

Playing the Part

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A Patreon Request

A kobold is mistakenly called to audition for the role of a dragon in a debuting play. The director is less than happy with their diminutive stature however, and insists they grow to the size of a dragon or stop wasting his time.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and contains An NB Kobold, A Massive Buffet, Shameless Gluttony, Rapid Weight Gain, Wardrobe Malfunctions, General Growth, Minor Property Destruction

Harsh spotlights bathed the stage with pillars of illumination, shrouding the rest of the theater in shadowy contrast. Empty seats stood at attention row by row, patiently waiting for opening night. Silence dominated the spacious chamber, though the slightest and softness noise resonated from its angled walls. Thick curtains sheltered the main area from the constant shuffling from the preparation rooms, which bustled with theatrical candidates. Members of every species and size darted about, scripts in hand, memorizing their selected lines for their audition. Some settled into deep thought while others paced with ceaseless energy, but all of them seemed to find the smallest auditioner invisible. A diminutive kobold darted between shuffling legs and ducked under seats in a bid to avoid being trampled, until they eventually found a quiet nook to shelter in. Their horned head bobbed in thought as they delved into their script, though they kept a careful ear out for their name.

The short reptile maintained their focus as their peers left for the stage and returned, some elated, most crushed by the director's harsh review. The sight of slumped heads and the sounds of dragging feet tugged on their attention and frayed their nerve, but for better or worse, they didn't have the chance to dwell on it.

"Tif! Please report to the stage for your audition!"

The kobold's ear perked and they leaned from their claimed crevasse, then darted out when their name came a second time.

Their gait faltered when they stepped onto the stage, and they shielded their eyes from the potent light. They stumbled toward the center of the platform while their vision adjusted, and they took a final glance over their script. A grumble from the director spurred them to put it away before they finished however. The kobold's chest puffed out with a deep breath, and their posture relaxed as they drew on their confidence. The words of the page scrolled through their mind's eye, and they cleared their throat to let their voice fly. A sharp interruption broke their focus before their first word found its way out, and the director's follow-through halted their flow.

"What do you think you're doing," the owl shouted from the front row. "We need a dragon for this part. This is not a dragon. Who let them in?!"

Their assistant fumbled through a stack of papers until they found the kobold's application. "I'm sorry sir," the cat murmured. She fished out Tif's head shot and presented it. "They look like a dragon in their head shot. It's an easy mistake to make."

"There can be no mistakes!" The owl puffed his feathers and leaned into the cat's face. "This is *my* masterwork," he screeched. "This is how we make the big time. My script is *flawless* and I expect nothing less from my cast." The owl turned to the stage, eyes blazing. "You! Out!"

Tif's shoulders dropped. "Really? I cleared my day to come out here, and you're not even

gonna give me a shot?"

"Your presence is a *mistake*," he hissed. "Your acting does not matter if you're not a right fit for the role!"

The kobold crossed their arms. "Yow know not all dragons are big, right? They don't hatch eight feet tall."

"They do in *my* play! I have no use for a scrawny thing like you. I need a *big* dragon, both in stature and presence. You lack stature, so your presence is irrelevant."

"So that's it?"

"Unless you magically become dragon sized, you have no place in my play. Now, get off my stage before I call security."

"Dick," the kobold muttered under their breath.

"OUT!"

The diminutive reptile stomped off stage with all the force they could muster, only just making their footfalls noticeable. Their peers moved from their path, allowing them to reach the exit in record time. Sunlight flooded the darkened room when they threw the door open, and a resounding boom thundered out when it slammed in their wake. The kobold only made it a few steps before they collapsed in despair. They slumped against the building and drew their knees to their chest, then buried their head in the resulting pocket. They sulked motionless for a long while, ruminating on the bust of a morning, and eventually their thoughts circled back to the director himself. Tif bit their lip and anger welled up in their chest, boiling their torrent of emotions into a mixture of fury and determination. They clenched their fist and pounded the sidewalk, stirred from their pity. They gathered their nerve and prepared to march back in and tell the owl off, until a sight across the street caught their eye.

A neon sign flashed in a window, advertising the world's only truly all-you-can-eat buffet. The blinking advertisement vowed to never remove any paying customer, but promised to help roll them out. The fury faded from Tif's face, replaced by a combination of mischief and compliance. If that owl wanted a colossal dragon, they would give it to them. They picked themselves up from the heated sidewalk and darted across the street, then ducked into the blessed coolness of the extensive buffet. A chubby fox greeted them at the hostess station, and once she collected their payment, escorted them to one of many tables. Seating stretched from wall to wall of the warehouse-sized floor, most of it geared to support the heaviest patrons. The fox waddled down the line of progressively smaller seats, until they reached one fitting of the kobold's stature. Tif renewed their resolve to work their way up to the other end of the furniture spectrum, and dove into the mass collection of food to make good on it.

The full scale of the buffet didn't stun the kobold until they found their plate and explored its tables. Where an ordinary restaurant would feature one or two trays of each food family, this one featured several. Each flavor genre could fill a lesser serving line on its own, and the scale of the offerings settled in as they searched for their first course. Practicality overcame indecision after a few minutes of wandering, spurring Tif to simply reach for the nearest dish. They scooped out a mountain of fried rice and vegetable noodles and loaded their plate down, then gathered another for good measure. Their balance teetered as they carefully walked their first course back, and the table creaked under the weight of their gluttonous meal. Doubt welled in their chest when they sat at its base and looked up to its summit, until the owl's words echoed through their ears once again. Their stomach rumbled with renewed determination, and they attacked their food with spoon and fork.

Their pace was relentless, and their manners couldn't possibly keep up. Grains of rice and bits of noodles gathered on the corners of their mouth, swept away as an easy treat between bites. What they failed to collect fell from their lips and sprinkled on their chest, adding a pallet of delicious colors to their scales. The scaled bands protecting their middle peeked from beneath their shirt and spread over the curve of their belly as it grew, gradually dominating their lap under a landslide of calories. The helpless garment scaled their chest and gathered in the shadow of their breasts as they stuffed themselves, marking their progress with the subtle popping of threads. Tif paid these warnings little mind, continuing to feast and gorge as they grew more frequent. Still, they couldn't ignore the sound of its total failure. Their stuffing faltered when a sharp rip sounded out from their sides, releasing a small amount of pressure from their middle. One of their claws kept up the flow of food while the other investigated, and a heat warmed their cheeks when they found their top's split sides.

For a brief moment, rationality crashed down on them and they considered their actions. Their claws palmed the curve of their middle and stroked across its surface, and they pondered if they were on the right path. Their tail swayed with delight as they accidentally drew more and more of their thoughts into their own ministrations, only falling from their trance when they caught themselves moaning. Instead of reigning their showmanship in however, they played upon it. They leaned back in their seat and cradled their overstuffed belly, relishing the tingles and sparks of pleasure brought on by their nails. Their toes curled with delight as they gave themselves over to indulgence, and they rolled their hips under the considerable weight in their middle. Every bounce and shake of their stomach stoked the kindled heat in their core higher and higher, until their burning draconic heritage manifested.

Tif's middle glowed with a sweltering warmth as flames began to dance on their lips, marking every huff and groan with a puff of smoke. Their belly grumbled and boiled as they melted the food in their belly away, softening their gravid dome to unexpected fluidity. Their indulgent sloshing and swaying proved to be short lived when their body absorbed the liquefied calories, softening their figure with a plush layer of pudge. Their ruined shirt

renewed its protests as their breasts swelled, casting a growing shadow over their diminishing middle. Their shorts joined in on the complaints as their hips and rear widened, followed by their fattening thighs. The kobold's chair creaked as their weight redistributed itself, though a needy gurgle from their middle quickly overpowered that pitiful sound. They rested a claw over their middle and prodded at their flab to verify its reality, only for their greedy middle to draw them back to the buffet. Calorie-enhanced muscles flexed, and the flabby kobold stood and lumbered into the warehouse of buffet lines.

Tif balanced trays and plates on the swell of their middle and filled them as they passed, creating towering mountains of food with little effort. Their dishes reached capacity by the end of the first serving line, presenting them with a choice. It only took a moment for them to decide walking back would be a waste of time and energy, and with this in mind, they sat in the middle of the floor. A low thud rumbled through the foundation with their landing, nearly toppling their balanced meals. They swiftly grabbed the sides of the treys before disaster struck however, and the brush with tragedy only strengthened their gluttony. Tif opened their mouth wide and dumped plate after plate of food into their maw, filling their empty belly and safely stowing their courses away. Their middle rolled over their legs and sprawled across the floor as they tore through a king's feast, and rest of their figure further softened as their metabolism struggled to keep up.

Their rear swelled into a pair of soft globes, more than capable of comfortably cushioning their climbing weight. A pair of soft mounds grew from their chest and draped over the dome of their belly, softening the scales of their front. Their tail thickened and spread across the floor in an effort to counterbalance their belly, pinned to the tiles under its own weight. The rolling kobold tossed their dishes aside after licking them clean, and when there was nothing else in reach, they struggled to rise to their feet once more. Their apron of a belly spilled over their legs and obscured their knees, slapping their thighs with every labored step. Their colossal tail dragged across the ground and left a trail of polished tile in its wake, the beginnings of a furrow that would track their gastric journey. The weaker slabs of stone cracked under the weight of their heels, but such details would not stop them from spiting the fowl director. It motivated them almost as much as their flourishing gluttony.

The smaller patrons parted from their path as they waddled from one food line to the next, forgoing dishes entirely and lifting serving treys from their heat lamps instead. The few customers that still outclassed them nodded in respect at the display, helping the bloated kobold as they passed. Some tipped the heavy basins up in assistance while others gave Tif's middle an affectionate pat, though all of them took their lunch from beyond the kobold's claimed territory. Had Tif not been so engrossed in their endless meal, they might have noticed and basked in their respect. Instead, they continued their trail of gastric destruction through every section they waddled through, slowly carving a path toward the kitchen in the process. The scents of fresh food strengthened as they approached a row of double doors, until their flowing rolls finally overcame their flagging endurance. A heavy boom resonated through the building when they fell back to their rear, drawing the full

attention of both customers and employees.

Tif huffed and panted and caught their breath while their stomach churned and gurgled away, melting down several months' worth of meals in a matter of minutes. The kobold's tongue lulled from their muzzle and their cheeks smoldered with exertion, but they couldn't bring themselves to stop exploring the subtly swelling rolls of their figure. The small mountain of a reptile groped and squeezed every fold within their reach, indulging in their growth until a small sound caught their attention. Tif opened their eyes to find a worker with a cart of food treys, freshly cooked and ready to replenish the lines. The diminutive cat recoiled when the kobold reached for the cart, but relaxed after a moment of inaction. Tif grunted and rocked in place as they struggled to reach the closest tray, but their own bulk sabotaged them. Despite their best efforts, they couldn't reach beyond the crest of their belly.

Fortunately for the bloated 'bold, the feline server was happy to assist, once he realized he wasn't on the menu. The cat wheeled the cart to Tif's side and scaled up their belly, finding a soft foothold in their navel. The server draped an arm over their back and carefully lifted the first of the treys from its holster, then manhandled it up to their mouth. The sight of the kobold's open jaws gave them pause, but not enough to stop him from upending the basin across their tongue. Tif groaned with delight and relaxed their throat as a feast's worth of meaty ribs tumbled toward the entrance of their throat, which relaxed and greedily accepted the meals. Shameless gulps and swallows sounded from their chest as the saucy samples slipped into their stomach, whole and intact. Subtle bugles pushed from their flabby belly as the treats settled in the bottom of their belly, and they only grew more distinct as the weight atop them grew. Platters of steaks followed, and an entire roast pig after that. Tif found themselves firmly immobile by the time the feeding ended, and luckily for the server, they couldn't even pretend to give chase for more.

That would not be the case for long, however.

The furnace in Tif's belly climbed to its highest temperature with the influx of calories, propelling their metabolism into overdrive. The sauce staining their scales withered and steamed as the air around them shimmered, challenging the building's air conditioning to keep up. The mass of protein weighing their middle down distributed itself across their figure, both reducing their belly to a manageable size and endowing them with the strength to carry it. Muscles flexed and swelled under a thick blanket of flab, tightening the curves of their rear and thighs in the process. Might surged through them as they rocked and gathered momentum, somewhat easing the task of rising to their hidden feet. Tiles fractured and the foundation cracked with the tidal motion of their flab, until finally, they rose to their full height. Tif didn't need a mirror to know they were wider than they were tall by that point, but it hardly mattered. Their appetite calmed, and determination surged through their nerves. The owl would be hard pressed to find a bigger dragon. The kobold left an equally hefty tip, then departed for the theater.

The low thumps of their slow footsteps announced their presence long before they

actually arrived. Each titanic footfall sent a tremor through the earth, resonating through foundations and rattling everything not nailed down. The owl and his assistant ignored the rhythmic booms for as long as they could, but found their limit when it began to threaten the balance of the auditioners. Enraged shouts boomed through the auditorium as the owl demanded an end to the miniature quakes, but all he received in return were confused shrugs. He began to search for the epicenter himself, until after a few long moments, it crashed through the back stage doors. Actors and actresses dove and ducked for cover as Tif destroyed the doorway with ease, flooding the back room with sunlight. Wood splintered under their claws as they lumbered and waddled their way to the stage, determined to prove their worth and spurn the director. They shielded their eyes and stepped into the spotlights to claim that chance, only to be met with stunned silence.

"Here I am, *director*," they spat. "Am I worth your time now?"

Tif relished the bird's slack-jawed stare while he reclaimed his composure.

"You said I could come back when I could fit the role, and here I am." The kobold stomped their foot, setting the lights above swaying. "Have you nothing to say?!"

The owl reached to his side and tapped his assistant's shoulder again and again, fluttering with relief. "You're perfect," he whispered.

"What?"

"YOU'RE PERFECT," he shouted. "Your size, your attitude, your mannerisms, you were *made* for this part! And your dedication to your craft is nothing short of admirable! The drive it must take to carry out such a stunning transformation! Incredible! Miraculous!"

It was Tif's turn to be flabbergasted.

"You are so *close* to perfection! Perhaps just a few more pounds, and you fit my vision perfectly. If you can do that, the role is yours!"

The kobold thought for a moment. "Will you buy my meals?"

"I'll have them added to the play's budget."

Tif grinned, and their spite melted away. "I think we have a deal then. You've found your dragon."