

Kazix squirmed as he began to wake, with a sound like nearby thunder rolling into the apartment. The dragon expected to feel the snug wrapping of those old twelve-XL sweatpants on his body but that just came from having been in them for so long – he'd burst them clean off his frame a few weeks ago at this point. Now he was working on outgrowing his bed instead, and on flooding the entire room with his noxious fumes in the process. The butter cream colored dragon tried to lift an arm to rub at his belly right as the *Bwurrphhrruuuphhbbt* rose up out of his ass but even managing that much effort was a struggle anymore. Anything that wasn't eating was a struggle.

“Heh, sounds like our little lard monument is awake. Haiden! C'mon, let me introduce you to this blubber-fueled biohazard that used to be an *athlete* of all things.”

It wasn't as if the dragon doing the talking wasn't fat as well. Kazix could see Zircon taking up most of the doorway, his purple body, the blue stripes, the bright lime green horns – it was hard to miss him. Particularly since Zircon had become nearly the only other living being Kazix ever saw since they'd graduated from 'frequent delivery of food' to practically his only lifeline to the world – and the person who had enabled him getting this big in the first place.

Over the course of time Kazix had, impossibly, gotten comfortable with the idea that Zircon saw him like this. There was a routine – he woke, he ate, he grew – and every so often...

“W- *BHWURPHHHBB*- who.. w-what.. why is- u..ugh- I'm g-gon-”

The timing was both unfortunate and wholly impossible to do anything about. When Kazix watched as this newcomer walked in, sporting the long body and thick flowing hair of an eastern dragon, their coat dark with highlights – crescents and marks along the arms – looking like chocolate and just making Kazix hungrier, his body just let loose. For *years* now he'd just been surrendering and letting every horrific *Vwururphhbb- FwurrRRPRHHHB- VRRLLLLBPFRRPHHB-* fly without any resistance and now that he found himself actually harboring a shred of embarrassment it turned out he *physically couldn't stop himself* from farting like a foghorn.

“Oh, *goodness*. Zircon, you weren't exaggerating! You said this began with a pair of.. pants? I can scarcely imagine this lard-barnacle wearing *anything* that wasn't originally meant as a piece of camping equipment. And- *is it blushing?*”

There **was** a hot flush in Kazix's cheeks after that. Embarrassment had almost ceased to be a thing for him, but now? Struggling to move didn't help either. He couldn't even do anything to stop the eastern dragon from ambling up and casually grabbing a handful of his belly to dig his fingers

into. The push was a steady thing, adding pressure to Kazix's gut, leaving him whimpering as it coaxed another long, whining fart out of him. Haiden was able to bury his hand in up to the wrist before it stopped, and then gave the whole thing a shake. Kazix, prisoner in his own flesh, could only whimper about the whole thing.

“N-no.. I'm just.. h- *HWURPHHB*- ungary.. S-so-”

Zircon came around the other side, reaching one hand out and curling it over Kazix's cheek. Which meant more that he was grasping the thing like it was a sack of pudding glued to the side of Kazix's face and giving it a good vigorous shake that made it impossible for the dragon to keep speaking. All Kazix could do was squeak in futile distress and wiggle his limbs – and he could *barely* do the latter.

“Oh don't worry. When have I ever let you go more than fifteen minutes without eating, you *darling* little dragon-flavored dumpling? Did you worry that once you outgrew the pants I was going to abandon you? Silly thing~”

Haiden sunk both of his hands into Kazix's gut this time, heaving upward with every ounce of strength he could muster, which left the thing airing itself out in a palpable wave of musk. It also left the eastern dragon cackling when he dropped the gargantuan shelf of flab back down onto Kazix's thighs.

“Hah! I knew it, this is turning it on. You can just barely make out a teeny bit of that cock trying to dig itself out of the fat it's been entombed in for who knows how long. Tell me, Zircon. How does this work then? Do you even *need* to reward it at this point?”

This time the whine was louder. Kazix didn't get a chance to say anything though, not with Zircon there. Their 'caretaker' reached behind the bed and dug out the feeding hose, stuffing it between Kazix's fat jowls and turning the pumps on. The mixture inside was a familiar thing, all cream and dense batter and a little alcohol too – an unreal amount of calories and just the right mix of things to keep Kazix dull and happy for a while.

“I mean, I never *really* needed to. You waddled your gloriously sinful, gluttonous ass into this with both eyes open didn't you? You just *kept eating* and everything the fat demanded you surrender to it you willingly gave up, right lumpkin? So of course I wasn't going to leave when you burst those sweatpants – now we get to work on you collapsing the bed!”

As if it needed it, a quick slap to Kazix's gut left the bedframe creaking.

“Hah! I suppose I can see why you might need help with this big one though. And.. hmm, I *think* rewarding it wouldn't be such a bad idea. Might help motivate the gelatinous slob a bit?”

Haiden leaned in and plastered himself against Kazix's side, rubbing at his belly and pressing inward. A few seconds of enjoying that led to the fat eastern dragon slipping up closer to Kazix's face and cupping his cheeks.. then tugging the hose out and getting a taste of the mix himself. Feeling the feeding interrupted so suddenly dragged Kazix out of the usual gluttonous trance he slipped into and left him almost panicking, wriggling in a frantic and noisy fit and failing once more to get his limbs to move much. And even that left him winded after a few seconds. Haiden watched it while he stole Kazix's food for a few more seconds, a sharp grin growing on his face, before finally returning the hose to Kazix's lips. The eastern dragon slid off after that, pausing only to give his own gut a shake, and *Vwurrphhhbrt-*

“Mmmn.. alright – I *can* see the appeal.. but this is just to tide it over, isn't it Zircon?”

Relief and simple, fattening surrender flooded back into Kazix as he got to feel his belly filling up again. It got so hungry so quickly. He looked to Zircon, to his only real lifeline, confused and pleading and met with a bemused little smirk on the dragon's lips.

“Indeed. We'll make and order more food and get a proper feeding session going now that this little baby whale of ours is awake. See? If you poke it just right-”

Zircon reached a hand underneath Kazix's gut and dug deep, enough to find his thigh and give it a tease and a squish. That left Kazix squeaking and whimpering in turn, and letting another bellowing fart out yet again. When the two other dragons started laughing at the display they ended up belting out their own thundering farts as well.

“See? *Whale noises*. To think anyone ever confused *you* with a dragon, Kazix darling. Now, you just lie there and eat while we go get some *real* food prepared for you. *As if you could do anything else~*”

Watching Zircon leave the room first, Kazix made another blushing, whimpering sound only to feel a tension rise as he realized Haiden had lingered. The dark colored eastern dragon dug his hand into Kazix's gut again and smirked in a fashion that was far from reassuring.

“..Tell you what, you creeping biohazard disaster. I'll make you a deal. I can tell you're so damn *fat* now that you forget you even *have* a dick more often than not, but let's remedy that shall we? Every hundred pounds you gain.. I'll get you off. **Once**. Sound fair? Of course it does.”

As maddening and cruel as it sounded.. Kazix could hardly say no. Literally, physically, but it wasn't as if he had any reason to either..? He was *hungry* after all. It was always going to happen – it was just a question of *when*.

As it turned out, 'when' was less than a month after Haiden moved in and started helping out with the feeding sessions. The second set of hands made it much easier to keep Kazix eating nonstop, and not just the liquid diet from the hose. It wasn't like Kazix knew it was coming, he just woke up one day to see a little party hat.. on his belly. Zircon was there ready and waiting, shoving a handful of greasy cheese sauce drenched fries into his face and making sure Kazix didn't get a chance to say anything before he saw Haiden.

The eastern dragon had a *terrifyingly* hungry look on his face as he dove into the humid, fleshy cavern between Kazix's legs. It took time and an awful lot of strength, forcing Kazix's belly upward and pressing himself through. Having his legs spread that far apart for the first time in years was another wild thing, it left Kazix almost too distracted to eat. Almost.

When he felt the dragon's maw find his long-buried cock and start squirming around it, licking at it, sucking it free of its fatty prison? Kazix *did* forget.. just for a moment. Just long enough to moan once before his whole body started to writhe and convulse under all that weight and pleasure.

That, and the bed was creaking.. an awful lot. The moan and the creaking, the *screaming* of failing wood and metal, both grew in intensity together. They left Kazix near blind with wild bliss when the actual collapse happened, and for just a single weird moment he felt weightless as he crashed down. It didn't last of course, he hit the ground and his body flew into a maelstrom of jiggling flab and knocked loose a fart so violent it blew Haiden out from under him and left the eastern dragon and Zircon both cackling with laughter.

It also left Zircon leaning on Kazix's side, their greasy, sweaty bodies pressing together as he stuffed Kazix's face again and looked the beached, helplessly immobile dragon in the eye and waited for Kazix's mind to clear up from the cloudy bliss of the first proper orgasm he'd had in ages.

“You know what this means, don't you?”

Kazix could only whimper in confusion as he swallowed and was forced to keep eating too quickly to speak. Mouthful after another, with Haiden slowly approaching too.

“Well, since Haiden was on the bed with you it wasn't *just you, sooo..* time to get a new bed and start over again, isn't it?”