

The blow hits his hind leg and flies throughout his bones. Humilis flings his body around and throws a punch, yet hits only air. The retreating black dragon slows into a trot and shakes the stress out of his neck. Then, like a shark circling its quarry, he prowls around Humilis, his auburn eyes roaming every inch of his prey's brown scales.

Pain throbs all over Humilis' body. His heart pounds in his throat and his breath shoots in and out in shallow pants. The injured leg nearly buckles from underneath him, but he quickly repositions himself – his opponent charges.

Humilis drops unto his flank and kicks. The attacker weaves past the wild blow and tackles, knocking the air clean out of Humilis' lungs. Limbs become tangled, a flurry of snarls and grapples, two bodies squirming on top of one another. Humilis desperately tries to pry the smaller dragon off him, wheezing for oxygen as the adrenaline roars throughout his veins.

Then a pair of arms wrap under his head.

They squeeze, and the air stops. Humilis grasps at the arms, but the opponent places his feet against Humilis' withers and locks his body straight, stretching Humilis' neck upright and pulling his head far above the reach of his own arms. Humilis jerks his body and tries to dislodge the dragon off him, to gore his opponent: yet the choke remains. His vision swims before his eyes, a black encroaching on the edges, his throat desperately flexing for air.

Then a gush of hot air next to his ears. "Pathetic," the whisper says. A forked tongue flicks past his dimming vision. "You're a disgrace. You don't deserve the title, whelp. You're nothing more than a—" "

"Enough."

The hold continues for a moment, two, before releasing. Humilis hits the ground and starts wheezing in air, coughing and retching, drawing in lungful after lungful. Pricks erupt across his body. He's faintly aware of a patter of footsteps past his head.

"Persuivant Albus is victorious!"

An applause erupts throughout the arena. Humilis' vision sharpens and he witnesses Albus trance around, maw held high, tail swaying from side to side.

"Courtier Humilis...?"

The applause abruptly stops. It took a moment before he realized the Viceroy is talking to him. He forces his head upwards, looking past the battle-scarred marble walls and into the box carved out of the tiered podium. Between two armored dragons lies a withered red dragon, reclining upon a stone studded with sparkling gems. A frown sat upon his creased visage.

"This is the second fight you have lost," the voice echoes throughout the arena. "I do not need to reiterate what happens when you lose the third."

It's all Humilis can do to nod at the words. His throat burns like a smoldering coal has been wedged into it. Everything aches.

“Consider forfeiting the duel, and you’ll save this court the time and the finances to watch you fail a third time,” the red dragon snorts and shuffles on his padded throne. “You have one month of leave. And another on duty before we repeat this circus. You are dismissed.”

Humilis forces himself upright. The world spins around him and a spell of drowsiness washes over him. He stumbles towards one of the entrance tunnels.

Mental numbness overtakes him as he limps through the tunnel, his mind turning blank, like an empty paper waiting for ink. The clacks of his claws on stone echo in the deserted hallway.

Eventually he reaches the holding room. Among the wooden furniture and iron shackles stood a white dragon draped in an equally white dress. He introduces himself as an apothecary and starts tending to Humilis’ wounds with foul-smelling moss and repugnant balms. The sickly-sour stench fills the air.

Humilis looks down and finds something black on his fore paw. It’s a lone scale, black as midnight, the torches’ light flickering off the pebbled surface. He tosses it away.

The apothecary’s work done, Humilis mumbles a thanks before starting towards the stairs. He pauses midway up. He takes a deep breath and tries to calm his rising anxiety; it’ll only be for a minute.

He emerges from the stairs into the court proper. It’s an elliptical, marbled room with a curved ceiling that terminates with an open gap at the top. The stands are split into two parts: the courtier area and the dignitary area, divided by a low wall and the rectangular arena in the middle. The courtier’s seats curve around the arena and are built in ascending rows, as if they were stairs built for giants. Each wide row houses multiple wooden desks, all neatly aligned one after the other, each accompanied with a reclining (In Humilis’ experience, rather uncomfortable) chair. A stairway splits the courtiers in two and leads to a single, narrow door set high in the only right-angled wall portion above. And behind every desk, and on every chair, sat a dragon.

Green, blue, red; spiked, webbed, horned; old, young adults, middle-aged. All kinds of dragons from every scale and form crowds the room, the only unifying aspect among them are the dull-red dresses hugging their limbs and draped over their bodies. They are silent, standing perfectly still, like rows upon rows of colored terracotta statues. And all of them are staring at him.

Humilis keeps his gaze to the floor as he traverses the stairs. Towering figures sweep past him, some eyes sympathetic, others ambivalent. Most are judging. Glaring. Swiveling their slit irises to track him as their bodies remain completely motionless.

The door swings open with a creak and he hurries through it. A slam, and finally he finds himself alone. Humilis breathes out a sigh of relief. It’s over. Let’s go home.

He limps down the path, trying not to look at the walls. The hallways are wide, square tunnels, their alabaster surfaces glinting with polish. Tiles line the floor with plush carpets running down the middle. Their walls, however, are marred by scene after scene of war. Numerous engravings of dragons slaughtering whole swathes of tiny men are littered all over the halls. Fire rages in many of these pictures, and more often than not the men found themselves running panicked within the fires. One engraving is repeated time and time again: a head shot of the Viceroy, Sanguineus, looking straight out from the walls, the two garnets serving as his eyes seeming to follow Humilis as the latter passes them.

Humilis enters the foyer and aims straight for the double doors leading to the outside. He ignores the open doorway inviting him to the dressing room. Let them break into his cabinet and sabotage his dress; he doesn't care anymore. Flinging open the doors, he steps out into the porch.

A tiny flight of stairs reached down and unto the winding road. Bushes of roses, daffodils and bluebells line the cobblestone, the foliage intermittently broken by large statues depicting the war-heroes of old. In the background, the high walls of the compound stretches around the court. Humilis fights back the urge to take flight – the Viceroy forbid any take-offs, lest the gusts of wind harm his delicate flowers.

Reaching the gatehouse, he gives a nod to the guard. The portcullis rattles open and Humilis finally exits the courtyard, finding himself on a dirt path flanked by pine forests. He wastes no time taking to the air.

Clouds of dust billow in his wake as he propels himself upwards, each great flap of his wings launching him further and further away from the earth. An air current greets him, and he settles into a glide. His tail straightens out as his limbs curl close to his body.

Miles upon miles of forests, plains and mountains stretch out in front of him, the eternal blue of the sky broken by large clouds idly sailing by. The numbness leaves his mind, and a flood of emotions and thoughts surge into him.

Humiliation. Fear. Anger. They swirl and rage inside his body, like a hurricane cutting a swathe through the land. He can't believe he lost twice in a row. Damn that bastard Albus! Why is he targeting him - gunning for his position? He is one of the lowliest courtiers. Why can't they just leave him alone?

The wind buffets him, shrieking past his ears and letting the cold pierce deeply within him. Doubts and regrets flood his thoughts as he becomes lost in a mire of his own misery. Through the haze, the plan drifts into his consciousness. He has to do it. There's no other option. But what will Laetus think of him? What can he say to her? The thought hangs unanswered in his mind.

Home greets him soon enough. A solitary mountain trusted upwards from within a forest, its steep and jagged surface cut through by a narrow path winding towards a recess. Trailing past the mountains is an ancient dirt road, nearly overgrown by trees and foliage. Humilis flies in a circle around his lair, eye-balling the exposed shelf.

Humilis descends and lands with a jolt that hammers pain across his limbs. A growl rips out of his throat. He stands still, taking deep breaths, willing the pain and anguish away.

Metallic groans split the air. Humilis' heart skips a beat and he whips his head towards his door. Standing in the open doorway, ear-frills fluttering and tail deathly still, is a cerulean-scaled dragoness. Her eyes widen.

"Humilis!" she rushes towards him and starts inspecting his body, eyes trailing up and down his toned physique. "Come inside," She says, hurrying to his flank and uncurling a wing around his body. She starts to practically drag him inside. His limbs respond mechanically, Humilis too overwhelmed by shock and surprise to be able to think. She's not supposed to be here. What is he going to do, what is he going to say?

They both pass through the doorway, the side of the door frame scraping past his arm. Using her tail, the dragoness pulls the door shut, blocking out the outside world.

His lair is nothing special. A rotunda served as his foyer, sporting a ceiling carved out of the granite and into a curved dome. Around the circumference of the room, several tunnels stood among the magically-lit torches, each passage leading to a particular room. The foyer held his exercise equipment: his tree-trunks, his large wheels of stone, his scattered piles of mats. Several unwashed plates dot the room, and he silently pleads for the Gods to make Laetus not notice them.

“Why don’t you show me your artwork?” Laetus offers. Before he can say anything, she starts towards one of the tunnels, pulling him along. The click-clacking of claws on stone echo throughout the winding passage.

A solid steel door greets them around a corner. They approach it and Humilis starts to undo the lock. He ought to complain to the court about their non-magically augmented doors they installed, but like every other time he did, he’ll just be ignored. The lock opens, and they enter, the door swinging shut behind them.

The treasury differs from the rest of his lair in three respects. One, it is chiseled into a perfect square. Two, multiple enchanted torches line the walls, together casting such a bright light that shadows barely exist within the room. Lastly, and the most importantly, there’s a pile of treasure resting in the middle.

Uniform stacks of copper, silver and gold stand next to one another, coin after coin neatly placed into columns, arranged into perfect squares. In front of these three stacks are the gems. They sit on a pedestal, the face of it angled towards the ceiling. Rows of azurites, garnets, amethysts and more surround a single, flawless diamond. They glint and sparkle in the bright light.

Laetus places him in front of his gems and lies down next to him. Her svelte flank grazes his, the strap of her pouch an unwelcome roughness compared to her scales. She dips her maw into an open pouch. Gently, she places three garnets in front of him.

“There, that should be enough,” She says, “Why don’t you complete it?”

Humilis nods and lines up the three garnets. They glitter in the bright light, no imperfections marring their dull-red surfaces. He then starts arranging the display. His troubles disappear from his mind as he mentally calculates and executes his artwork, evaluating the look of his art piece, and reorganizing the jewels again. Time becomes a blurry image as Humilis works to perfect his display.

It’s done. A long exhale flows through his nostrils. The display shimmers in front of his eyes, the red, blues and purples combining into a shimmering beacon of color. Already he’s deducing better lay-outs; better ways to display the art. Yet he cannot help the feeling of satisfaction easing through him.

“It’s beautiful.”

Laetus’ voice jolts him back to reality. Instantly his mind is awash in guilt. What must she be thinking of him?

Laetus leans against him, her smooth scales gliding across his. Their tails entangle with one another, and they hold paws. Her digits give a gentle squeeze. “Surprise.” She says. He simply squeezes back, his tongue a dead weight in his mouth.

“Are you okay?”

He knows better than to say otherwise, “No. I lost.”

She says nothing, just easing her body closer to his, offering comfort where words fail to convey. Her heart beats gently against his scales.

A speck of pain lodges in his throat, and Humilis coughs. She stiffens.

“He strangled you again, didn’t he?”

Humilis nods. He can feel her muscles tensing as the edge of her wing-arm brushes against him.

“I’m sorry it happened again,” She says softly. She nestles her head under his chin, “I’m here.”

Humilis takes in a shaky breath. How is he supposed to protect her if he can’t even protect himself? Hell, here he is keeping a secret from her.

She starts to speak, “If the worst happens, you are always welcome at my place.”

He shakes his head, “You’ll be harboring an exile. Besides-”

She flings her head backwards and stares him down, “I don’t care!” the yell echoes in the room. Rage blazes across her bright green eyes. Then it dims, “I’m sorry, I’m just...” she looks down and starts to rub Humilis’ fore arm. “I’m sorry.”

“I understand,” what I’m going to do isn’t fair to you, “It’s fine.”

Her digits glide over the bulging contours of his muscles. The flesh sits firmly on his bones, rigid and uncaring, like solid stone. This idea of him is stupid – It’s lunacy. Hell, she’ll probably break their bond and run for the hills.

She leans back into him, warmth oozing into his side. Unknown to her, a war erupts in Humilis’ mind. Reason fighting against need, a whirlwind of emotions clashing against one another. The battle rages, growing harsher and harsher, the words he desperately wants to say rising in his throat. He swallows.

“Dear.”

“Yes, love,” Laetus flicks out her tongue, lapping the underside of his chin.

His heart starts racing. He has to do this. He has to tell her.

“I’ve read up on the Dragonium”—Gods this is going to sound insane—“and I found something interesting.”

“Do tell.”

Soft snaps and crackles of torches burning fill the ambiance. He takes a deep breath, “Nowhere does it state that being overweight is a punishable offense. A health condition, yes, but not actionable.”

A pause. “Where?” Laetus retracts from his touch and bends her neck down, rummaging through her pouch with her maw. She pulls out a thick book and plops it unto the ground. Opens it. Humilis points out the page number and she inspects the wording. She frowns. Reads it again.

“Huh...” she flips through the book, pages gliding past one another in rapid succession.

“The court has to provide any and all accommodations for its members, able or otherwise. But here’s another fact,” He leans forward, balancing the tips of his claws on the ground. “They can’t punish someone for ‘indecent noises’ if medical reasons are to blame. And-”

“Humilis, why are you telling me this?” now she looks concerned. He swallows down a lump in his throat and prepares himself. Then he forces the words out:

“I want to be fat.”

A pause. Laetus flicks her sight towards the floor, seconds passing by in complete silence.

“I don’t know why,” He says. It feels like the words are pressing into his throat; wanting to escape, to be finally free. “But I always wanted to be big, soft and warm. I’ve always felt small my entire life – just ignored or disrespected by everyone no matter what I did. But a dragon? Deliberately getting obese? It’s unheard of. Getting fat was going to be political suicide, and... and it isn’t fair to you either,” Humilis sucks in air and plunges onward, ignoring the world around him.

“So I grew muscled instead. Day after day, I spent hours lifting and exercising, growing a perfectly toned body. I hated it. All this muscle makes me feel like a living statue. But I thought it was a necessary sacrifice – I would be able to keep us both safe. I was wrong.” It feels like a horde of ants are crawling in his back. “After I found the loophole, this idea of mine has been brewing ever since. It was only after this second fight that I started to seriously consider it,” he stops and looks down unto his sculpted arms. Clenches his claws. “I’m sorry if it makes you think less of me. But I just... want to be me.”

Her throat tenses, and her sight remains stuck on the floor. Then she levels her gaze on him, “How is this going to help you win the next fight?”

“We’re only allowed to use blunt attacks. No claws, no fire breath. And how is he going to hurt me through thick layers of fat?”

Laetus bobs her head, “Alright. But getting fat is going to make you slow. He can outmaneuver you.”

“The arena is barely big enough for proper fights as it is,” conviction colors his voice, “I can just block him in using my bulk.”

“You’re serious about this,” she gives him a look he can’t place. “Are you absolutely *sure* you want to do this? Think about all that it will cost you – your health, your ability to fly, your mobility – is all of that worth it?”

He asks himself this every night when he goes to sleep, and every morning when he gets back up. But he has never felt more sure about something in his life.

“Yes.”

Laetus lowers her gaze back unto the ground. Moments pass in silence, the dragoness debating something in her head while Humilis watches with baited breath. Then she looks back up at him, “You’re not the only one with secrets.”

Humilis shifts his weight, unease now flowing through his veins. “What do you mean?”

“I-I...” her voice trails off as a purple tint colors her features. She purses her lips and swallows. “I have a thing for... bigger dragons.”

Everything freezes in Humilis’ mind. Did he just hear what he thought he heard?

“It was always a fantasy of mine...” she continues, as she starts fidgeting with her ear-frill. “Of having someone large and heavy, their weight pressing down on me, molding all over me... I like it.”

She isn’t joking. By the Gods, she isn’t joking.

“So uh... guess we both complete each other in more ways than we thought,” a smile blooms across her maw, “so if you want to get bloated with blubber: I’m all for it.”

Humilis stares at her, completely disoriented, feeling as if a random gust of wind threw him against a mountain. Then the relief came. He breathes in deeply, feeling like a weight has been lifted from his chest. All the words in this world can’t possibly describe how grateful he is towards her. Hot tears threaten to form. “Thank you.”

Laetus giggles, her tail wagging and her frills fluttering, “No, thank you. Thank you for telling me.” She snuggles up to him, her breath infusing heat on his neck. He drapes a wing over her and pulls her closer. For a long time, they remain silent, snuggled against one another with warmth radiating between them.

“How big?” she suddenly asks.

The word echoes in Humilis’ mind. He finds himself without an answer. For his entire life, he’d never thought he could make this happen. Now the possibilities stretch out in front of him like an ocean stretching into the horizon. Image after image forms in his mind, each one depicting him fatter, bigger, heavier than the last. Layers upon layers of lard surrounding him, engulfing him: keeping him safe, warm, soft.

“Big,” he finally says. “Very, very big.”

Laetus' tail starts wagging and her frills flutter. Her tongue drags across his chin. "I can't wait to see just how much you'll grow," she plants a kiss on the side of his maw, "I love you."

A gentle warmth courses through his soul. "I love you too," he hugs her tightly, suddenly aware that this might be the last time that he'll be able to hug her in his lair. Moments pass in peace.

"How long are you here for?" Humilis asks, his turn to ask the sudden question.

"I leave tomorrow. But I don't want to think about tomorrow. I just want to be here, next to you."

The thirty days of leave suddenly seem too long and too short. "Me neither," with nothing else to say, he prepares to settle into sleep. "Goodnight, love."

"Goodnight, my future fatty."

They snuggle their heads into each other's wings. Slowly, like a boat sailing out on a still sea, they drift to sleep.

They wake up early in the morning and remain intertwined for a long time, letting their hearts beat against the touch of the other. Eventually, they have to rise. Silence passes between them as they head outside. The rising sun peeks from behind the distant mountains, casting its rays across the earth. Laetus spreads her wings, the sharp light illuminating the membranes and silhouetting the veins spread across them. She turns her head around.

"No matter what happens, I'll be here. Okay?"

He nods, his throat dry. Laetus returns a nod, looks out unto the horizon, and breaks into a gallop. With a leap and a flap, she takes off. Soon she disappears into the distance.

Two months. Somehow he has to get horrendously fat in two months.

Humilis sits down on his haunches and stares into the horizon, feeling more alone than ever. The only thing left now is to start getting fat. But is it really the right thing to do? What if this all blows up in his face?

He shakes the doubts off his mind, rises, and enters his lair. Grabbing a crystal ball off a table, he orders the biggest slab of meat the marketplace has, places it back, then lies down and waits. Half an hour passes before he hears a flapping of wings, followed by a dull thud. Humilis remains where he is for a few minutes. Then he scrapes together the courage and goes and opens the door. A large bundle sits alone. He grabs it and drags it inside. The paper falls apart within a few cuts.

The meat stares at him. He knew what he asked for; he should've expected a whole cow. But he didn't realize just how big it would be. From its rectum to his decapitated throat, its about half as long as he is.

Humilis swallows again and pulls the meal towards him. The metal plate shrieks across the stone floor and pierces his ears. He looks down at the impossibly large meal and tries to imagine it in his stomach. He cranes his neck to look at his toned abdomen, then at the meal. Back again.

He tentatively cuts out a limb using his claws and twists it. A crack and the appendage is in front of his maw. The flesh glistens in the torch light. Humilis licks his lips and starts to eat.

Flavor explodes on his tongue as he consumes the limb, and he finds himself gobbling down the meat, swallowing bite after bite of slick meat. Soon a bare bone meets his sight. He tosses it and pulls off another limb. The second one goes down fine. By the third, he started to feel full.

Humilis stares at the last pieces of meat still clinging to the fourth bone. Pain pulses in his stressed stomach. He grits his teeth and forces the last pieces of meat down his gullet, each swallow increasing his gut's pressure. An urge to vomit rises, the sweetly sour taste touching the back of his tongue. With one last swallow, he gets both the meat and the rising bile down his throat. Done.

He eases himself unto his side, groaning as he holds his swollen gut; a bulge on his otherwise toned form. He rubs his abdomen, claws gently massaging his flesh, trying to ease his strained stomach. Then a small fart bursts out of his rear. His gut relaxes and Humilis breathes out a relieved sigh – before shame floods him. An apology almost slips past his lips before he remembers he's alone.

He looks back at the cow. Despite it missing all its limbs, it looks just as large as ever. Humilis groans and clenches his maw. He starts to mentally goad himself on: he can do this, he knows he can. Humilis cuts a pawful of meat and starts eating.

The cow, bite after bite, starts to disappear into a pile of bones. Humilis' maw burns with overuse, his throat is sore, and his stomach feels like its about to burst. Still he gorges himself on the meat, stopping only to occasionally belch. Eventually, after what feels like hours, his meal is done.

His stomach bulges outward, nearly spherical with food. He massages and rubs his swollen gut as he slowly relaxes back unto the floor. The weight of his stomach presses into him, causing a loud fart to burst out of his rear. He luxuriously stretches out on the ground as he caresses his swollen belly. He can get used to this.

The day after, Humilis manages two cows. The day after that, three. Soon pastries and desserts find their way into his increasing meals. With every day, he grows softer and softer, neglecting his exercise to lounge around and gorge himself instead. He loses himself in the haze of pleasure, giving himself freedom to stuff his belly full of food. And fat he becomes.

His cheeks puff up and turn into bulging wads of flesh. A sack of lard fills out underneath his maw and sways and wobbles whenever he moves his head. Fat piles unto his neck, turning his serpentine appendage into a sagging tube of flesh that melds into his shoulders and chest. His fore arms turn into thick tubes of flesh, and large mounds of fat form on his upper arms that constantly brush against his engorged chest. Fat piles on his back and forms dimples, threatening to morph into folds. His wing-arms grow large and soft, and rest more and more on a horizontal plane as his back widens. Massive deposits of blubber accumulate on his haunches, turning his rear into a pair of globular, wobbling cheeks that would instill jealousy into any dragoness. The tail transforms from a tapering appendage into a thick sausage where tapering was merely an afterthought. At rest, the appendage bends down unto the ground, resting a third of its length on the floor. Yet all of his engorgement pales in comparison

with his gut: the heaving mound called his stomach hangs to just above his ankles and bulges outwards on both sides, nearly eclipsing his wide rear. His hips are barely visible, now only a mere fold between his stomach and haunches. Lard surrounds every inch of his form, burying him beneath layer after layer of the soft, jiggling adipose. Yet still, he eats.

Humilis stuffs down yet another pastry, his cheeks and chin-fat shuddering as he chews. He swallows, then a belch flies out his maw before he crams even more food in his face. Slurps and smacks echo in the cave as he scarfs down his food. His engorged gut spreads out across the ground on either side of him, groaning and bubbling, a pleasant warmth infusing throughout it and leeching into the cold floor. His stomach has long since been filled – but he doesn't care. All he cares about is stuffing himself and feeling the weight pile unto his bones. He reaches down and fondles his abundant flesh, massaging and shaking the thick pile of gelatin stuck to him. It feels so comfortable lying like this and stuffing his fat face. He can't wait to see how big he'll-

A shrill rattling perforates his peace and rips him out of his ecstasy.

He freezes, mid-bite, as the sound continues to rattle in his ears. Gulping down the pastry, Humilis waves a pudgy paw, and the alarm ceases. His arm drops to his side, the impact causing it and his bloated chest to ripple. His pudgy face gains several more creases as he frowns. Why did he set the alarm? Humilis starts to think back, the fog of hedonism clearing, and soon the memory comes bubbling to the surface. It feels like his soul drops out of his considerable stomach.

Humilis casts a spell and looks up at the letters and numbers glowing in mid-air. The date stares at him.

Dread infuses throughout his veins. Thirty days couldn't have gone by that fast! Humilis cranes his head around, his neck pinching into multiple folds, and stares at his bulging, rounded body. The thought of appearing in court looking like this almost sends him into panic. Besides, he isn't finished with his meal. A groan rumbles out of his gut, agreeing with him. How about he just skips today?

Humilis wrestles with the question, the thought of just lying around stuffing himself fighting against his responsibilities. Then the consequences come to mind. A sigh breaks from his lips. He's going to have to go to court today, and he's going looking like this. Feet planted against the ground, he starts to heave himself upright.

Instantly the weight rockets down his limbs and pins his feet against the ground. Slowly he rises, his pooling stomach retracting from the floor to meld with his body, his buried muscles straining under the load. After what feels like minutes, his joints lock, and with his gut bulging out to both sides and hanging well below his knees, Humilis stood on all fours.

He can feel every single pound of his corpulent body as it presses him firmly against the floor. His heaving belly pulls down his back and brushes against his inner thighs, and his haunches bulge against his tail. His bloated brisket rubs against his upper arms, and the lard on his neck shifts to hang towards the ground. Gods, he's fat.

Humilis takes a step forward. The moment his paw leaves the ground, the strain doubles on his remaining limbs and he starts to topple. He slams his paw back unto the ground, causing the fat to ripple across his arm and chest. A moment passes before he tries again, this time taking a shorter step. Success. Then he takes a step with his hind leg. It smacks against his bulging belly and turns his gut into a wobbling mass, causing a heat to bloom in his stomach. Then he farts. It splits the air and ripples

his haunches, sending waves of fat rolling through his lower body. Humilis stands still, feeling the hot gas of his many meals stutter out of his enormous rear, the tension easing out of his innards. Eventually it stops. Humilis sighs with relief and starts to waddle awkwardly, making sure to step over his swaying stomach.

His movements come heavy and lethargic, and his fat rubs and brushes against itself as he staggers along. With each step, his body shudders and jiggles, his sides undulating like a pond which has been struck by a pebble. Humilis' scales bounce in tune with his waddling, his adipose half a second behind with his movements. His tail bounces and undulates as it drags along the floor and, despite his best efforts, his hind legs constantly brush against his lurching gut. He is a heaving tub of a dragon, every inch of his body thick with adipose, folds shifting and shaking all over.

He lurches towards the entrance, fighting back the urge to lie down and stuff himself further. He has to do this; he can't ignore it. He reaches the door and lifts up a fore arm to start unlocking it. His remaining fore arm strains underneath his weight, and he has to spread his hind legs apart to support his weight. A thrill runs up his spine.

The sunlight blinds him. He blinks the blurriness away and shuffles through the doorway, his flanks brushing past the door frame. The sun crowns the distant mountain peaks and casts long shadows over the miles of forest below. His body catches much of the sun's rays, their warmth oozing into his expansive scales.

Humilis scratches an itch on his drooping chest as his eyes idly roam the precipice. Then he spots something. There are numerous dragonic footprints etched into the dust, milling and treading over each other into a bizarre art piece. Those don't concern him. What concerns him are the footprints right by his door. The delivery fliers merely drop off their cargo and leave immediately after – they don't mope and stand around.

A belch flies out his maw. Humilis clears his throat and looks away: it's probably nothing.

He waddles to the precipice and starts to go through the motions. He squats down, flares his wings, tenses his hind legs – wait, what is he doing!?

His wings curl back. Humilis shifts his weight from foot to foot, feeling the bottom of his gut grazing against the floor. There's no way he'll be able to fly at this weight.

Humilis hisses and curses. How on earth did he think he was still going to be able to fly after getting this fat? Now what's he going to do?

He didn't need to look down, but he does so anyways. The dirt path is barely visible underneath the heavy foliage, trailing off into the horizon. He groans at the distance he has to waddle. Sanguineus is going to have a field day with him with how late he's going to be.

His gut bubbles and sloshes as he starts his journey down the mountain path. The angle of declination presses his mass against his fore arms, which stresses them greatly. He grumbles as he is forced to take even shorter steps. At least his legs have more room to move.

The path eventually levels out and leads into the dirt road. Clouds of dust billow up as Humilis shuffles towards the distant court. Pebbles and stones crumble underneath his feet, his tail dragging a trail

through the crushed remains. As he traverses, numerous bushes and branches scrape across his frame, and at some parts the foliage grew so dense that he has to break past their spindly limbs. He tries to maneuver around the young trees, yet they manage – more than once – to entrap his girthy hips between themselves. Humilis squeezes, jerks, and lurches his way through, leaving more than just a few saplings leaning at steep angles.

The sun beams through the tree tops, casting shimmering shadows across his quivering body. Humilis hopes he can enter the court without too much attention; despite both his mind and body telling him otherwise. Already the judging stares of his peers form in his imagination. He bites down the dread: he chose to do this, and he's going to stick with it.

His stomach starts to complain, unused to going for more than thirty minutes without food. Warmth spreads within, and soon bubbling and gurgling fills the air. Then he starts farting. Fart after fart stutters out his rear, jiggling and shuddering his bloated backside. And it keeps coming. Humilis prays that this isn't going to continue inside the court.

Eventually, the path starts to widen and joins the main cobblestone road. The smooth dome of the court looms in the distance. Humilis swallows a lump down his throat and continues to lurch along, ignoring the sound of the stones popping from underneath him. Tree after tree, step after step, he waddles closer to his destination.

The guardhouse came into view – and he is still farting. Humilis squeezes his rear and the farts stop. Immediately a pressure builds in his stomach. He'll let loose a ferocious fart when the day is done, he promises to himself, but not now.

The guard manning the portcullis casts a quick glance at Humilis, then looks back down to continue reading his book. Then jolts as if struck by lightning. He jerks his head back up and stares at the waddling tub of lard approaching the court. His maw parts open.

Humilis looks away from the gawking dragon and towards the ground, already feeling the stare boring into him. Humilis prays to whatever God that will listen to help him not fart.

With a rattle of iron, and a grinding of gears, the portcullis slides open. Humilis throws a thanks at the bewildered guard and waddles on through. The gate slams shut behind him. He stops, takes a deep breath to calm his anxiety, then starts to move.

The courtyard is mercifully empty, and so is the lobby. Humilis makes a wide turn and enters the dressing room, trying not to notice how close the door frame is to his rippling flanks, or the tiles popping from underneath his paws. He finds his cupboard among a wall of identical furniture and pulls out his court-mandated dress. It hangs limply from his claws, looking pathetically small. He sighs, plants his rear down, and starts to put it on.

His arm threads through the sleeve, the gap narrowing more and more, until his girthy upper arm gets stuck. Humilis grunts as he tries to force his thick arm through the opening, the fat on his arm compacting into a series of folds. No luck. A curse flies out his maw and he pulls his arm out. Throwing caution to the wind, he nicks the opening with his claws and tries again. His arm fits snugly against his impromptu tailored hole.

He reaches to pull the other side over his withers – but only grabs air. His cheeks and hanging chin-fat wobbles as he turns his head around to look. The dress barely reaches past his spine, pulled back by the excess material taken by his other arm and too insufficient to cover his widened body. A growl pierces the air as he undresses himself again. Damn it all! Humilis throws the dress over himself and starts to fiddle with the neck belt. He has to use the very last hole to hook to button into, and even then he has to strain to make it fit. The collar of the dress squeezes his throat uncomfortably, and he can feel the dress resting precariously on his back, ready for any excuse to flop to the side.

Humilis exits the room and waddles towards the court. His heart beats in his throat and his mouth is dry. The door inches closer and closer, until it loomed right in front of him.

He takes a deep breath. Breathes out slowly. Then he opens the door.

Immediately the loud voice of Sanguineus filters through, droning about something regarding the bridge taxation law. All the rest of the dragons are sitting still, busy writing down information, apparently not having heard the door creak. Slowly, carefully, Humilis starts to enter the courtroom. Everything is going to be alright, he thinks to himself, all he has to do is get down the stairs and take his station without anyone knowing the wiser. It'll be over before-

Something clamps unto his hips and pulls him back. He freezes, his veins turning to ice. He looks back. His sides are trapped by the doorway; the door frame biting into his abundant flesh, dimpling his flanks. His stomach gurgles loudly, and a warmth starts to spread. Humilis glances around and finds himself still ignored. Alright, Humilis. Don't panic. Just move slowly.

His first decision is to try reversing out of the hold. He starts to move backwards – hitches. His fat molds around the door frame, wedging him in place. Dread races through his spine. Humilis sucks in his gut and tries again. Still stuck.

His stomach gurgles loudly, attracting the attention of some of the closer dragons. Their eyes go wide before turning away, snickers and muffled whispers filling the air. Shame roars through Humilis' veins. The warmth in his gut starts to heat up.

Humilis now tries to move forward. Still his fat body refuses to plop out of the door frame. He grips the floor, spreads his hind legs, and pushes. The door frame stubbornly refuses to let go, still embedded deep into Humilis' luscious flanks. His gut audibly sloshes, which attracts even more attention; gawks and stares are shot his way, and the whispers and giggles grow louder.

Sanguineus stops speaking. "What's going on over there?" Humilis can see the red dragon strain his neck to see. Oh shit.

Humilis redoubles his efforts, plucking and lurching his swollen body, desperately trying to force himself out. His gut keeps groaning and bubbling as it sloshes about, and the whispers and snickers grow louder. The heat builds and builds in him, the pressure in his rectum rising higher and higher. Humilis tries to squeeze his hind legs together. Please Gods not here not now!

Ominous cracking splits the air and Humilis can feel some small debris falling unto his rippling back. Yet he is blinded to his sensations. All he can see is dragons snickering and stealing glances at his fat body. Judging him. Staring at him. He needs to get out of here now!

Humilis rears back and throws his entire weight forward.

The door frame explodes into shards of rock and clouds of dust. Several courtiers cover their heads while some duck for cover. Humilis' momentum launches him forward and he shoots out his arms. They instantly buckle underneath his weight and he hits the ground, belly first, with a slam that echoes throughout the court room. The force shudders through his bloated body, sending large waves of fat rolling across his form – and forces his rectum open.

A massive fart rips out of him, stuttering out beneath the copious amounts of fat covering his rectum, rippling his adipose from his haunches all the way to his chest. Humilis covers his face. Seconds draw by as his gas thunders out into the room. It wavers, throws out a few more stutters, then diminishes into nothing.

Silence. The only thing that Humilis can hear is his rapid heartbeat.

“WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE EMPRESS!?”

The ancient voice cuts right into Humilis' mind. He forces himself to look back.

Where once there was a doorway, now lies a jagged hole torn out of the wall, with only the upper part attesting to what once was. In the midst of rubble and dwindling smoke, stands Sanguineus. Humilis didn't know he could get here so quickly.

“You. Come with me,” His tone is cold. Frigid.

Humilis slowly heaves himself upright and turns around. The Viceroy disappears down the hallway, leaving his guards to narrow their gazes at Humilis. Humilis starts forward and proceeds through the doorway.

Humilis waddles behind the ancient dragon, having to push himself to keep up the pace. He can feel the stares of the guards behind him. His heart beats in his ears, and his throat constricts. They turn through a maze of passageways, some Humilis has never seen before. The hallways become increasingly less detailed; the engravings abruptly stop, and soon the carpets disappeared as well. The marble stands silent and bare as he waddles to his shouting match. They turn a corner and a gold-decorated door stood in front of them. Sanguineus advances and flings the door open.

“Enter,” Sanguineus stares Humilis down.

Humilis trundles forward. The doorway brushes against him, but luckily he passes through. Humilis takes in his surroundings.

A heavy desk stood opposite from him, a few inches higher due being situated on the one half of the room that is a step higher. Bookshelves lined the walls, their contents looking long since used despite their fresh appearance. A colored window sat behind the desk, casting the colored light across the room. Sanguineus trots out behind Humilis, reaches his desk, and sits down. The door slams shut.

Sanguineus looks down at his desk and starts shuffling papers to and fro. The silence is intermittently broken by the rustling of paper. Humilis stands frozen, his mind picking up speed and is now racing. He's doing this. This is happening.

“Right,” Sanguineus says softly. He places a pile of paper to the side, and crosses his arms on the table. “Who are you?”

Humilis’ throat feels like a desert. “Humilis.”

The Viceroy nods, “Figured. Just wanted to make sure in light of...” his eyes flick over Humilis body. “Recent developments.”

Humilis nods, his cheeks and chin bobbing. Another moment of silence stretches by.

“You’re late,” The Viceroy states, “very late.”

Humilis takes a breath, “I apo-”

“I’m speaking,” Sanguineus lifts a single claw. Gently eases it back down. “Apart from being late, you come in here wearing a grossly mismatched uniform. A *damaged* uniform, I might add,” The red dragon stretches his neck, muffled pops resounding in the room. His voice starts to rise in volume, “further, you’ve interrupted court proceedings and on top of that, *destroyed* the door leading into said court.”

His voice drops to a whisper, “And you come here looking like *that*.”

Humilis has to take this leap. He has to. “Viceroy, the-”

“I’M SPEAKING YOU SACK OF LARD!”

The shout fills the room and rebounds off the walls, drilling into Humilis ears. He flinches at the volume.

“You dare come here, in this court, looking like that!?” Sanguineus lifts himself by his arms, staring him down, “Do you have a *shred* of dignity? Of shame!?”

“Y-yes sir but-”

“Do you know how this looks like for others? Do you want this court to look like a laughing stock!?” The Viceroy slams a fist into the table, a crack resounding through the air, “By the Gods you look like an overfed cow!”

Anger rises in Humilis veins. “The Dragonium-”

“What of it!?” Sanguineus holds out his arms, his claws clenching tight, every vein in his head popping out.

“Being fat is not an offense!”

Sanguineus freezes. He slowly sits back down again. A smile appears on his maw. “Excuse me?”

Humilis takes a breath and swallows down his fear. “Section 27b. Nowhere does it state that being overweight is a punishable offense.”

Sanguineus gives a chuckle, “Really? You’re doing this? In my office? In my court?”

“Further, it states-”

“Don’t you come in here and think you know more than I do, you fat bloated lump!” the Viceroy slams his fist on his table, “I know **perfectly** well what the book states. Do you know how many years I’ve had to study it? Go on. Guess.”

Humilis opens his maw to speak, but the Viceroy interrupts, “Three. Damn. Decades! Thirty years of my life I’ve spent learning and absorbing every inch of paper in that book. And **you** come here and tell me you know something **I** don’t!?”

The livid dragon overtakes Humilis vision. The world blurs around him.

“Then what does it say, then?”

“Don’t take that tone with me, whelp!” Sanguineus points a claw at him. His voice is down to a whisper. “Do you have the **slightest** idea of the magnitude of error you’ve made?”

“Does this mean fines, sir?”

Sanguineus laughs. He laughs a thin, high-pitched chuckle, “I’m thinking more of incarceration. Maybe even banishment,” his eyes gain a manic gleam, “Do you think you can survive in the wilderness, fatty?”

Anger burns in Humilis’ veins. Pricks erupt over his extremities.

“You’ve probably never starved before. Never had that gnawing maw in your stomach. Never had to take shelter from the rain, the storms, the snow. Well...” Sanguineus smiles. “I’ll see to it that you will.”

“Should I take this to the Justiciar?”

“And tell him what, exactly? Do you expect him to take **you** seriously? You look like a walking barrel of fat!” Sanguineus gives an amused chuckle, “Can you even see all of yourself when you look into a mirror?”

Humilis has to fight back the urge to curse at him, “My weight has nothing to do with my mental faculties, Viceroy. I should remind you that punishments are quite severe when appointed-officials disregard the Dragonium.”

“As if that’s likely!” Sanguineus laughs, and looks behind the door. “Guard!” he yells, “take this blob into custody!”

The door opens behind him. The patter of claws on tile approaches from behind. Humilis’ mind races.

“Tell me then. If you know the book so much, what does paragraph three of section 27b say?”

The viceroy smiles. “I’m not bothering responding to a failure like yourself.”

An armored dragon suddenly enters his vision, staring Humilis down. “Turn around and walk.”

“What? You afraid of being proven wrong?” Humilis ignores the guard, “If you’re such an expert in the material, why-“

“Turn around. And walk!” the guard practically shouts in his face. Humilis glares at the Viceroy, who looks back in amusement. The guard tenses and his eyes narrow.

Humilis turns around, taking a wide turn to account for his mass. The guard immediately follows, keeping close to his bobbing flank. Humilis’ heart is beating in his throat and pricks race up and down his entire body. What is he going to do? What can he do? He doubts he can summon the Justiciar from within the dungeon. Humilis trundles towards the door, fury and humiliation burning in his soul.

“Wait.”

Humilis takes two more steps before he realizes the guard stopped following him. He turns to face the Viceroy, who is currently handling a large book. The book plops down unto the desk.

“Alright then,” The red dragon opens the book, while the guard is standing perfectly still to the side. “Let me read to you **exactly** how wrong you are.”

Sanguineus idly flips through the book until he stops at a page. His eyes scan the text – then he freezes. Reads it again. Sanguineus rears his head back as if he’s seen a snake. The pages page past in a blur as he jumps forward and back in the manual, eyes growing wider and wider by the second.

Silence reigns in the office.

Slowly – gently, Sanguineus closes the book. For a long time, he stares into the distance, his claw tracing circles on the desk. Then he levels his gaze directly on Humilis. Barely-restrained fury rages in his eyes.

“Humilis,” Sanguineus’ voice nearly cracks, “You are dismissed.”

Humilis stares back, holding his gaze for a few seconds. Then he turns and leaves.

Humilis wanders down hallway after hallway, each one looking identical to the last. He feels weightless despite his lurching frame, like a cloud that’s drifting through the court. His mind draws a blank.

Eventually he finds a quiet corner. The tiles pop in protest as Humilis sits down, his generous rear pooling over the cold marble and filling the troughs between each tile. The cold seeps into his lower gut where it rests on the ground. The cloth strains on his neck, tautened nearly to ripping point. He stares at the spotless floor, trying to marshal his mental faculties. Then, like a torch catching fire, the words blaze through his mind: He won.

The words echo again and again in his mind, reverberating into the deepest reaches of his soul. The sigh seems to lift a weight off his shoulders.

Humilis starts to fondle and grope his thick neck, palpating to check just how much weight he has gained. Shame flees his form entirely as he starts rubbing and shaking himself, feeling every inch of him shifting against and across himself. He can feel his weight as it travels down his body and presses him into the ground. Gods, he's such a big boy.

He flexes his neck. A loud ping pierces the air and the tension around his neck disappears. The tattered remains of his uniform easily slide out of his engorgement, letting him feel free. His gut gurgles.

Humilis rises and heads towards the court. The destroyed doorway greets him around a corner, and the realization that he caused this makes pride bloom inside his chest. The moment he sits one lurching foot inside the chamber, the murmurs and chuckles die down. Dozens of eyes stare at him. Nothing happens. Humilis meets more than a few of their own stares. Nothing happens.

He starts to descend the steps. The edges of the stairs brush against his pendulous gut, and his belly shudders and smacks against his inner thighs as he goes. His arms strain to keep his bulk from toppling head over heel, and he can feel his tail being dragged across the stairs as he descends.

Downstairs, he heaves himself unto his concentric ring. His colleagues ahead of him quickly dismount their chairs and push their furniture to make way for the obese dragon. Despite this, Humilis can tell that it's still too narrow for him to pass without disturbing their desks. Damn shame they were so snobby with him.

Humilis trundles down the passage. His swaying, rippling gut smacks against the desks and chairs, pushing them away with loud scrapes. Pages flutter to the ground and the grumbling dragons bend down to start collecting their forms. The sight wells something up in his chest; satisfaction. He's done being the lowly courtier: They are going to have to account for *his* bloated bulk, *his* wide ass, *his* rippling lard, whether they like it or not. He exaggerates his waddle, letting his extensive adipose wobble and lurch, causing his fat to slap against his inner thighs.

He reaches his station, and pauses to look at the furniture. His chair, a reclining seat resembling a bed, looks even smaller now. It doesn't even look like it'll hold his weight. But who cares?

Humilis hefts himself unto it, the motion squeezing a small fart out of him. His gut floods over the chair and droops off on either side of it, the etches and grain of the wood imprinting on his belly. With a mixture of awe and arousal, he notes that he can't rest his hind legs on the seat anymore. Hell, even his fore arms probably won't fit. So he decides to lie down just the way he is.

Several creaks split the air as he lowers his bulk upon the innocent chair. His legs rest comfortably nestled against the chair and resting on the ground. In fact, this is the most comfortable he's ever felt on this chair.

He spies his paperwork on the desk. He reaches forward, causing several creaks and groans to fill the air. The chair suddenly hitches-

Humilis drops and slams into the ground. A burp and a fart erupts out of him, both his rear and cheeks vibrating from the force of his gas. The unholy sound echoes throughout the court as he allows himself

to release it all. It ends, and Humilis is left lying in the flattened wreck of the chair, his gut pooling over the shattered remains. Several chuckles and whispers fill the air.

He slowly rises upright, waddles closer to the desk then plants his rear on the ground, his soft padding protecting him from the sharpened splinters. Humilis dusts himself off and promptly launches into his work. Let them think whatever of him – he doesn't care anymore.

The day races past in a blur. Sanguineus eventually returns to his post and resumes speaking as if nothing happened. The atmosphere is tense, and whispers keep floating through the air. Nothing Humilis is going to concern himself with.

The bell rings and the occupants start to file out. Humilis takes his time waddling down the corridor and up the stairs, leaving more than just a few frustrated dragons stuck in a queue behind him.

Eventually he find himself outside. Humilis follows the curving footpath through the guard post, ignoring the stares of contempt leveled at him. Soon the only thing that accompanied him were the birds and the trees.

Heat blankets his shivering form as the sun continues its free fall beneath the horizon. Shadows stretch over the road, the few rays of light shimmering through the leaves. Humilis takes in deep breaths and lets the clean air fill his lungs. He can't help but to feel like he's in a dream, and any second now he's going to wake up to harsh reality.

Several hours pass, the sun disappearing beneath the mountains and the first of the stars peeking down unto the earth below. Humilis finally stood in front of his lair's entrance. His hanging gut growls loudly, and Humilis agrees with his stomach: He needs a meal. A big one. He goes to undo the lock of his door – freezes.

The door is ajar.

A cold rushes through Humilis' veins, and his heart starts beating in his throat. At once, he can feel his entire weight pinning down his limbs; feel how slow and clumsy he's gotten. He pulls the door open.

The darkened interior greets him. The torches flare into life as he creeps into his lair. He scans the room and tries to remember if the scattered dishes are where they are supposed to be. He can't remember.

The lair gapes around him like an abyss, the atmosphere feeling oppressive – as if he is intruding into someone else lair. Each step he takes sends a muffled thud throughout the air. Didn't he just forget to lock the door? Isn't he overreacting? He turns his head to one of the tunnels. Something inside of him urges him to check.

Humilis trundles his way to his treasury, his footsteps echoing off the walls, his heart pulsing in his ears.

A turn around a corner reveals a solid steel door – unlocked, and wide open.

He freezes for a moment, trying to digest the scene in front of him. Then he rushes forward and into his room.

His treasure is gone. What remains are scattered piles of bronze with a few silver coins mixed among the rubble. Of his masterpiece, his brilliant display, lies an upturned stand with a few garnets scattered about.

A great weight descends unto Humilis. He slowly sits down, staring at the remains of the kill. His mind calculates the loss. Nearly all. He's lost nearly everything.

He stands up and wades into the remains. He grabs a pawful of bronze coins and lifts it up to his eye. Stares at them. Then slowly, he lets them fall out of his grasp to tingle against the others.

Why? How? When? Questions flood his mind, whirling in his head like a tornado. It can't be Laetus. Nor the Viceroy; he gets paid Humilis' entire treasury each month. Humilis flicks past his memory, trying to deduce the culprit.

Something crunches underneath his paw. He parts the coins away, and picks it up. Shimmering in the torches light, black as midnight, is a lone scale.

Rage erupts in him. Humilis lets loose a bloodcurdling roar and digs his claws into the floor. He strains, and with a loud crack and a shower of pebbles, he yanks out a chunk of the floor and hurls it against the wall. The slam explodes throughout the room and sends shards of granite flying through the air. Humilis stands there boiling, his ears ringing, wishing with every cell of his body that that black bitch was here so that he can slam his fucking brains all over the walls. The rage lessens with each exhale, and soon all he was left with was emptiness. He lies down.

Humilis curls his head and covers his face. What did he do to deserve this? Wasn't his position in the court enough? Did this random dragon intend to ruin him? Why? He never saw him before he started gunning after his position. He tries to find reasons; but finds none.

He should've never have done this; it is stupid to think eating himself into obesity was going to help him. How is he going to fight him with all this shuddering weight dragging him down? He should give up; march to the court and says he forfeits the duel. Let them have this damn lair. All he ever wanted was to be left alone.

Humilis lies among his scattered treasure and chokes back the tears. Moments turn into minutes.

His stomach gurgles loudly, as hunger suddenly grips his innards. He nearly angers himself, but bites back the emotion. Being angry at his body is not going to help him. His mind drifts to the food he has in the pantry, causing his starved stomach to groan. Sighing, Humilis heaves himself upright and starts towards his door – before a glint catches his eye.

A single garnet lies alone on the floor.

At first, Humilis just wants to ignore the gem and go stuff his face to forget what happened. Yet something about the gem... appeals to him. He picks it up and brings it to his face. Nothing stands out, but something tingles in the back of his brain. A thought crosses his mind – how does it taste?

He rears his head back in surprise, folds forming all over his bunched neck. Has his hunger finally driven him mad? It's his gem; not some random pie lying around. Despite this, the more he looks at the gem, the more and more delicious it starts to look. It hovers tentatively close to his maw.

Humilis sighs and pops the gem into his mouth, fully expecting the taste to be horrid. Instead, he found it surprisingly non-distinct. The garnet tumbles in his maw as he swirls it around, the hard edges clinking against his teeth. Then, without thinking, he swallows.

The gem travels down his throat and disappears into his insides. Humilis stands there frozen in realization of what he did. Yet nothing happens. All that does occur is a gentle warmth emanating in his gut. He turns around and looks at the rest of his treasure. His stomach groans with need.

The pawful of coins were already in his paw before he knew it. The metal currency leaves a metallic taste on his buds, and slide and tingle in his mouth. A swallow and they join the garnet in his cavernous stomach. More. He needs more.

Humilis starts stuffing pawful after pawful into his pudgy face, his cheeks jiggling and shuddering, his drooping chin-fat wobbling with each gulp. His gut starts to droop down further, growing heavier and heavier as the metal collects itself in it. The weight starts to strain his limbs, forcing him to adopt a more wide-legged stance, yet still he gorges himself. A warmth spreads inside of his wobbling abdomen and soon his stomach starts to bubble and slosh. Then the farts started blasting out of his rear. Still he ate, shoveling more of his precious treasure into him, growing the tightness in his belly, his rear rippling with each fart. Humilis is lost in pleasure, all the events disappearing in a haze of happiness, leaving him giddy and tranquil.

Finally the last pawful disappears down his gullet, leaving his treasury completely barren. His gut hangs distended and heavy, grazing the floor and pulling his back sharply downwards. Humilis lowers himself down and rolls unto his side, his fat oozing and molding across the floor, and between the soft murmurs and gurgles Humilis swears he can hear distant clinking coming from his belly. His gut oozes out unto the ground and the excessive weight forming his rounded and girthy figure pins him against the floor. He opens his maw and lets loose a thunderous burp that rebounds in the room and drills into his ears. The sheer force of it sends jiggles across his pudgy face and neck. The pressure stops, and he sighs happily.

Humilis looks down at his massive mound of a gut and gives it a rub. It gurgles appreciatively. He smiles and relaxes into himself, spreading luxuriously across the ground. He'll like to see Albus try to steal his treasure *now*.

As he lies there, still adrift in the euphoric sensation of his overstuffed gut, he thinks back about all the events leading up to now. He ponders about his feelings, his decisions and the choices made by the court. He's had enough of being disrespected, of being an outcast, of being yelled and glared at. If Sanguineus – hell, the entire court – thinks that he's the fattest dragon they've ever seen, by the Gods, Humilis is going to show them just what fat is. A smile creases Humilis' puffy maw. Tomorrow, his true engorgement begins.

His diet is the first to change. Gone are the days where he would only gorge himself on banquets of meat and pies; now animal fat gets featured in most of his meals. Every morning, Humilis gorges himself full of lard, meat and pastries, slurping down gallon after gallon, letting loose fart after fart as his gut desperately tries to digest it all. When he receives his weekly stipend from the court, he simply

swallows it all, letting his treasure rest inside of his increasingly-heavy gut. When he returns every afternoon, he gorges himself again, then lies down and goes to sleep.

As he feasts on enough food to feed several dragonic families, daily, the pounds start piling unto him. He becomes slower, sluggish, more ponderous. His range of movement decreases as every appendage blimps into drooping, pendulous wads of flesh. His stomach bulges downwards with each new day, reaching lower and lower – until it rests on the ground. Still he eats. His belly starts spreading sideways, bubbling and sloshing as it pools over the granite floor. Day after day speeds by as Humilis fully gives in to his gluttony. And massive he becomes.

Where a neck once was, rests a heaving mound of fat, easily several feet thick. The massive slab of lard completely surrounds his throat: the back-half piles unto his withers while its front droops down to rest on his chest. His chin has fused with the titanic fold and now his maw rests snugly atop it. The fold is so large, so encompassing, that even his cheeks (which themselves have grown into huge, drooping bags of adipose) rests flush against the fold-riddled appendage. His head is completely immobilized by the flesh, forcing him to strain his eyes to look at his sides. His fore arms turn into massive, bloated repositories of fat, so large that they hang down upon his lower extremities and threaten to engulf his fore paws. The arms are squeezed by both his heaving neck-mound and his bulging belly, forcing them to splay wide apart. His tail grows into an immense tube of pure fat. It rests permanently on the ground, rendered completely immobile by the sheer quantity of blubber encasing it. From the ground, it leads right between his two colossal ass-cheeks. His globular, rippling haunches dominate his rear, pressing tightly against his girthy tail, and drooping down to just above his ankles. They sway and wobble with the slightest motion, sending waves of rolling fat across their expanses. Yet despite his features, they all pale in comparison with his gut. His belly has grown monumentally huge, spreading far on either side of him, hugging the ground even when he stands on all fours. It is a rippling, wobbling, undulating ocean of lard that stretches on and on, folds shifting and bobbing all over the immense mound of lard. His wings, themselves so fattened that they look like a string of sausages, look ridiculous on his fold-riddled back. Humilis is massive – a living, breathing monument to gluttony, the avatar of greed and avarice, a gigantic parody of a dragon. And he loves every inch of himself.

Humilis lounges on himself as he telepathically forces the animal fat into his maw. He slurps down the unending stream of blubber, stuffing his already-over-engorged stomach even further, pushing out fart after fart out of his titanic ass. The farts ripple and slap his meaty haunches against one another, the gas having to force its way past layer after layer of thick flab. He can feel his stomach as it pools all around him, sloshing, bubbling and pulsating as it digests tons upon tons of food. This jiggling, wobbling sea of lard encasing him – This is all of him, spreading across the floor, taking up so much space. He feels warm, safe, powerful. This mountain could collapse on him right now and Humilis isn't sure if he is going to feel anything.

A shrill rattling perforates the air.

Humilis gulps down the last of the blubber and lets loose a massive, reverberating burp, maintaining it for a few solid seconds, letting his gargantuan neck ripple and shake. He stops and smacks his lips as he idly dismisses the alarm and casts the date spell. The letters and numbers appear just above his maw, and he is forced to strain his eyes to see, his head rendered completely immobile by the solid blanket of lard encompassing his throat.

He stares at the date. Slowly, his soul drops out of his body. It's time. Today is the day he faces Albus in battle. His throat starts to burn.

He looks at the exit ahead of him. Despite his immense size, he feels as small as ever. What if this doesn't work? What if he loses anyways? Oh Gods, how is he going to survive being this massive?

Humilis mentally flings the thoughts away. This isn't the time for him to worry or to ponder; this is the time for action. Whatever happens next, all he has to focus on is doing his best. That's it.

Humilis takes a deep breath and traces around with his claws. After some time, they find the floor. Slowly, like a mountain rising out of the depths of the ocean, he starts to heave himself upright. He can feel every ounce, pound and ton of his weight cascading down his limbs as he rises, his muscles flaring under the extremely thick padding. Eventually, he stood at his full height, his belly still hugging the floor and spreading out on both sides. It sloshes, bubbles and groans, as if its a primordial beast in its death throes. A heat forms as his intestines pulsate and throb in their endless quest to digest all the food he's eaten. And in the very bottom of his gut, lies his treasure, snugly contained within his huge stomach. He feels so, so heavy.

Then he starts to move. His fore arms shuffles forward, before he pushes his gut across the floor with his hind legs, causing a massive wave of fat to roll across his expanse. Instantly a fart rips out of his rear while a burp explodes out of his maw, both going on for several seconds before finally ceasing. Humilis takes a breath and repeats the motion. Yet another fart and burp blasts out of him. Slowly yet surely, Humilis drags himself outside through his renovated entrance, farting and belching with each push.

It takes him several minutes to reach the outside. The moon hangs full between the legion of stars, shining its pale blue upon the earth. A gust of wind washes over him, pushing against his colossal form, trying to pierce its cold into him. He feels as hot as ever.

He starts his slow descent unto the path below. His gut pools out on the declining mountain path, lifting his fore paws above the ground, forcing him to use only his legs. As he slowly hauls himself down, his sides ripple, undulate and wobble, like an ocean being jolted by an earthquake.

Eventually, he reaches the ground. Humilis starts to heave himself down the path. The trees flanking the road have long since been pushed outwards by his bulk; several pines lie uprooted on the ground, while the rest lean away from the road at steep angles, parts of their roots arcing into the air. The road's stone tiles have all been crushed into small pebbles; unworthy they are of withstanding Humilis' immense weight. Lines of pebbles and chunks of stone flank the road, having been moved to either side by his rippling gut. From his lair all the way to the court, the road looks like if a giant took a hoe and dug a trench right through the forest.

He slowly makes his way to the court, letting loose farts and burps as his stomach ravenously digests its contents, his rolling sides brushing and molding past the trees as he goes. It wasn't long until he started feeling peckish. Humilis sighs; he'll stuff himself at court as he always does. But this time, with a special treat. He just hopes he can hold himself in until the time is right: If he ever gets the opportunity.

Time passes, and the sun rises out from behind the mountains, casting its bright golden light across the landscape. Ahead of him, the modified gatehouse of the court waits for him. He squeezes his rear shut and swallows the rising air in his throat. Instantly a pressure starts to build inside of him. He can do this.

He greets the guard and soon the portcullis slides open. Humilis easily fits through the widened building: which wasn't the case two weeks ago. Or really any of the doorways. So naturally, the court has seen extensive renovations.

The double-door entrance, once big enough for all dragons, has been demolished and in its place a wide arching entrance has been built that is normally only seen in dragonic cities. Instead of a few steps, a long slope leading to the entrance has been constructed, reaching out several dozen yards into the front, necessitating them to relocate much of the flowers. Rumors have it that many of them wilted, which would explain Sanguineus' poor mood – among other things. Humilis heaves himself unto the slope and continues into the vestibule of the building.

The floor, that once was tiled with beautiful marble tiles, now sports dull steel slabs instead. The metal groans as Humilis hauls his blob-like form over them. He'll miss the days where the tiles crumbled underneath his paws, and the rut his gut would leave as he hauled himself around. Besides that, the vestibule saw little renovation. Due to the changing room sitting behind the pillars, said pillars being too narrow for Humilis to pass through and too critical to renovate, this room became his changing room instead. Several kobold servants already stand at attention, waiting for the great lump of dragon to haul himself towards them.

Eventually he rests in the middle of the room. The servants spring into action: they start climbing unto his immense bulk, their feet and hands sinking deep into him, trying to balance themselves on top of his shifting flesh. Another kobold stands on the ground some distance away, holding a thin line that stretches past his eye. He never gets to see it, but this line is attached to one end of the sash, and one of the kobolds on his back holds the other. Feet and hands climb over his engorgement, rising until they are right where the nape of his head used to be. The ground-kobold starts walking around him, leading the line, and soon disappears out of his peripheral. A smooth texture greets his engorged neck. His neck wobbles as they tug at the sash, then tighten it.

An image pierces his mind: Albus tightening the crook of his elbow against his throat, tighter and tighter like a guillotine cutting off his windpipe-

He wills the thought away. The servants dismount the dragon and shout their completeness. Humilis thanks them and hauls himself further in.

A cart wheels in from the side. The silver, four-wheeled dish carrier serves as the locomotion for this strange contraption – a series of steel scaffolding rises up from the cart, holding aloft a large, tubular reservoir on the very top. A large straw reaches out and bobs tentatively in front of him. His stomach gurgles loudly.

Humilis opens his maw and the straw slides in. He starts slurping and chugging from the container, a familiar taste flooding his taste buds. So they *did* listen. Last mistake they'll ever make. The cart rolls along as he continues his drags himself towards the court, the liquid-food cascading down his throat with each great gulp he gives. Other such carts are wheeled closely in front of him. His sides scrape along the passageways, and Humilis briefly wonders if he can lodge a complaint about the narrowness of the hallways.

Humilis finished his third cart before the new doorway of the court reveals itself. The Viceroy apparently gave up on having a door installed, (a relief; no matter how big said door was, Humilis'

flanks keeps getting caught on the sides) and instead settled on having the entire section of the wall removed. Humilis hauls himself in, taking the last gurgling chugs of his fourth tank.

The court's auditorium remains mostly unchanged. What did change was his desk; it has been moved to the uppermost level of the pavilion, to his immediate right. Humilis stops drinking and starts to turn to his side, his limbs struggling to find the ground among all of his fat. His massive expanse wobbles, ripples and bobs like an ocean tossed by waves as his gut drags across the floor, causing loud squeaks to fill the air. Finally he completes the turn and immediately starts slurping out of the fifth container as he begins to move.

The wooden desk has been replaced with a block of granite. Instead of a reclined-chair, a stone slab covered with furs stood in its place. The 'chair' itself is so large a regular dragon could comfortably sleep on it. In fact, the setup took up the entirety of the width of the row, and the 'chair' is positioned flush against the wall.

Humilis wobbles forward, his one side sliding molding and sliding past the chair, then cranes around and seats his monumental ass unto the stone slab. It floods across the seat and proceeds to bulge out on the edges, threatening to droop off. The tail is squished between his rear and the wall behind him, and trails off to his side. His gut anchors him to the ground and pools out, pushing his hind legs further apart and levering his body upwards, leaving his fore arms dangling in mid-air. In fact, the sheer volume of his stomach cushions him and supports his body's weight. His rear presses against the wall behind him, denying access to anyone wanting to reach their desks. It's no matter; they can enter using a new doorway on the other side of him. With one last gulp, he drains the fifth tank. He unleashes a massive burp, then denies the sixth tank and orders the servants to standby instead. Not because he is feeling merciful towards the court: oh no. It's because the need to fart is so great that Humilis has to strain himself not to let it all out prematurely.

The atmosphere is tense. Whispers fill the air, and from what Humilis can gather, they seem to be anticipating him to lose. He clenches his maw and idly drums his massive slab of a neck. He'll see about that. Casting his sight to the dignitary area, he is surprised to see another dragon next to the Viceroy's seat.

Golden scales adorn this dragon, and from the way the light sparkles and gleams off it, they must be well maintained. His stance is rigid; cold. Piercing eyes stare out from between ridged brows and dozens of small horns lining his maw. Humilis has never seen the Justiciar before. And he looks less than pleased.

Sanguineus emerges and trots towards his seat. His body is stiff and his eyes dart around nervously. Awkwardly he takes his seat next to the Justiciar, ignoring the look the latter gives him. Sanguineus clears his throat. A bell is struck and the Viceroy launches into the work.

The day marches on. Humilis idly fills the forms using his telepathic spells, his hunger forcing him to take sips from the sixth tank. His stomach bubbles and sloshes, and occasionally emits such a loud gurgle that Sanguineus has to stop and wait out the sound. All the while Humilis' mind races with scene after scene of his defeat. He tells himself he can do this, his plan will work, but the words feel hallow.

Humilis is slurping down his tenth tank, and is struggling to hold in his growing fart. The heat inside his stomach is searing, and quiet bursts of gas keep escaping his rear, like steam hissing from an over-

pressurized cooker. Humilis tightens up and pushes through – he'll let himself go eventually. He accepts the eleventh straw and gulps.

“And now, the fight.”

A hushed silence falls unto the court, broken only by the sounds of Humilis slurping down his meal. A sense of dread creeps up in Humilis' veins. Still he chugs down the meal; it would be wrong to leave left-overs.

“Humilis. The arena calls.” Sanguineus' voice borders on taunting.

Humilis quickly gulps down the last of his eleventh meal. He drops the straw and gives one mighty belch, the force shuddering his massive neck and cheeks. Then he rises and starts his slow journey into the arena.

As he descends the stairs, his gut melds and oozes over every gap available and bulges into part of the rings themselves. Desks get shunted away by his rippling, wobbling gut, their occupants doing their best to preserve their papers. The attention his gut is getting nearly forces the monstrous fart out his rear numerous times, yet he manages to hold it in by burping instead. Lower and lower he wobbles, closer and closer the tunnel creeps towards him. Humilis' heart starts beating in his buried neck and shivers race down his drowning spine. He enters the tunnel.

The auditorium disappears, replaced by a wall on either side of him, scraping past his wobbling flanks. As he hauls himself down the stairs, through the preparation room and into the curving hallway, nightmares flash into and out of his mind, each image more gruesome than the last. The light at the end of the tunnel grows brighter and brighter...

Sunlight. Humilis blinks the blurriness out of his sight. His eyes strain as he looks around the familiar arena: the same faces staring down at him, the burning sun above, Sanguineus looking on with malice. This is real; this isn't a nightmare. Calm down calm down calm down-

His sight catches a black shape. Albus.

Instantly rage starts to burn in Humilis' veins, fear fleeing his body entirely. He spreads his limbs apart, allowing his gut space to spread all over the ground. He stares down the black dragon from atop his heaving mound of a neck. A loud groan ominously rumbles out of his stomach.

Albus remains staring slack-jawed at the scene in front of him. He blinks once, twice. Slowly, like a feather falling unto the ground, he closes his maw. Then his face hardens.

“Humilis,” He says curtly.

“Albus,” replies Humilis, his voice deep.

Albus starts trotting around Humilis, his eyes roaming the sheer expanse of adipose in front of him. He propels himself forward with ease, his muscles articulating and flexing, his tail flicking to and fro.

“You've let yourself go, haven't you?” came Albus' sardonic question.

“I’ve gotten fat, yes,” Humilis continues to stare. “Do you find your paws where they should be?”

Albus cocks his head and tries to look innocent. “Whatever do you mean?” he drawls out.

“Do your hobbies include bypassing locks?”

“Very poor locks by equally poor owners, maybe.” His tail flicks as a ghost of a smile forms on his maw. “You shouldn’t be so concerned. Some things deserve better owners-”

“You may begin!” Interrupts the Viceroy.

The two dragons stare at one another. Albus seats himself on his haunches and waits.

Humilis is the first to move. He digs in his hind claws and heaves. The arid clay grips his stomach and forces his ample flesh to lurch forward in stutters, distorted gurgles and sloshes filling the air. Albus sits still, watching on with disinterest as Humilis slowly closes the distance. Eventually Humilis reaches the stationary dragon, takes some time to position himself, then begins to lift his massive arm for a blow. By the time his arm is halfway up, Albus has already stood up, trotted a dozen steps away, and sat back down again.

Humilis drops his arm, and the impact causes his chest and neck to wobble. He hauls himself towards Albus again, and again Albus merely walks away from him. Humilis’ gut and tail digs a rut through the arid clay as he tries to pin his opponent to a corner.

Then Albus seats himself right by one end of the arena. Now’s his chance!

Fat slaps, shifts and undulates all over as Humilis redoubles his efforts. The dry ground rubs the underside of his belly raw and the warmth all over his body is secondary only to the searing heat inside of his gut. Inch by slow inch he approaches Albus.

Suddenly Albus rises and starts to trot past him. Humilis stops and throws a punch. His closed fist trails a yard through the air, missing Albus entirely as he trots by unconcerned. Humilis’ body lurches downwards at the sudden removal of his fourth support, yet his fat easily softens the drop. Humilis struggles to all fours, digging through his adipose to find the ground. He swivels his eyes from within his immobile head, but he can’t find Albus. Fear grips him.

He starts to turn around. The hardened ground sticks to his adipose, forcing Humilis to wrench his rippling blubber free. His massive, pooling stomach sloshes, gurgles and groans as he struggles to heave himself to the side. The pressure grows inside Humilis, forcing him to belch to release some of it. He has to fart soon – he can’t hold it in for much longer.

Finally Humilis faces his opponent, who is dozens of yards away, resting on the ground. Another burp rips out of his throat. This is clearly not working. Think, Humilis, think!

“Too afraid to lose to a land-whale?” Humilis says.

Albus remains silent, idly staring at Humilis.

“You haven’t attacked me once. Why? Are you-”

“No need,” Albus answers. He crosses his fore paws and says nothing more.

Humilis hefts himself forward, then waits for his stomach to stop wobbling. “No need? You believe I’ll tire myself out first? My dear Albus, I’ve been dragging my bloated self to and from the court every day. You’ll be waiting for a long, long time.”

Albus cocks his head, yet still says nothing. Damn it! Humilis’ mind races – then fixates on something.

“I can’t help but notice that your scales keep falling out. Do you have a health condition or what?”

Albus’ eye twitches.

“Oh, you poor thing,” Humilis says with mock concern. “You keep losing scales like a hatchling. Are you-”

“Shut up!” Albus rises to his feet and glares at Humilis.

Humilis’ pudgy face creases as he smiles. “Was your great-grandmother a fish or something?”

Albus snarls and charges.

Humilis hurls a punch towards Albus’ trajectory, but the black dragon runs around the lethargic blow, curls his head down and leaps. With great force he rams Humilis’ throat.

The blow sends Humilis’ neck into a rippling frenzy; it undulates and wobbles like jello in an earthquake, his head bobbing as if a ship on a turbulent sea. The rest of Albus’ body smacks against the shuddering flesh, and he falls down to the ground. Near instantly Albus scrambles to his feet and gallops away.

A belch rips out of Humilis’ maw as his lard-filled neck continues to jiggle. It tingles where Albus has rammed him, and a dull pain throbs in the general area. Otherwise he feels completely fine.

Humilis smiles, lets loose another burp, and tries to pinpoint Albus through his bobbing sight.

Another blow hits his side. Instantly a short, powerful fart bursts out of his rear, yet Humilis quickly squeezes his ass shut. Large waves of blubber roll across his pooling gut, his limbs being pulled to and fro by the lurching fat, and his gut glorps, sloshes, bubbles and groans in response. All Humilis feels is a tingle and some pain.

Again and again Albus rams Humilis, and again and again all that happens is Humilis’ lard bouncing to and fro while powerful burps escape his throat. Humilis merely stands there, watching as Albus futilely attempts to hurt the mountain of lard that is him, burping and belching all the while. Holding in his fart is taking more effort than this.

“Are-” another burp flies out his maw. “Are you tired yet, Albus?”

The black dragon says nothing, merely bending and twisting his neck, apparently trying to relieve some of the pain.

“It’s very fun watching a fish flop around on my gut,” Humilis says. “Are you even trying to hurt me?”

Albus’ face contorts into a visage of pure hatred. He glares at Humilis, and he returns the gaze. Moments pass. Then Albus charges straight at him.

Dust clouds trail into the air as Albus speeds towards the blob of a dragon. Humilis remains resting on the ground, outwardly looking bored whilst internally fighting his racing heart. Closer and closer Albus charges – then he leaps past Humilis’ shoulder.

Four feet sink deeply into Humilis’ back. Albus turns around and starts to move up Humilis’ spine, the fat jostling and shifting as the black dragon fights to maintain a foothold on top of the squirming folds of fat. Humilis bites down the rising panic and waits for him to reach his neck. Soon Albus starts climbing the massive mound called the neck.

Then a pair of arms wrap around Humilis’ throat.

Humilis freezes as dread races throughout his spine. It feels like shards of glass have formed in his chest. He can feel the arms pressing tighter and tighter, the beginning of the end: his throat being crushed, his lungs starved of air, his heaving, gasping attempts for air, heart thundering in his head, blackness approaching his eyes on all sides-

The arms stop. They lurch into his throat, but there’s no tension – no squeeze.

Albus’ arms thrust and sink into the adipose as they try to encircle Humilis’ throat. Albus tries to heft his lard away to meet each other. Still they remain apart. The violent motion on Humilis’ neck turns it into a pleasant massage, easing the tension out of his strained and buried neck muscles.

A hiss pierces Humilis’ ear and the arms retract. He can feel Albus as he repositions himself on his neck. Now!

Humilis pushes with his bloated fore arms – which does next to nothing – and strains his buried hind legs. He starts to tilt backwards into the air, his upper half drooping and futilely trying to pull him back unto the ground. Tons upon tons upon tons of lard slide and mold over itself, folds shifting and forming as fast as they disappear under another.

Albus’ claws dig into his back, and Humilis suppresses a flinch. Albus scrambles around the undulating flesh for any handholds – anything to grab and leverage himself against the increasing steepness of Humilis’ body. The fat shimmers and droops out of his paws. Then he falls.

The sensation of scales slipping past scales, and claws raking past his back, then a thud followed by a hiss. Humilis can feel limbs squirming by his tail. He has to do this quickly.

Humilis throws his body to the side and steps out as much as can on one hind leg. The ocean of lard surrounding his bones lurches and wobbles to the side, fat impacting fat and causing wet smacks to fill the air. Then, tilting backwards, he falls unto Albus.

An overbearing weight crushes down unto Albus body, pressing his limbs tightly against his body and squeezing him against the dirt floor. Albus tries to heave and force the flooding adipose off him – to no

avail. The fat is too much, too heavy, everywhere at once and with each pawful he pushes away, another pawful replaces it. The bountiful flesh continues to morph around him, the walls of the cavern pressing snugly against him and squirming, shifting, even audibly glorp.

Then a heat. Albus, his head locked in a vice grip, swivels his eyes upwards. The large donut of a rectum greets him.

Humilis belches as his blubber shifts and sways on his seated position. His gut droops down and spreads all over the ground, like an avalanche made out of jello. The pooling adipose pushes his legs further apart and engulfs the ground, leaving only the very tip of Albus' tail poking out from beneath it. His thick arms rest comfortably on his stomach. An ominous groan emits out of his massive gut.

Humilis shuffles on his rear, his body wobbling from the motion. The heat within his gut grows as the pressure tightens. He clears his throat. "How are you enjoying my treasure now?"

Movement from under his massive rear. Moments pass. Humilis starts to repeat himself when the muffled shout filters out. "You bastard!"

"Cozy, isn't it?" shouts Humilis, his neck forcing him to stare straight ahead. He glances up. Sanguineus looks on with disinterest, apparently quite content on delaying Humilis' victory. Humilis snorts.

"Release me you fat pig!" Comes the dulled shout.

"What did you do with my gems!?" Humilis shouts back. A few moments pass, his heart hammering in his gelatinous throat.

"Pawed off." Humilis can almost *hear* the smirk.

Something hardens in him. Humilis takes one last look at the royal stand. Sanguineus is in deep conversation with the Justiciar – clearly not giving a damn as to what is happening in the arena. A glance around reveals just as many courtiers working on their own papers as those paying attention. His colossal gut gurgles, the pressure growing to an unbearable density. He's going to enjoy this.

"Hey Albus?"

"What!?"

"Do you know what all this food does to someone?" Humilis releases a belch.

"Just get the hell off me, you delusional lunatic!"

"Besides making me fat," Humilis shakes his corpulence, turning himself into a shifting, sloshing mass. "There's a second effect; something quite natural."

Sanguineus stops speaking. A hushed silence fills the court.

"N-no..."

“It just happens, Albus. Its nothing to be ashamed of.”

“You wouldn’t bloody dare...”

“After all, I did eat eleven tanks of beans.” Like a tsunami barreling towards the coastline, so does the pressure force its way through Humilis’ innards. He relaxes his rear.

“NO GODS PLEASE HEL-”

The fart explodes out of Humilis rear and roars into the air. The thundering expulsion vibrates out from beneath Humilis’ ass and sends shuddering ripples throughout his entire body, transforming his entire form into a jiggling, shifting mass of adipose. Several courtiers look away while some stare at Humilis with their eyes glued. Sanguineus lowers his head to the ground while the Justiciar looks on with wide eyes. Humilis swears a gleam passes through the Justiciar’s eyes.

The fart dwindles in volume, offers a few more stutters, then finally ceases. Humilis sighs with relief as his stomach gurgles happily. Humilis notes that Albus has stopped squirming. Good; he hopes he chokes on it.

Sanguineus clears his throat. A few moments pass.

“I declare the winner...” He clears his throat again. “To be courtier Humilis.”

Silence. Complete and absolute silence.

“Persuivant Albus has lost.” Another clearing of the throat. “Courtier Humilis remains stationed in court.” The voice nearly breaks. Murmurs break out in the stands.

Humilis sits there, letting the words swirl around in his head. He digs his claws into his moobs. Pain. He isn’t dreaming. This is real.

“You are excused, Humilis.”

Humilis takes a deep breath and moves to get off. His body shifts and wobbles – but he doesn’t move. He blinks. Tries again, harder. His body wobbles and jiggles like a bowl of jello, and his head bobs and sways on top of his undulating lard. The fold-riddle torso undulates as he paws his pudgy claws at the ground. He lurches himself, wobbling his body and causing another fart to wash over the trapped Albus below. Still, Humilis remains seated.

Humilis snorts in frustration. He can’t even *look* down to assess the problem; his only sense that can tell him is his touch and currently its telling him that he’s oozing over the ground. His rear is squished underneath tons of lard above, and he can’t even move his hind legs. His massive, over-engorged, titanic stomach spills over the ground below and bulges to all sides. He truly gives meaning to the concept of pear-shaped.

As he throws himself to the side, squirming erupts from underneath him. Something burrows between his ass cheeks and, before he can do anything, enters his rectum. Immediately his innards squeeze and pulsate against the sudden intrusion – the object starts to squirm wildly and tries to pull itself out. It

takes Humilis a moment before he realizes that it's Albus' head. A smile breaks out on Humilis' maw. He settles into himself and starts to rock himself to and fro.

Groans and sloshes echo in the arena as Humilis secretly pleasures himself. Humilis' erection is pleausurably squeezed and massaged by his undulating flesh, and best of all, is completely hidden from any observer. Albus' horns scrape pleausurably against his intestines, and the tip of his maw is rubbing against Humilis' sensitive spot. All the while, the black dragon is desperately trying to pry himself out, yet the flesh holds him in – unwilling to part with its new fuck toy. Humilis bites back a moan as his new toy scratches that wonderful itch, giddiness rising in him as Albus tries yet fails to escape him. The sway of his adipose unsettles his stomach, and soon farts and burps started ripping out of him, the farts pressing against and flowing past the embedded Albus. Then, suddenly, Albus goes limp.

Humilis rolls his eyes and leans into his lurches, trying to tip himself over. As much as he'll like to, he can't risk killing Albus. He tosses himself again and again, flesh shifting and bouncing all around him, until he crowns the apex. Like an ancient tree finally keeling over, so too does Humilis fall to the ground. The slam echoes throughout the auditorium, and piles of dust jump from the impact. A fart bursts out of his insides and forces its way out through Albus and the bountiful blubber, rippling Humilis' titanic ass. He gleefully helps push the fart out, yet soon the gas ends. Humilis is lying on his side, the limp body of Albus hanging from his rear, the black dragon so deep into Humilis' ass that his shoulders are tight against Humilis' haunches.

A warmth invades his cheeks as the situation asserts itself in his mind. "Any help, please?" Humilis yells out.

Another murmur breaks out across the court. From up above, Sanguineus is lying down with both paws covering his face. The Justiciar remains as passive as ever – but with a faint smile breaking across his maw.

Eventually several servants enter the arena and start to pull Albus out. The numerous kobolds pull with all their might, some tilting straight back, their arms tensing and veins breaking out over their limbs. Yet Humilis' innards refuse to let go of the prize, and instead he gets to experience the wonderful yet strange sensation of someone pulling something out of his ass.

Albus suddenly starts squirming, and with a wet plop, launches himself out of Humilis' rectum.

Coughs and hacks fill the air, going on for several moments. Then Albus staggers past Humilis' and into the opposite tunnel. Albus retches and heaves, thin trails of snot and saliva yawning down to the ground below. His tail is curved between his hind legs and shivers rack his entire body. His one eye glares Humilis. Humilis simply smiles.

Albus bares his teeth and his face turns into a visage of pure hatred. Then he shakily turns around and shambles deeper into the tunnel.

The last Humilis sees of him is his tail flicking into the darkness.

"Humilis. You are excused." Sanguineus sounds tired.

Humilis pulls himself out of his mental trance and slowly rises to his feet. Turns around. Passing the stoic faces of the servants, Humilis hauls himself into the other tunnel, leaving the scene behind.

The walls shuffle past him. He hauls himself through the hallways, declines the apothecary's help, and continues out of the court, ignoring the stares of disgust mixed with awe from the courtiers. He exits to a landscape tinted red by the setting sun. He sets his sight on his distant lair and begins his long trek.

Humilis finds himself studying his surroundings more astutely. He passes by a brilliant waterfall glistening in the crimson sun. Then a clearing filled with rocks morphed and etched by the passage of millennia into abstract shapes and arches. The brushing of thousands of leaves float along on the gentle wind. He feels completely at peace; as if warm water has been poured into his veins and took away all his aches and worries. A light drizzle falls upon the earth, muddying the dirt path, easing his raw underside. Despite his great, heavy and wobbling body, he feels as light as ever.

He is before the incline to his lair before he knew it. A half hour later, he crowns the upper lip and stands before his lair. Laetus should be here, waiting for him. He swallows down a lump in his throat. Despite her reassurances about his weight gain, he can't help but think that she'll be repulsed by his girth. What if this is too much for her?

He takes a deep breath and opens the doors.

A cerulean dragoness perks up from where she lies. Her eyes light up as a smile blooms on her maw. "Humilis! Are-" she freezes. Slowly, the smile fades from her face as she stares at the mountain of lard in front of her. Her ear-frills draw back and press against her head. "Oh," she says.

His veins turn to ice. "It's me," he says, trying and failing not to make his voice sound so deep and bassy.

Laetus rises and trots over to him. She has to look up to meet his eyes, and Humilis can see that she's trying hard not to look at the rest of him.

"Oh," she says again. Her eyes have an unfocused quality to them.

"This is too much, isn't it?" He can't keep the defeat out of his voice.

"What?" She tilts her head in confusion. A moment passes before a light comes on in her head. "No, dear, I was just wondering why everything was so wide and..." Then her entire posture softens, as if a switch has been flipped. "How did it go?"

He can't hide the smile. "I won."

She stands still for a few moments. Then, slowly, she walks forward and presses her head into his voluminous chest. Stuttering breaths rush past her lips. It's all Humilis can do to accept her into his flesh, his limbs far too weighed down and bulky to embrace her.

"It's okay," he says softly. "Everything's okay now. I'm still here."

She rubs her head against his chest, trying to nod. Moments pass. Then she steps away and brushes tears from her face. "Okay," she chokes out. Then she clears her throat. "Okay," she says with conviction, as if closing a chapter in her life.

“Dear,” Humilis begins. “I’m going to take a quick bath. Lie down, make yourself comfortable. I’ll be back soon.” To this she nods. Humilis then turns and heaves himself to his bathroom, feeling her stare at his wobbling, gelatinous flesh.

The bath is nothing more than a swallow pool with several large tubs of water nearby. Humilis enters the pool and telepathically takes a bowl of spices and mixes it in with the tubs of water, then dumps the water over himself. Only a few minutes later does Humilis emerge from the bathroom, feeling refreshed and smelling strongly of vanilla.

He joins Laetus by the center of the room. He slowly lowers into himself, noting how she stares at his pooling flesh.

“So,” Laetus starts, her tail flicking nervously behind her, “what happened while I was gone?”

Humilis takes a deep breath, and starts to tell her. His engorgement, his argument with Sanguineus, his treasury being stolen: all of it. He unloads all of his troubles and misfortunes unto her, not sparing a single detail. She listens attentively as he tells his tale.

“Let me get this straight,” she says as he finishes his story. She places both paws against one another in front of her face. “You ate the last of your treasure.”

“Yes,” he responds, “all of it is right in here”-he smacks his chest, causing the fat to quiver-“safe and sound. Why don’t you come listen?”

Laetus hesitates, opening her maw to say something, then she closes it. She rises to all fours and walks over to his bulging flank. She stands still, watching the subtle ripples over his ample flesh.

“Don’t be shy. Put your ear against me.”

She gingerly places the side of her head against him. Throughout the bubbling, sloshes and groans, she can hear dull clinking as the precious metals slide over one another. Then she presses into him further.

“You’re so warm,” she says. A soft rumble vibrates out her chest. Humilis says nothing, content with her resting against his flesh.

“I’ve got something for you,” she suddenly says. Before he can say anything, she trots away and into a tunnel. A minute later she returns wheeling a large cart inside. She places the cart right in front of Humilis and removes the giant lid. “Surprise!”

A massive cake meets Humilis, easily large enough to feed several dozen dragons, and probably meant for big occasions. Immediately Humilis’ stomach bubbles and grumbles. Saliva floods his maw.

“Thank you, dear,” he says as he telepathically lifts the cake into the air. “This will be a good snack.”

“Snack?” her entire body freezes. She blinks.

Laetus’ reaction goes unnoticed to Humilis, too enraptured he is with the food. He breaks the cake into several pieces and yawns open his maw. Then he starts gorging himself. He barely chews before

stuffing another piece of cake down his throat. Chunk after chunk disappears into his maw, and soon the cake is no more. His stomach still feels empty.

Humilis burps and smacks his lips. Only now does he see the expression on Laetus' face. He smiles.

"You getting bothered, Laetus?" Humilis shakes his body, the great sea of lard wobbling and lurching, folds bobbing and shifting all over his frame. He grabs his neck-paunch and gives it a mighty shake, the shuddering reaching all the way into his cheeks.

She squirms and releases a soft squeak. Her hind legs press against one another. "Yes," she whispers. "Can I touch you?"

"How about I do you one better," he responds, still smiling. "Lay down on your back."

Laetus walks over the a bare section of the floor and rolls unto her back, her limbs curled tight to her body. Her vulva is wet and gaping, and her tail can't stop wagging. Humilis hauls himself towards her, until he can barely see her past his mound of a neck.

"Ready?" he says.

"Please," came the reply so soft Humilis barely heard it.

Humilis then pushes himself over her, his flesh molding and flooding over her, wet glorps and sloshes filling the cavern. He can feel her pawing and massaging his ample adipose, her tongue licking his scales. More and more he hauls himself over her. Then he stops. Humilis fully engulfs his lover, no part of her sticking past his bulging form.

A fart ripples his haunches as Laetus suddenly presses all four limbs against his blubber. The lard simply droops down between her outstretched limbs and rests on her body. She starts squirming and fondling his belly, the motions causing more farts to rip out of him. His body starts to undulate and bounce in tune with her movements. Humilis stands there, enjoying her attention and his farts, letting his bountiful bulk caress and love her more than he ever can at this weight.

She starts grinding her lower body against him, leaving wet trails across his scales. He can feel her become more energetic, groping his fat and pawing at it. Throughout the sloshes and bubbles, he can hear dull moans emit out of his flesh. She suddenly thrusts her hips against him, forcing another fart out his rear. Then she goes limp.

Humilis immediately hauls himself off of her, fearing for her safety. "Laetus?" he calls out into the cavern.

"I'm fine," came the answer. "I'm so, so fine." She sounds out of breath.

He heaves himself around. Laetus is still laying on the floor, eyes unfocused and breathing heavily. Then she turns her head to look at him. She looks like an opium addict that has just found their first hit after weeks of withdrawal.

"Hume," she breathlessly says, "can you fuck me?"

He experimentally humps. The mass of flesh under his groin compacts near instantly and pushes him back out, and a fart bursts from his globular ass. "Sorry dear. I'm too fat." Pride blooms in his chest.

Laetus looks away, her hind claws fidgeting with one another. "Can you lie on your back?"

"No," he says, "I ate one too many pies. But I have something that can roll me unto my back."

She nods. "Please do," she says and she starts to roll unto her feet, her entire body shivering as he stands.

Humilis heaves himself over to two long, parallel strips of leather pads resting on the floor. Carefully he positions himself unto them, then snaps his claws. Immediately two pairs of iron chains rise up into the air and tauten. The leather pads pull up and sink into his flesh. Then he starts tipping over his side.

Fat oozes over fat as the pads turn him over. Groans and glorps pierce the air as his stomach is manhandled, and soon gas erupts from his maw and ass. He pools over himself and the ground like an amorphous slime, limbs being yanked this way and that by his shifting form. Then he collides with the floor.

His entire body shudders and wobbles from the impact, and a massive fart explodes out of his rear. Humilis lies there on the ground, feeling just how far his limbs are apart from one another, how much space he takes up, how his massive deposits of lard shudders and jiggles, how warm he is and just how comfortable he is. He feels soft, massive – complete. He feels like he has just found the secret to life itself.

Laetus jumps into his pooling stomach, forcing a burp and fart out simultaneously. Her eyes crazed, she starts pressing into him; pawing deeply into his giving flesh, feeling how he parts around her intruding limbs. His overworked and bloated stomach sloshes, bubbles and groans, several farts erupting out his rear as she continues to massage and rub his colossal stomach. She feels so small, so tiny compared to all of him. Taking up all of this space, feeling the ground underneath his hopelessly-fattened self. He releases a deep belch for several seconds, and drinks in the sensation of his body jiggling just from that. This is all of him. For his and his mate's enjoyment. And tonight, they'll have each other.

Laetus is now snuggling her maw deeply into his folds, her breaths hot in his recesses. She rubs and squeezes his engorgement and he can feel her tail slapping against his abdomen, sending ripples across most of it. Another surge of gas forces him to belch. A part of him wants to hold her; caress her as she's doing to him. But his arms can barely bend towards one another to begin with. He's simply too fat to do that. And he's perfectly fine with that.

Laetus works her way up towards his face, now fondling his massive chest. She presses her groin against it and starts to grind herself. She looks completely out of it, drooling unto his chest as she drags her groin up his body.

She finally reaches his neck. She gropes, shakes and grinds against his massive throat. Higher and higher she climbs, simultaneously fighting and playing with his folds. She eventually reaches his head and leans in for a kiss. They entangle one another with their tongues, their warm breaths colliding with each other. She retracts and grabs his massive cheeks and gives them a shake. He belches in her face. She starts rubbing his engorged visage, getting every inch of his adipose. Her digits dig in through the

plentiful adipose, stretching the already-overstretched scales further apart. He closes his eyes and rides the feeling.

She sat straddling his neck, her hind legs spread far apart by the circumference of his throat. As she continues to purr and fondle his face, Humilis can feel a wet spot appearing right where her groin is grinding against his fat. She cups his bulging, sagging cheeks and bobs them in her paws, and Humilis can feel the lard jiggling from the motion. He just wants to surround her – engulf her with himself, make himself feel every square inch of her by his sheer volume. A warmth invades his groin and he can feel his buried member start to engorge. His beleaguered heart starts beating in his throat.

“Laetus.” He says, before belching once more. The snack inside his stomach barely keeps the hunger away, and already his stomach is starting to complain. Laetus eyes Humilis, still rolling the thick wads of fat between her digits.

“Yes, dear?” She asks.

The warmth inside Humilis’ groin grows. The encompassing lard squeezes his engorging member, keeping it buried between his thighs and stomach. Humilis tries to spread his legs further open; but they are already as spread open as he possibly can. Then the sensation of something cold on his dick’s head. He strains his eyes to look down. The tip of his dick is poking out of his fat folds – the furthest it can go. He moans and says: “My member is out.”

She turns around. Giggles and turns back. “Looks like someone was able to fight his way to the surface.” She gives Humilis a quick lick on his muzzle and starts her journey downwards, struggling to stay upright in the midst of his folds. Despite this, her tail is raised skyward, revealing her puffy and dripping vulva. Closer and closer she ambles towards his member, her digits pressing deeply into his giving flesh. She reaches his member, turns around, and with pleased chirps lowers herself down on top of it. Warmth suddenly floods Humilis’ member. His back muscles instinctively flex as they try to hump, but the sheer weight and volume of his adipose causes little else except ripples across his body. Her tail snakes into his rectum, and immediately his insides start to push against it.

Laetus starts pumping herself the best she can with what little he has. Waves of fat travel across his body with each impact, jostling his limbs and sides. Burps and farts emit from him with impunity. Humilis closes his eyes and rides the feeling of her sex squeezing his, her warm folds and moist cavity pumping into him. It feels like an ocean is rising inside of him, warm yet energizing, flowing into every crevice of his soul. Her tail starts ruthlessly fucking his insides, sliding into and out of his ass, repeatedly stroking his sensitive spot. His heart hammers in his throat and his breaths pump in and out through his constant belching. Laetus pants as she continues to pump herself on him and grope his rippling form. Wet slurps fill the air as they complete one another. Higher and higher the ocean rises, great waves of joy smashing against itself, waves whipped into a frenzy, smashing and spiraling and rising-

He came. Great loads of hot semen shoot straight into Laetus, filling her every crevice. She chokes out a cry and slams herself down on his member and grips his folds, her frills fluttering and her tail jerking from inside of him. Humilis moans and belches as the euphoria fills his body, his buried muscles clenching tightly. His tail lurches to one side and his pudgy claws clench and relax in an unknown rhythm. It feels like a light is burning deep inside of him.

Then it stops. Humilis gulps down air and looks back at Laetus. She is sprawled across him, panting deeply with drool seeping out of her open maw. Her tail plops out of him as she mewls and digs her muzzle into one of his folds. Humilis experiences the feeling, letting his massive body be her cushion. They remain against one another for some time.

“Wow.” Laetus says. He can feel her shifting on his stomach. He cranes his eyes to look at her. She is sitting upright, cradling a taut, round stomach of her own. “Wow.” She repeats.

“Yes, uh, I wasn’t able to masturbate for a while, so it all just...” Humilis trails off. Slowly, she crawls forward and lies down by his chest, her arms straddling his engorged neck.

“I love you.” She says as she snuggles up against him. Humilis smacks his lips.

“I love you too.”

Exhaustion invades his form. Humilis yawns and relaxes into himself. As his mate snuggles into his massive body, Humilis briefly thinks of the future. He thinks of the court, of his life with Laetus, of getting fatter. A smile creases his pudgy face. Whatever the future might hold, he’s happy.

Humilis closes his eyes and together with Laetus, falls asleep.