

Weighty Consequences

By: Dragonien

"Don't make me chase you down" the dragon's voice rumbled through the air like a roll of thunder.

Heavy impacts shook the hardwood floor as he fell to his hands and knees in front of the couch with a grunt of effort. His protruding gut hung low enough that it brushed against the floor even before he furthered lowered himself down so he could look underneath the couch for his prey. Behind one of the couch's wooden legings Vero stood stock still, breath held hoping that he would go by unnoticed by the monstrous, hungry dragon. Sapphire blue eyes scanned across the mostly empty space beneath the couch, sharply focusing on tiny flickers of movement that turned out to only be bits of lint shifting as a breeze from the AC moved them across the floor. He may have packed on far too much weight recently to be called anything but sluggish these days but his predator's instincts were still sharp.

His nostrils flared several times, Vero able to actually hear the whistling of wind each time the beast inhaled and exhaled. The little pink wolf sucked his chest in, clenching his entire body as if trying to pull in his own scent through sheer force of will and avoid detection. If only he had been more careful he wouldn't be in his current predicament. If only he-

Vero only had a split second's warning to dive forward, hearing the brush of smooth skin across the floorboard an instant before fingers thicker than his legs wrapped around the couch leg he had been pressed against a split second before hand. He had missed being grabbed by less than an inch but didn't dare waste time reveling in his minor victory. The little pink-furred wolf scrambled briefly on all fours before getting back to his feet and making a mad dash towards the far end of the couch even as those gigantic red fingers pawed across the floor after him.

He was lucky that the dragon was so big, he couldn't get a very good look under the couch and still be low enough to the ground to get his arm underneath it so his clumsy attempts to grab Vero were half blind. That didn't mean the wolf could relax, though. As the arm seemed to surrender its attempt to grab him and pull away, the downside of the dragon being so big showed itself. the entire sky seemed to shift and shudder briefly above Vero as he ran as the couch began to move. the sharp squeak of polished wood on wood filled the air as the couch legs scooted to the side, the massive dragon pulling the couch away from the wall to expose the wolf hidden underneath it. Just before the far leg had moved all the way to the side and revealed him, Vero dived forward past it and out into open floor space.

Dragonien was momentarily confused as he moved the couch away but found no prey in the now exposed floor space, which gave Vero time to get a running head start making his way across the living room and towards the hallway. When the dragon finally caught on he raised his head back up over the top of the couch and saw the little ball of pink fur scrambling away from both him and its previous hiding space. Vero was running for all he was worth, legs already burning with the exertion of the dead-sprint. It wasn't until he had made it halfway across the living room that the quakes started.

Booming, resonant impacts that literally shook the floor slightly beneath them caused Vero to stumble and almost fall flat on his face. he dared a glance back over his shoulder and his ears flattened to the top of his head when he saw the Dragon starting to walk towards him. Dragonien had certainly packed on quite a few pounds since Vero had snuck in. His normally loose fitting pajama shirt was pulled taut across his plump chest, a thick layer of fat having coated his otherwise impressively cut pectorals to fill the top of it to the brim. The shirt didn't even try to fully cover the bulbous belly sticking out from the dragon's stomach, ridden up high enough over the jiggling ball of fat that his belly button was exposed. Each booming impact of a footstep seemed to send a visible jiggle through the ponderous gut in time with the shaking of the floor. Lard-thickened hips strained the waistband of the dragon's flannel pajama pants to the point Vero felt amazed his bulbous backside hadn't simply ripped open the back seam of them when he had bent down to look under the couch. Yet even seeing the monstrous beast he had helped create coming towards him, Vero couldn't stop his cheeks from flushing at the sight of the beast. Not just attraction to his physical appearance, but attraction to the fact that Vero had helped sculpt it. Was directly responsible for causing the normally athletically muscular dragon to pack on pound after pound of fat until he was the chubby behemoth now bearing down on him.

It may have only been a couple of seconds but that time spent recovering his balance and staring back at the dragon had cost Vero dearly, nearly his entire running lead having vanished in only a couple of footsteps. Dragonien was not hurrying after him, partially because since Vero had invaded and helped to fatten him up the dragon wasn't much for fast movement anymore, but mostly due to the simple size difference making any need for haste on the dragon's end near non-existent. Even if he was a slow, ponderous fatass now the simple size difference between him and Vero was so much that Dragonien could lazily walk as fast or even faster than Vero could move at a dead run.

That didn't stop him from trying.

Back on his feet, the wolf leapt back into motion and resumed his B-line for the hallway ahead. he hoped that if he could get around the corner of the hallway in time he could trick the dragon and slip back around it right as Dragonien followed after, returning to the living room while leaving his pursuer thinking he had made it into one of the far rooms. It was a good plan. The only problem was that he just wasn't fast enough.

Before he had made it 3/4 of the way through the room Vero felt the ground shake harder than the

previous footsteps had caused. he glanced over his shoulder just in time to let out a yelp of surprise at seeing a gigantic red hand filling his view. In less than a dozen footsteps Dragonien had caught up with the wolf, gotten down on his knees and reached out to pluck the lupine pest up from the floor with ease. Fingers like steel girders wrapped around the little wolf, immovable even despite Vero able to feel the faint give beneath the flesh where a thin layer of recently added fat had softened even his individual digits. The sudden vertigo the wolf felt from being abruptly lifted up so high was like he had just been thrown in a high speed elevator and thrown up to the 15th floor, leaving him momentarily nauseous and dazed. It was only when the dragon spoke, voice booming across him like he were standing too close to the gigantic speakers at a concert, that he regained his senses

"Finally caught you. I knew something was going on. You've been the one sneaking in my kitchen at night, stuffing all my food with extra butter and sugar. Eating or hiding all my healthier food so every time i was looking for a snack or meal all i could find was soda, cake, processed meats or had to order take out and delivery all the time." The dragon rumbled accusingly. He rolled back onto his ass, legs flopping out to sprawl out in front of him as he rested his back against the wall. His free hand reached down to grab a handful of his prodigious gut, making a show of how his fingers sunk into the soft red flesh that had once covered a cut, flat stomach instead of a couple of spare tires. "You're the one that encouraged this..

Abruptly the hand holding Vero simply relaxed its grip, letting the little wolf slip free and tumble down onto the mercifully soft ground below. it took Vero a second to regain his composure and realize that he was now down on all fours atop the dragon's immense gut. Even Dragonien could hear the tiny wolf's audible gulp of nervous concern.

"Well congratulations. You fattened me up." Dragonien rumbled out in mock celebration. Then his lips curled back in a hungry grin, an actual bead of saliva dribbling down one edge of his lips as he seemed to literally salivate at the thought he had. "And since you were so hell bent on fattening me up, who am I to deny you the honor of being a part of all this?"

with that, the hand that had held Vero flattened him down against the malleable flesh of the dragon's belly once more before scooping him back up into a closed fist. It raised the wolf up level once more with the dragon's hungrily drooling muzzle, then up further still until he dangled over the dragon's head. His jaw opened wide, exposing the fang filled pink cavern of the dragon's Maw like a gaping chasm beneath the now terrified little wolf.

"You wanted to fatten me up, after all... Now you get to do it first hand..."

And with that the hand released Vero, letting the tiny little wolf tumble down only to be snapped out of midair as the dragon's jaw closed around him like a snake striking its prey. The last thing Vero saw was a flashing glimpse of the dragon rubbing a hand almost lovingly across his prodigious belly, as if in anticipation of what he was adding to it next...