

BLK held his breath in a vain attempt to hide his presence. In a way, he hoped all the air in his lungs would actually make him lighter, but judging from the creaking of the wooden floorboards, that wasn't the case. It certainly didn't make him smaller, the spotted brown dragon thought with a slight blush as he felt the doorframe squeeze into his plush sides. He was used to his belly and hips brushing against narrow doorframes, but this was the first time he actually had to squeeze himself through, resulting in a *pop* and plenty of jiggling.

He was a big dragon, if that wasn't evident enough. Standing at roughly 7 feet tall and almost half as wide, BLK was very hard to ignore, even when he was trying to be ignored. While it was somewhat inconvenient to have to duck beneath doorways, BLK didn't mind being 7 feet tall; it was the "almost half as wide" part that was currently bothering him. Still wobbling from his previous movements, the drake's plated brown gut bulged off his quivering frame far and wide, the bulbous ball of blubber able to easily be scooped up into his arms. His middle had turned quite spherical over the winter, his broad belly curved into an equally broad back that met halfway to form thick love handles. His wide torso narrowed slightly higher up towards his doughy chest, giving him a very strong pear-shape. Adorning that pear was his head, plump with round cheeks and a broad muzzle, complete with a hanging second chin. His short legs looked even stubbier with the extra pudge, forcing him into a waddle, while his arms were thick and hanging with plenty of chub.

Chub, and at least a half-dozen overfilled grocery bags.

As he carefully padded through the room, BLK blew a puff of air towards his forehead to clear a lock of white hair from his view. His heart was heavy with guilt for what he was doing, but not quite as heavy as the bags, their plastic handles almost disappearing into his arm flab. His muscles burned from the weight of it all, the dragon grimacing slightly. As much as he wanted to sprint across the room towards the kitchen, or better yet take an additional trip, BLK persevered. He was short on time already; who knew when he'd finally be spotted?

With a few quick steps (and plenty of bouncing) BLK was home free. Stepping into the unlit kitchen, the drake sighed in exasperation as he practically flung the groceries onto the kitchen counter, ears folding at the noise he made. "That...sucked," the dragon wheezed, rubbing his bruised arms. He never understood all those internet memes about carrying all the groceries in one trip. It was painful and a waste of energy, but admittedly it was much quicker, and hopefully much quiete-

"Hey, B! Back with the groceries already?"

It took every last ounce of willpower for BLK to not jump and scream like a little girl. Instead, he was covered head to tail in goosebumps as he looked down towards the source of the voice, smiling weakly at the red kobold. "O-oh, hey, Alan. I, uh, didn't see you down there!"

“Well, duh! You can’t even see your feet with this thing in the way!” Alan snickered, rapping his knuckles against the dragon’s low-hanging belly.

At a measly three and a half feet tall, Alan was as small as they came. The scarlet imp was always tiny, especially compared to the enormous dragon, but as BLK’s weight continued to climb up, he became more aware of just how small his roommate was. He would actually have to start watching where he stepped now, to stop himself from accidentally bowling over the poor reptile. The thought of being too big to even see Alan was somewhat unsettling for BLK - although, he had worse problems to attend to as the imp’s attention suddenly shifted from his belly to the table. “So, whatcha get? Lots of greens, I’m hoping!”

“Erh, yeah! Just boring vegetables and stuff, no need to check!” BLK quickled rushed to the groceries, trying to push the bags closer to the middle of the table, where Alan couldn’t reach. However, the sneaky kobold was quicker, and had managed to snag a bag for himself.

“Let’s see here,” Alan muttered to himself as he ruffled through the bags, ignoring the silent look of horror on his fat friend’s face. “Celery is good. I see some asparagus too, that’s also good. Ooh, some carrots, and…” He froze.

BLK could feel his heart pounding in his ears as the kobold’s grin slowly faded away, a cold sweat appearing on his forehead. Slowly, Alan looked up.

“Hey, B?”

“Y-yeah, Alan?”

“You, uh...you wanna explain this?”

BLK’s heart plummeted as he watched his roommate retract his claw, clutching a handful of chocolate bars. The pudgy dragon gulped. “T-they were on sale!”

“That’s why you bought ten of them?!” Alan overturned the paper bag, scattering the colorfully wrapped candy across the table along with the vegetables. “C’mon, B, this is getting ridiculous, even for you!”

“They’re just chocolate bars, Alan. I wasn’t gonna eat them all at once! I walked to the store and back, I deserve to have a snack break. How else am I gonna stay motivated?” The more BLK talked, the more he realized how whiny he sounded trying to justify buying as much candy as he did. Still, he was in charge of his own body, and if he was gonna add in a few sweets to make up for his workouts, then so be it! The dragon stood tall and firm, crossing his thick arms across his middle, ignoring how loudly his rotund gut sloshed and bounced from the impact.

Alan, however, didn't back down. The little demon furrowed his brow and quickly clambered onto the table, only so he could be eye-level with the chubby drake. "Oh yeah? All that walking was *real* hard, wasn't it?"

"Yeah!" BLK growled back, before pausing. Did he really just admit that?

His yellow eyes widened while Alan's narrowed. "And did you stop by the hotdog stand on the way to the grocery store?"

BLK blinked. "Yeah..."

"And on the way back?" Alan picked up one of the candy bars, slapping it against his palm like a schoolteacher about to dish out some discipline.

"Yeah..."

"And did you order more than two hotdogs each time?"

"...Yeah."

"Well no wonder you're still huge! You can't pass up food to save your life!" The kobold berated the poor anxious dragon, shoving the candy bar against the drake's jiggling belly.

"W-well what am I supposed to do? I'm working out!" The dragon yelped back in response, painfully aware of how high-pitched he sounded just then.

"Stop eating so much! It's not the workout, it's the food!" Alan quickly tore off the wrapper to the chocolate bar, whapping it against the dragon's snout, who stared at it with crossed eyes. "You can't keep eating everything you see, B, otherwise I'm gonna have to roll you around! Seriously, fill yourself up with water or something or- HEY!"

But BLK had stopped listening, a grin spreading across the drake's chocolate-coated muzzle. Who knew that victory could taste so sweet? Even he was impressed with how quickly he bit into the chocolate bar waving about his snout. Of course, he did feel a bit guilty, especially considering how much junk food he had already eaten during the day, as well as seeing Alan visibly tremble with agitation, but getting just a taste of that delicious chocolate bar was so, so worth it. Even as the little red imp continued to berate him, the pudgy dragon's eyes were glued to the half-eaten bar, already imagining what the rest of it would taste like.

Unfortunately, his dreams were ruined as, in a shocking turn of events, Alan took a bite out of the chocolate bar.

"Gaaah! What are you doing!?" BLK yelped, his claws pressing against his white hair.

This time, it was Alan's turn to grin. "Oh, so that got your attention, huh? Well, what if I did this?" With that, the smaller lizard opened his maw wide open and tossed the rest of the candy bar into his mouth.

Poor BLK was heartbroken, watching with wide, sad eyes as his roommate slowly chewed through the comparatively large piece of chocolate before inevitably gulping it down. "B-but... that was mine..."

Alan, after licking his lips, pulled up the wrapper of the chocolate bar he ate. "250 calories, 12 grams of fat, 23 grams of sugar, all in a single bar of chocolate. And you bought one...two...ten of them!"

"They were on sale!" BLK repeated. "Besides, I wasn't gonna eat them *all* in one day."

"No, you'll eat *half* of them in a day," Alan snorted, unwrapping a second chocolate bar. "Even then, 250 calories in a single chocolate bar is absurd! You're gonna snack on them randomly, thinking a little candy couldn't hurt, then come next week you'll start complaining when you can't fit through the doorway, or something like that. And since I hate throwing away food-"

Crunch! Another loud bite into the second chocolate bar, this one making BLK wince as if Alan were biting into his very soul. The dragon's jaw hung open in a silent scream, horrified at the scene before him. Seeing the scarlet imp unwrap a third and fourth chocolate bar made his heart sink deeper into his vast stomach. "H-how many are you gonna eat?!"

"All of them," Alan replied matter-of-factly, causing the dragon to gasp in response. "What? I told you, I'm tired of hearing you complain every time you put on weight, so I'm taking matters into my own hands here. Can't fatten yourself up on junk food if there is no junk food to fatten up on." The kobold spoke calmly, as if he had anticipated this moment for quite some time. It wouldn't have surprised BLK if Alan had actually rehearsed this scene beforehand. "Don't watch if it's that painful for you, dude. Go do some sit-ups in the living room or something."

But BLK couldn't bring himself to budge an inch. He was entirely fixated on the tiny roommate sitting on the table, cramming chocolate bar after chocolate bar into that little muzzle. He had no idea why he chose to endure such suffering; perhaps he was hopeful that Alan would give up and let the portly dragon have a few chocolate bars for himself. It was certainly a possibility with the red imp looking a little green around the gills after devouring 2/3rds of the small mound of chocolates. "Are...are you alright, Alan?"

"I'm *hurp* fine," the bloated kobold huffed, slowly sliding another candy bar into his chocolate-coated lips. Poor Alan was starting to look rather sick, but BLK was afraid to bring it

up in fear of being scolded by the red imp. Tail tucked between his legs, the pudgy dragon was rooted to the spot as he slowly watched his roommate push the remaining few candy bars down his gullet, panting and burping.

Alan slumped onto his back. “Urrf...h-how do you eat this crap?”

“I don’t eat it all at once!” BLK yelled in response, secretly knowing he absolutely would have eaten at least half of that stash by the end of the night. Still, seeing Alan eat the entire mound of chocolates in one go was...well, the word “impressive” came to mind, but that probably wasn’t the best way to describe what BLK was feeling. Maybe resentful, because those were his chocolates to begin with.

“Hurf, well now you won’t eat it at all!” The red imp slowly scooted himself upright, hopping off the chair in a loud grunt. “Now, go *hurp* do some jumping jacks or *hic* something while I make dinner.”

BLK cast one last glance at the bloated kobold before lumbering away, huffing. He had been dreading coming home from grocery shopping in fear of getting scolded by his roommate, but he would have preferred a scolding over having all of his candy eaten! He paid for those with his own hard-earned money, dangit!

With a sigh, the hefty drake trudged towards his room, but not to do the jumping jacks Alan had suggested. How could he work up the energy to work out anyways, with his mood completely ruined? It took most of his willpower to not just collapse into bed and nap away the rest of the day. Instead, BLK squeezed his oversized rear into his undersized computer chair and flicked his laptop on. Lists, graphs, and other boring report content reflected off the drake’s yellow eyes; within the hour, he was lost in his own personal work. The dragon’s focus was devoted entirely to his online job, his chunky fingers roaming around the keyboard. BLK’s concerns about his weight started to fade away; he didn’t notice his chair creaking with the slightest movements, or how deeply the armrests dug into his plump love handles.

However, he couldn’t help *but* notice the amazing aroma wafting from the kitchen.

BLK found himself murring on reflex as he took a deep sniff, his stomach groaning with him. Perhaps it was his hungry mind playing tricks on him, but the dragon swore he could smell rich, zesty pasta. His mind was filled with images of golden stands of noodles, shining with a thin layer of butter before getting drenched in a deep red marinara sauce. Alan did say he was preparing dinner, but BLK expected something like tofu or asparagus, not pasta. Was it seriously dinner time already? More importantly, was this the imp’s way of apologizing for his rude behavior?

Whatever the case was, BLK could no longer focus on his own work. He continued staring blankly at the computer screen, reading and rereading the same report again and again, until he finally heard his roommate cry out. "Dinner's ready!"

BLK had never closed his laptop faster in his entire life, nor had he bolted from his desk as hastily. Not even having his computer chair wedged into his plush rump stopped him from hobbling towards the kitchen; heck, he would have brought the chair with him had the door frame not caught it. The dragon's eyes lit up as he dashed into the kitchen, his chubby cheeks dimpled as he grinned ear to ear.

It wasn't an illusion at all! An enormous pot filled with spaghetti replaced the grocery bags on the table, still being stirred by Alan. Just listening to the sloshing sound of the pasta was like music to the dragon's ears. Gulping down the buildup of saliva, BLK reached out for the pot of pasta when-

WHACK!! Alan lightly but earnestly slapped the back of his claw with the ladle! "And just what do you think you're doing?"

BLK yelped and pulled his arm back, gingerly licking the sauce off his wrist. "Y-you said dinner was ready!"

"It is, but this isn't your dinner. It's mine! Did you really think I'd let you eat all these carbs?"

BLK blinked, his maw hanging open in a stupor. Did Alan seriously just make all that pasta just to mess with him? "S-so...all of this is..."

"It's my dinner, yeah."

"HOW?!" BLK didn't mean to shout, but that outburst basically exploded out of him. Alan was still looking noticeably stuffed from the chocolates earlier; was he seriously going to eat an entire pot of pasta for himself? BLK wasn't even sure if he could eat all of that in one go, and he was more than double the size of the imp! The dragon shook his head. "There's no way you can finish all of that! That pot's half your size!"

Whoops. BLK immediately bit back on his tongue, right as he watched Alan's face turn from crimson to scarlet red. "I wasn't planning on it, but maybe I will anyways, just to spite you!"

BLK blushed in embarrassment, scratching at his snout. He knew better than to call out Alan on his size, the little kobold suffering from an inferiority complex to his small stature. "B-but...do I still get something to eat?"

Alan chuckled; whether he was laughing at his friend's question or expression was unclear. "Of course, silly. It's at your end of the table." The imp pointed, and BLK turned to find a plate - not a bowl, but a plate of salad.

The dragon winced at the insult of a meal. He wanted to yell, scream, kick a chair, do literally *anything other than* eat a salad while his tiny roommate ate spaghetti for four. This wasn't fair! He was close to doing just that, but everytime he opened his maw to argue, nothing came out. He felt like he was making excuses, yelling at his roommate who was only trying to help him manage his figure. Maybe Alan had a point; BLK really did need a stronger outside influence in order to finally shed his pesky winter weight.

Reluctantly, BLK sat himself at the other end of the table, poking at his pitiful meal. Nothing more than a few clumps of romaine lettuce with bits of carrots and tomatoes mixed in. There was some dressing, thankfully, but it was so light and tasteless it may as well have been water. No cheese, no croutons, not protein of any kind - it was the saddest salad BLK had seen in quite a while. What made the experience that much worse was that, despite what his plump frame might say, the dragon really enjoyed vegetables. But compared to the overwhelming smell of the pasta right across from him, BLK may as well have been eating paper.

The salad was gone all too soon, leaving BLK alone to watch as his roommate greedily gulped down huge forkfuls of the spaghetti. The joy on the imp's face was almost too much to bear for the pudgy dragon, who hopelessly imagined himself in Alan's place. He stared longingly at his roommate like a starving dog begging for scraps, praying that the kobold would toss him a metaphorical bone.

Alas, Alan was content to ignore the dragon's silent pleadings as he slowly chipped away at the vat of pasta. It was clear from the very beginning that the demon had no chance of finishing all of that in one go, yet he certainly put in his best effort. His middle filled out further and further with each bite like a little red balloon, broad and taut with both chocolates and pasta. BLK honestly felt some inkling of sympathy for his roommate, but everytime he opened his mouth to say something, Alan would shoot him a nasty glare. So BLK sat there in silence, watching as Alan glugged himself fuller and fuller, moaning and burping all the while.

Suddenly, the kobold let loose an explosive belch and slumped back in his chair. Feebly, his claws roamed around his expanded belly, clawing at the taut surface. Looking up to BLK, however, the little reptile couldn't help but smirk. "H-hey, I look *hic* just like you, B!" He sneered, puffing out his rounded middle.

That did it! Scowling in return, BLK rose up from his chair and marched away. He was supposed to lose weight, but he would not stand being mocked for it! Ignoring his growling middle and Alan's jeers, the dragon plopped into his bed and promptly threw the covers over his face.

He went to sleep that night the hungriest he had ever been.

“C’mon, B. You call those squats?!”

BLK would have spat back a snarky retort if he wasn’t painfully gritting his teeth. The pear-shaped dragon’s face was as red as a tomato as he slowly bent his pudgy legs, lowering himself closer to the floor. He swore he could hear his joints crying out in pain, desperately begging the overweight reptile to actually commit to sitting down, instead of bending halfway.

“Lift your tail, fatty! I can tell you’re leaning on it.”

The drake did as he was told, grabbing the tip of it to keep it off the ground, whimpering as the pressure on his knees nearly doubled. It was difficult just to properly breathe in, his chest taut from the sheer exertion it took just for him to bend over. Sweat beaded his clammy forehead, blurring his vision slightly. BLK tried going to his happy place, but all he could think about was the intense pain building up in his legs, how excruciatingly bright his face was burning, and how painfully empty his belly was. Unfortunately, the only thing he could hear beyond his clouded pain, besides his own creaking joints, was the sound of Alan greedily devouring chips. God, he could use some chips. When was the last time he had anything salty, crunchy, or even remotely tasteful?

“Aaaaand up!”

BLK tried to raise himself back to a proper standing position, he really did, but instead of fully rising, the dragon collapsed backwards and huffed, stuck on his back like a turtle. He was exhausted; the spotted drake greedily gobbling up lungfuls of air as he laid there, his brown spotted gut rising and falling before him. Slowly, he leaned his head back, looking up pitifully at the kobold sitting on the couch, grinning shyly.

Alan did not meet that grin. The scarlet imp glared mercilessly at the prone dragon, even as he stuffed another pawful of chips down his muzzle. “The average person can do about 35 squats a minute. You can’t even do 5 without collapsing, fatty.”

BLK groaned. “Give me a break, Alan. You told me to make those squats as slow as possible. And do you have to keep calling me fatty?” he muttered breathlessly.

Alan did not respond right away. Instead, he opted to casually overturn the bag of chips into his maw, emptying it completely, before starting on another bag. “Well, fast or slow, you haven’t made any progress with your endurance, tubbs. You can barely bend your knees a couple times before collapsing in a sweaty heap.”

BLK sighed, thumping his head against the carpeted floor in frustration. Alan was right, the dragon had yet to shed a single pound since the kobold started getting serious with his weight training, as evident by his wobbling cheeks. Weeks of endless workouts and smaller meal portions, and he had nothing to show for it. With a quiet rumble, the doughy dragon hauled himself off the ground, turning towards Alan as he awaited his next order.

But his somber expression suddenly lifted as he fought back a snicker. "Hey...Alan?"

The imp scowled, clawful of chips inches from his muzzle. "What?"

"You're turning into quite the fatty yourself, ya know."

Alan rolled his eyes and continued eating, but BLK continued staring at his roommate. Along with being BLK's work-out coach and dietitian, the scarlet demon took it upon himself to help dispose of any temptations the dragon would have when it came to junk food - by devouring it all himself! Whenever the brown drake was within arm's reach of something sweet and sugary, or salty and crunchy, Alan was there to snatch it up and devour it before BLK got the chance. It was highly effective in getting BLK to stop snacking on junk food, although it was leading to a completely different side effect.

There was no denying it, Alan was putting on weight. The once rail-thin kobold was softer all around, looking like an overinflated plushy version of his former self. His cheeks looked rounder and fuller on the rare times food wasn't packed into them, his limbs thicker and stubbier, his tail forming little rolls when he bent it. Most noticeably was the imp's red midsection; what used to be as flat as a board had rounded out into a little pudgy sphere that jiggled ever so slightly when his claws grazed against it. BLK couldn't believe what he was seeing, and yet no matter how many times he rubbed his eyes, the imp still looked tubby and soft. Alan was even sinking into the couch a little further than he used to!

BLK would have kept staring for who knows how long before Alan finally snorted and sat upright, his soft tummy pressing into his doughy thighs. "Is it really that noticeable?"

BLK nodded, still smirking.

"So sitting on my rump doing nothing but stuffing my face with greasy, salty, fatty foods made me gain some weight?"

The dragon's smirk dropped as he folded his goat-like ears, suddenly aware of where this was going. "Well, uh...it's just a little weight..."

But Alan lifted his chubby muzzle in indignation regardless. "No no, take a good look, B! All the weight I gain is weight that you would have put on, considering I'm eating all the junk food you've been stashing."

Wiping his muzzle of any crumbs left, Alan crumpled up the empty chip bag and tossed it to the growing pile next to the couch. "I'd ask you to bend over and clean those up, but I don't want to worry any seismologists from all the earthquakes you're causing." Snickering, the tubby imp hopped off the couch with a slightly louder *thump* than usual and waddled to the kitchen, no doubt looking for more snacks to "dispose of."

As BLK watched his demanding friend pass through the doorway, he was struck with yet another revelation. Was Alan growing *taller*?

Ugh, it was *finally* dinner time!

BLK panted loudly as he lumbered into the kitchen, his tail dragging along the floor behind him like a snake. He had been doing jumping jacks for what felt like days now; his arms and legs felt ready to pop right out of their sockets. Of course, his soreness was nothing in comparison to the ravenous hunger burning from within his soft belly. BLK had forgotten what it was like to not feel half-starved, his stomach constantly growling or churning like some caged animal demanding freedom. And right now, BLK wanted nothing more than to release that beast onto whatever delectable meal he was smelling in the next room.

Despite, yet again, not having lost a single pound.

To his shock and delight, BLK discovered not a delectable meal, but an enticing feast waiting for him in the kitchen! The entire table was filled with all sorts of foods he didn't know Alan could cook! Roasted duck with sizzling juices, a warm and steamy chicken pot pie, crispy shishito pepper cream cheese wontons, and other amazing dishes filled the room with an amazing aroma that sent the dragon's maw drooling uncontrollably. Alan must have pulled out nearly everything from the fridge and pantry just to make everything. It all looked so good, he wanted to try them all!

"Smells pretty good, right?"

BLK gulped down that mouthful of saliva as he glanced over to Alan, wide-eyed. "W-where did you get all this food?!"

"From you, of course," Alan stated matter of factly, smirking. "You're still buying a ton of foods high in carbs and starches. I told you, B, I'm gonna keep eating all the excess junk you buy so you're not tempted to cheat your diet."

The dragon frowned, scratching the side of his chubby muzzle. "I don't remember buying most of that," he muttered truthfully, casting a quick glance towards the veritable feast. He

wasn't sure he could even afford that much food in one go! Maybe it was an impulse purchase he made because of a blow-out sale or something; BLK *did* tend to buy more food than he needed too, after all.

Speaking of food, the drake's stomach growled as he took another whiff of the nearby food. "Erh, I still get some of that, right?"

The imp smiled wide, dimples forming in his soft cheeks. "Of course! But don't forget where most of it's going." Alan snickered, patting his soft belly.

How could BLK forget? Every night was like this, after all; the dragon getting scraps while the kobold ate like a king, and tonight was certainly no exception. Alan's figure certainly put into perspective just how much he had been eating, the imp's middle rippling easily from the gentle patting. Like a true gainer, Alan had swiftly surpassed chubby and was encroaching on becoming downright fat. Even his chef's apron, something that would have required the undersized kobold to triple knot to keep it on his frame, was now straining at the seams to contain so much gut!

BLK had to tear his eyes away from his fatter roommate to sulk towards his seat. Even with the knowledge of knowing where most of the food would end up, the dragon remained hopeful. There was just way too much food here for Alan to eat in one sitting; heck, the food probably outweighed the kobold, and that was really saying something! Surely he would be given a little more than some scraps, right?

Licking his lips in anticipation, he watched as the rotund reptile waddled over to the seated drake, presenting him with his meal: a single carrot.

BLK frowned. "You're joking right?"

Alan snickered, his cheeks wobbling. "Of course I am, silly! I'm not *that* cruel!"

BLK sighed in relief.

"You get that carrot, *and* a salad! That should fill you up a bit more, right?"

Never had BLK's mood plummeted so quickly in his life. He stared down at that pathetic bowl of salad presented to him beside the carrot, no larger than his head, mentally willing it to change into something a little more flavorful or filling. Alas, it remained a bowl of salad: green, leafy, and bland. He was tempted to yell at the kobold, but had to stop himself; after all, he was being given an extra carrot to go with it. Besides, Alan was only doing all this to help him finally shed those pesky pounds.

He had his bowl, while Alan had an entire feast all to himself! The kobold completely disregarded the use of silverware all together and started shoveling whatever was within arms reach into his gaping maw, completely disregarding table manners all together. He hardly even chewed, either, taking great greedy gulps in order to efficiently stuff himself as fast as possible. Alan was a complete eating machine, something that both awed and horrified BLK.

Everytime the dragon took another nibble of his salad bowl or carrot stalk, another dish would vanish into the imp's growing gut. It was painful to watch yet another delicious supper disappear into his roommate's gullet once again, but rather than get up and leave at the injustice, BLK chose to stay. There was so much food still left on the table, after all, far more than even Alan's stomach should be able to handle. Maybe that gluttonous imp will pass out halfway in a food coma, allowing the dragon to swoop in and help himself to the leftovers.

So, he waited, watching his friend make an absolute pig out himself, watching the piles of food fall while Alan's belly rose. He still couldn't get over how fat the kobold had allowed himself to grow, on top of the other strange changes going on with his body. Since when had Alan been able to reach the ground with his feet when sitting at the dinner table? Sure, Alan had been growing significantly outwards as of late, but was some of that growth sending him upwards as well?

More importantly, when would he stop eating?!

Eventually, BLK couldn't take it anymore. "C'mon, Alan, this is getting absurd! You're gonna get sick eating all of that!"

To his surprise, the kobold simply snickered. "What, you think all of *this* is just for show?" Alan teased, slapping the edge of his rotund stomach. "You just sit back and watch how a real fatty eats!"

More than half of the meal had disappeared into Alan's gut, yet the kobold didn't slow down in the slightest. If anything, he was eating even faster, lifting entire platters to his maw to be devoured by the mouthful. BLK was stunned at how Alan managed to eat so rapidly without making a mess, his face and claws showing no signs of grease or crumbs. He was even more so impressed with how Alan's stomach hadn't even reached its limit yet! That belly continued filling out his lap, swelling further and further outward like a red balloon. The straps to his apron dug deeper into his fleshy sides, to the point where they were practically buried within his pudge. Even after countless servings, even with that apron digging painfully into his sides, Alan just kept eating, and eating, and eating, and eating, until-

Pop!

At first, BLK thought his roommate had exploded, but was relieved to find that white apron flying off the fat kobold instead. Even Alan looked surprised as his gut surged towards his

knees, round and taut. The imp slowly looked down at himself, rubbing a claw along his scaly midsection cautiously,

before looking up to BLK with a nasty grin.

The dragon's eyes widened. "Oh no."

"Hey BLK!"

"Please don't say it."

The kobold hefted his gut in his arms, bouncing it about. "I look just like you!"

BLK sighed, rolling his eyes. With how much Alan ate, the dragon reckoned it wouldn't be long before the kobold's joke became a reality.

Gosh, what a day!

BLK collapsed onto the couch with a huff, ignoring the creaks beneath him. He barely had the energy to actually sit in a decent position, leaning back with his arms spread out along the couch's back. With a blank expression, he stared up at the drywall ceiling, too sore to move a single inch.

Alan was merciless that day, forcing the tubby drake to jog twice around the block, before making him run a third time while bringing his knees to his chest. Considering how long (and wide) his torso was, not to mention how short and stubby his legs were, that last challenge was extra brutal. It was a miracle he even managed to make it home and not pass out on the concrete sidewalk in a puddle of sweat and shame. At least the landing would have been soft; it wasn't like he had lost any weight, after all.

His ear twitched as he heard the front door open, no doubt Alan following the exhausted dragon inside. BLK huffed, not even bothering to turn to look at his roommate. "That's enough, Alan, please...my joints are starting to make weird creaking noises. I need a break."

"That's fine, B. So do I. It's hard work yelling at you all day, after all."

BLK let out a sigh he didn't know he was holding. "Thanks, Alan."

He heard the heavy footsteps of the kobold approaching him. "We still got lots of work to do after your break."

“That’s fine.”

The couch suddenly creaked louder, and BLK found himself leaning towards his left a bit. “Hey, B. You’re not mad at me, right?”

BLK lazily shook his head. “Nah, not really. I kinda wish you’d stop calling me fatty, but otherwise you’re fine. You’re helping me do something I was too lazy to do on my own, and I appreciate it.”

Alan’s voice perked up. “Can I still lay against your belly, then?”

“Sure.” BLK immediately regretted uttering that word the moment it left his lips. Without warning, the dragon felt an incredible weight descent upon his gut, his eyes widening to near comical levels. Lord above, Alan was heavy!

“Grrnk...Alan...gerrof!” The dragon pleaded with the little bit of air still trapped within his lungs. He flailed his stubby legs and tail, shoving his paws against the bloated kobold on top of, or rather around, his gut. His paws vanished past their wrists before he finally got Alan to finally budge, the obese imp yelping as he was slowly rolled off the drake’s brown belly, hitting the ground with a loud enough thump to rattle the couch.

Finally free of the restricting weight, BLK heaved a few heavy sighs, glancing up at Alan.

Glancing up.

Alan could no longer be described as an Imp. Standing up, he was much taller than BLK was sitting down, a record first for the kobold. While he still hadn’t quite reached the dragon’s height, he certainly surpassed BLK’s girth, thanks to a hanging gut that wobbled precariously close to his knees. The pear-shaped reptile placed his paws on his doughy hips, scowling. “What the deal,B?! We used to do this all the time! I thought you weren’t mad at me!”

BLK’s ears folded. “I’m not, Alan, but seriously... look at yourself. You weigh almost as much as me now! This is getting out of hand, you should-”

“Yeah, of course I do! Another week or two and I’ll catch up with you!” Alan scowled as he crossed his cylindrical arms, bunching up his doughy chest. “Now you realize just how easy it is to go from fit and trim to fat and out-of-shape, huh?”

The dragon groaned. “Does *everything* need to be a lesson with you?”

“Only until these lessons stick to you like the rest of your pudge,” Alan snorted. “Break time’s over, fatso. Up and at ‘em! We still got sit ups to do before my second lunch.”

BLK wordlessly obeyed.

As if jogging wasn't hard enough!

BLK's cheeks were bright pink as he dragged himself onto his own doorstep, his long tongue lolling out the side of his muzzle. He had finally returned from a several mile jog, only it wasn't his legs that were sore - granted, they still felt like jelly. Rather, it was his arms that felt ready to pop out of their own sockets, weighed down with dozens of grocery bags, all of which were filled to the brim with leafy greens and other healthy food. The very same leafy greens he nibbled on at every meal. Just looking at them made him yearn for something meatier.

The doughy dragon barely worked up the energy needed to lift his burdened arm high enough just to turn the door knob, stumbling in. He couldn't help but recall a similar situation several months ago, returning home with groceries exhausted, trying to tiptoe his way into the kitchen to avoid scrutiny. This time, however, the drake didn't even bother trying to be discrete; BLK practically barged straight through the living room before practically throwing the grocery bags onto the kitchen table. Finally free of his shackles, the chubby drake slumped heavily against the groaning table, giving himself a moment to finally regain his breath.

And when he looked back up, he was greeted with the sight of his roommate glaring down at him, a stopwatch in his enormous paw.

"Aaaaand, time," the kobold muttered, glancing at the stopwatch.

BLK gulped nervously. "D-did I improve?"

Alan raised an eyebrow, not even bothering to return the dragon's gaze. "Well, you're not getting any worse, at least. You didn't stop for food or anything, did you?"

"No."

"Did you get lost, then?"

"No," the dragon sighed. That alone told him everything he needed to know about his time.

Alan glanced up, frowning. "You're not lying to me, are you?"

"I promise I'm not, Alan." BLK huffed, meeting Alan's gaze. It was the truth, he wouldn't dare lie to Alan, nor would he ever intentionally buy more junk food, not out of morality or anything; the dragon was simply too afraid of the kobold eating it all and growing even bigger!

After who-knows-how-long of overeating, Alan had finally matched BLK's height of 7 feet. They were completely eye level with each other, something that was incredibly unsettling for the brown drake, who was so used to his roommate barely coming up to his waist. Looking at Alan was almost like looking into a mirror now, if his mirror image was redder, meaner, and fatter. The "imp" completely outweighed BLK at this point, thanks to a bulbous belly that spilled past his knees, a belly too big for even Alan to fully heft up in one go. In any other situation, BLK would have found Alan cute and cuddly with such a big soft tum, or doughy dimply cheeks.

The kobold tapped his sausage tail against the floor. "So if I look in these bags, I'll see nothing but the ingredients I told you to get?"

BLK nodded firmly, ignoring the wobbling of his chins. "Of course." To prove his honesty, the dragon grabbed the ends of one of the bags and overturned it, expecting a hoard of vegetables to tumble out.

Instead, dozens of candy bars and packaged donut holes spilled out instead.

The dragon's yellow eyes widened, his face turning as pale as his snow-white hair. "T-that wasn't there before!"

"Oh, what? You mean you just 'accidentally' bought a treasure trove of junk food?!" Alan sighed as he rubbed his muzzle in frustration, his fingers sinking into his chubby cheeks and chins. "I'm trying to be patient with you, B, but you've been doing this for months now. We've been over this before. You can't keep bringing in junk food every time you go shopping!" Shaking his large head, the kobold stepped closer to the table, and by proxy BLK. "You know what happens next, right?"

BLK's ears folded; despite being roughly the same size, the dragon was feeling awfully small. "I-I could have sworn...I really did just buy...B-but"

"No buts! I can't have you breaking your own diet! This is for your own good!" With that, Alan stuffed the sugary pile back into the bag, if only to lift it towards his gaping maw and dump everything inside, wrappers and all. BLK watched in awe as thousands of calories vanished down that tubby gullet in seconds until not a trace of it remained, save for a slight chocolate smear on the kobold's chubby cheeks. Again, this sight would have been almost cute, but on Alan it gave BLK the impression of a predator with a bit of prey still stuck to his teeth. "So, did you make the same mistake with the other bags?"

Honestly, BLK wasn't so sure anymore, casting a nervous glance towards the suspiciously-full bags of groceries. He genuinely, 100% without a doubt, believed he had purchased only the items on that list. He had no idea how those items replaced the ones he had bought, but there was no way he could explain his stance against such damning evidence. And

right now, the last thing he wanted was to look like an even bigger fatass if Alan discovered more junk food in those bags.

“I-I’m, uh, gonna go jog back to the store then. I promise I’ll get it right this time,” the dragon muttered, before quickly fleeing the scene of the crime, spurred on with adrenaline. From behind him, Alan didn’t even respond; all BLK could hear was the sound of bags rustling and food being eaten.

“C’mon, B, push harder!”

BLK grunted loudly as he flung his body against the heavy weight before him, gritting his teeth from exertion. His feet nearly slipped out from under him, yet the dragon continued throwing his own weight forward, even as his arm muscles started to burn.

Eventually, however, the dragon had to call it quits. Huffing and panting, BLK planted his palms on his knees. “I-I can’t budge you, Alan...you’re just too big!”

From the other side of the doorway, BLK could hear a snort from the tallest and widest kobold he had ever seen. “Your fat wrist is too big for the cookie jar, yet I’ve helped you pry that out several times before! C’mon, just a few more pushes!” Alan stated, thumping his sausage tail impatiently.

With a sigh, BLK got back up and planted his palms firmly into the kobold’s squishy back, before quickly shoving forward. This was an unusual way to start the day, to be sure, but at least he could claim this was exercise, right? Harder and harder he pushed, his claws squishing deep into that soft, abundant blubber while Alan squeaked from the shove. At last, the dragon felt something giving out; they had almost pushed him through! Taking a few deep breaths through his nose, BLK turned to his side and slammed his shoulder into the squishy red wall before him, ignoring the loud grunting from the other side, and pushed, pushed, pushed, pu-

CRAAAAAACK!!!

Alan surged forward, with BLK nearly toppling on top of him. Fortunately, Alan managed to stand firm, giving the dragon something large and soft to flop against after finally shoving the big lizard forward. The kobold chuckled, panting. “See, B? That wasn’t too hard, was it?”

But BLK wasn’t paying attention. Instead, he looked behind in absolute terror at the damage he wreaked. “Alan...the door!”

Indeed, the doorway couldn't take the force of two colossal reptiles shoving against it. The edges had blown out, making the doorway look almost like a silhouette of the obese kobold who had tried waddling through just moments ago. BLK whimpered, gripping his snow-white hair in horror, watching thick cracks spiderweb along the walls.

Alan, however, casually shrugged off debris from his shoulders. "Eh, that's no big deal, right? You're used to the both of us destroying your home at this point anyways."

"Alan, are you serious?!" BLK whirled around, scowling at the enormous kobold looming over him. "This is getting beyond ridiculous! You're getting way too big; you're literally causing property damage at this point! Look at yourself, man. *You* made that hole!"

The dragon pointed at the spherical hole in the doorway, then back at the spherical kobold. A part of him was terrified that he was yelling at his roommate: the 8 foot tall (and wide) behemoth who could trample over him at any given moment. But at the moment, he just didn't care! His frustration had finally reached its boiling point. Alan's rapid size-change, all the food he was buying suddenly turning into junk food, his inability to shed a single pound, none of it made any sense. He felt as though he were going insane!

But Alan's expression remained neutral, an eyebrow raised. "Well, yeah. I'm pretty huge, right? You see what your eating habits have caused?"

BLK groaned. "Alan, now isn't the time for another lecture-"

"Oh, it's the *perfect* time!" The waddling kobold took a heavy step forward. Out of reflex, BLK stepped back, grunting as he found himself back against a wall. With nowhere to go, the dragon was trapped into watching that big red belly that rose nearly to his eye level suddenly collide against him, morphing around his own rotund body like a warm, squishy, jiggly prison. BLK grunted and tried pushing back, but it was no use. His arms simply vanished into the wall of chub before him. Alan was simply that big!

"I'm huge, huh? I shake the ground when I walk, I get wedged in doorways, and now I'm smooshing my roommate against a wall," Alan smirked, dimples forming on his grapefruit-sized cheeks. The kobold *had* always complained about being tiny; BLK figured he was enjoying himself more than he was letting on. "But get this. I'm *only* eating the food you bring back from the store, not to mention all your little junk food stashes. I mean, I know you're a dragon and hoarding stuff is in your nature, but this is ridiculous!"

BLK gulped nervously, his goatlike ears folding at being called out like that, but Alan continued, the pudgy kobold bouncing his paws along the top of his immense gut, sending ripples along. "Pretty big, right? I'm not the little kobold you could just ignore anymore, huh? That little pint-sized runt is now this big round giant, just from eating all that food! Imagine how big you would be by now if I hadn't eaten all of that!"

BLK was stunned into silence, his maw gaping open. He looked at the looming mass of scales before him, then back at himself, imagining all of that extra weight on him with a shudder. He remained still even as Alan finally backed off him and waddled away, not even flinching when he heard another loud *CRAAAACK*.

“Spinach...Spinach...Spinach...”

BLK’s yellow eyes flickered up and down the selection of produce before him, scanning for the desired vegetable. Despite his love of gardening, the dragon actually struggled to properly pinpoint the spinach in the produce aisle before him. Everytime he swore he found some, it turned out to be some other sort of leafy green instead. It was as if the entire aisle was shifting around like some magical dungeon trying to guard its contents from prying eyes.

Either that, or his stressed out mind was playing tricks on him.

“Finally, here it is.” BLK scooped up the protein-rich vegetable into a clear plastic bag. He made sure it was only spinach he was scooping up, no random bits of candy or junk food finding their way into his cart. It was a weird notion to be paranoid about, but with all the strange occurrences happening lately, the dragon had every reason to be cautious.

With the last of the vegetables bagged and carted, BLK pulled out the list once again. “Let’s see...next is Pedialyte. Flavorless.” The dragon sighed. Couldn’t Alan let him have anything that resembled taste? Whatever, he was currently being timed by the kobold back home, he didn’t have time to complain. Pushing his cart forward, the dragon walked through the grocery store, reading off the names of the aisles as he passed them by.

“Snack foods, frozen, frozen, breakfasts, Alan, sports drinks...”

BLK gradually slowed to a halt, his eyes slowly closing. “Please tell me I’m hallucinating.” With a nervous gulp, the dragon backed peddled back, hoping against hope that there wasn’t a colossal scarlet kobold taking up nearly the entire lane.

But there was.

“A-Alan, what are you doing here?!” BLK was floored, horrified to see his housemate standing before him. Alan was massive, that much was obvious to the dragon who lived with the gluttonous kobold, but seeing him in a setting outside of their home really put into perspective how much he had grown! The red demon stood taller than any of the aisles in the store, and was nearly as wide as one. Even now, with Alan glaring at the chubby dragon, he hardly seemed to notice an elderly fox trying to squeeze his way past his broad flanks.

“Seeing as you’ve *still* yet to lose any weight, I’ve decided to follow you around a bit,” the kobold harrumphed, crossing his arms. At least he tried to cross his arms, what with the abundance of pudge protruding from his middle getting in the way. Alan was seriously, ridiculously *fat*. Fatter than anyone BLK knew, even his dragon-wolf friend. The weighty reptile gave the impression that he hardly ever left the comfort of his (broken) couch, or hardly went a minute without cramming snacks into those watermelon-sized cheeks.

Honestly, BLK was surprised Alan managed to squeeze himself into the grocery store without creating mayhem, or leaving behind a 10 foot wide hole. “Come on, Alan. I’m not a child. I don’t need you constantly watching me wherever I go.”

Regardless of that statement, the kobold continued to look down on the smaller dragon like a caring father disciplining a child, thanks to their size difference. “So you’ve been following through with your list then?”

BLK sighed. “I can manage myself just fine. I haven’t even touched anything outside of the list you gave.”

Alan snorted. “Then what’s all this?”

The dragon furrowed his brow in confusion. “What? My cart? It only has...”

Junk. It only had junk.

BLK was flabbergasted, his jaw dropping. His grocery cart, what merely contained a few servings of vegetables, was now overflowing with an eyesore of colorful candies, cookies, snacks, and more! Even the cart was creaking, barely able to hold the weight of so much food at once. “But I..I don’t...you can’t...” the dragon stumbled, frantically searching for the words to convey his innocence.

Alan, however, grimaced at the smaller dragon, gritting his sharp teeth. “You just couldn’t help yourself, could you?”

“They were on sale!” BLK blurted out, before slamming his muzzle shut with both claws. Why did he say that?! That wasn’t true at all! They had simply manifested in his cart!

But Alan wasn’t having any of it. The kobold’s red face looked even redder as he spoke in a frustrated tone. “Nothing I do works with you! I’ve eaten every piece of junk you’ve taken home, turned myself into a *blimp*, and you’ve still have yet to lose any weight! You’re *still* as fat as when we’ve started this diet, maybe even *fatter!*”

Snarling, Alan gripped both ends of the dragon's cart and, to BLK's astonishment, managed to lift the heavy wagon off the ground. "And now I can see why! There's unhealthy food practically everywhere in this dang store. You can't take two steps without junk food practically falling into your cart! Well don't you worry, you won't be tempted to eat any food when there's no more food around!" And with that, Alan tilted the cart towards his wide open mouth, and started funneling food straight inside.

BLK, in utter dismay, slammed his paws on top of his head. "Alan, what are you doing!? I haven't paid for those yet!" He cried out, but to no avail; the kobold kept eating, devouring entire family-sized packages of chips in a series of gulps, wrappers and all. The kobold never even paused to breathe, letting the influx of food flow straight down his gullet, his throat bulging with every massive gulp. To BLK's horror, Alan didn't just continue eating; he continued *growing!*

By the time Alan finished consuming the cart's contents, he had grown over a foot taller, as well as wider! Both of his broad sides pressed against each side of the aisle, his plump head clearly visible from anywhere within the store. From that high up, BLK was certain that Alan would be able to see everyone's horrified faces looking up at him. But he wasn't done yet!

"There's still too much food!"

With a roar that sent the entire store's occupants screaming, the kobold grabbed clawful after clawful of the nearby shelves' contents, cramming them into his pudgy maw. Thousands, perhaps millions of calories passed through the raging reptile's lips a second, yet he hardly seemed to slow down even as his broad sides pushed aside the aisles, sending them toppling over like enormous dominoes.

"Alan, please! You gotta stop!" BLK pleaded, but his cries fell on deaf ears. Alan had turned around, almost smacking the dragon off his feet with that couch-sized tail, and waddled down the remains of the aisle in search of more food. In a bit of desperation, BLK managed to launch himself onto Alan's broad back and held tightly, shaking and pulling the squishy wall of scaly pudge before him. "This is insane! At this rate, you're gonna destroy the entire!"

CRAAACK! BLK winced as debris fell atop them; Alan's head had struck the ceiling. His ears drooped as he realized just how quickly the kobold was growing, far quicker than what should be possible. Even more alarming, however, was Alan's complete disregard of his current size, waddling through the wreckage of the store in a slightly-hunched position, grabbing more and more. BLK felt himself rising higher on Alan's back, clinging for dear life as Alan grew and grew, until suddenly-

CRAAAAASH!

Alan had finally surged through the roof of the store, sending bits of debris and metal flying everywhere. While Alan roared like the ferocious beast he was, BLK whimpered and clung

tightly to his roommate like a terrified hatchling. Even at over 15 feet tall, even after demolishing half the store, Alan continued reaching his pudgy claws through what used to be the ceiling, grabbing entire aisles worth of food and funneling them into his maw. Produce aisle, frozen meals aisle, Alan devoured them all without a second thought, although he did hiccup after the spirits aisle.

BLK thanked the stars that Alan was growing wider in conjunction with taller. The kobold's back was widening and rounding out as additional layers of blubber piled on, making it easier for the dragon to climb upwards. It was still a difficult slog, due to being quite tubby himself, but a few minutes of exertion had finally brought him towards the monstrous kobold's right shoulder, right as Alan seemingly finished the rest of the grocery store. BLK sighed in exhaustion.

"I smell more food!"

Of course it wasn't over. Alan's voice was deeper, richer, the enormous kobold wading through the remains of the store and waddling down the road, his rotund form quivering and bouncing around. Each step he took shook leaves off of trees! BLK clung to the kobold's shoulder tightly, watching wide-eyed as his house-sized housemate bounded towards the hotdog stand the dragon himself frequented quite often.

"Alan, please..."

Fortunately, no one was manning the stand, for they would have fainted in fright of seeing the behemoth waddle closer. Without anyone to get in their way, Alan was free to reach down, grab the entire cart in his pudgy mitts, and cram it into his maw, gulping it down in a single bite.

But it didn't end there.

Cart after cart of greasy fast food found themselves devoured by the growing behemoth of blubber, sending furs scattering in all directions as he carved his way through various parks and streets. Once there weren't any more stands, the larger kobold started reaching for entire food trucks, scaring off anyone working inside before tipping over the vehicles' entire contents directly down his gullet. With every cart or vehicle eaten, the reptile grew larger and rounder, like a horrifying game of Katamari.

It was when Alan started lifting entire restaurants that BLK really started to freak out.

"Alan, stop!" BLK cried out as the doughy kobold managed to rip an entire McDonalds out from its foundation, barely giving its occupants time to flee the building before lifting it over his head and shaking it. Hundreds, literally hundreds of comparatively-tiny burgers fell into the reptile's giant maw, making him swell out even further. He did the same act to a second fast

food joint, and then a third, and then a fourth, only stopping at the fifth once he discovered he couldn't reach past that tremendous gut of his.

BLK hoped for a third time that this was all over, that Alan was finally too big and fat to feed himself, but somehow, the colossal kobold found a way. With Earth-shattering steps, the kobold wandered through the city streets, leaving behind three-pronged craters in his wake, his tremendous gut almost too wide to even fit between the city's giant skyscrapers. With wide, greedy eyes, the demon made his way towards the city's overarching highway.

"Alan, you can't..."

Alan, unsurprisingly, didn't listen. The kobold grabbed the highway with a pudgy paw and pulled. Rather than crumpling, the entire road stretched like taffy, the macro monster dragging the road towards his maw, and opened wide. Shockingly, none of the road's inhabitants stopped in the slightest when they saw the road was suddenly veering upwards towards a massive red cave-like maw; dozens of delivery trucks with various candybar logos printed on them drove right into Alan's open gullet, sending him soaring upwards several feet with every gulp.

Once he had his fill. Alan lowered the road, only to reach high above him. BLK didn't have a clue what could be taller than Alan at this point, until his eyes popped out of their sockets seeing the kobold reach for a floating blimp!

"Alan, don't..."

Alan did. He squeezed the floating ovoid tightly, before pulling it apart. Rather than pop like a balloon, the blimp cracked like an easter egg, sending hundreds of enormous jelly beans falling straight into the kobold's outstretched maw.

BLK couldn't take it anymore. In a last ditch effort, the dragon took the deepest breath his lungs could manage before finally screaming out. "Alan, stop!"

Alan stopped.

The dragon huffed and puffed, holding tightly against the kobold's car-sized cheek. He had never felt so tiny in his entire life! He was high, incredibly high up, yet he was still his measly 7 foot tall self. Was this how Alan felt when he forced BLK into growing huge? How the heck did Alan find any of this enjoyable? This was terrifying for the dragon!

And speaking of Alan, good lord, was he huge! BLK didn't even know it was possible to be so *big!* The tip of the kobold's horns rose higher than a ten-story building; his stomach spilling out twice as far. The dragon had no idea how Alan could even move with a gut that big, completely round and bulbous, pressing against the nearby buildings like a squishy water

balloon. From atop Alan's shoulder, BLK realized it would be difficult to actually fall *off* of someone so wide without landing in a sea of blubber.

That was also true from behind as well. Not only was the kobold's back round and plump as well, but his tail stretched out incredibly far as well. The thick log of fat nearly filled the street, stretching out almost the entire block! Even from beneath that flabby tail, BLK could see the deep impressions Alan's feet left in the ground, like fork-shaped craters.

With a yelp, BLK found himself hoisted by his scruff off of Alan's shoulder, before landing on the kobold's plump palm, looking up at his roommate muzzle to muzzle. "You're still fat," the macro growled in a deep, bassy voice, sending shivers down the dragon's spine.

BLK's ears folded. He was barely larger than Alan's nasal horn at this size, looking up at a pudgy head larger than his house, with cheeks larger than an RV. "I-I'm trying, Alan. I'll drop eating food entirely, and-"

"No." Alan's face broke out into a toothy grin, one that made BLK's heart stop. "BLK can't be fat, if there is *no* BLK!"

"W-what?" The dragon whimpered, before squealing in fear as two sausage-like fingers pinched his own tail, lifting him up, up, up. BLK flailed about, swinging like a pendulum as he looked down in horror. Alan's maw slowly opened wide, wide enough for a city bus to drive through.

And then he fell.

"AIIIIIIYEEEEEE!"

BLK screamed and flailed. It was all he could do as he fell down, down, down. Passed the kobold's lips, past those stalactite-like teeth, he was sent stumbling down a dark red cave that extended on and on, growing darker and darker, until-

THUMP!

BLK groaned in pain, reaching around to rub his bruised back. He didn't think the inside of Alan's stomach would be so firm! Groaning and grunting, the dragon slowly leaned into a sitting position, wincing as a bright light temporarily blinded him.

When his eyes adjusted, he realized he was sitting on his bedroom floor, and the light was the morning sunlight filtering through his window.

BLK blinked and looked around. No doubt about it, he was at home sitting beside his bed, his blanket tossed haphazardly across his pudgy midriff. Everything was completely normal, if waking up from the floor could be considered normal.

“It was all a dream,” the drake muttered to himself, relief flooding through him. Relief, and hunger, BLK’s stomach choosing an opportune time to growl quite loudly. No wonder he had such a weird dream, the dragon was still starving! Chuckling softly to himself, the dragon rolled himself onto his feet and strode towards the bedroom door, ready to make himself some breakfast.

That is, until he nearly bowled over Alan, who had been standing right outside. “Gah! Watch it!”

“S-sorry!” BLK yelped, stumbling back. Then, his eyes widened. “Alan...you’re not fat!”

The 3.5 foot tall kobold groaned. “No, but I definitely feel fat after eating all that chocolate and pasta last night! How can you stand to eat all that?”

BLK’s answer came in the form of a very tight hug, squeezing the little imp tightly against his broad belly. He had never been more relieved in his life to see his kobold friend half his size yet again, and not an enormous, obese eating machine!. He would have hugged Alan against him like that all morning had the demon stayed still. Instead, he struggled and wiggled against the squishy mass against him. “Guh! Can’t breathe!”

“Sorry,” BLK relaxed his grip, letting the kobold down. “It’s just... Man, I’m really sorry about last night. I-”

“Wait!”

BLK blinked, his mouth hanging mid sentence as Alan raised a claw. “Sorry, B. I didn’t mean to interrupt you, but I knew what you were gonna say. ‘I’m sorry Alan, I have no self control, I’m so ashamed of myself, I’m horrible.’ And, uh, I just wanted to say you’re not.”

Silence. BLK, still thinking about his dream, had actually expected Alan to lecture him. Alan continued. “I’m sorry for eating all that food in front of you like that. It wasn’t fair for you. You did buy it, after all, you’re free to do whatever you want with it.”

BLK’s ears folded. “It’s alright, Alan. I know you were just trying to help me lose weight. I know you want me thinner-”

“I want you *happier*, dude!” Alan waved his arms exasperatingly. “I really don’t care what size you are. I mean, that’s sorta obvious, considering I turn you into a giant whenever I want a good laugh. But seriously, I’ve seen you moping about and grabbing at your belly rolls and

sighing in the full-length mirror for a while. I just wanted to help you shed a few pounds to make you happier, but it's not worth it if the dieting process is making you miserable, you know?"

"Yeah...I getcha," BLK nodded understandably. He was still partially used to Dream Alan yelling and screaming at him for his weight, so hearing Alan apologize and reassure him felt...nice. The dragon couldn't help but smile fondly at the little kobold before him. "I'm lucky I have such a good friend."

Alan smirked and stuck his tongue out. "Don't lie, I'm a little scamp and you know it!"

"Well...that's also true."

The two reptiles shared a hearty chuckle, before embracing yet again, BLK grinning fondly down at his fun-sized friend while Alan smiled back at his cuddly-sized bud.

Soon, BLK broke the silence. "So...what happens next."

Alan's ear frills perked up. "I'm glad you asked, B! I know you want to lose weight, but also don't want to be miserable, so I've thought about turning your diet into a fun game! If you win the game, I'll give you a prize or something, just for extra incentive!"

BLK's thick tail wagged behind him. "Hey, I like the sound of that! What's the game?"

The kobold shrugged. "Not sure, haven't really thought of one yet," he hummed, stroking his pointy muzzle, before giving a little smirk. "I could just get really fat, and we compete to see who can lose the most weight?"

BLK felt a chill run down his spine, his face paler than his white hair. "A-and if I lose?"

Another shrug from Alan. "I dunno. Guess I'd eat you or something, heheh."

That snicker was cut short as the kobold suddenly found himself diving out of the way of BLK, who had fainted on the spot.