

“Huh, well this is interesting.”

The dragon-wolf hummed thoughtfully as he leaned against his bathroom wall, a magazine in one paw and a donut in the other. It was a dangerous combination of hand-holding items, for every time he leaned forward to lick the crumbs off the pamphlet, he would inevitably turn the page with his tongue. A shame, considering he was only “reading” it for the funny jokes and images, but one article did catch his attention.

“Real interesting indeed. ‘Men who are over 400 pounds are 10x more likely to have accidents in the shower, which can range from falls to getting stuck.’ What a load of bologna! Can you believe this crap?” The hybrid asked seemingly no one in particular, staring at the bathroom mirror before him. When the black and white winged wolf before him didn’t respond, he continued his rant. “First of all, they don’t even have any sources listed; they probably just typed random numbers in and thought ‘yeah, that’ll work!’ God, I hate people who make up statistics on the spot.

“And secondly,” the draolf grinned, patting his broad belly. “I’m 484 pounds, and I haven’t fallen yet! Legs for days, baby! And I don’t think anyone is gonna be reading a newspaper article anytime soon with the headline ‘Denya forced to eat words as he slips on a bar of soap!’” Denya laughed to himself, playfully tossing the donut over his shoulder.

This time, he was greeted with a response other than himself. In the mirror, the draolf watched as his tail lashed out at the donut on its own, catching the pastry in the tip, before gobbling it up entirely. Denya grinned. He was odd in so many ways; his quirky mannerisms, his dragon wings, his blue stripe, his obese frame, all of them strange enough features to turn a few heads.

But all of those paled in comparison to the toothy, grinning mouth attached to his tail tip.

That very same tail, despite looking like a reject to a Lovecraftian story, let out a tiny burp that made its owner “D’awwww” in adoration. To continue its precious image, the black spikey appendage wrapped itself around Denya’s broad belly, nuzzling its “head” between his doughy moobs, rumbling like a loving jungle cat. “You’re just too precious for your own good, you know that?” The draolf cooed, scritching and rubbing the cuddly tail in both arms. “And too easy to spoil; no wonder we’re both so fat! Just a shame that nobody knows about you yet, Gildy. Maybe one day I’ll write a lil story with you in it, try to ease you into the general public a bit, and see how that goes.”

Gildy didn’t respond, at least not with words. Rather, he continued to rumble at a high enough frequency to make the draolf’s blubbery front jiggle, playfully nibbling and licking his owner’s fingers with his forked purple tongue. Of course, that was enough for Denya, who smiled and scritched his fingers beneath his tail’s “chin.”

The draolf's ears swiveled. "Ooh, the shower sounds different. Guess it's finally warm enough." Relinquishing his hold on Gildy, who slunk back to its original position behind him, Denya finally waddled to the walk-in shower, feeling the warm steam dampen his fur before he even opened the door.

It was an impressively large shower; perfect for the impressively large draolf. The walk-in was shaped like a quarter-circle, with a wide enough diameter to allow the hybrid to almost fully stretch his wings. Of course, the doorway was becoming a bit of a squeeze lately, but then again what shower door wasn't? Overall, it did the job of cleaning the chunky canine, although adding a few extra nozzles to scrub areas he couldn't reach would also be beneficial.

Denya sighed blissfully as he opened the glass door, the hot steam billowing out to greet him. He carefully stepped inside, Gildy closing the door behind him like a good tail-maw-creature, and moaned as the hot water poured onto his body. Being half dragon meant he wasn't satisfied unless the water was near scalding, his chubby maw curling into a grin as he felt the two-headed shower nozzle pelt his fat self with two steady streams of hot water.

"Please pass the shampoo, Gildy."

The tail obliged, picking up one of the colorful containers on the shower rack in its maw and dropping it into his master's outstretched paw. "Thank you for not eating it this time." With a squeeze of his paw, Denya squirted the pink gel onto his fingers, before bringing them to his hair. He was overdue for a haircut, his blond hair resting on his shoulders even when looking down. The mop of yellow fuzz made him look scruffy, according to some of his friends, but the draolf didn't really mind. He always loved the rockstar vibe it gave him, even if he was way too fat to crowdsurf. Denya was secretly quite prideful of his hair, making sure it looked its best as he dug his claws into his scalp, cleaning every last hair down to the root.

His shampoo session was cut short, however, as one of the water streams abruptly stopped. Denya sighed and turned around, looking at his tubby tail latching onto one of the nozzles, drinking feverently. "Still thirsty? I just drank half a gallon of ice tea," the wolf teased, before turning around. He still had another nozzle to work with.

Denya grabbed it from its perch, holding it close to his head to wash away the rest of the soap. Shaking his bangs off his eyes like a wet dog, the tubby draolf lifted his black arms next, spraying water directly into his pits. He showered quite frequently, and always made sure to wear deodorant, but he was never able to fully eliminate his odor. He wasn't messy or slobby by any means, or even particularly sweaty for that matter, he just had a rather distinct smell to him that could only be covered up with cologne. That could be attributed to his weight, of course, his forearms nearly as thick as his head with almost pure chub. If he had to choose between diet and exercise or daily maintenance and cleanliness, however, Denya would always pick the latter.

With his pits fully scrubbed, the draolf's paws moved to his pearly-white midsection. He hummed softly to himself, knowing this part of him always took the longest. Starting from the top, the hefty hybrid lifted up a doughy moob, spraying beneath the fat flap before moving to the next. Denya didn't mind the jowls, the gut, the rump, the thighs, or any other body part that naturally grew with weight gain, but a perky chest felt...weird to him, for lack of a better word. It was something he never grew used to, the draolf huffing as he bounced and padded at the squishy sphere of fat attached to his chest. Honestly, he was a little self-conscious about that part of his body, especially when his tight shirts would ride along the curvature, but he tried not to let it get to him. He was plenty weird in other areas after all (his tail had teeth, for crying out loud!) and at the very least he didn't have swollen nipples like most fat furs had. Or nipples at all, for that matter. Egg-hatched, for the win!

His paws roamed south, his fingers rubbing soap into any crevice he could reach. Denya had always sported a very round belly, even in his younger, slightly thinner days. Many people joked it gave him an inflated, or almost pregnant appearance, but the draolf was quick to reassure them that round doesn't always mean taut. There were still plenty of little nooks and crannies in the hybrid's supple tum, his fingers disappearing into the squishy surface. Being just shy of 500 pounds, the draolf had to practically wrap his arms around his hefty gut and squeeze it inwards just to reach the edge of it, his ears folding as he heard his stomach jostle and wobble about more than usual. "Heh, guess I drank a bit more ice tea than I thought."

Soon, he fell into his gradual rhythm of cleaning himself, his mind wandering as did his paws. He thought about his stories, and any ideas he could come up with that others would like. He thought about his boyfriend, Zane, and how the large blue bear was probably cooking up breakfast in the kitchen by now; bacon and eggs being a staple in their diet lately. He thought about his friends, his loved ones, and everyone in between, wondering what sort of fun, silly hijinks he could get himself into today. Denya was practically a magnet for shenanigans, or, as Tyrex liked to say, a gravitational well.

As if Denya needed any more of a reminder how fat he was. As he finally finished scrubbing and stroking his middle (not without a few playful squeezes, of course), the draolf prepared to clean the underside of it next. However, that required hefting his gut up, which was becoming a bit of a chore lately for the hybrid. That was made apparent when he found himself struggling to even fully reach his arms beneath the billowing midsection, his waist and thighs getting in the way. The draolf had to wiggle his arms to properly slide through all that padding, but his problems didn't end there. Denya actually grunted as he finally hauled his gut up, not at all prepared for the sheer weight he would be dealing with. Nor was he prepared when the edge of his belly pressed against the glass wall of the shower when he hefted it!

"W-woah," Denya muttered, wide-eyed. He dropped his gut in shock, his cheeks reddening as he felt his broad middle bounce, slosh, and glorp around. In fact, now that he noticed it, his legs were actually starting to feel a little sore, just from standing in the shower! When the heck did that happen? He was big, sure, but he had enough muscle in him to at least

deal with it, right? Denya's chubby cheeks reddened, his claws digging into the sloshing mass of fur and flab before him. "H-heh. Guess we better lay off the eggs and bacon for a while, huh Gildy?"

...Oh crap! "Gildy!"

The hybrid spun around as quickly as his hefty frame would allow, his eyes wide. "Have you been drinking this entire time!"

Gildy did not need to respond, for the answer was quite obvious. The tail maw's jaws were still clamped around the nozzle, its body now an extension of the hose, continuously pumping water into the draolf's body! Even now, the draolf could see his belly swelling outwards inch by inch, growing heavier by the second. "Gildy! Let go of that right now! Bad tail!"

No response. The hybrid growled. "No more treats for you if you *hic* keep this up! I *will* sit on you!"

Again, no response. Denya was ready to snap at his tail (even though he had no idea how to punish Gildy without, by extension, punishing himself) when he heard a quiet whimper from the creature. The wolf's eyebrows raised, noticing just now how Gildy's teeth were completely imbedded into the rubber hose, up to his gums. The poor thing was stuck!

"Aw no! I'm sorry, sweetie! I'll getcha out!" The draolf reached for his tail and pulled, but had to stop as the whimpering grew louder. He couldn't pry his tail out as it was now, not without damaging the poor creature's teeth. Ears folded in desperation, the hybrid lunged for the showerknob, but was immediately met with resistance. His bloated belly completely covered the knob, his stomach pancaking outwards as he leaned into it, the upper part rising up to his muzzle! Grunting, the ballooning draolf shoved at his gut with his arms, but it was little help. He'd push down on one part of his sloshy, watery belly, and another part would rise and block his way. He was fighting a losing battle against a water bed!

What's worse was, if Denya had been a hundred or so pounds lighter, he might have had a chance in reaching the knob.

"D-don't worry, Gildy. I'll *hic* figure something out!" The hybrid whimpered to his poor tail. He knew this may hurt the both of them, but he didn't have much of a choice: he had to run out of the shower. Problem was, he couldn't even take a full step before his fluffy belly slammed into the glass wall like a tidal wave. Fortunately, the impact of the blow was enough to force open the door, but that might have been too little too late.

Aside from his middle, Denya was growing broader all over, his stomach seemingly sending water all throughout his entire body. That "full step" he took earlier was little more than a pathetic wobble, his doughy legs sinking into the all encompassing orb that was his middle.

His back was rounding out into a perfect sphere as well, with only a few creases stretched horizontally across to signify where his back rolls used to be, looking almost like a striped beach ball. There was no way he could reach up for Gildy anymore, not with this thick, stumpy arms; he couldn't even reach his snout at this point! Poor Gildy was also looking thicker and broader than usual, the water-logged tail wiggling pathetically.

And yet he pulled. Denya gritted his teeth, trying so hard to squeeze himself out of the shower to pry his tail from the shower head. His stomach wedged tightly into the doorframe, the mass of fluid now bigger than Denya was before stepping into the shower. Every second brought with it more resistance in front of him, as well as behind him, the hybrid blushing bright pink. "Aw man, even *that* is growing?!"

With a yelp, the hybrid suddenly slipped backwards, landing firmly on his water-filled rump. His height didn't change in the slightest, although his feet were far off the ground, suspended in the air by his swelling thighs. Ears folded, the draolf was forced to watch as the fluffy white ocean before him continued to expand further, a portion of his middle oozing through the doorway of the shower like lava while the rest of it raised him higher and higher. His arms shrunk further into his body, leaving behind two little bloated nubs for paws that sunk deeper into his expanding self every second.

He was stuck. Stuck feeling his body creak and slosh about with so much water. Stuck watching his body slowly rise and spill over the top of the shower walls. Stuck feeling his body start to squeeze tighter and tighter against its container like a TV dinner. And stuck listening to Gildy whine, as well as the glass walls creaking and cracking. Yet despite being stuffed with enough water to fill an above-ground pool, the hybrid's cheeks burned, not with embarrassment but with indignation. A single thought kept echoing throughout his head.

"That freaking magazine was right!"