

## Heart of a Lion – The Pride Part II

### Paul

“What’s up Pig?”

“Hey, Pig! what’s going on?”

“Morning pig, make sure you leave some of that bacon for the rest of us.” Each one of my fraternity brothers burst into the large dining room grabbing food from the large buffet in the center of the table, while I had already been eating for at least an hour. I gave each one of them a nod telling them each, hello as many of them took their respective seats around the table. In between bites of food I was caught staring at the perfect bodies that surrounded the table; the hard abdominals, the chiseled jawlines, and their perky compact butts. The ones who came into the room bouncing with joy before they left to go to classes or off to the jobs that were assigned to them by Ken were the ones that caught my eye.

Just staring at them caused my dick to grow – or what was left of my dick. I looked down at the belly that was pooling on my lap and looked back to my fraternity brothers joking and touching either other as I shoved another donut into my lips. I groaned in pleasure as my tastebuds came alive as the thick custard flowed down my throat. As I took another bite of the donut my free hand went to my belly and rubbed it softly, enjoying the soothing feeling that came over my body as my hand went in circular motions. I could feel my dick poking into the underside of my stomach as I continued to eat my breakfast.

When ken came into the fraternity I was probably the fittest person in the entire fraternity; I ran 5 miles a day, counted every calorie that passed my lips, I hadn’t even touched fried foods in over a year. But Ken thought it would be best for me to see what life would be like without the hard body that I cared about so much. It wasn’t that he was just going to make me gain weight, he told me. He was going to destroy my body and make me love every second of it. The first twenty pounds were the hardest for me to accept. I fought every time he forced me to eat, and that only made he come back with a renewed strength. The hours of time we spent together with him shoveling food into my mouth and keeping me on the brink of orgasm for hours were torturous. I spent many late nights tied to a chair with a funnel in my mouth feeling my belly stretch and grow until it completely covered my cock.

“Hey Pig pass me a donut.” Pig. That was what everyone called me now. Ken ordered everyone to never call me Paul again. He said that I needed a name that matched the new name, and that is how I came to be labeled Pig.

“Here you go Mark,” I said, handing him the large plate of bacon that sat in front of me. His hand grazed against mine, pressing down on my chubby fingers. I felt a small throb underneath my stomach as his strong hands wrapped around mine and took the plate from me.

“Thanks, Pig,” he said before digging into his respective breakfast. I stared at his gorgeous face as he took a few bites of bacon. Letting out a sigh I turned back to my own breakfast and began to fill up my fifth plate; more bacon, eggs, and another stack of stuffed French toast. Before Ken, my breakfast used to be a bowl of steel cut oatmeal and a protein shake, but now it was full of sweets and sugars. Anything that could add more size to this gut of mine. It was weird to my calling my stomach a gut but that was what it was now; a full-fledged gut.

I spent a lot of my time, in between meals, just staring at myself in my bedroom mirror. Sometimes I barely even recognized myself; my stretched out nipples and how my moobs sat on top of my stomach, my hips grew and enlarged into more of a feminine figure, and my large jello butt that had ripped through almost every pair of pants that I owned. It was sometimes hard to stare at myself, but after all the alone time I spent with Ken it was hard not to get turned on when I stared.

Once my plate was filled with sweets I began to feast once again. I pushed large chunks of stuffed French toast into my chubby face, hearing the brothers around me playfully tease me about my pig-like eating habits.

“Better what the sweets Pig, gonna make you put on weight.”

“Looking big Pig. That belly is gonna make it hard to jerk off soon.”

“Give us a good oink Pig.” I gave him an oink in response as I pushed an entire donut into my mouth. As I chewed the large donut I gave an oink, moan combination. The brothers around me kept urging me to pig out on the food, even piling more food onto my plate for me to eat. My cock now pressed firmly onto my belly and was leaking through my underwear. I couldn’t help but get turned on by my brothers’ humiliating words or eagerness to fill me up. I ate every piece of food that they gave me and then some.

*BUUUURRRRP*

“Ugh,” I groaned, feeling my stomach fill to its capacity as I finished my eighth plate of food. I leaned back in my chair which caused my shirt to ride up over my large belly, exposing it to everyone at the table. My brothers laughed and jeered at my fattened form as my hand slithered underneath the

table. I massaged my chubby cock through my underwear as their humiliating words and names filled the room. Mark grabbed the plate of cinnamon rolls that sat at the opposite end of the table and pushed one into my mouth.

“Open up Pig.” I obeyed. “Good boy. Fatten up that belly of yours.” Mark rubbed my chubby pale stomach as he forcibly pushed the sweets into my mouth. I chewed quickly and swallowed before he pushed another cinnamon roll into my mouth. “Fuck you got fat bro. Remember when you use to have abs?” I nodded as I rubbed my cock even quicker feeling the wet spot grow large in my underwear. My hand now having to push my belly upward to get access to my dick.

“So fat,” I moaned in between bits of the cinnamon rolls. “So fucking fat!” I said I began to ravenously eat the sticky buns. Mark began to squeeze and shake my belly with his free hand before moving it up my torso and grabbing a hold of one of my soft tits.

“God, you are a doughy one pig. So fucking soft. You love it don’t you. You love letting go and getting fat now. Much easier than spending all that time at the gym, working hard on those muscles.” Mark continued to tease as his hands searched my body.

“Yes!” I shouted as my cum unloaded into my underwear. I could feel my balls tighten between my chubby thighs as it leaked into my extra tight underwear. Everyone around the table laughed at my pathetic moans of pleasure as I took one final bit of the cinnamon bun and collapsed onto the table. Mark gave a deep hearty laugh before pulling his hands away from my body and leaving the dining room with the rest of my fraternity brothers. I laid against the wooden table letting my excited-heart relax for a few brief moments before I decided to move once more. I pulled myself from the table and leaned back in my chair, rubbing my belly to satisfy the tightness I was feeling.

“Brett! What time is lunch going to be served?”