

The feeling of coarse, prickly spines combing through his fur steadily roused Aaron from his dreams, head lifting from a soft, fluffy pillow as he blinked his eyes slowly open. The snolf didn't have to look around long to realize what was happening; a large, pink tongue drew against his side repeatedly as he lay out against a soft, plump belly, the serpent taking a moment to remember how he'd wound up cuddled up against a giant dragon that was grooming at his fur, dead asleep. Smiling at the sight and sensation, the snolf simply turned and twisted slightly, guiding those pleasant rasps to his favorite spots, leaning against the preening tongue with a purr of delight.

Those motions, however, seemed to displease the resting giant, Grief giving a sleepy grumble at the surface he preened in his sleep moving around, huffing as he curled all the more tightly. Giving a surprised grunt, Aaron felt himself being squished into the dragon's gut by the cheek that was suddenly pressed up against him, squirming and wiggling as he patted at Grief's pudgy face with a breathless, "B-buddy, I'm here! I-I'm here!"

But the dragon was slow to react, hardly flinching from the little limbs batting against his squishy, wobbling cheeks. Eventually, however, Grief slowly opened his bright green eyes, looking down at the canid with confusion and disgust. "Eugh!" He spat out, slowly leaning upright. Why did his tongue taste so hairy?

Licking his own claw to clean it, the dragon eventually made eye contact with the confused snolf, suddenly recalling last night's events. With a grunt, the obese dragon slooowly rolled himself onto his middle, his belly pancaking out beneath him once again. "Hmmf. Good morning, Aaron. Sleep well?" He muttered sleepily, wondering how long it had been since the last time he had woken up so early in the morning.

Aaron took a moment to shake himself off, only for his ears to flicker as he perked up at an odd sensation. He was used to the post-shaking jiggle, but not quite *this* much. Looking at himself, the snolf blinked as he scrutinized his flank, noting the appearance of a notable fold in his side, as well as how his flanks bowed out noticeably more than the previous day. "Huh... that's new," the snolf hummed to himself, giving his rump a slight sway and watching as his belly was sent sloshing under his torso, giggling at the ticklish sensation and grinning up to Grief, "O-oh yeah, definitely! You such a suuuper cozy bed, hehe!" Leaning up, the snolf licked the dragon's chin affectionately, tail wagging as he crooned, "How about my new big buddy? Nice sleep~?"

Grief looked curiously at the snolf shaking himself, a smile spreading across his pudgy face. He grinned through the incessant licking of his chubby chins, even returning the affection with his own lengthy slurp. "Of course. You're an excellent...what's the word? Those small brown objects filled with stuffing that anthros cuddle with? You're one of those, but dragon-sized," the drake smirked.

Lazily reaching out with a claw, the tubby drake slid the snolf closer to his front, much to the feral's surprise. Grief found himself attacked by an onslaught of playful nipping and licks, finding himself in an awkward situation of "playing" with his friend. Frowning that he had to strategize just so he could safely roll his friend over, the dragon wiggled one claw in front of the

canid's snapping face, before playfully shoving him over with the other, rolling the tubby canid onto his back.

There. Grief's grin returned seeing that plump belly, noticeably softer than before. "Your appetite was impressive, by the way. You're quite the glutton, it seems," the drake purred, lightly pressing his claws into the snolf's middle.

Aaron gave a soft chuckle, his cheeks reddening as he rested his paws on his middle, brushing up and down the doughy surface. "Heh, no wonder you got to your size! With food like that, anybody would get big," the snolf yapped, before murring as he laid his head back, enjoying the sensation of those big paws squeezing into his malleable flesh. "Mmm, you give good belly rubs~" the serpent crooned, lifting his head as he gently hugged one of the dragon's paws to himself, "So, um, you wanted me to stay here for a while?" The snolf's head tilted, long tail wagging curiously, even the rear limb looking noticeably broader from the previous night's feeding.

"Of course. I can't leave my new friend to fend for himself in the wild," the dragon purred, gently stroking Aaron with a single claw. With a meschevious grin, he wrapped his hand around the chubby feral and squeezed, feeling the snolf squish against his fingers, getting a squeaky yip of surprise. He couldn't wait until Aaron was bigger than both claws put together. "You've been such a...lovely acquaintance, and I'd hate to see you starve out there on your own. I'll ensure that fate does not come, and that you'll grow to be as round and well-fed as myself," the dragon admitted, idly coiling the snolf's tail around his finger.

Aaron went wide-eyed as he looked up to the dragon, taking in the pure size of the enormous drake. "O-oh wow, you think I can get that big?" the snolf asked, looking down at himself. Even with as doughy as he was after his night of bingeing, the serpent was a far cry from the obesity that Grief put on display, though the dragon could feel the tapping of Aaron's tail against his digits at the idea. "Heh, I'd definitely not go cold when winter comes around if I managed to get your size!" the serpent continued, wiggling on his back for a moment as he tried to roll over. The dragon grinned at the sight; already it looked like the snolf was slowing down from his "care", it wouldn't be long until the hybrid had no chance to escape.

Enjoying the spectacle for a moment, Grief eventually pressed a paw against Aaron's flank, not wanting to let his friendly guise fall. The snolf gave an audible "urf" as he was rolled onto his middle, once more shaking himself as he got to his paws, all that extra adipose rippling like jello from the movements. "Well, if I'm gonna stay, do you mind if I make myself a little spot?" Aaron asked as he stood, looking back to Grief with that ever-oblivious grin, "I'd like to be able to work on my projects while I'm here!"

"Go right ahead. My home is yours," the dragon smiled, even if it was a slight grimace. He wasn't keen on the idea of anyone setting up a little spot in his house, but he swallowed his pride. "If you'd like, you may use my nest to..."

He frowned. Where was his nest? The dragon craned his neck as far as the bunched up rolls would allow, searching for his grassy mound, but saw nothing but the stone floor beneath his

flanks. Did someone make off with his bed in the middle of the night? While he was laying on it?! How absurd! How-

Grief sighed, realizing as he shifted his bulk around that the nest was still there. Somehow, he had missed growing fat enough to completely smother his once-roomy bed. He badly needed a diet; or to make Aaron far fatter than him by comparason. The latter sounded more plausible. "As...I was saying, feel free to use my cave as you see fit, small friend."

Aaron tilted his head at his companion's pause, though he still grinned and nodded. "Thank you!" the serpent chirped, leaning up for one more nuzzle, before turning and waddling over toward the spring on the other side of the cavern.

It was Grief's turn to tilt his head curiously, watching as Aaron lowered his head into the basket he'd rested beside the water's edge, nosing around within the contents. Head lifting to get a better view, the dragon observed while his "guest" pulled a pair of crystals from the container, one a cloudy, vibrant pink and the other a clear, rich violet. Holding the sparkling gems in his muzzle, the snolf padded around the water until he was at the far side of the spring, placing the crystals on one side of the far wall and the other on the opposite side. Once in place, the serpent took a seat in the middle of the two gemstones, drawing in a long, slow breath, before starting to hum softly.

As Grief watched, the two crystals began to shed dim, gentle light, the illumination resonating with the notes of Aaron's humming. There was a slight rumble, before the stone wall before the snolf seemed to smooth over, rippling like fluid and pulling slowly away from the seated snake, an alcove beginning to form where smooth stone had once been.

Once Grief noticed the walls changing before his eyes, the dragon quickly started rocking and forth, shifting his tubby body so he could face the serpent better. "T-this is a temporary change, right?" The fat dragon asked anxiously, tail curling against his legs.

Aaron found himself grinning from the question, though he couldn't answer right away, still guiding the magics with his humming. He gave a nod, at the least, before returning his attention to his task. Once the alcove was deep enough, the stone began to shape in other ways, rising from the ground to form a small desk, with a shelf above and space below for storage. A few more moments, and the humming quieted as the glow from the crystals dimmed, the serpent looking back to Grief with a broad smile when the stone resolidified.

"Crystals of stone shaping! I can show ya how to use them, if you'd like," he chirped happily, tail tapping the ground once more, "Just gotta sing them the right song and they'll make digging or changing a den easy! That's how I made my own den, hehe!"

Grief raised a brow. This snolf was more knowledgeable than he led on. The dragon had strayed far from magic, given his kind were quite vulnerable to it, and was quite curious to see how it could be applied in ways that didn't involve attacking others. "I...I must admit, that's a very useful technique." He stated truthfully, tilting his chubby head at the basket. "What other devices have you stored in your container, if I may ask?"

“Oh, of course!” Aaron chirped, hastily collecting the two crystals from the wall and waddling around the water’s edge once more. Plopping down beside the basket with a puff, the snolf set his gems aside and dove his head into his basket, nosing through mushrooms and herbs before pulling out a dark purple crystal with a spiralling shape like a gazelle’s horn. “This is an illusionist’s focus!” the snolf declared, presenting the crystal in both paws, “I’m an illusionist myself, you see, and a bit of an enchanter on the side. The magic item kind, not the charm a person kind. You see, this crystal resonates with the harmonic matrices of...”

The serpent prattled on in a series of jargon that went sailing high over Grief’s head, though the dragon still nodded along as though he understood what the snolf was talking about. Oblivious and naive as the hybrid seemed at first, he certainly appeared to know what he was talking about when it came to magic. After the focus, the snolf pulled out a set of pliers, carving implements, and a long, metal rod that he explained as being his enchanting tools, before nodding to the various fungi and plants in his basket.

“These are part of my next project, they’ve got real useful properties once you grind them down,” Aaron remarked, beaming brightly as he wagged, before his cheeks flushed as he seemed to notice himself, “O-oh, sorry, I kind of rambled on there, didn’t I?”

The dragon let out a loud snort, blinking quickly. Somewhere through the monologue, the drake must have dozed off, quickly popping back into consciousness once Aaron finished. He was flustered, quickly scrambling to try to recollect something, anything from the serpent’s rambling. “O-oh, no no, not at all! I find your knowledge of the magical arts quite fascinating!” Grief responded in what he hoped was an attentive, cheerful manner.

The dragon’s eyes flickered towards the shelves in the wall the snolf made. “In fact, if you would be so inclined, I would like to learn how to shift the Earth around as you do. I could go for a new bed that would better fit me in all my majesty,” the drake smiled, lifting one of his overhanging belly rolls to gesture at the flattened nest beneath him. Truth be told, he was only interested in that knowledge so he could properly turn his stone walls back to normal once he and Aaron shared their final meal together.

Completely oblivious to the nefarious nature of the request, Aaron merely grinned as he nodded, taking up the enchanted crystals and moving them to either end of Grief’s nest. Slowly and clearly, the ophidian wolf explained the magic that was contained within the vaguely-shimmering gemstones, before moving on to the melody that controlled them. All the while, the dragon listened intently, in preparation for the day when he would no longer need the chubby lupine’s directions.

“Think you got the basics?” Aaron yapped once he finished his explanation, looking back to Grief and grinning as his long tail swayed lazily over the ground, weighed down by its added heft, “Then go ahead and try it out! It’s your nest after all~”

Grief was hesitant in trying to hum in front of others; singing was typically reserved for birds, and anthros. He looked at the stones, apprehension tugging at him. He would never admit it, but

a part of him worried he wasn't meant for this kind of magic; dragon voices were far different than most mortals, his voice in particular being a deep bassy rumble while Aaron's was light and cheerful. Not only that, but his species of mountain dragons were mostly built for surviving the elements, not controlling them.

The drake cleared his throat, and decided he didn't care. Well, he did care, quite a lot, actually, but he figured he would put on a facade that he wouldn't care if he made a mistake. He'll make Aaron clean up everything eventually, right? It's not like the snolf needed to be mobile to sing, after all.

He hummed.

The rocks shifted. Grief's song reverberated throughout the cave. His green eyes narrowed on magic stones, and the space between them, focusing on what Aaron had told him. He hummed, and as his voice rose, so did the rocks.

A circular arrangement sprung up from the ground, jagged and crooked. When Grief paused his humming, he was delighted to see the rocks stayed in place. Carefully, he stepped onto his new nest, his low-hanging belly brushing against the rocks, and carefully settled himself down.

Perfect.

He filled his new nest to peak capacity; not too tight, not too loose. The dragon was somewhat flustered, considering he had meant to build the nest a little big bigger than himself in order to test it, not at all intending to completely fill it with his blubbery self. However, it was cozy, save for a few lumps of rock jutting out along where his right side was pressed against.

But it was a nest. It was *his* nest.

Aaron grinned as he sat on his haunches, forepaws tapping together in celebration, making his doughy chest bounce and jiggle heavily. "Great job! You've got a knack for this," he chirped, before scooting closer and nuzzling at the dragon's flank with an approving purr, "Just the right size for ya, too. I'm really impressed, buddy!"

The snolf threw the dragon a sincere, cheerful grin, idly scratching the dragon's flattened belly with his blunt claws. "I could show ya how to work the other stuff I have, if you'd like," Aaron suggested, his tone rather similar to a youth who was eager to share their new toy with a friend, "Though you look pretty cozy right here, hehe!"

Before Grief could answer, the lupine's triangular ear flicked toward the entrance of the cavern, head turning and tilting at the short tunnel, before he got to his paws with an excited grin. "Ooh, those nice anthros are back!" he yapped, making to bound out of the cave eagerly, only to let out a startled yelp when his added weight had his belly swinging wildly after the first step, stumbling and plopping chin-first on the ground. Hardly seeming bothered by the tumble, however, the snolf simply "urf"ed as he got to his paws again, widening his stance and hastily trotting out to greet the pair's "guests".

Grief let out a quiet snort watching the wolf fall over his stomach. Hard to believe that little dunce was actually proficient in the ways of magic. It would be a shame when the snolf would finally leave; he was proving to be quite the entertainer.

With an annoyed grunt, the dragon slowly rolled back onto his front legs, unintentionally crushing a portion of his stone nest. Guess he'll have to work on building up a proper foundation for his nest in the meantime. With a snort, he waddled after the snolf, hoping Aaron wasn't being too friendly with the stupid, annoying-

"Seriously?!"

Grief groaned at the sight before him, realizing it was bound to happen. The caravan of furs were crowding around the prone feral, adoring the tubby snolf while he wiggled happily on his back, showing off his round tummy. Considering the hybrid was the size of a horse, the anthros found plenty of room to kneel, scritch, and rub the adorable canine's chubby self; squeezing, kneading, some even nuzzling the little fluffball.

Among them was the fox, who was cupping a portion of the giggling snolf's belly and shaking it around.

The vulpine's ears perked up when he heard the rumbling footsteps of the dragon, turning to Grief with a wide grin. "Why don't you ever show us your tum like this, mister Grief? Your friend here's adorable!"

"Because it's indecent!" The dragon spat back, snarling. Skies above, how was he going to get himself out of this situation. Aaron looked so happy, the oversized snolf's tongue lolling out the size of his muzzle as he rested his forepaws against his soft chest, jiggling wildly from the rubs.

All the while the serpent's massive tail twitched, swayed, and rippled, wagging lazily while a hind paw's kicking sent even more wobbles through his torso. "Mmm... maybe it's a liiittle indecent to some ferals," Aaron purred, turning into putty under the affections lavished upon him by the anthros around him, the only movements coming as those involuntary kicks and wiggles, "But I loooove thissss! I'd do aaaanything for tummy rubssss!"

"Unbelievable," Grief sighed. Just when he thought he was starting to enjoy Aaron's company, too. It was degrading, watching the pampered wolf rumble with delight when the fox squeezed and cupped those chubby cheeks. Hopefully, the anthros didn't try stealing the overweight canine to turn into some silly pet. Aaron was *his*.

"D'awwwww, what a cute widdle pudgeball you are!" The fox crooned, smooshing those oversized cheeks against the snolf's grinning muzzle, giggling at that adorable expression. Still smirking, the anthro turned to look up at Grief. "Are ya sure you don't want some, big guy? You could just be grumpy cuz you can't reach half your gut anymore."

The dragon snorted indignantly. “Unfortunately, Aaron and I have a busy day ahead of us,” Grief explained, before frantically trying to figure out why today was going to be a busy day. “He’s...going to teach me how to operate his strange, magic devices. And we haven’t a moment to lose, right, Aaron?”

“Aww,” the snolf pouted, before huffing as he rocked side to side, needing to build up momentum before he could roll over, puffing and getting to his feet with a nod, “Yeah, though I’d love more belly rubs next time you’re here!” Aaron gave the fox and the other anthros a few grateful, affectionate nuzzles, before looking to the food they’d brought and tilting his head, “Oh, did you bring more this time?”

The fox’s grin widened. “Oh, you bet your weirdly-long tail, we did!” He waltzed over towards the mound of boxes which, to Grief’s surprise, were larger than he had ever seen before. “A couple of buddies thought we were feeding an army, and decided to toss in a few leftovers that were gonna go bad soon! Don’t worry, they should still be tasty, provided you eat them before sundown. Shouldn’t be a problem for greedyguts over there,” he pointed a thumb at the fuming dragon. “Just make sure he lets you have some food too, aye? Don’t let him hog it all to himself, now, or else we’ll have to find him a bigger cave!” The vulpine snickered, ruffling Aaron’s ears.

Aaron giggled along, apparently oblivious to the jabbing nature of the anthros’ comments and teasing. “Oh no, Grief’s been very nice and sharing a lot!” he insisted, giving the fox’s fingers a gentle lick before looking back to the dragon, tail wagging happily, “Do you want me to help bring these in?”

“If you’d like,” Grief muttered, giving a glare towards the fox. Maybe he should have kept the vulpine as a captive instead.

Shaking his head, and as a result wobbling his cheeks and neck chub, the dragon turned towards the boxes of food, frowning. There was far more here than what a *few* friends’ leftovers would add on to, unless those friends held exquisite banquets quite often. That theory could be possible; that fox looked like he was eating well. The drake grunted, wrapping his claws around several of the boxes and began dragging them in. He didn’t care about the anthro’s personal lives to begin investigating where his food came from.

Following suit, Aaron waddled over to the carts and wrapped his chubby tail around one of the oversized boxes, the limb proving surprisingly strong as it hefted the crates free from the vehicle. Concentrating on a second crate, the hybrid furrowed his brow as he focused hard, the oversized box slowly levitating upward, hovering in front of the snolf as he turned and stepped slowly toward the tunnel.

By the time the snolf managed to get the two heavy crates inside, he was breathing heavily and wobbling on his paws, letting both boxes thump to the ground before flopping onto his side tiredly. “H-huff, huff, y-you make these look s-so easy to move!” Aaron panted heavily, rubbing his paws assuagingly while he looked to the dragon, “You’re really strong, hehe!”

“I’m built to be powerful, after all,” Grief stated abruptly, if only to hide his own heavy breathing. These boxes were getting heavy!

With the last one in, the big dragon collapsed into his nest, once again accidentally knocking out a portion of the wall, his fluffy belly chub spilling forward. He really did need to refine this new magic technique. A click of his teeth, and the boxes sprung open once again, revealing their cargo. Curiously, Grief smelled a fair bit of cured meat coming from some of the boxes; perhaps the leftovers the fox mentioned earlier.

Variety was always nice.

“Please, eat to your heart’s content,” Grief gestured towards the mountain of food, letting the snolf get first choice.

“Ooh!” the snolf crooned, waddling forward and sniffing at the boxes. For a moment, the serpent seemed indecisive, unsure of where exactly to start when there was so much food to choose from, until he gave a grin and a shrug. Simply rearing up and bracing his paws against the side of one of the crates, the snolf shoves his whole head into the pile of meaty treats within, taking whatever was closest and chowing down with a gleeful curl of his lengthy tail. There really was nothing like a good, hearty serving of anthro food!

As Grief watched, the hybrid gulped down hams, burgers, steaks, and other carnivorous delights, his standing position making it all the easier for the dragon to observe as his companion’s midsection starting to slowly, steadily bow outward and downward. Though not quite to the extent that the drake found satisfactory, as only a few moments passed before the serpent slipped down from the box’s side, letting out a puff of satiation while his paws plopped to the ground, sending his moderately-distended middle rippling.

“Pfuh, this stuff’s filling!” Aaron purred, turning and lazily striding over to the dragon with wide, heavy steps. Nuzzling into Grief’s chest, the snolf let himself flop against the drake with his belly curving out in front of him while letting out a contented sigh, casting a glance upward and giving a silly grin as he rubbed his middle, “How’d I do~?”

Grief didn’t even bother trying to hide his disappointment. His initial comment was simply a dejected sigh as he glanced over the swollen serpent, then towards the food pile. “Surely you can’t be finished already? Why not indulge yourself a little further? It’s for your own sake, after all.”

He wasn’t very pleased with Aaron leaning against his soft, squishy belly, but looking at his “companion” and his bloated stomach gave the dragon an idea. Recalling how the snolf reacted to the anthros, Grief carefully leaned over and rubbed his claws up and down that stomach, carefully stroking the canine’s gut. “Surely you can find some room in there, hmm?”

The serpent’s ears folded when he heard the disappointment in Grief’s voice, paws folding against his chest and leaning back to nuzzle into his companion’s chest gently. When that big, draconic paw rested on his middle, however, the snolf let out a pleasantly-surprised gasp,



shuddering and purring while he felt himself relaxing, the dragon's rubbing certainly helping his middle ease enough that he could feel a bit more room being made. "O-ooh... I think I can handle more, yeeeah," he hummed happily, though he didn't make any effort to get up to fetch himself more food, far too comfortable from the drake's assuaging efforts, his muzzle wide open from his pleased panting.

Grief couldn't wrap his head around the idea of willingly allowing others to touch his soft belly, much less revel in it like Aaron was, yet he didn't look the gift snolf in the mouth. If rubbing the hybrid's fat middle made him eat more, then the dragon would do just that. With one claw, he brought over more treats: bear claws, cookies, cupcakes, the like; over towards the fattened lupine's maw for easy consumption.

With his other claw, he gently traced Aaron's belly with a claw, trying to mimic the kneading and squeezing the other anthros did. He felt the chub squish in his giant claws, squeezing and kneading the abundant squish as carefully as possible. At one point, he wrapped his entire hand around the other feral, his fingers assuaging the fatty carefully. "How does this feel?" He asked, genuinely curious if he could give a massage as decent as an anthro.

The serpent answered with a wordless murr between bites, eyes half-lidded and tongue lolling out as he huffed and purred. Grief could feel Aaron's stomach tightening steadily in his grasp, yet his soothing ministrations seemed to keep the hybrid from fully noticing just how full he was getting. It was only several moments later, after gulping down a hearty helping of cake, that the ophidian wolf finally answered in a slurred, sleepy tone, "Guh... g-ghuud~" After that single word, the snolf opened up for more, though as Grief made to feed him the next offering, the drake noted that the swollen feral's muzzle wasn't chewing anymore, eyes closed as his belly rose and fell with steady, slow breaths.

Grief couldn't help but smile at the sight. Not because he found it humorous that Aaron had eaten himself into a stupor, much like the dragon had often times before. No, it was because he was grateful the gluttonous canine was willing to indulge himself to the point of near-bursting in order to fatten himself up. Yes, that's it. No other reason.

That was also why he was still rubbing Aaron's stomach. Just to feel how big and bloated his future meal would be. Of course. Obviously.

Carefully, the dragon reached a claw beneath the snolf's muzzle and lifted it up, forcing the sleeping hybrid to swallow the food still in his maw. It was amazing how much quieter Aaron was while sleeping; he could do without the little pants and murmuring, but otherwise, the snolf looked somewhat peaceful. Just looking at the snoozing canine made Grief cautious about making any big movements for fear of waking up Aaron. He didn't want to disturb the snolf's slumber...for no other reason than so he could continue digesting his food.

Gods, his line of thinking was strange today.

Cautiously, the dragon leaned forward with his muzzle, carefully lifting the snolf by the scruff in his muzzle. Carefully, he slid the slumbering serpent onto the top of his pancaking belly,

bunching up his thick neck rolls in the process. All to make sure he didn't accidentally smother his future food while reaching for his current food.

Proud to see Aaron nestled safely atop his fluffy mass, Grief was free to eat to his heart's content, pausing occasionally to make sure Aaron was still sleeping on top of him.

He was so obsessed about Aaron that he didn't realize he had eaten more in that sitting than he had in weeks, the dragon soon passing out into a similar food coma.

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Grief growled. He had over eaten again.

The pudgy dragon grumbled, looking down at himself. The damage wasn't noticeable, but he was certain his chins were bunching out further than before. His stomach might have looked slightly larger than before, the slumbering wolf's body sinking deeper into the dragon's middle than he remembered.

Of course, he wasn't entirely to blame for that one.

Aaron's stomach was as hearty as a dragon's, apparently, for he seemingly digested most of his massive binge over the course of their nap. The drake carefully pressed a claw into the lupine's middle, and was delighted to see it squish deeply into several inches of blubber with hardly any resistance. A new ring of flab was noticeable on Aaron's neck, his cheeks looking pronounced and full, his thighs thicker and wider. Even that enormous tail was looking broader as well, particularly at the base. Aaron was certainly getting fatter.

But not fat enough.

Grief stifled a burp, his gut wobbling from that motion alone. He needed to train Aaron to eat more, not just so the snolf gets fatter, but so the dragon doesn't! Last night was such a relief when he wasn't painfully stuffed; if he could get Aaron to eat more than just his fair share, Grief could finally eat enough to simply satiate him and stop his climbing weight, perhaps even start shedding some pounds!

But how could he get Aaron to eat more?

Even now, potentially hours later, the snolf seemed to be in a deep slumber, that big belly rising and falling with his breaths. Force feeding Aaron was a possibility, but he didn't want to scare off his prey while he could still walk. Besides, he wasn't even sure if Aaron could stomach more food without hurting himself. Even if the wolf was already tubby to begin with, he wasn't used to months of binging like Grief was. So what could be done to fix that problem?

Grief furrowed his brow in frustration, before blinking as he watched Aaron take a particularly large breath in his sleep, his belly rising significantly further.

He found his answer.

Once again, the dragon carefully rubbed his ward's middle, this time enough to shake and wobble the poor snolf. "It's time to wake up, Aaron" Grief grinned impishly. "Your training begins now."

Comfortable as he was, both from Grief's softness and his own, it took the hybrid a few moments to lift his head, eyes barely opening enough for him to see slivers of light through them. Another, slightly rougher jiggle from the dragon had the snolf give a little grunt, before his muzzle parted in a long, tongue-curling yawn, paws reaching up to rub the sleep from his eyes, only to pause when he was surprised by cupping his own cheek instead.

"O-oh?" Aaron murmured, eyes fluttering open the rest of the way as he looked downward, taking in the sight of his cheeks entering his field of view, before registering how his belly was taking up even more of his vision. Blinking in surprise, the snolf tilted his head this way and that, his paws pressing into his own middle a few times, before grinning in a goofy manner as he rolled to his back, huffing when he felt his belly pressing heavily down over him and hugging the squishy curve happily.

Apparently forgetting his company, the snolf let out a little yip when Grief cleared his throat, looking up and blushing at the drake as his head ducked, squishing his collar up into his cheeks. "H-hey!" he greeted abashedly, kneading at his belly self-consciously as he wiggled on his back, tail coiling around one of the dragon's wrists in affection regardless of being caught off-guard, "Mmf, just feeling out the new padding, hehe. It's... pretty cozy." There was a pause, the snolf leaning his head back and licking at the dragon's chest lightly before he concluded, "Not nearly as cozy as yours, though!"

The dragon rolled his eyes. He wasn't interested in how comfy he was. He grunted and shifted himself slightly to get a better look at the snolf, jiggling his heavy self around. "I'm afraid we may have a slight issue, Aaron. I believe you're not growing as quickly as I anticipated," Grief explained matter of factly, pausing to lift Aaron's snout so he was looking at the dragon and not at his own flabby belly. "I believe I may have a solution that may help in training your stomach to withstand larger quantities of food. Would you be willing to try?"

Aaron's head tilted as he listened to the dragon, making his neck pudge bunch up into plump folds. "Oh, I didn't know I was doing that bad," the snolf said in a slight whimper, ears folding as he nuzzled at Grief's chest once more, "Would it make you happier if I could eat more?"

"It would make me feel relief, in knowing you're ready to brace the harsh winter this year," Grief explained, carefully rubbing his claws along the snolf's bulk. Goodness, he was getting chubby. "I promise the training I offer won't hurt...much."

The snolf seemed to consider for a moment, thoughtfully rubbing his middle as he tilted his head this way and that, before smiling and giving an affirmative nod. "Okay, I'll do it, if it'll make you happy!" the hybrid yapped, looking up to Grief as his tail wagged, "What should I do?"

Grief chuckled softly. “Just close your eyes, and relax. You’ll see soon enough.” The dragon smirked as he watched the serpent obediently do just that, bracing himself against his soft stomach. Slowly, Grief brought his large head closer, and oh so gently opened his muzzle, bringing his mouth around Aaron’s own much smaller muzzle, taking care not to accidentally engulf the canine’s entire head.

He breathed through his nose, and carefully puffed into Aaron’s muzzle.

The snolf’s eyes flew open as soon as the dragon’s muzzle was around his own, eyes crossing with confusion, only to gasp out of both surprise and necessity when the air flowed into him. Squirming, the hybrid reflexively tugged back slightly, only to fold his paws submissively as he realized what was happening, feeling his belly start to bulge when his lungs had filled. Well... this was certainly one way to increase his capacity!

Ears folding, Aaron looked up to the dragon with a hint of uncertainty as his middle swelled with air, feeling like a balloon while his stomach rose slowly. Yet strange as it was, he had agreed to his companion’s “training”, and so he simply tried to relax, looking up to the drake with a submissive expression. It was just hard not to tense up when air kept rushing down his throat, making the snolf shudder and squirm involuntarily as he rubbed at his middle. Not that it was a bad feeling... just very different from what he was expecting!

The dragon slowly continued, hearing the sound of Aaron filling up like a balloon. To his delight, he saw out of the corner of his vision as that big belly swelled even bigger, larger than he had ever seen it before. He was getting greedy, ignoring the snolf’s squirming and wiggling, curious to see just how big he could expand his prey.

Alas, the dragon could feel the air pushing back at him, and realized if he kept going, well...he’d have to bathe to fully get the mess off his fur.

The dragon leaned back, watching curiously as the snolf deflated back to normal, one claw rubbing against that shrinking stomach. “You know, not many creatures can say they’ve had dragon’s air instilled within their being. Consider this an honor,” he smirked.

After letting out the longest belch of his life, the snolf was left looking rather dazed, panting and rubbing his middle assuagingly alongside Grief’s own claws, still rather obviously bloated with gasses that had yet to escape from the depths of Aaron’s stomach. “U-urf... thank you?” the serpent replied with a lingering hint of bemusement, huffing as he looked up to the dragon with a little, sheepish smile, “Heh, I did good this t□URPF!” The burp made the snolf blush, rubbing his belly shyly as he gave a little giggle, “H-heh, you could say I’ve got dragon breath, now!”

“I suppose. Hopefully you’ll soon develop a dragon’s appetite as well,” Grief chortled, gently rubbing a claw along the snolf’s soft middle, both to help squeeze out any extra air as well as to feel the subtle additional heft being added onto his companion. “When you’re ready, we can go again. As humorous as it is to surprise you like that, I figure you’d rather be aware when you’re

suddenly made into a pufferfish, heheh.” The drake had a mischievous smirk of sorts; he just came up with a wonderful idea.

“A-again?” Aaron asked nervously, looking up to the dragon that held him in that familiar gentle, yet firm grip. Yet, from his voice, it was the sort of nervous one would be just before taking on an amusement park ride; as surprising as the first puffing had been, there was something thrilling about being pushed to his limit so, and Grief could see from the subtle wag of Aaron’s tail that there was a hint of excitement mixed in with the anticipation. When the snolf got an insistent, affirmative nod from the drake, his ears splayed out, yet still he nodded in turn, bracing himself as he rested his paws on his belly, an innocent grin of nervous excitement on his muzzle, “Okay, a-again, hehe!”

“Very good.” He loomed his great big head closer and clamped it around Aaron’s, taking a deep breath through his nose before gently puffing out. Once again, he could feel the snolf rapidly expanding against his claws, the feral quickly resembling a sphere full of air, a little balloon with a long string-like tail! Eventually, the drake could feel the air start to push back against him, and not wanting to pop the snolf, pulled back.

But Aaron didn’t burp. In fact, he *couldn’t* burp, for Grief had his muzzle held shut with two claws. “I think you ought to hold it in as long as possible, to make sure we *really* stretch those organs, hmm?” The drake licked his lips, already feeling hungry just looking at how large and puffy his prey was. He held the spherical wolf close, gently cuddling the mass of fur, fat, and air, even giving a few grooming licks along Aaron’s puffy sides and back. Mmmm, he had fed him so many pastries, he was starting to taste like one too~

All the while, Grief could feel his prey giving occasional shudders in his grasp; not from discomfort, however. With the shock worn off, Aaron was surprised just how *good* it felt, being filled to maximum capacity. Sure, it was weird that he happened to be filled with air instead of food; yet, it wasn’t a bad feeling. In fact, with Grief caressing his engorged gut comfortably like he was, it felt... well, it felt outright amazing! Soon, the dragon felt the shuddering turn into a soft, continuous vibration as the hybrid started to purr deeply in pleasure, his chubby cheeks dimpling behind the digits that held his muzzle closed, eyes half-lidded in a blissful, dopey smile. He was sooo full, yet with a giant paw there to assuage the discomfort, what was left behind was pure delight.

In fact, when Grief finally did let go after several minutes of the stomach-stretching exercise, the dragon was surprised to find the snolf didn’t immediately try to expel the gasses within his gut, Aaron’s own paws coming up to try holding his muzzle closed, though soft burps and hiccups escaped between his digits, making the hybrid blush and giggle innocently as he pressed himself into the assuaging paws against his midsection.

The dragon chuckled, more than delighted to see the deflating snolf balloon desperately try to retain air. And yet, Grief gently squeezed Aaron’s gut, helping him to fully expel all the air. “You make a magnificent blimp, Aaron.” He teased, rubbing a finger across the wolf’s stomach. “A shame that air is fleeting, and difficult to withhold. Fortunately, I know of a way for you to retain that wonderful shape for just a few moments longer.”

With one paw, the drake held Aaron in place; he didn't want the snolf to fall off when he started jiggling. Grunting and groaning, the massive drake started shifting himself over to the other side, wobbling his tremendous bulk. With one push, he roooooled onto this other side, his hanging belly flopping onto the ground before him with enough force to rattle the few stray leaves inside of his den.

Huffing, Grief reached out for the leftover pastries. He was never a fan of keeping any leftovers, but their recent shipment had been too much, even for the two of them to fully finish! Besides, he needed Aaron to eat more than he could, lest he end up the bloated blubberball he meant to turn the snolf into. "I'm sure it'll take much longer for food to digest than for air to leave," he offered a large bearclaw to the hybrid, smirking.

Seeing the treat on offer and realizing the truth of Grief's words, Aaron huffed as he let go of his muzzle, the pressurized air within quickly blowing out in a long, drawn-out burp that had the snolf's chubby cheeks red with abashedness. Still, as soon as the air abated, the hybrid's paws came up and grasped the dragon's own, pulling the limb in along with the pastry and nibbling away, clearly missing the displeasure crossing the dragon's features at having his paw hugged. "Hic-urrrp! Urf, food's waaay better than puffs!" the serpent chirped, still letting out occasional burps between his bites to make room for the feast that had been presented to him, already excited to see how much he could fit after the exercise he'd just done!

"I agree. It tastes far better, plus it sticks to you longer, in more ways than one." Grief couldn't resist giving that little tum a quick pat, watching it wobble before reaching for more. Even while laying on his side, Grief's belly was more than ample enough to support his guest, as well as his guest's next big meal. Dragon-sized clawfuls of pastries made their way beside Aaron, all within easy eating distance from his head, the hybrid barely had to move an inch to feast. While it was tempting to stretch the snolf's maw open as wide as possible to shove in the treats that much faster, the dragon allowed the hybrid to eat at his own pace.

However, Grief definitely made sure to remind the snolf whenever possible that assistance was never more than an inquiry away. "Remember how nice it felt to have your stomach stretched as full as possible? Doesn't it make you want to eat and eat until you can't eat anymore? Imagine how wonderful it would feel to be so full of this wonderful, delicious food, comfortably pinned beneath your own weight. Feel free to ask for help whenever you'd like; I want my companion to be as comfortable and stuffed as ever. Stuff yourself to the limit, so your stomach may stretch. If this feels good now, imagine how it must be in a week from now! You may be able to eat double, no, triple your current amount!"

Aaron's tail wagged faster and faster as the dragon's encouraging words, eating bigger and bigger bites, until he gave a little whimper as his ears folded, gulping hard to send an oversized mouthful down his stretching throat. "I-I don't think I can eat fast enough on my own... I'll fall asleep again," the snolf whined like a begging puppy, looking up at Grief with wide, shimmering eyes full of pleading, "Could you help me eat faster, like with the puffing? I didn't fall asleep cuz it happened so fast!" The request was accompanied by the cradled hybrid's paws folding at his

chest, amplifying that begging puppy impression, along with his folded ears and the way his tail tucked against a belly that was starting to look a little rounder from all he'd already eaten.

"Of course," Grief's grin widened, a mischievous dimpled smirk spreading across his chubby face. This snolf was making it too easy for him! It wouldn't be long until this naive feral would be a helpless blob, too fat and lazy to do more than wiggle in place! The way Aaron looked up at him with such a pleading expression almost made the dragon feel bad. Almost. This was the law of the wild; being overly trusting of an apex predator would always lead to your demise!

But right now, it was leading Aaron into a biiiig food coma.

The dragon propped the snolf's maw open, just like he fantasized doing mere moments ago, the hybrid letting out a soft grunt when the digits entered his muzzle, yet simply closing his eyes and letting it happen. With the food pile so close, it was easy for him to reach over, grab a small chunk, and simply push it between that open muzzle. Unsurprisingly, the snolf's muzzle was rather flexible, no doubt a trait he inherited from his serpent half. In any case, it made it easy for Grief to feed him larger and larger mawfuls of pastries, cramming multiples into a large chunk to squeeze past the hybrid's muzzle. "Know that I intend to stuff you past what you would consider 'full,' for your sake. Before long, your stomach shall be as stretchy as your mouth." With a chuckle, the dragon plopped another 6 donuts down Aaron's gullet, watching as that milky-white belly quickly bloated upwards and outwards, as if it were inflating in slow motion.

If Aaron could move his head, he would have nodded permissively, though all Grief noticed was a slight motion against the claws that held the snolf's maw open, a forked tongue flickering at the air reflexively in the brief moments between each massive pawful of food. Already the serpent was feeling more full than he was used to, yet the thought of making the dragon happy and the idea of feeling that surprisingly pleasant stretch once more had him submissively gulp, gulp, gulping away. Though as the moments ticked on, he found he needed more and more assistance just to swallow, his alabaster abdomen starting to bounce and jostle with sporadic hiccups. He didn't know how much time had passed, but the snake-wolf knew one thing; he was already fuller than he had been the previous night, belly bloated almost as big as the rest of his torso combined, and there was still just so much food left!

If he'd been eating on his own, the snolf would have nodded off a while ago; yet with the force behind each mouthful, Aaron didn't have a chance to fall into a food coma. And, conscious as he was, he could really feel every "bite" stretching his passed-full belly, making it swell and grow by the moment, and he knew one thing for sure.

He loved it!

In spite of being so very, almost achingly full, each additional pawful had the snolf shuddering in bliss, letting out airy moans of mixed fullness and pleasure, panting and hiccuping in equal measure. There was a tipping point when the moderate discomfort of being overfilled switched into something near euphoria, Aaron's chest rippling as he took shallower breaths from the weight of his gut pressing down on him. He wanted more and more, and yet as the pair's exercises had shown, he did have his limit. And eventually, no matter how Grief pressed the last

pawful against the wide-open muzzle, Aaron simply couldn't swallow another gulp, at least until the dragon, eager as he was to make the snolf grow as quickly as possible, took a digit and pushed the final mouthful down the snolf's gullet.

Aaron squinted as he swallowed as hard as he could, until finally that last "morsel" passed his collar, sinking into his boulder-tight tummy. Gasping and panting, the snolf lay limp in his companion's grasp, a soft whimper rising from his throat, yet the discomfort was vastly outweighed by the incredible feeling of being stuffed to his very limit. Skin tight across his middle, yet still malleable from just how pudgy he already was, the serpentine hybrid felt like he'd just swallowed a boulder twice his size; which was an exaggeration. The boulder was only one and a half times his size.

"O-oog..." Aaron groaned, paws weakly resting on his incredibly distended gut, looking up at the dragon with those pleading eyes once more. He couldn't even form words in that moment, yet the snolf hoped his silent begging would be understood, because there was a lot of belly that he couldn't even reach, now!

Similarly, Grief himself was unable to comment on the snolf's incredible feat of gluttony. Not once did the hybrid whimper, whine, or plead the dragon to stop. Granted, Grief would have fed Aaron that much regardless, but he was still surprised at how absolutely willing his future meal was towards being stuffed like a turkey! The dense feral sunk like a rock into that pillowy belly, already far heavier than when they started.

"I'm...impressed," he finally managed to mutter. Reaching over with a claw, the dragon was delighted to see Aaron's belly was bigger than his grip! No doubt the hybrid was just as big, if not bigger than his inflated self earlier, after a single bout of force feeding and belly-stretching exercises! Grief was tempted to reach down and puff into that mouth, or to force some water down instead, wanting to stretch that belly to its true limit!

Instead, he gently kneaded and caressed that incredible boulder belly, noticing how thinned and spread out the snolf's fur was, exposing his sensitive pink hide. He scratched, rubbed, caressed the orb snake, careful to not accidentally pop him with those oversized claws. "How do you feel?" He asked, gently sliding Aaron closer so he may lick any crumbs and jelly from the snolf's fat face.

The snolf gave a soft, quiet purr as he was comforted by Grief's actions, a slight shiver of pleasure traveling from the tip of his tail up his long spine, making his gut shift and gurgle loudly over his frame. Another moan came after the burbling sound, the serpent letting out a yawn almost immediately afterward, his head shaking slightly as he tried to focus his hazy vision on the draconic head that groomed his features. "F... f-fuuu-huuuull," the hybrid managed to yawn out, one paw lifting from his packed belly to ever-so-gently grasp at a pawful of fur from the dragon's chest. He could barely move without disturbing his gut, yet the dopey, dozy snake still held gently to that grey fluff, the closest he could manage to a hug, plump cheek rubbing against the drake lovingly. "Gh... ooooodh..." Aaron added a moment later, his fluttering eyes begging him to sleep off what was perhaps the largest meal of his life, yet still that single paw clinged to Grief with stubborn affection. It just felt so nice, having his belly comforted by that big, strong



paw after so, so much food being packed within, he didn't want to leave this moment by drifting off into what was an altogether inevitable food coma. Gently, he nuzzled into Grief's chest while he could, forked tongue licking tenderly at what little he could reach of the wyrm's fur, too stuffed to form words properly, but doing his best to communicate just how much affection he felt for his giant companion.

Aaron genuinely looked drugged, from the dragon's perspective. He had seen other forest critters accidentally indulge on fermented fruit, to the point where they were stuck stumbling around drunk. For a moment, he considered if the same thing happened to Aaron before shaking his head; the snolf was just stupidly, mind-bogglingly full.

"I'm glad you're enjoying yourself," Grief purred, running his lengthy tongue along the curvature of Aaron's stomach. "I think it's time I started enjoying myself as well." Slowly, the dragon opened his large, fat muzzle, revealing a row of sharp white teeth that led into a dark, red cave. His loud huffing ruffled the snolf's fur as he slowly slid Aaron closer and closer, rubbing his tongue along the fat and bloated feral. Deeper, the snolf slowly slid from view as he was pushed into the dragon's maw, the top of his bloated belly pressing against the dragon's upper teeth. Oooh, he was so delicious, so tantalizing, the drake couldn't help but to gently nibble and chew on the spherical delicacy. The snolf was almost fully in his maw; it wouldn't take any effort for him to snap his jaws shut, lean his head back, and take the most satisfying gulp of his life.

But he couldn't do it.

The snolf, despite being in incredible peril, hardly reacted to the change. He continued to moan and rumble happily, trying to nuzzle and hug against Grief's tongue. The nerve! How dare such a fat and stupid predator not realize he's about to be devoured whole. The dragon had half a mind to finish this once and for all!

Instead...he sighed, and let the wolf out, setting him onto the drake's fat chest. "Not yet," he muttered to himself. "Still too soon."

He looked down at the drool-coated snolf on his chest, noticing how the hybrid was snoozing softly, succumbing to his food coma in the middle of being devoured. Despite the indignity of his prey literally falling asleep on him, the dragon couldn't help but chuckle. "Don't take it the wrong way. I'm only letting you go because I want to see how large you can get. Get comfortable atop my stomach, small one, for it shall inevitably be your home."