

Second trays became a staple for Nairo's cafeteria life at that point. No longer bound to a strict regimen, he found himself enjoying food more than ever before, almost as much as at their last mission. He learned that biscuits and cookies were other types of food he enjoyed immensely, adding all the more his reason to enjoy meal times. He no longer just baked for the smell and to feed Tyr, he also set aside some for himself. His walks through the garden remained the same, but oftentimes he brought a snack to accompany him.

And the bullying... well, that didn't quite go away overnight, or for a while. The ferret made sure to keep his shirt tied up and everything, exposing his new fat belly proudly to the world. Alas, it landed him with plenty of comments, not just for being fat and small, but also how god damn gay he looked, which was honestly such a wild turn that Nairo was too confused to even consider being offended. It wasn't the confident reaction Tyr had taught him, but at the same time it wasn't the silly flustered reaction his tormentors had come to enjoy, so even that died down quite a bit. In Nairo's eyes, he really did just have to walk proudly with his gut hanging out and his shirt tied back.

Only, as time went on, he didn't have to tie his shirt anymore.

Weeks of eating whatever he wanted, when he wanted had an effect on Nairo, not just in his confidence. His new baggy shorts had also grown quite tight, riding up along his thick thighs and showing off his round rump. But more importantly, his shirt continued to ride up along his gut, even when he hadn't tied it. Nairo was quick to excuse it as his clothes shrinking in the wash, as he himself has made mistakes when it came to cleaning his clothes, but to Tyr it was very apparent that wasn't the case.

The ferret wasn't just maintaining his weight. The ferret was getting fatter.

Tyr wasn't far behind in this reality, his own size having grown right alongside Nairo's. That robe he'd first come back to the school in after their mission nearly a month ago now? Well, it looked more like it would be painted on if he tried to get into it. The dragon had needed to size up, and at that point, well... There were no more sizes up for him. Custom clothing only, and that had been quite the little session with a tape measure and a lot of awkward groping. The dragon had managed though, and his new robe fit well enough, even if it was starting to get tight. Nairo's cooking, the constant trips to the buffet hall with the burgeoning little gainer, and the fact that Nairo had taken an interest in feeding him? Tyr was packing on the pounds faster than he ever had before at the school, and it showed as he had even more ounce to his bounce. The dragon didn't even bother guessing his weight anymore... There was no point. He didn't think any scales at the school could hold him anyways, so instead of trying to do something about it, he just let that weight be something that was climbing, and that was enough for him.

Lessons continued, practice grew rougher, but Tyr just took it all in and made sure to eat at least a small feast each and every day. The dragon was becoming a little lax in his gym-going too, the lack of any urgency from Nairo as well as his slowly impeding bulk making the trips to the gym become more and more of a slog. He knew he would have to stop going one day

anyways, so tapering off rather than going cold turkey seemed like the best bet. Besides... If he didn't go, he could let himself really binge to slip into a food coma. He loved those nights, instead of having to sneak out, and now that Nairo was starting to not join him, but at least help spur those nights along? Well... Tyr had to hope he wouldn't wind up stuck in a doorway too firmly before he found a place outside of the school.

It was one of these nights, stuffing himself while just reading something and lazily drinking as well, that the dragon happened to drink a little bit too much. Someone from outside the school had brought in a new kind of rum, something exotic, and the dragon had wanted to try it. What he hadn't expected was just how intoxicating it was... But now? That warmth had him, and he was feeling a little looser than he had in a long time. Not drunk, not by any stretch, but those little walls he had built and maintained for oh so long were down, and he was full, and he was content, and... Well, there was Nairo.

Nairo, who was attempting for the fourth time to pull his shirt down over his broad belly, only for it to shoot right back up again. Each pull sent more jiggles and ripples across his plump body, something that Nairo had, at long last, finally grown accustomed to. Perhaps too accustomed to, as he hasn't quite noticed how his stomach spread onto his lap as he sat crossed legged beside Tyr, casually watching tv after a hearty meal, with several slices of cake set between them for dessert (the couch was a no go for Tyr, and Nairo didn't want the dragon to feel alone).

Problem was, Tyr liked having the window open during cool nights like this, and even with his added flab, Nairo was still somewhat sensitive to the cold. This was evident by how he failed in attempting to cover his round hide with his shirt, again and again, until-

*RIIIP!*

"Dammit!" With a sigh, Nairo threw off his shirt and slumped forward, trying to warm himself. Alas, he was colder than ever, as the cool air brushed over his broad, squishy back, sending a shiver down his spine. "Fucking hell... whoever said alcohol warmed you up was a liar."

"Heh, all that weight you've gained hasn't warmed you up yet?" Tyr asked, the dragon feeling positively perfect with the alcohol in his gut, a good couple cakes in there, and a sizable spread of fat coating him from head to toe. Of course, he was just so damn fat that he wouldn't likely feel cold in the arctic... But, that was something for another day. Right then though, the dragon just looked over one of his sagging cheeks, things that had started to invade his vision just a smidge about a week ago, and sighed at Nairo. "You can scoot a little closer if ya wanna there, I don't bite ya know." Tyr said. The dragon didn't mean anything flirty by it; he had heard the gay comments and wasn't going to try and go there with Nairo without the ferret explicitly saying something.

Tyr knew he liked other guys; that he had figured out a while ago. Nairo was a cute little

one, but the dragon wasn't about to try and go *there*. No, that wouldn't be right... So instead, he just offered a side to lean on and that was that. The dragon hadn't told a soul about his leanings either, just staying single and content; his stomach was his real focus after all, and it showed as another slice of cake passed through his lips. "That shirt not fit either now I take it? Or are you just grumpy tonight?"

"No, it just shrunk, that's all. I don't know how I keep messing up, but I just am." Nairo grumbled. He was already quite stuffed, but the shirt tearing had stressed him enough to make him mentally justify another large bite of cake. No, he wasn't getting fatter, he was always this fat. Fat and proud... but not too fat, now.

The offer to get a little closer to Tyr was honestly too tempting to pass up. Nairo could have just called it for a night and dove to safety under his covers, but he really wanted to see how this episode ended. Besides, Tyr had all that fluff and flab, it wasn't right to hog it all. The fat ferret decided to scoot just a bit closer towards Tyr, his own belly bouncing and sloshing with every scoot, and leaned softly into that side...

Woah...

It was so soft! Nairo was instantly hit with a wave of drowsiness; he could nap on this dragon if he wanted to. There was just so much give, so much fluff, like leaning against a living bed! Yeah, Nairo and Tyr poked each other's guts playfully from time to time, but to actually get a little nestled up against someone so much larger and fatter than you... The ferret couldn't help but to curiously reach over and press his paws into Tyr's sides, feeling just how much give there was, how much warmth there was, like the drake had swallowed a furnace. He pulled out, then pressed in again, softly kneading at the-

He just now realized Tyr had been staring at him.

"S-sorry." Nairo flushed red. "I-I'm uh, still cold." It's true, only the small part of him leaning against Tyr had warmed up, the rest of him was still quite chilly. The obvious solution was to grab the blanket off his bed and come back, but Nairo actually felt too comfy to move. He wanted to feel even more of Tyr now, but he knew he couldn't just do so, after all, Tyr just invited him to lean on, not a full on cuddle session.

"H-hey, Tyr?" Nairo asked, still bright red. "So uh... feel free to say no, but uh... if I feed you the rest of the cake, will you let me get a little, uh, closer? To you?"

"The rest? There's... Nairo, you made ten of those things trying to get the recipe right. If you feed me ALL the rest, I won't even get to bed... So yes, feed me those cakes!" The dragon nodded eagerly, the alcohol making him want that good little bit of stuffing rather badly. As such, he just leaned back against the couch which he no longer wanted to sit on for fear of breaking it and sighed softly. "Get as close as you want, Ni." The dragon's nickname for Nairo, Ni, had come from another night of drinking a few weeks prior. It had stuck when the two were alone,

and as such... Well, they were alone and the dragon had been drinking. He wasn't going to go all formal now. "Cuddle on up and share in that warmth you want... And that pudge you seem to be so fascinated with."

Tyr had seen that little bit of prodding and kneading and playing with his fat, as well as how much more often Nairo had been playing with his own heft. The ferret had definitely, unquestionably, gotten fatter. A fair bit fatter. So had Tyr, to be fair, but Nairo was just denying it and instead more enjoying himself. Tyr wasn't going to push that issue and really rub it in, but there was something to say for constantly thinking your clothes shrunk, and now that *you* grew. "Your clothes didn't shrink either, Ni, just sayin'... Not a bad thing, yer gettin' comfortable and enjoyin' all that size and all that. But still, like, you should probably know yer gettin' fatter. At least, not any skinnier."

"Yeah, yeah." Nairo grumbled, huffing. Was it really that obvious? And if it was, couldn't Tyr have just played along? What a jerk. Also what a jerk for calling him that goofy nickname. It's not fair that Nairo couldn't think of a cute nickname for Tyr that stuck. "T" was just dumb. "I'll try to cut back a little. I know it's not bad now, just let me know when it does. Not everyone can carry around a gut the size of a smart car."

Nairo didn't know where to lay. At first, he wanted to plop right on top of that warm inviting gut, but then he'd obviously be cold on whatever side of him was exposed. Not like he could get fully swallowed up in that lard, anyways. Not yet, at least. So, if Tyr was gonna be inviting, Nairo chose to scoot as close to the dragon's side as he can; laying on an arm, wrapping himself beside that belly. Hrrrrf, he was so warm! And gods, that flab just felt so... so...

Nairo was starting to breathe through his mouth. His muzzle was so close to Tyr's, to the point where he could smell their dinner on his breath. It was a delicious dinner, and he wouldn't mind another taste...

With one free arm, Nairo reached for the nearest plate of cake, trying to fork up as much as possible to offer it to Tyr. He had wanted to see the end of his show, but now he was focused purely on the dragon. "Are you cozy? Because, uh, I am..." Nairo muttered. "If you want, we can do this every night. I feed you a bunch of sweets and stuff. We don't have to, uh, cuddle too, if you don't want to. We're just trying to make you fatter, right?" With that, Nairo's free paw pressed into the dragon's soft chest, his tail flicking. God, he was huge. Up close, far away, in person, Tyr was simply huge.

"Hey, hey, no one said you had to cut back... You look kinda cute with all that extra padding on ya," Tyr said, not even bothering to hide his blush; he wasn't blushing when he said that. The dragon meant it too, and just grinned broadly at the ferret. Having all that weight against him did indeed feel nice, and the dragon didn't even hesitate to wrap an arm around Nairo and bring him in a little closer. Sure, it was full-on cuddling, and sure it was a bit... Much for what the dragon assumed was his straight, or at least not fully gay like him, roommate. But it

was comfortable, Tyr was content, and the consequences be damned. The dragon wanted what he wanted, and right now he wanted that closeness and a heck of a lot more cake.

The dragon did start a little at the mention of doing this every night though. Of cuddling, and of the more intimate feeling and whatnot that Nairo was offering. To try and prevent himself from speaking out of turn, the dragon just gobbled down the bite of cake and made sure to chew for a long while before sending it down to his stomach. His mind was reeling... Wait, was Nairo coming onto him? Was the ferret, who had teased him mercilessly, said he hated fat, said that he was a slovenly asshole... Was he flirting? Tyr didn't even know what to think.

But he did know he needed to at least say something.

"Uhm... Yeah, we can do this every night if ya wanna. No, uhm, no pressure or anything. I love the cuddling part, and with more food too an' stuff? Like, yeah. Yeah Ni, if you wanna do this... Just make sure you make plenty for me to snuggle up with ya with yeah? Don't wanna have to get up n' all that if I don't have to ya know? I'd much rather just come in, flop on my ass... And, uhm... Heh, shit, well, if you wanna just come an' feed me and cuddle and all that while I do it? Sure." Tyr finally said. He knew he blubbered when he said it all, and he knew he was being a little awkward, but he didn't know this was coming! He hadn't expected this, especially out of the reserved, quiet, and oftentimes standoffish ferret. But here it was... And if it was being offered, he'd be an idiot not to say yes.

"Y-yeah, that's totally fine. You can be as lazy as you want. Just, like, flop over and I'll make you a big spread. We can put it on your belly and everything, heh. Can measure how fat you're growing with how much food we can fit both in ya and on ya!" Great, now Nairo was rambling too! He couldn't help it, the thought that Tyr actually would let him snuggle up against all that flab every day was too exciting to care. He knew he'd be a hell of a lot busier cooking that much, as well as a hell of a lot fatter knowing he can't keep his damn paws to himself, but to lay like this, looking into that fat dragon's perfectly round face, fork feeding him cake while nestled into that warm, gurgling, blorping belly...

Uh oh, Nairo felt himself about to ramble.

"I'm still really sorry about all the times I've insulted your size. I just... I dunno, saw the world too narrowly I guess. What's funny is, at first I only suggested to help you get fatter because I really wanted you to like me, but like... I really get it now. The warmth, the size, the softness... Honestly, I'm still a little mixed about it on me, but on you? It's just... yeah, I really wanna just see how big I can get you. You said you'd get kinda lonely when you became immobile, but uh... but, like, you know... we could share the same house. And I'd be in charge of feeding you every day, and feeling you get bigger and softer and..."

Nairo face-planted himself into Tyr's chest, letting his cleavage smother the ferret's entire head. He was certain even his head was warmer than Tyr's at this place. He wanted to say "I love you" and "I'm sorry" at the same time, and just let out a very muffled "I love sorry."

Tyr wasn't really paying attention to that muffle, thankfully for Nairo, and instead was just letting his head take in all that had been said. A real apology, honest and true... A full admission that Nairo wanted to grow him utterly huge... That Nairo liked him better like this... It was a lot to take in, and the dragon was blushing rather deeply at all of that. No one, not a single fur in the dragon's life, had ever said anything like that to him. It was a shock coming from anyone, but from Nairo? From that ferret? It made the dragon feel like his whole world was just being shaken a little, and... Well, not in the least in a bad way. He was silent for several moments, just letting Nairo stay buried in his very soft, heavy, and warm as a fire chest. The dragon finally started petting over the bare back of the ferret on him, gently stroking that fur which felt really nice under his paw.

"Heh... Well, I guess you'd better get used to being fat and getting a bit fatter if you want to do all that. You snack while I chow a lot of the time, so I don't think you'll ever get your figure back if you want to stick around me." Tyr said calmly, his brain slowly working through all that he wanted to say. "If ya wanna stay with me and get me fatter and heavier, then I won't say no at all. I'm glad ya get it, and that you're so... Well, I guess into it now. Wasn't expecting that, and that you were doing it just to make me like ya? If ya had just been nice and let me do my thing, I would have been fine with ya. Gettin' in on all of it? Cooking for me and offering to stay and make sure I get fed and softer an' all that... Yeah Ni, I'm game for it. Snuggle on up, enjoy the fruits of your cooking and whatnot, and just let this fatass be the real blob in yer life." Tyr said, and then sighed a bit. "Of course, you do have to feed me though ya know. Can't have you just buried in my chest the whoooole time ya know." The dragon finished with a bit of a chuckle, making a few of his rolls of pure lard quake from the motion.

Nairo chuffed at that. "Hey, some people are worth getting fat over. And besides, if you really want to go the full blob route, I'll get some exercise scaling your fat ass, heh." The fat ferret smiled at that, exposing his fresh dimples on his chubby round cheeks. His heart was beating so fast, he couldn't really contain himself. It had started out as a slow feeding, as the ferret wanted to immerse himself in all that fresh lard and warmth, but he found himself feeding Tyr faster and faster, the forkfuls coming in quicker.

"I-I mean, if you wanted to cut the middle man, you could just stop moving now and really get into the blob mindset."

Forkful after forkful.

"Y-ya know, to be in my life and all... because I kinda wanna be in yours."

Forkful after fork- Nairo dropped the middleman and grabbed an entire slice, pressing it into the dragon's open maw.

“B-because I’ve always sort of liked you, like, like-liked you. After we had the talk on the train, and seeing you move. You’re so strong, and cool, and handsome... and getting handsomer...”

Slice after slice; Nairo was barely giving Tyr time to chew.

“And now I get to feel safe in your arms, and how I never want to leave your side, and-dammit, I love you!”

Gah! He finally said it! Nairo had always imagined himself with a beautiful woman, but whenever he had those thoughts, Tyr’s adorable fat face always popped up in his head instead. Tyr was all he could think of, and now he finally had that admission. He didn’t slow down his feeding of Tyr, not in the slightest; two cakes down, and the third rapidly dwindling. He didn’t want to stop, because he was afraid of what the dragon would say after that confession of love. Was Tyr about to push him away, back into the cold?

Tyr’s eyes were already wide from the forceful feeding. He wasn’t complaining or trying to stop it... No, this was secretly something he was really, really into in fact! The dragon just ate though and listened, letting the ferret stuff him with slice after slice of the decadent, rich, and oh so dense cake. The stuff had to be basically sludge after all; the whole thing had been from attempts to make a triple-chocolate cake. And now it was becoming a triple-chocolate mess, with cake slathering the dragon’s chins and cheeks as it was pushed into him again and again by the ferret.

The same ferret who had just admitted he was in love with Tyr.

Tyr was in for a night of shocks from the cuddling alone, but with this, now well he thought he was dreaming. Not a bad dream at all, but a dream nonetheless. The same ferret who just a couple months ago had hated him was now in love with him, sitting on his belly, and forced feeding him in what had to be one of the hottest moments in Tyr’s life. The dragon was utterly lost, his head spinning... But he didn’t put up a fight. He couldn’t talk, or really move because of Nairo atop him and pushing the cake in like it would evaporate if it wasn’t stuffed into the dragon. Instead though, Tyr brought one arm up and gave the little ferret’s leg a squeeze, telling him to keep on going with a light nod of his head. Sure the dragon couldn’t talk, but that didn’t mean that Nairo had to go silent. The nod and the little squeeze Tyr also hoped would convey that there was no anger there, no resentment, no rejection... Just permission.

Permission for more.

Nairo almost jumped from the little leg squeezed. Well, he would have were he not smothered in a big cuddly embrace. It made him pause his feeding for a moment, just a moment, before resuming. He was stuck in the pattern already of grabbing pawful after pawful of cake sludge and just cramming it into that fatty, multi-chinned face before him, picturing how each and every bite would add even more warmth and comfort for him to squeeze.

"I already knew smell, but uh... you taught me taste, feel-" Nairo groped Tyr's breast. "-sight, cuz you're so handsome, and uh, sound, because I like your voice. Um... look, I never really rehearsed this, alright?" That was bad. And cheesy. Nairo rectified this mistake by doublefisting the next chunks of cake into the drake's mouth. Nearly halfway done already, and the ferret was only getting faster, his expression still worried. "Look, I hope you don't mind, but I'm not gonna stop feeding you until it's all gone. It's like you've told me before, I shouldn't make big decisions without knowing for a fact if I like them, so I'm gonna stuff you full of cake to make sure I like it. And, uh, also because you said that if you ate all the cake, you wouldn't be able to get to bed. Honestly, I don't want you to get to bed. I kinda just wanna sleep here with you... even if you do snore loudly."

Still no struggle, still no fight. Just another squeeze of the leg and a nod to keep on going. Tyr was grateful that Nairo had small paws, for if this were someone his size? He would have likely choked by now. But still he ate right on, nodding in encouragement and gently rubbing over that leg under his arm now. The dragon didn't even really want to get to bed either; he was comfortable where he was, and he likely would snore a lot less sitting up, so it was kind of win-win either way. Still, this was... There was no denying it. This was hot as hell to be fed like this. He hadn't ever been fed like this, just reading fiction of it online or seeing accounts of it from fellow gainers on the internet throughout his discovery time of getting to know what he liked. It was something new, hot, and something that he would want a hell of a lot more of so long as Nairo liked it. The dragon prayed that it was liked, so that more of it could happen.

Cake after cake, they just slid down into the dragon like they were nothing. Paws scraped empty dishes, but Tyr wasn't paying attention to that. He had just instead shut his eyes and eaten like the good soon-to-be blob he was. He wasn't about to try and put any effort into this he didn't have to. He was buzzed, he had a new crush sitting on him and feeding him, he had food... There wasn't anything else in life that he wanted at that moment. Maybe a bit of a break for his jaw's sake, but that would be fine. He could wait, and he would wait; there was cake to eat first.

And cake was certainly had. Nairo was fixated on Tyr as he fed him, as though focusing on a particularly intense magic spell. His arms were getting a little sore again, but he had grown used to that feeling. Learned to deal with it. Right now, he was learning to love it. Cake, after cake, after cake... With the last cake, the fat ferret brought the entire platter over and simply pressed it right up against the dragon's fat muzzle, letting it slowly filter in, even if it more or less obscured and rubbed against his face. Nairo did his best to try and grab what spilled over and funnel it back in, but, well, it still made a mess. A hot, hotmess.

Finally, the remnants of the case were simply scattered across Tyr's face. Both fat furs panted softly in silence, save for the sounds of the drake's gurgling, stuffed stomach. With his arms now free, the ferret carefully rubbed his paws along the expansive dome as far as he could reach. Softly, at first, then carefully kneading into the flesh, to squeeze and knead at the stomach buried in literal feet of lard. "I think," he said softly after some time. "Outside of getting



famous, my goal is to now feed you until you can't get up... and not just for a night, either. I, uh, liked this... and I hope you did... too..." He couldn't even look at the dragon's chocolatey face now. He had a bad habit of snacking already, now he just wanted to lick off that mess.

With a speed that seemed to be hidden under a few hundred pounds of lard, and a strength that Nairo had seen in the gym on their single visit, the dragon put one paw around the underside of Nairo's snout and brought it up to look at his. The dragon just looked into the eyes of the ferret for a single moment before pulling him forward and into a kiss. The kiss tasted of chocolate and cake, and smeared the fur of the ferret with cake... But Tyr didn't care. The dragon didn't really have the words he wanted for that moment, just instead choosing action over talking. Action he could do better than words most of the time, and this felt very, very much like one of those times. So into that kiss he pressed, his whole form seeming to warm up slightly as his heart fluttered in that kiss. His lips locked to Nairo's, the dragon stayed that way for a very long few moments before letting Nairo fall back... Just a bit though, not enough to get away from the face and look of the dragon who loomed in the room.

"Get famous being the one that fed a dragon into sizes untold." Tyr said, and then kissed again, slow but deliberate. He held that kiss again for a long moment before breaking off, making sure to leave Nairo breathless and without a chance to respond... Or get away. That grip was strong, but not forceful. Tight, but not crushing. It was easy to escape if Nairo wanted, but the dragon hoped it wouldn't be, and held it as he lost the kiss again and spoke. "I really, really liked that... And I want to do it again. Every night." Another long kiss, tender and gentle as the first pair but lasting a little longer this time. "This part too, I want to do this every night." Yet another kiss, longer and more drawn out... Some tongue even involved as the dragon part his lips and letting his chocolatey taste fully envelope the mouth of the ferret.

"Feed me till I can't do that to you Nairo, then make me bigger."

Nairo was breathless... Well, actually he was a *lot* of things right now, but no matter how quickly he gasped and breathed in, not enough oxygen made it to his head for him to process all of *that*! It was... shoot, Nairo had a slight hunch Tyr may have liked him back, but to return his own rather forward step with his own forward leap was quite the shock. A very welcomed shock.

So for a moment, the fat ferret allowed himself a moment to catch his breath, staring into those deep, crimson red eyes, and even seeing his own face in the reflection. He looked like a mess; disheveled, fluffed up, not to mention it really was evident he was fatter than ever given he no longer had a neck. Why Tyr found *him* attractive of all people felt like a mystery.

But Nairo thought he knew the answer to that mystery, as he slowly wiggled his tongue around his mouth, tasting the chocolate. *It's because I make a damn good chocolate cake.*

The ferret leaned in for another kiss, slower this time; he wanted to take in the enormous drake at his own pace. Taste those lips on his own, feel the tonnage of the drake wrapped around him on his own. His eyes shut, and the ferret couldn't find himself to pull out, completely

lost in the moment, lost within Tyr! It was as though he'd been craving this sort of intimacy for years and never realized it! Despite the ferret's ever-climbing weight, he felt so small in the dragon's arms, but not in an insulting way. He felt secure, protected, warm...

Eventually the ferret broke the kiss, leaning his head beneath the dragon's broad muzzle, nuzzling into that furry neck crest. "Heh... We, ah... still need to take on a few more jobs," Nairo muttered weakly, actually feeling dejected that he had to work instead of yearning for it like he had been ever since Tyr had known him. "But once we do, we can retire to a nice home, you and me. And I'm gonna make it my goal to single handedly make you a feast so big, even you will hit your limit."

Nairo reached down to press his paw into the drake's stomach. "And then we'll push your limit. Every day, I'll make you eat a little more than before, and there won't be a damn thing you can do about it, Tubbyr..." He sighed into Tyr's neck. "I'm open to suggestions for cute nicknames for you, by the way."

"Well, Tubby works instead of Tyr... Heh, I like being reminded that I'm getting fat." Tyr admitted, a bit of a blush on his cheeks. He too looked a bit annoyed that they would have to work to get to where they wanted to be, but the dragon seemed to be taking it in stride, his strong arms still embracing Nairo and keeping the ferret close. That need for closeness which Nairo was feeling? Tyr was feeling it too, and that whole feeding had awoken a whole new monster inside of the dragon now; a need for something close like that. Having Nairo there like that... Oh it had been something the Gods themselves couldn't have predicted Tyr would have wanted. Dragons were normally solitary, and Tyr was no different. But that feeding, that intimacy, that last kiss where Nairo took the lead and just let himself sink in... Tyr wanted more of that. A lot more of that in fact.

"We have a job we're supposed to leave for the day after tomorrow, and then a couple more scheduled for the next few weeks. We're really booked for the entire month honestly. There's the easy one with the city folks wanting mages to come and clear out a haunting, then that one out by the beach... I've never been to the beach, so I'm looking forward to that one honestly." Tyr continued, lightly stroking over Nairo while talking. The dragon had shifted to work mode, sure, but he still wanted to keep the ferret... His ferret... Close. "There's one more after that with some cave we have to check out for miners, and then after that I made sure to book us another one with that village for more Zwein. I figure that job... Heh, we might just wind up not coming back from that job, lost to time maybe?"

Tyr shifted lightly, hefting Nairo up onto his stomach and leaning back so that the ferret was sitting on him rather than just standing there and loving on the dragon. Those heavy paws worked over Nairo with ease, the rough scales brushing along that fur in gentle strokes like brushes working through the coarse fur. It was almost grooming in a way, with Tyr's heavy pets and broad strokes smoothing out the ruffles from all of that teasing and kissing and eating. Still, it was the closeness that they both seemed to want, and Tyr wasn't complaining. In fact, he was lightly purring in a way as he stroked over Nairo, looking over the ferret with a wry smile. "You

really liked that, huh? That... I wasn't expecting any of that you know. Not one bit of it. I've always liked your cooking, but since you decided to get comfortable like this? You've changed, you're less... I guess high-strung? Maybe neurotic in a way, but less of that. It's been nice, and I've liked that."

"Tyr, you've been 'getting fat' since I first saw you. We need an entirely different lexicon to describe you now," Nairo teased. Not that he was complaining in the slightest. Even laying atop that stomach felt warm and cozy enough to keep the winter chills away, the mustelid sprawled out atop that mighty table of tum. He was aware of his own chub spreading atop of Tyr as well, making him look like a pancake of sorts, a thought that amused the ferret. Now he knew what he was gonna make tomorrow.

"The beach sounds like fun. If we finish quick enough, maybe we could plan an afternoon there. Help make sure this whale stays beached." Nairo did his best to return the rubs, but alas the amount of area he could reach was severely limited compared to what Tyr could rub on him. Honestly, he couldn't stop himself from purring even if he wanted to, feeling his fur ruffled and smoothed back down again and again. It was different with dragon scales, he learned; he had to more or less run in the same direction. Not that he minded.

Nairo looked up from the rubs at Tyr's extrospective on himself, smiling softly. "Yeah, it's, uh... yeah, I've had my whole world rocked when I left the village twice as fat as when I came in. It kinda made me do a complete 180, heh." Looking back on it, Nairo did have a bit of an appetite even before he grew plump. Maybe this was his real self, and it took magically getting fattened and a few embarrassing trips to the gym for him to realize it. Either way, Tyr was right: loosening his strict views of himself helped him tremendously, in more ways than one.

The ferret cheekily drummed on the dragon's broad chest. "I'd say you've changed too, but, uh, it's been all physical for you." He pressed his paws deep into the mounds of lard, before lowering his head and rubbing his cheek against them, tail swishing like a cat. "Let's keep changing then."

"Hey, if me changing involves a whole lot of food and snacks and the like, then let's keep right on changing," The dragon joked, a large grin on his fat face. Tyr looked content like that, lounging and leaning back with Nairo on him. He almost looked happy too... ALmost. It was hard to tell with the dragon sometimes, given that he had a rather harsh face, but all that fat had made him hard to really take seriously. He was three times the dragon he should have been after all, at least, and it showed in spades as he sat there under Nairo and just looked down at the small ferret, still petting over him gently. "I mean, if there's food involved, I want in, but I think you know that."

"But hey, I like your thinking with that beach thing. An afternoon of nothing but lazing and sunbathing... Makes my lizard brain happy just thinking about it." The dragon said, the light thumps of his tail wagging ever so slowly showing that he wasn't kidding in the slightest. Those thumps made him wobble heavily, the gravid mass of flab that was his stomach oh so sensitive

to motion now that it wasn't packed to the gills... And even if it was; he was just that darn fat now. But Tyr didn't mind, he liked it in fact. He loved it if he was honest... He just felt huge, and he wanted to feel even more so if he could.

"So haunting, beach, cave, then Zwein and retirement... Or rather, beaching. You ready for all of that?" Tyr asked, looking down at Nairo with a bit of a grin. "One month of work for a lifetime of making sure a dragon stays being the largest thing you've ever seen?"

"Sounds perfect." Nairo nodded, his own tail swishing left to right atop that tremendous stomach like a windshield wiper. He could hear the sound of Tyr's stomach churning and gurgling beneath him like a processing plant, sure to turn all that cake into even more dragon chub. To think there was a point where the ferret would have been irritated with all that bodily sound, yet now it was his white noise as he felt himself drifting off. Up, and down, up and down, he felt himself rising and falling softly with Tyr's heavy breathing, as if literally adrift amidst a sea of dragon.

Even without a blanket, he fell asleep on the spot quite easily. It was waking up and moving from his new bed that proved to be challenging.