

Claus In The Contract

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh

As the latest calendar year approached its end, British fitness influencer and all around stud Alex Crockford was starting to count down the days remaining on his contract with CavFit. After spending years as the face of larger fitness companies operating in the UK like UnderArmor and Bulk, Alex had elected to sign a one year contract with the start-up company in the hopes that his internet celebrity might be able to help the brand out. The workout clothes they were selling were fairly comfortable and hugged his lean muscles nicely but their protein snacks were a little on the dry side.



The terms of the contract he'd signed with them meant that he'd had to post promo videos of their products once every two weeks which hadn't been too difficult. His contact at the company - a Welshman named Jake - had been incredibly polite and friendly throughout their exchanges, even sharing that he was a user of Alex's #CrockFit app. All in all, his time under contract with CavFit had been positive but now that there were only two weeks left, Alex was excited for the opportunity to explore new opportunities with a bigger brand. Given this, he'd reached out to Jake and explained that while he was flattered that the company was willing to offer him a two year extension on his contract, he was going to have to turn it down.

Jake's reply didn't come for several days but when it did, it was surprisingly brief and curt: *We understand. Please ensure you see out the terms of your contract. You will be under CavFit employment until December 31st.* The email hadn't even featured a "yours sincerely" or "all the best" which seemed out of character for Jake but Alex told himself not to overthink it. This was just the nature of business, he was always going to make somebody unhappy no matter what he chose to do. It sucked because he hated the feeling of disappointing people but Alex had been forced to get used to it after spending over a decade in the fitness industry. Sometimes he had to think about what would be better for him and his family rather than just doing what others wanted from him.

Given the frosty reception he had been subjected to from Jake in response to his last email, Alex was somewhat surprised to receive an invitation to a CavFit Christmas event in London. The details in the email were sparse but the general idea was that it would be a meet and greet in a winter wonderland type setting. As the sole fitness representative for CavFit, the whole event was relying on Alex's attendance and wanting to earn some goodwill back after breaking the news to them, the thirty year old happily agreed. He'd always enjoyed meeting fans anyway, so if nothing else it seemed like a good opportunity to do that and see in person how people were getting on in their #CrockFit journeys!

Upon arriving at the venue (one of the largest shopping centers in central London), Alex was met by a stern-faced older gentleman with silver hair and a surprisingly muscular body for somebody who was clearly in their late fifties or early sixties. The man introduced himself as Mr McCaffrey, one of the business managers at CavFit, and he further surprised Alex with one of the strongest handshakes he'd ever experienced. It was enough to make the fitness influencer wince in pain, although he did his best to hide the discomfort from his face. The last thing he wanted to do was give the folks at CavFit any further reason to judge him.

In a corner of the shopping center was a setup that looked like every other Santa's grotto that Alex had seen over the years, only there was a large banner over the empty throne declaring that the event was "proudly sponsored by CavFit". Internally Alex was a little perplexed by their decision to stage a meet and greet under such conditions but he kept that opinion to himself for fear of causing further grief with the brand and its already displeased looking representative. Seeking to lighten the mood, Alex plastered a bright smile on his face and turned to the older man. "So, is there anything I need to know before we start?" he asked, using the most pleasant tone he could possibly manage.

The older man didn't even hint at the prospect of smiling. *Wow, what a miserable so and so! I sure hope I don't get like that when I'm old*, Alex thought to himself, his own smile faltering slightly in the process. "Head into the changing space behind the set," the old man instructed - no, *ordered* - "You'll find your costume there. Put it on and get back out posthaste. We're eager to start." The casual manner in which the word 'costume' was thrown out there forced Alex to do a double take. There hadn't been anything in Jake's email to suggest that he'd be wearing a costume! *Perhaps it's just more CavFit stuff and the old man's a little... flowery with his words.*

Upon stepping behind the curtain and entering the changing space though, Alex discovered that the man had been speaking literally. Resting upon a table was a sealed package that revealed a full Santa suit (with the CavFit logo on the back of the jacket) once the fitness influencer had opened it up. Not only that but the costume pieces were all labeled with 3XL, making them an incredibly poor fit for a man who mostly wore

mediums with the occasional large for when he wanted something loose-fitting. Three sizes larger though? He'd look like a kid wearing his father's clothes! Before he could even think of going back and explaining this though, the old man's voice boomed from the other side of the curtain: "Posthaste!"

Although he was fairly irritated at how rude the other man's tone was, Alex decided that the best way to get his point across would be to show him just how poor a fit the costume was. Grumbling a rare string of profanities under his breath, the fitness guru quickly kicked off his shoes and shuffled out of his clothes. He glanced briefly down at his body, admiring the muscular tableau, before stepping into the large red pants and pulling them up to his waistline. They would have dropped right back down to his ankles if he had let go of the waistband but (somewhat luckily) there was a drawstring which he was forced to pull as tight as possible before tying a knot in. Even then, if it wasn't for his impressive glutes forming a shelf behind him, there was every chance that the red pants would slip all the way down if he dared to move!



Slowly reaching down and collecting the maroon t-shirt from the floor, Alex then brought it up and lowered it over his head. As the garment fluttered down over his upper body, the man felt as if he was putting on a duvet covering; it was so big on him that he would have to be twice as wide in order to fill the sides! Not only that but the garment hung all the way down to his lower thighs due to his lack of a prominent belly. Even tucking it under the waistband of the pants didn't help matters all that much, there was still so much of the shirt billowing around him! In a somewhat merciful twist of fate there didn't appear to be any mirrors in the backstage area so Alex was spared the humiliation of having to see himself in such a state.

Up next was the red jacket with white fur along its edges and sure enough it was just as big as the shirt had been, more than enough to wrap the whole way around his body twice over! Continuing to grumble in displeasure, Alex pulled the jacket shut and fastened the buttons closed. Next, he stepped into the boots and although these weren't as poor a fit as the items of clothing that now hung loose on his tight muscular body, they were still a little on the large size even for his size ten feet! The last part of the costume was the iconic red hat and so with a bitter huff, Alex grabbed it from the table and shoved it down on top of his head. *I bet I like ho-ho-hilarious*, he thought bitterly as

he began stomping back towards the curtain with the intention of showing the CavFit employee what a terrible idea this whole thing had been.

After taking a few short steps though, a loud rumbling from his stomach stopped Alex in his tracks. He hadn't known it was even possible for the human body to make such a loud noise! Had it happened with anybody else around he would have been absolutely mortified, thankfully that hadn't been the case. Just as he thought he might be able to move on though, his stomach was rocked by a sharp pain akin to a stab wound right in the center of his gut! The suddenness of the painful sensation caused him to double over and clutch at his stomach, which was the precise moment that Alex realized something was very, very wrong.

Throughout his entire adult life and even down to his teenage years, Alex had always had a strong core that resulted in a toned stomach. He'd had a six-pack from the moment he had started to take his fitness seriously at the age of sixteen and it was one of his personal points of pride. Not being the type to go overboard on his infrequent bulking seasons, Alex rarely experienced much in the way of bloating. At that present moment though, his stomach was bizarrely distended and he could no longer feel the telltale hard ridges of his abdominals. *What the hell?!*

As the seconds continued to tick by, Alex endured something that he had never dared to consider possible as his midsection was expanding well beyond a simple food bloat. Hard muscle turned into soft blubber and the pants (that had seconds before been incredibly loose) were now pinching around his thicker waist, forcing Alex to hastily undo the knot he'd made in the drawstrings. Grunting and groaning in despair and discomfort, Alex staggered forward several more steps before losing his balance and dropping down onto his hands and knees with a loud *thud*. Pain seared at the points of impact but the man was far too preoccupied with what was happening to the rest of his body to even take any notice.

While he was down on all fours, Alex's body continued to expand like a balloon animal being pumped full of helium. His firm round glutes exploded into flabby watermelons, his muscular quads were lost behind layers of dense fat and his diamond-shaped calves lost all of their definition. Within moments the size 3XL pants had gone from billowing to a perfect fit thanks to the swelling of his lower half. Even his feet had expanded, becoming a better fit for the pair of black leather boots by stretching out several inches longer and ever so slightly wider. In fact the only part of Alex's lower half that got smaller with his manhood, with his seven inches dwindling down to three and his mighty balls being drained of their potent and virile seed.

The changes to Alex's physical form were even more obvious and prominent when it came to his top half, particularly as it seemed like his gut might never stop growing! His

stomach had bloated to such an extent that he looked like he was hiding a boulder underneath his shirt. Given his current position on his hands and knees, Alex's new stomach flab was pressed uncomfortably against the hard floor and his t-shirt had started to ride up over his gut. Even though the severe increase of weight around his midsection was the most eye-catching part of his transformation, it wasn't the only damage done to Alex's sculpted upper body. His arms, previously bulging with muscle, were now bulging with fat instead - any trace of muscle was hidden deep behind thick layers of flesh. His trapezius muscles severely deflated as his boulder-like shoulders were robbed of their definition and his once droolworthy pecs sagged down towards the ground as a pair of man tits.

Throughout this whole experience, the man could do little other than gasp for breath and hope that this was all just a nightmare that he was about to awaken from. Unfortunately for Alex, no such relief would be coming. Instead the transformation proceeded up past his neck, with his sharply defined features disappearing behind chubby cheeks and a double chin. As if this wasn't damaging enough, the previously clean-shaven man's face was suddenly dominated by a bushy white beard that had burst forth along his bloated jawline and mouth. Seconds later and high eyebrows lightened to match the white coloring of his dominant beard, while the hair underneath his hat severely thinned out to leave him with just a few whispers of white left before total baldness!

Given the state of his hair now clearly suggested that he was at least double his thirty years of age, it was hardly surprising that Alex's skin soon began to catch up. His face became lined with wrinkles, particularly around his eyes and mouth, while also adopting a permanently flushed complexion rather than the youthful golden glow that had served him so well during his modeling days. These signs of age traveled right across the man's body, leaving behind absolutely no suggestion that mere minutes ago the man had been in the prime of his life. The white hair that dominated Alex's face spread down across both his chest and back, creating dense forests of fur across both, as well as his arms, legs and ass. Having previously waxed his body every other week, to be overwhelmed by so much hair was just another layer to Alex's humiliation. He really couldn't see how this could get any worse...

Unfortunately for Alex, things still weren't quite done. Even though it seemed like the physical transformations were over, his vision was soon overtaken by an all-consuming fuzz, leaving him able to see nothing more than overall shapes rather than specifics. This latest development heightened the man's panic even further, prompting him to attempt to desperately scramble back up to his feet. Given the unfamiliar distribution of his much heavier weight, it took Alex several tries to even get up to his knees, then he had to grab onto the table in order to help him back up onto his feet. Each movement prompted every muscle in his body to cry out in protest and while he was used to that

after a tough workout, this was so much worse than anything he had experienced under those conditions. It was enough to make him groan out in pain, exposing him to the aged croak that was his new voice - yet another punch to his massive gut!

“Ah good, you look the part,” the familiar voice of the snooty CavFit employee declared from nearby. Alex turned but could see only a humanoid shape approaching rather than any of the man’s features. That changed when the blurry individual was within arm’s reach of him and a pair of glasses were placed on the bridge of his nose, finally allowing Alex to see his immediate surroundings. “Now, all you’re required to do is sit there and smile for the photographs. I’m sure you can do that without issue, hmm?”

“But, but--” Alex started, his face as red as the suit that was snugly wrapped around his overweight body. “My body! You--”

“You really should read your contracts better, Mr Crockford,” the CavFit employee remarked snidely. “You were told it was for one year but the document you signed specified that our company had the right to extend the contract further should we wish. The boss thought you might try something like this, so he demanded it be written into your contract as a special *clause*, if you’ll pardon the pun.” As he spoke, the man (who despite being advanced in age appeared to be at least a decade younger than the transformed Alex) reached out and played with the former fitness influencer’s massive gut. For the first time since their introduction, the man actually permitted a small smile to cross his lips. “It’s time for you to get out there and pose with our new CavFit representatives. We have faith that they’ll be more loyal than you are. After all, we’ve told them your true identity already - you’re the perfect warning that they shouldn’t attempt any funny business with us.”

Even though Alex felt like breaking down in tears and screaming out in despair, he didn’t have the chance to, as the other man all but pushed him through the curtain and into the winter wonderland setting. The elderly overweight man was greeted by the sight of a small crowd of young men with muscular bodies all of whom were smirking at him, as well as a queue of fitness enthusiasts looking to meet these new CavFit reps and parents with their children who wanted their pictures with the new mall Santa. As he waddled over to the chair, Alex forced a jolly smile onto his face. His own Christmas was ruined but the sensitive man couldn’t bear the thought of disappointing those kids in the crowd. Of course, first he’d have to endure the humiliation of meeting the new CavFit reps and their fit young bodies...

