

Doughy Dohyō Delights

By

Anubo,

Demigod of Prosperity in Death

Wilgeon walks down the sidewalk on a cold, rainy day near the edge of the local historic downtown. Red brick storefronts with tall façades and painted signs from a century ago dominate the heights, while cast iron streetlamps are lit to counter the heavy grey skies above. He pauses under a tree, looking down at a large puddle courtesy of a clogged drain reflecting his form back.

A pumpkin orange dragon with a small belly and faint chest stares up into his light green eyes. Blue banded belly scales go from his neck to the tip of his tail. Messy brown headfur covers his head, while a thick tuft of black fur juts out of the back of his tail. Two tan horns erupt out of his head covered by headfur, while a nose horn pokes out atop his snout. A pair of wings juts out his back with tan claw tips and blue webbing.

The chubby dragon wears a green winter coat as a maroon sweater pokes out around his neck. A yellow tufted beanie crowns his head, while a pair of dark green trousers gird his legs. He presses onward as a few faint sprinkles start to tease his exposed snout and paws.

‘Where is this place?’ Wilgeon ponders as he takes out his smartphone and activates the maps app. ‘Oh! Just around the corner. Good! It’ll be nice getting out of this rain and in someplace warm.’

The orange and blue dragon presses onward as the rain starts to increase. An old lady red squirrel emerges from an antique store ahead as a faint wind blows. She then loses her balance and starts to stumble toward the street. Wilgeon rushes ahead and catches her before she can fully fall, then helps the old lady to her feet.

“Oh! Why thank you!” the old squirrel gratefully tells him while catching her breath. “That would’ve been a nightmare for my old bones were it not for you.”

Wilgeon smiles and unfolds her umbrella. “It’s the least I can do to help another.”

“And I am thankful for it, young man,” the red squirrel states as she pulls out her purse. “Please, let me offer you more than my thanks.”

The chubby dragon holds up his paws. “I appreciate it, but I really don’t need anything. We should all help others without wanting a reward in the end.”

The old lady smiles as the door of a waiting four-door red sedan opens to reveals a heavily greyed male Malabar giant squirrel shuffle over in a raincoat. “Marvel, are you okay, dear?” he worriedly asks.

Marvel turns to her husband with a warm smile. “Yes, Rishi, thanks to this soft dragon here.”

“Oh, thank you so much, kind sir,” Rishi gratefully tells the dragon. “Is there-”

The red squirrel holds up her paw and cuts her husband off. “I already offered, dear, and he refused. He’s certainly a bright soul in this world.”

“That he is. Let’s get home shall we?” Rishi faces Wilgeon. “And thank you, again, for helping her.”

“But of course!” Wilgeon happily replies as the husband helps his wife back to their car.

The rain then begins to pick up as the car drives off. Wilgeon takes a breath of the cold air and walks ahead. He rounds the corner up ahead and turns to find an old, repurposed warehouse at his destination. The chubby dragon walks over to it as the rain grows only to see a very fat badger waddle out in clothes that barely fit.

Wilgeon approaches the building and pauses under its protective awning from the rain, the chubby dragon pulling out his phone and checking his bookmarks for the post that brought him here. He brings the post up and stares at the sight of two fat yet powerful guys wearing naughty but mawashis grappling in a ring. The post itself lists the details of where to go and reads *Sumo: a sport of confidence in yourself that can reveal what lies hidden inside.*

‘Sumo,’ he mulls in his mind as the thought of being bigger makes him smile. ‘I’ve always wondered what it’s actually like. Being big but powerful, displaying a nearly bare body to the whole world!’ The chubby dragon puts his phone away as he smiles wide. ‘Yeah! What’s the worse that can happen anyways? I gain a little weight.’ He shrugs. ‘A little more never hurt.’

Wilgeon takes a deep breath and enters the old and warm warehouse to find a humble round ring at the center. Lockers line the wall to this left, while refreshments and meals take up the wall at the back. At the right side rests a very fat dark midnight blue Anubian jackal in a deep orange mawashi squishing his belly and wrapping under his love handles. The fat jackal is gaily enjoying a hot bowl of ramen with its rich scent floating over to Wilgeon’s nose and making him hunger.

The tubby jackal’s ears perk as he notices Wilgeon and sets his ramen bowl down. “Oh! Hey there!” the fat sumo warmly greets the chubby dragon. “You here to learn some sumo and gain something in the process?”

“Yeah, that I am!” the chubby dragon heartily replies as he takes his coat off. “Name’s Wilgeon.”

“Anubo,” the bloated Anubian jackal warmly replies as he waddles over and reveals he is the same height as Wilgeon. “Pleasure to meet you, Wilgeon. You seem like a sweet soul already. So,” he claps his paws together, “are you ready to get in the proper garb?”

Wilgeon blinks and bashfully glances away. “The uh... mawashi? I didn’t bring one.”

“Not to worry,” the doughy jackal replies as he waddles over to a locker. “There’s plenty here.” He opens it and the dragon spies smaller and larger rolled up cloths. “Got a preferred color?”

“Purple,” Wilgeon answers as he takes his beanie off while a bit of warmth flushes to his cheeks. “D-Do I really need to strip down all the way?”

Anubo turns to him with a silk looking rolled up belt. “Yep! That’s the way! Don’t be afraid to show off your body now in all its doughy glory,” the fat jackal happily encourages Wilgeon. “When you’re ready, come over to me and we’ll get your mawashi on.”

“Wait? Together?!” the chubby dragon questions aloud in surprise as he takes his pants off.

“Yep! A mawashi is a two person job unless you got magic,” the fat sumo jackal yaps as he waddles over with the rolled up cloth. “Here, hold the end to just above your chest and make sure it’s going between your legs. Well, when you’re ready.”

Wilgeon bashfully nods and finishes stripping down. The chubby dragon then puts his clothes in a locker and shuts it. He bashfully walks over to the jackal and grabs the thick silk flap end, holding it up above his chest while the rest goes between his legs.

“Good!” Anubo happily yaps while tugging the mawashi up between the dragon’s rump to his blushy surprise. “Now, I need you to hold the part here by your tail, please.” Wilgeon does so with his right paw. “Excellent. You’re a natural at this, big guy. Now spin around, not too fast, and stop when you feel the cloth on the other side of your tail.”

Wilgeon does so and feels the belt go under and cradle his fat tail. “Like this?”

“Yes! Now, let that flap go and start to spin,” the doughy jackal tells him. “And remember, when the belt reaches your right paw again, let go and immediately grab the belt going over it. Also make adjustments and tighten it up.”

The chubby dragon nods and does so, adjusting his mawashi as he spins around. “Like this?”

“Indeedy do!” Anubo happily replies. “Now, when the belt is nearing your front again, I need you to take the flap, fold it in half, and then pull it up with a flush twist so the belt can snugly secure it.”

Wilgeon does that as he senses the mawashi approach. “Hey, this is pretty snug!”

“And almost done,” the fat jackal comments as he tugs on and tightens the dragon’s mawashi. “Now, lemme just tie you up and we can really begin.”

The chubby sumo senses to his delight as the mawashi is tugged over the top of his tail and under the belt on the other side. Anubo then pulls the cloth up to Wilgeon’s blushy surprise as his purple mawashi now fits snugly on his sides and undercarriage. The doughy jackal wraps the belt around Wilgeon’s thick tail and under the mawashi belt again, then pulls it tight to create a secure knot.

“There we go!” Anubo yaps as the newly dressed sumo dragon looks down and feels the smooth purple silk belt wrapped around him. “I’ll be in the dohyō, the ring when you’re ready.”

“S-Sure thing!” Wilgeon replies as he walks about in the mawashi, feeling it squish his fat and body to his delight.

‘This is actually pretty good,’ the chubby sumo gladly notes. ‘It’s certainly snug but fits well. Natural even.’ He glances over his shoulder. ‘Even wraps around my tail nicely.’

Wilgeon smiles and steps over and into the ring as Anubo lazily stands there. “When you’re ready, crouch down and press your fists against the floor. Then, launch yourself at me and try to push me out of the ring,” the tubby jackal calmly tells him. “For these first practice matches, I’m just gonna stand here.”

“Okay, if you say so,” the chubby dragon replies as he assumes the position. “I can go whenever, yeah?”

“Yep!” the tubby sumo gladly says. “Just know that each time you get pushed out of the ring or have any part of your body aside from your feet and tail tip touch the floor, you lose.” Anubo motions over to the tables of food. “And when you lose in here with me, you have to eat up.”

Wilgeon looks at the food then back at the jackal. “That doesn’t sound so bad,” he admits as a bit of warmth flushes to his cheeks.

Anubo then smacks his gut, the ocean of blubber wobbling up a storm. “Then come on already, big guy. Prove yourself in my eyes.”

The chubby dragon takes a deep breath then lunges forward. Wilgeon makes contact with Anubo and slams against a large wall of warm, soft dough. He grabs hold of the sides of the Anubian jackal’s mawashi as dark midnight blue furred fat cascades over his paws. The dragon’s chest and face smush against Anubo’s tummy as Wilgeon tries to grapple the jumbo jackal toward the ring’s edge.

A glance up reveals a smug looking Anubo looking down at the dragon and remaining completely unmoved. Wilgeon grunts and tries to heft the jumbo jackal yet again only to fail to budge the heavy sumo. He tugs from left to right, his feet digging into the ring floor as he desperately tries and fails to move the jackal.

“Not bad for your first grapple,” Anubo smugly comments as he bends down and grabs the outer sides of Wilgeon’s mawashi, “but I’m afraid,” the jumbo jackal starts to easily push the dragon back to Wilgeon’s complete surprise, “your efforts are for naught, string bean.”

‘H-How is he so strong?!’ the chubby sumo questions in his head while a glance back reveals the impending ring edge. ‘It’s like taking on a mountain!’

Wilgeon then feels himself be pushed out of the ring, Anubo pausing and folding his arms across his soft chest with a cheeky look. “It’s your loss.” He motions toward the tables with food. “Go and on eat for a bit, then come back to take me on.”

The chubby dragon blinks. “But, weight doesn’t get gained that fast,” he grumbly protests. “At least normally.”

“Naturally. A little magic helps speed the growth of a body well,” Anubo heartily comments as he pats his big belly. “Besides, extra dough is important in sumo! It’s both a cushion and a force cudgel to use against your opponent. That, and you could use a little more fat on those bones.”

Wilgeon smiles and shrugs. “When in sumo, get big like the heavyweights,” he gladly remarks while walking to the spread as multiple scents flood into his nose and make his mouth water. “You’ve certainly got me spoiled for choice here.”

“Well, yeah!” the chubby dragon hears Anubo reply. “Good food is important when training.”

Wilgeon looks over his plentiful options and quickly eyes a pair of large, piping hot katsudon bowls. Massive, golden brown deep-fried pork cutlets with a tangy soy sauce rest atop fried eggs and a heaping portion of sticky white rice. A small bowl of miso soup lies between with paper-thin cuts of onion floating atop the rich broth. He grabs a pair of ebony chopsticks embossed with gold floral decorations and grabs one of the katsudon bowls, finding it heavier than expected as the savory scents it gives off make his mouth water in delight.

The now hungry sumo grabs a piece of cutlet with some rice and egg and plops it in his mouth. Wilgeon’s eyes go wide in delight as a flavor explosion bursts across his tongue. The panko-crusted pork provides a crunchy exterior that quickly yields to tender and juicy seasoned pork. Creamy fried egg follows while paired with extra fluffy and smooth white rice. He licks his lips and takes another bite of the delight in his paws. Another follows and with it the sensation that his belly is starting to grow over the top of his mawashi.

Wilgeon blinks and looks down to find his tummy fatter than he remembered as gravity tugs on a plumper chest. ‘Okay. Anubo wasn’t kidding about that magic growth at all,’ he happily thinks. ‘Won’t be long before I can take him on with ease!’

The growing sumo resumes eating his decadent katsudon, relishing the flavor of deep-fried pork cutlets paired with rice and egg. He gobbles the bowl clean and then gluttonously grabs the other in ravenous delight. Wilgeon’s thighs fatten up and press against the underside of the front of his mawashi, while his rump and tail round up and squish against his belt. Love handles start to just faintly spill over the sides of his mawashi to his delight while faint shoulder rolls form and caress the base of his wings.

Wilgeon polishes off the second bowl and reaches down for the miso soup. ‘Huh,’ he thinks while grabbing the bowl. ‘Why does it seem... a little more distant? Eh, I’m overthinking it.’

The sumo dragon grabs the bowl and downs it, eyes closing in rapture as tangy and salty miso soup cascades over his tongue and into him. Wilgeon gladly pats his belly and watches it jiggle far more than it did before. He then turns around and returns to the ring to find Anubo finishing up a bear claw pastry. The dragon blinks in surprise and realizes the tubby sumo seems a little shorter. He rubs his eyes and finds his vision does not deceive him.

“What the?! Why do you seem shorter?” Wilgeon surprisingly asks the tubby sumo.

“Shorter? Are you sure you haven’t grown?” Anubo smugly replies as he plays with his collar tag.

The chubby sumo blinks. “Am I actually taller?”

“By a whole foot in the measurement system of this world,” the tubby jackal heartily replies. “You are a dragon after all. Fitting you grow both outward and upward.”

Wilgeon raises his finger and opens his mouth only to close it and relax said finger. “You know what, being taller never hurt,” he remarks as thoughts of his height increasing with his weight make him smile. “Okay!” he crouches down, feeling squished fat spill over his mawashi to his blushy pride. “I’m ready!”

Anubo pats his belly. “Now, before you begin, let’s go over some more sumo things.” Wilgeon excitedly nods. “That’s the eager sumo I see in you!” the doughy jackal happily yaps with a wagging tail. “Now,” he points to the crotch area of the mawashi, “grabbing here is considered an illegal move in traditional sumo and most other variants. Grabbing the sides of the mawashi or the fat is fine.”

“Okay, that actually makes sense,” the chubby dragon remarks. “Pulling fur or headfur is also illegal, right?”

The tubby sumo claps his paws together. “That’s right! Glad to see you know that.” Anubo lazily scratches one of his moobs. “Now,” the jackal raises two fingers, “traditional sumo has two basic types of wrestling. Pushing and grappling. I’m a grappler and I suspect you are as well based on your first practice.”

“It does feel great,” Wilgeon smiles and bashfully looks away, “to wrestle my fat body against another.” He looks ahead. “What does pushing entail exactly?”

“Pushing is focused more on distance. There’s thrusting, pushing, and tsuppari as it’s called,” Anubo calmly informs him. “It’s multiple open-paw strikes. The thing is, when a pusher’s mawashi is grabbed by a grappler, it’s usually over for them. Pushing can deliver a quick victory, but it can also blow up in your fat face. Can do a demonstration if you want.”

Wilgeon taps his nose horn in thought. “Uh.... Sure! I’m game to see what this is about.”

“Excellent! Now, for this practice you might get knocked out of the ring a few times, so if you lose, it won’t be until after the session is done,” the tubby jackal tells him while squatting down. “You are gonna be the grappler here while I be the pusher.”

Wilgeon smiles as he eyes the jackal’s mawashi. “Ready!”

“Then we go on one. Three... two... one!” Anubo barks as Wilgeon bounces up in time with the jackal.

The orange and blue sumo lunges toward Anubo only for his opponent to push him back with two rapid paw thrusts that squish his plump moobs. Wilgeon quickly tries to reach for Anubo's mawashi only for gentle yet strong paws to deflect his attempt. He tries again and again, the tubby jackal striking his arms as the pair quickly move about in the ring. The dragon starts to pant a little as Anubo continues to easily deflect his attempts at grabbing the jackal's mawashi.

The tubby jackal then launches a series of rapid strikes against Wilgeon to the dragon's surprise. The orange and blue dragon feels warmth flush to his cheeks as Anubo's paws gingerly make contact with and squish his belly, chest, and love handles. Wilgeon then blinks and realizes he is nearing the edge of the ring and tries to stop being pushed back. He gives up trying to grapple and starts attempting to deflect Anubo's rapid strikes only to find them too fast for him to counter.

Wilgeon's eyes then go wide as he senses the edge of the ring press against the back of his foot. He tries to push forward only for three strikes to come from Anubo and push him out. The orange and blue dragon stumbles backward out of the ring as the tubby jackal gives him a cheeky grin.

"Ack!" Wilgeon then shouts as he loses balance and collapses atop his fat rump. "Dang. You're surprisingly fast for such a big guy."

The tubby jackal smugly smiles and looms over. "That I am. It was good seeing you trying to emulate my pushing technique." He plays with his collar tag. "That, though, requires a lot more practice."

Anubo reaches a paw down and the chubbier dragon takes it. "Thanks," Wilgeon replies as he finds himself effortlessly lifted up to his feet. "I think I'm definitely a grappler."

"Veheheee! A fatty after my own heart in sumo." Anubo motions toward the buffet counter. "Well, go on. Eat up on your loss and come back bigger than before. We'll do more grappling when you're ready."

The sumo dragon nods and walks over to the tables again. 'Anubo is certainly a tough cookie to beat,' Wilgeon notes as he looks over the spread of food. 'Okay, what do I want this time?' He rubs his nose horn in thought as another paw rests on the hem of his mawashi. 'Oh! Pizza. Can't go wrong with pizza.'

The orange and blue dragon grabs a large slice of supreme loaded with extra toppings and shoves it into his mouth. An explosion of mozzarella and cheddar cheese hits his tongue followed by copious amounts of seasoned sausage and pepperoni. Grilled onion, jalapeno, and bell pepper joins the chorus of flavor through a mixture of heat and caramelized mellow flavors. The toppings then give way to a faintly sweet tomato sauce atop a nice thin crust with a tasteful crunch.

Wilgeon licks his lips and grabs another slice, shoving it in his maw and greedily chewing it down. The fat dragon continues his carb heavy feast, faintly smiling as he senses his belly grow out over his mawashi. Pizza continues to be swallowed down his gullet as fat builds upon and pulls at his form.

The dragon's cheeks widen and start to tug on his face while a plump neck roll forms and cushions his head. Wilgeon's belly spills over the edge of his mawashi and slightly pushes it down. Love handles join the doughy chorus as the combined weight of his upper half is tugged down by gravity against the sumo belt wrapped around his waist.

Wilgeon's moobs plump outward and start to rest atop the shelf of his growing belly, while his thighs fatten and press against each other and the mawashi band under his crotch. Dragon rump bloats outward with soft fat that gives him quite the caboose to his glee. Even his tail fattens up and presses tightly against the mawashi wrapped around his tail as dough starts to cover it and even touch his rump.

'Now that was some good pizza,' Wilgeon happily thinks as he cups one of his moobs. 'Now this, this is soft. I can get used to this.' He glances back at Anubo to find the jackal seeming shorter. 'Looks like I went up another foot, too! Time to push him out now that I'm definitely the bigger one.'

Wilgeon starts to walk back toward the ring only to find himself waddling to his bashful glee. He reenters the ring and rests a fat arm on his belly as Anubo looks up at him. The tubby jackal then waddles over with an amused look and nods.

"Yeah, you look ready for me to show off one of my favorite grips on a mawashi," Anubo heartily yaps.

"That so?" the orange and blue dragon questions. "I didn't know there were different grips, though, it makes sense."

The tubby jackal scratches one of his heavy moobs. "Oh, yeah. Plenty of grips in traditional sumo, and most have their own names in the native tongue. So," he claps his paws together, "you ready to get a grip on?"

Wilgeon rolls his eyes. "Eugh, that was a bad pun, but yes," he smugly looms over Anubo. "I am ready."

"Veeheheeee! Okay then, big stuff," Anubo amusedly yaps as his belly presses against the dragon's. "Let's do this."

Wilgeon watches as Anubo grabs his mawashi with the left paw. The dragon's eyes then flare a bit as he feels the jackal's right paw slide down the left-side of his belly and under his mawashi. The sensation of a strong paw then gripping around the belt as it presses into the dragon's gut makes a hint of blush flush to Wilgeon's face.

“Left on the outside, right on the inside,” Anubo calmly yaps. “It’s a good grip, so go on and do it to me.”

“Awesome!” the orange and blue sumo remarks as he bends down and senses Anubo’s face be squished against his plump chest. “And don’t mind my melons.”

“Veheheeee! I’ve dealt with bigger!” the jackal cockily replies as he gives Wilgeon’s mawashi a little tug to the dragon’s faint delight.

The tubby sumo dragon grabs the outside of Anubo’s mawashi with his left paw, then presses his right against the doughy jackal’s belly. He pushes down and gets under Anubo’s sumo belt, grasping it firmly while his paw sinks against the sheer doughy softness of the jackal’s fat. Wilgeon looks down at Anubo and gives him a cocky smile as the jackal replies with a smug smile of his own.

“Okay. Good grip!” the tubby sumo jackal gladly tells him. “Now, we use our legs to try and either toss or force the other out the ring. You’ve got the initiative here, so go when you want.”

“Then I go now!” Wilgeon confidently shouts as he tries to lift Anubo.

The orange and blue dragon grunts, his feet digging into the floor of the ring as he tries to make the now smaller jackal budge. He feels Anubo be pushed back a little as dragon belly and moobs smother the jackal. Wilgeon then senses Anubo dig his feet into the floor of the ring and effortlessly start to push the tubby dragon back.

“Not bad! Not bad at all!” the doughy jackal heartily yaps as he pushes Wilgeon toward the center of the ring. “You’ve certainly got promise to make me budge at this stage. But alas! You’ve still got some growing to do!”

Anubo then tugs up on the dragon’s mawashi, blush flushing to Wilgeon’s face as his eyes go wide in surprise. The dragon’s mawashi squeezes his belly fat while riding up between his big rump cheeks. He then senses his feet leave the ring’s floor while his grip on Anubo’s mawashi remains strong and makes the jackal’s monobutt humorously get squished by it.

‘How is he this strong?!’ the sumo dragon questions as he dangles in the air.

The doughy jackal then suddenly drops Wilgeon outside the ring, making the dragon lose his balance and crash atop his fat tush while letting go of the jackal’s sumo belt. “Sheesh, you’re stupidly strong!” the orange and blue dragon states as Anubo offers him a paw.

“In sumo, never underestimate your opponent no matter their size,” the doughy jackal says as he easily lifts Wilgeon to his feet. “Skinnier people are more nimble and can use your own weight against you if you’re not care.”

“I’ll keep that in mind for future matches,” the orange and blue dragon states as he tugs his mawashi out of his rump. “Back to the food I go.”

"You're getting it!" Anubo remarks as Wilgeon waddles over to the tables.

'Hrrrm. I need a plan for dealing with Anubo. Gotta try and surprise him somehow,' the sumo dragon thinks as his eyes hungrily look over the food. 'But how?' He shrugs. 'Maybe the answer will come after some food, and those big bowls full of hot pot look mighty appetizing.'

Wilgeon reaches down and grabs one. "Oh ho!" Anubo then calls out. "I see you found the chankonabe. That right there is a bona fide sumo dish."

"Why's that?" the orange and blue dragon hungrily inquires as the rich scent of the soup makes his mouth water.

"Chankonabe is a hot pot eaten in vast quantities by sumos followed by a nap afterwards. It's basically the quickest way to pack on the pounds," the sumo jackal happily tells him. "Also, good stuff."

The tubby dragon nods and grabs one of the massive bowls. He grabs a pair of chopsticks and heartily looks down at a rich chicken broth holding large chunks of chicken, fat fish balls, daikon, tofu, bok choy, and other veggies. Wilgeon shovels tender hunks of roasted and seasoned chicken into his maw followed by broth infused bok choy. Soft slices of daikon are joined by flavorful fish balls that explode with umami in the dragon's mouth.

Wilgeon gleefully cleans the bowl out then drinks the salty chicken broth down to his delight. He grabs another bowl and begins to glut on the delicious chankonabe as his body rises outward. The hungry sumo dragon loses himself to the delicious hot pot as another bowl goes empty and he starts again and again. His belly softens and sags outward and downward over his fat thighs and ever tighter mawashi.

Wilgeon's waist widens to the point his now extra snug sumo belt is nearly sunken beneath love handles and squishy hip fat. His moobs plump up even more and become large, tender pillows that dominate his entire chest and lightly bounce. Hefty, extra soft side moobs form under and lift up his fat arms. Meanwhile, the very sensation of his side moobs being squished makes him smile in bashful delight. The orange and blue dragon's tail fattens outward and presses his bloating rump further apart.

More bowls of chankonabe follow and continue to fuel the dragon's height and weight. Thighs and legs widen as the fat on them is tugged down by gravity. Wilgeon's eyes then go wide as his still growing tail both undoes and pushes his mawashi off to his flustered surprise. The silk belt makes him tingle as it slides its way down his soft form and -thumps- to the floor below. Now freed fat then bounces upward and out, making his entire body jiggle like a raging ocean as rolls slap each other.

'O-Oh!' the tubby sumo bashfully thinks. 'That's just a bit embarrassing,' he hungrily eyes another bowl, 'but I... guess that means I'm in a bigger weight class now!'

Wilgeon gluttonously grabs the next bowl and continues to gorge himself. He feels his belly grow past his knees and drape over his thighs. Arms widen and squish themselves as side moobs push them up higher. The tingling sensation of shoulder rolls resting atop the edge of his love handles makes him smile wide in sheer delight and pride.

The dragon's neck becomes one bloated roll of fat cradling his chubby cheeks while its rear crests over his back and shoulders. He senses his thighs drape over and squish down the dough of his lower legs while his now massive tail base keeps his wide cheeks apart. The doughy dragon's tail now partially rests on the ground from its sheer heft while the thinner portion still sticks up.

'Now this,' the sumo dragon happily thinks, 'this is a proper dragon size.' He pats his belly, watching as ripples make it bounce and jiggle. 'Yeah, this feels right, this feels like who I should always be.'

Wilgeon finishes the last bowl and turns around to see a smug Anubo resting his paws on his own mawashi. "Are you ready for a more fitting mawashi?" the jiggle jackal humorously asks.

"Yes, yes I am!" the sumo dragon gladly replies as he rests his paws on his soft, doughy hips. "Also, I seem a lot taller now."

"Yeah," Anubo replies as a larger, thicker purple silk belt magically flies out a locker while being directed by the jackal's finger. "You did go up two whole feet. That's good chankonabe for you."

Wilgeon watches his new mawashi fly over to him and partially unwrap itself. He tries to reach out to the hold the flap only to discover he cannot reach as far as before. The sumo dragon tries again, fat squishing fat only to fail again. Wilgeon then snorts and poutingly looks away as he senses the mawashi start to magically wrap itself around him.

The sumo dragon feels the belt wrap up between his massive rump and tail to his delight. It wraps around the front of his belly as the flap is allowed down. The mawashi caresses his love handles and resists their attempts to swamp it as it curls around his humongous tail base. Another wrap around his wide waist and the silk belt ties itself at the top of his tail.

"There," Anubo warmly comments. "Now you're properly wrapped."

Wilgeon waddles over as his tail drags on the floor. "Feels like it could be a bit snugger," he comments while entering the ring.

"Vehehee, well, you do have a little more room to grow," the jiggly jackal mirthfully yaps. "Also, since your tail is now continually touching the floor, we're now going by Avarian sumo standards."

"Avarian sumo?" Wilgeon curiously inquires as he waddles to a stop.

Anubo crouches down near the center of the ring as the bottom of his belly touches the floor. "Avarian sumo allows for fatty parts like the belly, tail, even the rump to touch the floor. If another part touches the ring floor or if you get pushed out, then you lose."

"Ohhh! I already like this!" the orange and blue dragon happily comments as he takes up the squat position with his belly and tail spread out over the ring floor.

"Yeah!" the jiggly jackal happily agrees. "Avarian rules is good stuff for tubbies like us. On your go."

'Oh shoot!' Wilgeon then realizes. 'I plum forgot to think of a plan 'cause I get so enraptured with eating. Uhh.... Hmm. Well, I am five feet taller than Anubo now, and much heavier. You know what, I'll charge at him and use my heft to drag him down. Yeah! That jackal's going down!'

The super sumo flicks his tail with a confident look and lunges forward. Anubo rises to meet him, the massive dragon making contact and feeling his belly envelop the jackal as he wraps his meaty paws under the opponent's arms. Wilgeon's eyes go wide in pride as he feels himself pushing Anubo back toward the edge,

and then he tugs up with all his might. The dragon feels as the jackal loses his footing and puts all of his weight forward while he drives Anubo toward the edge. The heavy dragon then feels his mawashi being tugged on hard as he too is lifted upward, the two sumos both falling toward the ground outside of the ring.

Wilgeon blinks as he finds himself being spun and falling toward the ground as Anubo holds on tightly to the dragon's mawashi. The sumo dragon crashes to the floor with a mighty -thump- that shakes the building, his flab bouncing up and down while feeling the heavy weight of the tubby jackal riding on his belly and chest. Wilgeon then feels blush flush to his cheeks at the sensation of something soft and bouncy resting against his moobs and looks up to find Anubo smugly looking back with his own heavy bust bouncing atop Wilgeon's.

"Now that, that was impressive," the doughy jackal gladly congratulates the dragon. "You both surprised me and knocked me off one of my feet. A very good attempt."

Wilgeon sighs and cranes his neck back, feeling fat pool behind and create a built-in cushion. "But it still wasn't enough." He looks back up at the cocky jackal. "You're like an unbeatable enigma."

"I'm not exactly easy to take on," Anubo cheekily comments as he gives Wilgeon's moobs a teasing squeeze to the dragon's blissful delight. "But," he sighs while holding up one of the dragon's moobs and letting his paw sink deep into it, "I'm afraid I only time for one more bout, and then I must sadly depart despite all the fun we've been having."

"One more feasting and a sparring match to finish the day off," Wilgeon comments as Anubo rolls off him. "Sounds like a good way to end things."

“Indeed!” the tubby jackal concurs as he gracefully helps Wilgeon to his feet. “And as a treat,” the jackal waves a paw and changes the food on the table, “have a medley of sweets.”

The orange and blue dragon happily waddles over to the tables spying treats both known and foreign to him. He reaches down and grabs a pawful of various donuts. Each frosted treat is a different type or flavor of donut. Cream, custard, chocolate, vanilla, glaze, and cinnamon all explode in his mouth as fried pastry balances out the sweet. He then picks up a big bowl of crushed red beans in a porridge with a dollop of something white in it.

“Oooh! Someone found the oshiruko!” Anubo happily comments from behind. “It’s a really sweet dish made with azuki beans with some mochi in it.”

Wilgeon blinks and takes a bite only for his mouth to be flooded with sweet. The sticky mochi is half melted and goes down with ease, while the sumo dragon greedily gobbles the bowl clean. He then turns towards a towering tiramisu cake and begins to gluttonously tear into it. The delightful mixture of coffee-soaked ladyfingers with the sweet whipped mascarpone mixture binding it together with cocoa makes the dragon’s eyes lighten up in sheer delight.

The sumo dragon continues to gobble on the cake and soon senses his belly grace the floor. His moobs plump outward and hang even more while side moobs heft up his ever lardier arms. Wilgeon’s neck grows ever softer and cushions more of his head while fattened thighs smother the top of his calves. He feels the mawashi become snugger as it presses it against his big belly while love handles bounce atop it. The dragon’s already massive tail gets heavier and drags more against the floor as he finishes the last slice of tiramisu.

Wilgeon then proudly smacks his belly and waddles over to the ring, belly and tail dragging against the ground as he towers over Anubo. “This time you’re losing,” the dragon confidently states.

The doughy jackal smiles and plays with his collar tag. “You have the potential,” he casually admits, “but let’s put that to a test.” Anubo squats down with a cheeky look. “On your go.”

Wilgeon smiles and crouches as best he can, belly draping before him on the floor with tail behind as he senses a bit of his rump grazing against the floor. “Go!” he shouts while launching forward at the sumo jackal.

Anubo slams into the dragon with surprising lightning speed, and Wilgeon senses the jackal get a strong grip on his mawashi. The orange and blue dragon smiles and locks his paws under the jackal’s arms then heaves his belly upward. The sheer force behind his thrust is enough to launch Anubo off his feet and into the air to the jackal’s pleasant surprise. Wilgeon then waddles ahead toward the ring edge only to be stopped by the tubby jackal reconnecting with the ground.

“Not bad!” the sumo jackal happily yaps as he grinds Wilgeon’s rush to a grinding halt. “That belly launch was a good move, you were just too far away from the edge.”

The orange and blue dragon grunts and tries to press Anubo forward, feeling his soft fat squish against himself and the jackal. Wilgeon grunts and feels himself slowly push his strong opponent forward. Step after step he maintains his grapple on the soft jackal while feeling the grooves being dug out of the floor by Anubo's resistance.

"Don't underestimate a dragon of my size!" Wilgeon boldly declares as the ring edge vanishes under the jackal. "This is my win, fat stuff!"

"Don't get cocky!" Anubo barks back as the sumo dragon feels himself get lifted off his feet.

'Not again!' Wilgeon panics as the tips of his wings touch the ceiling. 'How strong is he?!'

The orange and blue dragon then senses Anubo let go and he quickly crashes the floor, making the room shake enough to dislodge ceiling tiles. Wilgeon rolls over from the sheer force and comes to a stop beached atop his big belly. He blinks in surprise and looks over as Anubo waddles over.

"That was fun!" the tubby jackal heartily yaps as he reaches the beached dragon.

"Who or what even are you?" Wilgeon curiously asks as he wobbles uncontrollably.

"I'm Anubo, demigod of Prosperity in Death," Anubo warmly answers as he gets the dragon on his back. "Divine strength makes it difficult to defeat me, but you had some good attempts!" He lifts the dragon up and plants him on his fat rump. "You would've had me had you launched your belly up by the ring edge."

Wilgeon smiles as he rubs his belly. "Thanks. Gotta use what you got, you know?" Anubo nods with a toothy grin. "Still, you've certainly changed me today," the dragon says as he bashfully looks his body over.

"It's a good look for you," the tubby jackal states as he summons a portal. "Keep up with the sumo if you can 'cause I'd be glad to take you on again. Also, your clothes have enlarged to try and fit the new you."

"Oh! Thanks, it uhh," Wilgeon bashfully looks away, "would've been difficult waddling about in just a mawashi. Thanks, Anubo, for all this, and don't think I won't try and knock you out of the ring."

The tubby jackal smiles wide. "Looking forward to it, big dragon," Anubo warmly wishes him as he waddles through the portal.

Wilgeon slowly gets up with a mighty grunt as the portal closes, and he looks at himself in reverent glee. 'You know, today became a great, soft day.' His belly the -gurgles- to his bashful delight. 'Ehehe, guess it's already feeding time. I am a big sumo after all,' he happily thinks while waddling over to the locker. 'And speaking of sumo, I might as well make my mark on the world now that I'm all this. A good plan for a big sumo dragon like me....'