

Steaks served with potatoes and smothered in melted cheese. Marinated lamb grilled over an open flame. Fish drizzled with lemon. The meals are already gone, yet their scents still hang in the air, reaching deep into Impetus' nostrils. He runs his tongue across his claws, then works his way down his fore limb, slurping up the juices collecting in the folds. After all, he reasons, a dragon of his stature must be presentable.

Pressure rises into his throat. He belches, his girthy throat shivering from the force. He runs his tongue over his lips once more. Piles of empty plates surround him, each one licked spotless. Kobolds of all colors and builds bustle around him, carrying the dishes off into the depths of his lair. The light from the twin braziers flicker off the piles of gold surrounding the clearing, casting the chamber in a shifting golden hue. He looks down at his servants, ignoring the flesh poking at the edges of his vision. He shouldn't have cleaned the dishes – yet here he is, lending a claw to his faithful kobolds. He is truly a generous ruler.

He burps again, the ball of lead in his stomach lightening. The heat, however, remains omnipresent and unrelenting. He frowns. Winter should've graced the earth by now. He would go check himself – but why bother? The entrance keeps squeezing him whenever he goes outside, and this is *after* he had it enlarged. He can just order one of his kobolds to check; he's already using them for... well, everything regarding his administrative duties. Besides, he supposed to relax and enjoy himself; he's on vacation. Come to think of it, which winter would this be? The third? Sixth?

His sight catches a mirror off to the side. A large cloth has been thrown over it, hiding it's face from the world. He looks away.

The last kobold exits his sight. A door closes, signaling the end of his third breakfast. He shifts on his cushions, yet the cold still manages to seep into his stomach. He snorts. If this damned heat wasn't enough, the stone floor sought every opportunity to ease its lifelessness into his body. If only his kobolds know a trader selling larger cushions – or knew how to sew. At least their cooking is passable.

Impetus turns his head and gazes at his engraved walls. Thousands of etchings are imprinted into the granite, describing with pictures where words fail to illustrate. There's one where he storms the fortress of Stoneguard; another where he steals the Gem of Annihilation from the dwarves. The center piece depicts him in a duel with his arch-rival: Tiberius. He can still smell the blood in the air, feel the sand as it worms its way between his scales. He can still remember his bulging muscles as they ache from the hours-long fight and the throb and burn of his wounds. He can still recall Tiberius' face, twisted by fear and hate, after he rips his throat out.

Impetus sighs, looks to the pile of books next to him, then to the entrance opposite from him. The tunnel twists into darkness, yet faint birdsong trickles through. A hallow feeling burns in him. He yearns to fight again; to prove his might over another. Frankly, it was a mistake to exterminate the paladin guild – since then, he never had a good, long fight. Hell, he can't remember the last time he had a good, long fuck.

His hind legs spread further apart as he squirms on his numerous seats. There was a time where dragonesses used to line up to mate with him, and he would breed each and every one. Nowadays – for whatever reason – most of them avoid him like the plague. The rare few that actually speak to him state blatant, frivolous, preposterous lies. They describe him with terms like: ‘Sack of lard’, ‘Barrel of fat’, and ‘Walking tub of blubber’. Can you believe it; the audacity!

A low growl rumbles out of his throat. Those whores insist on the lies as well! No matter what he did to disprove it, such as showing off his sprinting speed, (Which all the females surpassed, somehow) his impressive wingspan, (Not being able to fly does not prove anything; he’s just ill.) or flaunting his regal, toned form, (They all fell silent – he knew it!) they insist that he’s overweight. Him, Impetus the King slayer, fat? No, they’re the delusional ones!

The ball of lead stiffens. Impetus burps loudly, the acrid stench leaping into his nostrils. It’s no matter: he doesn’t need some whores to relieve himself – he can do it on his own.

Impetus plants all four limbs – takes a moment to spread his hind claws further apart – then tucks in one arm. He takes a deep breath; then starts to push. Slowly, he starts to roll over, his flesh pooling over the floor. He oozes into his side, the cushions flattening underneath him, the sound of flesh shifting over itself whispering in his ear. Impetus cranes his neck around, the adipose stiffening on the appendage. He gazes on his crimson-scaled body, watching the smooth, fold-riddled dome of his form as it pools across the ground. A muffled gurgle escapes his stomach. He doesn’t see why those whores insist on his weight being excessive – this is simply water weight. All dragons gain water weight at some point in their lives. He is still fit!

Impetus places a claw on his bulging gut. His eyes trace over his arms and haunches, and he swears that they didn’t look so thick before. He looks away.

The familiar splotches of cold now seep into his side. He can feel his testicles being squeezed underneath his hind leg. His body undulates as he squirms. He can still reach his member – right?

He reaches out towards his sheath – stops midway, his arm at its limit. He tenses his body, ordering his back to bend forward and his chest to curve towards his member. His back shudders – a jolt rippling through his thick haunches and pooling gut – yet it refuses to budge, like a massive stone set in a hole. His chest is more malleable and starts to curve his upper limbs towards his member, folds forming and shifting in his body as he does. Impetus sputters as more and more resistance is met, his muscles burning. His claw and penis inches closer, closer – until the top of his claw brushes his glans. The sudden cold sends a shock down his groin, and he grits his teeth. His penis surges forward, and he gingerly grips the end of his dick with the tips of his claws. His back is burning and throbbing with exertion, and his breaths come quick and heavy. He starts massaging his member, nursing it further and further into his grip. Soon, his dick is engorged enough for him to start jerking it with his distal digits – carefully, lest he lose his hold.

Oh, how he wishes he could take his time; enjoy himself. Now he just hopes he can get off before his muscles fail. Which is strange considering his toned physique – no. Happy thoughts, Impetus. He imagines a curved and delicate dragoness (With cute ear-frills) gently sucking his member, her rear to him and her oozing sex waving in front of his maw. He gulps down excess saliva as he imagine plunging his maw into her vagina and eating her out, the taste of her sex sweet and sour – no, tasting like marinated lamb. Like roasted chicken. His stomach groans as he continues to jerk himself off, his claw impacting his stomach with each jerk and causing it to wobble like a bowl of gelatin. The tension within him rises, rising higher and higher-

“Your tyranny ends here, Impetus!”

The dragon freezes. He rips his sight towards the entrance. A plated figure stood, wielding a sword and strapped shield. The light flickers off the polished steel. “You will pay for what you have done!”

Impetus’ blood turns to ice. He slings his body sideways – fails to tip over, tries again. The third try saw all four feet meet the ground, his corpulent, prone body shuddering from the movement. Impetus starts to heave himself upright. His arms and legs strain as they haul his fattened form off from the cushions, his stomach drooping downwards as he rises. Eventually, he stood at his full height, his gut hanging far below. He takes a few deep breaths, his limbs hot and tense from his burst of activity. His testicles ache with their orgasm denied, and his dick throbs painfully where it lies buried between his stomach and thighs. Oh dear Tiamat why did he have to masturbate here!?

“Who daresh-” Impetus coughs; smacks his lips. Didn’t his voice sound less hoarse? “Who dares enter my domain?”

“Sir Midred the Second,” The knight replies. “You are wanted for...” Midred trails off, his sword pointing straight at the corpulent dragon. With his free hand, he retrieves a scroll. A flick of his fingers and the scroll unrolls, the paper running to the ground and continuing to somewhere behind Midred. He clears his throat.

“Murder, about a million counts; armed robbery, about a thousand; tax evasion, two counts...”

Impetus’ dick is painfully squeezed where it hangs buried in his abundant flesh. He grits his teeth. Why did this idiot have to interrupt him at this exact point of time? On top of not being able to get off, now his dick is going to strain against his water-weighted gut for Tiamat knows how long. How dare this man intrude upon his lair, and his personal time on top of that? He is Impetus – slayer of kings, butcher of Argonosh. He has slaughtered whole adventuring parties. And now a sole knight aims to slay him as if he is a mere wyrm? He should kill him. Yet his groin remains tense, and a particular spell is on his mind. He could cast it now – but he’s in no hurry. After all, what’s the fun if he doesn’t get to best his opponent first? His fat jowls bunch up as he smiles. This should be easy.

He turns his eyes back to the knight, who is still reciting some speech. His enemy has made more than one fatal mistake – the latest of which was to take his sight off his opponent!

Impetus lurches forward, his body wobbling wildly as he clumsily thunders towards the knight. Coins start sliding off his piles in large clumps, the sound of hundreds of coins sliding over one another filling the chamber. His waddling hind legs smack against his gut, which in turn lurches and hits his forelegs, which turns his center of mass into a gyrating, jiggling mass. His engorged tail drags along the ground, pulling a few cushions along with it.

The knight looks up at the slowly approaching dragon and places the scroll down, before sliding the shield unto his free hand. He takes a few steps backwards, sword held aloft.

Impetus reaches the knight and takes a languorous swipe with his claw. The knight steps out of the way, Impetus' claw quickly slamming into the earth as his balance nearly topples over, his fat quivering. He takes a moment to reposition himself before waddling forward once more, once again aiming a slow swipe at the intruder – who once again steps out of the way. Impetus catches himself before his other limb collapses from the strain. His fore legs exhausted, he lurches his head towards his enemy, maw wide open and displaying sharp, yellow teeth. The knight hops out of the way, and Impetus' jaw slams shut in open air. Medrid smacks his shield against Impetus' head, the latter's jowls and drooping wad of chin-fat wobbling with the blow. Impetus pants as rises his head, watching the knight strafing away. Damn – this one is fast. Is he an elf? He must be an elf. It is no matter, Impetus has fought elves before. And this elf-knight is walking straight into the range of his tail.

Impetus lifts his tail, and takes a sharp intake as the muscles on the appendage strain to heft it. He rears his hind legs the best he can and throws his tail to the side. The tail barely bends past forty-five degrees before it's flesh compacts against itself, and the momentum throws his rear to the side. His one wing flares out on instinct as he steps out to cease his downward toppling. His ankle burns with a fury of a thousand suns as the overwhelming pressure of his rippling form piles unto it. Impetus grits his teeth through panting breaths. Gods damn these old injuries! Medrid continues strafing around the dragon, and now faces Impetus' rear.

The dragon growls as he struggles into equilibrium. He then starts to slowly trundle around. His hind ankles burn with exhaustion, and arms feel like they're burning. The base of his tail is sore and his back aches. Even his neck pulses with pain. His eyes never leave the knight's visor, whom remains rooted to the spot, content on waiting for the dragon to fully face him.

Eventually Impetus faces the knight, his body taking a second before stilling. He stands there facing his opponent, panting heavily. His heart beats in his throat as a scorching heat breaks out all over his body. This has gone on for long enough – and his patience is spent. He'll have to make do with gnawing on a charred corpse.

Impetus flexes his internal muscles and prepares himself as the familiar pressure builds in his chest. He opens his maw, preparing to fry this plated insect with a stream of dragon fire.

The pressure builds and builds – then starts to rise backwards. Impetus' eyes widen as he tries to squeeze his legs together – too late. A loud fart rips out of his ass, reverberating in the chamber. The knight flinches as the fart drags on. Impetus' eyes tear up as his gaseous purge causes his haunches to vibrate, ripples shooting across his back and reaching down into his chest. A flash of fire ignites behind his rear, before burning out with a whump.

The dragon and knight both stood frozen, staring at one another. Impetus' stomach gurgles happily.

Impetus roars, and overcome with humiliation and rage, charges. His bulging haunches shook with each footfall, and his stomach ripples like a pond being barraged by stones. The sagging flesh on his limbs and neck roll with the waves generated with each waddling step and his lurching thighs smack painfully against his genitals. He gasps for air, the distance between dragon and man narrowing.

Impetus lunges, both fore claws extended towards the knight. His gut immediately impacts the ground and a burp rips out of his throat. Medrid remains still, a mere two yards away. Impetus launches his maw towards the Medrid – who hops away from the approaching head and smacks it with the flat of his blade. Impetus growls before snapping back, yet the knight is already long gone and now strafes around Impetus' rear.

The dragon places his feet underneath himself, poking his gut with his hind claws. He starts to heave himself upright, his muscles straining as they try to lift him. He wheezes as his body ascends with the speed of molasses. His lower body trails behind his rise, his stomach the last to part the ground. His rise starts to slow, then freeze as his limbs lock-up. His heart pounds in his face as raspy wheezes pump out his open maw. He summons all his strength and, through sheer spite, heaves himself upward. His fore legs rise to their full height, yet his hindquarters struggle to keep up. Then they give. His ass and stomach smacks the ground simultaneously, a great wave shooting up his bloated frame. He can't stop the belch from escaping his maw. Several errant coins press deeply into his rear, imparting their frigid cold into his ample ass.

Impetus' feels as if dumped in magma – all of him aches and burns with exertion, as if he has just marched several dozens miles on foot. His lungs burn as they rasp out for air, the sound of his frantic, impotent wheezing filling the air. His heart feels like it has replaced his entire body, each beat of the organ felt through his entire form. Damn this elven-warrior! This mortal rivals even his greatest opponents! How is he so fast, so cunning? And how does he manage this surely-hours long fight? He – it – must be inhuman! Dragon-blood? Must be! Impetus cranes his neck around.

Medrid stands facing the rear of the voluminous dragon. His sword has lowered to hang by his side. He remains silent, his visor staring at the dragon.

Impetus gulps down air, remaining rooted to his spot. He dares not move an inch lest he topples over like a cow. He glares at the knight, maw wide open as his jowls and wad of fat shake with each wheeze he takes. He finds he needs to rise his tired neck higher to actually see the knight fully, his water-weighted rear blocking much of his vision. He... didn't use to be this big, right?

The knight advances, his sword gleaming in the flickering light. He twirls the blade as he nears the heaving frame of lard in front of him. Damn it Impetus! Do something – anything! Yet his body remains frozen in it's exhaustion. His ankles burn and throb from underneath him, quivering so violently it's causing his haunches to shudder alongside it. He's not dying here today, is he? No it can't be – he's Impetus! He's immortal – he *can't* die!

The knight climbs over Impetus' engorged tail, and disappears from behind his expansive rear. Impetus would hold his breath if he wasn't panting to get it back in the first place. A moment passes. A sharp prick presses into his leg – right at his artery.

Life flashes before Impetus' eyes. Fueled by forces beyond his understanding, he lurches to all fours – then starts to topple over. It's all he can do to brace himself as he falls to his side.

He hits the ground, a massive slam echoing in the chamber, the piles of gold lurching from the shock. The small amount of breath he has gained is instantly knocked out of his lungs. The jolt shrieks through every inch of his corpulent form, his great body wobbling like jello in an earthquake. Impetus wheezes hoarsely, his throat burning. Damn that knight and his elven tricks! Where is he!?

Impetus cranes his wheezing head upright, searching for the knight. Only his treasure and statues of his sculpted form met his sight. The knight can't just disappear! He's in a suit of metal for Tiamat's sake!

As Impetus continues to wheeze and search the room, he feels something moving under his tail. He looks around and, through his bulging rear, spots an armored leg poking out from beneath his appendage.

Anxiety flees his mind and the familiar sensation of relief – no, pride fills him. Aha! Once again he has bested a worthy opponent. An unconventional method of subjugation yet proven effective. See? His old wounds fail to keep him from success!

The ball of lead stiffens in his gut. He gulps down air before another belch rips out of his maw, and he gasps deeply to recover the oxygen he just lost. He stares at the errant leg, watching as it moves to and fro. Surely his opponent can still breathe from under his muscled appendage. Which is another relief: for his ailing balls.

He can feel his trapped passenger as he tries to worm its way out from beneath the heaping appendage. Impetus is in no rush – his tail's strength is enough to keep the knight trapped, exceptional as it that mortal is. Impetus lies his head down on a nearby pile of coins, their cool touch strangely nostalgic. But first he needs a breather.

His wheezes turn into panting. Panting into heavy breathing, then to normal. His hearts calm down and the pain and aches shimmer to merely an annoyance. Where are those infernal kobolds? He could use a snack by now. Wait – rather, he could use one after he's done...

He turns and looks back at his tail. The squirming has softened, yet the mortal continues to struggle under his expansive tail. His member has long since retreated into his sheath, yet the ache in his balls persists. Time for him to savor his victory.

Focusing on the squirming knight under his tail, he clears his throat: "Mhosn Ywesh-" Impetus stops. He smacks his lips and swallows some saliva. Taking a deep breath, he starts again: "Mon Yeh Nosh-" Again Impetus pauses. He snorts in frustration – why are his words coming out wrong? Did he injure his throat somehow? He swirls his tongue in his mouth, before trying again. He manages five words before slurring. He huffs in frustration. Damn it, Impetus! It's just a bloody spell! Invigorated by spite, he launches into a chant, the room growing eerily still as power starts to grow within him. The air surrounding the dragon shifts, as if clothing is being donned onto him. With his throat burning, he chants the last syllables, aiming a claw in the general direction of the knight.

A bolt of light arcs through the air and disappears behind his rear. He can feel a flash of cold erupting on his tail – then nothing. He waits a moment. Then he hears the scream.

The knight pops out from beneath his tail, trips, and tumbles into the ground. He stumbles to his feet, gripping his cuirass. “W-what have you-”

“Shut up and just let it happen,” Impetus slurs, a heavy lisp coloring his words. “Do you know just how difficult it was for me to get my member out in the first place?”

The man groans as his armor starts to visibly bulge. He starts to desperately remove his armor – yet his transformation is quicker. Pieces of his plate pop out and clatter in the stone floor, revealing green scales beneath. He trips as his sabotons burst open, the elf-knight’s new hind claws wriggling in the air. The rest of the armor soon follows, bursting from the rapidly growing frame as olive scales erupt all over the bulging flesh. His neck elongates as his head morphs into a reptilian visage. His limbs pop and groan as they reassert themselves as fore-and-hind legs. A tail shoots out from just above his ass, squirming against the floor.

Impetus watches impatiently from his impromptu resting place. His ankles refuse to stop aching. Hell, everything refuses to stop aching. He turns to look at one of his statues, the bulging muscles on the golden dragon staring back at him. Even after the fight with Tiberius he didn’t feel so tired. Maybe he’s just out of practice – yes. His muscles didn’t have the time to warm up properly: It’s as simple as that.

A green, lithe dragon lies in a pile of plate and steel. He pants, his eyes boring into Impetus’ – before they catch his claw. He freezes, then pulls the claw towards his face, bumping into his snout. He yips before retracting his claw. The former-knight stares at his new appendage, experimentally pawing the air, the membranes between each digit stretching outwards as they part. He turns his head and gazes upon his new body, each limb twitching as he tests it. His teeth unsheathe themselves as his new ear-frills flare outwards. His eyes brighten as if day was dawning in them.

“You might want to observe your genitals, elf-knight.”

The green dragon freezes. He raises a hind leg. A vertical slit rested between his thighs.

“Welcome, my new consort.”

The green dragon – dragoness – slowly turns to look Impetus, her ear-frills pressing tightly against her head. Her eyes trail up and down his entire body, the stupid grin on her face slowly fading as if it is melting off her maw and into the floor. Impetus smiles – the females always look so adorable with those frills. He puffs out his chest (As much as he can, anyways) and puts on his most regal look. He gives her the best bedroom-eyes he can muster. “Like what you see, dear?”

The dragoness’ maw purses. Her claws dig into the stone floor. She looks at the entrance, then at the corpulent dragon. Looks back again. Impetus smiles even broader. Look at his new consort, desperately trying to contain her excitement at the mere sight of him. Oh, she’ll be satisfied. Very, very satisfied.

“Imagine being bred by this fine specimen”- Impetus points to himself with his free claw: to his large stomach resting on the ground; his thick limbs; his engorged, nearly swaying neck.- “Imagine lying a clutch of the most capable dragon around.”

For some reason, a greenish tint invades her face and darkens her olive tone. Her tail flicks from side-to-side as her ear-frills flap against her head. Her eyes look... quite worried. Did she eat something off before getting turned? Bah, it’s no matter, she’s a fine specimen and should recover quickly.

He yawns his upper leg open, the adipose drooping off to hang. His balls, the size of grapefruits, hung from his groin, full and heavy with seed. His engorged dick stood erect in the air, pre-cum trailing down its impressive length. The cold air etches into his genitals, and Impetus suppresses a flinch. What's with this sudden chill? Did a gust of wind enter his lair?

The dragoness stares at his genitals. She struggles to all fours as her maw parts open. Her eyes soften as her ear-frills relax forwards. Her tail starts thumping against the floor.

"I could order you to accept my advances," Impetus says. "I could command you to debase yourself. But I won't." His eyes brighten. "I want to hear you beg. I want you to come here and spread your legs wide open for me. I want you to whimper and whine and wet yourself just by looking at my member." Impetus humps – or tried to. His dick barely moves, yet the rest of him lurches and shudders, which he ignores. "It's impressive, is it not?"

She starts to nod her head, but freezes midway. She crosses her hind-legs. A stuttering whine forces its way through her maw. She looks at the floor, her horns jutting upright in the air.

"It's meaty. Thick. Warm," Impetus continues. "It'll fill you up – and that's before my hot seed erupts in you. Imagine how it would feel to have my massive member spurt inside of you, coating every inch of your insides. Imagine my rod pistoning into you with vigor, splitting you apart with each heavy thrust."

She shudders. Her head droops down and starts to sway from side-to-side, her snout grazing the ground. Her fore-claws tense and relax to an internal rhythm.

"Can you not smell it?" Impetus asks, half-teasing, half-genuine. His scent, musky and sour, is so heavy he can even taste it. "The smell of a superior male? That's just a tease, my dear. Imagine how my seed would feel on you, in you, around you. Imagine how it would taste as it trails down your throat."

She drops to her elbows and grabs her head with both fore claws. Her rear lifts high into the air, her legs splayed open as her tail whips from side-to-side. A broken, shivering moan escapes her lips. She peeks at his dragonhood, then at the rest of him. Her maw purses.

"My member is right here, dear. Waiting. Always ready."

The dragoness turns back to the entrance. A few moments pass by. A sigh fills the silence as she visibly deflates. Staggering, she makes her way over to the dragon. Her maw hovers just a few inches away from his erect dragonhood, and her breath blowing soothing warmth unto his genitals. Her eyes closes as she sniffs deeply.

"Are you ready, dear?" Impetus asks.

The dragoness' eye briefly matches Impetus', before flicking back to his genitals. She swallows. Gives a soft nod.

"Good. Now present yourself."

The dragoness stands still for a moment. Then she whips around to face Impetus, her eyes wide open. Her ear-frills press tightly against her head as her tail curls in between her hind legs. Her maw opens as she stares at him. She takes a few steps backwards.

Impetus scrambles to turn over. His lower legs struggle to find purchase on the floor, and he finds it difficult to twist his body over. He lurches – once, twice. The third he tips over and hits the ground, and he heaves himself upright, his limbs once again burning from the tension. His considerable stomach gurgles as he eyes his prey.

The dragoness looks back to the tunnel. Her entire body tenses.

“Don’t worry dear. By this time of day, the entrance should’ve closed itself. No one will bother us.”

She looks at the entrance once more. Then she sighs. She positions herself, then wearily raises her rear and lifts her tail, exposing her puffy sex. Her sight remains fixed on something in the distance.

He approaches her steaming vagina, feeling her heat waft against his snout. He sniffs and brushes his snout against her slit, wetness coating his nostrils. She lets out a muffled moan, and pushes herself backwards unto him – almost swallowing his maw into her. He retracts sharply, his hanging chin-fat swaying with the movement.

“Not so quickly, dear.” She only whimpers in response, her teeth baring themselves. He lifts a claw – strain piling unto his other limb – and grabs one of her haunches. A distorted growl fills the air. He traces his claws over her firm flesh, massaging her rear with his talons.

As Impetus gropes her, a sudden concern flashes in his mind. He’s going to mount her – of course – yet something tells him that it won’t be as easy. He snorts. He done it countless time before – what makes this any different?

He places a claw on one of her haunches, and tests her stability. She remains resolute and stable, although growling louder than before. He gathers strength, then heaves his other arm unto the other cheek. His back tenses as his full weight is fulcrumed on her rear, his paws pressing sharply into her haunches. She let’s out a gasp. His arms start to shake – not from the excitement, but from the strain. Impetus scowls. Shouldn’t his limbs have recovered by now?

He ignores the tautness and pushes himself unto her back. His chest presses into her rear, yet passes her back easily enough. His gut, however, molds around her and refuses to ascend further. Impetus grits his teeth. Tiamat damn this water-weight! He sucks in his stomach and pushes against her, trying to lift his great gut over her back. His stomach manages to slide itself halfway up her back, yet he finds that that’s as far as it would go. For some strange reason, her legs were quivering from underneath him. Why did she have to lift her rear so high?

“Consort!” Impetus slurs. “Lower your hindquarters!”

She growls and sways her head to look at him. She points her muzzle at him – no, his lower body. Her eyes communicate something.

Impetus frowns, and tries to decipher what she’s trying to say. He fixates on one thought. His voice drops an octave, and becomes eerily calm. “Are you insinuating that I’m too heavy for you, dear?”

She glares at him a few moments more. Then breaks eye-contact.

“Good. Lower them.”

Slowly, she bends her knees and descends, her legs shivering under his weight. Impetus hefts his weight further along her back. For whatever reason, her fore-legs also started to quiver underneath him. This poor dragoness – maybe he added too much lust on the spell. His consort is shivering like a virgin underneath him.

As he continues to leverage himself on top of her, he finds that his stomach is forcing his own body upwards. He has to keep his fore legs fully extended off her shoulders so his gut could have enough space to spread out. Even then, he can feel parts of his abdomen drooping off the sides of her back. He grunts in annoyance, managing another push. Finally, the last of his stomach clears her ass to rest on her back, his dick now smashed into her rear. A strange growl rumbles out of Midred.

Impetus finds himself panting with exertion. He doesn't remember being this tired after mounting a single dragoness. Maybe after a dozen, sure, but not the first. He's probably just coming down with something – yes. He just needs some days off and good food and he'll be right as rain again.

His head held high above his partner's shoulders, he starts to carefully retract his lower body, trying to get his cock aligned with her vagina. His penis starts to straighten out, and with only a few more inches-

The lower part of his stomach droops down, slamming his dick away from the target. He hisses. What does his gut have against him? Why is it making it so hard to just breed a single dragoness? By Tiamat, he's getting fat.

Fat?

Impetus blinks. An unnatural chill washes through him. Did he... call himself fat? Are those whores finally getting to him? What on earth possesses him to say that he got fat? He's the epitome of fitness, the very pinnacle of what a dragon should look like, the-

A whimper breaks him out of his mental rut. He notices a tremendous vibration rolling through his great form. He looks down, much of his view blocked by his bulging chest. His consort is shivering so intently, her entire body looks as if experiencing an earthquake. He can feel her hind-legs sliding out from beneath them both, slowly lowering them to the floor.

He wants to yell at her to stop being such a weak partner, but something stops him. That same something also suggests he get off her. He reluctantly listens, and starts to waddle backwards. His thighs rub against his splayed stomach and his fore claws slam into her back as he slides his body backwards. With a final heave, he dismounts her and impacts the ground. He hits the floor with force, shock rippling through his limbs and into his body, his gut smacking against his inner thighs. The rest of him fares slightly better, instead merely shuddering. Even his neck joins with the jiggling. Impetus swallows a lump in his throat. Alright, maybe he's just a *little* overweight – but not something some exercise can fix, alright? He'll just have to cut his portions and move a little more. Maybe even getting back into flying – now that's something he hasn't done in a while.

A whine pierces his consciousness. He snaps back to reality. His consort's slit was still facing him, the warmth emanating off of it's heavenly opening. She is looking at him, a desperate gleam in her eyes.

“Don’t worry, dear, just...” Impetus stops to think. As incredulous as it sounds, he had developed a small gut – this proves to be enough to stop him from mating her. Multiple positions flick through his mind as he ponders on how to breed her. As the logistics reveal themselves, he grows more and more uneasy. Until one position pops into his mind.

“Consort, lay on your back.”

The dragoness obeys, rolling over unto her back. She looks at him quizzically – almost annoyed, come to think of it. Impetus ignores this observation, and proceeds to step over her. He finds his stomach actually grazing her slim abdomen, eliciting a shiver from the dragoness. Something within him – an emotion – rises, but he quickly buries it. He instead focuses on her eyes, seeing her trace his body with the same hue of green darkening her scales. Eventually, he stood over her completely, nearly engulfing her with his sheer girth.

Impetus starts to lower himself – and he is struck by just how *exhausted* his limbs are. They shiver as they crane his body downwards, the fat jiggling on their engorged forms. His stomach pools around her, soon drooping off her sides to pool on the cold floor below. His chest sunk into hers, almost enveloping her with it’s soft embrace – No, it’s *actually* enveloping her. Medrid grimaces, teeth poking out of her maw.

The emotion – dread – stirs in Impetus’ veins, and he hurries to make his dick meet her pussy, desperate to escape the rising feeling. Yet his stomach – his stupid, inconvenient and heavy gut – prevents his cock from finding it’s prize, his engorging member being shifted away by his lard. Impetus whimpers – he actually whimpers at the realization. He forces his fore-limbs to lift his massive body upwards, allowing his stomach room to expand into. He looks down, feeling his neck fold into itself in multiple places. Tiamat, he’s fat. Fat. FAT.

Impetus humps, his weight punching into the dragoness, causing her to huff in surprise. Yet his dick refuses to meet her pussy! He humps again – desperate, pleading – just to enter her and fuck her. Just to prove to himself he’s still Impetus, that he’s still fit and lithe. His cock meets flesh – not his. Not his! Impetus scoots himself lower, urgently tracing around with his member to find her vagina. Medrid wears a pained expression, eyes fully shut as if to block the world around her. Impetus finds himself panting – panting! - at all the effort. Old Impetus would’ve found her pussy ages ago, and would probably be cumming in her right now. But he’s still struggling to find her vulva. What does that make him? Is he still Impetus?

Impetus’ member hitches – and that’s all he needs. He slams his cock into her vagina, the dragoness nearly roaring in response, her eyes and maw flying open, her frills shooting upright. He starts to languorously piston his penis into her, rocking her form with each successive thrust – ignoring how his own lurches and wobbles. His dread and fear and self-loathing starts being drowned by the ecstasy, of the experience of making life, of fucking his partner senseless. He is Impetus, slayer of kings, ruler of Memphis, father of countless clutches. And he *will* cum in her!

Medrid growls and chirps as she is nearly split in twain with each thrust. Impetus wheezes as he slowly breeds her, his lungs burning with need as his heart pounds in his girthy neck. He remembers being able to fuck females much faster before – No! Don't think; Just fuck. He continues to pound Medrid's pussy, his fat lurching to and fro in tune with his lurching breeding. His member pounds into her with each thrust, making up in raw power where he lacks in speed. She gasps and paws at him, tail flopping against the floor and drool running out the corners of her open maw.

His pride starts to soar, and the rising static in him moves into a crescendo. He roars, flaring his great wings and his dick surges his seed into her vagina. She squeals, squirming the best she can underneath his expansive form, claws curling and uncurling rapidly. Impetus rides the waves of joy for as long as he can, memories of being surrounded by females, piles of corpses, bowing servants pulsating in his mind. But like the flicker of a candle, the memories and ecstasy start to fade – then die out.

He collapses unto her, causing her to wheeze from the force of his engorged body. His dick pops out of her slit, resuming being yanked by his fat into a different direction. His breaths come out chortled and hoarse, his lungs frantically gulping down air. His heart drummed in his ears, pulsing so hard he can actually feel his veins throb with each beat. All of him, not just his limbs, aches and burns. He's completely exhausted. He remembers that he used to only feel like this after a three-day marathon. He remembers being able to do five dragonesses before even starting to feel tired. By the Gods, he had really let himself go! He must be huge-

No – NO. It can't be! He can't really be this fat. Impetus catches sight of the clothed mirror. He tries to heave himself upwards – his limbs refuse to move. His pooling form engulfs his consort, who squirms and struggle underneath his heaving mass. She pushes against him, and he can feel his body morphing around her limbs as she does. Oh Gods this can't be this can't be...

He forces himself upright, powering through the strain and pain. He waddles towards the mirror, intensely aware of each jolt rippling through his body with each lurching step. He eventually reaches the mirror and sits down, his stomach reaching the ground before his rear does. He wheezes as he stares at the hidden mirror. He's not going to look away – he refuses! With one great heave, he throws the cloth off the mirror.

Impetus expected, at best, a small gut and at worst, a somewhat bigger gut. He was not expecting the whale with limbs staring back at him. His face has puffed up with bulging jowls and large wad of fat hanging from his chin. His neck – he *has* no neck: just a smooth slope of fat curving towards his bulging, pooling gut. Said gut nearly swallows his hind claws with its girth; multiple love handles curving round its expanse. His limbs are thickened parodies of themselves with their own drooping mounds of fat. His haunches are massive repositories of fat, bulging outwards just beyond the curve of his stomach. His formerly-beautiful scales are stretched so far apart that his pale hide is more prominent on his body. Even his tail sports multiple folds as it stretches behind him. He is as wide as two full-grown dragons standing flank-to-flank!

He gawks at the engorged, wheezing form in front of him. An emotion rises from the depths inside of him, clawing its way into his mind. The feeling dawns over his consciousness with the momentum of planets colliding, roaring through his veins, mind, soul; filling him with burning sense of emptiness. He's pathetic; Just look at him! He's on the perpetual verge of heart failure. He couldn't even fly at this weight, and he doubts he'll even be able to glide. He eats twelve square meals a day, and does nothing but lounge around reading romance books. He has turned soft and weak, nothing but a panting, engorged shadow of his former self. An abyss opens inside of his being. At this point, why should he even try anymore? It'll take decades to burn off this fat, and much more until he can get back to his former shape. At this point, is he even *worthy* of being called a dragon? He allowed himself to get this fat in the first place: Surely that must mean that somewhere, somehow, he lost the plot completely. There's no fixing him.

He looks at one of the statues. The toned, muscled dragon glared at Impetus, the light flicking off its golden eyes.

Impetus frowns. He looks back at the squinting fat-ass in front of him. No. The abyss closes, and the emptiness withdraws. No! He will not be held back! He is Impetus. He has slaughtered thousands, conquered vast stretches of land. He has imprinted himself in the minds of every mortal as the very symbol of death and destruction. The Gods themselves tremble at the mention of his name. He will lose this weight – he WILL regain his prime!

The heaving dragon stands on all fours, his stomach nearly grazing the ground. A deep, guttural growl rumbles out of his girthy throat. Impetus drinks in his fattened form, eyeing each and every curve and fold. This – he decides – is the last time he'll ever see himself this overweight again.

“Imp... Impetus...”

Impetus cranes his sight towards his consort. Pretty sure this once-mortal is called something. “You. What's your name?”

The dragoness coughs and runs her tongue across her lips. She takes a deep breath, and gives the dragon a sharp look. “Mi... Midred.”

Impetus snorts. “There should be a door to your right...” He inhales sharply. “Go through it, and tell my kobolds to serve me a salad.”

“But... won't-”

“They'll know.” Why is this consort so questioning? “Get to it.”

Midred stands still for a moment, before turning and trotting to the door. She propels her lithe body with ease, her scales glistening in the flickering light. Impetus turns back to his bloated twin and suppresses a growl. He starts to plan; to organize training regimens, exercises – diets. At the word, his stomach groans.

“Consort – Midred.”

Midred pauses and looks back. Impetus swears an annoyed look crossed her face.

“Make it two salads...” His stomach groans again. “No, three.”

Midred nods to the request, a strange look passing through her eyes. “W-will do.” With that, she leaves the chamber, the door creaking shut behind her.

Impetus turns to his plans. He’ll lose the weight – soon, the world will fear him again. Entire kingdoms will tremble at his feet. All he needs to get started is a snack...

He – She – should’ve probably thought this through. Granted, she didn’t think she’ll lose to a whale of a dragon, but then again, she didn’t think she’ll get turned into a dragon herself – or rule a kingdom. A life of luxury was something she only dreamed of. Yet every silver lining had its cloud.

She trots down the hallway, her dog-belly bouncing underneath her lithe frame. It’s shaping up to be one of those large clutches again. She sighs as she turns a corner. It was always a hassle when she mates while pregnant; If dealing with one stomach wasn’t enough now she had to deal with her own. This is the, what now, tenth pregnancy she has to deal with? If only the idiot was smart enough to make her infertile, but nooo. She doesn’t mind her children – it’s the unending noise they make. If the hatchlings aren’t crying for her, it’s the wyrmlings and if it’s not them, it’s the wyrms starting trouble over the slightest thing. She can’t even sleep some nights. She can understand now why some midwives and nurses looked like walking ghosts.

The door loomed ahead of her. Even from a distance, she can hear the muffled sound of eating as she nears. Apparently she was to be used as his personal pet, so the spell instilled a deep craving for his member only. And she tried everything: Claws, tails, other males. Nope, just his penis can satisfy her.

Her claw freezes on the handle. The slurping and smacking drills through the wooden board and penetrates into her imagination. She takes a deep, shuddering breath. The door swings open.

Impetus lies on his stomach – or more accurately, lounged on himself. His abdomen has engorged multiple times over, folding into itself and forcing his hind-legs far apart, bulging upwards to meet his curved back. His chest melds with his stomach, his moobs as large as an adult human. His limbs are tree-trunks of fat; the adipose hangs off and shudders with each minute movement. A large wad of fat sat under his maw; his neck folds into his girthy neck and oozes into his chest, the multiple folds of flesh hanging over one another. His forehead and jowls are packed with adipose. His tail shudders where it lay immobile, one big long pile of fat trailing behind the blob-like dragon. His face, neck and chest drowns in chocolate sauce, said sauce running over and between the multitudes of chips and crumbs. His messy, bloated form is adorned with leather pads, attached to ropes to pulleys above. The ropes had to be replaced quite often, and her kobolds are prepared to eventually use chains instead.

Medrid takes a breath through her maw, unwilling to use her nostrils. “Right, fat ass, It’s time for you to fuck me!”

Impetus burps long and hard, the vibrations rolling down his multiple chins and into his engorged neck, small pieces of various foodstuffs flying off from the force. He jams his sagging face into the pot of chocolate fudge in front of him, slurping and swallowing as much of the gooey goodness as he can.

“Can you stop eating for just a few minutes? Your food isn’t going to run away!”

He continues to slurp down the cocoa-treasure. His body ripples in great waves as he attempts to squirm on top of the many, many cushions. Madrid doesn't want to know for how long those pillows were stuck under him. All she knows is that he's causing a damned famine with how much he eats. If only she can fucking kill him, yet alas.

She nods towards some idling kobolds. The little lizards jump into action and start pulling levers. Several metallic clanking noises fill the empty cavern as the ropes tauten. Slowly, the great pooling form of Impetus starts to ooze sideways, his expansive form shifting like a half-full water-skin. He slurps with increasing urgency as slowly shifts over.

His weight crowns the apex, and the ropes slacken as the rest of him falls unto his back. A massive lurch flies throughout his form, his numerous, expansive folds rippling and shuddering at the impact. His great expanse of a stomach depresses as it pools over the ground, almost swallowing his hind-legs under its great mass. Impetus wheezes through his nostrils, licking and gulping down the last of the chocolate in and on his maw. He takes a deep, shuddering wheeze, before a fart blasts out between his over-gorged haunches. The air briefly ignites before burning out with a sharp whump.

Despite Madrid's best efforts, the sulfur stench leaps into her nostrils. She grimaces. "You're bloody disgusting!"

It's difficult to see past his immobile fore limbs and engorged neck, but she swears a smile breaks open from between his crusted lips. Madrid's veins burn with anger.

She tries not to look at the dripping mess of food caking his entire upper body, or smell the stench. She does, however, watch that massive fold of flesh as it droops down from his lower stomach, burying his dick from view and resting on that engorged tail of his. Every single time she returns here it just grew larger; She still remembers when she could lift it up herself to get his trapped dick out. Now she needs to use a machine. She sighs and trots over to the modified catapult. What she would give to stop getting fucked by this embarrassment of a dragon.

As she wheels the catapult closer to Impetus's ass, liquid starts to escape her puffy vulva. The incessant pulsing in her feminine sex starts to pang harder, and she grits her teeth. Her pregnant middle bounced with each step she took towards him. The wheels, eventually, hit the side of his tail, the arm of the machine pointed directly at his bulging lower section. Impetus whines just before his stomach gurgles so loudly that it causes his flesh to jiggle. He burps again, the vibration rolling down his entire body.

The arm of the machine penetrates the underside of his massive fold, and with pull of a lever the cogs start to turn. The arm starts to bend, and the machine tilts as it starts to lift the great gunt of fat upwards. Slowly, and with a distressing amount of creaking, the machine lifts the fat clear off his dick.

The dragoness steps unto his tail, her claws sinking into his giving flesh. He's grown so massive that she could probably sleep on his stomach – hell, three dragons could sleep on him with room to spare. She eyes the engorged dick in front of her, simultaneously annoyed and overjoyed. His balls hang heavy and neglected. His dick, girthy and voluminous, stands rock-hard at attention, jutting towards the dragoness. She's pretty sure dicks aren't supposed to be bend like that.

She growls as she approaches the jutting dick, it's meatus emitting heat unto her nostrils. Despite herself, she takes a deep, long sniff, letting that amazing musk travel through her nostrils right into her mind. She starts to leak more, her girl-cum trailing down her thighs and pregnant belly. She swivels around, a little unsteady on his giving flesh. She lifts her tail to the sky and backs into his dick.

At once, ecstasy explodes in her, racing throughout every vein in her body. She let's out a moan as she starts to pump herself on his member, wet slurps filling the air. As much as she hates to admit it, his dicking is amazing. Even if she has to do all the hard work herself.

Impetus burps, a foul stench starting to infest the air. She scowls as she plunges herself into him over and over again, letting her rising wave of pleasure drown out everything else. Her belly sways, her hind-legs straining part in exhaustion and in part of excitement. Moans and wails involuntarily escapes her throat. The wave rises and rises until-

A bolt of pure joy rips through her. Her pussy contracts around his member, squeezing and massaging his throbbing member. She gives short, stuttering purrs as she lets the joy blast throughout her. She leans her head backward, adrift in the joy.... Why isn't she feeling hot wetness inside?

The lack of sensation rips her back into reality. Dammit! Did this over sized pig not cum!? Is this one of those where she needs to keep fucking him until he unloads!?

"You fat, pathetic piece of shit!" She yells. "Can't even cum in a women!"

Impetus give a long, reverberating belch in response. His dick throbs in her, shooting another tinge of pleasure through her.

"That's it, you blob, just eat, burp and fuck all day long, every day! That's all you're ever good at!"

Impetus burps again, and squirms on the ground, his adipose-drowned body sways and wobbles. His dick throbs inside of her, and she moans at the sensation, pawing at his fattened tail.

"You'll never amount to anything ever again. You'll be like this for the rest of your life!"

Impetus whimpers, and humps the air. Well, tries to. All that happens is his fat lurches violently at the motion, and his dick retracts from her. The consort whimpers and slams herself back into the addictive cock, her limbs almost giving out from beneath her.

"You can't even fuck someone, you tub of lard. That's how fat you-"

Impetus erupts inside of her vagina, coating her insides with white hot cum. She wails at the sensation, and starts to rapidly impale herself on his member, the jizz leaking out her vulva. Her ass slaps against his fat groin as she pumps herself with haste.

Soon, but not soon enough, the feeling subsides. She takes a deep breath before withdrawing herself from him, shivering as his cock slid out of her. She stands still. The semen still courses from her over-filled vagina, staining her legs and expectant stomach. She'll feel ashamed soon. But now is not soon.

She shambles towards the catapult, her legs aching and hallow. A brief thought asked her if she wants to let his gunt down slowly. She pushes the machine, sliding Impetus's gut off it's arm and causing his fat to drop unto his genitals. He coughs at the impact as his body jiggles. She wordlessly pushes the machine to the side, and turns to leave.

A deep, rasping inhale stops her. "Fhoohd."

She can't find the strength to mount a retort. "Yes, Impetus. Food." She motions for the kobolds to turn him over again. A clatter of feet. Clanking. Liquid-but-not shifting over itself. And soon thereafter, the sound of a former-champion engorging himself.

She sighs, mentally preparing herself to deal with her children. Thank Tiamat they'll never see their real father. They'll never have to know.

Silently, she enters the passageway, and disappears, leaving the pig alone with it's food.