

Surprise Vacation  
By Angelus

Holo awoke to the feeling of someone tapping on the glassy panel that covered a portion of his belly. The cyborg dragon opened his eyes with a snort, and his HUD came online as his system booted him up from Sleep Mode. The first thing he noticed was the daytime sky above him, which was perfectly normal, except for the fact that he remembered falling asleep indoors. His clawed hands gripped at the floor under him, and instead of feeling a mattress or sheets, his fingers raked through smooth, sun-warmed sand. There were more pressing matters though. He leaned up so that he could get a look at what was poking him.

Kneeling over Holo's belly was a considerably large bear with tropical green fur and an almost perfectly white belly and chest. She, as Holo noted, was dressed in a skirt made of huge leaves, and her top seemed to be some sort of tan-furred tube top that wrapped around the bear's bust and back. Fluffy, cloud-like pink hair bounced atop her head, and she turned to look at Holo as he leaned up.

"Uh, hey," Holo tried, lifting his metal arm to give the bear a wave.

"Oh, hello small friend!" The bear's face brightened with a smile. "Welcome to Clover's island!"

Holo was relieved to find that she spoke a language he currently had installed. There was no cell or WiFi out here to connect his system to. "Clover's island, huh? And I assume, you are-"

"Clover, yes!" Clover stood up straight, and her shadow covered a good portion of Holo's body. She was tall, much taller than an average person, and thick as well. Her waist was easily twice as wide as Holo's and under that leafy skirt she had thick and sturdy legs that held up her ample stomach and rump. Holo couldn't see most of her top half from where he was laying, now that she was standing up, but he knew it wasn't much smaller than her lower half.

"Well, nice to meet you Clover, I'm Holo," the dragon said, introducing himself. He sat fully upright and arched his back to stretch it. He was eye-level with the top of Clover's wobbling middle, and she was peering down at him from over the horizon of her belly. "How did I uh... No. No. Did you see how I got here?" he asked.

Clover looked around, then shook her head. "No! No boat, no plane, no footprints in the sand. You're just here, small friend!" she said, doing her best to be helpful.

Holo grumbled to himself. "Sleep teleported again..."

"What was that?" Clover asked, overhearing his whisper.

"Uh? Nothing, nothing." Holo gave a dismissive wave, and then got to his feet with a grunt. He took in his surroundings for the first time since waking up. He was standing on a sandy beach, a few feet away from the water. There was no land in sight from the shore, or ships, just crystal blue water all the way out to the horizon. Looking inland, the sand quickly gave way to dense foliage and tall, wide-trunked trees with broad, shady fronds for leaves. There was a faint sweet smell in the air, like that of a fresh fruit salad.

Clover was looking up at Holo, now that he was standing. It was rare that she met someone taller than her, and he had a couple feet on the tropical bear. Despite that, she still addressed him as "small friend" for his relative slimness. "Are you hungry, small friend?"

“Oh, why do you ask?” Holo turned his gaze to her, and noted the cute, tiny skull necklace she was wearing. The skull was too small to be real, probably.

Clover jabbed a pudgy finger at his stomach, poking him right on his external display. “Empty!” she exclaimed.

Holo pulled up some data readouts on his HUD, and mumbled a “Huh,” as he looked it over. “You’re right, fuel is running a bit low. I’d be grateful if you had any food to offer.”

As soon as the words left his mouth, Clover grabbed him by the arm and pulled him inland. She was deceptively strong, and Holo yelped as he was dragged across the sand a couple feet before he caught himself and jogged to keep up with her. Her belly bounced as she crashed through the underbrush where the sand met the grass, and Holo found that they were on a well-worn path that wound its way between the trees.

Holo followed Clover up the path as it climbed uphill, along the edge of a cliff, until it opened into a clearing in the middle of a grove of trees. The branches of every tree were hanging low, laden as they were with fruits as big as Clover’s head. They were bright red, and elongated, with a bulge at the bottom giving them a shape reminiscent of squash. Clover pulled one down and tossed it to Holo, who caught it and turned it over in his hands. It was heavy, with a thick skin.

“I can eat this?” he asked.

“Oh yes! It’s very filling, enjoy please!” Clover stood back and watched with excited, sparkling eyes.

Holo shrugged at the fruit and tossed the whole thing in his mouth. His sharp teeth and mechanical jaws sliced through the thick skin of the fruit without effort, and after pulping it up, he swallowed it down. It had a sweet, berry-like flavor, with a sour, palate cleansing aftertaste. “That’s really good... I could do with another though.”

“Mmh, just wait a moment!” Clover said, her eyes glued on Holo.

“For... what?” He blinked, and half noticed that the “Low Fuel” warning that had been floating in his vision disappeared. All of a sudden, his chubby stomach bloated out into a soft sphere that bounced over his hips. He grunted with surprise and stumbled back as the sudden shift in his center of gravity tossed him off balance.

Clover gave a delighted squeal and clapped her hands. “Ooohh, good! A good start, small friend!” Clover’s stubby tail was wagging behind her, and she leaned forward to get a better view.

Holo was holding onto his thick sides as the fruit took effect. The sphere of his stomach inched out, widening his yellow belly plates. His sides thickened and connected to his belly, and his thighs began to press together. He hiccupped, and a surge of growth spread from his middle, adding a few inches of fat to his back, and several to his chest, making it sag down on top of his stomach. Clover giggled as Holo grew, and he could only smirk. “You were expecting this, weren’t you?” he asked.

“Very much so! Clover knows all the fruits on her island very well.” She approached now, and gave Holo’s middle a prod, and this time her chubby hands sank into the plush pillow of that that his stomach was growing into. “If...” she began. “Growing friend would like to stay for a while, there are MANY more types of fruits for him to try!” She said, bribing him to stay.

Holo's smirk widened into a grin that showed his teeth. "I don't have any reason to leave," he told her, as his tail and rump thickened up behind him, counter balancing the weight of his protruding gut.

"Good! Let's go then!" Clover grabbed Holo before he was even done growing from the effects of the first fruit. She could feel his wrist thickening in her hand as the increasingly heavy dragon lumbered behind her, fattening with every step. She was too excited to slow down, and dragged him along at a brisk jog. She couldn't wait to see the effects all the fruits would have on her new friend!