



MOBYJACK

Proud Gay Glutton & Gainer

Adam's Vault

By MobyJack (aka Jayge75)

Adam groggily sat up. Slowly he began to wake up and realized that he was listening to something.

"I love my body, but sometimes I wish I could just grow without thinking about what the world thinks of me..."

Wait a minute, Adam thought, I said just that thing recently.

"Why don't you?" a strange voice asked.

"It's just that I have worked so hard to maintain this 200 pounds and 6% body fat and it has brought me so much money, fame, and work as a fitness model that I can't convince myself to give that up."

"Well, you seem to have pretty much everything you could want now. Perhaps now is the time to give that up," the strange voice said.

"I sometimes wish I would get hurt so that I could have an excuse and make the decision easier."

"I think we can keep you whole and healthy and still make the decision easier. I can help you, if you're willing to do anything I say," the strange voice replied.

"What would I need to do?"

"Just grow," the strange voice said. "Everything will be taken care of for you. Your current finances will be invested heavily and when you are done growing you will never need to work again in your life if you don't want to."

“So I could stop starving myself and still live the lifestyle I’ve come to know and love? Sign me up.”

“Then you agree to do what I say?” the strange voice queried.

“Sure what the heck.”

And with that, Adam was left in silence to look around the room he found himself in. He remembered the conversation but never really put much stock in it when he had it weeks ago. Last night he had returned home from his final photo shoot of the season and had gone to bed exhausted. He woke up here in this strange place.

The room was quite large as if it was one huge open plan apartment. One side of the room seemed to be a large banquet table crossed with a conveyor belt. Above the table was a screen. One side contained the plush bed he woke up in as well as a huge shower stall, sunken Jacuzzi, sink and toilet. No mirror though. That was a bit odd. Along another wall were various alcoves with screens above it. He couldn’t figure out what the alcoves were for. The south side of the room was open to the outside where a pool was located. All around the pool a high glass wall, at least 100 feet high, fenced in a beautifully manicured lawn. From the surrounding area he appeared to be on some sort of tropical island. How the hell did he get here?

Adam realized that he was standing stark naked in full view of any possible neighbors. Not normally a prude, he went in search of some clothing. All he was able to find was a dresser full of nothing but sexy jock straps. He put a sexy black one and wished he could see himself in a mirror.

“There must be more clothes here somewhere,” he muttered as he continued searching for clothes. He was a bit surprised by how sanguine he was about all this until the strange voice shocked him back to reality.

“Additional clothing will not be necessary during your stay,” the strange voice stated flatly.

“You’re the person I chatted with that night weeks ago. What have you done? Where am I? Who are you?”

"I am... a friend. I am giving you the opportunity you wished for on that evening. I'm taking the decision away from you."

"What decision?"

"The decision to grow. You are in my care for an unspecified period of time. This 'vault' has been time-locked for a random amount of time somewhere between two and three years. If you do everything requested of you, you will be released when that time is up."

"And if I don't do what you ask?"

"Each infraction has a punishment that tacks on more time to your stay. I think, however, that you will want to do everything I ask of you. After all you want to grow bigger and that's what I want for you, too. There are a few rules you may balk at, but ultimately everything I do I am doing to help you become the man I know you want to be."

"You've got to be kidding me. Release me, now. This is insane!" Adam shouted.

"I can't release you even if I wanted to. I suggest you do what is asked of you. All you need to do is lift, eat, and sleep. Will that be so tough? You'll be able to watch any TV show or movie you like on the screen across from your bed. Unfortunately, I can't grant you access to the Internet as I don't want you raising a posse to come to your supposed rescue. This is what you asked for, after all."

"I didn't mean it literally," Adam sighed.

"Regardless, the decision is no longer yours. You will grow with my help. You will no longer need to worry about depriving yourself in order to maintain a single digit body fat percentage. I will determine how many calories you eat each day and how much weight you lift. I will also decide when you get sexual release. Missing any of these targets I set or pleasuring yourself without my consent will cause more time to be added to your stay. Would you care to hear what your life will consist of for the next few years? I think you will like it."

"Sure, what the hell," Adam replied resigned.

"Monday through Saturday, though really you will have to take my word that those are the current days of the week, you will rise at 8am for a large breakfast, have a morning workout, a large lunch, afternoon workout, followed by an

evening cardio swim, Jacuzzi soak, and massage. Then, a heavy dinner and lounging in bed watching entertainment of your choice before lights out at 10pm.”

“That doesn’t sound too bad. And Sunday?” Adam asked.

“Sundays you can sleep in until 10am, but from the moment you wake until the moment you fall asleep you will be eating. You can take the occasional brief swim break and one of your massage attendants will be available for your release in the evening before bed.”

“That’s a lot of eating, I’ll get obese. I didn’t want to get that fat when I said I was sick of maintaining my low body fat...” Adam pleaded.

“Firstly, you have no choice, so don’t bother thinking about it. Secondly, you will be lifting a bunch so you want get flabby. All of your caloric goals for the day will be posted on the screen above the banquet table. Additionally, there will be certain items that come out on red serving ware. You must consume all of those items and they don’t count towards your calorie goals. They are usually an offset for the calories burned during the day but they are entirely at my discretion. As you grow, I will be tweaking things as your body grows.”

“Above each of the alcoves on the West wall,” the voice continued, “you will be instructed on the number of reps you need to do of that exercise. You will do primarily lifts focused on strength and growth, but with a bit of shaping lifts thrown in as well. The weights will be adjusted automatically for you. To keep your mind off the details you will not be told any of your measurements (weight, body fat, muscle size, lift weights, etc.) until you are released. At the end you may see all pertinent data. Obviously, I can’t keep you from feeling how heavy you will be getting, but I am hoping that once you get past the initial shock you will enjoy the feeling. Due to the regimen, you may also find other changes occurring such as growing a bit taller or other changes. Do not be alarmed.”

“I wouldn’t mind being a bit taller, but what other changes?” Adam demanded.

“One last thing,” the voice continued without answering Adam, “once we commence with the first meal, I will no longer be able to communicate with you. Your attendants are sworn to silence, but can provide some human contact, but we want you to focus all of your thoughts on simply growing—eating, lifting, sleeping, growing bigger and stronger without distractions. Any last questions?”

“Are you kidding me? I have a ton of questions, but mostly I just want to be let go,” Adam pleaded.

“I’m sorry you feel that way, but I know you will be happy with the results and with that being said, let’s get to work.”

And then there was silence broken only by the whoosh of a panel at the left side of the banquet table. On the table, a large red ceramic pitcher, a platter of doughnuts, a pile of sausages, a mound of home fries, and what appeared to be a loaf of bread served up as French toast. Above the table, a large 4,000 and a 60 blinked to life.

Adam surveyed the table. Look at all those carbs, he thought, as he ran his hand across his washboard abs. Could he really give in and give up this 5’11”, 200 pound, 6% body fat body for whatever the stranger had in mind? Did it matter? He seemed to have no choice. But even if he gave into this, could he even do it? Four thousand calories was his normal *daily* intake. He didn’t know if he could eat that much in just one hour. And then there was the red required pitcher. How many calories was that?

Resigned, Adam sat down to start eating. Slowly he began putting a dent in the mounds of food on the table while washing it down with the thick shake from the pitcher. He was upset to discover that the calorie counter wasn’t counting down as he ate only the time ticked down.

“I thought you were monitoring my caloric intake,” he muttered into the silence.

He continued eating and slurping down the shake as the time ticked down. Unsure of whether he met the calorie count or not he started furtively stuffing doughnuts in his mouth as the last few minutes ticked away. As the last second ticked away, he finished the last of the shake and watched the screen anxiously. The sooner he was free of this place the sooner he could lose any weight he gained.

“Thank god,” Adam sighed relieved as the 4000 turned green and a checkmark appeared next to it. The conveyor belt whisked the remains away and the timer was reset to 60 minutes and the word “REST” appeared where the calorie count had been.

Adam stood up and couldn't believe how bowed and bloated his stomach was. His abs were pushed out further than even the biggest roid gut he'd ever seen. He headed to the patio and a lounge chair to let it digest.

Before he knew it, the buzzer was signaling that there was 2 minutes left of his rest period. He got up from the lounge and headed in towards the "gym" area. No weights were visible as the bars disappeared into the walls. Various benches, seats, pulleys, and racks were available as well as a pullup and situp location. As his rest period ended, numbers started lighting up above the various equipment. Surveying the numbers, apparently it was Chest Day. It also became apparent he was going to working out in nothing but his jock. No sneakers, no shorts or shirt, no straps or braces. Every ounce of power he put into the workouts was going to have to come from him.

Once he was lifting again and the endorphins started flowing he started to relax and almost accept what was happening to him. After two hours of near non-stop lifting, the sweat was pouring down his body and the pump was intense in his chest, dwarfing his still bloated belly. He took a quick jump in the shower and changed into a fresh jock just as the banquet table whooshed open, presenting another red pitcher and a tray of assorted sandwiches, and the number 2000 flashed on his screen.

God, I can't keep eating like this, Adam thought. I've already consumed a day's worth of calories and I still have lunch and dinner to go.

Thankfully, the pitcher did not appear to be another gainer shake but instead seemed to contain some form of energizing drink. Oddly, with the drink to aid him he found himself ravenously eating a dozen of the sandwiches mixing it up between turkey, bacon, and avocado; ham and Swiss; and roast beef with bleu cheese and baby spinach. As the buzzer rang, the 2000 turned green and he looked again like he was about to explode.

He once again adjourned to the lounge chair to digest. As he rubbed his stuffed belly, he was surprised to feel a bit of stirring in his jock. Can I do this, he asked himself. Can I really just eat and lift and grow and think of nothing else. Without realizing during his reverie one hand was roaming over his bloated belly and swollen pumped pecs and the other had fished his 8" member out of his jock and was stroking it. As thoughts of growth filled his mind, his stroking became more

intense until suddenly he came in a torrent that was accompanied not by a lovely afterglow, but by a loud buzzer. Adam jumped up to see what was going on, cum still dripping from his softening cock and running down his still bloated abs. Next to the hour countdown clock was the word "PENALTY."

"Aww, c'mon, ya gotta be kidding me," Adam yelled. Then he remembered what the strange voice had said, no release except on his say so. "I wonder how much time that added to my stay."

He still had a few more minutes of rest and digest time before his afternoon workout, so he decided to take a quick little shower to clean himself up. Soon, the buzzer rang and it was time for Legs. After two hours of intense leg workouts including more squats then he could count the buzzer chimed and he flopped down on a nearby lounge chair.

As soon as he was on the chair it started to move, lifting up and flattening out. Suddenly, he remembered what the stranger had said about massage. No sooner had he thought it than a hot little muscle twink appeared alongside the table holding a large red pitcher. He handed me the pitcher and gestured in what Adam understood to mean that the massage wouldn't start until I had finished it off. As he chugged he noticed his jock was stirring again. The masseuse noticed as well and wagged his finger no-no.

As Adam finished the last drop, the masseuse gestured for me to take off my jock and lay back on my back. He started to gently massage Adam's bloated belly and with each tender touch Adam's cock began to swell again. The masseuse began to stroke his cock. Adam moaned in pleasure. Suddenly, the masseuse released his cock and moved from his belly to begin massaging his pecs.

"Please," Adam moaned.

Again, the masseuse wagged his finger and pointed at the screen that still read "PENALTY." Adam understood then that edging was allowed, but release was not. Well, I guess I'm going to become a master of brinkmanship, Adam thought.

After a delicious hour of massage, Adam sprang from the table refreshed. He quickly snatched the twink masseuse up and pinned him to a wall and began making out with him and grinding on him as thanks. After a few glorious minutes of that, the twink vanished from his arms.

“Ah, well, I guess I’ll go for a swim and burn off at least some of these calories if I can’t fuck. Gotta do something with this energy,” Adam muttered to himself.

The dinner bell rang and Adam was surprised to discover he was hungry. As he headed to the banquet table, he groaned when he noticed the 6000 calories listed on the screen. He groaned a bit and then realized that the most delicious Italian feast was waiting for him. He scanned the table for any red dishes and was thankful to see that none were present. He began to dig into the mountain of pasta dishes, meatballs, sausages, garlic bread, and the many bottles of delicious red wine. As the hour rang off, he was quite stuffed and also quite a bit drunk as he realized he had downed three bottles of red wine. The 6000 was blinking green. Wait, what does blinking mean, Adam pondered.

At that moment, a red tray piled high with cannoli appeared. Adam drooled and groaned simultaneously. He glanced at the clock. No countdown appeared and Adam took that to mean he had to eat them all before bed. He grabbed the tray and bounded to the bed. As soon as he hopped on the bed, a large screen descended from the ceiling and the words “What would you like to watch” appeared on them. He opted for some frothy comedies as he snacked on cannoli after cannoli. Adam suddenly realized that he was still naked from the massage, he had never bothered to get dressed again.

“Hope you are enjoying the view,” Adam shouted into the silence.

Without realizing it, he had finished off the cannoli by the time the movie ended. He decided to take a quick dip in the Jacuzzi and then a brief shower before bed. As he lay in bed, he thought about the day. How many calories had he consumed? He knew it was at least 12000, but who knew how many were in the shakes and cannoli. Could he have eaten 20000 calories today? My god, he would get immense if he kept that up. But he was lifting heavy, so maybe it wasn’t that bad.

The first few days flew by and a routine was in place. When Adam awoke, he suddenly realized that today was Sunday. Adam stripped off his jock and took a quick dip in the pool. As he was getting out of the pool, he saw the banquet table fill up with loads of brunch foods. Adam nearly fell back into the pool when he saw the calorie count light up. 25000?!? He scanned the table for red dishes and saw only one pitcher. Deciding to rise to the challenge, he proudly strode naked to the table. Grabbed the pitcher and chugged it all down. With each chug, his cock

pulsed to life and he began stroking it as he chugged. As he chug the last bits down, he tossed the pitcher back on the table with a defiant flourish. Obviously, the stranger saw the challenge in Adam's eyes because within seconds the door was opening and a second red pitcher appeared.

"Fine, I get it. If I get too cocky you're going to make me rue it. How many calories are you making me consume that don't count towards my total, eh?" Adam muttered, knowing that the stranger could hear him.

He chugged the second pitcher and continued to edge himself and then sat down at the banquet and began eating with abandon. After a good long while and a large swath of destruction on the table, Adam adjourned to the lounge by the pool to digest a bit. The pitchers must have contained an appetite stimulant because within an hour he was hungry again and back at the table. Still naked, he stalked up and down the table snatching bits of food here and there and flexing his muscles and rubbing his belly. His arms looked huge. His belly was already starting to soften after just one week. Well six days in which he had consumed 18 days' worth of calories, Adam thought, so I guess the soft belly isn't unexpected.

All day, Adam ate and lounged, took dips in the pool and the Jacuzzi, jumped in bed with a platter of food and watched a movie or two. Around 8 that evening, he was woken up from a food coma to find the twink masseuse with a red pitcher in his hand. As Adam began chugging the pitcher, the twink knelt down and took Adam to the hilt in his mouth. Adam nearly choked at the unexpected move. Adam put his hand on the twink's head, the twink gave a thumbs up which told Adam that this was apparently an officially sanctioned release. He quickly finished off the rest of the pitcher and then signaled to the twink that he wanted something more. The twink stood up. Adam stripped the twink of his briefs and led him back to the bed. The twink knew what Adam wanted and quickly spread his legs. Adam quickly rammed his tool into the twink and began to go to town. Knowing now that it was another week before he would get release he kept bringing himself to the brink but not letting himself get release savoring the tightness of the twink's hot round bubble butt. After an hour or so of brinksmanship, the twink was whimpering with desire to feel Adam's by now huge load fill him to the max. Adam obliged him and let out the largest load of his life. Shortly before he passed out on top of the twink, something inside Adam broke and he gave himself fully to this experiment.

6 Months Later...

Another Sunday evening and Adam lay on the bed surrounded by the evidence of food destruction. Above the banquet table 40000 was glowing green as Adam rubbed his stuffed gut his cock at attention awaiting the arrival of his twink play toy. As if on cue, he was there. Three red pitchers in his hands. Adam leapt to his feet and realized that he much be a couple inches taller since the twink's head seemed to no longer be at eye level like it used to be but was closer to shoulder level. At this point, Adam took the opportunity to make some other comparisons with the twink. The twink was quite well muscled. Not as big as Adam had once been, but not that far off. Each of his legs was bigger than the twink's waist. His arms were bigger than the twink's legs. And well, Adam's gut was pretty big. The twink now had to work to wrap his arms around it.

The twink looked eagerly at Adam's cock and Adam signaled for him to go for it. Adam chugged the first of the three pitchers as the twink began to take his cock in his mouth. That must have grown as well as he wasn't able to quite as easily deep throat it as he once had. Once the third pitcher was down, Adam stripped the twink's briefs, then lifted him up by the waist and slowly lowered him onto his throbbing spit-slicked cock. As the twink slid onto his cock, Adam, feeling like he wanted to strut a bit, began to do air squats to show off how strong his legs and ass were. Adam carried the twink over to the bed and began giving him the deep drilling that he could see the twink desired. It had become common for the twink to spend the night impaled on Adam's semi-hard cock. Apparently, the stranger didn't mind so long as they were in bed by 10pm. The one time Adam had tested this, the twink had disappeared from off his cock without either of them getting release. Needless to say, Adam finished himself off and took the penalty (which was now only a penalty in that he wouldn't be able to unleash himself on the world as soon as he'd like).

12 Months Later....

Adam knew he was immense. Immensely strong, too. And immensely horny all the time. The stranger seemed to have noticed this and adjusted Sundays accordingly. Adam's capacity to gorge was now so huge that he needed assistance and just a couple hours of sex each Sunday night wasn't enough to drain his balls. So now, each Sunday morning he was greeted by his original twink and a second one. A different one each time. By now, the twink was at nipple level and Adam's

arms were as big as his waist. Adam's gut was now also so big and round that the twink was amazed. The gut was probably heavier than the twink was.

Apparently, the stranger had decided that it was time to really challenge Adam's capacity. The calorie count for the day was 200000. And each of the twinks had arrived with 4 pitchers each. Adam's nostrils flared. Ok, stranger, I will make your jaw drop, Adam thought. He chugged all 8 pitchers, belched and then sat down at the banquet table.

"Ok, twinks, here's what we're gonna do. You! Get on my cock. You stand behind me. Between the three of us, food should be entering my mouth at all times. 6 hands ferrying food into my gut. Now, go!" Adam demanded.

Ten hours later, Adam's balls and the banquet table were completely empty and the 200000 was glowing green. It took both of the twinks' help to get Adam to stand. Adam flopped onto the bed and suddenly 6 hands were giving his massive stuffed gut a rub down. Adam noticed the twinks' hard cocks and told them that since he was too stuffed to fuck them, he had an idea.

"You, new twink, you are gonna fuck original twink while he's bent over my massive gut." Adam stated matter of fact.

Original twink's nostrils flared a bit. Adam grabbed him and gave him a passionate kiss.

"Don't worry. You get what I know you have always wanted. To fuck my massive bubble butt." Adam decreed.

The twinks set to work with abandon and Adam just lay back and let them have their fun as he digested.

"What do you think of this, eh, Stranger?!?!?" Adam yelled out as he ass was filled with the twink's cum.

12 Months Later....

The twink woke Adam up from a deep sleep. The stranger had decided to meet the challenge in Adam's voice that night a year ago. The daily workouts were punishing and the calorie counts were just as intense. Adam didn't mind because

he knew he was positively massive now. His original twink's head now barely reached the top of the mound of his gut. His arms could no longer encircle him.

"Hi, Adam, I'm Ian," his original twink said.

"Wait, you can talk?" Adam asked quizzically sitting on the edge of the bed with his massive gut in his lap.

"Today's the day you go free."

Adam's ears perked up. He knew that voice.

"Wait a minute..."

"Yes, I am the guy who locked you in here. I have a feeling you no longer mind. Which do you want to do first-- to look in a mirror or hear your measurements?"

"Umm... mirror," Adam stammered.

And with that a mirror slid in where the movie screen normally appeared. Adam was astounded. He knew he was huge, massive really, but he couldn't believe how big he looked. He flexed and posed and ran his hands over every massive bulge and bump.

"You entered this vault 110 weeks ago at 5'11" and 200 pounds with 6% body fat and an 8" cock. Thanks to you rising to my challenge, you are now the massive man you see in the mirror."

"How much..." Adam sighed as if in a dream.

"6'8" tall. 560 pounds. 41% body fat and..." Ian said as he grabbed the rock hard cock under Adam's gut. "A 12" cock."

"Your calves are 28", quads are 42", waist 54", gut 68", chest 68", shoulders 76", neck 27" and biceps 32". For reference, I am 180 pounds at 5' 10" with a 30" waist. You are more than three times my weight. Your bicep is bigger than my waist. Your quads are almost as big as my shoulders. And you are carrying your old self's weight just in fat."

"How strong..." Adam asked again from contemplating his mass.

“You can bench press and squat a ton, literally. You can shoulder press and curl nearly half a ton. Frankly, you gave me a run for my money adjusting my equipment to be able to keep up with you.”

“So,” Ian asked, “are you happy I kidnapped you and took the decision out of your control?”

Adam issued a guttural roar and ripped the underwear right off Ian’s body and tossed him onto the bed. Within seconds he had pounced on Ian and was drilling his bubble butt bringing all 560 pounds to bear on him. Adam pumped load after load into Ian’s ass and as he emptied a week’s worth of built up cum into him.

“Hell yeah, I am happy and I can tell you are too. Now, how about we shoot for making me that 800 pound gorilla everyone talks about. And I’ve got this friend, Tim, who has wished he could surrender to the growth as well. Wanna bring him here and make him bigger too? Well, not as big as me. Maybe only 400 pounds? And I think you are gonna have to grow a bit too to keep up with my size as well. Did I mention, I’m making all the decisions from now on,” Adam growled. And with that he grabbed Ian and gave him a passionate kiss.