Kill, Marry, Fuck

Chapter 18

Later that night, Arro went upstairs the second he returned home. Rangavar was in the living room practicing the game Arro had shown him. It was nice that he was distracted. The Faerian threw himself down on the bed. Without the Darkal there, he could stretch out on the middle of the mattress.

He clutched his massive belly. He’d have to go back down at food for some point. And he’d have to be really careful to act as though he hadn’t eaten anything earlier. Rangavar hadn’t said anything to him yet, so he hoped the other dragon still hadn’t found out about his binge. And it had to stay that way. Arro knew well enough that it was a bit early into his diet for a cheat day.

He absentmindedly ran his paws over the huge swell of fat. It was a bloated, squishy mound that rose over him as he lay on his back. He’d never been able to get rid of it, even while dieting in the past. It was embarrassing.

It felt really good when Rangavar touched it, though.

He thought back to last night when he’d rubbed Rangavar’s back until the smaller dragon fell asleep next to him on the couch. That felt good too, although in a very different way.

He’d realized something while talking to Rangavar at work earlier, when insisting that he had to find out what the research facility was hiding; because he couldn’t just ‘not think about it.’ He was pretty sure that applied to some of his other emotions right now, too. He just had no idea what to do with them.

Arro rolled over and sighed, his heavy gut settling onto the bed beside him. He supposed the real question was, What now? He couldn’t just stay away from Rangavar. And he obviously didn’t want to. But the idea of pursuing his feelings in any way was laughable, of course.

The Darkal had turned off the TV by the time he went back down a while later. He was stretched on the couch. Compared to Arro, he looked small as he lay there, as if it were weird to see so much of the couch visible while someone was on it.

He glanced up at Arro as the fat Faerian went to the counter. There wasn’t any food there, of course, but he couldn’t find room to sit on the couch. He also didn’t feel like going through the effort of easing his body onto one of the tiny stools, so he merely rested his arm and leaned. Also, those tiny stools hurt. They should get some bigger furniture.

The other dragon waved a gaming controller at him. “Are you down here to kick my ass? I think I am actually getting better. Just a little, though.”

Arro pressed his index fingers together. “I was actually wondering about getting food.”

“Oh.” Rangavar put the controller down and sat up. “Do you want me to come?”

Arro looked away for a moment. Finally, he asked, “Have you ever heard of pizza?”

Rangavar was curious about the boxes Arro sat on the counter. Pizza didn’t smell sweet like all his other pastries. It was intriguing.

He’d initially asked why they’d need two whole boxes. The larger dragon had blushed—of course—and said that if Rangavar liked it, then he could have as much as he wanted, and at worst they’d still have leftovers. He’d also made it sound as if they were small or something. Rangavar eyed the boxes doubtfully. What was small to Arro, didn’t seem the same as ‘small’.

He could feel the Faerian’s excitement as they went into the living room. They’d pretty much given up on eating at the counter lately; the stools were too small for Arro, the drooping fat from his thighs spreading over the edges uncomfortably. They put a couple of the stools in front of the couch like a makeshift table instead. They really should get a real one at some point.

Inspecting the round treat, Rangavar wasn’t exactly sure what he’d been expecting. If Arro hadn’t been consistently introducing him to weird new things over the past few weeks, he wasn’t sure he would have even recognized it as food. It actually did smell good, though. He eyed Arro’s slice as the fat Faerian lifted one from the box. The yellow goo on top stretched as he bit into it.

Arro swallowed. “Well? Go ahead. It’s really good, I promise.”

Rangavar took a slice from the box. It was hot and droopy. And greasy. He made a face as it dripped when he held it.

Arro had been watching him. He rolled his eyes. “Just eat it.”

Rangavar shot him a look. “You don’t have to stare at me when I eat.” It hadn’t been the first time he’d noticed Arro do that.

The larger dragon looked away. “Sorry.”

Rangavar pretended not to notice that Arro was still watching intently from the corner of his eye, while Arro pretended he wasn’t.

He finally bit into the pizza. He chewed thoughtfully. Huh. It was actually pretty good. When he looked back over at Arro, the larger dragon was still pretending to not be paying attention to him. “I like it.”

Arro pricked his ears and glanced over. “Really? Or are you just being polite.”

Rangavar took another bite. Chewed. Swallowed. “It’s actually good.” He actually liked it a bit better than some of the other foods Arro had shown him.

“I’m glad.” Arro resumed digging into his own slice. Rangavar observed that in the span of a few minutes, he’d already eaten three. He wondered if he should say something, but eventually decided against it. The Faerian had been so depressed lately. He finally seemed to be enjoying something.

It wasn’t long before Rangavar finished his own slice. He leaned back and watched with amusement as Arro polished off the last slice of pizza in the box. He’d eaten the rest by himself.

He caught Rangavar watching. “There’s another box if you’re still hungry.”

Rangavar wasn’t sure if he were still hungry or not. “I’ll think about it.”

Arro ended up opening the second box anyway. “Is it okay if I have some more of this?”

Rangavar waved his paw dismissively. “Yeah, of course.” Arro had actually been the one to pay for it to begin with, and it had been his idea.

The fat Faerian hungrily reached into the box and lifted out another slice. He paused with it partway to his mouth. He shifted his weight uncomfortably. “Hey, Rangavar?”

The Darkal leaned back on the couch. “What?”

Arro glanced down at his lap. Not that he could see it, of course. “Do you think it’s gross when I eat a lot?”

“What?” He furrowed his brow. “Of course not.”

“You don’t think it’s gross I ate all that pizza?”

“I ate pizza too,” Rangavar pointed out. “I don’t really see what the big deal is. You ask me questions like that a lot.”

Arro blushed. “Just, it’s why I’m fat.”

“So..?”

The other dragon looked away.

Rangavar waved his paw vaguely. “You enjoy food. And it is really good, by the way. Thanks for showing me pizza.”

The fat Faerian was looking down at his belly self-consciously

The Darkal sighed and leaned more heavily into the couch. Were they really doing this tonight? “Vaugh dammit, Arro.”

Startled, Arro’s head shot up.

Rangavar reached for the box. “If it’ll make you feel better, I’ll eat another slice. And then you have to stop feeling bad about yourself. We’ll both be full of pizza.”

The other dragon snorted. “You’d eat more pizza to make me feel better?”

Rangavar eyed the greasy slice. He wasn’t sure how hungry he was, but it smelled good. “If that’ll work, yeah.” Fuck it. He settled back into the couch with the slice. He didn’t have much room, since the significantly fatter dragon was taking up the rest of the seat, but he leaned back with one of his arms hanging over the arm of the couch. He wished he had somewhere to put his feet up, but the other half of his cushion had been overtaken.

He waved the slice at Arro. “Are you gonna stop feeling bad about yourself?”

Arro was staring curiously. “Honestly, I’m more intrigued by the idea of you trying to eat two of something in the same meal.”

Rangavar rolled his eyes.

“Okay, fine, I’ll try to stop thinking about my weight.”

As Rangavar bit into the slice, he noticed Arro was staring at him eating again. They were too close to each other on the couch; there wasn’t really a way for Arro to be stealthy about it. With his mouth full of food, Rangavar just glared to get the point across.

Arro giggled. “You’ve got cheese on your chin.” He reached over and gently ran his thumb along the other dragon’s jaw.

Startled, Rangavar leaned back.

Arro suddenly looked mortified. “I didn’t— I just—”

Rangavar rubbed his own chin on his open palm and grimaced. His palm was covered in the leftover grease. “You could have just told me.”

The larger dragon was blushing furiously, as usual. “I wasn’t even thinking when I did that.”

Rangavar put down the rest of his slice. “I should really just stop eating for now. I’m making a mess.” He was noticing the grease was everywhere. Of course the best food Arro had introduced him to so far was the hardest one to eat.

“The trick is to eat it before it falls apart.”

“I can’t eat as fast as you.” When Arro didn’t answer, he looked over at the other dragon, afraid he’d somehow managed to offend him again. It was really a wonder that Arro hung out with him at all. Even though he always seemed nice, Arro probably hated him a little.

The fat Faerian was watching him. But instead of being upset, he had a bit of a mischievous expression. “I could show you how to eat it fast.”

Raising a brow, Rangavar readjusted himself on the couch. “Oh yeah?”

A second ago, Arro had felt bad about eating it at all. And two days before that, he’d pledged to never eat again. There was something satisfying about seeing him finally getting over it, though.

Arro picked up the half-eaten slice that Rangavar had just abandoned. Rangavar was expecting him to, well, eat it.

Instead, the fat Faerian reached over and pushed it at Rangavar’s face. He was grinning “Hurry! You’re getting grease everywhere.”

The Darkal looked down at himself to see that the pizza was dripping all over him. “Fuck, Arro, that’s not—” He was interrupted by the rest of the slice getting shoved into his mouth.

Arro leaned back, laughing. “You should see the look on your face.”

He struggled to chew. “Because look what you did!” There was grease and cheese all over him. And that red pasty stuff. And crumbs. He was practically dressed as pizza now.

Arro leaned back and put a paw over his mouth to stifle the laughter. But after a moment, Rangavar started laughing too. “You’re absolutely ridiculous.”

“Me? You’re the one covered in pizza.” Arro lifted another slice from the box. “You’re gonna have to be faster this time.”

“What? I’m not—” He snapped his jaws shut just in time to keep the larger dragon from shoveling in more pizza. He put up his paws to fend him off.

Arro tried taking his chin and pulling him closer. “I’m trying to help!”

In spite of himself, Rangavar started giggling. Arro pushed another pizza slice between his teeth. He tried to jerk his head away, but Arro was too strong. He was forced to chew and swallow. It tasted really good, but he was also feeling really full now. He tried to sit back up on the couch; he’d slid down a bit as Arro leaned over him, while he’d been straining to get his mouth away from the Faerian. His back was pressed up against the opposite arm of the couch so there wasn’t really anywhere to go.

“What I need is a shower.”

“Look at you. We’re clearly not done practicing.” Before Rangavar had time to react, Arro was coming at him with another slice.

He tried to roll off the couch to safety, but Arro grabbed him by the shoulder and forced him back down. Rangavar squirmed as the larger dragon pinned him. Arro was gentle about it, but he was so heavy. No wonder he was so muscular, having to carry his own weight all day. He probably didn’t notice, but his round, hanging belly was also pressing down on Rangavar’s lower half, making it impossible to kick him off.

As Arro hovered over him with the next slice, they were both trying really hard to keep a straight face. ‘Trying’ being the key word. Arro was the first to crack, snorting a little, but when he did, Rangavar couldn’t stop himself emitting a burst of laughter, and the next slice went in. He couldn’t turn his head any farther, and he was already trying to push the other dragon off with his arms. “Agphfft!” he protested.

He saw Arro reaching for another slice. Rangavar hurried to chew. “I’m full,” he managed to get out around a mouth full of cheese. “I’m genuinely full. I’m done.”

Arro held up the next slice. “There’s still pizza left,” he said innocently.

“You just gave me three slices,” he groaned. “I’m not used to eating that much.”

“You also had one from the other box,” he pointed out.

“Great. No wonder I’m in pain.”

Arro giggled again. “Fine. I’ll eat the rest. But only because I don’t want you to get sick or something.” True to his word, the fat Faerian doubled down on the remaining half of the pizza.

Rangavar stayed leaning on the edge of the couch, facing him with half-closed eyes as he rubbed his stomach. It was packed full enough to feel distended. The smaller dragon wondered how Arro could do it for every meal. Gently rubbing his paws over it, he didn’t find it to be comfortable feeling.

The other dragon had grease running down his own chin as he finally downed the last piece of pizza. Rangavar idly wondered if they’d have to fight over the shower. He eyed the mess they’d made. And maybe get a new couch.

Arro finally leaned back and turned to look at the smaller dragon. “Oh come on, was it that bad?”

Rangavar groaned. “The pizza was good. Now I just don’t feel good.”

Arro put his paw on his chin. “What if I… uh, what if I rubbed your belly?”

Rangavar raised a brow at him.

Now blushing again, Arro looked away and shrugged. “I mean, that made me feel better the other day. It was just an idea though. Sorry.”

The Darkal thought it over. “You know what? Fine.” He didn’t like being touched, but he also didn’t like feeling bloated. He’d let Arro try massaging him and find out which was worse.

He stayed leaned back on the arm of the couch as Arro reached over and put his paw on Rangavar’s stomach. The downside to all of this, of course, being that Arro didn’t know his own strength; he’d almost crushed Rangavar in the closet earlier today, too. The smaller dragon hadn’t been able to move against the fat Faerian’s grip. Now, as Arro pushed his paw down over his belly, he winced.

Arro stopped and flattened his ears. “Sorry. Does it hurt?”

“You tend to press down really hard.” He felt bad about critiquing the other dragon, though. As the Faerian put his paw on him, Arro’s heartrate had skyrocketed. He hoped he hadn’t made him anxious. Rangavar knew was just trying to help.

Starting slow, Arro drastically lightened his touch. Rangavar sighed. It was a little bit better. His stomach still hurt, though, from gorging on pizza. He also noticed the two of them still covered in grease. He probably just needed a shower and bed.

Arro was breathless as he began to rub Rangavar’s tummy. Not from stuffing himself with pizza, though—although that didn’t help—but the electric spark of his paw caressing the other dragon. He did feel a bit bad about making him uncomfortably stuffed; the idea of only eating half a large pizza and feeling full was a foreign idea to Arro. As his paws also slid over Rangavar’s slick scales, he also felt bad about the greasy mess they’d made. They should really just get a real table to set the food on instead of making a small platform out of stools. Or, they could get larger stools for the counter, he supposed. He wasn’t sure that would be as comfortable, but they could face each other over the counter when they ate.

Even as Arro kneaded the small curve of the smaller dragon’s bloated stomach, he also knew that this was the absolute worst way to be getting over his feelings. He wondered if Rangavar could sense his tingling excitement as he touched him, and hear the blood pounding in his ears. If so, the Darkal wasn’t saying anything. He was leaning back with his eyes closed. He was making faces, clearly awake, but was patiently waiting for his stomach to settle as Arro carefully massaged it, the large Faerian trying to be as gentle as possible.

Unfortunately, Rangavar also didn’t have a lot of belly fat for Arro’s fingers to knead, so he was pressing directly on the other dragon’s stuffed meal. Arro actually felt a pang of jealousy for a moment; it was so easy for Darkals to stay thin, since their body just constantly spun their energy into magic. He also smirked a little to see that the Darkal’s belly had a slight curve to it right now, though, even though it would be gone in a day or less.

A little while later, Arro was the first to make it to the shower; Rangavar said he wanted to lie down for a few minutes more. The fat Faerian inspected his own body in the mirror as he dried off afterwards; he’d overdone it again. He grabbed his own bloated belly and squished it closer. At least Rangavar hadn’t found out about his glutting this morning, although the thought still made him feel a bit guilty.

Lying in bed, he was still awake when Rangavar finally finished showering and climbed up the stairs to join him. He turned away from the Darkal’s side of the bed, trying not to feel giddy at the night’s events. Rangavar didn’t seem to notice, and settled down to sleep. Arro clutched the blankets tightly up to his chin. Despite their blunder at work, it maybe today was a good day.

Rangavar groomed the dark gray fur on his wings in the small mirror over the sink while Arro was in the shower. They’d been forced to share the room due to suddenly being called into work on the same shift this morning. After being nearly caught by Jethe yesterday, Rangavar didn’t have a very good feeling about it. He tried not to feel anxious as he finished flattening his tousled tufts of fur.

He moved out of the way as Arro emerged from the shower and went to the mirror over the sink while drying off his own wing fur. It must be nice to have thin fur that didn’t need a lot of work.

Temporarily unable to leave the bathroom due to Arro’s girth blocking the door, Rangavar found himself inspecting his body in the full-length mirror. He still had a slight bulge from his stuffing the night before. He put his paw on it.

Arro caught him and rolled his eyes. “Oh no, your stomach is flat instead of concave for once, the horror.”

Rangavar scowled and made finger quotes. “My stomach is not ‘concave.’” He turned side to side and flexed a little. He was technically toned, except that there just wasn’t any muscle mass. Even though his magic gave him strength, maybe he really should start working out or something. It would be nice to look the part. And make Arro stop teasing him.

He rubbed the soft bulge of last night’s stuffing. It was slight enough that he almost wouldn’t have noticed it except that his stomach was usually curving in instead of out. He frowned. No wonder Arro thought he was scrawny.

Rangavar pushed the thought away as they set out for work. He tried to push all his thoughts away, really; why were they both being called in at the same time, first thing in the morning? It made him anxious. He doubted it was because a dirty floor needed some major attention. On the other paw, since Jethe hadn’t actually seen them, there was no way they could get in trouble for breaking into the room. Even if he knew someone were in there with him, it technically could have been anyone in the building.

No one had interrupted them as they reached the locker room. No extra instructions were given. No one explained why the two of them had been called.

They started to get ready in tense silence. Out the corner of his eye, Rangavar noticed that despite last night’s binge, Arro’s pants fortunately had plenty of room. They’d ‘custom’ sized his uniform up a bit extra to make *absolutely sure* that the pants would continue to fit. You know, just in case.

By comparison, Rangavar’s pants were extremely form fitting. He didn’t think much of it, until he went to button them. The flaps were parted wider than normal. He frowned and yanked them closed. He wasn’t used to this; it was more Arro’s thing. He found he couldn’t both hold the flaps closed and get the button through. His belly was still too distended. It bulged slightly through the flaps.

For once, Arro had actually finished getting dressed first. Out the corner of his eye, Rangavar caught him watching in amusement. “You having some trouble over there, buddy?”

Rangavar sighed. “This is normally your problem. I don’t know what I’m doing.”

Arro smirked. “Need a little help?”

The much smaller dragon stopped straining the flaps for a second and rolled his eyes. “Okay, fine. Yes please.”

Arro laughed. “Tell me again why you need help?”

He sighed. “I need help because I don’t know how to put on tight pants.”

“Why are they tight?” Rangavar could tell he was enjoying this.

Rangavar scowled at him. “Because you stuffed me with pizza?”

The larger dragon strolled over. “And now you’re..?”

“I’m too fat for my pants today.” Rangavar crossed his arms. “Is that what you want to hear?”

“Close enough.”

As if helping him weren’t awkward enough, Arro was too tall to reach the much shorter dragon’s pants without getting down on one of his knees. He took the flaps from Rangavar’s paws. “You’re supposed to suck in,” he explained.

“Yeah, I knew that.”

He looked at anywhere other than Arro as the other dragon jerked the flaps closed. It wasn’t actually very difficult in Arro’s more familiar paws, the waistband was just tight. Rangavar continued to look away; he knew the scales on his face were getting darker as he blushed. At least Arro’s grip wasn’t hurting him or anything; actually, Rangavar found he’d been getting more used to Arro’s touch. Possibly because there’d been a lot of it lately.

When the fat Faerian stood up and dusted off his paws, Rangavar finished zipping up his jacket. “Remember when you said I had to do something embarrassing to make you feel better? We’re even now.”

“Not quite,” Arro grinned. “You need to go find a window.”

If Rangavar’s eyes could have rolled into the back of his skull, they would have.

As he and Arro went to leave the room together, Rangavar paused at the feeling of a familiar aura. *No way*. He and Arro exited, and Rangavar looked down the hall: Jethe. There was no way it was coincidence that he was here, too. He couldn’t think of a single reason to need all three of them together for a shift.

Jethe waved as he got closer, now catching Arro’s attention. As usual, he wasn’t emoting much. Either he always left most of his emotions at home, or he didn’t have any and was the most boring dragon on Karraden.

“Good, you’re here,” he said as he strolled up. “I really need to show you two something.”

Arro flattened his ears a bit. “Oh, uh, okay.” Rangavar sensed his nervousness.

He felt more than a little nervous himself as they started down the hallway behind the pale gray Faerian. Rangavar tugged on his waistband a bit as they walked. The extra pressure was slight, but he still didn’t like the sensation.

He and Arro both got a sinking feeling as Jethe led them towards the room they’d broken into. Last time, when hinting that he knew about their excursion into the storage room, Jethe had quietly taken them to fix the lock on the door. Rangavar couldn’t remember anything they may have broken in this office room, though. The closet door? They’d had to force it a little, but only because the thing was rusted and ancient. He couldn’t imagine any damage they could have done that would stand out.

Jethe silently pushed open the office door, Rangavar and Arro following right behind.

He’d mostly expected Jethe to lead them to the closet—Where else?—but he instead pointed up at something right in the front of the room. Rangavar frowned at it. It was a black rectangle, with—

His eyes widened in understanding. A lense. It was a fucking camera.

“It’s so weird,” Jethe began. “I just installed this yesterday, and seemingly as soon as I left, it caught something odd.” He stared at them steadily. “You’re never going to believe this, but two dragons came out of the closet.”

Yep. They were busted. Rangavar narrowed his eyes. “Wow, that’s crazy,” he said. If Jethe was going to be sarcastic, then so could he. He just wondered how much trouble they were in.

Jethe calmly nodded. “On screen, it looked like a Faerian and a Darkal. Do you know anyone like that?”

Rangavar was tempted to say something even snarkier, like ‘What’s a Darkal?’ but decided against it. He just wanted to get to the point.

Arro had been quiet this whole time. Rangavar didn’t cast a glance at him, but had a very strong hunch that the fat Faerian might be blushing.

To his surprise, Jethe moved around them and headed back for the door. He paused at it, and turned back to them. His gaze was steady, but piercing, like he was analyzing their very souls. “We should keep an eye out for those two. If they’re not careful, they’re going to get in a lot of trouble.”

Jethe turned around and left, beckoning them to follow. Before following, Rangavar and Arro shared a look with their jaws dropped. He wasn’t going to do anything? They weren’t in trouble? Other than Jethe’s intentionally obtuse warnings, he’d just kept ignoring all of their antics so far, even with solid proof this time.

Rangavar was lost in thought as the other dragon led he and Arro down the hall. Neither of them asked questions, still in a bit of shock.

Not only was Jethe protecting something from them, but it was almost as if he were protecting them from something else.

As it turned out, they didn’t *quite* get away without punishment. Jethe became their supervisor again just for the day, working them hard while he stood back and nodded approvingly at each task they finished. They were all tasks that sucked, of course, or were at least highly unnecessary.

Rangavar and Arro were exhausted as they put away their uniforms for the day. Rangavar’s pants weren’t as tight as they’d been in the morning, but it still felt great to get them off. He slammed his locker shut and turned around. Jethe was in the room with them, standing off to the side as Arro walked out. Rangavar went to walk out behind him, but Jethe stopped him by putting up a paw.

Arro turned back around with his brow furrowed.

Rangavar looked at Jethe, then looked at Arro. “I’ll catch up,” he called.

Still looking concerned, Arro’s eyes flicked from Rangavar to Jethe to Rangavar again. “Alright…”

Rangavar and Jethe stared at each other in silence as they heard Arro disappear down the hallway into a stream of other employees. Rangavar kept his expression as neutral as Jethe’s. He could not get a read on this guy, but he could at least even the playing field.

They were still standing inside the doorway of the makeshift locker room. Jethe cast a casual glance out into the hallway. “They say you’re from Glitara?”

“Yeah.” Rangavar wanted to ask who ‘they’ were, but was definitely not in a position to demand any answers. Since Jethe had he and Arro on video, he could ruin their life at any moment he chose.

Jethe flicked one of his ears, and Rangavar felt the faintest glimmer of emotion. It didn’t show on his face. He nodded slightly. “Arro?”

“No.”

Jethe nodded again thoughtfully. He turned back to Rangavar, crossing his arms and leaning back on the doorway. The hallway outside was clearing out. The din of employee chattering gradually died as people left for the day.

The Darkal got the sense that he was waiting for him to speak first. “Why?” Rangavar finally said. He wasn’t sure how to formulate a real question. He wasn’t even sure what to ask.

“You know,” Jethe said, “this research facility is run by Glitarians. They like keeping Glitarian employees here.” It was the most direct information he’d ever offered on the subject, but he wasn’t done. “Some employees might get the blind eye more than others. But,” he paused.

Pricking his ears, Rangavar stared back.

Jethe continued, “It’s our responsibility to keep the others in check. Like your big friend.” He jabbed a thumb behind his shoulder, down the hall where Arro had gone.

Slowly, Rangavar nodded. He understood the hint.

Jethe nodded again, seemingly satisfied. He moved to leave the room.

As Rangavar stared after him, he jolted at a sudden thought. “‘Our’ responsibility?” he called out behind him.

Jethe slowed and glanced back. He suddenly flashed Rangavar one of his extremely rare smiles. “Have a good shift tomorrow, Rangavar.” With that, he disappeared down the hall.