

“Alan, you’re going too far!”

It felt as though every other day, BLK was screaming those words at his kobold companion. He never liked to yell; the large dragon was actually surprisingly timid. In fact, every time he did yell at Alan, he would try to make it up to him in some way. Today was one such day where he attempted to patch things over with his roommate after screaming about how Alan took things too far.

But this time, Alan was *really* taking things too far!

From somewhere far, far below him, he heard maniacal giggling; it was easy to picture the crimson kobold hopping from one foot to the next with glee. “Hah, tallest land animal, my tail! You should see the look on these giraffes’ faces, B, it’s hilarious!”

“No, I’m sure it’s not!” BLK didn’t even want to take too deep a breath, much less crane his large head down. Instead, he stood stock still, his yellow eyes wide in fear as he stared straight ahead, praying the magical fiend would eventually grow bored and shrink him back down. He just wanted a nice trip to the zoo, was that too much to ask for? The weather was nice (albeit fairly windy at his elevation), he wasn’t busy with work, the park was hardly crowded; it was supposed to be a relaxing romp to bond with his friend while working off some winter weight.

Now, he could see practically the entire zoo from where he stood; which would have been nice, if he were sitting in one of the overhead gondolas.

BLK wished they were still overhead gondolas, the dragon yelping in pain as he felt one bonk into the side of his white-haired head. Gritting his teeth, he quickly lowered his head, catching a glimpse of the group of anthros staring horrified at him from aboard the vehicle. Unfortunately, even that slight bit of movement brought with it consequences; the drake took a half-step back, a sickening crunching noise following suit.

“Alan, c’mon! I’m breaking things!” The dragon whimpered.

Despite his pleas, the kobold below him scoffed audibly. “That’s not a new development for you. I’m pretty sure you’re one meal away from breaking the couch at home.”

“*Alan!*”

“Don’t yell at me because you’re bad at keeping to a diet!”

“That’s not why I’m yelling!” BLK felt himself going red in the face, the drake sucking in his stomach. Talk about adding insult to injury. “Hurry up and shrink me back down before I hurt one of the animals.”

As soon as those words left his lips, BLK felt himself quickly zap back down to normal size; so quick, in fact, he nearly developed vertigo. Briefly dazed, he needed a moment to regain his footing, before glancing down to find a very embarrassed-looking kobold looking down, nervously rubbing his index fingers together. "I, uh...shoot, I didn't think of that," Alan muttered weakly, his ear frills folding back.

"No, you didn't," BLK blurted out, huffing. He didn't mean for that to come off so harshly, but then again, he just finished dealing with a very intense balancing act that could have been devastating if he fell over in either direction. His heart was still pounding in his goat-like ears, blood pumping hard throughout his brown-scaled body. The adrenaline he felt while dealing with a sudden height change was really something else. If he had to describe it, it'd be the equivalent of riding a very exciting, yet frightening roller coaster.

Although that certainly gave off the impression that he enjoyed it, didn't it?

"Hey, Alan?" BLK rested a claw on the kobold's shoulder, waiting until Alan looked up before continuing. "How surprised were the giraffes?"

Alan grinned, those cute little frills perking up. "Oh, they were bug-eyed! That's what they get for looking down at us, thinking they were so high and mighty just cuz they were born tall, hah! They're totally speechless now, I'm sure!"

"I..." BLK was more curious about the poor giraffes's mental state, but a quick glance up showed they had already forgotten about the experience, going back to mindlessly eating leaves off an acacia tree. Well, he didn't mean to cheer up Alan with that question, but he shrugged his shoulders and rolled with it. "Heh, yeah. I mean, I don't think giraffes make any noises, but if they did-"

"They would be completely speechless, indeed!"

The two reptiles blinked, staring at each other in confusion. None of them spoke just then. BLK's ears pricked up as he heard a slow clap, turning to find a rather unusual sight.

Typically, most furs panicked and ran whenever BLK grew enormous in public, yet here was this lion walking towards them in approval, applauding them even! His toothy-white grin completely dominated his face as he confidently strode up to the pair, firmly clapping the dragon's shoulder with enough force to jiggle his round paunch. "That was spectacular, sir; truly spectacular! I don't know what wizardry was at play just now, but whatever it was, it *worked!* The fear I felt gripping at my heart as I watched the enormous kaiju terrorizing the zoo was the most genuine thing I felt all year, let me tell you! Hell, for the greater half of the last two minutes, I could have sworn it was all real!"

"Um...thank you?" BLK frowned. The lion's weird speaking pattern made it difficult to really understand what he was saying, but it sounded like the feline believed it was all an act.

The lion clearly held an air of confidence and swagger to him; could he be the zoo owner, by any chance? If that was the case, perhaps it'd be best if he played along with the idea of it all being just an act. Anything to get out of paying for any damages, after all. "Erh, yeah. We, uh, rehearsed that bit, yeah."

"Hah, well ya coulda rehearsed a tad bit more! What gave away your performance was that frightened look on your face! Could tell you were a wee bit antsy. First time performing?" The lion laughed.

BLK didn't find that quip nearly as funny, but he forced a smile regardless. "Heh, yeah. Stage fright, ya know?"

"Oh, psssh!" The lion waved a paw. "We gotta get you over that fear quickly then, if you're gonna keep acting while supersized! You look *marvelous* as a kaiju, dear boy, simply *marvelous*! Even at your regular size, you're- goodness, you're still quite large, aren't you! Is that even your regular size?"

"It's...a little larger than regular." BLK sucked in his gut.

The feline snickered. "Well, I'll make sure to bring the wide-angle camera lense when we start rolling, then! Oh, but I'm getting ahead of myself. I'm supposed to ask if you'd like to act in a fun little project of mine! Ah, there I go again, getting ahead! I should be asking your name!"

What the hell was going on? He was being invited to be an actor now, after almost squishing a zoo? No amount of sleep and coffee could have prepared BLK for today, the dragon feeling a headache coming on. Yet, before he could even answer, he heard Alan suddenly speak up beside him.

"His name's BLK, sir. And I'm his manager, Alan!"

*What?!* BLK turned to shout his objections, before quickly being brushed aside as the lion quickly strode forward, grabbing the kobold's paw and shaking it ferociously. "Oho, I was wondering who the mastermind behind that performance was! A tiny thing like you putting on a grand display like that, hah! Well, you know what they say about great things, right?"

If Alan was offended at the short jokes, he didn't show it as he returned the hand shaking. "I certainly do, sir. It looks like you've got an eye for talent, seeing as how you noticed my partner B here so quickly. We're trying to make him into a *big* star, emphasis on big!" The kobold gently elbow'd BLK's jiggly gut, who quickly sucked it right back in.

The lion grinned wide. "Is that right? Well, looks like I came to you at a golden opportunity! The name's Montegue Morty, but please call me Monty! I know I've already asked the big fella earlier, but how do you feel about letting him star in something all his own?"

BLK did not recall ever being asked permission, and he was not at all ok with Monty asking Alan, knowing full well what the kobold's response would be.

"He would *love* to!" Alan beamed, perking up. "Give us a time and location, and we'll be there!"

"Alan!" BLK cried out, yet his voice was drowned out by the lion's roaring laughter.

"Wonderful, wonderful! You two won't regret this!" In a flash, Monty pulled out a business card and a pen from his trousers, quickly scribbling information along the back. "Saturday at Noon sound good, then? Righto, then it's a date! A literal one, mind you, no romance involved; but with a performance as good as yours, I just might kiss ya both by the time we're done!" Still howling with laughter, the lion strolled away, his tail swishing about.

BLK felt like doing the exact opposite of laughter. He waited until Monty was out of earshot before glaring at the kobold. "What are you doing?! You're not my manager, and I can't act!"

Alan shrugged. "Apparently you can, if Monty was impressed."

"Monty has a few screws loose, and you know it!"

"Then it shouldn't be hard!" The kobold smirked, spinning the card atop his claw. "It's not like he's gonna make you star in a feature length film or anything. He just said you were gonna be featured in a small project of his...heh, kinda hard to imagine you in anything small." He nudged BLK's stomach.

The grumpy dragon didn't bother trying to suck it in that time. "Then what was the point of pretending to be my manager?"

"To make ya look good, and so I can negotiate a *fat* paycheck for us!" Alan beamed, rubbing his fingers together. "C'mon, B, lighten up! I grow you in front of a bunch of cameras for a couple minutes, then we spend the rest of the evening rolling around in cash like actual dragons! I mean, you've even told me you like being tall, so there's nothing wrong with it!"

"I..." BLK's cheeks turned a few shades redder as he looked away. "I don't really like the attention that comes with being big..."

But Alan was persistent, the kobold wrapping his arm around as much of the dragon's side as he could reach. "No one watching would know! They'll just think you're an actor...which is what you are, technically!"

"I guess..." He couldn't believe he was actually agreeing to this. Maybe it was because he was mentally defeated after today's stressful day, but the longer he thought about it, the

more it made sense. A quick paycheck, and he got to grow large without actually endangering anyone or anything for once. Sure, stage fright would still be a factor, but if he got over that, well, what could possibly go wrong?

Finally, he sighed, patting Alan's head. "You're just as crazy as Monty, I hope you know that."

"Nope! I'm crazier!" Alan smiled brightly, staring up at BLK with those big adoring eyes.

Even BLK found himself returning the smile. "Sure, we'll give it a shot. Just as long as I don't end up looking ridiculous."

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"I look absolutely ridiculous."

BLK frowned as he stood hunched over, completely unamused. He'd done school plays before, having to dress up as random objects: Plants, rocks, the like. Even back then, it was embarrassing to play a stationary object, with hardly any movement or voice lines.

But heaven almighty, it was infinitely better than playing a *concept!*

All he had in terms of a "costume" was a large white T-Shirt, with the word *Prices* written in big black Impact font across his broad torso. That was it. He was a large, size-changing dragon, who was practically tailor made for the Kaiju role of any action movie, and he was instead being used as a metaphor for how expensive rival grocery stores are. In a commercial.

Monty's "grand vision" for them was a grocery store commercial.

At the very least, BLK wasn't the only one frustrated with this development. Even Alan had his face in his paws when he found out he would be hidden during the shooting, only there to grow the dragon for a single scene. Hell, that wasn't even the worst part of his day; the poor kobold's face was even redder than usual after they negotiated paychecks, and because they were on a "tight budget," they would hardly get enough money to get lunch at the burger joint next door.

"Oooh, but you'll get exposure!" BLK heard Alan grumbling beside him in a mocking tone. Apparently his small friend still wasn't quite over everything.

The dragon sighed. "Why are we doing this again?"

"For the exposure, obviously," Alan snorted, tapping his foot. "And because it gives me an excuse to grow you until you break out of that stupid shirt, and this stupid set."

“That’s...fair, I suppose.” BLK grunted. He was actually partially looking forward to both of those things happening. The set itself was the scene of a very generic supermarket, with cardboard cutout aisles surrounding them. On the shelves of said cutout aisles were simple boxes and cylinders, with big red rectangles painted on them to give the illusion of a label. The dragon couldn’t help but frown at the lack of artistic integrity presented at this set, even if it was just there for him to destroy. Hell, an unattended child could wreck just as much havoc here as a kaiju, with how flimsy everything looked. This would have been a dream come true to a much younger BLK, who enjoyed smashing cardboard boxes as a child. But to do it as an adult in front of several cameras was just a little too much for him.

And speaking of too much, BLK heard the lion from earlier approaching them, his ears swiveling.

“Perfect, you both look wonderful! Well, BLK is the only one who really needs to look wonderful. You can look however you like, since you’ll be hidden, my tiny friend!” The audacious feline snickered, completely ignoring the murderous look Alan gave him.

“Now then.” Monty cleared his throat. “I’m sure you’ve both read over the script before coming, but let’s run through it really quickly, just to be safe. For the most part, you’ll be standing as is, looking all big and smug to the camera. However, when you hear the lines ‘compare to our competitors, who like to hike up their prices to unbelievable levels,’ you...”

The lion pointed at BLK with both fingers; it took the dragon a moment to realize he was supposed to finish that sentence. “O-oh. I, uh, grow.”

“Precisely! Big enough to break through the store’s roof!” Monty gestured towards the fake plastic covering above, serving as the prop building’s ceiling. “You’re so smart, you got it nailed down exactly!”

Alan snorted. “Not exactly rocket science, ya know.”

“Of course, of course!” Laughing, Monty patted the kobold’s head; for a moment, BLK was worried Alan would bite the lion’s paw clean off, with how fiercely he was gritting his teeth.

Fortunately (or perhaps unfortunately, for BLK would have loved to have seen that), Monty pulled his hand away before the little lizard could chomp at it, turning around and walking back towards the set. “Places, people! We’re rolling in T-minus 30!”

Seriously, who was writing Monty’s script? He had no idea how to talk like a normal person. Huffing, BLK watched as people scrambled off and on stage; mainly to the “real” set off to his right. Soon, the distinct “action!” cut through the silent air, and the commercial was rolling, leaving the large dragon to just stand there, as awkward as all hell.

He wasn't sure what he was supposed to do. He wasn't being recorded, yet there was a dedicated camera being pointed right at him, which only heightened the drake's mounting anxiety. What if he messed up and looked like an idiot? Sure, they could always just reshoot the commercial if it looked bad enough, but for all he knew, the insane lion could keep and air the clip anyways. Taking in a deep breath, the dragon gently swayed back and forth, leaning from the balls of his heels to the tips of his toes. Nothing to it, he thought to himself. Just let Alan do all the hard work.

"He patted my head..."

"Shhh!" BLK hushed, glancing anxiously at the still-rolling commercial beside him. "We're supposed to be quiet."

"I am quiet!" The kobold growled softly. "I'm allowed to be angry that he touched my head. *No one* is allowed to pat my head!"

The dragon frowned. "I thought you liked it when I patted your head."

"Well yeah, but that's because I like you. I despise this stupid cat. Would love to see him shrunken down even smaller than me, then we'll see who's patting who's head."

BLK sighed. "Alan, c'mon. Just focus your magic on me today."

The kobold chuckled behind him. "Who said anything about magic? I'd chuck him into a trash compactor to get him small."

"*Alan!*" BLK didn't mean to snap so harshly, but that was mainly to try to wipe the smirk off his own face. Damn, that was actually funny, and another sight he'd pay money to see. It definitely caught him off guard, too; so much so, that he didn't even notice when the recording light switched on the camera facing him. Only the announcer's words brought the dragon back to reality.

"Compare to our competitors, who like to hike up their prices to-"

BLK went wide-eyed, quickly casting a glance at Alan. "What are you doing? Hurry up and-"

*FWWUUUUUUUMP!*

The dragon yelped, feeling a pair of small paws press into his backside, pumping him full of magic like a water balloon. In fact, a water balloon was the perfect analogy; he wasn't growing up, but rather out! Hundreds upon hundreds of pounds flooded into his body, most of which deposited itself along his round, bloated belly, pushing his thunder thighs further and further apart in order to accommodate it. The sudden surge of weight nearly threw BLK off his

pudgy feet, the dragon struggling to lean back far enough to not fall over, thankful that his tail was growing fatter as well to offset his own great gut. Alas, it didn't stop him from flailing his flabby tube-like arms, a resounding *RIIIIIP* could be heard as the sleeves of his shirt tore wide open.

"G-guh! Alan, stop!" The doughy dragon pleaded, long after Alan had already released him. Still flailing his arms, BLK stumbled back, each step resulting in a resounding *thud* that shook not just the cardboard aisles, but the entire set itself, the fake boxes falling over. With his couch-like tail finally anchored properly on the ground, BLK was able to stop himself from falling onto his rump and creating a magnitude 7 earthquake, the drake huffing and puffing loudly.

Hopefully no one saw that, right?

"Cut!" The lights turned back on, the drake raising a pudgy claw to block out the blinding glare. As his yellow eyes adjusted, he soon made out the figures of many of the production staff standing around, whispering among themselves at the sight before them.

Well, he was certainly quite a sight to behold. BLK could even see his fist-sized cheeks blushing in his peripheral vision, the two orbs rubbing against his snoot. He tried sucking in his gut, but at that size, there was no hiding all of *that!* His round pot-belly had grown several times in size, now dominating his midsection as a puffy, bloated ball of brown. The shirt meant to cover his torso now couldn't even be considered a bib! The dragon wasn't even sure he could lug the dome in his arms if he wanted to; he could barely reach around the curvature as is! Besides, the rest of his body clearly didn't fare any better, considering he couldn't really rest his arms on his sides anymore, the bloated limbs now stuck outwards like overinflated balloons. Sure, he looked fat, but that couldn't possibly compare to how fat he *felt*; it was tempting to just plop his big bubble butt down on that flabby log of a tail and take a load off. Of course, he wouldn't be able to get back up if he did, not without a forklift, that is.

The others must have reached the same conclusion; there were many heads turned, as if the crew were wondering whether they should call a construction worker or a dietician to fix this mess. Even Monty looked perplexed, the lion unable to think of what to say for once. Alas, that didn't last long as said lion finally strode forward, glancing up at the dough ball with a dragon attached to it. "You, erh...didn't eat any shellfish just now, did you?"

BLK frowned. "This...isn't an allergic reaction." Man, even his voice sounded fatter, his cheeks wobbling with every word he spoke.

"Oh...well, what *did* you eat, then? Hopefully not your little friend?"

The dragon felt himself go red in the face, although for an entirely different reason. Just as he was about to consider charging into the lion like a wrecking ball, he heard Alan speak up from beside him, his view of the kobold completely obscured beneath his own horizon. "No, I'm



right here. That's my fault. I was really worked up and my magic sorta...backfired. I'm really sorry, B."

The kobold sounded genuine too. Sure, BLK couldn't see him past all of...himself, but he could easily picture the little guy's ear frills folding back in embarrassment. To his surprise, he even felt Alan hug along his plump sides, squishing deep into his expansive bulk. BLK wondered if the kobold was apologizing for growing him wider instead of taller, or for roping him into this stupid commercial gig; either way, the dragon wished he could reach around his own bulbous body to return the hug, without accidentally tripping over and turning him into a pancakobold.

He would get his wish as he felt the magic drain back out of him, his round figure shrinking bit by bit, almost like a balloon animal being deflated bit by bit. Finally, back to his usual size; his sleeves were still tattered, and the hem of his shirt was stretched to the point where the black ink spelling out "Prices" looked a bit warped, but everything else was intact, save for his dignity, perhaps. One important thing changed, however; if he felt fat before the sudden weight gain, he felt rail thin now, which was oddly gratifying. At least no one else would ever have to see him so fat and bloated ever-

"Oh, I have the perfect idea! Cameraman, keep that film!"

"What?!" BLK and Alan blurted out, glaring at the lion in disbelief.

Grinning ear to ear, Monty pulled out his flip book and pen, sketching away. "We can use that clip for an upcoming ad regarding price inflation! What ad, I don't know yet, but whatever it is, it'll be *golden!*"

"You can't do that!" Alan yelled, stunning BLK as the kobold stepped forward. "I wasn't trying to fatten him up like that! You can't...you can't just use someone's likeness like that without permission, right?"

"Who said I needed permission?"

BLK felt his blood run cold as the lion's grin turned sinister, tapping the pen against his jaw. "Friendly reminder, folks, that you're at *my* set. What I say, goes, and you both agreed to my terms. You should be grateful I'm planning on using this footage too, otherwise I would have fined you boys for damaging my set." With his pen, Monty gestured towards the ground. BLK had to step back to see what he was pointing at: two enormous cracks spiderwebbed out from where he stood, the remaining proof of his immense weight gain.

The feline nodded. "I'm glad we're clear. Now, let's take it from the top. Places, everyone. We're not leaving until the big boy here causes some *real* destruction!"

This was a nightmare. BLK didn't mind being fat like he let on; in fact, he actually liked the extra cuddly vibe he gave off because of it. Yet, to have himself suddenly blimp out on every TV tuned in to a specific advertisement would be, quite frankly, the most humiliating moment of his life! He already received more than enough ribbing on his frame as is, he didn't need the entire world seeing what he'd look like if he spent every day at a buffet!

The lights dimmed and the cameras were rolling, yet BLK could hardly focus on what was being said. A flurry of emotions swam through his mind: Embarrassment, rage, anxiety, just to name a few. From beside him, he could hear the kobold growling loudly, something about "I'll show you destruction," but he couldn't pay attention. He was seriously considering booking it, but he didn't want to give that damn lion any reason to fine him for the broken floor.

He hated this. He wanted to go home.

The camera light went green, and BLK anxiously stood stock still. Hopefully Alan was paying attention this time; he just wanted to get this over with.

"Compare to our competitors, who-"

Immediately, BLK felt the shirt start to tighten around his torso; apparently Alan wanted to leave just as much as he did. At first, the dragon was worried he was fattening up, but much to his relief, he saw his vantage point start to rise up, matching the surrounding shelves. Thank goodness, he was growing up this time.

"-hike up their prices to-"

Higher and higher he grew, the white shirt starting to compress his shoulders slightly. While growing fat did have his place in his heart, the dragon appreciated the lack of strain on his legs that growing tall had. He didn't have to flail just to balance, although dealing with the cramped aisles was a pain. Luckily, said aisles were meant to be destroyed! Leaning forward, the dragon readied his thick, strong tail before swiping it against the aisles on his left, a satisfying *crunch* following suit. The entire aisle, cardboard or not, was demolished in that single action, bits of brown flying past him as he wrecked a sizable chunk out of it. With his arms, he smashed at the other aisle, pretending the stupid lion's face was on every single one of those little boxes. As furious as he was, this was actually extremely cathartic.

"-unbelievable levels!"

The fake ceiling pressed into his horns. BLK was used to bumping and banging his head against various objects due to Alan's size-changing shenanigans, so it was a relief to feel the paper mache ceiling against his horns, rather than concrete or metal. In fact, it felt great as he stood up straight, tearing not just through the ceiling, but his ugly shirt as well! The ripping and tearing was like music to his ears, destroying this horrible set like it was his cage. A good 15

feet tall, BLK felt more liberated and free than he ever realized he could feel at this size. Just a shame it would be ending soon.

Or, so he thought.

The tearing sounds continued as the dragon grew further, the ceiling crumpling as his shoulders broke through it next. The dragon began to bite his lip, frowning as he glanced down at himself. He wasn't supposed to continue growing, was he?

"He's not supposed to continue growing, is he?"

Apparently the others on set thought the same thing, the staff mumbling loudly just as they had when he was fatter. BLK wanted to join in with them. What was Alan doing? It was hard to shuffle in place without knocking down and tearing off more of the cardboard cutouts beneath him. Everyone was starting to look like large dolls.

And he just kept growing.

"A-Alan?" BLK shakily asked, feeling the tiny kobold start to climb aboard his mountainous figure. He glanced down, only to bump into the hanging microphone, his horns nearly colliding with the overhead lights. With a loud *crack*, the fake ceiling split in two, revealing his humongous, unobstructed form. Hell, if the cameras were still rolling, they'd probably only see up to his shins at this point.

And he kept growing.

The murmuring grew louder and more worried, those who were giggling at the fat dragon were now stepping back apprehensively at the gigantic dragon. Gritting his teeth, BLK found himself having to stand hunched over as he quickly approached the actual ceiling of the set! His tail wrapped nervously around his heels, yet that was enough to send the set beside him crashing down as well, the set not meant to be destroyed at all.

And he was still growing.

The mutterings grew much more frantic as people started evacuating the building, the annoying lion included. BLK couldn't blame them; there seemed to be no end to his growth! His head pressed firmly against the ceiling, the rest of him stood hunched over in an awkward position that made his spine ache. Urf, and he thought being fat was hard on his body! Tighter and tighter he felt compressed, like the world itself was shrinking around him, the dragon started seeing stars in his clenched-shut eyes. Until finally, with a loud, monstrous roar, he broke free!

And he finally finished growing.

“Alan!” BLK growled, glancing towards his shoulder. There, the hilariously-tiny kobold sat atop of him, looking timidly at the brown snout the size of a car. Shaking debris out of his white hair, the dragon narrowed his large, yellow eyes. “I know that wasn’t an accident. That happened way too slowly!”

“Yeah...” The kobold scritchd behind his ear frills. “I know, I know. I went too far again. I-”

“Actually.” BLK couldn’t keep a straight face, the enormous kaiju letting out a muffled chuckle. “You didn’t go far enough!”

The look on Alan’s face was absolutely priceless; if BLK had to describe it, he looked like a kid waking up and realizing it was Christmas. And for good reason, he made the dragon *huge!* Fully upright, he was nearly twice as tall as the damaged building, the metal ceiling wrapped somewhat snugly around his waist. The cars looked like tiny toy cars to the towering dragon, a sight he had grown used to, and in this particular instance thoroughly enjoyed. Monty said he wanted some real destruction, didn’t he? He said he wouldn’t fine them if they continued with the script, didn’t he? Well, the script never specified any size limits, now, did it?

Alan continued to look up at his roommate with those big wide eyes of his. “So...you’re not worried I hurt anyone?”

“Nah.” BLK shook his large head. “It was slow enough, everyone had plenty of time to leave. I saw the room empty out a good couple minutes before I broke through it.”

“Ooooh...” The kobold perked up. “So I won’t get in trouble for sizing you up if I just do it really slowly, then?”

“Let’s...not get ahead of ourselves here, Alan.”

But Alan didn’t listen, as usual, the little kobold running over to hug BLK’s cheek. While the dragon was concerned his friend would pick up some bad habits after today, he was just happy the two of them could finally have the day end just well between the two of them.

Soon, he felt the little guy carefully maneuver on top of his head, the kobold grabbing the dragon’s horns to balance himself. “Well, looks like recording is all wrapped up, so let’s head home. Oh, can we swing by Taco Bell on the way?”

BLK couldn’t help but laugh. “Sure, Alan. I’m actually quite famished.” He *did* just lose a bunch of weight earlier, after all.