



MOBYJACK

Proud Gay Glutton & Gainer

The Battery

By MobyJack (aka Jayge75)

I first met Max when I went to the gym he'd inherited from his father in order to see about getting some personal training sessions. I was 6' 1" and sitting at about 275 pounds. I wasn't terribly unhappy at being a bear of a man, but I was looking to add more muscle to the mix. Max on the other hand was a hunk of an all American guy: 6'3", 220 pounds, probably about 20% body fat, dirty blond hair, and gorgeous blue eyes.

Max and I sat down in his office for a chat about my goals and the minutiae of available days and times. I made it perfectly clear that I had no intention of doing excessive cardio as I liked being a bigger guy and that all I wanted was to add lots of thick muscle. I thought I had seen a glimmer in Max's eye and slight smile cross his face, but I didn't put much stock in it. He was gorgeous and at least 5 years younger than I was. Even if he was gay, I figured, he wouldn't be interested in a fat guy like me.

I was a bit surprised when I showed up for my first session and Max was going to be my trainer. I had assumed he'd assign me to one of the trainers on his staff. I wasn't sure how I felt about it since I knew I found him attractive. It had the potential to be quite distracting, but hey who was I to say no.

We started seeing each other three times per week focusing each day on heavy compound lifts and free weight work. Squats, deadlifts, bench press, bent over rows all were part of our weekly routine. As I was heading out after showering, Max handed me a large smoothie and told me that a post-workout shake was part of the package. Having not eaten breakfast I was happy to suck down the thick shake as I made my way to the office as I was starving after each of our session. As the weeks went on I found myself hungry by 10am even after the shake and

had my assistant get me a Starbucks pastry and venti iced latte. I would head out at lunch time for a fairly hefty meal, and would have my assistant make another Starbucks run around 2:30. On workout days, my dinners were become quite large as well and all told between the caloric intake and the workouts I found myself hitting 300 on the scale within 6 weeks.

Max had taken notice of the gains as well and asked me about them. I reminded him that I always liked being a bear. I grimaced for a second after I let slip that word as I had always said big guy before to avoid any potential homophobia. Max smiled and agreed that I was turning into a nice bear of a man and then winked at me. Then he floated an idea that I would have never guessed. He asked if I would start coming to the gym an hour earlier, we'd workout and then could go grab some breakfast together at the diner down the street. Unsure if this was a date request or not, I was happy to spend more time with this gorgeous guy so I agreed. Then, testing my limits he asked if I wanted to up my training days to every weekday morning at no additional charge since he enjoyed seeing my progress and he didn't have any other clients anyway. I was sure now that this was a date pretense, so I agreed again. I let him take things at his own speed.

The following Monday marked the beginning of this new routine. Max punished my body from 6am to 7am. I hit the showers and Max met me in the locker room with the usual shake. I was a tad surprised since we were going to get breakfast, but Max insisted I drink the shake too. Dressed up in clothes that were showing my added weight, we head down the block to the diner. I ordered the big breakfast platter of pancakes, eggs, sausage, bacon, toast, and hash browns and Max, to my surprise, ordered the same. We chatted a bit as we waited for the food, normal small talk nothing major. Once the food arrived, Max had to hold up much of the conversation as I set into my breakfast with abandon. Max ate about a third of his by the time I had sopped up the last bits of egg and hash brown with the last bits of toast. He looked up at me as I finished and offered me the rest of his breakfast since he wasn't going to finish it. Reality dawned on me in that moment, not only was he a chaser, but he was a feeder. There still seemed to be some reticence on his part with being overt about it, so I thought that maybe, being younger, he was still closeted, so I didn't push it. I just went along for the ride.

Another month passed and I had replaced a 10am Starbucks run each day with one and two-thirds of a breakfast platter and gone from heavy dinners three nights a week to heavy dinners five nights a week. I had also replaced quite a bit of my clothing as I was now sitting around 350 pounds swelling to 360 when stuffed. My gut was nice and round and firm and my arms and chest were plump with muscle and fat. My continued growth had had an impact on Max and on Friday when I told him that I was sitting at 350 it was like his shell cracked. He invited me to come over to his place and spend the weekend with him. I was a bit worried about the sudden change from his reticence to this more aggressive stance, so I told him that I would come over that night prepared to stay, but that we'd have to do a bit of talking first. He smiled and said he understood. Little did I know what this momentous day would bring.

I packed a bag and headed over to Max's after work. He placed an order for pizza and we sat down with some beers to chat while we waited. Turns out he'd been in a relationship with a guy who had gained a bit of weight and freaked out about it even though Max was incredibly turned on by it. The guy after that had been a gold digger only looking to marry Max for his money. I hadn't even realized he had inherited anything more than just the gym, but turns out he had a trust fund in the tens of millions of dollars. He asked me how I felt about growing bigger and I said I loved it. I loved the feeling of my gut getting bigger and rounder as my shoulders, arms, pecs, ass, quads, and calves also bloomed with muscle. I asked him if he'd been deliberately trying to get me to gain weight since we met, and he confessed he had. He thought that if he just kept the relationship client-trainer than he would avoid potentially getting hurt as he'd had with the one boyfriend. I told him that so long as I was continuing to add muscle and that I didn't become completely immobile I was game for gaining as much weight as possible. His eyes lit up at that and just then the doorbell rang. Max opened the door and revealed to me a stack of 6 pizzas that were apparently slated for my gut.

He walked back into the living room and placed the stack on the coffee table. He must have seen the worry on my face because he laughed and said that I didn't have to eat them all, though he wanted me to eat as much as I could of everything he provided from now until Monday morning. I said I would try eyeing the prodigious pile of pizza. Hours later as I was working my way through the third pizza, Max helped me out of clothes until I was just in my CK boxer briefs. My legs were spread wide and starting to hurt from that morning's squats. My gut was

aching as well as it rested between my beefy thighs like an egg in an egg cup. Max began slowly massaging my swollen belly and I leaned my head back against the couch cushions and surrendered to his ministrations. After a few minutes I found another slice of pizza in my hand and to my astonishment I brought it to my mouth greedily. I was reveling in the gluttony, the hedonism, the sensuality. I came out of my reverie long enough to realize that Max had lost his clothes as well and was now kneeling between my legs. I stared in rapture as the muscles of his shoulders, arms, and chest rippled as he massaged my belly. He saw my gaze and flexed his bicep for me which I grabbed and brought to my lips so I could kiss and lick it. Resolutely, he drew his arm away and opened the fourth pizza box. I thought for sure there was no way I could eat any more. And then his lips touched my engorged cock while one of his hands massaged my belly and love handles and I decided then and there to do everything possible to please this man.

Slowly and deftly he pleased my cock. Slowly and deftly I snatched and devoured slice after slice of pizza. As I finished off the last piece of the fourth pizza and washed it down with the last of my beer, I came in a torrent which Max greedily swallowed. I lay back, arms flung wide, unable to move because of the amount of food stuffed in my gut in the past 5 hours. After nursing the last of my cum from my cock, Max began to tidy up, putting the remaining pizzas in the fridge. As he moved away from me, I had an excellent view of his beautiful bubble butt and thick thighs and calves as well as his broad shoulders and back. I longed to worship them as they deserved however there was no way I was moving for a good long time. On his way back to the living room, I got a good look at his long, thick cock as it bounced, semi-hard, from thigh to thigh. At that moment I cursed my overfed gut from preventing me from getting fucked by that beautiful tool. Instead, Max stood proudly between my legs, his luscious cock at full attention and began to jerk himself off, spraying his cum all over my huge gut. Without a word, I found my hands rubbing his cum into my gut.

After an hour or so of Max cuddling with me on the couch, caressing my swollen gut, nuzzling my ear and neck, massaging and suckling my plump pecs, and the like, I finally felt able to move. Max helped me up and we headed towards his bedroom. I noticed that he'd put the headboard legs up on some small risers. He said he'd remembered how I had mentioned I liked to use a wedge pillow to sleep after a good stuffing and he'd thought this would be better. Sitting back down on the edge of the bed, I realized just how stuffed I was as the solid mass of my gut

made itself known. I finally managed to maneuver my bulk into position, and Max climbed in beside me like a lithe jungle cat and snuggled up to my massive swelling body. He drew a light blanket over us and we were asleep in minutes.

Max woke me up several hours later with his lips on my cock once again. With a free hand he gestured to the night stand where a pitcher of a thick liquid sat. I understood immediately and began chugging the weight gainer shake. Once again, Max and I finished at the same time. This time, Max knelt between my spread legs and after a few minutes on his tool, sent another load onto the vast expanse of my belly. Again, instinctively, I rubbed his load all over my gut as if he were claiming it as his own. I told him that in the morning, I wanted him to make up a lot of the shake because I wanted him to feed it to me with a beer bong while he fucked me. His eyes lit up at the thought and we both fell back asleep.

Daylight was creeping through the curtains when I felt Max's lips on my cock for a third time. I immediately looked to the night stand (had he trained me that well in just one blow job?) but saw nothing there. He paused for a second and asked me how my belly was feeling. I told him it felt surprisingly empty. He smiled, winked, and informed me it wouldn't be that way much longer. He returned to his ministrations with one hand again rubbing my gut though more aggressively than the night before. Once I climaxed, Max raised his head again and told me that now it was his turn and I was going to get my wish. His muscles rippled as he hopped off the bed and ran to the kitchen. His round biceps flexed as he returned to the bedroom with a gallon jug of what looked to be weight gainer shake in each hand and a beer bong tucked under his arm.

He handed me the beer bong which I was to hold while he would pour as he fucked me. I wasn't sure this was going to work, but if it meant I got to watch all his muscle flex and strain AND feel his cock filling me, well I would give it a try. I loved looking at his torso: firm pecs, defined but not huge, a strong flat stomach with just the barest hint of definition and what could be obliques or could be love handles flanking it, sexy lats flaring from the sides as he held the jug aloft. I lifted and spread my legs as far I could to give my belly the most freedom to swell as it accepted the jugs contents. Carefully, Max began to enter me at the same moment that the contents of the jug began to flow into my mouth. I began to suck and swallow in time to his long lingering thrusts. Getting aroused as I imagined that each pump of his cock was making me fatter and fatter. Max was obviously a

master of brinkmanship and was not going to let himself climax until I had drank every last drop of the approximately 40,000 calories he'd brought to the bedroom. He paused as I finished gallon number one and reached for the second one. Once again, the rhythm of his thrust synched up with my swallows as I felt my gut growing rounder and tighter. At last, a glorious two hours after we started, I sucked down the last of the shake and Max picked up the pace and depth of his strokes. I could feel the nearly seismic sensation as my huge gut and its contents were buffeted back and forth. Finally, Max's muscle tensed in orgasm and an electric shock shot up my spine.

I milked the last of his seed from his cock and felt Max relax a bit. I wondered about the seeming static shock I had felt at the height of his orgasm and wanted to ask Max if he had felt anything, but Max did not seem ready to talk. In the contented silence, Max's belly grumbled and I realized the poor guy hadn't eaten anything yet today. I was about to say something to Max when he placed both his hands on my belly and started rubbing it gently. Immediately, I was starving. Something on my face must have registered, and Max gave me a quizzical look. I asked him if he was hungry, but he said he had been a moment ago but wasn't any longer. He said he actually felt refreshed and recharged when he'd felt hungry and spent a few moments ago. I told him about the electric shock I'd felt during his orgasm and asked if he'd felt anything. He said he hadn't but then again his mind was being blown by orgasm at that moment so he wasn't 100% sure. I had a feeling something weird was going on but needed more information, so instead I told him that he'd best head to the kitchen and get himself some breakfast and bring back those two pizzas from last night because I was starving.

After polishing off the pizzas, we lay in bed exploring each other's bodies for an hour or so. Then, we hit the shower together. Max had a gorgeous condo with a bathroom with a huge sunken tub and equally huge rainfall shower. After another hour or so of shower play in which Max and I explored every inch of each other's bodies, admittedly Max had the bigger job. We toweled off and Max gestured me up on the scale for a reading though he kept the readout a secret. Then he stepped up and I saw that he'd gained about 10 pounds since I met him, sitting at 230 with 19% body fat. We got out the tape measure and he proceeded to measure me: 54" chest, 58" gut, 46" waist, 21" biceps, 20" neck, 29" thighs, and 20" calves. He was sporting a 34" waist, 24" thighs, 18" biceps, 18" neck, and a 52" chest, not to mention that 9" x 7" cock. Once done measuring, I took the

opportunity to pin him to the wall with my massive gut and give him a passionate kiss in thanks for making me so big. I told him that I would grow as big as he wanted.

He marched me into the bedroom and turned around and removed some clothes from the closet. Obviously, he'd been planning his move for a while, because he had a jock, a nice pair of gym shorts, and a 3XL polo in his hands for me to put on. It was time to head out for lunch he told me. He slipped on his tightest pair of jeans and a t-shirt that clung to every bulge and we headed out towards the downtown shopping district. I asked where we were headed and he rattled off a list of places: Chipotle, Fuddruckers, Potbelly Sandwich, Cici's Pizza, Five Guys, and Ruby Tuesday. I thought he meant for me to choose which one I liked best and wanted to go to. Nope. We were hitting them all. At each stop he ordered for me and I dutifully ate whatever was put in front of me. A burrito with everything, and I do mean everything, from Chipotle and a large coke. Done. A ½ pound burger with the works, an order of fries, and a shake from Fuddruckers. Done. A Big The Works from Potbelly, a cookie, and a large coke. Done. An hour of near non-stop eating from the pizza buffet at Cici's. Done. By this point the 3X polo was beginning to rise up and it was quite obvious from the bulge in Max's tight jeans that he was incredibly aroused. As we walked to Five Guys, my stomach feeling packed to its limits, I heard Max's stomach grumble again. I told him that he really should eat himself because I didn't want him wasting away on me. He grabbed me for a quick kiss and ran his hands up under my polo and rubbed my swollen gut and said he would get something at Five Guys but that though he'd been hungry a moment before he wasn't really right now. I, on the other hand, was now starving again. The rest of the walk to Five Guys, Max seemed practically giddy and bouncy with all sorts of energy. At Five Guys, I slaked my hunger, actually at this point I was fairly certain, though I didn't know how or why, that it was in fact Max's hunger I was slaking, with two burgers, a large fry, and a couple large root beers. Max, at my insistence, grabbed a little hamburger and a small fry of his own. As we left Five Guys, the sun was beginning to set and we Max announced it was time for dinner. Off we strolled to Ruby Tuesday.

Max hit the salad bar while ordering two appetizers "to share" and two entrees one of which was ostensibly his but I new good and well that it was going to be ending up on my side of the table. After all of that was devoured and a good 8 inches of bare belly was sticking out below my polo's hem, he ordered two

desserts to top it off. To his credit, he did at least eat half of his before sending it my way, but only because he wanted me to save room for the cheesecake waiting for us at home. I simultaneously groaned in agony and moaned in ecstasy which set Max to smiling. I couldn't say no to that beautiful face and those gorgeous blue eyes.

We slowly made our way home; the cool night breeze caressing my exposed underbelly. One hand resting on the shelf of my gut, the other wrapped around Max's slim waist.

Within moments of being inside the condo, Max had lifted the polo over my head exposing my immense gut and yanked my shorts down for me to step out of as I kicked my shoes off. I returned the favor by peeling his skin tight shirt off and unbuttoning his jeans. He would have to peel those off himself since I could barely bend down. Standing in nothing but our jocks in the foyer we began making out. Max hopped up and wrapped his muscular legs around my waist and I carried him to the living room. He hopped off and grudgingly made his way to the kitchen while I awkwardly seated myself on the couch. Max returned cheesecake in hand and I began to salivate. It was a Strawberry Shortcake Cheesecake from Juniors: my weakness. Max set the cake plate down on the shelf of my belly, handed me a fork, spread my legs wide and began to work my cock as I started to chow down on this cheesecake. A third of the way through, I asked Max to pause and get me some milk to help wash it down. He came back grinning with a gallon of whole milk in his hand. I understood immediately that all of that was to go down my gullet. Once again, he returned to his ministrations. One hand was fondling and caressing my gut and love handles careful not to upset the cake. I ate and ate and washed it down with gulps from the milk. Two hours later it was all gone and my gut was bloated larger than I had ever seen it before even including last night.

Max helped me up and with one arm around my massive ass and the other gently rubbing the front of my gut he helped me get to the bedroom. After a little time letting the cheesecake stuffed belly settle in at the new location, I gave Max a wink and a nod and he was in me within seconds. Going slow so as not to upset my swollen gut, he thrust and pumped as we stared into each other's eyes. Mine admiring the ripple and play of his musculature. His admiring the jiggle and thump of my swollen gut. As climaxed, he collapsed a bit, exhausted, and steadied himself with both hands on my gut. Suddenly I could feel him hardening again

inside me. I asked if everything was ok and he replied that he felt renewed and reenergized. I thought to myself finally we can do some empirical testing. As he climaxed for the second time, I told him not to move. He complied and I asked how he felt. He said he felt spent and sleepy. I asked him to cautiously place one hand on my belly and rub it. He did so. I asked if he felt any different. He shook his head. Now put the other hand on my belly. I could see immediately in his eyes and feel inside me that he was perking back up. A confused look crossed his face but I told him that we'd talk about when he was done pleasuring himself a third time.

After the third orgasm of the evening, he lay down next to me careful to only use one hand at a time to caress me and asked me what the heck was happening. I told him I wasn't sure, but that twice his stomach had grumbled and twice he'd touched my belly and seemingly given that hunger to me even though both times I was stuffed and sated to the utmost. I went on to say that both those times you had seemed peppier after the touch and it was obviously by your two extra rounds of sex tonight that touching my gut with both hands reenergized you somehow. We both were unsure how this could be happening but we were happy with the results.

Sunday morning dawned and I told Max that though I loved him, I needed to take it a little easier on the stomach today. Easier was still huge by most humans' standards. Max made sure to not neglect himself so as to not transfer his hunger to me. Though we did take advantage of the energizing to allow Max to reach 8 orgasms that day. I loved nothing more than seeing my man's O-face well except maybe seeing the O-face over a hugely stuffed mountain of gut.

That night as we lay in bed contemplating whether Max wanted a ninth, Max made me an offer I couldn't refuse: quit my job, move in with him, expand our morning training/feeding sessions, and see what happens with this weird little side effect. After all he had his multi-million dollar trust fund and with my savings neither of us needed to work. I told him let's sleep on it and make the decision in the morning though I had every intention of accepting.

We awoke at 5:30 Monday morning and immediately headed for the bathroom and the scale. I stepped on and Max triumphantly announced that I was 362 pounds. I had gained 12 pounds in 3 days. I turned to kiss him and asked him if he was still serious about the offer. He said he was and I agreed though I told him that a weekend like the last one wasn't to be the norm. I would continue to grow

but that I wanted to do things other than just eat non-stop. Also, the workouts were to continue unabated, I wanted to be a huge muscle bear. Then, on a whim, I asked him to step on the scale. It still read 230 but only 17% body fat. Could have been within the margin of error, or could have been that I was literally eating for him instead this weekend.

That first week after the discovery was spent quitting my job, closing up my apartment, working out, eating, and hitting the sheets with Max. At the end of it, I was 368 pounds. Nearly a pound a day.

The following week was spent setting up some necessities for our expected living situation. A new reinforced bed was ordered. A concierge tailor and personal chef were hired; the latter always trying to make sure the former had plenty of new business. At the end of it, I was 375 pounds and decked out in clothes that showed off every ounce. Surprisingly Max, was weighing in at 235 and 15% body fat. It seemed with the extra energy boosts I was giving him that his body was able to turn all consumed calories into muscle.

The third week after our discovery was the first real week that we could put a routine into play. Max had changed the hours at the gym to opening at 8am so we'd have the gym to ourselves in the morning. His most trusted personal trainer was the only one allowed in beforehand and that was because Max would need a spot. From 6 to 7, Max would put me through my paces with the heavy lifts. Afterwards, I would plop myself down on an incline bench with a weight gain shake, a stack of boxes of pastries and breakfast sandwiches that our chef had made, and a gallon of whole milk and watch as a shirtless Max was put through his paces by his trainer. Midway through as my eating slowed and his stomach growled, he'd come spend 5 minutes rubbing my gut. My appetite would return and his energy levels would soar. Right at 8, we'd both head to the showers together. Thankfully, we discovered that soapy water insulated us from whatever the effect was, so I could get a good rubdown of my distended belly without fear of becoming ravenous again.

Some days we'd spend all day at the gym which soon through word of mouth became something of a bear and chaser gym. Probably because we delighted in going to Bear Happy Hour and showing off our disparate physiques. Other days we would leave the gym to the assistants and head home for some afternoon delight or a midday binge. Weekends were spent alternately hiking or lounging around

the condo. In the summer, we'd head up to the roof pool and sunbathe. Max enjoyed spreading lotion all over my immense bulk, and I enjoyed working it into all the rapidly developing creases and crevices of his ripped body.

Six month after the discovery and nearly a year since we'd first met, I was weighing in at an astounding 475 pounds with a 64" chest, 70" gut, 56" waist, 34" thighs, 23" neck, 25" biceps, and 24" calves. Max had blossomed into a 275 pound man with 8% body fat. His waist was 33", biceps 23", neck 20", chest 60" thighs 30", and calves 21". We both had our eyes set on the same goal 300 for Max and twice that for me. Though I told him, he'd have to start eating more because I didn't want him to go lower than 8% body fat, but even without his hunger added to my own, my capacity was such that I was putting away at minimum more than 5 average men ate in a day. Unsurprisingly, the bigger I grew, the bigger jolt of energy Max would get.

The day I hit 500 pounds also happened to be my 40th birthday and Max had a surprise for me. He fired up the 72" LCD TV (was my gut really THAT big around now? Was it really gonna get even bigger?) and popped a disc in the player. He ran to the kitchen and returned with not one but two Juniors Strawberry Shortcake Cheesecakes, my favorite he knew, and turned towards me. He confessed that unbeknownst to me he had cameras in both the gym and the condo that he'd been using to follow my progress. He pressed play and I watched as a deft editing hand showed my progress from 275 to 500 in a shower scene at the gym. Starting with me solo soaping up my gut, I slowly swelled larger and larger until around 350 Max joined me in the shower to help wash down my massive bulk. Through impeccable timing and edits it looked like I gained 225 pounds all in the span of a 15 minute shower. I nearly creamed my shorts right there. Max must have sensed it because as he replaced the first empty cheesecake plate with the second he hit play on the second scene.

I stared in rapt attention, fork on autopilot, and watched as a sex scene out of my wildest fantasies played out before my eyes. Slowly, through the course of a long, luxurious fuck Max transformed from a 230 pound boy next door to a 290 pound muscle god all the while seemingly inflating my massive bulk with the force of his pumping hips.

I finished the last of the cheesecake, grabbed the gallon and polished it off, turned to Max kissed him and asked him to add more footage for the film by ravishing me

over and over until he couldn't anymore even with my energy boost. When he was done and curled up against my massive bulk, I whispered in his ear that his birthday was in just 4 months and that I wanted to be 600 by then so we could do an updated version of the video and then release it online. Max kissed me passionately and then asked me what happens after that. Seven hundred fifty seems the next logical goal for me if he was still game and would still love me at that size. Before the sentence was finished, he was on top of me again and I watched as my beautiful muscle god of a lover climaxed again. Collapsing on top of me, he whispered, "I will always love you."