

Okay, the elevator *definitely* creaked when Arro stepped onto it. He was sure he wasn't imagining it this time.

"So he gave you the room number?" Rangavar asked, casually adjusting his shirt.

Arro had changed his own shirt. He'd changed into one without an icecream stain.
"Yeah. I hope he's ready."

They stepped off the elevator onto the second floor, quickly following the door numbers to the apartment where Denya lived. They stopped outside. Arro frowned. "Hey, isn't this directly under our apartment?"

Rangavar shrugged. Arro knocked on the door.

"Just a minute!" Denya called out in return. Shit, he still wasn't done getting ready! The hybrid was standing in front of a full length mirror, fussing about with his notoriously messy hair, trying to get the damn locks in place. He could run water over it, but that would just make him look sweaty. Truth be told, he was already sweaty just thinking about tonight; this was his one chance to impress Rangavar, and to a greater extent Arro.

This night had a lot riding on it.

Muttering a few swears, the draolf chuckled the hairbrush across the room and decided to finish up instead. He hefted his big ball of belly in his arms, watching the obese draolf do the same in the mirror, making sure his dark shirt was nice and tucked in before letting it sag once more into his suspenders. God, those things were digging tightly into his gut, even after he digested his massive meals today.

With everything in place, the hybrid quickly stumbled to the front door, his hasty footsteps rattling every drawer in his apartment. Once there, he leaned back (wincing as the suspenders pinched his fat belly), adjusted himself one last time, and opened the door with a wide, cherubic grin. "Hey, guys! Sorry about the wait, but I'm ready to roll now!"

"Hi," said Arro. He wasn't sure what else to say. They'd seen each other only a few hours ago. "I'm glad you decided to come!" He glanced at Rangavar. "And... you two already know each other this time! So that's awesome."

The corner of Rangavar's mouth quirked up. "Yeah. Nice... clothes, you're wearing this time." He was probably admiring the cute planet suspenders. Arro was certain about that. Rangavar went on, "I guess we'll get going then, huh?"

"Sounds good to me," Denya beamed. Rangavar was already complimenting him on his suspenders! This was going fantastic so far! The draolf couldn't help but pull slightly against the top of the stretchy braces before letting them slap against his broad, jiggly belly. He was quite

visibly excited, his tail wiggling behind him as they walked, although he mentally told himself to stay cool. As long as he didn't tear any clothes, he would be putting on a better impression than his first.

As they made their way to the elevator, the grin on Denya's face faltered. It was two weeks ago when he and Arro got wedged, and they, erh, he had only gotten fatter since. His ears folded as he turned to his companions. "Soooo, uh, how do we wanna do this?"

Arro turned from Denya back to the elevator, looking at it uncertainly. "I think I should, uh, go down by myself," he said awkwardly. He knew it should be him. He was the biggest. He'd have to swallow his pride and take one for the team. "I'll go down after you guys. Okay?"

He saw Rangavar eyeing Denya out of the corner of his eye. "Sounds good to me." When the elevator arrived, the much smaller dragon stepped on, then made sure to stand back for Denya to enter. Way, way back.

Seeing his cue, Denya sauntered into the elevator, turning to smile at Arro before the doors closed. Already, he was hit by a strong sense of déjà vu, being alone with Rangavar in an elevator. He should be fine, right? After all, he was wearing clothes this time.

Out of the corner of his eye, he spotted Rangavar eyeing him curiously. With a smile, Denya turned to face the skinny dragon. "Yeah, I'm not naked this time! I, uh, made sure to prepare, just in case." The draolf chuckled, pulling at his suspenders yet again. "They have planets on them. Cool, huh?"

"Uh. Yeah. That's pretty cool." Even with just the two of them, the elevator felt pretty cramped. "It's good that you have clothes on this time. You know. Out in public." The elevator was quiet again for a moment. Then, "It's still a bit cramped in here, though. Like... I think it's more cramped in here than last time," Rangavar added more slowly.

"Oh, that's probably because I've gotten fat." Denya laughed. He still couldn't believe he only found out about that earlier today. His grin widened even more when he saw the baffled look on Rangavar's face; apparently, the small dragon wasn't used to fatties finding their own weight gain hilarious.

Well, he wanted to come off as someone who was cool and casual about his body. The obese draolf thumped his suspender straps against his gut yet again, before patting the side of his jiggling gut. "Yeah, it turns out sitting in an office job and eating chips and cookies all day is kinda bad for your waistline. Go figure, huh?" he snickered.

The elevator dinged, and they stepped out. Rangavar quickly left first so that there weren't any mishaps. "Arro's turn," he said a bit awkwardly. Now they had to stand and wait some more. It seemed like forever before the doors opened again and Arro appeared.

He pulled out his keys. He hoped his face wasn't red. He wasn't feeling super proud of needing an elevator to himself. "Alright, let's go."

When they got to the car, Arro eased himself into the driver's seat as gently as possible. The seat was all the way back, and yet he was still nearly grazing the steering wheel. He grimaced. He knew damn well why he was gaining so much weight lately, and he'd have to cut it out. No more snacking at work. He glanced over to see Rangavar, by comparison, having a much easier time slipping into the passenger side. Unlike Arro, he wasn't overflowing his seat.

Denya, however, hesitated. He wasn't sure he could fit into the car at all. There was no way he could sit behind Arro, that's for sure, not with his seat pulled all the way back like that. Sheepishly, he shuffled to the other side of the car, opening the back door and leaning his head in. "Um...Rangavar? Could you scoot your seat up like...all the way, please?"

The gray dragon nodded and did what he was asked, and Denya continued to squeeze his way into the back. Urf, cars were getting seriously uncomfortable. Even with the front seat pulled up, Denya still felt cramped as heck in the back, taking a moment to make sure no part of him was spilling out before shutting the door. Maybe he should take dieting a bit more seriously.

Of course, that thought seemingly vanished from his head the moment he pulled his seatbelt over himself, the draolf having found a new set of straps to playfully slap against his belly.

Arro was thrilled when Olive Garden didn't look super busy. He groped around to find his seatbelt, which had gotten sucked under his largest roll somewhere. Well, it was actually the seatbelt extender; he needed one of those now. He started to blush as Rangavar easily hopped out of the car. Fuck. He wriggled and squirmed a bit until he plunged his fist far enough under the overhang of his belly to reach the buckle and click it open. He was finally able to leave the car with his pride only slightly more wounded than before.

Arro felt a bit better by the time they were seated in the restaurant. Still, his shirt clung uncomfortably around his middle. He would have preferred to wear the other one, if not for the ice cream stain. This one felt a bit too snug. Rangavar had told him it was fine.

The friendly coyote smiled. "What drinks can I getcha?"

"I'll actually have coke, if that's fine."

"Sure thing." She turned and smiled at Rangavar.

"Can I actually get a beer?"

Arro shot him a look, but Rangavar was pretending not to see. Arro knew he did. He knew.

"How about you, hun?"

Denya smiled. "Can I get one, too?" Truthfully, he wasn't sure he should have more beers; his head was already somewhat sore after earlier today. However, imitation was the sincerest form of flattery, right? He might have become friends with Arro by mimicking his menu choices; maybe the same can happen by mimicking Rangavar's drink choices?

"Perfect, perfect," the coyote quickly scribbled on his notepad. "We'll have those right out for you. Breadsticks should be just a moment longer, too."

"Awesome, thanks!" Denya beamed as he watched the other canid walk away, before turning to his friends. "Mmm, I forgot they gave you breadsticks here. I'm glad I only got a beer now," he chuckled, once again slapping his suspenders against his gut. Truthfully, he had no idea how dense or calorie-heavy beers were, but they must have been a diet drink if Rangavar was drinking one. That guy was as thin as a rail!

"You're just gonna have one?" asked Rangavar.

"Rangavar, YOU should just have one." Arro frowned at him. "Whenever you drink, I end up having to take care of you."

"Not true," the dark gray dragon scoffed. Arro just shook his head. He already knew there was no winning.

"I was just gonna start with one and order more when the food came," Denya chimed in, answering Rangavar's question. The idea that Rangavar needed to be taken care of by the much larger dragon was genuinely adorable, a thought that brought a slight smile to his muzzle. They were a very cute couple. He glanced back at the smaller drake. "It's ok if you only get one, though. Not everyone can handle a few beers," Denya explained in what he hoped was a comforting manner.

The gray dragon scowled. "You think I can't handle 'a few'?" He shot a glance at Arro. "Did you say that to him?"

Arro blushed. "What? No!"

The other dragon turned back to Denya. "I can drink a lot. Probably more than you can," he smirked.

"Really?" Denya asked in genuine shock. That little guy can really drink a lot? He sounded so sure of himself, too.

The draolf, however, wasn't quite as confident. After all, he did some...questionable acts while only slightly under. It was possible Rangavar really could outdrink the hybrid. The dark gray dragon did sound somewhat offended when the draolf accidentally inferred he couldn't hold his own.

Soon, Denya smiled back. "Alright, you're on. But I'm warning yah, I can reeeeeally hold my own!" He chuckled. Inwardly, he had a plan: Drink a few, call it quits, and let Rangavar think he won. It'd boost the dragon's ego, and maybe help boost their friendship as well.

The other dragon rolled his eyes. "Yeah. Okay. Sure."

Arro groaned. "Really?"

"What, are you going to make fun of your work friend, too?" Rangavar asked.

"I'm not making fun of anyone!" Arro felt his face heat up. That had been happening a lot lately. Or, well, a lot since forever. "Just... ugh. I know this isn't going to end well." He wrinkled his snout. "Probably particularly for me."

Denya turned towards the bigger dragon. "It's alright, Arro, I won't-" He stopped himself, blushing. Shoot, he almost admitted what he had done to the bigger drake in front of his mate. "I, uh, won't be embarrassing this time. I'm gonna-"

He gasped. Loudly. There were breadsticks.

He wiggled happily in his seat as the coyote came back with their appetizers: Two large baskets full of the delicious salty bread. The draolf's nose twitched as they were placed onto their table, along with two beers and a coke. The coyote smiled. "Alright, are you fellas ready to order?"

"Mmf?" Denya didn't respond immediately, maw full of half a breadstick he shoved into it the moment the food touched the table. Quickly gulping down his mouthful, he huffed and pointed at his menu. "Can I do the, uh, endless pasta, please? Rigatoni, with meat sauce and meatballs, if that's alright."

"Of course, of course," their waiter scribbled in his notebook, before glancing at the other dragons. "And for you?"

Arro stared at the menu uncertainly, restraining himself from taking a piece of bread until at least after blurting out an order. "Can I have that too?" he finally asked. It sounded really good. And now he had the chance to grab a few breadsticks for himself.

"Can I get a salad?" Rangavar asked.

The coyote smiled. "Sure thing! And can I... Should I bring out more breadsticks?"

Rangavar glanced at the other two drakes, whose mouths were too full of breadsticks to answer. "Uh, yes please." At his tone of voice, Arro blushed again. Rangavar was a veteran at this sort of thing.

Denya looked up as he finished off his second breadstick, folding his ears. He probably shouldn't have eaten two of them so quickly; he didn't want to fill up on bread before their food came. He really wasn't all that hungry to begin with either, after stuffing himself so much just earlier today, but damn, if those breadsticks didn't awaken some primal urge within him.

Resisting the temptations of a third breadstick, Denya reached for his beer and nearly took a sip before remembering he was in a drinking contest with Rangavar. "Oh, right," he muttered, holding up his glass to clink against the gray dragon's. "Cheers!"

Rangavar clinked his glass, and they drank. Arro sighed.

Arro decided to focus on the wonderful breadsticks before him instead, which he realized he hadn't had in quite a long time. He didn't waste any more time shoving another in his mouth, then another. Fortunately, these were the big baskets, containing twelve breadsticks. He was surprised the server didn't ask whether or not they wanted a big one. Then he glanced at Denya. Then at himself. He was pretty sure he knew why.

"Ahhhh!" Denya sighed in relief, foam sticking to the edge of his muzzle as he pulled the beer glass away. He had gotten good at drinking beer, despite only being exposed to it today. Somehow, he managed to chug the entire beverage in a single go! Sure, his eyes stung a little from all the micro burps he did to let the carbonation escape, but hey. He probably looked like a pro!

He glanced over at Rangavar, and was surprised to see the dark gray dragon was barely halfway through his own mug. Perhaps he wasn't as good of a drinker as he thought he was. "You got this, bud. Just a little more to go," the hybrid encouraged, trying to cheer on the skinny drake.

Rangavar scowled at him over the top of his glass. "No need to patronize me. I know I can outdrink you." As if to prove the point, he tipped his own glass back and downed it. Arro wanted to pull out his wing fur in exasperation. Denya was definitely not helping.

At least the breadsticks were helping. Arro just kept eating them as he waited for the inevitable train wreck that would follow later tonight. He wondered when the pasta would arrive. Maybe that would help distract him. As it was, the hybrid and the smaller dragon both managed to get through another two drinks before their server reappeared, both matching each other drink for drink.

The coyote smiled as he set down the pasta and salad. "Anything else?"

"Can we actually have more breadsticks, please?" Arro interjected. He definitely didn't want to forget about that.

"Sure thing? Anything else?"

"Two more beers, too!" Oops, Denya didn't mean to be quite so loud. He got a little excited when he saw the pasta, as well as Arro asking for even more breadsticks. A good thing his diet officially started tomorrow, right?

"Right, more beers, of course." The coyote smiled sweetly, apparently quite used to dealing with customers that liked to go a bit overboard. "I'll have those out in a sec."

"Thanks!" Denya called back. Shit, he was being loud again. Maybe it was time to take a little break from the beer and to dive right into the pasta. The draolf stabbed several large rigatonis and meatballs with his fork, stuffing them into his maw. Mmmm, delish. Maybe it was the beers, but he swore the food tasted almost magical, how scrumptious it was.

"How come you just got a salad?" the draolf asked Rangavar, staring at the gray drake's pitiful excuse of a meal. "Is it cuz you're afraid you'd get fat?"

The more slender dragon wrinkled his snout. "I actually couldn't even if I tried. My species burns calories too quickly." He glanced back down at his salad. "I just really like salad, okay?" He grabbed his glass and took another deep drink.

Denya picked up his own glass and tried to match his sip.

Rangavar had gone back to stabbing the salad with his fork. "So... do you, uh, like salad?"

Arro wanted to facepalm. Rangavar was terrible at small talk.

"Nah," Denya shook his head, flicking some foam that was stuck to his whiskers. "I never was a fan, even back when I, uh, didn't need suspenders to keep my pants up." The draolf lifted his glass up to drain the last of it of beer. Rangavar did the same. "Do you like stir fry? It's like a salad, but, like, on a stove."

"I mean, by that logic, salad is anything that you can reasonably toss in a bowl." Rangavar sipped again, watching Denya copy him. "But yeah, I do, I guess."

"He's very picky," Arro piped. Rangavar made a face at him.

“That’s interesting logic.” Denya nodded. He was happy to discover that there was more to a salad than just vegetables in a bowl. He dug for more pasta, only to frown when his fork dinged against the bottom of his bowl. When did he finish that off? The creaking of his suspenders told him he ate the entire bowl, yet he wasn’t convinced that he managed to polish it off so quickly.

Oh well, good thing he got the endless pasta option.

“Hey, wait,” the draolf frowned, looking over his empty bowl. “Does...would that make pasta a salad, too?”

Rangavar frowned at the pasta. “Hmm... I mean, it’s just one or two ingredients. I’m not sure pasta can be a salad.”

Arro slapped his forehead. “You know pasta salad is a thing, right? Right?” He had no idea how he was going to handle these two. “I think maybe you should lay off the beers.”

“Oh, right! I forgot about pasta salad.” Rangavar completely ignored the beer comment.

Arro sighed.

“Ah, so pasta *is* a salad!” Denya nodded, before blinking as the table thudded slightly. Were he just a bit more sober, he would have noticed Arro slamming his paws into his face, pressing his elbows heavily against the table.

Instead, what he *did* notice was more breadsticks and more beer!

The lardy lupine wagged his tail as the two starchy items were set on the table. The tipsy hybrid reached out for more of the salty bread, taking another large bite. He wondered if he could ask the waiter to pour cheese onto the breadsticks, like how he offered to put cheese on Rangavar’s salad. Cheesy breadsticks sounded amazing right now.

Thinking about his new culinary ideas, he didn’t notice Rangavar taking a drink of his beer until the dragon was over a third of the way through his glass. As Rangavar was about to set the glass down, however, he was interrupted by a claw as Denya kept the glass up, forcing the dragon to keep drinking. “C’mon, keep going. You said you could out drink me, afterall,” he smirked.

To Arro’s dismay, Rangavar obliged and finished off the glass. The gray dragon sat back in his seat. “Well, now it’s your turn,” he smirked back.

Unwilling to watch the trainwreck, Arro angrily stabbed at his pasta. Although he did have to admit it was pretty good pasta. His shirt was actually feeling a bit tighter than before, he noticed, as he finished up bowl after bowl. The breadsticks probably didn’t help. He tried to be

discreet as he reached up to rub his swollen belly a bit, but realized he didn't need to, since the other two drakes at the table were thoroughly entertaining each other. His fingers noticed that the buttons were straining a bit, and he was suddenly aware of how deeply his belt was digging into the underside of his gut. Maybe he should have foregone the belt.

Denya chugged his glass. Barely. He sputtered slightly when he was over halfway through, but was able to recover enough to finish off the glass. "Urf, fuck." He burped, setting the glass back down. He was drunk, or at least getting there. He didn't remember feeling so light-headed at the bowling alley. What was that now: five or six beers?

"I, uh, think I'm getting close to losing." He giggled, going back to his pasta bowl. He was getting a bit sloppier, some of the pasta bouncing against his muzzle before making its way into his maw. Not that he needed any more food, of course. His straps were painfully digging into his gut at this point. "Looks like you're gonna win, Rangavar! You're so good at drinking, heheh."

"Noooo don't encourage him," Arro tried to protest, but it was too late. Rangavar was holding more beer.

"You're not too bad at it yourself. I'm surprised we're not drunk right now," Rangavar slurred.

Forget slapping his forehead. Arro wanted to slap Rangavar's. And probably Denya's, for good measure. "Guys. No. Stop. You've both had WAY more than enough."

Rangavar dismissively waved a paw at him. "It's not over until somebody wins."

Arro didn't think there would be a winner. He was pretty sure everyone was losing tonight. Especially himself. It was bad enough whenever he had to handle just one drunk dragon, and now there were two.

"I mean, I guess we could slow down, but I'm up for another beer. You?"

Arro wanted to kill him.

"Yeah, man. I mean, if we're not drunk, I could totally go for more!" Denya beamed. He was doing a great job! Rangavar was talking to him more freely now, and all he had to do was drink beer! He was having a great time; he just wished Arro was too. Why was the bigger dragon so upset anyways? Was he afraid Denya would steal Rangavar from him? That would be pretty easy, he supposed; Rangavar looked thin enough that he could be carried in one arm.

While waiting on their next beer, Denya happily gorged himself on more pasta and breadsticks, alternating between the two. Vaughn, they tasted even better now that he was properly buzzed! He ignored the painful tight feeling in his stomach, more interested in eating and eating and eating until

Kchiiing!

Denya sat upright, alarmed. That sounded bad, whatever that was! He looked around, confused as all hell, before slowly glancing down at himself.

Oh, one of his suspenders snapped.

The force of his gut spilling out was enough to send the strap over his shoulder somehow; the hybrid could feel it dangling off his right wing. Gradually, he started to smirk, then giggle as he looked at himself, with half of his belly spilling freely in front of him, the other half still partially restrained by a struggling strap. "Heehee...I'm so lumpy!" He snickered, patting his tum.

Rangavar started to grin. "Yeah. Pretty lumpy." He took another sip, which of course prompted Denya to take another sip. Rangavar set down his glass. "You're like, half-lumpy right now."

Arro sighed and looked away. He supposed he could try to focus on how good the endless pasta was, but seeing Denya's predicament reminded him just how tight his own clothes were. Adding 'endless' pasta and breadsticks to a day of cake, pizza, chicken, and snacks, really wasn't helping. He tried to dip a claw behind his belt to pull at it and ease the pressure somewhat, but it just wasn't happening.

It didn't help that the table was now digging into his belly. Or, well, his belly was digging into the table. It hadn't started out doing that. It made him hyper aware of all the stretched holes between the buttons of his shirt, revealing the pale white stripe down his belly underneath. He was tempted to try kneading his bloated gut to relieve some of the pressure, but was starting to worry about what might happen if he ran his paws up and down his shirt too roughly. He decided to distract himself by popping another breadstick in his mouth and chewing as he watched the antics of the two idiots before him.

By this point, Denya decided it was time to unclasp the last suspender strap, still struggling for dear life to hold back the overflowing tum. Alas, it was not meant to be, for it only took one flick of the draolf's finger to send his gut surging forward until it collided with the table. "Woaaaah, did you see that, Rangavar? My belly was like a tidal wave!" Denya laughed, patting the side of his gut to make it jiggle. "Look at the lil waves on it!"

"That's like... a lot," the gray dragon agreed. He watched Denya play with his belly. "Are you gonna keep eating?"

"Hurrff." Denya's response was a muffled burp, his paws still roaming across his rotund middle. "I mean...I waaaaanna. Cuz it's soooo good, and all. But I'm reeeeeeally full. And all the food is on the other side of *this* beast." The draolf gigglesnorted, groping his middle. "Why?"

"There's sooo many breadsticks left," Rangavar pointed out.

"Yeah, you should have more breadsticks," Arro added quickly. Finally an idea he could get behind. If Denya ate the breadsticks, it meant Arro wouldn't be tempted to eat the breadsticks. As it was, Rangavar had only had one, which Arro didn't find surprising whatsoever. That and his salad.

"Just, there's only a few more." Rangavar started to reach for one. "Here, just-" He stabbed the breadstick toward Denya's mouth and grinned.

"Mfff!" Denya muttered, surprised to find a breadstick where there previously were none; in his maw. He glared at Rangavar, turning to awkwardly boop the dragon's snout with the breadstick still in his maw, before finally taking it out. "Was that for making you drink all your beer earlier?" he snickered, munching down on the breadstick.

"What if it was?" Rangavar downed the rest of the beer in his current glass, of course prompting Denya to try doing the same.

"Okay, thaaaat's enough alcohol tonight," Arro tried once again. Truthfully, it had been more than enough alcohol several beers ago. Or maybe after the first one.

He was at least relieved to see Denya start downing the last few breadsticks while Rangavar watched and teased him. Arro was uncomfortably stuffed, not even the tiniest extra wrinkle of his shirt allowing for extra room. He shifted a bit in his seat, trying to get into a more comfortable position since his belt was becoming painful. He took a deep breath and sighed.

Oh no.

When he inhaled, he suddenly felt a release of pressure from around his middle as several buttons of his shirt popped open, flying off to far corners of the restaurant. When his gut surged forward, the rest of the buttons immediately gave up afterwards, flinging themselves off in defeat. His distended tum flopped over his lap and dug into the table more tightly than before. "Ugh," he groaned.

"Arro, your shirt came unbuttoned," said Rangavar.

"Thanks. I'm glad you let me know." Arro was going to let Rangavar find his own way home. If he didn't wring his neck first.

As if Denya's cheeks weren't already red enough. That sight alone was enough to make him pause mid-bite to gawk at Arro, now with his tum almost fully revealed. Fuck, that was a big belly. The idea of rubbing such a colossal gut made the draolf's vision blur. Or maybe that was the alcohol. Most likely both.

Shaking himself out of his stupor, the tipsy draolf awkwardly bumped shoulders with Rangavar. "Duuuude, that happened to me at work, once! Our boss made us eat, like, a ton of cupcakes, and I ate so many my buttons popped, and, and, I hit the fox's muzzle with a button. He was pissed! I had to sit shirtless all day at work, like this."

Before Arro could stop him, Denya tucked his arms and wings into his shirt, fumbling about inside of it, before lifting it off. He sighed in relief as he was finally free of his tight shirt, his fluffy white belly free to completely fill his lap and then some while his broad back squished against his backrest. "Hey, Arro. Now you don't have to be the only one shirtless, heehee!" He giggled when he saw Arro's appalled face, just because he found the way the drake's chins smoosh against his neck chub hilarious.

"I... I..." The fuck was he supposed to say? "I think you two need to go home now. Like, right now." He at least had to get Denya out of here before he took off his pants or something next. And before the staff called the police. As it was, Rangavar was already the only drake here fully wearing a shirt. "Come on, let's go." He slapped some money down on the table and hauled himself to his feet. He was sure he was heavier than before, somehow. Maybe something to do with all that pasta.

He made sure that the bills on the table would be more than enough to pay for the meal, not wanting to wait around for the receipt. His gut hung heavily off his front, his thick, flabby love handles taking up the rest of the space around him. All of it was in the way right now as he tried to stand back so that Denya and Rangavar could get up. He rubbed the pile of lard absentmindedly, almost as though he could physically hold it back.

Denya seemed to be struggling a bit, and Arro went to help him. He found his eyes roving over the sprawling expanse of belly that lay around the hybrid like a furry blanket. It looked so soft that he had the weirdest urge to plunge his paws into it, but he shook his head like he could shake the thoughts away. He wasn't even the one drunk tonight. What a weird thing to think about.

Rangavar was also getting to his feet, although obviously not struggling due to his weight. Arro did suspect that he might run into some trouble due to how much he'd had to drink, though, reaching out to steady him. He suddenly found himself between the two, absently reaching in both directions. He was at a loss for a moment. He wasn't used to dealing with two drunken idiots at the same time.

Fortunately for him, he didn't have to help anybody, since Rangavar suddenly stumbled and slammed into Denya, who was also in the middle of trying to get up. Arro could only helplessly watch.

Denya grunted as he swung his arms to catch Rangavar, which ultimately proved to be a bad decision. With so much weight leaning back, both drunk dragons were horrified to find

themselves leaning further and further back, before suddenly slamming against the ground, having tipped the chair over. Oops.

The draolf grumbled, not hearing the surprised gasps from the other dinner patrons. He was thankful his padded backside softened the blow, while his billowing belly cushioned Rangavar. He slowly leaned his head up, looking at the dragon currently resting atop his squishy middle, patting his shoulder. "H-hey, you alright, bud? Are you hurt?"

Rangavar rolled off of him with a groan, sliding down one of the jiggling love handles that spread over the floor. "Fuck."

"Seriously. We are leaving *now*." If Denya weren't so big, Arro was tempted to pick them both up by the scruff and haul them along behind him. Well, maybe he could do that to Rangavar. "Two of us are shirtless and we're making a scene."

"You've still got... half a shirt on," Rangavar pointed out.

"Right. I think we need to be wearing full ones in order to stay."

"Okay, you're probably right." Rangavar sighed and stumbled his way back to his feet, still very unsteady. He practically never drank this much. Not when it was just the two of them. The drunk dragon turned to the draolf on the floor and extended a paw. "Alright, I'll help you up."

Arro just stood back with his arms crossed, knowing he wasn't getting anywhere. He was at least interested to see how this was going to go.

Rangavar grabbed Denya's paw and pulled. Nothing happened. He pulled harder, grunting at the strain. Denya was still lying on the floor. Rangavar stumbled a little as he changed his stance and tried to brace his feet more firmly against the ground. He threw his whole weight back against the draolf anchored there.

Arro rolled his eyes.

Denya could see the strain in Rangavar's face as the lithe dragon tried hauling him up. Was he really that heavy? Or were the two of them just that drunk? Probably a mix of the two; he ate and drank a *ton*. To Rangavar's credit, he was able to slowly peel the hefty hybrid's back up. Should Denya be helping with this, too? He didn't want the poor guy to pass out.

Not quite sure how to assist in this situation, Denya pulled on the arm Rangavar grabbed onto, which turned out to be the wrong move yet again. The sudden force was enough to send the tipsy dragon sprawling onto his belly yet again, the draolf grunting loudly as his body sloshed back and forth like a waterbed. "Oof! S-sorry! I'm, uh, really fat," the draolf explained, using it as an excuse as if being overweight was a disability.

Rangavar winced. "Yeah. At least you're soft." He let out a tiny yelp as Arro finally grabbed him by the scruff and pulled him onto his feet, letting go so the smaller dragon could lean against the table. Arro had far more success pulling up the sloshing hybrid than the smaller dragon had.

He looked towards the front of the restaurant. So close, yet so far. "Alright, let's go." Before anything else stupid happened. He kept a strong arm around the furry black dragonoid to keep him steady as they made their way to the exit. The pillowy drake leaned into him, his bare fur softly brushing his scales, his head lolling a bit against Arro as they walked. He was relieved to hear Rangavar's significantly lighter footsteps following them. He couldn't help both of them right now. Not because he wasn't strong enough, but because he and Denya alone were already filling the entire aisle like a wide, unstoppable bus.

Stepping outside, all Arro felt was relief. And, well, an uncomfortable stuffed feeling. But right now, it was mostly relief. He continued supporting the hybrid as he kept an arm around Denya and let the draolf lean his head into him. When they got to the car, he finally let go. He turned to see if Rangavar needed any help, and frowned when he saw the smaller dragon holding a bowl of mints in his arms. The mints that were supposed to be on the counter inside.

They stared at each other for a second. "What?"

Arro crossed his arms. "Hey Rangavar. Where'd the bowl come from?"

"I..." The smaller dragon held it more tightly to his chest with a guilty expression. "I found it."

"Don't you think..." Arro paused, then sighed. "You know what? Nevermind." He couldn't deal with this right now.

"They were free," Rangavar added helpfully.

The hybrid had been staring at the backseat for a while, trying to contemplate how the fuck he was supposed to get in by himself. He was too fat and drunk. Drunk fatty. Fat drunk. A funk. Yeah, he was in a funk.

Hearing Rangavar behind him, the tipsy draolf slowly stumbled around, before grinning wide. "Duuuuude, nice! I love those things!" He beamed, his tail dragging across the pavement in a pathetic attempt at a wag. "You wanna, like, sit back here with me and share 'em? I-I won't eat them all, I promise."

"Oh, sure. I can't eat them all either."

Arro scowled. "Then why'd you take the whole- You know what? Just get in the car."

Rangavar put the bowl on the roof for a second. "Alright. You first," he slurred as he practically stumbled into Denya again, pushing him towards the car. He pushed against the hybrid's bare, furry back to encourage him inside.

After a few entertaining moments of watching Denya try to clamber inside while Rangavar pushed more than really supported him in any way, Arro rolled his eyes and decided to join in. They were in the middle of the parking lot for Vaugh's sake. In public. He wanted this over with.

"He's just... not going in," said Rangavar. He was right.

"Hey Denya, buddy, I need you to try a bit harder." Arro gently pushed Rangavar out of the way, which almost sent him falling over. He really shouldn't have had so much to drink. Not that Arro could worry about that right now. He tried putting his paws under Denya's armpits and pulling him high enough to step in. The drunk draolf finally managed to worm his way inside.

He turned to see what Rangavar was doing, and he was sitting on the ground for some reason, holding his bowl of stupid mints. Arro rolled his eyes for what was probably the millionth time in just the past half hour. "Alright, get in."

It was significantly easier to get Rangavar to comply.

"Waaaaait, Rangabar!" Denya slurred, trying to get the smaller dragon's attention. "Come, come sit back here with me. You have the mints still! Here, I'll, uh..." He leaned his bulk against the door slightly, blushing. He really filled a large portion of the back seat; it would be a tight squeeze, even for the skinny dragon.

"Okay. Yeah. I forgot." Rangavar started to clamber inside, still holding the bowl in his arms, which he tried to pass off to the struggling draolf so that he didn't spill them while seating himself. Arro could already tell there wasn't any spare room, although neither drake seemed to mind. He raised a brow as Rangavar practically fell onto Denya again, but at least now they were both in the car. Watching the hybrid wiggle himself into a better position, Arro shut the door and went around to the driver's side. Maybe it would be a relief to have the front to himself. He was pretty sure he didn't want to know what was going on in the back.

Denya blushed again when he felt Rangavar collide with the doughy draolf for the third time within ten minutes. He vaguely recalled not quite being this large in the past, although he couldn't think of himself as anything other than wide, at this point.

Not as wide as Arro, of course.

The hybrid grunted when Arro flopped into his own seat, shaking the poor car. He gripped the mints tightly, waiting until the dragon in the front turned the car on before settling back. Phew; he was afraid Arro was about to tip the car over!

Once they got moving, the doped draolf giggled, picking out a mint to munch on. "Mmmm, thanks so much for bringing me, you guys! You two, you're...you're just the best, ya know? I loooooove you guys so much!" With Rangavar practically lying against his shirtless self, the hybrid saw no reason not to wrap his flabby arm around the much skinnier dragon, pulling him in for an awkward half hug.

In the rearview mirror, Arro saw Rangavar practically lying on top of the flabby canid, and rolled his eyes again.

"This has been really fun." Rangavar snuggled deeper against the warm, fuzzy draolf. "We should do this a lot."