

A rolling landscape of forests stretched into the horizon. Rivers coursed through curving valleys and steep canyons, winding their way past the feet of mountains. A dragon flew across the sky, his yellow underside prominent on his blue-scaled form.

The dragon swallowed a lump down his throat. It's been too long since he'd last seen Azel. Was he so busy, so distracted that he couldn't have sent a single letter? Azel certainly did think of him – not only did he sent a letter, he invited him over to his lair.

The wind whipped around the Felix as he sailed through the atmosphere. He took a deep breath and unclenched his claws. He'll make it up with Azel. It's going to be okay.

The wind continued to batter him; pushing and curving around him as if he was flying through thick air. Snuggling his legs deeper into his stomach, the dragon took a slow, wide turn around another mountain. His eyes roamed the rocky slopes.

Behind a bulge of rock, a cave appeared. A large flat outcropping rested in front of it, numerous scratch marks adorning its surface. Finally – he's found it!

Felix pivoted his wings and started to descend. The wind roared past him, barreling past his bulk, etching its cold deeper into his digits as he approached the shelf. Fifty yards. Thirty. Fifteen. Then he swung his wings to face the wind.

The air yanked his wing-arms backwards, stalling his momentum as a jolt raced across his flesh. Flapping his exhausted wings again and again lest he drops like a rock, the dragon slowly descended unto the shelf, breathing heavily. He landed with a heavy thump, the force shooting up his limbs and jiggling his layers of lard. Felix stood catching his breath, his wings burning where they drooped down his sides. His eating habits were starting to catch up with him.

Gradually, the strain eased away. Felix folded his wings – flinched as a spike of pain shot through them – then trotted into the cavern. Each step sent a ripple through his flabby form, and his thighs kept chafing against his bobbing belly. He wondered how much Azel must weigh now.

The cavern was a gaping dome filled with stalactites and stalagmites. Opposite the entrance, nestled against carved walls, stood a pair of huge doors. Felix paused; his cheek-fins fluttered. He slowly approached the immense slabs of stone. They loomed over him, easily thrice his height and several times his width. Why did Azel install such a big doorway? Is this really Azel's place?

Stone smacked stone, the sound drilling through the air and startling Felix. The doors shuddered and, with a low groan, slowly yawned inwards.

A massive space revealed itself. Chiseled and polished stone gleamed in the warm glow of the lit braziers. Tapestries, flags and banners adorned the walls. Fur rugs covered large swathes of the floor, attached to the ground with numerous nails. Felix blinked and looked again. He could live in this foyer alone!

Felix cautiously entered. The chamber spread out on both sides, two massive open doorways at opposite sides of the interior – both just as large as the doors he'd entered through. What's going on? Where's Azel?

“Hello?” Felix called out. His call echoed across the vast expanse. “It’s me, Felix.”

A chortle to his left. Felix whipped to face it – there’s nothing there. “Azel?” he yelled.

The braziers flickered – then a huge shape blinked into existence.

A sheer wall of cyan-and-black completely filled Felix’s sight, its form pooling outwards far to its sides. Two heaving masses sat on either side of a stack of thick rings that themselves surrounded something rounded yet distinct. Felix scampered several steps back.

“Felix!” a deep voice boomed out, vibrating into Felix’s chest. Ripples raced over the mound. “It’s great to finally see you again!”

Felix blinked and looked again. Now he saw the claws peeking out from beneath those heaving masses, the tiny, color-shifting plates adorning the mound, the horns – draped in strips with runes written on them – poking out above a muzzle nearly engulfed by flesh. Azel – he’s looking at Azel!

His maw dropped open as he stared at the colossal sack of lard called his friend. Azel’s upper scales were still as black as midnight, and his underside still cyan. But he had no neck. No chest, no withers, no shoulders. He was just a pooling glob of blubber with gigantic folds cascading out his sides. His fore arms were bulky masses of flesh that engulfed their joints in roll after roll of fat. A pair of membranes jutted out from his back, completely dwarfed by his size, his wing-arms mere chunks of lard. Where there was once a neck, instead rested thick tires of flab that piled on top of one other until resting snugly against his second chin. His massive, bulging cheeks melted with his second chin, framing his maw in a collar of blubber. Felix staggered back. He still can’t see Azel’s hind legs.

“I’m sorry if I scared you,” Azel said, his ringed-neck and cheeks shivering as he talked. “I wanted to surprise you. And... well,” his bulging face gained several wrinkles as he smiled, “I can’t hide without an invisibility spell, for obvious reasons.”

Felix continued to gawk, his mind struggling to digest the sight. “It-it’s okay,” Felix stuttered, watching the subtle ripples that rolled across the entirety of Azel’s form. “It’s g-good to s-see you again.”

A deep chortle burst out from Azel’s maw, the folds on his neck bobbing. “You didn’t expect me to get this fat, did you?” A smirk creased his face as he shifted his weight. His entire expanse shuddered and jostled, thick waves of fat cruising across his billowing form, his plates bobbing in place like ships on a stormy sea. “Like what you see?”

Warmth flooded Felix’s cheeks. “Y-y-yes.” he got out.

The smirk on Azel’s face bloomed into a smile. “You’ve gotten fatter as well,” he said warmly. “Of course, not as much as myself.” Azel heaved his head lower, a rainbow of colors flashing across his horns, folds squishing below him and pushing his cheeks up higher. “Do you want to feel it?” A sparkle lit his eyes.

Felix, eyes glued and mouth dry, nodded. But before he can lift a claw, Azel thrust out his immense fore limb, hitting the ground with a muffled slam, a large wave rolling over his arm and across his body. Azel’s face tightened into a grimace – then a wet slap pierced the air. His one side shunted forward, the massive folds slapping against one another and erupting into a quivering cacophony. He

paused, taking deep breaths, his body shuddering and quaking like a bowl of jello in an earthquake. Then he thrust his other arm forward. Azel slowly hauled his enormous mass towards Felix, approaching like a glacier drifting towards a ship, slaps and thuds echoing in the foyer. Finally, with one last heave, his chest billowed against Felix, warm flesh oozing around Felix's arms, chest and neck.

"I've put on a lot of weight, didn't I?" Azel teased, pressing deeper against Felix. Hot scales lapped around Felix's front-half, his maw partially swallowed by Azel's chest.

Shivers raced up and down Felix's spine. Gingerly, he reached and touched Azel's neck. His digits sunk deep within the folds. "Th-there's so much of you," Felix whispered as he started to massage the fat.

"Oh yes, I'm one big dragon now," Azel replied, the runes on his horns starting to glow. The mana dragon craned out his massive fore arm, great mounds of fat spilling downwards, and gently placed it on Felix's side. "May I?"

Felix nodded and flared open his wings. As Felix continued to massage Azel's neck, the latter started to slowly caress the thick layer of pudge on Felix's flank, following its curve as it bulged downwards. He then cupped Felix's stomach and bobbed it, the flesh lapping against Felix's inner thighs and causing soft jiggles to erupt across his body.

"You've gotten hefty," Azel said, transitioning to Felix's flank and pinching the fat. "Had one too many pies, hadn't you?"

Felix's tail started to wag and he opened his maw – a loud growl rumbled from his stomach.

Another blush filled Felix's cheeks as Azel chuckled. "Seems like someone's stomach likes pies. I can't let my guest starve, now can I?" The room-filling dragon grounded both claws firmly against the floor. "Felix, can you please stand to the side?"

"Wait, are you-"

"Going to show you to your dinner? Of course." Another smile creased his face.

Hurriedly, Felix gave way to the colored dough of dragon. Azel took in a long, deep breath – then started to move. The small hill hauled himself forwards, his sides alternatively lurching forwards one after the other, his bountiful body wobbling and quivering with waves rolling and crashing against one another. His flank slowly slid past and finally his hind leg was revealed. It was a massive wall of flesh, complete with rolls cascading down unto his hind claws. With each step, he heaved his leg upwards before slamming it into his flank, his rump erupting into frenzied lurching and wobbling, waves of fat rolling into his tail. Said tail was nearly as wide as it was long, trailing limply behind him, its numerous folds shifting and shivering. As Azel journeyed towards the doorway, the angle gave Felix a perfect view of Azel's rear as it swung and bobbed, those globular haunches slapping against his over-abundant flesh.

"Enjoying the view, Felix?" came Azel's muffled voice from behind his body. He stopped, then lethargically shook his rear, jostling the immense volumes of lard and causing his great heaving haunches to sway from side to side.

It took Felix a second to register the words. “Y-yes,” he stuttered as he followed after Azel. With another chortle, Azel continued through the open doorway, his many love-handles brushing past the frame – before he stopped again.

The massive sack of lard started to slowly pivot right, his fore legs inching one way and his hind legs shuffling the other, his lard remaining stuck against the floor and refusing to be moved. Then he started to hop. His body lurched upwards, his expansive sides barely clearing the floor before slamming back down unto the earth, the impact drilling into Felix’s ears and causing the floor to shake. Azel continued to jerk and lurch his body into position, having to push or pull several stubborn folds out of his way. Finally, after several long moments, he turned.

“Yeah,” Azel said, slapping his side. His colossal folds shook and swayed across his body. “There’s some drawbacks to being a land whale.”

Felix, still awestruck, said nothing, just watching as his friend hauled himself out of view – revealing the room beyond.

The interior was the mirror image of the foyer; gigantic, complete with braziers and various tapestries lining the walls. But what caught Felix’s attention was the long rectangular oak table. Blanketing the wooden table were massive plates of food: roasted chicken coated with spices, whole cooked pigs slathered with butter, cows drowning in marinade. Meat upon meat piled on top of one another with portions so large it overtook the plates themselves. Not a single inch of free space existed on the table.

Then the smells hit him. Rich, sweet aromas – the sharp scent of chili’s and the sour linger of lemons – penetrated into his nostrils, reaching all the way back into his throat. Saliva started to fill his maw as his eyes roamed the banquet in front of him. There’s so, so much!

Azel slowly wobbled his way around the feast, his bobbing folds brushing past both the wall and the table. “When I was getting bigger, I realized that I was going outgrow most of everything,” he said, grunting as he fought against his weight. “So I dug out my rooms a lot more. I ended up digging so much that the ceiling here is only a few yards thick.” Eventually he reached the opposite side of the table, and lurched around to face Felix, the plates bouncing with each hop he gave. Finally facing his guest, he smiled as he relaxed his fore arms. His flanks pooled out a couple of feet as his body barely dropped an inch. “Please, take a seat,” Azel said, nodding towards a wooden slab in front of the table, his chins rippling and bobbing.

The chair was nothing more than a rectangular wooden bench with cushions nailed onto its surface. Felix stepped unto the seat, a soft creak squeaking out in response. He lied down, the soft cushions morphing around his thick figure, his pot-belly spreading out a bit on either flank. He sighed and snuggled deeper into the cotton.

“Everything you see here is yours to eat,” Azel said with a smile, his great bulk towering over the fields of cooked meat below. “So please, eat your fill.”

Felix’s eye-ridges shot up. “Everything? What about you?”

“I have my own meal,” Azel smiled even broader, his glyphs glowing a bright blue. Queues of floating food drifted into the room, a blue glow surrounding them as they trailed out of holes cut into the walls.

“I hope you find my cooking to your taste,” Azel said, before yawning open his maw. Instantly the stream of food shot into his throat, ham after steak after pork disappearing down his gullet. His eyes peered out from above bunched-up cheeks, a teasing glint to them.

Eager to join his friend, Felix roamed his eyes over the various foods. His eyes caught an entire roasted pig to the side, skin brown and golden, its insides stuffed with juicy vegetables. Licking his lips, he grabbed the cooked pig with both claws and took a bite.

Sweet and richness flooded his tongue as he chewed the meat, flavor and texture joining hands to form a heavenly sensation in his taste buds, as if he had just sampled foods fit for the Gods. He swallowed, the mush of heaven trailing down his elongated neck to rest in his stomach. Reflexively he took another bite. Then another.

Bite after bite disappeared into his stomach as Felix started to lose himself to the food. The pig gradually shrank into a pile of bones, and soon after a whole roasted goat joined the graveyard. Felix ate and chew and swallowed, his gut growing heavier with each gulp, getting tighter and tighter as the meals were packed in – until he realized he hadn’t spoken a word. He had to force himself away from the food.

“So, uh...” Conversation topics flicked past Felix’s mind. “How did you get so big so quickly?”

The stream of food stopped. Azel swallowed down another whole cooked goat, licked his lips and grinned. “Magic.”

They both chuckled.

“I’m serious; it was a spell I learned recently and well...” he slapped his chest, sending thick waves rolling across his form. “You can see the results. If only I can get those ingredients again...” he stared into the distance for several moments, before blinking and saying: “But anyways, what have you been up to?”

Felix smiled, took another bite of his meal, and started to talk. As they both feasted on their own banquets, they shared their lives with one another – what they’ve seen, their plans, the food they’ve sampled, and so much more. While one talked, the other would stuff himself full of food, and when one was finished with a tale, switch roles. Meal after meal disappeared into their gullets – until one of them was full.

Felix panted, rubbing his sore stomach. He’s not sure how long it’s been – but how good it was to talk and gorge with Azel again! He counted his empty plates. Just nine. He blinked and stared at the rest of the banquet. Nine meals out of what looks like a hundred!

Meanwhile Azel was gorging himself full of food, near-literally sucking in the feast barreling into his maw. Cow after pig after goat went into him until finally he stopped. Azel swallowed down the last mawful, smacked his lips, and gave his friend a smirk.

“Jealous, Felix?” he teased, before yawning open his maw. A deep burp ripped out of Azel, causing shuddering waves to roll across his entire front half. The sound blasted into Felix’s ears and echoed throughout the interior for a few solid seconds before dying down. Azel licked his lips and gazed over Felix’s side of the table. “Looks like you barely made a dent in your meal.”

“I’m completely stuffed,” Felix replied, his bloated stomach pressing against his hind legs. It felt as if he swallowed an entire anvil.

“Oh no,” Azel tutted, craning upwards a roll-addled fore limb and flicking a plump digit back and forth. “You are my guest of honor. And I can tell you can take more.” His runes started to glow, and several hunks of meat arose from the table. “Relax, Felix: enjoy yourself.”

Felix relaxed his muscles, willing away the tightness in his stomach. He took a deep breath and opened his maw. Immediately the floating meals shot into his throat, lodging deep within his gullet and forcing him to swallow. Azel beamed as meal after meal was crammed down Felix’s mouth, compacting the latter’s gut more and more.

“That’s it,” whispered Azel, his runes ebbing. “Enjoy the food. Let yourself go.”

Felix lost himself in a haze of gluttony, allowing his friend to stuff him even further. Sauces and meats mixed together in his mouth and created a taste so delicious, so pleasurable that he nearly lost all track of time. The pressure grew and grew, pain starting to throb in his gut. Felix held on for as long as he can before the tension became too great. He threw a look at Azel – the food stream immediately froze, before slowly floating back to their plates.

With a groan, Felix cradled his stomach – a tight ball of stretched muscle surrounded by a thick helping of fat. His sides had bulged out a few inches more, and a warmth bloomed in his gut, easing through his veins and soothing his muscles. Felix sighed in relief. He threw a quick glance at table – fifteen empty plates met him. Wow, that’s... more than he expected to be able to eat.

“You did well, Felix,” Azel purred. His hungry eyes trailed over the feast. “I’ll get rid of the left-overs later,” he added, before looking back at Felix. His ears flicked. “So... um, do you have any plans this month?”

The overweight dragon searched his memory, his claws tapping the side of the chair. “No, not really,” Felix answered.

“Would you like to stay here for a month or so?” Azel asked, his runes dimming and his ears fluttering.

Felix immediately perked up. “Of course! I would love to stay here.”

Azel beamed. Ripples raced forwards across his form, and his immense flanks shifted and bobbed. “Thank you,” he said, his glyphs brightening. “Also, don’t mind me bobbing like this: its just”-he giggled-“my tail trying to wag.”

A grin formed on Felix’s maw. “Maybe you need to cut down on those cakes.”

“Hmm no. Besides...” Azel snuggled his head deeper within his neck-tires, rubbing and caressing his ample chest. “I carry my tonnage well.” The ripples graduated into waves, and his folds bounced with more vigor, slapping one another with wet smacks. “And there’s so much more of me to love.”

Felix stared at the mesmerizing patterns undulating across Azel, and the quakes rocking his friend’s ample sides. “You’d make restaurants close shop the moment they see you,” Felix teased.

“You’re no shining beacon of fitness yourself, blubber-gut.” A soft chuckle. “I’m surprised you were able to fly here with such a big belly.”

“It helps with balancing,” Felix smacked his side, his gut releasing a gurgle as a soft wave rolled across his scales. “Besides, I need the blubber to keep myself warm.”

“Keeping yourself warm isn’t going to be problem anymore after I’m done with you,” Azel said with such pleasure in his voice it bordered on being sinister. Excitement rose in Felix’s chest. Who cares if he’ll be too fat to fly home?

A sudden yawn forced its way out Felix’s throat. His eye-lids felt heavy, and the gentle warmth of his gut eased throughout his muscles.

“But I think we can talk more **after** you’ve had a good night’s sleep,” Azel said, his body calming down. “C’mon, I’ll show you to your room.” Azel gingerly placed his fore paws wide apart, took a deep breath, then started to rise. Like an ancient city erupting from the depths of the ocean, he rose, his sides quaking as they funneled inwards with his ascension. He stood for several moments, breathing heavily, before once again starting to move. The mound of dragon heaved, lurched and forced his way across the chamber, his billowing flank impacting against the table and sending several plates toppling to the ground. He continued to move his overabundant self to a doorway situated to Felix’s immediate right. As Azel entered the passage, his girth consumed the entirety of the hallway’s space, fat lapping against the sides as he moved. Felix stood up, straining against his heavy gut, then followed. He stared at the moving sacks of lard called Azel’s rump.

Azel stopped, then started turning to his left. With much hopping and lurches, Azel turned the corner and proceeded to plod down the hallway – until he stopped again. Felix was so enraptured by his friend’s rear that he nearly walked straight into it. The sheer wall of blue-and-black heaved in front of him, the bountiful slabs called his haunches cascading down and rippling where they hung freely.

Waves started easing across the two immense haunches, rippling in from the front. Muffled grunts and groans force their way past the immense folds. Azel’s mass suddenly rose an inch before dropping back down, eliciting a wet smack. It rose again. Fell again. His bountiful sides wobbled and lapped against either wall.

“Sorry, I forgot how heavy I got,” Azel said between puffs. “Not been here in a while. Good thing I know magic.”

The blue glow covered the mana dragon, and soon his body was lifted into the air. His gut billowed out as he floated upwards, thick avalanches of adipose spilling down in massive folds, hanging low towards the ground. Azel floated right up to the ceiling, yet still his stomach rested on the ground, his bloated tail and hind legs rested limply against his mass. Then he started hovering forward.

Felix watched as Azel trailed forwards and upwards, blubber dragging along the ground – then a stair crept out from beneath Azel’s belly. Then another. Then another. Slowly, Azel rose higher and higher, eventually crowning the last of the stairs. Then the glow dissipated.

Azel slammed into the ground, the blow blasting through the hallway and sending vibrations throughout the floor. A large wave crested across Azel’s body, billowing upwards through his sides

before meeting at his back, his flesh bulging up for a moment before the wave crashed back down. Again and again the wave of his flesh bobbed and rolled throughout him, slowly dying down until only ripples raced throughout him.

“I don’t know why I made these stairs,” Azel said. “Must’ve been the feeling of them against my gut. You know, when I could still haul myself up here.” His rear suddenly shifted to the side, before slamming against the opposite wall. A deep shudder shook the walls as the slam echoed through the halls. Azel’s rump wobbled like mounds of jello caught in an earthquake, their great and heaving masses lurching to and fro and slapping against either side of his immobilized tail. “I hope you enjoyed the show.” Azel chuckled as he started down the hall.

Stunned speechless and giddy with excitement, Felix followed, trotting up the stairs. His gut chafed against his inner thighs, and stress mounted in his joints as he rose. He counted the number of steps. Twelve. Not much of a staircase at all.

Felix followed after the excessively corpulent dragon as the latter squeezed through the hall, eyes transfixed on those swaying globes of blubber. Eventually a door slid out past Azel’s immense leg. Azel stopped, his flesh taking several moments before stilling. “This is it. I can’t see it but I’m pretty certain this is your bedroom.”

“Can’t see behind that gut of yours, eh, Azel?” Felix teased.

“Yes and no: I can’t turn my head around even if I wanted to. But I’m pretty sure my gut would block me seeing too.” He swayed his immense rump, lurching the countless calories packed unto his haunches and sending them into a quivering frenzy. “Anyways, why don’t you take a look? I promise its better than ogling my rear.”

“S-sure.” Felix said. He tore his sight away from his friend’s rear and walked forward and opened the door. He blinked.

Before him lied an opulent bedroom: bright and colorful tiles lined the floor while the walls and high ceiling were absolutely cluttered with banners and tapestries. The furniture were all quite plain and simple, but contrasted beautifully with the otherwise regal decorations. The bed in particular was absolutely massive, easily taking up a quarter of the large room. It sported plush cushions complete with a luxurious blanket that draped off its sides.

“The bathrooms are in there.” Azel’s muffled voice came through. “Hot tubs, showers – you name it, I’ve got it.” The sound of liquid being jostled and scales rubbing against walls entered Felix’s hearing. Felix turned around and saw Azel poking his head through the door frame, his neck-tires squashed on both sides and bunching up his massive cheeks. Azel smiled. “I want you to enjoy yourself here. No worries. No stress. Just me watching you stuff yourself and grow rounder each passing day.” He paused. Swallowed. “I missed you.”

Felix rose on his hind legs and wrapped his arms (as much as he can anyways) around his friend’s neck. His arms sunk deeply into Azel’s folds, heat invading his limbs. “I missed you too.” Azel nuzzled the side of Felix’s maw, his large cheek squishing against his friend’s muzzle. Friend hugged friend for the longest time. Then they parted.

“Now remember,” said Azel, “I want to see you get big and fat. Okay?”

Felix smiled. “With all that food? Oh, I’ll get quite hefty.”

Azel chuckled. “Well then, enjoy sleeping off your meal – because there’s going to be another one tomorrow.” Soft thuds thundered into the room as ripples rolled across Azel’s tiered neck. “Goodnight!”

“Goodnight Azel!” Felix replied. He watched as Azel slowly extracted himself out of the door frame, before being engulfed in that blue glow. Slowly Azel turned around with a jerking motion, his sides constantly being caught by the walls. Eventually the sack of lard turned around, ending his spell before hauling himself back down the passage. Felix yawned and closed the door. Time to sleep.

Felix turned to the bed and noted several things. Despite its luxurious adornments, he could tell that the frame was made entirely out of steel. Its feet were bolted into the ground, and the mattress was only a couple of inches off the floor. Felix smiled – so nice of his friend to take precautions.

The overweight dragon hopped onto his new bed. His paws pressed into the soft mattress, the smooth touch of silk underneath his digits. Felix circled a spot in the center before plopping down. The mattress depressed under him, morphing effortlessly to accommodate his body, feeling like he has just lied down on a cloud. Another yawn, then he lied his pudgy head on the cushions. Nestling deeper into the linen, slowly drifting away to sleep, the last thoughts Felix had is how lucky he is to have such a good friend.

For Felix, the next two weeks were spent following the same regime – waking up, walking down the stairs and joining Azel for a feast fit for kings, before struggling back to bed. As they feasted, talked and teased each other, Azel’s eyes would regularly roam across his friend’s body, watching Felix’s flanks as they widened with each passing day. At the end of each day, they roamed each other’s bodies, grasping at their folds, shaking and caressing them while snaking their digits deeper into the warm crevices. With each banquet Felix devoured, the trek to and from his bedroom became slower and more difficult. As the pounds piled onto him, he became softer; heavier, bigger. During all this, Felix’s chair groaned and stuttered under the increasing weight of its occupant, the wood bending under the heavy flab. Until one day, the inevitable happened.

A barrage of creaks shot through the air as Felix shifted his gut, his hind paws pushing against the floor. The sides of his stomach eased out, leaning over the edges of the chair, pressing against his legs. His thick brisket filled the front of the seat, disallowing his fore limbs space to rest – which wasn’t a concern considering he was spending most of his time stuffing himself. The big hunks of flesh spilling down from his fore arms shuddered and quaked with each mawful he crammed into his face. His crease-riddled tube of a neck jiggled and quaked, his bulging cheeks and chins bobbing alongside it. A couple of thick folds spanned his barrel-like body, lapping against one another as he ate, the movement rocking the squeaking chair underneath him.

Felix could feel the wood straining underneath him – but why should he care when he has all this delicious cake? He licked the last icing off the plate, dropped the empty dinnerware unto the pile next to him, then reached forward to another cake that sat just out of his reach. His bloated limb sluggishly stretched outwards, the hanging mounds of fat rubbing against the table, the table biting into his plump chest. He huffed and leaned forward, sharp cracks shooting across the room.

“Having problems, fatty?” Azel teased, his smile bunching his cheeks up to partially block his eyes.

A blush invaded Felix’s wide cheeks. “I’m-” he bit back the gas rising in his throat. “I’m not *that* fat.”

Felix stretched further towards the cake, his chest folding over the table’s edge. The closer and closer his claws reached for the cake, the more and more the chair creaked and groaned. He can already imagine the succulent sweetness invading his maw, sticking against the roof of his mouth, traveling down to his bulging gut and making him feel even more stuffed, full, heavier-

The chair collapsed.

Felix dropped unto the ground with a loud slam, crushing the seat into dozens of small pieces. A loud belch ripped out of his throat and jostled his neck and cheeks. His body wobbled and quivered, his scales undulating like waves, lasting for a good few seconds before eventually dying down. A moment of silence – then they both started guffawing.

With waves rolling across his body and through tears in his eyes, Azel said: “Looks like I was wrong; you’re fatter than I thought!”

“Um, uh, well...” Felix stuttered, a warmth spreading down from his cheeks all the way to his chest. “You... you did see that, right?” he asked, his stuffed tail starting to slowly sway from side to side.

“Do you mean when you stuffed yourself with cake after cake?” Azel asked, the glyphs on his horns steadily growing in brightness. “Or your waistline ballooning day after day? Or when you started waddling? Or maybe, you meant me watching you grow so heavy that you broke the chair, hit the floor, causing your thick body to wobble like a leather sack half-filled with water?” His teeth emerged as he smiled broadly. “Then yes. I saw *all* of it.”

The blue-and-yellow dragon looked down, pride and embarrassment burning in his bulging cheeks. His labored tail started to sway faster, creases shifting and bobbing along its surface. His stomach felt tight and warm. Everything felt so right.

“Why don’t you waddle your wide rear over to me?” Azel said, his runes bright and glowing, eyes roaming over Felix.

Felix took a deep breath and tensed his limbs. Immediately his full weight shot down his bones and planted his paws firmly against the ground. The corpulent dragon slowly rose, his abundant adipose pooling up along him, his breathing quickening and growing hoarse. Eventually, he stood at his full height, sporting a belly that hung past his knees and halfway to his heels. His gut pressed against his inner thighs as it hung full and heavy from his strained spine. Everything about him bulged with additional adipose, from his tail up into his cheeks, turning his figure into a rotund pear. Felix immersed himself in the sensations, feeling the warmth spreading out from his packed stomach, feeling just how heavy he’d gotten. He spared himself a few seconds before starting to move.

The corpulent dragon waddled around the table, straining to maintain balance as his gut swung from side-to-side. With each step, a wave rolled up across his body, jostling his layers of lard. He plodded along until he eventually stood, slightly out of breath, beside the blue-and-black hill.

“My my,” Azel said softly, ogling the gentle quivers still spreading across Felix’s form. “You’ve gotten hefty.”

“With food like yours, anyone would balloon to this size,” Felix replied, smiling a toothy smile. “I’ve grown some thick folds.”

Azel smirked and heaved down a massive fore arm. He gripped one of Felix’s folds and gave it a shake, causing shudders to roll across the rich and plentiful sack of lard. “Oh yes; yes you have,” Azel’s voice dropped down to a whisper. “But they can be bigger.”

The mana dragon’s digits start kneading and fondling the excessive flesh, tracing his way downwards to cup Felix’s hefty belly. Azel bobbed the hanging sack of flesh, causing the fat to bounce and slap against Felix’s thighs and upper arms. Felix purred as he felt his back being yanked down with each drop of his gut. He’s gotten so fat.

“How does it feel being so heavy, Felix?” Azel asked as he continued to play with Felix’s gut. “So slow, always hungry, tired just from waddling your thick rear to your dinner?”

A pleased chirp rumbles out of Felix’s maw. “It-it feels s-so warm...”

“Of course it is. You have enough blubber on you to last several winters.” Azel’s eyes reached Felix’s rump. “And enough junk to make most dragonesses jealous.”

“Mine’s nothing compared to the door-blockers you’ve got,” Felix teased back, leaning further into Azel’s grasp. “I can sleep on just one of them.”

“Could,” replied Azel, a smirk creasing his engorged face. “but now you’ll probably just roll off.”

Felix reached forward and grabbed one of the many gargantuan folds spilling out of Azel’s side. Spreading his claws wide apart, he still couldn’t completely encompass the hunk of flesh. He shook it, the thick roll slapping against the other and causing a chain reaction of folds wetly slapping against the other, undulating the wall of blubber. They both continued to explore each other’s bodies, their digits sinking into their respective folds, lifting up hunks of flesh to feel their weight. After a while, a grin graced Azel’s maw.

“Seeing that the only chair got destroyed,” Azel said, throwing a teasing look at Felix, “and the fact that I can’t allow any guest to go without seating, I’ll have to offer myself as your throne.”

Before Felix could ask what he meant, the great mound of blubber called Azel was engulfed by a bright cyan glow. Slowly, like a monster rising from the depths, the front half of Azel levered into the air, his great mounds of adipose spilling downwards. He rose into the air as he tilted, his girth-spanning folds cascading down and completely engulfing his hind paws. Eventually, the colossal pile of lard rested on his rotund rump. The glow dimmed, then disappeared. Azel, a towering mound of blubber, sat immobile on his quadruple-wide haunches. His hind paws were nowhere to be seen. Roll after roll after roll cascaded down him like thick helpings of chocolate down a cake. On his maw, forced upright and staring at the ceiling, imprisoned within thick rings of neck-fat, a smile appeared. Then he started to tip backwards.

It happened much like how a tree falls. First the gradual tilt, allowing his many prestigious rolls to bounce about and his engorged tail to pop out between his legs. Then a slow acceleration as he started to plummet towards mother earth. Then, an almighty slam that blasted into Felix's ears and traveled far and wide, the ocean of lard lurching with massive waves of fat that rolled across the immense surface of Azel's underside, bobbing and shifting his many, many folds, a thick helping of jello undulating about. A massive burp erupted out of Azel, thundering into the room, the many ripples joining his body's undulations from his neck, turning him into a shuddering mound of gelatin. Felix watched with awe as his friend's immensity wobbled and jiggled for the longest time, gradually growing softer and less pronounced, until finally, minutes later, he rested still.

"Enjoyed the show, Felix?" Azel teased, craning upwards a fore limb before letting it drop. A wet smack filled the room as more waves of fat rolled across Azel's gut and haunches. His head was completely hidden behind his massive mass.

Felix licked his dry lips. "Azel, you're just a ball of fat at this point."

A deep chortle. "As if you're the pinnacle of fitness."

"At least I can sit up," Felix replied, a smile blooming on his maw. "Can you even move?"

"Nope," Azel said. "Without magic, I'm completely stuck on my back." He wiggled his claws, soft ripples going down his limbs. "I can't even roll unto my side!"

Felix pressed a claw into Azel's massive slab of a flank. A muffled purr reached Felix's ears as he pressed deeply, digits and fore arm disappearing into the flab. "You're just a colored ball of dough."

"Oh yes. That and so much more." Azel slapped his sides, his body wobbling once again. "I take up so, so much space..." He started rubbing his sides, sending soft ripples across his surface. "Felix, you don't know what you're missing out on. Anyways," Azel patted his pooling flank. "Get up on me."

Smiling, Felix started to climb on top of Azel's tail, struggling to find a solid grip underneath the thousands of pounds shifting and molding underneath his claws. The motion sends his own abundant adipose into a quivering mess, his gut smacking against his thighs and oscillating from side to side. Again and again Felix strained to haul himself unto his friend's tail, said tail wobbling all the while.

"Need help, tubby?" Azel teased.

A blue glow surrounded Felix and immediately all sense of weight disappeared. Slowly, he was lifted upwards, his corpulence softly undulating like a full waterskin floating in space. He was then gently deposited on top of Azel's gut.

On all sides, Azel spread out beneath him, a heaving blue expanse of lard and blubber. The fat kept sliding and wobbling underneath Felix's feet as his paws sunk deeply within Azel's flesh.

"Oof, you've gotten heavy!" Azel said from somewhere behind and below the blubber horizon. "Maybe you need to go on a diet."

"Says the literal waterbed," Felix shifted his weight, watching the soft undulations on Azel's gut stretch out on all directions as if he just threw a pebble into a lake.

“Watch out – you won’t like me when I burp,” Azel teased. “You might get shunted down to earth. But anyways, make yourself comfortable. You’ll find me very warm and very soft.”

Felix slowly lowered himself unto Azel’s blubber, sinking deeply into the warm flesh, nestling into the comfortable expanse that curved and morphed like liquid around him. Suddenly a groan stuttered out of Felix’s gut. A chuckle from Azel.

“Ooh, someone’s hungry,” Azel said. His expanse suddenly lurched from side-to-side, Felix shifting on the moving plane of blue scales. “I speak fluent stomach, and what your gut is telling me is that it could be heavier, fuller, bigger. It wants to be the crowning feature of an overfed dragon. A bobbing sea of blubber. It wants to swallow the room whole. It wants to be touching the floor. But it needs your help.” Azel’s voice turned into a whisper. “You’ve got to eat more.”

A plate loaded with meat floated down and rested just in front of Felix. Plate after plate full of food was placed in front of Felix, the heat still wafting off the meals. He reached forward, grabbed another plate full of cake, then started stuffing hunks of cake down his throat. More and more Felix stuffed himself, cramming more cake, more icing, more calories in his heavy frame. Until he can’t anymore.

Felix swallowed down the last of the meal, his stomach a tight ball of tension. Each breath make his stomach cramp, so he took swallow ones instead. Still he smiled, patting his friend’s enormity, feeling as the waves rolled underneath him and jiggled his own lard. Drowsiness slowly overtook him, and he yawned.

“Buddy,” Azel said, “I’m sorry to say this, but you can’t sleep on me. At least, not for tonight.”

Felix perked up. “Why not?”

“Gonna need to get a... restock,” Azel responded, “and it’s going to take a while.” A heavy sigh crested the flab mound. “I’m really sorry, Felix. But after this, you can sleep on my belly every night for as long as you want. Is that okay?”

Already Felix can imagine the stress in his joints after waddling back to his bed. He took a deep breath. “Don’t worry, I understand.” He pet his friend’s belly. “I hope you have a good night’s rest.”

“You too,” Azel replied. A blue glow surrounded Felix, and he was lifted off and placed on the ground. Soon after, Azel glowed a deep blue and started to rise. His many, many fat folds quivered, bobbed and slapped each other as he was craned to his sitting position, then lowered unto his feet. Blubber billowed out as Azel rose on all four legs.

“The least I could do is see you to your room. Besides,” Azel said, grinning a wide smile. “I like what I’m seeing.”

Felix smiled, took a deep breath and started to move. Felix swung his hind legs round his bouncing belly, moving at a slow waddle to ensure he won’t topple over. The sound of liquid being jostled, then the rhythmic sound of fat slapping fat as Azel hauled after him.

As they entered the tunnel, Felix started to throw his legs out with a bit more force, swaying his hips and causing the thick, globular blobs of fat called his haunches to sway and jostle with each step. His

belly lurched out as it swung from side-to-side, sometimes catching his leg mid-stride and erupting into a rippling mass as his leg struck it. One-third of his tail dragged on the floor behind him, quivering as it slid across the tiles. Still he kept his stride even the best he can. The squeaking of Azel's flesh dragging across the tiles kept echoing throughout the room.

Eventually, Felix's claws met the first step of the staircase. Taking his sweet time, Felix heaved his front legs on the first step, strain running across his back and down his arms. His gut wobbled and lapped against his inner thighs from the motion, and rested flush against them as gravity dragged his stomach downwards. With Azel's eyes boring a hole in his rear, Felix strutted his legs a little further apart – more for the show than support. Mostly. After all, this is just a small flight of stairs – he's done this many times before. Surely he's not that fat that he can't walk up a single flight of stairs.

Felix slowly walked his fore legs up, struggling to go further as more and more strain rocketed down their bones. As his body tilted upwards, his gut sagged down, engulfing his inner thighs and bulging out between his legs, rubbing against his tail. Finally he walked as far as he possibly could, fore legs aching and gut wobbling and quivering against his hind legs. His gut didn't engulf so much the last time.

He carefully swung out a hind leg, pushing against the lard and jostling it out of the way. Then he planted it a step forward. Then he hauled his other leg up. Felix had officially climbed one stair.

Felix took deep breaths, his limbs and back burning from the journey and his stair climbing combined. He really fell out of shape. But still, he can climb this stairway all by himself. Right?

Forgetting about his audience, Felix started to crane himself upwards, struggling as he fought for space and balance. Everything about himself felt slow, bloated, heavy, and thick with the consequences of his gorging. His heavy breathing graduated into panting as two steps became three. Then four. His rear kept slapping against his tail as he movements became sharp and hurried, each footfall sending jolts across his curvy body. His stomach grazed the stair edges. Still several more steps waited in front of him, stretching out like miles of miles of road stretching towards the horizon. Can he make it? He doesn't feel like he can't make it.

"Ooh, someone's stuck." Azel crooned. "Does the fatty need help being pushed up the stairs?"

Several moments passed in silence.

"Felix." Azel's voice dropped to a monotone. "Are you really stuck?"

"Y-yes."

Azel burst into laughter, tears streaming down his quivering cheeks as his guffaws echoed in the hallway. He stops and takes a sharp wheeze: "Wow, it seems like someone likes my cooking a little too much."

A deep orange bloomed in Felix's cheeks and traveled down his girthy neck. "M-maybe."

"First my chair and now my stairs reject you," Azel teased. "Oh, how the mighty dragon has become such a butterball."

Felix's limbs were burning with exhaustion. "Azel, I really need help."

Immediately Azel stopped laughing. "Oh, right. Sorry."

A soft blue surrounded Felix as his burdens were lifted. Felix relaxed his aching limbs, letting himself be floated to the top of the stairs, trying not to count how many he had actually climbed. When he landed and the magic stopped, he flopped onto his stomach. He felt like he had just ran a marathon. He could feel just how much space he took up, how much his belly spilled over the floor. He had really let himself go.

"Grown a little too much, haven't you?" Azel teased from below the stairs.

Felix placed a claw on his bulging belly, taking in just how much it pooled out. He felt big, thick and warm with all this fat. "What can I say? Your food is amazing!"

"Thank you," Azel said. "You'll get used to lugging around so much weight – but it's going to take a long time," Azel gestured to himself. "I remember the first time I couldn't climb the stairs. I felt so much accomplishment and pride. You should too."

"Oh, I am," Felix purred, rubbing his engorged flank. "Will the bed hold me?"

"At your weight? Probably. When you get fatter? No."

"Can't wait." Felix bit back a belch. Drowsiness invaded his senses. "I should go to sleep."

"Well, tubby, don't let me stop you. Waddle that thick rear of yours to your bedroom."

Felix blushed and struggled to his feet. With a heavy paunch swaying between his limbs, he started waddling towards his bedroom, Azel soon joining the procession as he cleared the stairs. He felt too tired to exaggerate his movements, yet his heavy haunches swayed and lurched all the while. Soon he reached his bedroom door, tired and relieved.

"That was a journey, now wasn't it?" Azel teased.

"Yes," Felix took another pant, "yes it was. Same thing tomorrow?"

"Always," Azel patted his thick chest. "I'll be waiting tomorrow by the stairs. Don't break the bed." And with that, Azel started moving backwards. Felix watched his friend as he reversed down the hall, then disappeared underneath the stairs. Then he turned and waddled inside his room.

As he put his paws on the bed, he could feel it inch ever-so-slightly away, and a soft metallic creak filled the room. Blushing a storm, Felix hauled himself unto the bed, his claws sinking deep within the mattress as his weight piled unto it. With the springs groaning from underneath his claws, he carefully waddled his way in the middle. His great, weighty gut swung full and heavy from side to side, the oscillation causing the bed to sway along with it. Felix gently lowered himself unto the bed, sinking several inches deeper as the mattress voiced its complaints.

Fitting snugly in the crater he made, Felix struggled to turn himself unto his back, letting the large dome of his belly block his view of his tail. He snuggled himself deeper, idly noting that the edges of the bed seem closer than ever. With one big yawn, and with the springs complaining, he fell asleep.

The next two weeks went past in a blur. Every day, Felix stuffed himself with more and more food, thickening his body and growing his ravenous hunger. He no longer went to bed – instead, Azel was more than happy to be used as his bed instead. With each day, he sunk lower and deeper into Azel's flesh, taking up more and more space. It became harder and harder to simply stand – so he didn't try, instead gorging himself full of rich foods. As he bloated with blubber, his fore arms started to tire out quicker, and eventually Azel had to feed him himself. They talked less, more content on gorging themselves and each other. Between the two of them, they shook and grabbed countless folds, running their digits across the domes of their bellies, snuggling into each other's fat. It wasn't long until Felix's stomach started to graze the ground – and soon after, on a particular day, Azel revealed his secret.

That day started with Felix lounging on his massive gut, his flanks bulging outwards as the stream of food continued to storm into his throat. Azel lied behind him, massaging and kneading Felix's gut, his digits pressing deeply into his stomach.

"There you go," Azel whispered. "Eat your fill."

A pressure started to built up in Felix's stomach. He hauled a fat-laden limb up and the stream froze. Swallowing the last meal in his throat, the gas started traveling up into his throat. A loud belch ripped out his throat, his entire face and fold-riddled neck shuddering and quivering from the force.

Smacking his lips, Felix could feel his full and drooping cheeks wobble from the motion, alongside his many chins and neck folds. His cheeks had grown so large that they started to intrude into the edges of his vision. He wouldn't be surprised if he looked more like a walking barrel of fat now. The thought energized him.

Opening his maw again, the stream immediately resumed. Felix relaxed, pudding in the massaging claws of his friend, letting himself grow thicker and fatter. He had never felt this relaxed before.

Then the food stopped. Felix opened his eyes. The entire table was empty. Still Azel caressed and fondled his expansive gut.

"You full? Or do you feel up for seconds?"

A loud groan stuttered out of Felix's gut. "I'm still hungry."

"Okay," Azel whispered. Immediately more food came flying out of the holes in the wall. "Open wide."

Felix yawned his bulging maw open. Soon cakes, pies and more were stuffed down his throat.

"That's it," Azel crooned. "Keep eating. Grow heavier, bigger. You're such a big and heavy dragon already."

Azel kept kneading and massaging Felix's pooling gut, digits sinking deeply within the flab, soft undulations rolling across the blue-and-yellow dragon's scales. Still Felix ate, compacting more meals within him, more and more pressure pressing against his stomach's walls. He needs to get more inside of him – he needs to grow more. Softer. Warmer. Joy raced across Felix's soul.

Then the second course was finished. The pleasurable pain throbbed in his gut. Letting out another belch, Felix snuggled into himself, letting his friend explore his expanse of blubber. "I-I'm f-full," Felix stuttered out.

Azel's digits traveled to Felix's many love handles, dimpling the drooping wads of flesh. "I can feel it. You've grown so much, Felix." Azel's chest is warm on Felix's rear. "A few more weeks and you'll be as big as me."

"Yes..." Felix bit back another belch. His weight planted his pooling body flat against the ground.

"So..." Azel said, his grip loosening. "Remember when I said I had a spell that made me this big?"

Felix blinked and lethargically craned his head back. "Yes?"

A smile bloomed on Azel's bloated face. "I've found all the ingredients. I can cast the spell again."

Excitement rose in Felix's veins, and his beleaguered tail slowly swung from side to side, deep folds forming on its exterior. "How fat can it make me?"

Azel paused. After several moments of silence: "Immense. Huge. You can grow to fill this entire room if you want!"

Felix's mind is filled with the thought of being a mountain unto himself. How would it feel to be a literal ocean of blubber? "Please."

A soft chuckle, and Azel gently squeezed Felix's folds. "You want to be a blob? I can do that," Azel's voice drops down to a whisper. "I'm going to make sure you grow to burst outside this room."

Shivers racked Felix's body, shudders running across his extra-large body. "Yes, please. I feel so heavy already..."

Another chuckle. "You're going to be much, much heavier." A pause. "Do you want to do it tomorrow?"

Felix wanted to gorge himself right here and now, but his stomach felt stretched to bursting. "Y-yes."

"Good," Azel patted Felix's flank, rolling waves of fat coursing through Felix's body. "You'll make a great blob. But I need to get this room prepared then. You'll have to go to your bedroom."

Felix groaned. "Can't I just sleep on you again?"

"Well, lazybones, I need to fix this room up first. Second, you've been getting really heavy. Not that I mind, of course." A gentle tap on Felix's tail. "And I really want to see your... you waddle again."

“I’m not sure that I”-a belch-”can waddle anymore.”

“I’ll help you with the stairs. Since this is going to be the last day of you being able to move... why not make the most of it?” Azel’s voice became husky. “Letting your fat slap against itself, your healthy rear quivering, your belly nearly dragging on the ground...”

Excitement rose and overtook the dread in Felix. “Oh, yes. Let’s do this.”

“Great.” Azel’s digits retreated from Felix’s flesh. “Want help getting up?”

Felix heaved his limbs into position, having to inch around his pooling fat before he found some stable footholds. Then he put some weight on his limbs. Instantly the weight of tons upon tons of dragon paunch rocketed down them. It felt like too much effort. “Yes, please.”

A glow surrounded Felix once again, and soon he was being lifted up. His gut receded from the ground as he rose, spilling down to hang heavy from his bulging sides, a solid wall of fat. Eventually he got unto his feet, his gut brushing against the ground. Then the magic ended.

Like an ocean crashing unto him, his weight smashed into the limbs, ton after ton rocketing down him as his flesh cascaded downwards. Everything, from his cheeks, his ringed neck, bloated brisket down towards his tail, spilled down to hang heavy towards the ground. He felt completely grounded, as if his limbs were impaled into the earth. His flesh bounced back as his body held firm, causing thick waves to roll across his body. Felix took a second to take several deep breaths.

“Remember,” said Azel. “Hind legs first, then your fore legs.”

Felix lethargically swung out a hind leg. Immediately his balance started to shift towards the missing support. The moment he slammed his enormous leg back down unto the earth, a thick wave rolled across his entire body, shuddering and wobbling the immense volumes of lard piled unto his frame, his folds shifting and quivering against one another. He took another deep breath and did the same with the other limb, slamming it down and causing his body to erupt in a new wave of ripples and jostling. He paused to take a couple of wheezes. This is going to take some time.

“It’s going to be difficult to waddle without your belly supporting you,” said Azel. “Just take it one step at a time.”

The blue-and-yellow dragon began to slowly waddle his way towards the entrance, his colossal gut swaying and lurching, each step sending quivers throughout his burdened body, each step slamming against the ground. His immense gut swung from side-to-side, it’s great heft pulling his body to and fro, grazing the floor. Soon his heavy breathing proceeded into panting, then hoarse wheezes. His beleaguered heart hammered in his throat, and his lungs ached for air. After what felt like hours, Felix stopped, his limbs and back burning. He craned his girthy neck back, thick folds bunching up as he did.

He had barely moved several yards.

“Azel...” Felix gasped for air. Yet before he can say anything further, the familiar blue glow surrounded him, and instantly he felt weightless. Felix sighed in relief – before his huge gut groaned loudly, hunger twisting his insides.

“I-I’m...” Didn’t he just eat a banquet? “I’m hungry.”

“Well that’s no surprise,” answered Azel, his runes glowing bright. “I’ll make sure to fill you up.”

Immediately several cakes floated around Felix, and more kept coming. Drool immediately filled Felix’s maw, and he yawned his maw open. The sweet, delicious, thick cakes were crammed down his throat, shuddering his drooping cheeks and thick neck-folds. Soon Felix’s gut were stuffed full again.

“Okay”-Felix stifled a burp-”let’s get going.”

And so Felix moved, slowly waddling a few steps before stopping and getting crammed full of food again. With each stop, Azel massaged and fondled Felix’s thick sides, squirming his digits in between the latter’s folds. With each wide step Felix took, his rear lurched and swayed, big and wide sacks of lard that loudly slapped against his tail and quivered like over-sized water skins filled to bursting. His tail, a thick tube adorned with folds and creases, was limply dragged behind him, too encumbered with lard for him to ever lift again. His billowing sides, multiple folds running across his broad back, quivered and slapped against one another, looking like an accordion being worked. The sheer volume of adipose adorning his fore limbs spilled down to engulf his joints, forming large walls of flesh that rippled richly with each laborious movement. The massive, fat-drowned appendage called his neck ran smoothly from his body up to his chin, thick folds drooping off it on its front. His cheeks, so large that they rested partially on his neck, lurched and wobbled with each step he took. A layer of fat adorned his face; even his muzzle jiggled with each waddle. A large wad hung below his maw, trying to force his lower mandible open with its sheer weight. Every part of his body wobbled, quivered or lurched. Far gone are the days when he could’ve been recognized as a dragon – now most observers would struggle to call him anything but a walking tub of lard.

“Why...” Felix took a deep breath, then lowered himself down unto his stomach, his sides spreading out across the tiles. Groaning, Felix pushed his saggy front-half upwards, hauling himself unto his haunches, his rear engulfing a large spot on the ground. He could feel the gaps between the tiles as his rump pooled across the floor. “Is it... so hot?”

Azel heaved his bulk to just behind Felix’s, pressing his chest into Felix’s back. “Because you are more fat than dragon at this point. It’s still just as cold as its ever been!” His claws press deeply into Felix’s sides. “Struggling to sit down, eh?”

A belch ripped out of Felix. “I... I’m still hungry.”

“Of course you are,” Azel fondled and massaged Felix’s flanks, his digits squirming in the latter’s folds, gently shaking and bobbing the immense mounds of flesh. Felix could feel just how much of himself shook and jiggled with each motion, feel how his scales bobbed and undulated, and how his flesh lapped and rubbed against himself. “There’s so much of you now,” Azel purred, his claws halting just behind Felix’s chest – as far as he can stretch.

A cake floated in Felix’s maw, and he eagerly devoured it. All he wants to do is lie down and eat. But that will come tomorrow – so he might’ve well put up a show for Azel. A smile would’ve dimpled his face if he wasn’t busy stuffing himself.

“There you go. Enjoy yourself. Eat your fill,” Azel whispered, his pudgy claws massaging Felix’s girth. “Take your time.”

A profound sense of relaxation wafted through Felix's veins. As the pies and brownies disappeared down his throat, his eye-lids fluttered, his chewing becoming slower as the food continued to arrive. With his gut pooling out both sides across the floor, and his hind legs splayed wide open, Felix allowed the happiness to flow through him.

Then the food stopped. "Okay, tubby," Azel said, patting Felix's flanks, causing waves of fat to gently roll across the latter's bountiful flesh. "Time to waddle your wide load back to bed."

Felix swallowed the last gulp down his throat. "Okay."

The blue-and-yellow-dragon was quickly helped to his feet by Azel's magic. Soon Felix waddled down the hallway, his scales bouncing with each step, the great mass of dragon paunch encasing him bobbing with each step. His back was pulled down by the monstrous gut he sported, a sheer heavy barrel that cascaded down his strained back, the consequences of his many, many meals. Eventually he met the stairs.

The dozen steps loomed in front of him like a mountain. Felix gulped – mostly because there's food in his maw, partly because of anxiety. Azel lounged just behind him, exploring every inch of Felix he could.

"Need help getting up, fatty?" Azel whispered.

Felix idly chewed on a piece of honeyed ham. Swallowed. "Let me try," he said.

"Don't hurt yourself."

The corpulent dragon stared at the staircase, wondering exactly how he's going to haul himself up. Tentatively he put one fore limb on the step. His weight cascaded down the other arm, causing it to shiver from the strain. Taking a deep breath, he hauled his other arm up. Parts of his chest immediately flopped down, and strain erupted across his entire spine as his weight is leveraged upon his fore legs. His gut drooped and pooled across the ground. He can't do this.

"Azel." Immediately the pain subsided as Felix was lifted up. Slowly, like a cloud floating through the sky, he was hovered to the top of the stairs. Then the magic stopped. His floating blubber immediately dropped down and smacked against itself, a wet slap echoing across the room. A lurch flew down his legs as his weight reasserted itself, lard shuddering and wobbling all across his body.

"Feels great, doesn't it?" Azel teased. "How much of yourself just slapped itself. How much heavier you feel."

"Oh I"-a deep gasp-"I promise you I know how heavy I am."

A chuckle. "Believe me, I know just how much you sink into me. Scoot over, fatty – I need space to land."

Felix forced himself to laboriously waddle just a few short yards. He stood there, strain shooting down his limbs, panting heavily, as Azel floated up to join him. With an earth-shaking slam, Azel landed, the force swaying Felix's corpulence.

The two adipose dragons slowly continued their journey, with Azel providing many sugary meals for Felix's frequent stops. Eventually, finally, they reached Felix's bedroom.

"There you go, tubby." Azel whispered to a panting and exhausted Felix. Azel's claw squeezed Felix's flank. "Go rest. Tomorrow, you'll be the biggest dragon you'll ever be."

Felix slowly lurched his way inside, giving once last smile at his friend, before disappearing inside his room. The thunderous steps of Azel gradually faded into the distance. Felix gazed long and hard at his bed, before eventually waddling towards it, his own steps thunderous inside the chamber, the tiles cracking and crumbling underneath his feet.

Wheezing, Felix stood at the side of his bed, said bed looking smaller than ever. But he doesn't dare sit down now. He has to mount this bed now.

Craning out a bloated fore limb, he gently placed it on the mattress. He took several deep breaths, before lurching his other arm on top.

Immediately both of his claws sunk straight into the mattress as his weight rocketed down them, sinking up to above his wrists. His great heaving gut swung heavily below him, its bottom grazing the ground and planted firmly against his inner thighs. A grunt stuttered out of him as the strain took hold of his entire body.

Felix started moving forward, taking tiny steps with his fore limbs while his legs repeatedly impacted his engulfing gut, sending shock waves of fat traveling all the way towards his neck. He started to wheeze for air as he hauled himself closer to the bed, his drooping gut brushing against the bed's edge. He took another step – the bed's edge pressed deeply into his gut, quickly halting his momentum. Annoyed, he tried to take another; yet no luck. Felix prepared himself to heft his gut up unto the mattress. Taking in one deep, stuttering wheeze, he tried to hop.

The mattress screamed in protest as his body wobbled from the motion – yet he barely moved. All that happened was his arms pressing even deeper into the bed, and his hind feet still firmly planted against the ground. Yet the slightest inch of his undulating belly had come to rest on the bed.

Determined, Felix tried again, the bed swaying and creaking underneath him as he hefted his gut further and further in, trying to suck in his immense gut. His entire body became a shuddering mass of flesh as the bed itself leaned with each successive inch his gut rested. His pants became quicker, hoarser as exhaustion bloomed in him. Eventually, with much bed creaking and scales wobbling, his gut rested on the bed.

Felix collapsed unto the bed, eliciting a loud groan from the mattress' springs as his weight sunk deeply within. He hoarsely wheezed for air, his entire body aching. His immense gut pooled out across the bed, engulfing the sheets as it bulged out of the depression in the bed. His hind legs dangled in mid-air behind him – but it's done. He's done. A slosh rumbled out of his gut as Felix nestled into the struggling bed, drowsiness overtaking him. He can't wait for tomorrow.

It was the smells that awoke Felix the following morning. His stomach released a loud and sustained growl, hunger twisting his insides. He craned his neck back, and when his neck-rolls compacted and prevented him from turning any further, he strained his eyes to look past his bulging cheeks. On a nondescript table he had never taken particular notice of before, were a feast of cooked chicken, barbecued steaks and so, so many pies. His gut bubbled at the sight.

Instantly Felix tried to waddle towards the meal – yet his hind claws met air. He was momentarily confused until his memory recovered from drowsiness and informed him. Alright. All he has to do is push with his arms...

His claws sunk even more deeply into the mattress, before it finally pressed the fabric down to the bed frame. Felix pushed and pushed – yet his bulging mass barely rose a few inches. Realization dawns on him – he's stuck. He is so deeply embedded into the mattress that there simply isn't enough space for him to leverage his body backwards.

His hind legs laboriously clawed at the air, desperate for any type of hold. He tried stretching his legs forward, yet soon the fat engulfing his limbs bunched up and restrained him from his full range of motion.

A gurgle rumbled out of him, and the hunger only intensified. He felt like he was starving. He needed to get out of this bed, and now.

Taking a short break, an idea formed in his head. Felix began to lurch himself from side to side. The bed creaked and groaned as it swayed alongside him, each oscillation making it tilt further and further to the sides as his abundant adipose wobbled and quivered. Again and again Felix shook the bed, until-

With a loud snap, the bed collapsed. Felix hit the ground with force, his pooling mass erupting into a rippling frenzy with thick waves rolling over his engorged body. A loud belch thundered out of his throat, reverberating in the room and rippling his neck and cheeks, going on for several seconds before calming down. Felix lied on top of the ruined debris of his bed, panting from exertion, his gut settling into a constant rumble for food. Finally, when his flesh stopped wobbling and he got his breath back, he started to haul himself upright.

Thousand of pounds of dragon shot straight down his limbs as he heaved himself upwards, gut gradually receding as he did. He groaned, gasped and panted as his limbs shook from the monumental effort of hauling the millions of calories he had accumulated on him. With another belch, Felix finally stood on all fours – gut now partially resting against the floor. Felix then shuffled himself around, taking tiny steps, the smell of freshly-cooked chicken filling his maw with drool. Eventually the corpulent dragon faced his meal and slowly waddled to his meal, tiles cracking underneath his heavy footsteps.

When he reached the table, Felix lied down and rolled unto his rear. Instantly tiles broke under his massive ass as the haunch fat flooded his immediate surroundings. He took the time to grind his rump further into the ground, crunching the tiles up into a fine powder. If one were to look at him from behind, he would perfectly resemble the shape of a pear. And he knew someone was watching.

Without further ado, Felix plunged himself into the pre-breakfast snack, gobbling up whole chickens and pies without even chewing. His claws quickly became stained and his engorged arms became even more sluggish as fatigue infested them. Still the corpulent dragon stuffed his face, eating as much as he

could, before all that stood before him was empty plates. Satisfied, Felix leaned back unto the two bags of fat called his haunches and relaxed, patting the side of his pooling stomach.

“Now that was the cutest struggle I’ve ever seen”

Felix lazily craned his head around. Azel’s engorged face filled the doorway, a smile creasing his bulbous face. “It took long enough to break,” said Azel.

“Yeah,” Felix replied. “Took a lot of effort and weight.” He smacked his billowing sides for emphasis, relishing the way his blubber sloshed throughout him.

“You’re going to be much, much heavier after I’m done with you.” crooned Azel. A soft blue light surrounded Felix, and soon he was lifted up into the air. “And no more exercise for you.”

Felix relaxed in the magical grip of his friend, trailing lazily through the air and out of the bedroom. He was treated to a front seat view of his friend’s rear lurching with each wide step. They slowly made their way towards the eating room, anticipation growing in Felix’s chest.

They turned the corner. Instead of an oak table covered with loads of food, multiple tables sat flush against one another brimming with hills of food. A gurgle rumbled out of Felix’s gut, and drool flooded his maw. The air was filled with the scents of freshly baked goods and recently cooked meat.

Azel hauled himself over to the opposite side of the table, Felix lazily floating along. The corpulent blue-and-yellow dragon was then lowered, gently, unto the side of the table. Azel started to say something, but was cut off by Felix tearing into the feast in front of him.

Chicken, ham, pies, cakes – all of it were crammed down Felix’s throat, the blue-and-yellow dragon devouring as much as he can, barely bothering to chew. Azel chuckled and took his place behind his friend, his chest bulging out and molding against Felix’s rear, and started to fondle and massage the billowing flanks of yellow scales.

Mawful after mawful, chunk after chunk, and with each swallow the tightness in Felix’s stomach only increased. But he didn’t care – so lost was he in the bliss of stuffing himself. Azel’s digits teased and bobbed his immense, pooling flesh, turning his body into a quivering mass. The waves of fat rolling across Felix lapped his flesh against one another, shifting his voluminous folds up and down.

Eventually, after part of the feast was cleared, Felix could not swallow another morsel. His gut was a throbbing taut organ on the edge of bursting. He lounged on himself, limbs hanging limply as his immense gut spread out to support all of his weight. The soothing, rhythmic motions of Azel’s digits eased the tension out of him – alongside a couple of burps. Felix lazed on himself, drinking in the sensation of his size and heft, the tight, hot ball in his gut and the gentle ministrations of his friend’s claws. He looked back at the food still waiting for him... then reached forward and continued stuffing himself.

“Why look at you, you greedy dragon.” Azel teased. Felix lethargically chewed his food at a much slower pace than before. He savored the taste and texture of each thing that went down his gullet. He could do this forever.

“So, Felix...” Azel began, the very tip of his over-engorged tail managing a minuscule flick. “Are you ready?”

Felix stopped chewing. He gulped down his mawful. “Yes,” he craned his head around to meet Azel’s eyes. “I’m ready.”

An audible purr reverberated out of Azel’s chest. “Your wish is my command.” Azel gave a quick peck on Felix’s back. “You’re going to be the largest dragon that ever lived.”

Grabbing and chewing another pie absentmindedly, Felix watched as Azel hauled himself out of the room, then slowly turned around to face him. “You won’t have to reach for food anymore,” he said, before his horns started to glow the brightest that Felix had ever seen. A sharp light washed over the remaining food on the table, before disappearing.

“Alright, tubby.” Azel crooned as the food was lifted into the air. “Relax, let yourself go, and open wide.”

Felix’s maw opened, and immediately the food shot down his throat. A sudden warmth bloomed in his stomach – then he began to grow.

His gut was the first to start expanding. It grew in rhythmic throbs, bulging bigger and heavier, pooling out across the ground more and more. His limbs ballooned with layers of fat, the adipose drooping down with each added pound. Heavier and heavier they hung, soon sporting thick folds of their own, drowning his joints in thousands of pounds of dragon paunch. His back grew in width as the fat piled on, spreading out on both sides, the folds deepening and thickening. Gradually, his neck started to disappear underneath the accelerated growth of blubber, soon becoming a creased hunk of flesh connected to his increasingly rounded body. Thick, girthy neck-folds flopped down unto his expanding chest, soon resting on the table in front of him, each voluminous and hefty. Soon lard started stacking up on his rear, growing his ass into massive slabs of blubber; walls of scales that bulged out and spilled down to swallow his knee and upper calves. His tail thickened rapidly into a fold-riddled sausage that itself spread out across the ground and were planted firmly against the tiles. Pounds piled unto his cheeks, growing them wider and wider and soon melding with his bloated chins. His wings seemed to shrink as their limbs filled out, turning into large wads that oozed against one another.

Soon his gut grew wider, bigger, starting to lift Felix off his feet. His immense adipose spilled out on all directions, oozing across the troughs in the tiles. His limbs, now hanging heavy and useless, started to spread apart as his body grew in width. Moving his neck became more and more difficult, until finally his pudgy head was locked by the massive rings of fat formerly called his neck, resembling the mirror image of Azel – and growing. Still Felix guzzled down the stream, caressing his growing chest with the tips of his claws, his wrists the only joints that could still move. At least, for now. He wagged his now-useless hind feet, his claws rubbing past his bloating belly. He can’t even move the tip of his tail!

His space-devouring flesh having filled the underside of the table, his brisket now spilled out on top of it, the wood creaking as the tons of dragon continued to grow over it. He started to fill the room, the yards of fat adorning him quivering like an ocean in a stormy sea. With an ear-splitting crack, the table splits into two, either half being thrust upwards. Folds appeared and grew thicker and deeper as Felix became more and more blob than dragon. His cheeks grew so pronounced and girthy that they had

started to block the complete underside of his sight, and melded seamlessly with his lower chin, turning his maw into an outcropping flanked by soft, rounded flesh.

His girth grew and grew, eventually flooding either parts of the table and slamming them back down unto the ground – they then promptly collapsed, breaking into a thousands pieces that themselves were ground down into sawdust. Tiles popped, cracked and then splintered underneath the advancing tidal wave of adipose, their reinforced faces overwhelmed by the sheer weight of Felix. The mass called Felix wobbled, jiggled, lurched and swayed as wave after wave of fat rolled across his enormity, shifting his body from side to side, folds shaking like flotsam on an undulating sea. Still he ate.

Soon the walls and ceiling met his body. Still he ate, guzzling down tons upon tons of food, letting tons upon tons of blubber cascade unto his body. The sheer immensity of him lapped and rubbed against the encroaching walls, until his flesh sat firm against it. He soon filled the entirety of the room, his front the only part not against the wall – which was good, considering that the food tasted amazing. Cracks started to form on the walls, straining to hold back the avalanche of adipose, trying to contain the blob of a dragon. Yet it proved futile.

A bang thundered through the mountain as Felix's rear burst through the wall, granite flying and dust clouds billowing in his wake. Yet still he grew. Soon his sides erupted from either walls, one flank flooding the stairs he used to waddle up and drowning them in a sea of him. He could feel tables, chairs, and other furniture he could not begin to identify collapsing underneath his weight as he continued to spread. His back thrust through the ceiling, letting sunlight streak through the gaps that his fat hadn't filled yet. His billowing gut started lifting his rear upwards, more and more of his tail resting on his stomach's underside, his hind paws now completely bloated with blubber to immobility. Walls, floors and more were engulfed by him as he continued to expand – until the stream of food stopped.

Felix lounged on himself, feeling just how much space he took up, just how much he could feel pressing against his enormity. He felt like an ocean contained in a body, rendered completely immobile by his sheer girth. He was no longer a dragon – he is now an immense, gargantuan blob; a mountain of blue and yellow. Even now, having stopped expanding, his overwhelming amount of fat still bobbed and wobbled, shifting his many wide folds and undulating his body.

“Azal...” Felix spoke, his voice deep and booming.

“I'm here.” Came Azal's voice from somewhere below.

Felix tried to turn his head – but he can't. Not even an inch. His head is completely immobilized by the sheer girth of his neck. Even if his cheeks weren't blocking half of his vision, he doubted that he could see much past the bulging mass called his chest.

“Who's the fat ass now?” Felix called out, tensing his buried muscles, causing his body to undulate even more. Faint laughter reached him from below.

“You are, you massive blob!” Something tiny smacks Felix's chest. The wave born from Azal's smack lazily rolled across Felix's enormity, gliding across the tons of blubber, before dissipating somewhere on Felix's rear. “Can you even feel me slapping you?”

“Maybe.” Felix smiled, his cheek muscles straining to form a smile, wobbling his fat face.

Another burst of laughter. Then something pressed into Felix's chest. If he could see, he would've witnessed Azel snuggling against his chest, letting the folds bury his own head. Azel's claws started rubbing and fondling Felix's bountiful flesh, letting wave after wave crest across the blue-and-yellow dragon's scales. A deep purr rose from Felix's buried chest as he lied there, letting his friend fondle and try to lift his immense folds pouring through the doorway.

"Hey, fatty?" Azel said, his runes glowing bright once more.

"Yeah?"

"Want thirds?"

A loud, monumental groan echoed in the mountain valley, rolling across the hills and reverberating across the canyons. Many animals stopped and stared at the distant mountain, looking for danger, but finding none, soon returned to their survival.

"I'll take it as a yes," Azel responded. Soon even more food drifted in front of Felix's maw. Feeling more happy than he could remember in a long time, Felix yawned his maw open and let the feast begin anew. He wouldn't mind being here for a long, long time.