

Seven Days of Swelling – Day One

Neither knew how it started. To be honest, they didn't really care. The radical changes to their bodies were far more pleasant than sinister, making life more colorful with each passing day. And by the end, they were truly enormous...

This is a journal detailing those changes, with each day bringing about a transformation more fantastical than the last.

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"Mmmm," Callum sighed, watching his companion paint. "Another landscape, doughball?"

Nitro, a portly red and gold dragon, turned from his canvas and smirked. "Skyline," he corrected, dabbing Callum's round snout with his paintbrush. "And you should know better than to distract an artist."

"Can't help it," the silver drake giggled. He reached out and gave Nitro's cherry-red rump a gentle squeeze. Both dragons were...plush for their species. With well-fed figures that reflected a rich, sedentary lifestyle. Nitro's recent rise to prominence in the art community and Callum's bakery practically running itself had funded a life of extravagance. That meant a plentitude of the finer things in life, and good food was at the top of their list. The result came in the form of a healthy abundance of curves lining both dragons' bulks and several inches of additional padding along their frames. Callum took advantage of this gift now, groping his friend's rear and making the artist redden.

"I swear I'll sit on you," he threatened, straightening his favorite smock.

"Oh please do," the baker giggled back, tracing one claw along Nitro's thick thighs.

"Later," Nitro admonished. "I'm sure there are other things that can hold your attention."

That was admittedly true, much to Callum's chargin. He released his friend's derriere, and chuckled when Nitro whapped his silver, yoga-ball gut with a red-gold tail. Their humble abode had grown rife with indulgent pieces of art, modern furniture, and many other ornamentations all cloistered in a roomy, circular apartment-studio complex hybrid. A giant, circular bed took center stage, functioning as the pair's sleeping quarters and impromptu art supplies storage.

Callum swept aside a couple old paintings and flopped on the bed, looking out a set of floor-to-ceiling windows to take in the cityscape. Despite the beautiful view, he quickly grew bored and alternated between reading a cheap crime-thriller and watching the backside of his companion wobble with each brushstroke.

At some point the baker must've dozed off, because the next thing he knew, he was laying on his back with a familiar face smiling down at him. Nitro was straddling his thick waist and grinning impishly, while Callum wiggled. "Erf...you're heavy, you know that right?"

"Oh dear," Nitro rolled his eyes and leaned forward, placing his paws full on Callum's belly and giving it a squeeze. "I mean it's not like you've ever experienced *heaviness* before."

"Alright, alright," the portly dragon giggled, beginning to purr as Nitro's paws sifted through his gut. "What happened to the painting? Get bored of drawing the only thing bigger than this?" he gave Nitro's rump another squeeze.

"Nope!" Nitro hummed, leaning forward so their bellies pressed together. "It's finished. Now I want to celebrate." With that, he leaned in even more and kissed Callum, making the baker go slack.

"It's important to celebrate these things," the baker agreed, kissing the artist back. Their softened scales rubbed and squashed together warmly, forming platinum and gold rolls. Callum rested back against the bed, holding his companion close as he enjoyed the doughy warmth of Nitro's softened butt in his fingers.

The red dragon returned the favor by slipping his paws under Callum's shirt, fingering the blue plates around the baker's sides and stroking upwards to the set of deep, soft-ball moobs resting against his chest. They held that intimacy for awhile, kissing and groping one another's pudge in mutual fondness. Eventually, as the sun faded and millions of white, yellow, and red city lights bloomed on the horizon, the pair fell asleep against each other, comfortable in one another's supple embrace.

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Sometime during that night a transformation occurred. And that is the reason for this journal. To recapture the events of those seven days and the exceedingly bizarre (though rather wonderful) changes these two dragons experienced. Neither is precisely certain what happened or where the transformation originated from, but neither felt angered by it either.

That unseen force, whatever it was, seeped into their slumbering bodies like a parasite and spread through their veins. Pressed together, Callum and Nitro murmured in their sleep as their bellies swelled, their arms and legs thickened, and their bodies grew in both size and girth.

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Callum awoke the next morning to something soft and red squished against his face. He smiled when he saw Nitro's thick snout buried in his chest. One of the dragon's cherry-

red arms looped around Callum's neck, hugging him possessively and squishing the baker close. Callum gently levered the arm off, feeling fresh air graze the scales along his pudgy neck.

"Ooof!" He yelped as he rolled over to get out of bed. His stomach tumbled forward into a huge, silvery sag, spreading almost all the way over his knees. "The hell?" Callum poked the mound of fresh lard, as if it were some alien life form incubating in his gut. Nope, it was all him. He'd graduated from pleasantly hefty to glaringly obese in one night. Looking back at Nitro, Callum saw his companion had suffered a similar fate.

The slumbering dragon's belly spread over the bed like an upturned pot of gold, heavy and resplendent in the morning light. Callum took in Nitro's thickened figure with a grin, taking a moment of enjoyment from the bewildering situation. The artist's thighs had broadened into cherry-tree trunks, hooked around Callum's tail which had also put on an impressive amount of girth.

The baker stroked a ripe third chin as he leaned over impishly and gave one of Nitro's cheeks a good pinch. The artist's eyes shot open and he sat up with a gasp, before his increased waistline pushed him right back down. "The hell?"

Callum laughed and slapped the side of his silver belly where it rolled over his legs. "I know, right? Seems we slept reeeeeeally heavy last night."

Nitro gazed over his golden expanse, confusion shining bright in his eyes. Then he looked over Callum's equally curvaceous figure and smirked. "I think someone slept extra heavy, though. C'mere, you doughball." He pulled Callum over and gave the baker a kiss, squeezing his blue rolls and rubbing his weighted tail against Callum's rump.

The baker, startled by the sudden affection, giggled and returned the sentiment after a moment. "You seem okay with this," he said between kisses.

Nitro released the flabby dragon and swung his ham-like thighs over the bed. "You kidding? My doughball is three times as cuddly now and we got all this extra weight for nothing!"

"True," Callum concurred, "Aren't you curious where it came from though?"

"Something we ate, maybe?" Nitro guessed as he slid into a huge robe. He was more than twice his previous width, with a belly that spilled over his groin and dangled level with his thighs. The artist kept having to pull his boxers up where his rump cinched them down. Callum's constant fondling of his cheeks didn't help. "And stop that, fatass, or I'll sit on you."

"Oh would you," Callum giggled, hooking his paws around Nitro's hips and dragging him onto his chest. "I'll do the same for you. Promise!"

Nitro giggled and lowered his newly voluminous butt atop Callum's chest, squishing the baker's belly to the sides and burying them in bright, red blubber. The artist coiled his tail around the baker's neck and gave Callum a gorgeous view of his golden overhang. "Like that?"

"Yessss," Callum purred, nuzzling the inside of Nitro's thighs. He could feel his immense belly straining to hold the massive dragon. His paws found the artist's butt once more and gave it a sharp squeeze while Nitro leaned forward and anchored his underwear-clad member between the baker's thick moobs. They kissed again. "I could get used to this new size," Callum murred as they broke apart.

"Oh, I'm sure you broach this size every day when you're in your bakery," Nitro giggled. "Stay here."

"Where're you going?" Callum called, laying on his back on the bed and looking to his companion's jiggling rump as Nitro waddled toward the kitchen.

"You'll see," Nitro sang.

Very soon, the ample artist returned bearing a platter of grapes, cheese, and crackers. He climbed onto the bed and sat atop Callum's tremulous belly once more. There, Nitro wrapped his massive thighs around the baker's middle and leaned forward, making his golden cleavage dangle. "Open wiiiiide, cutie."

Callum leaned up and took a good mouthful of Nitro's belly, grinning. "I meant the grapes, fatass." The artist chuckled and wiggled one in front of the bulging baker's snout.

Callum grinned and accepted it with a blush. "It's almost as sweet."

Nitro rolled his eyes, but his cheeks burned red as he grasped the baker's side rolls. "Keep it up and see what happens."

"Is that a challenge?"

"Try and find out," Nitro said ominously as he dangled another grape over his heavy companion's maw and gave one of Callum's moobs a good grope.

The baker waited for a little while, gently working through the grapes which scarcely made a blip in his boulder-sized gut. He wanted to at least get the food out of the way before sending his corpulent companion off the rails again.

As Nitro fed him, Callum brought his paws up to rest them around the red dragon's thighs. Gently, the baker pressed them together, squishing them against his doughy, blue chest and squeezing the artist's bulge in between. To Nitro's credit, he remained remarkably calm, letting off a soft moan of pleasure from time to time as he shifted his ponderous butt against the hefty scales of Callum's waist. Together, the pair of dough balls indulged

in one another's company, enjoying their amplified sizes and occasionally exchanging a kiss.

As Nitro delivered the final grape to his doughball's tubby maw, Callum slid his thick tail under the artist's skin-tight underwear and snapped them against his cheeks. Nitro yelped and narrowed his eyes, feeling the baker's tail wiggle between his domed cheeks. "I told you, fatass, you're playing with fire!" He grinned sharply and pinned the baker's arms to his sides, using his heavy, golden figure as a counterweight. "Now you're gonna pay."

With that, the massive dragon lay full on Callum's belly, squashing the baker into an oblong bulge of dragon pudge. Nitro took one of the baker's moobs in his mouth and gave it a good bite while he mercilessly teased and tickled the collections of rolls bunched along Callum's sides.

Laughing uncontrollably, Callum wriggled in return, sending his voluminous figure rubbing against his companion. He was caught between bliss and exasperation, fighting to breath as his lard-layered chest heaved with rich chuckles and protests. "N-no! Stooooop...not fair!"

Nitro didn't let up. He snuggled, kissed, nuzzled, rubbed, and squashed the fat teaser into submission, rendering Callum a heap of heaving dragon flab. Smirking, the artist slipped both paws under Callum's generous overhang and lifted it, feeling the pillowy lard spill through his fingers. "I could bury you, you know," he threatened, dangling the overhang over Callum. "Buuuut I'm too tired." Callum sighed in relief and then oofed as Nitro flopped on top of him again. "So you're gonna be my bed."

"Hmph," Callum grumbled, before smiling as Nitro kissed his snout.

"Time for a nap, doughball. You plus all of this," he wobbled his golden gut, "Really tires a derg out." With that, Nitro made himself at home against his companion, wrapping his arms around the baker and pulling him close.

Callum rubbed his neck with a paw and between his thighs with his tail, making Nitro moan softly. "Night then, tubby."

Together, they passed out, exhausted in their enormity.

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Time passed, the sun traversed the sky, carving an arc that matched the swells of the dragons' bellies into the sky. Whatever hidden force sought their weighty trials was far from done. Who can say how big they'll be tomorrow?