

Alas, they had to wait until the evening before they could do just that. Between patching Tyr up and gathering up the slain zwein, the sky had started to turn orange by the time they returned to the village. Battered, bruised, a little jumpy. But triumphant all the same.

With the same net he used to trap the zwein, Nairo dragged along half of their catch. Thankfully the village was close by, and his Lightweight spell was perfect for situations just as this; however, fifteen zwein was his absolute limit, and even then the ferret felt himself pushed physically and in terms of mana. He really needed to take up Tyr's offer of endurance training soon.

Ah, but still it was worth it as he saw the shocked looks they received, the wide eyes and dropped jaws. Nairo felt a surge in pride, and even began smiling back at the onlookers. Alas, his mana gave out right at that moment, and suddenly the ferret was flung onto his butt, unable to haul the beasts any longer. So much for looking cool.

He was quickly helped up by the kind passers-by, recognizing some of them as those who offered all those free samples to Tyr earlier. Questions began rumbling about how they managed such a feat, and while Nairo didn't mind answering them, his attention focused on the older corgi who rushed towards them, just as shocked. "You boys are so reckless! You didn't need to bring back so many!"

"It was no problem, really." Nairo smiled, dropping the vines. "There's still another twenty three dead zwein still there, too. I'm sorry I couldn't bring those too. My mana's at its limits, and-"

"You're injured!" Jane quickly focused her attention on Tyr, shocked to find the dragon in a sturdy crutch and cast. "You didn't have to go through so much trouble for little old me! Oh, you poor things. Sit down, sit down, right away. I'll get the healer to look at you."

Tyr didn't put up an argument about sitting down, moving with a bit of a hobble over to the closest table and setting his bulk down. The dragon sighed and groaned as he sat, sitting awkwardly with his leg outstretched in front of him. He too was being bombarded with questions and praise, just like Nairo. The dragon answered some, but most he pushed off to Nairo so that he could try and relax. His leg was throbbing, he was drained, and he was now hungry as it had been hours in the woods. He just sat there and talked a little with the villagers, answering how he had managed to get so many when the village had struggled with just a few at a time. It was a feat that clearly would be talked about for ages.

Tyr did want that healer, and looked through the crowd that he still towered over even when seated. Really, just a bear in the town came close to Tyr's height... And Tyr felt even taller because of that. He felt a bit too much like the center of attention. Nairo craved that, Tyr hated it, so he let Nairo have his fun while Tyr just basked in the glory of victory. Let the extrovert have his fun, and the introvert have his healing. It was simple, and it was another way that the two of them would work out better as partners if they stopped trying to both run everything. So Tyr

simply sat and waited, swinging so that his leg was propped up on the bench and so that he could lean just a little bit.

“Heh, yeah, I know, broken leg...” Tyr said once the healer finally showed up, getting a scowl from the feline. The house cat, older and with a large medical bag, set about right away undoing the splint and getting a look at the leg. It was swollen and clearly broken, but it was thankfully a clean break. Tyr was asked to drink a potion, and then bite down on a piece of wood while the feline set his leg correctly. Tyr obliged... And grunted hard when his leg was put back properly. Another potion, some very intense weaving spells that made his whole side tingle, and the leg was healed. It wasn't perfect, and it would need a few days of rest to get fully back up to snuff, but Tyr could walk on the leg again. The doctor mentioned that his bones were stronger than most, and he would be better faster than anyone else in the village with a broken leg... But also gave him a bit of a lecture to be more careful. Tyr took it all in and just nodded; he was allowed to be lectured for this one. It was stupid, and he had been reckless.

Now though, he was well enough to at least get around with a crutch and to walk somewhat... He could get that reward. Him and Nairo both.

Nairo had always wondered what it'd be like to be the center of attention, in a good way for once. People were actually impressed by him for once, and given that this wasn't at a school setting, he didn't feel awkward taking all of the praise. Granted, he felt bad that more people weren't giving Tyr enough credit, but everytime he turned towards the dragon, he'd see a nod and a wave of a hand. The universal “go ahead,” motion.

With Nairo's detailed instructions, a group had managed to enter the woods and return with the other carcasses the ferret mentioned, prompting yet another wave of ooh's and aah's. It was honestly getting a little embarrassing, hearing his name brought up alongside numerous praises. They'd broken a new record for the most successful hunt of zwein, and it was just the two of them!

A toast was shared in their honor, and Nairo soon found a pint of ale in his paw. The ferret was not much of a drinker; he just knew he'd be an absolute lightweight, but given all they had done today, he was glad to make an exception today. Just don't make it a habit, he told himself as he took a sip, fidgeting at the bubbly mustache he was left with. Very bitter, and a little too bubbly, but not bad. Not bad at all-

He smelled heaven.

It was like a chorus of angels were singing to him, albeit whatever the scent equivalent to that was. It didn't matter how much he'd over eaten earlier; suddenly he was hungry, famished even, and nearly drooling at the lips! Through the crowd, he spotted Jane quickly shuffling through towards him and Tyr, carrying with her a very large platter of crispy, browned zwein drenched in a dark brown sauce.

“A promise is a promise, and I’ll make sure you two get the best meals these old hands can make. It’s been so long since I’ve had *too much* zwein, I get to experiment again! This here is zwein curry, and I’ll have zwein pot roast and zwein pork chops on the way soon. Please dig in, I have so many ideas for meals I want to share with you two!”

Tyr too had perked up at the smell, and then started to drool lightly as he looked at the spread that was being offered. Even more came when he heard the food to come, and he had to swallow that drool down so as to not make a mess or be too improper. The dragon was starving, and his stomach let out a demanding growl loud enough to get the couple praising him around where he sat to look at him in worry. He waved it off and just let Jane place the food in front of him, a healthy portion for both himself and Nairo. The dragon didn’t dig in right away, as everyone seemed to expect from him. No, he instead turned to Jane with a broad smile and gave a nod of thanks.

“Experiment as much as you want. That brood mother is huge and there will be meat for everyone here for a while. And hey... I have a figure to maintain after all, so I’ll eat whatever you put in front of me. They called me a garbage disposal at school, though I wouldn’t call this anything less than perfect from the smell.” Tyr said, beaming with glee as he finally caved and took a bite.

He was sent right to heaven with that bite.

The curry was rich and perfectly seasoned. Spicy, but not enough for sweat. Hearty, but not heavy. Creamy, but not overly rich. It was so perfect that Tyr thought for a split second that it had indeed killed him, but he took a chew of the food and knew that he was not only alive... But he was experiencing culinary genius. He sat still and looked to Jane with wide eyes, his cheeks bulging with food and his whole body still in shock. He chewed a few more times, looking from Jane to the food and back again, and then swallowed. Words were lost on the dragon... This was just too good. He could eat this every day for the rest of his days, and it still wouldn’t be enough. He didn’t ever think there would be enough. He’d eat this till he burst!

“Holy... Uhm, Jane? You’ve got a gift... And a permanent supplier of zwein with that one bite. You ever need more, ask for us. Seriously... Holy...”

Nairo didn’t think he’d find himself enraptured by food twice in one day, yet here he was, taking bites far more than his little cheeks could handle! Like a puffed up chipmunk, he simply nodded fervently in agreement. He didn’t need to sniff the food he was eating, the ultimate seal of approval from him! He almost didn’t want to swallow the mouthfuls, content to keep it there on his tongue forever, but the promise of being able to stuff more in after gulping pushed him to continue. The mug of ale beside him sat untouched for now, not wanting to dirty his mouth with anything other than this sweet, sweet curry.

Not even halfway into his own meal, Nairo noticed Jane return with the pot roast. Already? He blinked, and she vanished; two more bites of curry, and she was back with pork

chops as well! "I have a talent for being in two places at once." She said with a cheeky grin towards Nairo's surprise. "Don't let me stop you now! I'll be back soon with the other 9 courses, but I can make more if you'd like. In the meantime, please keep eating!"

Nairo tried not to think about what number was spoken just then. For now, he made sure to grab a portion of the other two meals offered to them, taking a big bite and groaning in ecstasy. They were good; real good! All of that pain and trauma of wrangling those damn zwein was worth it and then some if it meant being able to eat like this! The ferret hardly even recognized the creeping fullness he felt, seemingly forgetting about how nutrient and calorie dense zwein meat was. All he wanted was to sample each and every dish Jane brought out before Tyr made short work of them all!

Tyr, for his part, was already onto the pork roast by the time it was delivered. He was mowing through the food as though it would run away from him like the zweins it was made from. He loved each and every bite, rumbling as only a dragon could in a sort of purr from the myriad of flavors that assaulted his tongue. He had never once had food as good as this, and he wanted to keep right on eating it. It was too good! Words were failing him to describe what was going on with his tongue as he ate, and he really wanted to just have it all to himself. He figured he could too; Nairo wasn't much of an eater, and had eaten a whole lot earlier in the day.

One look over at the ferret surprised the dragon though.

He saw Nairo eating quickly... Not like him, but quicker and messier than he had ever seen the mustelid eat before. Tyr was impressed in a way, but annoyed in another; less leftovers for him to eat meant that he had to savor all that he got, and hope that there would be more. Sure, it was greedy of him and everything, but he was a dragon! They were meant to be greedy! So he ate more and more, the pork roast vanishing down into his churning stomach as the villagers all looked on with renewed awe at his eating. No student from the school ever ate like that... Most worked through a few plates and then were full, especially after eating a Whole Hog. Tyr however was getting his own center of attention moment as he ate now, because everyone in the village who had seen the haul of zwein was now seeing just what had killed them eat... And were impressed all over again.

While Tyr was just getting started, Nairo was quickly winding down. Even just sampling the meals that came by was too much for the thin ferret, who could only fit so much in him. That barely noticeable bulge from their last meal had grown in spades, the lower tuft of his belly fur now constantly on display, round and taut. Yet, try as he might, the poor guy could barely squeeze any more past his lips, having slowed down to the point where he even washed down his bites with ale.

A mistake he'd later regret.

As anyone could tell at just a cursory glance, Nairo could not hold his alcohol well. And that single mug, as large as it was, was enough to directly impact the poor mustelid's logic.

Gone were the thoughts of preserving his nimble frame and avoiding looking like a fatass like Tyr- like a fatass. At the moment, he simply fretted at his lack of ability to even be close to keeping up with his partner, and being too full to sample the meals yet to come. Even in the modern age of magic, reheating food always took the flavor away.

It was the large bellied gator, whom Nairo recalled being named Chuck, who noticed the plight of the poor weasel, patting a meaty paw on the thinner mage's shoulder sympathetically. "There's no need to eat yourself sick, friend. Do you need something to help with the stomachache?"

"I'll need something stronger than that." Nairo groaned as he took another sip of ale, impacting his judgment even further. "I wish I could just keep eating."

Chuck raised a brow, looking left and right before leaning in. "You know, I'm sure you've learned simple enhancement spells to expand the storage of backpacks and whatnot and your school, yeah? Well, that same spell can be cast on your stomach, believe it or not, and yours truly is a self proclaimed master at it. It's temporary though, only lasts a few hours, so make sure you're done eating and asleep by then, else your stomach miiiight ache a bit. You ready?"

Nairo blinked. He wasn't too fond of being talked to as though he made that decision already. However, the ferret did say he wanted to keep eating, and that spell would certainly help with that. Plus, he was a little envious at how quickly Tyr became the focus of attention just from eating so much. Heck, this was the first time Nairo had ever valued an object's taste over its smell before. "Yeah... go ahead."

And with a smile, Nairo picked up a seasoned leg and bit into it, the pressure in his belly gradually reducing.

Tyr looked on at this little bit of magic being shown, and then gave a small chuckle to himself. The dragon was eating like he would starve if he didn't finish what was before him, the food going down his gullet in large, heavy swallows. He could feel it all settling down heavily in his stomach too, each bite like a small rock hitting his belly. That zwein curry was spiced to perfection, the potroast was just about melting before he could even bite it, and the ribs? Oh those didn't make it to his mouth before the meat was about to fall from the bone. And there was likely more coming too? Tyr salivated at the thought... But he knew that his capacity wasn't limitless. Sure he could eat Nairo under the table with ease, but to really get the most out of this meal? Well he would have to really go for broke with his feasting, and Chuck seemed to be the one to help him out with this.

"Mind givin' me the same treatment?" Tyr asked Chuck as the gator focused on Nairo. Chuck looked over at Tyr, the bloated dragon with sauce on his snout and his paws messy from the ribs, and then gave a wide grin.

"Mind? To keep a hungry guy like you eatin'? You're gonna get the same thing, whether

ya like it or not.” The gator replied, getting a bright chuckle from Tyr. The dragon had figured that he was in good company, but to hear that he didn’t even need to ask to be a proper glutton here... Part of him wanted to quit being a wandering mage right then and there and just set up here. How he would afford that came to mind just as quickly, but... Well, he would have to figure that out later. A town where his eating wasn’t chided and he wasn’t looked down on for giving in to allowing himself his hoarding and gluttonous vices was something he really, deeply wanted. This was a place he could call home, first in a very long time. So the dragon just leaned back and leisurely ate as he mused over that fact, looking more contemplative and thoughtful than he had in ages.

Nairo couldn’t help but smirk at just how much Tyr was eating. That dragon was a glutton, no doubt about it; the sheer volume of food passing his lips with every movement of his arms was indeed staggering, much like how his stomach continued to swell with each noisy gulp like a balloon in slow motion. For once, Nairo was grateful for his short stature; the idea of towering over others and having all eyes on him eating like that would have been a nightmare.

But, the small ferret also noted just how happy the dragon was as well; a dimpled smile never leaving his chubby face. Tyr wasn’t dumb, he was well aware of just what kind of damage this kind of greasy food would have on his waistline. Hell, even with his mind a bit addled by the ale, Nairo was certainly aware the train ride back would be even more uncomfortable for the plus-sized reptile. But Tyr made it clear that his great bulk was not a hindrance in battle by any means. Nairo was even forced to concede that the extra size made an excellent distraction, possibly allowing the spellslinger a few extra moments to hinder them longer than if Tyr had been of normal size.

Maybe he should encourage Tyr to grow larger then. Muscle was more ideal than fat, sure, but when it came to handling primitive creatures, size mattered...

But as the night went on, Nairo thought less and less about that. For now, his only concern was just getting to sample all the Zwein meals that came their way before Tyr completely demolished them. They tasted so good, Nairo gave up even sniffing each of the delicious morsels before eating them. He gave up worrying about how much extra he was cramming into his gullet, or the attention he received. At some point throughout the night, he felt Chuck give his stomach a poke and heard some praise about the “dome” he was growing. Honestly, time was a bit of a blur for Nairo, as he’d drank perhaps a bit more ale than he could handle...

Tyr ate whatever of the samples that Nairo didn’t, and then some. The dragon was like a bottomless pit for food, and with that magic helping him now? Well... It wasn’t long into the night that he was called the village trash bin. It was a name the dragon wore with no small amount of pride, and a role he dove headlong into as he continued to just consume with a greed for feed that few would ever see again. It was just fun for him, and he could see that even Nairo was getting in on that fun. Sure, it wasn’t nearly to his volume of eating... Not even by any stretch of the imagination if he had to be completely honest. But, the little one was eating along and doing

his best, even having to undo his tunic at one point to let that little ball of a belly on his svelte frame out for the world to see. Sure, the ale might have been doing it, but Tyr looked on and saw someone finally letting their hair down as it were. It was a good sight, and one that Tyr would keep in his head to remind himself that Nairo wasn't always going to be a stuck up prude... Just most of the time.

The night went on, and it became a blur of food, ale, food, belly rubbing, food, praise, food, a bit of dancing around him, food, and even more food. The dragon stayed out until almost the wee hours of the morning, well after Nairo had been brought into one of the tents that was reserved for the two mages so the little ferret could sleep off his meal. Tyr made sure to eat until even the gator's magic wasn't able to help ease that luscious start of a stomach ache from overeating... Which, by all accounts, was more than some in the village would eat in a month. It made him swell with pride, and a whole heaping amount of undigested calories. He didn't even want to think about how much he would swell as he slept all of it off, but being that this was what he wanted, he was excited to see the results. The praising words, the gentle pats, the continued dishes of his kills, all of it came together to make Tyr just feel like he was the pride of the small group. He hadn't gotten that in, well, ever at the school, so he loved it all and wanted it to last as long as it could. However, even he had to admit when he was on the cusp of overdoing things, and sleep was really starting to take its hold on him after the third time he had nodded off with a forkful of food resting in his maw.

Getting up and into the tent took the help of a couple others in the village, as there was simply so much food in his stomach that he could scarcely waddle along. Sure, he could handle the weight... But a full barrel of ale and a feast fit for several kings meant that he was as unsteady on his feet as a newborn horse. An over-inflated beach ball of food sat heavily on his front, forcing the dragon to lean back and waddle awkwardly as he moved along towards the tent, shuffling steps and deep, guttural belches accompanying every few footfalls he made. He was stuffed to the absolute gills, and not a villager in the whole place didn't stop to rub his belly rather heavily for either luck or praise. It was sublime, and the dragon couldn't help but blush as he dumbly waddled along and was eased into the tent. He made it after about ten minutes... A journey that should have taken all of one, but given his size now it was going to take longer. He knew he would be slower, heavier, and a whole lot softer once he reawoke from the food coma he could feel himself slipping into... Oh, that was for sure. However, as he lay on his side and gingerly stroked over the overstretched ball of countless calories in front of him as he drifted off... Well, he was overjoyed by that, and couldn't wait to see what was next.

How Nairo managed to sleep throughout the night, he'd never know.

That was more or less his first thought upon gaining consciousness, as he slowly realized through his addle-minded head that his dreams of revving lawnmowers and chainsaws weren't purely dreams. In fact, it took him a few moments of weary blinking to even realize he was awake to begin with. Normally, he was quite the quick and early riser, but now it was taking everything he had just to not close his eyes and roll back to sleep in his warm, comfortable bedding...

He opened his eyes. Dammit, he actually passed out just then!

The little ferret groaned as he rubbed the side of his head. How long had he been laying there? At first, he thought it was still morning, with other citizens going about doing yard work, but realizing that the noise was just coming from his still-sleeping partner's heavy snoring, he reckoned it could almost be noon. Dammit, they still had to fill out paperwork, and return back with the news... Gods, Nairo was normally never one to shy away from work like that, but now he seriously debated closing his eyes and drifting off for a third time.

But that wouldn't do, would it?

Another groan, and Nairo slowly rolled himself into a seated position, slowly blinking. Even that felt monumental, as though he were wearing a weighted blanket. Was this all from last night's partying? Perhaps this was a sign that he should limit himself when it came to how much alcohol he consumed. This groggy, heavy feeling made being efficient and productive quite difficult. He wondered how Tyr was doing-

"Oh, howdy! Looks like yer up!"

"Mrrrhuhm?" Nairo squinted his eyes at the lightsource that just appeared in front of him, looking at the figure standing in the doorway. He was quite rotund; was it the gator butcher?

Apparently not, for as Nairo's eyes slowly grew accustomed to the light, he made out the features of a lynx's lengthy tail and pointed ears, along with a heavily dimpled smile. "Heh, I s'pose you were already asleep when I came out. I met yer friend, but I doubt he even noticed me, too busy showing off that impressive appetite of his. The name's Gregor. I'm Jane's wife, if you recall."

Ah, the one who sent the request to hunt to Zwein. Nairo could see Gregor's leg was in a cast, with the heavysset lynx leaning against a crutch for support. Normally, the ferret would be mortified to be caught lying down like this in front of his client, but he hardly felt like moving from his spot. Instead, he only managed out the most coherent thought his hungover self could manage. "Hello, Gregor... where is my tunic?"

Gregor blinked, noticeably confused. "Your.. tunic?"

"Yeah." Nairo slowly wiped his eyes. "It's an old fashioned article of clothing originating from 3rd century B.C that-"

"No no, I understand what a tunic is." Gregor nodded, his brow still furrowed. "I'm just... I mean, it's right there, son."

Nairo blinked. "Where?"



"There." Gregor pointed at the ferret, chuckling. "Sounds like you had plenty of fun last night if you can't even find your own clothes on your back."

This time it was Nairo's turn to be confused. He was tired and slow, sure, but he'd know if he was wearing his own clothes, right? If he was, he wouldn't be feeling the breeze brushing against his stomach right now. Just to clarify his point, the ferret reached towards his middle to grope for the tunic, only to be met with his own belly.

His own bulbous, gelatinous, quivering belly.

Eyes wide open, Nairo immediately shook off the hangover sludge dampening his head as he quickly shot up, glancing down at himself in horror. No wonder Nairo couldn't find his tunic, it was laying on top of him like a blanket, and the more he looked at it, the more he worried he wouldn't be able to fit back into it! Ever since meeting Tyr, Nairo had been calling out the dragon for his obvious weight; sometimes insultingly, but more often simply pointing it out.

Now, Nairo had no room to judge.

The ferret's belly jutted out before him in nearly a perfect sphere, with hardly any sag to it. At first, Nairo thought it was some bloat, but his poking and prodding reaffirmed that that jiggling, wobbling mass of fluff was, indeed, blubber. How can this be?! Last night, he could still see some of his ribs, now he could lift up his belly if he wanted to!

As the panic stirred Nairo further, he was made aware that his growth wasn't at all relegated to his stomach; looking down bunched up his new chin, for starters, and by the Gods, were his thighs rubbing from standing straight up?! This must have been 50, no... close to 100 pounds of fat he just put on.

And Gregor said Tyr had been eating long after Nairo went to sleep? He didn't even want to look at the dragon right now, for fear that the shock would send him fainting.

He looked to Gregor alarmed, this time desperate for some hint on how to reverse this, or waiting for it all to be a prank involving hallucinations, but the feline just let loose a belly laugh at poor Nairo's reaction. "Yeah, eating Zwein will do that to ya. I remember the first time lovely Jane made me some pork chops out of them. Mmmf, so good, I went for seconds for thirds... and woke up tearing my pants. Damn, they were good pants too-"

"This is *excessive!*" Nairo interrupted the lynx's monologue. "This... I-I think I've put on more than I *ate!*"

"Yeah, it's most noticeable on the thinner folk like yourself." Gregor nodded, his lack of a reaction only frustrating Nairo further. "C'mon, kiddo, you should know eating magical beasts

has weird effects on the body. Some make you see better, some let you hold your breath for hours, and some... get you fat."

"B-but, those effects you listed earlier are only temporary."

"Well, this one ain't! That's why it's called magic, son. If we knew how it worked, we'd call it science!"

The lynx laughed, and Nairo felt rather feverish to the head. This had to be a prank, right? He remembered his first few years at the academy along with the bullying; waking up to find his fur bright pink, for example. It was hard to believe he now sported an actual gut now, one he couldn't stop fondling and toying with despite present company. Would any of his clothes fit him back home? Or would he need to find better ones? God, what would his *parents* say? "I knew we shouldn't have taught you how to bake!"

Gregor's pointed ears perked up, the hefty lynx grinning. "Oop, hear the misses calling. I know you slept through breakfast, but we'd love for you two to join us for lunch. Can't leave us without a proper goodbye meal now, can yah?"

Nairo was pretty sure he could. In fact, he really wanted to; they weren't exactly being punctual by sleeping in so late. Plus, there was the obvious matter that *he was fat!* More food was *not* what he needed, unless it was a salad without any dressing on it. The fat ferret was about to say just that, but was cut off by the sudden aroma wafting into the tent.

Along with the stirring of the large beast beside him.

Tyr, throughout all of the panic of the little... Or rather, once little, ferret in the tent alongside him had been dreaming of food. He often did after a really good meal, and this was no different. Seas as far as one could see of chocolate for him to slurp down, trees of breadsticks that he gnawed on, bushes of luscious cotton candy he devoured; all of it. Even the animals and other anthros in his dream were food, and they were not spared from going down into his roiling, gurgling stomach as he ate the very world from around him. It was a pleasant dream, and one that always left him feeling... Frisky in the morning. Of course, he had been fat enough this hadn't been a problem for a while; no one could see all that dragonhood from underneath a shelf of stomach now could they? So the dragon just enjoyed his dream without a care in the world, sucking down whole oceans and conquering armies sent to stop his gluttonous rampage with heavy swallows. It was a thing of beauty in his mind, and he wanted to just stay and eat until the gumdrop of a sun high in the sky itself was lost in his stomach that continued to want for more and more and more.

Until, his brain was yanked out of the dream by the word 'breakfast'.

Food often would wake up Tyr, as had been seen by Nairo for trying to get the dragon going whenever they had an early morning. Just mentioning breakfast would pull the sleeping

beast from his slumber rather quickly, and this was no exception. Tyr stirred and belched, loudly. He blushed a bit as he did this, but he still just groaned with contentment as he felt the taste of last night's meal wash over his tongue. He wanted another meal like that... Maybe another few meals like that. Everything had been heavenly. His eyes still shut, his tail thumped the ground lightly as he remembered things about that meal. His ass quaked from that, his moobs shook, his stomach wobbled... He could feel it all.

And all of it felt like it was wobbling a little too much.

Opening his eyes fully, Tyr was greeted with one fully opened eye, and one that was squinting because there was cheek in the way. Which, well, was new. "Uhm..." The dragon said, his voice lower and heavier than the day before. It was just a bit slower too, as if all the fat that he was starting to feel crowding his frame had brought down even his vocal cords with its new size. The dragon lifted an arm and let it fall; noting that it took quite a bit more effort to do so than when he had gone to sleep hours before. He also noted how light it was outside... Well, he had certainly been up late, but waking up in what looked to at least be the afternoon was a bit much. He knew that Nairo would be furious with him, so he shut his eyes again, tight this time, and tried to just go back into the dream of eating once more. He knew it wouldn't work, but he tried for a moment or two anyways before opening his eyes back up and starting to try and sit up.

This motion... Well, it took a lot more effort than Tyr was used to. He rolled over onto his back, feeling everything above him slosh and wobble and quake as though he had been stuffed full of pudding. Already grunting from the effort of simply rolling over, the dragon didn't even want to guess how much weight he had put on. Hundreds of pounds, surely. A little bit of him had known the Zwien would be fattening, but this? Well, this felt like a lot, a whole lot. An excessive amount of a lot in fact. However, it felt *good*. It felt really, really good if he was being honest. The light bounce of his chest, the feeling of a spare tire of chins surrounding and cushioning his head, his twin foothills of rump smothering one another beneath what he had to assume was several hundred pounds of furred drake... Oh, he could really get used to this.

He had to get up first though.

Grunting and heaving, Tyr used the strong muscles now hidden quite nicely under inches, maybe even feet in some places, of buttery lard. He squirmed, huffed... It was a real fight! But he managed, and he immediately knew that he had managed once his weight reached a tipping point. He could feel his heft start to shift forward, sliding over his legs more and more than it already was as his whole frame started to right itself. His ass slid out further behind him, lifting him up enough that he almost felt a bit taller sitting down than he had the night before. Well, because he was; there was a whole lot more dragon now. He wasn't hung over like Nairo either, meaning that the grogginess of sleep was already gone in his eyes, and he could take stock right away of the damage done to his frame. The damage that, well, had been done to both of their frames.

Tyr gaped at Nairo, stunned to see the once thin ferret now looking like a little butterball. An extra hundred or so pounds hung heavily on the little guy, easily making him look like a mage gone to seed instead of the little, quick spellcaster he had been. Tyr also immediately knew that he was going to look a whole lot worse... He could feel it. His breath came heavier as he sat there, his chest feeling like a pair of saddlebags over his ribs. His belly rolled well past his knees as he sat, his thighs having such a relationship now that nothing could hope to ever part them. He was nude; his clothing surely was in no shape to ever fit him again. The dragon also could feel his stomach growling for more... And then he remembered what had woken him up. What had brought him from the dream last of eating whole towns and armies, to the waking world where the results of his gluttony were leaving him stunned, wanting a mirror so badly he could taste it, and... Hungry.

Breakfast.

“Uhm, ya mentioned food there, uhm... Sorry, wait... Gregor right?” Tyr said, trying his best not to look as huge as he felt so that Nairo didn’t get on his case, and yet feeling every ounce fatter that he truly was. He knew this was going to be quite the conversation between the two... Tyr was a blubber ball now, and Nairo wasn’t exactly skinny anymore either. This was going to be an... Interesting day he wagered, and as he just sat there and lightly panted, still trying to get his bearings and letting his paws really feel up how much he had *grown*, the dragon just shrank back a bit and waited for the yelling.

Nairo didn’t give him one. Instead, he just silently glared at the massive hulking mass of scales, fur, and fat his partner had ballooned into. Even when they first met, Tyr was the fattest person Nairo had ever met, and now he looked as though he’d *eaten* the Tyr he’d first met! And now he was mentioning breakfast?!

The ferret wanted so bad to glare and complain at the enormous drake. Even while sitting, that massive gut bulged out far enough that the ferret could envision himself climbing onto it and yelling at Tyr for letting himself go so out of control in a single night, even if it meant wading through quicksand made of blubber. Because honestly, this was ridiculous! Tyr was *naked* in front of their client, and looked as though he could stop a stampeding Zwein with his gut alone.

But Nairo kept his thoughts to himself. One because he knew he had no room to talk. Hell, he was even grateful that his growth wasn’t as bad as it could have been; at least his trousers still fit, even if they left nothing to the imagination. He’d have to be careful walking, lest he pinch the... valuables.

And two, because Gregor didn’t seem to mind at all this scene of indecency. If anything, the lynx looked thrilled as he hobbled over with a grin, pressing his palm deep into the dragon’s gut. “Well god dayum, the Zwein have been kind to YOU! Let me know if you’re ever in the modeling business; I hear Magicloth is developing some super stretchy unders that’d look *incredible* on you!”

Nairo blinked. That wasn't the scolding he was expecting; that hardly wouldn't be considered a backhanded compliment either. Did *everyone* in this town love heavy men?!

Still chuckling, Gregor began making his way out of the tent. "Well, come out whenever you're ready. We can worry about new clothes n' stuff after a nice meal. We gotta test run those new guts of yours, right?"

"I'm not-" But Nairo couldn't finish, as Gregor had already left.

Alone with the fattest dragon in... anywhere, the ferret was finally able to cross his doughy arms across his broad chest and give Tyr the glaring of a lifetime. "You look like an egg yolk," he muttered.

Tyr frowned at that little remark, not even bothering to respond this time. The dragon now had a good look at Nairo, the little ferret was very much not so little. A lot more so once the sleep had gone from Tyr's eyes and that warm paw had pressed into his really heavy gut. The frown was of annoyance, not anger... Nairo was being such a hypocrite! He had indulged too, and was now looking like a little ferret balloon instead of the lithe noodle he had been the night before. Sure, Tyr looked more like a melted pile of ice cream now, but hey; they both had blimped up, the dragon just moreso. Tyr bit his tongue hard so as not to say something much ruder; he was still waking up after all, and he didn't want to ruin the entire day with something that couldn't be taken back.

Instead, the dragon got to work on standing... Or rather, he tried to. He shifted one leg, as best he could, so that it was under himself. He then tried to reach over his lovehandles to touch the ground, only to find that his paw could simply reach more fat. Try as he might... There was no reaching the ground. In fact, as he felt his folds of flab shift and bunch up, pressing against one another heavily as he teetered from side to side to try and stand, he wagered that there wasn't much reaching of anything anymore from how much he had grown. His gut a new table... Just the thought of that sent a shiver down his spine that would need to be taken care of later. He was as wound up as a dragon could get under all that belly, but that was again something for later; now needed some standing and some lunch.

Using the pillar in the middle of the tent, Tyr reached out as his heft pressed against it heavily and heaved. He began to sweat with the effort, his legs quaking and his knees burning as he lifted all that weight up from the ground with little more than a single bit of help. He wasn't about to ask Nairo for help after that little remark, so he wanted to do things himself. However, he knew that this would be the last time he was optionally on the ground... Oh that was hard. So very hard. Standing up wasn't ever going to be something he liked again... Nope, never. That was too much work and it left him almost doubled over panting; if he could have doubled over. There was just too much belly in the way for him to double over now! Instead, he just lay his arms on his moobs and bunched up rolls of dough on his sides and heaved in breaths, looking like he had run a marathon when instead he had just stood up.

Now that he was standing, the damage was obvious. Whereas before his belly had been round and heavy, but still just brushed his thighs and instead protruded out, it now sagged down heavily. It brushed over his knees and swayed with every motion he took, leaving him looking just as fat as one could be. He was easily as wide as he was tall, the flared hips dragons were known for only helping to make this worse than it could have been. He was already bottom-heavy, but now he was positively bottom-excessive. His thighs jostled and wobbled for position against one another, not even the thinnest of gaps between them as they struggled for room, leaving him standing almost bow-legged as a result. The dragon leaned against the pillar, slightly as he was worried his heft would bring the whole tent down, and just pant some more... ANd then finally glared back at Nairo. Standing there, catching his breath, the dragon didn't let up on that glare for a long moment before he finally spoke and fired back an insult in kind with the one he had gotten.

"And you look like a pear."

Hardly anyone would mind a fat joke coming from someone who needed to shuffle sideways to get through most doors, but to the body-conscious Nairo, that was basically a critical hit. The ferret's face flushed bright red at that, seemingly forgotten what a sizable effort it took the drake just to fight against gravity. "I-I didn't mean to... s-shut up!" Whereas Tyr's voice had gotten deeper, Nairo's seemingly squeakier as he balled up the tunic in his arms and tossed it at the drake's flanks, where it harmlessly bounced off the wall of chub. Gritting his teeth, the ferret pushed forward, determined to get out of the tent before Tyr clogged up the whole damn thing-

*RIIIIIP!*

Oh, right, his pants.

He'd been awake for 10 minutes, and Nairo already wanted the day to end. Maybe if he flopped against the floor and hit his head hard enough, he can fall back asleep and wake up to a much more pleasant reality where he and his partner weren't ballooned up like party animals, to the point where he ripped his pants in front of the partner he was squabbling with. Mentally assessing the damage, he realized the tears weren't too bad; if anything, it was a relief feeling a bit more freedom around his upper thighs, although he could tell his ass was *definitely* fighting to squeeze out of the tears as best they could.

No, Tyr might be fine walking out naked given he was fat enough to swallow his indecents as easily as he swallowed burritos, but Nairo was pushing it being shirtless as is. Swallowing his pride, he turned around and walked back to his discarded tunic, avoiding eye contact with Tyr the entire time. And then carefully, *carefully*, reached down to grab it.

And using Tyr's side to balance himself as he did so.

How did anyone deal with being fat? Even without his constricting pants, Nairo felt incredibly unsteady just leaning over, the weight of his gut seemingly ready to pull him all the way onto his stomach. Not only that, but it was so strange feeling his body collide with... itself! His right side rolls bunching out, his arm smooshing into his moob, which itself pressed into his belly, his second chin flattening out from looking down... gah, it was weird!

And heavy! Nairo merely bent down to pick up a weightless article of clothing, but standing back up took effort. He was huffing by the time he was back straight up, red in the face. Not quite the absurd difficulty Tyr faced just from standing up, but the increase in weight was incredibly noticeable to the ferret who didn't sport much muscle to begin with. It was like wearing a weighted vest, only without the ease of convenience to take it off whenever he pleased.

At least he got the damn thing. Nairo grumbled to himself as he worked to tie the tunic around his waist in an attempt to hide the tears in his pants. "Uh... thanks." He muttered to Tyr. He wasn't sure he could have reached the tunic without his help.

Tyr gave a nodding grunt, and then looked down at Nairo with almost sympathy in his eyes. The dragon had wanted this. He had craved this. He was *loving* this, in many more ways than one. Now that he had it, well... He was seeing that Nairo was struggling with his side of things with it all. Sure, part of it was karmic justice for all the times he had jabbed at Tyr, but part of it? Well, part of it was just kind of a mess, and the dragon wasn't going to be cruel. He was going to try and make things better, or at the very least not be too harsh on someone who had not been too kind in turn. Turning the other cheek... Or rather, lard-filled balloon now in his case.

"Use a slip knot, and tie it loosely. You're going to move a lot more than you think with some extra weight." Tyr said flatly. Not kindly, but not harshly either... He was offering a tip of advice from his many years of being a heavy dragon off to Nairo like one would offer directions to a passerby. It was something at least, and the dragon wasn't about to just let it be all mean between them. "And uhm... Take wide steps. Your thighs will thank you." The dragon said again, and then began to laboriously waddle towards the entrance of the tent. He could just feel that it was going to be a bit narrow for him by looking at it, but well... He didn't want to stay there with Nairo anymore. He wanted to get out and get something in his noisy stomach, the one that was demanding more despite having already eaten him to nearly double the dragon he had been the night before.

He was right about the tent entrance too.

The flaps of the tent, on both sides, heavily brushed against him. The dragon was blushing up a storm at this, for a few reasons, but he just moved right on past and kept on going. He saw no reason to leave Nairo with a view he assuredly didn't like after all; bare dragon rump that could fit the small ferret in each cheek wasn't something the other would like, definitely. He felt sure of that, so he moved as quickly as his overblown form could. Sure, he could have moved even faster; there was a whole lot of muscle under all that weight, and he was still able to move with grace despite his size, but Tyr was adjusting to all that new size now.

There was a *lot* of new size to adjust to, so hurrying wasn't in his books just yet. Still, he got through the tent, the whole thing bouncing slightly on its posts as he moved outwards into the early afternoon sun. Bare as the day he was born, the dragon felt the heat right away, and then blushed some more as he felt several pairs of eyes immediately latch onto him.

"Oh wow, lookin' good there!"

"Dayum! You put those pounds on like you were made for it!"

"Still up and moving about after all that? That's a dragon's strength for you!"

"Think you'll stick around and eat like that again tonight hon?"

More praise and words, but Tyr was already as red as a beet with them. He had never gotten this reaction, and last night... Well, that had been nice. But now? At this size and getting even more? Oh the dragon didn't know what to do with his new weight already, but with all this? The part of him that wanted to say forget it and just stay to be the food dump that he had been called the night before was growing bigger and bigger with each word!

Nairo was certain he'd be seeing the image of the naked dragon squishing his way through the tent flaps in his nightmares. He'd much rather take the dreams of lawnmowers and chainsaws. Besides, if Tyr was having even the slightest bit of the balancing issues Nairo was having, well... just, make sure to walk in front of the dragon instead of behind.

With a sigh, The thicker ferret took to the dragon's advice, frowning. Never in his wildest dreams could he imagine himself needing *fat* advice, but clearly Tyr knew a thing or three more than he did. He was right, Nairo certainly *moved* more than usual, accentuated even more by the strange waddle the dragon suggested he did. It was hard on his legs, but Nairo saw that as a good thing; if he was getting sore, then he was burning a lot of energy, and that meant he'd drop this weight in no time, right?

Feeling a twinge more confident, Nairo shuffled his way out through the flaps, ears folding. They were *praising* him?! And asking him to eat more?!? No, nu uh! Not only were they not on the train by now, like Nairo had wanted, but this food was clearly dangerous. If Tyr kept eating here, he'd end up breached on his own fat within a week, and within a month he'd outgrow the damn tent they slept in! Was this entire town just fat obsessed?

Apparently so, as he waddled by Tyr, Nairo found the attention briefly shift onto him. Some of the villagers he recognized from last night, many sporting a bit of a paunch or wider hips than before, no doubt thanks to their extra fattening meal. However, no one seemed to have matched Nairo's weight gain, and it was mere drops in the ocean compared to Tyr's transformation.

"Nice! Got some proper meat on your bones!"



"Not bad, lil guy. The weight suits you."

"Hey, we can't call him a lil guy now. He's easily in his 200's."

"Good point. C'mon, let's get you catching up to Tyr here!"

Nairo was red in the face. He would *never* allow himself to be that heavy, the thought of which made him weak in the knees... or was that from the bending earlier. Either way, he needed *less* food, not more! He needed leafy greens and water, not to mention an hour long jog after every meal and-

His sensitive nose twitched, and his mouth watered. Were those... Zwein sandwiches?

No, he couldn't. He shouldn't! Nairo tried to pull himself away, but it was as if the scent itself was dragging him by the muzzle, forcing him to sit at the bench. Gods, the smell was legendary, easily the top 5 of any of the ferret's cataloged favorite scents, and his mouth was moist just remembering the taste associated with that smell.

He swallowed heavily. "D-do you guys have... salad?"

"Salad?!" A hearty laughter erupted, and Nairo felt a hearty pat on the back that made his new chub wobble about. Soon, he felt a sandwich thrust into his paw by Gregor, who looked at him with a grin. "Now look, son, you have all the time in the world to work off your new gut if you're that concerned about it. But c'mon, this is a delicacy! It's not every day you get to eat Zwein now. I normally catch them just to sell 'em for the tusks and whatnot, it's been ages since we've caught enough to actually cook into meals! You can have your salad at the trainstation if you want, but for now, enjoy a sandwich or three. You never know when you'll get another chance, and it won't make you *that* much bigger... probably."

Nairo's ears folded. It would be rude at this point to reject the hospitality. Besides, everyone was still clearly impressed with their feat... maybe it wouldn't hurt to indulge in a sandwich or three. He'll work it off in no time, for sure. Maybe their next mission will give them plenty of chances to drop the weight. Yeah!

Given Tyr's sizable new... Assets, he wasn't seated at a table like Nairo. The dragon was instead given a bench at one end of the table, with sandwiches passed to him by the eager townsfolk. Gregor and a few others tended to Nairo, clearly wanting to help the ferret get more comfortable as well as eat more, but the majority of the village? Their sights were set clearly on the blushing, bashful dragon that was already starting to eat. Tyr had woken up hungry, as he always did, but after stuffing himself so much the night before? To say that his stomach had stretched out a lot was almost an understatement. He could almost feel how empty it was now, a strange sensation to say the least as he swallowed down his first bite, and then his second, and then third. It was like putting pebbles into a lake as he ate down that first sandwich, and that

lake... Well, that lake was waking up and turning out to actually be a monster.

The food flowed readily after that, plates placed onto the heavy overhang of his gut and paws rubbing along the rolls, folds, and especially the surface of that bulging table muscle. Tyr had to sit with his legs spread wide, his thighs still pressed against one another but his knees far enough apart to let his gut sag down heavily between them. The dragon didn't eat with the same fervor as he had the night before, but he did still eat heartily, his blush hidden by the sandwiches all but being pushed into his face by the townsfolk. Comments came hard and fast, and Tyr was already in over his head just a couple minutes into what one would assume was going to be another feast...

If Tyr hadn't held up a paw to stop it all after just a couple minutes.

"Uhm, we do have to go... So, maybe just a couple more for each of us and then we can be on our way? We will definitely be back though... Or, at the very least, I will. I don't know about Nairo." Tyr said, honesty in his voice as he clearly wasn't trying to throw the ferret under the bus. The crowd groaned and complained just a bit, but Gregor silenced all of that too with a rather loud clearing of his throat.

"These two do need to report back, the young dragon is right. We shouldn't overwhelm them now. Just let them get their good fill and we will help them to the station, right folks?"

Nairo sighed in relief as the dragon put an end to the feast before it properly began. The ferret was too nervous of public attention to do it himself; plus, others more or less expected the once skinny mage to complain, not the butterball drake they were worshiping.

But for those who did stay with him... Nairo was embarrassed at just how much he allowed them to offer him sandwiches. To allow him to *eat*. He only meant to grab one, but the chunky ferret had scarfed down four of the delectable treats, and was even letting his gut dig into the table to try and reach for the fifth when Tyr spoke up. He told himself to thank the dragon when the two got a moment together. The food really was too damn tasty for its own good, and not to mention the praises, the attention, even the uncalled for belly rubs... he could see a *fraction* of the appeal Tyr could have in getting fat, maybe.

In any case, they were soon on their way, not without plenty of good byes, a new set of clothes (how *anything* could fit Tyr was nothing short of a miracle), and sacks full of wrapped sandwiches for later. Finally in an outfit that fit him, Nairo didn't feel quite as fat as before; now he just had to deal with the constant weight on his legs, the jiggling motion of his belly, the shift in center of balance... sigh.

Oh, and the attention. Tyr stuck out like a sore thumb, and Nairo definitely received second hand embarrassment from it. Even if he wasn't nearly as round, he was still clearly fatter than the average... anyone, and the two were surely mentally lumped together. And physically, as the train compartment that was cramped before was an actual nightmare. Normally Nairo

frowned heavily upon the use of magic being used outside of mission objectives, but in this scenario there was literally no other way to squeeze in Tyr. Nairo swore the train needed an extra minute to build up speed compared to last time...

The ferret looked up at his friend. Well, tried to, past that looming belly. It was beyond distracting, as well as an uncomfortable reminder of what could happen to him if he thought too much about the sandwiches in his bag. He thought about what they'd talked about before, about letting Tyr be a gainer so long as it didn't interfere with their mission. Finally, he said something. "So... if you were- I mean, if we both were as... large then, as we are now. How do you envision that mission playing out?" Nairo asked, looking down at their two of their stomachs, his a much smaller version of Tyr's. "Do you think we'd still have done as well?"

"Honestly? I think it would have gone just as well, just differently. You would have ridden on me as kind of a spell-slinging parrot of sorts, and I would have lumbered along and been a wrecking ball with your help and your aid to make me lighter on my feet." Tyr said matter-of-factly, clearly already having thought about such things. In fact, he was still thinking about such things, his brain going a mile per minute on what he could do to get combat back into full fighting force with their new sizes. Scaling trees would be out of the question for Nairo until the ferret puts on some muscle, and Tyr would need at least a few days to adjust to his new size... And a lot of time in the gym to pack more muscle onto his legs to get used to that weight. It was going to be some real training and work, but the dragon knew he could handle things just fine. The real question was whether Nairo could... And the dragon wasn't too sure about that.}

"Are you going to be able to handle that weight though? I mean, I know it is weight that you can lose, but... Losing weight is a hell of a lot harder than gaining it, and we both had our stomachs stretched out from all that food. Either you get used to being starving all the time for the next few months, or you accept it and you start coming to the gym with me to get a bit of muscle on your body to handle that weight." Tyr said, his voice a bit softer now that he was really thinking. The dragon, squeezed in there and already going through his bag between words, was just looking fatter than he already did as he spoke. There was no way the gym, or even doors, would work for him without a bit of help. He knew that, and he was already planning things to that effect. He had wanted this after all, so of course he had a plan... Well, the beginnings of one. The train ride would help him put more pieces together.

Munching away as the train rolled along, the dragon looked over his chins and chest and even cheeks down at Nairo, and sighed. He didn't want to really brush the subject, but... It was bothering him, so he knew that he would need to. "Uhm... Nairo, this is karma for you. You've been harsh on me and kind of rude about all this... Heh, not kind of. You've been rude. And now you get to walk on my side of things, like... Well, I guess more waddle since you've got such short legs. Are you going to stop giving me crap about the weight once and for all now?"

"I'm not giving you crap!" Nairo blurted out, again in the squeaky tone. That, combined with yet another jab at his size, was enough to frustrate the already short-tempered ferret. He was constantly trying to be tolerant of the dragon's obsessive need to waste his powerful body

into carrying around a bunch of unneeded poundage, so to be called rude and that this was all karmic justice made the ferret want to punch that hanging paunch easily within arm's reach. Maybe he should; not like Tyr would feel it, and he needed a way to shed off this stress.

Still, Tyr was right in a different regard. If he had been on the dragon's shoulders, he wouldn't have been in the way of the charging Zwein that attacked him, and thus almost thrown their entire plan out the window, along with their lives. And as for the offer for the gym... Nairo wasn't sure he really should starve himself now. His stomach gurgled just watching Tyr dig through those sandwiches, and he desperately wanted to reach into his own bag, even though he swore he saw the drake's stomach jut out an inch further than when he'd first sat down. Being fat wasn't efficient, but there was no hiding it; Nairo was fat. Trying to lose weight would just make him weaker until he was back to a good size, whereas building muscle might be more efficient in the long run.

He tried again. "Look, you *are* really fat. Like, *really* fat. Your stomach would probably be filling *my* lap if we stayed another night. I'm just... Now, I'm also really fat, and I don't really know what to do, ok? I'm frustrated because I tried staying skinny and I can't even do that, and now I'm hungry and really want to eat more, even though I know that'll just make it worse, and..."

Nairo leaned his head into his arm. His much softer arm. His throat was tightening; with the positive attention gone and the two of them sitting alone on the train, the weight of the situation was finally making its way to the ferret, no pun intended. He just felt so heavy and sluggish, it was beyond frustrating. He didn't have a clue how to even be fat.

Thankfully, he was sitting across from someone who had first hand experience.

The ferret sighed, and looked at the dragon. "Sorry. Yes, I would like to take you on your offer to go to the gym. I've never been much for lifting weights, but I think you're right in that being the fastest way to get used to this bulk... until I completely lose it, of course. And in the meantime, I'll return the favor by baking you sweets, like we had agreed on earlier. I might not put any frosting on the food, or add as much sugar. It should smell the same regardless, though."

Tyr frowned a bit at the outburst, and didn't really let up on his lightly glaring gaze until there was some apology. He knew the ferret was overwhelmed, but... He did know what the ferret meant at least. Nairo was new to all this, and clearly didn't want it like Tyr did. Lucky for the ferret though, Tyr knew what to eat to get fat... And thusly, also knew what to eat to not be fat. It was something of a conundrum when one thought about it; the fattest being that likely would ever be in Nairo's life could help him diet, but at the same time, it was also some more karmic justice in Tyr's mind. He just had to get Nairo on board, which sounded like it wouldn't be that hard with how lost the little one, or rather, the shorter one, sounded.

"Just no more fat comments, none, and you have a deal. I can even help with a diet for

you... Heh, I know it sounds dumb coming from me, but you think I got this big just eating? No, I know what to eat to get fat... And what not to eat so that I keep getting fatter. So I can help all around. You just have to listen, and promise that you never make a jab at my weight again. You do, and I'll make sure your diet winds up so sabotaged you'll never see your feet again." Tyr said, that last bit in a lightly playful tone, but also with a bit of seriousness in there too. The dragon wasn't one to trifle with; Nairo knew that just from the rumors that had gone around about Tyr before the two had been paired together. "I like what I am... And hell, after that village? I think I am not long for being your partner if you are going to be so adamant about staying thin. I liked it there a lot, and that was very much what I wanted. So, like... I guess I just need some convincing to stay around and not just give in and whatnot to all that. That was the best I've felt about myself in probably ever, if ya get what I mean." Tyr continued on, then sighed and looked down at Nairo... Or rather, what he could see over his cheeks.

"You hate this, and you've made that very, very clear. So I'll help how I can to get rid of it, and stay your partner until you either are comfortable, or until I finally bow out and move to that village for good to be a more permanent fixture there. Ya know, unless you piss me off or we die on a mission or something like that." Tyr said, and then chuckled a bit. The dragon then let out a soft burp and blushed, covering his maw in surprise. "Sorry... Damn those sandwiches are good. If you don't want yours, I'll totally take them off your paws." The dragon said that with a glint of hunger in his eyes, even though his stomach wasn't growling for more anymore thanks to just how large his bag of leftovers had been... A bag that was now empty and tossed off to the side of him.

Rather, it was pressed between him and the wall of the carriage that he was squeezed in.

"I appreciate that," Nairo responded softly. It finally dawned on him that this was actually somewhat stressful for Tyr too. Not the weight gain part, but Nairo's reaction to it, his complaining about both of their weights. This was something Tyr genuinely enjoyed, and Nairo was crapping all over it. It would be as if Tyr complained about smelling flowers, or measuring his steps. That'd be awful!

But Tyr wasn't wrong, Nairo wasn't too happy with his situation either. Knowing there was at least someone who was willing to help made him feel better, especially someone who would soak up all the fat comments thrown at them like a sponge. A very, very big sponge. The emotional toll was going to be great on him either way.

Maybe Tyr can help with that too.

"Tyr..." He cleared his throat. "Can you explain to me why you enjoy being so fat? Why do you want to actually... immobilized yourself? I-I'm not making a mean comment, I promise, I really do want to see my feet. I just... want some help so that I can maybe enjoy my situation a little more, maybe."

Tyr paused for a long moment, bringing his heavy paw up to his chin and rubbing it. He had an answer, but... He wanted to put it in a way that would make Nairo not only understand it, but maybe empathize or even see its truth. There were a lot of reasons to enjoy being heavy when one really got down to it; less caring about what they ate, the soft and warm feeling that came with weight, the general confidence that came with being able to look as you wanted... But, there was a lot more to it than just those few things for Tyr, and the dragon really wanted to get all of that across as best he could. So he sat, and thought for a long few moments, before he finally began to speak to Nairo.

"Well, I think there's a lot of reasons really. Like, a lot of reasons, so I hope you're ready for a bit of me talking your ear off. If ya aren't, then well... Maybe I can give you the short version here instead. But, I don't want to, so you're in for a bit of me gabbing." Tyr said, and then sighed softly before he continued. "I like being fat mainly because it feels the most like me. I'm a big softie when it gets down to it. I know you've seen how much you jab at me, but think about how much everyone else does. You know how hard it was to go into the locker room after I quit the martial arts team and started gaining? Some of the things you said to me when we had that fight back then... Those were compliments compared to what I got. And you know what I did? I just let it happen and rolled with the punches. Now I know, you could say that's because the rolls make things easy to bounce off me or some other quip like that, but really... Heh, I'm not a shit-stirrer. I get mad, sure, everyone does, but I'm a big softie at heart... And I like being a big softie on the outside too. I like showing that I am not just some angry dragon who can do nothing but kill and eat and all that."

"That's just part of it though, a small part if I'm being honest. It feels *good* for me to be fat. You can't tell me at least some small part of you didn't wind up playing with your belly when you first found out you had one. Imagine that feeling, but just... Accepting it, and letting yourself enjoy it rather than worry about it. Instead of just struggling to do something to lose the weight, imagine letting that weight be something you could play with and enjoy and... Uhm... Even use to get off, if you know what I mean. Like, I really, *really* like the feeling of all of the weight. How it wobbles when I walk. How it bounces when I sit down, or when the train goes over bumps. How I get to rub over more and more of me every time I go through a really big binge. Shit Nairo... You be glad there was belly in the way this morning, I'll leave that there." Tyr said, cheeks burning but still he kept on talking. The ferret had asked an honest question, and the dragon was going to give an honest answer.

"That ain't all of it either though, because there's the food. Oh the food... I love to eat, and I think after last night, you finally understand why I do love to eat. There's something about good food that is just too much to pass up. When I can get my paws on food that just warms me to the core, or makes my taste buds dance, or sends my nose to heaven, or even just feels so nice on the tongue that I could sing... Why would I not want to eat it until I was fit to burst? What's the sense in saying no, I can only have a little, when I can have a lot? Why stop and moderate that, counting all the little calories and all that when instead I could just *enjoy* something that brings me joy? Food brings me joy when it is like that, it really does. And I know it did for you too, at least last night, so I think at least that part of this you really do understand

and can get. So like, instead of worrying about what it is going to do to me... I figured I would enjoy what it did to me, since each pound and getting to rub over it, see it, play with it, and above all *enjoy* it, brings back the memories of that food stronger than any smell or taste could hope to do."

"There's also just the whole thing about how I want to like how I look. I hated being a beanpole of a dragon... It didn't feel right. Dragons are supposed to be big and powerful, and muscles just didn't do it for me. I put on a bit of weight about five years ago by accident on the off season, and then looked in the mirror once I was getting ready to go back and get in shape... And damn if I didn't like what I saw. It was a huge boost in confidence and in making me feel not just like I was finally seeing me, but that I was seeing the *ideal* me. The one that I had been hiding from and denying myself all that time because everyone else told me I should be. I wanted to be *me*, not the version of me others were telling me to be, so I decided to do that. You remember Rosie before? When she went by Robert? And how hard that was for her? It's kind of like that almost in a sense. She saw who she was, deep down, and who she wanted to actually be to feel like herself and went for it. I'm just doing the same thing... Except I am broadening my horizon, instead of expanding them if you catch the shitty joke." Tyr snorted a bit at his own little attempt at humor, and then continued talking.

"The long and short of it is Nairo, really... I just like it because everything around me that I like about the world revolves around fat. I get to hoard my meals as fat, so I scratch the itch of being a dragon. I get to eat whatever I want, whenever I want, without regrets or thinking because I am comfortable gaining the weight that comes with that. I get to look in the mirror and see someone that I love, instead of something that I hate. I get to be the most me that I have ever been, on the inside and out, because I get to put on weight and I get to just do it without a care in the world. My parents care and don't like it, I've lost most of my friends because of it, and I get a lot of hate for it. But... Again, look at Rosie. Look at her now. She's gorgeous, she is confident, and she loves herself. I'm just doing what she did in my own way, and I'm not going to let anything stop me. Hell, if I wind up immobilized and huge and unable to do anything without magic or an army of villagers like the town we just left? I'll be happy as a clam. Why? Because I finally get to be the me that I want to be, and not the me that everyone thinks I should be. Dragons all don't have to be powerful killers... Some of us can be lardy layabouts that could only harm a buffet too."

"And, uhm... Well, it's hot as fuck too." Tyr finished, and then blushed heavily. He was looking out the window the entire time that he had spoken, and now that he was done? Well, he went back to being silent. Not a word came out of him after that... Nothing. No, he wanted to see if Nairo was going to take that, or if the ferret was going to judge. He could handle being judged; this wasn't the first time he had said this, and he had gotten some truly vile replies before. He had the broken bones and reprimands to prove that. But... Well, he didn't like to lie, and this was an honest question, so he was going to tell the truth here. But he just had to hope that it didn't come back to bite him.

It was... certainly a lot to take in.

Nairo could hear the raw emotion from Tyr as he said all of this, and not just the obvious lust for, well, himself. It wasn't just some silly gimmick, or misguided attempts of attraction, or even a fetish. Well, perhaps it was all three of those, but it was a lot more. Nairo knew Rosie as one of the nicest people he'd ever met, and he remembered he also didn't fully agree with the idea of becoming Rosie in the first place, but he couldn't deny how much of a positive impact it had on her life. Nairo was glad he never talked Rosie out of becoming Rosie in the end.

Perhaps Tyr went a little TMI at points, but Nairo thought he understood it at last. At least, most of it. The bullying part resonated with him a lot too, considering he was often the subject of bullying himself. He also didn't have many friends, and was hoping to be Tyr's after all of this. Hearing Tyr confess all of that helped make the ferret feel as though they had made another stride towards that goal. Hell, he was even glad hearing about the naughty parts; only friends would share something so personal, right?

"What can I do to make you feel better, then?" Nairo asked. "You love being fat, but you said not to make comments on it. What *can* I say or do about it, then?" He recalled messing up pronouns with Rosie quite a bit at first too because he didn't understand, but over time he learned how to address her properly. Hopefully this was a simple situation like that one too.

"Heh, well, really? Just be positive about it instead of negative, ya know? Like don't say things about how 'of course you don't fit through a doorway' or 'damn, another one, seriously?'. Stuff like that. Compliments help, and just not being crappy to me about all of that. I know you don't get it and it isn't your thing and you're probably sitting over there judging the hell outta me, but this is my thing. It really is, and being positive about it instead of negative is a big helper to make sure I don't, well... I guess leave and go somewhere that is wholly positive. I'm a fatass dragon, I get that. I'm also doing that on purpose, so some encouragement and some nice words for it are good things ya know?" Tyr said, still looking out the window and still blushing as he spoke.

He was talking quieter now, almost looking a bit like he was waiting for the other shoe to drop and all of that. He knew he had overshared, of course, but this was something he was fucking *passionate* about. It was like asking someone who built model trains about their favorite model train. You'd get half their life story! Tyr wasn't one to talk, but this... He would talk, and now that he had, he was kicking himself for it. He was screaming at himself for it in fact, because he had given Nairo plenty of ammo if the ferret ever wanted to use it. And... Well, that was scary for Tyr. So he just kept looking out the window, silent again... Though he did want to set one thing right.

"This isn't a lust thing either, just so you know. I know I said it's hot as hell and that I like it in that way, but... Hell Nairo, it's just about me wanting to see and feel like *me*. Not about me getting off when I pass a mirror or something stupid like that. It's the same for Rosie. She feels hot and knows it. I'm the same."



And with that, Tyr clammed up and didn't want to talk unless talked to.

It may have been oversharing to Tyr, but honestly Nairo was loving this, and not just for more ammo to mock the dragon. He'd never had anyone talk to him about their interests in such a way before, and it was fascinating. Even more so, it was something that he knew Nairo found strange and unusual.

Finally, it clicked in his mind. Tyr didn't want to try his hardest to be the most efficient, capable battle mage like Nairo did. Tyr had other passions and interests that made him happy, being fat probably being the vast majority of them, but he was a different person from Nairo. The ferret wanted to be the best there is for his own confidence's sake too, so he could be praised like he was at the village when they slew all those Zwein, and later still when they ate so much. Maybe Tyr would one day end up too fat to be effective, but until then they could still be effective partners. Hell, they kicked serious ass yesterday already. And when the day happened that Tyr was done with his role, Nairo could continue with a different partner, while the two continued being friends in the meantime.

Nairo felt relieved. Now *he* had someone to overshare his interests with, given the dragon just did the same for himself. This train ride home just got a lot more interesting.

But before that, the ferret realized he should assure the dragon that he was on his side. He reached for his own pack of food, and as per his partner's suggestion, tried not to feel too bothered at having his love handles collide. "Do you still want my sandwiches?" He asked, unwrapping one.

By the time Tyr looked over, however, Nairo had already stuffed half the thing in his mouth.

Dammit, they were good! It's not fair, his love of smells was being used against him here! His cheeks blushed as he realized how ridiculous he looked, scarfing down a sandwich right after offering it. "S-sorry... I'm actually way hungrier than I thought." Sheepishly, he reached in for another, keeping it unwrapped as he sat it on top of the table-like gut before him.

"There you go, uh..." He paused, thinking about how the villagers treated Tyr. "Big boy." He rubbed the side of that stomach as well, tilting his head. Was he doing this right?

Tyr chuckled gently at the attempt at a name, giving a light shake of his head as he reached for the sandwich and took it into one of his paws. "Tyr is still fine, you don't have to force yourself." The dragon then down the sandwich in a few hearty bites, but looked on at Nairo with a knowing grin as he watched the once-thin ferret work through his own sandwich. "Keep the rest for yourself... I have a feeling you're going to want them. Besides, it's not like a little extra inch or so is going to do much more damage at this point to you." Tyr said, then gave a little bit of a grin before going back to looking out the window in silence.

He was still unsure about Nairo at this point, but that was less. No, now was the time for thinking. For dreading about when they got back to the school and were of course, inevitably, teased about all of this. Tyr could handle it; he had been getting flak for two years now, and was used to the harsh words which came from the other mages around the school. He knew a bunch more would be coming, but now? Well... Now they were going to be coming for Nairo, and the dragon didn't want the little ferret to go in unprepared. "You know when we get back, folks are going to be a bit nasty to us, right? Like... I won't sugarcoat it for you. We're going to get a lot of shit when we get back to the school." Tyr said, turning back to Nairo with a bit of a frown on his face. "I won't let them talk crap to you, but you're still going to have to hear it before I can do anything about it. So... Do you think you can handle that?"

Tyr already knew the answer he would get... 'Sure, I can, I've been bullied before.' Fat shaming was different, and cut differently when you were insecure, like Nairo was. Tyr knew this... Oh he knew it well. And he was really wanting to make sure that Nairo was going to be okay.

"I don't really have a choice." Nairo muttered, reaching for another sandwich for himself. "It's too late to drop out now, so I'll have to stick with it. At least I'll have a friend who will help me."

The ferret took a bite of his sandwich. Damn, this felt good. He hated to admit it, but it was genuinely hard to feel sad when he was eating something this tasty. If only this wasn't just adding to his already existing problem. Now he knew what Tyr meant yet again by just not worrying and eating what you liked; if Nairo could do that, he'd be so much happier.

And so much fatter.

The ferret pulled out his last sandwich and bit into it, tail curling around his chunky thigh. "Would it be alright if we... like, walked around a lot together, though? It'd be a lot easier dealing with it if I had you around. I'll never say anything bad about your weight again... honestly, I don't think I can say anything bad about anyone's weight ever again." Nairo squeezed and jiggled his belly for emphasis. He'll never get used to that feeling.

"We're supposed to be in the same dorm, remember? And if you're going to be going to the gym with me, and going to eat with me so I can show you your diet... Heh, kind of hard not to always be together. We're supposed to be attached at the hip now anyways because we're paired up, so might as well right?" Tyr said, perking up a little now that he had heard all that from Nairo. He wasn't sure if he believed all of it, but at least it was better than nothing. A lot better, if he was being honest, so he just took it with some faith that it was true and set about making sure that the ferret would be alright then. "And yeah, I can make sure they are a little less likely to say something. I'm clearly the bigger target after all." Tyr said, giving his stomach a small pat for emphasis. The dragon then blushed and looked away out the window again, going quiet once more.

That one sandwich had awoken his stomach once more, and part of why he was so quiet was that he was trying to focus on anything else but the gnawing hunger that was starting to make itself known in his gut. Sure, he had eaten already and he knew he wasn't really hungry, but... After a stuffing like the prior night, he knew that he was going to crave being overly full for at least a few days. It happened every time he stuffed himself like that, and he knew that he was just going to have to suffer through it like he always did. He drank a whole lot of water on those days, making sure to fill his stomach with the liquid to at least get some semblance of the feeling that he was craving. Of course, that did little... And often, on the weekends? When he knew he could binge without a care in the world? Tyr would spend two days in delivery heaven. It was why his finances were never the best; all his money went to food!

"That's true. I really appreciate that." It was probably the most genuine statement of affection Nairo made towards Tyr's weight. He genuinely was comforted in knowing his partner was much fatter than he was. It would have been all the more embarrassing if he were the only fat one around school. He really was going to end up leaning a lot on Tyr; metaphorically, of course. Hopefully he would end up used to the balance shifting.

"Hey, Tyr?" Nairo asked, now sounding noticeably more hopeful. "Would you like to be roommates? I have the premium dorm, and those are meant for two people already, but I don't, uh, really have anyone to share it with. It's really roomy, a lot roomier than the other dorms, heh. And, uh, I know it's a bit of a pain dealing with tight things when you're so big. This way, you can keep getting bigger even longer without things being a hassle, and that way you don't have to keep coming over when I bake for you and help you grow."

The ferret paused after saying that, blushing a bit. "U-uh, sorry, that sounded conceited. I don't have to help with that if you rather I not."

"Help me grow? Shit... Uhm, yeah, please, if you wanna do that of course." Tyr said, also looking really flustered and blushing. He was looking back at Nairo again, and rather red as he was. No one had ever offered to help him grow before... Not once, aside from the villagers of course. That was new; he hadn't expected *that* out of Nairo, but now that it was out there... The dragon would have to be mad to say no to that. "Yeah, uhm... Yeah Nairo, I'll move in and you can bake for me and help me grow. I didn't know you had one of the premium units. Hopefully the first floor? Because stairs and I already don't get along... I mean, I think you can guess that, but I can imagine you never liked them much either given your uhm... Well, you're a bit too short for a lot of stairs I think, right?"

Tyr looked a lot more hopeful too now, and perked up just a bit as he sat there and rubbed idly at his stomach, his brain clearly already imagining the treats he would get living with someone who liked to bake. Someone who liked to bake and someone who lived to eat... What a pairing. Someone had clearly known what they were doing in more ways than one. "I don't leave messes around, you already know I snore, I don't have much stuff so space isn't much of a thing for me, uhm... Yeah, if you're alright with having me there to gobble up whatever you

have on offer, then I'm in. I can help get you in shape while you help make me into my shape, if that's what you want."

"As long as you tell me when you feel you might be getting fat to the point of it affecting your performance, I'll be happy to help you grow like the people in the village. As long as you help me with my weight, as well as the bullying and the gym. Oh, and when we go to the gym, I want to walk by the garden too. It takes 72 steps to make it there from outside the dorms to the gym. By the way, have you noticed the new chrysanthemums planted there? They look *amazing* next to the lavenders, not to mention their smell! Now, if they added some other plants--"

And that was when Tyr knew Nairo was getting back at him for oversharing.