

Callum's rotund middle and the combination of Reyna and Aaron magically altering divine foods for the bakery were directly linked in terms of response and satisfaction. The drake loved tasting the actual creation, rather than a prototype that rendered his belly as spherical and large as a beach ball.

Upon first encounter, Callum was hesitant to try the finished hueberry muffin. He wasn't certain his flabby appendage could contain another mishap, as it was still quite bloated from the first. After he and Reyna broke their embrace, she lovingly proffered the actual confection to the drake. Rubbing his swollen ventral plates concernedly, Callum was reluctant until he saw the expectant look in the otter's eyes. She was hoping to reconcile the previous mistake with a gift, and the drake would be foolish to refuse.

Taking the muffin, Callum watched entranced as the berries pulsed from a deep emerald green to an illustrious purple. Taking the vision in, he bit into the confection pleasingly and widened his eyes at the taste. The berries were sweet, but tempered with the curtness of the surrounding bread. Each flavor greatly complimented and consequentially enhanced the sensations dancing on the ample drake's tongue. Swallowing appreciatively, Callum looked up to the two anticipatory familiars opposite him and a smile spread across his muzzle, "It's incredible," he said in simple, satisfied fashion.

Aaron grinned approvingly, while Reyna engulfed him in another hug. "Thank you," she whispered, "For being understanding."

Retreating slightly, the otter gave Callum an encouraging look and affectionately patted his soft, firm midriff, which rested roundly on the drake's knees.

"Of course," Callum replied, before looking to his violet boss. "I hope other customers can enjoy these. They're wonderful."

Aaron nodded in affirmation; "We will begin offering them to select customers tomorrow. I feel that gauging the reactions of those we can trust is the best mode of measuring the public's appreciation for these muffins."

Reyna laughed and clapped her hands together enthusiastically. "I'm free tomorrow as well," she said, "Would you mind if I worked with you through the day?"

“We would love to!” Callum exclaimed instinctively. Realizing he’d interrupted the serpent with his outburst, the drake quickly clamped his pudgy paws over his reddening muzzle.

Aaron only chuckled and shook his head, “As Callum said, I think we would thoroughly enjoy your presence.”

Joining in on the humor, Reyna smiled knowingly at the serpent before winking at the embarrassed dragon, “Great. It’s a date.” Her words only caused Callum to become even redder, and the drake desperately grasped his gut in a flustered attempt to come up with anything to say in response. He had nothing.

The next day the three anthros met early to discuss whom they could entrust with their newest product. They decided to only bequeath the select few with the first taste of infused confections. Among the patrons were Tay, the large-bellied ursine who would certainly appreciate the flavor and composure of the hueberry muffin. Albert, the trusty and open-minded guard was another choice as he often proved loyal and willing to respect the notion of secrecy given his security status. Several other regulars made the list based on their frequency of business, honorable persona, and overall impact made on the otter, drake and serpent.

Aaron felt a twinge of nervousness ping through his body as he couldn’t help but think of the possibility that the customers would reject the creation. They might love something new and exciting, and yet, what if the notion of colorful infusions in their food was cause for fear rather than pleasure? The serpent lingered on the worrying idea for a couple of moments before a cheerful laugh interrupted his thoughts. Looking down, he smiled at the sight of a flabby drake clutching his shaking belly in mirth at something Reyna had told him. Aaron realized that Callum’s open-minded interpretation of magically altered food was a strong sign that his customers would react in the same way. Taking a deep breath, the snake forged on with the plan.

“Are you two ready?” He asked the chuckling pair of anthros.

Attempting to swipe the smirk from his face, the snickering drake nodded and swallowed the last of his chortles to reassure his friend, “Of course Aaron, everyone will love them.” He shook his voluminous gut heartily and

added, "Lord knows I do," which elicited another snort from Reyna. The two seemed to be increasingly more at ease in each other's presence since the incident the day before. Perhaps it was the fact that Callum harbored no ill-will towards the against the otter for the mix up or maybe he had simply become more open with the additional weight. Shedding the pride of a lithe image often resulted in a humbler, more open individual and the drake had become quite at ease with his fattened form over the past couple of weeks. Aaron smiled at the positive development and decided that the dragon's hefty countenance was a promising sign for their day ahead.

"Well let's get to it," the serpent said simply.

The first customer to be introduced to the magical confection was Albert. His early arrival was slightly surprising, but pleasing nonetheless.

"Are you alright?" Callum inquired when he noted that the guard seemed to be a slightly out of focus version of his usual self. The tiger was stooping from tiredness and displayed a slight pause in his replies to the concerned inquiries about his well being.

"Hmmm? Oh, yes I'm quite fine," the feline said, needing a moment to process the drake's question. The tiger smiled faintly before sighing into a wide yawn, "We just had a little trouble at the gate yesterday. Some foreigner was arrested on accusations of thievery and conspiracy to commit murder, and well," he paused, rubbing his wrist self-consciously, "The prisoner didn't seem to cooperate in the least."

Callum cocked an eyebrow, intrigued, "How do you mean?" He asked, wondering what being could possibly unnerve the guard.

"He was adamant in his innocence," Albert explained, "But that's pretty common. What really stood out was his panic when he saw the prison doors. His hands were glowing with power and he was in a state of complete fear." Scratching his neck thoughtfully, the tiger shuddered, "And the scary part was, I believed him. His desperation, his fierceness to escape. Most prisoners accept their fate, but he was on a whole different level of fear. I hope he's alright," the feline said.

The drake remained silent for the entire monologue, tapping his plush face thoughtfully and leaning heavily on his cushy belly, "I'm sorry to hear that.

Judging from your concern, I hope he's okay too. And after the long night," Callum smiled, taking a spectral muffin from a compartment next to his legs, "Perhaps this will brighten your day."

Albert's eyes widened at the sight of the confection, registering the swirling colors rippling in the berries. "I-Is that enchanted?" He asked apprehensively.

The drake nodded enthusiastically, "Indeed, I tried them myself," he assured the staring tiger. Proffering the muffin to the tiger, he continued, "Here, I promise they taste heavenly, and the colors respond to your personal preference."

Taking the offering in one slightly unsteady paw, the feline watched in awe as the berries turned shades of red, orange and yellow. "Autumn," the tiger murmured, a slight smile playing across his face, "My favorite season." Hypnotically, Albert bit into the muffin, before his eyes widened in appreciation of the taste. "This is really good," he tried to say through his first mouthful.

Callum leaned forward enthusiastically, "I'm glad you enjoy it," he said in a light voice. "We are trying to promote them for a new bakery product."

The tiger swallowed and matched the drake's excitement; "Well I will certainly look forward to them in the future." His eyes suddenly furrowed, "But who created these?" He asked, "I mean they're exceptional, but the hint of magic must require special preparation."

"That would be us," a voice trickled over Callum's wide-set shoulders, as Aaron slithered out tentatively with Reyna at his side.

Albert's face lit up in recognition, "You were the one responsible for these? They're wonderful!" The tiger gushed, before finishing his muffin in quick fashion.

"Well not only me," the serpent chuckled, as he laid a hand on the otter at his side. "This young lady had a large part in its inception as well."

"I don't believe I've had the pleasure," Albert said pleasantly, stepping forward to grasp the otter's paw in a polite handshake. "My name is Albert," he said with friendly sincerity.

“Nice to meet you, I’m Reyna,” the otter responded, returning the firm grasp of the wiry tiger. “You flatter us with your appreciation for the muffins,” she said kindly.

“Well they deserve as much,” Albert said, “I mean the creativity, the novelty of the idea, plus the incredible taste. You should be proud of your work.”

“Ahem,” Callum coughed to get the tiger’s attention as an unadulterated smirk adorned his pudgy muzzle, “Don’t forget me.” He smiled in a ridiculously proud manner, before Albert’s snicker placed a damper on the expression.

“Ah, and I’m sure you were imperative in the development of this confection too?” He inquired good-humoredly.

“Ha!” Both Reyna and Aaron laughed. “The only addition this one provided,” Reyna said with a sharp poke to the drake’s round side, “Was fulfilling the role of a taste tester.”

Callum yelped from the poke, before glaring at the otter playfully. “I did more than that!” He protested.

“Oh yes?” Aaron folded his arms smugly, “And just what would those contributions be?”

“I...I..well let’s see,” the drake thought for a moment before his smile returned, “I was your source of inspiration,” he stated with halfhearted sincerity.

“Of course you were,” Reyna snorted once more.

“I’d wager more along the lines of our source of desolation,” Aaron snickered, taking utter delight in watching the drake’s high-flying demeanor plummet with flailing disgrace.

Both Albert and Reyna laughed along with the serpent while the drake plunged into a deep pout, “Fine,” he grumbled, “Deprive me of my credit.”

Reyna patted his belly once more, “I think you’ve already earned your recognition,” she confided in an amused tone.

Callum's expression turned to one of evident embarrassment as a blush burned on his muzzle and chins. "Well I suppose," the drake laughed, heaving his gut and allowing it to bounce joyfully back into place.

All four anthros had a good laugh at the exchange before Albert noted the time. "I guess I should return now," he sighed regretfully, "But that muffin certainly brightened my day. What are they called anyway?"

"Hueberry muffins," Callum said with an inward laugh.

Albert considered the label for a moment, "Interesting name," he chuckled, "I like the pun."

The three workers smiled at each other, before seeing the tiger off with a collective, "Thank you and farewell."

The feline returned the gesture and then disappeared out the door.

Callum turned to the serpent, a beaming grin lighting up his pudgy face. "I told people would react positively to it," he teased gently.

Aaron smiled and arched an eyebrow at the smirking drake, "And I suppose you were the 'inspiration' behind that too?"

The pudgy drake's expression faltered at the mention of his ridiculous behavior, "Well, 'ahem,'" He coughed awkwardly into his fist, "I was just excited by the success of the muffin, you can't blame me for showing enthusiasm."

Reyna giggled loudly as the dragon's flimsy excuse, "Of course that was only enthusiasm," she said, nudging the drake's protruding belly, "You would never even dream of taking credit for something you only ate."

Callum blushed at being called out, "Alright, alright, maybe I was a tad overzealous," he admitted.

"A little," Aaron agreed, "Now why don't we focus on more important tasks at hand, like running a bakery?"

Reyna and Callum both grew a little more serious before nodding in

agreement.

“Wonderful,” the serpent said with flourish, “Let us return to business.” With that sentiment, the three resumed their daily routine.

An hour later, another possible candidate entered the shop and caused Callum to shift his undivided attention from sorting confections to entirely focusing on the customer.

The blue and yellow feline ambled up to the counter smoothly and rested his white paws on it's surface with an expectant and welcoming grin.

Callum returned the gesture by leaning forward and grasping the feline's hand heartily. “Phillip,” he said warmly, “It's been quite awhile since you've been here.”

The cat grinned and said, “You're quite right, Callum. It's lovely to be back in the city after two long months.” The feline had been absent due to a long trans-border journey that had been a result of his career. Phillip was a treatise and cultural expert who often negotiated with other realms over economic, political, and social issues. Between his month-long stints, the friendly, flamboyantly colored feline would frequent the bakery where he'd cultured a close friendship with the resident drake and his serpent boss.

Phillip, having his hand released from his grasp, smiled at the drake. “Not much has changed on my end, just the humdrum of negotiations and such. But things seem to be changing with you,” He cast a sly glance down at Callum's expansive midriff which formed a creased love handle where it bulged against the edge of the counter.

The drake patted his wobbling mass affectionately, entirely used to the informal nature of discussing his well-fed stature. “Indeed, I have acquired additional padding,” he consented. “At first it was just to ward off the cold,” the drake explained, “But now I rather enjoy being larger. I feel more approachable, and the softness is quite comfortable.”

The blue and gold colored cat simply chuckled and shook his head. “You won't hear any protest from me,” Phillip assured, “The additional weight suits you well.”

“I like to think so too,” Reyna said as she appeared from the kitchen door.

Callum looked back startled, wondering how many times she and Aaron would seemingly enter a conversation from nowhere. The otter walked up to the multicolored feline and extended a friendly paw. "I'm Reyna," she said, "It's nice to meet another friend of Callum's."

Phillip was temporarily thrown off by the otter's sudden appearance, but he quickly recovered and returned the polite introduction. "I'm Phillip," the feline said amicably, "It's nice to see a fresh face here."

"Thank you," Reyna responded, "I love working here." She squished a portion of the drake's belly affectionately, "There are quite a few perks."

Callum yelped at the sudden pinch and felt a heated crimson hue spread across his cheeks as he registered the caliber of the otter's boldness. Declaring her fondness for the drake's bulging abdomen in front of a customer she had just met was a large step forward from the simple, relatively private embrace they'd shared the night before. As his mind slowly contemplated how certain Reyna must have felt to display her feelings so bluntly, a grin spread over his muzzle.

Phillip seemed slightly surprised by the otter's actions before a knowing look illuminated his visage, "That's great. I think Callum here also appreciates your company."

The drake flashed a nervous glance between the two anthros, feeling as if he were trapped between the feline's undeniable honesty and his fear of how Reyna would handle the news. She may have been bold, but Callum didn't to extend his hopes too far.

The otter only widened her grin and nodded in recognition at the feline's observation. "You're entirely right," she said. "Or at least," her grip on the dragon's love handle increased in tension, "You'd better be right."

Callum should have felt intimidated by his precarious position, but instead, his relief that the otter maintained her position on the allure of his being, encouraged the drake to gently place one fleshy appendage on Reyna's shoulder. If she put herself in an exposed position, then he would certainly do the same thing.

Phillip's grin widened at the progression of affection unfolding in front of him. The open-minded feline had spent a lifetime entertaining delicate and



unusual relationships, but the one in front of him, despite the short time he'd witnessed it, was a development that pleased him greatly. "You two are perfect compliments of one another," he approved warmly.

Reyna and Callum exchanged a grateful expression with each other before looking back to the feline.

"Thank you," the otter said as she tenderly nudged the drake aside. "We're exploring new areas today," she continued, "And speaking of new things, we are introducing a different type of confection today. I think you'd be the perfect type to try it, if you wish."

The feline adopted an intrigued expression. "I would love to," he agreed succinctly.

"Great," Reyna said, before raising her voice to notify the serpent residing in the back. "Hey Aaron," she called, "We have another regular interested in trying the hueberry muffin."

"Alright, give me a second," the snake's voice filtered faintly through the wall between them.

A couple moments later, the connecting door swung open as Aaron wound his way into the front room holding another infused confection. "Aaah, it's nice to see you once again," the snake greeted the feline kindly. "You've been gone a couple months this time if I'm not mistaken."

"You're right," Phillip said once more, "And it's a relief to be back once more." The blue and gold cat spread his arms to motion at the entire bakery, "I have missed this place especially," he continued fondly.

"Well allow me to officiate your return with our new muffin then," the serpent offered the multi-hued confection to the equally colorful feline.

At first Phillip only chuckled as he noted the expectant looks on Reyna and Callum's faces. 'How excited can they expect me to be over a dainty pastry?' The feline wondered internally. His train of thought altered course when he turned his focus to the seemingly ordinary muffin. Phillip audibly gasped in wonder and awe as he witnessed the berries shift their opalescent colors from a deep blue to lighter tones of sapphire, gold, and pearl which complimented his fur quite well.

“That...that’s incredible,” the feline finally found his voice once more. Flicking a tranced gaze between the muffin and the grinning familiars.

Internally, Aaron and Callum were pleased that they’d managed to amaze the cat who’d experienced a rather eventful life due to his line of work. Reyna wasn’t so much pleased as she was exhilarated that such a simple infusion could warrant such a splendid reaction.

Slowly Phillip overcame his entrancement over the spectral confection and took a small bite. His muzzle spread into a wide grin. “It tastes great too,” he added, nodding to the three workers.

Callum, Reyna, and Aaron each thanked the feline in turn, before waiting politely as he finished.

“It’s not often I come across something out of the ordinary around here,” Phillip said once he was done, “But this is quite a novel idea.”

Reyna responded with an appreciative expression, before saying, “I’m glad we were able to surprise you.”

The feline looked between the three quizzically. “So if my hunch is correct,” he said pointing at Reyna, “You were responsible for the infusion,” his finger shifted to Aaron, “You were in charge of the magic, and,” his smile widened as he finally turned to Callum, “You did what? Eat it?” Phillip was intuitive enough to be privy to Aaron’s spirituous capabilities and he also loved the idea of driving the fattened drake up the wall.

The serpent and otter both burst out laughing while Callum glowered at the fun poking cat. He crossed his arms, which promptly sank into the flab of his belly, further emphasizing the irony of Phillip’s question. “I’ll have you know,” the drake huffed.

“That you are spot on,” Aaron chortled, as he finished the dragon’s statement.

Callum attempted to retain his scorching grimace, but the truth and humor in the statement penetrated his resolve and a guilty grin spread across his muzzle. “I guess that’s not terribly inaccurate,” the drake admitted, kneading his belly thoughtfully.

“It’s entirely accurate,” Reyna said, jiggling the dragon’s overhang. “There’s no denying it,” she confided, giving him a cheeky wink, “And I don’t want you to deny it.”

The drake flushed slightly before restoring his gaze to the still laughing feline. “I can’t win,” he chuckled ruefully, ‘oofing’ slightly when Reyna punched him in his bulbous side.

Phillip shook his head before glancing at Aaron. “You seem to have your hands full, “ he sympathized with the serpent.

“It would appear so,” the snake agreed, casting a quick look at the pair who seemed caught up in teasing each other, “But they’re worth it.”

The blue and gold cat raised an eyebrow at this, but he could certainly see the obvious, if slightly exasperating, chemistry between the drake and otter.

“Well,” he sighed, “I think I need to be going.” Phillip’s excitement subdued slightly as he thought about the paperwork he would have to fill out from the extensive trip. “It was wonderful to come here again and meet a new face,” he said with a small grin directed at Reyna. “And the magical muffin was quite an experience. I will be sure to stop by again in the future.”

“We look forward to it,” Aaron said with sincere warmth in his voice. He enjoyed the feline’s relaxed sense of humor and the sharp wit that accompanied it. Seeing Phillip after a couple of months and being able to surprise him was a pleasant bonus to the debut of their infused confection.

The strikingly colored cat retreated from the shop with friendly goodbyes and promises to return when he could.

Once the feline was gone, Callum turned to Aaron with a bright smile. “That makes two customers who appreciate the new product,” he blustered happily, exchanging a quick hug with Reyna before the two broke apart with a hint of embarrassment.

“Yes, indeed,” the serpent agreed, “And I believe that is not the only positive development today.” He folded his arms and smirked at the pair, “It seems you two have made another step in the right direction.”

Callum chuckled nervously, but it was Reyna who solidified the observation. "We certainly have," she said affirmatively before grabbing the drake's hand and patting his bulging gut affectionately. "I find it easier to be direct in matters of the heart," a sly grin glided over her muzzle, "And belly."

Hearing those words was enough to entice Callum's thoughts to his voice as he found himself nodding vigorously and smiling in relief. "I'm just happy you feel the same way I feel about you," he professed to the otter who returned the statement with an elated squeak and tight hug. Callum was rendered momentarily breathless as the strong embrace compressed his ponderous gut, but he recovered quickly and threw his plush arms around her shoulders.

The scene bore strong resemblance to the embrace Aaron had witnessed the night before, but this time he sensed that both were enjoying the sensation of complete and unrestricted affection for one another.

After some long moments passed, the serpent decided to quietly retreat to the kitchen and continue working. He was usually fine with witnessing the passions between others, but Aaron was interpretive enough to understand when certain points in relationships transpired more effectively when performed alone.

A minute later, Reyna came back into the kitchen with a light of sheer happiness glinting in her eyes. Looking at the serpent, she smiled with satisfaction, "I wondered how long it would take that ridiculous reptile to come around."

Aaron only shook his head in mock exasperation, "Too long, I should think."

Over the course of the day, the three anthros introduced the spectral muffin to several more regulars. Tay accepted the offer with surprising enthusiasm and, with numerous compliments on the pastry's taste accompanied by loving pats to his bunker of a belly, swore his approval. Among the others to be bequeathed with the honor of magical muffin tasting was Franz, the competitive equine who harbored no resentment from the contest and was actually becoming quite a regular himself. The horse joked about bulking up more to be more of a challenge, which the

fattened Callum took in good stride. As the horse left, he noticed that the light was fading in the afternoon sun and decided to go back into the kitchen to notify Reyna and Aaron.

The serpent agreed with the suggestion and the group began to close down shop for the night. Reyna assisted Callum in clearing up the counter in the front room, taking pleasure in working alongside the finally enlightened drake.

The drake's gaze kept wandering mischievously into the corner of the otter's eye, and after a while Reyna confronted him.

"Alright," she said, placing her hands on her hips. "What's with the looks?"

Callum feigned innocence at first, pretending not to have a clue what she meant. When said otter used her blunt claws to pinch a soft roll of fat on the drake's hip, he conceded with a small squeal. "Ow, ow...alright, alright," the pudgy drake said, "I was just thinking about how good of a team we could make if we wanted to prank Aaron."

Reyna snorted. "That's what you were trying to keep secret?" She chuckled, before taking the proposition a little more seriously. "Well I suppose you have a point," she said, running a paw under her chin. "What do you have in mind?"

Callum leaned forward with a small smile, "Let's think of something together." So the two of them plotted into the night, occasionally making companionable contact.

The next morning, Aaron wound himself down his usual route. The powerful serpent had been quite busy over the past several days and he had let his guard down significantly, especially given the fact that Reyna seemed to be allied solely with him in the ongoing war of wits.

As he slithered down the cobbled passageway to the side entry of the bakery, the serpent detected a faint snicker filter from inside. Suddenly his senses were fired up, with possible scenarios running through his head. He knew Callum well enough to believe the hefty drake would plot another attack, but the serpent wasn't entirely sure how it would unfold. Recalling the previous fiasco with the second round of trip wires and bags of flour, the serpent couldn't envision any other scenario in which he would be

bettered. Confidently, Aaron shifted through the doorway, already commencing his victory in his mind. That was his first mistake.

Upon entering the doorway and stopping just inside the kitchen, he braced himself to avoid another contraption of Callum's devising. Instead there was..nothing. The room was dark and void of any signs of movement. The ceiling clear of any hazardous materials. Only elongated shadows filtered through the window, casting uneven spires of weak light into the far corners of the kitchen. Laughing to himself, Aaron continued forward before pausing once more when the pantry door creaked open ominously.

Moving through the shadowy kitchen carefully, the serpent extended his tail out to the door handle and gently pulled it out more. At first nothing happened, the silence weighing down in Aaron's mind and just as he began to feel he'd been imagining things, the prank was initiated.

A crude, doughy, glowing ghost only three feet tall and two feet fluttered out and whirled towards the serpent with a wailing "Boooooo!" Aaron flinched and hissed briefly at the sudden sight of the creepy apparition, but his fear quickly turned to humor when he realized what the thing actually was. It was tiny, poorly configured with a ridiculous scowl frosted on the face, and it glowed bright green. The last feature was no doubt because of Reyna's infusions. Aaron realized the pitiful thing was levitating due to Callum's skill, and he laughed as he realized the drake must have initiated the amusing 'Boo'.

"Nice try," Aaron called over to the pantry, "You almost made me die from laughter." After a moment of silence, Aaron continued, "And your levitation abilities have improved Callum," he chuckled, "This thing could almost be seen as floating."

Finally a voice issued from the pantry, it was Callum's. "Oh you like that?" The drake called out, "Well permit me to share what I learned from Reyna. 'Levitite Arktos!'" He yelled passionately.

Suddenly the dough ghost went unnaturally still, before rotating to face the serpent head on. Spreading its stumpy arms, the pastry spirit shot forward and latched itself onto the face of the real spirit. Aaron elicited a loud shriek, followed by profane cursing and hissing as he stumbled around trying to remove the floury attacker.

Reyna and Callum stumbled out of the pantry with wide grins on their faces before falling to the ground and promptly dying in hysterics as the serpent danced around with an enthusiastic ball of ghost latched to his head.

Callum convulsed with laughter, his bulbous sides jiggling violently from unrestrained mirth. He desperately tried to sooth his stomach for fears of pulling something, but only managed to compress his ponderous abdomen into a series of accordion rolls that contracted and retracted rapidly from frequent intakes of breath.

Reyna was having trouble recovering her own laughter, and seemed just as helpless as the stuffed drake next to her.

Both chortled mercilessly as Aaron finally managed to remove most of the dough ghost from his face, but he was having a tough time appearing angry with the pranksters. Suddenly a vengeful idea sprung to his mind, using the same incantation as the drake, he had the tattered ghost take flight once more and directed it at the guffawing dragon. "Levitite Arktos," he said sharply, laughing as the spirit flew to attack the drake.

Callum didn't notice the large doughy spirit until the last second, and then it was already too late. The crude ghost flew straight between the drake's open maw and down his gullet. Callum's eyes widened at the sudden impediment in his laughter and coughed heftily as the crude ghost briefly obstructed his breath. As he did so, the spiritous confection made its home in the drake's gut, which caused the appendage to expand impressively. The drake burped lightly as his overhanging stomach tightened from the additional pressure and gently swelled outwards.

Reyna looked over in concern when she saw Callum swallow the ghost, as did Aaron. Both relaxed when they realized the drake was fine, though his midsection was considerably distended.

As the drake recovered from the ghostly invasion, he rubbed his ample gut affectionately while Reyna laughed and drew her blunt claws over his swollen sphere of a stomach. "Only you would manage to consume a spirit, you silly dragon," she snickered as she felt the firm, bouncy surface of Callum's abdomen.

A ridiculous grin plastered itself on the fattened drake's face, "Of course." He winked at Aaron, "Lord knows I've dealt with plenty of them."