



# MOBYJACK

## Proud Gay Glutton & Gainer

# The Chair

*By MobyJack (aka Jayge75)*

*A long time ago:*

“I’m sorry, great Lord, but I cannot tell you what you want to hear. You are Male Beauty Incarnate, but also the God of Truth, I could not, nor cannot, lie to you. I prefer my lovers to be bigger and beefier like the great Lord of Smiths,” the young man said.

“You refuse to bend to my will, then SO BE IT...” a voice booms.

*Present day:*

“Welcome to Reincarnations Secondhand Furniture, how can I help you out, big guy” asked the clerk from the storefront’s window.

Ian, a thickly built ginger stud, whirled around as he entered the store. “Sorry, I didn’t see you there. I’m looking for a new living room chair.”

“What kinda chair you lookin’ for?”

“Well, almost every day after work I hit the gym hard...” Ian started.

“I can see that. You don’t mind me asking... what do you weigh? Professional inquiry only. Gotta be sure anything I sell you can hold you. Guessing you’re not looking for a Louis Quinze chair to hold you up,” rambled the clerk.

“I’m 6’3”, 240, but growing bigger as best I can. Not sure what a ‘looey cans’ is, but I’m definitely looking for something a little more modern and comfy that I can

relax in after my long work days and workouts,” Ian offered. “Something a bit like that one over there,” he said pointing out a chair that was practically the size of a loveseat. High backed and covered in a plush suede-like material. Ian bounded towards it nearly tripping into its soft confines thanks to the matching ottoman he hadn’t noticed.

Correcting his balance, he stepped around the ottoman to take a seat in the chair. Resting his thickly muscled arms along the soft arms of the chair, he rested his head gently against the plush back and lifted his still slightly workout-sore legs up onto the ottoman. Just as the last bit of his beefy body’s weight was accepted by the chair, Ian felt a slight frisson and an image flashed across his mind of a lightly bearded face with one green eye and one blue.

“Hey! Is this a massage chair,” Ian yelled to the clerk.

“No, why?”

“Nothing, thought I felt it vibrate a bit when I got comfy in it. Probably just my imagination, still kinda a little beat from my workout and starving,” Ian replied.

“How much?”

“\$500 for the chair,” the clerk answered.

“And for both the chair and the ottoman?”

“Hmm, I’ve not got much else that it’ll match anyway, so I’ll throw it in for free. Looks like it was practically built for you. You look so comfy and there’s plenty of room for you to grow since you mentioned that was your plan. It’s well built. Mid-century design using reclaimed wood. A nice sturdy oak that should hold up well to any punishment you can dish out,” the clerk meandered on as he completed the sale. “You need help getting this back to your place? We do deliver, ya know.”

“Nah, I’ll just carry it out to my truck out there. Today was a leg day, so that’ll give me a little back and arms workout, too. Might need you to hold the door, though.”

Ian walked over, squatted down, and grabbed the bottom of the chair. Standing upright he grunted under the surprising weight. He also felt another slight frisson that he chalked up to workout fatigue. Two trips and he had the chair and ottoman loaded into the back of his pickup for the short trip home.

On the way home, out of the blue, he decided to stop off at the 7-11 and pick up some snacks. He'd never been on a particularly strict diet but he chalked it up to hunger. Back in the truck, he made a quick call to the local pizza place for a take-out order of a large meat-lover's pizza and an order of breadsticks. Placing the pizza on the passenger seat, he swung back up into his truck and was on his way. By the time he got home he was surprised to discover that he'd eaten all the breadsticks and already downed a slice of the pizza.

The edge of hunger off, he left the pizza and snacks in the car and began manhandling the chair and ottoman into the house. Finding the perfect place in front of the TV, he set the chair and ottoman down. Running a hand along the soft suede, his stomach rumbled and he remembered his food. Rushing out to the truck, he grabbed his pizza and sack of snacks and bounded back into the house. Setting the food down on the ottoman as he kicked off his sneakers, shucked his jeans and polo, grabbed the remote and turned the TV on, and flopped down into the chair. Grabbing the pizza box and the six pack of coke, he set to eating. Or more precisely gorging. In something of a daze, he ate slice after slice of pizza, guzzling down the cokes, then once the box was empty swapping to the snacks: a family-sized pack of Sara Lee cheese danishes. Full and incredibly bloated, he ran his hand up under his wifebeater to rub his belly. As his finger traced lazy circles through his ginger fur, he drifted off for a bit with the TV on.

Images flashed through his mind as he slept. A beautiful, lithe young man with light brown hair skinny-dipping in a river. A bright light. The same river but with a young oak sapling on the bank, its green leaves reflected in the blue water. Then a flash of that face again. Perfect features. A slight, scruffy beard. And then the flash of beautiful eyes: one green as the leaves on the tree, one blue as the sky reflected on the river's surface.

With a start, Ian woke to the sounds of C+C Music Factory's Gonna Make You Sweat. It was his little double joke of a ringtone for his friend and personal trainer, Connor Chase. "Hey, Conn! What's up?"

"Just calling to see how the furniture shopping worked out," Connor replied.

"Good, I'm breaking it in now."

"Let me guess. Undies and wifebeater, eh?"

"Hehe. You know me too well. Yeah, it's nice, brown suede-like material, roomy, matching ottoman, and so comfortable. I even dozed off a bit already. Though that was likely helped by the exhaustion from your workout this afternoon and the food coma from the... OH MY GOD!"

"What? What is it?" Connor asked.

"Sorry, Conn, nothing bad. I just looked at everything I ate tonight. I was so hungry by the time I got home that I must have zoned out and just eaten mindlessly. Looks like I ate an entire meat-lover's from Donnagio's, breadsticks, a six-pack of coke, and what looks like 12 Sara Lee cheese danishes. No wonder I sacked out."

"Damn, man, as a personal trainer I should yell at you, but I know how much you want to grow bigger, and well... big guys have gotta eat to get big. It's not like you have been the daintiest of eaters normally anyway."

"Yeah, but I don't want to get obese...." Ian trailed off.

"Don't worry, stud. I won't let you. Speaking of, my client at 4 cancelled for tomorrow. Let's meet then and I'll give you a free double session to use all those calories," Connor offered.

"Sounds good. I'll see you then. Gonna take my lard-ass up to bed," Ian laughed.

"See you tomorrow, big guy. Don't forget, trivia tomorrow night too. Pump your muscles then flex your brain!"

Friday nights, he and Connor would grab a big dinner then head out to the local gay bar's trivia with their mutual friends. That's how they'd met. Connor, a

tanned, blond, blue-eyed twink, was a friend of a friend of Ian's. One night at trivia they'd gotten to chatting. Since Ian could tell his body was ripped under the tight polos he wore he figured they had a common love of the gym. Connor told him about how he was a personal trainer. Ian confessed that he had hit a plateau in his growth that he just couldn't seem to push past 200. Connor suggested they start working out together (on and off the payroll) to see if he could help. The 40 pounds of muscled beef he'd packed on since that fateful night showed he was quite the help. It also became clear to Ian that the 5'8" 175 pound muscle-twink had a crush on him making him the envy of the entire gay population. But after a brief dalliance one weekend, they'd come to the conclusion that they were better off friends.

Months passed and Ian fell into a routine. Up for work early for his job as the on-site architect for a huge new development being built in the city center. Being a big guy definitely helped him fit in with the blue collar crowd at the site. Off at three, followed by a couple hours at the gym with Connor (sometimes as his trainer, sometimes just as workout buddies). The occasional quick stop for some food with Connor. Then home to his TV, his laptop, and his oh-so-comfy chair. And snacks. Oh, the snacks.

Shucking his shirt and grabbing a towel as he walked into the locker room with Connor a step ahead of him, Ian grunted heavily.

"Damn, Conn, you really pushed me to the limits today. Just taking off my shirt was an effort. My arms and shoulders just do not want to do anything right now. "

"Holy shit!" Connor exclaimed.

"What?"

"It's just that ever since I picked up that new client at 6 a couple months ago, we've not been in the locker room together. So I haven't seen just how big you've gotten. I mean I could see through your workout clothes you were getting bigger. But it's a whole other thing in the flesh." Connor answered. "How big are you now, ya big ox?"

“Dunno. Haven’t checked.”

“Strip and get on the scale, mister, while I go get the tape.” Connor barked.

“Sir, yes, sir” Ian replied. Ian always teased Connor when he got into drill sergeant role with him. Other clients that was fine, but they knew each other too well for that tone to work with him.

Connor returned tape in hand, and gestured to the scale. Ian dropped the towel, reminding Connor of just how big Ian was everywhere and stepped on the scale.

“Let’s see...” Connor muttered, “250... nope. 260... uh uh... 270... damn still not enough. 280... close... 282. Damn, man, last time we talked weight you were 240, right? So that’s 42 pounds in just over two months. And look at this gut. All that ab work for naught.”

“Not for naught. Feel it,” Ian said as he grabbed Connor’s hand and put it against his stomach. “It’s pretty solid under there. You know I’ve never wanted the 8-pack, I leave that to you.”

“But, still what have you been doing? You’re not on the junk are you?” Connor asked.

“No... no... this is just all good, wholesome food. And apparently lots of it.” Ian said.

“What do you mean ‘apparently’?”

“Well, ok, lately, especially since you got that new client and we’ve not been leaving the gym together and grabbing a bite, I’ve taken to stopping for food on the way home. Usually, a fairly significant meal, but...”

“But?”

“I’ll get home, eat my dinner, and drift off to sleep in my new chair...”

“In your undies and wifebeater, I’m sure.” Connor interrupted.

“Yeah. You really like that image of me don’t you, Conn?”

“Yeah, I do. It’s one of my fondest memories from our torrid weekend affair,” Connor lasciviously replied.

“Aww. Glad you liked. Bet you’d like to see me now, even more, but anyway...I drift off in a food coma in my chair, I have these wonderful dreams, but when I wake up. I’ve ‘apparently’ ordered in take-out: sometimes pizzas, sometimes pasta, Chinese, Mexican, etc. Mostly pizza. Large Donnagio’s meat-lover’s. At least I’m getting my protein. Anyway, all that take-out is eaten and usually some sort of big dessert too.”

“Take last Friday night. You remember you met me at trivia, so I ate dinner on my own. Two extra-large Big Mac meals. Then, at trivia I had six or seven beers as well as quesadillas and most of your fries. BTW, given that I know you don’t eat that many carbs so you can maintain your abs, that ploy of yours has been pretty transparent from the get-go...”

“Sorry, you caught me... what can I say, I like big guys,” Connor replied sheepishly.

“Hey, I’m not gonna turn down free fries, so keep it up, but that wasn’t the end of that night. After we left trivia triumphant as usual, I was a little tipsy and stopped off at 7-11 for a pint of Ben & Jerry’s. Got home, shucked my shoes and clothes, and plopped down in my chair to eat the ice cream. It was around 11, so I flipped on the TV and then....”

“And then?”

“I had another of the most marvelous dreams. This beautiful man massaging and caressing every part of my body. “

“A sex dream? Aren’t you a little old for wet dreams?” Connor asked.

“It wasn’t sexual as much as sensual. I remember feeling perfectly content and comfortable even though I was outdoors naked on a riverbank. There was a picnic laid out and the young man, maybe 5’ 6” 125 pounds if that, lean, lithe, lightly furred with light brown hair, delighted in feeding me from the picnic basket, anything I wanted. Then came the massages and the caresses, and me falling asleep on the riverbank with my arms wrapped around his tiny, by comparison,

body. I mean I am twice as big as this guy practically. Anyway, I wake up, and there's the box from a pizza and the box from an order of breadsticks and what looks like a box that was likely filled with a dozen of Donnagio's cannolis. Sitting upright to survey the damage I feel just how bloated my stomach is, and to be honest, I don't dislike that feeling."

"Sounds like you're sleep eating there, big guy. Gotta say, it's looking great on you, and while I don't mind the view, I might suggest we hit the showers since a) you're still naked and b) recounting that story was obviously a little more sexual than you thought," Connor said pointing out the rock hard and rather prominent erection Ian was sporting while trying his damndest to hide his own.

"Yeah, let's hit the showers, and then get some food. I'm starving after all that."

"I'll bet you are, stud." Connor retorted.

They showered, changed, and hopped in their cars. Given both of their arousals, they decided to hit the all-you-can-eat buffet. Connor really wanted to see Ian chow down. To his dismay, Ian ate only three platefuls, admittedly heavily-laden plates, and one dessert before calling it quits.

"After what you described, that's all you're gonna eat?" Connor asked.

"Well, I left out one thing. You know how you said it might be sleep-eating? I don't think it's that... exactly."

"What do you mean?"

"Well it's gonna sound odd, but I think it has to do with the chair I bought?"

"The chair? Ya know as a personal trainer I've heard my fair share of excuses in my time, but I think 'the chair made me do it' takes the proverbial cake."

"Wait, I know it sounds weird, but hear me out. First, the dreams only started happening when I bought the chair, and only seem to happen when I'm sleeping in the chair."



“You sure that you’re not just sublimating whatever is on TV into your dreams? What are you watching? Wait, let me guess, Food Network?”

“Yeah, but neither Mario Batali, Bobby Flay, Guy Fieri, nor Ted Allen is a slim man of 5’ 6”. The closest to that is Giada and,” he shuddered “Rachael Ray. Ok, the dreams could be me sublimating, but do you think the eating could be triggered by that too? ‘Cause here’s the second weird thing. As we were driving over here, I checked my bank account on my phone. Remember that day three weeks ago when I had the allergy attack and had to skip our workout? That day I went home, took some meds, and straight to bed. Never stopped in the living room. No charge. That night two weeks ago where we won the team name challenge for trivia and got the bucket of beer for the team, but Mike and Matt had to leave and you and I, already drunk, couldn’t waste the alcohol? Straight to bed, no charge. Looking back the two-plus months since I bought the chair, anytime I went straight to bed no charge. And I never did this before then. Sure, I might get a pint o’ B&J after trivia every now and then, but nothing to this degree. Don’t get me wrong, I’m loving what it’s doing to my body, but it is weird. And it’s kinda nice to be sharing it with somebody.”

“Dude, you know you can tell me anything anytime. I admit this is a little weird though, but I’ve got an idea.” Connor offered.

“What strap me down? You’d like that...”

“No, you had your chance for that big guy,” Connor said sticking his tongue out at his friend. “A stakeout.”

“A stakeout?”

“Yeah, tonight, I’ll \*gasp\* stay sober at trivia and drive you home. I’ll wait in my car and see if the pizza guy comes by. I’ll grill him a little bit and see what you do.”

“Ok, but... umm... don’t wake me up. As I said, I like what all those calories are doing to my body.” Ian blushed.

Later that evening, a tipsy Ian stumbled his way to his front door. They had stopped off at 7-11 for the usual pint of ice cream to ensure that Ian would plop

down in the chair. Connor waited in his car across the street. Sure enough, 40 minutes later, the Donnagio's delivery car pulled up. Connor watched as the delivery man rang the doorbell of Ian's townhouse. He got a surprise when a slim man in a towel answered the door and a second surprise when he saw what the delivery man had brought: 3 pizzas! As the rowhouse door closed, Connor hopped out of his car to chat with the delivery guy. Thankfully the delivery guy knew him (from his occasional weekend carb binges), so he wasn't freaked out.

"Strange question, but have you delivered to the guy you just delivered to often?" Connor asked.

"Only started recently. Used to be the big guy who lives there who would answer the door. Sometimes in his underwear looking half asleep. About three weeks ago, this guy started answering the door. Nice enough guy, a little stingier on the tips than the other guy, but I think he's foreign. He's got a little bit of an accent. "

"Hmm. Thanks for the info. Have a good night." Connor said as he ushered him on his way. He was intrigued and wanted very much to go peek in the window to see what was going on. Interest overcame common sense and he crept to the window where he got the third surprise of the evening.

Sitting naked in the chair, legs propped up on the ottoman was Ian. His beefy arms lay across the plush sides of the chair. His head rested gently against the high back. Kneeling straddling his bulging quads was the guy from the door. Also, obviously naked. Also, as obviously, feeding Ian slice after slice of pizza. Connor watched amazed as slowly but surely, the lithe young man got Ian to eat all three pizzas. Then, licking the bits of sauce and meat that missed their mark off his body. He kissed Ian passionately, then began kissing his way down his chest and extremely bloated belly. He paused for a good long time to massage that beautiful belly. Even Connor was mesmerized by the size of it. Then, with a deft little twist and push, he'd move the ottoman out of the way and spread Ian's legs allowing him full access to Ian's engorged manhood. The man went to town on Ian's cock with abandon. He couldn't believe that someone that small could handle such a big meat. He remembered his own struggles to take it all during

their brief dalliance. Suddenly, anger flared in Connor.

“That dick,” he thought, “ he made up that whole story about the chair leading to the gains to hide the fact that he’s got himself a little boy toy who likes to feed him up. He could have just told me he had a boyfriend. The jerk. “

His reverie was interrupted as he heard the moan of pleasure coming from Ian’s lips as the man finished his task. His eyes were drawn back to the scene and he watched as the man pushed the ottoman back into place and lifted each of Ian’s big legs back onto it.,

“Damn those quads look huge from this angle,” Connor thought.

Then, gently, and carefully, the man curled up next to the sleeping giant, took one of his arms and lovingly draped it across his lithe body, and disappeared.

Connor rubbed his eyes. Where a man had been a mere moment before, nothing remained. Quickly, he ran to the door and started knocking loudly. After a minute or so he heard a “Whoa!” from inside and a “Coming.”

The door opened, and a practically pregnant looking Ian stood framed by the light. “Connor, what are you doing here?”

“Where is he?” Connor asked hurriedly pushing past Ian. Not enjoying pushing past that bloated belly.

“Where’s who? I was asleep.”

“There was a guy here a minute ago, I swear. Short, lithe, light brown hair....”

“One green eye, one blue?” Ian asked excitedly.

“I dunno, I couldn’t see his eyes from outside. Maybe.”

“There’s no one here. You sure you saw what you saw.”

“Yeah. He answered the door for the pizza guy. He was wearing a towel. I think. Something white wrapped around him. Maybe a robe. Pizza guy says he’s been

answering the orders for the past three weeks or so. Has a slight accent he said. I could maybe have dozed off and dreamed a disappearing guy, but a conversation with the pizza guy, too?"

"Hmm. Well at least we know there is something weird going on. So long as it keeps me on track to becoming a muscle bear extraordinaire, I'm just gonna go with the flow. "

A month after that fateful night, Ian and Connor were in the locker room on another Friday afternoon. It had now become part of the tradition to weigh Ian each Friday, before the now incredible 4 pizza late-night gorge. Both Ian and Connor were pleased with whatever it was that was happening. Last week Ian had broken the 300 pound mark and was feeling stronger than ever. Connor had agreed to comp all his workout sessions so that he could better afford the increasing food bill as well as the increased cost of new clothing.

"Strip and get on the scale, mister" Connor said with his traditional bark.

"Sir, yes, sir." Ian gave his traditional reply.

"305... nope. 310... uh uh... hot damn, 315, nearly two pounds a day since last week! Congrats!"

"Thanks, man, I'm loving this feeling. Another couple weeks and I'm gonna be twice the man you are when I crush that 350 pound barrier."

"Stop saying that man, you know how it turns me on. And we can't have you cheating on the mystery man or making him jealous or he'll stop helping you grow. Any new insights on that front?"

"Not really, only that the dreams are starting to feel more real to me. And even though we've never exchanged a word, I really wish he *\*were\** real. I love the way he makes me feel both physically and mentally. Sorry, I know this is kinda tough for you to hear."

"No problem, stud, I know you and I will never be an item. Just so long as you don't mind me flirting and feeling you up occasionally, we're good."

“Feel away. I’m not growing this big just to be ignored.”

“I’m just kinda bummed for you that this guy isn’t real. You deserve happiness. Not to mention, if this is what he can do to you when he isn’t real, imagine what he could do to you if he were here 24/7.”

“Mmmm. Yeah... hadn’t thought about that... umm, let’s go eat and kick some trivia ass. It’s either that or jerk off and I don’t want to get you in trouble at work.” Ian winked.

Later that evening, a tipsy Ian flopped down into the chair. As soon as his body made contact with the chair, his stomach growled loudly and he felt that same vibration he’d felt the first day, only much stronger.

“Either you are vibrating from the strain of holding me up, or you’re really liking my bigger body,” Ian said to the empty room. “Look at me, I’m talking to a chair. I wish you could talk back,” and with that he yawned and starting drifting off.

With a start he woke up. Something was different. There was a warmth against his side. He looked down and saw the top of a head covered in light brown hair. “Am I still dreaming?” he wondered aloud. “Who are you?”

“I don’t know if you’re still dreaming, for both our sakes I hope not, but the other answer is simple. My name is Jax,” the beautiful young man said, an odd cadence to his speech.

“Ok, Jax, maybe I should have asked more precisely, what are you?”

“I was a man just like you. Well, not \*just\* like you, big guy, eh? From the feel of you, you’re rapidly approaching being three times the man I am,” Jax said with a lustful surveying look.

“Was’ a man? What are you now?”

“I think you know, but I’m the chair. Well, the chair’s frame. It’s made of my wood.”

“Wait, what? Wood? Are you some sort of reverse Pinocchio?”

“No, no Pinocchio here. No Blue Fairy, the only fairies here are the two of us,” Jax laughed. “How much Greek mythology do you know?”

“A fair amount. I’m an architect so I’ve studied Greek and Roman architecture a lot and through that gained a small interest in it.”

“Then, I’m sure you know that the Gods had a habit of human transfiguration. Animals, flowers, insects, and, of course, trees. If all of the instances had made it through history, the Greek myth section of the library would be five times as big as it is. Would you like to hear my tale?” Jax asked.

“Of course, I want to know everything about you, Jax. You’ve given me such a great gift,” he said as he got comfortable, and picked up Jax’s light naked body and repositioned him on his lap. Partially so they’d both be comfortable, but also so he could get a better look at his lover.

“I was born and raised in the fields and farms that surrounded what you would call Ancient Athens. An active youth with a quick mind, I was always running off on my own exploring. Some days I would wander into town to watch the smiths and masons at work, some days I’d run to the nearby brooks to swim.”

“As I grew up, I envied the bigger guys I saw working the fields. By the age of 18, I’d grown as big as I was going to get which wasn’t very big, as you can see. I wanted to have the big thick bodies I saw on the smiths and masons I grew up watching. My first time was with a mason I’d been watching for many years. I loved the feeling of his huge body on top of mine.”

“In my twentieth year, I went down to my favorite swimming spot. I wish I could take you there. Beautiful rolling hills of green grass, leading down to the deep crystal waters of the spring-fed brook. As usual, I’d brought a goblet full of wine as an offering to the nymphs of the brook. I let my loose tunic slide off and stepped into the brook for an afternoon swim in the warm, summer sun.”

“With a flash of light, there was a glorious young man on the river bank. Smooth and pale as marble, sculpted muscles, piercing blue eyes, and a wreath of laurel

leaves in his curling blond hair. This could be only one person, the God of Beauty himself, Apollo.”

“‘Lord Apollo, why do you honor me with your presence,’ I said crawling to the bank, dropping to my knees, and attempting to hide my trembling fear for while we loved and honored our Gods we never wished to meet them. It was plain to all of us that things did not end well for those mortals who met with the Gods.”

“‘I’ve watched you in my daily travels across the sky, Jax. You have grown into quite the beautiful man though that is unsurprising given that the genes of Adonis and Narcissus that you carry.’ Apollo’s voice had a resonance that seemed to silence all other sounds. It was as if time was standing still, which I discovered it actually was when I glanced at the brook and saw that the water had frozen in place.”

“‘Thank you, Lord, coming from the God of Beauty, that is an amazing compliment.’ I replied. I didn’t want to continue this conversation as I feared what would happen to me. I was also a little confused as I did not know what ‘genes’ were then, nor had I known that I was related to Adonis and Narcissus. I knew of a couple famous relatives, but not those.”

“‘You are most welcome, boy, even your imperfections enhance your beauty. Your one green eye and one blue eye are a rarity, though,’ and his eyes glazed over to completely white, ‘you won’t possess them forever.’ Apollo prophesied.”

“I had no idea what that meant. Was it just a comment that when I died I wouldn’t have any eyes anymore? Was it a prophecy that I was going to be blinded? Little did I know what was in store for me?”

“‘Boy, I want you to come to Olympus with me and be my lover.’ Apollo stated matter-of-factly.”

“I hesitated. My first thought was a rather smart aleck comment about well it’s obvious he’s not a god of Love with that pickup line. I knew it was bad news for almost all mortals who went to Olympus. So I tried to find a way out of this.”

“I’m sorry, great Lord, but I cannot tell you what you want to hear. You are Male Beauty Incarnate, true, but also the God of Truth, I could not, and cannot, lie to you. I prefer my lovers to be bigger and beefier like the great Lord of Smiths, Hephaestus,’ I stated as humbly as I could.”

“You refuse to bend to my will, then SO BE IT...’ Apollo boomed. ‘Far to the North, there is a land where they revere Truth as well. They see it in the form of the Oak tree. Since you cannot lie nor dissemble in order to please me, you shall live out your remaining time on this world as that symbol.’ And with that he disappeared in a flash of light.”

“I heard the brook start babbling again and went to turn and look at it, but was literally rooted to the spot. Slowly, the meaning of his sentence became clear. I was now a tree. Had I tears I’d have wept.”

“Fret not, little one,’ a sensual female voice purred. ‘My husband has asked me to intercede on your behalf. It is rare that someone chooses him over Apollo. Neither he nor I can undo Apollo’s curse, however we can modify it. Your soul shall endure as long as the wood of this tree. If you find the love you seek you will be freed from the wood.’”

“Thank you, Lady Aphrodite, for doing what you can.’ I thought.”

“Be careful, my child, as you now need Apollo’s light to live, be careful not to offend him. You’ll have more freedom during the night when the Virgin Huntress rises.’ Aphrodite warned.”

“The years passed and my new wooden home grew. Hundreds of years passed, then thousands. A great storm felled my tree a few hundred years ago. The heartwood was saved and has been many things in its time: A ship’s mast, a barn door, and 50 years ago it was crafted into this chair and ottoman’s frame. Never in all those years did I find a man to love. The sailors couldn’t grow that heavy for fear of getting sacked. The farmer’s ox could only drag so much weight. No one’s inner thoughts matched my own until I met you. As you grew, I grew stronger, too. I found at first that I could get you to do what I wanted when you were exhausted from the gym. Later, I was able to resume my human form so long as I didn’t stray



too far from the chair. I have to admit that I was just as surprised as you to wake in your arms. And I must admit, having spent this evening laying on your thick body, I'm loathe to leave you, but I can feel the sun is soon to rise, and I must hide from Apollo once more."

"No! Don't go!" Ian exclaimed, hugging Jax closer to him.

"I must. But I'll be back tonight. Hit the gym this afternoon with your friend Connor, hit the bakery on your way home, and when the sun sets, I'll be waiting for you. Now sleep well, my growing love."

And with that he disappeared in a rustle of leaves. Ian was loathe to leave his newfound man, so he slept in his chair to be close to him. He woke later to the familiar strains of C+C Music Factory.

"You coming to the gym, Ian?"

"Hey, Conn, sorry, I had a late night, I'm running a bit late. Got a lot to tell you, be there soon. How long have you got?"

"It's 1pm now. I've got a 2pm client, but then I'm free. You want to shoot for being here at 3pm and then we can work out as long you like while you fill me in. I can tell by the way you sound that there's a lot for you to tell me."

"Ok, I'll grab a shower and a bite and meet you at the gym at 3. You need to start suspending disbelief now." Ian joked.

Ian grabbed some McDonald's and headed over to the gym. Talking with Connor, Ian filled him in on all the details that Jax had told him the night before. As they chatted, Connor put Ian through his paces giving him one of his toughest workouts yet.

Three hours later, they were in the locker room together, and Connor said "So, you really like this guy, don't you? I can hear it in your voice."

“Yeah, I think I do. He’s so cute and sweet. But, I mean technically he’s thousands of years old, but also a decade younger than me. Talk about your May-December romances.”

“Oh, quiet, you two are perfect for each other. Maybe you are the one who’ll invoke Aphrodite’s clause.”

“You wouldn’t mind that if I did?” Ian asked somewhat somberly.

“Not at all. I’ll always have a place in your life. After all, your little man may feed you well, but you’re gonna need help here at the gym. Now trot off home to your man. Sun’s going down soon.”

“Actually, can you do me a favor? Jax wants me to stop off at the bakery to stock up. Can you go with me and buy what you think Jax would like to feed me,” Ian asked sheepishly.

“You got it, buddy boy.”

They stopped off at the local bakery, and Ian stayed in his car. Connor was inside for quite some time and Ian was just about to go in and see what was taking so long, he wanted to get home to Jax, when the door swung open and Connor’s biceps were bulging from the weight of the stacks of boxes he carried in each arm.

“What the hell? Did you buy the entire place out?”

“Kinda. The baker had some day-olds he wanted to get rid of. You’ve got a cheesecake, a German chocolate cake, a red velvet cake, a pound cake, a dozen éclairs, 2 dozen cheese danishes, and about a dozen black and white cookies.”

“Damn, if I eat all that I’ll explode.” Ian exclaimed worriedly.

“I think Jax’ll manage it well, plus, you’re sporting wood just at the thought of eating it all, or so says your gym shorts.” Connor winked.

“Umm, thanks bud. Time to go. Jax’ll be waiting.”

Later, Ian bounded into his house trying not to mess up the baked goods.

“Jax, I’m home. You here?” Ian asked as he set down the baked goods on either side of the ottoman. He stripped down to nothing and flopped into the chair. “Hmm. Sun must still be up.”

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than Jax was kneeling straddling his quads looking as beautiful as ever. Jax leaned forward and gave Ian a passionate kiss.

“I’ve missed you. Damn, you look pumped. What did Connor do to you?” Jax asked.

“Well I had to tell him everything and it took a while and as we talked we worked out. About three hours all told. As he said, you feed my belly, but he helps make my muscles grow.”

“Yes, he does, and for that I’m grateful.” Jax replied.

“You should be even more grateful. Look at all that. Courtesy of Connor. For all his muscles, he, like you, likes some beef on his man. If you hadn’t come along...”

“But I did. Don’t worry about Connor, I think I have a means to pay him back for all his help. So what do you want for your pre-dinner snack? Give me your phone and I’ll call in our pizza order.”

Jax grabbed the phone that Ian proffered and punched the speed dial for Donnagio’s. Grinning mischievously at Ian, he greeted the other side in Italian and proceeded to order in Italian.

“Grazie!” Jax said as he handed Ian his phone back. “So, if I guess right, we’ve got about 13 hours to fill that tank of yours,” he breathed into Ian’s ear as he rubbed Ian’s furry belly. Now, let’s see, these éclairs seem to be calling your name.”

“Whatever you say, sexy, I’m yours to feed and grow.” Ian flung his arms wide, resting them on the arms of the chair. Jax reached down, grabbed the first pastry box, and began feeding them into the willing mouth of his stud. Within minutes, the box was empty and Jax leaned in for another passionate kiss, then leaned back, surveying the bulk of his man.

“How big are you now, big guy?” Jax breathed as he kissed the round curve of Ian’s gut.

“I was 315 on Friday at the gym. Probably 320 now, thanks to your stuffing last night. Who knows maybe 330 by Monday if you have your way? And I really hope you have your way.” Ian grinned, reached his thick arms up and grabbed the back of his head to pull his face to his for another passionate kiss. Their make out session was interrupted by the doorbell.

“You stay put, stud, I’ll get it.” Jax said as he jumped up and ran to the door. A white tunic appearing over his naked body as he ran.

Minutes later he was back, a stack of six pizzas in his arms, and a bag with 4 two-liters of coke dangling from his arms.

“How am I going to eat all that?”

“We’ve got time, stud, don’t worry. You’ll do it.”

Slowly, deftly, Jax coaxed, caressed, and cajoled Ian into devouring three pizzas and a two liter of coke before needing to take a break. Jax caressed Ian’s bloated belly and as he did, he felt Ian’s growing manhood hardening beneath his firm, furry buttocks. Jax began massaging Ian’s bulging arms and plump pecs, then turned around and massaged Ian’s thick quads and calves. As he completed the massage on each calf, he gently lifted the massive trunk (bigger than Jax’s waist) and placed it on the ground. Moving the ottoman aside, he lowered his head to his lover’s crotch. Inhaling his musky manly scent, he began to tease Ian’s cock with his tongue. Immediately, Ian’s manhood sprang to attention and Jax took it to the hilt.

Ian moaned in response. One of his hands dropping to the boy’s head, the other rubbing his bloated belly lazily. His heavy-lidded hazel eyes gazing down over the bulk of his gut to watch his lover’s head bob up and down. Catching the glimpse of Jax’s mismatched eyes at the top of the stroke before losing sight of them behind the curve of his belly.

Suddenly, Jax stopped. Licking his lips, one hand still on Ian's manhood, he locked eyes with Ian and said, "I think it's time to top you off, big guy. You can either feed yourself and I'll continue down below, or I can feed you myself. Your call."

"Too bad there's not two of you. Ok that'd be greedy, but what can I say..." Ian said as he grabbed a pizza box and set it atop his belly. "As you were, sexy," he added with a wink.

The pizza and the blow job were finished at the same time. Ian leaned back in total gluttonous bliss. Jax took that opportunity to cram a few more pastries into his stud. "Mmph, I'm gonna get huge if you keep this up."

"Would that be so bad?" Jax asked. "You know I'll love you no matter how big you get. And with Connor's help, you'll never be at risk of immobility. Plus, I wouldn't want that, as I'm looking forward to many years of energetic sex with the beast I'm growing."

As he said that, Ian's manhood twitched again. "Looks like your cock agrees. Let me try something," Jax said, as with a deft readjustment of their positions, he took Ian to the hilt and began to ride him. "How's that feel, big guy?"

"Amazing, Jax, you seem to know just what I like."

"Sex and food and working out? Not hard to figure out, big guy, but thanks, now let's get some more food in you. You want sweet or savory?"

"I think I need you to feed me the remaining pizzas. Feed me slice after slice until I'm almost ready to burst."

Jax did just that. Slowly riding his lover as he fed him slice after slice, washed down by more coke, the occasional burp escaping Ian's lips. He was looking immense. His breathing labored. As he swallowed the last slice, Jax used his now free hands to gently rub and fondle his lover all the while impaled on his manhood. With a grunt, Ian exploded within Jax, filling him with his load, and passed out in a post-orgasmic food coma.

Longing to stay connected to his lover, Jax kissed Ian lightly on the cheek, then leaned forward, laid his cheek against Ian's broad pec, wrapped his arms around Ian's thick neck, and drifted off to sleep.

A few hours later, Jax awoke to Ian's arms hugging him closely and his cock once-again rock hard and still inside him.

"Morning, sexy. Sorry I passed out on you earlier. That's not how I wanted to pay you back for that wonderful evening." Ian blushed.

"No problem, big guy, I had stuffed you quite well and having used the soporific effects of food to my benefit in the past, I can hardly fault you now," Jax assured him. "We've still got a couple hours before sunrise, what would you like to do?"

"Hmmm. How about you grab that box of cheese danishes and let's adjourn to my bed where I can give you what I know you've been craving... the feeling of all this bulk pressing down on you as I drive myself deeper and deeper into you. Then, once I'm done, you can feed me those two dozen danishes. Oddly enough, I'm a little hungry," Ian said laughingly. "Sound good to you?"

"Sounds wonderful, my love. Let me just get off you..." Jax started.

"Why bother? I can easily carry your weight. Heck I could easily carry two of you. Grab the box and once I'm up, wrap your legs around my waist."

Jax was in heaven as the muscled, beefy hunk heaved his body off the chair. One arm around Jax's back, pressing Jax against a belly still bloated from the earlier stuffing, Ian climbed the stairs to his bedroom. Practically swooning at the sensations coming from his cock, Ian hugged Jax to him tightly wanting nothing more than to give him a fair payback for what Jax had already given him. "God, he's so beautiful and sweet. What did I do to deserve this blessing?"

Arriving at the bedroom, Ian grabbed the danishes from Jax's hand and set them down on his night table. Popping open the box, he grabbed a danish and shoved it in his mouth as Jax grinned up at him.

“Gotta fuel the fuck I’m about to give you,” Ian grinned devilishly, licking the crumbs off his lips as he laid Jax back on the bed and began thrusting. Given the stimulation, it wasn’t long before both of them shot their loads and Ian bent down low to give Jax a passionate kiss, bracing his weight on his arms so as not to crush the slender youth.

“Lower, stud,” Jax breathed in his ear. “I want to feel my handiwork on top of me.”

“I don’t want to hurt you or crush you.”

“Nothing you could do would hurt me.” Jax replied, and Ian lowered his full weight onto Jax’s lithe form.

“I never would hurt you, ya know. I want to protect you. Now. Always. I want to spend every night with your body cradled in my arms, protected from any harm by my wit, muscles and bulk. This bulk,” and he grabbed his thickening lovehandle, “that’s always expanding with my love of you.”

“Speaking of expanding, how about those danishes,” Jax said. “Roll over.”

Ian complied and in a flash Jax was back astride him with the box of danishes. Danish after danish disappeared down Ian’s gullet. Jax leaned back to survey the growing mound of Ian’s belly.

“Just a few more, big guy!”

“Three more. You can do it!”

“Two to go...”

“Last one!” And Ian ate it in one huge gulp and lay back, arms flung wide, exhausted. Jax crawled up to nestle in the huge cavern created by Ian’s big pecs with one of his furry legs thrown across Ian’s huge quad.

“Mmmmm. I’m so full. You know we can’t do this every day, right? I’m not sure my stomach could take it. But it sure is nice to do. I want you to be around to feed me up every night... and every day. I love you, Jax. “

"I love you, too, Ian. And I want that as well. But the sun is rising, and it'll be time for me to go soon. Go to sleep and I'll see you tonight."

"Stay with me, Jax, stay in my arms until I'm asleep, please."

"Anything you want, my love," he said as he planted a kiss on Ian's lips.

Hours later, Ian awoke to sunlight streaming in through his bedroom window. Something wasn't right. Or was it. He went to lift his arms and sit up, but realized that they were pinned down.

"Jax! Wake up. The sun is up. You've gotta get back to the chair."

"No, I don't... not anymore," Jax said sitting up and pinning Ian with a loving look. "You did it, Ian, your love freed me."

"Umm... Jax... your eyes... both your eyes are blue. I thought you said they were mismatched before Apollo's curse."

"They were, but it looks like Apollo's prophecy has come true. Haven't you noticed that even though I'm in front of you, your other arm still has a weight on it?" Jax laughed.

Ian looked to his right. There, beside him, was an exact replica of Jax. "Two of you? Wait, let me guess, when you said you had other famous relatives other than Adonis and Narcissus, two of them were Castor and Pollux, weren't they?"

"Well, yes, but I think that the combination of your wish for two of me and my heartwood having been split between the chair and ottoman factored in more. Who knows? Aphrodite's no longer easily available to ask."

"Well, I can't say I'll mind having two of you...should I wake him?"

As if on cue, the other Jax woke up and gazed adoringly at Ian with a pair of emerald green eyes.

"I'm Dax. Pleased to meet you, Ian. I couldn't help but listen into your conversation earlier and figured it'd be easier to choose a new name," Dax said.



Just at that moment, Martha Wash began wailing from the nightstand.

“Umm. Hey, Conn, I’ve kinda got my hands full at the moment. What’s up?” Ian said.

“Not much. Just wanted to see if you wanted to get some brunch.” Connor replied. Jax began whispering to Dax, then gestured to Ian to get his attention.

“One sec, Conn...” And he put a hand over the mouth piece. “What’s up with you two? I can tell already that you two are gonna be a handful.”

“Invite Connor over for brunch. We’ve got all those pastries to feed you, and I’m sure Connor would enjoy watching that. Plus, I’ve got a surprise for him that I think he’ll enjoy,” Jax said.

“Conn, come over in an hour, we’re gonna have brunch here.”

“Umm, okay, be there shortly.”

The boys gladly helped Ian shower and change, dressing him in his usual wifebeater and the slightly more decorous sweat pants. Jax told Ian to have a seat in his former home, and that they’d take care of anything he needed. Dax helpfully grabbed the box of black and white cookies and set them on the armrest.

“Just in case you get peckish,” Dax said, impishly patting the bulging gut.

An hour later, the smells of bacon and home fries and waffles filled the house, and the doorbell rang. Ian wiped the crumbs of the cookies off his gut, hopped up, and ran to the door.

“I’m coming!”

Opening the door, Ian was greeted by a whistle of appreciation.

“Day-umm, boy, you look huge! What are you up to now? You were 315 on Friday but you look even bigger now. At least 330. What did your ghost boy feed you?” Connor continued as he slid past Ian’s bulging gut and headed into the living

room. Ian nearly ran him over as he came to a dead stop when he saw Jax and Dax in nothing but their aprons.

“Umm. Hi...” Connor said casting a glance back over his shoulder at the massive Ian. “I thought you said there was only one of them.”

“Yeah, it’s a long story. Notice the eyes? Apparently twins run in the family. I’ll let Jax tell you in his own words over brunch. I have a feeling that if Jax and Dax have their way, my mouth will be too full to do much talking.”

“You got that right,” Dax said.

“I don’t think you’ll mind watching us work, eh, Conn? May I, too, call you ‘Conn?’ I want us,” and Jax gestured to Dax, Connor, Ian, and himself, “to be great friends. We need you to keep working on our lovers muscles. We can feed him, sure, and keep him satisfied sexually, but we’re far too small to be of much assistance at the gym, even both of us together.”

“Yes, you may call me ‘Conn,’ and I look forward to our growing friendship.”

“That’s wonderful news. In Ancient Greece it was traditional to exchange gifts amongst friends. You’ve given us,” and again Jax included Dax and himself, “the best gift in growing our love, Ian. It is only fair that we return the favor.”

“At the store where Ian found me, there’s a wonderful ancient Greek amphora. He and I got to chatting while I was there and I think you might just like him.”

“Him? I thought you said it was an amphora... isn’t that like a jug or urn.” Connor asked.

“It is, but before it was an urn it was a man. A big, beefy stonemason and sculptor with a fondness for blond Adonis’s such as yourself. So much of a fondness, that he got cursed by dark Ares for making Apollo look better in a frieze he did for the Parthenon. I think you should run over there get that amphora and ask him to join us for brunch. The first I hope of many such brunches together with our growing family,” Jax said as he stuffed a cream cheese laden bagel into his lover’s mouth.

Connor stood dumbfounded. “Wait, what, really?”

“Yup, now scoot, or there won’t be any food for your man by the time you get back, and what kind of first date would that be.” Jax said winking at Connor’s retreating form. Turning back to his behemoth of a lover, “Now, Dax, I think you should remove those sweats and find something to do down there, while I attend to our man’s hunger.”

As Ian greedily gobbled up Jax’s proffered treats, Jax thought to himself, “Yup, Connor’s gonna need to really hurry...”