

Territorial
By Angelus

A tremendous belch roared out between the skyscrapers of downtown, rattling the windows and setting off car alarms. Tuck was wedged between several of the towers, and his purple hide and cream-colored belly were flooding the wide streets, claiming several city blocks by simply smothering them beneath his girth.

The skyscrapers near his epicenter were tipped over, pushed by his encroaching mass until they were forced to give way. Anything that couldn't flee his expanding mass was swallowed up by it, and he had no intention of giving any of it back, not a single vehicle nor building.

More than a dozen other, smaller dragons were trapped against his bulk in a similar manner. Many were simply pressed under his sprawling stomach, unable to wiggle free from under so much weight. Still more were lost in folds as deep as city blocks were long, making them impossible to navigate. Others had the *honor* of being stuck somewhere between Tuck's rump, trapped between several dozen tons of lavender dragon ass.

Those that had it worst were the ones crammed into his neck rolls, in reach of his hands and mouth. A fat, alligator-like tail, thicker around than a doorway, was vanishing into Tuck's maw like it was a spaghetti noodle. Tuck's throat bulged with the bulk of the dragon he was gulping down, and protesting bulges in the vague shape of hands pressed out from inside, trying to struggle free of the massive dragon's guts.

A loud gulp sent the rest of that tail into Tuck's stomach, and once his throat was clear, he let another massive belch thunder out of his jaws, cracking a few windows with the force of it, and setting his own form wobbling to boot.

A dragon clutched in his fat paw winced from the belch that erupted just inches from his face. "H-hey big guy, come on, I'm sure we can come to an understanding right?" the smaller drake attempted to reason with Tuck.

Tuck gave a lethargic glance at that. "You're a dragon in another *BHUURAAPP* dragon's territory *uhrrrpp...*" Tuck stated. "Nothing to negotiate when I've *huUuUrrap* already *bwoOOrrp* captured you. Besides." Tuck stuffed that dragon into his mouth headfirst, gulping and swallowing, getting stuck for only a moment on the dragon's wide rump. Tuck's neck swelled with the vague outline of dragon ass before it disappeared into the flood of neck rolls.

"Besides," Tuck resumed his statement. "I'm hungry, and you were delicious." Every tasty dragon he devoured removed the threat from his territory, and also expanded it, as his body swelled with prey and fat to claim ever more yardage beneath it. His body was absolutely crammed with dragons. His bulky form bulged at odd places with every attempt for one of them to push their way out, but Tuck's tough hide and miles-deep layers of fat made it impossible to do more than briefly press a hand or foot or tail out, before Tuck's weight forced them back down.

He fished a paw around in his neck rolls and retrieved a dazed and hapless dragon from within, a snack that had gotten itself lost in the worst place. Without consideration, Tuck rudely crammed that dragon into his mouth rump-first, making the dragon's legs fold against its belly as

Tuck gobbled it down. It was as easy to swallow as a handful of snack mix, and half as filling, for the city-smothering blob of dragon.

Tuck let out another territorial, roaring belch, to let everyone know where his growing domain now was. He was determined to keep his territory free of all dragons other than himself, even if that meant having to eat every other dragon he could get his paws on.