

Waking up was certainly getting harder.

A brief grumble from Grief's stomach signified that his sleep was finally over. The dragon growled right back at his organ, holding his large claws over his blond hair. "Was last night not enough to satiate you?" He grumbled, recalling last night's abundant feast.

Apparently, it wasn't, his fuzzy grey middle declaring war with its draconic host by crying out yet again. Ultimately, the dragon relented, sighing in frustration. "You've grown into quite the nuisance as of late."

With a snort, the dragon bellowed out a rather long yawn, before it was cut short by a blueberry-flavored burp. Grumbling and groaning, Grief slowly began the task of rolling his heavyself upright, huffing every second of the way.

His stomach had grown into more than just a nuisance. The dragon was quite fat, his entire body covered in soft plump lard. Grief had to roll his broad self onto his belly first, feeling his middle pancake outwards in all directions. With a grunt, he planted all four of his thick and doughy legs onto the ground, and hauled himself upwards. Slowly, his pancake form rounded out until he resembled a half black and scaly, half grey and fluffy barrel. The exertion of hauling himself upright was enough to send him panting, his large chest slowly heaving in and out, his dimpled cheeks and doughy neck wobbling.

Grief huffed and sighed. It was also getting harder as of late bringing himself onto all fours. He was well aware of how fat he had grown, mainly noticing how much more cramped his cavern den had become. The feeling of his enormous hanging belly squishing against his thick thighs and forearms also served to remind him of his size, as well as force him into a rather lumbering waddle. The cave entrance was also shrinking by the day, although that in of itself wasn't inherently bad. The drake actually quite enjoyed the feeling of the rocky alcove scratching against his broad, scaly back and wings; it made for a fantastic scratching post, even if he looked rather silly using it.

Soon, the pudgy dragon's sensitive snout picked up the scent of fresh fruit and baked goods, his fluffy tail swishing in anticipation. As annoyed as he was with his noisy stomach, he had to admit it made for a fantastic alarm clock. It always knew when it was meal time.

Grief had barely stepped outside of his cave (after a few moments of good scratching, of course) when he saw the caravan pull up. No less than 7 large horse-drawn carriages arrived before his cave entrance, all bearing the overwhelmingly sweet scent Grief grew to anticipate. It took a great amount of effort to not lick his pudgy muzzle as they drew before him, lest they get the wrong thought.

At last, they had all gathered. The first carriage rider, a somewhat portly fox, hopped out and strode over to greet the dragon, grinning ear to ear. "Howdy, mister Grief! How ya feeling today?"

Grief snorted. "My mood is irrelevant. Deliver the food and leave."

"Come now, don't be so harsh!" The fox chuckled, as if dealing with a cranky toddler. "All these months and I've never seen you crack a smile! C'mon, do me a favor and give me one big happy s-"

"No." Grief snorted, scowling at the obnoxiously-happy fox. He remembered five months ago when that same face was laced with terror and dread. The vulpine and his family had been traveling through Grief's area of the woods when a feral wyvern attacked their caravan, creating quite the havoc. The wyvern would have most certainly slaughtered and devoured everyone present had Grief not intervened. Truthfully, the dragon was just chasing off the lesser wurm for daring to intrude on his marked territory, and was ready to do the same to the anthros had they done anything other than herald him as a hero, as well as offer Grief a reward he couldn't refuse. It turned out this fox was quite the influential fur at his city, and within the same day the dragon was delighted to see cartful after cartful of delicious, scrumptious, tantalizing pastries delivered straight to his cave entrance.

It was little wonder he ended up so fat. All the food he could ever want, delivered straight to his metaphorical doorstep. Not one to waste food, Grief ate every single scrap of food they fed him in one go, even if it meant passing out into a massive food coma afterwards. Only to wake up and find more sweets being delivered to him, and repeat the cycle again, and again, and again. By the time his stomach had stretched enough to accomodate so much, the damage had already been done. Grief had transformed from a lean and mighty predator into a fat, lazy, and spoiled pet, and he only grew fatter from there. He hardly ever left his cave anymore, only to take his usual patrols around his territory, and even those walks ended up becoming shorter and shorter as he grew wider and wider.

It wasn't just physically that Grief was feeling the effects of his rapid weight gain. As the other members of the caravan unloaded crates of pies and cakes to the dragon, they all smiled and looked him in the eye, a few even tried getting him to speak more than a few words at a time! Grief missed the days when those very same furs would hurry to drop off the food and run off. Now, they chatted and hung around the dragon like he was a giant stuffed animal. No one was intimidated by a dragon with a double chin, it seemed. His stomach roaring in hunger used to make them shiver and flinch; now, they all cooed adorably. Insufferable wretches!

"Annd that's the last one! Phew, the boys back home just keep filling these things fuller and fuller," the fox sighed as he settled the last box before the dragon, panting softly. Normally, that would have been the end of the interaction, but the vulpine stayed, his eyes lingering on the drake's hanging middle. "Say, erh, do you dragons hibernate in the middle of summer, by any chance?"

Grief's eyes narrowed.

"Cuz you're lookin' kinda..."

Grief flashed his fangs.

"...Puffy."

"LEAVE ALREADY!" Grief bellowed out, and for a brief second he swore he saw that delightful fear flash across the fox's eyes. Unfortunately, that satisfying moment was quickly ruined by that unbearable chuckle as the vulpine playfully raised his arms in mock surrender. "Alright, alright. Don't wanna disturb yer beauty rest, big guy. You have a good snooze now!" And with that, he finally packed up last night's boxes and left, along with the others.

Grief sighed and took a deep breath, forcing himself to calm down. But no amount of deep breathing could lower his agitated heart rate. It was the first time that fox had ever made a remark on his weight. The nerve!

But Grief knew exactly what led to that line of reasoning. Even as he lowered his plump rump to enjoy his meal, sitting like any feral would, the dragon could feel his belly spilling through and around his forepaws, even more so when he leaned forward to stuff his face. Any bigger and he'll have to eat with his claws like a filthy anthro; or worse: require an anthro's assistance just to eat!

Grief groaned, his maw full of delicious pie. Was that his fate? To eat and sleep and grow fatter and fatter until he could no longer leave his cave? Or worse: to become firmly wedged in the cave's opening and endure that fox's ceaseless tauntings, knowing he's too tubby to be a threat to anyone? That wouldn't do. He was a mighty dragon, and a large one at that, not just in the middle region either! His wingtips were higher than most tree tops in his forest, those puny horses pulling the carriages earlier barely made it up to his shins.

Those puny, juicy, plump horses.

Grief blinked. Was he seriously thinking about MORE food while already eating? He was ready to berate himself more when a different thought crossed his mind. It wasn't that he wanted more food, he just wanted something different. The dragon wanted a palette cleanser from the months of endless sweets, even if he was still hopelessly addicted to them. He wasn't just eating more, he would be hunting for more food, and hunting burned a lot of calories, right? Surely enough to offset his increased intake.

Subtly, the drake smiled to himself for his genius line of reasoning. He was eager to go out hunting again...but first, he had a meal that needed finishing.

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"Huff...huff..."

This was a terrible idea. If Grief wasn't aware of how out of shape he was before, that fact was painfully obvious now. The rotund dragon hadn't even walked half the length of his previous

patrols and he was already reduced to heavy breathing. He was extremely stuffed after yet another large meal, his large belly hanging off of him even heavier than before. That fox was right, they really were giving him more food than usual!

Grief groaned slightly, pausing for a moment to catch his breath. This wasn't going anywhere. He had lost count of how many times his wide flanks had wedged himself between two trees, halting his progress. Just stepping over a fallen oak tree was a huge hassle for the huge drake, his hanging belly making it near impossible to lift his legs high enough. To make matters worse, his heavy breathing and heavier walking made more noise than any predator had any right to make. His thunderous footsteps alone was enough to shake birds out from trees 50 feet away!

Already, Grief yearned to return to his cozy den and take a nice, long nap. Maybe if he laid outside his cave on his back, those annoying anthros could feed his gaping maw and leave without waking him u-

"No!" Grief shouted to no one in particular, shaking his flabby head. Those thoughts are exactly the reason why he was in this situation! He was going to be a mature, strong dragon and finish his hunt.

And he was not gonna return home until he had caught the fattest, juiciest animal he could find!

Trundling along with a sour expression, the dragon forced himself to focus on his surroundings, if only to keep the intrusive, indulgent thoughts from edging into his consciousness any more than they already were.

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Elsewhere, tucked into the recesses of the woods, another form waddled along with a great deal more enthusiasm in their step. A cheerful hum filled the air as a lupine head rustled the leaves of a bush, submerged in the foliage and pulling berries from the slender branches, before placing them delicately in a wicker basket held in their tail. The serpentine limb coiled around the haunches of the creature, its length several times that of its owner's body, though its girth was outmatched by the plump circumference of the wolfish being, whose green fur provided a degree of camouflage as they picked their berries.

If the ophidian wolf had been paying attention, they probably would have noticed how the leaves around their head jostled and rustled with faint impacts, or the way the dirt tremored under their paws rhythmically. As it was, however, the feral was too occupied with his humming and gathering to register the approach of something that nobody could ever rightly call stealthy. Head deep in the bush, the grip on the creature's tail was the first indication that something was off, a startled yip evolving into a shocked yelp as he felt his rump suddenly lifting off the ground, eyes going wide when the upside-down view of a set of draconic fangs were suddenly filling his view.

“U-uh, hi?” the snolf timidly greeted as he dangled by his tail, hind paws squirming and forepaws tucked against himself, plump belly sagging over his broad chest, forcing the most convincing smile he could in the situation as he asked, “C-can, um... can I-I help you?”

The draconic creature did not respond, at least not right away. All the snolf could see of his captor was a devilishly wide grin, with two piercing green eyes lighting up his dark muzzle.

Grief couldn't believe his luck! Most wolf-like predators had lean, strong bodies that made devouring them quite a chore, thanks to their chewy muscles. This one, however, was deliciously overfed, to the point where the dragon probably wouldn't have even found any muscle beneath those layers of soft chub! And obviously it lacked the common sense to run away from him, as evidenced by the snolf's curious questioning, rather than it squirming and begging for its life.

The dragon slowly ran his purple tongue over the snolf's belly, rumbling in delight. The canid even tasted perfect, the berries he was gathering reminding him of the pastries he was hopelessly addicted to. It was a shame such a delectable morsel would only come around once in a lifetime; one bite, and the wolf would be gone. If only there was a way he could have more.

And at that moment, Grief was struck with a profound idea.

"My... apologies for my abrasiveness, young wolf." Reluctantly, Grief pulled the tubby snolf away from his glistening jaws, but not releasing his grip. Instead, the obese dragon sat back on his haunches, holding the smaller wolf against his own soft belly in a much more comfortable position. "I noticed some berries stuck to your hide, and took it upon myself to relieve you of the hassle of cleaning it. I know very well the troubles of grooming one's self when you're as...heavy, as myself." The dragon did his best to smile convincingly to the wolf. "May I ask for your name?"

The snolf tilted his head this way and that at the dragon, before perking up and wagging with a smile, seemingly oblivious to how close he'd been to getting swallowed whole. "Oh, I'm Aaron! Thanks for the help!" he replied cheerfully, looking down at his fur and brushing the pelt on his pale-furred middle, "Yeah, that berry juice can stain real bad when you've got fur as white as mine, hehe! And you're right, having this much padding can make grooming myself a bit of a challenge sometimes, but hey, whatever it takes to prepare for winter, am I right?" Aaron gave a pleasant grin as he spoke, before seeming to realize where exactly he was, looking to Grief's middle with a curious expression, "Ooh, you look like you're already ahead of me on that, though!"

"I...yes, I am," Grief stammered, that smile wavering ever so slightly. Oh, how lucky Aaron was that he was in a good mood. "Please, call me Grief. I agree, winters have grown dreadfully chilly over the past few years. I wouldn't be surprised if some ice elementals have made themselves at home nearby. I am fortunate to be able to claim a warm, comfortable den. There is plenty of room for others, if you're looking for temporary lodging." He knew he was being direct, asking the snolf to stay at his cave after just seconds ago holding him against his muzzle, but he couldn't help himself.

The sooner his prey was secured in his cave, the better. Besides, it wasn't like the snolf had much say in the matter, still firmly grasped in the dragon's clutches.

Aaron's head tilted the other way, before he smiled as he wagged all the more. "Oh, are you inviting me over?" he clarified, and when he was greeted with a stoic nod from the dragon, the snolf gave a nod of his own without hesitation. "Sure, I'm all for making a new friend!" the hybrid yapped, patting at Grief's midsection with a big, goofy grin, "Especially if ya don't mind sharing food; you must have lots, from the looks of it~"

"Indeed," Grief sighed loudly through his nose, ruffling the snolf's fur. "More than I know what to do with, in fact. I despise spoiling and wasting food, and would love the chance to share with a new friend." The dragon paused, looking down at the chubby snolf in his claws. He wasn't comfortable about letting his future snack out from his mits quite yet. "However, it is quite the trek back to my cave. It may be tiring for such a tiny creature like yourself. I could provide you with a ride, if you'd like." Without waiting for an answer, Grief lowered his head and raised his claw higher, giving the hybrid easy access to his shoulders and back.

The plump snolf huffed as he pulled himself up onto Grief's back, his paws kneading at the doughy surface as he grinned wide. "You're nice and comfy back here!" the serpent commented with that same friendly, oblivious tone, giving the back of Grief's neck a light nuzzle once he was settled, "Thanks for the ride, this is gonna be great! Oh, but I dropped my basket when you cleaned me off, can you pick that up for me?" Aaron leaned over the dragon's shoulder, belly pressing against Grief's neck as he pointed to the spilled basket that rested near the berry bush, a variety of fruits, herbs, and little crystals spilled out over the ground.

"Of course," Grief responded, looking down at the basket with some uncertainty. It was difficult for the feral to pick up small objects in his large claws, but he didn't want to lose his good graces with his soon-to-be-prey. He did his best, even leaning down somewhat to better reach, his belly spreading out along the floor. With a huff, the drake lifted the basket onto his back beside the chubby wolf. "Here you are. Everything is accounted for," the drake explained, before tilting his pudgy neck. "What use are those herbs and crystals to a carnivore such as yourself, if I may ask?"

Aaron gave a soft giggle at the question, his paws tapping happily at the dragon's back, completely unwitting to the annoyance that spread across Grief's features at the action. "They're not for eating, silly," the serpent replied, long tail draping over the dragon's side and swaying against his plump flank, "They're for spells! I need them for some enchanting projects I'm working on, but I don't mind putting those on hold for a bit while I meet a new friend."

"I see," Grief muttered through gritted teeth, resisting the urge to snatch up the wolf in his fangs. He could barely tolerate letting anyone laze on his back, let alone patting his sides like a dog. It hardly mattered to the dragon if the feral was a magic user or not; it wasn't like he could cast spells once he was within Grief's stomach, after all. The big drake sighed and shook himself; mostly to clear his thoughts, but also so his wobbling hide would make Aaron hold on

instead. “Not to worry, small wolf. You may continue those projects once we’ve arrived back at my den.”

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“And...here is...my den...”

Grief panted and wheezed, barely able to hold onto his breath long enough to talk. He took no breaks on the way back, no time to stop or collect himself, eager to get this mutt off his back as soon as possible. His body ached, his legs feeling like jelly, an accurate comparison given how much they wobbled along his overfed body. Gods above, when did he get so heavy?

With one last wheeze, he finally settled, or rather fwumped, onto his overgrown belly, laying on the gigantic cushion as he rose up and down with his wheezing. That squishy grey gut pancaked outwards on all sides of the fat dragon, providing a natural ramp for Aaron to slide off of. Yet, at that moment, Grief hardly even felt the wolf on him, too busy greedily gobbling up lungfuls of air to notice.

At least, until that confounded patting started up again, the dragon resisting the urge to growl as he felt the snolf’s paws tapping against his flank. “Hey, you okay, big guy?” Aaron asked worriedly, leaning over the drake’s shoulder and gingerly nosing at the thick tire of fat ringing Grief’s collar, “I didn’t realize I was too heavy for you! Here, let me...”

The serpentine wolf slipped down from the drake’s back, using the wyrm’s pancaked flank as a doughy slide, before hurriedly padding around the dragon’s rotund figure and into the den before them. Disappearing for a few moments, Grief eyed the entry to his home irritably, annoyed at the snolf brazenly walking into his lair without so much as a care in the world. At least, until the lupine serpent emerged once more, several gallons of water suspended in a shimmering, rippling orb before him.

“H-here,” Aaron huffed, brow furrowed in concentration as he telekinetically suspended the fluid inches in front of his muzzle, bringing the water to Grief and giving a friendly, if strained smile, “Brought ya a d-drink!”

Despite his frustrations, Grief couldn’t help but raise an eyebrow. Most magic-weirdling anthros, at least the ones he encountered, could barely fling small tufts of fire at him, yet this feral was capable of lifting an impressive amount of water with his mind alone. How curious.

And insulting. Grief was more than capable of retrieving his own water from his own spring within his own den! But, to stay on good terms with the snolf, the dragon forced himself a smile. “Thank you, friend.” Opening his mouth slightly, the dragon allowed the snolf to hover the floating orb closer to his muzzle, allowing him to drink straight from it, one or two gulps enough to deplete it entirely. Still nice and cool, with hardly a trace of magic left over from Aaron’s telekinesis. This snolf had talent! Not nearly as much as a natural born dragon, of course, but still commendable.

The serpent beamed happily at the dragon's words, tail wagging back and forth gleefully. "Whatever I can do to help!" Aaron veritably chirped, before padding around and once more hopping up onto the drake's side. Snorting in surprise, the dragon's head whipped back to glare at the snolf, getting a faceful of his own neckflab in the process, though managing to get a look at the serpent as he retrieved his basket of components from where it had been tucked between two rolls of draconic back fat.

Tugging the container free, Aaron slid down the drake's flank again, brushing his side against the dragon's squashed middle with a light purr of affection. "Thank you for the ride, big buddy," the serpent hummed, looking up to Grief with that dopey, oblivious grin, tail swaying side to side with the basket in its grasp.

The dragon grunted in response. Aaron was extremely trusting, for sure, especially for a feral. It would make inevitably devouring him all the easier, although he may have to deal with the snolf's obsessive climbing and cuddling along his own massive body until that fateful moment. "Just wait until you're the size of me," the dragon thought to himself, his fluffy tail flickering behind him. "Then I'll let you cuddle the inside of my stomach all you want!" The drake couldn't help but grin a toothy smirk at his new 'friend,' already imagining how he would taste at double his current size. Grief's fat middle let out a low grumble, loud enough to make Aaron squeak with surprise. He was hungry now; maybe he should rid himself the weeks of waiting and just devour the snolf-

"Hoy there, mister Grief!"

Grief smacked his chubby head against the ground. Seems he wasn't allowed a single moment of peace today.

He wasn't in the mood to interact with the anthros today, silently shaking his head to the snolf when the canid's pointy ears perked up, as if begging him not to say anything. He prayed to whatever god would listen that the anthros would just drop the food off and-

He yelped, pudgy neck shooting up. One of them had slapped his fattened rump; the fox from earlier, judging by the sound of his voice. "Ah, good. Yer awake! Wouldn't want ya to miss your meals, now! I know how cranky you dragons can get!"

"Yes, indeed!" Grief snarled back, struggling to crane his bloated neck over his fattened self to even look at the intruding anthros. Grumbling loudly, the lazy dragon slowly rocked himself back and forth as he sloooowly turned his prone self around to face the intruding anthros, too tired to bother trying to stand back up.

When he could finally see the caravan, the dragon scowled when he noticed they weren't looking at his face, but rather his rippling belly, watching it wobble to and fro like water in a bathtub. Finally, the fox spoke, grinning cheerfully. "Whatcha doing out here, big guy? Getting too big for your cave?"



“Insolent!” Grief frowned, furrowing his chubby facial features. “For your information, I have recently returned from a successful hunting session. Something the coddled likes of yourself have never experienced, I presume.”

The vulpine snickered. “Oh, so that’s what all that shaking was, earlier! Me and my buddies thought there was an earthquake!”

If dragon blood was red, Grief’s face would have looked like a ripe tomato.

Yet that obnoxious, horrible fox kept going, pretending to peer around. “I didn’t think you’d still be hungry with how much food we loaded up for ya last time! Guess your stomach’s not the only thing growing, huh? Did ya leave behind any trophies to show us, or do you dragons eat everything, bone and all?”

Aaron’s head tilted this way and that as he sat in place on the other side of the dragon, uncertain what to make of Grief’s momentary, wordless directive to him. The serpent could only resist his curiosity for so long, however, getting to his paws and blythely hopping up the hill of draconic pudge to investigate what was going on, a friendly smile coming over his features as he caught sight of the caravan. “Oh, hello!” the snolf greeted as he perched happily atop the mound of wyrm, missing the way that Grief’s flushed face fell all the more at his silent pleading going unheeded by the oblivious hybrid, whose sinuous tail was wagging enough that the contents of the basket it held were dangerously close to being sent flying, “Are you Mister Grief’s friends?”

Grief hid his face in his claws as the caravan let out a series of d’awwwws, either at the sight of the adorable plump hybrid, or the fact that the hefty haughty dragon allowed it. Not even a warning growl from said dragon stopped the fox from walking towards the hybrid, leaning against Grief’s pancaked rolls to look up at the wolf. “You’re darn tootin’ we are! Mister Grief here saved our bacon from a wyvern attack quite some time back! We’ve been offering him free meals for life to repay him, but his meals just keep getting bigger and bigger, like our friend here!” He smiles, engulfing his arms into the dragon’s thick fluffy blubber. Even from atop of Grief, Aaron could feel the dragon heating up like a tea kettle. “How about yourself? Yer lookin’ too well fed a predator to be scared of anything outside a big, scary dragon like Grief here! How’d you two meet up?”

“Oh, just a few hours ago! Grief caught me by surprise while I was getting spell components,” Aaron yapped, completely ignorant of the growing fury underneath him. Like a squirrel perched hazardously at the edge of a steaming geyser, the snakish wolf continued his friendly chat while patting the plump scales beneath him, grinning happily all the while, “He sure does give enthusiastic greetings, though! And hey, what’s all that food ya brought with for? Are we having a party?” The snolf finally looked toward Grief’s face for confirmation, only to tilt his head when he saw the way the dragon’s head was buried in his paws, ears flickering with curiosity, “Aww, you don’t need to be shy just cuz there’s more people here, buddy!”

One claw wasn't enough to hide his embarrassment it seems, for the dragon brought forth both arms to hide his pudgy face as the fox continued. "Nah, he's just a lil antisocial, is all! Or, maybe a lil sleepy; I can't tell if he's snoring under there or not. He could just be getting ready for hibernation, but that's not for another-"

"Yes! Hibernation!" Grief suddenly screamed, loud enough to even catch the caravan off guard, the fox quickly hopping off of the dragon's belly. The drake reared his large head forward, a manic grin spreading across his dimpled face as he finally found the solution to end this detestable conversation. "I've offered my services to Aaron here, and promised to aid him in his attempts to bulk up for this upcoming winter. Given the subtle clues nature has provided me, I fear he may be woefully underprepared as he is now."

The leading fox raised an eyebrow, glancing between the wolf and the dragon, before finally snickering. "Huh, well good for you, Mister Grief! I didn't think you could make friends on your own, but you proved me wrong! 'Course, I think wolfie here is plenty ready for the next two or three hibernations, but I bet anyone looks tiny compared to you!" And with one last insufferable pat to the dragon's gut, the caravan finally started to unload their cargo. Grief's grin slowly grew less manic and more natural as he watched the crates of pastries slowly stack higher and higher; this may be even more than his morning's meal!

"Phew! My back ain't cut out for this," the pot-bellied fox huffed as he leaned against the crates, taking a moment to catch his friend. "Anyways, that should be enough for you and your friend here to start, erh, hibernating up. Was nice meetin' ya, Wolfie!" He beamed, once again leaning against the dragon's belly to offer a handshake to the hybrid. Grief rolled his eyes; he wasn't sure if the anthro was an idiot for trying to shake hands with a feral, or if he was just looking for more excuses to rub the dragon's weight in his face.

Aaron seemed happy to reach out and return the handshake, in spite of his lack of hands, smiling as he gave a wave to the retreating caravan. "See you later!" the serpent called out, still wagging as he watched the group of anthros heading off, before looking to Grief with a grin, "They were really nice, huh?"

A moment of that goofy smile later, however, the snolf tilted his head, looking to his companion with curiosity. "But, uh, when did we say I needed help with hibernation?" he asked, uncertainty spelled out across his features, "Not to be ungrateful, of course! I just don't remember us talking about that... and, uh, I don't hibernate, heh."

The dragon froze, halfway into hauling himself onto his legs once again. He took a minute for himself, looking away with uncertainty, before turning back to the snolf with his fake smile. "I never said you needed to hibernate, you...silly billy." Grief had to fight back the urge to retch after using one of that fox's annoying sayings. Looking for an excuse to hide his face, the dragon turned towards the crates of food, grabbing a clawful and slowly waddling back into his cave, his enormous belly swinging beneath him. "I simply stated that I fear you may not be as well prepared for this winter as someone like myself. Dragons do commonly hibernate, and as you can see, I'm somewhat prepared for the wintersleep." A bold-faced lie. Mountain dragons were

built for the extreme cold; if anything, Grief was too warm! “You, on the other hand, don’t undergo the winter sleep like myself, or many of the other animals you pray on. I want to ensure your body may be prepared to spend weeks, possibly months, without any source of food. Thankfully, my cavern spring here does not freeze over during winter, and will provide you with all the hydration you require.”

“Oh! That’s nice of you!” Aaron chirped, perking right back up after the explanation. It seemed like the snolf was as credulous as one could get; it almost took the sport right out of the dragon’s deception.

Almost.

Sliding down from the drake once more, the serpent stepped over to the crates of food, sniffing at the abundant offerings curiously. “Huh, this is a lot; do you have a way to store all this?” the snolf asked, looking to the dragon that stood over him with that trusting, curious gaze, “Do you get a lot of these deliveries? That’d definitely explain how you got so impressive!”

“Unfortunately, I do not,” the dragon stated bluntly, venturing back out to gather more crates. It may soon be time to allow the anthros into his cave; he was getting sore from all this moving. “I’m afraid I don’t have any means of preserving this food, and with bidaily deliveries, uneaten food can pile up quite rapidly. The only solution I can offer is to eat as much as possible in one go, to prevent unnecessary spoilage.” It was funny how Grief’s excuse for allowing himself to grow so bloated would end up being his excuse to persuade Aaron into following suit. The dragon chuckled at the irony as he went to retrieve the last of the boxes. Hopefully, with Aaron eating enough food, Grief’s weight problem might soon stabilize.

The snolf had followed Grief into his home, nose down to the floor and sniffing around curiously. There was the spring he’d hastily drawn water from for his new friend, crystal clear and still as a mirror’s surface, and on the other side of the cavern, an even flatter-looking nest looked ready for its owner to rest upon at any moment. Beside the flattened bedding, a group of emptied crates lay out, the serpent tilting his head at the remains of the drake’s breakfast.

“Wow... you can eat all that in one go?” Aaron asked with evident awe, looking back to Grief with his amber eyes wide, “That’s amazing! You dragons are so awesome, I wish I could enjoy that much tasty food at once~”

Grief couldn’t help but smile at Aaron’s naivety. “Perhaps one day, you may come closer than you expect! Besides, I’m sure you’ve got quite the appetite yourself, young snolf.” The dragon found himself still smiling as he went to lay in his destroyed nest, even as he felt his belly spill out before him. Normally, he would be hesitant to expose his soft, fluffy middle so openly to any stranger, but he felt somewhat at ease with Aaron. It must be because he thought of Aaron as little more than prey, right? Of course, that had to be the reason.

With a click of his tongue, the crates all opened at once, spilling their contents onto the ground in a colorful pile that filled the cave with a sickeningly sweet aroma. The dragon’s stomach

grumbled again, but he forced himself to hold back, even with so much food within arm's reach. "Feel free to help yourself as much as you'd like. There's plenty for everyone, after all."

Once more the snolf perked up, stepping forward and sniffing at the contents of the crates, eyes sparkling with awe. "Wow... there's so much, I don't even know where to start!" the serpent chirped, circling the pile of pastries several times, before grinning as he picked out the most aromatic of the sweets, already chewing on a glazed danish as his paws and tail gathered up more of the food. Reared up on his hind paws and using his massive tail for ballast, the snolf tottered over to Grief with his forelegs full of food after a few moments, looking rather like a plump bear with a harvest of berries, before unceremoniously plopping himself against the dragon's fluffy midsection.

"Thank you for sharing, this is lovely~" Aaron purred as he nuzzled the drake's middle, before starting to eat in earnest, taking big, eager mouthfuls of pastry while he cozied himself into the plush pillow provided by his companion's paunch. It didn't take long to figure out just why the snolf was already quite portly; each pastry lasted mere seconds, before the next was brought to Aaron's muzzle, bits of frosting and sugar clinging to his whiskers as he munched away without a care in the world.

Grief grunted when he felt the snolf flop into his tubby midsection, before snorting passively. If that was where Aaron found to be comfortable, then so be it. He needed his prey to be as relaxed as possible, to make it easier to stuff him to the brim, of course. "My pleasure, Aaron," Grief smiled, gently patting the canine's head with a single claw, before reaching over to the food pile. He was still hungry, of course!

With every large clawful Grief fed himself, he made sure to sprinkle more onto Aaron's own sizable mound of food, ensuring the snolf never had to leave to find more. It was unusual, having a smaller creature nestled up against his girth, but not entirely an unpleasant feeling, especially as he watched the hybrid's belly slowly fill with food. Not wanting to give Aaron an excuse to slow down, Grief started picking out individual pastries, placing them on the feral's side. "The little round ones are called muffins. Very soft and crumbly, and sometimes they contain fresh berries. Easiest to eat in one bite, I presume. These large pastries are known as bearclaws. Plenty of nutrition, although they can be rather filling. Oh, it appears I've spilled some crumbs and icing onto my middle. Would you be so kind as to clean it for me?" The dragon asks, after deliberately smearing a jelly-filled donut on a part of his belly beside the snolf's head.

It hadn't taken long for Aaron to eat enough to feel sated, yet with the dragon offering more and more food, the snolf didn't have the heart to refuse. Grief looked so eager for him to enjoy himself, after all, and it wouldn't do to be rude to his host! Each morsel was accepted willingly, the serpent chewing less and swallowing more as the drake continued to present pastries to him, white middle starting to look broader after all those muffins, yet still the snolf huffed and leaned in with a grunt of effort, gingerly licking the plastered pastry from Grief's fur. Yet even after all that eating and ensuring the dragon's pelt was groomed, the snolf still looked up to the drake with a friendly, if rather full-looking grin, tail thumping the ground lazily.

“H-hurf, there’s s-so much!” the snake-wolf panted, rubbing his swollen middle with a blissful hum, “Mmmf, a-are you sure you’re getting enough? I don’t want to be greedy!” Aaron’s ears flicked as he spoke, splaying slightly out to the sides as he gave the drake an uncertain smile, “I think I’ve had enough, if you wanted to finish the rest~”

“Oh, I’ve had plenty,” Grief responded, meaning every last word. Despite trying to hold himself back, the dragon certainly ate his fair share of pastries, his belly gradually swelling outwards during their meal. Of course, he was still peckish, and continued eyeing the rest of the food hungrily, but he vowed to wait until he ensured that Aaron was packed as full as possible.

Gingerly, the drake reached down and gently stroked the snolf’s white middle with a single claw. He noted the hybrid’s full stomach beneath all that chub, yet continued to gently knead the rounded belly carefully, even sweeping off a few crumbs from the snolf’s sides. “I thought you wanted to eat as much as a dragon, Aaron? After all, when is the next time you’ll have such delectable food again? You should savor every bite.” And with that, the fat dragon reached over for more sweets and treats, now holding them right before the snolf’s muzzle. “Eat up, my friend. You still have plenty more to go~”

Aaron blinked as he regarded the food in front of him, ears folding back momentarily as he considered his current fullness, paws rubbing the sides of his middle as he leaned into the claw that caressed his paunch. “W-well, if you insist,” the snolf replied, before opening up and letting the dragon place the treats right into his muzzle, once more purring as he laid back against the cushion provided by Grief’s middle. “Heh, definitely feels nice, getting to enjoy this much food with a friend!” Aaron murred as he gulped down his mouthful, looking up to the drake with a grin, only to yip quietly when another pawful of food was brought up to his muzzle. In spite of the very beginnings of apprehension, the snolf opened up once more, letting his companion feed him as he felt the drake’s paw probing his middle, unaware of the testing nature of those gentle prods and squeezes.

After only a few minutes of this, however, the snolf was starting to squirm slightly, huffing and puffing as his belly spread out wide before him. “U-urf, g-getting kinda full, buddy,” Aaron panted, tenderly kneading at his tightened middle as he glanced toward what was left of the pastries, almost seeming nervous, in spite of there being only a few pawfuls left. Pawfuls for the dragon, that is; an amount that now had the serpent looking somewhat intimidated, “A-are you sure you’re not gonna have any more, heh?”

Grief looked down at the snolf curious, the feral’s fullness not at all concerning him. Instead, the drake thought hard on how to best continue feeding the snolf past his limit, without coming across as overbearing, lest Aaron start to piece together what the dragon’s intentions with him were. Soon, the dragon let out a little smirk. “Well, if you insist.”

The drake reeeeeached over, grabbing the largest pawful he could from the pile, and brought it up to his muzzle. Betraying the majesty of his species, the dragon greedily gobbled up everything from his paw, cramming the entirety of the pastries down his fat gullet, letting out a muffled burp afterwards. He was tempted to reach back for another mouthful, before looking

down at the snolf, his smile returning. “Hurrf. I’m not so sure I can eat much more, myself. It’s, erh, becoming cumbersome to reach for the food with my full belly in the way,” the dragon tapped his stomach, jiggling it against the lupine, seemingly betraying how full he really was.

Rather than acknowledge that, Grief instead chose to bring his tail around the rest of the food, sliding it right against the snolf resting against his middle. “Surely you can bring yourself to eat just a *little* more? I’d hate for this rotten food to stink up my home,” the dragon pleaded, holding up a smaller clawful of food to the snolf’s muzzle. With his other claw, he ‘gently’ rubbed the hybrid’s back, yet in reality he was holding him firmly to the spot; Aaron had no way of avoiding the food being shoved into his face.

Once more the snolf’s ears folded with uncertainty, glancing between the food and the dragon that offered it, before gulping hard and opening up his muzzle. Grief didn’t give the snake a chance to change his mind, promptly pressing the pastries into Aaron’s muzzle, the snolf giving a muffled grunt as he resumed his eating. Full as he was, it seemed like the serpentine wolf truly didn’t want to offend his host, in spite of looking like he’d just swallowed an overinflated beachball, allowing himself to be stuffed like a prized pig as he squirmed in place, taut belly curving out under his ribs heavily.

Finally, the last of the food was packed tightly into the snolf’s middle, and he let out a low moan as the drake’s paw was promptly pulled off of his back, slumping back into the pillowy expanse of Grief’s middle. “Oooof,” Aaron huffed, forked tongue peeking out of his muzzle as he gingerly rubbed his belly, bloated broad and heavy over his leaning self. Yet still, he tilted his head back as he gave the dragon a little smile, tail tapping against the ground, “That was... goood~”

The weight of all that food seemed to be pulling at Aaron’s eyelids, the snolf’s eyes fluttering as his muzzle parted in a long yawn, cheek rubbing against Grief’s middle. “Thanks for... shaarr...” he started to say, before the serpent’s voice trailed off into soft, even breaths, paws resting atop his middle in a comfortable, cozy slump.

Grief smiled down at the overfed snolf, watching his future prey fall into a deep food-coma. “Of course, my small friend.” Soon, the dragon gently slid his claw out from beneath Aaron’s back, rubbing a single finger along the hybrid’s bloated belly, noting the noticeable bulge. He was packed so full, not unlike himself during his regular meals.

Blinking curiously, Grief realized this was the first time in weeks he hadn’t stuffed himself to near bursting, instead pleasantly full. The drake smirked; he had someone to dump all the extra food into, as well as a future snack who would turn out to be the tastiest morsel he had ever consumed. Aaron was proving to be a very useful investment indeed.

“Sleep tight, my small friend,” Grief whispered as he slowly lowered his head, wrapping his pudgy neck around the back of the feral. Gingerly, the dragon licked the prone snolf, cleaning him of any leftover crumbs. “I have big plans for you. Very big plans.”

