

GainRNews

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Issue 2

Holiday, 1996

The Fat Man is Coming!

The holiday season is upon us and with it a chance for plentiful feasting. Santa is coming and will be bringing additional pounds to growing bellies everywhere. Whether you are growing yours, or want to help someone else grow theirs, this is certainly a season for food and feeding.

There's plenty of inspiration to be found in the pages of this special holiday issue of **GainRNews Digest**. We've got another in our continuing series called: **Interview With A Gainer**, Plenty of **Sightings**, and a new story by Cube with illustrations by Warren Davis.

Enjoy! And make certain you and yours get all they can eat this holiday season. Let's be sure all the growing bellies in our Gainer and Encourager community start out 1997 full and round.



Happy Holidays

from your friends at **GainRNews & GainRWeb**

Jeff & Lums

Joe & Brian

GainRNews

D I G E S T

Issue 2 • Holiday, 1996



GainRNews Digest

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B I G

COFFEE COFFEE BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ

VANILLA WITH TOFFEE CRUNCH

CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIE DOUGH

COFFEE WITH TOFFEE CRUNCH

NEW YORK SUPER FUDGE CHUNK

CHOCOLATE FUDGE BROWNIE

MINT CHOCOLATE COOKIE

CARAMEL FUDGE SWIRL

RAIN FOREST CRUNCH

PEANUT BUTTERCUP

COOL BRITANNIA

CHERRY GARCIA

CHUNKY MONKEY

WHITE RUSSIAN

CHUBBY HUBBY

BUTTER PECAN

WAVY GRAVY

COFFEE OLE

VANILLA



Word Search

This month's wordsearch contains the names of all of Ben and Jerry's flavors currently available in pints. The names are listed to the left. They may appear up, down, or diagonally; forwards or reverse.

F	O	Q	P	B	N	X	T	Z	C	F	B	E	V	J	Y	K	C	T	W	E	R	G	M	A	F	W	Q	S	Q
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Get Fat!

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D I G E S T

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THE FEAST OF SAN GENNARO

(From an idea shared with W. Davis)

story by CUBE

illustrations by W. Davis

Time was running out when the group leading the food concessionary committee gathered in Tony De Panchi's living room. It was only a few days until the beginning of the Festival of San Gennaro and not one man had thought of a sure fire way to boost food sales.

"I'll be damned if we don't find a way to get people to chow down," Tony growled. He was been the Calzone king of Little Italy and had taken the bad sales of the previous year as a personal insult.

"Its gotta be better this year," Sal (of Seafood Sal's -- "Best Calmari in New York") repeated for the hundredth time, "no one will remember that food poisoning scare."

All eyes in the crowded room glared murderously at Sal. None of them ever wanted to think of food poisoning again -- last year's rumors had been the final touch to the combination of bad weather, traffic trouble and general lack of tourism that marked the disaster of the last San Gennaro festival.

For the next several hours, a din of male voices filled the apartment as ideas were brought up and discarded. Tony's voice could be heard above the rest...

"TOO OLD!"

"WE DID THAT!"

"NOT BY MY STAND!"

"DO YOU WANT THE COPS ON OUR BACKS?!?"

It was when the men slumped back in their seats, exhausted by the fracas that Tony's cousin, Young Ricco spoke up.

"I gotta crazy idea -- real crazy!"

Willing to hear anything new, everyone turned expectantly towards him.

"Why not try using Marcello?"

"What do you mean?" Old Rudolpho (of prosciutto fame), asked in a voice that wavered between laughter and outrage.

"He has a gift for hypnotism -- Nona Lucia always swore he had the Strega's [old witch's] gift for making men do things just with his voice. Just have him on loudspeakers all down the street, urging men to try the food."

Before Young Ricco finished, the room was an uproar of shouts. Several men had some pungent things to say about the gay Marcello, while others laughed hysterically at such a ridiculous idea, several of the more devout men even crossed themselves.

"QUIET -- SHADDAP!" Tony boomed the room into silence.

"Listen," he said, "I think the idea is crazy -- but there's no reason not to try it. Maybe the voice of that no-good nephew of mine will make us sell more, after all, the men are the ones who really eat. And we might do better just to avoid having him next year!..."

A spotlight shined upon a slim young man in full formal dress, as he acknowledged the laughing, applauding audience at the Triangle Club.

"LET'S HEAR IT FOR MARCEL THE MIND BENDER!" he emcee shouted as Marcel/Marcello made his way off the stage.

Marcello entered his dressing room.

"Not bad Marcello. One man quacking like a duck, another guy getting drunk on water. You do have the Strega's gift."

Marcello sat down, resigned to Young Ricco's presence.

"What do you want Ricco?"

"Its what you want man. Your Uncle Tony has a sweet deal for you."

"Yeah, right -- the man can't stand me -- I like guys and that's enough to make him want to cut a deal to get rid of me."

"I stopped that."

"Come on Ric," Mamma and Aunt Floria made Uncle Tony's life hell until he promised not to lay his or anyone else's fingers on me. You only relayed the 'good news'."

"Well I got more news for you," Young Ricco said angrily, "You are going to use your 'gift' at the San Gennaro festival..."

When Marcello heard Young Ricco's plan, his insides went cold...

Truly, he had a gift for influencing men. Marcello discovered this when he was only twelve when he had a run in with Steve, THE bully of his junior high school. Steve had made life hell for Marcello and the rest of his classmates with the traditional acts of a teen terrorist -- random punch outs, demanding lunch money, and so on...

"Hey WUSS! -- Yeah, I'm talkin' to you!"

Marcello froze at the sneering voice that echoed in the tiled room. He had heard that Steve was gunning for him as "the only little creep I didn't pound," and that was enough. It wasn't that Marcello was afraid to use his fists, but he knew the difference between a good dirty fight and suicide. By lingering around classes and keeping out of the usual fight areas, Marcello had avoided Steve for most of the day. But he still had to go answer to nature and of course, who should be waiting in the empty bathroom but the two hundred plus pound, ultra macho, fifteen year old sadist of junior high.

Two massive hands pressed Marcello against the wall. Steve was going to beat the crap out of him. Two choices came into Marcello's mind -- get pounded without a struggle or go down fighting...

"Go fuck yourself!"

"WHAT!?!!" Steve roared unable to believe his ears.

Marcello gritted his teeth.

"GO FUCK YOURSELF!!!"

Marcello said it hearing a huskiness in his voice that he had never heard before.

Suddenly the hands released him. A strange look came over Steve's face as he backed away from Marcello, a huge erection swelling out the crotch of his overstuffed jeans. Grunting, Steve undid his pants, letting the paunch that packed his T-shirt sag down. Before Marcello's stunned stare, Steve dropped to the floor, bending over and struggling against the mass of his middle...

Watching the sight before him, Marcello felt a pressure in his own crotch...

Embarrassed at his own feelings and scared by Steve's groans as the bully started to act out his command, Marcello slipped out of the bathroom. He headed back to his class, more than willing to explode rather than look back as a hall monitor, seeking the source of those strange cries, approached the bathroom door...

With a youngster's intuition, Marcello realized that it was that odd huskiness in his voice that acted as a trigger. After some experimentation, he found that he could put that husk into his throat at will. It was even better than those hypnotizing rings in the comic book ads. Marcello really could influence a man to do anything!

Only Nona Lucia's catching him working his gift to get free candy from the clerk at Aunt Rosa's drug store, prevented him from becoming a power mad monster. To Marcello's terror, she called a family meeting and in the presence of his incredulous father and tearful mother, revealed that he had the Strega's gift. Nona Lucia and his mother, with the other ladies in the family begged him to realize what horrible things he might do. They painted a picture of misery and torment which reduced poor Marcello into a mass of gibbering tears. The experience was so scarring that Marcello never used the gift again until he was twenty-one.

That was due to Uncle Tony.

Tony had keenly watched his nephew's interest in performing stand-up comedy. He wasn't one to brag -- as he was the first to tell everyone -- but "the kid had something." Always willing to go all out to prove his point, Tony bullied his cronies and called

in favors to assure that Marcello would have a great start in his show business career.

Tony would make sure of that.

Then one week before his first booking -- a small nightclub -- Marcello came out of the closet.

A longtime bachelor, Tony had often felt his masculinity called into account, becoming one of the toughest men in the neighborhood to show his manliness. He always talked with hatred about "fairies," f--ing queers" and such. Tony would be damned before he'd help his sister's "Fruitcake."

Suddenly Marcello was engulfed with cancellations and found himself back on the grueling audition trail.

But deny it as Tony would, Marcello was as tough as his uncle.

Looking over his act after one more session of "don't call us," Marcello realized the need for a gimmick, something to captivate the audience (and bigwigs). He didn't have to think hard to realize what special talent he had. So Marcello became "Marcel the Mind Bender." After all, he reasoned, he would only use his gift as part of his stage routine. No evil twisting would come of it...

That is, until Young Ricco got involved.

"Listen, its for your family. No one is doing anything wrong! And even Tony is for it. Maybe now he can handle the - uh - way you live."

Eventually and against Marcello's better judgment, Ricco wore him down with appeals to his family loyalty, threats and promises of a family reconciliation ("After all Tony wants your help!").

The Festival of San Gennaro had never had a brighter pleasanter opening day as crowds began to fill the booth-lined streets. At each street corner, a loudspeaker had been attached its wires leading to a small booth where Marcello, microphone in hand, looked out over the throng.

Nervously, Marcello spoke.

"C'mon - C'mon - C'mon, you've gotta be hungry now!"

Several men stopped and absentmindedly felt their

stomachs. Marcello tried again letting the husk fill his voice even more.

"Just try a taste -- come on now your stomach wants it!"

Men started to gather at the stands, coming away with their hands full of steak sandwiches, sausages and other foodstuffs.

"Its good isn't it, don't you want to have more?!?"

Soon every man that Marcello saw was munching away...

"ITS SOOOO GOOD, SO TASTY, TRY SOME NOW! FEEL IT SLIDE DOWN AND ENJOY YOURSELF! AREN'T YOU HUNGRY!?" The loudspeakers husked out over the streets.

Marcello had hit his stride by now.

Every man of the street felt ravenously hungry. Not only the visitors of the festival, but the passers-by -- the well-fed businessman, the athletic young jock on the way to the gym, the bicycle messenger and the cop on the street -- all of them were chomping away to quiet their rumbling middles.

The sight of the men stuffing themselves thrilled Marcello. Many of them were very attractive and he was amazed to notice that some of the studs in their tank-tops and tight jeans had begun to fill out around the waist...

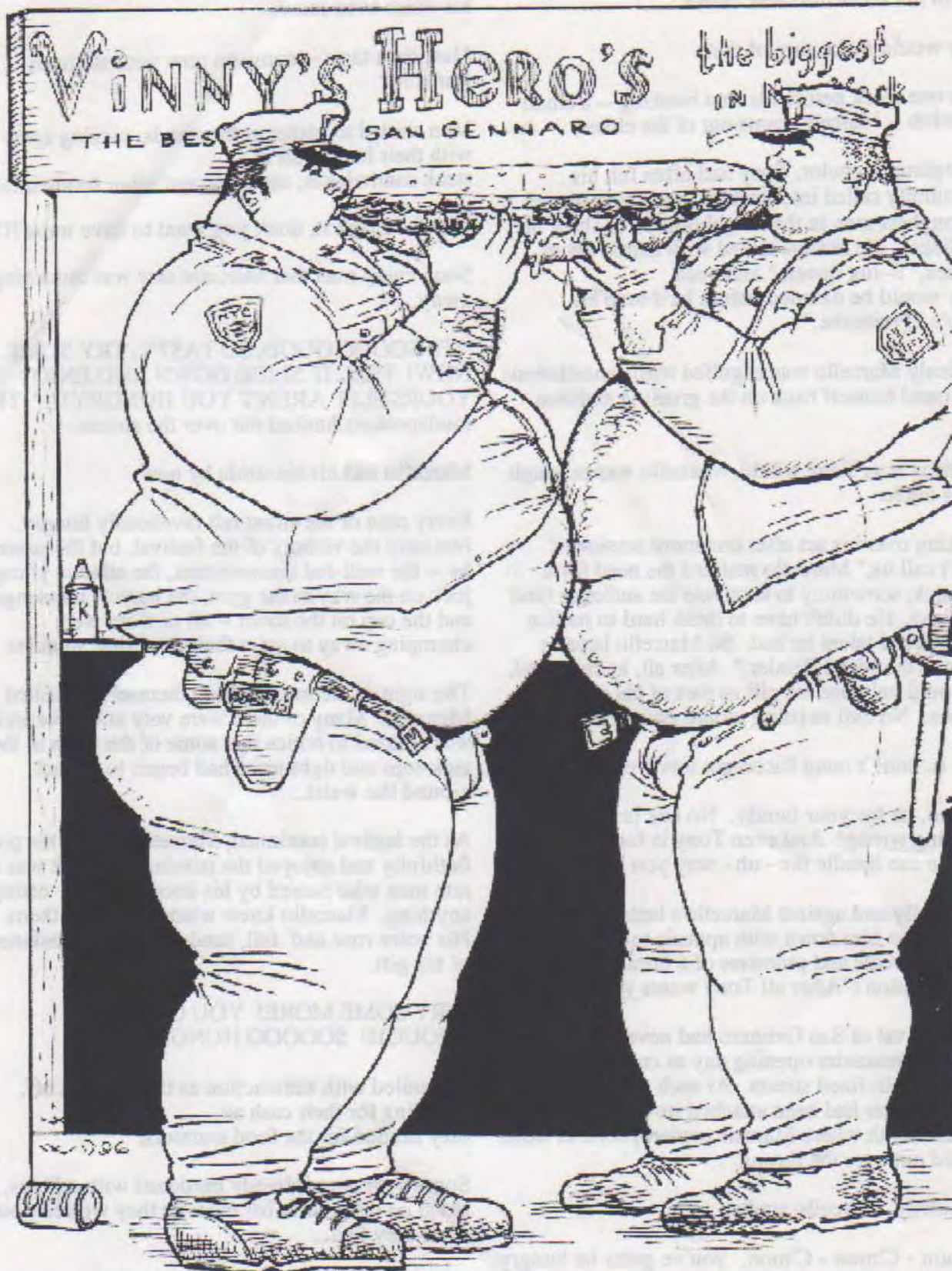
As the festival continued, Marcello kept to his post faithfully and enjoyed the passing scene. It was a rare man who passed by his booth without eating anything. Marcello knew what to do with them. His voice rose and fell, sanded with the huskiness of his gift.

"TRY SOME MORE! YOU CANT GET ENOUGH! SOOOOO HUNGRY!"

He smiled with satisfaction as they rushed off, fumbling for their cash as they headed for the food counters.

Some men, arms already burdened with edibles, stood on other lines for more as they wolfed down what they had...

Marcello soon noticed that several fellows were repeatedly coming back to the festival. He was turned on by the changes he was causing in them.



There was a young macho hunk that Marcello had seen on the first day --muscular thighs poured into shorts, a tiny waist topped by round sculpted pectorals that showed through the T-Shirt and powerful arms and shoulders that led to a handsome head which was crowned by a mane of long hair -- he had walked by as if he had owned the world.

Until he started feeling hungry.

Next morning when Marcello saw him, the hunk was cramming down seafood as he stroked the roundness that began to push against his belt. That same roundness was sagging over the belt by evening as its owner walked along in steps that clearly indicated that every seam of his shorts was straining under the new bulk.

Marcello couldn't resist a grin the next time he saw the man -- in a new pair of large loose fit jeans and an oversized shirt -- still pigging away.

A bicycle messenger stopped by and heard the loudspeakers. Hopping off the bike, he hurried his slim spandex clad body over to a pepper-steak stall. From then on, his route covered the festival as he stuffed himself, the tightness of his costume outlining every ounce of flab he put on. Marcello felt hot as he watched the biker ride by, his cheeks stuffed with the last mouthfuls of food, his newly soft belly plumping out and showing its navel over the tights. He smiled at the rising moon that was swelling out over the bike seat.

The cops could not help but be affected. There were legions of them patrolling the festival, ranging from slender, well-built rookies to hefty sergeants who were many dozen doughnuts past their athletic days. Most of them were stationed close by the loudspeakers and spent their days eating whatever food they could get from the stands nearby. Even the slimmest of them found their bullet proof vests tightening up and pressing against their blue shirt fronts and their trousers stretching out. The more senior (and fatter) policemen began to pop buttons off with surprising regularity, revealing the vest and fleshy belly beneath.

One officer was cramming away like all the rest. He passed by Marcello's booth, happily working on meatball sub. Matt was a damned handsome figure of a cop with a face that belonged on recruiting posters and a tall muscular body that sported a small doughnut-inflated paunch.

Marcello gave a silent wolf-whistle as he saw Matt go by. There was a man he could really go for -- a cop to boot! If he used his "gift" on him...

Resolutely Marcello put the thought out of his mind. He'd never mess with anyone's mind like that! He wanted something REAL!

Still Marcello was having the time of his life watching the masculine heft that was developing around him. He regretted the fact that the Festival of San Gennaro would soon end, but he cheered himself up over the fact that several of the merchants who had been in on the scheme had come over and thanked him warmly, expressing their hope that he could come next year.

That was when it happened...

Marcello had to relieve himself. Having sensibly taken the precaution of taping his voice, Marcello left a tape recording of himself blaring into the microphone as he went off to the bathroom. Having seated himself in a clean stall, Marcello was surprised to hear his Uncle Tony enter the room, talking with several of the other food vendors.

"Howr'ya selling" Tony was demanding to know.

Marcello smiled at the answers.

"The lines never end!"

"I'm breaking my records!"

"Never better!"

Now Sal's (of Seafood Sal's -- "Best Calmari in New York") voice rose.

"Your nephew is great. Marcello is giving us the best year we've ever had!"

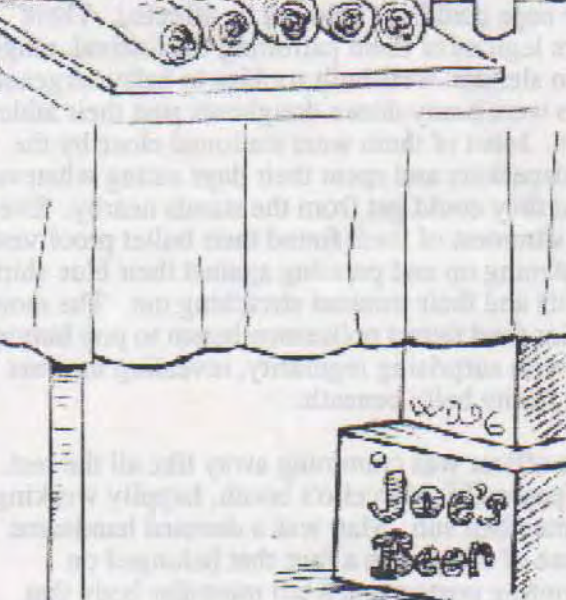
"That FAGGOT!?! " Tony laughed cruelly, "I brought him on as a joke. Do you know I promised to pay him for this? For just squawking into a microphone? Wait'll he tries to get the money. Even his Mamma won't have anything to say when I get through kicking his sorry ass!"

Anger surged through Marcello. If he hadn't been occupied at that moment, Marcello would have charged out and confronted his uncle. But fate (and

EAT SAN GENNARO



EAT



nature) restrained him and allowed him to think. By the time he was back at the microphone, Marcello knew what he would do to his bastard of an uncle and all the rest of those greedy sons of 'Putas.' They wanted men who would eat -- he would give them what they wanted.

"GET THAT FOOD INTO YOUR BELLY! ISN'T IT WARM IN THERE!?! SO GOOD!?! SOOOOO HUNGRYYYYY!!!"

The voice husked on over the crowd, an urgency in it that made men shudder, their stuffed bellies painfully growling for more.

"STARVINGGGG!!!!"

A man walked by, his face smeared by the two sandwiches he was cramming into his mouth with both hands. His shirt began to rip open, overwhelmed by the surge of food that filled out his pot belly.

"MMMMMM, DELICIOUSSSSS!"

A young couple had walked by Marcello's booth several times that day. The young man had all the classic good looks of a model -- flowing hair, attractive face and an outfit carefully chosen to impress his girl -- a young woman who was becoming increasingly annoyed at the way he kept stuffing his mouth and filling out the area below his impressively muscled chest. Suddenly, his shirt buttons gave way...

"YOU PIG!" The young lady yelled as she stalked off. The young man started after her but Marcello husked into the microphone. The young man stopped and looked around hungrily as he clutched at the considerable belly that sagged out of his shirt front. Marcello smiled as he watched the young man join a pasta line.

"PUT MORE IN!!! GOTTA EAT!!!"

A policeman walked by, the vast expanse of his now enormous blue shirt front stained by the food he was constantly gobbling down. Gelati in hand, he saluted another officer who was stretching the buttons on his blue shirt beyond limit as he tossed back his provolone. Another officer called out to them.

"Really enjoying yourself, eh?"

Matt had spent most of his patrol time filling his face. He loved feeling stuffed -- the sensation of his belt and vest tightening on his bloating belly -- and the festival was one of the few times he could indulge in a "pig out" while on duty. But Matt had never imagined so many men -- including his fellow officers -- into the same thing!

"STARVING -- NEED MORE!!!"

To Matt, the voice over the loudspeaker was only so much noise. He had ignored it like he did all the other barkers at the fair. Still, it had the right idea. So many hungry men...

"Mind if I have a bite?"

Matt reached out for the sandwich and took an eager bite, his comrades cheering at this action. Arm in arm, the three policemen went to the pizza stand.

"GOTTA FEEL FULL!!!"

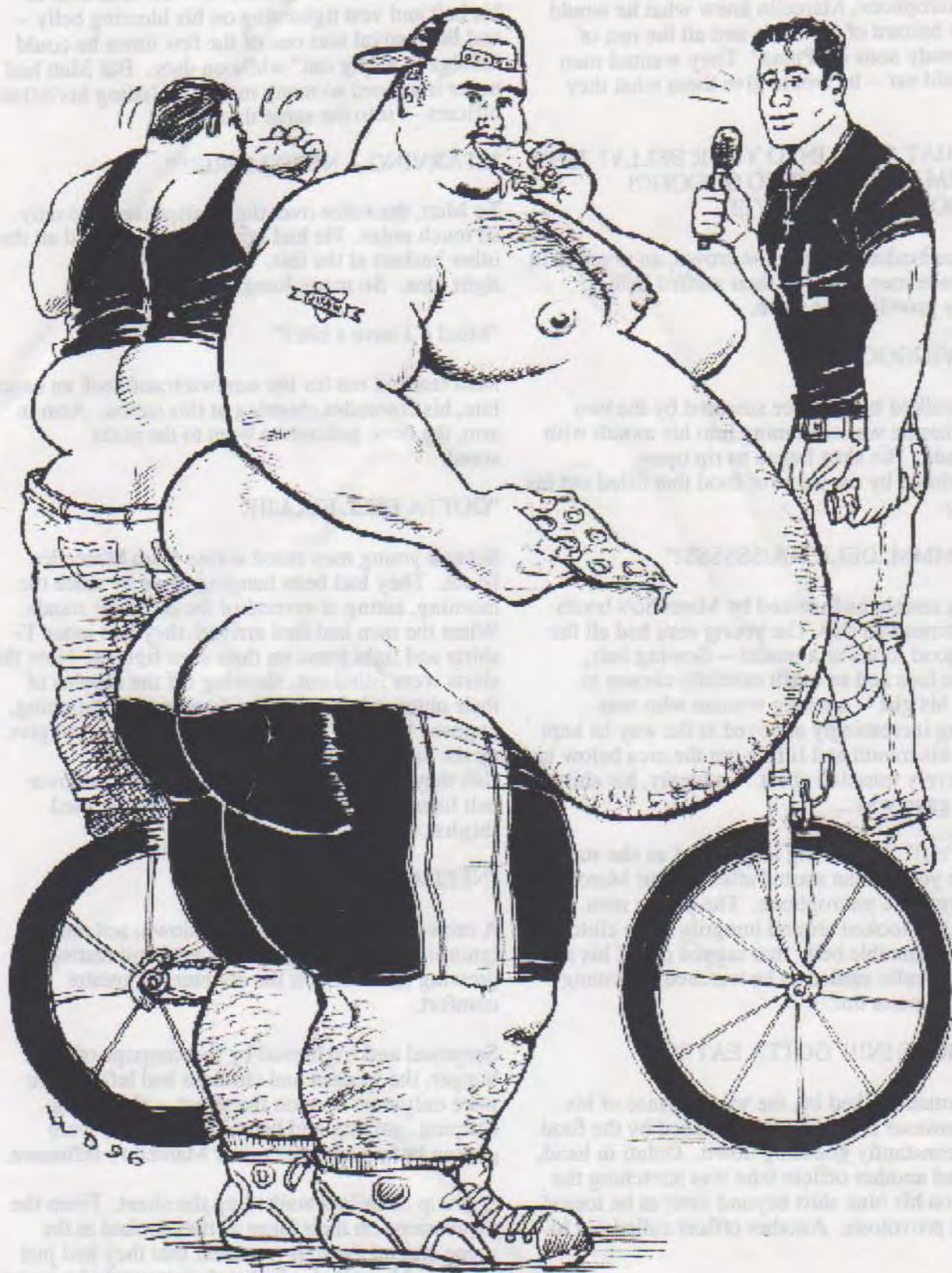
Several young men stood across from Marcello's booth. They had been hanging close by since the morning, eating at several of the different stands. When the men had first arrived, they had loose T-shirts and tight jeans on their slim figures. Now the shirts were filled out, showing off the nipples of their plumped chests and riding up over drooping, exposed bellies. The jeans were beginning to give up the battle against the load of flab they were putting on. Asses rising out over belt lines, seams straining against compressed thighs...

"NEEDA DRINK -- BADDD!!!"

A crowd of men chugged beer down, not only ignoring their expanding beer guts, but resting the growing paunches on the counter for greater comfort.

Surprised and frightened by the rampage of male hunger, the women and children had left. There were only men now on the street -- chomping, slurping, gulping and belching men who were getting fatter and fatter under Marcello's influence.

A group of sailors walked up the street. From the expressions on their faces as they looked at the scene around them, it was clear that they had just arrived. Marcello looked at their trained physiques that contrasted with the swelling bellies and asses around them. He smiled at them.



"FILL UP!!! SOOO TASTY!!!"

In no time at all, the sailors had their hands and mouths full of food, well on their way to bursting out of their Navy whites.

"EEAATTT!!!"

The actor who had been posing as The Incredible Dyna Man at one of the children's stands walked by, his mouth vacuuming in chicken parmesan. The spandex outfit meant for a slim, muscular super hero figure, stretched over the tremendous quivering paunch. The tights had begun to give way, revealing interesting glimpses of Dyna Man's thighs...

RRRIPPP!!!

Marcello looked in the direction of the noise to see two young men who stood against one another, belly to belly, pushing food into each others chomping mouths, oblivious to their disintegrating pants. Nobody else seemed to notice that these men were now clad only in their inadequate bikini briefs. Everyone was busy, and Marcello was feeling horny as hell...

"MMMM!!! FILL THAT GUT!!!"

The sexy bike messenger stood in front of Marcello's booth. He was beyond riding the bicycle that stood next to him. Bare chested now, the messenger had removed almost all the constraints that hadn't already ripped off. The trim chest had been replaced by pillowy pecs, their aureoles drooping over in ovals. Spreading out even further, his now massive gut sloped out impressively before being forced back into the only part of his outfit left, the overstrained bicycle shorts. The biker turned around and Marcello saw massive love handles that continued over a giant ass which rose almost freed entirely from the spandex.

"YOU CAN EAT MORE THAN THAT!!!"

With a loud POP, the spandex burst off, letting the flab rush free. Not missing a bite, the bicyclist rubbed his now loose, quivering bulk in relief, absolutely unembarrassed by his nakedness.

Suddenly the door to Marcello's booth was flung open as his Uncle Tony stormed in -- one very furious man. "WHAT'V'YOU DONE TO ME!?" Tony yelled in a voice that was muffled by a mouthful of calzone...

Tony's stand had been one of the busiest at the fair. Men were swamping it in their increasing demands for more food. Calzone, pizza, panzarotti -- Tony and his staff gave up their breaks and mealtimes to keep up with the hungry crowd.

Of course they took a nibble whenever they could...

Tony De Panchi had always been large man and he often indulged in his own product in a big way. So it didn't seem odd to him as he felt his belt tighten up on his waist. When a button came off his shirt, Tony merely grinned to himself, proud of the good digestion that he had always had and helped himself to a bit more stromboli...

"COME ON COME ON COME ON!!

IT TASTES WOONDERFUULLL!!!"

Guido, a studly example of young masculinity, came back from the bathroom, his hands tugging at his fly.

"Whats wrong?" Tony asked absentmindedly, his attention focused on feeding the mammoth figures crowded belly-to-belly at the counter.

"My - My jeans -- I just got 'em this week, baggy fit and all!"

Struggling with his pants, Guido faced his boss. The loose fabric was now stretched out as tight as a drum over Guido's thighs. His just-grown but already large belly pressed down from above, forcing his shirt outward and upward. Red-faced, Guido tried one last time to fasten his fly, struggling to push in his flesh and the thick shaft of his cock that pushed out tent like, under his designer briefs. His struggles only succeeded in forcing the jeans lower, uncovering his fleshy soft thighs.

Giving it up, the newly fattened Guido reached for yet another snack.

Tony watched him in fascination, feeling his face turn red as he admired the soft fleshy semi-circles of butt that expanded out of Guido's jeans. As if awakening from a trance, he looked at the other men in his stall. Every one of them had filled out and were beginning to display their paunches and butts as their clothes lost the battle against their flab. Yet, each man continued to stuff himself even as he



helped feed the crowd of hungry, fat customers.

Amazed at what he was seeing on his side of the counter, Tony just stared at all the men -- in the stall, on the street -- ignoring the clamor of the plump patrons who wanted their calzone.

He liked what he saw. Hell! He didn't just like it -- he LOVED it!

Tony's cock started to stiffen. Grabbing a calzone, Tony stuffed it in his mouth, hoping that he could focus his attention on the food instead of on the fat men all around him.

But it was too late.

Tony's fly, already holding in more paunch than it had ever been meant too, simply split under the added pressure of his horny dick. A loud snapping noise, followed as the over stressed belt gave way as well. All the flab that had been underneath spread out, popping off most of his shirt buttons. He was now a gargantuan tribute to gluttony in his overstretched tank-top and unbelted,

unzipped pants. A mass of bare belly stuck out swaying to the rhythm of his motions as Tony angrily waddled off towards Marcello's booth, furiously chewing on a calzone...

Marcello grinned at the tremendous man's fury.

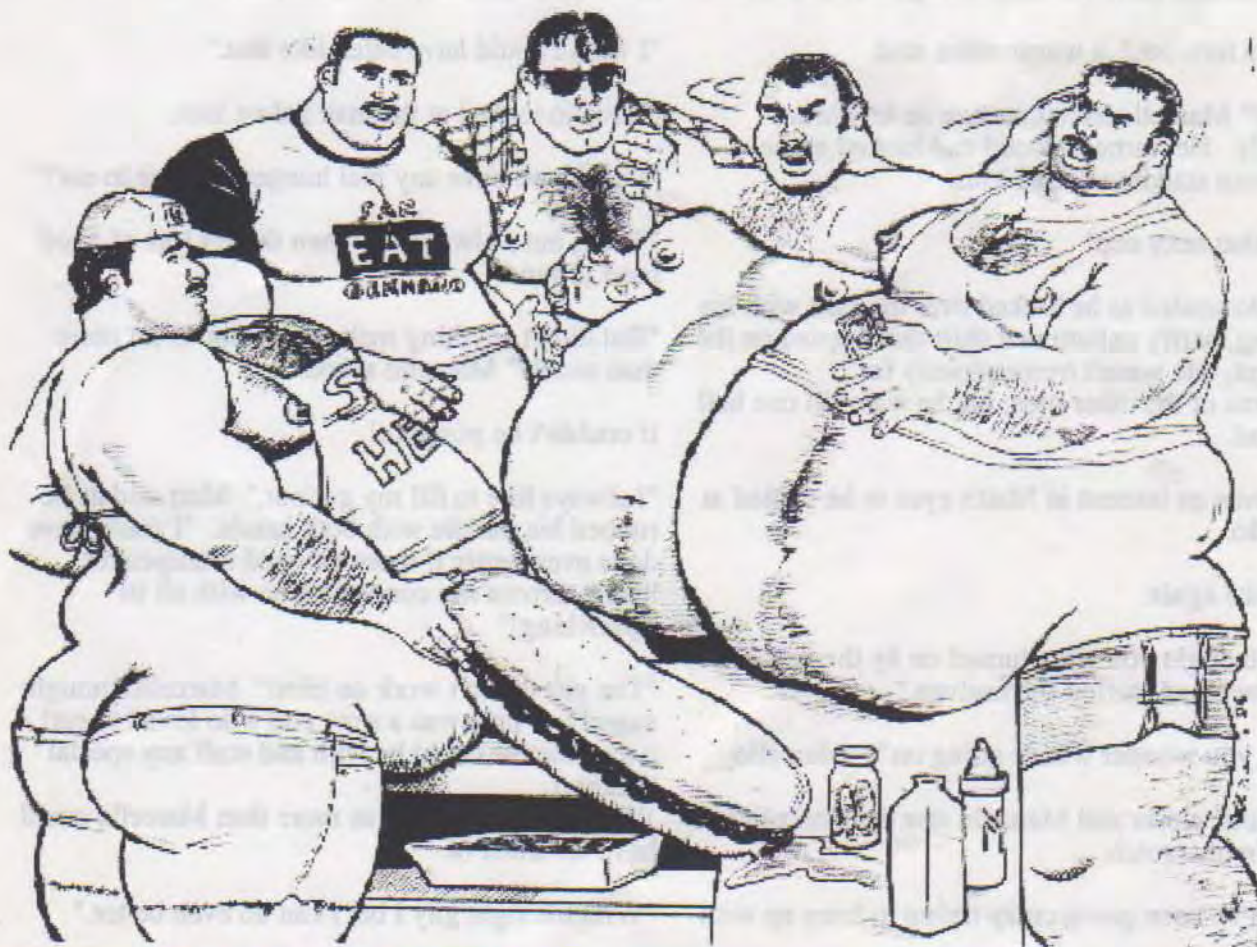
"Why, I just did what you wanted, Uncle Tony," Marcello said with a smirk, "I'm making all the men hungry. You're just one of the men, and YOU'RE SOOO HUNGRY!?! Right?"

A rumbling noise filled the booth as Tony pressed his hands hard against his mammoth sized, yet starving gut. He had to eat...

"You're my Uncle Tony De Paunchy, eh?"

Marcello laughed, watching his Uncle's flab shake like jello, "Now GO AND EAT!!!" He swatted Tony's considerable rear as the man rushed out to fatten himself up even more.

"Uncle Tony looks kind of cute," Marcello thought, "if I used my voice just right..." He laughed at the irony of the idea and put it out of his mind. Horny



as he was, Marcello would wait...

Several hours later, a restless, Marcello stepped out of the booth for a look around. It was very hard to get around now, because of all the big men who were standing around, intent on their eating. He slipped by them, enjoying the sensation of brushing himself against their massiveness. Worked up by the sexiness of his surroundings, Marcello started up a side street, to try to calm himself. Passing by the local firehouse, he glanced into its open doors. His eyes opened wide...

Sitting against the fire truck, all the firemen were busy stuffing their faces. The long period of constantly hearing Marcello's voice nearby as they waited for a call had clearly had its effect. Some of them were still wearing shreds, but for the most part, they had long outgrown their uniforms. In fact, they had become the fattest men that Marcello had ever seen. He remembered admiring the well-built firemen that he had often seen in the neighborhood, and now here they were, huge round bellies resting over porky legs, their plump bare chests spreading out on top. There was no doubt that they were beyond sliding down a fire pole -- all that daily nonstop eating had seen to that.

"What a turn-on," a warm voice said.

"What?" Marcello asked, unsure he had heard correctly. He turned around and looked at the policeman standing before him.

It was that sexy cop!

Marcello smiled as he looked over the man with his straining, partly unbuttoned shirt that opened on the large gut. He wasn't tremendously fat like some of the other men, but he was still one hell of a stud.

There was an interest in Matt's eyes as he smiled at Marcello.

He spoke again.

"I just thought you were turned on by the way those men had stuffed themselves."

"Don't you wonder what's going on?" Marcello asked.

Matt came closer and Marcello saw the masculine bulge in his crotch.

"Hell, I've been going crazy trying to keep up with

the men here. Somehow they've been able to pig out better than I did."

"How long have you been here?"

"Oh, most of the festival and man did I enjoy it!"

At that moment, the group of sailors passed by. Their washboard abdomens had been replaced by overloaded guts that rode over their opened pants. They looked up the street expectantly, talking to one another.

"Nothin' here!" one sailor said in disappointment.

"Then where are we going?"

"I'm heading back for more," another one belched out, his hands rubbing at his stretched out middle.
"Great!"

They turned back, their expanding rears winking from their splitting pants as they walked away from Marcello and the cop.

Matt whistled softly in admiration.

"I wish I could have eaten like that."

Marcello looked at the man before him.

"Didn't you have any real hunger, or urge to eat?"

"Yeah, but I always do when there's lots of good food around."

"But didn't anything make you want to eat more than usual?" Marcello asked.

It couldn't be possible!

"I always like to fill my gut out," Matt said as he rubbed his middle with both hands. "I could have done even better if those damned loudspeakers hadn't thrown my concentration with all its squawking!"

"The gift doesn't work on him!" Marcello thought eagerly -- here was a sexy cop who loved to eat! -- a man that he could be with and stuff any special trickery!

What Matt said next was more than Marcello could have dreamed of.

"With the right guy I bet I can do even better."

"E-even better?"

"With the right guy," Matt looked at Marcello intensely.

The two men stood silently.

Eventually, Marcello asked the next question, praying that he was saying the right thing.

"You get off on that kind of thing?"

"I shouldn't," Matt pulled at his belt as he replied, "but I do. I'm no patch on the guys here, but I can be a real glutton. At least at the right moments"

"The right moments?"

"Well, I'm off-duty now. If you're not busy..."

"...We could go out and talk about finding the right moment," Marcello continued for him.

The two men walked off together...

It was late when Young Ricco returned from his business trip. It was up to him to give Marcello the payment that Tony had intended for him. Ricco's hoped that Marcello would put up a good fight as his fists itched for action.

"Yeah, I'll pay him," Ricco chuckled.

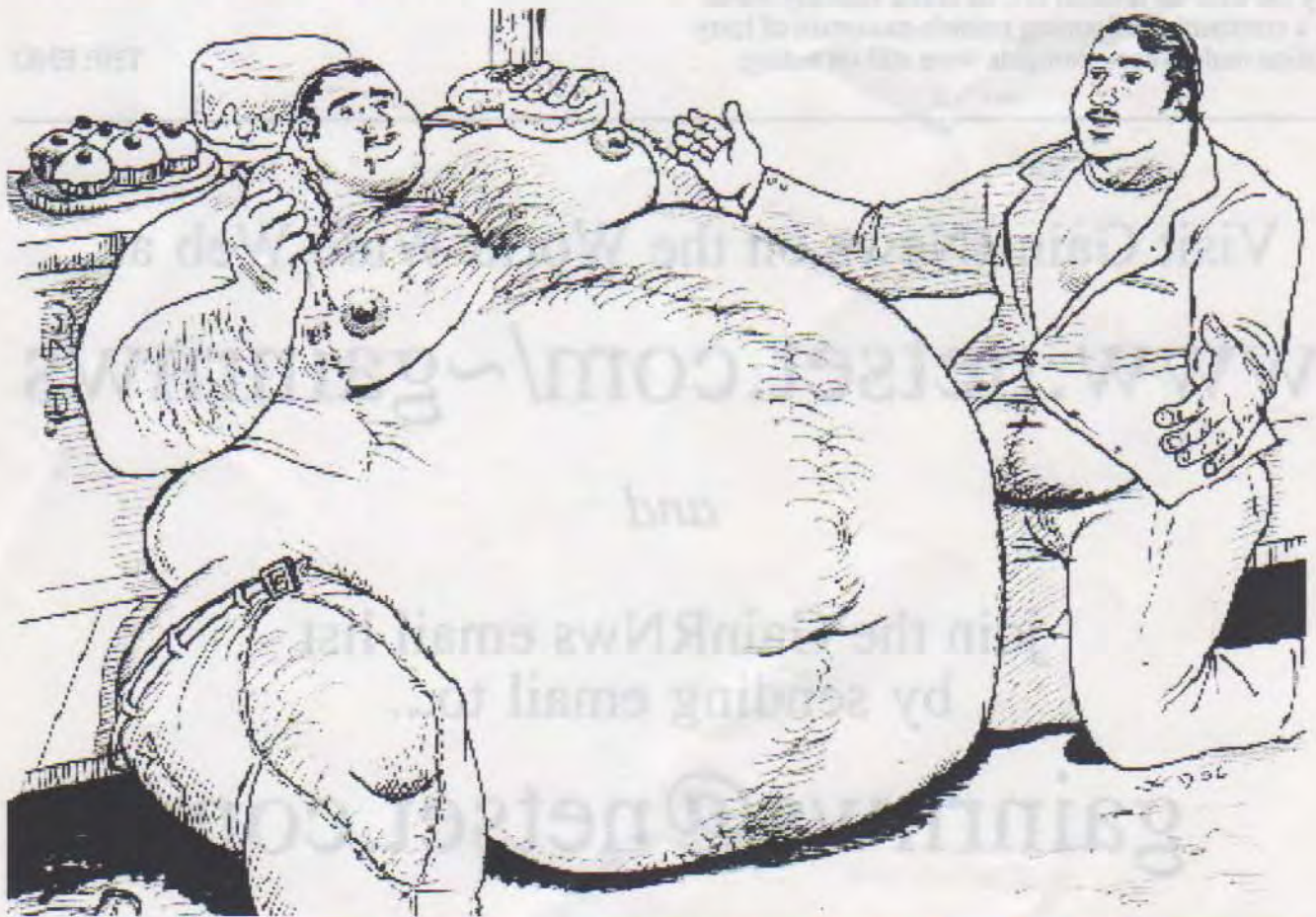
Reaching the festival, he stopped in shock, staring at the scene before him.

The street was packed with tremendously bulky, naked men. They were all on the ground either eating or sound asleep. Even the men in the stands had filled out.

Ricco made his way toward Marcello's booth, ready for murder. All that was inside, when Ricco burst in was a tape player with a note on it reading:

For Ricco --
Press play,
Marcello

Ricco hit the play button.



Marcello's voice was on the tape.

"You always wanted to be a big man like Uncle Tony, right Ricco? Well, FROM NOW ON YOU'LL EAT UNTIL YOU'RE THE BIGGEST MAN AROUND!!! And about Uncle Tony..."

Ricco stood as if frozen, listening to the husky voice on the tape until it had finished. Soon he stumbled out of the booth, his ears ringing. A powerful wave of hunger seized him...

Tony De Panchi woke up from a doze and started munching again. He had spent hours cramming food into himself, rampaging through the stands in his effort to get the tastiest, most fulfilling foods for himself. Finally Tony grabbed some baskets from a stall. Fighting off some of the more eager hungry men, he loaded up with whatever he could lay his hands on.

Exhausted, he finally sat down on a curbside and started consuming the contents of the overstuffed baskets. Tony was beyond gargantuan now as he ate, his soft belly getting larger and larger as it drooped down and then firmly rested on the street. By the time he nodded off, he could scarcely move -- a constantly ballooning paunch-mountain of lusty Italian male whose thoughts were still on eating.

A figure had stopped in front of Tony. Looking up, he saw a familiar face.

"Ricco?"

Ricco looked down, his cheeks puffed out from the food. It had only been a short time since he had left Marcello's booth, but already, Ricco was outgrowing his tapered Italian suit, its seams and buttons at the bursting point, under the pressure of his swelling figure.

He approached Tony and sank to his knees in front of him.

"Tony?"

"Yeah?!?" Tony said.

"I - I want you!!!" Ricco yelled, his ears still ringing with Marcello's voice.

Stretching onto his cousin's huge gut, Ricco grabbed Tony's face and kissed him. Tony was too fat and horny to even try to struggle as Ricco, his clothes ripping off to reveal his now sex crazed, chubby body, started to make out with him ...

THE END

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An Interview with a Gainer

Phil •



Q: How long have you been a gainer?

A: Seven years. It has been a path of periodic gains...with a lot of time left for my body to adjust to each new size.

Q: What are your current stats?

A: Height: 5'10"

Weight: 380 lbs.

Belly: 68" standing...72" sitting.

Chest: 62"

Waist: 56" (huge overhang)



Q: How big were you when you started gaining?

A: Height: 5'10"

Weight: 145 lbs

Belly: 29"

Chest: 42"

Waist: 29"...hips were 32"

I used to work out five times a week when I was training for swimming. I worked very hard for my 29" waist...and took every opportunity to show it off. I suppose that I was always an exhibitionist. I would wear the smallest bikinis at the beach to get a few looks. Body molding is great fun!

Q: What turned you on to gaining?

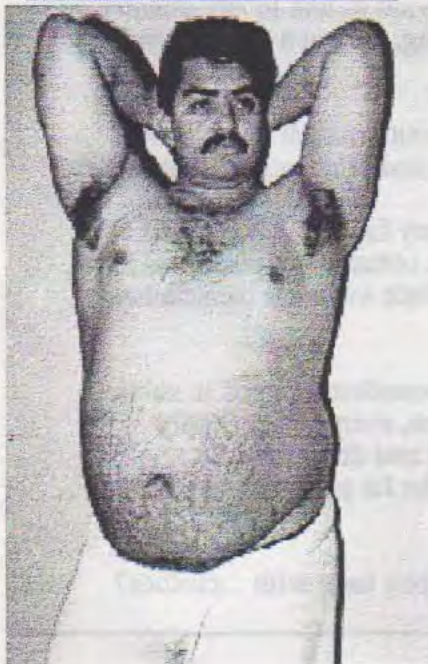
A: I've always dreamed of getting fat, even as a child. I have admired fat men for as long as I can remember. I used to sneak into the fridge in the middle of the night and drink lots of water and milk thinking that I would expand like a water balloon. Every time that I would see a really huge man, I wanted to be just the same. The first sexual feeling I had was watching two cousins of mine sitting on the back of a pick-up truck, fat flowing all over, and listening to them guzzle beer at a family picnic. There was never a more beautiful sight.

Q: What appeals to you most about gaining? Overall size? Eating? Constantly getting bigger and bigger? etc.

A: I enjoy the feeling of mass; shaking my gut and knowing that I'm truly fat and that I want more...and will eventually get there. There is a feeling a fear in that I may never get FAT enough...but that is the thrill as well.

Q: What large men have you admired? Were they role models?

A: My cousins, uncles and aunts. There is a fat gene in my family and the family members who indulge in it have showed me that gluttony can be wonderful. I have an aunt who would eat so much...she would excuse herself to "relieve" herself and return for continued feeding! That's a dedicated gainer!





Q: Has your size preferences (in yourself and others) changed as you've grown bigger?

A: I used to think that 300 lbs was big. As I approach 400...600 sounds ideal. I will probably change my mind as I approach 600. I have not found a limit yet. I do prefer huge men as well...but have found some wonderful "smaller" encouragers. I am a chaser first...gainer second.

Q: Are you interested in getting so big you will be housebound or bedridden? If so, what arrangements will you make to maintain this size?

A: I have always dreamed of being so fat that I can't leave the house easily. I don't know how close I may come to that point...but in the right circumstance, I would definitely welcome it.

I am searching for another career that will allow for working at home. This is quite a challenge because I enjoy my work. This dilemma is very difficult. I will probably remain in social work as long as I can move my body under my own volition.



Q: Is there any one food item or practice that you believe is the most optimum way to gain weight?

A: I really enjoy breads and pastas. Anything chewy that will satisfy my oral fixation will do. I also eat a lot after I get home from work. That does the trick.

Q: Have you discovered ways to shape your weight gain, like specific means to enlarge only your belly as opposed to other body parts?

Weight training is the only known method of further altering the body shape. I'm thinking of returning to the gym and pool to continue shaping my body-with no intention of reducing any fat whatsoever.

Q: What, when and how do you eat? Do you eat constantly or stuff yourself only at mealtimes?

A: I eat whatever I want, whenever I want it; and in any quantity. Variety helps a lot. Continual eating, between meals...and between snacks.

Q: As you gain what do you notice about yourself and/or your interaction with your surroundings and other people that causes you to want to gain more?

A: I have an increased awareness of my fat self in the world. It seems that the fatter I get, the more obtuse I am perceived to be. Fat people are thought to be just a little lower on the scholastic level.

I also find the hatred of fat people manifesting itself in subtle ways in every aspect of socialization, even within family settings. I am always ready to fight and defend the fat population. It is a hard world for the fat person, make no mistake about it.

Q: What problems (and solutions) do you have with ...clothes?
Buy big...you'll grow into it!



...furniture?

Hate those white, plastic chairs. I have a favorite restaurant I go to in my neighborhood. Without asking, a sturdy, armless chair is brought to the area I want to sit in. I will forever be their patron. Other places need to be trained that way. I do my education wherever I go.

...work?

Work has been wonderful. My boss is very supportive of my efforts in the Big Person's world. No problems there.

...cars?

I bought a Taurus and love the size inside...for now!

...travel? (ie: planes, trains, etc)

Travel late...make no apologies.

Q: Do you worry about your health? Are you regularly seen by a doctor?

A: My health has been excellent. My physician is wonderful. I have trained him as well. He keeps me fat, healthy and happy.

Q: Other gainers want to know what to expect as they gain more weight. With that in mind, tell us what physical limitations you have now, if any, that you did not have before your gain? And, how have you adapted to them?

A: Be prepared for major life change if you go beyond 300 lbs. I have never been happier and definitely want more. I welcome the change in my lifestyle. I have looked forward to each obstacle as a milestone. But it is very important that the potential gainer realize the massive impact it will have on your life. You must really want to do it. I remember one thing my mentor told me years ago. "If you don't like it, you can always lose it!" It's that simple.

Q: What do you say to your family and friends about your size, and how have they reacted?

A: My friends have been TRUE and good people through this. They know how much this means to me. My family is coming around. It was incredibly hard for them to see me change over the past seven years. Once they knew that I wanted this and would not change my mind, there was no more arguing.

Q: What would you do different if you could do it all over again?

A: I would have found a dedicated gainer to do it with.

Q: What would you do the same if you could do it all over again?

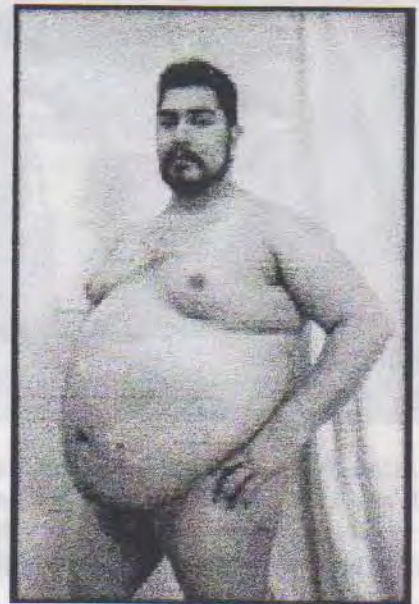
A: Without a doubt, I would do it all again in a heartbeat.

Q: Do you have any recommendations or comments for other gainers?

A: Find friends of similar interest. I have surrounded myself with fat and fat positive men and women. It makes all the difference. Create your community.

GainRNews Digest thanks Phil for letting us interview him.

Look for another Interview with a Gainer in the next issue of GainRNews Digest.



The European Big Man's Conference

"The E.B.M.C. seen through the eyes of the hospitality suite slut -eh- mayor."
submitted by Erik the Viqueen (aka SAFFY)

[Ed note: Thanks to Phillipe for sending the coverage of this event to us!]

The start of the EBMC was a bit quiet, although the hospitality suite filled up nicely on Thursday. Many, many gorgeous bears. The only event on the first day was a pool party on the top floor of the

The party on Saturday night was much fun, the election of Mr. Chubby was won by a gorgeous bear named Fred from Sydney, and Mr Chaser was won by Maurice from Saudi Arabia and Belgium.



And a fabulous Absolutely Fabulous impersonation from the girls from Chez Maman on stage, who performed a highly professional show. From 11pm, it was dance, only dance, and most of the 300+ bears took shirts off and melted on the hot dance floor, under the lovely gorgeous arches of pastel balloons. Danced like crazy on silly disco music after that and some Dutch queens (hi Geert!) couldn't resist doing the Macarena on stage. Filled my stomach with "as much as I could eat" rolls, meatballs and pastries.

Sheraton. Nice idea, but several balls froze off. Oh well, any cheap excuse to get your balls warm again is a good one. In the evening, the suite filled up quickly and the atmosphere went hotter and hotter!

Sunday afternoon we had a meeting with the Federation of European Big mens clubs, on which one good thing was decided: Philippe will

Friday was good as ever. We had breakfast, like every day after that, all together in the 30th floor's Horizon room, a great way to start the day. Then we rushed to the fantastic Oasis sauna which was private for us. Dining on your bare ass under chandeliers !! Great food, lots of fun, more than 230 people, I heard.

Back to the hospitality suite, filled to capacity (even if it was one of largest suites of the hotels, 3 rooms!).

Don't know what happened on Saturday afternoon, I passed out. I know the suite was filled and that it was great when we moved downstairs to the Brasserie, later rebaptised "EBMC CLUB" and later again "BEAR KELDER!!"





try to make a European magazine, and most clubs are willing to work with that. Jacques from Amsterdam was elected president of FEB.

The vendor's hall worked well and Sunday night was of course a blast, going to Aqualibi, the enormous aquatic centre with slides and stuff, all to ourselves. Everything filled with

big men and bears. No screaming children or women! And the biggest underwater darkroom of the world.

Back to the hotel and hospitality suite - Sunday went into Monday - where a good time was had by all.

Monday was nice & emotional; a farewell brunch with lots of tears, and thank you and awards and the usual exchange of promises, addresses and hugs. And in the afternoon we returned to the sauna. The suite re opened and didn't close until 3am... And then: home (weep).

All in all it was GREAT!!!



[Ed note: We wish we could tell you who all these hot men are. But, their names weren't included with the pictures and commentary we recieved from Belgium.]



The Meeting Place

GWM, 6'1", 252#, 50" chest, 49" belly, 43 y.o., blue/gray eyes, beard, hairy chest and belly, gainer and encourager.

Interests: Cinema (film history), cooking, all kinds of music. ISO: GWM, under 5'8", under 40 y.o., to feed me, be fed by me or both. Possible LTR. Write with photo to:

Larry [REDACTED]

Dearborn Heights, MI 48125.

Email: [REDACTED]



Hearts, Lust and Love-Handles

Romantic Encourager seeks man desiring growth in many ways.

Me: GJM, 6'1", 210 lbs. (Muscular/husky), Brown hair and eyes, NYC resident and belly worshipper.

You: Attractive male wanting friendship and romance, who enjoys intellectual, romantic, expansive activities.

Beginners and NYC residents a Plus.

Contact:

MAB [REDACTED]

New York, NY 10009-3750

Email: [REDACTED]

Join the
GainRNews email list
by contacting:
gainrnws@netset.com

This openminded 5' 8 1/2", Greater Boston Area str8 is on a major expansion program. A year and a half ago I weighed 216. It became 236. Now it's 255. My 42" waist is now 49" and my 47" belly is 51". The suit I bought a year ago I struggle to get into. I used to get full. Now I can eat almost non-stop.

The fatter I get, the fatter I WANT to get. I have no idea what the limit will be, if any. It WON'T be less than 300.

ISO: encouragers and roll (pun intended) models who respect my orientation (as I do theirs) to help me get fatter faster. I want my bellies to sag so they fall between my legs when I sit, and rolls and rolls of flab.

I travel New England and Eastern New York State.

Email: [REDACTED]



Are you a fat gainer and interested in a senior (early 70's) encourager?

Look no further.

I'm anxious to encourage you - respecting your limits.

Call: Ernie at [REDACTED] to midnight ET or write me at:

Ernie [REDACTED]

Mt. Vernon, NY 10553.

5'9"; 230# (up from 160# 18 months ago); brn/grn; 45" belly, 38" jeans; student; dominant.

ISO: smaller, attractive, submissive, younger, in shape encourager in Central Indiana area to coax me to full blown studliness. I wanna be a 300# GIANT and smother you with my massive gut. My belly repods well to massage, gentle kisses and constant feeding. Treat it well and soon you will have a whale to ride. Not into kink, just good clean fun with the possibility of a relationship.

Before...



Current...



Location: Philadelphia Suburbs
 Stats: 6'1"; 255#; 51" Chest; 45" Belly;
 18-1/2" Arms.
 Hobbies: Lifting, eating and Bulking Up.
 My goal is 280# - 300#.
 Email: [REDACTED]



GWM, 43, 6'2", 285, broad shoulders,
 short dark hair, green eyes, smooth
 round 54" balloon belly over a 42" waist.
 Occasional weightlifter, not the former
 football player I am mistaken for - but
 still filling up at the training table. I like
 the arts, traveling, baseball, eating out,
 shopping.

Looking for another masculine man near
 my age with a working intellect and
 similar variety of interests. I want to
 grow my belly in the context of a real
 whole relationship. Take a chance.

Mark

[REDACTED]
 San Francisco, CA 94114.



45 yr old daddy bear
 5'10 255 lbs- 8" cut

Looking for chasers-longhaired sons
 especially excite- or skinheads (I have
 2 personalities!)

Rochester, NY area . Will respond to all.

Email: [REDACTED]

GWM, 6'1", 175#, 52
 Looking to meet and share good times
 with guys having an exisiting or
 developing large soft gut.

Enjoy love handles and the deepest
 navels.

Photo exchange required.
 No phone sex.

Call Bob at [REDACTED] evenings
 or Write to:

Bob

[REDACTED]
 Rocky Hill, CT 06067



Contacting someone from

*The Meeting
 Place*

Don't have internet access?
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If there is only an email address,
 simply write your letter; put it in an
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 envelope and write the email
 address on the envelope. Enclose
 your stamped envelope with a
 \$1.00 bill in another envelope and
 mail it to us. We will forward it to the
 anxiously waiting recipient.

GainRNews
 P.O. Box 664
 Columbus, OH 43216

I am an Encourager turned Gainer.

My belly is hard and round and I want to
 make it as large as possible.

At 5'10", I am currently 250 pounds with
 a 55" belly and a 42" waist underneath
 my gut. I am especially interested in
 meeting people in California.

Contact:

Bob H.

[REDACTED]
 San Francisco, CA 94122
 or phone [REDACTED]

Here are "before" and "after" pics.

Before...



Current...



Visit us on the
 World Wide Web at
www.netset.com/~gainrnws

Sightings



**Each issue we'll bring you bellies
that have been sighted in print
and on the streets. If you spot
a good one ... send it to us. We'll
include it in an upcoming issue.**

[Ed note: Thanks to everyone for all their submissions. We've got a lot of Sightings waiting to be published. Due to unforeseen computer difficulties, and a busy work schedule we have not yet processed all the pictures. Our apologies...but keep watching...they'll be here soon!]