

A small lone figure, covered in a thick, dark green cloak, slowly walked across the massive plains. All around him lay nothing but the dry dirt and the grey grass. Not even the wind bothered to breeze through here anymore as if knowing no one is there to appreciate it. Walking carefully, the small figure trudged onwards through the desolate wasteland, carrying a large pouch with him filled with several spherical objects. Occasionally, said objects would glow a dull orange, the light visible through the thin leather purse.

The figure suddenly stopped and looked around, wondering if he was followed by potential enemies. After briefly scoping the landscape, the small creature breathed a sigh of relief and lowered his hood, a thin antenna dangling from the center of his head, a small purple sphere resting at the very tip. Noticing no nearby danger, the small furry creature casually tossed away his large coat in general, revealing his light, cream colored fur.

"This is gonna be great," Glenn said to himself as he knelt down, the cream-colored moogles setting his large satchel in front of him. Taking another cautious look around, Glenn quickly reached in and plucked out several orange glowing orbs, each identified with a different pattern of gold stars. Once all seven balls were resting on the ground, they began to glow brightly, illuminating Glenn's face. With the same smile every movie character makes when their plan is working, the furry moogles sat back and held his paws over the orbs, twitching his feet in anticipation.

"Arise, Shenron!"

No sooner did those words leave his mouth, the bright morning sky quickly grew dark as black, threatening clouds moved in. From far off, lightning struck the earth haphazardly before a single bolt flew down towards the balls. The spheres began to hover and float, pulsing with energy before a large, green streak of light suddenly shot out, flying towards the sky. The beam of light looped its way around the clouds before slowly dulling out, revealing a truly *massive* green eastern dragon. Despite knowing exactly what Shenron looked like, Glenn couldn't help but feel truly intimidated by the dragon's size alone. He could devour the poor moogles with no effort, yet the dragon is supposed to grant *him* wishes? Strange, strange world...

"You, who have awakened me from my slumber!" Shenron yelled at the lone figure standing before him, the slender green dragon's red eyes peering into him. **"State your two wishes now, or be gone with you!"**

Glenn leaned his head back to stare at the massive eastern dragon in front of him, smiling maniacally wide. "Listen up, Shenron! I want this entire valley covered in sweets!" The moogles announced, holding his arms wide for enunciation. "I want donuts the size of hills, a river made out of sugary soda, cupcakes that reach into the sky, and any other treat you can imagine!"

"**Very well,**" Shenron stated as his red eyes briefly glowed. All around the ecstatic moogles, delicious sweets began to spring up from nowhere, quickly making the once-desolate valley quite crowded. Once almost every square foot was covered with some ridiculously giant food, Glenn climbed onto a brownie and smiled even wider.

"For my last wish, Shenron, I want you to eat everything you see in front of you."

"... **what did you say?**"

"You heard me big guy. All the food you created now has to flow into your mouth and down into your gut."

Shenron looked around, slightly confused at the odd request. Normally, the large feral dragon granted boring wishes, such as immortality or bringing a loved one back to life. Never in his millennia long existence has he wished for a massive amount of food let alone for him to eat it! Last time he remembered, a pudgy dragon-wolf hybrid wished for food as well, but he ate it all by himself. Knowing it was still protocol to grant wishes, Shenron looked down at the moogles and nodded, slightly eager to begin his feast.

Shenron floated his head down nearby a large yellow cupcake, observing it from a distance before taking a quick chomp out of it. The massive green dragon chewed it a couple times in his mouth, analyzing the taste before swallowing. "**Hmm, I'm really quite the chef,**" Shenron thought to himself with a slight smile before noticing Glenn's impatient glare. Rolling his eyes, the large dragon continued to chow through the massive cupcake, raining boulder sized crumbs all over Glenn. Soon, the gigantic cupcake was more as Shenron paused to rub his scaly stomach, licking his lips happily.

"While the food is indeed quite delicious, young mortal, what motive do you have of feeding me?"

"I just think you deserve a little reward is all, what with using your wishes to save the planet several times and all. You still got a lot of food left, buddy!" Glenn quickly responded, still looking fairly nervous as he looked behind his shoulder multiple times. Giving into his animalistic nature, Shenron opened his mouth wide and plunged straight through multiple pastries at once, leaving behind a hole as he flew through donut after donut like a worm. Unbeknownst to him, however, the holes he's creating were starting to grow larger.

Glenn sat back and watched gleefully as Shenron continued to mindlessly eat anything in his path, glad to discover that even immortal deities can pack on the pounds if they were careless. Shenron was doing a magnificent job of proving the theory true as the eastern dragon skimmed along the edges of a mountainous cake with his maw open, the fattening treat pouring into Shenron's mouth with ease as his widening flanks began to brush against the cake. With every second into the eating spree, the large dragon's serpent-like body began to bulk up with flab, his middle growing the quickest while the rest of his body tried to catch up, his head slowly developing extra chins and bulbous cheeks, his small arms growing swollen with fresh lard. Noticing a massive river made out of root beer, Shenron quickly dove near the end of the rapids, opening his mouth wide as he felt the sugary soda flow down his throat effortlessly, inflating him steadily. Deep down, Shenron knew his gluttonous actions were the cause to his rapidly growing waistline, his middle growing several feet wider a second; but mortal food was just so delicious! Besides, he was wished to eat everything, so it's not like he could stop whenever he wanted. Feeling satisfied with his reasoning, the chubby dragon gave himself an extra burst of speed as he snaked around a brownie, licking his chops before diving right in.

Hours passed as Shenron gluttoned himself to the extreme, much to Glenn's satisfaction. Watching the dragon, Glenn noticed how quickly he rounded out with chub as if he were a balloon getting inflated with fat. Shenron's thick, flabby arms soon disappeared as rolls took over the massive dragon's body, making him look like a round, jiggly xylophone. His face continued to grow more and more nonthreatening by the second, his chins blending together to form one massive appendage dangling underneath the obese dragon's pudgy muzzle, his round cheeks, constantly stuffed with food, steadily growing outwards, making him look similar to a chipmunk.

Shenron gasped for breath as he continued to "fly" around, his massive sloshing stomach dragging along the dusty ground as he struggled to finish off the remaining pastry. With every passing moment, the obese dragon felt his mobility deplete little by little, yet he was still determined to devour

the cinnamon bun in front of him. With the last of his energy, Shenron lunged forward and gobbled up the fattening treat, feeling quite proud of himself... before remembering where all those little calories end up...

He was *ginormous*! An entire mountain of dragon! Shenron looked down at himself nervously as he was greeted only with the sight of his green scaled stomach expanding far below him. His vision was impeded due to how large his chubby cheeks have grown, making his long snout look much shorter. Shenron could barely feel his flabby arms, but he knew they were buried deep inside hundreds of feet of soft lard. Just moving them slightly caused his massive body to erupt in jiggling as if he were a thousand foot high waterbed.

Glenn grinned from ear to ear as he climbed the massive dragon's front, using his abundant rolls like a squishy ladder. Due to his eagerness, the moogles almost missed where Shenron's head was due to how well it blended in with the rest of his fat body. "Enjoying the new size?" He taunted as he landed on the obese dragon's snout. "Here lies Shenron, once a threatening wish granter, now my fat puppet!" Shenron growled deeply as he tried summoning the dragon balls, ready to disappear into them after granting the two wishes... but to his horror, they never came!

"What's wrong? Looking for the dragon balls?" Glenn snickered as he leaned against Shenron's bulk, sinking in quite a bit. "I thought they got in the way of your snack, so I threw them down a canyon. I hope you don't intend on retrieving them, seeing as how you're much too fat to fit through any crevice." Smiling ruthlessly, the moogles sat on top of the dragon's fatty head, leaning back into his squishy back like it was a couch. "Now then, since you can't return to your dragon balls, in theory, you're stuck here to grant wishes to anyone who happens to come by, such as me."

"Now then," Glenn said out loud as he walked around the massive dragon's head. "Let's wish us up another feast for you. Can't have you grow any skinnier now." Shenron grumbled like a spoiled fatty child as he felt his eyes glow red again, forced to grant that wish.