

Phosphorous

the light bearer

[*Hyalophora cecropia*]

Common name: Cecropia moth
Largest native North American species of moth.

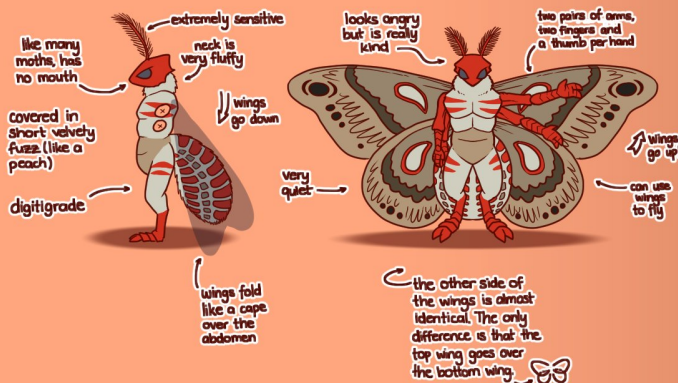
Gender: Agender (they/them)

Occupation: Librarian during the day and vigilante during the night.

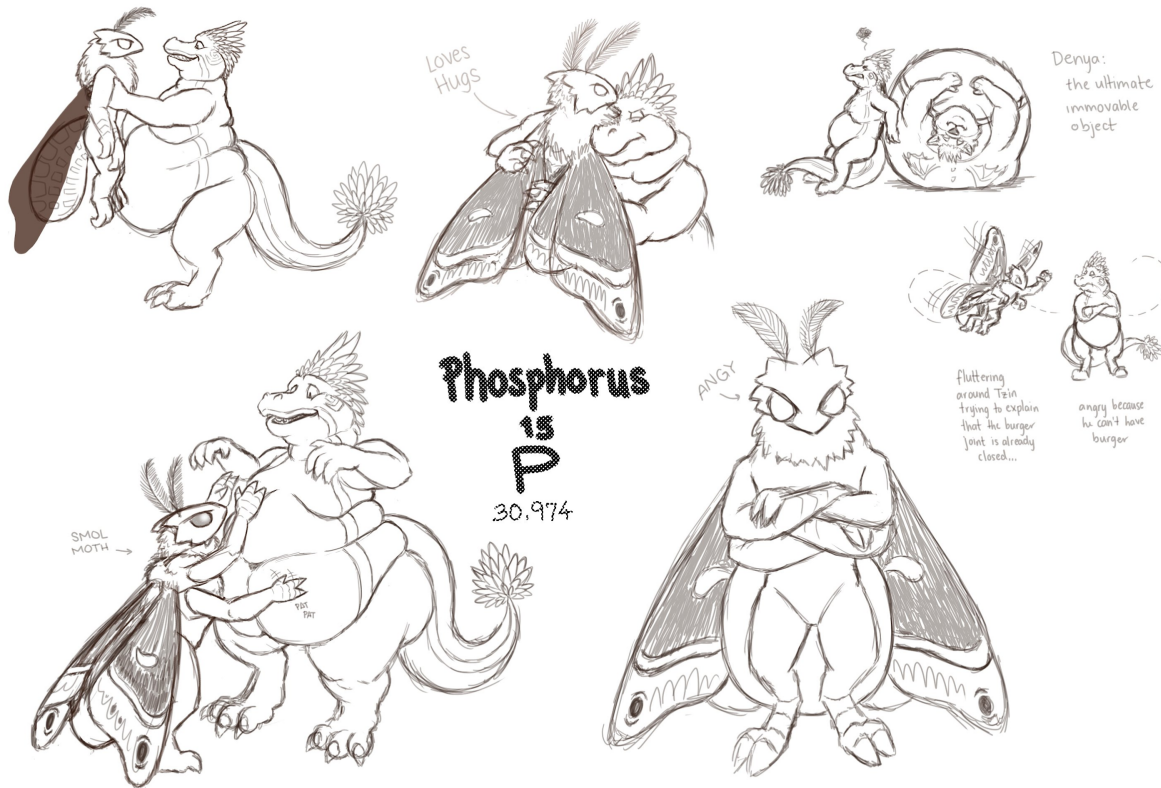
Personality: quiet, reserved, secretive, independent, extremely respectful, kind, prudent, knowledgeable

Likes: books, hugs, flying, the moon, lamps, silence

Dislikes: summer, swimming, dusty shelves, loud noises



Since they have no mouth, they communicate using sign language or by writing on paper.



Unpacking was far easier with two sets of arms.

Phos's wings ruffled idly as they folded their clothes at a brisk pace, the moth finding great satisfaction in organizing their own clothing. Or, well, anything for that matter. It wasn't as though Phos planned on wearing the clothes they were folding - Phos struggled to properly fit into any clothes, even those specifically made for moths like themselves - it was just a means to distract themselves from the looming anxiety of moving into a college dorm.

And, well, it worked!

Pushing their drawer closed, the moth turned around to survey the room, their four arms crossed over each other in satisfaction. The college room looked immaculate, without a single fur or feather out of place. The bunk bed was nestled securely against the corner of the room, with a large three-person couch further along the wall facing the 40 inch television. Sure, the room was a bit more cramped for a winged creature like Phos's liking, but it was still big enough for them to stretch their tannish-brown wings as far as possible without brushing against the wall. Being only four foot tall had its advantages, they figured.

At least they had enough room to mount the whiteboard onto the wall. That should make it easy to communicate with his roommate, should he/she/they/etc not understand sign

language. And if their roommate *did* understand it, well, at least they had something to scribble notes on, should his desk run out of paper!

Wings fluttering in nervous anticipation, Phos strode around the room, searching for any other imperfections they needed to iron out. They were completely unpacked and moved in, far quicker than they figured most college students would be due to their lack of clothing requirements. Hopefully, their roommate would be quiet and easy going like themselves, like a hare or an owl. Those were typically small and quiet species of anthros, right? Maybe they could-

Phos's fuzzy red antennae perked up as they heard muffled thumping by the outside hallway. Sheesh, what were they lugging out there, a grand piano? The moth was ready to disregard the thumping and return to their cleaning when said thumping stopped right outside their room.

And the door began to knock.

Blinking, Phos quickly perked up and dashed over to the door, their fluttering wings causing them to skip a few steps. They felt their heart rate speed up as they looked up at the door. This was it. Whoever was standing behind this door will be their roommate for the next year. Deep breath in, deep breath out, Phos closed their eyes to compose themselves before slowly turning the knob and opening the door.

"Phew, thank goodness you got here before I did!"

Phos's dark gray eyes went wide, staring straight ahead at creamy belly jiggling before them, before craning their neck back to take in the sight before them. Their roommate wasn't a tiny bunny or soft-spoken owl.

Their roommate was a dragon, and an enormous one at that!

So enormous, in fact, that Phos felt they needed to quickly step out of the way as the dragon lumbered in, carrying what looked like an entire vending machine's worth of snacks in his arms. The mystery of the noisy thumping was solved soon after, as the moth could practically feel the heavy, ponderous footsteps their new roommate took. With his arms full of wrapped snacks, the dragon's lengthy tail was left to curl around the handle of the suitcase, dragging it in behind him. Frozen in stunned silence, Phos stood by and watched as the lumbering giant made a beeline towards one of the desks, before dropping his payload all over it, several bags of chips and cookies spilling over the sides.

With a sigh, the dragon placed his claws on his hips and leaned back, attempting to pop his back. Alas, he merely bunched up those accordion-like rolls. "Phew, if I knew mom and dad were gonna send me off with so many snacks, I woulda packed a second suitcase, heh." With a dimpled smile, the large drake turned to face Phos, extending a pudgy paw out. "Nice to meetcha, new roomie! Me llamo Dragontzin, but you can just call me Tzin."

Phos wanted to call Tzin fat, instead.

The moth continued to stare up at the draconian currently inhabiting nearly as much free space as a loveseat. They knew dragons grew to be pretty large, but damn, did this one take the cake. And the pies, and the cookies, and the cupcakes. Tzin must have stood at least 6 feet tall from head to toe, with those fire-red feathers adorning his head like a crown adding an extra 6 inches to his height.

But, obviously, it wasn't the dragon's height that amazed Phos.

Namely, it was that scaly pale gut that continued to wobble long after Tzin had finished moving. A big sphere of squish and chub, large enough to perhaps even encompass Phos if they were to curl up into a tight ball. The moth couldn't take their eyes off of it; they had never encountered someone who was more than a little chubby, yet this big behemoth continued to defy expectations. In fact, given Tzin's size, shape, and coloring, Phos couldn't help but mentally compare him to a ripe avocado!

"Erh, are you alright, bud?"

Oh, they had been staring. Phos quickly blinked away his shock, reaching one of their claws out to meet Tzin's own. The dragon's paws were warm and soft.

Tzin's grin widened as he shook the moth's arm. "Woah, I just noticed you have an extra set of arms! That's so neat, bud! I bet they come in pretty *handy!*" The dragon snickered, his middle bouncing.

Like a moth drawn to a flame, Phos was once again transfixed by that bouncing belly, realizing a moment later what Tzin had actually said. Mentally swallowing their disgust for such an obvious joke, Phos brought up their crimson-red arms and began to sign. "*It can be, yes.*"

The dragon's yellow eyes widened as he watched the insect's fingers move. "O-oh, I'm so sorry! I didn't know you were deaf! I'm sorry, I...uh..." Moth watched perplexed as Tzin scratched at his chubby second chin as if in thought, before bringing up his own hands to sign. "*I know some sign language, too. I am not practiced. What is your name, friend?*" Tzin signed, or at least Phos thought that's what he signed; it was hard to distinguish those sausage-like fingers.

As interesting as that was to watch, Phos shook their head. "*I can hear just fine. I just can not speak.*" Phos fluttered their wings and flew over the wide drake (it was easier than squeezing past him), landing before the mounted white board, and picked up a dry-erase marker. "*My name is Phosphorus,*" they wrote, before drawing in the pictograph used to represent agender.

“Ooooh!” Phos could hear Tzin let out a sigh of understanding, turning to find the dragon grinning. “I didn’t even see the whiteboard! Did you put that up? What a *bright* idea!” The drake snickered.

Phos was starting to wonder if it was too late to request a transference.

Thankfully, the larger reptile paused their pun-ishment (oh God, now even *they* were starting to do it!) to look over at the beds, looking at the neat and tidy bottom bed. “Oh, I guess you already claimed this one. That’s alright, I’ll take the top bunk.”

Oh no! Briefly placing their palms against the side of their head, the moth quickly flew over until they were right in front of the chubby dragon’s head, signing as though their life depended on it. Which it did, at this very moment. “*No! I just organized it for you. I want top bunk, if that’s ok.*” Phos did *not* want Tzin anywhere near the top bunk, especially if that meant sleeping beneath him.

The dragon smiled. “Awww, that’s really nice of you, Phos! I’ve only known ya for two minutes, and I can already tell we’re gonna get along like butter on bread!”

Phew. Phos allowed himself to fall back to the ground as Tzin sat in his bed, the entire frame creaking beneath his weight. Ignoring that, the large drake pulled his suitcase over, somehow managing to reach around that ponderous lap-filling gut to open it up. “I have to admit, I’ve been a bit of a nervous wreck today, moving in with a stranger. It’s kinda why I was so late; I ended up stopping off at that burger joint down the straight for a little snack. Kinda wish I hadn’t; this darn bloated gut’s getting in the way,” the dragon grunted, his arms pinching into his thick lovehandles.

Somehow, Tzin managed to grab the armful of clothes, but rather than neatly folding them like Phos had, the dragon had opted to simply carry the pile of fabrics to his dresser and stuff them in haphazardly. “But you seem really nice, even if you are quiet, heh. You could say you’ve really *brightened* up my day.”

“*Thank you.*” Phos signed back, trying their hardest not to glare daggers at their roommate.

Tzin didn’t seem to notice as he instead grabbed several bags of chips on his return to the bed, sitting back down to tear them open. “Hmmf, these beds sure are squeaky. I hope you’re not a *light* sleeper.”

“*I’m not.*” Please, make it stop.

Tzin popped a few greedy pawfuls of chips into his chubby gullet, those puffy cheeks bulging out, before turning and lifting the bag up for Phos to see. “You want some, bud? Don’t worry, they’re *light* in calories!”

"I doubt that." This was going to be a very long semester...

"If there are no further questions, then class is dismissed."

Phos carefully slid their binder and notebooks into their backpack, slinging both sets of arms through the straps before hoisting it onto their back. If only they could actually spread their wings and fly while wearing a backpack, then they wouldn't have to literally hop out of their school desk like a third grader. Being short sucked sometimes. Thankfully, they were never mocked for their diminutive height, at least not directly.

While Phos's resting face oftentimes gave others the impression they were constantly scowling or grumpy, the moth was actually quite content today. They had finally managed to figure out how to sleep through the night despite the constant creaking and snoring of their roommate right above them, and thus managed to stay attentive and focused during the lectures. College life in general was coming along smoother than Phos had anticipated, much to their delight. The courses were challenging without being overly difficult, and their teachers were helpful and understanding. Sure, they could never raise their hand to ask a question, given most of their teachers didn't know sign language, but in all honesty, the moth thought college life would be way less accommodating, all things considered.

Still, there were some hurdles. Phos still couldn't quite make it from class to class without seeing at least one fur gawking at them from a distance. Even now, as Phos exited the lecture hall and made their way toward the dorms, they could see a group of wolves huddled over whispering to one another, shooting them several curious and wide-eyed glances. No doubt the wolves were gossiping about the tiny, weird, four-armed insect walking around campus; this was hardly the first time Phos overheard conversations like that. But rather than confront the rude wolves, the moth just shrugged and walked on.

They had *bigger* problems to deal with.

If Phos had a mouth, they'd be sighing when they opened the door to their dorm. Once again, they found empty bags of fast food scattered about the dorm, bags that weren't there when Phos left for classes earlier that day. The smell of veggie burgers lingered in the air, strong enough that the moth could practically taste them.

And the culprit was lying on his back in his bottom bunk bed, one paw holding up a Chemistry textbook, the other idly scratching at his exposed midriff. "Oh, hey Phos!" Tzin looked over and smiled at the smaller insect, waving a chubby paw. "How was class?"

Phos shook their head disdainfully, looking back at the clutter. Class was fine; it was coming back to messes like this that ruined their mood.

Phos wouldn't describe Tzin as a bad person, not even a bad roommate! The dragon was genuinely very kind and respectful, one of the nicest furs the moth had the pleasure of meeting. Most furs tended to misgender Phos at least once or twice, given they had a slight masculine figure, yet Tzin never once accidentally referred to them as anything other than they/them. On top of that, the tubby drake was very friendly and cheerful and loved to speak to Phos, something the antisocial moth wasn't quite used to, but certainly appreciated more than the talking behind their back. In a way, they were turning into a pair of decent friends.

It was just a shame that Tzin sometimes couldn't be bothered to pick up after himself. "In a minute," he'd say, using homework or studying to excuse himself from having to bend over and reach past that huge hanging gut of his to pick up discarded wrappers. The pudgy dragon was very studious at least, always focused on their scholastic work first and foremost. Unfortunately, Tzin's study sessions were also his snacking sessions, meaning they would go on for hours and hours on end.

Today, however, Phos had had enough. They walked over to where the fat dragon laid, picking up a burger bag and pointing to it while their upper arms crossed over their chest.

Tzin's smile slowly faded as he read his roommate's body language. "Oh...you're mad at me, huh?"

Phos didn't say anything, the moth stepping back to let the dragon sit up in bed. Or, at least try. The hefty reptile had to rock himself back and forth, his doughy body sloshing about like water in a bathtub, before finally hauling himself into a sitting position, the bed creaking dangerously loud. Phos took yet another step back as Tzin's gut surged onto his lap, completely flooding it. That gut alone probably weighed as much as the moth!

With big, apologetic eyes, Tzin lowered his head as he looked at his roommate. "I'm really sorry, Phos. I won't do it again...if I had known you wanted some too, I would have ordered more."

Phos blinked. "*What?*"

"You're mad because I didn't share, right?" Tzin muttered, before suddenly perking up. "Oh, I'll just order some more for dinner! That'll make up for it, right?"

"*What?!*" Wide-eyed, Phos dropped the bag on the floor, completely stunned at what they were hearing. Was Tzin being serious?

Apparently he was, for the dragon hauled himself onto his feet, before sliding his pudgy fingers into his skin-tight pockets, somehow producing a cell-phone. To Phos's horror, Tzin pressed a button and the phone started ringing; apparently the fat dragon had the local burger joint's number on speed dial.

“Hola, Burger Queen? It’s Tzin again.” Tzin spoke as though he were speaking to a friend on the other end. “Yeah, I know I just called earlier today, but, erh, I made a mistake and should have ordered more. Can I get the usual, but with an extra four or five veggie burgers, please?”

“*No! Stop!*” Frantic, Phos shrugged out of their backpack and began flying around the feathery drake, desperately waving their arms to get Tzin to stop talking.

Unfortunately, their roommate hardly seemed to notice the message trying to be conveyed, the dragon holding up a claw. “Just a second, Phos. What was that again? ...Yeah, can I also get five extra sides, too? They’re, uh, for a friend...I’m serious this time! Wait, what are the deals on family packs again?”

Alas, no amount of fluttering and flailing could distract Tzin from his meal. Dejected, Phos floated back onto the ground, helplessly watching as Tzin finished order. Hanging up, the dragon turned to the moth. “Alright, it’ll be here in about 15 minutes! That should give us just enough time to pull up a movie or tv show to watch with our meal. Now, what was it you wanted to say?”

Phos glared. “I don’t eat! *I don’t have a mouth!!*” They angrily signed, pointing to where their mouth would be.

Tzin stared blankly ahead, his jaw slowly lowering as he realized his mistake. “Ooooooh...well why didn’t you tell me that sooner?!”

Phos face-palmed with all four hands.

“Alright, easy does it...now let ‘em down.”

Phos’s arms shook as they lowered the heavy sacks of food onto the coffee table, all four hands put to use in carrying such a large feast in one go. They had no idea how their dragonwolf delivery boy managed to haul all of that up in one go; that was freaking heavy! Wiping their brow, the moth collapsed onto the couch, slowly catching their breath.

A large *fwump* beside them told them Tzin had done the same.

“Phew, I mighta overdone it a little with dinner,” the feathery drake chuckled breathlessly, belly rising in and out with his panting. “Well, bon appetit. For me, at least, heheh.”

With Tzin rummaging through the mountain of food before him for his burgers, Phos pulled out the remote from between the couch cushion (and Tzin's lovehandles), rummaging through a variety of channels for anything interesting to watch. The moth hadn't intended on spending the evening watching TV with Tzin, but they felt as though they had to make it up for him somehow, given the poor dragon just bought an extra meal with the intention of sharing it with them. Tzin deserved some company, at least. Unfortunately, Phos was terrible at small talk and didn't have a clue what sort of movie Tzin would like, and so decided to leave it on a channel playing some generic superhero movie in the hopes the dragon would appreciate it.

Thankfully, Tzin hardly seemed to even notice the movie, and was instead attacking his boxes of burgers with gusto. Apparently ordering from Burger Queen earlier did nothing to dull Tzin's tastebuds or appetite; the pudgy dragon greedily devoured the burgers in two bites each, as if he were starving. Clearly, that wasn't the case, given just how fat the lardy lizard was...

Phos blinked, still looking up at Tzin. Was...was Tzin getting fatter?

They hadn't spent much time together, with both roommates trying to give each other as much space as possible. However, with Tzin sitting right next to Phos on the couch (and taking up the vast majority of it), the moth was granted a much closer look of his round roommate and concluded that Tzin was, in fact, getting fatter.

At least, Phos assumed that was the case. There just seemed to be...more of Tzin than they last recalled. Tzin had always covered up the entirety of his cushion when sitting on the couch, yet now the dragon was starting to encroach the other cushion as well. Phos remembered when Tzin's button-up shirt fit him properly, even if it was somewhat snug. Now, that same shirt clung to his thick sides, with diamond-shaped holes forming between the strained buttons, the bottom hem of the shirt unable to fully cover the lime-green dragon's underbelly. The sleeves of his shirt looked practically painted onto his doughy arms, which constantly squished and rubbed against his doughy moobs whenever he moved them. That log of a tail was turning into a trunk, thick folds forming along where it bent as it draped lazily over the side of the couch. Even those cheeks looked rounder and fuller than Phos remembered, although that could be attributed to the mouthful of food currently stuffed inside of them. It was very hard to catch Tzin when there wasn't food in his mouth, after all.

Phos wondered if Tzin knew he was getting fatter? Well, he should be, right? Who gets to be *that* big and not notice it? And yet, whenever Tzin doodled himself on Phos's whiteboard, he drew himself significantly thinner than he really was. Could Tzin really be that oblivious, or was he in serious denial? Should they mention that the truckload of burgers in front of them weren't helping? Should-

Those chubby cheeks wobbled, and it took Phos a moment to realize it was due to Tzin craning his head to look at them. Wide-eyed and blushing, the moth's heartbeat rose, realizing he had been caught staring at his fat friend eating for who knows how long! And yet, they still couldn't bring themselves to turn away! What was wrong with them?!

Phos expected Tzin to yell at them or run away, but thankfully the dragon did neither of those things. "Oh, you noticed the patty looks funny, huh?" He pointed at the burger.

Phos quickly nodded yes, while sighing inwardly. Thank goodness for Tzin's obliviousness.

The fat drake smiled, dimples forming in those cheeks. "Yeah, it's actually a veggie burger. I mean, you probably heard me say that when I made the order, but...yeah." Tzin shoved the rest of the burger into his mouth, gulping it down after only two chews before continuing. "I'm actually a vegetarian. I bet you've never heard of a dragon who refuses to eat meat before, huh?" He smirked.

The moth shrugged. They had never met a dragon in general until just two months ago. If anything, they were more impressed that Tzin managed to get so fat on a vegetarian diet.

The dragon continued, grabbing another burger and looking at it. "It's actually much better for the environment. Manufacturing meat produces a lot of CO₂, which is incredibly damaging to the ozone layer. I like to reduce my carbon footprint when I can." Tzin took another hearty bite of his burger, grinning. "It tastes just like the real thing, though! You wouldn't be able to tell the difference."

Phos nodded along to Tzin's explanation, once more transfixed on how those chubby cheeks of his bulged out when he took that big bite. Seeing the dragon turn towards them again, the moth blushed and quickly signed back. "*I wouldn't know.*"

Tzin nodded, wobbling those chubby cheeks. "Yeah, I understand. I'm just...I'm just rambling, like usual." With a slight smile, the fat drake stuffed the rest of the burger into his gullet before reaching for another one. Seeing that the bag was empty, he balled it up in his fist before holding it out to Phos. "Burger Queen also uses 100% recycled paper in their bags, too. Same goes for their napkins and cups. They're the best place to eat at if you're environmentally conscious...heh, I must sound like a hippie, huh?"

Phos shook their head. "*Not at all. I think that's very admirable,*" they responded, and they meant every word they signed. They just wished Tzin was as passionate at cleaning their dorms much as he was about cleaning the Earth.

Tzin snorted. "Oh, I'm not special. Most people make it sound like you have to go way out of your way to reduce your carbon footprint, but it's really not too hard. You just gotta be a little environmentally conscious, ya know?" He pulled another bag of food onto his shelf-of-a-gut, grabbing another burger. "For example..."

The television was soon ignored as Tzin started explaining his ways of looking after the environment, the moth fully attentive of their roommate's speech. Phos would have thought they

would be tired of lectures after class today, yet they found themselves enthralled at the dragon's passion for a greener Earth. Admittedly, it was hard to believe that someone as oblivious as Tzin could also be so intelligent and thoughtful. It almost made up for the bags of food Tzin kept leaving around. Almost.

What was equally impressive, however, was how Tzin's passion for the planet rivaled his passion for food. Hours ticked by, yet the dragon hardly slowed down his burger intake, only pausing to wash his meal down with some juice. Phos was starting to wonder where all that food was even going, although the answer to that was quite obvious, given how loudly the dragon's shirt buttons continued creaking. As much as Phos wanted to listen to more of Tzin's explanations, they couldn't help but notice the pile of empty bags gradually rising higher and higher, much like Tzin's belly. Was he *really* about to eat everything tonight?!

Right as Phos was starting to suspect he would, Tzin paused mid-bite to let out a groan, his free claw rubbing along the sides of his impressive gut. "H-hurf, mmf. Dios mio, I'm stuffed! How long have I been talking?"

"*Not too long.*" Well, if two hours wasn't "too long." The sun had already set by now, the only light coming from their television.

Tzin grunted. "Phew, and I've been eating all this time! That's what happens when you get me going; it's hard to notice how much I eat when I'm distracted by something, ya know?" He chuckled softly, before wincing, clawing at his straining buttons. "Urf, I knew I shouldn't have let my clothes air dry. They've shrunk so much..."

Right, that's why his clothes looked ready to burst. Phos didn't say anything, of course, partially out of respect to their surprisingly-oblivious roommate, but also due to their own attention focused on those buttons. The gaps looked even wider now; they could see the creamy scales between them.

The dragon let out a noisy yawn, the sound of which wasn't enough to mask his buttons creaking. "Mmmf. It is getting late though, huh? I'm gonna...watch some TV now for a change, heh. You're probably getting sick of my voice by now, huh?"

Phos shook their head. "*Not at all.*" They weren't really much of a conversationalist to begin with; if anything, they preferred Tzin doing all the talking so they didn't have to.

Tzin smiled softly. "You don't have to lie."

"*I'm not.*"

The dragon chuckled and turned to face the TV. Phos did the same as well, but as they watched the super hero movie, they couldn't help but notice how sad Tzin's voice sounded just then.

Neither roommate spoke (or signed) to one another for the rest of the night as they watched TV, letting the minutes pass by. Phos wasn't sure if they should excuse themselves or not; they didn't want to bother Tzin if he'd rather be left alone, but then again it wasn't like they had anything to do for the rest of the night. Well, there was always homework, but Phos could really use a night away from his desk for once.

Besides, they didn't want to be rude to Tzin; he was the one who invited them to eat with him, after all.

Once half an hour passed, the moth finally risked a glance over to his fat roommate. It was hard to tell if Tzin was conscious; his chubby head was smooshed against a claw as he stared at the screen with a vacant expression, the TV's light reflecting off his bright yellow eyes. His chins were bunched up due to his jaw being partially open, as if he were ready to lazily nibble on more burgers.

Oh, right, there were still leftover burgers.

Phos grimaced as they looked at the mess on the coffee table. Some of those bags still had food in them; uneaten food that would just add to the mess the moth would inevitably have to clean up the next day. It felt wrong to have to throw them away, though, especially after Tzin's enthusiastic speech about saving the planet, but there wasn't that much room in their mini fridge. That thing was stuffed with Tzin's snacks, as usual. What would Tzin want to do with it? It was his food, after all...

Blinking, Phos turned to the dragon, once again noting the slightly gaping maw. No, they couldn't....could they? But Tzin ate so many already...but these were *his* burgers, right?

Maybe it was the late night that skewed Phos's judgement so much, but the moth thought it was a good idea to carefully reach into one of the bags, his eyes glued on Tzin's while he did so. While they pulled out a burger, the obese drake hardly stirred; was he really unconscious? Should they *really* feed someone who was asleep?

Well, they weren't feeding him, right? More like...just checking to see if he's secretly awake, is all.

Eyes wide with curiosity, the moth carefully lifted the burger to the edge of the dragon's muzzle, silently wondering what would transpire next. At first, Tzin didn't react, leaving Phos to believe their roommate really had passed out, but just as they were about to pull back, that chubby muzzle slowly closed down into a bite! Phos's antennae twitched as they watched the drake chew on the burger and gulp, before opening his mouth again. Tzin's expression hadn't changed in the slightest; no sign of acknowledgement whatsoever. It was as if Phos hadn't fed him at all.

So there was no harm in feeding him the rest of the burger, right?

Or the next two or three?

Wide-eyed and alert, Phos proceeded to feed Tzin the rest of his meal, waiting for any change in the fat dragon's demeanour. To their surprise, they made it through four more entire burgers before the drake's face started to resemble something akin to slight discomfort. That could easily be attributed to those straining buttons; poor things were looking ready to snap off. Maybe it'd be doing Tzin a favor if they'd just...unclasped a few buttons?

No, that would absolutely be overdoing it! Phos's head heated up just thinking about undoing those buttons, letting all that belly surge forward to swamp the drake's lap like an avalanche of flab. Of warm, squishy, jiggly, scaly flab...

Phos didn't realize they had crammed the last burger into Tzin's maw until they felt the edge of the drake's muzzle brushing against their wrists. Horrified, they pulled back in time to watch the unconscious drake grunt softly, before somehow gulping the entire sandwich in one go, their neck bulging out ever so slightly before disappearing into that massive, overstuffed stomach. Oh, if only they had a few more burgers, they'd absolutely be able to burst through those buttons...

Phos slowly rose from their seat and made it to their bed. It was time to go to sleep.

Phos paid close attention to Tzin over the next few days, expecting their roommate to comment on his night of incredible binging. After all, Phos wasn't sure the dragon was fully unconscious when they fed him, and even if he was, that wouldn't explain how everything was eaten and disposed of the next morning. It was an exorbitant amount of food, after all, far more than Tzin was used to eating in a single sitting, despite what his size might imply.

Yet, he never mentioned anything. It was as if nothing had ever happened between them last night. The two of them just kept interacting like normal: the portly dragon cracking moth-themed puns and devouring loads of junk food while Phos begrudgingly cleaned up after him. Phos wasn't so sure this was a good thing; was Tzin embarrassed for his incredible feat of gluttony? Or was it the awkward rambling about his passions and interests?

Clearly it wasn't the former. Phos was certain Tzin was ordering even *more* food for himself than usual, the dragon hardly going more than an hour without something carb-filled stuffed into his muzzle. Their late-night stuffing must have stretched out his stomach, and consequently his appetite. Phos wondered how Tzin's parents managed to keep up with their son's immense appetite, or if they even cared that said son was as broad as a barn, although the constant shipments of homemade *galletas* told the moth they clearly didn't mind.

And neither did Tzin, apparently, even as he outgrew his school uniform...and the one after that.

There was no way Tzin was oblivious to his gains. Absolutely no way. And yet, as the months went on, Tzin would continue to associate his failing wardrobe to all different manners of circumstances. "Ah, my hips brushed past a bush on my way to class. It must have had some thorns or something," the dragon would say regarding a tear along his pants. "Mmmf, I guess this shirt is dry-clean only," he would also explain as he struggled to force his shirt down over the rising mass of belly flab. Obviously none of those excuses were true, as Phos could visibly feel the dragon taking up more and more space by the month, but they didn't say anything. The four-armed, no-mouthed, non-binary moth had no room to talk about how incredibly fat their roommate was growing.

Nonetheless, they were starting to wonder if they *should* bring up something when even the other students started talking about how fat Tzin was growing! The doughy drake practically had his own gravitational field with how much attention he drew into himself. Phos was used to being gawked at for their weird anatomy, but now they felt practically invisible whenever the two roommates were in the same room together publicly. The same people who mocked the moth behind their back now spread rumors about Tzin, claiming the dragon was a gainer and that his roommate was actively trying to enable him, much to the moth's embarrassment. Another fur responded with how the dragon "pretended" to act confused and oblivious when the enormous dragon was too fat to squeeze into his chair one day and had to sit on the floor, using his overhanging belly as a desk. While they were no doubt simply baseless rumors and conjectures, Phos had to admit that those possibilities sounded fairly credible. Maybe Tzin was just a closet gainer.

However, those thoughts were quickly shot down on one fateful afternoon.

Phos's teacher had dismissed them; yet the moth hardly noticed until the flurry of movement snapped him back to reality. They were having trouble focusing as of late, their head stuck in the clouds. Looking at their notebook, it was easy to see why; the moth had been doodling over their notes, trying to emulate the cartoony drawings Tzin liked to draw on their whiteboard back at their dorm.

Of course, Phos liked to draw Tzin rounder. Much, much rounder.

Antennae twitching with embarrassment, the moth quickly closed the notebook shut and hopped out of their seat, holding the book close to their chest. Just like in their dorm, Tzin was occupying a lot of space in Phos's mind, the moth constantly thinking back to their interaction on the couch nearly half a semester ago. It was a strange, awkward interaction between the two, but the moth...well, they really liked it. Being close to Tzin, hearing the big dragon talk and smile, made the moth feel fuzzy in their fuzzy chest. They liked Tzin; they liked Tzin a lot, in fact. But did Tzin feel the same way? Could-

Phos was so lost in their thoughts, they didn't even notice Tzin until they nearly walked headfirst into that wall of belly.

"U-uh, hey there, Phos." Tzin called out shyly from the otherside of that tum.

Phos went red, erh, redder to the face. They actually had to stumble back, just to see Tzin's face from beyond those incredible moobs. Tzin's flabby, big-cheeked face. Good God, Tzin was fat! They were roommates with the big dragon, so of course they knew how fat he was getting, but still! The dragon's neck had practically vanished beneath that doughy head and massive torso, the drake looking more and more like an oversized pear by the day! In fact, Phos could hear a few students mumbling "avocado" beneath their breath as they squeezed past the enormous blubbery dragon. Phos couldn't blame them; it seemed the big drake was due for yet another size up in clothing, the lower groove of his belly button peaking out beneath his very-strained shirt.

It took Phos a moment to realize they had been staring at Tzin, the poor moth fumbling with their hands. "*Hello.*" They signed lamely after a solid three seconds of staring.

Tzin smiled shyly. "Heya...oh, I already said that, heh." The dragon chuckled awkwardly, rubbing the tips of his pudgy fingers against each other. "Um, you're not, like, busy, are you? I-I mean, it's alright if you are, but, if you're not, that'd be good too."

Phos pondered for a moment, rubbing a finger against the bottom of their chin. They pretended to mentally check their daily itinerary, as if they weren't just gonna go home, study, and clean up after their roommate like they did everyday. "*I'm free right now. Why do you ask?*"

"I just..." Tzin sighed, and Phos suddenly got the impression that the dragon was extremely uncomfortable. "Could we...talk about something? Y-you're not in trouble or anything! If anything, I need some advice about a...growing problem of mine. Tzin glanced down at himself, down at that tremendous gut of his.

The moth nodded. It looked like Tzin was finally aware of how much weight he'd been putting on. Phos had no idea how the obese dragon had managed to be so blissfully unaware of his weight gain till now. Sure, Tzin was pretty chunky to begin with, but even so, the dragon must have put on over two hundred pounds in a couple months alone! Still, they could see the anxiety plaguing the poor tubby drake; Tzin was looking for support, and it warmed the moth's heart that they were the person Tzin went to.

They nodded. "*Of course we can talk.*"

The dragon perked up, grinning. "Alright, thanks! We should... probably talk somewhere else, though," he added as yet another group of furs struggling to squeeze past the pudgy, avocado-shaped dragon.

"That would be best." Phos agreed.

If their talk was going to be about Tzin's weight gain, Phos had no idea why the dragon would lead them to the cafeteria. They were even more confused to find their tubby roommate quickly waddling into line without uttering a word, the moth hesitantly following. At first, Phos assumed Tzin was gonna grab something lean and healthy, but if that were the case, why would the dragon grab two trays instead of one? Tzin proceeded to load up said trays with plates of pasta and pizza, only grabbing a couple pears and a glass of orange juice to make his meal "healthy." Not wanting to look out of place in line, Phos grabbed a tray and placed a single piece of pizza on it, trying to ignore all the strange looks they were receiving.

Food in hand, they made their way to an empty table, once again in awkward silence. Phos sat down at their end of the table, but obviously it wasn't that easy for Tzin to do the same. The massive drake had to haul each barrel of a thigh over the seat before squeezing his way into the table. Even then, the entire bench creaked as the feathery fatty settled his bulk onto the seat, his tremendous rump spilling over the edges of the narrow seat while his gut rested atop the table. If the table weren't bolted into the floor, the moth was certain the entire thing would have capsized. Miraculously, it didn't break in half beneath his weight, although each creak and groan made Phos's stomach lurch.

Tzin's stomach, however, had no problems with the noise, as evidenced by the great drake voraciously tearing through his servings.

Phos couldn't help but feel ignored as they were stuck watching their roommate tear through his lunch, who was seemingly unaware that those large portions were the reason why his shirt rose over his cream-colored gut. With the situation growing more awkward by the minute, the moth bore witness to the great drake's mighty caloric rampage; his first "lunch" vanishing down that greedy gullet swiftly. Tzin took a quick swig of juice before diving into the bowl of pasta, forking up great spirals of noodles before sliding them into his chubby muzzle. Phos was reminded of their dinner all those months ago, watching Tzin chomp through burger after burger, but at least their roomie was making conversation then.

Finally, after finishing those two trays, Tzin glanced up. "Hey, uh, are you gonna eat that?"

Phos blinked, before shaking their head, pushing their untouched tray towards the dragon. They were starting to wonder if they were just brought along to carry more meals to Tzin.

"Thanks," the dragon smiled, licking his chops as he pulled the tray closer. "Heh, sorry. I was gonna lead us back to our room, but I thought they were serving guacamole at the cafeteria

and I just had to see for myself. Not sure why else people keep saying 'avocado' around me, but, whatever. I, uh, guess I should take a break and, erh, ask now..." Tzin's smile wavered as he lowered his head, quivering his head feathers. The large dragon looked around the room as if searching for the exact words to phrase his next question, his thick neck flab jiggling with the slightest movement. "So...how are you so cool?"

Phos raised a brow. "*I am not cool.*" Was Tzin pulling a break on them?

The dragon winced. "W-well, not cool in *that* sense...I-I mean, you're plenty cool! But like...well, you're also really nice and calm and, uh...Perdóname." He scratched awkwardly as his chubby cheeks, grimacing. "Sorry...It's just that... lately, I've been feeling like a bit of an outsider, you know? Like, I can't really fit in with friend groups, be one of *them*, yeah?"

Phos tilted their head. They thought groups of friends were the only thing Tzin could fit into nowadays. The dragon always looked happiest with a group of people to laugh with. "*What do you mean?*" Was Tzin actually too fat to literally interact with groups of people. Did the others have trouble talking over his loud gurgly belly? Phos could believe that.

"Well...I mean, people are nice to me, and I get along well with others, at least I think I do. We all talk and laugh about the same things, share the same jokes, all that stuff. It's just....I don't know how to say this without being offensive, but I feel...different? Like, I hear 'you know us wolves and our love of tennis' or 'me and the other lizards are gonna bask in the sun like usual,' and...well, I can't relate. I don't have a 'group' like that for me. I'm always the odd one out."

The moth blinked. "*I thought you were a dragon.*" Tzin was hardly the only dragon to be attending this college.

Tzin sighed. "That's the thing, I'm only half dragon. Mi padre is a quetzalcoatl, a feathered serpent. I mean, I do hang out with the other dragons, and they're all very nice! But at the same time, I feel like an even bigger outcast to them; I don't have wings, I don't breathe fire, and...well, who's ever heard of a vegetarian dragon anyways?"

He had a point. Phos had never seen a dragon who wasn't obsessed with meat, let alone one who completely abstained from it. Tzin really was a bit of an oddity for his species, and not just for his immense figure. The moth had never really given it too much thought, although the same apparently couldn't be said for Tzin. The poor drake looked absolutely defeated, slumping over in his seat so that his belly rolls bunched up at the table, idly tapping his plastic fork against his tray. "How do you do it, Phos?" The dragon sighed, before scooping up a forkful of spaghetti to munch on. "You never seem bothered by what anyone thinks about you."

Oh, that wasn't true at all, but Phos didn't want to point that out. Having no mouth just meant they looked more stoic than how they really felt. The moth shook their head. *"I don't think about it too much."*

Tzin looked up from his pasta. "Can you teach me how to not think about it so much too?"

The moth sat there silently, trying to process Tzin's request. After a moment, they rose to their feet and walked beside the table. *"Ok. Look at me. Tell me what you see."* They asked, before holding out all four arms and wings.

Furrowing his thick brows in confusion, Tzin gleaned at his roommate. "Um...like literally or figuratively? I literally see a moth, but I figuratively see a good friend."

"Ok." Phos nodded, their head warming up at being called a good friend. *"Do my extra arms make you uncomfortable? Or my large eyes? Or my antennae? Or anything about my anatomy? Be completely honest."*

Tzin was quick to shake his head, jostling his hanging chins. "Not at all! I admit, it threw me off a bit when we first met, but I've never found them weird or uncomfortable! If anything, I think they're neat!"

"Not everyone thinks that way about me." They were genuinely surprised at Tzin's response. This fatty was way too wholesome, far more than most people they knew! *"Think about it this way. How you feel about my physique is how your friends most likely feel about you. They don't see your preferences as weird or uncomfortable. They don't think of you as less of a dragon, or a feathered serpent. They see you as a friend who has their own likes and dislikes. There's nothing to be ashamed of for being unique."*

"In fact-" Phos stepped closer. *"It's a beautiful thing! How many dragons have such a rich and vibrant plumage along their heads? Or who cares so passionately about our planet like you do? You're wonderful the way you are. Your friends care more about you than just their first impressions of you; they care about the hybrid inside you, not just the dragon they see on the surface. And if they don't, well, then they weren't friends to begin with."*

That was probably the most amount of signing Phos had ever done at once before. Ironically, the moth was afraid Tzin would find them weird for getting so passionate about their little speech. The dragon hadn't said a word during their signing, and was afraid they had said something wrong.

To their surprise, Tzin slowly got up, squeezed out from the table, and wrapped the smaller insect in a biiiiiig hug. "Thank you, Phos. You have no idea how reassuring it is to hear you say that. Or, see you say that, heh."

But Phos didn't respond. They were busy trying not to get lost in Tzin's blubber...or their own ecstasy. Tzin was so soft, so wonderfully, beautifully, delightfully soft! Their arms quickly reached out to return as much of the hug as possible, unable to reach even halfway around Tzin's belly alone! Their top arms wrapped around the upper curve of that tum while the other pair hefted the bottom of said tum, Phos concluded they were *made* for hugging bellies like Tzin's! It was like hugging a cloud, a warm, scaly cloud, one they could drift away and never return! To feel that hanging flabby mass jiggle and jostle, squish and squeeze, to hear it gurgle and gorgle, was almost intoxicating to the tiny moth. Slowly, their claws roamed around the surface of such an enormous gut, exploring the great expanse of tum, mapping it out in their head. They thought back to how much smaller Tzin was in the beginning of their semester, and how much larger he had grown over the months up to this state.

The perfect hugging partner.

"H-hey, Phos. You alright, buddy?"

Wide-eyed, the moth reluctantly pulled themselves away from the embrace, warm to the head. They had to tear their eyes away from that wondrously big belly to look up at Tzin, noting the concerned look on their face. "*S-sorry,*" they sheepishly signed. "*I like hugs.*" Especially hugs like *that!*

The drake chuckled, his big belly bouncing against his torso. "Heheheh, so do I! I'll make sure to hug you more often, then. I think I wanna go back and take a nap first, though. It's been, *mmmmmmf*, kinda tiring today." The drake leaned back as he yawned, his shirt riding up to expose his entire belly button.

Phos's hands moved on their own. "*Would you like some more food, first?*"

"Hmm?" Tzin blinked, glancing down at his friend. "More food?"

Phos couldn't believe they were doing this. "*You had a stressful day. Eating makes you feel better, right?*"

The dragon laughed. "Heh, that's true! I've already eaten a *ton* for breakfast today, though. I'm still pretty stuffed from lunch, actually. Besides, I need to try to save money."

"*It's my treat.*" Phos stepped closer, craning their neck to look up at the drake. "*My scholarship actually included free lunch for the semester. I just haven't been using it. You can have my lunches instead.*" The moth's throat went dry as they waited for an answer, their eyes twitching down to take in the sight of that great big huggable belly.

After some time, the dragon grinned, thick dimples forming in those cheeks. "Eh, what the heck. Sure, I'll take another bowl of pasta. Thank you very much, Phos!"

Phos practically skipped over to the lunch line, before returning with two bowls.

They wondered if they should feel guilty; encouraging Tzin to grow fatter when the dragon was already impressively obese to begin with. Their friend never seemed to catch on to the fact that he was gaining weight, after all; in a way, it felt wrong, like they were just taking advantage of the poor dragon. Maybe a real friend would convince Tzin that he was very pudgy and take steps to help him shed some pounds.

But everytime Phos would think those thoughts, Tzin would wrap them in a warm, flabby, heavenly embrace, and the moth would order an extra helping of french fries for his blubbery buddy.

Phos made sure Tzin was practically surrounded by food whenever possible. Either by suggesting extra helpings, offering free snacks, or by “accidentally” ordering too much takeout, the moth ensured the dragon spent nearly every night as bloated and stuffed as their movie night. They did this under the condition that, should Tzin ever express concern or discomfort regarding his weight, they would pull a 180 and help the big guy shed a few pounds.

Thankfully, that never happened.

In true Tzin fashion, he remained seemingly oblivious, not only in regards to his own weight gain but also to Phos's efforts to fatten him up. The doughy drake never once questioned why the moth was so adamant on making sure he finished every last bite. In fact, Phos swore he was *trying* to gain weight; Tzin was completely on board with asking his mom to send more *galletas* under the pretense that they were for his roommate. It wasn't long before he started receiving a box of them every week, each box containing dozens of cookies which never lasted more than a day or two.

“Mrrrf, that feels nice...a little to the left, please?”

Phos was happy to oblige, their wings fluttering in delight. They had no issues shimmying around the ocean of cream-colored scales that spread out before them; another excuse to give that wonderful gut a good squeeze. With a happy thrum, they plunged their paws deep into the lardaceous expanse, meeting no resistance until their hands were buried past their wrists. It was like kneading dough; warm, supple dough that jiggled and wobbled. Phos could write entire books describing the ecstasy they felt pushing heaping pawfuls of blubber up, only to pull back and watch it all settle back down into a fleshy lump once more. They praised the stars that they were blessed with four arms: the perfect equipment for handling enormous bellies.

“Hey, Phos? You think you could hand me that last bag over there? If you don't mind, that is.”

Oh, Phos didn't mind at all. If anything, they were happy to briefly pause their massage, if only so they could look over their handiwork.

If Phos was surprised at how fat Tzin was at the beginning of the semester, they would have fainted in shock at how enormous the dragon was now. The behemoth of a drake managed to double in size; the cushions of the two-seater couch no longer visible beneath all that girth. The edge of that sprawling mass of belly flab just barely grazed the top of his feet, his lap fully covered in turn. Resting atop such a splendid belly were two pillowy moobs, each of which was as soft and round as a gut in their own right. Wider than he is tall, Tzin was the only student allowed to waddle around without a shirt on, probably due to the fact that the school was getting fed up with trying to produce larger and larger sizes for the ever-growing drake. On campus, however, Tzin was treated more like a vehicle than a student, with other furs maintaining a respectable distance from the waddling ball of blubber. Anyone caught on the wrong end of a rump that massive would certainly end up in the hospital.

"Eerh, you alright, Phos?" Tzin tilted his head, his grapefruit cheeks pancaking against his puffy shoulders.

Oh. Phos shook their head, pulling themselves back to reality. They waded through the sea of brown paper bags in order to make it to Tzin's desk, grabbing the last unopened bag before quickly returning to their rotund roommate. The dragon beamed. "Thanks, buddy!"

With a happy titter, Phos fluttered back onto his perch on that beanbag belly, quickly resuming their massage while listening to the dragon tear open yet another bag of tacos. How Tzin managed to eat those without making a mess was beyond them. Maybe he did it to make cleaning up after himself that much easier; it would be pretty easy to lose crumbs in those thick chins, after all.

With a muffled burp, Tzin sighed as he leaned back in the creaking couch, glancing down at the moth. "And thanks again for the massage, Phos. It feels great, especially with how stressful finals were."

Phos nodded in agreement.

The dragon reached up to scratch at his feathery crown, forming thick rolls with his biceps. "You sure you don't want me to return the favor?"

The moth shook their head. This was the perfect stress reliever for them, too. No matter how strenuous or taxing the school day was, they could always look forward to coming home to a warm, squishy hug. A hug that grew warmer and squishier by the day, they might add.

Tzin chuckled softly, wobbling his gut with Phos atop of it. "Heheh, if you say so. I wouldn't mind rubbing your fuzzy middle at all, just saying. It's a bit smaller than mine, heh."

Phos's antennae perked up. It was the first time Tzin had acknowledged that he was a bit "larger" in the middle. Not even when the dragon grew too fat to squeeze in the lower bunk of his bunk bed did he attribute it to his girth, simply complaining about the warped wood or something similar. Phos wondered what would happen if Tzin one day wound up immobilized beneath his own girth. Would he realize he had grown too fat, or simply make some other silly excuse. "Oh, the planets have aligned and it made Earth's gravity that much heavier, that's why it's harder for me to move. I could use more chips, Phos!"

A gentle vibration was enough to rouse Phos from his thoughts, who watched that sea of flab jiggle on its own. Was Tzin purring? Could Tzin purr loud enough to jiggle himself? Looking up, the moth watched the great drake struggle to reach around his own bulk, digging his claws deep within his love handles before pulling out his cell phone. "Ah, it's mi madre." He muttered, the screen reflecting off his bright yellow eyes. "They're outside. Looks like it's time to go."

Phos hoped they drove a flatbed; there was no way Tzin was fitting into any other vehicle.

Reluctantly, the insect pried himself off the precious paunch, giving Tzin plenty of space. In what could only be described as a herculean effort, the enormous dragon somehow managed to brace himself against the edge of the couch and haaaaaaauled himself upwards, that gut of his surging forward like an avalanche of adipose. Phos's antennae drooped in nervousness watching the behemoth make his way upright; if Tzin were to accidentally take a few too many steps forward, the moth would probably be seeing a completely different light.

Somehow, the mighty ball of scales managed to roll himself upright, the dragon huffing as he patted the side of his rippling tum. "Phew. Never gets easier. All that food makes me feel really heavy afterwards."

Phos raised a brow.

"Anyways." The dragon held out his enormous arms. "One more hug before I-"

He didn't need to finish the sentence. Phos flung himself at the wall of flab before them, squeezing as tight as possible. All four arms disappeared into the doughy chub, as did 3/4ths of their body. They were dreading this day for a while, the day their best and probably only friend would finally leave for summer break. They owed him so much; amazing belly aside, Tzin was the first real non-moth friend they ever had, someone he could talk to and confide with, someone who talked and confided with them! Hell, they never knew how much they liked hugs until the dragon cornered them with that bearhug! It was gonna be tough looking for someone to squeeze now.

Of course, their “hugs” were more one way, as the dragon couldn’t even reach the moth’s antennae past all that gut. “Hrrf, are you shrinking, Phos? You’re looking *lighter* than ever, hah!”

Phos rolled their eyes. Of course, one last pun to see them off. They were glad they didn’t have a mouth, however, for it’d be grinning like a dork.

Soon, Tzin pulled back, smiling softly. “You take care, Phos! Who knows, maybe we’ll run into each other again next semester!”

Hopefully not literally. Phos would not survive that encounter.

They waved as Tzin performed the arduous task of turning around, their cushiony tail bending and folding as it bumped against different furniture. They were fortunate to live on the first story; Phos was certain the dragon would have fallen through the floor otherwise. Each lumbering step he took rattled the desks and bed, one lard-filled leg struggling to step around the next. It was like watching a construction vehicle at work, one carrying an oversized payload....

Tzin stopped suddenly, their flab jiggling from momentum. The moth blinked, tilting their head. Had he forgotten something? Any more parting words?

The answer was a bit more obvious than that. “H-hey, Phos? Could you, uh, gimme a quick push?” The dragon muttered sheepishly, those massive cheeks flushing red. “S-stupid warping wood.”

Phos eagerly fluttered over, rubbing their paws together. It seems as though they had time for one more hug after all.