

The Health Cruise

Chapter Two

By Shalion and Gahtren

[Gahtren]: “You know... I agree with you, this is technically our last meal before we head out on a 4 week trip,” The dragoness rubbed at her stomach idly as she was thinking of food as well, fortunately the pier had numerous restaurants to stop at. The two had plenty of time to grab a bite to eat after all, and with that she started to check her smartphone for any restaurants nearby, thank goodness for helpful apps.

“There’s a fish place pretty close to us, still next to the pier at least.” The dragoness smiled, grunting and started to heft herself up, having to use the bench and Collin a bit just to struggle to get up with that enormous frame of hers. Her scaly stomach slapping against her thighs, with that black scale and purple stomach poking out from her blouse, with an audible, heavy pant she got up, waddling over to the enormous leopard and offering her assistance. “C’mom big guy.”

[Shalion]: “Thanks.” Collin breathed as he reached out for Serka’s proffered hand. Both of their hands were fat and soft, but Collin tightened his grip on the dragoness’s hand and was surprised when he felt her squeeze back. With her using her own weight, Serka was actually far more help getting back to his feet than Jene’s waifish strength. Although he had to use the power in his thick legs, by comparison, Collin felt almost lifted to heavy paws. He grinned in surprise. “Hey, you’re really helpful to have around, aren’t you.”

Collin followed Serka’s lead and began walking. Serka actually almost walked slow enough for him to keep up, despite his carrying over 200 extra pounds on her. He wanted to offer to help her with his luggage, but he could tell she was already slowing down for him as he trundled alongside and it was enough for him just to keep moving. At

home Collin had walked laps around the back yard to get used to walking again and he'd increased his tolerance for it, despite continuing to pack on pounds, with Serka's muscle building exercises. But he had not managed to break his 100 yard limit yet, and that was when he was really pushing himself too...

Collin swallowed and started to breath heavily out of his mouth as he felt the pain accumulate in his legs and his lower back. The burning came early as he began to move and built up steadily with each grinding step. His belly was a great, soft mass that knocked into his calves constantly and made for an extra weight that he lifted with his knees with each step. His ankles, entirely consumed by thick calf meat that made it necessary for Collin to not use the last two loops of his shoe laces in order to make his shoes even wider for his fat feet, jiggled fluidly with each slow, heavy step.

Walking was a nearly full time exercise in concentration for Collin as he also had an incredibly small center of mass and was intensely fearful of falling. But despite this he did attempt at least some conversation with Serka, at least while he was able to speak at all. "Did I mention that... fish is one of my favorite foods?" Collin breathed. "Fish and steak... and pork chops and sausages... crab and shrimp, of course... veal is good... and I'll eat goat... Did I... mention... pork... already?" He laughed at his lame attempt at a joke, but it was hard and it devolved into panting. Collin began to limp noticeably as he developed a stitch in his right leg, probably from supporting his weight earlier. They'd only gone about 50 yards down the street past the souvenir shop and a couple other stalls, so Collin said nothing, intent on at least making it to 100 as he'd said he could.

[Gahtren]: Serka was tempted to respond, and it wasn't as if she had strong legs, she was already panting as well. Sweat was building under her fleshy pits, large chest, and backside, though she could see behind her that Collin was struggling to keep up; the dragoness was nigh close to just going beside him and helping him move. Though

recalling his determination to change, she let the leopard continue, her own movements slowing down from her own tiredness.

“A-Almost there Collin... just... mmnf... *huff* keep going...” She encouraged, panting and wheezing as her ass and stomach bounced and sloshed beyond her control. Especially with her stomach hitting her lower thighs, it was a little off feeling, plus her feet started to ache again, though she was nowhere near the amount of burning that Collin was feeling. Slowly but surely she could feel her shoes start to unlace themselves a little, stretched out by her calf fat and the fact that her feet forced her to loosen up some of the laces.

The restaurant was just in sight, and the two were already becoming sweaty mounds of blubber at this point. Though it would be worth it when they got there and could actually get something to eat, since Serka kept up her pace, continuing to push herself and Collin (more so Collin), as her strength was greater than this; despite how she continued to sound completely out of breath.

[Shalion]: To Collin, Serka’s voice of encouragement rang out like a bell as he tried to block out the fire consuming his calves, knees, thighs and the small of his back. He slouched as he walked but forced himself to keep moving forward, to where Serka was walking ahead of him, and kept looking back. He did not notice at all how she panted or wiped the sweat from her face, seeing only her moving with apparent grace that he lacked and also their destination ahead of them, drawing steadily closer, the welcoming sight of the harbor restaurant and the glorious sight of wide, thick wooden benches for waiting patrons. Despite his will to keep going, Collin knew he had to remain realistic and that he was not about to suddenly start being able to walk around like people who weighed over a quarter ton less than he did. Still, Collin began to look cow-eyed into the distance and he panted open mouthed to get air into his bloated figure, the breath rushing in past his long, white fangs and over his red, red tongue.

The stitch in Collin's right leg made everything harder, even getting to 80 yards from where they had started. Collin did feel like he was going to collapse even as they approached the entry gate separating the pier from the outdoor seating. Collin's right leg was trembling, it hurt so much to bend it, and it hurt even more to put his weight on it! Collin swayed more than usual, felt his heavy body start moving on its own and then caught himself at the last instant, stumbling from his stride. He caught Serka's concerned look, "I'm... okay..." he panted. It was hard to catch his breath now, his massive body needed more air than he could provide it. Collin opened his mouth wider and pulled in more air, his shoulders were bobbing up and down for the effort. If he could just reach the fence post and steady himself... "I'm..." But Collin's right leg failed him again and he felt himself falling, for real this time. Shock and blind fear rode through Collin's mind, knowing how much it would hurt to have his half ton body hit the pavement. Despite being liberally coated in blubber, he was more than capable of severely injuring himself, and right before this oh-so-important cruise!

Collin put out his arm by reflex, unable to help himself despite being aware that he was more likely to break it on impact than anything else, but his arm did not smash into the pavement, but rather caught onto something soft that took the brunt of his weight and steadied him back upright. Collin got his right foot back under him as quickly as possible. "Oh my god...! Serka...!" Collin panted, it was all he could manage in the moments after the dragoness had caught him, somehow despite how heavy he was. He was afraid he was going to crush her, but somehow that did not happen, it was beyond the young leopard's imagination.

[Gahtren]: "Mmmnf...!! J-Jesus... Collin... you overworked yourself...!!" Serka strained heavily and huffed as she managed to slowly help him up, it was surprising just how strong the dragoness was. She must have been pretty good at what she did when it came to her workouts, despite all of that soft blubber around her, there was something underneath all of it.

The dragoness took a moment to get herself and Collin situated, literally having to heave him and get the sweaty leopard on his two feet with the dragoness supporting him. Serka was sweating like crazy, her blouse and jeans were showing signs of becoming dampened with her perspiration. Face turning beat red as she was literally hauling half of Collin's weight to the restaurant, to where she could hopefully sit him down and maybe let him rest. Though it was still some yards away, and she just had a little more to go... muscles straining and burning to heft up that fuzzy leopard flesh.

"C-Cmon... don't... don't fall down again...!" Serka gasped, grasping his rolls with her claws tightly, not that she was trying to intentionally hurt him, but more so getting a good grip since she couldn't wrap around that wide girth. God it was almost in range, and there were people around her that were quite astonished with the display of strength just now. Not to mention just staring altogether in complete shock.

[Shalion]: Collin did not notice the other people at the restaurant and those walking down the pier staring, which was unusual for the normally hyper-aware cat, but with his right leg being uncooperative for the last few yards to the restaurant, Serka had to bear nearly half of his entire weight. It hurt the way the dragoness's claws dug into his soft flesh, but the embarrassment of being unable to support himself hurt much worse; although probably not as much as his leg cramp was hurting him at the moment. Collin could not say anything, he could not take a moment away from the air rushing in and out of his dry mouth. It shamed him how he was having to put so much weight on Serka just to keep moving, he almost would have rather folded down onto the dirty street, despite knowing how hard it was for him to get back up from the floor by himself. But it continued to astonish him that Serka was, in fact, there for him and she did not shy away at all from putting her hands and arms onto his body, despite how freakishly obese he was. So, even as her claws hurt his fatty rolls, it hurt in a good way.

Doggedly, Collin reached out for the post of the gate and grabbed it in a large, fuzzy paw, forcing his weight down on it with considerable strength. The wood post

creaked loudly as the leopard and the dragon forced their large bodies past the gate and the last few steps to the benches. But what was this? Collin was almost blind with pain of burning muscles and the cramp in his leg, but he noticed at the last moment that there were actually people already seated on the benches, at least two or three of them, but spaced out so that there would have been no room for Collin's three-person ass.

A moan started deep in Collin's throat, but then the people were moving on their own, and he saw that they themselves were quite more abundant than he was used to seeing of the average person. The person who had been seated on the bench nearest him was a large croc, even taller than Collin was by a hair. He easily passed 400 pounds himself. "Hey, Big Guy, you can have my seat." he gestured and Collin eased off of Serka, still unable to speak and took two steps by himself before turning his huge frame around to let himself down. He all but fell onto the bench, but it was made of thick hardwood and took his weight, for which Collin was eternally grateful; it would have been too much to break a bench here and now and lord knew that he'd broken more than his fair share of furniture already.

The other two people were a pair of lionesses, one much thicker around than the other, but Collin barely noticed them. They had not needed to get up for Collin but were standing now anyways. Collin did not know it, but his coming in red faced and nearly falling down had made a scene. Everyone was staring at his massive frame, even Serka's body, with her protruding black scaled belly went almost unnoticed as Collin panted and threw his head back, letting his legs splay out ahead of him, under his mammoth spotted paunch, that is.

"Oh my god!" said the heavier lioness, her hand going to her mouth, "Is he alright?"

The lean lioness, however, sneered, looking down at Collin with a clear look of disgust. "Don't tell me he's going to be on your cruise too, Liandra." In her free paw, she

took a draft from a long cigarette and continued to observe Collin's slow, painful recovery.

[Gahtren]: Serka huffed and wheezed in raspy breaths as she tried to sit herself down on one of the benches. The sweaty, tired, and now sore dragoness didn't have the patience to deal with that kind of attitude from the lioness. She sneered back and gave the thin lioness a piercing look.

"Lady... *pant* I just helped my friend who's twice my fucking size over here... *wheeze* he's also in pain and about almost collapsed... *pant* if you want to make a big deal about it then go somewhere else..." Serka snorted more air out of her nostrils, body drenched in perspiration, and even her clothes were darkened with sweat when she kept gasping and taking in air for her lungs. The two had clearly made a scene just from coming in, most of their eyes were on the enormous fat-asses, at least a few gave them space and allowed them to breathe.

[Shalion]: Collin continued to rest his head against the wall behind him, or rather the rolls at the back of his neck, seeing as his back was much too thick for him to reach it, even if he had wanted to. He wheezed and rasped deep breaths down his gaping mouth and heavy, thickened neck; even tilted all the way back, the young man still sported a third chin roll under the heavy sac that rested on his throat. He was completely unaware of the lion sisters or anyone else, even as Serka glared at the lean one in his defense.

The smoking lioness snorted in derision at Serka's rebuttal. She made a trail in the air with the tip of her cigarette as she spoke, "I'm not making a big deal about anything. Isn't it your friend over there who's nearly dying?" She drew another deep draft of her cigarette and exhaled, "I assume you're both here for the cruise? Not that I see how it could do any good for him at this point. I imagine he'd be better off getting his stomach stapled or something."

Beside the lean lioness, the much heavier one, at least a good 350 pounds, although the family semblance was quite distinct in the shape of their faces, took her sister's arm. "Annalee..." But Annalee shot her heavier sister a sharp look which quickly silenced her.

[Gahtren]: Serka gritted her teeth, "At least he's trying to lose weight! And you're just sitting there bitching about our situation. I can tell you don't give a damn from how you don't seem all that concerned, I'm more worried about Collin then I am about myself, it's why we're here." Serka wheezed and leaned towards the thinner lioness, almost to the point where her sweaty body pushed against her.

"Stomach stapling is a last resort, and throwing those comments at him so carelessly in front of me tells me everything I need to know about you." Serka was becoming more fired up (pun unintended) when defending Collin, "I'm not telling you to shut up, but mind your own damn business... Annalee."

"Okay, okay, stop it both of you!" The hefty crocodile intervened as he stepped around to the two, "If your friend needs help, there's a gym on the cruise ship and it's open at late hours of the night. I can offer you and him some training..." He suggested.

"Thank you but... *pant* we'll think about it..." Serka was starting to collect her breath, looking back at Collin to make sure he wasn't going to pass out again.

"Well, here's my card if you ever want to give me a call." When Serka took it out of the croc's scaly fingers, she was quite appalled when she saw 'Lex Davis' 'fitness expert' on it. She didn't want to pry but was this guy an employee on the ship or did she just get extremely lucky? That or just trying to spread his business around, either way she awkwardly chuckled and started to slip the card (or tried too) in her pocket.

"Erm... thanks Lex." She muttered with a tired smile.

[Shalion]: “Don’t mention it...” said the croc, lifting his long, toothy muzzle slightly which caused his heavy neck to wobble more than a little. He turned a questioning glance back towards the lionesses. The heavy one, Liandra ostensibly, was wringing her paws together, glancing nervously at her sister. Annalee, just drew on her smoke-stick once more and sighed out through her teeth while rolling her eyes.

“Come on,” she said and began walking past both the round dragoness and the even rounder leopard without paying either a second glance. “I think we were just leaving anyways.”

Liandra followed sheepishly behind, but turned back to Serka and mouthed the word “S-o-r-y.” before turning to huff out onto the pier.

The hostess came over from behind a desk once it seemed that it was safe once again. “How many for lunch...?” she asked a little timidly noticing the rather unusual size of the two patrons.

Collin took several more minutes to recover, the stitch in his leg taking the longest to fade while the burning in the muscles of his legs and back went away without too much fuss. However, as the pain in his body began to fade, Collin became more aware of just how fast his heart had been and still was beating. He, in fact, felt not a little pain deep in chest, well below his pendulous man-tits, as the cramp in his leg faded, or rather, he became aware of a pain that had been there for the past several minutes but that he had been unable to recognize.

Collin reached for his wallet, which he left secured in the cleft under his left pectoral as it was hard for him to reach into the skin tight pockets of the sweat bottoms he wore to cover his massive bottom. He pulled a fabric pouch from under his moob and dove into its contents with his fat, shaky fingers, withdrawing four tablets and throwing them all into his mouth, swallowing hard in his dry mouth. He continued to gulp air, but caught the look Serka was giving him as he tried and failed to stow away his - for lack of a better word - purse back into his shirt without anyone noticing. “Just... aspirin...” he

rasped and wiped at his head again, throwing large sweat droplets onto the ground. He managed a grin. He was, in fact, breathing easier now as he was able to sit down properly and get his weight off of his feet.

The hostess did bring both Collin and Serka water while they waited for which Collin was especially grateful as he downed three glasses before they were even showed to their table. However, he did not notice the way that he sometimes rubbed at his chest with the fist of his left hand, as the chest pain lingered, even after he had caught his breath.

[Gahtren]: It gave both Collin and Serka time to recover, as the dragoness had gulped down a couple of glasses for her parched throat and waited with Collin. She eyed him with some concern, struggling a bit to get her fat neck turned towards his direction.

“Are you okay Collin?” Serka started to rub Collin’s fattened arm as the two had to help each other to their table, fortunately it wasn’t a long walk/waddle, unlike when they traveled to the restaurant. Sitting down was going to be an issue as they were being led to a booth, obviously it was too small for both of them, especially the leopard. Serka had to ease the massively sweaty feline into his seat, which he overfilled, both the upper edge of the table and the seat itself, his ass flesh pressing against the wall and sagging off the side.

When Serka did the same, she grunted and wedged herself against the table, her large breasts and upper stomach pushing on the table as her black scaled stomach was unintentionally squishing against Collin’s gut under the table (which both took up a good deal, more so Collin). Serka continued to rub her fat claw against Collin’s swell of his arm fat, rubbing it reassuringly and making sure he was comfortable both physically and mentally, they were both quite stressed out after their encounter with the lionesses.

[Shalion]: Serka gave Collin a neutered version of what had happened with the two lionesses and the helpful croc, Lex, on the way to the table and he nodded in silence,

slightly mortified in trying to imagine what he must have looked like stumbling into the waiting area of the restaurant, but strangely numb since he could barely remember anything but how much he had been hurting trying to manage those last few yards.

It was not helpful that the restaurant did not have any chairs suitable for either Collin or Serka, as they all had arms, so they had to be sat in a booth. Their only saving grace was that the booth seats were not bolted onto the ground and could be moved around as with the two huge patrons needed easily twice as much width as the table was usually set and still they were rather cramped, even though Serka had pushed the booth so far out that it nearly blocked off a corridor for the waiters to walk by. Collin accepted Serka's help easing himself into the booth, though it made him feel more like a kid. It was indeed harder for him to slide his ass down the length of the faux leather bench seat and his belly bumped the table up and down as he shuffled his girth, but it was also Collin's first time being in a restaurant in over eight years, not including fast food, naturally. His mouth was already watering from subconscious anticipation, but his mind was full of just apprehension and silent embarrassment at every concession the staff had to make for not just his, but Serka's size.

And even when he was seated so that his right side was smooshed as far as he could against the wall of the booth - still with a good chunk of ass flesh hanging off the other side of the seat - he saw that his gut pushed the table so far ahead of him that even a regular sized patron would have had a tough time squeezing into the other side of the booth. Collin noticed the slight frown of frustration on Serka's face, but suddenly had a good idea.

Collin's paunch actually had a deep horizontal crease in it, moving just over his love handles and intersecting with his deep, deep belly button, so his belly was, in a sense, divided into upper and lower halves, albeit the lower half that also contained his love handles was much heavier and flowed to rest on the ground between his paws when seated. Collin reached under the table and hefted his upper belly up onto the

table, feeling the edge of the table press into his navel, which shocked Collin a little with its sensitivity at the sensation, but he proceeded to pull the table in as much as possible, even sucking in his diaphragm for the scant inches it could provide, like a chubby kid trying to suck in his gut. Collin's gut spread further across the table and he could even feel between his paws his lower belly lifting up a couple inches, though a far cry from what was needed to part it from the filthy floor under the table. Bisecting himself like that, Collin was just able to make enough space for Serka, though the monument to his years of past gluttony rested on about a quarter of the table's surface like a fuzzy lopsided centerpiece.

Collin was more than a little surprised to feel Serka's own considerable paunch press against the mass of his lower tummy as she scooted her wide self into the stall. Collin was not used to thinking about other people's fat, since he was always fatter by far than anyone he ever met. Serka's belly was not as wide as his, but it pushed into him easily, either because he was softer than her, or she had found the hollow where his upper portion of belly fat normally rested, or both. And she continued to touch his arm. It made Collin a little uncomfortable to have someone touching him like that, but somehow it was easier to endure, since it was Serka after all.

Collin responded to Serka's question after they had already been seated for a while and he was beginning to feel calmer and more recovered from the recent ordeal. With four more cups of water and A/C, not only was Collin able to catch his breath, he, slowly, ever so slowly, was able to start drying off his persistent perspiration. But Serka had caught him rubbing at his chest, regardless of how he was bouncing back.

"Please don't worry. I hate that I have to say it at all, but I'm not having a heart attack. It's just a little angina. It'll go away on its own."

[Gahtren]: "Its my first time seeing you do that Collin." Serka responded, "Can't blame me for being worried about you." The dragoness shifted in her seat as their stomachs connected and looked like they were making out underneath the booth. Her belly started

to growl again in retort to her sudden workout from earlier with helping Collin, and immediately the dragoness began to look at the menu, already almost drooling at the idea of fish, shrimp...

The sudden switch from Collin's health to food most likely wasn't unusual for either party, as Serka seemed more focused on what her order was going to be. Waiting for their server to come back to take their more-than-likely tall order, "As long as you're alright Collin, I know you've been... hesitant to tell me about your health." The dragoness reassured after browsing her menu, most likely choosing the fish and chips with fries, fried seafood platter, shrimp basket...

"I think it's time we may want to start planning what we want to eat." Serka adjusted herself again, getting a fold that was causing a pinch against the table, her breasts accidentally pushing out a little more and almost bumping against Collin's glass of water, it didn't help that her ass was pressing off the seat. "Damn booths..." She cursed.