

Such claims became frequent for the dragon in the moments of quiet after he'd packed his companion with as much food as the snolf could stomach, days beginning to blend together for the ophidian wolf as he found himself stuffed to the brim at all hours by his draconic host. Still, the serpent remained as oblivious as ever, taking each forceful feeding session without the slightest resistance, no matter how ludicrously bloated his gut became by the end of each meal. Having so much attention and apparent affection lavished on him had the snolf blissfully content, so much so that he seemed to move less and less by the day.

Though perhaps that was simply because moving was becoming more of a chore; unsurprising, considering that it only took another week before the swiftly-fattening hybrid's gut was pressing firmly against the ground, pushing out between each limb and even forcing his back upward on an empty stomach. Aaron had grown so corpulent that if he wished to rest, all he had to do was lift his paws and his belly would provide him with a plush, luxurious bed, a level of obesity that now proportionally matched his dragon companion. Unlike Grief, however, the snolf didn't seem bothered in the least by his weight; on the contrary, the drake frequently found Aaron nuzzling into his own neck and chest fat, hugging his soft, warm flab against himself and crooning in comfort. At this rate, it would only be a day or two before the snolf would be completely belly-bound, unable to flee from the drake even if he wanted to. It would be the perfect opportunity for Grief to really ramp things up, if he so desired. He could force the snakish wolf to eat as much as he wanted, at that point, yes...

So then, why had the dragon found himself being... less forceful?

Surely it was because he found a myriad of uses for the snolf. The fattening hybrid's knowledge of magic was rather useful for the dragon, who only knew a handful of simple cantrips here and there. The snolf's widening girth also felt good beneath the dragon's claws, squeezing and kneading that pudgy puff like he were some squishy stress ball. It made for a great distraction during the dull hours of the day between meals; the snolf was actually approaching pillow-sized for the giant drake!

In reality, Aaron's greatest asset was his ability to alleviate some of the massive portions of food meant specifically for Grief. With the snolf's help, he was able to help cut back on his meals, now modestly large instead of overwhelming feasts. Aaron also gave Grief an excuse to exercise and stretch his legs more; the fattened feral would ask for spell components to practice his abilities, and Grief would retrieve them in exchange for Aaron's cooperation in moving as little as possible. The dragon typically loathed the thought of spoiling and pampering a guest like this, but he was finding the exercise a nice change of pace from lazing all day. It was actually helping him to lose some weight!

Oh... helping him to at least not gain any more weight. At least not as much weight. His stomach had always brushed against the ground when he waddled, right?

Grief arched his broad back up as much as possible, frowning when he realized he could still feel the tickling of grass against his hanging middle. Pastries were so fattening; how can anthros live with the stuff and not need to roll everywhere? He saw the effects they were having on the snolf first hand, and watching someone else blimp out with fresh lard everyday was...interesting.

It was a wake up call; at least it was supposed to be. He couldn't imagine ever wanting to be spoiled and pampered like Aaron all day, to not have to move a muscle while having all your needs taken care of...nonsense.

He shook his head at the notion, wincing as he felt the tiny wicker basket shake atop his horn. That container was hilariously small when compared to the enormity of the literal hill-sized dragon, yet Aaron insisted he should use it for it had sentimental value. Honestly, finding value in anything that can't be used for food or shelter was such an anthro way of thinking; one day, Grief should have a long talk to Aaron to make him realize he's more important than those stupid two-legged beasts.

Before he ate Aaron, of course. Yeah.

He tried stepping carefully into his cave, not wanting to wake up Aaron in case he was still sleeping off that massive food coma, although subtly was not the dragon's strong suit. Especially when his footsteps shook leaves off of trees. Nonetheless, he did try to carefully pad his way in, breathing heavily through his nose. Was he feeling more sluggish today than usual? No, it had to be the tiny basket, it was very full!

Fortunately for the far-from stealthy dragon, Aaron was already awake, the snolf perking up when the heavy footsteps of his host sent tangible jiggles through his abundant heft from the ground, the tectonic energy translating first through a cushion of grass and flowers that the snolf had requested of the drake. With a bit of enchanting, the patch of greenery served as quite the cozy bed; nowhere near as comfortable as his companion, of course, but certainly a suitable substitute in the moments when the dragon wasn't available. "O-oh, hey!" the serpent chirped happily as Grief came into view, giving a low grunt as he pushed himself up into a seated position, still-bloated belly churning and sloshing in front of him, "You got the herbs I asked for? And the mushrooms?" The snolf looked like he was going to try to roll onto his paws for a moment, before deciding against it and sitting back, simply waiting for Grief to come to him instead.

"Indeed. They were quite bountiful today, such as yourself," Grief smiled, a rare occurrence for the dragon. A week ago, Aaron would either be snoring on his back, or panting weakly after eating as much as he had just a few hours prior; now, the serpent hardly looked any worse for wear. After all their stuffing sessions, the snolf's stomach capacity was growing at an impressive rate. The added weight he was putting on was certainly noticeable; the thick rings of flab on his neck, those pudgy puffy cheeks, that swelling tail. He was looking so plump and juicy and cute.

Ahem.

Grief looked away, yet that smile remained as he slowly sauntered and turned to his side. Slowly, he buckled his legs and lowered himself onto his middle, making sure his billowing bellyfolds didn't accidentally wash over the snolf as he had done in the past. Once fully grounded, he lowered his head onto the floor, propped up by his thick chins, tilting his neck to the side to angle the basket dangling off his horn towards the serpent. "How is your stomach faring, if I may ask?"

Aaron huffed as he reached upward, even his forelimbs considerably heavier than just the week prior, lifting the basket gently from Grief's horn, before embracing against the dragon's plump cheek. "Mmf, s-still really full, heh," the snolf replied, and from the embrace, the drake could clearly feel the firmness remaining in the hybrid's paunch, swollen and distended to a degree that would have rendered most individuals unconscious for hours. Yet the ophidian wolf had adapted surprisingly quickly to his constantly-stuffed state, apparently unbothered by the fact that there was enough food in his stomach to sate a snolf his size for two or three days. Grief could only imagine just how plump all that fattening food would make his companion once it was digested.

The snolf tilted his head after a moment, tail holding his basket as his paws rubbed at Grief's cheek and jaw. "Why? Did... you get more food?" Aaron asked, sounding a little nervous, yet at the same time, almost hopeful, the idea of another session of being lavished in attention and praise for glutting himself into a stupor making his tail sway with the basket in tow.

Grief chuckled at the question, his warm breath washing over the snolf. "Unfortunately, I did not. Food is getting scarce to find as of late; it's best to leave it to the anthros for now." He lied. The leaves outside were hardly changing color; winter was still a long ways away, but Aaron didn't need to know that if he never left the cave.

The dragon gently leaned his pudgy, car-sized head against the snolf's paws, nudging him further and further until Aaron finally rolled back onto his side. "You just rest, alright? Prepare for your next meal." Grief spoke in a deep, soothing tone, paw running tenderly over the snolf's belly. He could feel the taut stomach beneath his digits, swaddled in several layers of thick fluffy blubber. The dragon purred, petting and brushing his ward carefully, occasionally even nuzzling his great big head against the snolf, just how Aaron liked it. "Let me know if there's anything you need, and I'll take care of it~"

Purring deeply, the snolf crooned as he embraced the dragon's muzzle, his cheek rubbing against Grief's snout when he nodded. "You're already doing so much for me, what else could a snolf ask for?" Aaron chirped, the doughy surface of his silky features brushing pleasantly against the dragon's scales, "Buuut, if your paws aren't gonna be busy, maybe they could keep rubbing my belly? It's gotten... heh, a bit big for me to reach most of it!" The serpentine wolf blushed slightly, yet he still grinned as he nosed the nearest draconic paw hopefully, before leaning his plump, yet tangibly-taut midsection against the limb, "Still trying to process all that food from before, sure could use some of those helpful tummy rubs you're so good at!"

"Of course." Grief needed no further indication to help gauge how fat his prey had grown. With his free claw, he gently rubbed and scratched along the snolf's bloated belly, his claws leaving behind slight trails in the cream-colored tum. Carefully, he pressed his claw into the rounded pudge, feeling for that bloated stomach buried beneath all that pudge. He smiled. "I must say, your rate of digestion has improved tremendously. It's actually somewhat difficult to feel your stomach.

"But, that could be for another reason entirely," he winked, claws sliding along the middle of the beached snolf to soothe the tightness within. The drake's grin widened as he placed his entire

claw around the snolf's gut, marveling at how it had grown too big for him to reach around anymore. "Yes, I say you should stay this large for the rest of your life."

The comment brought a fresh blush to Aaron's features, even as he wagged and purred from the wonderful massage to his immobilizing paunch. "Hehe, I'd have trouble getting my magic reagents on my own if I kept this much weight on all the time," the snolf replied, sighing in bliss as his tightened, yet still-malleable belly squished and gurgled under the dragon's claws, "Mmm... definitely not gonna object to having someone like you keeping me fat and happy, though. You're a great friend, Grief~"

Sighing, Aaron leaned forward, as much as his bulk would allow, anyhow, and wrapped his paws around the drake's wrist in a warm, fond hug, nuzzling at the limb affectionately. "You know just how to keep this snolf happy, hehe!" the hybrid tittered, long tail coiling around the dragon's foreleg, before looking up to Grief with a smile, "And I think I might have room by the time the food gets here today, too~"

"Excellent. At this rate, we may be able to help prepare you for next year's hibernation," the dragon smirked. And the one after that, and the one after that, and the one-

Grief's head shot upright, his eyes wide and alert. Something large was stampeding through his forest, something loud and destructive. Could it be the wyvern he'd chased away all those years ago? No, there were several of them, but...

The dragon sighed as he smelled the familiar pastries soon enough. "It seems our afternoon meal has arrived, Aaron." Grief relaxed his tense body, his flabby self pooling back around the snolf. With a grunt, the obese drake slowly reared himself back onto his hindlegs again, huffing. "I shall be but a moment."

Perking up as his snakish tongue flicked at the familiar aroma, Aaron squirmed on his side for a moment, wobbling back and forth until he managed to get up onto his middle. Panting from the exertion of merely rolling over, the serpent puffed as his paws pushed down against the ground, belly still firmly planted beneath him even standing fully on his paws. "Wh-whew, you make this look so much easier than it is!" the snolf giggled as he panted, tail wagging while he looked up to the dragon, "I wanna come with, haven't been able to tell the nice anthros hello in a while!"

"I'm not *that* large," Grief muttered, a hint of indignation leaking from his smiling muzzle. He would have preferred the snolf to continue burning as few calories as possible, but decided against it; after all, it was quite clear Aaron was in no position to escape, now. Besides, it was fun watching the waddling snolf move, seeing his belly sway beneath him, just barely brushing against the ground. He was *way* fatter than Grief. Absolutely. Totally. Without a single doubt.

"Knock knock! Anyone home?"

Grief stopped in his tracks, his middle wobbling from the sudden halt in momentum. His chubby brows furrowed with indignation as he saw the annoying anthro fox waddling into his cave, along with the rest of those accursed bipedals, carrying large wooden boxes in their arms.

The dragon snarled. "What is the meaning of this?! You anthros have grown too bold for my liking, and I have half a mind to remind you of the pecking order."

"Yeah, yeah," the fox muttered, completely dismissing the angry dragon. Grief was left to stare in horror and disbelief as the anthros deposited their crates of pastries towards the corner of the cave, right where Grief typically set them. The vulpine grunted afterwards, leaning back to pop his back. "Phewie. Still got several dozen more to go. A shame we couldn't get the oxen to come inside and-"

"You brought *oxen*?!" Every word the anthro said made Grief want to grind him into a fine paste more and more. Rather than allowing the awful fox to leave, the dragon shuffled forward as quickly as he could, belly wobbling about to size up the vulpine. "Explanation or your life. Give one of those immediately!"

The fox hardly seemed phased to be staring down an enormous dragon headon. All around, the vulpine looked slightly more disheveled than usual; Grief swore he had actually lost some weight! The fox tut-tutted, shaking his head. "Relax, big guy. We just thought you'd appreciate us bringing the food to you, as in, so you don't have to leave the cave. We're not touching anything that isn't ours, I swear...Oh, hello Aaron!" The anthro beamed wide as he walked around the enormous dragon in his way to greet the pudgy snolf, hugging around the canine's thick neck and scratching along those flabby sides as if he were playing with a dog. "Ooh, you've gotten so big and soft! Been eating a fair share of Grief's food, haven't ya? Surprised he hasn't tried eating ya for that, heehee."

Grief hoped no one saw the blood drain from his face just then.

Yapping and panting much like the puppy he was being treated like, Aaron happily nuzzled into the fox's chest as his plump cheeks dimpled in a grin. "Grief's been super generous with his food, yeah!" the snolf affirmed, purring when he felt the anthro's hand on his flank, though missing the narrow-eyed look he received from the fox as he gauged just how much fat the serpent had packed on since they'd last seen one another. It was a wonder the hybrid could even eat enough each day to pack on that much heft all on his own, though with the repeated visits, the vulpine was starting to get an inkling of the dragon's reasons for keeping the obese ophidian around.

"Ooh, and it looks like you guys brought a toon this time!" the hybrid chirped as he pulled back, looking over the fox's shoulder to watch the team of anthros and beasts of burden bringing in crate after crate of food. Head tilting, the serpent looked back to the lead anthro, ears flicking curiously, "What's the occasion?"

The fox's eyes lit up. "I'm glad you asked, my pudgy pal. It seems word of Mister Grief's actions have traveled far and wide. There are other towns who wish to offer our beloved dragon here tribute for his wondrous services, as well as his incredible appetite. They've sent their own stock of sweets as well to be sampled by this doughy drake." The vulpine walked back to the dragon.

Grief snorted. "I'm not interested." He eyed the rising pile of crates worriedly, noting it being several boxes more than anything they had eaten before. And it was still growing.

"Oh, don't be like that, friend. Winter is soon approaching, after all, and I fear you've started to lose some precious weight! It's wonderful that you're so considerate of Aaron here, but please, think about yourself! That is why we've brought enough to help prepare the two of you for the longest, coldest winter yet." The fox's grin widened. "Or, is there another reason you've been so generous with the snolf~?"

Grief narrowed his eyes. This anthro was playing a dangerous game with him right now. What was the fox's angle, here? Was he genuinely trying to repay his life's debt to him, or was he in it for an ulterior motive? Perhaps he really wished to befriend the large dragon, and the only way he figured to do so was to ensure Grief was even plumper now. The nerve, treating a prideful and majestic dragon like some sort of house pet! He couldn't say or do anything aggressive now, not with Aaron watching. Granted, he could simply lash out now and gobble up the fattened snolf afterwards, but...well, Aaron needed more time. Yeah. It was too soon.

The dragon let out an exasperated sigh. So much for his diet plans. "Very well. I suppose I can... overlook your insubordination."

"Fantastic!" The fox beamed. "I shall let everyone know you're on board, then!" The annoying anthro waltzed back over to the snolf, cupping those pudgy cheeks in his paws. "I'm sure you'd love to help sample some new treats, huh Aaron? You're gonna be a good boy and help Mister Grief eat his fair share?"

The serpent's eyes glimmered in glee as his features were smooshed together between two plump, rounded cheeks. "Okay! I didn't know Grief was going hungry because of me; don't worry, I'll make sure we both get enough!" he affirmed, all too easily swayed when someone was rubbing his pudgy, sensitive cheeks so pleasantly, belly rippling when a hind paw started to wiggle reflexively against his billowing gut.

"Wow, though... you sure are bringing a lot," Aaron added after a moment, looking over the anthro's shoulder to see just how much food the procession line was carrying into the cave. Any more, and the crates would have to be piled up outside; they were already starting to take up so much space that the stacks had reached the ceiling, the snolf looking up to the dragon nearby and grinning, "I think we're both gonna be working on this load for a while, hehe!"

"Well, eat as much as you can, because this is gonna be the first of many for a long, long while!" The fox beamed, gripping a pawful of Aaron's squishy neck folds.

Grief felt a stomach ache just from looking at the sheer quantity of boxes. Never would he thought he'd see the day when he would be given too *much* food. The dragon was ready to roar out in anger when one of the anthros stumbled in panting, claiming that was the last one.

The fox smiled at the news, before turning to wave at the dragon. "See ya tomorrow, big guy!" And with that, the caravan finally left, leaving the two fat ferals alone.

Grief sighed and settled back onto the floor, looking over the boxes of food. There was so many. Just... too many. Maybe he could work past his addiction to the sweets and try pushing some outside, for the birds to eat? Or he could try hiding a few boxes from himself. Or... he looked at Aaron, a gradual smile reappearing on his chubby face. "Care for an early meal, Aaron?"

The news that even more food like what had been brought would be coming the next day had the ophidian wolf wagging excitedly, perking up and squishing his cheek into the ring of flab that was his neck to turn his gaze to Grief once more. "Well... I think I have room for more," Aaron replied, rubbing a paw along the side of his gut, pressing in and feeling the lingering firmness of the swollen stomach under all that blubber, "I'd need help, though. Oh, and don't forget to have plenty, yourself!"

"I won't. Believe me, I won't." Grief tried not to sound too bitter about the arrangement. He carefully scooted himself closer to the food mound, his hefty self wobbling with every slight movement. The dragon winced when he noticed his belly rubbing against the mound of boxes before he could reach it fully with his arms; maybe he wasn't slimming down as much as he thought he was.

In any case, he clicked his teeth, letting the boxes burst open with pastries. And there were a lot of them. Far, far too many. The entire cave was filled with the sweet, fruity scents of pastries, the mountain of colorful treats an eyesore for the dragon. Thankfully, they weren't all for him.

He patted the side of his billowing belly, inviting the snolf onto him once again. "Which would you like to eat first?"

Even before the invitation, Grief felt the snolf's fur against his side, the hybrid pressing himself up against the dragon's dangling belly and nuzzling along the supple curve all the way to the drake's front, where he sat down and felt his paunch spilling out over his haunches. "Sweets, please! If they have any frosted ones, I'd love those," Aaron replied, puffing as he took a few attempts to push himself up into an upright sit, his paws lifting up in preparation for being hefted by the dragon's strong paws, the pose only accentuating just how rotund he had gotten over the weeks. It was a wonder the snakish hybrid could roll himself into a new position without help. As that lupine snout wiggled at the air, the serpent grinned and wagged at the scent of so many confections, "Ooh, I think I smell strawberries! If they made strawberry pastries, those are my favorite!"

Grief carefully took the flabby hybrid and shifted him higher onto his gut, letting Aaron sink into his soft gray tum. "It seems there are a lot of strawberry pastries today." And raspberry. And blueberry. And cherry. And practically every other stinking fruit out there. The dragon reached forward with his very fat arm, grabbing at the frosted strawberry pastries he could find, before pressing them against the snolf's open maw. Firmly. They had gotten used to Grief's rather forceful methods of feeding, the dragon ensuring the snolf never had to lift a paw while feeding his prey as much as they could handle, yet he found himself being a tad bit more forceful this time. He needed Aaron to eat more than ever before!

Though surprised by the force behind the feeding, Aaron soon started to relax, ophidian eyes closing as he submitted to the dragon with a soft, trusting purr, the long, doughy tail of the serpent gingerly coiling around Grief's wrist. In spite of still being sated from breakfast, the snolf allowed himself to be stuffed even more, by now having grown used to the feeling of being repeatedly stuffed to capacity. More than that, the drake could see in the curl of Aaron's muzzle that he'd become fond of the sensation of being packed to the gills, the hybrid's paws kneading at his own gut while he settled comfortably in the plush mattress provided by the dragon beneath him. All that soft fur and the pliable fat underneath it made the dragon more cozy than even the most luxurious of beds, relieving some of the pressure from Aaron's gut just by resting upon such a malleable surface. And even with those pastries being all but forced through his muzzle, the snolf still found time to give the massive paws feeding him a tender nuzzle or loving lick, all while his gut grew rounder and more taut by the moment.

Grief quickly found an upside to their new eating conditions; it gave them both an excuse to feed Aaron further. His free claw soon came down to rub along the hybrid's belly, kneading and squeezing into the blubbery mass, feeling the firm stomach from within swell and grow. The snolf was turning into the ideal prey. His mobility was waning by the day, yet the snolf hardly seemed concerned, content to just laze around and be fed all day. It was almost a shame how Aaron didn't see how he was playing right into the dragon's plan. Soon, he would be a helpless blob too fat to put up any sort of fight, and when that day came, he would go down smoothly into the dragon's gullet. That pudgy, chubby, adorable, sweet snolf would make for the perfect snack.

The dragon hesitated, staring blankly ahead for a moment, before returning to the feeding. Now wasn't the time to have thoughts like those. He looked down at the growing snolf, running a claw along his plump tail. "Keep it up, Aaron. You're doing fantastic. Your appetite's nearly as strong as a dragon's."

With how much he'd already eaten, the snolf was soon starting to pant with fullness, yet still he kept his muzzle open for more, knowing his friend would be happy if he just kept eating. Each draconic pawful of food was much, much more than he'd ever realistically need in a day—or two days, for that matter. Yet still, he kept chewing and gulping, even when the weight of all that food pressing his stomach out into his fat had him panting with each breath. There was something about such a full state that he'd grown to enjoy; heck, even to love, enough that he was ever-so-quietly whimpering for more between each pawful from Grief, despite the dragon being able to feel the tight ball that his gut was becoming under the blubber hugging his figure.

Grief wanted oh so badly to just grab an entire clawful of pastries and just jam it into the snolf's maw, but he noticed Aaron was rapidly filling up. It couldn't be helped, unfortunately; the hybrid did stuff himself quite a bit earlier today. Soon, the dragon relented, offering smaller bite-sized chunks to Aaron. It was at a mildly slower pace, but he still pressed each bite firmly into the snolf's maw until he opened. "Gooooood snolf," he whispered softly, stroking along that firm belly. "Don't stop eating. You're making me very, very proud." And very hungry! The drake's stomach gurgled slightly beneath Aaron.



Aaron almost seemed disappointed when the food slowed down, though that mood contrasted with the groans and gurgles of objection from his stomach. Even as full as he was, the snolf leaned into the food he was offered, struggling to swallow and looking to be on the verge of passing out for several days to sleep off the gorge in his stomach. Yet in spite of the determination, soon the serpent had to flop back, taking shallow breaths under a belly that looked more than two times big enough to keep his paws from reaching the floor, if he were standing on all fours. Hiccuping and stifling a belch, the serpent gave a soft sound that bordered between a whine of regret and a purr of profound contentment, looking up to Grief with a dozey, hopeful smile, "I-I did good?"

"Very." Grief smiled. Aaron continued to impress him. Those frequent stuffing sessions they were doing certainly seemed to be stretching the snolf's stomach capacity. He leaned his fat head forward, licking serpent's brow before brushing a paw along his bloated, spherical gut. "I'm so happy I brought you to my cave."

The dragon felt a lick at his cheek in return, before two paws curled around his muzzle tiredly as Aaron rubbed his chubby cheek against Grief's snout. "Love ya... buddy," the serpent purred, voice revealing just how close he was to the inevitable food coma that was hanging over him, yet the snolf still clung to consciousness, if only so he could communicate his affection and appreciation for the drake as long as he was able.

Grief was silent for a moment, looking down at the snolf on his belly. He didn't know what to say. Any response he could think of just felt... wrong. He couldn't just lie to Aaron either... Since when did he care so much about what the snolf thought, anyways?

He let out a heavy sigh through his nose, ruffling the snolf's fur. "Thanks... buddy," he said after a moment, giving Aaron's ears one last gentle lick. For a moment, the dragon actually felt somewhat content, happy to have someone close to him like this...

That is, until his stomach rumbled again.

Well, at least he didn't need to go anywhere for food. Careful, as to not disturb the resting snolf, the gluttonous dragon reached over to grab clawfuls of food, before stuffing them greedily into his gullet. Urf, he could actually taste the difference in quality, a factor that almost made him feel less guilty about the sheer quantity of food he was about to eat. Flicking his fluffy tail lazily, the dragon continued to gorge and gorge, trying to knock out as much food as he could in a single sitting. Aaron might have made a dent in the pile, but with the snolf unable to eat another bite, the rest would have to go to him instead. And so, he ate, and ate, and ate, the food pile gradually lowering, while his belly slowly rose.

The snolf on Grief's flank seemed to fade into sleep when the dragon began eating, succumbing to the food coma that had been pulling at his eyes since halfway through his most recent meal. And so it was with some surprise that when Aaron woke, he found that the dragon was still eating; not only that, he seemed to be quite a bit higher up than when he'd fallen asleep, the cushion below him having grown a good deal taller in his reverie. Rather than concern, however, the serpent smiled as he shifted slightly, still pinned under an enormous, swollen belly that had

only grown marginally less bloated during his nap, reaching across his broad chest to rub the curve below him with a soft, encouraging, "You're doing a good job, too~"

The dragon let out a muffled snort in response, mouth too full of jelly to speak in a dignified manner. Nothing about him was dignified; letting another animal sleep on top of him while he ate far more than any dragon needed to. He could stop right now if he wanted to, save the rest for later, or toss it out like he intended to.

But Aaron was watching.

He continued eating, before finally letting out a muffled belch, panting. With a paw on the snolf, the dragon finally decided to roll himself onto his back, grunting as he felt his massive gut rise up before him like a legendary fluffy mountain, pinning him down. Giving his belly room to grow helped relieve his taut stomach somewhat, but it came with the price of feeling absolutely massive and heavy. His chubby cheeks blushed softly as he looked at Aaron atop his broad middle, who looked so far away. "A-are you alright?"

Aaron gave a little gasp when he felt the surface underneath him shifting, clinging to pawfuls of dragon blubber reflexively as the drake sloshed and wobbled below, before letting out a lighthearted, jovial giggle. "I'm o-okay!" he replied, the snolf gently pressing his paws into the flabby mattress beneath him, purring in comfort when his forelegs were enveloped in fluff and pudge, "Wow... I can't \*hic!\* b-believe you can still roll over at this size... you're really impressive, you know that?" The comment lacked any sort of teasing, Aaron's tone sincere and admiring as he lifted his head to give a dozy, yet tender smile to his companion, paws gently stroking the furry flab all around him, "Mmm... imagine, they're bringing even \*hic!\* m-more tomorrow... This is gonna be fuuun~"

Grief groaned at the thought. He was already so full already. Heck, he hadn't seen his stomach look so big in... ever! Despite his fullness, the drake just couldn't bring himself to stop eating, munching on a few smaller handfuls of the pastries, desperate to lower that mound as much as possible, even if it meant making his mound of a tum stretch a few extra inches further.

He didn't make it very far before letting out another suppressed burp, shaking his belly softly. "H-hurf...I think...we'll save these for tomorrow..."

The snolf atop Grief's gut gave a quiet yip when the blubber beneath him quivered, before tilting his head and looking between the dragon and the food that remained. "I thought you told me a dragon's belly could handle anything?" Aaron asked, clearly concerned by the contrast between the drake's apparent fullness and all the times he'd been told to strive for having a stomach like a dragon, before his face lit up with apparent realization, "Oh! Are you just tired? I can \*hic!\* urf... I can help you keep eating, if you need!"

Grief's head thumped against the stone floor when he heard that, although the only real pain he felt was his pride. He really had been saying those things for Aaron for weeks now. That anthropomorphic concept of karma was starting to sound a little plausible right about now. What had he done? He looked back up at the snolf, chins bunching up slightly as he forced a smile. "Y-yes, that's it. I'm

just...a little tired, is all. I had to walk quite far to find your spell components, after all.” The dragon lied. He barely left the clearing where his cave was to find them. “I’ll be fine after a quick nap.”

Even as the dragon was making his excuses, his vision was suddenly intruded upon by a hovering mass of food, pastries clumped together in a floating orb that glimmered subtly under Aaron's magic. "Oh, no need! I can help ya now," the snolf insisted, completely oblivious to the look of chagrin on Grief's face; he couldn't even see the expression around the sphere of food he'd gathered up just for his friend, holding the ball to the dragon's muzzle expectantly as he purred, "I don't want you to have to go to sleep hungry, not when you've \*hic!\* helped me eat so many times~"

Grief wondered if now would be a good time to eat Aaron, just to avoid this situation. If he had room for more food, he had room for a blubbery snolf. Rather than make the attempt, he just sighed and opened his mouth, allowing the clump of food to fall straight into his gullet. It wasn't worth the effort to eat Aaron now. He'd eat him tomorrow, or something, when he felt a little less bloated. Yeah, that sounded like a good idea.

So, he ate. He allowed the snolf to feed him more and more, until the dragon himself ended up slipping off into a food coma. One so profound and potent that he awoke to the sound of the oxen's thundering footsteps, followed by the fox's annoying voice.

And more food.

Time became a blur for the two ferals, a blur of crispy bear claws, chewy donuts, and creamie pies. The dragon barely found the energy to move from his back anymore, now that he had to expend so much of it just digesting everything that entered his gullet. Was this how Aaron had been feeling the past few weeks? No wonder he had gotten so fat so quickly!

He hated the idea of having anthros in his cave, crawling around like ants, but outside of rolling over to smoosh them (and potentially smooshing Aaron in the process), he had little choice but to allow it. Besides, they were giving him the tools needed to make the snolf as big and fat as possible. The serpent had slid lower down the dragon's gut, resting closer to the crook of his flabby arm in a strange hug. There, Grief could help feed and stuff the snolf to his heart's content, who in turn did the same to the dragon.

And that was the routine for the next few days, or possibly even week. Eating and sleeping, eating and sleeping, eating and sleeping...

Waking up was certainly getting harder, too.

A muffled grumble from his stomach signified that his nap time was over. The dragon groaned. He wasn't ready to wake up yet, he wanted to drift back off into the wonderful world of sleep again, but his gurgling stomach just wouldn't have it.

Slowly, he opened his slitted green eyes, his vision blurry. Gradually, he could make out a large, green and cream colored orb nestled in the crook of his arm, the size of a boulder.

Aaron.

He started stroking that mound of belly with his claws, rubbing along that broad, flabby middle, feeling how it offered little resistance. Aaron was so soft. So squishy. There was no reason to be rubbing the snolf's stomach if he wasn't digesting food. He just did it because he liked rubbing it. He didn't need a reason.

Nor did he need a reason to reach his flabby head forward and give the snolf a soft, gentle nuzzle on the cheek.

The light nudging and rubbing slowly roused Aaron from his own sleep, the ball of blubber and fur letting out a yawn that pressed his many chins together, cheeks dimpling into a smile when his first sight upon opening his eyes was the dragon that had allowed him to reach such a state of plentiful comfort. Attempting to embrace the muzzle that hovered over him purely out of reflex, the snolf huffed and giggled when his effort was stalled by the rings of blubber that now held his paws in place, only able to wiggle the digits of his limbs, now. And so he did, those stubby claws squirming in place in the best approximation of a hug such a blob of a snolf could make, grinning to his companion happily while he purred, nuzzling at the chest before him, "G'morning, buddy. Did the food get here?"

"Not yet," Grief muttered. This was the first time they hadn't woken up to the sound of the oxen arriving. Maybe they were late, or they had grown used to the feedings. The dragon wasn't too happy with either of those possibilities.

He was happy, however, to see how doughy the snolf had grown. Goodness, he was a literal blob, far too fat to move on his own! The dragon couldn't help but to grin at the sight, dimples forming in his enormous cheeks. "You're so fat," he teased, his magical grasp tickling at a curve of snake blubber.

Aaron eeped at the sensation; not out of mere surprise, rather the sheer amount of flab packed under his hide made him incredibly ticklish, squirming and laughing as his fat squished in the dragon's aura. "Hehehe, I-look who's talking!" the snolf chirped, his doughy tail, nearly as wide as it was long, probing at the malleable flank he rested against, giggling and gently licking at the big, round cheek above him, "I-I think we're both ready for winter, now!"

"I believe you're correct," Grief agreed, slowly turning his head back. "We're both quite ready."

He remembered seeing his belly when he first rolled onto his back, how impossibly large and round it looked with all that food crammed into it. Now, his gut eclipsed that size easily, and on an empty stomach no less. Simply put, Grief was huge. He was easily taller lying on his back than he ever was on all fours. There was no way he could ever reach the floor with his paws; just moving his limbs was difficult, considering how thick and full of lard they were. Everyday, the

cave interior felt a little more cramped; he wondered when his stomach would finally reach the ceiling. All he could move were his forearms and tail, and even that was a bit of a hassle.

And yet, it didn't quite bother him. He knew he was eating too much, and he knew the results of his binges would show up on him, but it wasn't as stressful as he thought it would be. He was being cared for, he had food, he had companionship. He wasn't alone.

He was actually content.

His stomach grumbles again, loud enough to echo across the whole cave. Where were those damn anthros? Suddenly, the dragon let out a laugh. Was he really wanting to be stuffed to the brim yet again? Oh, he was losing it! He turned his flabby head towards Aaron again, grinning past those car-sized cheeks. "I hope they come soon, lest I grow hungry enough to make you my appetizer!" The dragon teased, prodding and poking at the snolf's blubber.

He didn't mean it in the slightest.

Aaron gave a mock squeak of terror, wiggling exaggeratedly within the depths of his own abundant heft and giggling happily as the dragon's digits sank into him. "Oh nooo, someone rescue meee!" the hybrid cried out in faux dismay, unable to stop the laughter from rocking and swaying the layers of padding across his body, great cheeks dimpling with pure joy in spite of just how vulnerable he'd allowed himself to become. Yet after so much time in the company of the dragon, Aaron showed no sign of fear, even with those big claws squishing into his doughy hide.

The dragon even allowed himself a hearty chuckle, the sound of his jiggling belly echoing throughout the cave. It was fun to play with the pudgy snolf. The irony of the situation certainly wasn't lost to Grief; if anything, it made it all the funnier! He must be going insane. "It seems our anthro friends have left you, snolf! Now, you shall become my tasty--"

*BANG!!*

Grief's eyes shot wide open and Aaron let out a yelp as an explosion rattled outside the cave, sending both immobile blobs jiggling uncontrollably. The dragon winced, feeling sediment falling from the stone ceiling onto his fluffy, sprawling belly. In a split second reaction, he lifted his wing over the snolf to protect him of any falling debris, before inspecting his fat friend. "Are you alright?"

For a moment, the orb of green and white fur looked like he had sucked in his own head and limbs into the rings of fat surrounding them, two round cheeks emerging first from the concentric collars that lined Aaron's neck, before a worried muzzle appeared between them. "Y-yeah," the snolf affirmed, un-turtling as he glanced around, looking up at the large wing overhead and smiling in appreciation, "Thanks for... hey, I can smell our friends!"

"I can too," Grief nodded, although he didn't share the snolf's enthusiasm. It was easy to discern that the anthros were the cause of that explosion, given their usual stench was mixed with

that of gunpowder. The fat dragon's chubby wings slowly folded back to their usual position. Something wasn't right.

"Howdy, Mister Grief and Aaron! Hopefully we didn't wake ya up!" Grief could hear that fox's voice from somewhere on the other side of his mountainous gut, although he sounded a bit off.

The dragon snarled. "Explain yourself at once, vulpine!"

He heard a rather raspy chuckle in response. "Sorry about that... accidentally slept in a bit. It's been hard work keeping you two all nice and plump."

Soon, the vulpine made his way around, and Grief could finally get a good look at him. He remembered the fox sporting a bit of a pot belly the first time they met, yet now the vulpine was practically skin and bone. His old clothes hung off his withered frame, the dragon's keen eyesight noticing exposed ribs beneath that shirt. Yet the fox's hollow face continued to grin as it always did as he looked up at the pudgy pair. With a smile, the anthro lazily flopped against that enormous mound of green and white fur, squeezing and kneading Aaron's malleable belly. "Mmm, you've gotten so big, Aaron. How'd ya like to be my personal bed after today?" He remarked casually, completely ignoring the deathly glare of the mountainous dragon beside him.

The snolf's head tilted curiously, cocking the other way when he felt the grip of the dragon beside him tightening protectively. "Oh? Are you moving in with me and Grief?" the hybrid asked curiously, getting an amused snort from the fox, though the cheerful serpent simply continued, "I'm happy to share the coziness! It's been lovely against Grief, I bet I'm almost as comfy as he is!"

"Oh, he certainly looks comfy! You could fit half the village on a stomach that big!" The fox laughed, patting the side of Grief's rippling belly. "Unfortunately, we gotta haul our big boy out of here, now."

"*Excuse me?!*" Grief was not having any of this! Food or not, these damned anthros have completely overstayed their welcome! He tried his best to raise his head, but despite having a longer neck due to his draconic physique, all of his chins and neck chub kept him rooted to the ground. "What business do you have with me that you would desecrate my home *and* attempt to remove me from it!" The keyword being "attempt" there.

The fox smiled. "Why, to make you into supper, of course."

Grief's blood ran cold. He wasn't sure he heard that right. They were...actually planning to eat *him*? The fox said this so casually and coolly, all while gently kneading into the snolf's pudge as he did with every visit. "Are you... are you..."

"Serious? Oh, I most certainly am." The fox finally stood upright, crossing his arms as he glared at the drake. "I've endured your horrible temperament for far too long *not* to get something out of this, dragon. Of course an outcast like yourself may not understand, but dragon

meat is a delicacy amongst our people. You think it was an accident that we stumbled upon that wyvern all those months back? Why did you think we looked so excited when instead of a skinny wyvern, we were granted a big, fat, mountain dragon instead!"

Grief could vaguely hear the sounds of scurrying as more anthros flooded the cave, far more than there previously had been, but the dragon was too transfixed on the dastardly fox before him. He had never heard the vulpine sound so cold and callous. The fox stepped closer to his puffy head, and while he would be little more than a bite for the dragon, Grief found himself slinking away from the vulpine, his enormous neck pudge puffing out in all directions. Yet the fox didn't stop until he was face to face with the great drake, laying against those puffy cheeks like he did Aaron's belly just now. "I've dumped everything I had into making sure you grew to be the fattest, laziest dragon, Grief. And boy howdy did it work! I had to admit, you threw us for a loop when your gains started to slow down, but it was obvious you were just funneling all that food into your poor wolfy friend here. I had to call in nearly a dozen favors, just to cook enough food to keep you gaining, tubby, and while I haven't exactly slept or ate proper in the weeks leading up to this moment, I've gotta say, it's totally worth it!"

The activity around them had Aaron's semi-buried ears swivelling this way and that, yet the fuzzy members soon folded back as he realized what was happening. "H-hey, you're... kidding, right?" the snolf whimpered, looking to the fox with worry, yet finding himself ignored rather pointedly by the vulpine as he directed the other anthros around the dragon.

Grief winced as he felt a dozen paws suddenly grab onto his sides; the anthros climbing over the blob of a dragon like ants on a discarded donut. The dragon grumbled, frustrated at feeling his belly toyed with like this, before huffing as he felt rope being tied around it. They were actually tying him down! Him! Grief, the mountain dragon! The fox continued, stroking Grief's snout as if he were a pet. "I wanted to keep this up for a while longer, but my investors were getting impatient. They want to see the blob they've been funding finally brought out. And I've gotta say, I wish I had done this sooner; you've gotten *waaaay* too fat for your cave, buddy! Oh, but it's soooo worth it! You're big enough to give everyone in the state a delicious bowl of dragon soup several times over! We'll make billions off ya! It sounds cruel I know, but then again..." The fox's grin widened as he turned towards Aaron. "This is exactly what you've been doing to poor Aaron all this time, is it not?"

Blinking at the accusation, the snolf glanced between Grief and the anthro several times, before shaking his head as much as his multitude of neck flab would allow, sending ripples down his hefty figure. "No, he wouldn't! Grief is my friend, he wouldn't hurt me!" Aaron retorted insistently, another soft whine escaping his muzzle, "Leave him alone, he didn't do anything wrong. Please, just go away!"

"Awww, you poor thing!" The fox finally decided it was time to acknowledge the snolf as he backed away from the dragon, continuing Aaron's belly massage. "You didn't even notice he was lying to you all this time. Dragons are such crafty creatures, aren't they. Aaron, he's been doing the exact same thing to you as we've been doing to him!"

“Leave him out of this!” Grief roared, finally finding his voice back. He thrashed about, trying to shake the anthros off his tied-up form, yet all he could do was jiggle helplessly in place. He only lasted a few brief moments before succumbing to his own heavy breathing and panting.

He wished he’d never met Aaron.

The dragon closed his eyes shut, trying to keep the tears from leaking out. “I’m sorry, Aaron.” His voice was quiet, distant. “I...planned on devouring you initially, yes. It’s true. But now, after we’ve spent so much time together, I’ve learned you have more value than just an appetizer. Your magic is useful, your knowledge of anthro affairs interesting, and... your company valuable. You’re a good friend, Aaron.”

For a moment, Grief saw those amber eyes clouding, the serpent’s features falling at the dragon’s words. As the anthros worked at securing the ties around the dragon, Aaron slowly processed everything that was happening, from the revealed deception of the anthros to the admission of the dragon he was pressed against by his own weight. It was all so much, the simple serpent couldn’t quite make sense of it all, his eyes closing as he tried to comprehend the truths that were now right in front of him.

In spite of the anthros that climbed all over him, Grief’s attention was focused entirely on the lupine features of the hybrid against him, waiting with baited breath for some sort of reaction. Anger, outrage, anything other than the uncertainty that played across those rotund features. What was going on behind that bemused visage?

“Alright boys, let’s get him hauling! If we’re lucky, we can stuff this fatty back at the village for another week or two.” As he said that, the dragon’s stomach gurgled loudly, quite unhappy at not receiving its typical belly-aching amounts of food yet. The fox snickered, before turning and slipping down Grief’s chest, landing on the snolf and grinning triumphantly, “As for you, let’s□”

The vulpine laid a hand on the pudgy shoulder of the hybrid, and Aaron turned his head, eyes opening to meet the fox’s own, the anthro letting out a startled gasp. Rather than their usual amber hue, those serpentine eyes glowed with deep, dark violet. That view lasted only a moment, before the whole world seemed to shift.

Grief blinked, feeling the activity around him coming to a sudden halt, followed by shocked gasps and shouts. Unable to see what was happening beyond his own immensity, the dragon could only see the fox between himself and Aaron, the anthro slowly backing away from the hybrid with his arms raised up defensively. “N-no, that’s not... how did you slim down like that?” the vulpine called out, making Grief’s brow furrow in confusion. Far as he could see, the dragon and snolf were both as doughy as ever.

After another glance, however, the drake suddenly noticed the fox’s eyes, wide with abject terror, the whites turned into a violet glow that matched Aaron’s own. “This can’t be real, it...” the fox stammered, before letting out a yelp as he suddenly bent low, as though dodging something swiping over his head, turning tail and starting to sprint in a panic matched by the other anthros that Grief could feel scurrying off of his body.



The dragon didn't have a clue what just happened. Long after the anthros had left, and his middle had stopped quivering, he still couldn't comprehend the sudden change. The cave was finally still and quiet, the only sounds being his grumbling stomach. With wide green eyes, the drake slowly turned his flabby head over to look at the snolf, who smiled oh so innocently back at him. "Aaron... what did you do?"

As Grief watched, the violet glow faded from the hybrid's eyes while they returned to their normal color, the snolf nuzzling at the dragon's chest gently. "I did mention illusion is my specialty, didn't I?" Aaron chuckled, looking up to his companion fondly, "It's amazing how good an attitude adjustment it is seeing the dragon you thought you trapped suddenly thin again and chasing you off before flying off into the distance with his snolf friend held in his paws. As far as those guys know, we're not here anymore."

"I see...." Soon, a smile started spreading across the dragon's face, dimples forming in those heavyset cheeks. "It seems you've proven your value once again, Aaron. I am glad I could have made your acquaintance." He pulled the immobile snolf closer to his enormous self, licking Aaron's chubby cheeks. "Thank you, friend. If there's anything I can do to repay your kindness, and to redeem myself for my horrible actions, please let me know."

The snolf simply giggled and smiled up to his companion. "Hey, you didn't wind up eating me, right?" Aaron reasoned, his comparatively tiny tongue brushing Grief's muzzle in return, "You're still my friend, big buddy." As best as he could without being able to move any of his limbs, the snolf hugged against the drake, rubbing his blubbery cheek against the wyrm's fuzzy chest, giving a soft chuckle as he grinned, "Long as ya keep on not eating me, we're good!"

The dragon chuckled in return, nuzzling against the snolf. "I shall do my best, although you are quite appetizing," he teased, giving another playful lick to the hybrid.

Just thinking about eating made the drake's stomach gurgle again. He was absolutely famished, despite his immense size. Grief took a deep breath to sigh, feeling the rope dig into his plush hide. "It seems as though we were both meant to hibernate this winter after all. Hopefully once it passes, I'll have shrunk enough to slide out of these restraints." His middle rumble again. It would be a miracle if either of them could sleep with that sound constantly echoing throughout the cave.

Aaron tried to see the restraints Grief referred to, though with how immense they both were, it was a rather fruitless effort. "Well... I dunno if I really want to go hungry that long," the snolf hummed, looking back up to the dragon as the end of his bloated tail wagged, "Besides, you sound pretty hungry, too."

The dragon was about to point out that they'd been left without any means of fixing that issue, only to tilt his head as he watched Aaron hovering a familiar basket up from the floor in his magical influence. "Good thing that blast didn't damage this," the snolf hummed, the basket's two lids tapping open and closed twice in quick succession, and suddenly Grief picked up the scent of various foods wafting up from the wicker container, "I don't think I ever showed ya that

my basket's one of my enchanted things; tap the lids twice, and it can conjure up as much food as ya want! Just never got the chance cuz I didn't want to be rude and eat before the anthros brought us food."

"Is that right?" The smell alone was enough to make the dragon start to drool. If there really was as much food in there as the snolf implied, he might just end up bursting out of his bonds in a completely different manner. He had already gotten this fat because of his lack of self control when the anthros delivered the food. For him to eat as much as he wanted, whenever he wanted...it wouldn't take long before they outgrew his cave entirely!

"As much food as I want, huh?" Suddenly, Grief put on a sinister grin and he used his own magic to lift up the basket, overtipping it into the snolf's surprised open maw. "Well then, you better start eating, snack!"