

Contest at Burger King By Haxcall

Missy had been invited by her local Burger King to participate in a special eating contest. For the past few years, the plump, ebony beauty had won the annual eating contest that her local diner held and apparently the company was interested in scouting out local competitive eating pros for their event. The winner would receive five years worth of free Burger King meals and footage of the event would be used for a future ad campaign.

On the day of the contest, Missy arrived at the Burger King in her town, where a film crew was setting up equipment, and she met her two competitors. One was a rail thin Asian man named Mashi who regularly traveled the competitive eating circuit although he had very few victories to his name. The other was a raven haired rookie model named Rhea who apparently was invited because she was in a somewhat viral video where won a shrimp eating contest, although she had only won because the other model was willing to break her daily calorie limit. Missy took notice that she was the chubbiest of the three contestants and was quietly a little body conscious about it.

Missy also thought that it was more than a little odd that Burger King had only invited three people who could hardly be called renowned as competitive eaters. Even Mashi didn't have much of a claim to fame among his more successful peers on the eating circuit. It was almost as if the competitive eating aspect wasn't as important as the invite claimed, but she was sure that she was just overthinking things.

"Welcome!" A Burger King executive on site said as he approached the trio. "Today, one of you will win half a decade's worth of free delicious Burger King meals and the other two will gain some retroactive penalties."

"What do you mean by 'retroactive penalty'?" Mashi asked.

“Oh don’t worry about it. It’s nothing really. I’ll explain afterwards but right now we’re on the clock. The camera crew’s only been contracted for a few hours of work so we need to hurry along.”

The three competitors looked confused but just decided to roll with it. Whatever it was, it couldn’t be that bad.

“First up, I need you to sign these release forms so that we can use footage of you here as stated in the invitations you received.”

Mashi and Rhea signed without hesitation. Both the wannabe competitive eater and the greenhorn model were used to signing what they thought were standard release forms and didn’t bother to even skim over the document. Missy wanted to read through the decidedly long document a bit before signing it but she felt silent pressure from everyone else there to hurry this thing along so she quickly scribbled her name on the paperwork.

“Great! Now before we get to the contest itself, we need for you to go over to the greenscreen and do a few poses for the camera so that we can have some promotional photos of you later on.

The trio was led over to where a greenscreen background was set up and was told to pose in the most excited way they could manage. Mashi posed by pretending he had just won a big eating contest and was cheering in victory. Rhea posed with a practiced look of joy on her face, being a young model she had experience in feigning whatever emotion was asked of her. The only one who had problems with it was Missy. She wasn’t used to being in front of the camera like her competition was and she felt especially self conscious about her size, with every slight jiggle of her muffin top feeling like an overwhelming quake.

“And now with that finished, we can finally move onto the contest!” The executive said, directing them to sit down at the long table on a stage that had been set up for them.

The employees on the site brought out three platters with twenty whoppers and an extra large drink on each of them and placed them in front of the three contestants.

“The goal of the contest is to eat as many Whoppers as you can. The first one to finish or, more likely, the last one to tap out is the winner!” The executive explained.

The rules were simple enough, Missy thought as she gripped her first Whopper in anticipation. Mashi got into a steely stance, having a strategy for victory already in his mind. Rhea, on the other hand, seemed completely apathetic to the whole affair.

“Ready, set, go!” The executive said as he played a gunshot sound effect on his phone.

Rhea only managed to eat two whoppers before she tapped out. She didn't seem bothered by her last place positioning. The aspiring model had only come because the invitation promised that footage of the event would be used in a nationwide advertising campaign and she thought it would be a chance for some easy exposure. Missy paced herself like she had in her other eating contests, averaging about a burger per minute while Mashi quickly outpaced, using the various skills he had gathered on the professional eating circuit to blow past his competition in the contest's early stage with more than two Whoppers a minute.

About four minutes into the event, Mashi was in the lead having downed seven Whoppers to Missy's four. However, it was around here that he began to slow down. Unlike Missy, he had been going for speed eating and he was now starting to get an upset stomach. Flawed techniques such as this one was part of the reason why he still hadn't made much of a name for himself as a competitive eater. This allowed Missy to begin to close the gap between them. Within the next few minutes they were tied at twelve and Missy overtook him after that, although she was starting to feel rather full herself. As Missy scarfed down her fifteenth burger, she had realized that she had reached her limit and was about to call it quits, only for Mashi to tap out at first at fourteen burgers. She was too bloated to get up and cheer but her face beamed with joy at her victory.

“Congratulations!” the executive said to her. “You're the winner of our contest and you will receive five years of free Burger King meal!”

He handed Missy a package containing a special gift card that would allow her to get free food at any Burger King alongside a long document containing a laundry list of stringent rules and restrictions that came with the use of her prize.

“As for you two, as stated in the contracts you signed, will both receive a penalty of five years of retroactive Burger King meals and, unlike Missy, they aren’t free, so you will have to work in our advertising department to pay off the debt.

“Wait what?!” Mashi said.

“I didn’t know about any of this!” Rhea shouted indignantly.

Missy was also confused. Why were the losers being made to work for Burger King? And, once more, the executive mentioned the retroactive penalties. What did he mean by that? The answer to the latter question quickly became evident as she heard Mashi and Rhea both let out unnaturally loud and brassy belches before letting out equally loud flatulence. The moment their embarrassing expulsion of gas had ended, the two of them suddenly began plumping up!

Rhea let out loud shrieks and even louder burps as her body began to swell up to morbidly obese proportions. Her belly bloated outwards until it nearly covered her knees but it was nothing compared to the growth in her boobs and ass. Her breasts grew huge, over twice as large as any known bra size, but they remained thick and firm with all the milk and fat they contained. Her rear fatter and fatter until the combined size and width of her buns were larger than Missy’s entire body. She technically had an hourglass figure but it would be more accurate to describe it as being similar to two large watermelons and two huge soft, lumpy globes with a beach ball between them. As she grew, her designer clothes tore off of her and the girth of her body and butt overwhelmed the chair she was sitting in and it collapsed under her. She could do nothing but lay there and impotently wiggle her now saggy and useless limbs.

Mashi found himself in a similar situation as Rhea. Within a few minutes, he gained hundreds of pounds onto his frame, his clothes tearing off of his form and his chair breaking under him. However, unlike Rhea, it was his belly that saw the most growth. His belly grew fatter

and rounder until it was so big that it alone took up over fifty percent of his body mass, being bigger than the biggest exercise ball. And while his paunch had become his most notable feature, this wasn't to say that the rest of his body had expanded as well. His moobs and buttocks, while nowhere near as huge as Rhea's, had still grown enough that

The stuffed Missy found herself too stunned and shocked to even scream at what she was seeing as she sat between her now flabby competitors, with them pathetically jiggling and farting on the ground amidst the rubble of their seats, now immobile and seemingly unable to create any sounds aside from loud burps and heavy breaths. She started to panic that she would start bloating up next but she was seemingly fine. A team of workers came to the table, team lifted and carried away the two burger-filled blobs and stuffed them both into a large truck trailer.

"Thank you for your time and I hope you enjoy your prize to the fullest." The executive said to Missy.

"What are you going to do to them?" Missy asked in a shaky voice.

"Oh, them. If you had read the contract we had you sign then you'd know everything. Don't worry, you won't bulge out like those two unless you break the NDA that you signed agreeing to keep the events of today under wraps. Because then you'll be saddled with ten years worth of retroactive Burger King meals that you'll have to work off for us."

Missy was still struggling by what was happening but she could tell that she was being threatened into not telling anyone about what happened here. She had no choice aside from nodding her head in agreement and fleeing the restaurant as fast as her chubby legs could carry her.

About a month later, Missy had mostly recovered from the experience but her nerves were still frazzled and she was still disturbed over the mysterious fates of her two competitors. One night, she decided to watch her favorite show to help distract her thoughts and was taken aback when during the commercials a new Burger King ad campaign aired.

“When other restaurants talk about being healthy, trust us to say you can’t trust them as far as you can throw their super sized customers” A female voice said.

The ad cut to a shot of Mashi doing the poses he did in front of the greenscreen before jump cutting to a new shot of him dressed up in an oversized, goofy yellow jumpsuit with clown makeup on. Unable to stand or do anything, he just sat almost motionless in a mock up parody of a McDonald’s, burping with a confused and hungry look on his face.

“This guy used to be a thin titan and now he’s nothing but a calorie clown!” The female voiceover declared.

The scene then cut to the greenscreen footage of Rhea except she had been edited to have bright red hair. It then cut to her current appearance. Her flatulent obese body was dressed up in a blue dress with red and blue striped stocking with the hair tied up into pig tails. Tears streamed down her chubby cheeks as she knew cameras were filming her but she had physically declined so much that couldn’t do anything to resist. She couldn’t even keep herself from releasing echoing farts every other second.

“This former model might not be frozen but her diet has certainly left her with a fresh layer of flab! Not to mention her bacon fuel wind breaking!” The voiceover declared.

Then the commercial cut to a new scene. It was the greenscreen footage of Missy that was airing now but then the screen grew small and shifted into the corner, revealing a much thinner woman who, aside from size, matched her description and was dressed just like she had been on the day of the contest.

“I’ve been on the Burger King diet for a month now and I think the changes speak for themselves.” The thin pretender said. “So if you’re looking for some fast food without fast calories, come to Burger King today!”

The ad came to an end and Missy was left stunned. She had so many questions but she knew she wasn’t likely to get any answers. All she could do was count her lucky stars that she was stuck as a immobile blob indentured into being used in ads to make jabs at Burger King’s

competition. Shortly after the ad had finished and Missy had calmed down some, her stomach started growling and she looked at her prize card on her table. Missy had her reservations over using the reward after everything that had happened but then she realized the only way to get back at the King was to cut into his profits, even in just a minor way. So she used her GrubHub app and ordered enough food for a large family, with the intention of doing it again tomorrow and everyday for the next five years.

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