

The Fit to Fat Factory

While the rest of the university's college football team had finished practice and gone off to bed or to the bar, one member had remained behind in the locker room. Rather than hitting the showers or easing his muscles, Coach Charlie Hale was busy at work scrolling through his computer. Every so often, he would stop what he was doing to either stroke the bushy, brown moustache on his upper lip as he looked over the player's names and thought about how to best use them for certain plays. Folding his arms transferred a number of wrinkles from his sweater to the collared shirt beneath, but it was of little concern to him as long as it helped him towards the path to victory.

As Charlie scratched at his head of short, brown hair the solution he had been looking for finally dawned on him. With a wide smile on his face, he pulled up the document on his screen and typed in the details of his latest strategy. Leaning back in his seat, a cursory glance at the new play was enough to bring out his usual, wide grin. Satisfied that he had come up with the perfect plan to win the next big game, he was just about ready to call it a night. All that remained for him was to check through his emails.

Amidst the usual collection of spam messages, Charlie spotted something that stood out. Marked with no less than five exclamation points, the email appeared to come from something called the Fit Factory. Curious, he opened it up to be met with a seemingly polite and professional message.

"Dear Mr. Hale.

We at the Fit Factory have been made quite aware of your prowess as a coach of one of the state's best football teams. As such, we would like to offer you and your players an opportunity

to try out our latest products. We specialize in various types of foods and drink designed to bring the human body to its peak condition. This is a limited time offer, so we must ask that you reply to claim your spot as soon as you can. If possible, meeting with you tomorrow to have a tour of our facilities would prove to be a great boon to both our company and your team. Thank you and we hope to hear from you soon.

Sincerely,

The CEO of the Fit Factory a.k.a. Mr. E”

“I think I heard about this in the news,” Charlie muttered to himself. “They were about to go under until someone bought them out. Guess they want to share their good fortune with us.”

Though the words were optimistic, Charlie was a bit questionable about trying out the products. Even though his body wasn’t overly unfit, it was still a far cry from the rest of his team. Patting at his flat mid-section, he told himself that the main reason to go was to see how the factory could better support the players. Determined to make the most out of the opportunity, he immediately replied to the email with the promise that he would pay the facility a visit first thing in the morning.

“This looks like the place,” Brent said, craning his neck to look up at the tall towers of billowing smoke at the top of the factory. “Fuck, why the hell did he have to get himself lost in a place like this?”

The imposing clouds hovering above gave his tanned skin a rare break from being out in the sun. Crossing his arms, he scratched at his scratchy, black beard as he contemplated how his

coach had managed to get lured into the structure. Of course, no one believed Brent when he voiced his concerns. Part of being so stubborn and intimidating meant that very few were willing to trust his word over Charlie's. The others had been content with just getting the same email every day.

"Everything is fine. Just keep running drills. I'm busy talking with the people of Fit Factory to get a deal that will really help the team's future. GO BULLS!"

While the optimistic sign off was typical of his coach, Brent was less likely to believe that Charlie would be willing to leave them to their own devices. Though he could count on himself to keep his body fit for the next game, he was less inclined to think of the other players doing the same. Knowing how little his usual pushiness would work with getting them to do their part to be prepared, he had to find Charlie. Even it meant begrudgingly accepting the help of the only other teammate who would be willing to join him.

"Woaaaaaaah, this place is huge," commented Leo, waving about his wild locks of blonde hair. "Is coach really in there? I feel kind of underdressed for this place."

Brent glanced at the pink polo and tight jeans currently showing off the star quarterback's body. "You're fine," he said, hoping him stepping towards the front gate wearing a basic, blue t-shirt and jeans would show how little fashion mattered for the mission. "Let's get this shit over with so we can get back to practicing for the next game."

Coming up to the front gate, Brent banged against the steel. "Hey, we're here for Charlie Hale."

An intercom on the wall buzzed. "Who is this?" asked a bored voice.

"Your worst nightmare if you don't let us in," Brent shouted out.

“Woah, easy there, man,” Leo jumped in, nudging the other player aside as he approached the intercom. “Sorry about that. Brent is just a little worked up.”

“Would that be Brent Tanner?” asked the voice.

“That’s your guy,” Leo answered.

“And does that mean you’re Leo Starrick?”

“Correct again, my dude.”

“You two are a little late, but I guess better than never.”

With a loud creak, the gates slowly inched opened on their own.

“Please come in,” the voice spoke. “Our owner has been waiting for the two of you to arrive.”

“And what about our coach?” Brent asked.

“Oh, you’ll see him soon. Now please enter the building. We’re already far behind schedule so we’ll have to put you on the fast track.”

“You heard the voice,” Leo said, taking the lead towards the front doors with a reluctant Brent in tow. “Let’s not keep them waiting.”

Entering the factory proper, the two young men were met with a cacophony of gears and mechanics. The symphony of industry was made up of the various conveyor belts, presses, and other devices being used on the main make line. Though Leo and Brent took a moment to adjust to the overwhelming sounds and trembles of the factory floor, the workers didn’t even flinch. In fact, each of the employees adorned in blue jumpsuits moved just as methodically and emotionless as the machines they were maintaining. Glancing into their eyes, all Brent could see was a thousand yard stare that could only be brought about by years of menial labor.

“Heeeeeeeey!” Leo shouted out to a woman working a conveyor belt. “Have you seen Coach Charlie? He’s a really friendly guy with a cool, bushy moustache.”

The female employee merely stared at the jock with a dead eyed gaze. Leo’s response was to put on his usual, winning smile and strike a pose that accentuated his figure. While the display was impressive, it wasn’t enough to get more than a few more seconds of attention from the worker before she got back to her tasks.

“Your male model shit isn’t getting us anywhere,” Brent said, dragging Leo away. “This place gives me the fucking creeps. Let’s just find the couch and get out of here.”

Continuing deeper into the factory with Leo in tow, Brent tried to keep an eye out for any sign of Charlie. What he got instead was a constant thumping noise coming from the brightly wallpapered corridors they passed through. The sound made it feel like the already cramped corridors would crush them at any moment. Trying to push aside the thought as nothing more than his nerves trying to get the better of him, he continued to push forward with his mind set on leaving the factory as soon as possible.

The football players’ search eventually led them to a set of double doors. The massive slabs of steel seemed to be made more for a herd of elephants rather than people. This fact stuck in the men’s mind as they attempted to push on them. Getting in a good work out as they tried to open the doors, they eventually managed to slowly push them inwards.

Entering into the next room, Leo and Brent found themselves in a chamber surrounded in a swirling pattern of varying shades of blue. The rounded room seemed perfectly made to draw attention to the large funnel coming from the top of the ceiling. A clear tube in the device showed off a bright green liquid pumping through it. By following the trail towards its destination, the players were able to locate what had become of their coach.

Some of the droplets leaking from the feeding apparatus managed to get caught on Charlie's moustache. Though he tried to clean the follicles with his tongue, he couldn't prevent the trickle from going down his thickened up chin. Sliding down his torso, the droplets managed to meet the very peak of the massive, drooping man pecs before they were lost within the forest of his thick chest hair.

Taking another step back allowed Brent and Leo a much better view of the intimidating mass of fat that was their coach. Based on the way his hips covered up the majority of the two, king-sized mattresses beneath him, they had to guess that he was well over 1000 pounds. Scanning over his nude form and seeing his flabby gut sunken between this tree trunk-like thighs, they could only imagine that he had been drinking from the tube for countless hours.

"Yo coach!" Leo called out, sharing none of Brent's awestruck terror. "How are you doing?"

The call out succeeded in getting Charlie to look away from his feeding tube. Taking one last gulp from the nozzle, he wiped his pudgy hand across his lips before showing off a smile. "Hey there Leo," she said, his voice notably heavier, but still carrying his typical joviality. "I'm glad to see you, but what are you doing here? Shouldn't you be practicing? The next game isn't too far off."

"Nah, I'm good," Leo replied, scratching the back of his head. "The other guys are working hard though. Well, except for Brent. He was pretty serious about dragging me down here to come visit you."

"Oh, hey there Brent," Charlie said, having lean forward to see the player past his stomach rolls. "Didn't notice you there. Nice for you to drop by."

"What the hell happened to you?" Brent shouted out.

“There’s no need to raise your voice like,” Charlie replied, waving a plump finger towards the young man. “I’m big, not deaf.”

“How did you get this fat?”

“This thingy right here,” Charlie said, pointing towards the device. “It lets me sample the factory’s products whenever I want. The owner let me use it after the first few sampling sessions. He seems pretty nice, even if we’ve never met face to face yet.”

Brent raised his eyebrow. “Sampling sessions?”

“Yeah,” Charlie answered, taking a moment to help himself to a gulp from the tube. “It’s the whole reason they invited me here. They want to make sure that their products are perfectly suited for athletes to ensure they’re fit and healthy. Wouldn’t be much of a coach if I didn’t try out the diet before I share them with the team.”

“But you’re so soft and doughy,” Leo commented, pushing his fingers into Charlie’s thick sides.

“Yeah, I am,” Charlie replied, still keeping up his smile between gulps from the hose. “The same thing happened to the other taste testers too.”

Leo looked around the room. “Wait, but you’re the only one here.”

“Oh, this is the VIP room,” Charlie pointed out. “They wanted to make sure I treated well as the owner’s special guest. Besides, it’s not like the others could fit in here with me. I think they’re even larger than me.”

“Woaaaaaaah, for real?” Leo asked, getting Charlie to nod his chins in reply. “Just how big are they?”

“ENOUGH!” Brent shouted out to get the pair’s attention. “I don’t give a damn what’s going on here. We need to get you out of here now and deal with whatever freaky shit is going on at this factory afterwards.”

Charlie rubbed at his chin. “Seems a bit rude to just run off after they’ve given me so much, delicious food and drinks.”

“Is it really that good?” Leo asked.

“Aw, yeah,” Charlie said with an approving nod. “Try some for yourself. There are a couple of bars right over there.”

Following the direction of Charlie’s plump fingers, Brent and Leo beheld a bowl. Inside of the container was a collection of rectangular objects marked as “Fit Factory Protein Bars.” Unwrapping one of the bars revealed a collection of chocolate, nuts, marshmallow, and various other bits that seemed to negate any possible health benefits that could be obtained from it. While Brent wasn’t in a hurry to try out the poorly disguised junk food, the same logic didn’t stop Leo from taking a hearty bite.

“It’s pretty good,” Leo said, immediately going in for a second helping after he finished chewing.

“And there are so many flavors too,” Charlie commented. “You’ve got chocolate, vanilla, birthday cake, chocolate birthday cake, red velvet, honey buns...”

As the coach continued to list off an ever growing list of indulgent flavors, he and Leo seemed ignorant to what the bars were doing. Unblinded by what he described as stupidity, Brent got to witness as his fellow player’s body began to lose some of its musculature. By the time Leo tore open his third bar to continue mindlessly eating, the six-pack he adored so much was becoming overridden by a plump potbelly.

“Stop eating those,” Brent said, swatting bar number four from Leo’s fingers.

“Woah, what’s your problem?” Leo asked, absent-mindedly placing a hand on his gut.

“We don’t have to fight over them. If you wanted to try some for yourself, there’s plenty to go around.”

“No, you dumbass!” Brent shouted out, giving his fellow player’s mid-section a jiggle.

“These things are why coach is a gigantic fat ass.”

“Brent, come on,” Charlie said, with a disapproving nod. “Just because someone doesn’t have a perfect body, doesn’t mean you should demean them like that. Sure I’m a little pudgy, but that’s nothing to worry about.”

“This isn’t a ‘little’ pudgy,” Brent refuted, giving his coach’s blubber a swift kick.

Though the impact sent ripples through the stomach rolls, there didn’t seem to be any damage done. “This is disgusting. The fact that you can’t see that means that this junk is affecting your brain too.”

With a huff, Charlie crossed his arms. “You’re just being grumpy. Maybe if you got a decent meal in you, then you would understand.”

Clenching his fists, Brent gave another strike to Charlie’s body. “Like hell I’d eat any of this disgusting-“

Brent was stopped short from going on a tirade of curse words as a bar was shoved into his mouth. The sudden appearance of the rectangle of sugar and mystery chemicals made him panic. Accidentally biting down on the bar, he couldn’t stop himself from swallowing. The delicious flavor that he experienced was of little comfort to him as he turned his head downwards. Soon enough, he watched as he developed a small layer of fat around his well-toned mid-section.

“Huh, weird,” Leo commented, too busy staring at the small pocket of fat to notice Brent’s scornful gaze. “Guess these things did cause coach to grow. Hey, are you going to finish yours?”

“You idiot!” Brent replied, tossing the bar straight at Leo’s face. “I’d beat the stupid out of you here and now, but I need your help getting coach out of here.”

“I’m not leaving,” Charlie replied, taking another gulp of his drink. “I haven’t met with the owner yet to tell him what I think of his products. There are a few key points that I think can be improved. Like, adding a pickle flavor to the line up.”

“We can tell him later in his court summons,” Brent said, moving around to his coach’s backside. “Right now, your team needs you,” he said, trying to play into Charlie’s sense of duty in an attempt to get him moving. “I don’t know how else we’re going to hold onto our titles as division champions of-“

Brent ended up falling face first into Charlie’s ass cheeks as the overweight man began to move. Pulling himself free of the butt flesh, Brent looked up to see his coach lumbering towards the exit like a human glacier. Any joy he could muster from seeing the huge man moving was undone by the way each stomp made his flesh jiggle. Breaking himself free of the trance-like state the mesmerizing flab shaking brought him into, he turned to check on his fellow player.

“Where are you going coach?” Leo asked through a mouthful of energy bars. “Didn’t you want to try some more?”

“Brent is right,” Charlie answered, stopping his slow waddle to catch his breath for a moment. “If the team wants any chance of winning the next game, they need their coach to guide them to victory.”

“Hell yeah!” Leo declared, just as Charlie began to shuffle forward again. “I’ll join you in a sec. Let me grab a few bars for the road.”

Before Leo could gather up a collection of junk food from the basket, his belly bounced up against Brent. Without having to say a word, Brent managed to send his fellow player moving the other way with just a single glare. Watching Leo step away, he attempted to follow the same path, only to pause as his foot stepped on one of the discarded bars. Staring down at the broken chunks, he heard a hungry rumble come from his stomach. The longer he stared at the unhealthy meal, the more his mouth started to water. From his stomach, he felt something trying to convince him to drop to the floor to eat the bar like a pig. Frozen by this internal fight against this strange desire, he was brought back to task by the feeling of a tremor going through the room.

“Um, a little help here?” Charlie called out, trying and failing to squeeze his hips through the doorway.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m coming,” Brent said, kicking the tempting bar away to join Leo in shoving up against his coach’s backside.

When the pair managed to get Charlie through the doorway, Brent’s initial instinct was to simply go back the way he came. He realized the futility of his plan when he looked between the narrow corridor and the enormous man’s girth. With a lot of pushing and sucking in of Charlie’s gut, he figured out that the most they could possibly manage to fit down the hallway was a single one of his coach’s behemoth butt cheeks.

“So what now?” Leo asked, resting a hand against his potbelly while he leaned against Charlie’s hips.

“I’ll think of something if you just give me a damn minute,” Brent replied as he scanned the room. “There on the wall. Do you see that control panel?”

“Yeah,” Leo replied, pointing towards the glaringly obvious, red button.

“I can’t get past coach to see what it says, but there must be a way to open up the passageway for him. I want you to read each of the labels out to me and then we can decide on the-“

Brent was reminded of his fellow player’s poor ability to follow directions as Leo slammed his palm against the red button. An alarm sound rang through the facility, making Brent expect a storm of armed guards to come charging towards them at any moment. Rather than the sound of boots stomping down the hallway, what was heard instead was a series of mechanical whirs coming from one of the walls. Splitting down the middle to reveal a seam, the metal shifted out of the way to reveal a dark pathway large enough to fit Charlie’s girth. Any hope that could be gleamed from the new opening was undone by the waft of something sweet drifting out of the dark passage.

“Ooh, I smell something tasty this way,” Charlie said as he waddled forward.

“Hey, save some for me,” Leo called out as he followed his coach.

Grinding his teeth in frustration, Brent regardless followed after his companions. He soon found the source of the aroma in the form of rumbling pipes of the same drink Charlie had been guzzling down flanking them on each side. Every few feet, they spotted a storage container where the multi-colored liquids were able to bubble up before moving forward. Though the brews illuminated the way, the sweetness that clung in the air made Brent slightly sick. Forcing himself to move forward, he had to deal with matching the slow gait of his coach as they shuffled forward.

A creaking noise from above brought the trio to a stop. While Leo and Brent tried to move forward they were blocked by the behemoth's chunky backside. Managing to avoid getting a second helping of ass fat to his face, Brent looked around to try and figure out what was the problem. He found it in the form of a trickle of green liquid pouring its way down the front of Charlie's body.

Looking up towards the ceiling, Brent's eyes went wide at the sight of a snake-like hose hanging right above his coach's head to dispense more of the tainted drink. Seeing a second tube move into position, he followed a trail of blue liquid down to the walkway. While most of the deluge splattered across the floor, the downpour was eventually taken advantage of by Leo as he stepped directly into it.

"Stop it you fucking idiot!" Brent yelled out, doing very little to prevent his fellow player from slurping down the tainted drink.

At a loss at what to do, Brent could only watch as Leo's body became further distorted. The blonde's gut started to peek out from his shirt as it took on more fat; showing off the depth being added to his belly button in the process. Not content with disfiguring his abs, the weight gain spread out to make his chest start to sag under its own weight. With Leo's growing backside sucking up the seat of his pants, it became harder for Brent to justify just standing there and doing nothing.

Watching Leo's limbs lose their muscle definition in favor of layers of chub, a strange sense of jealousy tried to worm its way into Brent's mind. As he tried to figure out why he would have such a strange thought, he heard something coming from above. Turning his head upwards, he watched as a stream of red drink as it came pouring down on him. Taken off guard by the

surprise attack, he couldn't stop the torrent from finding its way past his lips and into his stomach.

Sloshing his way out of the downpour, Brent watched in horror as he saw that his belly had become even further distended. Clutching at his stained shirt, he winced at the chub he felt around his chest. Repeating the examination with the extra pudge his backside had gained with just a few gulps helped to mitigate the sweet taste that lingered on his tongue. Motivated by the fear of becoming a similarly fat and ignorant mountain of fat like his coach, he managed to fight against the yearning in his mouth to drink more of the red liquid and instead focused on the task at hand.

"Come on," Brent said as he yanked Leo out of the hose's splash zone. "Help me get coach moving again."

"You got it," Leo said, trying to look impressive even as his physique had been considerably altered.

"Be just a second boys," Charlie said, in-between gallons worth of juice pouring down his throat. "I'll move along after I get a good enough taste test. I think this one's Hawaiian Cherry flavored."

Though Charlie was unwilling to move at first, he eventually allowed the combined pressing of his players to shift him forward. Taking one last gulp from his supply, he continued to stomp down the passageway. Using his coach's back flab as a makeshift umbrella, Brent tried to prevent any other stray trickles of the drink from entering his mouth. As for Leo, he seemed more than happy to occasionally peek his head out to sample each trail of glowing liquid that they passed on their way to the next room.

Getting a safe distance away from the waterfalls of fattening fluid, Brent released his grip on Charlie and staggered towards a nearby wall. Leaning up against what looked like a curtain made up of blue streamers, he forced out a series of haggard breaths. Any energy he had managed to extract from the drinks had been immediately sucked up by the mental and physical strain of pushing against his coach's blubber. What he had to show for it was a protruding potbelly bulging out from beneath his shirt that pulled down more of his collar to leave his pudgy chest on display. Shifting his legs back and forth and feeling his fatter ass struggle against the seat of his pants, he promised himself that he would continue their escape as soon as he regained some stamina.

The fruity scent that permeated Brent's breathing became intermixed with a powerful, blueberry smell. Though his instinct told him that it was just a lingering aroma from Leo's idiotic gluttony, a similar taste drifted dangerously close to his lips. Backing away from the wall, he found the source as he realized what the so called "curtain" was made out of.

"What the hell are these?" Brent asked, holding up one of the lengths of candy streamers.

"Oh, those are Perk Ups," Charlie answered. "They're intended to give you quick bursts of energy with their convenient and unique packaging." Stretching out a pudgy limb, he grasped one of the streamers and tore off several feet of it. "They're pretty tasty, don't get me wrong," he began as he took a bite. "But I'm not the biggest fan of the texture."

"Well I think they're awesome," Leo proclaimed, helping himself to three lengths of Perk Ups at once.

After swallowing up several feet of each streamer, the air headed jock's already sizable proportions went through another growth spurt. The last of his shirts' seams were torn apart thanks to his drooping, head-sized man boobs. No longer bound, the hair-riddled globes were

free to jostle against his doughy gut and make the hair around his deepened belly button stand on end. Pulling back on the streamers to gobble down the last few inches, the destruction of his pants were signaled by the clap of his butt cheeks.

“You’re disgusting,” Brent said, unable to take his eyes away from the thin, white underpants being sucked into Leo’s ass crack. “It’s obvious what this stuff is doing to you. There’s no way that even you can be this fucking dumb.”

“That’s enough,” Leo said, shutting up Brent by shoving a Perk Up down his throat. “I know that you’re jealous.”

“MMPH!?” Brent muffled out as the length of candy was fed past his lips.

“You just can’t stand being in the presence of 500 pounds of pure man,” Leo accused as he proudly slapped his gut. “Don’t worry. With me and coach’s help, we’ll tone up that body of yours in no time.”

As much as Brent wanted to argue against Leo, there wasn’t much he could say as he was force fed one Perk Up after another. Even with his shirt and shorts growing tight against his expanding blubber, he couldn’t stop himself from sucking down the lengths of candy. While his pudgy fingers still had the capability to push and shove, something kept him standing still.

Brent’s docile state brought his attention to the strange comfort he felt from the pudge enveloping his form. Holes began to appear across his clothes, but he couldn’t stop his chubby cheeks from continuing to swallow up as much of the tainted streamers as possible. It was only thanks to a set of fingers twice as plump as his own reaching out to grab the Perk Up and pull it away that he managed to break out of the trance.

“Don’t fill yourself up on just this stuff,” Charlie commented, taking the apprehended candy and forming it into a ball. Taking a bite of his orb of sugar, he gestured towards the exit at the end of the room. “There’s still plenty of things in this factory for you two to try.”

“Aw, yeah,” Leo said, wrapping his pudgy fingers around Brent’s and dragging him towards the exit. “Maybe we can find something to really plump you up.”

“Shut... up...” Brent wheezed, wincing at the feeling of his thick thighs rubbing together as he waddled onwards with the others.

The man who once prided himself on being able to run laps faster than anyone else on the team, was forced to hang back to catch his breath. Lowering his head down and watching his pudgy chest shudder with each exhale, Brent turned his fear of his body’s continued degradation into an intense hatred. Looking up once more to see Charlie and Leo’s wobbling butt cheeks, his initial reaction was to direct his anger in the usual direction. However, a glance over at the Fit Factory logo plastered on the wall filled him with a new determination to viciously beat up whoever was responsible for luring them there in the first place.

“Right this way.”

The unfamiliar voice directed Brent’s hateful glare towards a woman dressed in a blue jumpsuit. She was one of the factory’s workers, evidenced by the nametag on her chest and the dulled look in her eyes. She didn’t seem to mind or notice when Charlie’s blubbery hips slid across her, nor did she react to the flirting wink from Leo as he waddled by. While Brent wanted to try and get the location of the exit from her, he became more concerned about what lurked beyond the doorway.

“Where is this?” Brent asked as he shuffled after his companions.

“Research and Development,” she replied, using a weak wave to gesture towards the entrance. “It is where Mr. E develops astounding inventions to *yawn* continue innovating the world of nutrition. Please hurry along while the latest batch of products is still fresh,” she added, without a hint of expediency on her voice.

Hurried by the whiff of something dreadfully delicious, Brent rushed past the worker. Engulfed by the aroma of recently created baked goods left him perplexed as to how any of this could be considered healthy. He found an answer in the form of a label in front of a plate of cookies identifying them as “Protein Power Pastries.” The supposedly nutritious cookies covered in heaps of icing and stuffed with chocolate chips didn’t last long as they were slid down Charlie’s throat.

“My goodness, these are amazing,” the coach said as he continued to stuff himself. “And you say that these are healthy too? Now that’s just incredible. I can’t wait to bring a whole batch for the team to share.”

Knowing that it was already a lost cause getting his coach to stop eating, Brent instead tried to seek out Leo. He found the jiggling jock on the other side of the room, helping himself to a tower of cupcakes. With each bite of sugary goodness, more crumbs rolled down his chins to slide between his massive man boobs and bounce off of his belly. When he managed to finish off the pile, he didn’t seem to mind how his chunky rear knocked the table down as he swiveled himself towards the next batch of sweets.

“Leo, stop!” Brent shouted out, pushing his blubbery legs to their limit as he waddled in front of his teammate. “If you get any bigger you might not be able to fit out the exit.”

“Well, duh,” Leo said, pressing his gut up against Brent’s stomach rolls. “Why would I want to leave anyway? Especially when there’s so much good food that can keep making my body bigger and better.”

“That’s the idea!” Charlie called out through a mouthful of milkshakes. “If they want to keep feeding us and making us look good, then by all means let’s stay.”

“Listen, you fat fuck,” Brent began, pointing a plump finger towards his coach. “I’m not leaving you behind. Now shut your mouth and get moving. Same goes for you Leo, you god dam ball of lard.”

Brent was once more silenced by food being forced into his mouth. This time, it took the form of a slice of pie brought out by Leo. The rage that had been building up inside of him over the course of his journey was momentarily deadened by the flavor on his tongue. Watching as Leo shuffled his way over to sample the rest of the pies, he couldn’t stop his own feet from making their way over to the tempting desserts.

Like a beast unchained, Brent put his aggression to good use as he helped himself to one pie after another. In the midst of his gluttonous feast, the clothes that had been struggling to keep his growing girth contained were fully torn apart. The immodesty of having his shorts and underwear was short lived, as his sagging gut covered up his nether region. Unburdened by fabric, his ass was free to shake with each bump and shove he made against Leo to get as much food as possible. Uncaring of the smears of cream that covered his lips or dripped onto the hairs of his chubby chest, he quickly managed to match Leo’s weight. At least at first.

Nearing the end of the meal, Brent reached towards the last pie only to have it snatched out from him. Turning towards the thief, his eyes went wide at the mound of blubber that was Leo. Though the jock was still smaller than Charlie, the size difference couldn’t have been any

less than 100 pounds. As he gobbled up the last few bites, the stomps he made with his thickened legs proved that he could still move, albeit not for much longer.

The sound of a man clearing his throat turned the tubby trio's attention towards another worker standing at the other end of the room. "Thank you for participating in the trial study of our Protein Packed Pastries," he droned on as he read off of a clipboard. "As a show of thanks for your assistance in bettering the company's products, our owner has requested to meet with you in person." Tucking the board beneath his arm, he stepped aside to point towards another set of double doors. "You will meet him through here."

The premise of getting to meet the person responsible for their condition managed to reignite some of the fire in Brent's gut. Burning through the lethargy of his feast, he stomped his way forward while the other, meaty men scrounged around for any leftover crumbs. Uncaring of how the worker stared at his jiggling man boobs bouncing against his gut, Brent's only goal was to make someone pay for the hell he and the others had been through.

Brent's eagerness lasted for only a few feet past the door. Winded by the short stroll, he hung onto the railings of the walkway. Taking in a deep breath to try and recover, he got a whiff of something sweet coming from below. Opening up his eyes, he saw the source in the form of the massive vats of the fattening sports drink the walkway was hanging precariously over. Watching the workers go about their daily tasks on the work floor, the questionable safety of such a dangerous path was offset by the sound of footsteps approaching from the other side.

"Oh, this is too rich," said a man with a grey beard and dressed in a black suit. "One of the players that used to give my high class team such trouble has been changed into such a fat ass butterball. I couldn't have asked for things to go better."

“I could still kick your ass, Elliot!” Brent replied, trying his best to make his pudgy form look intimidating. “What the hell are you doing here? Don’t you have an overly expensive, team of loser to coach?”

Elliot’s smug smile only grew as he watched the furious fat man’s body jiggle. “For your information, I am the one in charge of this facility. Bought it at a steal from the former owner when he went a little senile. Kept having these weird dreams of giant blueberries and singing, tiny, orange men.”

“Maybe pay a bit more attention to his ramblings,” Brent said, forcing himself to turn away from the aromas drifting up from the vats. “You might have better replacements for the sorry pieces of shit you call your players.”

“Say what you will,” Elliot shot back. “Your days out on the field are over. My inventions saw to that.”

“Makes sense that you would come up with such a fucked up strategy since you can’t win with your team’s own skill,” Brent replied. “Have to resort to indulging in your sick kinks.”

The composure that Elliot had managed to hold onto fell apart at the stray comment. “No, it’s not like that!”

“Doesn’t seem like it to me,” Brent said, lifting up one of his man tits and letting it flop against his gut.

“Ugh, you’re just like all of those board members,” Elliot ranted. “They wouldn’t shut up about these accusations even after I made them the first test subjects of my new products.”

“Yeah, I’m sure that showed them how you weren’t obsessed with fattening people up for a sick thrill,” Brent said, succeeding in getting the rival coach to step right next to him.

“Now you listen here, fat ass,” Elliot said, poking into Brent’s belly. “Sure this was all just an excuse to sabotage your team, but you could at least show some gratitude for getting to sample such delicious-“

“YAAAAAAAGGGHHH!”

Using his girth to his advantage, Brent came crashing into Elliot. Though the grey haired man tried to fight back by hitting Brent, there was little his fists or kicks could do with all of the padding surrounding the riled up player. Though Brent was able to withstand the barrage, the constant shaking was wearing down on his endurance. Without moving more than a few inches, he was already feeling himself becoming short on breath.

“I gotcha Brent!”

The call to action brought a glimmer of hope to Brent as he watched Leo waddle towards him as fast as his thickened thighs would allow. However, his relief was put under stress once he heard the creak of the metal railing with each step the blubbery blonde took. Before he could shout out a series of expletives to get his tubby teammate to stop, he was sent careening to the ground as Leo joined in on the fight

Rolling back and forth along the walkway, any semblance of who was winning was lost on the trio. At the moment, all they seemed to care about was fighting over who would try to get to their feet first. Not helping matters were the further strained noises of the metal keeping them aloft. The confusing scuffle only came to a halt once they heard a stomp that sent tremors through the entire room.

“Elliot, is that you?” Charlie asked, the others watching as he strode forward with a half-eaten cupcake in his hands. “You’re the one responsible for this? Well, let me be the first one to thank you for your generous offer,” he continued, ignorant to the groan of the walkway and the

muffled please of the other men. “It takes a big man to put the past behind him for the betterment of the world of sports.” Finishing off the cupcake, he continued forward with a plump hand outstretched. “Come on. Let’s shake hands and we can get started discussing how to improve your-“

With a loud snap, the four men were sent plummeting through the air to land in the vats. Emerging from the pool of green liquid, Brent shook his head in an effort to get a bearing on his surroundings. Thanks to his bulk, he managed to get out of the fall without any injury, the same going for Leo and Charlie who were busy slurping up the contents of their own vats. Wiping the droplets from his face, his eyes shifted over to the series of bubbles popping along the surface. For a moment, he was filled with the hope that he was about to witness Elliot’s last breath.

Brent was sent flying back as the factory owner emerged from the liquid like a whale. Slamming his back up against the rim, he prepared himself for a fight. However, he was left in place by the sight of Elliot’s new found girth. Ripping off the shreds of his suit from his doughy belly, the rival coach didn’t seem to have the same ferocity as before. The added softness was accentuated by his new pair of sagging man tits and the wide rear that sent ripples through the drink with each shift of his body. Brent only managed to see the look of obsession in Elliot’s eyes moments before he shrugged off the remnants of his expensive clothes and dove back in.

The mighty splash that came from Elliot’s dive forced some of the drink into Brent’s mouth. The droplets cascading across the player’s tongue returned him to the state of unbridled indulgence that had led to his rapid weight gain. No longer able to fight against his own desires, he plunged his head underneath the surface to suck up as much as he could.

On the factory floor below, the vats began to echo with the pair of fattening men’s frantic drinking. Upon hearing the creak of metal, the workers dropped what they were doing to find

cover. Those capable of getting a higher vantage point were able to watch as Brent and Elliot's fattening forms filled up every last bit of free space inside of the vat. When the pressure became too much, the metal finally broke apart to allow their flab and what little remained of the drink to come pouring out.

Seemingly unaffected by their over 1000 pounds of fat or their previous fight, Elliot and Brent casually waddled their way towards the other vats. Uncaring of how their bountiful flesh pushed together, they put their thick necks to good use diving headfirst into the liquid. Their single minded approach allowed them to quickly put on more pounds as they drank up gallon after gallon. Soon enough, the pair were joined by Charlie and Leo as they pulled themselves free of their own vats.

"It's nice to see them getting along so well," Charlie said in-between sucking his fingers clean.

"Yeah, but I don't think they're going to leave any for us," Leo pointed out, worriedly rubbing at his flabby belly.

"Then let's not waste anytime and help ourselves," Charlie declared, stomping alongside his once prized player to drink to their heart's content.

From a top one of the recently reinforced walkways, Ted took a much needed smoke break as he looked over the factory floor below. While his fellow coworkers were still busy as ever, their goal had changed from maintaining the vats of fattening fluid to keeping the four, massive men satisfied. This mainly consisted of them having to make multiple trips up the

extremely obese men's immobile bodies to either clean them or give them ample food to prevent their stomach rumbles from shaking the entire factory.

"Hey there, Ted," Lass said, holding out her hand to take a cigarette from him. "How have you been holding up?"

"Terrible," he replied, taking a deep puff before giving into her request. "I'm starting to miss the crazy old guy."

"At least now this one isn't yelling at us anymore," she commented, pointing towards Elliot as his mouth was stuffed with pies. "Now he just gets bossy when he goes too long without eating."

"No, but he more than makes up for it," Ted replied, gesturing towards Brent as he grunted for the workers to pout more protein shakes down his throat. "Even if their muffled by his fat face, slurs are still slurs."

"At least that one's not so bad," Lass said as she pointed towards Leo, his blonde locks bouncing against his chin as he waved towards the workers descending down his stomach rolls. "He was a great help calming down the press."

Ted took another deep puff. "Doesn't make up for that one," he said, turning his head towards the largest pile of fat and gluttony known as Charlie. "Thanks to him being so honest with the news outlets, it's only a matter of time before the factory gets shut down and we're out of a job."

"True," Lass replied, flicking her cigarette without a care for any potential fire hazards. "Might as well make the most of it. I think they still have a stash of prototype pastries in the break room. Sure we'll get a little extra pudge, but the taste is worth it."

“Works for me,” Ted replied, snuffing out his smoke before joining his coworker for what could be their last day working together.