

“Crap crap crap crap crap!”

Denya cursed at himself as he breathlessly jogged through the campus, attracting a few stares in the process. Oh, he was late; he was late late late late. The constant buzzing in his pocket made sure to remind him that. But it wasn't his fault! At least, not entirely.

Not only did it take three full bowls of cereal before he felt sated, but his entire wardrobe had shrunk *again*! None of his pants barely made it up past his thighs! None! His basketball shorts had also torn; either that, or they rode a little too high on his legs, making them not quite appropriate as public attire. His last remaining option was a pair of sweats that thankfully still fit him, although those too clung tightly to his hips, rear, and waist. Man, washing machines in the city really suck!

Unfortunately, he had even worse luck with his shirt. The damn thing just kept riding up over his gut no matter how much he pulled it down; it didn't help much that his constant jogging and bouncing kept sliding it up. He was certain he marked XL for his shirt size when he and Arro applied for this position. And yet, the Maw & Maggins logo was stretched tightly across his torso, without hardly a wrinkle to be seen, save for right beneath his cleavage.

Why was his belly so big and bloated still? Sure, he had eaten a *ton* the other night with Arro, but shouldn't it have shrunk back down to its normal size by now? Nope, it was still big, round, and jiggly, even when it wasn't stuffed with food. How was it even possible for him to still be hungry *and* bloated at the same time?

It was his stupid bloated belly that was turning his jog into a bit of a waddle. Yeah, that made sense.

The draolf perked up when he saw the campus grounds open up to reveal a court area of sorts, where several makeshift stands were set up. About time he found the freaking job fair! Fortunately, the stand for Maw & Maggins was one of the closer ones to Denya's current position. He sighed in relief when he spotted Arro by the stand; the big dragon was pretty easy to pick out in the crowd.

Denya picked up the pace and closed the distance between them, the hefty hybrid huffing loudly as he slumped against the stand, ignoring the slight creak. “Huff...haff.. I-I'm sorry...got lost...traffic...uh...I'm sorry.” Denya panted and wheezed, his round middle rising up and down. Man, this college was a lot bigger than he thought, if he was tired from jogging already!.

Arro was relieved to see the hybrid suddenly appear, if a little surprised by his choice of attire. Then he grew nervous as he wondered if he were actually the one out of place. Were they supposed to wear casual-wear for the outreach program? Arro blushed. Great, now he looked like an idiot. As it was, he was already forced to sit behind the table; not because he was tall, but he kept finding the company-provided shirt riding up his belly like a crop top, which he

was doing his best to conceal by sitting behind the Maw and Maggins display. Which only made it ride up higher, of course, as his gut was pressed forward over the top of his pants. He was a bit annoyed at the company, too, for getting his size wrong, even after they'd specifically asked. He was no stranger to tight clothes, but this seemed a little ridiculous.

He gave Denya a little wave as the hybrid trotted over. It looked like more of a waddle, actually, if Arro were being honest. The draolf's waistline was filling the sweatpants to their limit. As he drew nearer, Arro gestured him to come over and sit next to him. He tried to tug down his shirt a few times as Denya rounded the table. "Heh. Hi." He supposed he shouldn't feel as bad about his shirt; the company had obviously gotten Denya's size wrong, too. He thought it was a bit ironic that they were promoting a clothing company that couldn't even provide proper fitting clothing for their own employees.

The hybrid practically collapsed into his own chair with a groan, leaning his head back to pant. Phew, that was one heck of a jog from the parking lot to...here. He didn't recall passing by much on the way here, but it felt like he had been running for a while! There was the chance he could just be a little out of shape after being stuck in an office for about a month. Just a little out of shape though.

Thankfully, there was a cooler behind the counter that had plenty of soda embedded in the ice. The draolf leaned over to grab at the root beer can, his belly rolling along his chunky thighs as he reached. He practically drained half the can's contents before finally finding the energy to speak. "Hurf...hey, Arro. Sorry for being a little late, heh. Did I miss much?" Denya asked, rubbing the chilled can against his forehead before taking another hearty swig. Silently, he was relieved that Arro's shirt was a few sizes too small as well; it would have been pretty embarrassing being the only one with the ill-fitting shirt twice.

"You haven't missed anything, really," Arro assured him. "Everyone's been skipping this table so far." Apparently, nobody wanted to work for the clothing company that makes ill-fitting clothes. Maybe they could spin it that crop tops were part of the official company uniform?

He found his paw instinctively dipping into the ice cooler himself. He pulled out a can and popped it open. "I'm mostly just mad that they gave us these shirts. I feel like I'm exploding out of mine." As he said it, though, he found his eyes wandering to Denya's particularly round middle. Usually when Arro was overflowing his clothes, it was due to his weight, and now that he'd been thinking out loud...

Was it possible that Denya had gained weight?

Arro looked away awkwardly when he realized he'd been staring a moment too long. It would explain the sweatpants. Although they looked ready to split apart at the slightest movement, so maybe they were just old.

"Yeah, I agree. These things suck." Denya nodded as he drained the last of the soda, letting out a muffled burp. Damn, soda was good; he'd rather be drinking it at work than all of those milks. He looked down for a trash bin, but the only container resembling that was tucked away in the far corner on Arro's side. He didn't want to just hand Arro his trash, and he felt he'd accidentally hit the dragon's chunky thighs if he tried tossing it, so he sat it on the actual desk instead. Away from the application papers and business cards, of course.

As Denya slumped back into his seat once again, his shirt lifted up to expose his lower navel, reigniting his hatred of these damn clothes. "Ugh, seriously! I'm a Large, and I ordered an Extra Large just because I like loose-fitting clothes, but these are, like, a Medium at most!" the draolf growled, pulling down the fabric until the seams stretched around his wing slits. Just then, he had a thought; *did* he mistakenly order the wrong size?

"Hey, Arro? Do you, uh, think you can check the tag on my shirt? I'm almost certain I got the wrong size," Denya asked as he turned away from the dragon, his second chin bunching up ever so slightly.

"Oh, uh. You want me to just..?" He wasn't sure why he was asking. Denya was very clearly asking him 'to just'. Arro tentatively leaned over the back of the fur's neck. "Um." He slipped a claw behind the back of the draolf's shirt collar and pulled it off slightly. Or maybe he should say 'peeled' it off; it was stretched taut across his wide, furry back. Arro was gentle not to rip it with his claw as he wriggled it down to the tag, his fingers too fat to enter. At least claws couldn't gain weight.

The tag said XL.

"Oh, heh." Arro began to sweat nervously. Would Denya be offended if Arro commented on his correctly-sized shirt being a tad too tight? "They sure gave you a medium, alright. Yeah. That's a big ol' M right there." He was a shitty liar but hoped Denya wouldn't suspect a thing.

"Yeah, that's what I thought." Denya sighed. Did he make the mistake of marking down M, or was it whoever was in charge of distributing the T-shirts' fault? He knew one way to find out. "Want me to check for you too, Arro?"

"Uh..." For a second, he wasn't sure about the question either. Did he? "Sure, I guess. I mean, okay, go ahead." He blushed a bit as the hybrid scooted closer to inspect the back of his neck.

"Yeah, no problem!" Denya smiled. He tried not to snicker when he noticed Arro's neck fat was actually molding around the shirt's collar; he actually had to squish some of it aside with his claws before he took the tag out to read and...wow.

Denya blinked. He didn't think it was possible to fit so many X's on a shirt tag! Sure, Arro was 8 feet tall, and about half as wide, but still...The draolf was silent for a suspiciously long

time, genuinely losing track of how many X's there were on the shirt, before shrugging and letting it go. "Yeah, they got you a 4XL. That wasn't what you put on the form, right?" He asked, knowing there were at the very least 6 X's proceeding that very redundant L.

"Oh, wow. That's really small. For me, I mean." Then Arro realized that he didn't want to let on that he was *too* much bigger. He blushed. "I mean, not super small, I guess, just too small for me, you know? Not that I need a wayyyy bigger size, just that I need a bigger size, that isn't this size. Because this one is too small." He pressed his index fingers together. "You know, because I'm bigger than that, obviously. A bit." By which he meant quite a bit.

To put an end to his own awkward stammering, he tried to look casual as he opened another bottle of soda and chugged. That was a good reason to shut the fuck up for a second, right? When he lowered the can a moment later, he saw it was actually empty. He supposed he wasn't surprised. "Gonna be hard to promote a clothing company that makes shitty clothes, huh. No wonder no one's coming over here." He swept a paw over the empty paperwork on the table, which he'd been staring at for a long time before Denya showed up. With all the students effectively ignoring him, there hadn't been much to do.

He absently reached for another can. "I highly doubt any of these students want to apply here anyway, truth be told." He kept his voice a bit low. "They're here specifically to get degrees; how many of them want to be a desk jockey afterwards?" Popping open the next can, he used his other paw to reach across the desk for a full-sized candy bar he'd set aside earlier. The company had promised snacks; if he had to sit outside all day being ignored by prospective students while wearing a crop top, he was going to take advantage of his boss' funds. "I mean." His mouth was full of chocolate. He spoke around it. "If I went to college, this isn't exactly what I'd want to do. You know? Sitting at a desk getting yelled at by customers, I mean. Not that I hate the job." He blushed, wondering if he'd just inadvertently offended Denya. "I mean, it's a pretty good job. I'm not complaining. Heh. Especially when they provide all these snacks," he joked. He realized that at some point during the conversation, he'd already put a second candy bar in his paw. How'd that happen?

"Oh, yeah, it is." Denya nodded. He could certainly attest to the latter portion of that statement, having discovered and opened an entire box of Cheez Bits. He felt no shame in scooping up an entire clawful to funnel into his gullet, partially because he felt skinnier knowing he was wearing a size M, but mainly to avoid having to look or talk to Arro.

The big dragon didn't mean to, but he had said something that really resonated in the draolf. He was right. All these young adults walking about at this campus; they were working on building up some big and bright future for themselves. They were all smart and capable ladies, gentlemen, and everything in between. Denya...was Denya. Denya typed at 10 WPM, whatever that meant. Denya convinced Arro to help him accidentally eat the boss's birthday cake on his first day. Denya had several customers hang up on him because he couldn't communicate properly; the one skill he thought he was really good at.

During this time, his head had slumped forward, his chubby cheek resting against the palm of his hand. He didn't mean to go silent or introverted, but sometimes these thoughts just bubbled up out of nowhere. Truthfully, he was horrified of what Arro really thought of him. This wasn't back in the sticks where you could make friends from having a cheery disposition; people actually expected something of you here. Arro was great company; smart, patient, well-mannered. Denya was...he didn't need to think about that again.

Although, a thought did occur as he mulled over what the dragon just said. "Hey, did you say 'if you went to college?' You didn't go either?" the draolf asked as he reached for more Cheez Bits, only for his claws to scratch at crumbs instead. Damn, already?

Arro blushed. Again. He was pretty sure the blush was permanent at this point. "I, uh, wasn't a very good student," he admitted. He crumpled up the wrapper of his latest candy victim and lay it on the table next to the others. He tried not to be alarmed at the steady growth of the pile. No wonder a 4XL shirt was more than a little snug. He wasn't proud of that. "I was good at reading literature and working with numbers and stuff, but everything else..." He tried to think of more stuff to say that didn't make him feel like an absolute loser. "I mean, not that I didn't like the other classes." He'd just slept through them. "I just never felt interested in studying or anything." Ever.

"Oh, heh, me too," Denya lied. He did study, was yelled at to study, to the point where the very word 'study' gave him painful flashbacks. Setting the empty Cheez Bits box on the desk next to the two sodas he drank, the draolf then went for the box of fruit snacks. The packages inside the box were so small, he could easily tear open a packet, dump the contents into his maw, then set the empty wrapper aside. Rinse and repeat. "I..." He paused, blushing himself. He actually felt greatly relieved to hear that Arro wasn't a super student himself. "I, uh..." He tried again to speak, and failed. C'mon, use your big boy words, Denya.

Two more fruit packages, and the draolf spoke up once more, his heart hammering in his chest. "I...I mean...did you finish high school?" Fuck, that sounded rude as hell! "Because I didn't! Finish, I mean."

Owch...well, the truth was out now. Denya looked down at the next package of fruit snacks, this time pulling out a squishy Watermelon-shaped gelatin to look at it. Anything to get his mind off the feeling of Arro's gaze seeping into his soul. "I mean...I almost did...kinda. But, they make you stop going when you're 21 and-" he coughed. Fuck, it was getting hard to breathe. Why did he have to say anything? Why was he admitting he was a failure in front of Arro, in front of all these genius college kids who would probably feel contempt for a highschool dropout like himself.

Deep breath in, deep breath out. "I got my GED, though. So, it's like I passed, right?" He chuckled, only it didn't sound like a chuckle, more like he was choking. He continued staring at the gelatin watermelon like it was the most interesting thing in the world. "I'm sorry. This is kinda embarrassing," he smiled, finally shoving the snack into his maw. His tail wrapped anxiously

around his chair leg as he talked. He didn't mean to spill all of that in front of Arro like that. Poor guy didn't deserve to listen to him ramble like that.

"There's nothing embarrassing about getting your GED. One of my...friends, didn't finish high school either." Arro cracked a grin. "Under a bit of different circumstances. But it's cool that you were able to get your GED after. That must've been hard." He wanted to say more encouraging things, but was having trouble thinking of any. Denya still looked immensely upset. Arro settled for leaning over and giving the chubby fur an awkward side-hug, their flabby sides squeezing together.

Denya's face reddened as he felt Arro pull him into a hug. Suddenly, he felt warm all over, and not just because he was leaning against a very fat dragon. Well, that was part of it, but in a different way...Words were confusing.

Instead of trying to think on it, the draolf just smiled and leaned into the embrace. "Thanks, man. You're a good friend." He tried reaching his arm around the dragon's broad back to return the hug, but he could barely reach the dragon's wings! He was so big and soft, heheh.

Denya's ears shot right up when he heard Arro's stomach rumble. Damn, that sounded like a diesel engine! Reluctantly, the draolf pulled away, snickering. "Yeah, I didn't think those snacks were all that filling either." He chuckled, gesturing towards the pile of wrappers on Arro's side of the desk.

Arro's face felt really warm. Maybe it was a good thing his shirt exposed him to so much breeze. "Oh, I, uh," he stammered. Yet another person pointing out he was a fatass. "Maybe I'm just... digesting." He tried to think of something more believable. 'I didn't eat all day' didn't seem fair, since it would be a lie. Also a pretty blatant lie, considering the pile of wrappers in front of him. "Maybe it's because I haven't had any real food." Now that was technically true. Pounding down potato chips all morning didn't count as 'real' food, right? Even if it was an inordinate amount. A disturbing amount. Oh, wait, there was that muffin though, which he supposed was real food. Actually, now that he thought about it, there was that danish-

He shook his head to himself. It was no mystery why he was so fat. And it was no mystery why everyone made fun of it, considering how disgusting he was. "I'm just trying to enjoy the snacks while we're here," he said anxiously. "I mean, we don't get to eat like this in the office, you know? And the company is paying for them. And also, uh, the more we eat, the less we have to carry back ourselves," he added weakly. Sure. That was the reason.

"Oh, I getcha completely." Denya nodded, biting his lip. He didn't mean to sound condescending; it was meant to be playful banter. I mean, heck, there was a chance Denya himself might have put on a pound or two lately from all their sitting around and eating as of late. But seeing Arro quickly get so defensive and anxious made the hybrid feel bad; he wasn't sure what to really say.

So, he just said what was on his mind.

“Yeah, this stuff really isn’t all that filling. It feels like I’ve barely eaten anything.” Denya sat the empty box of fruit snacks on the desk next to his other trash, chuckling. “You think we can get away with ordering some real food right now? I mean, when else are we gonna get the chance to eat pizzas and stuff while on the clock?” As he spoke, he reached down for another can of rootbeer, frowning when he saw how much emptier the cooler was looking. “We should also order some more drinks, right?”

“Heh. Yeah. That sounds great.” Arro was a bit relieved to hear that the snacks were every bit as light as he thought. It was nice to know it wasn’t just him. “Want to order pizza, or would you rather check out some menus on Goober Eats?” Arro wasn’t picky. He certainly didn’t look picky. One did not get this body from being picky.

“Yeah, pizza’s good with you? I’ve been craving it for a while,” Denya admitted. Seeing the dragon nod, he eagerly pulled out his own phone, his love handles bunching up a tad when he reached down. Having never been to a college campus, the hybrid was surprised to find a pizza place half a mile away.

Even more so, he was surprised at the crazy deals college students got!

“Hey...Arro? You think we can pass off as college students?” the draolf sheepishly asked, before showing him the phone. On it was the wildest promotional item he had ever seen: Several party-sized pizzas, breadsticks, and 2-liters, all for less than half the price they would have cost simultaneously! “I-I mean, we could say we’re, like, offering pizza to the college kids, right? I mean, we could, too. This is waaaaay too much pizza for just us two, right?” He chuckled nervously, trying not to drool over the picture. He didn’t know you could get so many meaty toppings on a single pizza!

Arro’s stomach audibly growled, and he started blushing all over again, nervously clutching the huge swell of fat flowing out from around his midsection. What was wrong with him? “That sounds pretty good. For the students, I mean.” Yeah. For the students. He absently dug his fingers into his own adipose, massaging gently, until he caught Denya staring and stopped. It was so weird to have his midriff exposed to the world while out in public.

“Do you think we’d pass as students if we tried to buy it? I mean, if they don’t ask for college IDs, they’d never know.” Arro wasn’t sure he looked particularly young, but people could go to college at any age, right? He didn’t have to look fresh out of his parents’ house. He absently wondered how old Denya was. He didn’t seem super old.

Groping around under the large overhang of his gut, Arro searched his pocket until his paw closed around the little rectangle he’d been looking for. His phone was pressed really tightly against his leg by the strained fabric of his pants, so it wasn’t easy. His paw could barely

slip inside to grab it. "Do you want to order it, or should I? Either way, we should put it on the company card," he smirked. "After all, we're using it to promote our table."

Denya's eyes lit up, his own smirk widening. "Arro, you're a mad genius." Hopefully no one at the office would notice the two chubby dragons ordering a party's worth of pizza. Would Gerald be the one in charge of what goes through the company card? Hopefully not, Denya did not need another stern talking down about taking what isn't his. Even though this was for a good cause. Yeah. Denya and Arro would just eat a slice or two. Or a box. There were a lot of boxes in that picture.

Well, until their order arrived, there wasn't much else to do than to sit back and wait for students to talk to. That was boring, of course, so they chose to dig through the remainder of the snacks. Denya was disappointed when he discovered they were already down to the last few boxes of snacks soon enough. What the hell was taking that pizza so long!

As the draolf reached for the last can of soda, his shirt flung up again, revealing not just his lower gut, but his soft sides and back instead! Vaugh, he swore the damn thing was getting tighter somehow! Scowling silently, Denya grabbed the hem of his shirt and puuuuuulled it down, hoping to at least stretch the fabric enough so it could cover-

*\*riiiiiip!\**

Oh no.

His chubby cheeks were beet red. The draolf dared not move an inch, yet he shivered slightly as he felt a breeze brush against the base of his wings and his very exposed back.. He didn't need to look back to know that he had just tore out two large gashes in the back of his shirt, thanks to pulling so hard against his wing slits. "Not again..."

Arro winced as he watched the draolf's chubby rolls flop out of his suddenly loosened shirt. He was bigger than Arro remembered from a month ago, and his ample padding squeezed out of the tears. It only pressed them wider, of course. Denya's face was a dark shade of red. He clutched at the rolling expanse of belly that fell out onto his lap. Then he looked awkwardly at Arro.

It took another moment for Arro to realize that he'd been staring. "Uh. Are you alright?" He wanted to facepalm. A stupid thing to say. Asking 'what's going on over there, buddy?' didn't feel right though either. "Do you, uh, need anything?" Okay that just sounded dumb. Like he was offering him a drink after this grueling ordeal. "Do you need help?" Okay, better.

"Uhhhh..." Denya wasn't really sure what Arro could have on hand that would fix his shirt; not like the dragon carried a sewing kit around with him. Man, why was this becoming such a common occurrence between them? Flattening his wings across his back to help cover it, Denya chuckled awkwardly. "W-well, I, uh...I don't suppose a belly rub would help this time,

heh.” That was a bad joke, a *really* bad joke. “I-I mean, I could borrow your shirt, so we could change roles!” What’s getting into him!? The draolf was starting to tremble. “I-I..uh...”

“Hey, dudes? Your pizza’s here.”

Fuck, where did he come from!? Denya nearly bounced in his seat when he heard the delivery ferret staring at them from across the booth, still sitting on his bicycle. Behind that bike was a little trailer filled with boxes and bags; that wasn’t *all* for them, was it?

Face still as red as a pepperoni, Denya turned to Arro. “Could you...maybe get that, please?”

“Oh, sure.” The anxious draolf certainly didn’t seem prepared to get it himself. Arro ponderously pushed himself out of the flimsy chair, the metal creaking dangerously. He gratefully accepted the pile of boxes and bags, which ended up filling his arms. Maybe Denya really should have come over with him. He had everything clutched awkwardly against his blubbery frontside as he waddled back over, the bags looped around his chunky arms. It was a good thing he had the enhanced gene for strength, or else he probably wouldn’t have made it.

When he reached the table, he went to put down their loot, only to find that the entire surface was littered with boxes, bags, tubes, wrappers, and cans. He wasn’t even sure where the paperwork had gone. He was pretty sure he spotted a business card they’d used as a napkin. “Uh... a little help?” He stood impatiently as the hybrid swept his arm over the desk to empty it. Hey, whatever worked. Carrying all of this stuff was getting heavy.

He let out a relieved sigh as he set it down. Now the business cards were gone too. “Well, here it is.”

“Yeah...there’s their free pizza.” Denya nodded. That looked like so much more food than on the advertisement. His stomach gurgled thinking about trying it, despite having been chowing down practically nonstop on snacks for the past hour or so. Well, the pizza was for the students, the breadsticks and 2-liters could be for them. But, maybe they would have leftovers at the end of the day anyways, so it’s better to have a slice now while it’s hot.

Denya reached for the pizza boxes, but sighed as he felt his shirt slide off his shoulder, revealing more of his soft sides. Great, holding up the damn thing with his wings to cover them was starting to get tiring, now he can’t even eat without the entire shirt coming undone. Was he seriously about to eat shirtless in front of Arro *again*? How would he look in front of all these college kids looking for jobs, wearing a broken shirt while sitting at a clothing booth?

Out of frustration, the draolf pulled his entire shirt off, staring at it with narrowed eyes. Nearly the entire back was torn off, two large jagged lines running all down to the hem from where his wing slits were. Useless, this thing was useless, just like his wings. No more valuable now than a rag, or a scarf, or...

“Oh!” Denya beamed. There was no time to waste; there was pizza to be had!

Wagging at his little spark of genius, he quickly flattened the shirt against his chest, making sure the company’s logo was right side up. There, he grabbed the two different sleeves, reached behind him and...oh...

He couldn’t reach.

Denya was just too bulky. Was it his arms? His shoulders? His sides? Everything pretty much squished up back there to the point that he just couldn’t quite reach all the way around, something he swore he used to be able to do back in the day.

Sheepishly, he turned to Arro, who had been staring at the spectacle the entire time while chewing on pizza. “H-heya, buddy? Do you, uh...do you think you can tie this around my back?” He asked shyly. “I’m really sorry, but I’d really appreciate it. Tie it above the base of my wings, if you can.” Anything to cover up his wings, and his shattered pride.

Arro froze with a slice of pizza halfway between his jaws. He slowly slid it back out. “Oh... uh, sure. Happy to help.” He carefully moved the slice to a space on the table and reached over to help the unfortunate pudgy hybrid. Arro could clearly see that the fat coating his frame was getting in the way of reaching behind himself.

The much larger of the two gently took the torn fabric in his paws and stretched it across Denya’s back. It wasn’t easy; it wasn’t as if the shirt had somehow enlarged, with the holes splitting up and down. But he did his best to yank the sleeves together and tie them in a little knot. Denya’s thick fur was soft against his scales, and he was careful not to pinch it, feeling it brush over his fingers. His fingers dug into the fat as he pushed the fur out of the way.

Meanwhile, the draolf let out a grunt as he felt the dragon tie the shirt behind him, lifting his arms slightly to make it easier. Sheesh, Arro was strong! Well, a big guy like him needed to be strong to haul around all that weight, sure, but he was afraid his coworker was about to rip his shirt off. Well, more than it had already been ripped off.

But, his shirt held firm, and when Arro moved back to his seat, Denya looked down to see his Medium-sized shirt was now a Medium-sized crop-top. Or a bra. Hopefully it wasn’t a bra. In any case, the draolf was glad to at least cover up his chest, even if it left his belly free to flop onto his lap. The stares he received were mildly uncomfortable but, well, they were to be expected. He just wished any of the people who stopped to look at them would actually fill out a damn application.

“Thanks, man.” Denya smiled at Arro before finally reaching for his own pizza. “Not gonna lie, having wings kinda sucks. Makes clothes shopping a lot harder, ya know? I feel like a

Frankenstein, having these weird limbs that aren't good for anything other than ripping through shirts," he chuckled, taking a hearty bite out of this pizza.

Arro returned his own slice of pizza to his mouth and finally bit through it. "Usually when I'm trying to find clothes that fit, my wings are the least of my problems," he said around a mouthful of food. Then he wanted to smack himself. Was he TRYING to sound fat? "I mean, I guess it does make it harder to find shirts, just the shirt-to-wing ratio usually pans out, you know?" Wait, that wasn't any better. "I, uh." He finished chewing the pizza. He had another slice in his paw before he even knew it had happened. "I guess maybe my wings might be an issue if I lost weight," he muttered more deeply under his breath, feeling a bit warm and flushed. "Smaller shirts mean smaller wing holes, right? Heh."

"Yeah, I getcha." Denya nodded, stuffing the rest of the crust into his mouth. Arro's wings were pretty big; far bigger than the half-dragon's. Well, *everything* about Arro was big, that just went without saying. At hearing Arro's last comment, Denya couldn't help but smirk. "Just means you shouldn't lose weight then, right?" Was that an ok comment to make? Oh, it probably wasn't. Denya anxiously gulped, grabbing at his next slice of pizza. "Erh, maybe I should try bigger shirts, then! I mean, might be useful so I don't have another incident like, uh, this again?" He awkwardly tugged at his makeshift crop top, jiggling his chubby sides and belly.

"Uh." Arro looked away so he didn't end up staring as the draolf readjusted his ripped shirt, his belly hanging out and sloshing around over his lap. "I mean, sure, you could probably try bigger shirts. For your wings, I mean." Yeah. For his wings.

Arro knew he was certainly in no place to judge. His own belly was resting heavily on his lap. He knew he shouldn't be shoving more pizza into it even now, but hey, this was on the company's dime. He should enjoy that while he had the chance. At least that's what he kept telling himself.

Despite their voracious appetites, it took a while for all of the pizza to disappear. Arro groped around the empty boxes for any missed slices with growing disappointment. He sighed. "I can't believe some students came by and took pizza without even filling out an application!" Those could have been *his and Denya's* slices. He didn't say that out loud. "And we only have two signed applications to show for it! We've been out here for hours." He leaned back in his chair with disgust, his arms crossed over his bloated, overstuffed middle.

"M'hm!" Denya hummed loudly, still drinking from his two-liter bottle of soda. Unfortunately, their big value pack didn't come with cups, which meant they had to drink the large bottles straight from the lip. The draolf soon lowered the two-liter and let out a muffled burp, tossing it into the growing pile of empty bottles. "Yeah, seriously! You saw that skunk that took the last cheesy breadstick, right? Freakin' bastard didn't even tip us or anything." He sighed, pulling down on his crop top yet again. Damn thing was starting to ride up now. "It still beats having to hide food from Gerald, I guess."

Arro opened his mouth to reply until he saw an annoyed-looking ferret marching their way. He had to crane his neck around the pile of discarded pizza boxes and snack wrappers littering the table to see the small mammal.

“Hey! You two. The job fair is over. You need to leave now.” He eyed the trash pile up and down. “And don’t forget to clean up after yourselves.”

Arro glanced around and was surprised to see that they were, in fact, the only table still here. “Oh, sorry,” he stammered to the ferret. As the ferret walked away, he muttered more softly, to Denya, “Oh shit. I sort of thought we’d have more time.” He wasn’t sure how well the two applications they’d scrounged up in all these hours would hold against a company credit card bill that included their impromptu pizza party, not to mention their bizarre... attire.

Denya wasn’t all too eager to move either, having eaten his fair share of their greasy feast. But, there wasn’t much else to do, he figured, outside of eating more. “Yeah, can’t believe it’s already almost evening,” the draolf nodded.

There was a lot of trash. They couldn’t even see their counter beneath the stacks of pizza and breadstick boxes, not to mention all the wrappers from their previous snacking scattered about on the ground. Denya’s ears folded, knowing he contributed to a considerable portion of the trash. He wasn’t usually this dirty, but he also wasn’t usually this gluttonous, either. “Right, well then.” Denya sighed, before giving a half-hearted smile to Arro. “Let’s wrap it up, then.”

Thankfully, it didn’t take nearly as long as Denya thought it would to clean up their mess. There was a dumpster at the edge of the fairgrounds to haul their garbage to. Arro didn’t even need to make more than two trips, the large dragon able to somehow balance all of those towering pizza boxes in his arms, with a little help from his protruding gut. Denya was amazed to witness such a feat of strength and balance first hand, the draolf halfway through scooping up the miscellaneous wrappers just to watch the larger dragon move. Arro really was amazing. Denya just wished the poor guy wasn’t so anxious about his weight all the time; honestly, he thought the chub suited the handsome drake perfectly.

Wow, it got warm out all of a sudden.

When Arro returned, Denya had finished cramming the last of the other waste into the trash bag they were provided, smirking. “Look how much we got to eat today!” He laughed, bouncing the bag over his broad shoulders. “I bet Gerald would have a meltdown if he saw us today.”

Arro winced. “Yeah. Maybe we shouldn’t... uh...” He realized he didn’t know what to say. Shouldn’t mention the pizza? Gerald would see it on the company card. Shouldn’t mention the upsetting lack of applicants? Well what were they supposed to present to him as paperwork? Arro supposed the only thing they could really get away with was the way that

they'd practically burst out of their clothing; in Denya's case, quite literally. "Maybe we shouldn't talk about the shirts," he finally settled on.

As he watched the other drake picking up some boxes, the straining fabric was more evident than ever. Arro watched in amusement as what was left of Denya's shirt rode up over his belly every time he bent down, his gut hanging heavily off his frontside and swaying with his movements, and then Arro's eyes slowly moved back to the other end of him. Denya's pants were starting to slide down his bloated waistline with every bend too, his stuffed belly forcing everything apart. He stifled a small laugh.

While Denya didn't catch onto Arro's staring, he could feel the bottom of his sweats rubbing against the tops of his feet. The draolf folded his ears as he walked the last of the trash over to the dumpster, widening his gait to better keep his pants up. Tossing the rubbish away, he looked down to examine himself...Of course, he couldn't really see his waist with that bloated gut in the way. How silly of him.

Instead, he reached down, grabbed the edge of his pants, and puuuuulled them up! Vaugh, when did they get so tight?! They barely moved up an inch or two, yet he knew they weren't properly on his waist! Gritting his teeth, he redoubled his efforts an-

*\*RIIIIIIP!\**

"Oh, come on!" Denya blurted out, holding the two split ends of his pants in each paw. It was bad enough he was practically shirtless in public, but now pantsless too! Even with the fairgrounds mainly evacuated, the draolf's cheeks were a bright crimson red as he fought to cover his crotch and rump with the tattered remains of his pants, despite wearing boxers to cover those regions.

Arro watched the ordeal with his mouth partway open, not sure what really to say about the matter. "Do you need any help?" he chose weakly. It felt like quite the understatement. They were standing in the center of the campus surrounded by garbage, and now one of them was naked. Great.

He waddled over to Denya, his own stomach jiggling a bit heavily with each step. "So do you, uh..." He tried not to look the clearly uncomfortable draolf up and down, particularly avoiding the visible front of his boxers that weren't at all concealed by the last shreds of his pants. "...I think we should probably go home now." Another understatement.

"Yeah...I think that's a good, uh, good idea." Denya nodded solemnly. With Arro, he took careful, easy steps, not out of embarrassment, but because he feared how tight his boxers actually were against his hips and middle. He didn't dare think about what would happen if those broke next.

“Um...” Denya looked up at Arro shyly, his tail curling around his legs. “Would it...erh...Would it be alright if I...rode back with you?” he muttered shyly. “I, uh, don’t wanna walk back like this, heh..B-but if you don’t want me to, that’s fine too, sorry.”

“Oh, uh, sure. Of course!” Arro pointedly kept his eyes on Denya’s face, and only Denya’s face. The truth was, he couldn’t imagine the hybrid getting on a bus like this. Not without getting arrested. “I mean, we’re going to the same place, so it obviously isn’t a problem.”

They began the trek towards Arro’s car, which suddenly felt very, very far away. Denya was walking at a brisk waddle to hold his pants up. Arro wished there was something he could do to help conceal the prominent ass from the world, but nothing in particular came to mind. It wasn’t exactly the kind of rip to hold a pizza box in front of or something. And Denya was a bit... larger, than something like that. Arro tried not to watch the way that his butt jiggled and swayed with his steps. He shook his head to himself. What was wrong with him? Denya was having a hard enough time without Arro’s... judgements. For some reason, it didn’t feel like judgement, but he knew that must be why his eyes were drawn back to his straining boxers time and time again. Certainly no other reason. Nope.

Thankfully, no other clothing casualties occurred once they made their way to Arro’s car, the draolf waiting until Arro invited him in before sliding inside. Phew, finally out of the public view. Denya sighed in relief as he leaned back into the cushioned seats, closing his eyes for a moment. That sigh was quickly followed by a creak as the hybrid’s gut pushed forward onto his lap, covering his poor boxers. He remembered Arro’s car being much roomier the last time he rode with the dragon; it wasn’t exactly cramped, per se, but the draolf didn’t remember his rear filling up as much of the seat as this. Maybe Arro got a smaller model or something. “Hey Arro?” he began to ask, turning to the larger dragon. “Did you-”

He froze.

Denya felt the car practically lurch when Arro got in, but seeing how the dragon just *filled* his half of the car was something else! Was Arro getting *fatter*?! It was hard to tell, due to the red-ish drake already having been quite hefty to begin with, but Denya didn’t remember his coworker’s love handles molding around the seat’s arm rests, or how his gut brushed slightly against the steering wheel, despite the seat being pulled back significantly far! Man, he was something else; those arms were thicker than Denya’s thighs, his tail as wide as a tree. Even the way those cheeks and chins jostled was endearing as Arro turned to look at him.

Oh, Arro was looking at him.

“-U-uh...” Denya quickly snapped to look straight ahead. What was wrong with him? He sat next to Arro practically all day every other day at work. So what if they were a little closer in the car? So what if it would be easy to tilt his head to the side and lean onto Arro’s shoulder? So what if he was practically shirtless and pantless in front of the nicest and most thoughtful dragon

he had ever met...Denya's tail quickly snapped up to cover his crotch, in case his belly wasn't doing a good enough job.

Arro was still looking at him.

"D-do you...uh..." He stammered, looking down at himself anxiously. Ears folding with embarrassment, he said the first thing that came to mind. "D-do you wanna get ice cream, or something? Like, go through a drive-thru ice cream place? It'd, uh, be the least I could do for letting you do this for me," Denya muttered, still looking down at himself shyly. Man, his stomach was huge now that it was unimpeded by any shirt. He hefted the pizza-filled ball of fluff and fat into his arms, watching it droop slightly before dropping it back into his lap. "Phew...hard to believe I nearly fit into a Medium with a gut this big, huh?" He chuckled dryly. How odd that when he tried not thinking about Arro's belly, he ended up playing with his own.

Arro turned his gaze towards the road and put both paws on the steering wheel as Denya played with the sprawling ocean of fat on his own lap. He really had gained weight. Arro knew he was in no position to judge; he kept telling himself that. But he couldn't help but *notice* for some reason. He just couldn't stop noticing it.

He was still aware of Denya kneading his own hefty roll out the corner of his eye. "Okay, I know a great icecream place," he said quickly, pulling onto the main road. It didn't take them all that long to reach it. He wondered if the worker at the drive-thru window would say anything about the naked hybrid. Other than his shirt, the way that Denya's belly spread over his lap and boxers mostly concealed the fact that he was wearing any clothing at all.

Fortunately, she didn't say anything as she handed them the icecream, and Arro pulled over a bit. He dug the straw into his milkshake. He couldn't really believe he'd agreed to get icecream so soon after eating, but... He glanced at Denya as he passed him his own icecream, and the hybrid smiled. Of course Arro said yes to icecream.

His own gut was more than a bit bloated, brushing up against the steering wheel slightly and overflowing his seat. He didn't like the way that one of his chunky love handles intruded over the center armrest into Denya's personal space. He'd downed shit tons of snacks, and then pizza, and now he was adding ice cream? What was wrong with him? -A question he asked himself many times per day.

Arro tentatively put his lips on his milkshake and sucked, drawing up the creamy, sugary drink.

Denya was uncharacteristically silent the entire car ride there, being too occupied playing with his gut while trying not to notice Arro's. Really, when did it get so heavy and soft? He didn't remember it being able to rest on his lap like this, or jiggle and wobble so much from the car ride alone. Even while filled with food, it was starting to shape like Arro's.

Dammit, he thought about Arro again.

Fortunately, he had ice cream to also help distract him, the hybrid spooning up large bites of his sundae. His ears twitched slightly when he heard Arro drink...and drink...and drink. Sheesh, was he doing all of that in one breath? He looked over, surprised to see the dragon drain nearly half of his large shake in a single go. More importantly, he noticed Arro's eyes were on him; rather, on his belly.

"O-oh, uh," Denya blushed slightly, noticing his middle was still quivering. "Sorry for uh...always ending up half naked around you?" He said that as a question, as if asking out loud if that was the appropriate thing to say. Seriously, what else could he say? Sorry for being such a big fuck up? Shaking his head, he tried again. "Thanks for putting up with me. I...know I can be a bit much., heh."

"Oh, it's no trouble," said Arro quickly, making sure to keep his eyes on Denya's face again, averting his gaze from anywhere else. "You're very, uh... exciting. I never know what to expect." He blushed. He wondered if that sounded condescending. "I have a lot of fun working with you." That sounded better. And he meant it.

Denya's cheeks tinged red as he looked up at Arro, his tail wagging slowly. "O-oh, thanks...I really like working with you too!" He didn't know how else to respond, or how to further the conversation. So he didn't, and instead chose to gaze up at the dragon, waiting for a response back.

But there wasn't any. The two doughy dragons locked eyes with one another, neither of them willing to speak up, nor look away. The draolf noticed more and more features about Arro's face the longer they kept looking; the way those cheeks dimpled, or how his chubby neck spilled over his shirt's collar. But he also noticed how bright those blue eyes were, or how soft his muzzle looked.

Slowly, Denya cracked a grin. "Heh...I bet you won't predict what I'm about to do next, then."

Arro pricked his ears forward. "I mean... I suppose I wouldn't?" He would have predicted that Denya would keep eating ice cream, but was getting the impression that wasn't what Denya meant.

"Well, then." Denya sat upright, before leaning towards the dragon, his heart beat racing. He still looked up at the lardy lizard, the chubby cutie, the round reptile.

His best friend.

He paused. He couldn't go through with it. The thought of possibly destroying his only friendship he'd built in this sprawling city chained him to his seat, unable to close the distance between their muzzles.

Shit, he was in an awkward position, looming over Arro's hefty sides like that. His maw still partly agape, the draolf quickly reacted on instinct: He lifted up the dragon's tight shirt and blew a large raspberry on the sprawling fat! "Hah! Betcha weren't expecting that, huh! Heheh..."

Arro startled, feeling really warm suddenly. Maybe the car's air conditioning wasn't working well enough. "I mean... that's definitely... Uh, I sure wasn't." He self-consciously clutched his belly and looked away. He knew it wouldn't hide how red his face was.

"I'll keep ya on your toes, don't you worry," Denya chuckled, before turning away himself. Somehow, he figured motorboating Arro's rolls was an even worse idea than kissing him. Welp, their friendship was nice while it lasted, he figured. Maybe he can find another job in a city faaaaaar away from here, start a new life, rename himself. He humorously thought of himself wearing a fake moustache as he tore through the rest of his ice cream, eager to try and ignore the aching pain in his heart.

The ride was in silence. Arro stifled a sigh of relief as they finally walked through the building together, Arro's massive bulk letting the much smaller bulk lead the way. When they got to the elevator, however, they both instinctively slowed. Even if Denya weren't super sure about his weight gain yet, Arro figured on a subconscious level, he must still have the feeling that the elevator was looking a bit small right now...

"Uh, which of us wants to go up first?" Arro asked automatically. Then he felt warm. Immediately jumping to the conclusion that he wouldn't fit on behind his slightly smaller friend made him sound like a fatass, for the millionth time today. "First onto the elevator, I mean. You know. At the same time, because we're both going up." He pressed his index fingers together. "Not, like, separately, or anything. Just, both of us, together, either you going first, or me going first. Onto the elevator, I mean."

"Oh...Oh!" Denya blinked, glancing up at Arro for the first time since getting ice cream. He wasn't quite sure at first why the large dragon was suddenly anxious about the two riding up the same elevator. Then again, he did just violate the dragon's personal space a few minutes ago. Yeah, that'd do it.

"Um, I can go in first. So I don't, uh, surprise you again," Denya volunteered as he stepped into the elevator, feeling it dip ever so slightly. He was glad that Arro actually suggested they still take the same elevator up, instead of different trips; maybe the large dragon didn't completely hate him after all.

With his back against the wall, he gestured for Arro to come in, his ears folding as the larger dragon made his way in. Subconsciously, he sucked in as much of his round belly as possible; the dragon would need every spare inch he could get!

Arro sucked in his own gut as well. Vaughn, this was going to be a tight squeeze. He tried to ease himself inside as gently as possible, although still trying to move fast enough that the elevator door didn't close on him. He'd been through enough embarrassment today.

He noticed that while normally he'd fill the elevator on his own, he now had another body to contend with taking up a fair amount of space. It also wasn't beyond his notice that the last time they'd been in an elevator, although it had been tight, it hadn't been THIS tight. The excess of fat that had poured onto Denya's frame since joining the office was now undeniable. Arro didn't look at Denya as he maneuvered around inside the confined space, awkwardly trying not to suffocate the poor draolf, although the draolf's body was definitely holding its own; his gut jutted out into Arro's personal space just as much as his was bloated in front of him from all of the pizza and snacks. And icecream. Damn, why did he have to be so fat.

Denya grunted slightly at the weight pressing against him. His broad back was firmly pressed against the wall, and yet he still felt Arro's broad gut smoosh heavily against his. What's more, the dragon's shirt had actually lifted up, his exposed gut rubbing against Denya's own. The hybrid's cheeks flushed red as it was the dragon's turn to infiltrate his own personal space. He was really glad both of their guts were blocking off their view of each other's crotches. "E-erh...can you, uh...still reach the buttons?"

"Yeah, I..." He blushed. He wasn't actually sure. He needed to test it for himself. "Uh, hang on. You're going to the second floor, yeah? Heh," he stammered. He knew damn well where Denya was going, but needed an extra sentence or two to buy him the moment he needed to grope around for the buttons, which to his horror, he saw were in severe danger of being swallowed up. If he leaned forward just slightly too far, there was a chance he might press all of them. With his, er, bulk. He was keeping his breath sucked in a bit as he sort of hefted his protruding chub out of the way with his back to Denya, hoping against hope that the smaller fur wouldn't see. It was still a struggle to press the button. It didn't help that the elevator was suddenly, unbearably warm.

When they finally got up to the second floor, after what should have been a several-second ordeal if they hadn't spent so much time groping around and squeezing, Arro finally stepped aside for the draolf to exit. Well, he tried to. Sort of. There wasn't really anywhere for him to go. "Er, sorry," he chuckled nervously as he tried to press himself as hard as possible off to the side, still managing to fill most of the space. Pushing against the elevator wall just made the soft layers of adipose squeeze forward everywhere else, every bulge and roll jiggling as he struggled, his face getting redder and redder. Although he was getting redder for multiple reasons.

Meanwhile, he watched as Denya went to leave, doing quite a bit of squeezing himself. The tubby hybrid's belly sagged in front of him; Arro had seen him certainly get his fair share of the pizza, along with everything else. From beneath the 'hem' of the crop top, he also sported puffy love handles that spread over the top of his straining boxers, the flab looking soft as Denya tried to brush by. His belly ended up squishing up against Arro's. The significantly larger dragon couldn't move anywhere else.

The elevator doors began to slide shut.

"Wait, shit," Arro growled as he tried to hold the door open a second longer, but now, Denya was in his way. They were both pressed up in front of it.

It wasn't as though Denya terribly minded their unusual situation, but he still made an attempt to get at the door. He sidled his way along the other wall, inching his way along, but the closer he got to the exit, the tighter he found himself squeezing against the larger dragon! Ugh, if only he wasn't still bloated from all that food from last night. And the night before that. And the night before that...

The elevator dinged, and soon began rising again.

Denya let out a sigh of frustration, which only served to fill up what little free space there was between the two. The hefty hybrid looked up at Arro again; they were practically stuck facing each other as they rode up to the next floor. "Sorry...I, uh," he blushed, before looking down at himself. Even with all that pizza and ice cream inside, his belly resembled a fluffy white pancake as it flattened against Arro's own impressive gut. "I...think I should lay off the snacks for a while, heh." he chuckled bluntly, patting his own supple tum. "No wonder I keep tearing out of my clothes."

"I mean, I know what that's like," Arro assured him wryly. Then he went to smack his forehead. Except he couldn't, because the area was too cramped. Why why why did he keep saying dumb shit reminding everyone around him of his weight? It was already very visible! He didn't need to check off every stereotype on the list!

The elevator couldn't ding soon enough. He was just hoping he'd have more luck getting off than Denya had, since he had technically started out slightly closer to the door. He felt really shitty about being too fat for the hybrid to exit.

The door opened to reveal another dragon with his finger halfway to the elevator button outside. Upon seeing Arro, he paused. "Oh. You're finally back. I was wondering where-" He paused when he saw the elevator had a second occupant. "Oh, sorry, I suppose I'm in the way." He started to move back.

Arro took the opportunity to begin trying to squeeze out. "Wait, uh," he tugged at his belly a bit trying to squeeze some of his ample padding into the hallway towards freedom. "Um, this is

Denya. Hey, Denya,” he craned his neck back awkwardly, although it wasn’t much, both due to the weird angle and the roll of fat blocking the motion. “Um, Denya, this is Rangavar.” The words came out through gritted teeth as he wriggled himself back and forth a few times to squeeze past Denya’s chubby body. “Vaugh, I am so sorry about this,” he laughed nervously.

Rangavar was watching the ordeal with an expression that was either curiosity or amusement. Maybe both. Probably both. “Oh, you’re the guy Arro talks about incessantly whenever he comes home from work.”

The fattest dragon of the trio finally squirmed his way into the hallway with a final hard shove, almost bowling into the much smaller, scrawnier dragon before him. “I- I don’t talk about-!” He groped around for words for a moment before just putting his paws over his face and groaning. To make matters worse, he knew his cheeks were bright red. “I just- I mean, I talk about him a normal, average amount,” he growled. With his back to the draolf, he was glaring daggers at Rangavar. “You know, I mean, he’s the guy I’ve mentioned a few times that I work with.”

Rangavar watched with raised brows. “A few times.”

Arro scowled.

“A few times?” Denya repeated, his ears shooting right up. It made him genuinely excited to see Arro talked about the draolf a lot to his friend...or were those two more than friends? They were bickering like they were a married couple.

Either way, the draolf *really* wished he wasn’t in his underwear right now. Staring at them silently while waiting for the elevator to close would only make things more awkward, so the draolf put on a smile and waved as if nothing was out of the ordinary. “Heya! Pleased to meetcha, Rangavar! I’m Arro’s co-worker.” Well, duh. “We work together.” Denya froze; talking was hard tonight. “I...usually wear more clothes when we work.”

Arro watched the dark gray dragon’s sharp gaze travel over Denya for a second. “I... I’m sure you do.” He took a few tentative steps towards the elevator before casting a confused glance back at Arro. “So... I was on my way to get groceries...” He looked back to Denya. “So I guess I’ll just... get on the elevator now...”

“He doesn’t bite, I promise,” Arro grinned.

Rangavar blinked. “Me, or your friend?”

Arro rolled his eyes, waving a paw at him. “Hey, go get your groceries, and stop being rude by talking about my friend like he’s not even here.”

The significantly smaller dragon made a face at him.

"I'll see you when you get home, alright?" Arro waved again as the elevator doors slid shut.

And then there were two.

Denya couldn't get over how much free space there was in the elevator now that Arro had left, now that it was just him and the skinny drake. Moreover, the room still felt stifled and cramped because of how awkward this situation was for him. Were they roommates? Friends? More than friends?

The chubby draolf fidgeted in place, his exposed belly jiggling slightly. He tried staring straight ahead like the other dragon, Rangavar, was doing, yet he kept casting a few sideways glances at the darker hued drake. Finally, when the tension was unbearable, Denya broke into a smile. "So hey! Uh, nice to finally meet you, and stuff. Arro told me a lot about you too." He paused, trying to think of something nice to say. "You're not small at all!" That was a compliment, right?

The slightly taller dragon slowly turned to glance down at him. "Is... that what Arro says about me?" He wrinkled his snout slightly. He didn't look amused.

"Well, that's not all he says!" Denya explained like he knew what he was talking about, before pausing because he had no clue what he was talking about. He racked his brain trying to remember all the times his coworker brought up the small, skinny, awkward dragon. "He said you're, uh, really nice when he got to know you, even though you try to act grumpy."

Now the dark gray dragon was scowling at the elevator door. "Great. I'm glad that of all the things he could say about me, that's what he settled on."

"N-nono! He says good things too!" Denya's fidgeting (and jiggling) grew worse. He spun to face the other dragon, only to recoil in horror when his exposed middle bounced into Rangavar's side, who grunted from being struck by the sudden flabby appendage. Denya whined. "Aw, fuck, I'm sorry! I didn't mean to! I just...elevator's small and...I'm not and..."

The doors opened. Were they finally back on the second floor? Denya didn't care, he just hopped out anyways, trying to put some distance between himself and the intimidating, scowling drake. "W-we'll talk another time, yeah? Good meeting you!"

And without waiting for a response, Denya turned and quickly waddled off. He walked as fast as his chunky legs would allow, not stopping or looking back until he made it to the front door. There, he threw it open and dashed inside, letting the door close behind him as he made a beeline for his bed, collapsing face first onto it.

What a fucking day. Where did he even begin? It seemed like every other minute, he was humiliating himself in front of Arro in one way or another. With a muffled grumble, the draolf rolled to his side, hugging a pillow into his flustered face. Despite how frustrating his whole ordeal was, he couldn't bring himself to stay upset.

After all, at the end of the day, Arro still called him his friend.