

The city was thriving, the streets filled with humans going about their lives. Jack was glad they weren't deterred by the eight-foot-three dragon walking among them, his head easily seeing over the crowd. He could always hear their cautious whispers, and noticed they shied out of his way, but overall, they were used to him, and accepted that the red-furred dragon often visited the city from the ancient castle nearby.

Reaching the path at the edge of the city, the lean dragon strolled up to his home at a leisurely pace. That changed when he noticed one of the windows to the far left had been propped open. At first he was confused, but then he scowled. He hadn't left it open. Had someone else been trying to get inside? Most humans wouldn't be foolish enough to break into the home of a *dragon*, but someone had definitely tampered with it while he was out.

Jack raced to the window, wondering if he could catch the culprit. It was one of the older rooms of the castle that largely went unused. He could see scuffs in the dust that coated the floor, proof that he'd been right; there was a break-in. Not to mention, when he tried to close the window, he found it had been jammed. He growled. "Great..."

The thin dragon slipped inside to see what damage had been done, not bothering to go all the way around to the front door, then through the maze of passageways to find this room, since his slender waist fit easily. Brushing any stray dust off his pink tuxedo, he searched for a way to fix it. He quickly saw the problem wasn't that it was broken, but that something was stuck in the way. The burglars must have left the same way they came in, perhaps dropping some items while escaping. Jack sighed. At least they hadn't managed to get into the rest of the castle. Testing the door to the hallway, he found that it was thankfully still locked.

He checked the window again to find the jammed item. He pulled what looked like a chain, drawing it out to reveal a beautiful, golden pendant. It was a necklace he'd never seen before. Likely from before he took residence here, then. The old owners had left plenty of artifacts. He was constantly finding things, some of which were valuable or imbued with magic. Holding up the necklace to the light, Jack wasn't sure if this were either. Or maybe it was both. Sometimes the most nondescript artifacts could be the most unexpectedly powerful.

Deciding to take it with him, he slipped the necklace over his head, righting his top-hat after doing so and adjusting his tux to be sure the pendant was visible. He liked to look well put together for his trips into the city, most of which involved fancy restaurants, so he was happy to have a new addition to his outfit.

Closing the window and stepping into the regular hallway, Jack headed back to the main area of the castle. Since he'd already gone out to eat, it was as good a time as any to relax for the night.

Jack stretched as the sunlight fell over his face from his bedroom window. It was still pretty early, but he felt rested. When he sat up, he absently scratched at where the pendant hung against his chest. He'd slept without bothering to remove it. For some reason, when he went to take it off, he felt sort of... repelled from doing so. He just liked it too much, or something. Maybe the way it caught the light and accentuated the rich tones of his red fur. That must be it. A dragon's natural instinct to keep a close eye on their possessions. At least that was what Jack told himself as he felt once again the urge to keep it on, despite changing outfits for the day.

He hardly noticed that his tux jacket was a little snug, but easily chalked it up to the fact that he'd been eating out so frequently. The rich human food was laden with calories, and he tended to enjoy a lot of it. Fortunately, his quick metabolism allowed him to stay thin. He adjusted his top-hat over his pink hair, completing the outfit with the pendant proudly on display.

The next several days, his routine continued as usual, including his near-daily strolls into the city for fine dining. Although, perhaps getting used to the food, he realized he felt slightly hungrier than usual. He started to pick up a snack on the way home from a nearby store now and then, or stop in at a fast food restaurant for something small to munch on. The greasier, saltier food was more addicting, but there was nothing wrong with enjoying both healthy foods, and the occasional junkfood, right? It also gave him an excuse to see more of the city, the humans around him constantly impressed by the tall, intimidating dragon.

It was after about a week that Jack had far more noticeable difficulty squeezing into his clothes. He had no idea how they'd shrunk, considering he took such good care of his laundry. He grumbled to himself as he forced the buttons through the holes of his tuxedo, which stretched into open squares that revealed his fluffy midriff. There was nothing for it; he'd have to get new clothes tailored soon, but couldn't today. He planned to go out for a stroll and enjoy himself as usual.

The dragon eagerly walked to the door, not quite registering the way that the edges of the fabric sunk into his chest and the circumference of each arm. The pendant glinted on his front, of course, which Jack had never taken off since ever finding the

thing. Every time he was about to, he felt compelled to leave it on, or was somehow distracted in a way that he barely thought about it afterward.

Out in the city, Jack went into one of his usual restaurants, used to the way humans rushed to serve him. He never demanded better service or anything, but he could tell they felt wary around the hungry dragon. He had no intentions of being rude, but had a feeling the humans would be intimidated anyway, so he just accepted the extra attention with a smile.

When they seated him, he sat carefully, his clothes digging in even more tightly on his front. He tried not to let it bother him. When it was time to place his order, he asked for his usual, but then paused. He was feeling a little more hungry. Instead of stopping for snacks on the way home, why not just order extra? It would be a little treat for himself. His stomach growled at the thought, making up his mind.

“Your regular?” the wiry human waiter asked.

“Actually, this time, can I have two steaks instead of one?” Jack was practically drooling at the thought. He knew his carnivorous instincts had to do with it, although his flaring hunger helped.

“Sure thing.” The human disappeared with a smile. When the food finally arrived, there was twice as much, as Jack had requested. He hungrily dug in, shoveling forkfuls into his mouth. The meat was heavy, supplemented by side dishes that were even heavier, including a complimentary basket of rolls that he found himself scarfing up after covering them in butter. He couldn’t explain why he’d been so much more ravenous. The food was too good to slow down, though, so he kept packing it in until he encountered a problem.

A button popped off his suit.

Jack paused, unsure what to do for a moment. He glanced around. No one seemed to have noticed, but a bulge of red fluff was climbing out of his tux right in the middle. He looked down to notice he was a little bloated, no doubt due to being stuffed with food. He stifled a sigh. Since his clothes had been shrinking lately, it was bound to happen eventually. He just wished it hadn’t happened in the middle of a restaurant.

After paying—and finishing his delicious food, of course, so it wouldn’t go to waste—he went straight home to change. Wriggling his way out of his clothes, he noticed for the first time exactly how tight they felt, restricting the movement of his shoulders and hugging tightly to his sides. He tried to smooth down his fur after removing the garments, since it looked a bit fluffier than usual. After dragging his fingers across his front, however, he was startled to feel that he was a bit softer *under*

his fur, too; he could press his whole palm against his middle and feel it actually sink in. Instead of the toned stomach he was used to, he actually felt a little... pudgy.

He blinked. "Must be all the extra food lately," he muttered. With that in mind, it wasn't really all that surprising. No wonder his clothes weren't fitting! At least he had a fast metabolism; he'd stop hitting up the fast food on his way home and shed the weight. Hopefully, everything would be back to normal after a week of his usual diet.

Jack put on a fresh outfit and prepared for a stroll through the woods around his property. Some exercise would feel good after the slight binge, and definitely help his embarrassing 'problem'. No one would even have to know.

A week later, Jack was feeling a little confused.

He'd been careful. He'd eaten less, exercised more, and spent time diligently monitoring his weight. But despite that, all he had to show for it was somehow even more flab.

He pressed the flat of his palm into his belly, which now had a slight outward curve. It was empty right now, absolutely ravenous due to the restricted calories, but was definitely larger. His chest was also softer, his sides a little wider, and his cheeks a bit puffier than usual. He was having more trouble than ever actually getting his clothing buttoned, and was actually a little worried that if he forced it, he'd pop some of the buttons right off. His tail curled shyly at the memory of it happening in the restaurant. He hadn't been back to that one since. In fact, he'd skipped several days in a row of going into the city, trying to figure out what had gotten him into this mess. Now, looking at himself shirtless in the mirror, nothing disrupted the view of his figure other than the unassuming pendant hanging from his neck. The rest of his body was fully on display, and Jack just couldn't figure out what could possibly be wrong.

He bit his tongue as he thought. Maybe the calorie restriction was working against him, making his body cling to the extra chub? A good meal in his belly might fix it. His stomach rumbled at the thought of food, and he found himself squeezing into his clothes and heading for the door almost before consciously aware of it, driven by his hunger. Just one good meal, and then back to the diet plan. He knew he had excellent self control. He wasn't worried one bit.

At the restaurant, he still found himself ordering two steaks instead of one. The humans scrambled to serve him, perhaps even a bit faster than usual. Missing a few days had been odd for him; maybe they were just excited to have his business back. As he sat down at the table, the front of his tux creaking ominously, he hungrily dug in.

It wasn't long before the first button popped. Jack almost didn't notice, his attention fully focused on the meal before him, but he found himself pricking his ears at the slight sound of it hitting the floor. He paused—after he finished shoveling his current forkful into his mouth—and thought about having to leave again. Then, his stomach rumbled, and he wondered why he should have to leave when it had already happened? Leaving wouldn't make the button reappear; he might as well enjoy the rest of his meal. He felt compelled to keep eating, more meat disappearing into his maw. It tasted better than ever after the amount of time without any rich food.

Another button popped. Jack was more aware this time, pausing to watch it disappear somewhere under the table. He looked down to see a tuft of fluffy belly spilling out through the increasingly large space between the sides of the tux. He hadn't realized how bloated he was getting. The bulge almost seemed bigger than what would normally be possibly from the meal, but the thought was ridiculous; Jack knew he was just exaggerating the problem in his head. He asked for the rest of the food to go, before anything else happened, although he caught several of the humans side-eyeing his bloated form as he quickly thanked them and scurried out the door.

Once again alone in his room, he squirmed out of his clothes, looking in the mirror to see even more damage. A sagging roll was definitely drooping from his middle, accentuated by the bloating from his meal. Small bulges rested on his sides where love handles were forming. He put his paws up to his face, feeling a soft jawline that had been firm and sharp only a couple weeks prior. Even his once-slender fingers had gotten thicker over time almost without his notice. *What is happening to me?*

He smoothed his paws over his chest, flattening the fur under the pendant that hung around his neck. The golden chain glinted at him in the light. *Well, at least there's one thing I can't outgrow.*

He went to sit, sprawling his tall frame along the couch. The flab on his middle pooled at his sides somewhat, curving outward into his arms as they lay straight along his body. He was startled to notice that those felt softer too. Were things getting thicker all over? Where he'd been lean and strong just two weeks ago, he was now modestly pudgy. He knew he had to put a stop to it, but was running out of ideas. He'd tried all the right things, including diet and exercise. And he'd also tried giving himself a cheat day, hoping to fool his metabolism, but no luck. He sighed. Maybe a nap would clear his head.

When Jack awoke, he propped himself up on his elbows, feeling satisfied after digesting the slight binge from earlier. When he sat, though, he was startled to find that he somehow felt even... softer.

What had been a moderately bloated curve earlier was now a somewhat wider roll of chub. It clung to his front, a slight overhang folding over his thighs. Bulges of his chest squished between his arms, which themselves felt wider. His rump seemed wider as well, spreading beneath him to meld into his thicker thighs, and even his tail felt suspiciously heavy.

He shook his head to himself. It didn't make any sense. All the calories couldn't just be from *one* binge. He pushed himself to his feet, feeling slightly off-balance. He wasn't sure what to do, though. Maybe a walk through the city would be nice. At the thought of the city, though, a rumble traveled through his stomach. He scowled. Now was the last time to be thinking about food! He just ate! He wondered if maybe the city wouldn't be a good idea after all, since it was so tempting. Maybe his self control wasn't as rigid as he thought.

He opted for a stroll through the woods, his pawsteps feeling heavy. He left his tux unbuttoned. There was no one to see him out here, and the jiggling of his new pudge would probably pop the buttons off anyway, if he learned his lesson from last time. Instead his belly hung out and bounced with his steps. It was a bit annoying, but hopefully not for long. He needed to get back on his diet immediately.

In all honesty, he found he didn't mind the extra weight nearly as much as he'd thought. Running his paws up and down himself, he explored the way he felt soft all over. But he shook his head to himself. He couldn't go into the city like this. What else was he supposed to do?

A week later, he still wasn't sure.

He'd avoided going into the city. He'd sworn off all dense, savory food and greasy junkfood, determined to lose the weight and get back to his old self. None of his clothes fit very well anymore, and while at home, they hung abandoned in his closet. He didn't want to stretch them out, or they wouldn't fit as nicely when he was normal again. Unable—or unwilling—to leave the castle, however, he spent a lot of time lounging around, watching TV instead of going out for walks, and drawing from his own supply of food and snacks stored away. Not that that could all account for the weight he'd packed on despite his efforts.

His gut now rested on his thighs when he sat, and his sides had blimped up into pillowy rests for his thickened arms. The chub of his legs pushed his stance wider apart, and his increasingly stubby tail hung low to the ground. A small amount of weight wouldn't be noticeable on the eight-food dragon, so the transformation emphasized the fact that the gain wasn't 'small'.

It just wasn't possible. Jack hugged his potbelly in the mirror, looking at the way his doughy arms sank into it before letting go and watching it bounce back into place. When he turned to the side, he saw more fully how far the ball of flab hung.

He was startled by a knock on the castle door. He quickly grabbed some clothes and hurried to answer. He *never* got company. It must be something important.

He opened the door to reveal two humans sheepishly standing before him. He realized a second too late that he hadn't actually buttoned the shirt, letting his fluffy belly hang on display, but he pretended not to notice the two humans gawk at it for a second before regaining their composure. "Can I help you?"

One of the humans stepped forward. "We're... from the restaurant you frequent..." he nervously began. As he started to explain, Jack realized that he did actually recognize the human, although he had only ever seen him in waiters' clothes. "They sent us to check on you since you've been gone all week. You're one of our most loyal patrons," he finished.

Ah yes, of course they missed one of their most profitable customers. "I've been busy," Jack said, hoping he sounded confident instead of shy. The humans kept staring at the prominent curve of his gut. He tried not to draw more attention to it. "I suppose I could come for a night out." Was that a good idea? He was practically bursting out of every outfit he owned. Still, at the thought of the rich, savory food he'd been missing, his stomach let out a growl. Jack was really glad his fur was red, because his cheeks were definitely turning a shade underneath.

"Alright..." The humans still sounded a little nervous, but thanked him and left. Jack swiftly made his way to his room to try on some clothes. Pulling out his favorite outfits, hoping to be stylish, he found difficulty when trying to wear any of them. Collared shirts hung open in the front, or other dressy clothes were stretched so far apart by the buttons that it was almost comical. He eventually settled on one of his largest tuxedos possible, which was still absurdly tight. Not that the humans wouldn't notice the weight gain anyway, but he'd prefer not to be bursting out of his clothes. Oh well. The only thing that fit well anymore was the necklace, although a roll of pudgy softness was beginning to fold over the chain when he turned his head certain ways.

He made his way into the city, feeling eyes on him as the humans watched his startlingly rotund form. Used to the tall, lean dragon, a few snickered at the sight of the jiggling giant. Even at the restaurant, the staff gave him amused looks as they led him to a booth. When he sat, he found his long, thick legs and sizable gut took up more space than expected, squeezing him between the edge of the table and the booth behind him. "I'll just have my usual," he said meekly. He cleared his throat. "With two steaks, though." He was tempted to order even more, but put a halt to that thought. His draconic instincts seemed to be to ravenously gorge himself on rich, savory meat, but wouldn't binging add to the problem?

Even before the food arrived, though, he noticed the booth seemed somehow tighter than when he sat down. He looked down in confusion, where his belly was squeezed by the table. Over the past several weeks, he'd felt like his form was growing whether he ate food or not. But now, confronted with steady pressure on his midsection, he could almost believe it were true. He wasn't sure how it could be possible, but more and more frequently, he found himself unexpectedly heavier within short amounts of time. He shook his head to himself. If the gain wasn't caused by food, then what was it? Definitely not something natural.

His thoughts were interrupted by the dishes of his meal placed in front of him. He was suddenly overtaken by his hunger, scarfing up the food with reckless abandon. He'd been so much hungrier over the weeks, too, as if his body wanted even more calories. It was never enough. And he kept growing all the while.

Bite after bite disappeared down his throat, the flavors rich against his tongue. He was unstoppable as he munched through the food, until the sound of a popping button reached his ears. He slowed for a second and looked down. Despite being his largest tux, one of the buttons had finally burst. As if that wasn't enough, the pressure of his belly surging forward made more buttons give way, creating a cascade of falling buttons until his belly hung free half into his lap, and half onto the table. He froze.

Around him, he realized that the nearby tables had gone quiet as well. He could see heads turned toward him, some of the people giggling, but all of them enraptured by the large dragon. The front of his shirt hung open to reveal a swollen bulge of blubber. Jack decided that maybe it was time to go.

He rose from the table. Well, he tried to, at least. The lower half of his belly was still pinned between the underside of the table, and his lap, the upper half of his rolls sitting over the table to trap it. The booth pressing up against his back didn't allow him to push back any farther. As he tried to worm his way out of the seat, the bulge of lard bounced back and forth, groaning. He was too stuffed to suck in. He tried bracing a paw



against the back of the booth and another on the table to turn sideways, but it hardly made a difference.

“Do you need some help, sir?”

Jack looked up to see one of the humans standing before him. There was barely-contained amusement behind his eyes, but he otherwise kept his composure. “I see you’re having some difficulty.”

“I’m alright.” Jack’s face felt hot, and not just with the exertion. An entire restaurant had just watched him binge-eat himself into getting stuck. He didn’t need more people to draw attention to it. “Can you just box up the rest of my food to go?” It would have probably been more dignified to leave without it, but at the back of Jack’s mind, he still felt compelled to feed his hunger. And he did want the human to leave him alone, too, if only for a minute.

When the waiter vanished, Jack went back to shoving. The bottom bulge of his belly flattened over his lap, pushing his legs wider apart to accommodate the extra flab, making it harder to get his jiggling thighs behind him to push. He strained with his arms, doing his best to suck in, although the progress was slow. His fur thankfully helped slide him along the edge of the table. His clothes were a lost cause at this point, so it didn’t matter that they hung open on either side. The folds of his rolls shifted as he squirmed the last few inches to freedom. He practically fell on his face when he shot out of the booth, but grabbed hold of one side with a pudgy paw.

“We hope to see you again,” one of the humans said as he made his way out the door with a takeout container in his paws. His chubby thighs were squeezing together, and his bloated gut hung low. They pushed up into his flabby overhang with each ponderous step. Jack still wasn’t sure how it was possible, but the effect seemed to be speeding up. Just as it had over the past several weeks. He was practically waddling by the time he got home, although some of it had to do with exhaustion. Lifting his legs was difficult with the extra weight to carry around.

He settled heavily onto the couch, shedding what was left of his outfit from the evening. He sighed as he watched the destroyed garment fall to the floor. He’d have to find a tailor for it. But first, he needed to find a solution for his problem.

He sank his paws into the heavy ball of lard on his frontside. It groaned and churned with the pressure, but eventually, his steady massaging and kneading made him begin to relax. It was like diving his paws into fresh dough, so soft that it gave way easily, save for the stuffed, bloated feeling underneath, but even that was digesting quickly. The flab of his arms jiggled as he moved them over his body, the chub folding into rolls. His sides bulged with more rolls of lard, and a generous set of love handles

that sat over his sprawling hips. Everything felt so heavy and soft, like a warm blanket, but it was his own body nestled in overwhelming pudge.

He snapped himself out of it. He had to focus on stopping and fixing this to get back to normal. When he moved, his belly shifted and drooped over his legs, and he tried to think of how the extra flab was forming. A magic curse crossed his mind, but he couldn't imagine how one had been placed on him. Or why. He didn't have any enemies. He fondled the pendant around his neck while he thought, but the chain was being increasingly swallowed by his second chin over the past week, and he didn't want to irritate it. Whenever he went to take it off, he found compelled to stop. So, he hadn't touched it.

Then he paused and thought. When had he put it on? Several weeks ago? He realized that it was around the same time as all this started. *Could it be enchanted?* The previous owners had tons of magical trinkets; it wasn't out of the question. A small pendant that made the wearer large and lazy was definitely something a past lord or king might have eagerly used in this castle.

Finally gathering his resolve, now that Jack understood the problem, he knew what he had to do. He sighed and grabbed the chain of the necklace to unclasp it. The small mechanism was hard to grip in his large, chubby fingers, and the neck roll bulging over it made it hard to find. He fiddled with it for a minute or two before taking a break. It was extra effort to hold such heavy arms over his head, after all. When he went back at it, the clasp was still out of reach. For the first time, he felt genuinely worried. *I'll just break it off.* He was definitely strong enough. However, when he pulled, the otherwise flimsy-looking chain didn't come apart. *How??*

He was interrupted by more knocking on his door. He growled. He gave up on the necklace for the moment to go see who dared bother him. He wasn't exactly in the mood for visitors. As he stormed through the hallways toward the front door, he could feel the way his body sagged in every available place. It wasn't actually until he ripped the door open that he realized he'd forgotten to grab any spare clothes. Oops. Not that he supposed any would fit him anyway. "What do you want?"

The humans seemed a little nervous, but that was nothing new. Still, they were spending an equal amount of time looking at the spectacle before them: The tall, fat dragon standing breathlessly in the doorway. Jack hadn't realized just how much effort it had taken to get here. What had been easy for a lean, fit dragon was now a draining affair that left him winded.

"After what happened at the restaurant earlier, we wanted to offer you something for the inconvenience," said one of the humans. She gestured to some bags they'd

brought. The delicious smell of food hit Jack's nose. "We always want our patrons to have a superb dining experience."

Jack's mood softened somewhat. "Oh... that's very nice of you." He couldn't get over the way they kept staring, though. He was used to the humans being intimidated, but this was more like curiosity. Were they just waiting to see what would happen to his waistline? Despite the thought, he still felt his hunger flare with the scent of fresh restaurant food entering his nostrils.

The closest human gave a short nod and a smile. "We hope to see you again."

Jack watched them go. He sighed, although the deep breath only brought more of the restaurant scent into his nose. Now that he knew the weight wasn't all related to food, though, he supposed it wouldn't matter if he felt hungry or ate. *I have to get off this necklace.*

Huffing back to his seat in the living room, he sat to focus fully on removing the enchanted item from his neck. The clasp seemed stuck, or otherwise slipped out of his grasp when he fought to pinch it in his chubby fingers. The rolls of his neck pushed over it somewhat, which didn't help. He was certain it couldn't be entirely his own incompetence, though, since breaking it didn't seem to work either. It must be the magic.

He growled. Even as he sat, he was sure he could sense himself growing, very slowly. Or perhaps being aware of it was making him imagine things now. He scratched behind his ears as he thought about the way his belly was weighing down on his legs, and the rolls on his sides were propping up his elbows like budding shelves. In only a couple weeks he'd gone from stick-thin to having a real gut, and was confronted for the first time by the idea that it might not just go away. He wasn't really sure how he felt about the thought.

At the moment, taking a break from the necklace, his only thought was the food that had been dropped off by the friendly humans, and maybe a bit of rest and relaxation. The exercise of walking was more tiring lately, anyway. He tentatively reached a paw into one and pulled out some fries to munch. He didn't even check the entree. At this point, whatever food it was wouldn't matter to his predicament.

By the time he was almost done munching, he felt heavier than ever. The effects were definitely speeding up, as he'd suspected, sinking his sizable rear ever deeper into the couch. He plowed his thick paws into the flab, exploring how far they squished through the softness. Every inch of him jiggled with the movements. His tail started to curl shyly at the thought of how huge he was getting, but it was trapped somewhere in the drooping rolls of his backside. The fact that he could barely move it against the

blubber made him blush, and he would have curled it even tighter if he could. He felt wriggly within his growing mass, the poundage rippling with each small movement.

His head shot up at the sound of a knock on the door resounding through the castle. “Again?” he growled aloud. He set about hauling himself to his feet all over again, although the increasing effects had a noticeable difference from even just a few hours ago. His thick legs pushed together like bloated tubes of sausage, all curves and no muscle definition visible. He found himself panting twice as quickly as he made his way to the front, opening the door to reveal even more humans than before. He didn’t have the energy to react to their blatant stares of surprise this time. Nor the energy to be overly polite, despite trying to cling to what was the last of his dignity. He was glad they couldn’t see him blushing through his fur at the sight of them all gawking. “What??”

“We...” The foremost human trailed off at Jack’s expression. “Uh, word has gotten out that you rarely frequent the city anymore, and lots of people are speculating about what’s happened,” he continued uncertainly. “See, it’s unusual for such a prestigious castle-owner to avoid making an appearance, and—“

“The castle *lord*,” a human whispered behind him. “He lives in a castle, he’s a lord.”

“Right,” the first human corrected himself nervously. Jack only looked on in amusement, but the human cleared his throat. “Sorry, my lord. You’re just very much missed among the majority of our fine establishments.”

Jack suspected that what they missed the most was his money, but still felt a bit touched that the humans would check up on him whether he was getting food or not. “I appreciate the concern,” he said politely, now that he’d caught his breath. “Going to the city is just a lot of work these days.” He felt his face heating up again at needing to admit his struggles, but it weren’t as if the humans couldn’t tell the obese creature before them might have some difficulty traveling to and maneuvering through the human world.

“Of course. That’s why we’re here,” the human said. At Jack’s blank look, he explained, “We were wondering if you’d allow us to bring the food straight to you here. We don’t mind going out of our way to serve it. It would be an honor to keep you as a valued customer, my lard—lord! My lord,” the human turned bright red.

Jack raised his brows. He decided to ignore the slip-up. He was already taken by the idea of humans coming so far out of their way to serve him. He was a well-respected member of society in addition to being a powerful dragon, and deep down, something about the idea of people catering to his needs pleased him. “Alright,” he said slowly. He couldn’t think of any cons. His only hesitation was the embarrassment of allowing this

to happen to him, and then displaying it for all to witness. But if he couldn't get the necklace off and kept growing at this rate, he knew he couldn't be picky about getting help. "I'll allow it."

The next several minutes were a tiring affair as Jack made his way back to the main living area of the castle, wheezing all the while with the ever increasing effort. He showed the humans the way, so that they would be able to traverse his home to bring him food and assist with his needs. By the time he made it to the couch, he flopped down wordlessly, sending his rolls of lard bouncing. His belly and rump spread around him to encompass most of the couch, and when he tried to heft his belly with his arms to get it into a more comfortable position, he found he couldn't reach more than halfway around. He blushed as the humans watched him helplessly pawing his flab to readjust the way it drooped over his knees.

He caught himself panting at the meager effort and gave up on the task. He wasn't actually in discomfort, merely overwhelmed by the adipose that clung to his body all over. When he grabbed at it, he could grip large fistfuls of furry flab and jiggle it to send ripples throughout the blubber that took a while to end. Perhaps sensing that he enjoyed the feeling of kneading his flab, two of the humans approached to cautiously rub the red dragon's belly. Jack hoped his embarrassment didn't show on his face, but it was true that the massage felt nice. The ever-quickening effects of the necklace were blimping him up faster now that he was the largest he'd ever been, and he was helpless to fight it as the magic did its work. He realized soon enough that he probably couldn't even get up from the couch, leaving him fully dependent on the humans' generous offer from earlier. It wasn't really how he'd pictured the situation going, but it seemed he'd made the right choice.

"Do you need anything at the moment?" one of them suddenly asked.

"No thank you," Jack said quickly. The humans watching him squirm helplessly in his pudge were already doing enough. His ears flattened shyly at the realization that due to his swelling cheeks and wide second chin, he couldn't even look down as far to see them anymore. He certainly couldn't see his own frontside anymore, only the soft edges of his rounded cheeks and the upper edge of his belly that ballooned out before him. The lower rolls were lost somewhere on top of each other out of reach. He tried lifting his paws up to his face to explore the padding of his upper body, but was stopped by the sheer amount of weight on his limbs, and their own girth making them too difficult to bend. His fingers only twitched in response, swallowed up in rings of adipose. His legs were suffering a similar fate, trapped underneath the ever-expanding spread of his gut. His tail may as well have become nonexistent, and the small, draconic

wings on his back could do little more than flutter helplessly as rolls of adipose began to droop over them and almost cover them completely.

Suddenly, the unassuming sound of snapping metal emanated softly from somewhere in his neck-rolls, and the golden pendant tumbled out. It rolled across his chest to become lost somewhere in front of his belly, hopelessly out of sight for him. All at once, the rippling and expanding feeling he'd grown used to suddenly ceased. He realized that finally, the gaining was over.

Jack felt lost in the poundage, trying to get an idea of what his new size would be. It would take forever to lose the weight, so he suspected his position was permanent at the moment. Large, immobile, lost in layers of chub that made up a helpless blob of a dragon. He squirmed and struggled, testing how far he could move, but the answer was 'not much'.

He became aware of the fact that humans were still massaging the giant rolls of his gut, although Jack was less sure that it was purely to help him, and suspected it might be serving their own curiosity and interest. He felt warm and awkward under their small, probing hands, but couldn't do anything to stop them. Well, he could ask, but felt reluctant to shoo them away. The last thing he needed was to scare them off for good, leaving him here in a padded, pudgy prison. It was nice in a way, too, to know that they would be around taking care of him in his new situation. He was sure now that the consent had already been given, tons of humans would be parading in and out of his castle to see him. He blushed at the thought of everyone's eyes on the helpless dragon, but there was nothing for it now. This was his new position. He'd gone from being the city's imposing dragon, to being the city's round tub of lard.

Really, as Jack thought about the pampering he was due to receive, he felt perfectly content with this fate.