

Arro remembered a time when jogging used to be easier.

Huffing and puffing, the large dragon wiped his damp forehead with the back of his arm. Just trying to breathe was turning into a challenge, the drake's panting matching his wide, lumbering gait. His lungs were burning, his throat sore, his legs feeling like putty. Maybe this wouldn't have been so bad if he didn't have to deal with swinging his chunky, sausage-like legs around one another; or having his big, heavy belly bouncing before him. His jiggling wasn't just restricted there, unfortunately. Arro was certain every last bit of him was wobbling and bouncing along, like a plate of Jell-O during an earthquake. Sure, he had the Type 2 Mutation, which meant he was built for speed, but running just freaking sucked.

However, despite his mental and physical anguish, the waddling dragon persevered. Rounding the corner of the block, Arro could see Rangavar standing in front of their house, stopwatch in paw. Just a little bit more to go. Taking a few quick gulps of air, the dragon charged forward, picking up speed like a locomotive as he dashed the remaining distance.

And like a big, pale-red blur, he made it to Rangavar in moments. "Time!"

Arro practically collapsed against the mailbox as he struggled to regain his breath, wincing as he felt the metal structure bend beneath his weight. It took a few seconds for his body to get the memo that he was done running, his belly still jiggling from the momentum. Fortunately, Rangavar was there with a water bottle, which Arro swiped once the smaller dragon was within range. He inhaled half of the bottle in one go, water trickling along the sides of his chubby muzzle, before finally acknowledging the other drake. "T-time?"

Rangavar checked the watch. "Three minutes, thirty-eight seconds, forty-nine milliseconds." He grinned. "You're improving."

Arro sighed, taking another long drought from the bottle. "By two seconds, sure." He still wasn't completely back in shape. Or rather, his less-than-extremely-fat shape.

The smaller gray drake frowned up at him. "Sure, we can just ignore the fact that your first attempt took you, like, six minutes. You know, two months ago." He crossed his arms across his skinny chest. "Or we can acknowledge that you're actively working on improving yourself, and that it's actually working."

Arro chose not to respond as he drank the rest of his water, although the blush on his cheeks told Rangavar everything he needed to know. Rangavar was right; the tubby dragon *was* improving, even if only bit by bit. The first time he went jogging, he needed to stop and catch his breath only halfway around the block. Now, he was able to run (erh, waddle) the entire way through without stopping. Hell, the fact that he didn't outright collapse on the front yard could be seen as an improvement.

And, well, he felt good about it! With a mixture of jogging and portion control, Arro was actually starting to shed some weight for once. Only some, of course; he still felt like he should be much skinnier than he is now after all that hard work, but some weight loss was better than none. Some of his old clothes were finally starting to fit on him again, and he was having more luck squeezing into them without Rangavar's help, even if the drake still had trouble reaching past most of that large belly of his. He still received a few stares on his way to and from work, but he had grown used to them at this point. A few lingering gazes were nothing compared to the wide-eyed, jaw-gaping glares he and Denya had received in the past.

He was still very fat. He'll probably always be very fat. But knowing he had some level of control on just *how* fat he was felt liberating to the dragon.

Arro was pulled out of his thoughts by a gentle nudge from his boyfriend, who was grinning at him. "Told ya you're improving."

The fat dragon blushed. He hated how well Rangavar could read his emotions. "I could still be doing better, though."

"Why can't you just accept the compliment?" Rangavar huffed.

"I am! I'm just saying I could be doing better."

Rangavar raised a brow. "Want me to start jogging with you?"

"No thanks." This time it was Arro's turn to grin. "I wouldn't want you to feel bad when I outpace you."

Rangavar frowned. "I could keep up with you!"

"With those little legs, I'm not too sure."

Arro giggled as the smaller dragon lazily threw the pocket watch at him, catching it easily with his enhanced reflexes. With a growl, Rangavar marched off. "I'm gonna tell Denya you're being mean to me."

"Make sure you get a stepping stool so you can reach him!" Arro teased. Crumpling up the water bottle in his paw, he lumbered after his seething boyfriend. He had a feeling Denya might be getting hungry by now, anyways.

When they began their diet and workout regime, Denya lagged heavily behind Arro, requiring several breaks just to walk around the block once. Arro felt for the poor hybrid; he couldn't imagine anyone that size being able to move all that tonnage around without any enhanced genes. He made sure to encourage the draolf whenever possible, although he could

tell Denya was not having a good time in the slightest. He couldn't blame the canine, of course, but even Denya's once-cheerful attitude fizzled out long after their "jogs" finally ended.

Arro supposed he should have become suspicious when Denya started coming up with excuses for not joining him on his runs. One day, it was because his leg was cramping. The next, he had a stomach ache. Another time, his favorite TV show was on and he'd said he'd run later, although the hybrid ended up sitting nearly all day that day. Arro had just assumed the draolf was just being pushed too hard earlier, and needed to work off that weight at his own pace. He never questioned Denya when the draolf refused to run, simply assuming the hefty hybrid was working up the energy bit by bit.

He didn't realize Denya had been sneaking in food for himself until the day the draolf wound up too fat to stand.

Arro couldn't even imagine how horrifying that would have been for him, to one day wake up immobilized within his own body. He expected Denya to at least share in that fear slightly, yet when the draolf collapsed onto his rump after multiple attempts to haul himself up, he hardly looked concerned. If anything, he was more afraid that Arro would be mad at him for cheating on his diet for so long. When he and Rangavar asked how Denya felt about being too fat to move himself, the draolf just waved a chubby paw, saying he'd slim back down eventually. For some reason, it just wasn't that big of a deal for him.

That was one month ago.

The first sight that greeted Arro upon walking through the front door was of Denya filling up the couch, the hybrid hard at work. Not even weighing a half ton was enough to stop him from working at Maw & Maggins, even if he couldn't physically show up to work anymore. They were all grateful that Gerald allowed Denya to work remotely from home, his boss still sending him entire packages of homemade cupcakes from time to time, just so the hybrid could relive the experience of raiding the breakroom for sweets while hiding chips and cookies in his desk.

Now, Denya was his desk. With a laptop on one half of his bulbous belly, and a mouse and mousepad on the other, the draolf continued to take in calls and reassign them. He wore a modified headset, one with a microphone long enough to wrap around his incredibly chubby cheek.

Upon hearing the two dragons walk in, Denya's triangle ears lifted, his chubby muzzle widening into a very dimpled grin. "Back already, guys? You're getting faster and faster, Arro!"

Arro blushed, rubbing his index fingers together. "Y-yeah, so I've been told... We're not interrupting your work, are we?"

“Nah, I’ve just about finished up.” Denya grunted as he reached for his headset, struggling to bend his arms far enough to reach. Setting them on his pudgy chest, he craned his head as far as he could towards his boyfriends. “What was the time?”

“Three minutes, thirty-eight seconds.”

Denya beamed. “Nice!”

Rangavar stepped forward, taking the laptop and keyboard off the draolf’s chest to set them on the coffee table ahead of him. “Arro’s being mean to me.”

“Nooo, no one should be mean to Rangavar!” Denya held his arms out for the smaller dragon, grunting softly as Rangavar flopped against him in a big, squishy hug. Arro’s ears folded as he saw how his taller boyfriend was practically engulfed by his larger one. They had made jokes about Rangavar getting lost in their folds before, but as Denya’s weight continued climbing, that was starting to become a serious possibility. Denya was nearly wide enough to be a bed for the smaller dragon, even while sitting down! “You tell Arro that if he’s mean to you again, I’ll sit on him.”

“But we wouldn’t have time to rent a crane for that.”

“Oh, that’s right.” Denya chuckled. “Then I’ll just eat his dinner.”

“I’m right here!” Arro grunted.

Rangavar sniffled. “See, he’s still yelling at me.”

Arro rolled his eyes.

Soon, the draolf gently patted the edge of Rangavar’s wings. “Hey, I’m getting a little hungry. Can I get a quick snack before dinner?”

Rangavar nodded. “Just a small one, though. Otherwise you’ll spoil your appetite.”

Even Arro couldn’t help but snort at that. As if that could ever happen.

With Rangavar wiggling out from atop of him, Denya was free to turn and smile at his other boyfriend, gesturing to the empty spot on the couch next to him. “C’mere, meanie. Tell me about your run.”

Arro shuffled over to the hybrid, flushing the closer he drew to his co-worker. Vaughn damn, Denya was huge. It never ceased to amaze him that there used to be a slightly-pudgy draolf sitting where the enormous blob sat now. The couch was a three-seater, yet Arro still had to push aside Denya’s fluffy rolls just to squeeze himself into the unoccupied space, burying

himself in fur and fat. To think that many of his memories with Denya involved the draolf ending up shirtless one way or another, yet now the hybrid was simply too fat for any shirt that wasn't an oversized blanket or a poncho. It was...well, Arro wasn't sure impressive was the right word to describe it, but it was certainly something akin to that word.

As such, Arro did the typical Arro blush as he wedged his way into the couch, his own lovehandles warping around the couch's armrest. In order to fit in better, the dragon had to wrap his arm around Denya's broad back, where the edge of his fingers grazed against the draolf's wings. Denya didn't even flinch. That made Arro happy.

"The run was good," Arro explained after sometime, spreading his legs out. He didn't feel the need to go into detail how lethargic and tired the run was for him. "Feels good to finally sit down, though."

"Yeah, I bet," Denya chuckled, his flanks wobbling against Arro. The larger dragon took that opportunity to lean further into his plush boyfriend, rubbing into that squishy pile of canine. Denya was practically a stress ball for him, so pudgy and soft. There was just so much give to him, the hybrid's belly resembling a giant cotton cloud in both appearance and texture. Sometimes, he just wanted to scoop up as much flab from the draolf as possible, just to feel what it's like.

Soon, he let out a rumbled sigh as he felt Denya's claws start to scritch at the base of his horns. The fatigue of his run was starting to catch up to him; a nap was sounding pretty good, right about now. Looking up, he expected to see the hybrid's typically cheerful cherubic face. Today, however, the draolf looked hesitant, his lips pursed. "Hey, Arro? You're, uh...you're still not upset or freaked out that I'm...huge, are you?"

Arro quickly shook his head. "Not at all. You know I'm the last person to judge you."

Denya snorted. "You've never been immobilized, though."

"That's fair." He had been similarly massive, however. Not that he liked thinking about that too much. "Why? Do you want to lose weight?"

"Not particularly, if it means trying to run again," Denya chuckled softly. "I don't mind being stuck here like this, for now. I'm sure I'll shrink back down eventually." Arro wasn't so sure about that, given the draolf's eating habits, but he let Denya continue speaking. "I just, I dunno...I don't want to feel like I'm making you guys uncomfortable."

Arro's ears folded. "You're not burdening us, Denya." The draolf was actually making an income and paying his share of rent, as well as for all the food needed to keep him satiated. Arro gave the canine a big squeeze, losing his arms in all that fluffy chub. "I love you no matter the shape and size." He gently rubbed Denya's belly, ruffling the ocean of white fur before him.

Letting out a content sigh, the draolf did his best to return the rubs, even if he could only reach the back of Arro's wings. "Thanks, Arro. Sorry about that. I guess I still worry about stupid stuff."

"You shouldn't, that's my job." Arro teased. Really, he thought he'd be done fretting about the small things by now as well. He had a good job, great boyfriends, a diet plan that was actually working for once, yet he too found small things to worry about.

In fact, one of them presented itself to him as he leaned back to look at the blob of a hybrid, the dragon rubbing his index fingers together. "You're, uh, not disappointed with me for wanting to lose weight, right?"

Denya blinked. "Of course I'm not! Why would I be?"

"You said you liked, erh, large people." Arro blushed. He also wasn't sure if it was a slap in the draolf's face to be working so hard on burning off all that pudge, after Denya went through so much effort just to get him to feel better about himself. He still felt partially responsible for Denya turning himself into a blob, considering it was for his sake.

But Denya just smiled and shook his head, jiggling those enormous cheeks. "You're fine, Arro! I...hmmm...let me rephrase what I said." The draolf closed his eyes for a moment, as if searching his own head for the right words. "I should have said I liked happy fatties, not just fatties in general. I wouldn't want you to end up big and miserable just to make me happy, just like I didn't end up big and miserable to make you happy. I ended up big and content to make you happy," he snickered.

"But really, Arro, I'm just happy you're feeling better about yourself. It's like what you said earlier: I love you no matter the shape or size. Besides, it's not like you *have* to be fat to get my approval. You see how I obsess over Rangavar, and he's a skinny little twig of a dragon compared to us."

"I heard that!"

Denya's ears folded as he heard Rangavar shout from the kitchen. "No you didn't!" he called back, before returning his focus to Arro. "You keep up the good work, buddy. I'll be cheering you on from here!"

Arro snickered. He couldn't help but wonder if Denya ended up this fat from all the cheesy lines he was saying. The draolf was a weird one. "Thanks, Denya." He leaned over to plant a kiss on the hybrid's cheeks, pressing himself into all that fluff and fat just to reach. Vaughn, Denya was soft. Softer than his own bed, for sure.

He settled back down in his spot, still gently leaning against the draolf. "I think I'm starting to hit a plateau, though. My weight loss is starting to slow down."

“Well, let’s fix that!” Denya beamed. “We can call Trin over sometime. I’m sure he’ll love to spend time with you working out and coming up with diet plans and stuff.”

“...So like I was saying, I think I’ve hit a plateau, and I’m not gonna be losing much weight anymore.”

Denya erupted into laughter, shaking his enormous, jostling self. From the kitchen, Arro could hear Rangavar let out a little snort as well. Soon, the big dragon joined in on the laughter, his own belly bouncing in his lap.

Yeah, he was a happy fatty.