

Blubber Bull

By: Indi

Titus plowed through the burger in just a few bites, not bothering to put it down once he started. It wasn't anything special—just the most basic burger from a local joint and little better than fast food—but the tan bull loved burgers too much to care. The taste was still good enough to distract him from the party going on.

“Really going to town on the burgers tonight, are ya?”

Titus looked to his left, hearing the voice of his friend Colton, the doughy horse who was hosting the party. “I haven't had *that* many.”

“Your gut says otherwise.” Colton poked Titus in the belly. The plump bull's gut was peeking out from beneath his shirt, which had fit perfectly when he'd arrived barely twenty minutes before.

Titus looked down and blushed. He hadn't realized his belly was showing. The bull tried his best to pull it down and cover his bulging middle, but it was a futile effort. He gave up after a few attempts. “I guess I got a *little* carried away.” Though he always denied it, Titus was prone to gorging. He'd eat pretty much anything placed in front of him, even if he wasn't hungry. When confronted about it he always swore he had a good metabolism and didn't need to worry about overeating.

Being friends, Colton was very much aware of the bull's appetite. He also had a desire to see Titus *really* overindulge. He doubted it'd take much to trick his friend into ballooning in size and becoming a true blubber bull. For Colton, the fatter his friends were, the better.

“Don't worry, I'm just messing with ya,” Colton lied. “I actually overdid it on the food order tonight, so I could use all the help I can get clearing it out. My fridge is packed so I don't really have any room for leftovers. If anything you're doing me a huge favor.”

Titus smiled. “Well if that's the case I might have a couple more. Just a couple, though.”

The bull scarfed another down as Colton started to chat, rambling on about work stuff. With his attention split, Titus stopped keeping track of how many burgers he was eating. One turned into four, and then ten. The burgers and beer made his belly swell again, bulging out further from under his shirt. While Colton pretended to be maintaining eye contact, his gaze frequently wandered to his friend's gut, watching it grow with glee.

Once every burger on the table had been finished off, Colton swiftly switched subjects, not wanting Titus to notice how much he'd eaten. “Ooh, you should try some pizza, too! Local place had an awesome deal going on so ended up getting like two of everything.”

Colton put an arm around Titus' shoulder and guided him a few feet over to another table, which was loaded with stacks of pizza boxes. He saw the bull's eyes light up and knew he'd succeeded.

“If you insist,” Titus said, sheepishly. Colton's permission was the only excuse he needed to load up a plate with slices. He made an effort to eat the first slice slowly, but he was already taking large bites by the second. Another conversation—this time about sports—ensured Titus shifted to eating on instinct, shoving slice after slice into his mouth.

The pizza was easier to gorge on than burgers, and there was so much more of it. Titus

would scarf down a slice, gulp some beer, then scarf down another slice. Over and over again, without stopping. Colton kept passing Titus fresh beers and new boxes, all the while going on and on about whatever topic he could think of. His friend was as good at listening as he was gorging, nodding along as he swallowed multiple slices of pizza at once.

The bull's belly was really beginning to grow now. His shirt was scrunched up atop the curve of his round gut, which hung slightly over the waistband of his pants. It bounced whenever Titus moved, whether it was to grab more pizza, chug a beer, or simply laugh at something Colton had said. At times he'd spot it out of the corner of his eye and seem confused, but Colton would quickly interrupt with a slap on the back or an exclamation, the bull soon forgetting all about how big he was getting.

The tactic worked for an hour, until Titus' gut had swelled so much even he couldn't ignore it. He put down the beer he'd just finished off and groaned, his eyes locked onto his middle. It stuck out nearly two feet, hanging heavy and jiggling as he breathed. "Dude...maybe I should—*braaap*—should cut down on the snacks." The booze dimmed his thoughts, making Titus only vaguely aware he was eating more than he probably should have been.

"You're fine, trust me," Colton said, sliding in next to the bull. He gave his friend's belly a rub. "It's a party—don't be afraid to have some fun. You haven't even touched the chips yet. Or the tacos. Not to mention all the soda."

Titus licked his lips. "I don't know..."

Colton grabbed a slice of pizza and pushed it towards Titus' lips. The bull accepted it without hesitation. "Come on, let's fill you up good~"

Titus nodded and blushed.

From that point on, there were few moments when the bull wasn't eating or drinking. Colton kept him surrounded by food, never letting Titus stray more than a foot away from anything edible. Titus was questioning his gluttony less and less as the night went on, too drunk and distracted to truly understand just how huge he was getting. The dim lights, the loud music, the chatter from the others at the party. It all drew the bull's attention away from his immense middle.

Titus' belly ballooned in size as he absentmindedly stuffed himself silly. It was a wrecking ball, taut and round, constantly bumping up against tables and into guests. Colton himself had to dodge the heavy mass more than once. It took all his willpower to resist cackling at how well his plan was working. His friend was fattening himself up without a second thought. But he'd need to eat even more for the pounds to really pile on. Too little, and the bull might actually manage to reverse the gains in time. No, Titus' appetite needed to be permanently increased after that night, so he'd continue to unintentionally gain weight on his own.

At midnight the party had mostly died down, the guests dwindling until only Titus and Colton remained. By then the bull was barely mobile, his belly cradled in his hooves and threatening to pull him down. "I feel—*uworrrip*—kind of full, dude," Titus said. His eyes were drifting, the bull moaning in between burps. "I should probably—*bworrp*—head home."

"Nonsense, you've had too much to drink to head home on your own," Colton said. *Not like you'd be able to squeeze a gut that big into a car or onto the bus, either,* he thought. "Just

crash here for the night.”

Colton didn't give Titus a chance to turn the offer down, instead guiding the engorged bull around to the front of the couch, where he'd set up cushions and pillows on the floor. He helped Titus sit down, knowing there was no way he'd be able to stand back up on his own. Titus was in a food-induced daze, wobbling his belly in confusion. Nothing was stopping Colton from continuing the feeding now.

“Hey, Titus, why don't I grab you a snack before you doze off?” The horse grinned wide. Titus was going to be quite the blubber bull once the feast he'd consumed digested.