

“Wow...it’s all so big!”

Denya felt as though he’d never get used to the sights of the big city. Everywhere he looked he found something new or fascinating to gawk at. What a cute little park! He’d love to take a stroll down there sometime. Ooh, and look at all those restaurants he had never heard of before! Were they locally owned? Ah! What was in that building? Or that one? Or-

“Hey, sir? Your wing is poking me.”

“Oh, sorry,” the dragon-wolf leaned back into his seat, goosebumps coating his entire body. He didn’t mean to get worked up, the hybrid shyly retracting his sensitive draconic wings. The big city was certainly big, and yet at the same time very small, given how crowded public transportation appeared to be. Well, that’s what he deserved for not keeping his wings arched tightly against his back, he figured.

While having his wings touched like that did humiliate him to some extent, that didn’t stop the draolf from grinning to himself as he peered back out at the world beyond, his breath fogging up the window. “So big...”

The bus trip continued, with dozens of furs coming in and out at every stop. It didn’t take long for the draolf to realize he had completely lost track of where he was; there was no way he could retrace his steps back to his apartment at this rate, not without asking for a ton of help. There were so many streets, all curving around this way and that, with tall buildings blocking off his line of sight; it was like a giant concrete maze! It was an exciting feeling, really, the hybrid’s five foot tail wiggling at the thought of getting lost in such a new environment and having to find his way back. Whenever the bus stopped, he was tempted to just hop right out and do some sightseeing for himself.

Of course, his employer might not be too thrilled with him if he were late on his first day.

The canine’s triangle ears perked up as the bus intercom’s voice rang out again. “Now approaching Dorsey and Apache Blvd.”

“Oh, that’s my stop!” Denya probably didn’t need to say that out loud, especially as he heard a sarcastic “good for you” from a couple seats away. Oh well. He had already forgotten the remark by the time he stepped out of the bus, his green eyes gleaming at the sights.

Man, he wasn’t used to having to actually crane his neck up just to take in a building in its entirety! The draolf felt impeccably small staring up at the colossal structures. He couldn’t imagine how many people could be stored in these giant buildings, the number no doubt being near the hundreds.

Well, this one was gonna have one more!

Denya took one last minute to quickly glance over himself, making sure he was as neat and tidy as can be. He figured working for one of the largest clothing conglomerates would involve a strict uniform policy, and as they say in all those clothing commercials: "Dress to Impress!" The hybrid wore a muddy-brown collared suit with a grey undershirt and slacks, the perfect colors to match his black hide and white underbelly, at least according to Google. His blue bowtie was slick, matching the blue of his tattooed stripe that ran across the hybrid's body. His claws were manicured down to the tip, even his typically-messy blond hair was neatly combed back, resting atop his shoulders. Oh, he looked good; he spent over an hour in the bathroom to ensure he looked the part, even spraying on some cologne just to really sell the professional look.

So, naturally, he was quite alarmed to see no one so much as wearing a tie when he walked through those double doors.

"Hmhf, stupid dress code...\$800 bucks wasted." Denya was still pouting even after stepping into the elevator, his arms crossed tightly across his chest. The corgi receptionist he spoke with actually assumed he was a lawyer at first! How was he supposed to know a clothing company wouldn't care what clothes you wore to work?! If he would have known, he'd have just come in a tank top or something! Well, in any case, he wouldn't let this little blunder mess up his first day on the job. He quickly doffed the suit and tie, draping them across his wings for the time being. At least Denya looked almost casual in just the grey button-up...almost.

The elevator dinged, the doors opened; Denya swallowed down any hesitation and stepped forward. He had only seen office interiors from movies and tv shows, and was quite relieved to see this one wasn't just a large grey box. There were plenty of colors to be seen: the walls were all different shades of warm colors, lit up gloriously by the massive windows off to the side. The entire floor really was just one big room, divided off into separate sections that had their own desk and computers. Denya had assumed each fur had their own cubicle in an office setting, and was delighted to see that wasn't the case; there were plenty of groups of two or three!

He could have stood there, staring at the setting all day, watching people type away or walk around. However, he was currently on the clock and should probably get started doing some actual productive work. The scene was quite overwhelming, giving him a brief feeling of sensory overload, but thankfully he wouldn't be working on anything too difficult; mainly, he would be shadowing his partner: A dragon named Arro.

Where could Arro be, anyways?

Across the room, a rather large dragon was curiously surveying the newest employee. He was leaning back in his chair, his belly taking up the extra room between him and the desk. When Arro saw the nervous, over-dressed hybrid glancing around, he realized that was

probably the guy he'd been waiting for. He rose to go greet him, stretching his white, velvety wings briefly before refolding them along his scaly red back, which definitely wasn't pink. At all.

He ponderously made his way over, readjusting the collar of his bland button-up and came to a stop before the interesting draolf, putting out a paw to shake. "Hey, Denya, is it?" He gave what he hoped was a welcoming smile. "I'm Arro. I believe you're supposed to be my new work partner."

"Oh, yeah! That's me!" Denya spun around and firmly grasped that paw, staring directly ahead at Arro's prodigious gut for a solid three seconds before looking up at the dragon's face. It wasn't just the buildings that were big in the big city, it seemed! Heck, he was surprised Arro's horns didn't actually poke into the ceiling! The rosy-hued reptile was at least two feet taller than the draolf, and roughly that much wider as well. He was a big fella, sure, but not intimidating in the slightest, despite that obviously-forced smile. Besides, Denya wasn't one to talk; his own middle was rather soft as well.

"Nice to meetcha, Arro!" Denya shook Arro's paw quickly, hard enough to make the dragon's arm fat jiggle. "My name's Denya, but you, uh, already know that, heh. Excited to be working with ya!" The hybrid smiled innocently, bouncing on the balls of his feet. "Really, I'm just excited to be working here at all! This is my first real job, outside of being a fry cook at a fast food joint. We probably don't get to take home as much food here though, heheh."

"Actually, you'd be surprised." Arro grinned a bit. "The first thing you need to know is that we're all one team here. Sometimes, people bring tons of food into the break room for the whole office, and we're allowed to enjoy as much as we want. Although we're all expected to contribute equally," he added.

Arro cast a glance at the clock on the wall. "You know, I could show you the breakroom now, if you'd like, before we get started. Just so that you know where it is." It had occurred to Arro that there might be food in there right now, of course. Maybe it would be good for Denya to see for himself. That would definitely be a good reason to go there and look for food. Yeah. For Denya.

"Oh, that sounds good to me!" Denya's smile widened ever so slightly. Surely it was just coincidence that the biggest guy in the building wanted to start off with the room that had food in it, right? Again, Denya knew he shouldn't judge; the situation was just humorous to him.

"Actually, would it be ok if I did eat something there, even though I'm a total newbie?" Denya asked, tilting his head. "I, uh, actually didn't eat much before coming here. Spent too long, uh...grooming myself." God, he still felt dumb for coming here overly dressed.

"Oh, of course! It's this way." Arro began to head towards a door on the side of the room with Denya in tow. The large dragon was grateful of how conveniently nearby it was, and quickly pushed open the door. They were greeted by a spacious room with some tables, although the

far end had counters, a fridge, a microwave, and a sink. The counter was the focus of Arro's attention, though, as he immediately noticed a few boxes stacked there. His nose twitched at the enticing scent of what he was pretty sure was inside.

Sure enough, as he teased open the edges of the flimsy cardboard, what awaited them were a dozen perfect donuts. Well, eleven perfect donuts. One had been taken already. Arro was privately grateful that they seemed to have arrived just in time to enjoy a few. Er, enjoy one. Yeah. Definitely not more than that. Definitely not while Denya stood there and watched with what would undoubtedly be a horrified expression if Arro began to pound them down.

The draolf's eyes widened at the assortment before him. Blinking, he quickly glanced between the donuts and the dragon. "Really? We can just...eat?" he asked, pointing at the donuts. "I'm not used to being able to eat on the job."

With an approving nod from Arro, Denya wasted no time in reaching for a pink sprinkled donut, taking a big bite out of it. Goodness, this was a good donut! Super puffy and sweet, the icing perfectly molding with the fried dough; it was almost too big for him to properly wrap his muzzle around! No wonder Arro was so big if city furs got to eat like this every day!

Without even thinking, Denya reached for a maple donut with his free paw, taking a generous bite out of that next. Gosh, every donut tasted fantastic! He hardly seemed to care that Arro had been watching him as the draolf casually nibbled out of both donuts one at a time; he was about halfway finished with both before finally looking up at Arro, ears folded. "Oh...was I only allowed one?"

"That honestly depends on whether or not people are looking," Arro joked before he could stop himself. He began to blush. Great, now he sounded like a fatass.

"Oh." Denya gulped. Bashfully, he looked around the room, completely missing the implication Arro made. He sighed in relief when he noticed they were alone, before glancing back up at the big drake. "Erh, you don't count, do you?"

"Oh, uh, well." Arro felt his face heat up as he stammered. "No, it's okay." He eyed the box a bit hungrily though, forming an idea. "Would it make you feel better if I, uh, took more too?"

"Would you?" Denya blurted out, tail wagging softly. "I-I mean, only if you wouldn't mind. You can just blame me if we get in trouble though. New guy didn't know how many donuts he was allowed and asked his new partner to take some so he wouldn't feel guilty, heheh." The draolf chuckled, taking another bite of the maple.

"Hmm..." Arro put a paw on his chin. He looked from the draolf back to the donuts, the enticing scent of frosting wafting into his snout. Then he looked back to the draolf, who looked eager to eat quite a few donuts himself. Maybe even enough to..?

“You know, nobody will know how many donuts we took if nobody knows there were ever any donuts at all,” he mused. Then he blushed again. He was NOT making the first impression he’d hoped. He wondered if his new work partner would ask to be reassigned. Then again, he seemed pretty excited at the prospect of eating more donuts, so maybe he wouldn’t mind if Arro ate a little more than the average person. So what?

“Wait, you can do that?” Denya blinked, staring up not in judgement, but in awe. Was Arro seriously giving him the green light to just demolish the entire box then and there? Oh, if the hybrid wasn’t holding a donut in each paw, he’d hug the big dragon tight! If only he had more paws. “Man, I’m used to coworkers getting mad at me for trying to snack on the job; I never thought I’d be partners with someone who actually *encourages* that! You’re definitely the best coworker I’ve had by far,” the draolf smirked, raising a donut in his pinky as if in salute, before taking another large bite.

Arro blushed, which happened all too frequently. He was actually pretty sure he hadn’t stopped blushing this whole time. “Well... thanks.” He hoped he was a good coworker. Especially now that they were both bonded in a secret donut-eating pact. “Thanks for giving me an excuse to eat more donuts,” he added. Well, if he was going to be a fatass, at least he had permission this time.

He grabbed a few more for himself, going for chocolate. The rich, sugary flavor kissed his tongue as he bit down, and he didn’t waste any time scarfing rest of the frosted dough into his mouth. He was reaching for another practically before he knew what was happening, but was slightly relieved to see Denya doing the same. Damn, at least the much shorter fur knew how to eat! Denya was almost matching his pace donut-for-donut. Or, actually, maybe even more. Arro tried not to stare as the hybrid impressively pulled ahead, an unofficial race to see who would get the last one.

Finally, as Arro reached for it, it vanished from beneath his paw by a seemingly-unaware Denya as the remaining donut disappeared through his waiting jaws.

The draolf hadn’t meant to eat as much as he had; he *did* say he hadn’t eaten much today, right? Besides, how often were you allowed to actually eat donuts on the job like this? He was filling up quite rapidly, his belly becoming a bit more pronounced as it pressed lightly against his buttons, yet that hadn’t stopped him from whisking away the last donut to chomp on it. The hybrid took several greedy bites out of the frosted ring of fried dough before finally noticing Arro glancing at him. “Oh...sorry. Did you want this one?”

“Not anymore.” Arro eyed the tiny pinch of donut left. He supposed it was nice that the draolf had asked. Although truth be told, he was feeling a bit full, his gut stuffed with the dense, heavy pastries. His muffin top bulged over his belt, which felt a bit tighter than it had just a few minutes ago. He resisted the urge to massage it with his paw. He supposed he could try to wash it down with a glass of milk from the fridge, as long as it hadn’t expired since the last time

he'd binged in here. He didn't plan on mentioning to Denya that that had been yesterday. "You want a drink?" He ponderously moved towards the fridge.

"Oh, yes please. I'm parched!" Denya perked up, wagging. He knew he had eaten more than his fair share, especially considering the size difference between the two; drinking something other than water would just add to the tightening feeling in his belly. Still, something to wash down all those crumbs and bread sounded fantastic.

The draolf happily joined the dragon by the fridge, peering around those broad sides as his coworker opened the fridge...only for the two of them to freeze in place at what they saw. After a moment of awkward silence, Denya finally spoke up. "H-hey, Arro? Who's Gerald...and why do they have a cake with their name on it?"

"Oh." Arro grimaced a bit. "That would just so happen to be our boss."

He was impressed by the size of the cake. Of course, Gerald wouldn't settle for anything less. Arro leaned in closer to peer at it. The details were a bit hard to see, actually, so he figured he should just take it out to look at it. He put it on the counter. To look at it. Just looking.

"An anniversary? A birthday?" Arro guessed at the occasion. "I wonder why it's sitting here uneaten? I mean, surely, everyone else in the office has had plenty of time to come in here and try some." He glanced around suspiciously. Other than the cake itself, nothing else in the office today indicated that there should be one here. "Maybe no one else wanted any..." he said carefully. He couldn't see why that would be the case, but it was just *sitting* here...

"Can we try some?" Denya looked up from the cake, folding his ears at the incredulous look Arro gave him. "I mean, if no one wanted any, and it's in the public fridge, there's no reason to, like, let it sit there, right? I really don't like wasting food...but, that's just if we don't get in trouble, or our boss doesn't mind. Does he like cakes?" As he spoke, the hybrid's attention slowly drifted back down to the cake. He was quite full of the donuts from earlier, and the last thing he needed was more sugar, but...damn, it was one hell of a cake!

Arro pressed his index fingers together. "I mean, it would be a real shame to let it go to waste, if Gerald didn't want it... I mean, why else would it be sitting here?" His nose flared at the scent of sugar. "You know, if someone finished it, it would also clear up some room in the fridge, for everyone else. Whoever finished it up would be doing everyone a favor. Especially if nobody else ate it..."

His stomach chose that exact moment to grumble, and he blushed. He wanted to tell it to shut the fuck up. He'd already eaten a ton of donuts, wasn't it happy?

"That's a very good point." The edges of Denya's muzzle curled up into a smile. How fun it was to have a coworker who was on the same wavelength he was! He could debate further with the big dragon; what if their boss planned on just storing it in the fridge to take it home later.

But any time wasted talking just took away from their time eating. “Alright, we’ll just try a little slice then, just in case.” Denya winked up at Arro. “A little slice.”

They couldn’t breathe.

Denya’s breathing was quick and shallow; any more than that and he was afraid he’d pop! He practically stumbled out of the breakroom with Arro, barely able to even look straight ahead. A very slight groan escaped his lips; he was short of decaying skin to actually be mistaken for a zombie!

A very, very bloated zombie.

“Urrf, fuck.” The hybrid panted beneath his breath, awkwardly following the similarly-stuffed Arro back to their station. That entire cake, meant to feed somewhere around 10 or so furs, gone. Reduced to crumbs. Decimated. The only remains were on the fat dragons’ muzzles that they desperately tried to lick off; that, and their distended stomachs.

Denya’s shirt actually lifted off from his torso, the hybrid having looked as though he swallowed an entire basketball! It actually juttred over his waistband a bit, his claws gently stroking at the bloated, taut surface in an attempt to assuage the sugary mass crammed inside. Fuck, he couldn’t even think; everything was such a blur!

A delicious, sugary blur!

He couldn’t help but smile, following closely behind Arro. “Woooooorth it,” he muttered silently, hopefully loud enough for only Arro to hear.

Arro felt like he might slip into a food coma. As it was, he tiredly dropped back into his desk chair, leaning back to give his distended stomach some extra space. He noticed that his love handles gripped the arm rests a bit more tightly as he wriggled into place, his chubby wings folding in as best he could. “That was... really good...” he panted, overfull. A moment later, a belch relieved some of the pressure. “Damn, our coworkers should forget cakes in the fridge more often.” He’d been meaning to go on a diet - any day now - but the cake had been so good that he didn’t regret a thing. He’d make an exception this time. Just this once.

Giving himself a little shake to be more alert, his gut jiggled and bounced a bit. “Okay. So I guess it’s time to show you what we do here.” He moved over at the desk a bit to give Denya more space to put his chair next to Arro’s. It was a tight squeeze, the love handles on Arro’s sides puffing over the armrests to take up extra space. He pulled some papers out of a drawer, his belly bunching up a bit as he strained to reach over its curve. “Alright. The company puts out advertisements, and people call us with questions. We answer those questions, or direct people to departments who can better assist them.” He looked the wolf dragon up and down. He

seemed a bit young. He wondered how much experience he had at this sort of thing. "Think you can handle that? I'll open the line if you're ready. And I'll be right here to help train you."

"Yeah, I can handle that," Denya muttered, only half paying attention. He was amused watching Arro struggle with his large belly in the way, the hybrid doing his best not to smirk. Poor dragon must have troubles dealing with his weight. Again, Denya wasn't one to talk considering he was already on the heavy side, as well as eating a smorgasbord of sweets just now, but he totally had a metabolism to make up for that. There was no way he would ever be as fat as-

Arro was still talking. Denya shook himself to focus. "Yeah, I'll be fine. I love talking to people; this will be a breeze!"

Arro didn't seem to share Denya's confidence, but he opened the line regardless. It wasn't long before the phone started ringing. The draolf gave a quick smirk to his coworker before bringing the phone to his ear. "Heya! You've reached Maw & Magins; Denya speaking! How can I help ya!"

So far so good. Arro held his breath with anticipation as the newest member of their team took his first baby steps into the job. He tried to ignore other coworkers moving around them, most of whom were suddenly headed for the breakroom. He only focused on the tentative newbie before him.

The dragon winced as Denya's voice suddenly picked up. "Ah, no way! The same thing happened to me just last week, haha. My friends and I were playing football, and this guy, named Trin. He's got a hell of an arm, that guy, and he- hello?"

Denya blinked as he pulled the phone away, his ear twitching at the distinctive click and dial tone ringing. Sheepishly, he hung up the phone and slumped back in his chair, his buttons straining around his round belly. "Man, I thought I did pretty good too. I didn't even belch into the phone; you saw me hold that in, right?"

"They... uh... must have gotten disconnected." Arro wasn't really sure how to break it gently. He didn't want to intimidate the new guy on his first-ever call. "Okay just, maybe try to not talk about football?" Not that that had been most of the problem. "Try to stick to the topic of what the customer is talking about."

Denya nodded his head attentively. Arro wondered how many words were getting inside of it.

They were both distracted by the sound of yelling from the breakroom. Arro turned his head sharply, his ears pricked towards the sound. The door opened to reveal all of the employees that had disappeared over the last few minutes, which Arro hadn't really thought

much about until they all piled out looking a bit upset. They were also all looking at Arro and Denya, which didn't seem very good.

Gerald was at the front of the small gathering, the red wolf baring his fangs in frustration. His eyes instantly fell upon the blubbery office worker and the less-blubbery new trainee. He didn't bother introducing himself to Denya, instead angrily demanding, "I don't suppose anyone has seen a cake around here?"

Arro's ears flattened. Oh shit. He pressed his index fingers together. "Cake?" He noticed that his index fingers were covered in chocolate and resisted the urge to suck it off right in front of his boss.

The snarling wolf threw up his paws. "I'm wondering who would have POSSIBLY been in the breakroom all morning that could have downed an entire cake." His gaze shifted from the portly dragon to the flabby draolf. "It's a huge mystery. Not even the employees throwing my surprise party knew that the real surprise would be that the cake is already gone."

Denya stared up at Gerald with wide eyes. "Well, you certainly sound surprised!"

Arro smacked his forehead. Then it occurred to him that he may have just smeared chocolate frosting on it. Shit.

Gerald's gaze flickered from one of them to the other, his eyes narrowed suspiciously. "I don't suppose you two have... seen anything?"

Arro gulped. "Seen what?"

Denya hesitantly rose his paw, trying to deflect some attention off of Arro. "H-hey, uh, I saw a box of donuts in the trash earlier, if that helps. Does...that count as seeing anything?"

The slim lupine's gaze hardened as he turned towards the draolf, his voice disturbingly quiet. "How did you know that was a donut box?"

"I...the crumbs tasted like donuts?" Denya blinked. Gerald blinked. Arro blinked. It took an awkward moment's silence for Denya to realize what he just said. "I-I mean *looked* like donut crumbs! And smelled, hahahah." He rambled, stumbling over his words to catch himself. "I-I mean, I didn't actually eat crumbs from the trash, heheh! I mean, I thought about it, c-cuz I was so hungry, b-but I fixed that with brrrrrrRRRRRURP!"

Whoops, that one sort of just exploded out of his mouth, just like the verbal diarrhea from earlier when he blurted out that comment to Gerald. Denya's face reddened to match Arro's, no longer smiling; his snout was overwhelmed with the scent of sugar and frosting. Something that Gerald quickly picked up on, judging by the quick sniffs the wolf was taking.

Their boss continued to scan the two of them; Denya feeling very small, despite outweighing the other wolf several times over. Between that belch and the obvious chocolate smudge on Arro's forehead, they were in some deep shit.

"Yeah...alright. I think we're done here." Gerald nodded his head and gave the two doughy dragons a quick sneer before walking off, followed closely by his subordinates.

Denya let loose the breath he didn't know he was holding, the buttons straining against his middle. "Fuck, that was close," he muttered, leaning his head against the back of his chair. That guy was flat out interrogating them like they had committed a serious crime! Since when was eating someone else's desserts a serious offense, anyways? Why couldn't he just ask for another cake or something like a normal person? Wiping the sweat from his forehead, the draolf turned towards Arro. "That guy is mean. I'm glad we ate his food, now."

"Shh, keep your voice down," Arro hissed warily at the oblivious hybrid. "I didn't know the cake was for him." The cake that had 'Gerald' scrawled across the top could have been for anybody. "He'll calm down on his own time. Let's just agree not to talk about it, yeah?"

Denya nodded.

By the end of the day, as Arro got ready to leave, he was pretty sure that a permanent bruise had formed on his forehead from slapping it so often, but he was certain that the draolf had to have improved at least a little. Maybe it was just such a tiny amount that it was invisible, but surely, the improvement was there.

He shimmied a bit to get out of his desk chair, his love handles squeezing between the arm rests, jiggling as they were finally freed. The surge of fat put a strain on the buttons of his shirt, which he'd had to keep re-tucking throughout the day as his swollen stomach digested the obscene amount of cake and donuts he'd packed into his maw. It was still a bit distended, making it difficult, but he could give up on tucking in the shirt for now. He was more looking forward to taking off his tight belt the moment he got home, then removing the constricting pants that were wrapped tightly to his frame. He had been on the verge of growing out of them for a while, which he normally put off thinking about, but he knew he'd overdone it on the cake today.

Arro watched the pudgy draolf out the corner of his eye as he stretched his wings. "You'll get the hang of it in no time." He hoped that sounded convincing.

"Yeah...I'm sure." Denya sighed, tucking in his wings further when he saw Arro's stretch out. His cheery disposition had faded away as the day went on, the hybrid going from bouncing in his seat to struggling to find the energy to smile. It could be the rush of sugar finally leaving his system, but a part of him felt dejected. So many callers hung up on him today, and that's not to mention how often the hybrid had to ask for help with the simplest of computer tasks. He was not gonna keep his job for long, it seemed.

He saw Arro looking down at him worryingly and quickly perked up, sitting up in his seat quick enough to make his gut bounce. "Oh, uh. Sorry. I can tell I've been kinda frustrating for you today...and I did almost get us in trouble with the, erh, breakroom incident," the draolf chuckled awkwardly, scratching his arm. "I really appreciate the help, I'm just not good at...a lot of things. Knowing me, I'm probably gonna end up getting lost on my way home, heh." He recalled getting excited about the idea of losing himself on his way back; now, however, it felt like it would just add onto his list of mistakes today.

"You did great for a first day," Arro lied. Denya was right about being frustrating. He was a bit of a slow learner. But Arro took a deep breath. "It'll take a few tries to get used to. Nobody expects you to immediately pick it up on the first day." He actually felt a bit bad. "Hey, um, I know you're the new guy and stuff. Do you want to, uh." Arro pressed his index fingers together. "Do you want to come with me to grab food? It might be nice to de-stress after the day, heh."

He felt his face heat up as he realized that he might not want Denya to know he was already hungry again. Shit. He was already obviously the office fatass; he didn't need to reaffirm it. "I mean, I'm sure you're full, and I'm still pretty full. From the cake, I mean. But I might stop somewhere and get a snack. Maybe for later, or, well, whenever I next feel hungry. Which probably won't be soon, of course. Because of the cake." He was interrupted by a demanding growl from his stomach. His ears flattened sheepishly beneath the draolf's curious stare.

Denya didn't have a response right away. He couldn't imagine being hungry after almost getting yelled at for stuffing their faces with untold calories. Yet the truth was in the pudding, or in this case, the pudding-like dragon belly. Arro really was a fatty!

But, the offer made Denya smile again; a genuine one, this time. "Hey, yeah, I'd love that! Thanks so much, man. I'll totally pay for it and everything, the least I can do for having you deal with me all day, heh. Besides, I'm pretty peckish myself!"

He lied. Food really was the last thing on the draolf's mind, that much was made certain when he finally stood back up, grunting as he felt his stomach press into his pants. He was certain he'd have a deep imprint of his pants button against his lower belly once he finally got home. Really, Denya wasn't overwhelmingly full like he was earlier, merely uncomfortably full, yet he put on a hungry face anyways. He really wanted to be friends with this nice, generous dragon, and if that meant eating more than he was used to, well, what was a couple extra pounds anyways?

Arro grinned a bit. He hoped he'd be able to cheer the hybrid up. He seemed like a cool guy, if a little... slow, to pick up on some things. Maybe he was just shy. "Great. I'll show you some of the best food around."

Outside, he felt a bit self-conscious as he opened the car door. The car dipped heavily beneath his weight as he climbed inside, and he still had to squirm a bit so that his pudgy

paunch didn't press up against the steering wheel. He wasn't sure how much farther he could move his seat back before it became unreasonable. Fortunately, if Denya had comments, he kept them to himself.

Denya honestly didn't notice the dragon adjusting himself; he had ample opportunities at work to see Arro work around his own bulk. Instead, he focused on the city through the window once again, this time keeping his wings firmly tucked. There were so many lights and signs up; it was such a big change from how the city looked just this morning. It was like, well, night and day!

"You guys must never get bored, living in a place like this. I feel like I could spend all my life just exploring downtown! That's what you call the area with the really big buildings, right?" Denya asked. He asked a lot of questions on their car ride, mainly about the area, of course. Today's failures were already a distant memory for the easily impressionable hybrid, who found new things to look forward to.

One of those had a big red and yellow sign on it that read "Sparky's!" Denya perked up when he saw the fast food joint, pointing ahead. "Oh! Is that place good? I've never seen a Sparky's back home."

"I'm sort of surprised. It's one of the best places around." Arro made the decision and turned into the lot. "Might as well have your first meal here, then. Welcome to the city," he grinned. The car practically let out a sigh of relief as he wormed his way out, leading Denya towards the tantalizing scent of hot greasy food. Arro's stomach began to rumble anew, and he once again wished he could tell it to shut up and stop embarrassing him in front of his new friend.

Inside, the line was short, and they quickly got to the counter. Arro pretended to stare at the menu wall for a long time, so that it didn't seem like he came here literally all of the time. "Alright, I'll have the uhhhh burgers meal? The double burgers," he added. "And, um, the big meal." It was usually meant for more than one person, but maybe Denya would find the food good enough that he didn't even notice the disgusting amount Arro could eat. Still, he blushed furiously as he went on, "And a milkshake too?" He readjusted his shirt self-consciously over his hanging belly as he stood out of the way for Denya to order.

"And, I'll have what he's having. The, uh, double burgers, big meal, milkshake, all that." Denya smiled, pulling out his wallet. His folded ears betrayed his true feelings: That was a lot of food! He planned from the start to order what Arro was having to help make the dragon feel more self-confident, but still! Well, in any case, he was looking forward to the warm meal. He grinned up at Arro as they made their way to the booth to wait, the hybrid noticing a slight lack of space between his stomach and the table. "Heh, the smell is really getting to me. I walked in way hungrier than I anticipated."

Arro eyed the booth more warily as he stood over it. "Yeah, uh, me too," he said absently as he took a deep breath and went to sit. He sucked in his gut a bit to slide into the seat, but found it wasn't as bad as he'd originally expected, although the squeeze was still tighter than he would have liked. His face felt hot again as he thought about what a fool he was making of himself. He was supposed to be dieting, but he was actually being more of a fatass than ever in front of this new guy. He closed his eyes for a moment, making himself remember the donut-and-cake-pact. It was too late to be an un-fatass now that Denya had observed his true nature.

Even though Denya knew Arro was a glutton, that didn't stop the hybrid from feeling bad for the big guy. There wasn't anything wrong with having a large appetite, or sporting a body that showed it, but it would take more than just words to convince the dragon that. So, he settled on trying to get Arro's mind off of his gut. "So, that Gerald fox...is he, uh, normally that pleasant to be with? Does he have a secret obsession with sweets that he had to go after us like that?"

"Heh. He's a wolf, actually. He's very, very quick to correct everyone on that. It's a mistake that happens a lot." Arro supposed that in that aspect, he couldn't even blame the guy. He knew how annoying it was when people mistook his pale-red scales for pink all of the time. It was really weird, since they weren't at all pink. Definitely not. "He's just... he's not the friendliest guy." It was also rude of him to not even bother introducing himself to his latest employee. "I'm not sure it was so much about the cake, as that we sort of, uh, demolished it." He pressed his index fingers together. "He apparently wanted to eat it."

"Ah...I didn't know he was actually a wolf." Denya nodded, seemingly only interested in the first part of Arro's explanation. Seeing that look on Arro's face, the draolf spoke up again. "Yeah, no, I getcha, though! Some people have trouble socialising and all that. And I'd be pissed too if someone ate my cake and donuts. Dunno why he had to get in our faces like that, though, or why he'd passive-aggressively accuse us. Heck, he should be grateful. All that sugar would just make you fat, anyways."

Fuck! That was *the* literal worst thing to say. Denya tried keeping a straight face while he absolutely crumbled on the inside, his heart having skipped a beat seeing how dejected Arro looked. Stupid! That's what he gets for constantly trying to fill the air with idle chatter. Does he apologize and back peddle, or does he laugh it off as a joke?

"Order for Denya?"

Thankfully, neither! Quite literally saved by the bell, Denya perked up when he saw his opportunity of escape. "Oh, hey, food's here! About time, too. Was getting pretty hungry, heh."

Denya slid out from the booth, wanting to give Arro a bit of space while also not wanting to trouble the horizontally-challenged dragon with more movement than he needed. Still feeling sorry for the dragon, the hybrid's tail coiled around his leg as he approached the counter and...woah...was all that for them?

He had thought the double burgers meal was either a double patty burger or two separate burgers, not both! Maybe he should have paid closer attention to the menu instead of blindly copying Arro's meal. Each burger had the aforementioned two patties, still sizzling warmly with the cheese melting into the meat. Between each juicy patty were thick slabs of bacon, and plenty of lettuce and tomato in a laughable attempt to offset all that greasy goodness.

And there were two of them! Each! Not to mention the near-bucket of fatty, greasy fries, and the shakes looked like they were almost a liter each! Denya actually grunted at the weight of the two large trays, his wings shooting out to help wrap around the trays out of instinct. The hybrid blushed at requiring the usage of his additional limbs to carry all that food. Hopefully no one was looking; he hated using his wings.

Carefully, he meandered his way back to their booth, sliding the trays onto the table before collapsing into his seat. "Phew, that was heavy. Can't believe you get all this for twenty bucks!" Denya chuckled, tossing a fry into his mouth.

"It's part of what makes this place so great," Arro took a moment to add before hungrily diving in. His fangs tore into the juicy meat, cutting through the flimsy lettuce and tomato as he bit down like they weren't even there at all. He chewed the mouthful quickly, savoring the flavor for a moment before he took his next bite. And then the next. And then the next. He knew deep down, in the back of his mind, that he didn't really need to be pounding down burgers after the massive cake he'd had earlier. But his desire to keep eating outweighed his guilt. He felt the buttons on his shirt strain as he leaned forward over the table, his gut pressing heavily into the edge, but he felt like he couldn't stop himself.

Denya found himself in a similar situation, although he couldn't quite match the pacing of his larger counterpart. The food was delicious, if a little greasy and messy, and the shake didn't do much to help wash it all down considering how thick it was. Still, every bite the hybrid took was followed up with a second, with him licking his lips in between.

Not even halfway into the first burger, the draolf was starting to feel his stomach tighten with fullness. His foodbaby reemerged, his white belly filling out against his shirt once more, the grease and salts adding to the sugars from his previous meal. It was the cake situation all over again, only Denya wasn't as lucky in having an empty stomach beforehand. He felt absolutely bloated just pushing the last of the first burger into his mouth, yet when he looked up, he was astonished to see Arro still chowing down as if he skipped lunch! Where did he keep it all? Well, the answer to that question was currently pressing against the table, but rather than comment on it, Denya went back to eating. And eating...and eating...hurrp!

A loud belch escaped the draolf's lips as he finished gulping down the last of his fries, his meal finally demolished, save for a few sips of his drink. He leaned back and huffed softly,

his claws tracing along his distended stomach, shocked to find his shirt had actually lifted up slightly to reveal the fluffy dome beneath it. "F-fuck...that was *hic* good..."

Arro let out a small belch of his own, finally realizing just how full he was. His belly was straining dangerously against his shirt, which was definitely no longer tucked, and the waistband of his pants was screaming in pain. "This place is fantastic," he agreed, panting slightly. Damn, he'd really overdone it. "I guess now you know about one of the best places in the city, heh."

"Oh, yeah...can't wait to...come back again." Denya huffed. Breathing was becoming an issue yet again. He knew he should be more discreet, but the hybrid couldn't help but reach a stray paw down to rub at his burbling bloated belly. He had eaten more food today than he typically did in three! And he was a bit of a glutton himself!

But, seeing Arro smiling and relaxing made the experience all worth it. Returning the smile, the draolf slowly seated himself upright, wincing as his stomach bounced around. "Thanks again for taking us here. I hope it's not too far from where you live, though."

"Oh, not at all, actually. I admit that's why I come here often." Then he blushed. Shit. Why was he telling the hybrid that he ate here often?? The draolf's opinion of him must be on the floor. "I live in the apartment building on the corner of Baker's Street and Adipose Way. It's really convenient."

"Nice! I'd love to live near a place like this." Denya smiled, before blinking. Where *did* he live anyways? He practically spent all day yesterday packing, so he didn't have much of a chance to look around the area before immediately preparing for work. To satisfy his curiosity, the hybrid reached into his pants for his phone, frowning when he noticed how hard it was to squeeze his paw into his tight pocket, before finally pulling his phone out. "Hold on, I actually think I might live close...alright, I live on..." He paused, lowering his phone to look at Arro. "Don't tell me, do you live at the Round House Apartments too?!"

Arro pricked his ears. "That's the place." The same apartment building? What were the odds? "Small world, huh?" He laughed a bit, but it came out a bit strained as the pressure in his belly made it hard to draw in air. The ball of lard in his lap jiggled with every movement, threatening to overtake his stressed clothing.

He had a thought. "Hey, uh. Do you want a ride?" He pressed his index fingers together. "To the apartment building, I mean. If we both live there." He supposed after Denya paid for his admittedly huge meal, it was the least he could offer.

"Oh, I'd love that if you wouldn't mind." Denya beamed. At the moment, he was just relieved he didn't have to waddle all the way home with an overstuffed middle, but he was also excited to see his current best friend in this new city was also a roommate. "Guess we're gonna be seeing a lot more of each other, huh?" He smirked.

When they entered the building a short while later, Arro was the first onto the elevator. He squeezed tightly into the side to make sure Denya had more than enough space to enter behind him. He reached over to press the third floor button. "How about you?" he asked, ready to press it for him. Then figured he should just let Denya go ahead. No need to baby him. Arro was already starting to wonder if he was being a little overbearing, dragging Denya out to eat with him and driving him around.

"Oh, right there, second floor." Denya pointed at the "2" button without extending far enough to actually press it. This elevator must have been an older model or something; he couldn't believe it was actually almost a little cramped with just two dragons inside of it. Granted, Arro was definitely taking up half of the elevator, and Denya himself filled up slightly more than his fair share. He actually didn't notice his wing was poking out until after Arro pressed the button and the elevator dinged, the hybrid quickly retracting it.

"Hey, thanks for-" Denya turned to Arro, before grunting as their overstuffed stomachs pressed into each other. Blushing a bit, the draolf's ears folded as he turned slightly away, sucking in his belly on reflex. "Whoops, heheh. I, uh, thanks again for putting up with me and all. I still feel kinda bad for getting us in trouble after suggesting we eat all the cake and donuts and stuff. And the 13 times I messed up talking to the customer...and logging you out of the computer 3 times..." the draolf scratched behind his back. This was getting awkward. "But, yeah, I really appreciate it. You're a really good friend, dude."

"Oh, it's alright." He paused. "I mean." He pressed his index fingers together. "You're a good friend too. Heh." It was true that the hybrid was very nice, even though they'd just met. He supposed their friendship had been sealed by the cake-pact this morning. It was inevitable.

He watched as the smaller fur stepped off the elevator, which still groaned beneath Arro's weight as it dragged him up one more floor. It was true it had been a long day at work with the clumsy draolf, but he found that for some reason, he was rather looking forward to seeing him again tomorrow.

Denya made a beeline for his bed when he made it home, his pants buckle practically flying off as he unclasped it. There, he flopped heavily onto his bed, letting out a soft groan. Fuck, he was still full. His stomach continued to gurgle and grumble, as if yelling at its host for stuffing it to near bursting two times in the same day. "Get over it," he'd tell the anthropomorphized version of his stomach, slowly rolling onto his back to let his middle rise above him. "At least you're not as big as Arro's gut yet."

Arro..what a guy. Denya smiled to himself just thinking about the friendly pudgy dragon. He was such an adorable softie, even more so when food was involved. He genuinely appreciated Arro's patience; anyone else would have complained about him to that obnoxious Gerald fox. Wolf. Whatever. The dragon was obviously different; he didn't seem to mind when

Denya made a mistake, unlike at his previous fast food job when his coworkers screamed at him for accidentally giving a milkshake to someone who was lactose intolerant. Arro seemed like such a nice guy, Denya just wished he didn't act so shy or nervous. Well, Arro did seem more relaxed when they were eating; the big guy practically inhaled the cake earlier! Maybe they just needed to eat more together.

The hybrid winced as he heard noisy thumping from the ceiling above. He wasn't used to loud neighbors yet; hopefully they would keep it down soon so he could sleep. Maybe he'll ask Arro how he dealt with his noisy neighbors.

Tomorrow. Denya closed his eyes and smiled. He couldn't wait for tomorrow.