

Their next mission went by easily. A little too easy, in fact.

It made Nairo embarrassed. All this time, he'd given Tyr crap about his weight, worrying about it negatively affecting their next mission, when in reality it barely mattered at all. Fat or not, the haunting was cleared out with the two hardly breaking a sweat, despite their obvious weight differences.

If anything, their fat weight actually made clearing out the haunting much easier. Modern spirits were becoming more clever towards their exorcisms, and have since learned to sense the presence of the special urns used to seal them away. It made catching the newer ones far more difficult, as it required the exorcist to expose the sealing urn at the very last second to avoid spooking the spirit until it was too late.

Tyr and Nairo? They planned a whole new strategy.

It involved the dragon staying at the bottom floor of the small, abandoned school, standing right in front of the exit as though blocking it. He didn't have to move from that spot at all, which was perhaps for the best, seeing as how those stairs were a little rickety, even giving Nairo a bit of a mild heart attack when they squeaked beneath his weight.

Meanwhile, the ferret went around to each door, each window, and systematically sealed every available opening, preventing the spirit from escaping. It was a tad nerve wracking, admittedly, but Nairo carried with him a sealing urn, specifically to keep the spirit too weary of attacking him directly. By his logic, he should be safe.

And if he was attacked? Well, he knew he could rely on the big, fat, handsome dragon to save him.

Thankfully, it never came to that, and their plan worked perfectly up to that point. The spirit avoided Nairo like the plague as the fat ferret ensured it couldn't leave the building, save for the opening Tyr was blocking. Bit by bit, the spirit's available space diminished, and not risking dealing with Nairo and his urn, it eventually rushed towards Tyr, sensing a way out past the enormous drake.

Alas, there wasn't one.

For Tyr, using his incredible lungs his dragon heritage left him, quite literally vacuumed up the spirit into himself. Nairo only managed to catch the end of it, and even he was surprised to see just how well it worked, as well as the state it left the dragon in. He looked absolutely bloated, to the point where he looked ready to start rolling uncontrollably should he lean too far forward or back, but the drake gave a thumbs up and confirmed everything was ok. Occasionally his iris's began shifting to different colors, as the spirit began attempting to possess the dragon in revenge, but alas mages were quite difficult to possess from the beginning, not to mention that there would be a *lot* to possess. Once their contractor confirmed

the ghost was safely confined within Tyr's stomach, he acknowledged they had done their job to surprising efficiency, much to their delight.

Nairo never did find out if Tyr ever properly dispelled the spirit into a sealing urn afterwards. He never bothered to ask.

The other classmates found their method of dealing with a spirit hysterical, but for once Nairo and Tyr were the ones who set up the jokes, and not the recipient of them. Yeah, it was hilarious, seeing Tyr's eyes flash or watching him burp up a rainbow-colored puff, but it was also damn effective. Even the bullies couldn't deny it; they were good at what they did, size and everything. Some even apologized to the two fat mages, seeing as how their track record was definitely better than the bell curve, and even offered them to come hang out for games, parties, etc. Nairo and Tyr even obliged, finding a fair amount of food specifically set aside for the pair, and enjoyed their time immensely.

Although it paled in comparison to the alone time, where Nairo would whip up a feast for his enormous, gluttonous boyfriend, with the two ending up asleep nestled into each other's chub... well, Nairo into Tyr's chub. Not that the ferret minded, he just hoped he was a good enough teddy ferret for the drake.

A week came and went, and soon the two were off to the beach as they had planned. Granted, judging from their appearances, anyone would be excused for thinking they were just there for vacation, and not for a job. Nairo decided to bring along a pair of swim shorts and a button up Hawaiian shirt, complete with suspenders that hugged comfortably around his ample gut. An ample gut that, somehow, became even more so. Others had commented on how the ferret looked like a football standing up with the two ends smooshed in, but lately that football had been growing more rounded and bloated by the day.

"Did you know this is close to where Zach and the others are from, before they joined school?" Nairo asked in idle conversation, casually swinging a small picnic basket that contained nearly an entire pantry's worth of food within. "You think his friends are gonna start texting him when we arrive? 'Holy shit, Zach, you won't believe it, but we found two whales on the beach today, and they didn't come from the ocean!'"

"Heh, if they find two whales on the beach, then I think you'll have finally submitted to getting fatter properly instead of just enjoying all that size, Ni." Tyr said, a light chuckle on his tongue as he spoke. The dragon was of course larger, much like how Nairo had grown... But even moreso. His stomach was starting to really impede him, the ponderous orb of excess dangling low and brushing his shins whenever he took a lazy step forward. Of course, it made his waddling that much slower, but he suspected Nairo didn't mind; the pace difference between the two was becoming less and less by the day. Tyr didn't seem to mind this though, drumming atop his stomach with a bit of an idle contentment as he moved along. He hardly broke a sweat carrying all that bulk; it was just so awkward!

“So this one... Uhm... Oh, this was the one that we had to see why there were so many hauntings around here, right? Like see what god was being angered or something at the beach.” The dragon said. He too was clad in swim trunks, but he was wearing a tank top that said “Fat Storage Tank” on it; a joke gift he had gotten from some of the others at school that he wore with pride now as he trundled along. One huge thigh alongside another, awkwardly shifting from leg to leg as he had to swing his whole body; the meal on the train had been filling!

“You think we’re gonna get any real time off?” Tyr said, and then belched a light plume of color. He had indeed gotten the spirit out, but there were still some remnants left... Of course there would be after all; the dragon was never going to truly be free of that spirit after all, since it had been bound to him in order to be trapped. Nothing that could possess him or anything of course, just some colorful burps and a bit of changes to his red eyes every now and then that made him look even more like the fabulously fat dragon he was. It was a little price to pay for Tyr, and he loved it; it made parties with loads of soda or beer that much more fun. “I want a good time to relax... And I mean, all this walking isn’t exactly easy for me anymore. I’m glad we only have a couple jobs left.”

“Well, let me know when it really gets to be too much, and I’ll lighten the load for you a bit.” Nairo teased, pressing an elbow into the side of that tremendous stomach. If the ferret wanted to, he could make the dragon roughly 500 pounds or so lighter for the entire day, or perhaps a thousand pounds for around 8 hours. But he didn’t, because he wanted to see just how well Tyr reacted to wearing all that weight on him. It was a big commitment to want to immobilize yourself under all that weight, after all, and he didn’t want Tyr to think it was easier than it really was. However, the dragon sounded certain this was what he wanted.

Now, Nairo didn’t do it because he liked hearing those heavy huffs and puffs from his partner. It was hot.

“Well, this is supposed to be more complicated than dealing with a single spirit. They gave us the whole weekend to do it, but we can always request more time if we have to.” Nairo suggested. It was a little morally dubious to request time just to use it for vacation, but screw it, they built up a hell of a good track record lately. And anything to get more alone time with the big handsome derg.

However, that might not be for a while. The further onto the sand they strode, the more attention was thrown their way. A large variety of furs were hanging at the beach; lying beneath the shade, running along the shore, swimming, jet skiing, volley-ball-ing, the works. Yet every single one of them sported fine abs or otherwise skinny bodies, Tyr and Nairo could not have stood out more if they wanted to.

Nairo felt sick to his stomach. He finally thought he was done with this kind of attention, yet here they were back at it again. None of these people here knew about how talented they were, or how well they used their own size to their advantage; these were just two fatass dorks who came to ruin the fun with their unsightly bodies.

The ferret found himself standing behind the drake, finding cover beneath that ample back. "W-well, uh... let's go see if anyone knows, uh, anything about desecrated shrines or something similar..."

"Hey, you okay?" Tyr asked, turning around slowly as a glacier to face Nairo. The dragon's brow was furrowed, but as he did so... He noticed the eyes on them and quickly grasped why Nairo was having so much of a time there. The dragon sighed as he fully got to facing his cute little boyfriend, and then he looked around the beach and sighed again. "Not liking all the staring huh?" The dragon said, getting a couple of glares as he did so. He shrugged them off; Tyr was good at that, but Nairo wasn't nearly as good at that. So the drake looked around some more, and then shrugged a bit once more.

"Guess we're gonna have to prove ourselves here too huh? I mean... I do think we stand out just a bit." He said, and not a moment later one of the muscle-bound hunks from the beach came strolling up to him and Nairo and gave the dragon a firm shove in the back.

"Lardass, you're blocking the view for everyone else. We didn't order a beached whale here, so why don't you go and hit another buffet or something?" The beach bro grunted out, getting a few chuckles from the ones behind him. Tyr sighed once again and then turned around, ponderous and slow, but from the fact that he had only wobbled from the shove and not moved even an inch... Well, the beach rat didn't really try to shove again; it was clear this boulder would take a lot more than that to move.

"Yeah, I don't remember ordering an empty skull, but here you are. You gonna keep at that?" Tyr asked, his voice low and threatening all at once. It was a sudden and stark shift from the concern he had shown Nairo, but the ferret knew that tone; that was the one which was used only when there was going to be a problem. The musclehunk though didn't know that tone, and just glared at Tyr as his buddies laughed from that insult the dragon had thrown.

"Really? Empty skull? At least I have enough up there to stop me from winding up like a fat f-" That was all he got out, as Tyr bumped him *hard* with his stomach. The motion, sudden and yet as avoidable as a badly thrown punch, was impossible to really avoid because of the sheer size of Tyr. The dragon sucked in and then swung his stomach, using it like a wrecking ball to send the beach rat sprawling, flung back a solid few feet from the sheer amount of weight behind that motion. Eyes went wide, all around them, but the dragon didn't even bat an eye at this. Instead, he just loomed over the flattened idiot who had tried to start something with him and glared.

"Keep talking, and you'll find out that all this weight has a whole lot of stuff to back it up." The dragon spat, and then turned to the crew who had been with the instigator. "We're here to investigate those hauntings, where do we go?" Three fingers all pointed towards a stall a little ways up the beach, eyes all looking at the dragon with confusion and no small amount of malice. They would be a problem later, Tyr knew... But, that would be later. Now was work time,

later could be fun time.

“Well, let’s get going, huh Ni?”

“Y-yeah,” Nairo muttered, holding onto Tyr as they shuffled off. Those looks were not at all lost on the portly ferret, who made a mental note to stay clear of them and to never leave the dragon’s side. After all, he didn’t have the strength or size to shove someone out of the way with his gut alone. He especially didn’t have the quick wit, that’s for sure.

The rest of the walk there was full of silent staring and glaring. Honestly, Nairo might have preferred the bullying a little more, this just felt downright hostile, as though their bodies were causing some great offense. The short ferret was starting to think maybe this mission wouldn’t be quite as easy after all, but for a completely different reason.

At last, they made it to the booth they had been pointed to, with a gray wolf manning it. However, when he saw the two approach, he quickly crossed his arms and huffed. “Yeah, this isn’t a food booth, guys. Sorry. You can rent a jet ski here, but, pffft, that ain’t happening.”

Nairo, sensing that Tyr was about ready to punch the guy, quickly spoke up. “Uh, actually, we were sent here to help deal with the hauntings here. Are you, uh, Chesar, by any chance?”

The wolf sighed. “It’s pronounced Caesar, like the salad? ‘Course, I shouldn’t be surprised you two don’t know what that is.”

“Look, we just-”

“Yeah, yeah. I’m Caesar.” The wolf interrupted, arms crossed. “And while I wait for your school to send me two mages who can remember what their feet look like, I *guess* you two can try and help out. Just stay away from the snack bar.”

Now Nairo felt ready to punch this guy. The tubby ferret pressed himself against the booth, narrowing his brow. “Look, Mr. Salad, the sooner you tell us what we want to hear, the sooner we’ll get out of your hair, alright? We don’t exactly wanna be here anymore than you want us to. And we *can* report you to the school for being unhelpful if push comes to shove, so good luck getting a replacement if that happens!”

That last comment was a lie, at least Nairo thought it was. After all, everyone associated with these missions are good business partners with the school; it was doubtful they’d take the word of a mage’s complaint very seriously. The ferret just wanted to find an excuse to give himself a leg up in this exchange.

Which, thankfully, somehow worked, as the wolf raised a brow and crossed his arms. “Fair enough. Ask away.”

“So, point us in a direction and us two, even without seeing our feet, will get going and get this whole thing handled.” Tyr said gruffly, glaring at the wolf who was glaring right back. The tension in the air was thicker even than Tyr, but the dragon handled it well and restrained himself. No small part of him wanted to put his gut on that counter and smash it to pieces for the comments, but the dragon did no such thing. Instead, he just looked over the wolf and smirked after a moment. “And while you’re pointing us that way, care sharing why we cause such a problem around here?”

“Just up the beach is a shrine, past those rocks and around the corner.” The wolf said, nodding off to his left towards the end of the beach where a rocky outcropping began. He smirked too at that, and then looked over Tyr. “Looks like a place you’ll struggle with... Might even lose a couple pounds there.” The wolf scoffed and shrugged after saying that, shaking his head. “Not like anyone would notice on you. As for our issue... Simple, we aren’t here to look at landwhales like you two. Not as bad on you there, tiny, but on your big dragon friend? That many scales should be on five dragons, not just one who doesn’t know the meaning of the word “full.”

“I do know the meaning of that word, thanks. Usually comes after a few hours of eating though,” Tyr quipped back, getting a scowl from the wolf.

“That’s the point, lardbrain,” Caesar spat back, getting a smirk from Tyr.

“Heh, lardbrain... I like that one. Kinda accurate if I think about it.” Tyr smirked, only drawing more ire from the wolf. Knowing full well this was going to turn into yelling if he let it, Tyr just shrugged and turned towards Nairo. “Well, off we go.” Tyr said, turning back around once he did and starting off down the beach and a lumbering, awkward waddle with every bit of him bouncing in the warm breeze. “And Salad Guy, save some of that anger for when we get back. I’d love to show all you shrimps that there’s more than fat on this frame.”

“Hah! I’ll double your contract if you can do that!” The wolf called, and then Tyr...

Tyr grinned.

Nairo raised his brow at that comment, although he didn’t speak right away as they left. While the ferret had said in the past that Tyr hadn’t changed, in truth the dragon had actually changed not a bit, and not in the obvious physical way. He recalled Tyr becoming quite upset and uncomfortable at the fat comments, having become quite a point of contention between the two in the past. And while it was obvious he would have preferred those fat comments to be more well-meaning, Nairo noticed how Tyr hardly seems to mind as much anymore. If anything, he took those comments in stride, as if he were a sponge absorbing them and adding them to his repertoire of things to call himself.

Honestly, Nairo wasn't so sure why the wolf and the others even bothered calling Tyr fat. He was wearing a god damn tank top that called himself a fat storage tank for crying out loud. People were weird.

For now, they had a bit of investigating to do, and unfortunately it meant quite a trek. Nairo undid the top button of his Hawaiian shirt to give his chest some more room to breathe as they trudged towards the rocks, the soft sand not doing them any favors. Still not a fan of arduous endurance work, the ferret focused his attention on his draconic companion, noticing with a smirk that his footsteps left small craters in the sand, not to mention the thick line his tail made. "Double our contract, huh?" Nairo mused out loud. "You know, we've never had a candlelit dinner, just the two of us. That extra bit of spending money might be enough for a nice night out. Although, if you prefer it just be the two of us alone when I'm stuffing you like a turkey, we could always order in too."

It never once occurred to Nairo that Tyr couldn't back up his own words. It didn't matter if the dragon had stopped visiting the gym as often, or was getting too fat to even bend his arms fully anymore. He had absolute faith in that wall of scales, muscles, and of course fat.

"You didn't read the whole contract, did you? Double that amount... That's enough for a candlelit dinner wherever we want to go, and for a stuffing session after, for a week." Tyr said, that smirk still on his face as he waddled along heavily. The sand and stones weren't doing him any favors either, the dragon just having to guess if a step was going to be okay or make him fall. He was steady on his feet though, much more so than someone his size should have been, and he made it along without incident even as the going got tougher. An unstoppable force, that was an apt descriptor for the dragon as he trundled along, each movement of his pillar-like legs calculated and careful despite the fact that he hadn't seen those trunks outside of a mirror in months.

"I mean, this contract pays hugely you know. This town is like... Made of money, and I think that's why they're so annoyed that we exist. Fat is poor to them, and I mean... We're pretty damn fat." The dragon said, giving his stomach a couple extra pats as he waddled along. He grunted as he had to move around a rather large rock, still as steady on his feet as the ground itself as he did so. Say what you will about the size impeding him; training and practice had made him into something much, much more than just a normal lardass. "So I say we take them for all they have and show them that we can actually be fat, get things done, and beat them at their own game." The dragon said.

The look in his eyes as he spoke said volumes about how much those comments had bothered him. The dragon hadn't reacted in anger though... Tyr had seen an opportunity, and was going to take advantage in every way that he could. He was cunning right now, and using his brain instead of his brawn for once. It was a show, a game to him... And he was going to win that game.

"Fat is poor, huh?" Nairo asked. He could have been fooled, seeing how much their grocery bill was. But it made sense in a way; unhealthy food was cheaper, for some stupid reason. The idea of taking these strange bets and winning, now that was a new idea. Nairo couldn't help but swish his tail at that. "Damn, now I wish I said something. I gotta find a way to get in on this." If only he actually had some muscle beneath his own pudgy frame...

The sand gradually gave way to more rocks, and Nairo was regretting not wearing proper hiking shoes. They were quite steep, with the pudgy ferret being forced to hop and climb his way through. It was exhausting work, and while Nairo had offered to lighten Tyr's load earlier, the ferret found himself having to cast the featherweight spell on himself just to properly propel himself through the area.

It was also fun to show off, having this big tubby ferret making hand stands in front of Tyr as they crossed through the area. Yeah, he absolutely mellowed out over time.

Finally, they came across what they had assumed was the shrine of the deity. At least, what was left of it. Amidst the area of sharp, wave-torn rocks, sat an enormous boulder that appeared a completely different color from the rest of them, and quite smooth compared to the jagged rocks surrounding it. It was practically in a small crater, which almost caused Nairo to believe it was a meteorite, although a glance inland did show they were by a rather steep cliff. It wouldn't be too unlikely for a rock to have tumbled its way down.

And, of course, the wooden planks smashed around.

Nairo turned towards Tyr. "You think this is the shrine that Salad Guy mentioned? Or, was?" The ferret asked, rubbing his many chins.

Tyr simply nodded at the question, muttering a few changed spells to feel out for the magical auras around the area. The whole place was trashed... Smashed planks, litter, beer cans; it was a wreck. Surely cleaning would help to appease the god there alone, but the dragon could sense there was more to the story with just one spell of summoning. He wasn't trying to summon the god or goddess himself; he was trying to channel their feelings, and he was doing a decent job of it after a few moments; he felt rage. Pure, and powerful, rage.

"Oh... Yeah, this is it. They're mad." Tyr said, shuddering lightly as he continued to channel the god's demands. It was a god, that was for sure, and they were mad at the desecration of their site, the forgotten status they felt in the community, the pollution of their ocean... Tyr kept muttering as words assaulted him from all angles thanks to the god's wrath. It was as though someone had a year's worth of complaints and they were being distilled down into one rant that would end all rants. The dragon could handle that; he had been trained to handle that. He looked at Nairo though, and sighed.

"I'm going to continue with the listening... Can you get to cleaning some of this up? Maybe casting some mending on the planks so that the old shrine starts to look something like a



shrine again?" Tyr asked, straining to get the words out as he was so focused on the god that little else could be heard.

"Oh, and... Ugh... He's really mad. Maybe cast a trapping spell on me in case he tries something?" Tyr wasn't sure he could fully keep all this rage in, just shuddering and shaking as his heavily overweight form wobbled and bounced against itself. He looked like a borderline blob having a seizure of sorts!

"Got it." Nairo didn't like casting spells at his partner/boyfriend, but seeing the effects just listening to this god was having on Tyr convinced him. This was the same Tyr who swallowed up a ghost and barely felt anything, after all; this deity was not something to take lightly. The ferret concentrated, and a faint, pinkish cube appeared around the dragon. Tyr could easily walk out whenever he chose, but anything ethereal would have trouble.

Keeping one eye on Tyr in case something did happen, the tubby ferret went to work. A few quick casts of mage hand were enough to gather up most of the planks, although some required a bit of effort to tug out. His experience in maximizing his abilities without expending too much mana were paying off tremendously here; Nairo managed to hop from rock to rock as light as a feather, gripping and pulling out planks of wood from a distance, while also maintaining a barrier around Tyr without breaking a sweat.

These were skills he's had for quite some time, but they never would have been as fine tuned as this had he not agreed to fatten up Tyr, or allowed himself to become comfortable in his own fat body. Another very positive change.

With every plank of wood gathered into one big pile, Nairo bounded over towards the massive boulder. Just stepping close to it, he could feel some sort of magical aura emanating from it, although he wasn't sure if it was coming from the boulder itself or what was laying beneath it. For now, the ferret pressed his palm against it and closed his eyes, channeling now a fourth spell to see into the past and try to find how this shrine may have looked before its destruction.

It was quite simple, actually, and easy to recreate. The planks of wood weren't there for a building, more just as a base for an altar. A variety of colorful flowers here and there, most of which were native to the island, and a figure of a man... was this the deity? It was constructed with a variety of objects, but Nairo could make out long flowing hair based on the sea weed, powerful muscles and...

No way. Was that a gut? Well, Nairo was starting to understand that rage a bit better now...

Tyr understood fully, long before Nairo, but getting the words out was becoming impossible as the screaming rage of the god was getting to be overwhelming. It was a lot to take in, and even more to hear. The dragon was getting the brunt of the anger of an ethereal being,

one more powerful than him in every way and one who was so angry it was almost indescribable. The dragon didn't even have the wherewithal to cast another spell; he had to just listen and take it all in. It was a struggle, and he was fighting more to keep the god from taking him over rather than to keep on listening. The god was angry, wanted revenge, wanted to smite all those that had spat on his altar, wanted to curse those who had gotten in his way. It was a constant assault on each of his senses, but this was the cost of helping a god. If they had been wronged, they were always angry, and this one clearly had been wronged in a very, very big way...

And yet, all that rage stopped the second Tyr let the god see through his eyes.

Suddenly, the talk was a lot calmer. Angry, but the dragon could breathe a heavy sigh of relief as the screaming died down to angry yelling and commiserating. It took one look at who was channeling him to see just what was happening, and one look at his compatriot to see that these two... Well, these two embodied what this god once had.

The beach god, now that he was done raging and screaming and promising death to all, had been one of bounty. Bountiful harvest, bountiful catch, bountiful life; that had been his whole form. He had been worshiped on the beach for eons by those wanting a better catch or more fish. However, with tourism and the fad of being so in shape bones showed and just modern science, the god had fallen from favor. His shrine had been vandalized, his power had ebbed, and now he was left alone to rage against all those that had forgotten he was the reason they had their utopia. It was quite the sad story and Tyr could understand that rage; very well in fact. However, the dragon was now able to think, and talk, once more so he used that chance to let Nairo know.

"So he's a bounty god, and he's mad because he's been cast aside so much. I think... I think he wants to use us for revenge, so I am going to tell him about my plan. I have an idea for you two, if you want to do some cooking?"

"Cooking?" Nairo asked. Was Tyr really thinking about eating now, at a time like this?

No, of course not. The dragon was being very serious, Nairo could see it in his eyes. His rapidly changing eyes, as though he were being hypnotized in a Disney movie. Well, a food offering to a deity was very common; granted, this was a god of the sea, and Nairo had never cooked with fish before. He hated the smell.

For now, the ferret quickly rearranged the wooden planks back to how he saw them in his vision, returning the base of the shrine and altar back to their former glory. It was still quite basic, as there was a lot more to it than just planks of wood, but if this god was seeing what Tyr saw now, perhaps it would feel just a tad better that not everything was gone. That what had been broken can be fixed and repaired.

“Alright, I’m game.” Nairo hopped swiftly back towards Tyr, his round body wobbling with every bounce. “What’s your plan?”

Channeling the god fully now with some muttered spells, the dragon went limp for a moment before becoming more animated again. The dragon had a small pact with the god; use of his body for a little bit to converse with Nairo and explain, in exchange for a blessing of bounty on them both. Just happy to be given a chance to exist outside his rock as well as to speak to a mortal using his mouth rather than through a tipped over chair or fluttered stack of papers, the god had leapt at the chance... And as such, when Tyr came back to being not slack and slumped, his voice had deepened and his eyes were a shining blue.

“Ah, fuck it’s good to be in a body... Fuck!” The god swore, stretching lightly and then flexing. “Yer mate is strong as hell for being this big! Damn, ya both like this? Wait, don’t answer that. He was tellin’ me that y’all aren’t from ‘ere, and that ya wanna get back at ‘em twinkie fuckers down on *my* beach.” The god boomed, looking down at Nairo with wide and excited eyes. “He said thatcha said somethin’ ‘bout onna them bein’ salad, and that y’all didn’t know what salad was. Well I was thinkin’ ya go and teach ‘im a lesson ‘bout cookin’ an’ show thatcha know yer food.” The god said, his accent heavy and his plan clearly less sane than the ones Tyr would come up with... But there was some logic in it.

“I ain’t gotten ta see any like ya both in ages ya know, just ‘em lil shit excuses fer bodies ‘round here thatcha saw on the way in. They’re bein’ just shits an’ tryin’ ta make everyone like ‘em n’ the like. Ya both bucked that, an’ ya have my respect an’ pleasure for it. So I wanna make sure ya both show ‘em that there is somethin’ good ‘bout havin’ some ounce in yer bounce, ya know? Just go n’ show ‘em all up!” The god continued, still speaking through Tyr. “He’s gonna go n’ show ‘em all that fat can have some strength in it n’ the like, so why don’tcha go n’ show ‘em that it can cook to yeah? Get ‘em to come back here n’ make some offerin’s as a result, n’ I’ll stop bein’ so mad. Just goddamned shit ta be ignored by tha ones thatcha helped out so long ago, an’ havin’ my shrine thrashed like that... Thank ya kindly fer fixin’ it by the by.”

“Hey, it’s no problem. We’re happy to help.” Nairo explained bluntly. Communing with gods was... difficult. He’d only ever seen one person manage to channel a deity like that once for teaching purposes, and the instructor only managed it for a minute before relinquishing them. After all, it burned through mana quickly, the instructor comparing the feeling of having your body burn from the inside out, even if the deity was friendly. Tyr’s mana pool was simply incredible.

Still, it was a bit off putting speaking to someone who was inheriting Tyr’s body for the time being. And that accent, sheesh. Nairo only understood every other word, but it was enough to understand the god was pissed for being trashed and subsequently ignored, a pain the ferret recalled all too well.

“Sure, I can figure something out.” Nairo nodded. “I’ve plenty of experience feeding strong guys. Well, one at least. I know what works and doesn’t. Tyr and I would be glad to put

those guys in their place. We were planning on making a bet out of it, too. We'll make sure that when we win, they'll have to come here every day and leave an offering behind to show their appreciation. Erh, if you have any other requests, please say so quickly." Nairo quickly added. He wasn't sure how much more Tyr could handle.

Tyr looked to be losing some of his fat as the deity spoke, his voice hurried. "He wants me out, so quick... Fish and fruit, have 'em bring me those. An' I'll make sure ya both 'r blessed with plenty of good will from me to take 'em all down a peg. Good luck to ya both." The deity said, and then Tyr faded once again. The dragon slumped, and then full-on collapsed down onto the ground. He looked to have lost somewhere around 50 pounds of weight from all of that channeling, and was shivering and shuddering down on the ground after a moment of getting his bearings. He looked like a wreck, just there shaking and laying on the ground; that channeling had indeed taken a lot out of him. His mana pool felt empty even from a cursory look over him and sensing his aura. The dragon also then turned and started coughing violently, hacking and coughing for almost a solid minute before he was able to weakly speak.

"Shit that was hard..." Tyr said, still shaking a bit but starting to calm back down. His voice sounded raw and pained, but it was there nonetheless; this was indeed Tyr and not the deity. "He took longer than he told me he would... That was brutal." The dragon said, slowly rolling onto his side and then grunting as he pushed himself up to sitting on the flat ground below. He still looked fat as hell, but it was clear some weight had been sucked up to channel the god as long as he had. Fatmancy, or lipomancy as it was called by those who knew it, wasn't exactly common in the school... But Tyr was anything but common, as Nairo clearly knew. As such, the dragon knew it enough to keep his mana pool going, and he had burned some just to make sure that he didn't completely drain his mana and be left just a husk until he got some rest.

"Yeah, don't do that. That sucked," Tyr said, shaking his head a couple times before coughing some more. "Think you can get me something to drink? That shitty accent left me parched."

"I hope he didn't hear that." Nairo muttered softly, pulling out his basket. A brief skim through its contents, and the ferret soon pulled out a glistening blue mana potion, identical to the one Tyr gave him when they first fought the Zwein. "There, now we're even." He smiled back. It wouldn't fully recover Tyr from that ordeal, but it should be enough to keep him going throughout the day. Besides, Nairo knew from experience that mana potions were quite quenching.

Until Tyr felt ready to move again, Nairo sat by his partner and leaned in close to the flabby drake, rubbing a paw along his side. Honestly, it was near impossible to tell Tyr actually lost any weight. He was still the impossibly fat dragon Nairo knew and loved. "I'm surprised you didn't kick him out yourself, actually. You're way too nice for your own good." The ferret teased, giving that thigh a playful squeeze.

Then, he chuckled. "I'm noticing a pattern with us, now. We do things the hard way, way more often than the easy way. Our first two missions, we were at each other's throats instead of just simply cooperating. With the Zwein, we took out an entire horde instead of just the handful we were supposed to bring back. With the haunting, we made you into the vessel to contain the spirit instead of just being smart with sealing urns. And now, not only do you let yourself get possessed by a literal god and nearly get burnt to a crisp, but we're going to convince an entire beach full of douchebags to stop being douchebags and actually be productive for a change, and we're doing this all in a day. I mean, we have the whole weekend, we don't *have* to do it in a day if you're tired. But I mean, my point still stands that we're two crazy sons of bitches." Nairo laughed. "Is it presumptuous to say we bring out the best of each other?"

"Best or worst, depends on what you count as best." Tyr said once he had drained the mana potion, stretching and sighing as he wrapped an arm around Nairo to keep the ferret close. He felt much better right away; mana potions were handy like that, but he wanted to sit anyways and just recover from that ordeal. It had taken... A lot more out of him than he was letting on, but that burning? That had just felt like a hard workout rather than anything so painful as dying or anything like that. Tyr was used to that pain, and actually welcomed it; he hadn't been in the gym in a few days now and he was missing that burn. Still, he could feel his muscles as strong as ever; strongest he had been in his entire life. He had to be in order to keep his frame moving after all, and he was just as strong as three ox right now. His weight may have been hindering, and his size impeding on his life, but... He could move, and that was a triumph for any being who weighed as much as he did.

"But I guess we do need to convince a town of asshats that they need to stop, huh?" Tyr said, sighing lightly and then getting a bit of an idea. "Think you can whip up a salad from the stuff around here? I know there's plenty of ingredients... I saw them on the way in. This place had plenty too, given what the god is now that we know and everything. Figure shoving a salad in the guy's face, or even better us eating a salad right in front of him, would be a good way for him to really come at us over cooking and whatnot." Tyr said, his thought process out loud for once. That had been changing in him; he was less quiet when he thought and instead conveyed what he was thinking. Sure, this was new... And it did feel strange to the dragon, but he was going to try and do it to make sure that things between him and Nairo stayed healthy, and that nothing was internalized. The dragon had that as a bad habit, and he wanted to break it.

"And me? Heh, I think I have an idea for me, so we can just about get everyone's attention all at once. You game for it? Want to be the center of attention again?"

Nairo nodded confidently. "A salad shouldn't be a problem. I even brought some vinegar with us, so making a dressing will be a cinch too." Salads weren't very aromatic, so Nairo never had a particular fondness towards them. However, he wasn't against them either. "Maybe I can make a Caesar salad, in honor of the jerkwad wolf."

Now, hearing that Nairo had to be the center of attention did bring his confidence down a tad. These folk were not the kind of people he wanted attention from. If anyone else had asked

him this request, he absolutely would have denied it... but dammit, Tyr felt so nice and cozy to lean against, and the dragon knew just where to scritch to make the ferret feel cozy.

He reluctantly sighed. "Alright, I'll hear you out. As long as I'm not stripping naked and running through the beach, I'll give it a try."

"No, no stripping naked... At least not right now," Tyr said with a teasing wink. Flirting like that always seemed to get the ferret to melt, as well as a scratch right at the base of his neck down that thick, fat-covered spine. It worked wonders, and the dragon had used that power a few times to get just what he wanted. This was going to be one of those times, and the dragon was going to use his tricks to get the ferret to break out of his shell a bit and enjoy being paid attention to, even if it was going to be for a different end.

"You'll do a cooking contest, and I'll do a lifting one. I can out-bench every single one of those jerks on the beach and you know it, just like I know you can take any ingredients out there and make them into the best food known in the universe. So I think... We take our talents, and show that excess and bounty, in our case a bounty of blubber, is a good thing. Get these idiots to see that the god they've been neglecting isn't a bad thing." Tyr said, and then perked up a bit. "Who knows, we might change enough minds that we can come back here one day, with me on a trailer of course since there's no way I'll be walking back to this beach... And we can get a proper greeting from a few folks with bellies." Tyr said, a grin on his face.

This smile, this way of talking and just explaining and being gentle and yet still very much himself, it had been poking through more and more since they had gotten to be together. Sure Nairo had relaxed, but Tyr had too no matter how you looked at it. The dragon was changing too into something less tightly strung and someone who actually could express himself... And it was a good thing, at least he hoped. "Like that plan?"

"Hrrmf..." Nairo was too busy enjoying the scritch to give a proper response right away, his back hunched and his belly pooling onto his lap. Damn it all, Tyr was doing that thing again. The thing that made Nairo run to the store to fetch more snacks, or made Nairo take an extra turn doing the laundry. He leaned back to try and glare up at the dragon, but his own pouty face was offset by his increasingly chubby cheeks. Besides, that smile, that damn smile that Nairo fought tooth and nail to see, was so absolutely freaking perfect...

"You're lucky I'm like, literally obsessed with you." The ferret sighed. "I've never cooked in a contest before, and I've never planned on cooking for someone who wasn't you. And I've definitely never planned on cooking for people I don't like. But, it's for the sake of the mission, and for our kind beach bod god... and of course you."

Nairo stood back up, pressing himself against the dragon to give that chubby muzzle a quick kiss. "Alright, let's do it. Just try not to get jealous when you see someone eating food that's not for you, tubby."

"Heh, obsessed with me huh?" Tyr said, returning that kiss and wrapping both of his strong, heavy arms around the ferret to hold him in close against the warm, enveloping fat of his body. When Nairo sat, his fat stomach pooled in his lap and rested on his thighs. When Tyr sat? His stomach rolled and glorped over his legs entirely, making the dragon have to spread wide so that his heavy gut could rest on the ground too and take up all the space the demanding organ needed. It was a contrast that was clear as day to anyone; Nairo was fat, and Tyr was *fat*. But either way, the dragon still could use his size and strength against the ferret, and he did in that instance, keeping Nairo pressed into him with their snouts almost touching. "Well it's a good thing that obsession works both ways."

With that, the dragon leaned in and pressed into a warm, much longer kiss, passion flowing down into the locking of lips. The dragon's long, black tongue slid out and licked along Nairo's, passion and love flowing out of the dragon like water through a dam. It was heated and affectionate, loving and lustful, wanting and needing, all at once. The dragon wasn't hiding a single emotion in that kiss, his love and want for Nairo on full display as his clenched paws wandered along the ferret... And gave a few squeezes to the plush, round rump that had been swelling out with every one of their near daily trips to the school's buffet. The dragon just held that kiss too, not letting Nairo have a chance to breathe or break away for several moments; or rather until Tyr got out what he wanted to get out; that this feeling of theirs was indeed mutual.

"Mmmm... There, now you can cook. But I'd better get my own feast of ferret and food tonight." The dragon said, his grip loosening and the kiss breaking after several moments. It was something he always did, just slinking away from affection once he was done. He never did it to hide, but more to tease Nairo and leave him wanting for more; more and more and more. Tyr wanted more, and he wanted to make sure that his boyfriend did too.

Nairo, of course, was left puffing as though he'd just done a jog around the entire school campus. His whole body tingled from that explosive bit of emotion Tyr just shoved into him, his fur standing on end to make him look all the more puffier. Of course that feeling of affection was practically overwhelming to the ferret who was a fraction the size of the dragon, and of course like any fatass, it left Nairo yearning for more regardless. It genuinely was hard for Nairo to find bits of enjoyment from the drake, who at first simply showed indifference, frustration, or even pure wrath. Just knowing that he could somehow bring out this other, more hidden side of this enormous beast made the mustelid's heart soar with joy, that special drive for him to be just that little bit unique and special amongst the others.

Of course, Nairo still liked to try and hold onto his pride where he could, and after a full ten seconds of staring into the dragon's face in silence with nothing but awkward panting and huffing between them, the ferret quickly stood upright, enough to make his body quiver. "Y-yeah, w-well, we'll see, you tease. Maybe I'll eat the rest myself, huh?"

Nairo lifted his belly to tease the dragon, although that only worked in Tyr's favor, as all it revealed was just how tight Nairo's swim trunks had become in the, erh, nether reasons. That tease was very effective. Dropping his gut back down with a much higher-pitched glorp than

Tyr's could anymore, the ferret made sure to give one last look towards his dragon. "Or maybe I'll use the money to cook up an entirely different feast, feed you until it hurts to breathe, then feed you some more..."

He quickly turned around. Damn tight swim trunks...

Tyr grunted and got up to his feet, the dragon sloshing heavily as wet, fat scales coated lightly in sweat all slapped against one another from the heavy movements of his frame. The dragon was huffing lightly and looked down at Nairo with a knowing grin; he had indeed seen those tight shorts... And figured that would be something for later. For now though, the two had work to do in order to make sure they had a full weekend of pleasure waiting for them. It was the plan, and they could even likely get some extra time seeing as their next job didn't start until later next week. The dragon kept that in his mind, as well as that sight of Nairo's arousal from all that teasing, and then leaned down to pat the smaller ferret on the head.

"Let's get on back and get all of this done so that we can really enjoy this vacation, instead of waiting for something else to come and mess it up." The dragon said, and then lowered his voice with a bit of annoyance in it. "Besides, I'm yearning to show up all those assholes on the beach." The dragon then began lumbering along, his slow and heavy pace resuming once more as he began trudging between and along the rocks the way that the two of them had come.