

“New place, finally!”

Kazix stretched as he let himself fall back on the bed in his apartment. The dragon had been trying to get out of his old one for ages now and it was a vast relief to be here, even if it was mostly bare walls and a mattress on the floor. That stretch lasted a good few seconds before he rolled over to get up, feeling too restless to keep laying down. The paperwork had all happened so fast the gold and orange colored dragon barely had time to process anything or take as deep a look into the apartment as he ought to have. All that mattered was the rent cost and the availability – and being able to wander around naked again with the lack of room mates. The dragon shed his clothing and went right for the shower, muscled body grateful for the open air on it.

Getting through a hot shower wasn't something that took too long, even when Kazix was taking his time. The dragon stepped out after about half an hour, less sweaty, more relaxed than ever. Kazix ran his fingers through the fiery orange mane of hair on his head and looked at his empty abode.

“Guess I should check things over, make records for when I move out. I- huh, I could swear the closet was empty when I was here earlier.”

It wasn't a noteworthy looking box. Just beat up cardboard with clothing in it, one piece of which Kazix plucked up and held in front of himself. Sweat pants, dark gray, a little weathered and beaten up looking – and completely enormous. It felt like holding up a camping tent, and took a while to find the tag that declared them as size twelve-XL. Kazix whistled, then laughed at the ridiculous size of the things, before stepping into the legs of it and holding it around him like something out of a cartoon.

A nasty snarl from Kazix's stomach followed that. The dragon hadn't eaten today, and he suddenly felt *ravenous*.

“..No groceries yet. Guess I'm ordering takeout-”

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Kazix pried open a window, savoring the rush of cold air that came flooding in, and knocking over a stack of pizza boxes and soda bottles in the process. The dragon winced a bit as he did so, in part because he didn't want to pick them up and in part because it reminded him just how much he'd been ordering out. Four months in the new place and he'd made about two actual grocery runs, which made for about eight days in total he *hadn't* had pizza or burgers or something else delivered.

The dragon hadn't even bothered unpacking his clothing, and now? There wasn't much point.

Collapsing onto the bed, Kazix made the springs creak audibly as he did so. He'd gotten the bed up on a frame at least and he'd gotten some sheets on it but that was all the more furnishing he'd bothered with beyond a table to sit his TV and computer at. Said table was right up against his bed, which saved Kazix a lot of trouble when he wanted to just lay back and enjoy something. Which he did kind of a lot of. The dragon reached up and grabbed at his belly, ran his hands across his chest, airing out the folds where the flab he'd grown in those months had grown. Kazix blushed furiously as he did, all the chiseled muscle he'd been sporting a few months ago was *covered* in blubber now. A big gut, hefty moobs, thighs that rubbed together constantly, and at least half of a new chin. He was a slovenly mess that weighed close to three times what he'd been before.

“This is.. come on, Kaz, this is.. weird. Right? Like.. go see a doctor about it weird? People don't gain a hundred pounds a month for four months. That's..”

Kazix wanted to freak out but he couldn't seem to. Something kept dragging his mind away from it. Something that left him rubbing at his blubbery expanse instead and thinking about the delivery he was expecting next, enough Chinese to feed a family of six – which would hopefully satisfy him for the evening at least. The dragon leaned his head back and looked at the corner of the room where the only clothing he bothered with most of the time anymore lay in a heap. The twelve XL sweats – still way too big for him, but not nearly so much so as they had been. So when the doorbell rang Kazix rocked side to side, heaving himself off the bed, and grabbing them as he started to waddle for the door. The dragon tucked the unwashed sweats under his belly and held the slack up behind him with his other hand.

Given that the deliveries were mostly contactless that was good enough. Kazis bent over to grab the heap of boxes that had been left behind – then let out an embarrassing *Vwurrphvhvvt* into the apartment behind him as he did. All the dragon could do in response was blush a bit harder and retreat inside to feast.

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The doorbell rang, and Kazix's answer to it was a thundering *VWURPHHHBBT*- before he managed to recover enough from being brought out of his stupor to speak properly.

“C-come on in! Door's unlocked. Tip's on the counter, but could ya bring the order over here by the bed maybe?”

There was some hesitation when the door opened, then a muffled gagging sound and the crinkle of bags being set down and the door slamming. Kazix let out a frustrated exhale and started to rock side to side, body sloshing and undulating around as he built momentum. The dragon needed to drive up a lot of it to get himself over onto his side, then to drape himself over the edge of the bed. It wasn't an easy task, getting to the bedside and onto his feet left him breathless. Kazix body was *enormous*, a big gelatinous mass of dirty orange and gold stained with grime, sweat, and food. Much like the sweats he was stretching out, bit by bit, as he painstakingly got himself to his feet and started to waddle.

Even that was a difficult task, at best. Kazix was huffing and panting after a few steps, sucking in deep breaths of air that reeked of his own stale, acrid stink. That shower from his first day was eight months ago now and he'd barely used it since – and probably wouldn't fit into it now anyway. The dragon got to the kitchen and the front door by leaning on the wall, slouching low enough to hook his fingertips in the bag loops, and then started to shuffle backward slowly but surely. Turning around took too much effort, and he'd have to do it again at the bed anyway.

Kazix more fell against the bed than anything when he got there, spending a few minutes just laying at an angle and panting desperately for air while he slowly lifted the food onto the bed and occasionally let out an eye searing belch or deafened his neighbors with another wall-hammering *VWURURPHHHBBBT* that filled his sweats out like a parachute.

The dragon grunted, getting all the food up into the bed bit by bit, before he more poured himself onto it than got on properly. An act that resulted in another violent fart and a whole lot of his blubbery mass jostling and sloshing around itself. One hand reached for the sacks of egg rolls, the other groped blindly between his thighs for the gargantuan mound of fat that had devoured most of his cock.

It was a decadent and vile species of pleasure, but it was the only one Kazix cared about anymore.