

Two weeks later, when Denya entered the office, Arro decided to comment on his latest wardrobe change. "I like the suspenders," he grinned as Denya walked up to the desk. It was apparent that the draolf was using them to hold up his hefty belly, but Arro didn't think that was the sort of thing he should point out.

The draolf grinned wide at the compliment, dimples forming in his soft cheeks. "Thanks! They're custom made and everything. Took a while to get here, though; ordered them from Europe. Check it out!" Denya waddled closer to show off the straps to his coworker, his large belly hovering above the desk. "See? It's got cool planets on 'em."

They were a bit hard to miss, with his soft, round tum pressed up in Arro's face as Denya flopped it on the side of the desk. "Oh, that is pretty cool." He was right. They were.

There fortunately hadn't been any more... wardrobe malfunctions, over the past couple of weeks, but Arro was glad to see Denya enjoying the suspenders. They did compliment his work outfit quite well. As Denya's tucked shirt clung around the sides of his muffin top for dear life, the suspenders swooped underneath to the rescue, making sure everything stayed securely in place and no more pants could be unjustly destroyed.

Denya beamed at the praise, wagging his chunky log of a tail slightly. While a part of him was a little proud of his bold new fashion statement, the hybrid was mainly happy he didn't have to worry about tearing apart any more clothes. He had been extra careful around Arro for the past two weeks, the increasing anxiety making him stress eat a *bit* more than he normally did, but now he was finally free to relax.

The draolf's broad hips swayed as he made his way to his own desk. Yes, he finally had his own little workplace, right next to Arro's! He had his own computer, his own phone, his own drawers...his own mini storage of chips and gummy bears. Things were finally looking up for him after a stressful first month. The other employees must have thought so too, some were calling him "the new Arro." He must be doing a great job if he was being compared to his teacher!

A shame his chair wasn't as sturdy as Arro's though. The damn thing must be getting warped; he swore he could feel it get smaller by the day, his hips and sides spilling over the padded seat. The desk itself wasn't quite as comfortable either. The hybrid could feel his gut press into it every time he reached for the telephone, the soft gut folding over the edge. He preferred reaching for the phone more than his keyboard, of course; talking to furs was way more fun than typing away at his computer one letter at a time.

For now, the draolf reached into his desk to pull out a travel-sized package of mini cookies. Reaching in and stuffing a fistful into his cherubic face, he swiveled in his seat to face Arro, grinning. "You excited for bowling later?"

Arro leaned over his desk, trying not to look at the way Denya filled the chair at the desk next to his. "Yeah, I am." He hadn't been bowling in forever. "I just... I hope I remember how to

play! Haha, I... it's been a while... " He found himself staring again and snapped back to attention. There was something about the way that Denya's soft, fluffy body spilled out around his chair that Arro couldn't stop looking at. He knew he was in a similar situation, of course; he'd spent a not-insignificant amount of time wriggling into his own chair today. He was certain he'd eventually break the damn thing. Being no stranger to gaining weight, Arro wasn't exactly delusional about the pounds he'd packed on; he was familiar with all the 'tell-tale signs'.

Denya, on the other hand... oh boy.

The friendly hybrid's first day seemed like a while ago, but part of that may have been because of the complete change of... er, shape, since then. The draolf had started out a bit pudgy, of course; Arro remembered that. But now, a bulging paunch had formed on his front and large rolls of fat wrapped around to his sides. His straining suspenders really made the weight more prominent today, as they hoisted his belly up in front of him. The flabby top sagged heavily over the too-tight waistband of his pants.

The draolf hardly seemed to notice Arro staring at his lap-filling belly. If anything, he presumed the dragon was mostly worried about embarrassing himself at bowling. He wasn't sure if Arro could even bowl a straight line with those hips and rear in the way. "Heh, don't worry about it. I'm probably gonna slip and fall or something. I'm just excited to finally get out and do some sports; I'm afraid all this sitting around is gonna start making me flabby." As he spoke, he opened his maw wide to dump the rest of the cookies into his maw, his squishy chins bunching up against his neck. Even while crunching down on his sugary snacks, the hybrid thought about the chips in his desk.

Arro leaned back in his seat and watched with an amused expression. He opened his mouth to speak.

Gerald's office door burst open. "Hello, can I have everyone's attention?" His gaze included all of the employees. "Our company outing to the local bowling alley will be soon, so anyone who wants to come can finish up and join us in the parking lot." He spun on his heel and made his way to the elevator.

Arro glanced back at Denya. "I guess it's time to go..?" He instinctively began to pack up his snacks, which covered the surface of his desk. All of his papers and everything were already 'put away', by which he meant he still hadn't taken them out, in favor of going straight for the food. He'd been getting really lucky, though, in Gerald not saying anything. The small red wolf didn't seem to notice at all.

"Yeah, I guess so!" Denya beamed. They were going sooner than he expected; he didn't have to put anything away! The hefty hybrid planted both feet on the ground, ready to haul himself up. "I can't wait! I wonder what the alley's gonna look li-eeeeaaarh!" Denya yelped and stumbled back, finding the weight supporting his rear suddenly collapsing. He gripped the desk to stop himself, his claws scratching against the wood. He might have nearly pulled the entire

thing on top of him if it weren't for his heavy tail slamming into the ground, acting as a counterweight. Talk about a close call!

The hybrid panted softly, looking over his wide shoulder to inspect the cause of it. The front of his seat had snapped clean off, hanging bent at an awkward angle off the chair. "Shit, I nearly died just now." Denya huffed, bending over his desk to better catch his breath, clearly not learning his mistake as that too started creaking.

Arro wriggled his way out of his own chair, the armrests gripping his chunky sides, battling to keep him seated. He won. He quickly went over to Denya and grabbed his arm to help steady him. "Are you alright?" The chair certainly wasn't, but the draolf fortunately looked okay.

Denya felt more than just okay, his voice getting caught in his throat. "Oh, I, uh...yeah," he muttered, righting himself quickly. Man, his heart was doing that annoying thing again where it pounded furiously in his chest whenever Arro got near him. Normally, it would be a fleeting feeling of intense emotion that only lasted seconds, such as when they would accidentally bump hips on their way to the breakroom (something that was becoming seemingly more common as of late). But with Arro touching him, grabbing him, looking concerned over him...

"We should...we should, uh." Denya cleared his throat. "We should get going. We're the last ones in here. Don't wanna get left behind now, heh," the draolf snickered, making a beeline for the elevator. When he thought about it, he realized it wouldn't be such a bad thing to be alone on a floor with easy access to all the snacks in the break room. And Arro.

Arro was quickly behind him, slowing slightly as the elevator dinged and they went to enter. He sure was glad that the elevator was larger than the one in their apartment building; he hadn't been in an elevator with Denya since then, but he would never, ever forget what happened last time. This one did actually sink a bit beneath his footsteps as his weight fully moved into it, though, and his hyper-sensitive ears were startled to even hear a small creak as the cords were strained to their limit. He tried to take up as little space as possible in the confined space, which wasn't working as his ample waistline expanded around him to fill the area.

Truth be told, he saw Denya was holding his own, taking up quite a bit of space himself. It was even more evident that he was wayyy larger than last time as they found themselves pressed up against each other again. Denya's spare tire leaned heavily against Arro's hanging gut, and he found himself looking elsewhere in the elevator as it took its sweet fucking time getting to the first floor.

The draolf, meanwhile, was doing an excellent Arro impression by blushing profusely. He recalled quite vividly how it was about two months ago that the two of them could fit perfectly in their apartment elevator. Now, even the company elevator was too small for the two of them. Just how fat was Arro?

He tried looking away, yet he could still see the reddish dragon's chub in his peripheral vision no matter what. He just filled this elevator, much like he filled the draolf's unoccupied mind. Unfortunately, the wait to reach the first floor was far longer than going up a floor at their apartments. They would be alone for a while.

"So..." Denya turned to look at Arro. When he saw the fat dragon do the same, his ears wilted, his gaze shifting downwards. "This is...significantly less awkward now that I'm not naked, right?" He chuckled, tugging on the elastic straps of his suspenders before letting them slap against his chest and gut. "Sorry I'm still, uh, pressing against you. These suspenders make me take up a lot of space."

He really was taking up a lot of space. He was pressing into Arro very firmly. Arro gulped. "Hey Denya, I..." he faltered. Started over. "Hey, um, I think..." Dammit. "Look, I am not in ANY position to say this, you know, but, uh." Was he blushing? He was sure he was blushing. "I... I think you've gotten bigger. Like..." The elevator was really, really hot inside. That must be it. The elevator air. "Um, since you've started, well... you've put on a lot of weight." He winced as he said it, studying the hybrid's face for a reaction.

Denya listened intently, hanging onto every word Arro said. Seeing the big dragon start to blush and stumble over his words, he was expecting his coworker to say something important, considering the two of them were by themselves. Alone. In an elevator.

So when Arro said what he said, it took Denya a moment to react. Gradually, he tilted his head to the side like a confused dog. "But...I thought this was a food bloat," he muttered, grabbing the sides of his hanging gut.

"For the past month and a half?" Then Arro blushed. That sounded even ruder. "I just mean- Okay, look." He reached over to the shorter drake and pinched a generous bulge of belly in his paw, hefting its weight. It very obviously wasn't food; it was soft, floppy, excess adipose.

Arro grabbed his own belly in his other paw, his fingers admittedly sinking deeper into the blubbery muffin top that stretched over his own belt, but despite the significant difference, the comparison was clear. "I just- It's like this. But, uh, obviously smaller." Arro squeezed Denya's belly a moment longer, until he had the sudden thought that if he continued to grope his hostage coworker in the elevator, he might get an HR complaint.

Denya wasn't complaining. Far from it. His eyes were wide open as he felt those paws squeeze into his own blubbery midriff, although the slight wagging of his squashed tail indicated he did not mind the situation at all. If anything, he saw an amazing opportunity to slowly reach forward to squeeze Arro's own belly fat. Vaughn, it was a challenge not to grin, feeling his fingers sink into the plush, dense flab on the dragon's gut. Arro was so big, he wanted to just wrap his arms around the doughy drake and squeeze him like the world's cutest teddy bear!

For a second, he had genuinely lost track of what they were talking about, only remembering what started this whole mess when his paws started straying lower, eventually making their way back to his own middle. For the sake of not looking like a total perv, the draolf went along with what Arro was talking about, giving his own gut a squeeze. See? It was just a food bloat! It felt nothing like...

He squeezed again, harder this time, watching with wide eyes how deep his paws were able to sink into his own bubbly belly. Arro's was definitely larger and softer, but Denya genuinely wasn't too far off. He tried thinking back to when he first met, remembering how dwarfed he felt compared to the big drake, but now in this elevator, the hybrid actually made up a sizable portion of the room! In fact...his cheeks tinged red. He was actually starting to resemble how Arro looked when the two of them met. Suddenly, his workplace nickname made a lot more sense.

"I'm...woah, I really am fat," he muttered to himself, hefting his belly up slightly, grunting at the sheer weight before letting it plop against Arro's again.

Then he laughed. A big, deep, hearty belly laugh like someone who finally understood the punchline of a joke weeks after. He was fat! Arro wasn't nervous because he had feelings for the draolf; he was just afraid to call the hybrid out for gaining so much weight! How in the hell had he not noticed all those pounds creeping up on him? All the snacking and binging he did with Arro; Vaugh, no wonder he had to wear 5XL shirts now! He had thought the clothing store had a misprint!

The draolf's laughter slowly dwindled, Denya wiping a tear from his eye with a claw. And yet, he continued giggling, the sudden laughter rippling both pairs of bellies. "Heheh...that would explain a lot, wouldn't it! Damn, I'm really...Phew! I guess I should slow down with the snacking, huh?"

"You, uh..." Arro pressed his index fingers together. "You're... okay?" He was wondering if maybe he should have brought it up sooner. Like, way sooner. "I mean, I'm glad you're not upset. Really glad." He was mostly speaking from experience. He was well aware of somehow getting fatter the last couple of weeks, and was sort of upset about it. There was something oddly... refreshing, about seeing the fat draolf laugh over it, though.

"Yeah, I'm fine! I mean, I've always been a little chubby. Now I'm just...more so!" Denya snickered, squeezing his tum. "Aw man, my friends back home would get a kick out of seeing me so fat after living here for, like, two months! I guess I could just sit on them, right? Hah!" Yeah, he was significantly fatter than he expected, but that shouldn't be a problem, right? He'd seen those weight loss commercials and ads; he just had to diet and exercise properly, maybe get a cheap set of weights, and all this excess weight would melt right off! It really was a surreal experience; he liked Arro so much, he didn't even notice he was starting to look more like him!

Denya suddenly froze, looking back up at Arro. "Um...it doesn't, like, bother you that I'm fat, does it?"

Arro glanced down at himself. "Uh... does it really look like I'm in a position to judge?" He rested his paws on his own heap of lard and blushed. "Why would your, uh, shape, bother me?" Did Denya really think that his rotund form could possibly compete with Arro's hulking mountain of blubber?

"W-well, I, uh," Denya stammered. There really was no good answer to that question, at least, one that he could come up with that wasn't obviously a lie. He honestly just didn't know if Arro was into fat guys or not! The draolf scratched awkwardly at his cheek, feeling it jiggle in his claws slightly. "...just didn't know if-

*Ding!*

The elevator finally opened, after what felt like an eternity. Denya heaved a sigh of relief through his nose, quite literally saved by the bell. He was eager to get out and leave the elevator, and this awkward situation, behind. "O-oh, finally. C'mon, let's get moving." Not even waiting for a response, Denya forced himself closer to the door, despite the fact that Arro was closer, a mistake he would soon come to regret. The door into the elevator was noticeably narrower than the interior, which was already cramped to begin with. To have two obese dragons make a break for the door at once was a recipe for disaster as both bellies pancaked outwards, pressing heavily against one another.

Arro grunted as he was ground to a halt, the other large person in the elevator pressed into him particularly tightly right now. Wait. Hadn't this happened before? "Fuck," he growled. He tried turning farther to the side to let Denya pass, but as he moved back, his squishy sides were already pressing up hard against the elevator wall's unforgiving surface. The rest of his belly was smooshing the significantly shorter draolf, giving him no leeway. "Shit." He tried to twist a little instead, hoping to move his hefty bulk back into the elevator, but couldn't squeeze it past Denya's flabby paunch. "Vaugh dammit."

"Sorry...sorry," Denya muttered breathlessly. He could hardly inhale, his body flattened to the absolute limit against Arro's. He had this thought several times already, but it was a thought that bore repeating: Arro was *big*.

Fortunately, the elevator doors didn't close this time, thanks to the draolf having the foresight to block the way with his thick arm. That, and the courtesy of a very kind and concerned fox keeping her foot in front of the sensors. Great, and Denya thought it was humiliating when this had happened in front of Rangavar.

Wiggling didn't help, the two just ended up jiggling and smooshing against each other even further. They were wedged like sardines against one another, thanks to their colossal middles and impressive rumps. Well, if Denya didn't think he was fat before...

Squeezing his other paw free from the wall of Arro tum, the draolf carefully placed both arms on the side of Arro's gut, helping to puuuuush the dragon's belly closer to the door. It was a tricky situation; Denya was at an awkward angle to push, and they were *really* squeezed together tightly, but through sheer effort, he could feel Arro's middle slide against his bit by bit. "C'mon, keep pushing..."

Arro heaved a few times against the blubbery hybrid, trying desperately to escape, turning more and more red, although not just with exertion. He took a really deep breath, trying to suck in his gut as much as possible. He could feel the draolf's soft belly press harder against him than ever as he inched... just a little more...

The release of pressure was amazing as he was flung out of the elevator by his own strength pushing against the wall, his body jiggling as he took several heavy steps to catch himself. He leaned forward to catch his breath, although he couldn't put his paws on his knees, because he couldn't reach around the bulky layers of his own blubber.

While Denya did enjoy the sight of the massive dragon slumping against his own gut, he himself was too busy wheezing and panting. Slowly, he waddled out after Arro, leaning against the wall beside the drake while watching several astonished onlookers slowly fill the elevator. His ears folded; at least 10 people just now walked into a space that was uncomfortably tight for the two of them.

Still huffing, the hybrid blinked when he noticed his suspenders weren't strapped on properly. Slowly, he slid them back on, blushing a bit when he felt the straps press against his belly, hoisting it up ever so slightly. Damn, no wonder it was such a tight squeeze. As he regained his composure, he turned towards Arro, letting out a chuckle. "I think...we should take those separately for a while. Until after I diet, you know?" He patted his belly, feeling it wobble. He had gotten very good at dealing with embarrassment lately.

Arro glanced back at him. He wished he could be equally optimistic about dieting. He'd tried and failed a hundred times, but Denya was so... confident, about everything. Good for him. "Yeah, probably. Until after you diet," he repeated slowly.

When they finally stepped out of the building, Arro felt his flushed face start to cool down. He glanced around. "Um... where's the company van?" He rubbed his midsection absently as he looked around for a sign of it. His gut was a bit sore from being pressed up against the inside of an elevator so hard. He was sure Denya felt the same.

He gazed around the parking lot. There weren't many cars. There weren't any vans. Arro groaned. "We must've, uh..." His face felt warm again. Vaugh dammit, and he had only just cooled off. "We, uh, took too long. I think they left without us."

"Oh..." Denya folded his ears. They really were in there for a while, he figured. Darn. To be honest, he wasn't so sure how the two of them could fit in the same van if the company elevator was such a big problem for them, but he figured now wasn't the time to bring that up. Maybe this was a blessing in disguise.

"Well, we can always take the bus, right?" Denya suggested, shrugging. "I get off at that corner over there, ya know? I bet we could figure out where the bowling alley is-"

A sudden loud growl from Denya's stomach interrupted his speech.

He paused, glancing down at his bulbous belly, ears folding back. Oh yeah, by now he would have raided the break room with Arro once or twice. Maybe Arro was getting hungry too? With a sheepish smile, he slowly turned towards the bigger dragon. "Hey, uh. So, I know I talked about dieting, but we probably just burned, like, a ton of calories in there, right? And we're gonna be playing a sport soon, which will burn even more. You think we should...go get a bite to eat on the way there? For energy. And cuz bowling food is really expensive." The more he talked, the more Denya convinced himself it was a good idea.

"Uh..." Arro supposed he was a little hungry. Although sometimes, he felt like Denya's appetite might be growing large enough to rival his own. "I could go for some food. Anywhere particular in mind?" He usually drove home and stopped somewhere on the way. He wasn't sure what places were within walking distance. Or, well, he probably did, but never actually walked, so he wouldn't *actually* know.

"Well..." Denya scratched his cheek. "There's actually a fried chicken place right down that street over there, where the bus goes. Chicken's lean and healthy, right?" He looked up hopefully at Arro. Perhaps the pudgy dragon wasn't the best person to ask what is and isn't fattening to eat, but he still trusted his coworker's judgement nonetheless.

"Hmmm." That sounded good. Really good. "Uh, I think so?" He knew at the very least, it had protein, which was healthy, right? "Well if we're stopping for a quick snack, we should probably start walking, so that it doesn't take us too much longer to get to the bowling alley."

It was only twenty minutes later that they were climbing onto the bus with their fried fast food. The walk was short, and the place had been quick; everything was fresh. Arro's nose widened at the scent of greasy chicken.

The bus was more cramped than he would have liked to see. He realized he might have to shuffle down the entire aisle to the seat in the very back. "So, uh..." He gritted his teeth and clutched his takeout bags more tightly to his chest as he began the arduous process of getting



from one side of the bus to the other. His padded hips and chunky love handles squeezed by each pair of seats with a little wriggle, his belly quaking every time he pushed forward. "Sorry," he muttered every time he came dangerously close to injuring a civilian. He began to sweat as the walk took forever. Was the bus getting longer? Why was the seat so far away?

He was huffing anxiously by the time he finally reached it. He flopped down onto it with a whoosh of breath, wiping the sweat off his forehead. He was finally safe. And so were the other passengers.

While not quite as hefty as his coworker, Denya faced a similar problem as he shuffled after Arro, muttering apologies left and right. No matter how careful he was, it seemed as though he was destined to bump against everything on the way, jiggling his rotund body. At one point, he nearly lost his balance and almost slapped an otter in the face with his meaty tail trying to compose himself. Man, being fat was dangerous!

Fortunately, he made it to the back without further incident. Denya promptly seated himself close to Arro, their hefty love handles lightly rubbing against each other. There simply wasn't enough room for him to give the dragon more space. "Alright, we may have lost a bit of time, but I'm sure we'll make it before they start the second game," Denya cheerfully hypothesized, placing the bags of fried chicken onto his shelf of a gut before reaching inside.

"Yeah, probably." Arro wasn't as sure, but couldn't remember how long bowling games were supposed to last. He finally began to dig around in his bag for some fried chicken, relishing in the scent of the fried batter. He hadn't been sure he was hungry earlier, but he felt way hungrier now that he could smell the food in front of him. He excitedly sank his fangs into it, the taste of the tender meat filling his mouth. As he looked into the bag, he noticed that there was a lot more where that came from. He looked more closely. A LOT more. "Shit, I hope they didn't give me someone else's order," he struggled through a mouthful. "There's a lot here." It also occurred to him that maybe, he'd misread the description of the meal and hadn't realized exactly how much food it really came with. He started to blush as he thought about how fat he must have looked in front of Denya, yet again, while ordering enough food to feed the whole bus.

"Heheh, yeah...same here," Denya muttered sheepishly. He wasn't sure what was more awkward: Seeing Arro look surprised at all the food he clearly ordered less than 10 minutes ago, or the fact that Denya ordered the exact same thing. He had gotten used to constantly mimicking Arro's orders. At first, it was to make the dragon feel more comfortable with asking for as much food as he wanted, but now his own appetite had started demanding it. Obviously, the same amount of food needed to fill an eight foot dragon shouldn't be the same amount needed for a six foot dragon-wolf. No wonder he was so fat.

Good thing he had all this healthy fried chicken to fill his belly with. The hybrid took large, greedy bites of his meal, stripping the flesh off the bone with the expertise only a carnivore possessed. Oh, this was good! If he had known this fried chicken was so tasty, he would have stopped by ages ago! He licked the bone clean, before reaching for the next drumstick, carving

it out with his teeth again. It was hard to believe something so greasy and salty was actually lean!

While he did want to savor the flavor a bit, the hybrid ate as quick as he could, knowing they had to finish before getting to the alley. Fortunately, their meal was doing a great job of satiating his hunger, the rich and dense meat filling his stomach nicely, even if it all didn't make it into said stomach. Licking his muzzle of grease, the hybrid blinked when he saw his broad chest had caught several flecks of fried batter that had fallen off his meat. Not wanting to waste any food, Denya pressed his arms against both sides of his chest, puffing up his moobs enough for him to be able to lick the flecks right off. Being big had its advantages, it seemed.

At first, Arro was so engrossed in his meal that he barely noticed, but finally began to look around as his appetite was staved. He tried not to stare at the fat hybrid. Not that he wasn't licking crumbs off his own muzzle as the chicken disappeared. He felt denser and heavier than ever, pressing into the extra large bus seat at the back, his belly resting on his lap, and then some. Some of it also pressed into Denya, one of his chunky love handles reaching over to bump him.

Not that Denya wasn't sharing his own part of the blame; he was pretty wide himself, after all. Arro felt a weird sense of relief that the fat draolf finally knew, like a weight had been lifted off him. And metaphorically had settled onto Denya.

Denya certainly felt that weight pressing against him, and yet it was his heart that was feeling heavy. They had certainly been through a lot together; rubbing their soft love handles against one another was nothing compared to being stuck in an elevator on two separate occasions. He had a hunch the larger dragon wasn't exactly comfortable with this arrangement either, but Denya...he could have stayed like this all day, if he wanted to. Well, not *all* day, maybe. He'd need to get up for bathroom breaks. And more snacks.

The draolf's ears flicked upright when he heard their next stop would be the crossroads by the bowling alley. The hefty hybrid gripped the backrest of the seat nearest, slowly hauling himself upright, feeling Arro's chub slide against his own before it flowed into the seat he was just sitting in. "Alright, let's move in single file from now on." He stuck his tongue out teasingly, craning his fat head back at Arro.

"Yeah, probably a good idea," Arro laughed, and leaned over to playfully pinch a pawful of Denya's belly, soft and squishy between his own chubby fingers.

The draolf let out a high-pitch yelp, jumping slightly in response. Well, he might have jumped if he wasn't so, erh, weighed down. He flinched instead, jiggling heavily. "H-hey, that's sensitive!" the hybrid complained, biting his tongue to stop himself from giggling.

The bus began to slow. Fortunately, Arro was able to ball up his trash as his ravenous eating frenzy had finished off the rest of his 'snack', leaving not a single scrap. He looked

tentatively down the aisle and grimaced. This wouldn't be any more fun on the way back than it had been on the way down here. He rose warily from the wide seat, bracing his paws on the seats in front of him as the bus finally halted. "I'll, uh, go first," he said quickly, in case the happy hybrid decided to make a break to get in front of him. Again. Like he tended to do on elevators.

This time, Arro immediately took the lead, although he soon realized that Denya didn't need to be squeezed up beside him in order to run into trouble. As he tried to ease his bloated belly down the length of the bus, the seats seemed tighter than they had just a short while ago. He grunted as he wriggled and squirmed, people instinctively shying away from the sides of their seats as he passed, growing increasingly redder in the face. He handed out a 'sorry' to every single person as his bulging side rolls flopped past each row. It felt like forever later that he made it to the front without any casualties.

He cast a glance back to see the slightly-smaller draolf running into some similar difficulties. His enlarged middle was bloated as well, his ponderous gait bringing him towards the front of the bus with his sides squeezing past the seats. He at least had less difficulty than Arro, although his suspenders looked a bit strained whenever his flabby body bumped something too hard and sent his fat rippling.

Denya took his sweet time squeezing his way towards the front, in part thanks to the, erh, excellent view he was given while watching Arro go on first. Hurf, the way Arro's thick tail practically rode along the curvature of his two plump, round, jiggling...The hybrid shook his head. This was *not* the place to be thinking about that.

Fortunately, the other passengers were still tucked into their seats after Arro passed through, leaving Denya with (barely) enough space to get by. The door squeezed against both of their hips and sides, and the draolf swore he felt the bus rock back and forth slightly when they squeezed off, but they had finally made it out with little trouble. "Phew, alright. We don't need to be single file on the sidewalk, at least." Not yet, at least, the hybrid thought as he casted a quick glance at Arro's middle. The big guy was gonna need his own vehicle, at this rate.

Trying not to imagine the dragon taking up the entire sidewalk on his own, Denya walked alongside Arro to the bowling alley, which was fortunately less than a block away. It was a good thing they stopped for a snack before arriving; they were putting in quite a bit of exercise! However, as they approached the doorway, the draolf turned to give Arro a sheepish grin. "Hey, uh, if anyone wants to ask why we're so late, you wanna just say we, like, jogged or something?"

Arro wasn't sure that the two corpulent dragonoids looked hot and sweaty enough to say that they'd been jogging. Maybe they'd start sweating harder beneath Gerald's scrutiny. "I guess?"

The interior was dark and cool, the roaring sound of balls striking pins permeating the atmosphere. He looked around for a sign of their coworkers, trying to figure out their lanes while

making his way over to the counter for bowling shoes, Denya following right behind. His eyes scanned the shelves as he prayed for ones his size. The squirrel behind the counter was very helpful and soon enough, the two of them sat to pull them on.

Arro leaned forward, trying to remember the last time that he'd tried cramming his pudgy feet into a pair of shoes. Bending over, the lardy layers over his middle pressed hard against the top of his thighs as he strained to reach. The buffer of fat that swaddled his frontside was a bit in the way. As he strained, he started to blush. Was he too fat to put on shoes? Is that really how his day was going?

Denya got as far as placing his shoes on the ground in front of him before looking up. It was an uncomfortable situation; on one paw, he *loved* seeing that big dragon tum spread out across Arro's lap, spilling over those thick legs like a ball of squishy dough, but on the other paw he hated seeing that angry look in the drake's fat face as he struggled to reach past all that heft. Denya's ears folded; he didn't know what to do here. Offering to help would just be adding insult to injury, he figured. But it wasn't like the draolf was one to talk; he'd probably have trouble putting on his own shoes, too.

Just then, the bowling alley looked a lot less dim as the draolf was struck with a bright idea. He quickly bent down, smooshing his gut between his legs and chest, and begun to grunt loudly. "Hrrrf, stupid gut! C'mon, just a biiiit more!" Denya was surprised to discover he didn't really need to act; his gut was pressing heavily against not just his chest, but his arms as well. Even taking his suspender straps off, he was really freaking big, possibly too big to actually properly reach his feet! Vaugh, when was someone gonna tell him he had gotten so fat!?

Regardless, he continued reaching and grunting until his chubby cheeks were red, huffing and panting afterwards. Slowly, he looked up, feeling embarrassed to see not just Arro watching him, but a few other bowlers as well. Shoot, was he really being that loud? "U-um," Denya chuckled awkwardly, sitting back up. "Do you, erh, think you could help me here, please?" He blushed softly. Thank goodness they hadn't rejoined their coworkers yet.

Arro stared. "You, uh." He looked at the hybrid straining to put on his shoes, much the same as Arro had been. "Uh." He saw the way that Denya's gut was keeping him from bending far enough. "I mean." Vaugh, did his own body look like that right now? "I mean, I guess. Sure. Yeah, sure, okay."

He hauled himself up so that he could take a few steps closer to Denya's chair. Then he had to... he had to get down on a knee. He already started to blush. He tentatively reached for the drake's foot with the shoe. "So um." He ended up just keeping his mouth shut. There was nothing he could say here. He silently slid the shoes over the drake's pudgy feet and tied them on. He tried not to look at the way Denya's shirt wrapped so tight around his gut that Arro could actually see the indent of the draolf's deep bellybutton.

Denya leaned far back in his seat, hoping to hide his blushing face beyond the horizon of his own belly. He lifted and lowered his feet when prompted, feeling his gut shift when he moved his legs. The draolf's heart started to fluctuate when he felt Arro's chubby claws grip the back of

his ankle while sliding him into those shoes, before trying on the laces. Man, the dragon was very dexterous with those claws, despite having such pudgy fingers.

He quickly sat upright once again when he heard Arro grunt, watching the hefty drake haul himself back onto his feet. "Heh, thanks. Sorry about that." The draolf tapped his feet against the ground, listening to the soft clack his shoes made. They were a pretty good fit, although he didn't remember shoes feeling so tight around the sides of his paws. Can feet get fat too?

Denya pushed himself upright to walk around, smirking. "Heh, this feels weird!" he laughed. A shame his billowing belly got in the way; he would have loved to see how he looked in shoes! He was so distracted waddling around in bowling shoes, he had almost forgotten the reason why he asked Arro to help him in the first place.

Seeing the fat dragon sit back down again, the draolf quickly waddled back to Arro, his ears flicking every time his shoes clack-clacked against the ground. "Do you want me to help you, too?"

Without waiting for a response, the draolf carefully lowered himself onto one knee, his tubby tail wagging ever so slightly. He was being a bit hasty, sure, but Arro wouldn't openly admit to wanting help, right? Besides, it meant his head got to be within inches of the dragon's massive belly, the draolf's face flushed at that realization. It was tempting to not just rest his cheek against the hanging paunch, although he did have to get pretty close if he wanted to look down at Arro's feet from overhead.

Arro tried to sit very still as he let the slightly smaller drake help, the draolf's furry fingers moving over his ankles and his nose incredibly close to Arro's belly, and maybe a bit lower... Arro tried not to think about it and not to squirm as he waited for Denya to finish, although he did glance down to watch as he finished lacing up the shoes- not that Arro could see.

When Denya moved back, Arro finally stood, letting out a sigh of relief. "Thanks." He gripped Denya's paw to pull him up as well, and Denya yipped as he wobbled to his feet. Arro didn't notice as he glanced around, his sharp eyes cutting through the dark. "Oh, I think they're over there." At the far end. Fortunately nobody was looking their way. He hoped that meant they hadn't seen the two incredibly fat coworkers tying each other's shoes.

The draolf followed closely behind, still smirking at the clicking sounds coming from his feet. Wearing shoes was fun! Eventually, he had to look away from the ground (and his belly) when he started hearing the voices of his coworkers. Glancing up, he smiled as he saw the work party still bowling away, the screen hanging over the alley showing they were finishing up their first game. Hopefully, they would still be playing a few more. The hybrid waved a paw as they approached, their coworkers doing the same.

Gerald, however, was the only one to stand up and greet them. "There you boys are!" The red wolf exclaimed, giving them both a hearty slap on their shoulders, hard enough to make their upper bodies jiggle. "We're so sorry we accidentally left without ya, you two just blend into the crowd so easily!"

The draolf chuckled nervously; he could feel Arro stiffen up beside him from the rough patting. "O-oh, yeah. We, erh, decided to jog here instead. For exercise," he blurted out before the larger dragon could stop him. Hopefully Gerald wouldn't be able to smell the fried chicken on their breath. Foxes didn't have as strong a sense of smell as wolves did, right?

Arro was a little worried about the massive grease stain on Denya's shirt from licking chicken off his moobs, but if Gerald had any comments, he kept them to himself. Sometimes Arro wondered if he was a little blind. And maybe deaf, when he couldn't hear them snacking. And maybe didn't have a sense of smell...

"Feel free to jump right in," the red wolf encouraged, an almost... sinister? grin spread across his muzzle. "This game just started, so you can join right away."

"Oh, thanks." Arro cast a glance at the lane where the rest of their coworkers were gathered. With another glance towards Denya, he began heading towards the rack of bowling balls, picking up one to heft its weight. "Alright, I haven't done this in a while-

"Hey, the pizza's here!" someone shouted.

Arro glanced sharply towards the sound like a dog on the hunt. In Denya's case, that was going on more literally. "Pizza?" Of all people, Gerald was placing a stack of large boxes on a table nearby, their other office workers flocking to it. Despite them gathering, Arro noticed that the stack was suspiciously high, but wasn't about to complain. He turned back to Denya for a second. "Hey, um... I know we just ate, but..." How to word this without sounding like a fatass for the millionth time? His face was warm. "I mean, after we burned all those calories earlier, and now that we're about to burn more... um, do you think- Uh, I think that I'm going to go grab a few slices. Alright?"

He quickly spun and headed for the pizza so that he didn't have to see the look on Denya's face, whatever that may be. He slowed as he got to the table, the hot, greasy scent in the air. He was here to have fun, right? He could afford a little binge. Well, this was different from when he binged in the office. Every day. This was a *real* binge, with festivities going on.

While waiting for the throng of coworkers around the table to thin, he decided to go grab a drink in the meantime. For some reason, he had trouble making his way through crowds. When he got to the bar, he asked for a beer. "Actually," he added, "can I have two?" Did Denya like beer? Arro thought it would be polite to bring him one. He also supposed that if Denya didn't like it, he could finish it himself. He absently clutched his belly as he recalled it usually took more than a drink or two to begin feeling the effects. When he finally received the glasses, he

began to make his way back over to the draolf and placed a drink in his paw with a small grin. "You like beer?"

"Mmmf?" Denya muttered, his maw currently full of pizza. His ears folded slightly; hopefully Arro wouldn't say anything about the draolf grabbing a slice for himself. Yeah, he talked about going on a diet, and they had both just stuffed themselves full of fried chicken just ten minutes ago, but he didn't know Gerald was buying pizza!

In any case, he quickly gulped down his mawful before looking at the beer placed in his paw. "Huh...you know, I actually don't know! I haven't tried beer since I sipped my dad's when I was eight." He chuckled, slowly bringing the glass to his lips for a sip. Oof, that was bitter...and bubbly!

"Urf, wow." Denya blinked, tearing up at the carbonation. "Just like I remembered!" He laughed, taking another sip, before following it up with pizza. Hey, those flavors blended together pretty well, actually! "Thanks, man! I appreciate it."

"Sure thing." Arro quickly went to grab a slice of his own. Or two. He definitely shouldn't take two. He got to the table and picked up a plate. He took two.

Heading back to Denya, he sank his fangs into the cheesy surface and almost moaned out loud. Pizza was so good. He followed it with a sip of his drink. "So you want to play while we eat?" He picked up a bowling ball and looked at Denya questioningly, his claws sinking into the holes. They had to. His fingers were too fat.

"Sounds good to me," Denya nodded, taking another swig of his beer. He was starting to see why his dad called this stuff 'adult soda.'

As he pulled the pizza to his maw for another bite, the hybrid noticed from the corner of his eye that the screen above their lane had his name highlighted. Someone must have added in their names while they were eating. "Oh, I'm first." Rather than putting down his slice of pizza like a normal person, Denya opted to just shove the entire thing into his maw, his cheeks resembling a chipmunk's. Setting the beer down and wiping his paws on his shorts, the hybrid grabbed the ball with the largest number on it and hefted it up. The heavier balls were the best to bowl with, right? Of course, he didn't expect a 16 pound ball to feel *quite* this heavy...

Slowly, he sauntered towards the lane, holding the ball up to his chest like he saw the other bowlers do it. Thankfully, his pudgy belly helped to hold the ball at chest level, although it got in the way when he tried bringing it around his sides. His wide, curvy sides. He reached his arm back, his eyes focused squarely on those shining white pins on the other side of the alley, and swung the ball hard.

It didn't make it halfway before careening into the left gutter.

Denya waddled back with a slight blush on his face. He had not a clue how that happened, although Arro could see clearly that his arm had to maneuver around his broad hips, curving his aim slightly. The blush on his face reddened when his coworkers told him he had to bowl again, after the draolf made a beeline for the pizza instead of the Ball Return Machine.

Once more, the draolf waddled up to prepare his bowl, this time aiming far to the right. This time, the ball almost made it to the pins before flopping into the gutter at the very last second. The hybrid's ears perked up as he quickly came back, grinning at Arro. "I almost got one that time," he beamed, clarifying with his coworkers to make sure his turn was over before returning to pizza.

"Good job," said Arro. Or he tried to, but his mouth was full of cheese. The pizza was so good. "I'm sure you're just out of practice." Arro was a bit worried about the same thing, so he understood. He took another bite of pizza. Then he realized that it was his turn. Oh fuck.

He put down the pizza and stood up. He gave it one last regretful look as he went to grab a ball. When he pulled back his arm to roll it, he noticed that it was a bit awkward with the way that his arms were forced out by his plush body. He gritted his teeth a bit as he spun, rather than being able to just swing the ball normally, and dropped it onto the lane. It made a really loud BANG but then started to roll... straight into the gutter.

"Dammit." He glanced back at Denya. "Heh. Didn't I tell you I was bad at bowling?"

He took a ball for his second turn. With another wide turn, he underhanded the ball onto the lane again and held his breath as it made it all the way to the end and finally took out a pin. Just one. He felt very accomplished.

"Hey, you're doing better than me!" Denya raised his beer glass in a salute, before downing the rest of it in a few large gulps. Man, that stuff was good; foamy, but savory. Almost like drinking liquid bread. He definitely would not be opposed to trying some more sometime.

For now, the hefty hybrid grabbed two more slices of pizza, offering one to his larger friend. He wasn't necessarily hungry; actually, he was quite stuffed. However, they had two more players in front of them before the turn cycled back to Denya's, there wasn't much else to do but eat and talk, right? "Yeah, I don't remember bowling much, heh. I remembered I would stare at the middle arrow on the lane when I bowled as a kid, but, uh, bit hard to see past this thing," he laughed, patting his fat belly.

"I did better when I bowled as a kid. I mean, I still couldn't see past... well." He blushed. "But I mean, I liked the little bumper things on the sides. Those were nice." He wished they had some of those right now. It was bad enough he couldn't see where he was swinging.

He found himself grabbing a few more beers at the counter after a while, getting another one for Denya each time. He was popping another one open by the time Denya's turn was back



up, also shoving a slice of pizza through his jaws despite the immense pressure in his stomach. "Go get 'em, Denya!"

The fat draolf almost hit the pins again. He was so, so close. Arro passed him his next beer as he went to take his own turn and swing the ball down the lane, knowing he probably wouldn't fare much better. This time, though, he knocked down three pins; the little corner on the edge of the triangle. The second ball went into the gutter. "Ugh, again?"

"Hey, you're improving, though!" Denya cheered from the seats. Granted, they were both quite far behind the other two, but the hybrid wasn't focused on that. He was just happy seeing his friend being able to hit the pins. He raised his mug yet again in a slight cheer before taking another swig as Arro squeezed onto the seats next to him. "Keep it up, and you might even beat me!"

The next hour and a half would end up being the best time Denya had ever since moving into the big city. He had everything he could have wanted right in arm's reach: Food, bowling, drinks, friends, Arro. That big grin of his was practically stuck to his face as the game continued. He wasn't doing particularly good bowling at all; heck, he probably looked like an idiot cheering for himself when he knocked down more than two pins at once, but it was still fun to let loose a bit and unwind, even if it didn't really take much for him to unwind in the first place.

Really, he felt himself loosening up even more than usual as the day went on; metaphorically, of course. His suspenders and pants were growing tighter, if anything, although he tried to ignore that feeling for later. The draolf had always been a bit of a social butterfly, but it wasn't long before he found himself chatting up a storm with pretty much anyone who would listen to him. Heck, he even managed to make Gerald laugh! The fox-looking wolf must have thought his joke was *really* funny, because he ordered a large basket of wings just for Denya! He made sure to share with Arro, of course.

While he was getting along just well with his coworkers, Denya preferred sitting and talking with the fat dragon the most. Arro was still his best friend here, after all, the one who showed him around town and taught him how to not be a screw up at work. He always held subconscious beliefs that the dragon was only being nice to him out of sympathy, but seeing Arro offer him beers, smiling, laughing. It all just made the draolf's day.

"...Oh, have I told you about my buddy, Cin? That guy's a riot!" The draolf snickered as he slumped against his seat, watching Arro come back to join him after the dragon took his turn. "He's fantastic, you'd love him. He's a boar, and he's every bit of a pig as you can imagine. 'Course, I think I probably outweigh him now," Denya snorted as he rubbed his tauter belly, sliding his fingers beneath his suspenders. Those straps were really starting to itch from how hard they were digging into his gut.

"He was great, though, always knew how to make me laugh! Our teacher was sooooo pissed when he came to school one day just covered in mud! Like, all you could make out were

his eyes! We played hooky a bit in middle school, though. 'We either get yelled at for skipping school, or for being bad at it,' he would say. I mean, we were both dumber than a bag of bricks, but I thought that made sense back then!" The draolf snorted much like a boar would, his grin widening.

Arro nodded in amusement at the hybrid's funny stories. Before coming to the city, it sounded like he'd lived quite the life. Arro briefly wondered what had made him give it all up to move here, but wasn't sure if it would be rude to ask. He took another sip of his drink. He didn't feel nearly as drunk as the inexperienced draolf was getting, but was still pleasantly relaxed. "So... this job must be quite the change, huh." He grinned a bit. "Moving all the way out to the city must be a completely lifestyle." He couldn't really imagine doing it himself. He'd always lived in cities. What did people do out in the sticks? Climb trees? Eat mud? He wasn't sure. Although he did have a bit of experience with the latter, courtesy of being bullied.

"Oh yeah, I was scared shitless, dude! Everything's so giant, and I'm this itty bitty draolf. But... it's like..." His grin faltered as he looked away. "I dunno how to say it, but, like...I was more scared of staying behind? My friends were sorta all just, like, leaving one by one, fulfilling their lives and all that. Even Cin eventually got a girlfriend and moved out. He teaches P.E now, heh.

"I got the GED, yeah, but I didn't have a clue of where to go or what to do. My dad and I spent weeks, months even, or just, like, combing through websites and stuff for career opportunities while I worked as a fry cook. This job was, like, the first place that reached back to me, so I booked it out ASAP. I left, cuz I didn't wanna be left behind, ain't that weird?"

Denya's tail curled around his leg as he finished speaking. He didn't mean to ramble so much about himself like that. He had never been good at articulating his feelings and the like, despite being rather emotional. With folded ears, he drained the last of his beer glass, before squeezing the empty cup beside several other identical ones on the table. "Hurf, that's good shit. I, uh...prolly shoulda said I had ADHD on my resume, though...Mighta saved everyone a bit of trouble, heheh." He blushed, smiling awkwardly. Secretly, he was glad he didn't mention that one little detail. If he didn't get this job, he might have never met Arro.

Arro grinned a bit. "Well in any case, I'm glad you're here now." He reached over and put a friendly paw on Denya's arm. "I think you're doing great." Maybe not at work so much, but he'd been marginally improving. It was a bit hard not to, over the course of nearly two months, and Arro could see he was trying really hard. And Arro had come to really enjoy spending time with him.

He took another sip of his drink and relaxed a bit further into his seat. Really, really enjoy spending time with him.

Denya's blush reddened, but he found himself smiling right back. "Thanks, man. I'm really glad I came too." He scooted a bit closer to the larger dragon, resting his head against the

drake's broad shoulders. Oh, he was so soft, it was like leaning into a teddy bear! A big, fat, cuddly, squishy teddy bear. One that was holding his arm, and cared about him.

Arro was startled for a moment, but relaxed again. Although the hybrid was a bit heavy. But he was also very warm and doughy, his bulbous belly pressing up against Arro's own hefty bulk. The soft, heavy drake was sinking deeply into Arro's own pudgy, and Arro gave his log of an arm a little squeeze as he downed the rest of his drink. He looked at the scoreboard. "Hey, I think it's your turn."

"Huh?" Denya's ears perked up, slowly leaning off the hefty dragon. "Oh, fuck, it is." He sighed. Damn, he was really comfortable before.

With a grunt, the bloated hybrid hauled himself back onto his feet, preparing for his last turn of the game. He took a few ponderous steps forward, gripping the ball tightly in his pudgy mits, and hurled it down the aisle.

Gutterball.

Damn, he was getting really bad all of a sudden. It didn't help he was feeling pretty light headed from all those beers. Yeah, the beers. Not lying against Arro, or anything. It was the beers that were causing his blood to rush to places where blood should not be at this moment.

The ball returned, and the hybrid willed himself to focus. Biting his lip, he walked forward, reached back, and hurled that sucker down.

Eight pins.

"Fuck yeah!" Denya fist pumped as he quickly waddled back, grinning ear to ear. He eagerly looked up at the scoreboard, ecstatic to see those eight pins meant he scored a whole forty points that game! To the two other bowlers with them who didn't weigh over five hundred pounds, that was a somewhat laughable score, but to him, well, it was something!

"That was awesome!" Arro told him as he came back over, genuinely happy for the corpulent drake. It was also awesome seeing Denya so happy. Arro liked that a lot. He suddenly realized that it was his own turn. He finished stuffing his latest slice of pizza into his mouth and washed it down with another beer. He was incredibly full, but was having too much fun to pay it much mind.

He took one of the balls. Rolled. It seemed to move more slowly than ever as it reached the end of the lane. Arro was shocked to see it didn't dip into either of the gutters, instead heading down in a straight line all the way until it hit the first pin and the rest toppled over right after.

Strike.

Arro was too shocked to react for a moment.

The others, however, were quick to cheer as their corpulent companion managed to knock down every single pin with one roll. None were near as excited as Denya, however, who was easily the loudest fur in the entire alley. “Aaaaah, Arro! You fuckin’ did it, dude!” the tubby draolf squealed as he took off waddling after the stunned dragon. He practically barreled into the taller drake, squeezing him in a very tight, squishy hug, their flabby bodies pressing heavily against each other once more. Then, in his bout of alcohol-induced excitement, Denya spun the dragon around, planted his paws on Arro’s chubby cheeks, and pulled him in for a quick smooch on the snout, right between his nostrils.

Denya was so giddy and happy, he didn’t realize quite what he had done until seconds later, when he noticed Arro’s shocked and blushy face. Gradually, the hybrid’s grin started to melt off his muzzle, replaced with a look of shock and terror. “Oh...oh, Vaugh, I...” He brought his paws to his muzzle, as if fearing he would accidentally kiss the dragon a second time.

He kissed him. He kissed Arro, right on the muzzle. In front of all their coworkers.

“Arro, I...” He whimpered in a voice far smaller than someone of his size should be able to produce. He couldn’t believe what he just did, despite playing back the memory again and again in his mind. He took a few shaky steps back, trying to will himself not to cry at the idea of accidentally ruining his friendship. “Arro, I-I didn’t mean...I’m so sorry...”

Arro was, once again, shocked. At first he didn’t move, his eyes wide at Denya. But the swarm of other coworkers coming to congratulate him on his first strike soon overtook the moment. He was just glad that their lane was dimmed. He could tell his face was bright red. Maybe just from the warm air, though. Yeah. It was also unbearably warm in here.

“I, uh.” He wasn’t sure what to say. Anything he could think of would either sound weird, rude, or sarcastic. Probably not ‘Huh?’ and definitely not ‘Thank you?’.

Shit, he realized he was just staring. “Um, it’s okay.” Denya looked really upset. Arro suddenly had the impulse to hug him, but figured it would make things even weirder. “I, uh, didn’t mind.” Right. Sounding weird, rude, and sarcastic.

“Great job, Arro!” Gerald was suddenly clapping him on the back with a fuzzy paw. The wolf grinned, showing all his teeth. “This seems like a good time to bring out the cake, don’t you think?”

Arro still wasn’t sure what to think. But Gerald didn’t seem to want a real answer, instead having several people bring the cake over while they watched. Arro was impressed that they had cake here. Or had Gerald ordered it special..? Although he had no idea why he would do such a thing.

Denya let out a loud sigh of relief through his nose when Gerald butted in. Any negative thoughts he had about his boss quickly rushed out the window. He didn't care if the wolf saw the awkward situation and intentionally saved them, or if he was just being oblivious and wanted cake; his boss was his hero, now.

He turned away from Arro and shuffled back, not daring to look the dragon in the eye after what he had done. With his tail curled around his ankle, he watched as their boss started cutting up the large chocolate ice cream cake and passed it around, handing Denya and Arro significantly bigger servings than the others.

Soon, the others were sitting and chatting, eating their cake happily while reminiscing on bowling. Denya, however, didn't say a word, despite being such a chatterbox earlier. He picked at his cake, trying to ignore the heartache or the stomachache. Urf, cramming cake onto all the other meals he had eaten today was really pushing the limits of his stomach and his suspenders, but at least it gave him something to focus on. Something that wasn't the big, handsome dragon sitting next to him.

Arro still felt a bit warm, tugging his shirt collar away from his neck with a claw. He was excited to eat the cake, but didn't know what to say to Denya. He wondered if maybe it would be better if they went and ate alone somewhere to, uh, discuss.

"Hey, um..." He poked the large hybrid on his pudgy shoulder, his finger sinking in deeper than he expected. "Do you want to get out of here for a while? It's feeling a bit, uh, cramped. We can bring our cake of course," he added quickly, before Denya could get dismayed. And Arro. Before Arro could get dismayed. "Of course we'll bring the cake, but I just think... it would be nice to have a few-minute break, right? Heh."

"Y-yeah, I getcha." Denya smiled and nodded before frowning as Arro walked by. This was it. He knew Arro was shy, but he had a feeling the dragon wanted to tell him off privately. Oh well.

Scarfig down the last of his cake slice, the bloated draolf hauled himself up, casting one last glance at the group. None of them seemed to think anything was off, they were just casually chatting and laughing, some of them drinking beers. Their slices of cake were half-eaten and ignored, which made the draolf wonder if they didn't like the cake.

He felt himself smirking. That was how he and Arro became friends in the first place; eating an entire cake they weren't supposed to, because they assumed no one liked it. Wouldn't it be hilarious if he just took the rest of it out with him and Arro, and they both just destroyed it again, before ultimately severing their friendship? It would be hysterical; reckless and dumb, but hysterical.

Denya took the cake.

To his surprise, no one noticed the obese draolf lean forward to lift the half-eaten dessert in both arms; not even Gerald, who Denya felt would be the most observant of his cakes after the last incident. Hefting it atop his swollen gut, the hybrid quickly waddled after Arro, trying not to laugh. Or cry.

There he was. Right outside on the stone bench to the side of the entrance, Arro was there waiting for Denya. The draolf tried to swallow, his throat really dry. "H-hey, uh...I got more cake!" he smiled, realized it was a forced smile, and dropped it instantly. He sighed and lowered his head, not even bothering to sit next to Arro. "I'm...really sorry, dude. I got really excited for you, the beers were making my head foggy, I was in a great mood, I...did something I shouldn't have. I just...you've been an amazing, awesome, wonderful friend, and I really don't want to ruin our friendship. Like, I understand if you're still mad, but-"

"Hey, Denya, it's alright," Arro interrupted quickly as the tipsy hybrid stumbled through his apology. "I, um, I forgive you." Oddly enough, even though Denya was being the anxious one, Arro could tell he was the one blushing. His cheeks were warm, even with the cool breeze. "You can, uh, sit, by the way. I'm not trying to hog the bench." The key words were 'trying to', which became ever more evident as he attempted to give Denya more room without falling off the edge, and failed. To sit on the bench, it looked like they'd have to be leaning on each other again, or at the very least, brushing shoulders.

"O-oh, alright." Denya nodded. He wished he could tell if Arro was blushing or not; the reddish dragon's cheeks always looked flushed.

Carefully, he scooted his way onto the bench, quickly realizing how difficult it would be to squeeze their flabby bodies onto a bench meant for three. Denya was barely halfway on before he could feel himself brushing against the broad dragon. He flinched and leaned away, even if it meant he was supporting half of his body on his left leg at this point. Awkward, very very awkward, but he felt as though Arro definitely deserved his space after what happened today.

"So..." Denya cleared his throat, setting the cake on his shelf of a gut. "Did you, uh, still want some cake? It's fine if you don't, I'd just...erh..." His cheeks reddened. "I'd just feel like a huge fatass if I ate it all, ya know?"

"Oh, yeah of course," Arro replied, realizing a moment too late that now he was the one who sounded like a fatass again. Yeah 'of course' he'd have more cake, after the pizza, beer, chicken, and plethora of snacks he'd downed at his desk this morning. Not to mention the heavy slice of cake he'd already had while inside. But yeah, he'd have cake. 'Of course'.

He quietly took the generous slice Denya offered. "This is really good cake," he said to break up the brief silence a bit. "We, uh... Ha. Remember that other time we ate all that cake?" That was a light-hearted topic Arro genuinely liked to think about sometimes. Even if they had gotten in trouble afterwards - well, sort of - he supposed it had been the start of his long friendship with the drake sitting next to him.

Denya chuckled. "Of course! I nearly pissed myself when Gerald got in our faces, hah." They really did eat an entire cake together, didn't they? On top of those donuts. Was that when he started to get really fat? Probably; most of his memories with Arro did involve overeating, and torn clothing.

The draolf was just glad the tension between the two had finally died down. With a smile, Denya happily dug into his cake, slowly sliding further onto the bench. To his delight, Arro didn't flinch or react when they started rubbing against each other. They must have been quite the sight; two doughy dragons spilling off both ends of a bench, stuffing cake into their maws. Denya chuckled between mouthfuls. Being fat was better with friends.

"So..." The hybrid finally spoke up, looking at the chunk of cake on his fork. "You, erh...I didn't, uh...you're not seeing anyone, are you?" he asked, before stuffing the bite into his muzzle. There was probably a much more tactful way of asking that question. Maybe he could blame the alcohol for that.

"I mean... there's Rangavar, obviously." Arro knew he had mentioned the smaller dragon several times before, so he knew Denya definitely wasn't asking about him. Arro currently wasn't seeing anyone else .

Arro frowned. Wait, did he ever mention he and Rangavar were 'together'?

"I mean, nobody else lives with us or anything. We actually have another, uh, mate." That was a long story he didn't want to get into at the moment. "But she lives far away. So it's just the two of us." He wondered why Denya had asked. He grinned a bit. "Why, do you have a special someone?"

There was a whole roller coaster of emotions swirling through Denya, while on the outside he continued staring at Arro with his maw slightly agape. He had a hunch that Rangavar was his mate, but it still hurt to hear it outloud.

But there was another mate! They were in a relationship that allowed multiple mates!

Could he? No, he shouldn't! But he could...but he shouldn't! But...no...!

"I...uh..." Realizing that Arro was starting to look concerned at his lack of a response, Denya blinked and shook his head. "O-oh, uh...no, I don't...really have one. I had a crush on this big handsome bear back in highschool, but he left before I could confess, so..." Denya reached for more cake. Cake sounded good right now.

Arro instinctively took more cake too. It was practically automatic. "Ah, that's too bad. Hopefully you have lots of friends here in the city, now that you've been here almost two months."

“Um...” Denya gulped. “I actually...don’t know that many people here, outside of you. And the guys at work, of course.” The draolf quickly added that last statement to make himself sound less pathetic.

“Oh.” Arro thought for a moment. He hadn’t meant to make Denya feel so down. “I mean, it’s okay, it takes time to make friends! I’m sure you’ll find a group to hang out with.” He paused to shovel in some more cake. There was a lot, but it was quickly disappearing. “You know, you should come hang out with us sometime! Rangavar and I, I mean.” He took more cake. It was really good cake. “I mean, I know sometimes he can be a bit... intimidating, but he’s a pretty nice guy. You’ll get the chance to make a good... er, second, impression.” He was pretty sure Denya wouldn’t like being reminded too much about the first impression, when he was wearing practically nothing but his underwear. “I mean, we’re going to dinner later tonight, if you want to tag along. I know he won’t mind.”

“O-oh!” Denya reached for more cake. Anything to get himself to not let out a squeal of delight. Was Arro really asking him to...and with his other mate there too? The hybrid felt a pang of anxiety thinking about the smaller grumpy dragon and their uncomfortable time in the elevator two weeks ago. Would he be able to make a good enough impression to maybe...

“I-I’d love to, yeah! If it’s, ya know, ok with Rangavar. I don’t wanna be a bother if it’s meant to be, like, a romantic dinner out. Or something.” Gosh, this bench was really uncomfortable with how his rear was still hanging partially off the end. Maybe Arro wouldn’t mind if he squeezed just a tad bit closer.

“Oh, no, we go out for food a lot, actually.” Arro decided not to mention that it was mostly because it was one of his favorite things. Here he was, having already eaten enough food to feed an army today. “It’s just for fun. I think you two will get along great.”

“There you are!”

Both drakes startled at the sound of Gerald’s voice from the direction of the door. Arro nervously hid the empty cake sheet behind them, letting it slide down behind the bench. He gulped. He remembered all too well how Gerald reacted the last time ‘someone’ finished all his cake.

“We, uh, needed some air,” said Arro. His face was hot again. He probably needed more air. “It’s, well, we already, uh, finished the bowling, right?” Fuck, he hated how he stammered whenever he was flustered. Gerald was watching him carefully. “So, um, we were just, uh, hanging out. Because of the air, I mean. I mean, the outside-fresh air, not the bowling alley air. You know. Because out here, it’s-”

“Yes, it’s fantastic weather we’re having,” said Gerald simply, his eyes narrowing. “Very... nice air.” He turned his penetrating gaze to Denya. “I wanted to check on you two since you’d been gone for a while. I’d invite you to come back inside and have some more cake, but, well... It seems to have completely disappeared, sheet and all.”



Arro gulped. "Oh. Heh. That's too bad." He cast what he hoped looked like an adequately dismayed expression as he turned to glance at Denya, and then was actually, genuinely dismayed to see the hybrid absently licking ice cream cake off his muzzle without a trace of subtlety. He felt the urge to lick his own lips in case there was a bit on his own, but knew that would only make the situation more obvious. He tried to sit up a little straighter and pull on the hem of his shirt, instead, which had continually ridden up throughout the day as he became more and more bloated. He was actually more horrified, however, to notice there was an ice cream stain right on the front. Shit.

Denya, after finally realizing the situation they were in, slowly stopped licking at the ice cream on his whiskers. Oh, this was *exactly* the same situation as two months ago. He almost wanted to laugh, if Gerald's stare wasn't so petrifying. The hybrid slowly leaned his head back, seemingly sinking into his own pudgy neck flab. Fuck, did the tiny wolf get off on making them anxious.

After several uncomfortable moments, their boss crossed his arms across his chest. "It is too bad, isn't it. It's bad enough the cake thieves had taken from me my moment of happiness all those months ago; I can't believe they'd do the same for yours, Arro!" With Gerald's focus on the nervous fat dragon, Denya couldn't help but roll his eyes. This guy was so dramatic; it's just some cake, dammit!

The red wolf cleared his throat. "I'll bring something in at work to make up for this incident. A treat just for you and your...partner." He smirked, before turning to leave, walking right back into the bowling alley.

They both heaved a sigh of relief once the red wolf was out of sight, the hybrid's suspenders creaking as he let his gut expand again. "He's such a drama queen," he snorted, resuming the task of licking his ice cream from his whiskers.

"Ugh, no kidding." Arro absently began to rub at the stain with a thumb. He'd have to just wash the shirt. "I guess we'll see each other later then, huh? Come with us! I can drive. I mean, you only live down one floor, so..." He grinned a bit. "I'll see you then!"