

Hog Wild Rodeo
By Haxcall

“We’re here today with Atlanta Jordans, former Olympic hopeful.” “Said Helen of *The Helen’s Degenerates Show*, a popular trash TV talk show. Sitting next to her was the nearly 320 pound Atlanta, barely fitting into the chair.

“In her youth, she had problems maintaining her weight but through hard work and a love of track and field sports, she became the best competitive runner in her state.” Helen continued as the screen behind her displayed pictures of Atlanta’s youth, her transformation from a chunky middle schooler to a championship winning athlete who accumulated dozens of medals and achievements throughout high school and college.

“Then on her 25th birthday, she received what seemed like life changing news: An Olympic recruiter wanted her to compete in the greatest competition of them all. Like her Grecian namesake, she would have a chance to prove her skill and speed in front of the entire world and she quickly established herself as a top contender to bring home the gold in the 100 metre race. However, just as everything seemed to fall into place for her, the COVID-19 pandemic struck the entire world, dashing her hopes of winning in Tokyo. After this, she fell into a deep depression and quickly found herself having a torrid love affair with fast food. Unable to go to her gym or practice around her favorite tracks, weight quickly piled onto her frame. By the time the lockdowns had ended, the 100 pound athlete had put on an additional 200 pounds

With this, the screen behind flashed to a before and after image of Atlanta. The “before” image was of her less than two years ago, a young black woman of slightly below average height with a somewhat muscular build in a Size 4 tracksuit, cheerfully posing as she lifted up her latest 1st place trophy. The “after” image was taken of her a few weeks ago at Burger King, eating enough food to feed five people. Her body was thickly layered with fat, every inch of her plump with plush bulk. Her double chinned face was smeared with copious amounts of ketchup and mayonnaise from the extra large burgers she greedily devoured. She was wearing clothes that were more than a few sizes too small. She had rarely gone out during the pandemic and spent most of her time at home naked or in her underwear so at the time the video was taken her wardrobe choices were scant. She was wearing a stained Sonic the Hedgehog t-shirt that could barely fit halfway over her bloated gut and it was so distorted by her girthy chest and midsection that the character looked more like his meme “Sanic” incarnation. On her bottom she wore sweatpants with the Olympics’s logo on the seat. Despite the pants’ elastic nature, they barely fit on Atlanta’s giant rump, with the five Olympic rings stretched out so much that they were almost aligned in a straight line.

Atlanta was annoyed at the sloppy photo used in the before and after. She had given them a much more flattering picture of herself in the clean, fitting clothes she had bought to wear in the interview to use but this sleazy show had somehow obtained an embarrassing picture of her at Burger King. However, she just had to take it on the chin and continue the interview.

“Please tell us how you gained this much weight?”

“Well Helen. I felt like I had lost my big shot and I had felt like I had nothing to gain by working to stay fit so I turned to junk food and blinded myself to how much weight I was gaining. I managed to snap out of my funk by the time the pandemic and the lockdowns began winding down but by then I was brushing against the sides of the doorways in my home. However, I do see myself burning all this fat and returning to the field sooner rather than later.” Atlanta declared.

“I also understand that you’ve possibly obtained a gas problem. Do you see this inhibiting your future plans in any way?” Helen asked.

“What? I have no idea what you’re talking about...”

Before Atlanta could finish talking, the screen behind them started playing again, showing security footage of her at Burger King. It showed Atlanta having finished her large meal and going up to the counter to order more. However, as she started rattling off the list of food she wished to consume, she suddenly bent over with stomach cramps and her belly gurgles were loud enough that they could be heard on the security camera’s weak microphone. Unable to stop herself, she juttled out her wobbling ass and three long sloppy farts echoed out of her asscrack in quick succession. The video ended as Atlanta trembled in embarrassment as the restaurant staff and her fellow customers either pointed and laughed or nearly gagged in disgust.

Atlanta was incensed at the knowledge that this show obtained footage of her humiliating outburst and decided to air it for some gross out humor. She briefly considered just walking out right then and there but she needed the money and had little option but to force a strained grin onto her face and continue.

“Well that was more of a one time incident, not a result of any medical issues.” Atlanta remarked through nearly gritted teeth.

“Tell me, Atlanta, you said you wanted to lose weight and return to running? Do you see yourself ever participating in the Olympic Games?”

“Well, that’s my end goal. Recovering from my current condition and getting picked again out of all my fellow Olympic level athletes won’t be easy but I have faith in myself that I’ll succeed!”

“Where there you have it folks. This pudgy pandemic isn’t giving up anytime soon. After the break, we’ll meet with a man who hasn’t bathed once since the pandemic started. Stay tuned!”

With that, the director yelled cut and the show’s production team went to work preparing the next segment. Atlanta squeezed her ass out of her chair as hair and make-up people freshened up Helen’s face. Atlanta gave the oblivious show host a brief angry glare before she stomped off in a fury.

Atlanta was indeed a would-be Olympic runner who became depressed and gluttonous when the pandemic resulted in the 2020 games getting postponed and potentially cancelled. After the lockdown ended and her weight gain became public, she lost a lot of support she previously enjoyed from both the public and her various agents and trainers abandoned her. What's worse, her former status as an Olympic favorite had gotten her plenty of high paying endorsement deals from sponsors. Once they went away, she quickly burned through her cash on junk food and impulse purchases and was now almost broke. The only reason she had agreed to do this interview in the first place was because the rent on her high rise apartment was due and this show offered her enough money to avoid eviction for a couple more months. Unless she really could lose this weight and crawl her way back to the top then she would likely spend the rest of her life doing these demeaning interviews for cash, forever known as nothing but an obese wash out.

Her obligations as an interviewee now over, Atlanta left the soundstage, moving with speed that surprised many of the people she walked passed. Despite her size, she still felt far more agile than she had any right being at her size. Underneath all that flab, her muscles remained and were still strong enough that she could move without issue. Her girth had slowed her down enough that she could no longer run competitively but she reckoned that she was still faster than most people.

As Atlanta marched to the building's exit, she came across the craft's table full of finger food and her gluttonous behavior overtook her. The interview had enraged her and stress eating had become her favored way of blowing off steam. As she stuffed her face, a few crew members walked by and quietly snickered to themselves about how the blimp in front of them was almost an Olympic runner, though not quietly enough for Atlanta to not hear them. Now irrevocably hot under the collar, Atlanta grabbed a nearby doggy bag and started filling it with food for the road, but before she could continue her angry waddle out of the building, she was stopped by a thin latina woman in a business suit.

"Hello, I'm sorry to bother you. My name is Samantha Wyldman." The woman said. "I work for Mr. Jacob Rancher, this show's top investor."

"How can I help you?" Atlanta asked.

"Firstly, I would like to apologize to you for the use of imagery the show had of you. It was Helen and her producers who obtained that footage and insisted on utilizing it. As an apology, my employer has authorized me to add a significant bonus to your check." Wyldman said.

She handed Atlanta a check that was over three times as much as what was initially agreed upon. Atlanta was visibly pleased by this, so much so she didn't think to question why the show's top investor couldn't veto the use of footage he didn't want used.

“My employer would also like to offer you a potential job opportunity. We have a position open and a former runner like you would be an ideal fill for it.”

“Really? What is it?” Atlanta asked.

“It’s something that would best be talked about in private.” Wyldman said as some crew members walked by. She handed her a business card for a stadium that was in town. “Can you come to this address tomorrow at around 9 PM.”

“...Okay.” Atlanta said somewhat confused.

The next night, Atlanta took a cab to the stadium. It was an abandoned, roofed arena that had been closed for many years. Yet there was a large number of expensive cars in the parking lot. As she approached the building’s door’s she was stopped by security. They called in the office and they confirmed Atlanta’s interview. After this, the guards presented her with a tablet with a non-disclosure contract on the screen stating that she was not allowed to reveal anything she learns or sees inside the stadium under the penalty of hefty fees and possible jail time. Atlanta was hesitant at the whole situation but decided to continue onwards, signing the contract and being escorted inside.

Now inside, Atlanta saw that the supposedly abandoned stadium was full of life and activity. It was brightly painted and had plenty of people running about the place performing various tasks. As she was led through the halls and stairs, she came across people carrying barrels of baby oil and cooking grease. She also came across muscular men dressed in rural clothing and overweight women as big as she was wearing bathrobes. As they passed by, she overheard them talking to each other about her, wondering if she was a new hire and how long she would last on the field with them. Atlanta began to worry if she had stumbled inside some kind of lewd operation and that the “job opportunity” was going to be of the perverted variety.

The guards led her to a room on the upper floors and she opened it to find Ms. Wyldman sitting at a desk inside a large, dimly lit office with massive windows. The windows looked down on the stadium grounds but were closed with thick drapes.

“Ms. Jordans! I’m glad you could make it!” Wyldman said.

“I must say you have an odd operation going on here.” Atlanta remarked.

“Well, this place is a private enterprise and so we work extra hard to make sure security is tight around here.”

“So where is Mr. Rancher?”

“Oh, he’s a busy man. He can’t personally interview all new talent he takes an interest in so he leaves it to be to iron out all the details.” Wyldman explained

“So what exactly do you want me to do?” Atlanta asked.

“You see, Mr. Rancher and his associates are big supporters of watching plus sized people be involved in certain field sports. Sports that would have little to no controversy if thin women were playing them but due modern beauty standards having overweight people participate in these events would arbitrarily be viewed in bad taste by the general public. We offer a place where people who share the same enjoyment of observing rubenesque athletes perform their craft without any fear of judgement by wider society.” Wyldman said.

“What does all that mean? Could you just tell me what the job is?” Atlanta asked bluntly.

Wyldman sighed and she walked over to the wide windows.

“I wanted to get you in a better state of mind before showing you. This is always the most awkward part when finding new talent.”

Wyldman opened the drapes to reveal that the office overlooked a large indoor rodeo field. Atlanta got up to get a better look at the settings below. The ground was coated in thick mud full of footprints and body prints. Stalking around the outer parts of the field were clowns dressed like cowboys, dancing and brandishing fiery red branding irons in the shape of ‘X’s.

Atlanta then looked up at the sparsely packed crowd in the stands. Only about a tenth of the room was filled but the faces of those attending struck a chord in Atlanta’s memories. They were wealthy local business owners, b-list celebrities, TV lawyers and other such people of relative elitism. On both ends of the oval-shaped stadium were huge jumbotrons that showed cartoon images of fat, anthropomorphic farm animal girls dancing with smoking X-shaped brands on their butt cheeks.

“What is all this?” Atlanta asked.

“This... is the Hog Wild Rodeo Show.” Wyldman said as she pressed a button on her desk that piped the noise from the outside into the speakers around the room.

“Welcome back, lard lovers!” The announcer said. “The pandemic may have put us on pause but now we’re back and you better believe our porkers are more plush than ever after a year of snacking at home! First up is a fan favorite: Moo Moo Melody! Our hefty heifer is pleased as punch to be back! Let’s see if she can run wild tonight and avoid another mark on dairy derriere!”

A bottom heavy blonde woman jogged onto the field to the cheers of the sparse crowd. Her overweight body was thickly drenched in grease and she wore nothing but a tiny cow print corset over her plump belly and bosom and a thong that was swallowed by her massive posterior. Her behemoth booty nearly twice as wide as her already chubby waist, jutted out

more than a small end table and it was marred with fifteen X brands. Her chunky arms were held behind her back by strong, fabric cow print bindings that covered her entire forearms. On top of her head was a pair of large novelty cow horns and in her mouth was a soft plastic ball gag in the shape of a cheeseburger.

As Melody playfully ran about, the jumbotrons changed to show her statistics alongside a full body picture of her that then switched to a close up picture of her ass. The screens said that she was 29 years old, 282 pounds and that she had successfully “ran wild” three times but was “rounded up” fifteen, the same number of brands that now mark her generous rear.

Following her to the muddy arena was a buff, shirtless cowboy carrying a red velvet rope. A loud bell sound effect rang over the speaker and the cowboy started to run after her as the jumbotron began to display a timer counting down from one minute. Melody began to run with skill and finesse of someone who had done this many times. The cowboy, being much fitter than her, managed to catch up with her multiple times but she managed to slip free from his grasp multiple times thanks to her greased up frame. However, with twenty five seconds remaining, she ended up tripping in a particularly deep mud puddle and faceplanted into the watery soil. Seizing the opportunity, the cowboy leapt on top of her and quickly wrapped his rope around her flailing legs, tightening it until her thick calves were forced together. The buzzer rang again with mere seconds to spare and one of the brand brandishing clowns ran down and put a sixteenth X onto Melody’s titanic tushie while the cowboy kept her held down, her wiggling and in pain and frustration as the hot metal touched her plush skin.

“Poor Melody almost had it but it seems our cute cowpie is destined .” The announcer said as the clowns dragged Melody off the field by her restrained legs. “Up next is a veteran piggy, Patricia Porkbelly!

“What the fuck is this?!” Atlanta shouted.

“Now I know this looks odd but I can assure that the woman down there is here of her own consent and was compensated generously for her participation.” Wyldman began to explain.

“Well I don’t want anything to do with this!” Atlanta said as she rushed for the exit.

“Ms. Jordan’s wait...” Wyldman begged.

“Bye!”

“ I’ll give you another check matching the amount you received yesterday! Just let me explain and you’ll be paid whether or not you choose to accept the offer!”

Atlanta stopped and briefly thought about it before turning around and facing Wyldman. The business smiled. She had done this before with dozens of new talents and money was almost always the thing that tempered their initial outrage.

“Okay, but speak quickly before I change my mind.” Atlanta warned.

“As I’m sure you imagine, there are many people in the world who enjoy the sight of plus sized women and enjoy the sight of watching them running about in muddy terrain, including many members of the higher classes. Some of them find this exotic or arousing, some like to bet on rodeos and others simply find it amusing to see fat people fall in the dirt. If they were watching thin girls then there wouldn’t be much of an but obese girls introduces a number of issues that would result in our more well known audience members being subjected both scorn and mockery from the media and papparaazi so Mr. Rancher created a place where they can watch their desires live without fear of reprisal.”

“And what was that...‘sport’ I saw down there?”

“As you’ve seen, at our rodeo overweight women are dressed in lingerie based off of traditionally fat animals and are sent to run around the muddy field while a handsome model dressed like a farm hand chases them around for a minute. If they are caught, they are considered ‘rounded up’ and are given a brand to mark their loss. If they can evade capture then they have ‘run wild’ and are considered victorious. Whenever a girl goes ‘wild’, an extra minute is added to every consequent chase until she has been rounded up and it returns to one minute.”

“And why should I want to do any of that?” Atlanta asked.

Wyldman grabbed a piece of paper on her desk, wrote a number on it and handed it to Atlanta, who couldn’t keep her jaw from dropping. This was the single biggest monetary offer she had ever been given.

“Here’s enough money to buy top of the line exercise equipment, to hire your own personal trainer to get you back in shape, to get a publicist to help you get a spot at the 2024 Olympics. Do you remember the non disclosure contract you signed when you came here? Everyone in this building is under the same restriction. No one will know what you do here. For just a few moments in the mud and potentially a tiny burn on your ass you can have the funds you need to restart your dreams.”

“...Can I think about this and get back to you?” Atlanta asked.

“Of course, but keep in mind this offer is limited. Mr. Ranch would like you at next week’s show and I need an answer within two days in order to get things prepared.” Wyldman said. “I’ll have you escorted back to your car. Remember the paperwork you signed to get in, no one is to know anything that has happened here.”

Wyldman sat down in her chair as Atlanta left and turned to watch the rest of the rodeo happening outside her window. The weekly rodeo was typically packed but the pandemic had

resulted in many of the rodeo's usual audience members, particularly the highest paying ones, avoiding crowded areas, even with the vaccine out and the stadium offering masks and socially distant seating. Mr. Rancher had charged Wyldman with finding new talent to lure back his clientele.

Wyldman scouted around all the fast food joints and in search of fat whales who looked like they needed cash and that's how she discovered Atlanta, having witnessed her gassy gluttony in person at Burger King. Obtaining the restaurant's security footage and discovering her identity as a failed Olympian, Wyldman knew she had struck gold. It was her who set up Atlanta's interview with Helen and it was her who requested that it include the footage of her at Burger King in it. Once Atlanta agreed to be in the show, she would forward the interview to all the rodeo's past visitors. An obese Olympic wash out running through the mud like a pig for money was must see entertainment for all the chubby chasing weirdos who had memberships here.

Getting Atlanta on board was pretty pricey, especially for someone who was showing up for only one night, but Wyldman knew that she would draw crowds and she also knew such high payments would be the only way to get her on board. Wyldman could see that Atlanta's hungered to reclaim her lost Olympic fame more than any food and in order to get her on board she had to dangle the funds to make her dream a reality and could tell that her spiel about her using the money she'd get from the rodeo to get back into shape had decided the situation.

Wyldman had to pretend to sound surprised when Atlanta called the next morning to confirm she was taking the deal. In one week's time Atlanta Jordan would be center stage at the Hog Wild Rodeo Show as "The Olympig."

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