

Aaron's Exceptional Confections officially indoctrinated the Hueberry Muffin into its menu after a week of testing it with customers. Numerous regulars were politely asked to try it and offer their feedback; the majority of which was positive in terms of taste and amazement in terms of magic. It quickly became a popular request for patrons of the diner, whether the anthros were attracted to the taste, magic, or novelty of an infused confection.

Whatever their preference, the general consensus about the spectral muffin was clearly evident: The new product was a hit. Reyna received plenty of compliments on her skills with the creation of the muffin and Aaron's reputation furthered after several more trustworthy customers were entrusted with the knowledge of his spirituous background.

Despite the serpent's apprehension about how others might react to his curious state of being, he was pleasantly surprised that the open-minded individuals took the news much in the same way the muffin was received; with slight surprise followed by mild curiosity and finished with friendly reassurances that the snake chef still held a place of respect and familiarity in their heart.

During the series of rapid, beneficial developments Callum also changed, both physically and personally. With Aaron and Reyna receiving nonstop credit for the Hueberry Muffin, he was able to develop more appreciation for occupying a quieter front. The drake aided the other two in integrating the product into their business, but he found himself deflecting credit for the magical pastry to those who truly deserved. His respect for his familiars and satisfaction with his place in the bakery resulted in the drake becoming part of the backdrop...at least in the sense of being recognized.

Physically, Callum had changed quite impressively on both his and Reyna's account. He'd increased his height to a solid 6'3", standing almost as tall as Aaron when the violet serpent was in full, upright position. He'd gained increasingly helpful musculature, which aided in mobility and core strength.

Of course the most impressive feature about the hefty grey and blue drake, was his accentuated poundage. Having started at a lean, healthy 175 pounds, the hapless drake had fluffed up to a solid 285 pounds in a little under three months. Thanks to the rigorous diet imparted by his helpful boss, the drake now sported an appearance reminiscent of a plush toy,

one more cuddly and approachable in stature.

Callum sported pudgy cheeks that slipped seamlessly into his rounded chins. His arms and chest were covered in a thick layer of adipose that creased from any movements the drake might perform. His smooth scales rippled joyfully from almost any movement, as if testifying to the dragon's increasingly joyous spirit.

The drake's back featured softened shoulder blades that attempted to swallow the crests following the ridge of his spine. Callum's tail had also grown proportionately with his weight and was considerably thicker as it weighed down on the drake's padded rear. The dark grey scales of his rear, legs, and tail often formed waves similar to a silver sea.

Most formidable of all, was his belly. Surging far past the drake's waist and surpassing his meaty thighs, Callum's belly folded down almost level with his knees. The bulging mass squashed under its own weight and formed a lopsided ellipse of curved ventral plates and softer, silvery under flesh. The globular appendage was often subject to friendly slaps, pokes, and jiggles by either Callum himself, or close friends. No one of which appreciated the drake's enlarged gut more than Reyna.

In their time together, the otter had obviously become closer to the drake than any casual familiar would. They both shared a deeply rooted, mutual affection for one another, and Reyna exploited that sentiment prolifically with loving hugs, cuddles, and rubs to the fattened dragon. The two had also fallen into a familiar routine of Reyna testing out additional experiments on the drake.

Given the muffin mishap, she was always careful to regulate the appropriate amount of infusions and expansive ingredients placed within the confections. Over the past week, Callum had enjoyed the experience of being stuffed almost to the brim with a mixture of potent incantations and gloriously sweetened foods. His taugth belly would then be soothed by the otter's gentle touch, as she brushed her blunt claws over the tender curvature of her drake's swollen abdomen, causing it to shiver from the internal pressure.

These nightly feedings were currently occupying the overweight drake's mind as he took an order from a long departed customer who'd only recently returned.

“...And could I get a couple of the Hueberries?” A blue and yellow feline was inquiring. Philip yawned slightly as finished his order, idly scratching the white ruff of his neck with one outstretched paw. The hour was early, and both anthros seemed a bit off both physically and mentally.

“Sure thing,” Callum said, leaning forward to write down the last of the request. Given his current position, the drake’s apron clad belly pressed heavily against the edge of the counter and seeped over in a makeshift love handle.

“You seem to be doing well,” Philip noted with a sly grin, glancing at the drake’s larger state. “How goes the expansion process?” The feline inquired after a brief moment of silence.

“Hmmm? Oh, very well thank you,” Callum smiled as he reflexively straightened and arched his back to ease the tension of his weight.

Looking around with a curious expression, Philip then asked, “Where is Reyna? I thought she’d be here.”

Callum shook his head, “She’s attending a class right now. They’re preparing for the upcoming Winter Final, and Infusions are exceptionally tricky.” Leaning forward in a confiding tone he continued, “Apparently there was also some controversy with one of the students, something about him being framed for inaccurate crimes.”

Philip nodded in understanding, not saying a word as the drake continued his explanation.

“Several of the professors were also intertwined with the student’s defense, but..” Callum sighed and shook his head, “Reyna doesn’t know much more than that.”

The blue and yellow hued feline widened his eyes slightly in a mixture of surprise and sympathy. “I’m sorry to hear that,” he empathized, “I hope they are both alright.”

Callum grit his pudgy jaw, “Well Albert told me the accused student was released,” his grimace turned into a faint grin. “So now all I really have to worry about is a stressed out otter whose relaxation methods revolve

around stuffing me,” he said rubbing his flabby midsection.

Philip chuckled lightly in agreement, before readying himself to leave. “Well I certainly hope she is victorious in her studies,” he said gallantly, flourishing his words with a good-humored tone.

The drake shook his head in exasperation. “Thanks,” he said, waving as the feline left the shop and headed for his work.

A couple moments after the cat had rounded the corner, Callum felt a slight pulse and faint flash of light emanate from the kitchen. Sighing, he hefted his bulk and padded over into the back room.

Callum peered into the expansive room, cocking an eyebrow at a violet serpent tinged coral blue from a rogue explosion of frosting. The concoction seemed to shift hues and shades as it changed into various scenes depicting pleasant celebrations and holidays.

Aaron had been working on another infusion-based spell that enchanted cake frosting into automatically reflecting the consumer’s desired depiction of their ideal scene. At least, that was the intention.

So far, Reyna and Aaron had only been rudimentarily successful in their attempts. The creation could take physical form, be applied to confections, and shift into vague whirls of pastels. The tough part came when the frosting was paired with the consumer’s mind. A series of fractal patterns would break out on the confection’s surface, the frosting would vibrate rapidly as if water on a trotting horse, before it spontaneously combusted in starbursts of sugary splatters. The most recent explosion had colored the normally brilliant violet serpent a temporary, brilliant blue.

Callum tried to hold in a joyful belly laugh as he snagged a rag and approached Aaron who was grumbling to himself in disdain. “I think you’d do better to wait for someone who knows what they’re doing,” the drake teased with a snicker.

Aaron cast a baleful glance down at the drake. “And I suppose I will be forced to wait a little longer,” he replied curtly.

“You know,” Callum’s tone turned sincere as he proffered the rag to the frosting-speckled snake, “Just because this isn’t progressing as fast as the

muffins doesn't mean you need to torture yourself in an attempt to complete."

With a quick 'thanks' Aaron cleared his violet visage of the frosting. "I know," he sighed after a couple moments, "I just...don't quite like the notion of being unable to complete such a simple spell."

The fat drake thought for a moment, kneading his plush belly in a contemplative manner. "I don't think you need to worry about your inability to do it," he reassured the serpent, "I think you need to realize that this is considerably more complex than the muffins." Acquiring a distant gaze, Callum cocked his head as he continued, "I mean when you two made the breakthrough with the muffins, I felt impatient and a slight sliver of envy." His expression turned present once more as he smiled at Aaron, "But then I realized that I simply had to adjust to the intricacy and power of magic in daily life."

An understanding expression was beginning to grace the serpent's face as the bulbous drake continued. "I mean you may use magic as a daily use, but this project is different. Don't let its complexities distemper you, just keep going."

Aaron raised his eyebrows. "That actually makes quite a bit of sense," he said as he considered the advice. "I suppose there's a first for everything," he added playfully as he saw a glint of pride swell in Callum's eyes.

The drake snorted indignantly. "Just think about it," he said with a shake of the head, before turning on his heel and casting an offhanded wave to the spirit chef.

The serpent chuckled inwardly before he returned to the process with a slightly altered outlook.

Several hours into the day and another frosting explosion later, Reyna came in to begin her work. The otter had fallen into the routine of finishing her classes in the morning and spending the afternoon in Aaron and Callum's company. Padding quietly through the side entrance, feeling mentally stretched from her studies. A smile crept over her face as she peered through the connecting door and saw the wide set stature of an unsuspecting drake wiping down the counter.

Shuffling forward quietly, Reyna spread her arms and encased Callum's bulging sides in an enthusiastic hug and said, "Whatcha doing?" As her arms compressed into the drake's flabby scales, the fattened dragon yelped and jumped in surprise. The rag he'd been attempting to levitate quickly slumped to the floor as he turned to the familiar currently buried in his plush body.

A humorous grin crossed Callum's face as he returned the embrace once he faced her. Reyna reveled in the softness of the drake's belly as the warm, deep layers of scaly adipose engulfed her like a blanket. The two held the pose for several moments, both appreciating the comfort. The otter felt her tension ease as she envisioned the plan she held in mind for her drake tonight. The new frosting she and Aaron were developing was near completion despite Aaron's constant mishaps, and Reyna had acquired the means to produce a cake similar in volume and stature to the one that had bought the two together. The only difference was the Infusion capabilities Reyna had garnered from both her intensive courses and the careful practices with Aaron.

"Hey," Callum said with a pleased look. "How were your courses today?"

Reyna drew a gentle claw over the drake's bulging gut, as she pondered the various classes and sessions she'd engaged in. "It was rather stressful," the otter said, before her previous expression of happiness returned. "But I managed," she assured the drake, squeezing his large dome of flab heartily, "And now I can finally enjoy myself. After we finish work, I thought we could enjoy some time together."

Callum's eyes widened as his grin grew wider in anticipation. "I look forward to it," he agreed eagerly. With the prospect of Reyna's companionship occupying the central place in his mind, the front-heavy drake returned to work enthusiastically; as if his efforts would make the time pass in shorter fashion.

Reyna simply giggled at her dragon's excitement and then turned on her heel to go greet Aaron for another day's work.

"Hey," the otter greeted softly, sensing the serpent's frustration as he leaned over another disastrous attempt at the image shifting frosting.

"Wha-? Oh hi," Aaron said, glancing over his shoulder at the friendly face.

The violet snake's chef hat tilted precariously on his head, as if indicating the unbalanced nature of his mood.

Reyna decided to take things as smoothly as possible, knowing very well that very few things perturbed the spirit. Opting to address the issue with a boon of good news, the otter offered a comforting smile before saying, "I think I may have solved the problem with our scene-shifting frosting."

Aaron cocked his head curiously, obviously intrigued at the possibility of a solution to the confectionary vexation. "That would be quite relieving," the serpent said calmly, though a hint of tightness lingered under his voice.

"It'll take a little time to prepare," Reyna continued, as she stepped forward to study the spirit's messy efforts. Softening her voice even more, the consoling otter placed one matronly paw on the serpent's shoulder. "There's a reason you're having trouble with this craft, and it's entirely understandable."

Taking a deep breath, Reyna did her best to recount the lengthy explanation her professor had given her that morning. "Apparently, Scene Shifting Infusions are among the most intricate incantations imaginable. As the individual fibers within the frosting shift color, they require an exceptionally delicate calibration." Reyna cleared her throat, "The shift in colors and scenery on a cake make these molecules buzz with energy and volatile to magic." Taking another breath, she continued, "Basically, as the frosting recognizes a consumer's thoughts it is reacting both chemically and magically on a microscopic level." After another pause, Reyna concluded her explanation to which Aaron was intently attuned, "And the trick is to know the precise balance of magic, ingredients, and infusions to place in the frosting."

The otter then whipped out a small parchment of paper detailing an extensive list of meticulous measurements and proffered them to the serpent. "My professor was very supportive of the work you're doing in the bakery, and decided to give us a boost," said proudly.

Taking the parchment, Aaron's visage melded into one of relief as he realized he wouldn't have to endure another erroneous frosting explosion. After several moments, the serpent looked up with a refreshed expression and said, "My gratitude to your professor. This should allow us to hone the concoction to its final phase by tonight."

Reyna nodded eagerly in agreement, casting a quick glance in the direction of the front room and thinking of a certain, well-padded drake who would also benefit from the development. "That's what I was hoping for," the otter said excitedly, before rubbing her hands together and relishing at the cake Callum would be presented with that night.

The duo worked through the afternoon, carefully calculating the exact concentrations of each ingredient. Thanks to Reyna's reassurance and patient demeanor, Aaron found himself growing calmer as the time passed. Callum occasionally came in to lend a helping hand, but the wide set drake mostly occupied the afternoon with his own tasks. He practiced more levitation techniques, fulfilled orders, and thought about the wonderful surprise Reyna had planned for him that night. The drake was smart enough to know when to leave the pair to their work, and he sensed an intent focus pervading the kitchen. Time passed quickly.

Callum was just wrapping up Dalmatian's order for the night, when he heard a faint cry of triumph trickle through the wall. Smiling he bid the customer good evening and excitedly shuffled into the kitchen.

Peering around the corner, the drake's grin widened at the scene splayed out before him. Aaron and Reyna had embraced in celebration while a large, multi-tiered cake displayed their mood next to them. A pattern of fireworks, confetti, and streamers floated down along the confection's surface. Callum let loose an audible gasp at the intricacy of the Scene-Shifting frosting; it was far more reactive than the muffins.

At the gasp, the serpent and otter turned to the spellbound drake and laughed good-naturedly at his gaping expression.

"Y-You finished it!" The drake managed, staring in awe at the confection, which now rippled with soft waves of light and color. "It looks incredible," he continued once he finally caught his voice.

"Thank you," Aaron said, a hint of well-deserved pride creeping into his voice. "But Reyna deserves the true credit on this one," the serpent placed on gentle arm on the otter's shoulders. "I was quite close to losing my patience, but she came in with a detailed solution."

Reyna turned slightly red at the compliments, and batted the snake's hand

away affectionately. "Yeah, yeah," the heated otter said, giggling from the serpent's kind words, "All I really did was get the instructions from my professor."

Aaron shook his head, "My gratitude to them too, but you were the one who managed to work with me through the trials."

"He's right," Callum chirped cheekily, "It takes a certain type of anthro to work with this eccentric spirit." Shoving the snake playfully, the drake quickly regretted his actions when a sharp poke bloomed on his ample side. Rubbing the spot consolingly, Callum glared at the purple tail disappearing behind his legs and then back up to Aaron. "I'm not sure how much more my poor body can take with your relentless attacks," the drake moaned in an overly dramatic tone.

The serpent only chuckled as Reyna cut in slyly. "Hopefully it can take a little more," she said with a passionate glint in her eyes. "Because tonight, you're going to be presented with your surprise and I won't have you messing that up."

Callum's eyes widened. "And just where might this lovely surprise be?" He asked tentatively.

Reyna winked at him before gesturing over her shoulder at the still-illuminated cake.

The drake found himself at a crossroads as he regarded the confection with newfound respect. It stood four tiers high--each one about eight inches tall--and the base was nearly two feet around. Both intimidation and hunger gnawed at the drake's mind...until he saw the expectant look in Reyna's eyes. The decision was already made before the words even parted his lips. "I look forward to it," the drake smiled eagerly.

As the final hour drew to a close, the amply proportioned drake couldn't help but eye the voluminous confection and glance down at his equally expansive waist. Once the sun finally set and the familiars began to close the shop down, Callum found himself working in a daze. He was entirely and unequivocally fixated on the impending pastry and the reaction Reyna would have to him consuming it. He was still excited and apprehensive about the otter's plans, but he found himself leaning more towards anticipation. The large-bodied drake rubbed his bulbous gut reassuringly

and quickened his pace.

Once the familiars had finalized everything and shut the operations down effectively, Reyna had the drake sit down at one of the booths in the front room. With Aaron's help, she hefted the cake out from the kitchen and plopped it down in front of a seated Callum. The frosting melded into the drake's mental patterns as a starry sky with nebulae dancing across its surface signified his tired, but anticipatory demeanor.

Salivating at the cake's impressive decoration and appreciating its staggering heft, Reyna eased one paw onto the plush curvature of the drake's stomach which settled heavily on his plump thighs.

"If you can manage the entirety of the cake," the otter whispered enticingly in the drake's ear, "I think you'll find the impact interesting."

Callum angled his head curiously at his familiar counterpart before sending a questioning gaze to Aaron, who had taken position behind the counter.

All he received from the serpent was an empathetic shrug.

Looking back at the loving otter, the drake nodded once more as he said, "I hope I won't disappoint."

Drawing one claw lazily over his flab, Reyna grinned as she tightened her grip on a prominent love handle. "I don't think you could," she assured the drake. A more serious expression crept into her visage as she turned to begin the feeding.

The nebulas shimmered different colors as Callum's mind began to race once more in a swirl of anticipation and nervousness. Reyna carefully and methodically removed the top tier of the cake before settling it on a smaller, wooden plate near the drake's seat. Slicing the first piece of star-studded cake with ease, the otter carefully maneuvered it over to Callum's maw. When he cocked his eyebrows in surprise, Reyna simply smiled imploringly and said, "This is part of the surprise."

A sense of understanding illuminated the drake's visage before he eagerly bit into the first piece and marveled at the unique flavor. Much like the hue berries, the frosting's natural sweetness was enhanced by the presence of magic. The taste shifted with the frosting's colors and, in its entirety,

seemed to pervade his muzzle with vibrant, pleasant sensations.

The first piece was gone in almost an instant; so eager was the drake to consume another piece. Reyna's smile widened at the sight of her dragon's voracity and was only too happy to oblige. Wedging a second, larger piece from the top tier, she realized it was already halfway gone. 'Hopefully this will be enough,' the otter thought to herself, before eying the rest of the confectionary behemoth and dismissing the notion.

Moving onto the second piece, Callum took continuous bites in rapid succession. He reveled in the unique flavor and shuddered slightly as Reyna's claws gently kneaded his expansive midsection. Murring satisfactorily, the drake made eye contact with the encouraging otter and nodded that he was ready for the next piece. After a moment's thought, Reyna opted to cut off mid-sized slices from the cake and present them to the dragon's plush form in large increments.

Callum steadily made his way through the ample servings of sugary bread and frosting, occasionally getting a small frost mark on his muzzle. The marks would often ripple in tune with the drake's mounting hunger, and the scene flipped to pulsating flashes of neon red.

Spurred by the impressive display of spectral colors, Reyna eagerly, but carefully removed the next portion of cake. This one was half again as large as the first, and the otter was intrigued to see just how much the portion would impact the drake's waist. The first tier had only the minimal impact on his mound of a midriff, causing it to tighten slightly from the initial volume of food.

As Reyna prepared the second portion in generous, roughly muzzle-sized cuts, Callum indulged himself in assuaging his burdensome belly. The drake simply adored the softness and faint resistance produced from pressing his paws into the two foot expanse of flab. Its texture was reminiscent of a warm, smooth pillow and, with a smile, Callum thought, 'It will only get bigger.'

Once Reyna was ready for to continue the next course of the four-tiered meal, the drake had already mentally prepared himself for monolithic endeavor he was only beginning. The otter lovingly pressed the first wedge of cake to the drake's muzzle and Callum appreciatively worked his way through it with the same gusto he'd had for the first portion. The impact it

had on his belly was considerably more noticeable than the first.

Reyna's idle paw, which sank deeply into the numerous layers of adipose, was slowly pushed outward from the increasing pressure of food making home in the drake's gut. Rather than simply sink into a squashed well of scales, she now felt it wobble on a resilient surface like a bobber on the water. Witnessing the continuous expansion of the drake's rotund midsection was satisfying, intriguing, and altogether spellbinding for her, and though the drake wasn't aware, her affection for his willingness to stuff himself to no end was a trait that appealed to her profoundly.

By the end of the second tier, Callum's abdomen had rounded out considerably, though his appetite remained as voracious as ever. His stomach also retained a considerable degree of softness, as the deep layers of flab occupying the drake's lap gradually tightened to bulge outwards from the magical cake.

Finally finishing the second course, a deep appreciative purr emanated from Callum's throat as he relished the wondrous sensation of being full. And he still had two, larger tiers to conquer.

Reyna gifted the drake with another tender scratch of her claws along the broad curvature of his belly.

"How are you holding up?" She asked comfortingly.

Callum smiled and placed one hand on the paw massaging his belly. "Wonderfully," he assured her in a fond tone, "Shall we move on to the next course?" He added slyly.

Reyna laughed and cocked an eyebrow in mock disapproval before applying another trademark squeeze to the drake's ample side.

Letting out a small yelp from the sudden touch, Callum chuckled as he watched the otter remove the third tier from the cake. As she grunted lightly from the heft of the section, the drake appreciatively looked over its size. The third part of the cake was slightly larger than the previous two tiers combined, and the impact would certainly be noticeable on his waistline.

Dividing the cake up into equal portions seemed to be the best route for the

two, and Reyna was faster this time as she sliced each piece with ease. The frosting undulated in swirls of green reminiscent of a lake or pond. It had a calming effect on both the anthros as they eased themselves into the rhythm of the next feeding session. This time Reyna paid particularly close attention to the drake's consumption, registering each small swell between the drake's ventral plates with the precision of a doctor testing a heartbeat. She sensed the flab tightening more and more as Callum's stomach grew from a squashed ellipse to a spherical prominence. Halfway through the third tier, the drake experienced the familiar notion of being sated. He was by no means full and far from his maximum capacity, but the checkpoint in his feeding was always a comforting reminder of the effort he placed into his weight.

Forging on, Callum's belly swelled as the rest of the third tier disappeared. Rising from a soft, sleepy position on his legs to an upright globe, Reyna loved the outward pressure stretched beneath her paws. She drew her blunt claws over the blue ventral plates, and playfully assuaged the tender silver flesh barely peeking through the gaps of keratin. Callum shivered from the sensitive touch, before smiling at the otter and placing one of his own claws on his girth. He could barely reach his arms around its circumference, which thrilled him to no end.

Having finished the third partition of spectral cake, Callum's belly now sent out signals that it was full. He noted the convex shape his middle had formed and looked to Reyna expectantly, as if to say, 'Isn't there one more portion to go?'

The otter picked up on the sentiment quickly, and her smirk widened at the drake's playful intent. Patting his protruding gut affectionately, the otter used all her might to heft the final portion of cake over. When Callum saw the difficulty she was having, he made good use of his levitation abilities and mentally nudged the cake toward him. Despite the action coming to him rather easily, the drake was rather surprised at the heft it produced in his mind as he willed it to move. The final, formidable tier almost registered as heavily as the other three tiers combined, and the frosting's design swirled in a galactic whirlpool initiated by Callum's concern.

Rubbing his swollen midsection absentmindedly, the drake waited as Reyna carefully sectioned the tier into another series of filling portions. Leaning forward to receive the first bite, Callum felt his middle bunch up into a aerie of tight accordion rolls and grunted when it pressed against the

table.

Reyna laughed at the sight with a hint of pity for the drake. "Silly dragon," she said, shaking her head and walking around behind him. "Here, let me help," she continued as she aided Callum by backing the chair up to allow more room for his stomach. "Better?" She asked, placing her hands on her hips and giving him a sarcastic stare.

"Much better. Thanks," the drake said meekly.

Giggling, Reyna patted his gut before turning to pick up the piece of cake once more. The final feeding session commenced, and despite Callum's initial appetite, he continued at a slower, methodical pace. The drake took time to appreciate each bite, and alternated his gaze between Reyna's infatuation with his belly and the smooth, vibrant star ways rotating over the cake. His mind had resigned to contentment and the confection reflected his relaxed state of mind.

Given the prior pressure in the drake's belly, each mouthful he took now registered in minuscule proportions on his midriff. Reyna's paw affectionately caressed the winched silver flesh seeping through the drake's central plates, and soon the plates widened to allow for more expansion. The ease in pressure allowed Callum to continue on unhinged, but he was finding it difficult to overcome the thick sense of fullness weighing down in the back of his mind.

At the halfway point, Reyna had the drake take a break to ease some of the burden from his being. She gently massaged the bulging appendage in hopes of relaxing the tense surface to some degree. The dome of flesh only had a small amount of pudge covering it, and Callum's stomach was firm to the touch.

Entering a daze, the drake allowed for the bliss of the otter's paws to comfort him for a short while, but soon he was staring intently at the remainder of the cake. Callum's intentions were clear, and Reyna was all too happy to concede. Setting the final portion of cake in front of him, the pair embarked on the final stretch of the four tiered meal.

For Callum, the trial of polishing off the rest of the ambitiously proportioned confection was cloudy in memory. He could feel his belly swelling upwards and outwards, his taught ventral ridges running further and further down

his legs. The euphoric sensation of Reyna's claws kneading his faithful flesh. And the incredible combination of confections and magic dancing on his tongue. But they all seemed to pass in a blur when he attempted to recall them at a later date. Once the last bite slipped past the drake's maw and slid down his throat, Callum collapsed into his chair in a stupor. He was partially pinned by the incredible fullness that hit him, but it was mostly due to the fact that his bulbous gut now rounded a little over three feet in front of him. Groaning from the pressure, Reyna gently leaned forward and whispered in his ear.

"Now for the final surprise. 'Relagues Liquis'." She muttered, and a wonderful, liquidated sensation spread throughout Callum's taught dome of a belly.

The final part of Reyna's surprise was another variation of her Infusions. Thanks to her rigorous studying and endless hours practicing incantations with Aaron, she had mastered the Liquidation Infusion, which simply turned a food's mass to its liquid component. Upon enacting the incantation on the cake residing within Callum's belly, the food turned into a substance that held the consistency of pudding.

Callum's tightly bloated middle immediately sagged under its own weight. Surging forward and over his pants with the force of a tidal wave. The groaning appendage wobbled and sloshed from the sudden movement, and Callum unleashed a sigh of relief as the overbearing pressure of his gut was loosened. Opening his eyes, the drake curiously prodded his now soft, wobbly midsection. Entranced he squeezed it heartily with both paws and reveled in delight as his love handles engulfed his hands in a quivering mass of flabby scales. It was a spectacular feeling.

Reyna gasped audibly at the dramatic impact her incantation had on the drake's stomach. Seeing his expansive gut collapse into a soft mass that emanated an impressive amount of warmth. The otter then did the only thing that came naturally to her; she opened her arms wide and threw them around the drake's large midsection with unparalleled joy.

Callum 'oofed' slightly at the jolting impact, before he smiled and gently hugged the otter back. The moment was one of deep rooted affection, and neither moved for several minutes as they simply took innocent joy in experiencing the welcoming plushness of the drake's cushiony belly.

After some time Aaron, who'd be watching the events unfold with kind interest, cleared his throat. "I truly appreciate the gesture of affection," he said to the two companions, "But I think it's quite time we closed down for the night."

The otter and drake both nodded tiredly in agreement, having descended from their mutual fascination over the drake's soft, sloshing gut. Grunting slightly, Callum leaned heavily on Reyna in order to gain purchase for standing. Once he was on his feet, he stumbled forward several steps as his belly surged forward eagerly to meet the ground. Finding support from Reyna in one paw and a table in the other, Callum was able to lean far enough back to support himself without the risk of falling flat on his stomach. In this position though, the drake's abdomen still spilled heavily over his pants and dipped against his thighs. The drake was forced to adopt a wide gait in order to account for the ponderously swaying appendage bulging out in front of him.

Breathing from exertion, Callum laughed at his rather ridiculous predicament and turned his gaze to Aaron. "This will make for an interesting experience tomorrow," he said slyly.

The serpent nodded in agreement, before he adopted a worried expression.

Callum wasn't sure what the snake was worried about until he turned to Reyna and saw the forlorn look on her face.

"Hey," the drake said, rubbing the otter's back consolingly, "What's wrong?"

"I just remembered the other part of my finals," the otter said, grinding one paw into her forehead. "I need to go on a field trip to attain real world experience," she explained, "And the trip needs to last for at least a week."

"Did you have any specific plans for where you'd go?" Callum asked, rubbing his gut nervously at the thought of not seeing the otter for several days.

Reyna's expression brightened a little, "Actually I was planning on visiting my brother. He's exploring a couple of boundaries on the eastern side of the province which aren't too far from here."

A comforting grin seeped onto Callum's face. "Well then I think you should go," he said encouragingly. "I remember you saying you hadn't seen him for months."

The otter nodded at the recollection. "That's right," she said.

"Well then you have several very good reasons to go," Callum affirmed. "This field trip is integral to your education, you will be able to visit your brother, and you'll only be missing this," he jiggled his bulging gut, "For a few days."

Reyna made to protest once more, but Aaron intervened to solidify the decision. "Callum's right Reyna," the serpent consented. "You have every reason to go, and when you get back," his eyes glinted mischievously, "You'll have additional infusions to practice on him." He said the last sentence with a sly poke to the drake's midsection, causing the drake to yelp and jump. His body sloshed violently from the action and Callum cast an irritated glare at the violet spirit.

"Yeah," he said, rubbing his belly, "You'll be fine, it's really me that I'm worried about."

Aaron and Reyna chuckled at the drake's words, before Aaron commenced the decision with a tone of finality. "I believe we're all agreed," he said. "Don't worry Reyna, you'll return before you know it."

Callum adopted a pleading expression; "I know it'll go by quick, just pray for me at the hands of this ruthless snake."

Laughing, the otter shook her head. "Alright, I'll go," she conceded, knowing internally that the ridiculous pair in front of her would be perfectly fine. She couldn't wait to come back.