

BLK couldn't believe what he saw. He wouldn't, shouldn't, *couldn't* believe it, he absolutely refused to consider the spotted brown dragon standing before him in the bathroom mirror was himself. Yet there was no denying the image before him, and even if he refused to believe what he saw was really him, all he had to do was look down for confirmation.

He was fat. Very, very fat. The dragon sighed regretfully as he wrapped his thick arms around his middle, at least as much of it as he could reach. He couldn't ignore the hundreds of pounds of extra weight that burdened his poor thick legs, or those two softball cheeks that adorned his pudgy muzzle. There was no way he could hide those soft chins that obscured his neck, his soft chest that lacked any defined shape, his spherical rear that wobbled with his anxious shifting. And there was no chance he could ignore his massive belly, the huge dome of brown blubber that spilled out before him, resting on not just the counter, but filling up the bathroom sink as well.

"H-how did this happen?" BLK asked himself, his tiny voice betraying his 7" 3' stature. Better yet, how had he not noticed this until just now?! He had always been a little pudgy, sure, but this was insane! Just squeezing into the bathroom was a hassle for him, a feeling he was oddly familiar with. Normally, he was used to strange circumstances making it difficult to fit through doorways, but he usually struggled to fit vertically, not horizontally! "What happened..." He asked himself again, still unable to wrap his head around it.

From behind him, he heard another voice snicker. "What do you mean 'what happened?' You ate a ton and got fat, fatty!"

BLK swiveled around quickly, almost knocking the intruder away with his bulging belly. Standing mere inches away from his hanging gut was Alan, the 4 foot scarlet demon grinning deviously at the immense drake. "Sheesh, watch where ya swing that thing! Almost knocked me into the neighbor's house."

It honestly took the dragon a few moments to even find the small imp, having to press his gut in with his arms just so he could see over himself. Unfortunately, that also prompted a loud belch to erupt from his lips, making his cheeks flush as red as Alan. "W-what do you mean?"

Alan rolled his eyes. "Do you seriously not remember Halloween? Or Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Years, and everyday in between? You were a bottomless pit, vacuuming everything you could get your mitts on down your maw like you hadn't seen food in weeks!" The demon explained, playfully poking where BLK's belly button would be.

The dragon huffed. "And you didn't stop me?!"

“What was I supposed to do, slap the food out of your hands? I was afraid you’d eat me too! Besides, it was more fun hanging back with the others and watching you pretty much blow up like a balloon in slow motion.”

“With the...others?!” BLK’s face felt incredibly warm, his tail wrapping around his thick thighs (oh man, even that was fatter too). Thinking back on it, he vaguely remembered all the holiday parties he and his friends had thrown, and the enormous feasts that came with them. His ears folded as he recollected hazy images of himself stuffing pawfuls of whatever he could reach into his maw, much to the amusement of his friends. “S-so...all my friends know...?”

“That you’re a huge glutton? Absolutely,” Alan retorted with no tact whatsoever, still patting the jiggling ocean before him. “Last we saw them was, like, a month ago or so for New Years. Since then, I’d say you’ve put on ...50 pounds? A hundred maybe?”

“Stop, stop, I don’t wanna hear anymore.” It all came rushing back to BLK, who had to support himself against the counter to stop himself from fainting. This was the last time he drank Watermelon Schnapps, an alcoholic beverage so delicious, and apparently so strong, that it made the dragon lose all sense of time and self control for an entire season! He groaned, running a pudgy paw through his snow-white hair. All his friends had seen him being such a glutton, and that was apparently over 50 pounds ago. What would they say if they saw him now?!

He didn’t have to wonder long, for soon he heard the doorbell ring.

“Coooooming!” Alan called out, but was stopped as a thick arm reached out and snagged the demon by the tail.

“T-tell them I’m busy, alright?” The dragon pleaded, his forehead getting damp with anxiety. “S-say I’m out jogging, or something.”

Alan pondered briefly, before shaking his head. “Nah, too unbelievable. I’ll say you passed out in another food coma.” And with that, he trotted away, oblivious to the look of silent horror etched on his fat roommate’s face.

“I gotta get out of here...”

With no time to lose, BLK marched out...only to get caught by his wide hips. With a yelp, he turned to the side and sidled through, grunting yet again as he was caught by the widest part of his belly. The dragon groaned. Not again! Grimacing from the slight pain he felt of pinching his soft belly, he gripped the edge of the door and slowly squeezed his way out, inch by inch. Not even sucking in his paunch made any difference, the dragon seriously wondering if he was starting to warp the wooden doorway with his girth alone. He certainly heard the sounds of sickening sounds of cracking drywall. At last, with one strong shove, he pushed his way

through, his hands on his knees as he panted heavily. Good, he was free, now to hide and wait for the surprise guest to leave before-

“O-oh, sorry BLK. Should I have asked if you needed help?”

Crap.

BLK’s face reddened as he slowly looked up, realizing his guest had been standing there this entire time. Fortunately, said guest was the last person to mock him for being fat; this guest being a rather portly black and grey dragon-wolf hybrid. Standing next to him was Alan, who kept shifted glances at the two tubby tummies beside him, giggling as he compared them. The drake sighed dejectedly. In the past, the hefty hybrid had outweighed him, yet now he was in an entirely new league of fat compared to the draolf. “H-hey, Denya...”

Denya smiled. “Heya, B! I just came by to return a fork, if that’s ok. Is... everything alright?” The tubby canine asked, tilting his head to the side curiously.

No, everything was not alright. BLK just spent five minutes trying to squeeze his way out of a bathroom in full view of a friend. A friend who’s purpose in coming was to return a freaking fork! Who does that? The dragon sighed. “Just...the obvious.” He lowered his fat head, lifting his thick arms, basically displaying his new obese body in full view of the hybrid.

“Well you do look a little different...” Denya blinked, rubbing his soft muzzle. “Hm...Did you get a haircut!”

“NO!” The dragon roared louder than he meant to. He bit his tongue when he saw Denya jump back in shock. “I...I’ve put on a ton of weight, Denya. Like...a literal ton. Seriously, how have you not noticed? I can’t even fit through a door properly anymore!” His words grew increasingly louder the more he spoke, but he couldn’t help himself. He was a whale, a blimp, even to Denya! The draolf had always been heavier than he was, but now it was quite the opposite. In fact, Denya didn’t even look the slightest bit heavier; he thought *everyone* was supposed to get fatter over the holidays!

But Denya didn’t seem too phased by the transformation his friend went. His head cocked to the other direction, as if contemplating something else entirely. “Ooooh...You’re usually a lot slimmer, huh?”

“Yeah, glad you noticed.” BLK growled. What would it take to get Denya to leave so he could work on a solution on his own? Hell, it was partially Denya’s fault he was a large as he was now, the hybrid’s gluttony no doubt infected him in some way.

But he didn’t appear to have noticed BLK’s animosity towards his situation. The hybrid just shrugged and smiled. “You look cute, though! You remind me a lot of Zane, actually!”

BLK shuddered. He had seen how monstrously massive Denya's boyfriend was, and to him, that was *not* a compliment. "Denya, please... I don't want to be like Zane. This isn't good, alright? No offense to you or Zane, but I really, really don't want to be this fat! You know my friends, they'll all laugh at and mock me and, for all I know, even try and make me bigger!" It was true. Even as he spoke, his bulbous stomach growled, craving an enormous meal it had come to expect at this time. The dragon blushed; if any other of his friends had heard that, they would have no doubt tried to convince the dragon to order fast food for the night, a tempting offer he wouldn't be able to resist.

At last, Denya finally appeared as though he was grasping the situation, a finger stroking his chubby cheek. "Why not go to a gym, then? Lots of gyms are doing special deals for New Years resolutions, right?"

BLK blinked. That was actually a clever idea, a first for Denya. "That's...well, I'd love to, but...I dunno. I'm afraid everyone will judge me. I don't wanna be this big blob waddling into the gym, surrounded by furs way fitter than me." He was making excuses, he knew that, but it wasn't without reason.

Denya closed his eyes as he thought about the situation, a rather unusual look for the simple-minded draolf. He was silent for a moment, rubbing his chubby muzzle, before his eyes lit up. "I think I have an idea, B! Do you think you can try and not get any fatter for a month?"

BLK huffed indignantly. He knew Denya didn't mean that as an insult, but he still took offense to that. "I'll be sure to do my best," he responded sarcastically.

Denya didn't seem to pick up on it. "Great! Meet me outside the gym on Elm Street in one month from now! I think I know a way to make sure no one stares at or embarasses you!" The hybrid beamed, his eyes sparkling.

The dragon stared down at the hybrid, his tail curled around his legs. He had no idea what Denya had planned, but with the eager look he gave him, the drake knew he was only trying to help. Besides, it was nice to find someone who was actually encouraging him to lose weight, for once. Maybe a little push was all he needed. "S-sure, alright. See ya in a month."

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Well, one month passed, with the dragon (mostly) avoiding the temptations of holiday leftovers. Even with Alan constantly waving around delicious fattening treats beneath his muzzle, BLK managed to get by only eating three meals a day, with some snacking here and there. Honestly, at his size, he was confident a bit of snacking wouldn't make a difference, and sure enough, when the fabled day came, he waddled out exactly the same size as before.

Immediately, he regretted his decision. The walk to the gym was slow and agonizing, the dragon taking up the entirety of the sidewalk. He wore grey track pants and a light sweater, hoping to hide as much of his flabby frame as he could from the public, but all it did was accentuate his thick curves. Not even the largest size at the Big n' Large could hide so much gut, the bottom helm of which was constantly visible no matter how often he tugged down his sweater.

The stares from other furs were unbearable, and they only grew more noticeable the closer he got to the gym. Once there, practically everyone walking in and out would gawk at the enormous flabby pear, who had to catch his breath after walking only a few blocks. His cheeks flushed, his tail wrapped around his ankles, seeing as his thighs were too thick for his tail to slide in between. He leaned heavily against a parking meter, wincing a bit as he heard the metal creak and bend beneath his weight. "C'mon Denya, where are you..."

Just when BLK was about to head home in shame, Denya arrived, although the dragon almost didn't recognize him. His eyes widened as he saw the draolf lumber over, unsure of how to process exactly what he was seeing. "D-Denya, did you...put on some weight?"

"Yup!" The hybrid beamed, slapping the side of his large belly. In one months time, the fat canine grew even fatter, sporting an even larger paunch that bounced against his legs when he walked! His cheeks were doughier, his limbs arms and legs thicker, his chest thicker. Overall, he was looking even thicker, and he looked proud of it!

In case his weight gain wasn't obvious enough, Denya wore a white tank top that would have been small on him in his previous size. Now, it completely revealed the lower half of his big grey middle, the fabric practically skin tight around his curvy moobs. Complete with a pair of shorts that barely covered his tree trunk thighs and a red sweatband buried beneath his mop of blond hair, he was undoubtedly the most ridiculous looking fatty BLK had ever seen! "W-what did you do to yourself?"

Denya giggled, his thick cheeks dimpling. "It was easy! Just sat around more than usual and ate one extra meal a day! I also got some gainer shake that's been helping me a lot also. Just did that for a month, and bam. Instant fat! Impressive, huh?" The hybrid smirked as he bounced his belly around, creating a loud glorp noise.

In his shock, BLK suddenly put two and two together. "You...you put on more weight, just to make me feel less self conscious at the gym?" He asked, touched.

The hybrid nodded, jiggling his chins. "M'hm! I don't care if people stare at me here; I've always been fat. So I'll go be as big of a distraction as I can be while you work yourself out. So let's stop standing around and go pump some iron!" He leaned forward, bouncing his big exposed belly against BLK's.

The dragon grunted, but didn't so much as budge. He still outweighed Denya significantly, but at least the gap had been lessened to some extent. "P-please don't do that. It takes a while for me to stop jiggling."

Stepping into the gym, BLK started to get second thoughts. As to be expected after New Years, the gym was *packed* with furs all trying to work out. Some sported small guts, while others were the epitome of fitness, yet none even compared to Denya or BLK. In fact, BLK was worried he would end up breaking some of the equipment; he was simply that fat! One by one, other gym goers stared in shock at the two doughy drakes, no doubt imagining how anyone could let themselves go as far as they have. Even the tigress receptionist looked at a loss of words when she saw the two waddle in and blot out the light from outside. "M-maybe we should just go," BLK whimpered, getting cold feet.

But Denya grabbed onto his paw and marched forward, somehow dragging the immense lump of scales behind him. "C'mon, let's try out the treadmills! There's a few open for us!" He beamed, like a kid leading his guardian to his favorite carnival ride. BLK had no choice but to follow; if he stopped now, he'd look even worse! He begrudgingly lumbered after Denya, trying not to trip over the feet he couldn't see, as they made their way to the few treadmills available.

Only problem was, he was too fat for even those!

BLK's face reddened immensely as he found it impossible to squeeze his legs close enough to even use a single treadmill. Just how fat *was* he?! Even Denya could squeeze into his own just fine. Huffing with humiliation, the enormous dragon had to stand on two treadmills at once and set them at the same speed, which was also made more difficult thanks to his massive belly.

The treadmills moved faster than a casual waddle, but BLK was already getting sore minutes into his workout. Sweat beaded his forehead, his limbs aching. He wanted to gasp and pant for breath, but he wasn't about to bring about more attention to himself, especially with the treadmills both creaking and groaning everytime he shifted his weight onto one of them! It didn't help that his massive belly swung from side to side as well, glorping and blorping like an enormous ball of Jell-o. His chest ached; he really needed to gasp and wheeze, but people were staring already! He didn't want to make them judge him; to see him as a pathetic blob who can't even waddle without gasping for air; who couldn't;

*"HUFF! HAUFH! HEEAUFH! PANT! WHEEZE!"*

BLK nearly lept when he heard Denya suddenly erupt into the loudest damn panting he had ever heard in his life! He looked over to find the tubby hybrid on the lowest treadmill setting, looking as if taking every step was the hardest thing he had ever done in his life. The draolf's face was hardly red nor sweaty, yet he kept wiping his forehead as if he was exhausted:

obviously, he was faking it. Regardless, BLK silently praised the draolf as he used that fake panting to cover up his own, feeling relieved to finally get some air into his lungs.

And so it continued. For nearly 15 minutes, BLK continued at his lethargic jog, feeling himself grow increasingly sore and sweaty with every lumbering step. He had to lower both treadmills speed once, and even that didn't feel like enough. He was so pathetically out of shape. His face burned; not one fur had gotten off the treadmills since he had gotten on, meaning everyone here was aware at how little he had actually ran. If he could just continue for another 5 or 10 minutes, he could consider that a good workout, but he had no idea if he'd even last that long. Step by shaky, jiggly step he took. Just a few more minutes. Just a few more minutes. Just a few more-

"Phew, I'm beat! That was a great workout!"

BLK was yet again interrupted from his own self-loathing to the tubby hybrid, who gracefully hopped off the treadmill despite pretending to be exhausted. He watched, as did many of the other runners, while the doughy draolf waddled to the reception desk to talk with the tigress behind the counter. What the heck was he doing?! Was Denya seriously gonna leave BLK alone with all these people already?

Fortunately, that wasn't the case. Instead, the draolf handed his card over in exchange for an entire armful of protein bars! Dumbfounded, BLK watched as Denya happily waddled not to the benches, but directly in front of the treadmills, planting his fat rump right in front of the middle one to stare at the television above him. Almost immediately, a chorus of grumbles erupted from around the dragon.

"Ugh, what a lazy slob. He walks for 10 minutes just to give up?"

"Look at him. Not a single bead of sweat on his face. He's not even trying!"

"So many protein bars too, and he's eating them like candy! That's just gonna make him fatter!"

"For real. That pig. At least some people are trying to work off the holiday weight."

BLK couldn't help but feel like that last comment was directed towards him, but honestly he took it with praise. He felt bad that Denya was attracting so much negative attention to himself, but it didn't look like the hybrid minded. In fact, the draolf seemed to smile as he got cozy on the ground, holding onto his plush, doughy tail like a teddy. The dragon smiled. He was so caught up with Denya's antics that he didn't even notice he had been running for another 5 minutes. Maybe this workout wouldn't be so bad after all.

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“Hnnnnnnng!”

BLK grunted, his face turning red. It was hard enough lifting his arms over his head, but to actually have to pull down the overhead press machine was something else entirely. Even on the lighter levels, the dragon struggled immensely. His thick arms pressed against his head, his flabby back arching out, everything just getting in the way. Yet he persevered, managing one excruciating rep after another, only because he was finally fit enough to fit on the machine.

It took nearly two months of regular exercise and hard work, but the fat dragon was finally starting to see some progress. His sweats and sweater could barely contain him when he first entered, but now they were actually feeling a little loose. BLK was still quite fat, fatter than the rest of the furs in the gym, in fact, with an enormous gut and a tail that could double as a couch for some, yet he was still on the path to slimming down.

He was still quite self-conscious, of course. Being the largest fur in the room by far would do that to anyone. After all, he was still barely not-too-fat just to lower a stupid weight down! Huffing softly, he had to let go of the bar, panting loudly while rubbing his upper arms. They were still impossibly doughy and thick, hanging with excess chub; it would take much more for him to even find some muscle beneath all that. BLK felt eyes on him, but he tried not to take it seriously; they weren't looking at him, after all. Rather, a certain hybrid using the machine right behind him.

He didn't need to see Denya to know what he was doing. The doughy hybrid was using the lightest setting possible, which didn't even count as weight! He just kept pulling down on an empty bar, only to bring his paws closer to his mouth so he could take a bite out of a protein bar. Each bite of the thick bar gained him far more calories than each "rep" of the machine; Denya was just using it as an excuse to stuff himself with the candy-like snacks.

It wasn't enough for Denya to show off that he was a bigger fatty than BLK; he also felt the need to continue gaining pudge to show for it! His tank top no longer covered even his upper belly; the draolf desperately in need of a wardrobe upgrade if he was to remain decent. Splits were starting to form on his packed shorts as well, his spherical rump clearly visible to everyone when he wasn't sitting on it, which wasn't often. The simplest movements sent him jiggling and wobbling, but he did nothing to stop it. In fact, he wore every new inch of flab he gained with pride, especially around BLK.

To help make sure the dragon stuck to a proper diet, Denya would follow BLK after their gym time to get lunch or dinner. Naturally, in a public eatery, all eyes were on the two fatsos who would waddle in. BLK was horrified when he found out he was too fat to even squeeze in a booth, forcing him to sit in the corner. He'd use his tail as a cushion and his belly as a table, both of which were more than sizable enough to serve their purpose. Denya, on the other hand, would sit on the other end of the restaurant, happily filling a booth of his own.



When it came to ordering, the draolf would order an obscene amount of food, all for himself. He wasn't afraid to eat noisily and smack his lips, or to belch and hold his table-resting gut. Every chance he could, Denya would make an obnoxious showing of what a fat blob he was, at one point even pretending to fall into a food coma and snore loudly after a loud meal.

It was humiliating to watch, but it served its purpose. People paid less attention to the mountain of a dragon in the corner and to the noisy and annoying draolf who practically oozed gluttony. In fact, having to wedge himself in the booth just made him look even fatter! It was unusual to say the least, but it was effective in reminding the overgrown dragon to only order healthy, low-calorie items.

"Phew, that was a gooooood workout!"

BLK heard Denya chime, mere seconds after the dragon had finished his own rep. Looking back, he saw the doughy draolf lean back in his seat, uncapping his thermos filled with protein shake and chugged away. Again, not a bead of sweat could be seen on the canine, looking as relaxed as when he first waddled in as he chugged and chugged. After draining what felt like the entire thermos, he let out a noisy belch that echoed throughout the entire gym, bringing with it all sorts of insults.

"God, how lazy can you get?"

"And how fat. Have you noticed that guy's only gotten bigger?"

"Seriously. His friend is putting in more effort than he is!"

Welp, that changes things. With a groan, BLK reached above him for the bar and started pulling again. He felt his muscles cry out in pain, but he pushed on with the exercise, just so others wouldn't think he was lazy and careless like Denya. It was a cruel thought, sure, but the draolf was doing this all so he could exercise without embarrassment. The least he could do was make sure the hybrid's sacrifice wasn't in vain.

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That 'sacrifice' grew more noticeable as the months went on. Every pound that BLK lost was added directly onto the hybrid, who continued to garner more and more attention. He was like a magnet, taking away all the shame and embarrassment from BLK and adding it to himself. It was genuinely impressive, but BLK was worried Denya would get in trouble with how much of a ruckus he was stirring for himself.

Unfortunately, that was exactly what happened one Summer evening.

BLK was busy lifting weights, gritting his teeth through the pain. He was making remarkable progress, now finally able to wrap his arms around his own midriff. He was by no means anything but fat, the dragon still had a ways to go before he could even be considered simply chubby, but progress was progress. With enough hard work and dedication, he might be able to finally see his feet again by September.

However, the same couldn't be said for Denya.

While the dragon was pumping iron, the canine was pumping snacks into his maw. The hybrid seemingly garnered an addiction for protein bars and shakes, cramming them down his maw whenever the opportunity arose. He didn't even bother trying to lift weights, the obese hybrid sitting on the bench as he stuffed himself, seemingly oblivious to the very same bench bending beneath his weight.

It was finally time for BLK to admit that Denya was heavier than him now, which was impressive given that he was also several feet taller than the hybrid. Currently, Denya took up more than two chairs, his stomach completely filling his lap as he sat, stretching out an even larger tank top to its limits. His face looked more cherubic, his muzzle seemingly shrinking in those expanding cheeks, his thighs almost as thick as BLK's tail. Speaking of tail, the hybrid's was truly getting massive, looking like a series of segmented sausage rolls! He didn't even need to try and act out being a massive, lazy glutton to get everyone's attention; he was one!

Which, unfortunately, meant catching the staff's attention as well.

BLK was almost done lifting his 40 pound weights for the 20th time when he saw a rather muscular bull marched over, wearing the gym's logo on his shirt. The dragon's heart raced at the intimidating sight, even as the bull strode right past him until he stood over Denya, scowling. "If you're not going to take this serious, then get out! You're distracting the others!"

Ironically, the other gym-goers stopped what they were doing to look at the buff bull chewing the obese draolf out, some wearing shit-eating grins on their face. Denya, however, was nonplussed. "This is supposed to be a judgement-free zone, right? I'm free to do what I like without worrying about what others think," he responded haughtily, crossing his thick arms over his doughy moobs, at least as much as he could.

The bull snarled, and BLK swore he saw steam arise from his nostrils. "You've been sitting on your ass for the past hour doing nothing but eating protein bars and watching Youtube on your phone! I've been keeping a close eye on you ever since you first entered in February, and all you've managed to accomplish is gaining over 200 pounds!"

BLK's ears folded as he heard snickering, dropping his weights. This was too cruel for him to watch. He admired Denya for doing what he did to help him, but this was just too much. He tried signaling to Denya, but the hybrid suddenly shot upright until he was face to face with

the bull, his bulging middle pressing against the bovine's abbs. "Exactly! Isn't that the purpose of a gym? To gain? Look at these bad boys," he raised his thick arms and flexed, not a single hint of muscle lifting them up, although a ton of flab sagged beneath them.

The bovine growled, giving the hanging blubber a harsh squeeze. "Body health isn't a joke! If you aren't committed to working out or helping others, I suggest you leave immediately!" He shoved his finger to the door with such force, BLK was surprised it didn't open on command.

The entire gym went silent, save for the AC and pop music blaring. Nobody knew what the tubby draolf would say to such a passive threat. BLK didn't even realize he was holding his breath. The atmosphere was tense, and despite the bull's aggressive demeanour, Denya didn't back down.

Instead, he sat down. "Fine."

BLK watched with wide eyes as Denya reached over and grabbed his tail. Even with his weight loss, the dragon's tail was still incredibly doughy and heavy, being half of his overall body. The draolf's paws were buried in its thick chub, yet he persevered, grunting as he lifted the immense log onto his gut. Still huffing, the hybrid continued lifting the tail above his head, before lowering it onto his soft belly, doing so again and again, all while making eye contact with the bull.

Said bull snorted again before marching off, the gym resuming its usual activity. BLK had no words; he wasn't even sure if he was supposed to say anything. Rather, he just let Denya play around with his tail for a moment, but that moment quickly passed as the draolf dropped it in favor of reaching for more snacks, only lifting the hefty log when the bull came around to look.

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"H-hey, Denya? I, uh, got a question."

BLK panted heavily, sweat sliding down his face. He was getting quite good at bench presses, by far one of his favorite exercise routine, and not just because he got to lay on his back. It actually felt rewarding to be able to lift heavier and heavier objects as the months wore on, plus it was something Denya could help with without having to exert himself too much.

"Mmf? What is it?" The draolf responded, gulping down his mouthful of shake.

"Do you...do you think you're taking it a bit far?" The dragon huffed, taking a moment between reps to speak. Lifting weights was hard, especially when the weight he was lifting was something else entirely. "It's just...you're getting really chunky, dude. You're...starting to look like me...when we first came here. I appreciate...you doing it to make me...feel less self conscious...but I'm worried...about you."

The hybrid shrugged. "I dunno what you mean. I don't think I'm getting *that* fat."

"I'm literally bench pressing your belly."

BLK didn't really need a weight anymore, not when he had Denya around. His claws sunk past his wrists into the hybrid's looming gut, lifting the immense grey blob of blubber up and down, the weight of which was enough to make his arms shake. The dragon remembered the day when he used to lug around a gut that heavy, so experiencing it on his friend was rather...surreal.

Honestly, he was impressed with how far Denya was willing to let himself go, and all for his sake too. The draolf was unrecognizable, a looming sphere of pure blubber. His gut jutted out nearly as far as he was tall, his rear vying for attention behind him. Even his wings were slowly getting encased in a thick layer of lard, leaving the draolf completely puffy with fat. He no longer needed to make noise to garner extra attention; he got it simply from being as large as he was.

With so much padding, the hybrid grew lazier, no longer attempting to even fake exercising. Instead, he stood around BLK like he was the dragon's trainer, offering a towel and a bottle of water when heeded. He hardly moved in general, yet it still allowed him to stay in the gym, somehow.

But, not surprisingly, the hybrid didn't care. "I thought I was helping," he muttered, patting his wobbling belly on top of BLK.

The dragon sighed, slowly lifting the shelf of flab. "Y-you are, but...you've *really* let yourself go, Denya... You don't need to keep gaining anymore...in fact, maybe it's time you cut back a little..."

"But I have been."

BLK stopped, his arms outstretched. "R-really?"

"Yeah. I tried not eating so many meals and stuff, but I now I get too hungry that I can't help myself. That, and I'm probably addicted to all the gainer shakes and protein bars now. Seriously, they're just too damn good!" He giggled innocently, taking another bite.

Whimpering, BLK slid himself out from underneath the draolf, looking up at the damage he did to his friend's body. The moobs that were larger than his head, the stomach that would qualify as a beanbag chair, the limbs that were so swallowed with chub that bending them creased more than one roll. Denya was a landwhale, a marvel of his species. Whereas BLK

used to struggle to squeeze through doors, Denya would get wedged entirely! “Oh, Denya...I’m so sorry...”

Denya just smiled and shook his head, bouncing those pudgy cheeks. “Why? I had a ton of fun this year! I loved seeing everyone’s faces when I burped or did something fatty, and I got to help you lose weight too! I’m even close to outweighing Zane now; he’s so upset about it, he’s been trying out my new diet too!”

“A-are you sure?” BLK blinked. He was glad that his friend focused more on the bright side, but he still had his concerns.

But Denya smiled and nodded his head. “I really don’t care how I look, B. I could be as skinny as a twig or as broad as a barn, it really doesn’t matter to me. People are jerks, yeah, especially those with fragile egos. They will look for the smallest reason to put themselves above you. It’s...something I’ve dealt with a lot before, but it doesn’t bother me anymore.

“However, it does bother you. So I’ll do what I can to make sure you’re safe from anyone judging you until you’re back to normal. And if you’re still worried about me, I don’t think I’m gonna keep gaining like this forever. Sooner or later my metabolism is gonna catch up with me, and then I might try shedding a couple pounds so I can fit in the shower again. I think I know a good coach who could help,” he winked.

BLK was touched. His chest felt lighter, his head fuzzy with warm emotions. He couldn’t think of the right words to say, so instead he stood up and hugged the fatty as tight as he could, his arms digging into the smaller fur’s broad sides. “Thank you, Denya.”

And Denya returned the hug, neither of them able to reach half way around. The two chubby furs held each other for a few moments, enjoying each other’s softness and warmth, before the hybrid slapped his friend on the side. “You’re not done yet, tubbs. I wanna see you do 20 tail lifts before we leave!”

BLK smiled. “Yes sir!” Sitting back down, he grabbed the hybrid’s thick tail, struggling to lift it onto his lap. That log of an appendage was massive, like carrying the world’s fattest snake. It was tiring work, lifting something so massive and squishy, yet he found the motivation to continue pushing forward with his work out. The dragon grunted as he hefted the black tail up and down, his shoulders burning. A smile crossed his face. Fat friends were the best.

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“So, how does it feel to finally fit into your own clothes again?”

BLK just grinned wider at that question, his large tail swishing eagerly. He had been grinning all day, from weighing himself in the morning, all the way through his daily workouts, to

this very evening at the restaurant with Denya. “Honestly...it feels pretty good. It’s nice to finally get back to normally; well, as normal as I can get,” he chuckled, lifting his arms for a flex.

While he certainly wasn’t thin by any means, the dragon was far more fit than he had been in ages! No longer did he need to adopt a waddling stance just to walk or stand, or have his belly brush against doors whenever he needed to open them. Now, he was down hundreds of pounds, to the point where he only turned a few heads when out in public. His tail was more slender, his thighs had actual definition in them for once, even his chin count had been reduced to one and a half. Sure, his old clothes still didn’t fit properly, his shirt revealing a sliver of brown belly as he lifted his arms, but that was something he could certainly live with. Heck, he could actually see his muscles beneath his arms and legs! Definitely a worthy tradeoff for having a barrel body.

Denya’s eyes lit up as he watched those thick arms shift upwards, thick dimples forming in his thick cheeks. “That’s awesome, B! I’m really proud of ya. I bet you could probably fit in the booths here now without having to push back the table.”

The dragon waved his paw dismissively, although his grin widened at the praise. “Heh, I don’t think so. I’ve still got a bit to go before I’m at that level,” he patted his potbelly, satisfied to feel it only jiggle for a few moments.

Denya nodded softly, his face wobbling for twice as long. “Are you sure you don’t wanna sit in a booth though? The hard floor must be uncomfortable on your boney butt,” he stuck his tongue out teasingly.

BLK rolled his yellow eyes. “I’m not *that* thin, Denya. Besides, what kind of friend would I be if I didn’t keep you company after all the work you’ve done for me? I gotta repay my motivator someday, right?”

The hybrid chuckled softly, his enormous cheeks flushing as he lifted his thick arms to rub at the back of his head. “Heheh...honestly, I was hoping you could help me, erh, shed a few pounds...”

He was waiting for Denya to say that. True to his words, the hybrid’s weight gain started to peter off, although it never stopped being noticeable. Even now, several weeks after their talk on the bench press, Denya had squeezed on dozens of extra pounds onto his ludicrously plush tail. *Immense* wasn’t even cutting it to describe how impossibly obese the hybrid had grown thanks to the eating habits he picked up. He was approaching the size of a small tent; his gut alone would have completely filled up the opposite seats if he were to try squeezing into one of the booths, and that’s even without the table in the way! His roly polly arms were thicker than most trees, his legs wider than even BLK’s generous torso. The hybrid’s rump was impressive in its own right, which was to be expected, given he spent the majority of his time sitting on his yoga ball-sized cheeks. Speaking of cheeks, Denya’s face was nearly buried in its own pudge,

his muzzle adorned with medicine ball-sized balls of fat that constantly looked stuffed with food; which was usually the case, of course. And his tail! Not surprisingly, it never left the ground, the enormous tube of blubber wide enough at the base to cover the entire sidewalk. Combined with back folds thick enough to be used as a rock climbing wall, the hybrid was a prized pig of his species, the draolf weight more than a dragon and wolf combined!

BLK was honestly a little envious at how massive Denya managed to make himself, the tall dragon not used to feeling small compared to others. He smiled reassuringly, patted the enormous wall of blubber before him. "Of course, Denya. What made you want to diet?"

"When I...got wedged in the double wide doors earlier," the canine mumbled, blushing from the memory. BLK had never seen Denya look so embarrassed before. He figured even the hybrid had a limit to how fat he was willing to look in public. The hybrid shook his head, enough to send his chest and chins jostling. "I-it's alright, don't worry about it. I'll, uh, just try eating less."

BLK tilted his head. "Denya, with all due respect, with how much you've been gaining, it's gonna take a lot more than that to get you to lose it.' Seriously, the draolf was as wide as BLK was tall! It took him almost a year to slim back down to *almost* normal, he had no clue how long it would take for Denya to even return to his usual pudgy self. "But don't worry! It won't be so bad, trust me. I know a ton of low-calorie meals that still taste just as good. We can get started today, if you'd like!"

But Denya shook his head harder; BLK hoped his fat friend wouldn't give himself whiplash with how much those cheeks wobbled. "N-not today! I mean, today's a special day, right? We're supposed to be celebrating your loss by letting you get a cheat day. So, uh, I was thinking that we could, ya know, make it a cheat day for me too? Before I, erh, try your diet?"

The dragon folded his ears. Denya looked so nervous just thinking about losing weight; it must have taken a considerable amount of courage just to bring up the topic. "Are you sure that's a good idea?"

Denya smiled weakly. "I mean, it's just one meal, right? I can't get *that* much fatter, can I?"

"Denya, You've been saying that for a few weeks now, and that was before you needed help squeezing through double wide doors." The drake sighed. Denya was sounding a lot like him now when he realized he needed to lose weight. He couldn't deny the draolf was uncomfortable with the notion though, something that made his heart twinge with guilt knowing this happened for his sake. He sighed again. Hopefully, they would still be able to squeeze him out.

"Alright, one last big meal. Let's make it count."

Denya beamed, even his little fatty wings perked up. “Thanks so much, B! Don’t worry, I’ll have way more self control in the future!”

Somehow BLK doubted that.

Squirming happily on the floor, the hybrid reached back, squirming a bit to move his thick arms around his bulbous sides, before producing not just a large bottle, but two plastic cups as well. “How about a toast then, to celebrate?”

“Uhhh,” the dragon’s ears wilted further. He did not see Denya carry anything with him all day, which meant he was storing those objects in his ...”I-I dunno, I’m not that thirsty.” He hastily responded, holding up his claws.

“C’mon, It’s tradition! Otherwise this dinner won’t be as much fun.” The hybrid chuckled, setting up the cups on his shelf-like chest while pouring the bottle’s contents in each. He must have had practice with that, for he managed not to spill a single drop onto his wobbling middle. “Just a sip then, please?”

BLK wasn’t too sure, but he couldn’t deny the fruity aroma flowing from the cup was rather enticing. And vaguely familiar, although he had no clue where he would have drunk it before. He sighed, relenting for the second time before the hybrid by taking the cup. His eyes narrowed; the cup was heavy! How much did Denya pour into it?

The draolf smiled, lifting his in the air. “To your first good meal, and my last!” He snickered.

The dragon smiled back, having to lean against the hybrid’s gut in order to bump glasses with him. He sat back and took a sip...and another sip...and then a gulp, his tail wagging. This stuff was great! The sweetness definitely washed out the bitter alcohol taste, to the point where it was almost like drinking fruit juice. “Where’d you get this, Denya?”

“At the grocery store, silly. Alan pointed this one out, actually. Said how much you love watermelon-flavored drinks and recommended this one. So, what do you want for an appetizer?”

“I’m not sure,” BLK grinned wide. He hadn’t had an appetizer in ages! He sat upright, suddenly quite eager to try out the food he had been depriving himself of for months. “The fried asparagus looks good.”

“Aw, don’t eat vegetables on your day off, even if they’re fried!” Denya waved a pudgy paw lazily, taking a quick sip of his drink. “If you’re gonna get a vegetable, get something like the loaded potato skins. Those are seriously amazing!”



“You think so?” The dragon wagged, taking another sip. All this talk about food was making him a little light-headed.

“Yeah! With the warm, melty cheese, the crunchy bacon bits, sour cream, butter, chives...ya know, I think I’m gonna get an entire order just for myself!”

“Same here,” the dragon purred, taking another large draught from his drink. “Actually, make that *-hic* two! Those tator tots look great. Think we can get them with *-hic*- cheese and bacon bits too?” Maybe it was his blurry vision making everything look so good, but the drake couldn’t stop himself from ordering several appetizers for himself, all of which drenched in cheese and bacon. It was only after the waitress finally walked away with their order did he take a moment to think about what he had just done.

“H-hey, Denya. What was *-hic*- in that drink?”

“Heehee, lemme see,” the draolf blushed, holding the bottle close enough to press against his pig-like snout. “Eeeeerh...lessee...syrup, watermelon extract...uh, some sugar...I dunno. Do I *-hic*- look like I know what goes into Watermelon Schnapps?”