

Arro was rubbing his temples as he watched Denya peck the keyboard one letter at a time. Usually, new employees got one week of training. Or two at the most. The pudgy hybrid was pushing it a bit.

That was another thing. Today, Denya came into the office wearing a button-up for the first time since day one, only Arro noticed little tufts of belly fur escaping from between the straining buttons. He didn't remember noticing it on Denya's first day, and he supposed it was probably a different shirt. But it did give his round little gut a bit of definition, the bulge more prominent against the stressed fabric.

Arro knew he certainly couldn't judge, and didn't want to look like he was staring. He absently shoved a fistful of chips in his mouth as he watched the hybrid happily type away, marveling at how long this bag had lasted. He used to go through a bag or two in a day as he hid them in his desk drawer, but lately, he'd come in the next morning to find new, unopened bags of chips still plentiful in his desk. He supposed that meant he was eating less? Surely, that was why he'd been inclined lately to let go a little and eat more of his other snacks in greater quantities. Life was about balance, right?

With Denya around, he also had more treats packed into his desk than usual, but fortunately, his boss hadn't caught them yet. They'd had more than enough close calls, but whenever he seemed on the verge of discovering their hidden stash, the wolf just glanced away with an oddly smug expression. Arro let out a small breath of relief each time.

It was also up to Arro to let Denya know whenever their boss was nearby, usually with a quick elbow to the side whenever he spotted the wolf approaching. It seemed as though Denya could only focus on either his current assignment or his environment, never both. The hybrid also had a habit of reaching for snacks while engrossed in his duties without bothering to look up; if it weren't for Arro's occasional interventions, they would have been caught by now for sure! This draolf was just becoming a bigger and bigger handful for Arro, in seemingly more ways than one.

Denya felt the familiar prod to his side right as he was reaching for more gummy bears. This one was a bit firmer than usual, enough to make his sides quiver for a moment. Grunting from the impact, the draolf looked away from his computer screen to see what Arro wanted to interrupt his painfully-slow progress for, and froze.

Gerald was making a beeline towards them, carrying two large stacks of cupcakes in his arms. And he did not look happy.

Well, he never looked happy, but the hybrid felt a chill go down his spine regardless. Was the fox-wolf about to hold another party, and wanted to come by just to tell the two doughy dragons they weren't invited? Those were definitely a lot of cupcakes; big ones too, almost the size of Denya's head! A shame, he would have loved to try the-

Gerald slammed the containers on his desk! "Congratulations, buddy! I hear it's your two week anniversary today!"

Denya nearly jumped in his seat at the sudden change in demeanour. He looked down at the stack of cupcakes, then up at the fox who was grinning wolfishly at him. Oh right, he's a wolf. "U-uh, y-yeah, it is." Denya weakly nodded.

"Awesome, that's fantastic! Truly glad to hear it!" Gerald cheered, slapping the sides of the containers. "The first few weeks of any new experiences can be stressful, trust me, I know."

It's only stressful when you stare at me from across the room constantly, Denya wanted to retort, but wisely kept his mouth shut as the wolf continued chattering. "I can safely speak for everyone here at Maw & Maggins that we wholly welcome you to our wonderful team!"

Denya briefly looked around the room, noticing that hardly anyone was even looking their way; the few furs that did only did so out of idle curiosity before turning back to their assignments. Gerald just kept talking. "To commemorate your anniversary, I whipped up a little treat for you, and your wonderful trainer for helping you adjust these past few days." The red wolf lifted up the second container and set it on Arro's side of the desk. Still smiling coyly, Gerald leaned against the desk, grinning up at the two chubby coworkers. "After all, the snacks in the breakroom have started to go missing as of late, and I wouldn't want you boys to go hungry now. These cupcakes are a special homemade recipe of mine; they'll definitely fill you up for the rest of the day."

Arro peered at them curiously. They did look delicious. Although it was a bit weird that his boss was presenting them to him and Denya in particular. He looked around the office, but nobody else seemed to be getting any special treatment. "For Denya's first two weeks?"

Gerald grinned a bit and pushed the cupcakes at them again. He glanced at Denya. "I just want to make sure you feel welcome! And," he glanced at Arro, "we also appreciate all of the hard work and dedication you've spent these past few weeks training our newest member of the team."

"Oh, uh, great." Arro leaned back in his chair. "I mean, thank you," he said graciously. He was intrigued by the friendly gesture of his otherwise cold boss.

Gerald gestured at the cupcakes. "Well, go on then."

"Huh?"

Gerald gestured again, his smile perhaps a bit more strained for some reason. "Please enjoy. I want to know what you think."

“Oh. Uh. Okay.” With a slightly confused glance at his employer, Arro tentatively leaned forward to take one. It was chocolate with chocolate frosting. It was hard to go wrong with that. He carefully pushed it into his mouth, the moisture of the soft bakery dessert immediately caressing his tongue. His boss was actually right; the cupcakes did taste like a special recipe. It took several bites for Arro to finish it off, since they were so large, and he carefully licked any leftover frosting off his snout. “They’re good,” he agreed.

He saw the short wolf push half the cupcakes at Denya, too. “You haven’t had any. Please, go ahead. Eat.”

“Oh, alright.” Denya opened up the package with a claw, reaching for a vanilla cupcake with colorful specks baked into the pastry. Funfetti, from the looks of it. He took a large bite, marveling at how dense the cupcake was. It was good. Really good, in fact. That single bite had some serious flavor to it! Heck, it tasted a lot like the cake he and Arro ate two weeks ago; an impressive feat for a comparatively smaller treat.

Gerald leaned forward. “Well?”

Denya quickly chewed and chewed at his mouthful before finally gulping it down. “It’s really filling, heh...kinda hard to swallow, though.”

“Would you like some milk with that?”

“I didn’t-”

But Gerald had already left for the breakroom. Denya barely had time to give Arro a confused look before their boss had returned, his arms laden with several small whole milk containers. “There you are. That should be enough, right?”

It was more than enough. Denya and Arro’s desk was completely covered in food, milk, and their computers at this point, with very little room for anything else. Folding his ears, the hybrid muttered his thanks and took a carton, taking a quick swig before continuing to tackle his cupcake.

He had hoped that Gerald would leave them be after they sampled the cupcakes, but no, the wolf was persistent in making sure they tried each and every one of his culinary confections. “Oh, Arro, eat the vanilla cupcake next. I experimented a bit with that one. Don’t stop now, Denya, have a strawberry cupcake next.” It wouldn’t be so awkward if the wolf at least held a conversation with the two while he was feeding them, yet Gerald hardly said a word while they were eating, only speaking up when one of them set down an empty wrapper. It was unusual; Denya figured their boss must have some strange social disorder or something. Oh well, at least the cupcakes were delicious.

And filling.

Denya barely finished his third cupcake and second milk carton before grimacing in pain. His stomach was filling up quite rapidly, yet for once it wasn't the source of his discomfort. His button up shirt was already stretching tightly across his middle before he even made it to work today, and these cupcakes certainly weren't helping it, nor were the breakfast burritos someone left in the microwave that day. Man, he couldn't even wash clothes right; why else would they have shrunk so much!

"Don't tell me you're full already." Denya looked up to see Gerald holding out the next cupcake for the draolf, smirking. "There's still plenty left. Normally, I'd save the rest in the break room for you two to enjoy at your leisure, but, as I'm sure you're well aware, we have a food bandit among us."

Denya gulped and took that cupcake, wondering if this was meant to be some sort of punishment. He didn't want to eat anymore, he could barely get half a breath in his nose before his shirt buttons started creaking, but under that intense stare from Gerald, he bit into the cupcake and ate, ate, ate, until-

PIIING

Oh, sweet relief! Denya let out an involuntary moan as his gut surged forward half an inch, grateful to finally get a breath in. However, that moan quickly turned into a gasp as he noticed Gerald wincing in pain, rubbing furiously at a button-sized mark on his nose. Uh oh.

"O-oh, I'm so sorry, Mr. Gerald! I didn't-"

"No...no, you're fine." Gerald breathed deeply through his nose, before his smile returned. "Accidents happen. It's perfectly fine. I'm sure you've been dealing with shrinking clothes for a while now."

"Oh, heh, I have." Denya chuckled, his belly bouncing slightly in his lap. Why did his shirt still feel so tight with a button missing? "How'd you know that, sir?"

"Intuition." Gerald's amber eyes briefly flicked down towards the draolf's exposed navel.

"Huh, interesting. I wish I was smart like that." Denya found himself relaxing a bit, relieved to find his boss wasn't mad at him. "I guess the saying 'as clever as a fox' is true, huh? I mean-"

Shit, he couldn't catch himself! Denya opened his maw to apologize, but was silenced by a sudden wave of Gerald's arm. That arm, however, waving directly in front of Arro, snatching the cupcake the dragon was about to eat next! Denya's eyes widened as the wolf practically shoved the mini pastry against the canid's snout. "Here, buddy! Have another funfetti cupcake! You seem to really like the cake-flavored ones!"

Denya shrank in his seat as much as a hybrid his size could, his shirt buttons creaking yet again. Despite barely reaching five feet tall, Gerald really knew how to intimidate the doughy duo. Denya quickly gave Arro a horrified glance before taking the cupcake in shaky paws, nibbling on it timidly.

Arro's paw was still in front of his mouth stupidly for a moment as he watched the cupcake meant for him disappear into Denya's maw. He carefully took a sip of milk while his boss was distracted, offering him a brief respite from the onslaught of bakery sweets. He hadn't seen Gerald treat a new employee like this before. Was he choosing Denya as a favorite? If so, Arro wasn't sure he was quite going about it the right way; Denya looked mildly alarmed.

A moment later, Gerald turned his gaze back on Arro, and he shyly picked up his next cupcake beneath the stare. At least there were only a few left by now. He sympathized with Denya; his own shirt felt uncomfortably tight around his middle. His had fit well this morning, but the pressure in his bloated stomach was pushing it out a bit, putting more stress on the buttons, pulling the shirt hem out of his pants despite the constricting belt wrapping his waist in a vice-grip. He was hyper-aware of the way that he filled out the chair, his cushy love handles pressed into the looping armrests and the way that his belly spilled over his lap until it bumped against the desk. Watching Gerald stare his way, though, he continued to eat.

Again, Denya had hoped that Gerald would leave them alone soon, yet the wolf continued to stand there. Wouldn't a boss have something better to do than watch two employees stuff themselves silly! More importantly, why was he allowed an extra cupcake from Arro's stash? Was he seriously being rewarded for mislabeling the wolf's species?

No, that couldn't be it; Gerald's smile was paper thin. Even his excuses for getting the two dragons to eat were running out. "Try this one next, Denya. Arro, these two pair well together." Gosh, what a weirdo. The draolf felt uncomfortable squeezing the fourth and fifth cupcake into his gullet, the milk quickly filling up any space in his stomach. The sixth cupcake was practically excruciating to go through. The seventh-

Ping! Aw, not again!

Denya gasped as another button flung off, this one ricocheting against the opposite wall like a stray bullet, narrowly missing Gerald's face by a hair. The draolf whimpered. "I-I'm so sorry, I-"

"Just take off the damn shirt!" the wolf huffed, clawing into their desk.

Denya frowned. "Wouldn't I get in trouble?"

"I'll allow it for today. Please. For my health."

Well, there was that signature Gerald glare. Folding his ears, Denya looked down and fumbled with the remaining buttons, twitching as he saw the wolf sidestep out of the way. Man, these buttons were stupid tight, digging painfully into his round gut. Eventually, he managed to dig his claws into the fabric and slide them out, grunting as his belly practically surged forward onto his lap.

Oooh, what a relief. Denya sighed in bliss, his tongue lolling out the side of his mouth. The open air felt so good on his exposed middle, the ceiling fan ruffling his chest fluff. Idly, he scratched at his broad belly, fingering the pink marks his clothes left in him. He had never seen his belly so big before, resting completely onto his thighs and then some. It was so large and round, but he shouldn't have been surprised. He *had* eaten a ton just now.

Weirdly enough, his chest was also looking a bit...perkier than he remembered, too. In fact, he felt some resistance around his chin when he looked down further at himself, his chubby second chin making itself known. A full stomach couldn't explain either of those; curiously, he hefted his potbelly into his claws, feeling the weight of his fluffy tum before dropping it on his thighs, watching it ripple about.

"Denya."

Denya looked up at Gerald, who he could have sworn looked a few shades pinker. "Does that feel better?"

"Uh..." He nodded. "Yeah, it does...thanks." He smiled awkwardly, before reaching for the next cupcake with one paw, munching away while rubbing his middle with his other. What a bizarre day this was turning into.

Arro tried not to stare at whatever the fuck was happening over there. He just determinedly tried getting the last few of his own cupcakes down so that hopefully, Gerald would be done and leave them alone. He felt sort of bad about Denya's shirt. The draolf's belly looked absolutely swollen, his fur parting over the distended flesh, looking even fluffier than the rest of him as even his soft undercoat was exposed by the pressure. The hybrid's flabby chest sagged over it, fleshier than Arro expected, although he'd never seen Denya without a shirt before. He realized he'd just noticed earlier that everything about him seemed slightly softer. Maybe he had gained weight? Maybe the shirt had just done its best.

He himself felt ready to burst as he choked down the final few bites of cupcake. He was tempted to slam his paw on the desk like an eating contestant taking first place. "Those were... so good..." he said politely around a full mouth of sugary dough, trying not to cough. He grabbed another carton of milk to hopefully wash it down. He noticed his boss was hardly paying him any mind; he was too busy leering over the smaller fur, who was pushing cupcakes into his own snout as best he could while looking desperate for relief. He was feeding himself a cupcake with one paw while rubbing his swollen belly with the other. Arro felt relieved for him

too as he finally watched Denya take his last couple of bites, finishing it down with a milk carton of his own.

A toothy grin parted Gerald's lips. "Wow, you boys sure can eat!"

"Th-thank you," Arro attempted, although the words were parted by a belch, making him blush.

Gerald's lip might have curled slightly, but he quickly turned his attention over to Denya. He looked the bloated draolf up and down. "I hope you feel completely welcome here at work! We appreciate how hard you've been trying, and welcome you to the family!"

Denya responded with a hiccup.

Arro watched warily as the small wolf finally turned and retreated back to his office. When Arro turned back to the much pudgier canine, Denya was still rubbing his distended stomach, gripping and playing with the soft flab now spilling out the front of his shirt. "So..."

Denya needed a moment, too busy massaging his beach ball belly to respond. He couldn't breathe, couldn't speak, couldn't *think*! It was such a chore to push that last cupcake into his maw; any more and he would have needed either Gerald or Arro to feed the rest to him. Fuck, was this what it felt like to be pregnant?

He glanced down at himself, huffing. He could actually see the pink skin beneath his white fur, his claws leaving behind divots in his fur as he carefully traced along his sensitive flesh. Ugh, he swore he could feel every inch of his insides all screaming for some sort of release. Despite being shirtless, it was as if he were still wearing painfully tight clothing over his middle, which hung several inches over his waistband. It must have been thanks to his draconic heritage that he didn't outright pop like a balloon.

He needed a moment to get his bearings. Oh, if only he weren't at work, so he could pop off his pants as well. Just turning to look at Arro felt like an intense effort. "I think...I wanna break...for a while." He groaned, lightly tapping the side of his firm middle. "U-urf, feel how hard my stomach is, dude. It's...like a rock!"

Arro studied it for a moment. Then he realized that the draolf was being literal. "Oh, uh..." He tentatively reached over a paw. It felt weird to be putting a paw on a coworker. When his fingers sank through the puffy white fur into the taut ball of lard below, though, Arro had to admit that it was pretty impressive. The stomach was almost bloated enough to be smooth, undoubtedly creating little stretch marks with every movement. As he combed the fur with his claws, Denya suddenly started wagging his tail as he leaned back farther on the chair, his jaws parting to pant happily at the sensation.

He didn't want Arro to stop! Denya knew it was probably a strange situation for Arro, but the hybrid couldn't help but pant and rumble at the gentle scritch. Having someone else's claws on his middle felt so blissful, giving him the good kind of goosebumps. It also served to help drive home the point that his gut really was massive. Even his blue stripe looked stretched out along his side.

Denya almost frowned when Arro eventually pulled his claws back, the draolf's fluffy middle already yearning for more of the touch. Selfish stomach; it'll have a stern talking to when he gets home tonight! "Heh...thanks for that," Denya chuckled awkwardly, wincing as his stuffed gut bounced on his lap. He didn't really ask Arro to rub his middle, but Vaughn was he glad he did. "Did you want a belly rub yourself?"

Not even waiting for a response, Denya reached over and started to gently scritch along the dragon's large middle, running his fingers across all that tum. Wow, Arro was big! The draolf could feel some squish beneath the dragon's shirt, but there was certainly some firmness to him as well; either Arro really was stuffed with pastries, or he was just dense with chub! Either way, it was fun to rub, even if he had to move his arm around a lot just to rub at the entirety of such a large belly. The draolf hoped Arro wasn't noticing him smiling; he'd been wanting to rub that tum for a while.

As Denya began to grope the overhanging gut that escaped over the top of Arro's belt and sprawled heavily in his lap, he blushed. After a moment of awkward tension, he realized that the firm fingers kneading into his bulging belly felt... good? Still awkward, though. That didn't go away. He cast a nervous glance around the office, but nobody seemed to be paying them any mind.

He glanced back to Denya. The hybrid had an odd, fascinated look on his muzzle. "Um, thanks," Arro said. Wait. Shit. That sounded really weird. "I mean, you don't have to." That still sounded weird. "It's really nice though. I'm glad you did." That was worse. Fuck.

He slipped a claw under his shirt collar and pulled a bit, as it suddenly felt a bit tight. It was also uncomfortably warm. His entire face was warm. "You mentioned you, uh, wanted to take a break? We can do that right now if you want. Take a break, I mean." He pressed his index fingers together.

"Yeah...I'd really *hrrrp* appreciate it." Denya stifled a burp mid sentence. He was glad that Arro seemed to enjoy the belly rub as much as he himself did earlier. They should do that again sometime. Maybe not in a work environment, of course; probably not in a public place altogether. Belly rubs were always nice, but that could be the canine in him speaking.

That same canine was also whimpering in pain in the form of angry stomach grumbles. He was way too full to concentrate on anything work-related right now, but sitting around made him feel antsy, despite the overbearing weight on his stomach. "I wanna...wander around a bit.

Try to work off some of...this." He gestured to his hanging ball of tum. "Do you wanna come too?"

Arro grimaced at his own ball of tum. It was significantly larger than Denya's. "Yeah, I really should." He had a feeling that a brief walk wouldn't be adequate for walking off the amount of calories they'd just consumed, but he appreciated Denya's optimism.

As he leaned forward to get up, he became even more aware of how sharply his belt had been digging into his waistline, and the way that the confines of the shirt tugged on all the buttons. The sides of the chair tried to grip his largest roll as he stood, and he blushed as he wriggled a bit to get to his feet. He needed to work off some of this weight before he broke it or something. As it was, it seemed to be clinging to his sides a bit more tightly than usual lately...

The draconic duo walked around. After a moment, they walked through the break room door. Their office wasn't very large. They probably should have thought that through. In another second, they were at the fridge, somehow ending up there without consciously thinking about it.

The routine of raiding- erh, walking to the breakroom, had become such a staple in their daily activities, Denya didn't really question himself when he instinctively opened the fridge, just to check the contents. "Wow...that's a lot of free space." He blinked. An entire shelf of the fridge was dedicated just for beverages, half of which was typically reserved for cartons of milk, yet that half was completely empty, save for a few remaining cartons.

Of which, Denya grabbed one of them, opened it, and took a sip.

Why did he do that? He wasn't hungry nor thirsty, far from it! Yet his stupid draolf brain made the connection that he opened the fridge, therefore he needed something stuffed into his maw! Seriously, how dumb could he be?

Wow, he was *still* drinking!

Denya lowered the half-finished carton, chuckling at Arro. "I needed to uh...wash down a few cupcake crumbs, I guess," he smirked before drinking the rest of the milk, ignoring the painful gurglings of his stomach.

Arro was impressed that Denya had managed to down another entire carton. He'd technically eaten more cupcakes than Arro, and despite being much larger, Arro was pretty sure he couldn't fit another single mouthful. "Wow," he blurted. Then he felt his face heat up again. He wasn't sure how the word had slipped out. If anyone couldn't judge how much food other people put away, it was him.

He looked away awkwardly. Then he squinted as his eyes fell on the bulletin board at the far wall. There was what appeared to be a sign-up sheet tacked there. Curious, he began to ponderously make his way over. It wasn't easy with the overful, stuffed feeling in his gut.

“VOLUNTEERS WANTED.”

He peered more closely at the smaller text underneath. “Interested in extra hours? Join our outreach team! South City College will be running a job fair from 4/18 through 4/20, and we need volunteers to help promote our company to potential new members! Snacks and refreshments provided.”

Arro blinked. “Snacks and refreshments provided?” After a moment, he realized that shouldn’t be his takeaway from the whole ad. He turned to see Denya watching from across the room, hoping his face wasn’t bright red. Or brighter-red than usual, at least. “I mean, extra hours? Cool.” Yeah. That sounded better. “I wish I could get out of this office sometimes. A change of scenery would be nice.”

“Oh yeah?” Denya slowly sauntered over, his belly preceding him. He couldn’t look over the 8 foot dragon’s shoulder, so the smaller draolf stood beside his hefty coworker as he read, their sides brushing ever so slightly together. His green eyes flickered from word to word, before lighting up in excitement. “Oh, that’s about two weeks from now! Hell yeah, we should totally sign up for this! I’m way better at talking to folks that aren’t behind a phone or computer, ya know?” Denya fist pumped the air, before wincing in pain, rubbing the side of his bloated belly. Alright, he could save the excitement for later, but his tail was still a black blur behind him. Finally, something that didn’t require sitting at an office all day!

As Arro thought it over, he agreed that the idea was immensely appealing. He picked up the pen placed carefully underneath. “Heh. Alright. I’m in.” He told himself that he had to go, to supervise his slow-learning friend if nothing else, but quietly admitted to himself that he was genuinely excited to spend time with him. And the excursion would be a great respite from their normal office surroundings. He put the pen to the paper and signed his name.