoniously yanked from his hands “- l-long...” The giraffe swallowed again, then just stood and watched with naked fascination as Cal resumed his unrelenting hog-out, rolling up the entire pizza into a *tube* in order for this sumo-sized butcher’s bull to cram it into his greedy snout all the faster. When the pizza was half-gone Brad finally let his eyes drop, sure his blush could probably be seen from space by now- especially in the infra-red- and then he gulped as his eyes rested on the tabletop in front of Cal.

On where the tabletop in front of Cal *had* been. Now there was just this mid-brown *bulk* of bull-belly sagging a couple of inches past the far edge of the woodwork, the bovine’s navel (now big and deep enough to lose a can of ice-cold sports drink in) a landmark at roughly the globe’s equator, like an inverted Olympus mons. Cal *had* to have shuffled himself closer to the table, right? Brad told himself. Leaned forwards, or something- even though his blimped-up butt looked like it was still exactly where it was, almost entirely filling the bench it was bending beneath its bulk.

Unless he had somehow put on even MORE weight...

Brad blinked and looked up- and from this vantage point saw that each time Cal breathed in, the hem-line of his jersey lifted just enough to expose the bare undercurve of those twin *yoga balls* his bull-udders had become. The straining sleeves were squeezing Cal’s blubber-bloated biceps like blood-pressure cuffs, looking ready to blow at the slightest provocation. Further down, things already *had* blown- that tiny tear under his armpit was now a split a hand-width deep, a few remaining threads keeping the two halves more or less together but at the same time squeezing the bare bull-fat bulging through them into convoluted contours. As the giraffe gaped himself, he watched Cal take a lazy, luxuriant, utterly *unrepentant* bite of

the pie- there was another faint ‘pop’ and the side-split yawned wider, extending down the seam at a snail’s pace, whilst Cal’s stupendous stomach seemed to spread by another half-inch.

Flaky pastry crumbs raining down, the rest of the puff pie rapidly disappeared into the even-more-puffed football player’s mouth. Brad watched Cal’s porky lips keep plumping and stretching for a few moments as he chewed, then with a *gollop* that mouthful followed all the others, a barely-visible bulge sliding down his throat- though it was hard to distinguish amongst the *three* chubby chins and swaddling tyre of tub that had turned that bull-neck into something resembling a poolside rubber-ring. Without even stopping to wipe the crumbs off his jersey the enormous butterbull reached for the burger. It was the kind of high-calorie grease-feast Brad had seen the hardcore carnivores of the student body *drooling* over even as they moaned about the impact on their waistlines- a *triple* stack of juicy, inch-thick char-grilled patties, squares of that weirdly unidentifiable cheese melting between them, together with ramrod-crisp rashers of bacon, lettuce, tomato slices, halved gherkins and rings of red onion- all slathered in garlic mayo, ketchup, mustard *and* barbecue sauce. The filling out-sized the bun by about half. Brad thought it had been banned from the menu. It took Cal both hands just to grab hold of it. The burger *squelched* as the bull’s podgy fingers closed around it, leaving great dents in the bread’s shiny crust. Without even hesitating he brought it to his lips and *chomped* into it eagerly, his face filling out even further (if such a thing was possible) as his cheeks bulged. About a fifth of the burger was suddenly missing, a deep crescent gouged out of it in one go.

Even the *lions* on campus said they had to go on a starvation diet before they could handle the Hamburger Special. The college joke was that they were secretly talking about Cal. Brad suspected that even the lions would be scared if they could see him now.

“Uhhhh.... Braaaaaad...?” the behemoth bull drawled indistinctly through his mouthful, spraying more crumbs and fragments of lettuce.

“-More?” the giraffe finished for him.

“Uh-huuuuuh...” Cal nodded, butterball cheeks wobbling gelatinously.

“You got it, Big Bull,” Brad did the ‘cool’ double-handed finger-point thing he’d seen jocks around campus use, then promptly ruined it by clasping his hands together happily under his chin. “*Anything* for you!” And he was only half-thankful that the adipose-amplified Adonis

sitting in front of him was too absorbed with stuffing his snout with a second bite to pay him any attention right then. The giraffe practically *skipped* to the serving point and grabbed the tray that was thrust at him, without even bothering to check the contents. It was physically impossible to skip under the weight of it on the way back, but he hurried all the same, hoping feverishly that that last helping had already done Cal even more ‘good’.

Incredibly, he got his wish- by the time he got back to the table Cal was methodically sucking those porky, inch-thick sausage-links he called fingers one at a time, capturing every last lingering lick of grease, the burger nowhere to be seen. And as he lifted his arm, more stitches popped in the sides of that jersey, letting more and more out-and-out Fatbull spill out from under that football-player exterior. Then he swung it to the waiting milkshake cup- an extra-venti-grande size by the looks of it- and Brad watched the bull purse his plump lips and sluuurrrrrp on the paper straw. The contents of the cup seemed more like barely-melted icecream than a shake, almost impossibly thick and creamy- *just* the way Cal liked it. Brad saw the thick liquid start to rise sluggishly up the straw, watched the column quiver and distort under the vacuum of Cal’s cyclone-like suction, heard a noise like a half-blocked Hoover trying to empty a bathtub, and, finally, witnessed the tube implode completely, crumpled flat between the laws of physics and the foot-bull’s titanic thirst. The scruffy superchub steak-ball SNORTED and jerked his head back disdainfully, pulling the straw entirely out of the cup. He spat the inadequate drinking-aid a surprisingly long way off to one side.

“Uhhhhh... stoo-HOOOO-pid thiiiing!” Cal pulled the lid clean off the milkshake, lifted the chilled cup past the mountainous crest of his chest and began guzzling the cold-stuff straight in great, greedy gulps, his neck bulging as it avalanched down his throat. It was like watching a snow-blower that had been switched to ‘suck’. Brain-freeze should have only been the *first* of his worries- though maybe Brad was experiencing that on the Big Bull’s behalf as he stood staring, riveted to the spot. *Please, please don’t let me have another nose-bleed* he thought, *not NOW...*

A tremendous SLURRRRRPing sound snapped him out of his reverie. Cal was practically scraping the wax lining off of the cup in his attempts to get the last possible shake-suds. The creamy concoction conclusively consumed, the blubber-bull gave a satisfied-sounding *snort* and casually crumpled the cup down to the size of a pingpong ball with one chubby mitt. Then his eyes fell on the giraffe.

“Uhhhhhhhh, aaaare those *miiiiine*, Braaaaaad?” he grunted, rather pointedly. With a start Brad realised he was still holding the tray- and that his arms had started to shake from the effort of holding its lead-weight aloft. *Ow!*

“Ehe- s-sure *are*, Big Guy!” With his own grunt of effort the giraffe *heaved* the tray up onto the jumbo-jock’s gut - and it was only when he stepped back, rotating his aching shoulders, that he realised how far *up* he’d had to lift it. He swallowed slowly, looking Cal over again. The campus Chow-Cow’s stomach now *filled* the table-top, with just about enough space left to balance a couple of cola-bottles at the corners if you were desperate. Ever sensitive to shape and form, to Brad that Goodyear *blimp* of a bull-belly now looked more like a squashed, rounded pyramid than a sphere- was there even a *word* for that kind of shape?. He also realised that the table-top was *bending* under that whopping weight, the once-flat plane deformed into a bowed curve between that mega-sized middle and those truly tremendous thighs. A finger-width of those voluptuous, under-curving bull-udders now hung out from under that hide-tight jersey on a full-time basis, with *both* side-seams carrying splits, and the neck-line was completely buried beneath a car-tyre of neck-flab. And...

... and with a gulp Brad realised he was having to tilt his head back to meet Cal’s eye, his features looking like someone had stuck a gas station air-hose between his lips and then absent-mindedly left it running for too long.

“Uhhhhhhh... doooooon’t just *staaaand* there, Braaaaaad...” the Team’s stupendously-sized star-player rumbled from between his superchubby cheeks, already reaching for the first plate in range beyond his mammoth moobs- a whopping great burrito. “Gooooo geeeeet *moooooore!*” “*Mwaaah...*” Brad bit down on the noise, turned and *ran* back towards the counter. There’d only been enough tex-mex food for like, *three* hungry people on that tray- Cal would *inhale* that in no time! Despite the urgency of his mission he found himself moving like an RC car piloted by a drunk- it was like he’d forgotten how to use his legs! But somehow he made it- next thing he knew he found himself staggering back beneath the load of yet another tray, this time with a whole *heap* of desserts laden on it! And not a moment too soon- as he got back to Cal the last plate *crashed* back down empty, licked to a sparkling-clean finish. Half a dozen cafeteria trays now sat stacked and sinking into the top of that landscape-sized lardbelly, the weight seemingly unnoticed by that Blob’s all-consuming bovine owner.

“Uhhhhh, yooou’re tooooo sloooooow, Braaaaaad!”

“S-Sorry!! I was trying t-to get your faaaav...”

As he got back into range, the giraffe stuttered to a stop and just *stared*. Sometime in the last few minutes the Big Bull on Campus had blown *up*. He sat there, now the full freaking *width* of the table- with lovehandles the depth of freaking *monster-truck* tyres actually pushing out beyond its edges! His football jersey now looked more like a sports bra- and one that was three sizes too small at that. Those too-heavy-to-hoist udders were bloating out from beneath its hem and also bulged from a tear in the neckline like a life-raft inflating out of its emergency packet, a tuft of scruffy chest-fur visible squashed between them. You could have got your whole hand cupped against each moob beneath the retreating tide-line of that hem. And that mah-*hoosive* bull-cleavage still looked like an afterthought compared to that *belly*. It was vast, a hide-straining, chocolate-brown bulk easily twice as wide as it was high, the navel so stretched and deep you could easily have wedged a football in there- sideways-on!

He was. So... BIIIG...!

Wiping his face with the back of his ham-like hand, the gargantuan blubber-bull let out a casual belch that shook the cutlery on nearby tables.

“BWOORP! Uhhhhh.... *c’mooooon*, Braaad! *Huuuustle!*”

To Brad it felt that the reasoning faculties of his brain had just melted. Fortunately, his hindbrain stepped in and snapped him to attention.

“Y-yes, Cal! *Hnghhh!*” Straining, he lifted the tray as high as he could and slid it on top of the others that formed a landing-platform on that stupendous stomach’s summit. The dreaded Cafeteria Classics were all there- a ‘Neapolitan’ icecream slice, packet-butterscotch pudding (a whole bowlful), a brick-like slab of sponge cake smeared with icing and sprinkles, a raspberry-ripple swiss roll and a hot fudge chocolate brownie. Brad suppressed a shudder - how could everyone *like* this mass-produced pap so much?- but he’d seen Cal waddle back for *fourths* before now when they were on the menu...

...Only *this* time, the Biiiiig Bull was giving him another Look.

“Ehe... wh-what’s wrong, Cal? D-did I forget something?” He blinked suddenly in realisation. “*Cutlery!* I-I’ll be right ba-”

“Uhhhhhh... *Nooooo!*” Brad stopped in his tracks. “Uhhhhh, I caaaan’t reaaach it *theeeeere...*”

The giraffe blinked again, and gulped as Cal proved his point, stretching forward one porky arm that was thicker than Brad's waist- causing another stitch to pop loudly in the sleeve strained around that burgeoning swell of biceps-blubber. But that scandalously swollen pair of pool-floats he called his chest had grown just too large for him to stretch around- Brad had to wonder if Cal could even see the tray past them, or if he was navigating by smell alone.

"Uhhhhh.... so yooooou goooonna feeeeed me Braaaad, or whaaat?" Cal slouched back and asked casually- the bench beneath him *creeaaking* alarmingly and the tray atop his stomach sloshing precariously as he did so.

"F-feeeeee....?" The giraffe's knees locked rigid, and he felt a bead of sweat drip from his hairline.

"Uhhhhh... yeeeeah, Braaaad," Cal rolled his eyes behind cheeks the size of party balloons.

"Whaaaaat're yooooou waaaiting foor?"

"Buh... Buh... Buh-"

"Uhhhhh.... feeeeed me, Braaaaaaad," the *whale* of a butterbull overflowing the table overruled the goggling giraffe with a forcible moo. He even opened his snout- now looking surprisingly small amidst the bloated curves of his face- and pointed a fat finger into it.

"Uhhhhh... Noooooow."

"Mwaaah...!!!" Possibly only bats would have heard the noise Brad made just then. He tottered forward unsteadily, approaching that stupendous stomach, owl-eyed. He rested an unsteady hand against the front of Cal's mountain of a midriff, as though afraid it might pop. He actually had to crane his neck to peer over its summit, now. "I... I d-don't think *I* can reach either, B-big guy..."

"Uhhhhh... duuuuh, Braaaad.- behiiiiind me."

Brad blinked, but obediently skittered round the table until he stood behind the now-colossal Cal. The bench bowed down beneath his weight. The bull's backside resembled two overloaded industrial skip-bags of wet cement sagging over a suspended plank of wood, his football shorts in about as good shape as his jersey. His thighs- spread out wiiiiide to accommodate the huge spillage of bull-belly that overflowed his lap and was engulfing the space beneath the bending tabletop- were the size of wine barrels. His truck-tyre-sized lovehandles squigged out to either side like Godzilla's very own muffin-top, and formed a roll across a back that reminded Brad of the climbing walls you now saw in gyms, all looming bulges and creases and folds. Even from three feet away Brad could feel the bodyheat radiating off of the Big Bull like a radiator. He was *amazing*... b-but how could

Brad possibly help? Cal's sofa-sized shoulders were sitting level with his *chin*. There was no way in heaven even a *giraffe* could reach up there...

...*Climbing wall*...

Brad stared, eyes tracking left and right, up and down, and then crammed a fist between his jaws to stifle the crazed little giggle that tried to escape. But, needs must, right...?

Brad stepped forward, lifted his leg and tentatively rested his knee on top of Cal's left butt-cheek- and heard a deep, grunting *snort* from above/in front of him. It was like balancing on an overblown yoga-ball- it wobbled and distorted, but his knee held in place. Taking a deep breath, Brad hoisted his right leg up, planted his hoof on top of Cal's jiggling, out-jutting glute and then immediately flung himself forwards, arms outspread. It was like throwing himself against the softest, warmest bed he could imagine- though Cal's bulging back was so wide his hands had to scrabble for purchase. As Brad's hands sank into those soft-scoop sides the bull suddenly took an abrupt breath in (someone was *sensitive!*), visibly swelling *bigger* and threatening to shove him clean off again! Hurriedly the giraffe hoisted himself off his knee and stood balanced precariously on the bull's butt, fingers walking up those ridiculously rotund rolls as he clung on. The utter jello-ball of a bull finally became a manageable width somewhere around where his chest dipped inwards under his shoulders, and so Brad found himself standing there, torso sinking into the vertical valley between those dough-swaddled shoulderblades. Even fully upright, his face poked barely a foot over the top of Cal's head, looking down onto that shaggy mass of curls with two stubby little horns poking out. And glancing ahead, Brad got a good view of how the Big Bull must be seeing the world right now. Those moobs of his made a huge, sluggishly wobbling horizon sheathed in a blue fabric sausage-skin so tight it had developed a neoprene-like sheen. Brad's neck tilted left and right, eyes down, judging depth, seeing how that jersey's hem-line had pulled even higher, now definitely losing the battle to keep Cal's chest contained. He saw how deeply the splits up each side-seam had spread, doubtless still slowly creeping up further as the jersey's bovine cargo bulged even bigger. In the dip sat a whole cafeteria tray, dwarfed into looking like some dinky finger-bowl. From up *here* Brad could see over that pork-packed plateau- but beyond it he was blocked by the cordilleran belt of Cal's mountain-range belly. You couldn't see the real table from here - the entire view downwards was *all* beefburger.

"Gn-hhhhn!"

For the first time ever, a giraffe got vertigo.

Trying to breathe slowly and evenly, the giraffe gingerly slid his hands forwards under those porky ‘pits and around that superabundantly chubby chest- but as his arms pressed against that over-abundant football-bulk there was a muffled *pop-pop* from Cal’s jersey, and- the fabric quivering- the bull’s upper body bloated *even bigger*, pushing Brad’s arms further apart! Eyes round, the giraffe held his breath, but after expanding a further hand-span those swelling sides stalled, contained by the creaking remains of that jersey. Daring to breathe again, the giraffe continued inching his fingers forward until they reached the tray...

...And hesitated.

“Uh... a-are you *really* sure about this, C-Cal, buddy?” Brad’s stickler of a conscience was telling him he at least ought to TRY and talk some sense into this, this... *hot-air balloon*. I mean, here’s Atlantis U’s star jock, so brazenly obese he’s almost the literal size of a *bounce-house*, and you’re about to help him stuff even *more* food into his snout?

“Uhhhh... uh-*huuuuh*...” Cal’s fat head nodded up and down, the rolls and tyres at the back of his humungous neck shifting and reforming hypnotically. Wondering at his own audacity, Brad slowly lowered his chin until it was resting in the cleft between two of those pneumatically plump and juicy ‘hotdogs’.

“I mean, heh, I-look how LARGE you are.” He couldn’t help himself- he took his hands off the tray and rested them on the undercurves of those outblown bull-udders. This elicited another *snort*, and a quiver beneath his chin. Brad swallowed, and went for the nuclear option. “A-actually... Y-you’ve gotten kinda CHUBBY, Calvin-”

“Uhhhh... nooooo I’m nooooot, Braaad...” The giraffe blinked rapidly. “...I’m *faaaaaaat*.” There was a muffled ‘boomph’, and a wobble in bull’s blubberous bulk nearly set Brad toppling until he tightened his grip. Cal must have just slapped his belly on both sides.

“Mphh...!” Brad bit his bottom lip, hard. “B-but what about *football*, Big Bull? You eat any more and you’re gonna *burst* that uniform-”

“Uhhhh... I want *moo-HOOOOOre*, Braaad...” Grunting with effort, the overblown bovine blimp slowly twisted his head until he was giving the giraffe a side-on Look past a watermelon-sized cheek. “Uhhhh... *faaat*-bull’s not full!”

“H-hahaha-*ha!*” Brad lunged for the tray resting atop the plateau of Cal’s chest. His left hand caught up the ice cream slice- its protective wafers cracking, he gripped it so hard- and

he practically *rammed* it into the blubber-bull's mouth, flat-on. But that Kilimanjaro of a chow-cow was waaay ahead of him- Cal opened wiiiiide, and the giraffe felt all four corners of the slice hit the inside of the bull's preposterously-padded cheeks as it sailed in without even touching his teeth. Brad just got his fingers out in time, those hefty lips brushing their tips as they closed around the mouthful like a trash compactor, and then the matchlessly massive mooer *chomped*. A couple of luxuriant mastications and with a gulp it was gone- the blubber-bull's jaws parting to let out a breathy, bestial *moooooo*. I-it was like he was *revelling* in it! Luckily, Brad's *right* hand had already grabbed up the Swiss roll so he was able to deliver the follow-up before Cal got impatient. It was a *whole* roll- easily enough for ten servings, strawberry syrup and sugar-stiffened cream squelching out of the spiral. He could barely close his fingers around its circumference. But it was like feeding a log into a wood-chipper- or something closer to Bradley's heart, pressing a sketching pencil into an electric sharpener- that cylinder of compressed calories getting shorter and shorter as this *shameless* sumo-sized steak-ball grazed off piece after piece after piece from the end without slowing, his cheeks steadily cramming fuller, and fuller, and fuller, before- *gulp!*- and he started all over again. Brad didn't even have to *push*, just keep the roll steady as this utter bull-dough-zer *demolished* his dessert. The giraffe wound up with his hand cupping the far end of the last few inches to keep it steady, no longer enough of the roll left to hold, as the remaining stub rapidly sank between Cal's jaws- until his jam and cream-smeared palm was being licked clean by that beefy bovine tongue. It made him absolutely *shiver*.

Just then, the giraffe's world was shaken a deep *grrrrrrgle* from that banqueting-table-filling bull-belly.

"Uhhhh... *moooooore*, Braaaad..." Brad started guiltily and groped for the next helping on the tray- something that obliged him to squish himself up a little closer to Cal's barn-wide back and neck in order to reach- h-had he gotten even fatter *already*? His questing fingers found the brick-thick chocolate brownie, and as he lifted it he *felt* the bull take a deep breath of anticipation, back and chest swelling even wider between his arms. It was starting to feel like he was in the opposite of a vice... but he wouldn't have changed places for anything, even if he could.

"Heh, you, uh, *really like* chocolate, huh Cal?" Brad leaned his face over the bull's boulder-like bag of shoulder-flab as far as he could to bring his mouth closer to one bovine ear- he wasn't sure the bull would hear over the noises of his vast body, otherwise. It was a dumb question- Cal loved *all* food.

“Uhhhh... yeaaaaaaah! C’mooooon, Braaa-ulmph!” The brownie smushed between Cal’s lips mid-moo like an asteroid hitting an impact crater. But the bull-whale’s only response was to nonchalantly bite the gooey housebrick clean in half! He chewed the ridiculous mouthful, snorting and grunting, his cheeks bulging and shifting like a washing machine carrying an unbalanced load. Brad was entranced. Within moments the excessive serving of brownie squashed into Cal’s mouth was swallowed with a *glomph*, the bulge sinking without trace, and he was *already* snuffling at the rest of it, barely giving Brad the chance to toss it into the gargantuan garbage-disposal that his ‘burly’ bull-buddy had blown up into. A few moments later and the only sign the bull had just consumed enough brownie to even give an elephant pause was a brief, lazy *burp*. “Uhhh, moooore, Braaad...”

“Heh, I’m trying, Big Guy, I-I’m trying...!”

The giraffe was having to *really* stretch to reach now around so much abundant bull-bulk, the tray seeming to be floating further and further away on an ever-swelling ocean of jersey-stretching jock-moob. Sweating, he pressed himself even deeper between that flabulous fullback’s shoulderblades- or at least between the rolls that marked where they were buried- and *strained* his shoulder joints until the fingertips of one hand caught the edge of the tray, and he was able to tug it back within reach. His scrabbling fingers grabbed the sponge-cake and he heaved it up to Cal’s snout. The bull took a big, *greedy* bite and chewed decadently, the corners of his lips smeared with cheap frosting and adding sprinkles to the other flecks and crumbs of food decorating his snout. “Y-you are such a freakin’ *pig*, Calvin...” Wreathed in blushes, Brad pressed his face into the rolls at the back of the bull’s bulging neck, those full-blown footlongs like he’d buried his head into the heaviest, comfiest pillows ever. His arms were buried under the sagging, burger-warm cement sacks of Cal’s armpits pretty much from shoulder to elbow, and through his arms and legs he could swear that massive mattress of a bull-back was slowly blowing up more, and more, and-

“Uhhh-URRRP... moooooore, Braaad...” The giraffe was starting to *love* that refrain. Brad grabbed the last dessert- the absolutely, abhorrently artificial butterscotch pudding, no nutritional value whatsoever except calories and sugar- and practically *shoved* Cal’s snout into the bowl- not that the Team-bus-sized bull needed ANY encouragement. The slurping, gulping noises that ensued sounded more industrial than gourmand, like someone loading a cement mixer. Eyes squeezed shut, Brad just had to lean there against this gratuitously greedy grazer and hold the bowl steady as Cal continued his champion-level all-out hog-out.

And all *Cal* had to do was sit there like the humungous, lardaciously lazy *fat-boy* he was and eat himself bigger, and bigger, and *bigger*...

RRRRIP! Brad gasped as a sudden surge in width pushed his arms further apart, the bull seemingly blowing up like a pool-toy. The bowl was knocked clean out of the giraffe's hands, but had already been licked clean. The 'growth-spurt' jiggled to a halt, leaving Brad barely able to get his arms across the pachyderm-porky foot-bull's shoulders, let alone under his arms. The ragged spider-web of Cal's well-and-truly blown football jersey clung to him in tatters- he'd finally burst out of it like a grub out of a cocoon. With an annoyed sounding grunt Cal shrugged his fantastically obese frame and a series of *rip-pop-tear* sounds saw the remains of his jersey surrender, freeing the bull's upper body. As though in relief, Cal drew in a deep breath...

Creaaaaak... Brad had time to widen his eyes- *SNAP!* Not Cal's shorts popping, but the whole damn reinforced bench finally breaking beneath his phenomenal poundage. The superfat sports-bull dropped abruptly, but only by about 6 inches. Brad was pretty sure the totally swamped table's legs collapsed beneath the Abominable Fat-Bull's belly-weight at the same moment, but his monstrous middle barely moved, slipping a couple of inches until it smooshed against Cal's zorb-ball thighs, which seem to have swollen like sponges absorbing water. The bare-chested bull-blimp was left sitting on the crushed, crumpled remains as casually as if it was some living-room pouffe, legs splayed out, a few sticks of laminate poking out from beneath his belly and butt. It looked like other chairs had been caught in the flabalanche too. *Then* his football shorts burst- another pudding-like quiver ran through the *hill* the humungous buffet-monster bull had become, and Brad found himself almost doing the splits as Cal's caboose expanded even further.

"Uhhhh..." Utterly unperturbed, the Jello-zilla of a jock sat there in the cafeteria, butt-naked save for his underwear, and finished wiping his snout with the back of one mitt-like hand, though he clearly had to *heave* to haul his massively-heavy arm into position to do this. His upper-arms sat horizontal with his shoulders thanks to their own girth and all the fat piled up beneath them. He looked like a parade balloon of himself, taking up almost a fifth of the cafeteria floorspace. "URRP."

"Holy cow..." Brad breathed reverentially, still clinging to the blubber-blown bovine. He couldn't stop himself, the words just came bursting out. "Y-you ate *everything*, Lard-bull."

He flung his arms around that hot-dog-stand neck and pressed his face even closer to one sluggishly flapping ear. “You’ve got yourself so freaking FAT, Cal! Just *look* at yourself, you big meatball! You’re HUGE! Vast! A freaking *whale*, you, you couch-cow! You’re the biggest, roundest, most *enormous fat-boy* anyone on campus has ever *seen!*”

“Uhhhhh... *moooooore*, Braaad.” The giraffe blinked stupidly. “Maaake me *biiiigger*. Moo-HOOOOre!”

“*More..?*” Brad gulped, then he giggled. He pinched one of Cal’s supersized cheeks in his fingers, wobbling it. “H-haha... Y-you’re freaking insatia-bull, you fat-ass!” He buried his face again. He couldn’t tell if his cheeks were burning from his blush or from the intense bodyheat radiating off of that mountainous mooer. “What a total freaking dreamboat...”

“Uhhhhh... *c’mooooon*, Braaad. I goootta haaaave *moooooore...*” With a loud snort the gigantically blubbersome bovine jock shrugged his butchers-store worth of shoulder-flab, dislodging the giraffe about as easily as flicking a fly off his butt. Brad felt as though the cafeteria spun around him as he glanced about wildly in a quest for more food, but he *knew* they were clean out.

Then he saw the Jacuzzi bubbling away in the corner. It was full of chocolate fudge sauce. Well of *course* it was.

“Haha, bet you haven’t got the stomach to empty *THAT*, fatso,” Brad pointed, his face going bright red at the very thought.

“Uhhhhhhh.... caaaaan toooooo...!” And with this incredible, voluptuous *grrrrrrunt* Cal somehow managed to haul himself to his hooves, wreckage tinkling and shaking itself out from between his almost-unending flab-folds. The giraffe just gaped as the cement-sack fullback began to thud ponderously in that direction like Godzilla bearing down on a tasty-looking town, his walk a slow-motion, wide-stepping, massively-momentumed waddle, the underside of his belly not so much dragging along the floorboards as ploughing them up, a spoil-heap of heft that Cal was casually bulldozing along. With each hoof-fall it felt like the entire hall shook in time with Cal’s blimped-out body *sloshing*. How was he even *walking* at that size? He looked almost twice as wide as he was tall, overblown arms not even able to stretch beyond his sides as they swung leadenly. Those lovehandles of his looked the size of a rock-slide, sagging beyond the outermost curves of his rear end on either side. With a gulp Brad realised that each of the bull’s buttcheeks was now as big as his belly *used* to be, his tail a barely-visible tuft and his underwear now acting more as a hammock than bestowing any

modesty on the big-boy. Cal couldn't be navigating by sight, his mammoth moobs heaved up into his eye-line like that- he had to be aiming for the Jacuzzi by smell alone. Furniture crashed and snapped as he ploughed over/through it, casually leaving compressed and compacted carpentry in his ocean-liner-wide wake. Forget 'bull-dozer', Atlantis U.'s very own 'Incredible Bull-k' had porked up into a total Juggernaut of a jock.

Cal stopped- he'd reached the hot-tub! Brad blinked and gulped guiltily as he realised he'd just been standing and *staring*, drinking in the sight of all that Bull. He hurried over, practicalities belatedly beginning to creep in- how was that spherical steak-ball even going to bend over at this size? W-was he going to have to find a *bucket*? But Cal just swung his arms out and casually rolled himself forwards like he was bellyflopping onto the most monumental beanbag ever. Brad stifled a whimper as the sides of that 'ball' began to bulge outwards like a microwaved marshmallow, a clear reminder that although he looked as blown-up as a beachball Cal was pure, butter-soft, *self-indulgent* bull-blubber. Just then, the over-sumo-sized ex-jock's snout hit the surface of the chocolate sauce with a splut, bobbed there a moment and then sank below the sticky surface almost up to the extravagantly expanded bovine's eye-line. There was a moment's silence, and then:

Glug.... glug... glug... glug...

Brad's eyes widened as he saw signs of an undertow forming in the treacle-thick sauce around Cal's face, and the level of chocolate around the sides of the tub visibly began to sink. Which is more than could be said for Cal- he began to expand, his laid-on belly starting to stretch and swell even bigger gulp by gulp, like a waterballoon on a slow but mighty tap. The giraffe could actually *see* the tips of Cal's hooves slooowly scraping along the floor as that growing gut lifted his barn-sized backside higher, raising his lard-blown legs along with it, all this contriving to sink the still-bulking bull's inordinately obese face deeper into the hot-fudge tub. He wasn't even coming up for AIR!

"H-haHA!" Brad found himself at the poolside standing beside the laid-down lardbull's hamburger-hefty shoulders at his chest height, stretching hard to reach over them and rub his hand through those tousled curls, whilst his other hand slid down under that sumo-tastically swollen arm, and *squeezed*. "Y-you're getting bigger by the SECOND, Fat-Bull. You're a freaking *bull-on*!" There was a *gurrrrgle*, and one enormous bubble rose to the surface of

the chocolate in front of Cal's face and popped- Brad was pretty sure that had been an under-chocolate 'moo'. Just then there was a heaving, heavy-sounding splosh, and the bull's panting snout broke the surface for a moment.

"Uhhhhh.... moo-HOOO!" Cal's face was painted an even darker-brown than usual, now chocolate-coated almost to his eyebrows. Huffing like a whale coming up from a dive, the ridiculously rotund Chow-cow licked his cocoa-stained tongue around his blocky, half-buried snout, before he bodily *plunged* it back into the chocolate, and began to suck. The most *atrocious* slurrrrrping noise Brad had ever heard filled the room, practically echoing off the walls! The level of the chocolate began to drop, and Cal's middle *grew*, the sudden outward-surge of bovine blubber knocking Brad's shins out from under him, sending the rest of him toppling forwards onto the bull's back!

"OOF!" A-at least it was a soft landing! It was like being on a bounce-house (something Brad had almost *never* been allowed to do due to his neck)- one that was still being inflated! All the giraffe could do was cling on and try to stay centred, even as he felt himself starting to be lifted upwards as that never-beaten bull-belly blew up beneath him.

Glug glug glug glug glug...

"H-hah! Keep going, Cal! Still plenty more!" Not that Brad could actually *see* the pool any more over the curves of the bull's bulk. Nor could he halve helped Cal to stop, even if the Big Boy had wanted to- those overblown pool-float legs of his had been lifted clean off the ground by his belly, leaving him snout-down in the hot-tub, an utter *beached whale* of a bull. H-he was so freaking huge and *round*- from above he must look like an ocean-going life-raft being blown up! Brad could almost *feel* the fat being laid down under Cal's hide as he lay there, plumping this outrageously obese ox-jock out even heftier, weightier, *meatier*, even as Brad was being buoyed up higher and higher on top of his back! A creaking noise made Brad glance backwards- he couldn't tell if it was coming from Cal's poor underwear, or the zorb-ball bull himself! That *ass*...

Glug glug creeeak glug...

"C'mon, you can do it!" Brad thumped an encouraging fist down onto Cal's back like he'd seen members of 'the Team' doing at his regular pig-outs. It was like punching into an at-

capacity pool-toy, and his hand boinged out as the bull's ballooning body pushed back. "Get as freaking FAT as you CAN, Cal! Don't stop! *Bull's not full!*"

Glug glug SNORT slurrrp glug...

Seemingly in response, the gratuitous grazer's growth seemed to go up a gear. Brad lay there helplessly in the dent down Cal's mattress-like back where his spine should be- buried under *metres* of blubber!- and found himself rising higher, and higher, and higher, like he was on top of an inflating hot air balloon! It was like chocolate milk was gushing into the bull- maybe that explained the way it felt like all that flab was quivering beneath him, rocking him unsteadily from side to side, and the growing waterfall-rumble that was starting to drown out all other sounds except Cal's *gorging*. To either side, all he could see now was ballooning bullflesh and the steadily descending walls, and- rolling over- the freaking ceiling coming to meet him! And the guzzle-ball bull was *STILL* rising like bread-dough!

Glug creak glug glug creeaak glug...

"Grow Champ, GROW!" He had to holler to make himself heard over the noise. Honest...

Glug creeeak glug glug creeeak... creeeaaaaak...

"GROWWW!"

*CreeeeAAAAAAAAAAAK- **KERBLOOOSH!!!***

The giraffe's eyes snapped open. He found himself on his hooves, staggering as what felt like the whole universe *lurched*, only just catching his balance before he fell flat on his face. Heart hammering and breathing heavily as he steadied himself, he looked around wildly. What had- where was... where was Cal? Where was *this*?

He recognised the blurry outlines of furniture. He was... in his dorm room? He rubbed at his eyes, something half-tangled around his head slithered to the floor, and he could see better. He looked down. It was a duvet. He looked back up.

Yes, dorm room. There was his easel. And, sitting on it, that freaking self-portai-

- His *assignment*! He was going to be late for class, *HE WAS GOING TO BE LATE FOR*-wait...

It finally dawned on the befuddled giraffe that it was *dark* in here. He could make out the outline of the window, very little light filtering around the blind. Instinctively, he groped for the bedside light-switch. *Click*. Light, ouch. Hurt his eyes. Squinting, he picked up his digital alarm clock.

4:47am? Wait, had he been dr-?

It then dawned on him that, from the hips down, he was absolutely soaked....

Oh, maaaaan...

“Oh... *Cal!*” Bradley picked up the flaccid remains of his hot water bottle plush by its arms. ‘Li'l Cal’ dangled limply, water still dripping from the flat bag of its fabric stomach. Okay, maybe using a basketball as an inner hadn't been his most practical idea ever. Chalk that up as a victory for Science over Art- he should have checked with a Materials Science major first. He must have rolled on top of the thing whilst he was aslee-

Bradley stopped. As an artist he'd often made a conscious effort to remember his dreams, in search of inspiration. Now, last night's started to rerun in the movie theatre of his mind for his waking self, no matter how hard he tried to stop the reel.

Slowly, Bradley's face went bright red. Had he really...? And he'd said *that*...? And *Cal* had... The giraffe brought his hand up, then tried to cram his entire fist into his mouth and bite down on it.

Oh, freaking Heck...

With a little whimper Bradley sat down on the edge of the bed, ignoring the soggy squelch.

So, that kind of clears that up, huh Johansson? You've got to face this.

He *wanted* Cal. More than that, he wanted Cal *fatter*. The mental image of that round, lazy, unrepentant superchub of a Chow-cow spurning sports and determinedly making a total *pig* of himself- well, the way a shiver ran up Bradley's spine just at the thought of it spoke for itself. He finally admitted to himself- he was in love with that lard-bull. He wanted to get Cal to give up football and eat out of his hands, become the superlative self-indulgent bull-imp he was *clearly* eating himself into. Bradley knew that was messed up, and it didn't make any difference. Should he seek psychiatric help? And what the hell was Dad going to say, when he found out?

Actually, for such a momentous self-realisation he felt curiously calm and clear-headed, unless that was the lack-of-sleep. He knew what he wanted now, at least. And as the scion of an international business magnate he'd always wound up getting what he'd wanted before. But this was more of a challenge- he couldn't *force* Cal to want him back, or even to stop him if he decided to go on a diet tomorrow. He'd just have to hope, and take any opportunities that presented themselves, *if* they presented themselves.

Bradley's gaze moved from inwards to focus on his easel. In the meantime, *ugh*, he might as well try to fix his *awful* self por...

Bradley stopped. He thought. Then, he put his fist to his mouth again and stifled a giggle.

This self-portrait couldn't *look* like a self-portrait. But no one had actually said he had to produce a *painting*. He'd bake a cake instead. Sure, it *was* a painting class, but he could talk his way around that. Yeah... a smooth mirror-glaze to represent his calm and orderly exterior, and a swirly marbled chocolate sponge filling to represent the hidden depths of his mind and the passions underneath.

And- part of him commentated semi-hysterically- some of you a bit crumbly, and the rest half-baked.

And, if Moo-Know-Who happened to be in his dorm room- or the locker room, or the campus bakery, or the recreation centre, or the library (unlikely)- and Bradley *happened* to swing by after his portrait had been marked, he might just be able to spare a slice or two for Atlantis U.'s Big Bull. Or maybe even the whole thing, if he was lucky.

He was going to need ingredients- the grocery store on campus was basic, but it should do. He shuddered at the thought of using that place's cheap chocolate, but that was the kind of thing Cal liked. He was going to have to seriously re-train that bull's tastebuds, sometime.

Brad stood up, feeling more focussed than he had in weeks. It was still ridiculously early in the morning, but he could make a start. The grocery store wouldn't open until 6am, but he could research recipes first. Dad would approve of his industriousness- the early bird catches the worm, like he always said.

No time to waste- he had a bull to bake for.

FIN