

The restaurant was far fancier than Rowan had expected. It wasn't until he stepped into the lobby that he realized his old friends had invited him to a high end steakhouse. Suddenly feeling very underdressed and shabby in his polo and khakis, Rowan felt his face flushing as he mumbled his name to the hostess. She gave him what he thought was a disappointed look before leading him through the crowded restaurant to a small secluded booth.

“Rowan, you made it buddy!”

Before he could respond, Rowan was pulled into a tight bear hug. Jason had always been a hugger. The two of them had been roommates for most of their time at university and even a few years after graduation. Honestly he had never been as close friend's with anyone the way he had with Jason. He had been the golden boy on campus, a star athlete and the top of the chemistry program, and handsome to boot.

Jason was still handsome, in fact, Rowan thought as he pulled out of the hug and got a good look at his friend, Jason might have become even more handsome in the years since then. He had definitely gotten bigger. During their time as roommates Jason had been a gym rat for sure, always dragging him along to late night sessions at the campus gym, but the man sitting across from him now could have been a professional bodybuilder.

Rowan couldn't help but stare at Jason's massive shoulders and arms that looked as though they would burst out of his blazer, or his chest that left the buttons of his shirt straining.

“It's so amazing being back in the city and seeing old friends.” Jason said. “How has it been? How are you dude?”

And just like always, Jason's broad genuine smile melted through any awkwardness Rowan had been feeling. That had always been the amazing thing about Jason, he'd always been able to make him feel comfortable and welcome.

“Well we can't all get our dream job out on the coast like you, Mr. Perfect, but things were pretty decent to me till recently.” Jason's eyes grew wide and he simply motioned for Rowan to continue. With a sigh, Rowan spent the next few minutes catching Jason up on the last few years since he'd moved away. How after a string of part time jobs, Rowan had finally landed a decent position at a tech firm. How after a few years of great work he'd suddenly been laid off just a few weeks ago. He was about to begin the tragic saga of his love life when the waiter arrived at the table for their order.

“I'll have the salmon with the steamed vegetables, gotta watch the macros.” Jason ordered with a wink.

“Your treat right?” Rowan asked. He waited a moment for Jason's nod before blurting out his order for a porterhouse steak.

“Going big I see,” Jason chuckled. Rowan felt his face flush but he didn't change his order. It wasn't often he got to eat such rich foods, and something about seeing his old friend had made him extremely hungry.

Their meal settled into a warm evening between two friends, reminiscing about the past, sharing stories from their years apart, and of course enjoying the amazing food. Rowan could have wept at how delicious and tender his steak had come out. He easily finished his whole plate before Jason had even made it halfway through his salmon.

“You always could put the food away.” Jason laughed when he noticed Rowan's empty plate.

“Too bad I could never get big like you.” Rowan said and immediately regretted it. Surely the comment would leave him open to a critique on his body. What little muscle he'd put on during his days at the gym with Jason had melted away, leaving him with a scrawny frame and a little paunch around his middle. He was already disappointed in himself, he didn't need to hear it from the prime specimen across the table.

“So have you found another job yet?” Jason asked. The sudden subject change was a shock for Rowan who only managed to shake his head no. “Well I hadn't mentioned yet” He continued, leaning in over the table and lowering his voice. “But the reason I'm back in town is I've taken over a research team at Wonker sports.”

Rowan's eyebrows shot up in surprise. It was the biggest athletic supplements manufacturer in the country. But Before he could congratulate his friend, Jason pulled him over the table.

“I need help with some tests we are running, and I have a huge budget for contractors. Honestly I was going to ask you to take a few days off work to help me. But this works out better.”

“You want *My* help?” Rowan asked. His head was spinning at the idea. After weeks of panic, his friend was suddenly offering a way out.

“I've been thinking about asking you to do this since they first offered me the project. There's no one I'd prefer dude.” Jason leaned back in the booth, his warm and charming smile back on his face.

Rowan sputtered for a moment before finally just nodding yes. How could he refuse, he needed the money and even the slightest possibility of making connections at this company could open so many doors for his career.

“Be at this address at nine tomorrow.” Jason said, flicking a business card across the table. “Oh and don't have any breakfast before you get there.”

Rowan definitely found the last comment odd, but Jason simply laughed at the questioning look and stood up from the booth. He said a quick goodbye and that was it. Rowan made sure to take the card with him as he left himself.

The next morning couldn't come fast enough for Rowan, who had woken up from excitement hours before he needed to. This turned out to be a problem when he remembered Jason's request to not eat breakfast. By the time nine rolled around and Rowan was entering the Wonker Sports building he was starving. His stomach had been rumbling the entire bus ride there, and now that he was in the building it had gotten loud enough to get a look from the security guard who had checked him in.

Jason met him with his signature smile at the elevator. "You don't even know how excited I am, dude, this is gonna be amazing"

"I'm excited too. Honestly I can't thank you enough for this. I was really struggling." Rowan was about to continue thanking his friend when out of nowhere his stomach let out the loudest hunger sound he'd ever heard.

"Damn you sound hungry!" Jason's smile grew even wider as he threw a massive arm over Rowan's shoulder. "Let's get started so we can get something in your stomach"

He kept his arm there as he led Rowan down the hospital-like halls, pointing out where the various sets of double doors led, but Rowan only half listened. Between the excitement and hunger he'd suddenly found himself having a hard time processing what Jason was saying.

"And this is the lab where we will be doing your testing." Jason said quickly as he came to a sudden stop at the last set of doors.

"Tests?" Rowan asked as his attention snapped back. "You didn't mention any tests."

Jason's laughter boomed and echoed down the tiled hall. "No, not like a proficiency test. We are testing a new supplement and need subjects to observe."

"I'm a test subject?" Rowan asked Incredulously. Suddenly this didn't seem like a big career opportunity. Jason must have picked up on his feelings because he pulled the smaller man in tight, forehead to forehead practically to whisper to him.

"Don't worry dude, it's me, this is just to get your foot in the door. It's easy money and you'll be great."

And even though Rowan didn't feel fully relieved, he nodded and followed Jason into the lab.

"What am I going to be doing?" He asked.

“Like I said, just testing some new supplements. You’ll take a few, we will do some physical stimulation and you’ll tell us your observations.” At this point Jason was basically pulling him past rows of desks and computers till they reached another set of double doors, with a small group of men in lab coats standing around it.

Jason sped through introductions, but Rowan forgot the researcher’s names almost immediately. He was too distracted by their appearance. They were dressed how he would expect, lab coats over button down shirts and slacks, no what had captivated Rowan’s attention were the men’s physiques. All three of them looked like they spent as much time as possible at the gym.

The scientists began to chatter amongst themselves, mostly using technical jargon that flew over Rowan’s head. Even if he could’ve followed, his brain seemed more preoccupied trying to figure out the odds of his very muscular friend being assigned to the head of a team of also ridiculously buff scientists.

What if this has something to do with these supplements he was going to test. Have these researchers already tried it? It was an athletics company. Was he going to end up looking like Jason? Rowan felt a tightening in his crotch as he considered the possibility. Were they about to make him big?

As if on cue, Rowan’s empty stomach let out a monstrous rumble, drawing the attention of the scientists. They turned with matching smiles, and what Rowan would swear was hunger in their eyes.

“Why don’t we get started.” Jason said and All Rowan could do was gulp and nod as the men led him into the next room.

The room was surprisingly barren, similar to a surgery theater, but instead of an operating table there was a strange chair in the center of the room under a low hanging lamp. Jason silently gestured to Rowan to take a seat. Rowan awkwardly obliged, stumbling slightly as he walked past the broad men. It wasn’t until he got closer that he noticed the arm and leg straps bloated to the chair. He only hesitated for a moment before strong hands were on him, pushing him into the chair and holding him down.

Rowan tried to fight his way standing but he was no match for these ridiculously strong men. They easily pinned him while Jason deftly secured the restraints. The moment he was locked down, the researchers sprung off him and scattered to the corners of the room.

“I don’t know if I want to do this anymore, Jason.” Rowan whined between distressed breaths. “Please let me out , dude. This isnt cool Jason”

Jason smiled that big charming smile of his and gently reached around Rowan's head, pulling another restraint from the back of the chair. This one slipped over Rowan's face and fit a round tube in his mouth.

Rowan screamed but it was fully muffled by the tube. He shook and fought against the restraints but it was no use. After a few feeble attempts he gave up and slumped down in the chair.

"It's gonna be okay, dude." Jason whispered softly to him. His big hand patted the top of Rowan's head, who managed to murmur in response around the strange tube in his mouth. "This is the fun part dude, you'll see."

As if on cue, one of the scientists rolled over a giant vat on wheels with tubes and wires sticking out of the surface. It seemed extraordinarily heavy, even as large as the man pushing it was, he seemed to struggle.

"Subject is bound and ready for administration." Rowan heard one of the men say, followed by a string of numbers and terms he didn't understand. "Hook up the tank and begin administering batch 5.3"

Rowan felt Jason's hands lift his face up. At this point he didn't even fight. There was no way for him to get out of this. The last shred of his rational mind was holding tight to the idea that after this was over he'd end up a muscular beast of a man like Jason.

A large tube from the vat was pulled over and roughly connected to the tube shoved in his mouth. Somewhere a switch could be heard flipping and the vat started to rumble to life. There was a loud mechanical whirring near his face, and once again Rowan shouted through the gag as he felt the tube expand and push back farther into his mouth, only stopping right at the beginning of his throat.

"Administering anesthetic." Floated past Rowan's ears before there was a sharp stinging from the inside of his mouth. Followed by a strange warmth and numbness. Moments later he could barely feel the stretch of his jaw or the huge tube now filling his mouth.

"Commence feeding." this time it was Jason's voice. Still just as warm and charming as it had been last night in the restaurant. But Rowan didn't have time to think about it. The motors on the machine revved even harder. A thick liquid began pumping through the exterior tube and within seconds was pouring down Rowan's throat.

His first thought was, it tasted amazing. Sweet and rich and creamy. His body had already tried to gulp at the flow of liquid but the numbness of his throat prevented him from doing more than moving his lips slightly.

Rowan's second thought was that he was starting to feel full. Very full. He could feel his stomach quickly reaching its limit but the flow from the vat didn't stop. The tightness in his belly

kept increasing and increasing to the point Rowan was in more pain than he'd ever felt. He could feel his skin stretching out to the point he was sure he'd burst open.

The pain kept growing until suddenly it vanished. The intense stretching was still there but now it felt almost pleasurable. A warm tingling sensation starting in his stomach and spreading through his whole body.

"Subject has achieved metabolic equilibrium." Rowan didn't know what that meant, he was just thankful to not be in pain anymore.

"Good job dude, keep going, it's going so well." Jason's voice had become gentle again and Rowan opened his eyes to see his massive friend looming over him. No longer in a coat or shirt, Jason had stripped down exposing his ridiculously large chest. Behind him the other researchers had also stripped down and were all staring at him as the machine continued to pump.

Pressure started building again around Rowan's belly. He tried to say something but only a small moan came out before there was a sudden pop. Rowan's eyes went wide as he watched his own belt go flying across the room. How had that happened? He didn't want to look but he had to. It was difficult with the tube in his mouth still pumping creamy liquid down his throat, but Rowan managed to look down at his own stomach which had expanded dramatically. It had already shredded through the buttons of his shirt, burst his belt and the buttons on his pants. Now it hung in front of him, slowly expanding into his lap. He was getting fat.

"Fuck dude, that was too hot." Jason groaned from above him. He grabbed Rowan's expanding gut with one hand and pawed at his obvious erection with the other. "Look how good you're taking it. Look how fat you're getting, dude."

He motioned at one of the researchers who wheeled a large mirror out of a corner, spinning it so Rowan could see himself in the glass.

Except he didn't see himself. He saw an obese man, belly round and tight like a beach ball, pushing his thighs apart. His chest had ballooned out and sagged onto his belly like it was a shelf. His nipples bloated out to at least three times their original size. And it wasn't stopping.

The machine continued to pump more and more into his gut and Rowan watched, half horrified and half aroused as his body continued to expand.

By this time the researchers had dropped any semblance of scientific research. All four of them, including Jason, had stripped completely naked, each sporting a massive erection. All of them bigger and more jacked than any guy he'd seen naked in person. Rowan couldn't help but feel his own lust rise as he watched the men tug at their huge dicks and stare at him longingly.

Rowan's eyes darted back to himself in the mirror. In just the few seconds he'd been distracted his body had continued blowing up. Even as he watched, more and more fat rippled across his body. He could feel his gut resting heavily on his thighs as it continued to stretch out. Quickly filling the chair and spilling out over the edges. His clothes were completely shredded and had disappeared into his rolls. There was a familiar sensation of pressure, this time on his legs where the restraints were. Rowan watched with fascination as the strong leather bands burst and his legs suddenly exploded in fat. He could feel his ass pushing him up as it squeezed the sides of the chair. Rowan could tell the chair would collapse soon. His eyes frantically found Jason's and he groaned around the tube in warning.

"What is it you fat fuck?" Jason asked, almost drooling. "Do you want more? Gonna get even fatter for this big dick?" He punctuated the question by stepping in front of Rowan and poking his very large and leaking penis into Rowan's now stretched out belly button.

The now obese man could only moan and nod his head. Rowan was beyond the point of resisting. He greedily let the tube continue to fill him. He could feel his own erection pulsing under mounds of his own fat body and he'd never felt more pleasure.

Jason chuckled above him. "Good pig. Keep growing for me." He signaled the others who quickly pulled a lever on the vat. The machinery kicked up another gear, practically roaring as the flow of liquid increased.

Rowan let his head roll back in ecstasy as he felt his already distended stomach rapidly stretch out. Pushing past his knees and settling on the floor in front of him.

"He's getting too big, it won't hold!" one of the men shouted over the din of the machinery. It was too late though. Rowan felt his entire body rapidly expand outward all at once, every bit of him. There was a loud metallic creaking sound just before the chair collapsed fully under his massive weight.

Jason continued to laugh at Rowan between thrusts. His dick was now fully immersed in Rowan's fat. The other men joined him. Grabbing on to whatever roll of flab they could. Rubbing his soft body, sucking on Rowan's massively stretched out nipples. Their subject was lost in the bliss of the moment. The sensation of growth along with the groping hands and prodding cocks had pushed Rowan beyond comprehension.

He didn't know how long he'd been laying there, being pumped full of fat, but after some time the machine noises began to fade and the deluge of cream rushing down his throat began to slow until it was just a trickle and finally the machine kicked itself off with a shudder.

Jason stood up, pulling himself out of Rowan's belly button and pulled the harness off his pig's face. Rowan gasped at the sudden relief in his jaw.

"Dude, you have to see this. I can't believe you got this fat." Jason whispered as he stepped out of the way, revealing to Rowan the massive blob of a person in the mirror.

His Belly had stretched well beyond normal proportions. It was impossibly round and sat neatly between his outstretched legs. His chest had exploded into one massive roll wrapping around his body and resting on top of his belly. Legs, arms, hands, feet. Even his face was unrecognizably fat. Every inch of him had been absolutely covered in flab. He tried to rock himself into a standing position but he knew it was useless after the first try. His chubby fingers couldn't even reach the base of his massive gut, they simply grasped at his sides, clutching at his love handles. Rowan could feel his ass stretching out behind him, and he knew walking would be nearly impossible.

"What do you think Rowan?" Jason's voice was smooth as honey as he stepped into the reflection.

Rowan licked his lips and hesitated for a moment. His eyes never leaving the sight of his own body transformed into a ridiculously huge pile of fat.

"I want more..."