Dragon Feeding

By: IndigoRho

August groaned as he struggled to push the cart overladen with food, the doughy gray kobold's progress frustratingly slow. A modern hover cart would've made his job so much easier, but they were all being repaired, leaving August with little choice. He knew his master, Rho, would be disappointed if the latest course of his meal was delayed, and disappointing a gluttonous dragon could be dangerous for one's health.

With considerable effort August huffed and puffed and shoved the cart along, the doors to Rho's expansive dining hall finally sliding open before him.

The dining hall was vast and ornate, with a floor of reflective marble and floor-to-ceiling windows that looked right out into space; only the best for a dragon. At the moment there wasn't a table, and the only chair was a wide throne upon which Rho sat.

Rho was an eastern dragon, white with orange stripes that resembled a zebra's. While his kind were known for being rather slim, Rho was instead incredibly hefty, sporting a round gut that resembled a blubbery boulder. His belly was even larger than usual since it was dinner time, a whole feast's worth of food having been crammed in his stomach.

Eating was the dragon's passion, and he was never afraid to hide the fact.

"I was beginning to worry you'd gotten lost!" Rho bellowed as the kobold approached. There was no malice in the statement, but that didn't necessarily mean there would be no consequences. The dragon excelled at disguising his true mood, as many an unfortunate servant had discovered over the years.

"M-My apologies, I was merely ensuring the cart was filled to capacity for you!" August proclaimed, adrenaline fueling him the final stretch. "A wonderful collection of the best pies the kitchen has to offer!"

August lifted up the first, massive pie and carried it over to Rho. A small set of stairs beside the throne allowed the short kobold to reach the dragon, and the pie was placed right onto Rho's prominent belly. Rho wasted little time scarfing down the pie, reducing it to a crumb-dotted tin within seconds. A fresh one was in its place shortly after.

The process continued, August racing up and down the steps trying to keep up with the ravenous dragon's appetite. Even after a half-dozen pies Rho showed no sign of slowing down. His belly swelled slightly as he gorged, growing rounder and rounder. August couldn't help but ogle the mass from time to time, eager to see it get bigger. Fattening Rho was the best part of his often thankless job.

While Rho was still working on the first cart two more were rolled in by other kobold servants, both filled with even more pie.

"You two, get to rubbing!" Rho ordered before the new arrivals could slink away.

The kobolds swiftly complied, waddling over to the throne and gently beginning to massage Rho's enormous middle. Their own modest bellies jiggled as they worked. Rho was rather keen on keeping his kobolds well-fed, and none remained thin for long. Of course he had ulterior motives for the generosity.

Pie after pie was placed upon Rho's expanding belly, August starting to feel exhausted once more.

Suddenly Rho grabbed one of the kobolds by the neck and plopped him right down on the latest pie as if he were any other topping. The unfortunate kobold's eyes went wide as he was lifted up with the pie and shoved into Rho's greedy maw, swallowed in only two, swift bites.

Rho's middle swelled some as the kobold emptied into it, wobbling faintly from the struggles within.

August and his fellow remaining servant barely reacted, practically pretending the incident hadn't happened. They'd both seen countless kobolds disappear down the massive dragon's gullet, and were simply happy it wasn't them that time.

With increased urgency August picked up the pace, the other servant rubbing more furiously than before.

As the second cart was being emptied August heard a brief yelp behind him and winced, knowing exactly what was happening. He grabbed a pie and turned around just in time to watch a thick flailing tail slurped up. August was now the only servant in the room—at least the only one not about to be churned into dragon fat. Rho must have been particularly famished.

August silently counted down every pie he lugged over to Rho, nervously awaiting his chance to leave, to be out of the voracious Rho's reach. Though he adored the blubbery belly—even felt a rush when someone else was added to it—he still didn't want to end up on the menu himself. It was a lot harder to adore a belly as belly fat, after all.

The struggles of the two kobold snacks slowed and vanished as they were steadily buried in pie, until there was no sign Rho had eaten anyone at all. Despite their heft kobolds were easy to hide in a gut like that.

A preemptive sigh of relief escaped August's lips as he picked up the very last pie, proudly pushing it atop the dome of the dragon's gut. Soon, soon he'd be free and could relax and—

The kobold was torn from his daydream as a thick claw pulled him into the air and dropped him onto a soft, wobbling belly. Just being on top of Rho's gut caused the kobold to blush uncontrollably.

Rho prodded August's round middle with a claw. "You've certainly been plumping up well-you've almost gotten too fat to carry my food, butterball~"

"A-All thanks to the generous proportions you provide!" August stammered. Fear and joy fought for dominance in his mind. He'd never had the luck of being on belly-rubbing duty, and found himself unknowingly kneading the dragon's middle with a claw.

"Well I can't have my servants wasting away, can I?" Rho chuckled. "Though my meal was absolutely wonderful, I do believe I've got a little more room left in me. Looks like you're getting a promotion to belly-filler tonight."

August was left mute as the dragon's jaws opened wide, like a dark cavern. He barely even felt the nudge that pushed him into Rho's mouth, and was gliding down the gullet before he realized what was happening. On instinct the kobold wiggled and squirmed, but there was nothing he could do to prevent the inevitable.

A plethora of aromas greeted August as he fell into the stomach, landing with a splat in a pool of pie. The muck was thicker than quicksand, August's weight pulling him deeper and deeper, until he could barely keep his head above the surface. At least he wouldn't be conscious once the digestion kicked in.

Rho sighed and leaned back in his throne, admiring his majestic belly. He squeezed and groped it with both paws, occasionally feeling a lump made by one of his kobold snacks. They were always the best part of any meal, fattened up so they were meaty yet still bite-sized. More would need to be hired, but that could wait til morning. There was always a chance he'd end up having another one or two as midnight snacks later, anyway.

As the last faint squirms died down Rho gave his gut a hearty pat and let loose a thunderous buh-urrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr that made him laugh. Being a dragon was rather delightful...