

“Wow, it really is completely made of gingerbread!”

BLK’s goat-like ears folded back as he heard his coworker exclaim excitedly, the brown dragon gripping the wheel nervously. Sure enough, the house they were pulling up to looked eerily similar to a life-sized version of a gingerbread house. BLK had hoped that the colorful brown cottage in the middle of the woods was just that, but alas, there was no mistaking the frosting melting off the side of the house under the summer sun; this gingerbread house was real.

He sighed. Just great.

The dragon could feel the entire truck rocking back and forth due to his coworker’s excitement, watching as the dragon-wolf hybrid bounced eagerly in his seat. Of course Denya would be excited for a job like this; the draolf’s lap was practically filled with the biggest indicator of his love for sweets: his belly. BLK was surprised the bright orange vest still managed to reach around such a big grey middle, even if it was stretched to its absolute limits. But, it wasn’t like his own vest fit around his gut any better; there was a reason he was disappointed this house was edible.

BLK realized he had been staring when Denya suddenly turned to him grinning, those chubby cheeks dimpled. “Aren’t you excited, B?”

“Excited? For what?” BLK frowned, hoping Denya wasn’t about to say what he thought he would say.

The grin widened. “You know...we get to ‘demolish’ an actual gingerbread house!”

The dragon sighed again. Typical Denya. “We’re not supposed to *eat* the house, Denya. You know that.”

The draolf rolled his eyes. “Aw, c’mon! When are we ever gonna get the chance to do this again? It’s a house made out of literal gingerbread!”

“That’s been sitting in the sun for months!”

“Coward.” Denya stuck his tongue out. “This is the only reason I became a demolitionist, and you’re telling me I can’t live out my childhood fantasies.”

BLK could easily picture young Denya getting in trouble for eating toy-sized gingerbread houses. He had never known the draolf to be anything less than comically pudgy, after all. “You became a demolitionist, just on the off chance that you’d get to destroy a gingerbread house?”

“Well, yeah,” Denya scoffed, as if that was the most obvious question in the world. “Why, isn’t that why you became one?”

“No! I signed up because Alan told me it’d help me *lose* weight...” The dragon blushed. “And, uh, I just like...smashing buildings.”

Denya chuckled. “Perfect, well today we get to live out both of our fantasies!” The hybrid unbuckled himself from the passenger seat, the seat belt flying off his rotund middle.

“H-hey, wait!” Grunting, BLK did the same before squeeEEEEEEzing his way out from the driver’s seat. A shame there still weren’t any trucks available for 8 foot dragons; if there were, BLK wouldn’t have to keep his large neck stooped over like a caged giraffe.

Wiggling his way out, the tubby dragon made his way towards the equally tubby draolf, huffing. “I’m serious, Denya! We’re not supposed to eat the gingerbread house. You remember what Mr. Kyuris said, right?”

Denya paused, thinking. He tilted his chubby head to the side, scratching his blond hair. “Uh...something about a burnt sandwich?”

BLK shook his head. Today was going to be such a headache.

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*The blue dragon shuffled a stack of papers from behind his desk in a formal manner, just to make it clear to everyone present that he was, in fact, the boss. He continued to shuffle them again and again, long enough to make BLK start to shift his weight on his feet, before finally glancing up at the pair. “Do you know why I’ve called you two in today?”*

*Beside him, BLK noticed Denya meekly raising a paw in his peripheral vision. “Is it to yell at us for snacking on the job again, Mr. Kyuris?”*

*“Nope, I’ve given up on that a long time ago. If I yelled at you two every time you snacked outside of your lunch break, I’d lose my voice within a month.” Mr. Kyuris grunted, the edges of his lips curling up. “We were commissioned for a very special job, actually. And I want you two to carry it out.”*

*BLK raised a brow. He and Denya were both still both greenhorns when it came to demolition; what could Mr. Kyuris have in mind for the two of them?*

*The blue drake rose from his seat behind the desk, pacing around the room with his tail swinging behind him. “I’m sure you’ve heard about those two poor kids, Hansel and Gretel, on the news, right? They were lured into the Black Forest by an evil witch, who trapped them in her magical cottage with plans on eating them! Fortunately, the kids managed to escape while the witch burned in her own oven.”*

*“Mmmm, I want a sandwich now,” BLK heard Denya muttering to himself.*

*Mr. Kyuris turned towards the pudgy pair. “This is where we come in. Your job is to carefully demolish this cottage and bring it back to us, piece by piece. We were tasked with delivering this magical cottage to our client, so they can learn how it was made in the hopes of reconstructing it themselves. Hopefully so they don’t use it to lure, trap, fatten, and eat two more people. At least neither of you could fit in an oven.” The dragon snickered. “Any questions?”*

*BLK scratched at his white hair, pondering the thought. “Erh, what makes this cottage magical, if I may ask?”*

*Mr. Kyuris’s grin widened. “It’s made out of gingerbread.”*

*“Really?!” Both Denya and BLK exclaimed, but with different inflections. The fatter draolf bounced on the balls of his heels with glee, while the taller drake recoiled in horror. “A-and you want us to demolish it?”*

*“Of course! Obviously you two have the most experience handling food.” Mr. Kyuris laughed, patting the larger dragon’s wobbling middle.*

*“Hey!” Denya huffed at his boss. “That’s not fair to BLK. He’s lost, like, fifteen pounds since he joined us.”*

*“And that’s great news. Consider this a chance to practice self-control around sweets!” The blue drake flashed a smile towards BLK, before returning his attention towards Denya. “You, however, have gained those fifteen pounds, so the average weight between the both of you still hasn’t changed.”*

*The brown dragon’s ears folded back as the teasing continued, watching as his skinny boss proceeded to prod his coworker’s overhanging paunch. He had no idea how Denya managed to take the teasing; if anything, the fat draolf looked confused as to how he had gained any weight, as if the Goldfish crumbs on his whiskers weren’t an obvious enough tell. “So, we can’t eat the gingerbread house?” The tonedeaf draolf asked while tilting his head, bunching up his chubby neck rolls.*

*Mr. Kyuris sighed. “Of course not. I literally just said you’re supposed to bring them back piece by piece, intact, so our client can examine them. Yes, I know the idea of not eating food might be too much for you two to handle, but I’m sure you’ll do just fine.”*

*BLK wished their HR department would do something about the relentless teasings he and Denya received for their weight. He’d complain himself, but, well, Mr. Kyuris was good at making him remember why he became a demolitionist. All of the physical activity needed to move heavy tools and objects around was great for his health, and while his boss downplayed*

*his fifteen pound weight loss, it was still better than nothing. This would be a way to test his self control, an experience he would walk away stronger, instead of waddling away fatter.*

*“Yeah, alright.” BLK nodded, glancing down at the other dragon. “We’ll take the job.”*

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BLK wished he hadn’t been so eager to accept the job. He was starting to get hungry just from standing outside the gingerbread house, the very air smelling rich and sugary. His round belly rumbled, the dragon rubbing it in a futile effort to calm it down. He knew skipping breakfast was a bad idea, especially for today of all days. Stupid diet.

The brown dragon was about to step forward when he saw Denya quickly waddling past him. He barely managed to grab the draolf’s chunky sausage tail, halting the little tubster in place. “Hey, what did I just say? We’re not supposed to eat anything!”

“I know, I know!” The draolf pouted, snatching his tail back. “I just...really wanted to see what the inside was like, alright? Just, like, a quick look inside before we do any real deconstructing, ya know?”

While BLK knew Denya was lying through his teeth, he had to admit the draolf had a point. They’ve never destroyed a gingerbread house before. Was it structurally similar to an actual log cabin? Was frosting as good of an adhesive as glue, if magic was applied to it? It was a good enough reason to hold off on smashing the building straight away. Besides, there could be clues inside as to how such a building could even exist; clues their client would want to know.

“Alright, we’ll just take a quick look inside. Just one look.” The dragon relented, waddling up to the front door. “And no eating.”

He gripped the doorknob, frowning when he realized it was an oversized peppermint. A partially melted one too, if the stickiness coating his palm was worth considering. Grimacing, he slowly turned the “doorknob,” opened the door, and looked inside.

“Woaaaah!” Denya exclaimed beside him. “It’s all candy!”

“Yes, Denya...it is.” BLK sighed. Indeed, everything in the interior of the house looked edible; the sickening sweet smell was stronger than ever inside. It looked a lot bigger on the inside as well, the dragon was surprised there was a staircase right in front of them that led to more rooms, although he didn’t trust a few blocks of gingerbread to hold his weight. Unfortunately, the low ceilings meant the tall dragon was stuck craning his head down. The doorways also looked uncomfortably narrow as well; hopefully neither of them would break anything just from trying to squeeze from room to room.

In any case, BLK managed to wiggle his way into the main room just fine, with Denya pushing his way in shortly after. While the house had more rooms than the dragon originally assumed, it was still quite small; even Denya looked like a giant once he was inside. However, unlike BLK, the draolf hardly seemed to mind having to duck beneath doorways as he waddled down the hallway. "This is so cool! Alright, I'll check out this side of the house...and no, I'm not gonna eat anything!" The hybrid added, seeing the suspicious glare his coworker was giving him.

The dragon shrugged. Not like he could stop Denya anyways. Besides, this house was big enough that they could nibble on something without anyone noticing. Theoretically, of course. He'd never do that. Ever.

Adjusting his very tight pants, BLK dropped down until he was standing on all four legs like a quadrapedic alligator. It was easier than walking around hunched over, although he wasn't too keen on feeling his belly sway and wobble beneath him. That feeling was exacerbated when the reptile waddled towards the first room, grunting as he was caught in the doorway by his broad belly. He sighed. "Fifteen pounds lost, and I'm still too fat for houses."

After some wiggling and squirming, as well as some ominous creaking, BLK managed to squeeze his way into what appeared to be a living room. Despite the unpleasant sensation of being far too big (and fat) for a gingerbread house, the dragon had to take a moment to appreciate the fine attention to detail whoever built this room had. It really did look like an edible living room, complete with milk chocolate floorboards, a cotton candy rug, and a fireplace with dark chocolate logs. Hell, even the fire screen was made out of black licorice! Considering he expected to find everything he saw in a gingerbread kit, the dragon couldn't tell if he should be feeling too large or too small.

As he waded further into the room, BLK's eyes locked onto the most impressive feature of the room: a massive brownie couch with gumdrop throw-pillows. The couch itself wasn't particularly large - the "three" seater was just barely large enough to fit two normal-sized furs on it, or half of BLK. And yet, it was still the single largest brownie the dragon had ever seen before, the aroma of freshly baked fudge drifting directly into his snout. Curiously, the drake placed his claw against the strange piece of furniture, watching wide-eyed as his paw was swallowed up effortlessly into the soft fudge. He pulled back, astonished at how the brownie slowly puffed back up to its original shape. It was so tempting. He could just...just grab a clawful of brownie to nibble on. It must taste delicious, with how rich and dense it felt beneath his paw....

"Man, I *really* shouldn't have skipped breakfast today!"

BLK shook his head, swallowing the avalanche of drool building up in his maw. This place was dangerous, too dangerous, especially for his waistline. To think he was considering sinking his teeth into that warm, gooey, fluffy chocolate...No, he had to get out. There was no way he could tour anymore of this house without taking a bite. He simply didn't have the

willpower. Besides, even on all fours, the room was still very cramped, giving the dragon uncomfortable flashbacks of his roommate's "pranks."

Noisily gulping once more, the gator-like dragon awkwardly spun around, grunting as his tail bounced against the fudgey couch. Between the cramped size of the room making him feel big and fat, and the temptations of the surrounding sweets to make him bigger and fatter, he had decided enough was enough. As he approached the door, however, he noticed something peculiar: thick, dark cracks had formed along the edges of the doorway, where he had trouble squeezing in his midriff earlier. BLK frowned; he hadn't tugged *that* hard on the doorway, had he? Was the structural integrity of this house really that poor that someone of...above-average size could damage the doorway just from wiggling in? Well, it *was* made of gingerbread; BLK was starting to wonder if magic really was involved to get this thing up without tumbling down beneath its own weight. Curiously, he couldn't help but wonder if those cracks were spreading out farther and farther the longer he-

*CRRRRRRSSSSHHH!*

BLK nearly leapt out of his skin at the sound of a terrible crash, loud enough to leave his ears ringing! It sounded like it came from the other side of the house...the side his coworker was supposedly investigating!

"Denya!"

Uttering a whole string of curses, the large dragon reared back onto his hindlegs and crashed through the doorway in a panic, ignoring the very round silhouette he made through the wall.

Right away, BLK was nearly blinded at the thick clouds of graham cracker dust filling the hallway, coughing loudly as a sweet powder invaded his lungs. Covering his face with an arm, the large dragon clumsily stumbled through, unable to go more than two steps without feeling something crunch or give way to his size. He was aware he was practically rampaging around like a monster, the way he was destroying his surroundings, but at that moment his top priority was Denya. He'll endure feeling his horns crash through the ceiling, or crunching his hips through narrow doorways, as long as he made it to his friend's side.

Huffing and panting, BLK was practically covered in graham cracker dust by the time he finally stumbled to his destination, the brown dragon now much browner. However, that was the least of his concerns, for what he saw was enough to make his jaw drop.

The entire side of the room had been blown out!

The dusty cloud had thinned out due to the outside air blowing in, but the fact that there was no wall separating the inside from the outside was plenty of cause for alarm, even if it meant! What was once a fairly large room (at least compared to the relatively small house) was

reduced to a large pile of rubble; a singular mound of graham planks, frosting drywall, and chocolate bricks. If BLK hadn't known any better, he would have assumed Denya went ahead and rammed a wrecking ball into the whole damn house!

Except Denya was nowhere to be found.

"Denya! Where are you?" The dragon cried out, looking around the destroyed room. He was hopeful the draolf might have escaped the implosion, even if his chubby coworker's frame didn't suggest he was rather speedy. Alas, his worst fears were confirmed when saw the mound of rubble shift on its own, his goat-like ears pricking up at the sound of weak groaning.

Wasting no time, BLK dove onto the pile of rubble and hastily threw it aside, yellow eyes wide with terror. To his relief, graham cracker boards were much lighter than wooden ones, allowing him to throw them off with relative ease. At least Denya wasn't being crushed beneath the rubble...probably. The hybrid wasn't particularly strong either. BLK let out a delighted sigh when he saw the edge of the canine's black snout, redoubling his efforts. Huffing and panting, he threw aside plank after plank, revealing the draolf's face, his chest, his...Had Denya *always* been this big?

"Denya, you've been eating!"

"Nu- *\*bwuurarp\** uh!" That draolf vehemently denied, although those folded ears and shifty eyes weren't the only proof that Denya was lying. Despite being completely buried a few moments ago, the draolf's face was suspiciously lacking any crumbs, the fur along his muzzle damp with saliva. Rather than the pained, strained face BLK would have expected from anyone buried beneath rubble, the draolf looked rather calm and content, almost cozy even, buried beneath it all. One glance down and it was easy to see why; his belly, which until this point had fit snugly in his neon jacket, now completely spilled out of it! The round gray orb had grown rounder, a bulging mass of fluff and flab that stood out nearly half a foot further than it used to! The round, bulbous shape gave the impression that it was firm and taut with food, yet BLK saw just how easy it was to jiggle and wobble; just how much did Denya have to eat?

"You nearly gave me a heart attack, you know!" The dragon growled, placing his hands on his own soft hips. "I nearly tore down the rest of the house trying to run to you, thinking something terrible had happened. I should have known you wouldn't listen and would just try eating the house, like *you're doing right now!*" BLK's voice rose as he saw Denya bring a piece of gingerbread to his lips, smacking it away from the draolf who squealed in response. "Care to explain yourself, Denya?"

"I-I do!" With a huff, the indignant draolf huffed as he pushed himself into a more upright position, his heavy belly flopping onto his lap, lifting his black shirt up further. "Ok, so let me explain, alright? I tooooooally wasn't gonna eat anything, I swear! I mean I thought about eating, like, the moment we stepped into the house, but I didn't eat anything!"

“...Not at first, at least. So, like, this room used to be the kitchen, but don’t think this was another ‘oh, Denya’s going to the kitchen for food cuz he’s fat and greedy’ scenario, alright? I just thought it was cool there were all these kitchen appliances made out of candy and stuff! I tried seeing if the oven worked- which was made out of Biscotti, if you’re curious- but when I cranked the knob, the entire thing just fell into my hand! I mean, I didn’t *mean* to break it but...well, it’s not a *part* of the gingerbread house if it “fell” off, right?”

“Yes it is,” BLK snorted, but allowed Denya to continue.

“Well, I didn’t think that, so I took a bite. And I was like ‘woah, that’s really good!’ I tried, uh, turning on the other appliances, and they all sorta just...fell apart, so I, erh, cleaned up, ya know?”

“I do,” the dragon narrowed his eyes at the draolf’s stomach, which wobbled as he spoke.

“R-right, so after, uh, cleaning up the kitchen, I tried to squeeze out and got a little...well, stuck. And I didn’t want to break the whole house, so I thought I’d do a little, erh, demolishing on my end by clearing out a bit of the doorway-”

“-And by clearing, you mean eating?”

“Exactly!” Denya didn’t even sound like he was trying to hide it anymore. “I did that for a while...but the doorway was still a little too narrow so I ate a little more...then, a little more...then, all of a sudden, kaboom! The room just fell apart on me! I was so scared, I had to get out, but there was sooooo much debris on me, I had no choice but to eat my way out!”

“Riiiiight.” BLK wasn’t so sure that Denya was really that scared, given how content he appeared to be surrounded by edible debris. “And you couldn’t have just...waited for me to come help you?”

“I didn’t want to bother you!”

“More like you didn’t want me to catch you snacking on the job!” The dragon had to step forward to snatch another piece of splintered graham cracker away from his coworker’s chubby paw, wagging it before Denya’s snout. “C’mon, Denya, I mean it! Why can’t you take your job more seriously?”

“Why don’t you!?” Huffing, the draolf swiped the graham cracker back, bapping BLK’s snout with it instead. “You’re the one so worried about ‘keeping your figure’ and getting the job done quickly, but you came here normal-sized!”

“W-what’s that supposed to mean?” BLK blushed, ashamed at how tempted he was to just bite that cracker out from Denya’s paw.

“Your roommate, Alan, makes you into a giant all the time! He’s even told me he loves doing it, too! If you really wanted to, why not just make him turn you super massive so you could smash the building and carry it back?”

“I...I, erh...” Crap, Denya had a point. BLK had rationalised his reasoning for doing this job at normal size for the sake of working out and resisting his temptations, yet it really would have been so much easier to do just what the draolf had suggested. To just step on the house and walk back with the pieces would have taken an hour at most, meaning he’d only have to resist the urge for a fraction of the time. Hell, it’s not like this would be his last job ever, he could still work out by demolishing other buildings...Damn, why didn’t he grow for this job? Why-

Oh, Dammit! Denya was eating again!

“Quit it!” The dragon sighed in exasperation, watching his coworker cram that very same plank of graham into his mouth. With a growl, he stooped over and grabbed Denya’s thick arms, haaaaauling him up. Sheesh, this draolf was heavy! Somehow, he managed to get Denya upright, but not without plenty of panting. BLK had to rest against his legs as he recovered his breath, belly heaving up and down. “You,” he pointed at Denya without looking up. “You need to run and fetch the rest of the equipment for the job. And I do mean ‘run.’ You gotta work off that bloat before Mr. Kyuris notices it, got it?” Although he was fairly sure Denya had more than just a “bloat” by this point.

The hybrid pouted, dusting the debris that still clung to his chunky self. “If he didn’t want us eating the house, he wouldn’t have sent his two fattest employees!” With a scowl, Denya waddled off, though not at the running pace BLK requested.

Oh well, it kept Denya away from the temptations for now. The dragon sighed as he carefully waded his way out from the house, shaking his head of any dust. There was no way he was going back in there to investigate the rest of the building; not in its current decrepit state, at least. He couldn’t help out with Denya either, the chunky draolf needed to work off at least some of that extra weight before returning to the office.

So he just stood there.

Alone.

Next to a delicious pile of candy.

At least, BLK assumed it was delicious. The smell was certainly captivating, even standing outside of the darned thing. Denya certainly appeared to have enjoyed stuffing himself with it, even if the canid struggled with self control himself. Just from looking at the pile, he never would have known Denya would have eaten from it, either. There was still so much of it left over. Would anyone notice if he were to just...have a few bites? A few tiny, little nibbles.

“Fine!” BLK growled at himself. “I’ll have a bite.” Just to satiate his curiosity, and not his appetite, which was currently pleading for him to go all in.

With folded ears, BLK slunk over to the pile, grabbing a chunk of graham cracker. It felt soft and crumbly in his paw; fresh, as if it’d just been opened from a package, and not sitting out in the sun for weeks. Closing his eyes, the dragon took a bite, the cracker breaking off in a satisfying crunch. He chewed slowly, grinding it into a fine paste before swallowing.

And laughing.

Seriously? *This* was what he was so afraid of? The chubby dragon couldn’t help but to chuckle at the absurdity of his anxiety. It was so stale! It had such a funky taste and texture to it; how could anyone bring themselves to eating this? Sheesh, Denya really was a glutton, wasn’t he? Heck, he’d never be able to eat more than a bite of this crud.

In fact, he was so sure he wouldn’t become addicted, BLK tossed the rest of the cracker into his mouth, gulping it up. Yup, it still tasted stale and boring!

He wondered if the other features of the house tasted just as bland. Tail flicking with curiosity, BLK scooped up a pawful of frosting, stuffing it into his mouth. The texture was still smooth, yet it tasted very worn out and airy, like it’d been sitting in a hot room all day. Was that the same for the frosting inside the gingerbread house? The dragon waded through the wreckage to find another clump of frosting, picking it up with both paws this time to eat. Three bit mouthfuls later, the dragon confirmed the inside was definitely fresher, with a stronger vanilla taste. He’d definitely stay away from that, then; he wouldn’t want to crave that flavor later.

But what about the chocolate bricks?

BLK grunted as he bent forward to scoop them up. Damn vest was really digging into his stomach lately, a bit more than usual but, oh well. He was fat, right? Clothes are tight when you’re fat. Not putting any more thought into that, the dragon took a bite out of one of the bricks. It was rather firm and crunchy; that wasn’t a surprise, given it *was* a brick. However, it was also surprisingly sweet and milky, with a hint of nougat cream somewhere within! Rumbling with delight, the drake continued munching away at the brick until it was no more, even going so far as to lick the crumbs from his paw, before turning to the other bricks in his arm.

Did they all taste like that? Because that brick tasted *very* good. Maybe he should sample the rest of them...so he’ll know which ones to avoid, of course.

Five bricks in, and BLK had completely forgotten the original reason he had for eating the house. All he knew was that he just wanted to *eat!* He promptly sat his rump right on the rubble pile, coincidentally the exact spot Denya was buried at, and proceeded to “sample” everything nearby. Clawful after clawful of rich, decadent sweets were stuffed into the dragon’s

snout, who's wagging tail cleared away the debris behind him. Perhaps there was a part of him that warned him this was a terrible idea, but BLK shut that part of him up with chocolates galore. He was fiiiine, a little meal wouldn't hurt anyone! He'll just stop when he got full!

Only, he never really did fill up.

Rather, he felt his jacket growing tighter and tighter the longer his meal went on, yet he hardly gave it much thought. That wasn't the same feeling as being full, right? That meant he could just keep eating! A warm, soothing sensation washed over him as he stuffed himself, one that made his eyelids lower and his lips curl into a subtle smile. He felt so cozy where he was, even if he was sitting on hard rubble, calm and content. This warm feeling reminded him a lot of Alan's magic working its way into him, only the sensation was mainly focused on his belly.

His big, round, growing belly.

"BLK! What do you think you're doing?!"

The dragon nearly choked on his mouthful of frosting as he heard Denya shriek at him, forcing its way down his throat. Huffing and gasping, BLK went wide-eyed as he saw Denya glaring at him, hands on hips. Talk about a role reversal. Only BLK wasn't buried in rubble.

He was currently eating it!

"D-Denya, I can exp-orrrawwwrrp!" BLK belched, surprising even himself! Although what came next was far more alarming; his jacket chose a wonderful to finally zip up and tear away, his flabby middle shooting outwards! Like an inflatable life raft, BLK's brown belly shot out until it completely surpassed his lap, clearing away small bits and pieces of food! Whimpering in shock, the drake timidly pressed at the top of his lap-filling middle, hoping against all hope this was just some sort of bloat. Alas, to his horror, his paws sunk into the malleable middle of his, feeling it squish and molding to his touch.

He had completely gained all the weight he had lost, and then some. He was very, very fat!

And Denya was very, very mad! "That's not fair! Why do you get to eat and I can't?!"

"It's not like that!" With a groan, BLK leaned forward to try and haul himself up, feeling his malleable middle press against the ground. With no small bit of effort, the dragon slowly forced himself upright, huffing. Sheesh, it was like he ditched his old vest for a weighted one! "I-I just had a small snack, I swear!"

"That doesn't look small to me!" Denya pressed his paws against either side of that middle, jiggling it.

“It was!” The drake turned to gesture at the rubble. “See? It was only-”

It was only the entire pile of rubble.

BLK was stunned into silence. Since when had he...oh, he really had, hadn't he? His growling stomach was evidence enough that he had cleared the entire pile in one go, considering he now needed two arms just to lug the darn thing, but to see an entire roomful reduced to crumbs was really jarring for the weight-conscious dragon! And yet, his stomach *still* growled for more; BLK didn't feel the slightest bit more satiated compared to his initial arrival!

Denya must have felt the same way, for he saw the waddling draolf waddle towards the side of the house, tearing off a piece of the wall for himself.

“Denya, stop!” The dragon tried lunging after his coworker, but it turned into a very lethargic stumble. “Don't eat anymore!”

“Why? You got to eat all that!” The draolf's tail twitched as he chomped down on the gingerbread wall, his own stomach gurgling loudly.

“I-I didn't mean to!” Just like BLK didn't mean to tear off a segment of the wall all for himself! Yet, he took a huge bite out of it anywhere, trying to plead with his cheeks bulging with food. “Hrrf...w-we're blowing up like balloons! We can't keep eating!”

“I'll stop when I'm full!” That was Denya's line of reasoning, even as his vest started to creak against his armholes. All of the hybrid was plump and filled with lard at the moment; he resembled an overinflated stuffed animal version of himself!

BLK whined when he realized the same must be said for himself. “B-but we won't get full! This stuff's magic! We'll eat and eat and eat and-” BLK brought a paw to his mouth to stop himself from talking. Coincidentally, that paw contained a chocolate brick.

“So what?” Denya, adamant to refuse backing away from his dream, continued to gobble up the side of the house, even as his stomach started pressing against the wall. “Alan used magic to make us fat before. He can shrink us back down, too!”

“Yeah, but...” Wait, Denya was right again! BLK blinked, that rational thought causing him to pause and look at the half-devoured brick in his paw. There really was no reason to stop eating, was there? This was magic, after all; that would explain why their fat bodies looked more spherical and plump instead of saggy and blobby. If this was magic, Alan could take it out from them, leaving them no worse for wear. Until then, they could just...let loose, until nothing felt loose on them anymore. Even Denya stopped to look at BLK, waiting for a final verdict.

Gradually, the dragon found himself grinning, holding the chocolate brick up. “We don't tell Mr. Kyuris anything, got it?”

Denya beamed. "Got it!"

"And we only eat until we're full."

"Of course."

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"What do you mean you two ate the *whole damn house?!'*"

BLK's cheeks flushed several shades redder, wishing his arms could still reach each other. This was not at all how today was supposed to play out. Bashful and embarrassed, the dragon looked down to avoid looking at Mr. Kyuris's angry face; thankfully, there was a whole lot of *himself* to look at instead!

They hadn't meant to eat the whole damn house! It just...happened. They never really grew full, after all, and the whole process could be reversed, so there was no reason to stop eating, right?

Only, they accidentally ended up eating enough to end up completely breached on their backs. Which was to say, they ate the whole damn house.

Immobilized and rotund, BLK had meant to call Alan for help, but in the heat of the moment, decided a nap was in order first and foremost. He would have probably slept until next week were it not for the whirring of motors stirring him; when BLK was properly awake, he was being hauled away in a forklift along with his blubber buddy! Apparently, their wonderful boss had thought the two of them would need help demolishing the gingerbread house. Suffice to say, he was both right and wrong.

Thankfully, they were lowered right outside the office, and to BLK's relief he found he could still stand on his own once rolled upright. However, even with his height advantage, and with Denya's proportionally longer legs, the two of them looked nearly identical in shape. Suffice to say, they were very. Very. *Very* fat.

BLK couldn't even crane his head enough to see Denya, the massive dragon had to shuffle side to side in order to slowly turn in place, each little shuffle sending thick ripples along his scaly hide. His puffy cheeks were always within his peripheral vision, meaning at any one time, the dragon's vision was filled with at least 50% brown. If he looked down, that statistic would increase to 100%, thanks to how his round dome of a gut stuck out far enough to be its own shelf. His own arms were stuck to either side of him, feeling surprisingly distant, unable to do much other than squeeze at his own bulk. Magical growth felt so strange compared to

natural fat; he couldn't help but compare it to wearing a warm, squishy suit that weighed several hundred pounds.

Once facing Denya more, BLK could better assess the damage done their bodies by comparing himself to his friend. The hybrid was similarly hefty, resembling a series of heavy spheres that resembled a draolf at once point. Two round cheeks, adorning a round face, with a round neck, and an incredibly round torso. Even Denya's tail looked round and plump like a water balloon; BLK gave his own a weak wiggle to compare it. The draolf's wings were also bloated and blump, resembling a series of sausage links. Gosh, even with their height and proportion differences, the two of them really did look similar.

Except Denya was grinning.

Mr. Kyuris didn't like that one bit. "What's that look for, pudgy? Are you proud of yourself, turning into a literal blimp in a single afternoon?"

"Maaaaybe," the draolf giggled, patting his ample tummy. "We got the job done, didn't we?"

"No! No you didn't!" The angry blue dragon stomped forward, shoving his paws so deep into that massive expanse of gray, BLK was worried Denya was about to roll back. "You were supposed to bring back the house! Bring it *back*, in vehicles! Your fat belly is not a vehicle!"

"Really? Cuz it's purring like one," the massive hybrid stuck out his tongue, struggling to look past his own chest at the livid drake. "It needs to be refueled soon."

"Unbelievable!" Throwing his hands into the air with frustration, Mr. Kyuris soon turned his wrath on BLK. "And *you!* I thought you would at least be the voice of reason! I can easily imagine Denya eating until he needs an Extendo Arm to scratch his belly button, but you?! What do you possibly have to say for yourself, huh?"

"Well..." BLK's ears folded. He tried hiding more inside his bulk, but he knew if he were to crouch any lower, his belly and rump would touch the floor and he may roll back helpless like a turtle. He really hadn't meant for things to get this out of hand. To think, a single meal had done *this* to the both of them!

But to be fair, it was a damn good meal!

Thinking back to what Denya said earlier, BLK thought of a response. "With all due respect, sir, if you didn't want the house to be eaten, you shouldn't have sent your two fattest employees."

Mr. Kyuris' green eyes widened. "I didn't think you'd actually eat the whole thing!"

“What, so just enough to tease us, then?” BLK shrugged those heaving shoulders. “You never should have underestimated us.”

The delighted laugh from Denya was enough to make BLK smile, even as Mr. Kyuris sighed and flopped against his flabby middle. He felt relieved, in a way. His stress about eating the house had completely vanished, all that was left was the full, heavy, comforting feeling of being a big happy doughball. One who would need a forklift to move long distances, but that was neither here nor there. Heck, he himself even chuckled at feeling his boss sink into his beanbag belly, hearing the poor dragon grumble and complain. “You’re too soft to be used as wrecking balls...you’re too big to be rolled inside to be my new stress toys...gosh, what am I gonna do with you two? What’s our client gonna say?”

A subtle vibrate was enough to jiggle BLK’s belly. Composing himself, Mr. Kyuris leaned upright to check his phone, before scoffing. “Speak of the devil.” With a sigh, he unlocked his phone, now leaning back against the fat dragon. “Yes, hello...I’m doing fine, and yourself...? Wonderful. Listen, Kip, on behalf of everyone here, I deeply apologize for what I’m about to say. The gingerbread house has been...wait, you *knew* it’d be eaten? The whole thing?”

Mr. Kyuris leaned forward, prying himself out from the squishy expanse of tum. “And...and you want me to do *that*...?”

BLK and Denya exchanged curious looks as their boss suddenly hung up the phone, turning to face his rotund workers. “Good news, fatties! Looks like you’re not fired today! Our client is really interested in seeing you two gluttons up close! Granted, anyone could see you two coming a continent away, but you know what I mean!”

“I-I don’t, sir,” BLK blinked. Were they in trouble or not?

“Don’t worry about it!” The dragon beamed, patting both of their wobbling midsections. “As it turns out, the client knew you’d eat the whole house, and somehow I should have too. But since that’s what they *wanted* to happen, job well done, blubberbutts! Who knows, maybe they want you to eat a second house for them! Keep this up, I might be able to *sell* you two as houses!” With a delighted cackle, Mr. Kyuris skipped over to the front of the office, but not before turning around with a grin. “But before that, could I interest you boys in some refreshments while we wait? Perhaps some milk and cookies?”