The chubby dragon sighed as his pencil rolled off the edge of the desk and dropped onto the floor. He watched it for a moment, debating if he wanted to pick it up, leave it there, or quit his office job. Zag turned around in his chair. Technically, his office was at home, in his bedroom. That still didn’t make his choice any easier.

The gray-scaled dragon heaved himself up, the hang of his belly spilling forward, as he decided that groping around on the floor at least gave him an excuse to get up and stretch. He had no idea how much time had passed since he’d first sat down, but fortunately, he had a small stack of completed paperwork to show for it. The hours of work made the bed across the room all the more tempting, but Zag forced himself to stoop down and pick up the pencil.

It had rolled under the desk slightly, and he knelt so that he could brush his paw over the floor and find it. On his knees, he shuffled himself forward, the fat on his legs bunching up beneath the pressure of his heavy body, his bulging pot belly spreading over his thighs. His broad love handles quivered with every motion. He tried not to think about that as he searched for the pencil, well aware of the fact that his job didn’t allow him to get a whole lot of exercise. Or, well, it more or less just gave him an *excuse* to not exercise, but he wouldn’t admit that part.

His black claws skittered over the floor until he realized it had rolled to the back of the desk’s little cubby area where the chair was supposed to be tucked underneath. With a sigh, he leaned forward to reach for it, but paused as his shoulders pushed into the sides of the desk. The area was wide enough for a pair of legs, but if he wanted to reach all the way to the back for his pencil, he’d have to squeeze a bit and wriggle farther into the narrow space. Although Zag was a bit on the short side, the desk was made for dragons with much longer legs than him, so the width of the desk was a bit deep.

He sighed. He supposed he could just roll the pencil back to himself with a touch of magic, but that felt a little ridiculous when he could just reach inside and pluck it off the floor. Really, how lazy did he have to be? The gray dragon tucked in his wings and bit and crawled under the desk.

It was immediately tight against his stocky shoulders, and he squirmed to edge them along, the scales sliding over the smooth wooden surface of the cubby on either side. The true problem appeared a moment later, expectedly, as he’d already known that his chunky middle was his actual widest part. He reached forward for the pencil, expecting to wrap his claws around it and wriggle out, but his claws knocked into the end and sent it rolling farther back. Zag considered giving up on the pencil entirely.

No. He wasn’t *that* lazy.

He ducked his head a bit lower to make sure that his black horns didn’t scrape the underside of the desk as he wriggled inwards. He found himself halted by the bulging fat on his sides, pancaking around him as he lay on his belly, but he whipped his thick tail to shimmy his body inch by inch into the confining space. The pressure of the wood against his sides tightened, but he continued to push himself forward with his feet. He groped around for the pencil again as his well-padded rump blocked out most of the light from the room behind him. There it was. Tucked all the way in the back.

He plucked it out of the crease between the wall and the floor, grumbling to himself, and began wriggling back out. The sides of the cubby pulled at his plump love handles, which bulged at his sides as his spare tire was pressed into the floor by his own heavy weight. He wriggled his rump to loosen the desk’s hold on his pudgy sides, but quickly realized he hadn’t managed to squeeze backward at all. The girth of his own bloated waistline had him trapped in place.

He stopped pushing for a moment to release a frustrated sigh, lifting his head and accidentally banging his horns against the underside of the desk. He tried to roll over slightly, certain that shifting his weight so it wasn’t gathered in huge rolls at his sides might loosen the desk’s grip, but realized he was actually packed into the space too tightly to turn over.

This was stupid. Maybe he really would quit his office job.

He began to squirm more forcefully, pressing his chubby knees against the floor and heaving backwards, his arms stretched out before him to push. One of his paws was still gripping the pencil, of course. Zag tried not to think about the stupid pencil. He tried not to look at it. He hated it.

His fat thighs slid over the smooth floor as he shoved and scrabbled, his belly pressed up under him and halting his progress, jiggling with all of the squirming but not otherwise going anywhere. He grimaced. Technically, his species of dragon wasn’t even supposed to be able to hold enough caloric energy to gain weight. It was only his constant binge eating that had overcome that, and regretfully earned him every extra pound. It usually just made him embarrassed, but right now, it especially wasn’t doing him any favors.

He eventually had to pause and catch his breath, his pudgy body rising and falling with his deep breaths as he tried to calm himself. His padded hips and belly were wedged firmly. He put his paws over his head and groaned.

Zag wasn’t really sure how long he stayed there like that, but by the time the door to his room opened and someone stepped inside, his adrenaline rush had ended. He was still lying halfway under the desk with his back-end free, the smell of wood strong in his nostrils. He’d pretty much resigned himself to his fate.

The dragon that strolled into his room was fortunately familiar. Zag could picture his unusually dark gray scales, his wings an even darker gray, and his horns and claws black like Zag’s. “Hey, Zag, Lyra is making me bring you these stupid papers you—” he paused midsentence, looking around for a second in confusion as Zag wasn’t immediately visible. It took a moment before his gaze fell over the desk.

“Zag?”

Zag picked his head up and squirmed uncomfortably for a second. “Yes?”

“What are you doing?”

 “Lying under the desk.”

“I… Okay.” The dragon went over and laid several papers on top of the desk with no follow-up questions. Normally, Zag would be grateful for that.

Not right now. “Hey, Rangavar?”

The other dragon paused. “What?”

Zag flattened his ears. “I… I can’t get out.”

The other dragon was silent for a long moment. Zag fidgeted sheepishly, grateful the other dragon wouldn’t be able to see his awkward blush. “I. Uh. Can… can you help me?”

He heard the other dragon let out a soul-weary sigh. “How can I say no?”

“I mean, you could if you wanted to.”

“Sarcasm, Zag.”

Zag fidgeted his claws. “Sorry.”

“No need.” Rangavar went back to the desk, moved the chair further away, and crouched down. “Why are you under here, anyway?”

“I just… uh, I dropped my pencil.” He craned his neck back to finally see the other dragon crouched just behind him.

Rangavar lifted a brow, but didn’t comment. “Alright, I’m going to pull on your paws so you slide back out, okay?”

Zag nodded and felt Rangavar clasp Zag’s ankles in his grip as he started to pull. The more slender dragon leaned back, throwing his own weight against the much fatter dragon’s heaviness.

Zag’s squished belly jostled with each tug. After a moment of pulling, Rangavar paused. “Zag. How did you wedge yourself so tight in there?”

“I don’t know.”

Rangavar seemed doubtful. “Alright, well… I’m going to try pulling on your hips instead, alright? I think that might be the biggest part of the problem right now.”

Zag waited patiently as the other dragon shifted his focus to his pudgy hips, his thick legs still splayed over the floor. He suddenly felt paws there, small fingers sinking into the layer of fat. “Ready?”

Zag nodded, trying not to betray his embarrassment. “Sure.”

Rangavar hauled, Zag trying to squirm his body a bit looser in the small space. His fat scrunched up and pulled against the wooden cubby around him, his rolls surging and jiggling. The pressure of his doughy love handles still clung tightly to the inside, his fat paunch flattened beneath him. When he got out of here, he was going on a diet, effective immediately. He’d been meaning to get around to that anyway, so it seemed like a good time to step up and get serious about it. He definitely wouldn’t put it off this time. Well, he’d probably have a snack after this, but then he’d definitely cut back his calories, for sure. Or at least by tomorrow, since he might as well finish off the rest of the night as normal, and start fresh in the morning. Well, come to think of it, tomorrow was the beginning of the weekend, so…

Zag tried to shake himself out of his thoughts as he squirmed and wriggled his wedged body, his scales grating over the rough wood around him,

His legs straightened out as Rangavar continued to pull, and Zag felt his well-padded backside finally budge an inch across the floor. Encouraged, Zag shifted his tail a bit, trying to give himself more room so that it loosened the desk’s grip.

Rangavar grit his teeth and panted with the effort. Zag felt really guilty about that. The other dragon threw himself backwards over and over, both noticing at the same time that it seemed to be working, helping Zag’s bulk slide out a little farther with each pull. They redoubled their efforts, the bouncing roll of Zag’s spare tire putting up quite the fight.

With one final heave, Zag finally slipped out from his scrunched position under the desk, causing Rangavar to let go and fall on his tail across from the fat dragon. Rolling onto his back, Zag wrapped his arms over the swell of fat on his tum as the adipose rippled at its newfound freedom, jiggling for a moment before settling. Gravity spread his belly wider around him, making him wonder how he had forced himself inside at all.

Suddenly Rangavar was standing over him, extending a paw. Zag shyly grabbed it and allowed the other dragon to pull him up.

“Hey Zag?”

Zag fidgeted with his claws. “Yeah?”

“Do you think you can refrain from climbing under your desk again?”

Zag guiltily glanced away. “Yeah.”

“And can we refrain from activities that cause you to get stuck?”

Zag flattened his ears.

Rangavar crossed his arms. “We’ve talked about this.”

Zag sighed. “I know.”

They left the room together, Zag anxiously biting the claw of his thumb.

“Hey Rangavar?”

“What?”

Zag’s flabby stomach rumbled. “Do you want to go grab a snack with me?”