

Jason rolled sluggishly out of bed, trying to ignore the throbbing aches and other signs of a hangover. The gator went through rubbing at his face, feeling his thick jowls shed crustings of crumbs and other detritus from the previous night's gluttony. From there began the slow walk of shame to the bathroom, deciding whether or not to kick off what clothing remained on him from the debauchery of the night before or to just tug it back on and patch it with other 'more or less clean' clothes from those lying around the apartment. All of which boiled down to whether or not he'd woken up after one snooze button or four, and the blue green gator wasn't sure yet.

“Figure that out.. later, maybe. I.. ugh. Right-”

Having ambled his way to the bathroom, Jason found his phone charging there which explained to him where circumstances sat.

“..Nope, no shower today. Gonna just have to throw on some Axe and call it good.”

Exhaling, the gator grumped audibly as he got up. The act took effort, it *always* did but the more awake he was the more he *noticed*. Every step took a little out of him as his body quaked like lime jello coated in scales. Getting into all the crevices to properly clean up was a pain in the ass anyway, literally and otherwise.

“I swear if they complain again I'm gonna just tackle someone out the window..”

It only took til Jason was back to the bedroom before his back started to protest being on his feet.. and his feet weren't far behind in the complaining. The gator slid his closet open to try and find something a bit less conspicuously messy, sweaty, or otherwise obviously worn more than twice since having been washed. It wasn't as if he *knew* there were such garments still in his apartment, but there had to be *something*. Right?

He did *not* expect the orange jersey with the number twenty-three on it to come tumbling out of there when he did. That left the gator frozen for a moment. He hesitated before plucking it off the floor and stumbling back to sit on his bed. Jason lifted the jersey and gave it the same sniff he'd given all the other clothing he checked so far, finding it smelled.. dusty? But nothing worse than that, which put it way.. way past most of his other clothing as far as being acceptable.

“..Maybe not exactly 'office casual' but.. what are they going to complain about more, the smell or.. uhm.”

Jason tucked his face into the jersey and pulled down. The effort seemed to be going great.. until it stopped shortly after his moobs and refused to go down over the entirety of his belly. Not

even half of it really. Worse yet, it got rather tight and almost see-through toward the bottom. Jason was pretty sure he heard a few threads snap too. It left the gator stopping and looking down at himself, really *looking* at himself. Something that hadn't happened in quite a long time.

“...Cripes, when did this.. when did I let this even happen? I.. I was..”

Reaching down and tucking his hands under his belly just made it worse, it made it *real* and did so while leaving the gator realizing his hands completely vanished under all that blubber. It took effort just to flatten his arms against all the fat piled onto his sides to get this far with it. Jason tugged at the rim of the jersey a little more but it didn't come any further down onto his body. It just snapped a little more again, leaving the gator wincing as he looked down at the stretched out number and orange material where it got thin, then stopped just before the vast swell of his belly took over the view.

It was more reflex than anything when Jason tightened his legs up. Some old training drill his body hadn't completely forgotten. The gator didn't quite manage to stop it from going all the way through him.. Right to where he'd ruined his knee in his second year at college. Every muscle on the backside of his left leg started to twist itself into an excruciating knot and Jason was left stuck trying his best to think his way out of this, to force his body to unclench and relax, but it was slow going. Even after years of 'practice' handling his handicap as best he could it was hard to will away a cramp.

“Stop it, stop it, stop it.. come on – I swear I'll get some vitamins later or something just-”

As if it was listening, Jason found his belly rumbling at the notion of putting *anything* in his face and swallowing it. The gator could see himself blushing in the mirror over the idea, at least until the cramp spiked again. It took most of five minutes of rubbing and willfully relaxing to get it to stop, and by the end of it Jason was feeling more than a little spent.

“I was better than this. Fuck, I probably could've gotten through this if I hadn't gotten.. huge. Look at all this!”

Jason knew he was getting loud for the thin apartment walls he had to deal with but he didn't care. The outburst had come and he'd stood up for emphasis and that had just forced him into even more uncomfortable awareness. He was *covered* in blubber, head to toe. It had started so small, he'd gotten hurt and taken a month off to recover.. and he'd let himself go a bit. Then his leg got worse, then he lost the scholarships he was on, got kicked off the team, got depressed, couldn't pay his tuition, dropped out..

“Ruined leg, fat ass, pile of debt. Real *fuckin* solid dream ticket there. Right?”

For a moment the gator felt like breaking down. Rather, he felt like he *needed* to break down and he was considering letting himself do so. The jersey had slid up and was now tucked snugly under his moobs while covering nothing else when he did so, Jason had to work to dig it out of there and by the time he had the gator was easing himself back down and his eyes were tearing up.

Jason threw the jersey across the room and looked at himself again.

“I need to just.. I should just-”

The gator reached for his phone and started tapping out an email to work about not coming in today, about feeling too sick to risk exposing the others in the office, which was *kind of* true except that it was from being hung over. He got about halfway into it when he was surprised out of his task by a text notification popping up.

*BarFlyboy: Hey big boy! See you this weekend again? Sooner maybe? ;)*

It took a whole three seconds for Jason to put together what he was looking at. The previous night was largely blank for him at this point, at least after a certain point. It took some effort for Jason to dredge up the parts just preceding it.. the guy in the jacket with the green feathers and the cute little beak. The one that..

That kept buying him drinks, and appetizers.

*BarFlyboy: Tell you what, I'll be in there Wednesday night. If you like I'll get us dinner and I can pick the nachos out of your teeth ;>*

A little squeak escaped Jason's body as he felt things stir. A bit of heat and pressure between his legs, his heart pounding for reasons other than having exerted himself *at all* at his size, and he was blushing again.. but not out of shame this time. He *kind of* remembered the bird, handsy.. or whatever his arms ended in, and charming, had a habit of singing a little for no reason and just would not stop rubbing at Jason's belly.

Getting out a simple 'I'll be there' reply was about all Jason could do at this point. The gator was spinning in his head a bit too much to be eloquent right now, if he was even capable of it. That closed the messaging app and left him staring, instead, at his email to work. Jason blinked at it slowly, then set the phone aside and looked back toward his bathroom – and at his laundry.

“..Fuck it. Come on, coach always said push through it and this is.. I mean, it might not be exactly the same direction he had in mind but it's still through something!”

Jason lifted up sluggishly and dragged two things with him apart from the catastrophic weight of his own jiggling ass. A handful of his better fitting, more comfortable clothing for starters. His phone for other hand. The gator loaded his small washing machine first while the water for the shower heated up, he'd have to make it fast for the two not to interfere with each other but there was *probably* time. Maybe. But first-

“Alright.. uh. 'Small emergency. Two hours late. Will use paid time off or stay late if you prefer.' Yeah, that should be good.. right? It's the morning anyway, nobody calls this early.”

One last check before sending off the email, making sure he was *telling them* he was going to be late – not asking – was all Jason left off with before he set the phone aside and climbed in the shower. Which, as he expected, was *scalding hot* as his washing machine drew water away from the plumbing.. Luckily having scales and being a reptile made that less of a problem than it could be.

As he got into the water and started cleaning up, at least a little, Jason found himself thinking of the showers back in the gym. Those had always been fast affairs too, just rinse the sweat off and keep things dry afterward for the most part. This wasn't *really* any different, it was just that every last movement he ever took was an exercise in weight training as he hauled about three hundred and fifty extra pounds around his body.

..But maybe that was fine. Jason let the water rinse between his scales and get under his crevices, he lifted his belly with one hand and let the water run under it – scrubbed at the underside of that mammoth gut of his, then stood as wide as he could manage so the water could get between his thighs too. That one took a bit more effort and his knee was complaining to him again after a few moments, but it made him feel better. That was all he was concerned with right now.

“I really need to get that bird's *name* this time.. and maybe just.. bring him home?”

The gator looked out the door of the shower at his apartment and the state of it. Laundry and pizza boxes everywhere, not vacuumed in ages..

“..Enh, it's not that bad. Plus it's not like he's expecting a neat freak, right? I mean..”

Jason glanced down at himself – already smelling muskier than before the shower but not in quite the same ways as before at least. This was natural, this was.. something he could probably claim discrimination if someone bitched at him about at the office.

This was the kind of thing some people *liked*.

“..Man, I can't wait to let that little bird crawl all over me again~”