

Morning Coffee
By Angelus

Ashes groaned as he waited for the barista to finish his coffee. He was slumped forward with his eyes barely open and dark circles under his eyes from exhaustion. This was the usual state of the gray dragon before he had a revitalizing morning coffee. A wide yawn put his blue tongue on display, and his exceptionally long ears twitched like wings at the sound of the coffee grinder pulverizing some fresh coffee beans.

"It'll be ready in just a moment!" The great dane behind the counter said as he released the coffee grinder and slapped it to get the grounds to settle before moving them to the brewer. He dumped them in and fussed with the machine to get it to start brewing fresh hot bean juice for the sleepy dragon.

Ashes yawned again and shifted his weight from one leg to the other. His eyes were so heavy his vision was blurry, and he was having trouble staying awake. He tipped forward, causing his tail and wings to drop to correct his balance. He sprung upright with a snort, causing his tank top to ride up and show off his chubby, blue scaled stomach. He shook his head, and in that brief moment of clarity he grabbed the back of his pants and lifted them back up over the prodigious curve of his ass.

"Alright, here you go! One hot coffee for Ashes!" The barista dog approached the counter and reached over to hand the coffee to Ashes personally. He beamed a bright and practiced smile, though it was lost on Ashes.

"Ghrrfh... Thanks..." Ashes groaned and blindly reached forward as the smell of coffee hit his snout and made him drool. He missed the coffee cup and grasped the barista by the wrist.

"Ah, sir? Your coffee-" he tried to tug his arm back, but Ashes was stronger to an overwhelming degree.

The dane didn't have a chance to finish that sentence. Ashes yanked the coffee toward his open maw, barista and all. The dane yelped as he was forcibly vaulted over the counter and was plunged arms-first into Ashes' mouth, deep enough that his head was crammed into Ashes' throat in that single motion, preventing him from shouting.

He kicked and bounced in Ashes' jaws as the dragon's blue throat bulged with their arms and shoulders. Ashes slumped forward again with half a snore, unaware of anything but the feeling of hot coffee pouring down their throat and into their stomach. Mouth full, he swallowed on reflex, drawing the barista in deeper with a heavy *glurk*.

His stomach groaned, eager for coffee and the impromptu breakfast. His blue stomach swelled out from under his already ill-fitting tank top and sagged over his falling waistband. His prey shoved their hands and elbows against the inside of Ashes' stomach, making irregular bulges migrate across the surface before sinking in and disappearing.

Ashes lazily brought his hands up to grab the dog's kicking legs to steady them so they would be easier to swallow. He wobbled side-to-side, only barely starting to wake up as the coffee started to course through his system, but not awake enough to realize he hadn't ordered breakfast with his coffee. He swallowed again, slurping their waist into his mouth and letting their legs start to slide past his tongue and down his throat.

His stomach groaned, bulging out further as he packed the barista away. The button on his pants popped from the weight of his shifting gut as the barista tried to wake him from his sleepy stupor. It was to no avail as Ashes closed his jaws around their paws and gave a final swallow, sending their legs into his gut with a wet *glorp*. His tank top rode up to his chest, shoved up by his swollen gut, and his pants slipped down now that the burst button wasn't offering any support.

Ashes blinked and shook his head, seeming to come around at last. A belch blasted from his jaws as his stomach kicked up a ruckus from the fighty meal, and his sleepy state quickly turned to a stomach ache. He clutched his gut, arms squishing into those moving bulges, finally realizing what happened.

"Gwuh?? What... What did I *do*?" he gasped as he hoisted his stomach and gave it a shake, feeling a little queasy as he did so. "Oh, crap. That's definitely not a large coffee, uhrrpp..." He stifled a sour blech with one hand and lifted his stomach with the other to help keep his balance. His thick tail lifted off the ground to assist with the counterweight, and his wings spread and twitched to adjust his balance.

"Sorry about uurrpp that! The coffee was g-great though!" he shouted to his stomach, failing to calm the meal within. Ashes lumbered off with heavy, waddling footsteps. His hands nursed his sore stomach as it continued to fight him, now fully awake, but as full of regret as he was of food. He was glad he had gotten a coffee, but wasn't looking forward to having to upsize his wardrobe. Again.