Darin hummed a happy, yet slightly nervous tune as he drove home. In the black and white dragon’s head, he knew that his plan JUST might work, and that he could go back to living with his wife, Dacia, if he planned this right. Of course, there is a possible that Dacia could be even more ticked with Darwin’s plan, but it’s a risk he is willing to take.

Five days ago, Darin and Dacia won a check for over a million dollars for being the lucky 1,000,000,000 customer at Wal-Mart. Both anthro dragons were very overjoyed. However, each planned on using their money on different things. Darin wanted to use the money to take a year off of work, being an accountant was too boring and tiring at the same time! His black and purple wife, however, wanted to use the money to fund a romantic little trip for the two to Hawaii. Because of the two different ideas, Darin and Dacia argued and argued and argued about it! Both dragons did say some pretty nasty stuff. Darin closed his eyes and groaned, remembering all the nasty names he has called his mate ever since getting the money, but had to quickly open them and swerve out of the way before getting killed by a head long collision. You shouldn’t close your eyes while driving, you know.

Two days earlier, Darin had had it with the constant bickering. He took 500 grand, took his car and moved out into a hotel temporarily, leaving Dacia to sulk in despair, wondering how this could have happened. Darin spent the next day doing nothing but meditation and thinking, asking himself the same question. After hours and hours of doing nothing but lying down and eating (which does a number on your metabolism), Darin finally came up with a conclusion. Being the submissive type, the white and black dragon realized this was all HIS fault! He shouldn’t just quit working like that! If he hated his job so much, then he should work to get a better one. After paying for his time spent at the hotel, he started driving home. But his wife, he knew, wasn’t quite the forgiving type. That’s where an idea struck Darin.

As soon as he pulled out from the hotel parking lot, the excited black and white dragon drove straight to the nearest bakery (he remembered the name being “Fat Dog’s Fresh Dough,” but didn’t pay any heed to it). The cashier (a chubby tiger, which was odd because the bakery was called “Fat Dog’s” not “Chubby Cat’s”) was surprised to see an average built dragon suddenly run inside and demand to buy two of everything! Of course, after seeing over 100 grand cash being pulled out of his extra-large wallet, the tiger pulled himself out of his stupor and obliged in helping Darin stuff as many boxes of cakes, candies, cupcakes, donuts, pastries, and other delicacies into his trunk. With a handsome $500 cash tip, Darin drove off, his car slightly weighed down with his trunk close to over filling with goodies.

The white and black dragon wasn’t going to eat this himself, obviously. He knew that, ever since he could remember, Dacia had a major sweet tooth, sometimes craving for every single piece of edible sugary substance known to fur. Despite that craving, she managed to keep an amazing figure, most of the fat from the foods going straight to her breasts, legs, and butt instead. Sometimes, when she would eat something particularly messy, sometimes she would- Darin had to swerve yet again to avoid an oncoming collision. He didn’t even know he had closed his eyes while day dreaming, but he DID knew that if he didn’t get back fast enough, he wouldn’t live to see the look on his mate’s face when he presents her with this mini buffet. Looking back, he stared at his trunk, as if he had x-ray vision and saw each individual package of sweets. Darin smiled as he talked to himself. “Just sit tight there, you delicious delicacies! Each one of you is going to make my wife that much ha-“ Darin had to tear his gaze away from his trunk after a loud HONK sounded, reminding Darin that, perhaps, he should go to a driving school after this is over.

The black and white dragon made sure to put all his effort into braking gently when the next light turned red, hoping to not damage any of the food in the trunk. Darin tapped his claw impatiently, waiting for the light to go green. Why doesn’t this light know he has to get home now! Without warning, he heard his car door open, felt paws grabbed his shirt collar and yank him out of his car. Darin stood on his hands and knees, coughing and grabbing at his shirt collar, trying to breathe again, before feeling cold steel press against the back of his back, knowing for a fact it’s a weapon. “Be a good dragon and get up slowly! You and I are going for a ride!” Slowly turning around, Darin saw three figures wearing all black. One was a wolf, one was a lion, and the other was some sort of Mustelid, a weasel perhaps? The wolf led him to the back of his vehicle, opened the trunk, and guffawed at the extraordinary amount of food. “Haw haw haw! Looks like our victim was kind enough to pack us a snack!” The two other bandits started to roar in laughter, obviously finding anything their leader found funny absolutely hilarious to them. Darin was suddenly pushed from behind onto the pile of boxes. Looking up, the white and black gave a desperate face. “Please don’t hurt me! I have a wife who needs me now! I’ll give you anything I sw-“ His sentence was cut short by a single finger being pressed against his lips. “Just calm down mate, all we’re doing is gonna go take a nice little trip out to the country! Relax and eat a donut or something. You look like you could use some comfort food.” With another obnoxious laugh, the three bandits shut the trunk on the poor dragon and climbed into his car, driving it to who knows where.

Darin softly whimpered while lying uncomfortable in his trunk. He had went from having incredible fortune, leaving his wife, gladly about to make it up, to being kidnapped in his own car! What were they going to do to him, kill him? Rape him? Worse? Darin squeezed his eyes shut tightly, unable to hold back a small flood of tears from his eyes. He lay like this for several minutes, softly weeping in his cold, dark, cramped trunk. After a while, Darin quit his bawling, trying to think of a way out. He tried kicking the trunk open, but, to his dismay, found it tightly sealed shut. About ready to cry again, Darin tried to think on the bright side. He was alive for now, that’s what matters now. It’s a good thing his trunk was so large to be able to fit him AND all of this food. Those thieves probably just want his car, and the only reason they kidnapped him was so he wouldn’t yell for help. Besides, this would all be a funny story if he makes it out of this alive. Darin almost chuckled. Maybe Dacia would take him back just because the story was so funny. Realizing it’s pointless to argue, Darin decided to open a box of donuts and take a bite.

Darin’s eyes went wide with shock. This was the most delicious donut he’s ever tasted in his life! It was probably worth getting kidnapped over! He took another bite, and another, until soon that donut was just a pile of crumbs on Darin’s muzzle. That was so good! There was no way any other donut could ever be that delicious…. Or is there? Without hesitation, Darin grabbed for another and devoured it in only a few bites. Was this one even better? Did they all taste like this? The greedy dragon grabbed for another donut, and another, before soon the entire box was gone. Darin licked his chops, still tasting the sweet pastry on his muzzle. That truly was a delicacy unlike any other! The black and white dragon slowly rested his paws on his belly… feeling them sink in! Wide-eyed, Darin leaned forward to look at his gut, pumping his head against the roof of the trunk. It was too dark to stare at his belly anyways, his black tummy blending into the darkness perfectly. Instead, Darin rubbed his new belly, using touch to figure out what happened to him.

Darin’s belly poked out of his shirt easily now, his belly button would be visible to everyone if he could stand up right. Rubbing the edges of his gut, Darin guessed it be nearly as big as a beach ball! Not only that, but his arms seemed a little heavier than they used to. The chubbier dragon let his paws roam around his body, finding his entire frame to have bulked up somewhat. How could eating an entire box of donuts cause him to gain 50 pounds? Apart from his weight gain, Darin noticed another interesting idea. His already limited space in the trunk shrunk even more, his larger belly already almost touching the roof of the space. It was then that Darin got a crazy idea. What if he got so fat that he actually broke out of the trunk? It was a strange and risky idea, but he could not handle being a victim of those burglars! What right did they have to suddenly kidnap his car, his food, himself, and his chance at making amends?!? Without thinking, he tore open another box filled with assorted cakes and dug in.

In the front seat, the weasel noticed something strange on the dash board. According to the car, the engine is starting to have to work harder and harder to move their car, it’s RVM increasing to 4000, as if they were carrying something very heavy. He was about to tell the wolf driving the car about it, but he remembered the last time he even thought of doing that. Sighing and looking back out the window to be on the lookout for cops, the weasel kept his one good eye open, hoping the readings were just a malfunction.

Darin let out a long belch after consuming his 8th cake, resting his chubby paws on his plump, scaled belly. His cheeks were looking fuller, as if he was storing food in them like a squirrel, his chin count reaching two, even his tail looking thicker like a tree trunk. Darin’s belly pushed his shirt up higher, making it look almost like a sports bra. The plump dragon’s middle, however, was where most of the fat collected, his belly half the size of a yoga ball, defined moobs showing through his shirt. Darin could feel himself press more against the boundaries of the trunk as his weight went above 300 lbs. His larger rear started to crush several boxes of food, pastry stains appearing on his fat body. He knew this wasn’t enough. He had to get bigger if he wanted to escape from this. He was NOT about to let those goons escape with his life! Reaching his arm over (squishing a cupcake against his left moob in the process) he shoveled several more pastries into his maw, the seams of his jeans giving way, his shirt starting to tear up around his arms. Darin’s stomach continued to grow and press against the roof more heavily, looking like someone was squeezing a half-inflated balloon (and a big balloon at that)!

The lion sitting in the back now started to notice the louder engine noise, as well as the slower movement of the car. “Hey boss`” “I know I know!” Boss (as he liked to refer to himself) gritted his teeth in frustration and anxiety. This car better not be breaking down now, or it would mean a life time in prison for all the vehicles he’s stolen and all the furs whom he had maliciously and cruelly humiliated. Boss floored the car, causing a sudden increase in speed. The lion and the weasel glanced at each other in fear. Something was up, and it wasn’t good.

Darin suddenly felt himself get forced backwards from the suddenly acceleration, more pastries getting smeared against his fatty frame. This didn’t stop him one bit, he WAS going to keep eating, even if it mean he popped! He opened his maw wide and scooped more doughnuts into his mouth, his shirt finally tearing off him, fat surging out, only to get squished against the small confines of this trunk. But still he ate, tearing into dozens and dozens of cake, trying to get himself as fat and heavy as possible. It wasn’t long before he grew over 600 pounds of pure lard, and then some! Darin was a mindless eating machine, scooping up as much nearby food as he could. The obese dragon’s middle grew and spread out against the walls of the trunk, slowly filling up the space like water inflating a water balloon. Darin belched again and scratched his third chin as his gut pressed against all edges of the trunk, uneaten cakes and pastries smeared against his colossal belly, looking like some sort of a scaly blubber ball. This wasn’t enough! Darin roared and dug into a giant cake, his fat starting to press over his muzzle, his original body now looking more like a blob of fat then a dragon.

Boss roared with frustration as the engine blew up, causing the car to slow down to a halt. The furious wolf kicked the pedals, clawed at the ignition key, and even chewed at the steering wheel, desperately trying to get them moving. The weasel and lion looked away, pretending not to notice their boss’s wrath, for fear of his wrath shifting towards them.

Darin couldn’t handle it. His weight now over a ton! He grunted painfully as his belly was squished against itself painfully, his own blubber blinding him. Sure enough, his fat covered every spare space of the trunk, his arms and legs pinned down by the immense pressure. He felt like he was close to bursting, his immense amount of fat needed to be released to its full size before it crushed him. This must be what an atomic bomb felt like before it blew up and devoured everything in its path, Darin thought. The massive dragon was about to call it quits, realizing he was never going to escape, before he felt something pressing against his lips. Opening his mouth, Darin almost gagged as more food started piling itself into his mouth! Maybe there was hope after all! Darin smiled and lazily help his mouth open, letting the food somehow slide itself into his maw, enduring the increasing pressure!

The three bandits stayed in the car, Boss growling savagely while Weasel and Lion awkwardly shuffled their paws, looking away from the enrage wolf. Suddenly, the car started lifting up! Looking outside, Boss’s jaw dropped as the two front tires were actually lifted up! What the heck was going on?!? Boss jumped out first, along with Weasel and Lion to check out what’s happening in the rear. Everything looked normal except for the trunk. The trunk’s hood was bulging, ready to burst out and explode. Upon further inspection, the bandits noticed some black and white squishing out partially! Boss’s first reaction was fear, but that turned into rage. “SO IT WAS HIM WHO SCREW OVER OUR PLAN!! HEY LARDO! WAIT UNTIL I GET YOU OUT! IM GONNA MESS YOU UP SO BAD!” Without hesitation, the furious wolf threw open the trunk. Flab rushed out of the trunk almost like an explosion, sending Boss flying in the air far away. Weasel and Lion stared as their leader flew far away until he was out of sight. Their gaze soon shifted from him, to the amazing fatty sitting right in front of them.

Darin murred as he sat back in the trunk, his sofa sized gut swelling in front of him. His entire fat figure started to rise up softly like yeast as his fat body finally got used to being in the open space instead of in a small cramped trunk (his humongous butt still wedged in the trunk however, making the trunk look like a way-too-small chair). Soon, his fat reached its full size, his belly having a 10 foot diameter, cheeks bigger than oranges, moobs the size of watermelons. At that moment, the trunk of the car broke off, sending an avalanche of fat onto the ground. Darin, however, managed to stay in sitting position, despite waves of fat to ripple all over him like an ocean of lard. Smiling wide, huge dimples forming in his chubby cheeks, Darin spoke slowly, his voice sounded rich and thicker like dark chocolate. “Hello, would you fellows like to come over for dinner sometime?”

Epilogue

Police had arrived on the scene within 5 minutes of Darin bursting out the trunk and arrested Lion and Weasel. The found Boss a half mile away in the foliage of a tree, curled up around a branch and trembling, constantly mumbling “I hate fat furs” over and over again. After getting a special ride in a bulldozer (the crane snapped and dropped the poor fat dragon, his squishy posterior provided a soft landing) Darin finally made it home to Dacia, who was more than a little surprised about her spouse’s weight gain. The most humorous part of their conversation was “Did you gain all this in a day?!?” “hmmmm more like 5 minutes.” Dacia, however, did forgive the lard-pile of a dragon and the two made up happily, Dacia actually finding his chub much more fun to snuggle with. Using an industrial scale, they soon found out Darin’s actual weight of 3,000 pounds! That number has been increasing as of late, however, when Darin found out how to sweet talk his wife into giving him more food. And they all lived happily fatter after. The End!

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“Stop the story! Now!” Boss’s voice rang throughout the prison, shocking Weasel into silence. Lion tried apologizing. “S-sorry boss, just thought you would like to-“ “Sorry nothing! That fat pile of lard ruined my life! I’m gonna make him pay one day!” Boss turned around and faced the wall, leaving the frightened furs to stare at him. Boss started talking to the wall “If he likes being fat, then I’ll show him fat!”