

Mist pearled the gates of the city as a lone bull dozed in the early morning light. He'd been on rotation since three in the morning and was looking forward to the next exchange at noon. But for now, the imposing bovine was stuck with his own thoughts and a gorgeous sunrise framing the lush forests beyond the city's gates. As his head lulled forward, a quiet padding on the cobbled pathway snapped his attention back to consciousness.

Flicking his gaze in the direction of the sound, he saw an otter making her way toward him. She was of medium build, with a curved physique and intelligent brown eyes. The bull smiled in a friendly manner as she came closer and extended a cordial greeting, "Good morning ma'am, planning a venture today?"

Reyna returned the bull's welcoming gesture with a nod and said, "I'm finishing my college course work and I have to-

"Complete the field trip," the guard interceded good-naturedly.

Reyna chuckled along in agreement. "Precisely," she affirmed, before feigning a concerned look. "You don't need to ensure I'm not carrying any dangerous weapons, do you?" She asked in a teasing tone.

The bull shook his head genially, "No, those procedures are only conducted for entries," he continued with a droning tone. A touch of humor suddenly tinged his tone, "Though I would never be stupid enough to underestimate your capabilities."

The otter placed her hands on her hips and raised an eyebrow in exasperation at the bovine's humor. "I'll be sure to take your words as a form of respect," she said as she gathered her belongings and began ambling through the gate.

The two exchanged friendly farewells and then Reyna was off on her journey to complete her Infusions course. Her brother resided in a settlement several leagues from the city, and the two planned on meeting each other at a checkpoint ten miles in the direction Reyna was heading. David was currently engaged in a treaty with some local farmers who'd recently bolstered their economic output substantially in terms of crop yield and production. Reyna would introduce them to some practical spells that could aid the community in increasing the efficiency of their crops.

The trip was intended to last her ten days, which was by no means extensive in the world of education and field trips, but to a certain, bulbous drake it felt much longer.

Callum felt off kilter from Reyna's absence, as he wiped down the counter for the umpteenth time in order to occupy his mind. His burdensome belly creased and folded heavily against its edge in a warm, pudgy cascade of adipose. Since the trio had debuted their Scene-Shifting frosting, the drake had hypnotically consumed increasingly large amounts of confections for the enjoyment of both his self and the otter. Two weeks has passed since Reyna had told them about her assignment and the time in between had been devoted to expanding the drake's vast gut.

His weight tipped the scales at slightly over four hundred and thirty pounds and his height had notched up to an imposing 6'4". Luckily the doors in the bakery were doubles to allow for larger orders to pass through, but the drake was beginning to feel his entrances at home gently squeeze his bulging sides as he passed. The drake was heavy, there was no doubt about that, but Reyna had been an integral part to the drake's unabashed enjoyment in the notion of being bigger.

This thought was what now occupied the drake's mind as he ran on pudgy paw over the bulbous ark of his ventral plates and gently sunk it into the deep layers of flab. His apron descended with it and the drake's entire paw was briefly engulfed in ponderous mass of flesh. The amusing action seemed to brighten the drake's mood for a moment, before he returned to the monotonous task of cleaning the counter...at least he tried to.

A small dough ghost hovered menacingly over the drake's unsuspecting head before it entered his field of vision. Callum only had a moment to say, "What the?" Before the demonic pastry spread its minuscule arms and latched onto the drake's face.

Cursing under his breath, Callum stumbled back from the floury intruder, tripped over his own thick tail, and collapsed on his well-padded rear. The impact caused the drake's voluminous belly to slosh and bounce against his thick thighs. Finally managing to slip a claw under the doughy surface, Callum flipped the little miscreant off his face and glared at the violet serpent currently laughing at him.

Callum couldn't help but break into a grudging smile before he took the

little monstrosity and popped it in his mouth.

"You need to lighten up," Aaron chided with a mirthful grin. "None of this ridiculous moping, I'm not going to allow it."

Callum filled his arms over his smoke chest and huffed humorously before challenging the serpent with a grudging stare. "And just what do you intend for me to do in the meantime?" He inquired sarcastically.

"Levitation," Aaron said simply. "I think this is a good time for you to practice additional magic in a one on one setting."

Callum pondered the idea as he hefted his bulk from the floor and dusted himself off. "I like the sound of that," he said thoughtfully, "What sort of lesson did you have in mind?"

Aaron's grin widened. "We'll use food of course!" He exclaimed enthusiastically.

Leading the slightly perplexed drake back into the kitchen, Aaron slithered up to the main worktable and settled himself into a comfortable set of coils. Once he was situated, the serpent summoned the drake over to a small pile of crude, miniature versions of the dough ghost Callum had attacked the unsuspecting serpent with several weeks prior.

Callum smiled fondly of the memory, as it had been one of the few times the hapless drake had gotten the better of the wily serpent in recent memory. Stepping up to the display of endearing pastry minions, Callum snagged one in his claws and ate it. He was surprised to find it tasted quite better than the original one that had caused the drake to bulge to disproportional sizes. They had a sharp, cinnamon taste which reflected the cackling, prankster nature of their original creation.

"You truly showed potential in the art of levitation when you...err...caught me off guard with this pastry," Aaron explained as Callum studied the array of confections. As the serpent concluded his statement, a gratified smile spread over the drake's face. Two more dough ghosts floated up in front of the drake, spiraling around each other in a choreographed dance.

"And today," Aaron continued, "We are going to take your skills to the next step."

Together the pair worked through the day, periodically serving customers and enjoying the smashing success of the Scene-Shifting cakes. The confections were extremely popular for celebrations, parties, and even for some anthros who simply wanted to surprise their friends with something new. Between these increments of business, Callum's skill in the art of telekinesis was ascended to the next level.

Aaron had him focus on manipulating two or three objects simultaneously while making them perform helpful functions. The drake was able to have one cup of water be poured into a bowl of flour before he mentally guided several other ingredients into the mix. At first several of the items took the route of viciously assaulting the drake's bulky person, pummeling him mercilessly until he landed with a hefty, jiggling thump on his padded rear.

Callum recalled Aaron's advice about making the action seem natural rather than intensely focus on them. As the drake wiped the mess from his bulging front, he took a deep breath and readied himself to try again. Aaron observed with a faint smirk, but kept his thoughts to himself for fear of discouraging the drake further.

Focusing once more, Callum imagined the task taking a natural course and reoriented his efforts on a fluid, stable process. This time, the drake was able to perform a seamless series of actions with relative ease and impressive efficiency. In no time, he had a concoction for another dough demon sitting in front of him. With a satisfied smile on his muzzle, the drake willed the mixture to hover over to the ovens and heated it for the appropriate amount of time. Once done, the drake reached to take it out before another idea slipped into his mind. The finished dough ghost floated in a smooth arc, and plopped itself in the dragon's pudgy muzzle which demolished the confection in quick fashion.

The notion of hovering the confection into his maw sparked a memory deep in the vaults of Callum's mind. At first the bulbous drake struggled to recall what it was, and then he remembered the sudden, though pleasant feeling of the first ghost that had flown itself straight into his maw and initiated a satisfying sensation in his belly as it stretched from the intrusion.

Chewing thoughtfully, the drake turned to the serpent and adopted an inquisitive expression. "Hey Aaron," he paused briefly, wondering if he was completely out of his mind, "Do you remember when you unintentionally

made that dough ghost feed itself to me?"

The violet spirit raised an eyebrow uncertainly, "I do recall something of that nature. Why do you ask?"

Callum hesitantly forged on with his next question, realizing that if he couldn't trust himself in confiding with his long time friend and mentor, than there was pretty much no one else.

"Well...er..." the drake blushed, kneading his monolithic belly, "Do you suppose we might be able to try that again? I mean it would be a great way to expand my waistline," he continued quickly, "And Reyna would certainly love the effect." Callum finished the last part in a murmur as he thought of how pleased the otter would be to return to an even heftier dragon.

At first Aaron was slightly confused by the request, but then he realized it was nothing more than a harmless indulgence. A warm smile spread over his visage as the violet serpent nodded in agreement. "I think that's a wonderful idea," he said, chuckling lightly at the drake's flustered demeanor.

Callum's face lit up slightly at the snake's reaction, "Really?" He said enthusiastically. "That would be incredible." In his excitement, the drake unintentionally initiated another dough ghost to zip from the main counter and present itself to the drake's maw. The surprised dragon widened his eyes at the action before shrugging his plush shoulders and eating the confection.

Aaron laughed out loud at the drake's acceptance and shook his head in amusement. "Seems like you're quite eager to begin," the spirit noted kindly.

Still chewing, the drake agreed eagerly as the serpent continued. "Well I have a proposition," Aaron said, folding his arms satisfactorily over his luminescent chest.

Eyebrows shooting up quickly, Callum's piqued curiosity was enough to allow Aaron to continue unimpeded. "I will certainly take you up on the offer of feeding you via magic, but I will only do so with food that is produced by your magical efforts."

A look of comprehension slowly dawned the drake's face as he began contemplating the various pastries he could concoct with levitation. Breads, cupcakes, doughnuts, Danishes, éclairs, and numerous other confections that could invariably expand his considerable waist.

From the drake's appearance, Aaron knew he already had Callum hooked and the snake then clapped his hands together to bring the drake's focus back on him.

"Ready to get started?" The serpent asked enthusiastically.

Callum nodded his head rigorously and said, "I can't wait."

The violet serpent and well-padded dragon soon fell into a routine they'd both grown used to over the last several months. Spending part of their time working on Callum's progression and the other portion conversing, serving, and taking care of friendly customers.

The bulbous dragon felt his skill in controlling increasingly complex series of motions become increasingly easier. He would use his passion to thicken his vast midsection to inspire himself, often patting the nearly three foot slab of flesh with affection. Aaron maintained a keen observance of the drake's incantations and inhibitions, subtly correcting Callum on small variations of more complex spells. Overall however, the drake proved proficient in continuing along at a natural pace and soon an impressive, magical created pile of food accumulated on one section of the main preparation table. Several piles of Danishes, éclairs, doughnuts, croissants, muffins, and a robust four-tiered cake were soon formed like sentries in a great pastriotic army.

The bulbous drake's excitement continued to grow along with the additions to the magically prepped food. By the end of the afternoon, he'd become anxious with hunger and lust for the huge feast, and even more eager when he remembered the pleasant sensation of the dough ghost floating down his gullet. It was sure to be a wondrous, new experience.

Once the duo had closed down the store for the night, Callum eagerly padded over to the main table where he gazed lovingly at the vast assortment of confections. His belly rumbled at the rich sight and the flabby drake had to restrain himself from starting right away.

Getting a better grasp on his temptations, Callum looked over his shoulder and his grin widened when he saw Aaron slither in from the front room. "I can't wait," the drake said with obvious enthusiasm.

Aaron raised an eyebrow and smirked at Callum's anticipation. "I'm not sure," the serpent teased in a concerned tone, "You seem pretty disinterested in the idea."

A baleful glare furrowed the drake's forehead, before he crossed his arms and huffed in a pout of exasperation. "I don't think it's appropriate to joke about such things," he said, attempting to feign a serious tone, but a smile broke through before he was even finished with the statement.

"Uh huh," Aaron said, looking at his claws absentmindedly. Callum made to playfully reprimand the serpent once more when a blur suddenly flew over his violet shoulder and lodged itself in the drake's maw.

Callum made a gaping, fish eyed gesture as he was briefly caught off guard by the erroneous éclair. Taking a moment to gather his bearings, the drake appreciatively scythed the pastry with his sharp incisors. The corners of the drake's stuffed muzzle slowly lifted into an understanding grin.

Aaron laughed at the drake's priceless reaction, and levitated the entire pile of éclairs behind him in a swirl of deliciousness. Tilting his head in a challenging manner, a humorous light glinted in the serpent's eyes. "Shall we begin?"

Callum could only nod and gulp at the vast volume of food he was confronted with. Then he remembered his excitement and his expression turned to one of equal challenge, "I'm ready when you are."

The first couple of éclairs disappeared into the drake's belly without a hindrance. Callum simply opened his mouth wide and let them grace his lips in all their sweetened glory. The dozen or so confections barely made a dent on the drake's sagging middle, and Callum retained his position of simply standing and leaning against the counter. Running the numbers briefly through his mind, the drake tried to calculate all the pastries he'd baked over the afternoon. The éclairs that Aaron had mentally directed toward him was roughly the same number as the amount of doughnuts, Danishes, muffins, and cupcakes. But then there was also a huge tiered

cake and several loaves of spiced bread he had to take into consideration. Callum gulped involuntarily in apprehension, and accidentally swallowed a rogue éclair. 'This is not going to be easy on my stomach,' the drake thought as he patted his already bulging middle. But with similar fortitude he'd shown in previous challenges, the drake forged on.

Facing off with the Danishes now, Callum relished the sweet, tart texture of the sugary bread. Each bite broke with a sugary crunch, and ever so faintly, the drake's belly registered the intake of food. Aaron's periodic feeding came in the form of a pastry gently bumping the drake's muzzle before entering his muzzle with a bit of force. Occasionally one simply flew into the drake's throat without resistance, and all the expanding dragon had to do was recognize it and swallow it appreciatively.

The drake kept one hand planted firmly on the upper curvature of his belly, which still sagged almost to his knees and pressed against his flabby thighs. His claws sunk deeply into the rolls of adipose, engulfed in numerous layers of deep, warm flesh. His paw was pushed back slightly with the increasing volume of food, but the tender silver flesh entrenched between the drake's soft, rounded ventral plates retained its softness.

Steadily, the current of food changed from swells of Danishes to rapids of muffins. The spectral confections were boosted with a combination of the nutrient enhancing ingredient and a magical density that Aaron had infused after the fact. Their presence in the drake's stomach made a noticeable difference in pressure, weight, and appearance.

Callum's gut bulged outward under his paw, and surged heavily over his widening knees. The drake's position of leaning against the lip of the main preparation table was slowly altered to a wider, lower stance as his ponderous abdomen stooped low and creased against his thighs. He was growing heavier.

After the thick intake of muffins came to an end, Callum took a short breather while Aaron chuckled at his overly stuffed appearance. "You've certainly made progress," the serpent noted with a hint of approval.

Hunched over his heaving gut, Callum flashed a brief thumbs up before returning to catching his breath. As he bent over, he noticed the abundant love handles and voluminous rolls that bunched together from being cinched between his chest and legs. A faint grin spread over the gasping



drake's muzzle before he looked up at the serpent and leaned back to continue. "I just needed a moment," the swollen drake explained.

Aaron only nodded sagely as he flicked his tail and the pile of doughnuts began to come next. Each round confection was topped off with additional Scene-Shifting frosting, and they rippled in waves of lake water; the drake's preferred place of relaxation when he underwent a challenge.

Though the doughnuts were smaller than the muffins, Callum's rotund midsection was still noticeably firmer and more solid with the accumulated mass residing in it. Using his hands to caress the resistant, slightly giving tension, the drake took a little pleasure in the sensation of fullness building up in his gut.

Aaron was all too happy to oblige to the drake's wishes as he sent the pile of doughnuts dancing in a conga line towards Callum's maw. As the pile of confections diminished to nothing, Callum's gut had stretched another couple of inches, becoming increasingly tighter and stooping level with his knees. Both individuals were impressed by the drake's volume of consumption as well as the size of his enlarging abdomen.

Once the doughnuts were finally reduced to nothing more than a pile of crumbs, the drake's gut sent off the usual 'I'm content' gurgle. Patting the pleasantly taught scales affectionately, Callum looked to the serpent and then to the spiced loaves of bread. Like the muffins, these were rather dense, there were a dozen of them, and they were twice the size of anything the drake had eaten so far.

Callum nodded to signal that he was ready for the next course. Aaron responsibly opted to slice each loaf in half to avoid causing unwarranted distress to the drake's throat. Once he'd finished, the serpent levitated the first half towards Callum. As the violet spirit had prepared the loaves, Callum had adopted an even wider stance in order to support his bunker of a belly. The ponderous mass bulged heavily against his thighs and shook gently with each breath. His ample rear creased into the lip of the table while his tail bunched together on the counter in an extension of pudgy flesh.

As the first loaf graced his lips, Callum raised his eyebrows in appreciation of the vivid flavoring which was reminiscent of pumpkin and cinnamon spices. The drake was eager to consume more of the uniquely tinged

confection, and momentarily forgot about his current level of fullness.

By now, the dragon's gut had reached the point of showing every little impact the food made on his person. Each loaf caused his stomach to swell just a bit more, his ventral plates to become increasingly stretched and rigid. Halfway through, the drake's stomach unleashed a half hearted groan to signal it was full and that anymore would cause inevitable discomfort. Grinning in satisfaction, Callum gripped a smooth love handle affectionately before widening his jaw for the next spiced pastry.

After each loaf, Callum's paw kneaded some of the tension of his dome of a belly which had surged past his knees and was well over three feet in diameter. The drake could never even hope to encompass the protruding mass with his arms, he would barely be able to reach halfway around it if he tried. Staggering doggedly through the final loaf, Callum moaned in a mixture of fullness and bliss.

Aaron figured the drake's weight hovered pretty close to the five hundred pound mark, and all that remained was the spectral cake. Taking advantage of the drake's lull in eating, the serpent expertly divided the confection into twenty-five generous wedges. Each consisted of a moist chocolate inside and were coated in a thick layer of luminescent frosting which was currently reflecting floating swirls of stars as the drake's mind occupied a far away realm. Looking to the drake with an encouraging smile, Aaron called to him in a gentle, inquiring tone, "Are you ready to continue?" Rubbing his taught, apron clad belly, Callum gulped audibly and nodded.

As the first slice of cake broached the drake's muzzle, Callum felt himself enter a familiar stage of his feeding session. A euphoric stupor settled on his mind as his instincts took over and the fascinating blend of chocolate infused with nuances of magic filled his focus.

Ten or so pieces in, Callum sensed a minuscule disruption in his dazed state. Aaron felt a similar difference as well and momentarily halted the influx of food. Ever so slowly, the drake slid from his perch on the edge of the table, his belly drawing the rest of him nearer to the floor. It was as if gravity had finally caught up with the drake's incredible weight and had demanded to take its toll.

With the speed of a calving glacier, the drake folded his wobbly knees and

collapsed down to the ground. He smiled at the sensation of his stomach brushing the floor as it folded ominously over his legs and pressed deftly against his thighs. Blinking groggily toward the serpent, the drake placed both hands stolidly on his massive gut and smiled to encourage the spirit continue on with the rest of the cake.

An impressed grin spread over the serpent's face as he had the remaining slices of cake begin their final march into the drake's cavern of a stomach. As Callum stretched from the intake of confections, Aaron couldn't help but slyly poke the drake's soft side with the tip of his tail. The motion elicited a light squeak from the dragon's maw and a gentle ripple from his wide set love handles. His belly acted as a cushion that pulled the drake further and further forward, amply spreading out over the floor where it made contact. Callum's apron couldn't reach the overhanging curvature any longer, and was simply draped as decently as possible over his gut. Luckily, the drake's pants were still infused with Aaron fabric stretcher and only expanded with the overstuffed reptile.

As the final piece of cake was presented to the overly plush dragon, Callum barely acknowledged its presence and simply opened his muzzle expectantly. After a moment of laborious chewing, a weak smile of victory passed over the drake's face as he swallowed the final challenger and leaned forward on his bulging dome of a gut. The action caused the drake's sides to crease under his claws and the drake shivered as the tender under flesh seeped into the cold floor. With a final lilt of his head, the drake collapsed forward, fully supported by his overstuffed gut. The warm mass supported the drake like a makeshift bed, and soon he was dozing atop his hillock of a belly in quick fashion. His squashed sides slowly contracted and retracted with each breath, and one arm was draped comically over the curved swell. The lower portion of his gut cradled Callum's hind legs, and a soft brushing sound could be heard as his crested tail shifted smoothly with the breathing motion.

Aaron let loose a quiet chuckle at the sight of the drake's head stooped over onto the soft expanse of his chest. Callum seemed like a child who'd tired themselves out at a party, and had opted to fall asleep on the spot.

Casting a projection of the drake's physical form into his mind, Aaron admired the impressive addition of adipose that had accumulated around the dragon's supple midriff. "Five hundred and twelve pounds," the serpent whispered to himself, "Reyna will certainly be pleased."