

# Nightmare Coach

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"What is up, Stag Party Nation? It's me, your best bae, Bradley Thorn, and I'm making some video requests for my fellow gym gurus- from V.ludicrous32, 'What're some hot tips about what *not* to do at the gym?' Bradley stroked his chin theatrically. "Well, let me think..."

He smirked to himself. Bradley Thorn was an internet fitness celebrity, with millions of views on his channel. He had a toned, athletic swimmer's build that he somehow kept up with seemingly no effort. The buck had some of the most popular videos for exercise tips, but really, most people tuned in for the online drama. Bradley could best be described as "delightfully bitchy" by his fans- and just "bitchy" by everyone else. He was known for mocking anyone that came across his path that didn't meet the buck's exacting physical standards- and oh, did he have a juicy target right in his sights.

The cheetah on the treadmill was a study in irony, then again, Bradley had seen cheetahs come in two flavors- thin and lean, or big as a house. This one was the latter; the cheetah was a great, jiggling mass of gelatinous flab. His enormous belly bounced and jostled with each step, his thighs thick as tires rolling off one another as he panted with every breath.

Bradley's smirk took a devious curl as he turned his camera to the cheetah, his two big, sand bag-sized buttocks nearly spilling out of his too-small shorts. "Let's start with a visual example... What you should *not* do is eat an entire family feast of fried chicken before coming into the gym- yeah, don't think I don't see that fast food receipt wedged in that pocket. What you should *not* do is forgo the sports bra if your moobs are bigger than pillows. What you should *definitely* not do is try squeezing into yoga pants like they're sausage casings."

"Hey."

A wall of beef stood between Bradley and the cheetah. An otter built like a tank folded his powerfully roped arms, puffing up his sculpted wall of a chest, and glared down at the stag. "Waddya think you're doing?"

"I'm making a video," Bradley said stiffly, trying not to look intimidated by the hulk of an otter. "It's a free country, isn't it?"

"That cheetah's *my* client. I'm training him to better himself. So if I catch you trying to embarrass him again, I'll show you just how free this country is." The otter narrowed his eyes, leaning down and scowling at Bradley. "Got it?"

"Yes sir, Sergeant Roid Rage." The stag gave the otter a mocking salute. "Of course if you lay a hand on me, I'll sue you for all your creatine and all your 'extra' supplements."

The otter growled, tightening his fists, but stalked off without another word. Bradley turned back to his phone, putting on a theatrical face. "And to finish off, what you should not do at the gym is overdose on steroids. You want to be an unpleasable prick, *and* look like a freak?"

Please. Plus, you all saw that inseam along his shorts? Total Ken Doll anatomy. Roids, boys and girls- not even once. Anyway, that's all for this short, Stag Party Nation- see you boos later."

"Jeez."

A flicker of annoyance flitted across Bradley's face as he turned to see a slight, purple and blue-hued cat. He was wearing a baggy hoodie, but had a massively long, striped tail coiled behind him. "God, what is with all these freak critics today? You got something to say, Wildberry?"

The cat furrowed his brow. "W-why do you have to be so mean? The otter was only sticking up for his client. You don't even know them."

"Oh, excuse me, *mom*. Who are you, anyways?"

"O-oh- well, uhm, I'm North, and I-"

Bradley held up his hand. "Wait, I just forgot. I don't care."

The cat, flustered, huffed. "You know— if you're just *mean* to everyone you meet, that's not going to work out for you in the long run."

"Oooh my God," the stag groaned. "What even *are* you, a kindergarten teacher? It's the real world— if people can't take a few jokes, they need to grow up." Bradley began walking away, but North appeared in front of him, making the stag start a small bit.

"I'm serious. It wouldn't kill you to be a little nicer." The cat spoke with a fair bit more steel in his voice that took Bradley by surprise.

The stag sighed. "You know, maybe you're right." Bradley hung his head, his eye glancing down at the trailing tail coiled at the cat's feet. He also turned his phone back on. Shuffling his feet like an embarrassed school boy, he shuffled the coils of North's tail in front and on top of his sneakers. "I don't know why I have to be so mean... it just comes out."

North seemed surprised, pleasantly so. "W-well, that's the first step. Maybe you could go back and apologize to the cheetah and otter, show them you'll delete the video?"

"Yeah, yeah..." Bradley nodded. Then he reached for the cat's hood, yanking it over his head. "Or not." He tugged the cat forward, and North yowled as he fell over himself into a heap. By the time he untangled his own tail and got himself up right, he looked up to see Bradley's phone camera trained on him, a few less scrupulous gym goers laughing with the stag.

"And *that* is why you don't mess with a pro, Stag Party Nation. Bradley out." He turned off his camera, smirking at North, and then turning on his heel and strutting out of the gym.

A change came over North as he glared after Bradley. The unassuming, slight cat's kind face hardened, his eyes flashing an intense shade of red. "That was a mistake..."

By the time Bradley got back to his house, a storm was rolling overhead. He could hear angry rumblings of thunder and the patter of rain on his roof. After a light dinner- salad, naturally- and catching up with his usual reality shows, the stag settled in at his desk, posting his two latest videos. Only, frustratingly, they wouldn't upload properly. Frowning, the stag opened the video file. It kept skipping a couple seconds in, stuck on that blue cat and repeating the same

sound clip. "W-why do you have to be so mean? W-why do you have to be so mean? W-why do you have to be so mean?"

"What the Hell?" the stag muttered. He deleted the corrupted file, and went back to his phone to upload the original. Halfway through, the lights flickered- a sudden flash of lightning and booming roar of thunder shorted his computer. Bradley threw up his hands. "Fine. Fine! Piece of shit... I'll just upload it tomorrow."

The stag moved to his bathroom for his night time routine, all his essential oils and beauty products to keep him man pretty. He splashed water on his face, and the lights flickered again with another surge of lightning. The stag saw something in the corner of his eye; a massive, hulking figure that filled his doorway, menacing red eyes gleaming in the mirror.

"Shit!" Bradley swerved around, a hand to his chest. When the lights stabilized, Bradley saw this would-be monster- a framed movie poster.

Sneering, the stag scoffed. "God. I'm going to drive myself crazy..." He finished his nighttime routine, and with the storm still raging overhead, climbed into bed until a fitful sleep took him.

It could only be a few hours at most when Bradley was awoken by a sharp, shrill whistle that made the stag practically jump out of bed. His heart pounding, he swerved around and gasped in shock, falling back and pressing against the wall— if only because there wasn't much room left. Looming over him was a massive black panther, the only bright spot on him a wide, toothy grin. Even his eyes were hidden under the brim of a baseball cap, casting a dark shadow over his brow. He was even larger than the brute of an otter and that lardass cheetah, combined. Bradley's antlers maybe came up to a chest widen as a car bumper. He wore a muscle shirt, straps strung taut over his mountainous shoulders and his beefy pecs, but then rode up over a thick, round middle heavy as a keg, spilling over the band of his gym shorts. His arms were roped with heavy, burgeoning muscle, biceps like beach balls and even thicker triceps.

"Well, look who's finally up, cupcake," the panther chuckled, his voice deep and underlined by a low growl.

"Who— who the *fuck* are you?!" Bradley shrieked. "What're you doing in my room?!"

"Who the Hell do you think, cupcake? I'm your coach!" the panther clapped his hands. "Now get your fat ass in your workout clothes, it's time to whip you into shape!"

"I *beg* your pardon?" the stag spat indignantly. "You break into my house just to call me a fat ass? You're not exactly svelte yourself, you... big— black— ball!"

The panther let out a loud guffaw of laughter, his tankard of a gut bouncing. "*That's* the best you got? I thought you were supposed to be 'delightfully bitchy.' Now squeeze into your clothes and let's get *moving*." The coach's huge, thick paw clamped around the back of Bradley's neck. With the slightest twitch of his bulging arm, the panther hoisted him up effortlessly by the scruff of his neck, the deer's legs dangling against his belly. "Got it?"

Bradley gulped, suddenly feeling very weak and off balance. Even being at eye-level with him, he couldn't see anything of the coach's eyes, still obscured by his hat. "...Got it."

"Good. Let's move out!" The panther dropped the stag, smacking him on his rear as Bradley rushed for his gym clothes. He wasn't quite sure how he even got to the gym, but he felt a few eyes on him. All the beautiful people were at the gym tonight— today? He wasn't sure what the time was. The deer fidgeted, feeling oddly self-conscious. Everyone was in perfect shape, a good number of well-muscled and sculpted bodies scattered in, and for whatever reason, his clothes were feeling overly tight. He pinched his side, wincing as he felt a lot more give than he thought there should be. He must have indulged too much at dinner, that was all.

"Alright cupcake, let's get started!" the panther shouted, loud enough to turn heads. "You're not going to burn off that belly fat loafing around!"

"I don't *have* belly fat!" Bradley hissed, thumping the panther on his thick middle.

"Uh-huh, sure. Get on the elliptical, gimme ten minutes."

Bradley scoffed, hopping on to the machine. "Fine." He began working the elliptical, even if he felt a little awkward. He couldn't seem to get out from under the coach's shadow, and there was an otter with a flawless swimmer's build watching him with a smirk. Bradley gave him a sneer, trying to focus on his form. It was odd, something was off with his body. He didn't feel sick, but maybe... bloated? He huffed, faltering a little earlier than he intended, but he finished the ten minutes, hopping off the machine. He glanced down, and his eyes went wide. There was a sizable amount of soft, pliable flesh, pressing against his waistband. He suddenly realized how tight his shorts felt. Bradley poked it, wincing as it gave way so easily. "What... what the fuck?" he mumbled.

"Come on, cupcake, it ain't going to go away by you just poking it." Coach clamped his thick hand on Bradley's shoulder, dragging the deer over to a well-stocked smoothie stand. Brad swore he caught a judgemental look from the cashier— and really, where did *he* get off with a nasty look— but then the panther slid him an enormous smoothie, the cup as large as his head.

"What the fuck is this, Coach?" Bradley snapped. "I don't *need* a smoothie."

"How else are you going to keep up the workout if you don't keep up your energy? Drink!" the panther commanded, his tank of a gut pressing down on the deer. Brad offered some half-hearted protest, but Coach was in no mood. It sank in how he could throw Bradley around like a ragdoll, and the deer bit his lip before drinking the smoothie. He nearly gagged— it was thick as concrete, practically a milkshake, and far too sweet. By the end, he felt bloated and sluggish. He wanted so much to crawl back into bed, but he certainly wasn't going to let this big brute get the best of him.

"Crunches! Gimme twenty, cupcake, let's move!" the panther barked, clapping his hands together.

Grumbling, the deer dropped down on a mat, and assumed the position. He placed his hands behind his head and sat up— or tried to, at any rate. Something was off, like he was being pushed back or something was in his way— Bradley looked, and his eyes went wide. A thick ring of flab had settled around his middle, pushing against his shirt. When he sat up, it even pooled and bunched up into a butterball, poking out from under his shirt.

"W-what the *fuck*?!" Bradley leapt to his feet, and his belly bounced with him. Looking at the panther, eyes wide and mouth agape, he gripped his belly and shook it, wincing as he could grab two meaty handfuls of his own flab. "What the Hell is *this*?"

The panther shook his head. "You can't expect to lose all that weight after what, fifteen minutes? You're just a pampered, lazy little thing, aren't ya, cupcake?" He poked his thick arm against Bradley's gut, making it wobble. "Well, maybe not *little*," he smirked.

"What're you doing to me?!" Bradley demanded. "I am a professional! I've got a feed with hundreds of thousands of subscribers, I get millions of views!"

The panther nodded understandingly. "Yeah, there's lots of chubby chasers out there."

"*Augh!*" Bradley gasped indignantly. "I am *not* chubby!"

"Yeah, sure, cupcake— you're *fat*." The panther growled, again draping that thickly muscled arm over the stag's shoulders, his boulder of a bicep pressing against Bradley's cheek. "Look, cupcake— if you think this little tantrum is getting you out of your workout, you've got another thing coming. Get your fatass on a weight bench, or I'll kick your fatass from here to the end of the parking lot! Move it!"

Brad was shoved by the panther, protesting increasingly feebly— what was wrong with him? He was having trouble even remembering what he did on his channel— fashion tips? Lifestyle videos? Now, that couldn't be it... why would he be making lifestyle videos if he needed a coach? He had let himself go so badly, after all...

He grunted as he settled on to a weight bench, looking uncertainly at the barbell. He was pretty sure he knew what to do here, but he wanted to make sure and waited for coach.

"C'mon cupcake, even you can't mess this up— I'll start you off light and we'll go from there." He put on some of the lighter weights. "Gimme eight reps, easy."

Bradley gripped the bar, and it was light enough for him to lift, but he was already feeling worn out from the rest of the workout. He winced, feeling the way the excess flesh on his arms jiggled from the jerking movements, the bar cold against his soft, pliable chest. He glanced to see how much his belly rose up even while he was lying down, like an entire hill pushing his shirt down— it was his own fault, for thinking that he could still fit in XL sizes, his pride getting the better of him.

"There we go," Coach nodded. "We'll get you to your goal weight in no time," the panther said, patting the stag's shoulder as he sat up, his belly filling a good part of his lap.

"Whatever you say," Brad grumbled, pinching at his heavy sides, feeling the excess flesh as soft and pliable as dough piled up on his love handles. Something about this didn't seem right about all this, but he was having trouble remembering what it was. It was like he was remembering what it felt like to be skinny, but that was years ago. Right?

"Come on cupcake, you need another refueling to finish off!" Coach dragged Brad to his feet, and slapped the stag's thick, round rear. Bradley yelped, hiking up his too-tight shorts over his over-ripe ass cheeks before they spilled out of his clothes again, forcing him into an awkward waddle as his chunky thunder thighs rolled off one another.

"Get your fill, cupcake," Coach grunted, smacking his thick hand on the smoothie counter. Gratefully and eagerly, the stag wrapped his pudgy fingers around another extra large smoothie—he had no idea how people got through their workouts without one of these. He greedily guzzled down the thick frozen concoction—they added extra chocolate to it too, just the way they liked it. He tilted it back, scraping the straw to grab every last bit, and then he heard it—the all too familiar sound of tearing fabric. Glancing in one of the gym's full-length mirrors, Bradley winced. He saw rolls of back fat spilling out of his XXL shirt, the seam torn up to the lower point of his heavy, bean bag-like moob. His cushioned rear gave him a distinctively pear-shaped look, each half as big and round as a basketball. But then, spending so much time eating and sitting at his computer, what could he expect?

Coach rolled his eyes as Bradley's clothes tore. "What, again, cupcake?" He pinched at the stag's blubbery broadside, giving his rolling belly a forceful shake. "Can't you go ten minutes without stuffing your face? You haven't lost a pound since we started!"

The stag whimpered, his round cheeks growing hot. "S-sorry Coach..."

"With all this," the panther took fistfuls of the stag's belly fat in his hands, squeezing and pinching like he were kneading dough. "Cupcake doesn't really fit any more, does it, Sweetcheeks? What am I going to do with you, lardass?"

"I—I'm trying, Coach, honest!" Bradley protested weakly.

The panther shook his head, folding his thickly muscled arms over his powerful chest. "I don't feel skinny often, sweetcheeks, but next to you, I might as well be a beanpole. Hop to it! We'll finish off on the treadmill. Try not to level the foundation while you're at it."

"R-right, Coach..." Bradley huffed, feeling every flabby pound piled on to his frame. His enormous, roiling boulder of a belly was jostled with each labored step, thighs thick as barrels rolling off one another. He was like a partially deflated blimp on the treadmill, an enormous, useless mass, taking up space and near impossible to move under his own power anymore. With atrophied muscles from years of disuse and even more years of indulgent meals, his foodie vlog and mukbang challenges, all led to this. Bradley chugged away on the treadmill, and even on one of the lowest settings, he struggled to keep up the pace. He couldn't even see the panel, his belly pressed against it in thick waves, his heavy hips wedged against the handlebars. There was a strange, metallic groaning sound, but Bradley was just trying not to pass out, he felt so worn out... thank goodness he had as much cushioning as he did; it blunted the fall when the treadmill broke out from under him, and the stag hit the ground with a heavy whump, the pair of globes he smuggled into his shorts tearing them asunder as his gigantic belly spread out onto the floor and over his trunk-sized thighs like a lethargic mudslide.

The rest of the gym turned around to look, catching the attention of all the sculpted, athletic gym goers around them. He heard the clicks and saw the flashes as several of the smirking gym bunnies and bodybuilders took pictures.

"God, never thought I'd see a beached whale this far inland."

"What a fatass—I'd be dead if I let myself go that much."

"Look— please— someone, j-just help me up?" Bradley whimpered, waving his flabby arms and feeling as if he were drowning in his own fat. He then looked over to the panther— his Coach was smiling wide, showing off impressively sharp, immaculately clean white teeth. He swept off his cap, revealing bright, colorful eyes that flashed a disarming shade of red, his fur familiar shades of purple and blue...

And then, Bradley woke up with a start, inhaling sharply. The stag's heart was pounding in his chest, and he laid still as a statue in his bed, drenched in a cold sweat. After reorienting himself, he grabbed his side... and breathed a sigh of relief as his toned arms could effectively wrap around his torso.

"Oh thank *God*." The stag threw off the covers and moved to his mirror. He patted down his chiseled, angular features and his firm chest... but then spotted a small amount of pudge pooling around his middle, no more than a few extra pounds and practically invisible if it weren't marring his chiseled abs and bulging slightly against his boxers. As he pinched at it, he heard a deep, growling laughter that made the fur on the back of his neck stand on end. The stag took it for what it was— a warning. He turned his computer on and checked his phone, purging all the nasty videos he had taken at the gym the previous day. He nervously glanced back at the mirror, certain he saw the hulking panther looming over him out of the corner of his eye, just to check he was going through with it. He then rushed through a hasty breakfast and grabbed his gym bag— perhaps it would be in his best interest to make some apologies, and maybe ask that hulking otter if he could help with some of the cheetah's training sessions...

### **-That's How It Could Have Happened- -But How About This?-**

And then, Bradley woke up with a start, inhaling sharply. The stag's heart was pounding in his chest, and he laid still as a statue in his bed, drenched in a cold sweat. After reorienting himself, he grabbed his side... and found a fistful of dough-like flesh pooled up in his pudgy fingers. Gasping in horror, Bradley fumbled with the covers, seeing that mountain of pudge piled on his body. Even lying here, he felt overly warm and tired just at the thought of lugging all this around... then shivered as a familiar, growling laughter echoed through the room.

"Get out here, cupcake! Time to whip you into shape!" Coach's voice called, making the stag wince.

Bradley trembled, too scared to move... but then his enormous stomach growled and groaned, a hunger like no other seizing him. It took a great effort to rock himself into a sitting position, his belly spilling over his sides and across his lap. With a grunt of effort, Bradley hoisted himself up, and with great trepidation, stumbled towards his kitchen, hearing a great clamor of motion... but instead of the hulking figure of the coach, he saw that strangely colored cat, now completely dwarfed by the blubbery deer.

"Ah! There you are, I was wondering when you'd get up."

Bradley narrowed his eyes, some of his old personality bubbling up. "*You?* What're you doing in my kitchen?"

North smiled wide. "Well, I felt bad about how things ended at the gym yesterday, and thought we could talk things over..." he cast a knowing look at Bradley. "Looks like you had a busy night."

"W-where is he? The panther?"

North shrugged. "Don't worry about him— he won't bother you anymore unless, y'know, you *really* deserve it."

"But I just heard him!" Bradley shot back, glancing over his shoulder.

"Oh, that was me! I was making some of my cupcakes for you." He held up a tray of delicious smelling cupcakes. "I hope you like red velvet."

He slid the tray over to Bradley, the stag's eyes narrowed even as his enormous gut growled. "I... I don't know what to do here."

"Oh don't worry, I thought we'd talk things over a big breakfast... you're *definitely* going to need more food to keep that new tank of yours filled," North said. "And I thought maybe we could talk about rehabilitating your image a bit... Tell me, how do you feel about being a food critic?"