

Hazelfonz Tapetum stretched out on the couch despite the protests of the cat next to him. He knew he was squishing Circ into the side of the couch now, but he didn't really care. No matter how hard the feline was pushing into his stomach, HT was not planning on sitting back up any time soon. Besides, he knew the little belly slut loved it, anyways. Just for good measure, he forcefully scooted into Circ's face some more and ended up with his plush side pressed right up against the cat's face thanks to the feline leaning forward to tell him off. That shut him up pretty quickly. The raccoon felt a shuddering little moan pass through the cat's body, and then he was silent.

"Alright, delivery guy was at the door..." Sean came in carrying a large black plastic plate with a see-through dish covering on top. "And our order's here! We've got buffalo sauce, ranch, bleu cheese..."

The raccoon immediately rose up from his seat and grinned. "That bleu cheese is mine. Nobody touches it except for me." He rubbed his paws together malevolently as he leaned forward and pulled the cover off the tray the auburn otter had brought him, breathing in deeply. Oh, it smelled like they were still fresh out of the oven.

Circ squirmed around to get out from between the couch's armrest and the chubby raccoon's side and stuck his head forward, his grin wide. "Oh man, did you guys get Cuban sandwiches like I..." The smile immediately faded once he saw what his dinner was going to be. "Hot wings? Seriously? Gross, guys. When are you going to take my advice and get something that's actually good? Hell, you could have gotten some mini-sandwiches or something and I wouldn't have minded..."

Sean, already nibbling his way through one of the less spicy wings that was still drenched in ranch dressing, looked up from his choice to stare confused at Circ. "But hot wings are good..."

"They're too messy for me." Circ huffed loudly and crossed his arms like a little baby bitchcat. "All that sauce gets everywhere... Absolute nightmare to clean up, too. I'm not eating those. Did you get chips? I'm taking the whole bag as tribute."

"Pussy." HT laughed to himself as he began devouring wings, one in both paws, quickly throwing the discarded bones away as he ate. The otter stared at him and opened his mouth, but then closed it again. Once HT noticed, he turned towards him. "What is it? I'm not being a pig, am I? This is restrained for me, you know that."

"It's not that..." Sean wiped off his paws with a napkin. "It's just... I just realized. We've never had wings before while Circ is over. You think it's going to be okay if...?"

"It'll be fine. What's there to worry about? I'm sure it's nothing he hasn't seen before." HT shrugged and kept eating. After a couple seconds, he realized he had been asked a question. "And no, Circ, we don't have any chips. Sorry, but you're going to have to deal with it."

Sean rolled his eyes. "I don't think he's ever seen it from you before, but okay, if you say so, coonie..." He splayed back into the raccoon's body and nuzzled up against his side, trilling loudly in only the way that a satisfied otter can.

"What do you mean by that?" The cat stared at the both of them, a little nervous now as he watched the raccoon tear into the food. "Should I leave? I'm not going to be around if you guys get horny or something off eating wings." By now, he was visibly a bit disgusted by the idea, lips curled down into a frown.

By now, though, the raccoon seemed to have gone into a sort of mood, not even noticing the cat's question as he ate, a small pile of bones beginning to stack up on a paper plate on the table as he devoured the wings. Circ could never exactly read the raccoon's mood that well thanks to the fact that his eyes were always covered, but body language told him that he was not going to get an answer anytime soon. Sean himself looked like he was done with the wings. Well, maybe not entirely done... The otter reached out towards the food again, only to have HT lightly smack his paw away as he quickly devoured the pile. There was a lot of chicken there, enough for the both of them, but it was rapidly becoming clear that the raccoon had no intention in mind to share the mountain with either of them. Sean pulled out his phone again and sighed before laughing a little. "I better order more... HT

might start eating the freaking furniture if we don't get another tray..."

"Is... is something wrong with him?" The cat stared at Sean, all confused as the raccoon failed to notice the both of them, merely giving a little snort in acknowledgment that he had not gone entirely crazy. "He seems like he's off in his own little world right now. We didn't put him into a fugue state or something, did we? Are hot wings some kind of trigger object or something? Did HT get molested by a chicken or something as a boy? I know this psychiatrist..."

"He can still hear us, dumbass." Sean snuck another wing out from beneath HT's arms. They were looking a little more bulkier than usual, like there was a bit of muscle underneath it now that thickened it slightly. "Hehe, he's just focused on how good dinner is. A bit more than usual, but there's a reason for that." The otter patted the raccoon's side with his other hand, paw reaching underneath his orange hoodie and rubbing at the thinning fur there.

"... Which is that he got molested by a chicken when he was younger?" Circ took the opportunity to slide back into the couch in the space HT had created by leaning forward over the plate. "I mean, seriously, he's a total fucking glutton, but this is ridiculous."

"Just watch..." Sean poked the raccoon's cheek, careful not to get it between him and his meal. The raccoon gave a very unmammalian growl as his swollen cheeks began to sheen a little, his face losing more and more of its fur as it melded into his face, becoming a lighter shade of gray. Indeed, most of his body was now undergoing the same effect, fur melting down into the raccoon's flesh and being replaced with smooth, leathery skin as HT started to fist chicken wings whole into his maw. His face was stretching forward slightly now, tapering down to a point as it became a large snout. His nostrils widened out, smoke starting to billow out of them and reaching up to the ceiling. Luckily, the fire alarm had been broken weeks ago ever since Sean had spiked an armadillo micro off it on a dare, so none of them had to worry about the fire department busting in and fining the hell out of them. They could just merely watch as the raccoon continued to change as he devoured the chicken wings, seemingly not even caring about how he was leaving his own form behind.

Circ merely watched with his jaw open and his cheeks bright red as Sean grinned over to him and grabbed at HT's shoes. "You're really too easy to entertain, Circ." The otter laughed as he quickly pulled the increasingly less and less raccoon's Crocs off before they burst from his paws. In a couple seconds, they had gone from perfectly fitting into the foam-like orange slippers to threatening to completely ruin them as his feet throbbed out, little by little, the claws sharpening out and becoming thick talons. Sean was able to save HT's shoes as his paws became thick monstrous looking things that soon enough became to shake the room slightly with every movement, but the socks were definitely a lost cause as HT splayed his toes out and growled happily.

The otter moved as quick as he could, standing up a bit to try and grab onto the raccoon's hoodie while maneuvering out of his path as he began to dig his nails into the wings, gripping them so tight that the meat on them tore slightly. HT spiked them onto his claws as they thickened up much like the ones on his toes, miniature little spikes that he sucked at whenever his mouth wasn't completely full of wings, draining the juices off them. "So... rrrh... so good..." The raccoon's voice was lower now, with a slight rumbling undertone to it. His breaths were occasionally punctuated by the loud smack of lips against food, and eventually began to be interrupted by the loud crunch of bones being snapped and pulverized by the sharpening teeth in his reptilian jaw.

Sean managed to expertly pull the orange jacket off HT's body, timing his movements so that he lifted just as the transforming raccoon started chewing. It was good that he managed to get it off when he did, too, because HT was already beginning to grow in height, becoming bigger by the second as he ate. It was as if the meat was adding inches to his height instead of his weight... though his body did seem to be widening as well. This was mostly because he was growing bigger in scale, though, taking up more size on the couch as he grabbed the tray and lifted it up to his maw, licking at his lips and greedily opening wide. Sean could not get to his shirt in time before it ripped after struggling to hold in a creature that was more than a couple sizes above its limit, but it was no big loss. It was covered in

stains, anyways.

The raccoon's gut flopped out from the shirt as it destroyed the fabric. It was now like a creamy white oval, the skin from his chest down to beneath his straining, failing pants in the crotch region was now the same leathery white texture. Around it, however, HT's rapidly smoothing flesh was becoming just as grey as his snout and claws were. Rapidly enough, HT was starting to look less like the raccoon Circ and Sean knew and more like a giant lizard... Well, lizard may not have been the right word for it. HT gave a loud snort as he stopped piling wings down his throat for a couple seconds to lean away from the couch and close his eyes for a bit as he shook a little. Leathery membranes grew out painlessly from his back as new limbs pulled them away from his body and stretched out experimentally. The dragon's new wings flapped a couple times, almost smacking Circ in the face. The feline was lucky that he had ended up just behind them. He was also lucky that he was able to watch as simultaneously, a trifecta of changes finished up his transformation. The raccoon's pointed ears began to flop down, thinning and taking on the same membrane attributes as they became more like fins than ears. Just above those new things, three hard horns were beginning to poke out from his head as they grey would, forming one large spike that pointed straight up and two on the left and right sides of his head. Finally, the couch shook as the new dragon sat up a little, his puffy tail flopping down onto the cushions as it grew thicker, heavier, and more powerful.

Only a few minutes after finishing the plate of wings, HT leaned back and belched a thick corona of purple fire out over the table, almost catching the posters on the other side of the room on fire before he growled happily and patted his stomach. Sean laughed at the dragon before he leaned over past his larger gut and stared over at the kitty on the other side. "Ciiiiirc? You still alive over there, or did you go braindead from all the blood rushing to your... hahah, wow."

Circ was sitting down on the other side of the couch, still unblinking, with a dark stain on top of his tented-out pants. His jaw was still wide open, a little bit of drool running down the front, and his paws rested unclenched on the couch as he failed to take his attention off the new dragon for a couple seconds. Once he realized Sean was waving over to him, he stammered, blinked a bit, and then tried to force something out of his mouth.

"Yes?" Sean could not help but smile at how the feline had apparently forgotten what words were. "Do you have something to say, kitty?"

"I..." Circ blinked again. "... I think I just wet myself. It feels... rather nice..." He laid back into the arm rest and flailed slightly as he almost fell over. No matter how he moved, his pants never failed to outline his hard-on.

The otter laughed until he couldn't breathe, eventually ending up back in the couch and wheezing as he tried to catch his breath. "I thought you were familiar with this kind of stuff, Circ."

"I am, just... h-holy..." The cat stammered out. "Holy fuck, dude. I didn't know he could do *that*. When did you figure out he could do that?! Don't tell me you've been holding out on me. I..." He grew determined and was about to demand something from the otter when he was cut off.

"Hang on. I think I know what you're going to ask. This..." Sean just shrugged. "It happened one day, and I don't know why. Chicken wings trigger the transformation, the spicier they are the quicker it happens, and he doesn't come back until he's finished digesting his food. He would tell you more, but... he can't talk right now. No, you can't make it happen for yourself."

"Why the hell can't I?!" Circ yelled as he pulled out his phone. "Give me the number. I'm calling them right now for another tray. Another three trays. I'm doing this and you can't stop me. I'm going to be the biggest damn dragon you've ever seen..." The cat occasionally tried to touch himself through his pants in a manner he must have found sly, occasionally groaning as he looked over to Sean.

"You're fooling yourself, dude. There's nothing to get jealous about...." Sean quickly wrote down the number on one of the napkins that had come with the wings and passed it over to the cat all the same. As he immediately began furiously dialing, the otter rolled his eyes. "You're not going to listen anyways. I thought you hated chicken wings."

"*My boner doesn't.*" Circ hissed out right before he began to place his order over the phone. A minute or so later, the cat was hanging up and sitting on the couch next to the big dragon. He crept his paw up to one of HT's ear-flutes, only to hear a loud, low growl and suddenly have the dragon's face right up to his.

"Yeah, don't do that." Sean muttered to himself as he pondered an idea. "He's sensitive there."

"Uhh... okay." The cat blinked, a little scared before the dragon broke into a snuffling laugh and pulled back away. Some time later, the doorbell finally rang. HT threw his wallet at Circ as the feline got off the couch and went over to the door and the cat just barely fumbled it into his paw right before he opened the door. Minutes later, he was returning with another three trays of wings. The dragon looked at them, licking his lips, then at Circ. He licked his lips again and sat back into the couch with a smirk as sly as someone with large fangs could get.

The feline unboxed each tray and rubbed his paws together. "Okay, time to make this happen. Sean, make sure not to distract me here. I haven't eaten since dinner last night, but even so, I'm going to need to eat fast before I start feeling too full." He pulled up the napkins still on the table into a pile and threw a packet of gum next to them from his pocket.

The otter sat up and dusted his shirt off. "I'm going up to the attic to get my gemstone stash out anyways." As Circ shot him a quizzical look, he continued as he walked off. "HT loves them when he's a dragon. Don't choke on a bone, Circ."

The cat rolled his eyes. Well, dragons had to eat something... It only meant more wings for him if HT was distracted by devouring gems. It was time to get down to business, though. Even if they were gross and sticky as hell, it was just an obstacle between himself and some delicious transformation. Even if he needed a shower afterward, this was so going to be worth it.

Circ bit down into a wing and quickly devoured it without even savoring the flavor of the thing. It was not about eating due to need or eating for immediate pleasure. It had become only about eating for the sake of eating now. Soon enough he was creating a tiny pile of bones on the table that the dragon was reaching over to and cleaning off of any leftover bits as he ate noisily, chewing and swallowing in a rhythm as his belly growled just from realizing that it was having food crammed into it and remembering that he was actually really hungry.

He almost matched HT's rate of devouring his meal as he tore through them, buoyed by the mental image of himself being able to fly. That would have been amazing to the cat... unfortunately, the more he ate, the more unlikely it became that he would ever soar through the air. In fact, soon enough running could have been a problem in itself for Circ. His stomach was starting to bloat out his shirt as he filled it. It was pushing forward steadily, swelling up like a balloon before widening with new fat.

The cat unbuckled his belt as the pressure on his lap got too great, beginning to breathe louder as he became heavier. By the time he had finished the first tray, his belly was beginning to hang over his waist, rounding slowly into a sphere that was a smaller mirror of HT's own. He did not stop eating despite the pressure, despite the way he was beginning to feel slightly out of breath as he grew increasingly out of shape. There was a timer ticking down in his head to when he would not become a full dragon, and he intended to beat it.

More and more of his body began to fill out as he kept eating. His arms felt harder and harder to move as they were weighed down with flab, growing out and rounding as they shoveled chicken into his mouth and pulled the leftovers back out. His thighs were losing definition, rounding and swelling out as they rubbed up against the couch as they gained a bit of a jiggle to them. His chest rose and fell with a bit more movement as the pecs there softened and spread out before growing fuller and greater, starting to wobble in his weakened shirt as the nipples poked into them. Even his face was changing by now. The flesh under his jaw thickened as fat padded it, starting to fold slightly while it filled out into a double chin. His cheeks grew chubbier until they looked full even when he swallowed and cleared his mouth. In only a couple minutes, the cat had somehow managed to double his weight, and yet he could only get more excited as he imagined the changes progressing in his head. God, he was so hard right

now...

Circ reached for another wing, coming down and out from his rhythm of pure eating, only to find that there were none left. In fact, in the middle of his late dinner, the feline had managed to spill one of the trays over onto his shoes. Cursing, the cat looked down at his legs. Unfortunately, he could no longer see the back half of his shoes from a sitting position thanks to the gut in front of the way. He stared at it for a second before it clicked in his head that the fat middle belonged to himself before poking into it with a finger and watching the paw sink into the flab. When he pulled it back out, he could still see brown fur on cat paws. He flexed his wider, rounded fingers and watched as his normal claws retracted out. Completely unchanged, down to the smallest detail. He reached up, numbly, and felt cat ears and a stained, sticky muzzle.

Sean almost dragged down a couple boxes onto himself as a loud “FUCK” rang up from below the attic and he grabbed onto a stack in fear. The quartz he had already collected from his stash spilled out of his arms and into a small pile. The otter cursed to himself as he bent down and began to pick up the gems again. This was going to keep him from coming down for a couple more minutes. Maybe that was for the best, though, with how Circ was swearing up a storm beneath him. Hopefully everything was okay back there and he had not hurt himself somehow...

The brown cat, meanwhile, was busy trying not to toss whatever he could reach through windows and whatever looked most valuable and fragile. It was helping that he could barely move off the couch since he was not adjusted to his new weight yet. What the hell had happened?! Had Sean given him the number to one of those restaurants that catered to gainers? The otter always was going on about how Circ was one of those “skinny bitches”... Figuring it out would not get rid of what had happened to him, anyways. Circ mournfully worked his larger paw underneath one of his fleshy moobs, lifted it, and watched it bounce and shake as he surveyed the damage further. Fuck, it was going to take... months, maybe years of working out to fix this. He was definitely not going to look the same even after getting rid of all of this at the gym. The best he could hope for was a bodybuilder look... He had a feeling this was not going to go away when he finished digesting, either. He had gone through all of this crap and he did not even have a patch of scales on his feet... The cat groaned sadly and turned over to HT. “I swear to God, when that otter gets down, I...”

He was staring into leathery belly for a second before a heavy drop of drool splashed onto his head and caused him to look up. The cat winced a little as he saw the dragon licking his lips above him and was immediately grabbed by the arms, lifted up into the air and turned around. “D-damn, you're strong... Mind letting me go, HT?” Circ was pretty sure that he was about to be eaten, but it was worth a try anyways. He was not really looking forward to spending the rest of the day in some overgrown lizard's stomach. *Felidae*: The Musical was on at 11 tonight...

Of course, HT did not care too much about the arts, that horrible monster of a dragon. The only thing he cared about right now was getting a second course of dinner, and the cat had fattened himself to the point where he had almost volunteered himself to be served as Whole Cat a la Lard. The dragon quickly divested the chubby cat of his shoes with his fangs, biting down into the cheap material, ripping them off, and spitting them out without touching his flesh. The cat shivered nervously. HT's belly rumbled. It was a match made in gourmand heaven.

The dragon shoved his claw over Circ's face and opened his maw wide as he shoved the cat in, barely noticing as the feline bit down on his hard scales. HT slurped up the cat's pants legs, slurping and sucking on those thighs that barely fit in his larger mouth as he began to devour the cat, closing his mouth over as much of that succulent kitty's lower half as he could. He swallowed and pulled the cat in up to right below his ass as he begged and pleaded for the dragon to let him go. Of course, he was not listening any more. Even if he wanted too, Circ was just too tasty for him to hear what he was saying. The cat's flavor was drowning everything else out, leaving the reptile in a trance of good feelings that left the world hazy outside of the immediate experience. It was sheer bliss to feel those feet kicking at the back of his throat, having the taste of sweet hazel chocolate in his maw. Second course? No, this

was dessert... and even it was not going to leave him full. It definitely would not hurt, though.

The dragon grabbed down onto Circ's ass and pushed it down so that he could fit into his mouth, gulping low snorts of breath as he clawed gently into that butt and slowly fit it in. By now the cat was tiring himself out, sweating as he tried to catch his own breath while feeling fangs gently tooth at his rear. What made the cat a tasty snack for the dragon also made sure that he could not do something stupid and try to get away. HT placed the claws that had been on his ass over to the cat's belly and felt over it, chuckling as he prodded and pushed the tips of his claws into his flab and hearing a shuddering groan come from the cat. In a matter of seconds he was squashing that belly down as tight as he could and pushing the kitty into his maw with a bit of difficulty, swallowing loud enough to drown out the cat's mewls of delight that were already muffled thanks to that claw on his face. Working his middle down his throat was like swallowing up a big wad of flavorful cookie dough, but it was definitely worth the struggle for the dragon.

At a certain point, right near the middle of the curve, all that flab just helped to make Circ slide down easier, like cement helps a person sink down to the bottom of a lake. The feline was able to realize that everything past his shoulders was already behind those sharp teeth only when he felt saliva soaking into his fleshy chest and a thick tongue rolling over it. He yelled out, but HT was pretty sure that Sean would not hear him. He had placed his gem collection right at the back of the attic right before they had ordered out. The otter was nice and preoccupied right now. Still, it was probably in his best interest to finish up his meal before he could ruin the surprise for Sean... With one more little push of his thumb right against the cat's forehead and a heavy gulp, the dragon pulled the cat's rounded face onto his tongue and closed his maw tight. Rolling his tongue around a bit in his maw, HT sat back down on the couch and swallowed one more time, Circ's maw briefly bulging out his throat before bulging out his stomach.

It was not a few seconds later that Sean stepped out into the room. "All I can find is quartz. You didn't eat the rest, right? ... Nevermind, you probably did. Also, you ate Circ. I just heard the screaming."

The otter grinned wide as he watched HT place his large claws over his belly, shrugging shoulders and smiling as muffled yells came out from his middle. "Okay, are you sure? Because if you don't get him out and just leave him in there you're not getting any of these gems..." The otter stepped over to the couch and placed the box down onto the cushion right next to HT.

It was not something that Sean really put much thought into, and he immediately regretted it as HT seemed to ponder leaving Circ in his stomach and eating gems... and then took a third option as he opened wide again and grabbed the otter tight. Sean immediately rolled his eyes before the dragon took advantage of the situation and plunged him into darkness. The otter went down fast after that, hearing the deep breaths of the dragon all around him as he slid down, occasionally hugged tight by his throat as the meager light from above disappeared again.

After a while, Sean splashed down into a very familiar setting. He was surrounded by a warm wet pool, like a pleasurable sauna room that had its temperature lowered slightly. There was something different about this place, though. Had HT swallowed a body pillow? A very wide, grunting body pillow, apparently... "Circ?"

"You made me a fatass, you bastard!" The feline splashed water towards the otter and rolled him off his body, mashing him against a stomach wall with his gut.

"Whoa, seriously? ... I mean, no, I didn't!" Sean stammered out as he pushed back.

"Yes, you did! You totally did!" The cat yelled again as he pushed his paw against the otter's snout. Sean began to push back at the feline, and soon enough they were shoving each other, leaving the overfilled dragon's belly quivering. He held onto it tight with one of his paws, rubbing over it before giving a large belch and idly flicking over the quartz with his other claw. HT reached down and grabbed a gem in his hand before reaching over and dipping it into one of the containers of bleu cheese on the table. He snarled happily after he chewed it down into a fine powder and swallowed it. Not bad.