

Since when had walking gotten so difficult?

Denya had barely taken four steps outside, and yet he was already breathing heavily through his nose. Well, calling them “steps” would have been generous. Maybe that was why it was so difficult to move; he had to swing one doughy, car-tire thigh around the other, while feeling his overfilled belly drag him down from the front. Fortunately, his bubbly rear helped offset his imbalance somewhat, but all of that extra weight just dragged him down.

He was getting really, really heavy!

To think he used to be an athlete only a few years ago. Now, the lumbering blob longed for his seat back on the couch, next to the mountains of junk food he subsisted on throughout the day. He wondered if his weight gain training with Rangavar had worked a little *too* well; the draolf could barely stand to go more than an hour without food, and hardly ever lifted his rump off a sofa or several chairs unless he absolutely needed to. He really was turning into a couch potato. Or, given his shape, a couch pumpkin.

He couldn't even see the steps leading into the hottub, and instead had to rely on leaning against the handrail as he awkwardly stepped in. Denya hoped the metal railing wasn't actually bending beneath his weight, and that it was an illusion caused by his all-encompassing flab. Somehow, he managed to make his way into the hottub, sighing in relief as the hot water quickly rose around his massive body. That waddle outside was definitely worth it, even if it left Denya panting slightly through his mouth.

Finally seated on one of the circular seats, the draolf looked back as far as his fat neck would allow and smiled. “The water feels great, Arro.” Denya pulled in as much of his belly as he could, hoping to give the fat dragon the space he needed to enter.

Arro had to do a fair bit of waddling himself as he made his way ponderously to the tub next, although his Type 1 gene helped immensely. Not to mention, just being tall in general, he had a slightly different body shape. Not that he wasn't still monstrously heavy, of course, his body jiggling with the shockwave of each step. He felt the water splash over his feet, rather than saw it; the idea of seeing anything below him was laughable. His line of sight was mostly constrained by the curves of his plump, chubby cheeks.

The hot water felt good. Arro plunged in farther, the water level rising significantly the farther he lowered himself in, making him almost afraid that it would overflow the deep hot tub. Fortunately, they'd allowed for some extra space - well, a lot of extra space - and the water didn't rush over the sides. As he settled himself, it still came up rather high, relaxing his body and working its way into his deep folds. He almost felt weightless as the fat on his bulky body provided some slight floatation, a completely foreign and magical concept at this point.

Denya smiled, feeling the water level rise noticeably the further once Arro went into the tub, almost obscuring their enormous bodies. Almost. He wasn't sure what rippled more: the

water, or their middles. He also wasn't too sure whether the hottub was more filled with water or dragon.

He waited until Arro was fully in the tub before leaning back to examine the side console. "Alrighty, water is at 110F, so we're properly marinating. Let's see if we can bring this shimmering pot to a boil." With a grin, he pressed a few buttons, and was rewarded with the feeling of numerous jets bombarding his body, the entire tub filling with bubbles.

Almost immediately, Denya let out a moan of delight. Vaughn, and he thought Rangavar's belly rubs felt good! It felt like every square inch of his back and rump was being bombarded with those high-pressure bursts of air and water, rippling and massaging his body in all the right ways. To his amusement, he also felt the jets bombarding the underside of his belly as well; that gut of his just bulged out that far, huh?

He grinned as he looked up at Arro, noting how the bubbles in the tub completely obscured everything beneath the water. That obese dragon was like a big pale-red iceberg, with how much of him was hidden beneath the waves. "I-I-Is t-t-this g-g-good e-e-enough?" Denya asked teasingly, his voice oscillating in tandem with the jets.

Arro relaxed further into the water, the steam rising off of it still warming the rest of him as well. "It feels great." The jets pumped powerful streams of water across his scaly body, not only warming him, but pummeling his scales in places he couldn't even reach anymore. His doughy flesh dipped beneath the pressure of the streams of water, rippling his incredible girth all over. He sighed as he relaxed more deeply into the tub.

The hybrid hoped this thing had filters; the hot tub was cleaning him better than any shower could, considering how many unreachable folds were getting blasted. This truly felt heavenly, and he didn't have to bother Rangavar for help for once. Granted, the thin dragon had always been a bit uneasy whenever they were near water, which was probably why he declined wanting to test out the hot tub. A shame, he was *really* missing out.

The draolf shimmied himself against the wall, his back pudge engulfing the hem of the edge of the tub. "It's kinda a bummer Trin couldn't be here to test out the hot tub with us, especially after he helped us move in here." Between his pick-up truck and his incredible strength, Trin was a life saver in getting them moved into their new house, although they had to pay him extra after he got a flat trying to haul Denya. The hybrid heaved those huge shoulders in what could vaguely be described as a shrugging motion. "I'm sure he's having fun with Vanessa, though."

"Yeah, they're probably watching the game today." She shared Trin's intense love of sports, which made them perfect for each other. "It's a way more exciting date than just meeting at a sports bar every Friday."

Trin really deserved a break anyway, especially after how helpful he'd been. Arro also figured Vanessa would be good for him after being forced to see Arro, Denya, and Rangavar all move in together. Maybe Vanessa and Trin could come over sometime now that they'd gotten the new place.

He was really appreciating the new place right now, the water jets massaging his pillowy rolls that cascaded down his sides. The farthest curve of his belly was currently pressing into Denya's soft one, the mound of fat that made up his front side stretching far over his lap at this point, swallowing most of his chubby thighs when he sat. He was glad that the hot tub was as large as it was. If Gerald hadn't given them that raise, they never would have been able to afford it. "I can't believe Gerald allows us to work there after all of the furniture we've destroyed."

"Yeah, no kidding," Denya snickered. The furniture they destroyed, the elevator they took out of commission, the doorways they've dented; hell, he was certain they spent more time eating than they did actually working. He would have thought Gerald would stop feeding them so much of his homemade snacks after the two fatties ended up too big to even properly conform with their company's already-loose clothing guidelines. He had a hunch the red wolf actually enjoyed seeing them so fat. Just a hunch, of course.

But while Denya was fine with being fat, the draolf knew Arro had different feelings about his weight. He looked up at the obese dragon curiously. They were certainly the centerpiece of the office now; not literally, of course. They had to be relocated to the back corner so their size wouldn't get in the way of everyone. The draolf could remember a time where that might have sent the larger dragon into a spiraling depression, but now he wasn't too sure how Arro felt.

"Hey, Arro?" Denya asked after a while, his ears folding. He knew Arro probably just wanted to relax after their big move in, but he couldn't help himself. "How have you been feeling? You know, about...this." There was no way the draolf could lean over himself to reach Arro's paunch, so he jiggled his own instead, rippling it against the larger dragon's.

Arro blushed. It wasn't just the heat of the tub. "I, uh..." He wondered if Denya were talking about himself, or about... Arro. At this point, he wasn't sure who was actually considered the largest anymore. His height put a skew on everything; was he technically still fatter because of his large frame, or did Denya actually have the greater amount of bulk in total? It would be an impressive feat. "If you're talking about you, I think you're adorable," he teased. "Big and round and soft."

He glanced down at his own sprawling body. "If you're talking about me..." How did he feel? Heavy. He felt heavy. "I'm doing... okay, I guess." He still wasn't used to the blatant stares he received on the rare occasion he went out somewhere, and was increasingly embarrassed over the increasingly small options for clothing available to him - or, well, 'big' options, heh - and the way that he didn't fit into a lot of places he wanted, including chairs and the like, without taking up all of the space. But he was feeling...

He genuinely considered the question. "I mean... I'm still getting used to things, but I..." How could he possibly get it into words? "I think I feel okay about the way that I am. It's taken me a really long time to accept that, but it's true." He was used to being fat, and he'd always been well aware of his size. But it was something he'd not only been forced to confront as his size increased, but something he'd started to see as a fact of life, that he could deal with and be okay. He was fat. It was okay.

"How about you?" he suddenly asked. "I notice you don't tuck your wings away as often." The pudgy limbs were currently peeking out a bit now, although they were mostly mashed against the wall of the hot tub behind the doughy draolf, with not an inch of extra space.

"Oh?" On instinct, Denya tried leaning forward to tuck in his wings, before grunting as their combined middles pancaked out further. Well, it would have completely undermined Arro's statement if he were to fold them in now. With a nervous chuckle, he slumped back out, stretching out his wings fully. "Yeah, I think I'm getting better...I mean, I'm not noticing them as much."

Denya had mentioned to Arro earlier that he liked getting fatter to better hide his wings, although he'd never really considered the fact that his wings would also get fatter. While he couldn't even see his wings that well even more, even with a mirror, he could tell from when Arro or Rangavar would rub him there that the base and the fingers of his wings had really puffed up, to the point where they were starting to jiggle with the rest of him. So, by all accounts, he should be right back to feeling self conscious about his wings again, now that they were starting to look weird with all that fat.

Only, he didn't. He was fine leaving them spread out like this. Denya gave them a soft flap, jiggling his broad back. "Just gotta keep reminding myself no one's gonna tug on my wings and call me chicken again. Of course, getting stupidly fat helps keep everyone's attention elsewhere, heh. Although..." He gazed down at himself, rubbing a paw along his middle. "I think it might be time to cut back a bit."

He didn't want to admit to being too fat, especially in front of Arro, but he was certain the dragon's sharp hearing could pick up his labored breathing whenever the draolf waddled the length of a room. As much fun as it was being wider than he was tall, the draolf had to admit he was reaching the size where the cons were starting to outweigh the pros. Literally. He really wanted to weigh himself at Trin's work too, where the roo had access to a scale built in the ground meant for carrying heavy cargo. But he couldn't do that if he himself was too big for even Trin's truck to handle.

Still, he couldn't help but smile fondly at his ample pudge filling the hottub. Well, *their* ample pudge; it was a group effort here. He glanced up at Arro. "Honestly, I probably wouldn't have gotten this big if I didn't find big guys so attractive."

Arro paused and tilted his head, making his chins slouch to the side. "What do you mean?"

"Just that. I like big guys. And not, like, Trin big, if you get what I'm saying." Denya smiled. This was probably the last secret he'd been keeping from the big dragon. "Like...I know I said I had a crush on you, way back when I got drunk that one time, but really, I found you super attractive like the first day we met." Back when Arro was assigned to be his mentor. Back when they had that incident where they ate all those donuts, and a whole cake...Vaugh, was that what started this all?!

The hybrid's ears folded. "And then that super attractive dragon turned out to be really smart, and nice, and funny." And then he got a little bigger. "And he ended up putting up with me." And then he got even bigger. "And then we went out to eat together." And then they got drunk and horny. "And then I really fell in love."

Arro blushed, which was pretty much expected. At first, he wasn't quite sure what to say. He hadn't thought that way about Denya the first day they'd met; he'd been focused on helping the inexperienced employee get his bearings, mentoring him out of necessity. He suddenly realized that he had immediately grown to enjoy the cheerful draolf's company. What had started as sharing a cake in the breakroom beginning their life as partners in crime, had really grown beyond their silent pact into a blossoming friendship that took hold especially that day Denya lost all of his clothes on that college campus.

Arro wasn't sure how he could possibly put that into words, and saying 'I love you too' while making the shape of a little heart in his pudgy hands wouldn't do it justice. Saying 'I'm glad' probably wouldn't work either. He leaned over slightly, his arms resting on his gut. "I'd kiss you right now if you weren't so far away," he ended up saying instead, because it was true. Sometimes it was easier to show people how he felt instead of words. Unfortunately, right now all he could reach was his own expanse of lard, at least without trying to get up slightly and risk sloshing all of the water out of the tub right now.

Denya laughed, rippling both of their bellies. Arro was so cute, and nice. He really didn't deserve that big handsome drake. "Same to you, big guy." Just hearing Arro wasn't mad at him for keeping his fat kink a secret made the hybrid feel a weight lift off his shoulders, a heavier weight than even his own pudge, although he still felt the need to explain himself. "I've wanted to tell you I liked big guys for a while, but it's like, you've been getting bigger ever since you've met me. And, well, you weren't exactly happy about that, and I didn't want you to think that I was secretly trying to fatten you up just so I could get off to it, or that I'm only attracted to you for your size. Really, you could be as skinny as Rangavar and I'd still be obsessed with you."

He was rambling again. The draolf felt himself heat up a few degrees, scritchling at his orange-sized cheeks. "I mean...I didn't mean to get fat either, well not at first at least. I think we're just really, really bad influences on each other." He chuckled softly.

Arro caught himself blushing again. He knew it definitely wasn't from the steam this time. "Yeah. All started with that damn cake," he chuckled. More seriously, he said, "Is it weird that I'm fat without even trying? I mean, even you had to try really hard at first." It was true that it had pretty much spiraled out of control since then, of course. "You started out with a bit of pudge, then you had a bit of a paunch, and then you sort of became the paunch," he teased. "It's... it's alright though. To like what you like. I personally don't feel any particular way about your size - you're cute the way that you are, and the way that you always have been. The size doesn't matter."

"Thanks, Arro." Denya smiled, dimples forming in those thick cheeks. "I don't think it's weird. I've always had a bit of pudge, and I didn't start *trying* to get fatter until the day after Trin showed up. And you remember how Trin reacted when he saw me," he snickered. Man, to think he was considered fat way back then! Imagine if Trin ran into him now instead.

With a sigh, the draolf slapped the sides of his middle. "I should probably start trying to do the opposite of fatten myself up. You know, that dreaded 'd' word. I really do like being fat, don't get me wrong, but I dunno if I can really be the model of body positivity if I'm panting and wheezing after taking 10 steps, you know?" The hybrid couldn't help but chuckle. "Imagine if I had your mutations, though. I'd be a walking fortress by the end of the year!"

Arro considered that. It was true that Denya was forced to spend a lot of time on the couch. He never really seemed to mind, but the panting and wheezing hadn't gone beneath Arro's notice now that he mentioned it. He didn't want Denya suffering or missing out on things just because his own body weight was crushing him alive. "If you do, I'll do it too," Arro vowed. That seemed fair. Denya had really only started all of this because of Arro in the first place. And he had to admit that he needed a bit of a diet himself; he always had, but especially now, it was reaching the same epic proportions as the obese draolf at his side. He could stand to cut back. "We'll do it together."

The draolf smirked. "Sounds like a plan." He was actually happy to hear that from Arro. He figured it'd boost the dragon's confidence immensely to see themselves actually losing weight for once; it'd let Arro know he's in control of his own body. Besides, Denya had a hunch that neither of them were ever going to be anything less than incredibly fat anyways. They just liked food too much!

Speaking of food, the hybrid's stomach let out a loud grumble, strong enough to actually send ripples in the water. His ears folded again as he looked up apologetically at Arro. "Heh, sorry. I guess the rest of me is still getting used to the idea of dieting."

Arro put a chubby paw on his chin. "Hmmm..." His own stomach was on the verge of making some gurgling noises too. He suddenly had an idea. "What if we wait until tomorrow?"

This time, it was Denya's turn to perk up, those triangle ears raised high. "What do you mean?"

Arro groped around the edge of the hot tub for his phone. "I mean I'm in the mood for some pizza," he rumbled. Dieting could wait just one more day, right?