



Demons are inherently selfish creatures. They have been living off the “every man for himself” mentality for eons, ensuring their survivability during times when humanity was, to put it bluntly, a little less accepting of other races. Through solidarity and selfishness, they have learned to thrive, to find success even if it means stepping on their less fortunate kin. This self-centered mentality has permeated into modern times, where many hell-spawn find themselves passively resenting each other for no real discernable reason. In most demons, it’s a subtle, passive-aggressive comment or remark upon finding another one of their kind.

For Nightmare, it was throwing back his head and laughing when he saw his roommate clinging to the fridge for dear life.

“Gwaahahahaharr! Look at you, Toxic, flailing your lil legs like that! Ya look like a helpless kitten!” The dragon chortled uncontrollably, thumping his tail against the linoleum floor in his mirth.

It was quite evident, however, that Toxic did not share in the same enjoyment his roommate was having. At just under 4 feet tall, the wolf demon could barely even see above the kitchen counters; reaching for anything above that was another matter entirely. If Toxic wanted something on one of the hanging cabinets above, he’d either have to ask Nightmare for help (which was something he tried to avoid at any cost), or climb after it himself.

Which, of course, led to situations like this.

“Stop laughing and get me down, dammit!” Toxic roared, unable to even turn his head to glare at the laughing dragon. The wolf demon was normally an impressive sight. Sure, he was a little on the pudgy side, as evident with his round purple tum, but most furs’ attention tended to gravitate towards the brilliant neon green highlights on his pitch black fur, or his massive tail with rigid spikes, and his oversized claws capable of tearing through flesh like hot butter. Unfortunately, those claws proved difficult to get a grip on the stainless steel fridge, the wolf’s toe claws clinking against the front as he desperately scratched at the surface, much to his chagrin.

And much to Nightmare’s amusement.

“C’mon, tiny, pull yourself up! Upper body strength!” Nightmare chortled whimsically, the dragon grinning ear to ear at the humiliating sight. He knew what he was doing was cruel, and a part of him resented himself for taunting his poor roommate like that, but at the same time watching those chubby little legs flail about was just so adorable!

“I-I’m trying!” Toxic growled back through gritted teeth, his face slowly turning redder. Nightmare could see the shame written on the wolf’s face as he desperately attempted to wiggle himself up higher, and seemingly did just that.

Until, with a slip of his paw, Toxic was sent falling down.

In most cases, Toxic would have flanked painfully on his back, but Nightmare was agile. With supernatural speed, the dragon dashed forward and snatched Toxic by his spiked tail, letting him dangle upside down. "Well well well, lookie what I caught here?" The drake jeered, holding the squirming wolf higher until they were muzzle to muzzle.

Nightmare *loved* how intimidating he was, the draconic demon looming over Toxic, as well as practically anyone else at 8 foot 10. The pitch black dragon was like a giant menacing shadow, save for his neon purple hair and chest fluff, of course. His muzzle, twisted into a sinister smile, was nearly as long as Toxic's entire torso.

Anyone other than Toxic would have felt a chill being stared down by those hollow, black eyes. Instead, the wolf demon crossed his arms and huffed at the monstrosity dangling him by his tail, as if he were dealing with an overbearing parent instead. "You couldn't have done that while I was hanging from the fridge?"

"I liked listening to you squealing for help," Nightmare stuck his tongue out, mocking the wolf in a sing-song tone. "But I don't want my poor wittle wolfie hurting his wittle feetsies!"

Toxic grumbled. "I'd rather you just drop me now, so I can break my neck. Anything's better than listening to this."

"What neck? I don't see a neck, just cute, chubby chins!"

"You can let go of me..."

"But why would I let go of this adorable wittle teddy-"

"Fucking put me down already!"

Nightmare blinked, staring at the wolf who was trembling with rage. He wasn't afraid of the tiny lupine, yet the dragon felt obligated to comply with Toxic and gently lowered him. Once close enough to the ground, Toxic yanked his tail out from his captor's grasp and rolled onto the ground. The wolf didn't even mutter a thanks, simply pulling himself back onto his feet to stomp away.

But Nightmare called back after him. "What were you doing on the fridge?"

Toxic sighed, not bothering to turn his head towards the dragon. "I was gonna make some tea for myself, but I'm not in the mood for it, anymore."

Toxic slowly strode out of the room, leaving Nightmare alone in the kitchen, scowling. Why did Toxic have to scream at him like that? Didn't he know that Nightmare was just having a little fun? Sure, it was fun at the wolf demon's expense, but he had no one else but himself to blame! If Toxic didn't want to get bullied for being so tiny, then he *shouldn't* have been tiny in the first place.

Curiously, Nightmare glanced at the cabinet beside the fridge, the one filled with the ground up tea leaves Toxic was going for. The smaller wolf enjoyed a hobby of collecting medicinal herbs, as evidenced by the cabinet being filled with bottled up greens. Their uses varied dramatically, from helping with a stomach or headache, to more potent and magical effects such as buffing his physical strength temporarily. Normally, Nightmare wasn't interested in what he dubbed "bitter leaf juice," but he sifted through the contents of the cabinet regardless, eyeing the various labeled containers.

Soon, he found something that made his eyes light up, a mischievous grin spreading across his toothy muzzle. "So, you don't like being small, eh, Toxic? Well not to worry. Ol' Nightmare here is gonna fix that."

Nightmare found Toxic sitting in the living room couch, crossing his arms as he stared at the T.V. The way the little wolf demon looked so grumpy and pouty, it took all of Nightmare's willpower not to tease the poor lupine further. Instead, the taller dragon cleared his throat and stepped into the room. "I, uh, made the tea for you, Toxic."

Toxic turned to glare at his draconian roommate, but soon lowered the gaze onto the cup of tea in Nightmare's comparatively huge claws. "That's for me?" He asked warily.

"Yeah, that's...that's what I just said," Nightmare tilted his head, his oversized ears flopping to the side. "Is something wrong with it?"

"I dunno, *is* something wrong with it?" Toxic scowled, before looking back at the T.V. "I'm not exactly trusting of the asshole dragon who dangled me by my tail like a toy 20 minutes ago."

"That was just a joke!" Nightmare exclaimed, before sighing. Toxic didn't look convinced in the slightest, the small lupine staring intently at the television as if it were the only thing in the room. Carefully, the taller dragon walked over and sat beside the grumpy wolf while keeping a respectful distance, the couch creaking beneath his weight. "I'm just calling a truce, alright? I won't call you tiny, and you won't...well, yell at me like you did earlier. Ya really spooked me earlier, heh. I'd rather not get on your bad side."

Toxic snorted. "Hasn't stopped you from trying, has it?" Despite his harsh tone, the wolf did turn to look at the small cup in Nightmare's claws, before eventually reaching for it. "What did you make?"

"Green tea. That's the kind you like, right?" Nightmare asked, hopeful.

Toxic didn't respond, but the wolf lifting the piping hot beverage to his lips was all the confirmation Nightmare needed. The lupine took a brief sip, before lowering the cup again, frowning. "It tastes off."

"Well, I've never really made tea before. I might have left it on the stove a bit too long." The dragon shrugged his shoulders. "I did add a bit of honey to it, though. Thought it'd make it taste sweet, like my favorite wolfie!"

Toxic scoffed in response, but Nightmare noticed the edge of the wolf's lips lifting up in a barely-suppressed smile. To the dragon's delight, Toxic lifted the cup again and slurped up the remainder of the hot liquid, letting out a steamy sigh in satisfaction. "For your first time, that wasn't too bad."

"Welp, I'm glad you liked it, because I'm not making any more after that. Way too time consuming," Nightmare teased, playfully nudging the smaller canine's shoulder. "Definitely not in the mood to make dinner after all that, too. I'm gonna order out tonight. You hungry?"

"Hungry?" Toxic blinked, watching in disbelief as the tall dragon pulled out his phone to place the order. "It's barely 5 o'clock!"

"Well, yeah, but it takes like 15 minutes for the food to get here. I'm sure you'd be hungry by then," Nightmare smirked, thumping his tail against the side of the couch. "I'm craving fried chicken sandwiches. You like those too, right? Want some?"

Toxic blinked, before sighing and rolling his eyes. "Sure, I'll have one."

"Really? Only one?" The dragon's smirk remained on his face, even when Toxic looked at him with furrowed brows.

The tiny wolf demon opened his mouth to argue, but his stomach made the first move instead, grumbling in complaint. "Yeah...well, make that two," he muttered.

Nightmare's grin widened. "Gotcha. I'll order four, just to be safe," he explained, before ordering eight.

The food arrived 20 minutes later, by which point Nightmare noticed Toxic looking much more peckish. The canid was practically salivating when the dragon brought over the two bags full of chicken sandwiches, and snatched his meal right out from Nightmare's claws when it was offered to him. Normally, the draconic demon would playfully whap the back of Toxic's head for being so impatient, but Nightmare instead chose to chuckle and relax against the couch. He of all people wasn't surprised at Toxic's sudden appetite, after all.

The wolf demon tore huge, hungry bites out of his chicken sandwich like a starving predator, even gnashing his sharp canines. He barely gave himself time to chew and swallow, sometimes attempting to take a second bite while his mouth was still full. With one sandwich devoured, one would think that tiny Toxic would be sated, yet the small wolf greedily tore open another sandwich, demolishing it even quicker than the previous one. So obsessed he was with his crunchy fried chicken on a bun, that he never noticed that he was eating more than what he ordered, or that Nightmare hadn't taken a single bite.

The dragon demon was absolutely infatuated with the sight before him, grinning ear to ear watching Toxic chow through his meal faster and faster. It was like watching a machine powering up and slowly shifting to a higher and higher gear. The last sandwich was practically shoved down the glutton's maw, a noticeable lump traveling down Toxic's neck before depositing itself into his bloated purple belly.

Nightmare cackled. "Eight sandwiches in ten minutes...that's gotta be a record somewhere. You were hungry, huh?"

"Yeah," Toxic burped, licking his chops.

The demon dragon couldn't help but reach closer to his lupine companion, giving that purple gut a gentle rub. Eight sandwiches was certainly a lot for someone with such a small frame, Toxic's chubby belly puffing out several inches further, round and taut with food. "Phew, look at this gut. All bloated and soft. Must have felt good feeling it fill up with food."

"Yeah," Toxic dreamily responded. The wolf demon, despite screaming at Nightmare earlier for grabbing his tail, seemed hardly phased that his roommate was stroking his broader belly. The lupine's purple eyes continued to stare ahead half-lidded at the television, looking down only to lazily pick at and eat any crumbs his chest fluff caught.

Nightmare grinned. "Still hungry, I see."

"Yeah."

"Well, why don't we order some nuggets and fries, to go with all those sandwiches?"

“Yeah.”

“Nightmare is incredibly cool and handsome.”

“Ye-nah.”

Nightmare chuckled. “Damn. Almost had you there.”

The fries and nuggets were ordered, but Nightmare had to stop Toxic from eating the couch pillows before they arrived. Once the four grocery bags of salty yellow food arrived, however, the wolf demon’s attention quickly shifted, no longer hiding the drool building up within his maw. Nightmare barely had time to set the food down on the coffee table before before Toxic immediately snatched everything up, stuffing pawful after pawful of greasy food into his chubby cheeks, completely foregoing the usage of condiments.

Nightmare did nothing to get in the way between the fattening food and those sharp teeth. He happily watched the canine make an absolute pig of himself, the sounds of his scarfing and gnashing completely drowning out the sounds of the television. Occasionally, he would reach out and scoop up a spare fry or nugget that happened to fall onto the lupine’s distended gut, who would snatch it up and ensure it wouldn’t miss his maw a second time.

As the pile of food dwindled to almost half-empty, the dragon leaned closer to the starving wolf, rubbing the canid’s back. “You know, burgers go pretty well with nuggets and fries. Why don’t I order up a couple dozen, so you can have something to eat by the time you’re finished here?”

Toxic grunted in response, too busy struggling to swallow yet another massive mawful of sodium and saturated fats to get a word out. It didn’t matter what he tried saying, for Nightmare had already made the order.

Oh, what a fun night this was turning out to be! Nightmare practically had Toxic wrapped around his little finger, the tiny wolf too obsessed with stuffing himself to notice something was wrong! The dragon had a blast watching his roommate eat more and more, never questioning the seemingly endless flow of food being delivered to their house, nor the very fact that his stomach never seemed to fill up. He was like a big fluffy balloon, his purple stomach billowing outwards with each and every meal. Any non-demon would have outright popped from the sheer quantity of food in their stomach!

Nightmare, however, could tell that added girth wasn’t just a food bloat.

Even while he was rubbing Toxic's back, the dragon demon could feel his wolfish companion growing softer, those back rolls becoming more pronounced, thick enough to grab onto. A firm slap sent the entire wolf wobbling and jiggling; Toxic was rapidly gaining weight. His demonic nature prevented him from eating himself into oblivion, his stomach borrowing some magic from its host body to rapidly convert all that excess energy into excess blubber.

From burgers to chicken wings, and chicken wings to bowls of noodles, Toxic ate and ate, his belly growing with his gluttony. His belly spilled onto his lap, forcing his legs wider and wider apart to accommodate his girth. Said legs grew thicker as well, turning into chunky hamlocks of blubber, giving Nightmare the impression that Toxic hardly left his fatass to do anything. The wolf's tail, long and bulky like a dragon's, flopped lazily over the armrest of the couch, widening into a thick cylinder wider than the 8 foot dragon's own tail. Not that Nightmare was envious of that fact, of course.

In fact, the draconian relished in watching his fellow demon fatten up right before his eyes, Toxic's small stature making it easy for the extra weight to show on him. "Such a cute little tubster you are, eating like there's no tomorrow! You're getting sooooo big, just like you wanted! At this rate, you might even grow taller than me, if you're laying on your back, that is," Nightmare teased, giving Toxic a big squishy hug. He was impressed at how hard it was to wrap his arms around the once-tiny wolf, but purred feeling his arms get engulfed with fluffy, squishy flab. He couldn't help himself; Toxic was just too adorable! Those big pudgy cheeks, those squishy wobbly chins, even the way he sank further into the creaking couch; he was like an overstuffed teddy bear! Nightmare continued groping and squeezing his much fatter roommate, even burying his pointed muzzle into the wolf's doughy chest, blowing raspberries on the rippling lard. Toxic hardly seemed to mind the intrusions to his personal space, so long as he always had food in reach, as long as there was something to eat, to consume, to grow fatter off of.

Nightmare's spell was working well; almost *too* well, in fact. The dragon's fluffy ears folded back when he noticed Toxic's purple belly now reached past his feet, making the little dough ball wider than he was tall. When Toxic snapped out of his delirium, he was going to be rightfully pissed at the dragon for allowing him to get to this point. Even at four feet tall, Toxic was starting to look too wide for conventional doors, and waddling with that four-and-a-half foot wide gut in the way was going to be extremely cumbersome at best. Toxic was a powerful demon, but even he had limits. Nightmare regarded the spherical blob before him, who's gut was pressing against the coffee table he so desperately struggled to reach for. Perhaps it was time to wean him off a little.

Well, after they finished the food, of course.

"Relax, big guy, I'll bring the food to you," Nightmare smiled, gently pushing Toxic back into the couch. The wolf snarled like a feral animal, before perking up as the dragon brought over not just a slice, but an entire large meat-lovers pizza, wrapped up burrito style. Their recent order was obsessive even for their standards, requiring the delivery boy to make several trips to

bring in enough boxes of pizza to reach halfway to the ceiling! And Nightmare had no qualms feeding them all to his personal pillow pet.

Nightmare's grin grew sadistic as he shoved the entire pizza down the doughy canid's gullet in one go. "Thaaaat's a good dog, eating up every little bite," he purred, wiping the sauce off Toxic's snout before reaching for a second pizza, and then a third. Just as Toxic couldn't help stuffing himself, Nightmare couldn't stop praising his blobby roommate, spoiling the wolf rotten. He eagerly crammed whole pizzas into Toxic's muzzle, who seemingly gained dozens of pounds with each one, the couch lifting up on the otherside before outright snapping beneath the obese demon. Toxic didn't even react to the brief fall onto his jiggly rump; rather, he wasn't given a chance. Nightmare wouldn't let the wolf's maw stay empty for even a second, ensuring the rotund demon was kept as well fed as possible, even as his stomach started engulfing the coffee table. Even as his cheeks spilled onto thick rings of neck fat. Even as his limbs grew too thick to even bend properly.

Nightmare figured the spell was finally starting to wear off when Toxic didn't immediately scream for more food once the last of the pizza entered his lips. The enormous wolf blinked, as if surprised there wasn't more grease being shoveled down his maw, groggily looking around as much as his thick neck rolls would allow. "Wha-?"

"Phew, about time you filled up." Nightmare sighed, leaning against the gigantic blob. The dragon murred, squeezing the beanbag sized and shaped wolf to his heart's content, feeling the doughy dog slosh and ripple back and forth like a living waterbed. Gods, for such a short wolf, Toxic was huge. Had the couch survived, the demon would have completely covered it with his girth. Hell, the base of his tail alone was almost as large as the couch was. Of course, that was completely overshadowed by that incredible gut, housing billions of calories of food, large enough to both rest onto and beneath the coffee table before it! That pitch black rump of his also received its fair share of fattening, making the pudgy wolf over 5 feet tall just from sitting, like two yoga balls attached beneath his tail. Not a single inch of Toxic was spared with dozens of layers of blubber, even his cheeks spilled further than the tip of his sauce-coated nose.

Noticing this, Nightmare leaned forward against Toxic, sinking further into that pillowy chest and belly to wipe clean the sauce from the canine's green nose. "Not hungry anymore, tubs? I'm not surprised; I can still hear your gut churn like the world's biggest processing plant! If only you could turn your head, that way you'd see the literal mountains of wrappers leftover from your 'dinner!'"

Toxic blinked slowly, staring down at the tall dragon adorned onto his bed-breaking belly with confusion. "I dun...I don't...*hic*" He stammered, before releasing a massive belch, loud enough to almost shake Nightmare off his middle.

But the dragon hung on, clinging to the several-feet deep love handles adoring the canine's sides. "Must have been the tea I made ya earlier. I tried making green tea like you wanted, but got bored and added some of my own ingredients. Honey, sugar, essence of a boar, heart of a lion, the fun ingredients. I didn't want your stomach to cramp anymore, so I made you too hungry to even notice! Also fixed your "little" problem too," the drake teased, playfully squeezing a pillow-sized moob. "You can thank me la-"

"MORE!!!"

That time, Nightmare did stumble off the side of Toxic's belly, mostly out of shock. With wide eyes, he looked up at his roommate, who bore down at him with the most intense, savage glare he had ever seen the wolf give off, even more so than their previous incident! Those dimpled cheeks did nothing to offset the sheer ferociousness of that stare. "W-what? Toxic, you're *huge*! You can't even *move*! Surely, you-"

"I don't care!" The wolf roared, jiggling his tremendous body. "I want more food!"

Nightmare wasn't sure what to make of this situation. Surely, the tea's effects should have worn off by now, yet the overfed wolf was so hungry, his stomach was louder than his own roars! Did he make a mistake? Were hours and hours of nonstop feeding seriously not enough? Toxic didn't look sedated and stupefied anymore, the wolf now appearing wild and savage, barring the ridiculous amount of pudge. For the first time in his life, Nightmare was genuinely concerned for his fellow demon's well being. "Toxic, I...I really think you need to cut back a little and-"

"NO!!" The wolf's scream was almost otherworldly, like he was possessed! Nightmare hadn't experienced fear like this in eons, and yet it was over this pathetically fat wolf! "A-alright, I'll make the order!"

Oh, he made the order, alright. He made multiple orders to every restaurant that popped up on his app, to the point where there was a line of delivery drivers at the front doorstep waiting to deposit their goods within the next 10 minutes. Nightmare wasted no time in snatching the food straight from their hands before running in, the deliverers occasionally catching a glance of a black and purple blob in the middle of the living room.

Cookies, Chinese, Mexican, Sushi, Nightmare grabbed everything brought to him and threw it into his roommate's gaping maw like his life depended on it, no longer caring for the consequences of his actions. It wasn't long before the whalelike wolf's growth resumed, the coffee table slowly being pushed back by the oncoming tide of purple pudge. Several meals later, the table fell onto its side, overwhelmed by the wave of belly covering it. Toxic was growing fatter faster than ever, yet the lupine hardly seemed to care about the irreversible damage occurring to his waistline. He didn't mind how much he sank into his own blubber, or that he was slowly approaching Nightmare's height just from sitting. All he wanted was more.

And he made sure to scream it every chance he got!

Nightmare didn't even try to convince his multi-ton roommate to slow down. Fueled by adrenaline and fear, the dragon dashed back and forth between the door and the wolf again and again, quickly wearing down the carpet. No longer did he playfully squeeze and grope the mountain of lard growing before him. Now, he avoided touching the flabby wolf as best he can, until he was eventually forced into pressing against all that black and purple blubber just to reach the lupine's face. He didn't even stop to think or get worried when the 8 foot tall dragon had to start reaching *up* just to reach Toxic's face.

For hours, this went on and on, the moon slowly drifting through the night sky. Hundreds, possible thousands of delivery drivers parked before their house throughout the night, lined up and confused about why so many of them were brought over. Some speculated the owner kept a sleuth of ravenous bears, based on the noises they could hear from the sidewalk. Others guessed a legendary party was brewing inside, given the flashes of color they could see through the door when they parted briefly. Over time, it grew harder and harder to guess what the occasion was, for the sounds inside grew muffled, and the windows were blocked by what looked like strange purple curtains.

It was only when Nightmare struggled to open the door wide enough to accept the next few bags of food did the feeding finally slow to a halt. For high atop a fluffy mountain, Toxic let loose a mighty belch. "Alright...I think I'm finally full."

Nightmare groaned loudly in response, too exhausted to even think up a witty retort. With aching limbs, the dragon slowly climbed upwards at the mass of flesh before him, grateful that the slope upwards wasn't too steep. He was past his limit, even more so when he noticed the morning sun had started rising, the dragon a disheveled mess. His fur ruffled and knotted, the drake lazily climbed higher and higher, his horns scraping against the ceiling even with head pressing against the mass of fluff before him.

Only then did he finally make out Toxic's face.

"I hope...you enjoyed yourself," the dragon snarled at the obese wolf, who grinned playfully in response.

12 hours of nonstop eating certainly did a number to Toxic's weight, that number being in the hundreds of thousands, of course. The fat wolf went from being the centerpiece of the room to *becoming* the room, his body almost completely filling the living room from wall to wall, with parts of him spilling into adjacent doorways. He was an incomprehensible blob, Nightmare unable to discern where one part of him began and where the other ended. The canid's moobs looked almost like any other fold atop the gigantic creature's body, save for them being larger

than king-sized mattresses. Somewhere beneath that gurgling, churning mass of a stomach, the TV continued to play its audio, albeit very muffled behind so much lard.

But there in the middle of it all, buried beneath ring after ring of neck and chin fat, betwext two cheeks larger than Toxic's stomach was before he started his grand feast, was Toxic himself. The wolf demon smiled, a herculean feat given how much doughy cheek was in the way. "I did, thank you very much! When did you *hic* finally catch on that I was faking?"

Nightmare snorted, laying spread eagle on his middle before the wolf's face. "You said 'excuse me' beneath your breath when you belched about an hour ago. It was adorable, the way you blushed when I caught you."

Toxic rolled his eyes. "And why didn't you call me out? You're *hic* looking ready to pass out."

"Cuz...if you wanna turn yourself into a fat, useless, mountain of blubber, then who am I to stop you!" The dragon grumbled, trying to roughly shove at the spilling mass of chins before him. Unfortunately, he was too weak, or Toxic was just that heavy, for all he accomplished was jiggling the rolls of fat around. Blasted blob.

The wolf giggled at the pathetic attempt at a push. "Not so fun being the tiny one now, huh? Nah, I think you *liked* making me huge. I can see you bluuuushiiiiing."

Nightmare buried his face into the meters of fat before him to hide his burning cheeks. Toxic was right, the dragon had enjoyed himself way more than he should have. Even now, laying atop of so much fluffy lard, the drake found it difficult to keep his eyes open. It was like laying on the softest, warmest, cuddliest waterbed in the world. Without thinking, he scooped up an armful of chub, bunching it up to rest his head on it like a pillow.

Soon, he heard the sounds of Toxic's gurgling stomach start to subside as the dragon was finally allowed his much-deserved nap. His dreams, however, ended up being quite interesting, especially after hearing Toxic's final words to him. "Enjoy your nap, tiny. I'll wake you up when it's breakfast time."