There was nothing quite like the scent of an old book. Zag gently thumbed the worn pages, the old paper rustling against his scaly fingers. He was almost done reading this one, and then he’d be onto the next.

His stomach complained loudly. Even though he was by himself in the quiet of the library, no other dragons in sight, he blushed. He didn’t need a snack. He knew he didn’t need a snack. The current state of his body was the result of many, many years of snacks, and it wasn’t exactly something he was proud of.

His stomach complained loudly again, and he snapped the book shut with an irritated sigh. He wouldn’t be able to focus on anything else until his ravenous appetite was satisfied. He laid the book on the table nearby and straightened up in the chair, his chubby belly spilling onto his lap. The dragon stared down at it, grimacing slightly. He definitely did NOT need a snack.

The stomach buried beneath loudly disagreed.

Zag forced himself to use the stairs, deciding that at the very least, maybe he could get in some exercise. His particular species of dragon was supposed to be lithe and athletic, but he’d never been anything of the sort. His body buried in a hearty layer of pudge, his pawsteps solidly thumping the stairs, the way his love handles jiggled with each step; his body didn’t seem made for incredibly fast laps at the gym, it seemed more adapted to incredibly fast fistfuls of food being crammed in his mouth. He ended up panting slightly after just a few floors, deciding to give up and stumble into the elevator out of exhaustion.

In the murky, metallic reflection of the elevator wall, he caught the reflection of his pale-gray scales, almost-white underbelly, and black horns, and he winced at the way the shape of his paunch dominated his bulky frame. And here he was, on his way to fill it up. Again. The thought actually made him hungrier, of course—his entire problem was that food comforted the sad thoughts, the anxious thoughts, the guilty thoughts. He felt bad about himself, and he ate. And then he felt bad about eating. So then he ate more.

He’d caught his breath by the time he arrived in his own living area of the massive tower that he called home. Secretly, he knew that he never would have been able to stomp up all of those stairs anyway, but maybe someday… Well, as soon as he stopped gorging himself all the time and lost some weight, which just had to happen eventually. Any day now.

The familiar light of the fridge welcomed him as he opened the door and pulled out a bowl of leftover pasta. It was huge, but even so, he was also tempted by the sight of some chocolate cake behind it. Zag grabbed that too. Pasta for dinner, cake for dessert. He could limit himself to that, right? This time, he just wouldn’t go overboard. He’d keep his snack to a minimum today, and slowly eat less and less each day until he was thin and slender. He told himself that every day as he stuffed himself with food.

His chubby tail thumped the floor happily a few times as he bent down in the fridge, looking for something cold to drink. His eyes fell upon a jug of milk, which instead reminded him that he had cereal in the cupboard. Maybe he could actually have cereal and put the pasta away­—or maybe, actually, why didn’t he just start snacking on the pasta while making the cereal? It was just a few noodles; surely, that wouldn’t hurt. And if he weren’t as hungry by the time he started the cereal, he might not eat as much of it, and he wouldn’t binge.

He wouldn’t binge.

He wouldn’t binge.

Zag nudged the fridge door shut with his foot as he placed the milk on the counter. He dug his black claws under the lid of the pasta container and popped it open, hardly stopping to grab a fork rather than plunging his snout inside and snarfing it up directly out of the bowl. He shoveled in enough to completely fill his mouth before going to the cupboards. That was the literal definition of a bite, right? He was really only having one bite of pasta. He chewed it thoughtfully as he poured the cereal into a bowl and reached for the milk, hardly wondering why he hadn’t bothered to heat the pasta up. His stomach reminded him; the food needed to be in his body NOW.

The chubby dragon began greedily shoveling in the cereal, realizing that he could actually microwave the pasta at the same time if he wanted. Sure, why not have both after all? He could forego the cake today. Although he’d leave it on the counter, just in case. Not that he’d touch it. Definitely not after all this food. But still. Just in case. Not that he would.

He tilted his head back as the cereal quickly disappeared and he switched to slurping the leftover milk out of the bowl, resting one paw against his belly. It wasn’t bloated or anything, easily absorbing the food so far, and his fingers sank deeply into the soft, doughy bulge of fat. He was pretty sure he didn’t have to feel bad about adding pasta to the meal if clearly, his stomach wasn’t completely full, right? He certainly wouldn’t want to be hungry again later. That was definitely the reason why he was eating more. Yup. Nothing to further analyze there.

Grabbing the warmed bowl of pasta from the microwave with one paw, he set down the depleted cereal bowl on the counter nearby with the other. He didn’t waste any time transferring the pasta from this bowl to his waiting maw, barely stopping to use his fork again. It was practically an entire pot of pasta, put away after going uneaten the night before, but if it fit in one overflowing bowl then it was still one bowl, and nobody could change his mind.

He was halfway through shoveling the warm collection of carbs between his teeth when he startled to notice another dragon in the doorway, leaning on the side of the doorframe, her arms crossed as she watched him with an amused expression. He’d been so absorbed that he hadn’t even heard or sensed her. His ears flattened sheepishly.

“What’s wrong?” she asked. She knew him well enough to understand he usually stuffed himself when unhappy. She made her way towards him and gently teased the bowl from his paws, setting it on the counter. She was slightly shorter than him, and stared up with bright, golden eyes that still made his heart do backflips whenever they fell on him.

He looked away guiltily. “Just hungry.”

She was a different species of dragon than him, not telepathic or anything, but they’d been together long enough that she could practically hear his lies anyway. She rolled her eyes.

“Okay, I started OUT hungry,” he amended. “And then I felt bad about that, and then I felt bad about not doing anything about that, and then—”

She pressed a finger against his lips and shhh’d. “Alright. Well, one of those problems is fixable.”

He reached up and gently held her finger to his lips a moment longer so he could kiss it. “It is?”

“If you’re genuinely hungry, we can take care of that. Alright?”

Before Zag could respond, his stomach interrupted with a gurgle of agreement, and he blushed.

His mate smiled a bit. “I’ll grab some things and meet you in the bedroom in a sec, okay?”

He stared at her a moment longer. “Okay.” Sometimes he was pretty sure that she knew what he needed more than he knew himself. He trusted her. She just wanted him to be happy.

Their bedroom was fairly plain. It also doubled as their office, though, so there was a messy desk with a Unit across from the bed.

Zag dropped heavily onto his side of the bed and flopped backwards, feeling his belly surge and jiggle, the flesh of his fat thighs quivering as they settled as well. He brought up his arms and rested them over his soft, doughy chest. His chest was pretty wide, his shoulders broad; he probably would have been called ‘stocky’ even if he weren’t genuinely fat. Right now, it just provided more surface area for the pudge to cling to his frame.

His mate finally entered a moment later with the pasta properly prepared, warm rather than half-heated, and fresh savory tomato sauce poured on top. Flecks of cheese even dotted the surface, and Zag’s nostrils widened as the smell hit them. He turned his head to follow her as she made her way across the room and gently set the bowl on the bed. “Thanks, Lyra.” He didn’t know what he’d do without her.

As she sat on the bed next to him, she leaned over and teasingly scritched her claws up his rounded belly, which felt good but really only made him blush. She grinned a little, her teeth white against the pale pink hue of her scales. “Happy to help, Zag.”

He blushed harder, his cheeks a darker shade of gray.

She finally dug around in the bowl of pasta with a fork, catching a few noodles on the prongs. He tried to sit up, but she took his shoulder in her other paw and gently pressed him back onto the bed, then continued scratching his tummy. The layers of fat squished beneath her kneading fingers as she fed him a bite.

The flavors caressed his mouth as he chewed, each nuance of the pasta rolling eagerly over his tongue. He reached for the fork, but she pulled it away from him. “You eat too fast.” She pinched his belly and he blushed again, shivering in her grasp. She slipped more pasta into his mouth. He growled happily. She was right, the food was actually really good when he took a moment to notice. Everything was so much better with Lyra here. She made him feel not-bad about eating. She made everything okay.

He was still resting his arms over his belly, feeling it gradually become more and more full. Lyra’s claws brushed his paws on accident a few times as they roved over the swell of fat bulging off his middle, her slender digits light and teasing. She kneaded more firmly as his belly became more bloated, massaging the tautness away when the entire bowl of pasta finished disappearing down his throat.

Zag continued to make happy rumbling noises in the back of his throat as she set the bowl aside and continued to massage him. “Feel better?”

Zag nodded, his horns disrupting part of the blanket on the bed.

“Do you need more?”

Zag knew he didn’t. He really didn’t. He knew.

“It’s okay if you do. You’re a big dragon.”

Zag’s tail curled and he squirmed. He felt embarrassed about his weight all day, every day, but for some reason, whenever Lyra said that, a different feeling took over.

She knowingly patted his belly a few more times and rose from the bed, the mass jiggling beneath the soft touch. “I’ll be right back.” Zag watched lazily as she disappeared back into the kitchen.

He kneaded his own belly in the meantime, his fingers digging deep into the squishy mass. The hearty layer of adipose sitting on his middle gave way easily beneath the pressure. He gripped at it, feeling how soft and flabby it was. How big it was consistently getting as time went on. He wasn’t proud about that, but right now, he wasn’t exactly upset, either. Lyra didn’t seem to mind it.

Lyra returned with the cake.

Zag eyed it. “What was the cake actually for, anyway?”

Lyra shrugged. “It looked delicious, and I bought it.”

She was right. It did look delicious. Zag’s eyes followed it across the room, and he noticed she also had a tub of icecream tucked under her arm to compliment it. He also noticed that she had exactly one plate, one spoon, and one fork, and Zag frowned. “Where’s your plate?”

“I’m not really hungry.” She placed it carefully on the bed before pulling herself onto the deeply indented mattress.

Zag watched passively from where he lay. “Why didn’t you just cut a piece before bringing it in here, then? Bringing the whole thing looks heavy.”

She scooted closer. “I wasn’t sure how much you wanted.” She finally dug the fork into it, abandoning the idea of slices. She transferred the cake to his waiting jaws, which he parted eagerly. The cake was dense and moist against his tongue, the rich chocolate flavor complimenting the sugary frosting. She followed it up with a scoop of icecream, the cold contrast chasing it down his throat.

He swallowed willingly for more, and she continued to feed him as he relaxed into the bed, feeling his belly swell slightly as it was packed with food. Lyra began to help massage it again, helping settle the mass so that there was room for more. It sat heavily on his midsection, its heft pressing him down more firmly into the plush mattress. It was fully dense and stuffed by now.

Still, Lyra kept going, and Zag willingly took in each bite. He made more happy noises in his throat, squirming slightly, his tail swishing against the sheets. At one point, the constant stream of food to his mouth stopped, and he snapped out of the bliss. But Lyra was leaning towards him and kissed him softly. Zag liked that too, returning the favor as his paws continued to hold his swollen belly. His paws met hers and they held each other for a moment.

She eventually pulled back, although she still ran her paws over his tum, jiggling the fatty chub. “Do you want more?”

“Yes, please.” He wasn’t even sure which of the two wonderful things he’d just experienced he was asking for.

Lyra made her own happy growl in her throat as she reached once again for the spoon resting in the nearby tub of icecream. She pinched one of his rolls as she did so, making him blush again, reminding him how big he was. With his stomach packed, he knew he appeared even bigger.

His mate patted his ample padding and moved a spoonful of icecream back to his mouth. He moaned as the creamy flavor caressed his tongue. “It’s okay to be big, you know,” she said as she slipped more food inside. “You can be big. You’re my big dragon.”

He squirmed a bit, their paws briefly brushing each other over his stuffed tum. She was right, he was her big dragon.

Her claws paused to scritch the top of his belly, which made him shiver. “You could get fatter if you wanted.”

He panted for more food. He’d be okay with getting fatter if *she* wanted. He wanted whatever she wanted.

She pressed another bite of rich, heavy cake into his mouth as her other paw resumed its travel down his belly, gripping at the overhang that spread slightly over his thighs. “You enjoy this.”

She was right again. He enjoyed this a lot. He continued to eat.

When the train of food finally stopped coming, Zag glanced over in confusion, and was startled to see that both the cake and the icecream had ceased to exist. He was suddenly aware of how truly full he was. He’d gorged himself, his mate lovingly enabling him, and for some reason he was okay with that.

Freed of her duty to shovel dessert into his maw, Lyra could now focus all of her attention on massaging his soft gut, bulging slightly from the food underneath. She hefted it in her paws, traveling around his sides to his soft love handles, seeking all the fattest parts of him as he growled happily beneath her touch.

“I know you eat a lot, but sometimes I can’t believe how big you really are.” Her fingers sank into the fat, grasping as his rolls, making the adipose spread over her palms. She inspected it, admiring the soft pudge. “You’ve been chubby since I met you, but you’re really getting fat.”

He sheepishly flattened his ears, but his tail curled in again with an emotion he couldn’t describe.

She ran her paws soothingly over his wide, blubbery body. “I’m glad you allow yourself to enjoy things that most other dragons deny themselves.” She squeezed the sides of his doughy chest so that he squirmed. “Look at all of this. All of… you.”

“Do you like that I’m fat?” Zag finally gathered the breath to ask.

She smiled at him slightly. “I like you at any size. But do you mean, do I appreciate how big and soft you are?” She lowered herself to the bed so that she could finally snuggle next to him, keeping her head elevated by resting her chin against his belly. “Yes.” She pinched a roll of fat again, making him inhale sharply. She stared earnestly into his eyes. “I appreciate having a fat little dragon to feed.”

Now he blushed harder. “I… I can be your fat little dragon.”

She grinned slightly and gripped the side of one of his fat love handles again, making him shiver. “I’d like that.”