

“You’ve gone way too far this time, Alan!”

“I said I was sorry, B!” Alan cried out, throwing his arms up in desperation. Alas, his apologies fell on deaf ears; the large dragon not even turning to acknowledge the kobold as he walked towards the bedroom door.

The kobold groaned in frustration. One mistake, one teeny, tiny, miniscule mistake, and suddenly his best friend and roommate BLK won’t even bother to look him in the eye anymore. It was just a mistake too, a completely harmless one at that! With a huff, Alan dashed forward to grab onto BLK’s thick tail, digging his heels into the carpet to try and get him to stop.

Unfortunately, BLK was a very large dragon, and he was but a small red kobold not even half his size. “I said I’m sorry, B! C’mon, don’t go!”

“Do you think an apology is enough to fix the damage you’ve done?” BLK scowled as he marched forward, completely unimpeded by the little lizard yanking at his tail. Once in his bedroom, the brown-spotted drake made a beeline for the closet, throwing the door open before rummaging through.

Panting, Alan ran over to the dragon’s side. “Alright, maybe not, but we can still fix it! We’re not poor, you know!”

BLK casted a sidelong glare at his roommate, those yellow eyes narrowed. “Not everything can be fixed with money, Alan! What about my mental health, huh?”

“There’s therapy!”

Alan had to duck as BLK suddenly swung a massive suitcase over, the tips of which grazed his orange ear frills. Getting back up, the kobold was horrified to watch BLK slam the suitcase on the bed, grabbing various clothes and stuffing them in.

Now, it was Alan’s turn to fume! Gritting his teeth, the little kobold leapt onto the bed next to the suitcase, hands on hips. “And *where* do you think you’re going, B?”

“Away.” BLK didn’t hesitate.

“And for how long?”

The dragon shrugged. “A month...maybe two.”

“All over *that?!?*”

“Yes!” Clumsily cramming a clawful of clothes into the case, BLK slammed the lid shut before glaring at his kobold companion, his yellow eyes narrowing. “This isn’t the first time

you've done this, either. I can excuse all the times you've quadrupled my height in public, or all the money I've spent on ceiling repair from your height-changing shenanigans." The dragon brushed aside his snowy hair, revealing a dark-colored bruise. "I've tolerated it because we're friends, but...there's only so much I can take."

"I said I'm sorry!" Alan yelled again, slamming his paws onto the suitcase's hard shell. "You're making a mountain out of a molehill, dude! Seriously, you don't need to turn this into such a big deal!"

BLK snorted. "I guess that's something we both have in common, then. We both like making things bigger than they need to be." With a humorless chuckle, the brown dragon grabbed the suitcase and dragged it out the room.

"BLK..." The kobold's earfrills folded back as he watched his friend leave, unable to work up the strength to continue begging him to stay. Suddenly, the dragon paused, and Alan perked up, hoping the drake had a sudden change of heart.

Alas, it was just so he could point towards the kitchen. "There should be enough food in there to last you the next few months. Have as much as you want."

The front door opened and closed, and Alan was left alone with his thoughts.

He really messed up this time. The scarlet kobold continued to stare at the front door after his friend left, an unsettling sense of unease rising in his chest when he realized BLK wasn't coming back for a while. All the while he tried to process the whirlwind of emotions tormenting his mind, the small reptile's lip trembling.

Why did he do that? To just...do what he did earlier?! He *knew* it'd make BLK furious from the beginning! Sure, it looked like a good idea at first, but he *knew* it'd upset BLK, and he did it anyway. He did this sort of thing all the time, though, and everytime his roommate would forgive him in the end. The kobold bit his lip tightly at that realization; he really took BLK for granted, didn't he?

"Fine! Go then!" Alan yelled long after BLK had left, hurling a pillow at the door, but unable to send it further than two feet across the room. Not like he'd be able to hit anything with that pillow; his tiny limbs could only throw things so far. "Have fun being on your own without me! Not like I do anything for you or anything!" The anxiety intensified when he thought about how true that statement could be.

The kobold shook his head, wiping his eyes with his sleeve. No, he shouldn't be mad. He shouldn't let these irrational thoughts cloud his judgement. BLK was right; they both needed some time away from each other, to destress and think about how to proceed from here. BLK never said they weren't friends anymore, right? Yeah, he's still fine! One teensy mistake isn't enough to turn his best pal away forever, right? Maybe some time apart would be good for them.

Besides, he had the whole house to himself! Everything, all its amenities, were for him to use with no one else to share! No BLK hogging up the couch watching some boring soap opera or whatever, he could watch whatever he wanted, whenever! Flicking his tail, the kobold hopped off the bed and made his way to the kitchen. He could do anything he wanted; right now, he wanted a snack.

“Ok, so get this,” Alan grinned, holding out his arms. “I may not look like it, but I’m actually a *really* powerful sorcerer. Like, mind-boggling powerful. I can make practically any wish come true, including yours!”

The kobold smiled casually as he paced back and forth, arms held behind his back while his tail flickered mischievously behind him. “You may not have heard of me, but I can assume you’ve heard of my subordinate? He goes by the name of BLK: Dragon, white hair, brown with dark spots, fairly large, particularly around the middle?” Alan leaned back, patting his middle.

No response, but the kobold continued, his toes brushing against the outdoor grass. “Of course you’ve heard of him, I don’t need to describe him. And even if you haven’t, you’ve definitely seen him! *I’m* the one who magic’s him up to 10 times his normal size! I can get him as big as any building with just the touch of my pinky finger! He’s unstoppable at that size, *I’m* the only one who can bring him back down to normal, too!”

Bouncing on the balls of his feet, Alan turned to face his audience, craning his head back. “And I can do the same to you, buddy! A simple touch, and all your worries will shrink away before your eyes! No more needing to scamper up trees to hide from coyotes or badgers; in fact, coyotes and badgers will need to scamper away from *you*! What do you say?”

In his week of isolation, Alan had perfected the art of marketing himself, the kobold practicing in a mirror for hours a day on how to convince his new “friend” to allow him to augment their bodies. It wasn’t like there was much else he could do all by himself, outside of sleeping and eating. Today, he was absolutely killing it! Anyone with half a brain could see how amazing he was!

Alas, his current audience didn’t seem to think so; the squirrel in the backyard tree wasn’t even looking at him.

The kobold tried not to let that deter him as he continued speaking. “I know, I know, it sounds too good to be true! Believe me, everyone thinks that at first. ‘But Alan, surely you want something in compensation, right?’ Well, my bushy-tailed companion, there is no ulterior motive! There is no greater thrill in my life than to be on the back of a mighty creature, unimpeded due to sheer size and-”

The squirrel turned to him, and Alan nearly choked on his words. Wow, was this actually working? His smile widened. “Yeah, you get it! Now c’mere and-”

It turned tail, clamoring onto a higher branch!

“Hey!” Alan growled. “Don’t turn your back on me! I said I *didn’t* have an ulterior motive.”

The squirrel chirped.

“Yeah, I know BLK isn’t here right now, but that’s for something different! Nothing about ‘making him bigger against his will,’ I would never!”

Another chirp.

“Because I *can’t* use my own magic on myself, you dolt! If I could, you think I’d be standing in my backyard arguing with a stupid squirrel?!”

The chirping escalated, and Alan grew impatient, the red kobold turning even redder. Steam practically billowed out of his ear frills as he pointed up the tree. “You don’t know what you’re missing out on! You know what, I’ll *show* you!” If this squirrel couldn’t understand how amazing it felt to be big, then Alan would *make* him!

Without thinking, Alan marched towards the base of the tree and wrapped his arms around it, his claws gripping into the bark. Huffing, he jumped and pulled himself up, struggling to squeeze his short legs around as well. As soon as his feet left the ground, the kobold realized he didn’t have a clue how to actually climb trees. His claws were clearly not meant for gripping tree bark, scraping heavily against the wood as he struggled to wiggle himself higher and higher. All while screaming at the squirrel, of course.

“You just wait, pipsqueak! When I get up there, I’m gonna make you flatten this whole damn yard, and you’re gonna *love* it! You’re...*huffhuff* gonna beg me to keep you...*hurf* tall, you tiny...itty bitty...no good...”

A splinter suddenly made itself known on Alan’s palm as he reached higher, causing him to yelp and let go. A terrible decision in hindsight. Before he could even gasp in shock, the kobold felt the wind knocked out of his lungs as his back collided with the grassy floor, leaving him battered and bruised, and stuck staring up at the looming tree before him.

And at the top of said looming tree sat the squirrel, chittering loudly as if laughing at the “powerful” kobold too small to even climb a tree.

It took Alan a moment to work up the willpower to pry himself off the ground, the humiliated kobold too dejected to even dust himself off. “Yeah, that’s right, keep laughing! I

hope...I hope all your nuts freeze this winter.” Alan muttered, unable to really think of a proper insult for a squirrel.

Sighing, he slowly sauntered back inside, tail dragging along the ground behind him. The bruises on his rump couldn't compare to the injury his ego just suffered, both of which were a real pain in the butt. Seriously, it wasn't even week 2 of his no-BLK time, and he was so desperate for some size-changing shenanigans he was having an argument with a squirrel! Worst of all, he *lost* that argument! At least the squirrel was company; without BLK, the kobold was stuck talking to himself in a mirror, putting on a fake deep voice to mimic the bassy tone of his friend's.

On his way to the kitchen, Alan noticed BLK's door was still open, a quick peek inside revealing his bed left the way it was. The larger dragon had always been on the heavy side; there was a noticeable indent in the middle of the bed, where said dragon would lay. Alan's heart ached; he missed laying with his rotund roommate. He missed being hugged by those soft, strong arms, being squeezed into a big beanbag belly. No matter how worked up the kobold grew, those warm hugs always assured him that everything would be ok. Alas, he'd resorted to hugging a pile of pillows until his friend returned, and while it was certainly soft and pliable, the feeling of squeezing cold linen just couldn't compare to warm scales.

Pushing aside his lonely thoughts, Alan propped open the freezer, grabbing another microwave meal. Yet another downside to his fat friend leaving; the food quality dropped drastically. BLK was the head chef, and Alan was the sous chef; without a friend to appreciate his cooking, the kobold lost all motivation to prepare his own meals. Even as he watched the tv dinner slowly rotate in the microwave, he longed for something more rich, or filling. He'd been rather hungry as of late.

Taking the lukewarm container out, the kobold slumped over to the couch. He'd taken to adopting BLK's afternoon hobbies as of late, that being vegging out on the TV while munching on snacks for hours at a time. At first, he did it pretending to be his friend; now it was out of sheer boredom. Nothing interesting to do, no dragons (or squirrels) to grow, the kobold flipped through the channels idly, munching on questionably-soggy chicken fingers all the while.

“These economic growth opportunities shouldn't be missed out on-”

click

“NEW! ProteinXXX! Bound to make those muscles *grow* or your money back-”

click

“How are we supposed to stop a monster that size?! He's enormous!”

Alan sighed and rubbed his forehead, slinking further into the couch. He wasn't a particularly religious kobold, yet even he wondered if this was divine punishment; it couldn't be a coincidence that *everything* on TV was relating to growth! The campy monster movie in particular struck a chord with him; these were BLK's favorite types of movies.

Yet, he couldn't work up the will to change the channel. It was nostalgic, watching the same movie he used to watch while curling up against BLK's plush sides. The couch armrest would have to do for the time being. With a slight smile, the kobold felt himself relax a bit as he watched the familiar scene unfurling before him on the TV. Heck, he felt better than he thought he would; normally it was BLK who snacked on the couch, after all. Being the sole meal-muncher, Alan felt a little bit more like his much taller friend, a thought that made him feel a bit larger, if only on the inside.

Apparently, he wasn't as adept as BLK was when it came to eating and watching TV; rather than eating his fourth chicken finger, Alan accidentally bumped it against his snout, causing him to drop it onto his stomach. Blinking, the kobold snorted and reached for it when he noted an interesting discovery.

His belly was round.

"Huh," he grunted, ignoring the chicken finger to further study his rounder abdomen. He never would have noticed his wider figure if his shirt weren't riding up; the chicken finger falling directly onto his red belly instead. This wasn't a food bloat; he wasn't really all that full. Yet, as he gently pressed a claw into the apex of the little mound, he noticed there was a bit of give to his body that wasn't there before.

He was putting on weight.

"Huh," Alan repeated, still tapping his midriff curiously. No wonder his clothes had grown so snug recently, he had assumed it was because he had messed up doing laundry recently; yet another chore normally delegated to the large dragon. He'd always been so slender, so seeing himself with a bit of a belly was rather intriguing. He wouldn't call himself fat, hardly even chubby, just an extra bit of give on his stomach. A sign he'd grown quite sedentary since the departure of his friend.

The kobold chuckled. It was funny, seeing himself a couple pounds overweight. He could barely get his pale-green shirt over his middle anymore, and even when he managed to do so, it would just ride right back up the moment he lifted his arms. Oh yeah, he'd definitely gotten fatter, yet he wasn't as alarmed as, say, a certain brown dragon would be. Alan grinned. "If BLK were here, he'd be like 'oh no, Alan! You gotta go run fifty laps and eat nothing but kale for three years now!' Hah, yeah right! He's not here to tell me what to do anymore! Heck, what's he gonna do about it if he came home and I was even bigger?!"

Alan blinked. Now *there* was an idea!

Rubbing his paws together deviously, the kobold quickly scarfed down that last tender before hopping off the couch, heading straight towards the kitchen. “BLK’s gone, which means *I’m* BLK until he gets back! And BLK could eat, like, three of these things before he even *felt* full!”

Cackling to himself, Alan didn’t hesitate to throw in two more frozen meals into the microwave. He wasn’t even sure why he was doing this in the first place! Was it to get revenge on BLK for leaving him? Was it so he could feel more like BLK? Or was this all just for his own amusement, just curious to see how big he could grow on his own? By the time the microwave dinged, Alan decided it didn’t matter what his motivation was; he was gonna get fat, and no one was around to stop him!

Tail flicking in eager anticipation, Alan quickly shuffled back towards the couch, ready to commence round two of his big meal. Suddenly, the frozen microwave dinners tasted much more satisfying, although it could be in part due to the kobold’s change in perspective. This wasn’t just nourishment to get him through the day anymore; this was fuel for his new growing body!

And, of course, a fun new activity to occupy his isolated self.

“No, stop Alan! Don’t eat *another* chicken tender!”

Chomp!

“Stop it, Alan! Your belly’s getting too big!”

Chomp!

“Nooooo, Alan!”

The kobold cackled between bites. Oh, if people thought he was crazy talking to squirrels earlier, they should see him now! Spurned by questionable motives, Alan continued to munch through the second microwave meal, nagging at himself in a faux-BLK voice simply for the fun of it. The more he ate, however, the more he began imagining himself as BLK; it was every kobold’s dream to be a big, scary, stompy dragon after all. Growing fatter would certainly fulfil the big and stompy traits of that dream at least, even if his size would only instill fear into buffet owners. Heck, he was so enraptured with his food-filled fantasy, he had actually forgotten about the movie playing on the TV.

Alas, his motivation could only carry him so far; he was stuffed by the time he moved onto the third tray. Cramming chicken tenders down his gullet was becoming increasingly difficult, the crimson reptile moving onto smaller bites instead. Even his banter with himself was starting to grow lazier, to the point where he gave it up entirely.

“H-hurrrf. How does...how does BLK do it?”

Alan was certain BLK was harboring some secret talent for eating. There was no way the chubby dragon could “accidentally” eat this much in one sitting; the kobold felt like he’d swallowed a bowling ball, and he was *intentionally* trying to stuff himself! The last time he felt this full, he’d eaten every single one of BLK’s chocolates in an attempt to get the dragon to finally stick to his diet, and even then that was just a one time thing. Was he really willing to gorge himself into a near coma like this every day?

Alan smirked. “Abso-freaking-lutely!”

With the same manic energy he used to yell at bushy-tailed rodents, Alan fisted the last of his meal down his maw, letting out a very long sigh afterwards. That sigh turned into a rather loud belch, surprising even the kobold! Goodness, he was bloated; even breathing in too deep was painful! He felt firmly rooted to his spot, fully vegetized on the couch. A rather ironic comparison, considering his meal didn’t sprout any semblance of greens.

Oh, he felt full. But most importantly, he felt fat.

With a half-hearted grin, the kobold glanced down at his midsection proudly. Oh yeah, it was definitely a few inches wider, even if it was just a food bloat this time. Tracing his claws along the scaly surface, he noticed the slight squish had been replaced with a drum-taut tightness, pregnant with a very healthy food baby. To his delight, Alan couldn’t get his shirt to fully cover his gut anymore, a sliver of red always peaking out.

“H-heheh...now I see why they **bwurrrp** call it over-indulgence,” Alan mumbled, lifting his shirt to trace along his very bloated figure. His stomach gurgled in agreement, or perhaps it was arguing with him. Alan didn’t care; he had argued with himself enough this past week. Besides, this felt *good!* A completely new sense of fulfillment washed over him, emphasis on the “full.”

Alan yawned. No way was he making it back to bed like this. Careful, as to not disturb the contents of his stomach, the kobold shifted gently into a more comfortable position on the couch. There, lulled by the sound of the television and his gurgling stomach, he felt himself drift off to the best sleep of his life, a smile spreading across the snoozing reptile while he rubbed his new belly.

“Next: Preheat the oven to 350 degrees.”

Alan perked up. “Oh, that must mean it’s almost done!” Wagging, he pressed a pudgy finger into the oven until the desired number came up. All he had to do was wait until the oven was hot enough before sliding in his morning breakfast.

Still smiling, the kobold looked over the countertop, looking proudly at his meal. It was still just a mishmash of dough at the moment, having looked up a recipe for simple cinnamon rolls on his phone, yet he couldn't believe how *appetizing* it looked! Sure, his palette had grown quite stale thanks to all the frozen microwave meals, and he was partially obsessed with the food simply for the fattening aspect of it. But dammit, this was *his* meal! He *made this!*

Who would have thought that the drive to grow fatter would inspire him to be much more active?! Not just physically active either, although the kobold made sure he at least got in a few basic exercises so he could at least be somewhat in shape, if only so BLK wouldn't find arguments for why he wouldn't be allowed tubby. But now he was actually cooking for himself! He'd long given up on ever being able to produce anything palpable, given the only occasion he'd ever managed BLK to eat his food was by infusing plenty of his own magic into it. But with the only chef in the house gone and his own appetite (and waistline) growing by the day, Alan was finally encouraged to tie on the chef's apron once more. Of course, he opted to use BLK's apron instead; to his delight, it only slightly dragged along the ground, riding up along the curvature of his own stomach!

Lo and behold, he could make food! It was simply cereal last week, bacon and eggs a couple days ago, and now it was freshly baked cinnamon rolls! When he wasn't eating, he was learning how to grow fatter; cooking was obviously the right answer. He'd even dabbled in potion-brewing yet again, in the vain hopes that he could concoct something to help accelerate his growth. Alas, his own magic still refused to work on him, yet the kobold kept the experimental brews around regardless, in case he ever figured out something.

But what magic failed to do, unregulated overindulgence succeeded in spades, as evident by his very prominent midsection. Despite said midsection pressing into the kitchen counter whenever he leaned too far forward, Alan was surprised that it didn't impede his ability to reach for utensils. If anything, he had an easier time reaching items towards the back, only requiring him to lean on his tip toes. How curious.

The oven beeped, and Alan slid the tray of cinnamon bun dough inside.

"Alrighty, now wait fifteen to sixteen minutes until golden brown..." Alan sighed. No wonder he'd been so bad at cooking in the past; there was so much waiting! Again, how did BLK manage to do it all? The kobold was so used to just waving a magic finger around to get what he wanted right then and there. Maybe growing fatter was the key to becoming a better cook, which would explain the adage "never trust a skinny chef." It'd teach him to slow down and be patient; which was perfect, because Alan was nowhere near as fast as he used to be.

Well, there wasn't anything else to do while he waited, and the kobold didn't want to suffer the smell of cooking cinnamon rolls for fifteen minutes. "I bet BLK sometimes eats the dough even when it's still baking," he muttered to himself while waddling out of the kitchen,

trying to avoid the same temptation. He'd return for his breakfast in due time, but right now he needed a quick bathroom break.

Or perhaps he should call it the weighing station?

During the week and a half since he'd decided to put on as much weight as possible, Alan had transformed the bathroom into his personal body-measuring room. Tape measures, calculators and scales littered the room; there was even a graph taped to the wall measuring the kobold's weight gain in relation to time! Alan had a *lot* of free time, after all.

In fact, he might need to use that free time to move all this equipment into his room; the bathroom was starting to feel a little cramped.

Squeezing his way over, the kobold started with the scale. His gains had been quite successful, not only evident by his bouncing belly, but by the big red mark on the graph rising steadily steeper. Rubbing his paws, the pudgy lizard stepped on the creaking device, waiting for it to measure his weight. Alas, he could no longer peer past his own stomach to view the numbers, and had to resort to leaning over the side to read it, bunching up his thick love handles...

He frowned. "I've *lost* weight?!"

That couldn't be right, yet the number remained unchanging; over thirty pounds had seemingly disappeared from him, according to the scale!

But that was wrong, he felt fatter than ever today! Alan had grown *huge* in less than two weeks of stuffing himself! His stomach was a big ball of flab, for goodness sake; he could heft it up in his arms if he wanted to! Heck, even his arms and legs had grown doughy, the flabby limbs tore through his sleeves just a couple days ago, and he remembered celebrating with a huge ice cream sundae. He could feel his thighs jiggle everytime he wagged his pudgy tail, for crying out loud! He definitely didn't feel any thinner today; he distinctly recalled how hard it was to sit up from bed, as well as the feeling of his big red gut surging onto his lap like a bowl of Jello. No, he *couldn't* have lost that much weight! He couldn't!

To prove it, he wrapped his arms beneath his large hanging belly, hoisting it up to prove the weight wasn't gone. It-

The kobold blushed.

His stomach had been resting on the radiator.

“That...that would explain it.” How did he not notice the cold, metallic machine beneath his gut until just now? Man, over a hundred pounds fatter, and he was *still* rushing things, to the point of becoming oblivious.

Awkwardly turning his heavy body, while simultaneously lifting his chunky tail to ensure the most accurate reading, Alan was relieved to watch the scale quickly add back those thirty pounds, and then some. He heaved out a sigh he didn't know he'd been holding, feeling his gut expand with air against his arms. “Don't scare me like that again!” He growled at the scale, flicking it with his tail. “Just because of that, I'm eating *three* ice cream sundaes tonight! My big fat rump is gonna be your punishment!”

Alan was more than relieved to see he was still as fat as he'd previously imagined. For a moment, he was worried this had all been an elaborate and overly-detailed dream; he *hated* those! Hopping off the scale with a noisy thud, the kobold waddled towards the tape measurers, ready to begin the next part of his daily routine.

But he froze, alarmed, staring at something he hadn't noticed until just now.

He saw himself in the mirror!

“O-okay...m-maybe this is a dream,” Alan muttered, watching his mirror'd self go wide-eyed. It wasn't his appearance that alarmed him; he knew how fat he was. He knew those pudgy cheeks had grown round soft, wobbling beside his chubby muzzle, or the extra chin sprouting along the underside of said muzzle. He was well aware of the pear-like shape he'd been slowly adopting overtime, how far his stomach stood out before him like a big red beach ball, forcing his gait wider to accommodate for it as well as his thicker thighs.

But, he was used to seeing himself growing in the full-scale mirror in BLK's room. *Not* the bathroom mirror!

“I-I-I'm *tall!*” Alan squeaked. He could actually see over the sink into the mirror, without the aid of a footstool! He couldn't move, couldn't breathe, stuck staring at the oversized kobold looking in awe back at him. This couldn't be real, no no no. There was *no* way he could actually grow taller, that was impossible! No one got tall from eating too much, they grew out, not up!

But...maybe that was why BLK was so tall to begin with?

Still unable to quite see past his middle fully, Alan fished around beneath the sink with his tail for his footstool, eventually finding it and pulling it out. Stepping on it and ignoring the alarming creaks, the kobold gave himself a more thorough examination. Even on the footstool, he was still just shy of reaching BLK's full height, yet he was still so close! He was certainly the right shape, that's for sure. Alan reached around his squishy middle again, his arms digging into the soft pudge as he lifted it up before letting it drop back down again. Rather than bouncing

against his thighs, the tubby tummy flowed into the sink again, the edge of which pressed into the faucet. He was a very big boy.

A smile broke across the kobold's dimpled face, followed by a chuckle, which turned into a gut-wobbling laugh. "Hah! Seriously?! All this time, the answer was right under my nose!" He beamed, squeezing his fingers up to the first knuckle into his chubby tum. "You're in luck, BLK. I don't need you after all! I'm gonna get stupidly huge all on my own!"

Yet, even as he said this, the kobold couldn't help but realize he was very much looking forward to BLK's return. He wanted someone to show off to, after all.

Alan's orange ear frills perked up when he heard the oven go off. "Goodness, time to eat already?" He chuckled, hauling his gut out of the sink and stepping off the footstool. Alas, it appeared as though he needed a new one; said footstool had slowly caved in while Alan was admiring himself. But, if the kobold's assumptions were correct, soon he wouldn't need a footstool at all!

He dashed into the kitchen as fast as he could, his lumbering footsteps shaking the hanging pots and pans. In his excitement, he nearly forgot the oven mitt when taking out the baked pastries, his chubby tail a red blur behind him. "Oh, they look great!" The kobold cheered, licking the saliva from his muzzle. But while he wanted to admire his own handiwork more, he *needed* to get to eating; he was feeling particularly ravenous, after all.

Alan grabbed a single fork and napkin before bringing it all to the living room coffee table, not even bothering with a plate. He switched the TV on, but his full attention was devoted to the delicious treat before him, the big 'bold forking in great mouthfuls at a time. The overstuffed feeling was one he'd originally been apprehensive about, but now he relished in it. It meant he would be growing, not just out, but up as well! He'd been doing an excellent job of it so far, but now that he knew he could grow taller as well, he wouldn't be satisfied until he was fit to burst! Looks like he'll be needing a new graph in the bathroom to chart his height growth as well.

While the TV programs were largely ignored, there was a single advertisement that caught the kobold's attention. He glanced up, chubby cheeks stuffed with pastry, then smiled wickedly. Summoning his phone with a flick of his magical wrist, he quickly punched in the number on screen before talking.

"Hey, is this ProteinXXX? Do you do bulk orders?"

Alan missed being able to jog.

Wait, no, he shouldn't think of it like that. He was still fully capable of jogging, it wasn't like he'd grown immobile. Even if he had to swing one doughy leg around the other, with his belly bouncing heavily against his legs with every lumbering step, the kobold could still jog fairly well.

Alan missed being able to jog without going out of breath so easily. That was more accurate.

The lardy lizard huffed loudly as he paused to lean against a metal bike rack; something that was once taller than the kobold, now buckling beneath his impressive weight. He was certainly feeling the effects of that ProteinXXX, that's for sure; the two graphs in his room had skyrocketed the last two weeks. Every meal felt as though it had an impact on his height and waist, a surefire sign that chemicals and additives were far more effective than anything his magic could do. While he cherished every inch and pound earned, the kobold couldn't help but admit that moving around was becoming a bit of a struggle as of late. He couldn't move his limbs without feeling something squishing or folding on his pudgy body, not to mention doorways becoming a bit more cumbersome. Cutting back a bit might be a good idea, which prompted Alan to start jogging in the first place.

But then Alan realized that was BLK talking, not him, which was why he chose to jog to a fast food joint instead!

Straightening up, Alan allowed himself to yawn and stretch back, attempting to pop a few vertebrae. Alas, all he accomplished was bunching up a few thick accordion-like back rolls, before slumping back forward. "Hmfm, I should challenge BLK to a race when he gets back. Bet says I can still beat him, even if I am as fat as he is." The kobold snickered, patting the side of his rippling stomach. It was a good jog still, he definitely would have worked up a sweat if he was capable of doing so. He certainly worked up an appetite, his middle roaring loudly when it sensed fried food on the other side of those glass doors.

Alan smirked. "Alright, alright, let's get you fed...but first," he glanced at the building, smiling at the fat kobold staring at him in the glass's reflection.

Forget being as big as BLK, Alan was *bigger!* The brown dragon was only this round after a Thanksgiving cheat day, and even then it would be splitting hairs trying to determine who would have been bigger! That gut of his hung far and low, the rotund reptile developing a teardrop shape. The edge of his bouncy belly was starting to escape the reach of his arms, only partially supported by his hefty hips and thick thighs. He had to wear BLK's shirts now in order to contain its sheer enormity, and even then they rode up significantly, the edge of where his navel would be constantly on full display. Yet even with his bottom-heavy physique, the kobold's upper torso still held quite a bit of fat to them, his broad shoulders thick and soft, leading up to a round tire of a neck with two pudgy cheeks wobbling against a shrinking muzzle. Heck, Alan wondered if even his ear frills were getting fatter!

Honestly, he wasn't sure whether he preferred his height growth or his weight gain. He'd always dreamed of being taller, and the satisfaction of looking *down* on others while jogging over was just as euphoric as he'd always imagined. Plus, he could finally reach everything in the house on his own without the need of any stools, the gaining giant having found a secret stash of sweets and snacks in the upper shelves. Naughty BLK.

Yet, he was just so *soft* at the same time! He loved how pinchable his chubby cheeks looked with dimples in them, he loved how heavy and wobbly his tail looked, even if it was thick enough to easily knock someone off their feet. Every inch of his scaly figure was soft and yielding to the touch. He was almost angry at BLK for not enjoying this! If it wasn't such a struggle reaching past himself at times, or dealing with exhaustion after a simple jog, there would be literally zero reason not to just get huge!

He shook his fat head, jiggling his cheeks. "Whatever. I don't care what BLK thinks anymore," he muttered to himself, despite very clearly caring about what BLK thinks. "I'm still fit and strong, even if I am fat as hell!" To prove his point, he attempted a single jumping jack, which required a shocking amount of effort to get both of his feet off the ground at the same time.

The result nearly made him jump again, as the shockwave caused a car alarm to go off in the parking lot.

A twinge embarrassed, Alan quickly pushed his shirt back down and ducked into the burger joint.

He'd barely stepped foot inside, and already he felt several pairs of eyes on him all at once. Alan wasn't surprised, he was easily the largest person in the eatery, a thought that almost brought a tear to his eye. Finally, a chance to actually eat at a fast food joint without someone suggesting a kids meal!

Stepping to the counter, he could tell the cashier was very clearly struggling not to suggest a small salad for the obscenely overweight kobold. The anxious otter tried putting on a fake smile, his wide eyes locked onto Alan's, yet occasionally flicking down towards that big red tum. "E-erh, what can I g-get for you, sir?"

"Uh..." Good question. Alan pressed a finger to his cheek as he glanced up at the menu. He'd never actually ordered for himself before; it was always BLK doing it for him, with the kobold there just to make sure the dragon didn't actually order him a kids meal. Now, on his own, he wasn't quite sure what he wanted; there was *way* more variety here than he originally thought! He'd look like an idiot if he just said "one burger please," there must have been a dozen different burgers!

Tilting his chubby head to the side, he glanced back down at the otter. "Umm, what has the most calories, would you say?"

“Uhhhhhhhhh.” Alan was afraid the otter flatlined, the mustelid clearly not expecting that question. “I, erh...I’d, uh, say the Baconzilla. It has, uh, two patties, cheese, and, like, four jiggles of bacon on it.”

Alan frowned. “What?”

“*Sticks!* Four sticks!” The otter facepalmed so hard, the kobold was afraid it’d leave a mark that’d last all day.

Alan nodded. It was taking every bit of willpower he had not to grin at the poor otter’s discomfort. “And what about sides?”

“U-uugh,” the otter tugged at his shirt collar. “T-the loaded tots, for sure. With the, uh...cheese and bacon and dressing.” He spoke so slowly and clearly, afraid of accidentally slipping up again.

Alan wanted so badly to ask what the most caloric dense drink was next, but he felt he should relieve the poor otter of his misery. Anymore and the poor guy might just faint! “Alright, I’ll have two Baconzillas, four loaded tots, and...drinks are refillable, right? Yeah I’ll just have a large tea for now. Gotta watch my figure, after all,” he winked, patting his ample midsection.

Alan savored the look on the cashier’s face more than any meal he’d ever eaten.

The kobold’s face lit up like a Christmas tree when he saw his meal arrive, requiring two heaping trays to contain it all. Two enormous sandwiches with patties half the size of dinner plates, four large packets of tots covered in gooey cheese and crispy bacon. And, of course, the large tea; Alan wasn’t a big fan of sodas.

Still, this was quite the meal of itself. Alan wished he could have thanked the otter for his expertise in caloric foods, but the mustelid immediately went on break afterwards. Instead, the kobold made sure to leave a generous tip as he shuffled towards the booth, and...and...

He frowned. Could he even fit in one of these?

BLK had always struggled with booths due to his size, and Alan was quite clearly a few notches above his friend. This would be quite the squeeze. Should he shift his gut on top of the table or try to squeeze it beneath? At his height, the latter felt like an impossibility, but even so, the kobold’s thighs were incredibly girthy, easily the size of most people’s waistlines alone.

The longer he stared at the predicament, the wider Alan smiled. The fact he even *had* to think about whether or not he could fit in something was exhilarating. He was huge!

Setting the platters on the table, the kobold bent over and decided to just wing it. Either he fit and fed his gut, or didn't and fed his ego. Right away he was met with resistance as his stomach slid across the table, his hips immediately finding resistance. Grunting, he gripped his pudgy palms against the side of the table and the back of the booth, pulling himself in further. Progress was slow, but was ultimately halted when the base of his tail collided with the backrest, the kobold wrapping it around his middle as tightly as possible. Maybe he should have went with open seating instead?

Halfway in, the kobold paused to collect his breath, ignoring the stares he was receiving. While he hadn't been as active as he probably should have been during his gaining, Alan was grateful for the little bit of exercise he did manage; without it, there was no way his thighs could have managed him crouched over like this for so long! Sucking in his stomach as much as possible, the kobold continued to squееееееze himself in, ignoring the pinching of his squishy body against the firm table.

Soon, he could feel the other half of his rump slide onto the seat, his legs gradually losing mobility. He almost missed being able to swing his legs beneath him when sitting at a table, now he could barely even bend them, completely plugged up by those chunky ham hock thighs of his. His massive gut wasn't doing many favors either; sliding along the table, it pushed against the trays, which ultimately pushed against the condiments, sending a bottle of ketchup on the floor. The kobold couldn't help but blush softly; even at his biggest, BLK never managed to do *that!*

One last big push, and Alan was finally firmly on the seat. The kobold huffed softly, watching his belly rise and fall on the table. He wasn't even fully in his seat, the edge of his side and rump still squeezing out, yet it was enough for him to be seated without supporting himself with his legs. Lord, how was he going to get out of here on his own, after eating all this food?

The kobold snorted. "That's for Future Alan. Present Alan is too hungry to care." Licking his chops, he grabbed the nearest burger and bit into it, groaning in pleasure. Oh, this was heavenly! Sure, he'd gotten good at cooking for himself, but damn if it wasn't fun treating himself to someone else's cooking for once! It was so rich, greasy, juicy, delicious! Perhaps it was his imagination, but Alan swore the booth dug in just a bit tighter when he swallowed that mouthful. This *was* the most fattening burger they had on the menu, after all.

But, he tried not to dwell on it as he too mawful after greedy mawful. He'd just go jogging some more, no big deal. He'll show BLK he can be fit *and* fat, and wear it just fine! Heck, if he wanted to, he could get even bigger and still be all ok! Resolute with his convictions, the kobold shoved the rest of the burger into his pudgy maw, washing it down with his tea before reaching for the next. What was another ten pounds? Or a hundred? He'll be just fine!

And sure enough, he was! When he finished his immense meal, he squeezed out of the booth all on his own...

With the assistance of a certain otter, as well.

“O-ok...maybe there is such a thing as being too big...”

Alan whimpered in defeat. Just saying those words out loud felt wrong, as if he'd committed some great sin. That wasn't how he felt at all when he left the burger joint a mere couple weeks ago. He'd been so committed to continuing his growth, just to prove he could wear it well without any drawbacks. He could still jog just fine, dammit, even if the pavement was starting to crack beneath his feet. He could still do push ups, even if he couldn't even make it halfway down without his gut interfering. He could still do things!

But even the determined kobold had to admit things might have been taken a bit too far when he realized he was too big to fit through the kitchen door.

Doorways had recently become the mortal enemy of Alan, even more so than pesky squirrels, as the weeks went by, yet the kobold didn't mind needing an extra second or two to wiggle free. Then, he found himself becoming wedged for entire minutes, even when shuffling in sideways.

And now, he couldn't even pry himself out on his own, at least not without literally breaking out of the doorframe.

“Alright...one more time!” Not willing to admit defeat just yet, Alan gripped the edge of the doorway and puuuuulled yet again. His face turned redder, his teeth gritting, his neck straining to lead him out, even if the top of his head brushed against the ceiling of the house. And yet, he didn't budge an inch.

“C-c'mon...!” He redoubled his strength, the muscles buried within his chub roaring to life. He worked too hard for this, darn it! He was *still* useful, even when huge! He was still...he was still...he was still....

The kobold collapsed against himself, huffing loudly. There was no way he could squeeze out, not on his own. It was painful to admit, but he'd gone too far.

Again.

Alan sighed. That was why BLK left, didn't he? Because the kobold always took things too far. So blinded with his own pride and arrogance, the rotund reptile fell in the same pitfall yet again. He always made things too big, and now that thing was himself. How humiliating. What would BLK say if he caught him like this?

“Alan, is that you?!”

Yeah, something like that...wait...

Furrowing his brows, Alan glanced up, yelping in surprise. How long had BLK been standing there by the front door?! The brown dragon looked just as surprised as he was, jaw completely dropped as he regarded the enormous kobold filling up the kitchen doorway. “H-holy...”

“U-uh...” Alan smiled shyly, ear frills drooping. “I could, uh...use a bit of help here.”

No response. BLK continued staring blankly ahead, his yellow eyes as wide as saucers.

“Um, B?”

Again, no response.

Alan squirmed a little. “I-it’s starting to hurt a bit, B.”

“O-oh!” The dragon shook himself out of his stupor. “S-Sorry, Alan. It’s just that you’re so...I mean I’m not used to looking up to see your...I-I’ll shut up and help, now.”

A “bit” of help was a “bit” of an understatement. It took the combined might of the two large reptiles to help pry Alan out from the doorway without causing any damages. Even then, the kobold was afraid he heard some creaking all the while; his guilt would only compound if he looked back and saw cracks in the wall. Eventually, they did manage to pull the poor pudgy ball out, yet Alan didn’t feel any better for it.

He didn’t want to look at BLK. The fact that he *loomed* over the 8 foot dragon was exciting for the kobold, whose head had to duck down in order to not bump into the ceiling, but for once in his life, he wished he was smaller. Yet, there was no mistaking that he was the figurehead of any room he waddled into, his stomach resembling a combination of a yoga ball and a beanbag chair in its size, shape, and softness. Seeing his feet was no longer a possibility, nor was seeing the opposite wall whenever Alan laid on his back.

His arms resembled thick round cylinders, like squishy tubes of dough. His thighs were actually wider than BLK’s torso! His tail thick enough for his draconic friend to sit on like a couch. His cheeks the size of his roommate’s head. Everything about him was bigger than BLK, and yet he felt shame, anxiety, fear. This was it, he thought to himself. This was the start of another scolding, of being yelled at before being left alone yet again. Not even the knowledge that he was nearly taller than the tree the stupid squirrel lived in was comforting enough to save him from this apprehension.

BLK was the first to break the silence, after being initially stunned into silence in the first place. "I, uh...I'm glad we got you out of there." Even while saying that, the dragon couldn't stop his eyes from roaming up and down the kobold's impressive figure, sizing him up like an artwork exhibit.

"Yeah...thanks." Alan looked down, awkwardly rubbing his chubby index fingers together. He'd been looking forward to seeing the look on BLK's face ever since he'd first discovered his height growth, yet now he was too afraid to even look his friend in the eye. How ironic.

He was expecting yelling, but instead of that, Alan was met with a rather casual chuckle from BLK. "Heheh. Quite a few cracks in the doorway, huh? I think you made the entire frame bow out, too."

"O-oh..." The kobold's tail curled tighter around his thigh. "I'm...sorry about that."

But BLK just smiled and waved a paw. "It's fine, Alan. We've fixed this doorway a dozen times, and it's usually my big fat self that breaks it! We'll just make it double wide this time."

Alan couldn't believe what he was hearing, his lip trembling. Was he seriously getting away with property damage for the first time in his life? "Are you sure, B?" He blurted out, before shrinking back, tapping gently on his snout. "I thought you'd be mad."

"Mad? Why would I be mad?" BLK frowned, before his eyes widened. "Oooh, you mean about you drinking the last of my watermelon juice? Right, well, I've thought about it, and I realized I may have...overreacted just a bit. I wanted to come back right away, but my own stupid pride kept me from returning, cuz I thought...I dunno what I thought, I was just being selfish. I also just thought you'd want a break from me, and...gosh, I'm sorry Alan, I-"

But he was swiftly cut off as Alan stepped forward, wrapping his enormous arms around the smaller dragon, and bringing in for a big squeeze. It was the best hug he'd ever given in his life; yet again, the excitement of being so massive and soft burst forth from within the kobold. He smiled wide, feeling his softness engulf the big drake. He'd always dreamed about this day where he got to be the big pillowy friend for someone else.

He could have stood there all day if it weren't for BLK's squirming. Blushing, the kobold relinquished his hold, stepping back. "S-sorry, B! I didn't hurt you, did I!"

"N-no no!" The dragon grunted, stumbling back. "I just couldn't breathe, that's all. I, erh...jeeze, you're gotten soft!"

Alan smirked, his tailtip flicking. "For sure!" As if to prove his point, he grabbed BLK's paw and pressed it deep into his bulbous belly, both reptiles watching said paw lose itself past the wrist into all that scaly chub.

“Goodness!” BLK stammered, bringing his other paw around to help heft up that hefty belly. “How’d you do it, Alan? I thought magic didn’t work on you.”

The kobold chuckled. “It doesn’t! Trust me, I’ve brewed like five different potions and none of them had any effect. This is all just from overindulging!”

BLK’s big yellow eyes blinked, watching his “little” friend ripple for a solid minute from a single pat. “I never grew taller when I gained weight,” he muttered under his breath, almost sounding resentful.

Alan shrugged his broad shoulders. “I guess kobolds and dragons are pretty different, physique wise...” His smile widened, and soon he felt like a little kobold yet again, hopping from one foot to the other as he did when he was smaller. Only now, that action caused the windows to rattle. “Isn’t this great, B!? I can finally...I can be your bed now! You’ve always been such a good bed, a-and now you can lean against me when we watch TV, or lay on me when it’s bed time, or you can give me a big squeeze whenever you’re stressed! A-and you don’t have to worry about being fat anymore, because I’ll happily be huge for both of us, a-and...I’m so *big* BLK!”

Unable to contain his excitement, the kobold thrust BLK into yet another firm hug, this time making sure his friend could breathe. The dragon grunted from the sudden embrace, yet he didn’t wiggle his way. In fact, to Alan’s delight, BLK was actually purring softly as he nuzzled into that doughy chest, the dragon’s claws gently roaming around the kobold’s broad sides, gently cupping and squeezing those soft love handles. Alan rumbled softly; he did the exact same thing whenever he hugged a plump BLK back when he was smaller. The shoe was on the other foot now, and he couldn’t be happier.

And apparently, neither could BLK. “You really are soft...” The drake’s voice trailed on as he leaned back, assessing the enormous red pudgeball before him. “Does it feel this good when you hug me like this?”

The red reptile beamed. “Of course! You’re the best pillow and bed anyone could ask for, especially when you’ve had a few too many cheat days.”

“And you’re completely ok with this, Alan? It doesn’t bother you at all, being this heavy?”

“W-well...” Alan’s ear frills folded back again. “I, uh...was afraid I might have gone a bit overboard. You know, the thing you’re always yelling at me for. B-but it’s ok, really! Starting tomorrow, I’ll start go on big long jogs, and eat healthy meals again.”

“Oh...”

Alan frowned. He swore BLK sounded disappointed there. “Is something wrong?”

“N-no! It’s fine! It’s your body, you can do whatever you like with it!” The white-haired dragon retorted, his cheeks a few shades redder. “It’s just...you don’t *have* to start dieting right away, you know?”

Alan blinked. “I...uh...”

“You can wait a few days, right? Or weeks...or ever...”

The kobold chuckled, poking a claw into his friend’s stomach. “You sure about that, B? It’s starting to sound like you *like* me being so obscenely big!”

“I do!” BLK cried out, before blushing even redder, holding a claw to his muzzle in an attempt to prevent any more secrets from escaping. “I-I mean, I like seeing you so happy, that’s all! That fact that you’re so big and soft and cuddly, that’s just a bonus!”

“Riiiiight,” the kobold snickered, poking again. “So you don’t mind being so tiny and puny compared to your ‘little’ kobold friend now?”

“H-hey!” The dragon laughed, playfully pushing back against the giant kobold. He had no hopes of ever budging all that pudge in one go. “One: I’m not that small. Two: It’s your body. I want you at whatever size makes you happiest. And Three: what did you mean when you said ‘I don’t have to worry about being fat anymore’ earlier?”

Alan tilted his fat head. “I thought you hate being fat, B. This way I can be fat for the both of us, so there’s still plenty of squish when we snuggle and stuff.”

“I-I do like being fat!” BLK’s face reddened further, almost resembling Alan’s own crimson scales. “It’s just...it’s not practical all the time, you know? It’s heavy, I get stuck easy enough as is, it’s embarrassing. But if I could stay a total fatass at home and only at home, I’d love it!”

Alan sighed. “You don’t have to lie, B.”

“I’m not! I...” The dragon sighed. “Alright, I’ll prove it. Where are the weight gain potions you made?”

“In the kitchen. Top drawer, right side.” Alan smirked. “It’s where I found your hidden stash of junk food, Mr. I-secretly-love-being-tubby.”

“It’s not a secret if I’m openly admitting it!” BLK disappeared into the kitchen; Alan had trouble bending over to peer inside, but soon noticed the dragon returning with four beakers full of colorful liquid.

The kobold snorted, rolling his eyes. "Those don't count! One of them would just make you fat for an hour."

"Perfect!" BLK grinned. "Then all four should get me nice and plump for the rest of the night."

"*What?!*" Alan's eyes widened, but before he could say anything, the dragon lifted all four beakers up and guzzled their contents down. He stood there, horrified, unable to speak as he stared at the dragon with sheer shock. Meanwhile, BLK just crossed his arms and grinned. "What, you wanted proof! I'm giving it to you, now quit looking at me like I'm gonna explode."

"I mean..." Alan blinked. "You are...just not in the way you think you will."

"What are you-" BLK hiccuped, suddenly shooting up *and* out an extra foot! The dragon stumbled forward, slightly off balance thanks to the sudden shift in gravity, his brown stomach now filling his arms. He grunted softly, squeezing at his own doughy middle.

Another hiccup, and suddenly the two reptiles were eye-level, their stomachs colliding with each other. Again, BLK stumbled forward, almost knocking Alan off his feet as he struggled to adjust to his new weight. "S-sheesh, this stuff is potent!"

"That's what I warned you about, tubby!" Alan growled, knocking BLK upright with his own gut. It was actually rather embarrassing; BLK was just as big and fat as he was in only a few seconds, whereas Alan needed months of binging to attain his size. The difference, however, being that while Alan grew accustomed to his gradually growing size, the dragon had quickly shot up in weight, making it hard for the tub of lard to remain upright. So, at least Alan wore the fat better. Score one for him.

The dragon hiccuped again, BLK's balancing issues were put to rest. The resulting growth was enough to send him careening onto his rump, causing an earthquake measuring 4.2 on the Richter scale. The poor drake looked dazed and confused, his stomach easily reaching past his feet at this point, a truly grounded dragon. "H-hurf...h-how much more is there?"

Alan didn't know, and elected to keep his ignorance to himself. He was just as surprised as his friend to watch BLK grow bigger...and bigger...and bigger! A swelling mass of brown stripes and spots, Alan was quickly running out of space to hide; alas, he couldn't fit through any of the doors on his own, so there really was no escape! With a squeal, he held his arms up as the bulbous drake's belly slammed into him like a tidal wave, knocking him over! He was suddenly engulfed in more BLK than he knew what to do with, a brown ocean of scales and chub! Said ocean rose higher, pinning the obese kobold against the creaking ceiling. Alan heard the front door slam open; no doubt BLK's tail sliding out in an attempt to escape!

And then...the creaking subsided.

The kobold let out a sigh of relief. Thank goodness the house at least didn't explode, although he was certainly wedged tight against the ceiling; hopefully the roof didn't look ready to pop off from the outside. The growth was temporary, but the house damage wasn't. Pushing as much belly out of the way as he could, Alan called out. "B-BLK, are you alright?!"

"I'm fine!" He heard a muffled voice from the next room over, followed by a loud burp. "A-alright, you're right. I shouldn't have drank all of those potions."

"Yeah, you think?!" The kobold grunted. "You're filling the entire living room here!"

"I know...my head's in the kitchen."

"What do you have to say for yourself, B?"

"Well..." The dragon paused. Suddenly, the whole ocean of brown chub began rippling as the enormous drake laughed. "Were you making cinnamon rolls earlier?"

Alan frowned. "Yeah?"

"Can I have one?"

The kobold laughed. Dammit, that caught him off guard! He was expecting the drake to start freaking out about his enormous size; after all, that was typically the schtick they'd kept to these past few years. So hearing this blubberball whining for more food was hilarious to Alan, who realized his friend really was serious about what he said earlier.

"Fine, you can have one later, tubby." He grinned, wiggling himself into the chub, getting cozy. "Just this once, I'll let you be the big one again, B. Just this once."