

Addy the Dragon at the Big Gain Arcade

Addy's walk through town started off as uneventful as ever. The sun shining down from the sky made the green scales making up the dragon man's body shimmer. Behind him trailed his long green ears and the spade-shaped tip of his green tail. As was usual for him, everyone took notice thanks to his set of curved horns sticking out from the sides of his head, as well as his long ponytail of bright red hair that matched the spikes going along his back. Thanks to the unbuttoned, blue shirt and matching shorts, anyone that he passed was able to take notice of his fit figure and six-pack abs. Whenever someone was bold enough to approach and compliment him, he was sure to reply with a nervous smile on his snout as he thanked them before hurrying along.

Amidst the typically reserved dragon man trying to deal with the influx of compliments for his wardrobe and physique, he nearly ran face first into a building. Stopping just before he pressed his nose up against the tinted windows, he looked up to see the name "Big Gain Arcade" in dazzling lights. Scratching at his chin, he couldn't recall ever seeing the building in spite of how many times he had frequented that road. He would have especially remembered seeing the enormous double doors at the entrance. Curious and willing to take a break from the heat, he shrugged his shoulders and stepped inside.

Entering the building, Addy was met with the typical blinking lights and various beeps to be expected of an arcade. What stood out to him was how wide the cabinets were spaced out from another. There was also the unreasonably high ceiling that left plenty of open space. However, the odd sizing of the establishment was nothing compared to sight of who came to greet him.

“Hello there,” said a mature, polar bear woman with a wave of her paw and a welcoming smile on her chubby face. The grey particles adorning the white fur around her head were spread out along the rest of her plump figure. Very little was left to the imagination thanks to the black vest and tight pants adorning her body. Perhaps noticing where Addy’s eyes were looking, she adjusted her glasses and cleared her throat.

“S-sorry,” Addy quickly apologized.

“Nothing to worry about,” she replied as she shuffled over to him, giving him a good look at the nametag Bernice attached to her prominent bosom. “My coworkers and I are used to garnering that kind of attention.”

“Well, not as much here,” called out another voice.

From behind one of the cabinets stepped out another woman, this one a crow covered in ebony feathers. Just like Bernice, she was sporting a vest and pair of pants that seemed made to purposefully emphasize her body’s physique. Sauntering her wide hips back and forth with her tail feathers fluttering with each stomp, she made her way over to Addy with a smile on her black beak.

“Especially since you may be our first customer,” the crow woman continued, her name identified as Chora by the tag on her vest. “I have to say, we’re quite to have a young man as handsome and athletic as yourself walk through our doors.”

“Oh, um, thank you,” Addy said, scratching the back of his head. “I just kind of wandered in here.”

“I would call that fat, er, I mean fate,” spoke up a third woman as she seemingly leaped towards the rest of the ground.

The heavy shake that followed nearly knocked off the frog woman's "Gridget" nametag from her vest. Standing up at her full height to show off the blue streaks across green skin, she stretched out her long, orange fingers. The display inevitably brought the dragon man's attention to her heavy bosom and bulbous gut, but he was quick to remember his manners.

Turning her large, red eyes towards Addy, the frog woman puffed up her flabby, orange throat as she looked him over. "Yes, I think you will do nicely for our special, opening promotion," she commented.

"What kind of promotion?" Addy asked.

"It's fairly simple," Chora began. "You challenge us to three games of our choice in the arcade. Depending on how many times you are able to beat us, it will determine what your reward will be. Defeat us all and you win the grand prize."

"So even if you're unable to beat a single one of us," Bernice pointed out, "you'll still leave here today with something for your efforts."

"Hmm," Addy hummed as he considered the challenge. Though he didn't to say it aloud, he was certain he could defeat the three older women easily. There was a pang of guilt as he thought about taking their grand prize in the wake of their warm greeting, but he figured it would be good advertising for the business.

"Okay, I'm in," the dragon man finally announced.

"Most excellent," Gridget said as she clapped her hands together with a wet slapping noise. "Bernice, would you do the honors of starting us off?"

"It would be my pleasure," the bear woman said, waving her hand to gesture for Addy to follow her.

Unable to lose track of Bernice thanks to her proportions, Addy made his way over to a series of air hockey tables. As the bear woman moved to the side, he marveled at the neon blue color of the table mixed with the stunning, red lines. The only thing that seemed off was the unusual, black and white eye in the center. Before he could get a closer look at the strangely unsettling iris, it was covered up by a lime green, glowing puck sliding over it.

“Here you are,” Bernice said as she handed Addy a paddle. “The rules are simple,” she continued as she expertly maneuvered the paddle in her clutches. “First one to make it to ten points wins.” Making her way over to the opposite side of the table, she slammed the bit of red plastic against the glowing surface. “Are you ready? Once you start, there’s no backing out.”

“I’m ready when you are,” Addy replied, feeling more than a little overconfident as he looked at the way Bernice’s belly pressed against the table. Getting into position, he stared down the polar bear woman with a friendly yet determined smile. Upon seeing her return with the same expression, he suddenly felt a pang of guilt for what he thought was going to be the easiest match he ever played.

“Competitors, on your mark,” Chora said as she held the puck above the center. “Get set...”

“GO!” Gidget croaked, signaling for the crow woman to drop the disk.

Out of sheer luck, the puck began to slowly make its way over to Addy. Ready to himself, he prepared to make a shot with his full strength. Just before he released his swing, he was momentarily distracted by the way Bernice’s bosom jiggled. Looking back towards her soft face, the guilt of beating her so badly weighed heavily on him.

When the puck finally touched Addy’s paddle, it was sent back with a soft tap. Watching the plastic disk slowly make its way across the table, the dragon man strengthened his resolve to

take it easy on her. Maybe he would even let her score a few points. As the puck slowly approached Bernice, he mentally prepared to play up the act of over emphasizing her skill.

Addy's plans were torn asunder as the puck came flying back at him like a lightning bolt. Caught completely off guard, he had no hopes of stopping the disk from shooting into his goal. He managed to look up just in time to see Bernice's smile grow wider as a single point appeared on the display for her.

While they waited for the puck to be retrieved, Addy felt something unsettling in his body. The clothes that had fit fine this morning seemed tighter than usual. His breathing stuttered a bit as if something was pressing down on his chest. At the time, he thought it was nothing more than indigestion from lunch. The strange tingling across his skin he attributed his own shock at the bear woman's skills. Adjusting his clothes and strengthening his resolve, he tried to prepare himself as Chora held the puck over the center once more.

"Don't underestimate me dear," Bernice commented as she put her paddle back into place. "You'll regret it later."

"Bring it on," Addy replied, still capable of sharing a smile with the bear woman as the puck began to drift towards him once more.

This time, the dragon man gave the disk a powerful strike in order to counterattack. In spite of his efforts, Bernice was able to easily slap it back at him. With another loud clack, he sent the puck careening back towards her goal, only for her to deflect it with another swing of her chubby arm. Try as he might to toss the puck in, she replied to each attempt with perfect defensive maneuvers.

Feeling a sudden weariness affect his body, Addy slipped up on his next attempt. Sliding at a glacial pace, the puck made an easy target for Bernice. Seizing the opportunity, she let out an

uncharacteristically fierce growl as she rammed her paddle against the disk. In the wake of the mighty slam, Addy attempted to dive to the side in order to block but was a few inches short of stopping the disk from falling in.

Addy winced as the number two showed up on Bernice's side. His following grunt of frustration was soon covered up by the noise of straining fabric. His initial thought was that he had pulled something during his earlier lunge. Looking over his body, he watched in horror as his once sculpted mid-section drooped into a noticeable potbelly. A portion of his gut became obscured as his chiseled pecs drooped forward slightly to further strain his top. It was only once his expanding buttocks sucked up the fabric of his loose shorts did he realize what was happening.

"Oh, I see that you've figured it out," Bernice said as Addy explored his newly gained chub. "For each point I score against you, you'll put on weight."

"Why?" Addy called out, wincing as the question made his new belly fat jiggle.

The polar bear woman smiled. "That's how the challenges go at the Big Gain Arcade. Either win big prizes or become big yourself. Isn't it exciting?"

Faced with the strange reality of the situation, Addy made the wise decision to drop his paddle and run off towards the door. Though typically a fast runner, the added fat that had been layered on from just two points made his breathing haggard as he sprinted. Halfway there, he was forced to stop to address the sensation of his shorts sinking between his ass cheeks. The momentary pause it took for him to take care of his wardrobe malfunction allowed Chora and Gridget to get ahead of him and block the exit.

"Where do you think you're going?" the frog woman asked.

"You haven't even finished the first game," Chora added.

“I don’t want to be fattened up!” Addy shouted back.

“Then simply win,” the crow woman said, approaching him and grasping his hand.

“Should you achieve victory in the games, your weight will return to normal.”

“You’re insane,” as he was led back towards the air hockey table.

“I’m sorry dear,” Bernice spoked up as she tapped her paddle with her fingers. “But I assure you that the price for giving up before the competition is over is far worse than you could imagine.”

Through the polar bear’s warm smile, Addy could catch a glimpse of something sinister in her eyes. Realizing that the threat was very real, he brought a shaky hand over to his abandoned paddle. Grasping it between his fingers, he slammed it back down on the table and took his position.

“Ohohoh, very good,” Bernice chuckled, nodding towards Chora to start the next round.

Now given more than enough motivation, Addy gave it his all to try and keep up with the puck. This time, he showed no mercy in the wake of trying to score on Bernice’s goal. However, his efforts proved fruitless as she once more showed off near-impenetrable defense. As she made her counter attack to slide the disk into his goal a soft “no” left his lips.

While waiting for the puck to come back out, Addy glanced down at his body. Sure enough, he watched his belly bulge out further to press against the table. The band of his shorts was further strained by his hips and backside filling up with more fat. Even his unbuttoned shirt took on some extra stress brought about as his pecs began to sag. So busy staring down at his thicker legs, he failed to react in time to protect his goal from another shot.

“Keep your head in the game, hun,” Bernice commented.

Trying to ignore another layer of fat being packed onto his body, Addy did as the polar bear woman said and tried to focus on the match. In the wake of his clothes getting tighter and his belly pressing up against the table, he managed to keep his movements steady. Eventually he spotted his opening and shook around his chubby arm in order to sink the puck into Bernice's goal.

The sight of the number one appearing on his side of the scoreboard gave Addy a sense of hope. Glancing over to the polar bear woman, there was a certain sense of strange glee as he watched her already large form take on another layer of fat. However, his enjoyment of giving her a taste of her own medicine was hindered by her persistent smile.

"Why aren't you freaking out?" Addy asked.

Bernice gave out a chuckle. "Because," she began as she squeezed her added belly fat, "I enjoy being large and in charge as they say. A bit of extra fat isn't something to be worried about. Especially when its so soft and comforting."

To demonstrate her point, Bernice reached out across the table to drag the puck into her own goal. The extra point appearing on Addy's side coincided with yet another bundle of blubber making its way onto the bear woman's body. Dropping her paddle, she used both hands to fully appreciate her extra mass as it strained the limits of her uniform.

Amidst Bernice's strange display, Addy tried to remember what was at stake. Spotting the disk float by his side, he seized the opportunity to slam it towards her goal. Though this did have the intended effect of increasing his goal and her weight, it also earned him a playful grin from Bernice.

"I hope you enjoyed the free points, dear," Bernice said as she clutched her paddle once more. "I don't intend to let you have anymore."

True to the polar bear woman's word, she shook off any signs of restraint as the next few rounds passed by at lightning speed. Though Addy tried his best to keep up, each point scored by Bernie served to both further humiliate him and slow down his movements. As more and more weight was packed onto his body, he was pushed further way from the table by his own growing gut. Each swing of his arms carried with them a sense of lethargy that was far too slow to stop the disk in time. The pudgy limbs did manage to block his goal a few times, but as his face began to plump up, his expression changed into dreaded realization that defeat was inevitable.

A loud buzzer emanated from the scoreboard as Bernice earned her tenth and final point. While her added weight disappeared to bring her back to her original size, Addy's body took on one last surge of growth. In the wake of his rising weight, he had easily surpassed the 500 pound mark. His entire form may have been fattened up, but it seemed like his belly had taken on the brunt of the damage. Sliding a pudgy hand down the front of his rounded gut, he wondered just how much more running he would need to do in order to get back to his old self.

"Tough luck, dear," Bernice said as she came up and gently slid her palm across Addy's love handles. "But don't lose hope. This is just game one. You have plenty of opportunities to get rid of your little pudge."

"Not that I intend to make it easy for you," Chora spoked up, gesturing for him to follow with a wave of her feathered arm.

Pressed by his urge to lose the extra weight, Addy relented in waddling after the crow woman. Each lumbering step served to further humiliate him as his added flab jiggled around like gelatin. After only a few feet, he was forced to lean against one of the machines in order to catch his breath. His already slow pace was made even slower as he was forced to keep adjusting his clothes to avoid any more of his flesh being put on display for the arcade owners.

Pausing for a moment to deal with the strange tightness afflicting his shoes, he took the last few necessary steps to approach the next game.

A loud whistle got the dragon man to pay attention to the basketball goal hanging several feet up the wall. The backboard was a glow with the same, neon green and eerie eye symbol that had decorated the air hockey table. Right above that was a scoreboard with a timer set for two minutes. Bringing his gaze down and seeing the numerous, bright green basketballs waiting on the device made it clear what the challenge would be.

“The rules are simple,” Chora began as she picked up one of the balls and held it out towards Addy. “We’ll each take turns making as many goals as possible within a two minute timespan.”

“What’s the catch?” Addy asked, hesitant to accept the ball.

“Obviously there has to be a price for losing,” Chora said with a grin. “After you’ve had your turn, I’ll have a chance to try and beat your score. For every single point I get above what you earned, you’ll put on weight. No sense in trying to hide that little wrinkle of the game by this point, right?”

“Don’t let her get to you dear,” Bernice said with a gentle pat to Addy’s exposed belly. “This may be just what you need to come out on top.”

“She’s right,” Gidget commented. “Your ability to move may be hindered, but your arms should still be more than capable than making a few baskets, right?”

“Yeah,” Addy said, both to agree with the frog woman and give himself a much needed confidence boost. “I can do this, no problem.”

Chora let out a chirping laugh. “That’s the spirit,” she said, stepping aside and gesturing towards the shooting area. “The timer will start once you make your first throw.”

Waddling his way onto the red circle on the floor, Addy did his best to place his feet on the mark in spite of his view of it being blocked. Not hearing any of the ladies scold him for being too close, he took his time lining up his first shot. Lifting up his arms and trying to ignore the way his fatty chest pressed against his elbows, he tossed the ball and started the timer.

Addy's elation of seeing his first shot hit its mark was undermined by the ticking of the clock. Realizing just how little time he had, he quickly accepted another ball from the women. Taking up the same position, he managed to make his second goal. However, he quickly realized that his method, while effective in ensuring shots, was far too slow.

As the timer ticked away, Addy put aside his more methodical technique in favor of pushing his blubber as far as possible. Frantically tossing out the next ball, he was given a glimmer of hope as it bounced off the backboard and swished through the net. In his haste to keep his streak going his next shot went wide and missed the goal completely. Rather than focus on his lost point or the watchful gazes of the arcade workers, he pushed himself to keep going.

Addy's performance in the game began to degrade further to coincide with his dwindling time. On top of the stress attacking his nerves, the exertion of shifting his fatty body was enough to bring a sweat to his scales. A combination of his perspiration and his own tiredness showed its mark as he began to miss every throw.

As the timer got down to the last few seconds, the dragon man desperately tossed balls at the goal. Though he managed to slip one in during this panicked throwing session, nearly every other shot was met with a grunt of frustration from him. Seeing the seconds tick away and his score stay the same, he attempted to push through his extra weight to try and make something of his remaining time. Though his efforts did allow him to get one more goal before his time ran out, he was still left with merely six points to his name.

“Hmm, a bit disappointing,” Chora remarked as she stared up at the scoreboard. “But who knows? Maybe I’ll slip up and not even make one. Anything is possible.”

“Chora, you’re a horrible tease,” Gidget spoke up, the comment bringing a slight giggle to the group of women that made a shudder go through Addy’s back flab.

“Just try not to go too hard on the poor dear,” Bernice said as she guided Addy over to the side to watch.

“I don’t intend to hold back,” Chora said as she picked up one of the balls. “After all, if he wants his prize, he has to earn it.”

At the toss of the crow woman’s first shot, Addy winced as it perfectly sunk into the net to start her timer. Watching her slowly move towards the next ball, he realized that victory was already far out of his grasp. All that he could hope for was that she wouldn’t eclipse his score too much. She very quickly sunk his chances of avoiding a surge of extra weight as she quickly gained another two goals in a very short period of time.

Not even thirty seconds in, Chora managed to make her sixth shot. As ball number seven was tossed into the air, Addy looked down at his body rather than the net. At the sound of another point being added to the scoreboard, he watched as his belly lunged forward; as if he had swallowed the ball himself. It only took a few seconds before another helping make him stagger on his feet and force him to pay attention to Chora’s run at the game.

Mouth hanging agape and scrunching up his thicker chin in the process, Addy watched on as the bird woman effortlessly made one basket after another. Though she was moving at the same, reckless speed that he had attempted, the main difference was the sense of grace that came with each wave of her feathered arms. Feeling his weight continue to pack on and seeing the score total rise higher and higher, he was brought to his breaking.

“H-hold on,” he said, stretching out his plump fingers in an effort to plead for Chora to stop. “You don’t need to do this. I-“

Addy ended up nearly biting his tongue as his entire balance was offset by the destruction of his shoes. No longer bound, his fattened up feet were free to stomp along the ground as he desperately tried to get his thickened thighs to obey. Unable to see his legs, he was forced to wave around his blubbery arms in the hopes of gaining some kind of balance. Just as he felt like was going to obtain a semblance of stability, Chora put a quick stop to his efforts with a series of quick fire shots.

Another growth spurt around the dragon man’s mid-section sent him tumbling backwards. In spite of the sudden fall, the amount of fat that had been packed around his rear provided more than enough cushioning. The soft landing was of small comfort as the leftover tremors were sent cascading through his belly. Lifting up his head to see his expanded man boobs jostle, he wondered just how much longer he had to endure the humiliation.

Mid-attempt of Addy trying to look towards the score board, another surge of weight gain sent a strange sensation through his body. As his fat spread across the floor with an audible BLOMPTH, there was a strange tingle that forced a soft moan from his mouth. The confusion in the wake of the sound leaving his lips continued as his torso bulked up enough to tear asunder his shirt. Through the wake of his shorts begin destroyed soon after, he had to fight against another moan in order to let out an exasperated, “I-I surrender!”

A few seconds after Addy made his plea, the buzzer dinged through the arcade. The relief he felt at the game’s end was put on hold as he saw his tormentor’s beak hovering over him. Looking over the results of her work, Chora put on a grin.

“Sorry about that,” the crow woman said as she helped herself to feeling up the girth of Addy’s chest. “I can get carried away sometimes.”

“That’s an understatement,” Gidget added, needing both her and Chora’s strength in order to lift Addy back to his feet.

“Are you feeling alright, dear?” Bernice asked, brushing off the torn remnants of the dragon man’s shorts from his backside.

“No!” Addy called out, making his point without further elaboration by giving his heaving chest a slap. “Change me back now!”

“Sorry, but rules are rules,” Gidget replied as she walked ahead of the group. “If you really want to get rid of your large, luscious form so badly, then your only chance is to beat me in the final game.”

Watching the frog woman lead the way, Addy attempted to use his frustration to propel himself forward. Each labored step of her thickened legs sent shudders through his bloated figure to ensure he knew the cost if he should fail. In the wake of his recent growth, he still couldn’t fully comprehend the height and width of his new form. More than once, his hips and enlarged feet bumped into one of the arcade cabinets. Though his bulk provided ample cushioning between the machines, the employees were sure to lead him away for fear of causing any damage.

Through labored, heavy breaths the dragon man managed to make his way towards a couch in the center of the arcade. Graciously accepting the chance to rest, he came slamming down much to the furniture’s creaky protests. Leaning back and allowing his gut to keep his exposed groin modest, he tried to look past his massive man boobs to figure out what the last

challenge was. Another shudder shook his form as she spotted the game that Gridget was looking over.

Addy had seen the machine before. He had even beaten a couple of friends at the game whenever they passed it and had free time to kill. However, the usual bumping music and bright lights that used to enamor him now filled him with dread.

“Jostle Pump 3000?” Addy called out in his lower and huskier voice.

“It’s a favorite of mine,” Gridget replied as she got into position on one of the dance pads. “Come along then. I can’t start until you’re in place.”

With the help of Chora and Bernice, Addy heaved his form into a standing position. As he stomped towards the machine, he wasn’t surprised by the fact that his girth completely obscured the directional arrows beneath his plump toes. The despair that hung over his shoulders was brushed away as he shuffled around. Though he was incapable of seeing them, he could certainly feel his feet as they easily covered up each arrow with even the slightest movement. Holding onto a glimmer of confidence, he turned his thick neck towards Gridget and hazarded a smile.

“Ready when you are,” the dragon man said.

“That’s the spirit,” Gridget replied, making her song selection and taking her place on her pad.

“Three, two, one,” the machine began, getting the dragon and the frog to focus in on the challenge ahead. “LEEEEEEEEEEEET’S JOSTLE!”

The high energy music that began to erupt from the device’s speakers made it clear that Gridget had no intention of being merciful with the challenge. As the first lines of arrows sped across the screen, Addy began to make the most out of his enlarged feet in order to keep up with the rhythm. Finding some assistance by pressing his engorged backside up against the rail behind

him, he managed to keep himself focused on hitting each note as best as possible. Seeing his score rise higher and higher than anything he had accomplished prior to his growth spurt put a toothy grin on his chubby cheeks.

As the song moved into a slower paced interlude, Addy hazarded to glance over at his opponent's screen. Though Gridget's amphibious legs seemed to have made a decent effort in following the notes, it hadn't been enough to eclipse Addy's score. Under the guise of having a chance to reclaim his former size, he turned back to the screen to focus in on what he thought was the last few steps of the song.

"STYLE CHANGE, YEAH!" the electronic voice shouted out.

The victory that had been within the grasp Addy's sausage-like fingers disappeared as the music changed and the steps began to come at an even faster speed. Trying to make the most of his advantage, he attempted to keep up with his heavy footsteps. He managed to maintain a consistent combo for part of the song, but he failed to realize his major downfall until wheezing breaths began to leak from his lips

Halfway through the second song, Addy was forced to stop and rest. Leaning his back flab against the rail, he slid a hand along his forehead to wipe off the sweat dripping down his face. With each labored breath, he watched as his chest and gut sprinkled his perspiration across the floor. As much as he wanted to answer the call of the constant beeps signaling his missed steps, he couldn't bring himself to move another inch. He just had to hope that his lead would be enough to come out ahead.

The dragon man's hopes were dashed the moment the machine repeated, "STYLE CHANGE, YEAH!"

“Better get a move on,” Gidget called out as she effortlessly adjusted to the song change. “I just passed up your score and I don’t intend to stop here.”

In spite of having more than enough motivation to get his blubbery body moving, the most that Addy could muster was a few forced steps before his tiredness stopped him. Panting and wheezing with each labored attempt to increase his score, he watched on in terror as the frog woman continued to hit every beat. At this point he was aware that victory had far escaped his reach. All he could hope for now was to mitigate the damage.

Pushing himself off of the back rail with a bounce of his thick rear, the dragon man strained his bulky thighs to put in some effort. Pounding his engorged feet along the pad, he momentarily managed to regain some of his former combo speed. Unfortunately, his elation only managed to last so long in the wake of the exhaustion and perspiration that took over his body. Feeling dizzy, he let his final chance slip by as he brought his hefty rear slamming down onto the dance pad.

In the wake of the sound of Addy’s moobs jiggling against his gut, he could hear the machine scorning him for his poor performance. Even worse were the constant words of encouragement that kept coming from Gidget’s side of the machine. This all culminated in one last string of arrows that Addy had no hope of even trying to follow. As the music came to an end and the scores were tallied, he gave a terrified stare towards the massive gulf between his and Gidget’s points.

“Oooh, that’s a new record for you,” Bernice commented as the dragon man heaved himself up into a standing position.

“I was going to reset it before we officially opened, but know I want to keep this one preserved at least,” Chora added.

“That won’t be necessary,” Gidget replied. “After all, we’ll have a picture of our first customer’s gains to commemorate the occasion. Isn’t that right, young man?”

“N-no,” Addy huffed as he tried to waddle his way towards the exit. “You can’t do this to me. The contest was unfair. I don’t want to be changed into a-“

The dragon man’s poorly thought out escape attempt was foiled as his own body tripped him up. Rolling across the floor like an oversized beachball, he came to a halt as he hit one of the walls. Straining to get back to his feet, he managed to lock his gaze on the trio of women grinning at him as the dance game tallied up the weight he was about to receive. His fate was sealed once the eye appeared once more to reveal the full impact he was about to endure.

Any further attempts for Addy to run off were hindered as his body began to inflate with more layers of fat. Though he wanted to at least try to push the encroaching weight back, the swelling that encompassed his torso forced his blubbery arms to stick outwards. Unable to move more than a slow shuffle, he could only whine and plead as he continued to take on more flab.

“P-please,” he said as his fatty chins started to swallow up his face. “You have to stop this.”

With a grin on her face, Bernice walked up Addy’s belly. “Dear, I don’t think you understand,” she said, sliding her hand along the tight gut to bring out a slight moan from the dragon man. “This isn’t a punishment.”

“She’s right,” Chora added, circling around his immense form to pinch at his double-wide rear and create a similar sound. “This is part of your consolation prize.”

Already at his limit from the constant prodding of his fat, Addy nearly lost it as Gidget leapt atop his ten foot tall figure to spread herself out across his drooping chest. “Sorry that you lost, but we’ll make sure that you can fully enjoy your new you.”

“W-what MMMMPPH do you mean?” Addy asked, his mind a mix of strange feelings and urges.

Gridget grinned at him as she slid off. “We’ll let you find that out on your own,” she said as she joined back with her fellow workers. “For now, allow us to escort you out.”

Unable to reach Addy’s hands due to his height and girth, the arcade employees settled for guiding him by holding onto his hips. The women’s gentle pushes managed to get him lumbering towards the exit. Between his husky wheezes, he kept having to hold back more whimpers with each shift of the workers’ fingers. His concern over what exactly his blown up body was doing to his mind became a secondary concern as they reached the front entrance.

It took quite a bit of pushing and shoving against Addy’s backside to get him through. In the process, his plumped up tail stood on end as he was given a full serving of tremors cascading through his flabby, over 1500 pound form. Enduring the humiliation of moans leaving his lips, he eventually stumbled his way out onto the streetlight illuminated sidewalk. As he pondered just how long he had been inside the arcade, he felt something land atop his shoulder.

“I almost forgot about your other consolation prize,” Gridget said as she held a piece of paper in front of his face. Leaning his head forward, Addy managed to recognize it as a free pass to an all you can eat buffet just a short walk away.

“Enjoy,” the frog woman said, shoving the ticket into his claws before leaping back down. “Feel free come to swing by anytime, handsome.”

“H-hey wait, you can’t expect me to live the rest of my life as a giant-“

The dragon man ended up being silenced by his own gut letting out a hungry gurgle. Turning his head in the direction of the buffet, his nose picked up the aroma of delicious food

that seemed to beckon him forward. Forgetting about his lack of clothing and control, he began to waddle forward.

“I... need... to... eat,” Addy wheezed out, his body more than willing to give his new life at a larger size a chance.