

“Ulp... ulp... ulp... mlp... nngh... g-grlph hmm! Mm... mmh... ulp... ulp... ulp...”

The rhythmic chugs faltered into a grunt of strain, visible effort tingeing an expression of flustered euphoria when a particularly hard gulp had the drinker huffing and moaning, until she managed to start taking hearty quaffs once more. “C’mon, big girl, just a bit left,” came the croon of encouragement in a more masculine tone, the sound of padded digits gently stroking through silky fur rising up through the low groans and gurgles below. “Thaaat’s it, a few more chugs~” he hummed, nuzzling into the curve of his mate’s neck, the dragoness’ fattened collar veritably swallowing his snout whole as it bobbed with every strained swallow.

Blushing harder, the dragon’s eyes squinted shut, angling her head back further beneath the funnel that her lover braced for her, leaving her paws free to knead gingerly at her ludicrously-engorged paunch in an attempt to soothe the ache within. An ache that had her toes curling and tail flicking side to side in ecstasy as she squirmed on her haunches, making that overburdened dome slosh audibly beneath the fennec that straddled it. As one hand held the funnel, the other steadily tipped the gallon of milkshake so that it poured continuously into that swirling vortex, earning squeaky, blissful little whimpers from his nearly-overwhelmed partner. Sounds that might have alarmed him, if he couldn’t see so very clearly in the blush on the wyrm’s features that she was absolutely in heaven, being borderline force-fed like this.

Besides, enormous as she was, the dragoness would have had no problem tossing the fennec if she wanted. Instead, the great wyrm leaned back, paws lifting from her gut to fold submissively at her chest, each one of those paws big enough that the anthro perched on her gut could have sat comfortably upon the padded palm. And still, she obeyed the urging of her much-smaller companion, ears splayed with a mix of abashedness and arousal while she suckled greedily from the end of the funnel.

“Ulp... glp... m-mlp... a-aah!”

Finally, the last quaff was rendered a bulge in the dragon’s neck, shivering and moaning as she felt that lump slide downward. The fox wagged while he watched the visible curve travel down the dragoness’ gullet, disappearing where her collar met her chest, packed away amid the rest of that frosty confection amid the depths of a frankly mind-bogglingly large paunch. A gut that made for quite the unique seat, now that it had been packed all the way to full capacity.

“Sheesh, girl,” the fox hummed, lifting his gaze to meet his lover’s eyes as she let her head tip forward, panting hard through the funnel that still stuck out of her lips. “Even after all that, you’re still so damn squishy riiiiight here,” he teased as he wiggled his hips over the wyrm’s upper belly, earning a gasp and shuddering moan that had her dropping the funnel when the movement got that tummy jiggling.

“O-oh god, Zach... g-give me a, *huff*, m-moment to... r-recover before you go... ugh, shaking me,” the dragon pleaded with a bashful sort of titter, only to squeak after a sudden belch ripped out of her maw in the middle of that mirth, the force of it enough to get the windows rattling.

Yelping at that sound, Zach laughed brightly as he leaned forward, resting across the dragon’s chest and nuzzling her sagging collar fat. “Damn, Eryn, I think I just dropped a few inches after that one,” the fox teased further, snickering at the abashed little grin he received from his mate.

“H-how can you... t-tell?” Eryn replied with a soft giggle, grunting when the laughter had her taxed belly giving a grumble of warning. Soothing the curve that dominated her figure, the dragoness puffed out her own flustered attempt at a tease, “Y-you’re already... s-so low to the g *hic!* g-ground~”

The fennec snorted at the jab at his less-than-impressive height, before smirking while stroking his lover’s chest tenderly. “Hey now, you’re the one on the ground at the moment, chubs,” Zach retorted, reaching up and gently kneading right at the base of one of the eastern dragon’s ears, feeling her shudder and purr deeply the moment he touched the sensitive member, that great noggin flopping back limply the next moment, wearing a blissful, if slightly strained grin. “Who’s sitting high now, eh?” the fox chirped impishly from above, earning a soft, joyful little giggle.

“You aaare,” Eryn cooed, another hiccup making that taut paunch bounce beneath the fennec. Huffing at the euphoric feeling, the wyrm slowly lifted her head again, tilting it as she gave a shy, yet eager sort of grin. “Was that, whew, all of the milkshake?” she asked, licking her lips in spite of how utterly stuffed she felt.

Snorting at the question, Zach grinned again as he patted the dragoness’ chest. “Yes, you big glutton, you drained it all,” he affirmed, glancing to the side where dozens upon dozens of emptied gallon jugs had rolled off of the rising paunch of his lover, then looking the other way at the odd contraption set up beside them, “Which means there’s just ooone thing left. Assuming, of course, that you’re greedy enough to want more~”

The dragon’s cheeks brightened again as she lowered her head at the playful teasing, yet even with her gut letting out low groans that sounded almost like they were begging for mercy, she couldn’t help her tail wagging at the idea of filling her aching-ly-taut stomach even more. “I-I... think I have some room left~”

A scoff left Zach’s muzzle as he shook his head in mock incredulity. “Biiiig shocker, there,” he cooed, leaning forward to peck the dragoness’ snout, earning a flustered, gleeful little rumble, the

wyrm squirming on her back in delight while the anthro turned and slid off of her girthy paunch. Stepping toward the vat that was hooked up to a modified compressor, the fennec slipped a thin hose from the hooks that it hung from, before turning and stepping around his mate, putting a little extra sashay in his step as he approached Eryn's head, only to pause at her shoulder as he glanced back over her form.

Damn, she was huge. And not just because she had the stature of a fully-grown hippo; no, it was the sheer *girth* that put even the biggest of hippos to shame. That hill of a paunch had already been big enough to press firmly against the floor even when Eryn stood as tall as her quadrupedal stance allowed, squashing out between each limb with its pooling heft when it was completely empty. And after countless gallons of milkshake, that grand gut had nearly tripled in size, completely pinning the bloated she-dragon on her back with its incredible weight, hide stretched visibly tight over that overfilled organ, only the flab at the lower reached of her midsection retaining its natural squishiness. That doughy underbelly squashed over an equally-fat tail, nearly concealing her blubbery haunches and juicy thighs beneath its swollen curvature. Trailing his gaze up that figure, the fennec wagged at the sight of lovehandles resting heavily upon those hind legs, tail sweeping behind him all the more when he appraised the pronounced creases on Eryn's flanks, each one of those flabby folds deep enough that he could press an arm in right up to his shoulder. Further up that body, the vulpine anthro smiled adoringly at the pillowy chest that had been pressed upward by the advance of the long dragon's distended abdomen, squishing her blubbery bosom up into the sagging tire of flab that hung from her collar. Finally, those blue eyes met his lover's own lavender gaze, finding her blushing as she was so openly ogled, yet wearing a pleased smile regardless as she took in just how approvingly Zach regarded her curves, plump cheeks and double chin included.

"Damn, Eryn," the fox chuckled once he'd finished appreciating the view, stepping closer with the hose in hand, "You're getting a bit chunky, dear. Maybe we shooouldn't stuff even more in that boulder ya got there~"

Nothing in the fennec's tone revealed any sort of sincerity at that, his muzzle split in a playful grin as he swayed the nozzle in his grasp side to side, tittering adoringly at the way his mate almost involuntarily tracked that path, eyes wide like a cat readying to pounce on a mysterious red dot. A little whine left the feral's muzzle as she licked her lips, once more squirming and huffing on her back as her paws tapped excitedly atop her gut, little winces accompanying the euphoric pants that came from feeling her heft rippling atop her. "Z-Zaaach!" the weighty wyrm whined the next moment, paws lifting up to her chest as she widened her eyes and lowered her head, assuming the oh so classic Begging Puppy Pose while staring long and hard at the hose in her mate's grasp.

Snickering again, Zach leaned in as he knelt down, resting his flank against Eryn's yielding neck while wiggling the nozzle just shy of the wyrm's muzzle, pulling it back when she made to nip ahold of that dispenser. "Ah! First, I wanna hear you say it," the fox crooned while his free hand scritchd at the second chin formed by the dragon's bashful ducking, "C'mon, big girl, you know what I wanna hear~"

The dragoness blushed harder, yet she still huffed in rising arousal at all the playful teasing. And though she needed a moment to gather her courage, Eryn eventually managed to plead in a breathy, needy voice, "F-feed me... more, love. Make me... h-huge~"

Smirking at the request, the fox nodded again. "As you wish, my liege," he hummed as he cupped the wyrm's cheek, feeling her submit to his touch while he gently guided her head backward, her jaws opening as her features heated up against the fennec's grasp. Another titter left Zach's muzzle as he brought up the thin hose, slipping it into Eryn's maw, then sliding it a bit further, and a bit further. He heard the dragoness swallow reflexively, and felt the tube pulling inward on its own, his cue to lean forward and kiss the dragon's cheek as she closed her muzzle.

Working the thin hose around until she had it tucked to one side of her mouth, Eryn cleared the way for her to let out another soft huff as she shuddered at the presense of the tube in her throat, looking up when Zach stood up from her neck. "S-slowly, please," the dragon cooed, cheeks red once more when the fox smirked over his shoulder.

"Here I thought you'd want me to crank it up to max, ya big glutton," he teased back, earning another bashful squeak as Eryn pawed her paunch, that orb that dominated her torso gurgling when the nozzle reached its destination.

Still, Zach obeyed that request, stepping up to the compressor beside the vat and flipping a few switches, the sound of the pump coming to life preceding a little gasp and moan from the wyrm when she felt that slow, gentle flow begin. With the compressor going, the scent of chocolate pudding wafted up from the makeshift feeding machine, the dragon giving whimpering pants of euphoric strain when her tight gut started to fill once more, though the glacial pace and steady flow kept that strain from becoming overwhelming.

Humming over the sound of the compressor, Zach padded back over to his lover, carefully climbing up over her shoulder to her chest, before sitting on her heaving bosom as he faced the grand mound that pinned her in place. As enormous as it was, he couldn't see any visible shift in that dome, though he could tell the feeding machine was doing its work just by how hot and bothered his companion was, her ears splaying wide as she tipped her head back, murring deeply into the pillows she rested against. Those aroused sounds earned another little chuckle from the

fennec, who scooted down his partner's chest until he was straddling the lower reaches of her ribs, the wyrm's paunch brushing the insides of his thighs with each breath she took.

"Just look at all this; pretty sure you're going to wake up heavier tomorrow, love," Zach hummed, his hands combing through Eryn's fur, claws whispering teasingly at the tight sphere protruding from her body. "I can't even say how many calories are already in here. And there you are, chugging even more like the big ol' landwhale you are," the fox added, glancing over his shoulder to catch the way the dragoness bit her lip in bliss while tightly gripping the corner of a pillow by her head, the squirming of her hips tangible through the doughy sway beneath the fennec.

Too flustered and euphoric to get more than a few stuttering mumbles out, Eryn was completely helpless to resist being filled even further. Just the way she loved it. The gentle, soothing ministrations of her lover's digits had her moaning and panting in ecstasy, paws kneading up into the air while the toes of her hind limbs curled tight, tail tucking between her legs at the incredible pressure within her stomach, yet the tuft at the end of that roly-polly tail was wagging furiously in delight. Every tightening moment was heaven, made even moreso by her mate's efforts.

That playful smirk on Zach's face turned into an adoring smile at how completely taken his companion was with the treatment, turning to face her middle again the next moment. Leaning forward, the fox carefully pressed up against that trembling orb, working his arms in long, broad strokes over the surface that oh-so-slowly grew taller and wider before him. "Doing good, girl?" the fennec checked after a few minutes, receiving another mumbling coo of euphoria that told him all was well. If Eryn needed, she could simply bite down on the hose to stop the flow, yet he still ensured her wellbeing regardless.

"Sounds like it, tubby," Zach chuckled, brushing his cheek against the wyrm's bloated belly, "Actually sounds like you're doing more than just 'good', eh?"

He didn't even need to turn around to know Eryn was blushing, he could tell by the octaves gained by all those murrms and huffs. Tittering happily, Zach turned his head forward, pressing his muzzle into that tight, yet still-yielding surface that rose up before him, his eyes closing as he kissed his lover's tummy with pure affection. He could feel her shift again, those puffs growing deeper at the sensation of the smooch, before a big paw gently, lovingly brushed against his arm. Every touch filled with love, every moment full of rising pleasure for both of them.

And come tomorrow, there would be even more of her for them both to enjoy.