

Arok's first squash

It was a late summer morning in September, around 8:25 am. Arok, an 18 year old senior, wheezed as he climbed the stairs of the Foxforth high school, slowly making his way to the class room. The corridors were silent, making the booming footsteps of the overweight sound like explosions as they shook the building. He was late for class after having missed the school bus. Out of breath and in a terrible mood, the one ton dragon slowly made his way to the classroom.

"Morning Arok, good that you finally show up..." Ms. Hartfield, an elderly weasel said.

"Whatever..." Arok mumbled out of breath, before heading to his seat. But to his surprise he found it to be already occupied.

"Ms. Hartfield..." the dragon began, grabbing the attention of the teacher.

"Ah yes, we have a new student, his name is Finn. Since there were no other free seats, I told him to share with you. You have the biggest one after all" she said with a stern expression.

"You know that I need this seat for my size..." Arok began, but his teacher had already turned back to the board.

"Scoot over, pipsqueak!" the dragon growled before he shoved his ass into the seat, forcefully pushing the mouse to the seat edge.

"Sorry, didn't mean to take your seat... so uh... name's Finn btw..." the thin, 19 year old mouse awkwardly began, before being shushed by a stern look from Ms. Hartfield.

As the lesson continued, Arok grew increasingly annoyed at Finn, as the dragon's ass was already wider than the chair, and making space for the mouse got increasingly painful. And Finn was not doing too good either. He had to look underneath the dragons high desk and thus had to take notes on his lap, he was just barely even sitting on the chair and other than that the huge dragon next to him was just intimidating as hell. Not only did he not make the friendliest impression, Finn also both feared and secretly hoped to accidentally get sat on by the dragon's gigantic ass. Not to mention the smell... it was so strong, so overwhelming for the little mouse.

When the class was over and the bell finally rang, Finn was the first to leave the room, hoping to get away from the fat dragon as far and quickly as possible. If he stayed near that fat ass any longer he'd either embarrass himself or keep annoying the dragon until he snapped, and that was something the mouse didn't want to witness.

Out in the yard, Finn was finally able to relax. He leaned against the building wall and unpacked his breakfast sandwiches, certain that he'd gotten enough distance between himself and Arok. With a relaxed sigh, the mouse closed his eyes and was just about to bite into the sandwich, when it was suddenly ripped from his hand.

"What do we have here..." he heard the familiar deep voice say.

"Arok!" Finn gasped, trying to take a step back before realizing that he was standing against a wall. "What do you want...?" he asked quietly, hoping he wouldn't anger the dragon.

"You can start by organizing yourself a chair, cause you ain't welcome on mine anymore!" the fat dragon snorted angrily, waving around the mouse's sandwich.

"I uh... I will try"

"You better, or we'll spend some time on my chair together..." Arok said menacingly and leaned forward, pushing his massive gut against the small mouse boy. He quickly backed off though, turned around and started walking away, while munching on Finn's sandwich. The mouse boy was left breathless and with a raging boner, looking at the fat dragon walking away with his sandwich.

Luckily for Finn, the next teacher was a bit easier to work with and organized Finn a chair and desk from a neighboring classroom. And even though Finn had now much less to worry about, he felt something was missing. Something big, soft and dragon shaped. But at least he could now spend the rest of the day without any further run-ins with Arok.

That evening, Finn couldn't get the fat dragon out of his mind. Even though he had been anything but nice to him, he felt attracted to Arok. Mainly on a physical level. The way the chair creaked when he sat down, how he needed a special chair to support his weight in the first place. The way it had felt when he got pushed against the wall by that fat belly, or the smell his body gave off. Though Finn couldn't deny that the dragon's dominant behavior also aroused him.

As Finn laid in his bed, fantasizing about how Arok's jiggling fat, his mind wandered off to what would happen if it got real. What would happen when Arok found out that he was into him. Would he tell someone? What if someone else found out and told Arok? Would Arok even believe it? Surely there were not too many people who were into this stuff. So, did Arok even know that people could be into fat guys? Heck, was Arok even into other men? Quickly, Finn's fantasies had turned into a what-if nightmare.

When Finn woke up the next day, his mind was still fixated on Arok. The only thing Finn could think of were ways on how to get to know the fat dragon better, find out what he liked and what he was into. One of such things, Finn already knew. Other people's sandwiches. And thus, the mouse made himself a few extra sandwiches to give to the dragon.

This time, when Finn arrived at school, Arok was already there. He was busy talking with two elephants that were similar to the dragon in stature, even though they

weren't nearly as huge as them. Thus Finn decided to wait until breakfast break with the sandwiches. Class with Ms. Hartfield went as expected, boring and with Arok in a fairly bad mood. It was easy to see that the dragon and the weasel did not like each other. Once class was over, Finn followed Arok through the corridor, trying to catch the dragon somewhere where there were not too many people around.

Out in the yard, Arok made his way past the wall, where he had yesterday's encounter with Finn, before vanishing around the corner between the school building and some bushes. Finn, slowly followed, getting a bad feeling about following the dragon to such a secluded location. As soon as the mouse got around the corner, he was grabbed and pushed against the building wall by a big belly, just as the day before.

"Why are you following me, pipsqueak!?" Arok asked angrily.

"I... ah... b-breathe-" Finn gasped, trying to fill his compressed lungs with oxygen. He didn't even realize that his large boner was pushing right into the dragons soft belly. Finally, Arok stepped back, allowing Finn to breathe. He fell forward, catching his fall on the belly that was crushing him just a second ago, as he broke into a coughing fit.

"You got five seconds to explain why you followed me, and I'll consider forgetting that you got a boner from me pressing you against the wall..." the dragon said, his foot impatiently tapping the ground.

"I-I wan-wanted t-to..." Finn panted and stuttered, embarrassed that he got caught and totally unprepared for the situation, "give y-you t-these..." he slowly handed the sandwiches to Arok, his whole body shaking.

"Seriously? You follow me around like a creep because you want to give me some sandwiches? I don't know if I shod feel flattered or weirded out..." the dragon said, his friendlier tone making Finn relax finally.

"I'm sorry if it was inappropriate, I just thought with how you took my sandwich yesterday..." the mouse boy mumbled, folding his ears back embarrassedly.

"Let's just assume that I believe your lousy excuse, how do you explain that?" Arok said, pointing at Finns still visible boner.

"I-I... I may or may not have... a c-crush on you..." Finn admitted.

"Would you look at that... the pipsqueak actually got good taste!" the dragon replied, giving Finn a light bump with his belly.

"I- uh... you don't mind?" Finn asked confused.

"Hahaha, of course not! I've always wanted a little squash toy" Arok said excitedly, finally calming Finn's nerves.

"That's... good to hear..." the mouse said relieved.

“You know you could’ve told me sooner, right? We could’ve kept sharing my chair...” the dragon said flirtingly.

“I’m not sure that would be the best idea...” Finn replied embarrassedly.

The break soon ended, forcing them both back into class. This time, Finn was a lot more relaxed. He even considered asking someone to switch desks so he could sit next to Arok, but ultimately decided against it. His grades would probably benefit if he kept distractions during class to a minimum.

With the prospect of spending more time with Arok, Finn was looking forward to the end of class. Even though he was still a bit nervous about things actually getting spicy. He knew that the dragon and him were basically on the same wavelength when it came to his fat fetish, but knew nothing else about the dragon. Did he want to take it slow? Did he have any other kinks that he’d have to be aware of? When the final class of the day ended, and Arok went to leave the building, Finn realized that there was only one way to find out: follow him.

Following Arok was no issue, after all the fat dragon was not very fast and very hard to lose. He followed him out the building and across the street, eyes fixated at the huge, wobbly ass. So fixated in fact, that Finn didn’t notice when Arok abruptly stopped, walking face first into the dragons butt, before being bounced back by the fat and falling backwards and landing on his ass.

“Welp, that’s what you get for starring, pipsqueak” he said gleefully, turning around and extending a hand to help Finn up.

“I’m sor-“

“Calm down, I don’t mind. Tells me that you like what you see...”

“That’s... uh- thanks...”

“So, following me in order to feel me up... I like that...”

“That’s not what-“ Arok gave Finn a very stern look, “okay it was...”

“Alright, let’s get some lunch, I’m starving” said Arok and resumed walking.

It didn’t take long for them to reach the nearest restaurant, a small fast food shack that already gave Finn diarrhea just from looking at the menu. *Not surprised that this is where he eats*, thought Finn quietly as Arok ordered the entire menu... *twice*.

“You also want something? I still owe you for those sandwiches after all” said the dragon.

“No thanks, I’m good” replied Finn, scared of what would happen if he tried the greasy mess that this place called food.

It didn’t take long for Arok’s order to be finished. No surprise, considering the deep fryer this place had was large enough to fit Finn inside. From what he was able to see, Arok had received 14 burgers, about 3 pounds of fries, one pound of mozzarella

sticks and several large sauce containers. Just the thought of what a prolonged consumption of such large portions of fast food would do to the dragons body in the long term got Finn hard already. Surely if Arok continued this, he'd double in weight in the next few years.

"I don't live far from here, you want to come along?" the dragon asked, already snacking on the mozzarella sticks.

"Sure" Finn replied, wondering how much of the food would even survive the trip.

It was indeed quite a short walk, yet somehow Arok had still managed to eat the entire pound of mozzarella sticks and half the fries, as in his case snacking for him meant idly stuffing it into his face. Arok's house was a small single family home, but with some modifications. The door was larger, to accommodate the oversized tenant. You could clearly see where the wall had been partially demolished and was then resealed with the larger doorframe.

"Hope you don't mind the smell" Arok said as he unlocked the door.

Following the huge dragon inside was quite intimidating for Finn, with Arok almost completely filling the already enlarged doorframe. Nothing could've prepared the mouse for the smell though. It was a pungent mixture of musk, sweat, farts and old fast food. One thing was clear, the windows in this house were purely for decorative purposes, none of them had been opened since probably the day Arok had moved in.

The stink filled air had an almost intoxicating effect on Finn. He felt light headed his vision became blurry and he could hardly make out what Arok said. He suddenly felt himself being grabbed by a flabby arm, slowly pulling him through the house. The deeper he got the worse Finn felt, and his eyes started to tear up from the acidity in the air. Then everything went black.

Splash

Suddenly he felt something wet on his face. Opening his eyes revealed Arok in front of him, holding an empty glass of water. "There we go" he said, grinning smugly.

"Oh god, what happened, how long was I out for?" Finn asked panicky.

"Calm down, just a few minutes..." Arok said, before turning around and walking away. He returned a moment later with a refilled glass, offering it to Finn who gladly emptied it.

"The air in here takes a moment to get used to, I think you're the first one to pass out though..." Arok laughed.

Finn took a moment to take a look around the room. He was on Arok's couch, it being the biggest one he's ever seen. The rest of the room was filled with old fast food boxes, and the walls were slightly stained. The smell in the air was still as pungent as before, but it now had way less of an effect to him. Instead, Finn found himself quite

aroused by it, his perverted mind seeing it as a preview of what to come with the dragon.

Speaking of Arok, Finn was quite surprised when the dragon suddenly started undressing himself, peeling his sweat stained clothes off his body.

“You don’t mind me, getting comfortable, do you?” he said, already knowing the answer.

Finn wanted to reply but he was speechless, one of his wildest fantasies was beginning to become true. He never believed that he’d get to see the dragon naked, and judging by how easy it was to get this far, he wondered what else would happen between them today.

“You should do the same, that looks quite uncomfortable there...” Arok said, ripping Finn out of his thoughts. He was pointing at the visible tent in his pants, one that was indeed getting rather painful the more Arok undressed himself. His libido finally taking control, Finn freed his erection from his pants and also removed the rest of his clothes.

They took a good look at each other. Finn savored the look of Arok’s wobbling fat rolls, glistening with sweat and hypnotizing him with their movements, whereas the dragon took in the look of the mouse boy’s skinny, flat chest, imagining how it would get compressed underneath him. They knew that what they were about to do was dangerous, given the massive size difference, but their libidos were out of control already.

“I hope you are ready...” Arok said before he let himself fall forwards onto the sofa, burying Finn under his belly and moobs. The sofa creaked and groaned and sagged as the dragon slammed into it. The air was knocked out of Finn’s body as it was compressed under a literal ton of fat. He couldn’t move his arms or legs, as they were buried in Arok’s flab, and his fingertips were the only indication that there even was someone underneath.

Finn’s head was smothered between the dragon’s moobs, cutting off his air supply in the sweaty cleavage. Fat pressed against his face from all side and forced his nose right into the musky sweat layer. The mouse was stunned from the impact, but after a moment he stuck out his tongue, licking up the musky sweat.

Arok moaned from the wet tongue between his moobs, the month-old sweat finally getting cleaned up. He squeezed his moobs around Finn’s head, encouraging him to lick in different spots, as the licking slowly slowed down. At some point the tongue retracted, and the little arms under his belly tried to struggle, as Arok realized that Finn needed air. Slowly, he heaved up his heavy body, revealing the crushed and sweat soaked mouse underneath. Finn loudly gasped for air when Arok finally got off, being on the verge of passing out from the lack of oxygen.

“You good?” Arok asked, kneeling over Finn’s legs.

“Oh my... t-that was... intense...” he panted.

“If you think that was intense, then you’ll love this” Arok excitedly exclaimed.

He grabbed and lifted his belly, and began to crawl forward on his knees. Leaning forward, he dropped his massive belly onto Finn’s head, engulfing his head in soft fat which also pressed down on his neck and shoulders. The mouse’s nose slid into the belly button, soft and slick fat surrounding his snout, causing every breath to suck in some of the old, slimy sweat inside.

Finn was now feeling the true weight of Arok’s fat on his face. The belly, soft as it was, still weighed almost 1400lbs, and Finn’s skull surely felt that. For him it felt like his head was in the world’s softest and smelliest hydraulic press. Arok could swear he slowly felt Finn’s skull deforming under his belly, but that might as well have been his imagination. Nonetheless, Finn would soon need air, so Arok lifted up his belly. The mouse’s nose came out of his navel with a wet *plop* and pulled with it a string of slimy sweat, that had been marinating inside the navel for an unknown amount of time.

After one deep breath from Finn, the belly was dropped back down, Arok grinning as the couch creaked and groaned once more. The impact sent Finn’s nose right back down the belly button, even deeper than before, as he stuck out his tongue this time. Tasting the slime was way different compared to smelling. The sour, pungent smell of rotten cheese gave way to a way sweeter, cheesy taste. The mouse was lost in pleasure from being crushed by and worshipping Arok’s huge belly. His dick was covered in precum, producing more the deeper his snout went into Arok’s navel.

When Arok lifted his belly this time, Finn was a panting, sweat and slime covered mess. His fur was absolutely soaked in sweat, his eyes were red and filled with tears and his nose was bleeding slightly. Even though this was the most pleasurable experience he ever had, it was just too much for the fragile mouse boy.

“Please... f-for the lo-love of God... you have... h-have to let me cum...” he mumbled, tongue still sticking out his mouth and making it hard to speak.

“Oh boy... Don’t worry, you’re taking it like a champ. And I’ll give you the best orgasm you ever had!” Arok said, a bit shocked about Finn’s condition but turned on by the fact that it was his body that did it.

The large dragon slowly moved backwards on his knees, the couch groaning as a literal ton of fat moved around on it. His belly was hanging down, dragging over Finn’s body and covering any part of him in sweat that managed to stay clean so far. He stopped when he was kneeling over the Finn’s legs, his belly now resting on the mouse’s crotch and completely engulfing his cock. .

The generous amount of precum on Finn’s cock was more than enough lube. Arok pushed down his belly, using it to massage the comparatively tiny mouse cock. In and out of the sweaty rolls slid his dick, covering them all in his precum. Arok did all sorts of things with his belly. Wiggle it around, lift it up and drop it, lean down and compress

the cock between the rolls as much as possible. At the same time, Arok's dick, which was covered by his massive belly, was basically getting the same treatment. His precum added to the slimy mixture of sweat, precum and cum that had been marinating under his belly flap for years.

Finn was on the verge of cumming, barely able to hold back his orgasm. Arok saw that and maneuvered his cock into his belly button, pushing his belly down over it as hard as possible. Finn's dick entered the fatty orifice, penetrating it far deeper than his larger snout could. The walls of the navel got softer the further his dick went. More and more blubber squeezed around his cock, and Finn couldn't hold it anymore. With a loud moan, the mouse shot his load just as he bottomed out inside the navel, filling it with his cum.

Arok also came, the sight of Finn's climax with cum spurting out of his navel sending the dragon over the edge. He coated the underside of his belly in cum, adding to the nasty mixture that was fermenting underneath.

"Hahaha, that was great, wasn't it?"

"..."

"Finn?"

The mouse had passed out, tongue hanging out of his open mouth and drooling onto the couch.

"I guess we could both use some rest... *yaaaaawn*" Arok said before laying down next to Finn. The couch was not wide enough, so even with Arok pressed up against the seat back, half his belly was resting on top of Finn. However, he was sure the mouse boy didn't mind.

The end.