

It looked just like a normal sandwich. Two loafs of bread, some leaves of lettuce and slices of tomato, with two pieces of cut ham stuffed in the middle – just as Henry had left it. But in this university, leaving food unattended for five minutes was five minutes too long. He took his sandwich apart and thoroughly inspected every piece of it. It was put back together, then had several arcane detection spells casted on it. His spells detected nothing amiss, but just to be safe, he dispelled his lunch. Twice. After that rigorous bout of testing, he felt no apprehension at eating it.

Which was why one of his haunches were pressing against the library's pillar.

Throngs of students crowded all around him, their whispers and giggles droning off the walls. Henry stood perfectly still on his new four legs, trying not to move his tail that had curved past the column to rest on several bookshelves nearby. His gulp trailed a long way down his elongated throat. It was a relief he wasn't any bigger – the tip of his horns just about grazed the ceiling, and the railings of the second floor were a handful of yards away from his chest.

And if he was any bigger, he's sure that he wouldn't have been able to hold up his own weight.

Despite his new dragonic body, his limbs strained to hold him aloft – already his muscles had started to burn with exhaustion. His lower back was pulled downwards, and his neck felt as if it was wrapped in large sacks filled with molten lead.

Which was not surprising considering how fat he was.

The bloated, crease-dotted sausage called his tail engulfed the tops of the bookshelves and hung from the sides. In the gaps between the shelves, his tail-fat bulged downwards, forming hanging masses of flesh. Sitting on either side of his tail were his haunches: a pair of humongous, globular ass-cheeks, each as wide as a full-grown horse – snout to tail. They drooped down to rest on his encompassing thighs, which in turn hung down past his knees to rest on his fatty calves. His back was a vast expanse of lard, creases and folds dominating the ocean of blubber, a pair of thick wings resting comfortably on the near-horizontal surface. The sheer volume of blubber forced his scales apart; so much so that his milky hide was more prominent on his body, his crimson scales now an archipelago on the sea of creamy skin. There is no sign where his neck begins or ends, merely a sloping, fold-riddled, heaving mass of blubber that melds into his withers and flows into his head. Instead of the royal, menacing visage of tooth and scale, he sported a plump, rounded face with a pair of bulging cheeks that sagged down to rest on either side of his jowls. A large wad of fat swayed underneath his maw, growing in mass as it sloped down to join his thick throat. Two immense jugs of fat hung limply from his chest, full and heavy, each as large as a cart and so voluminous that if he were to heft

one, his digits would be engulfed as the flesh cascaded off the sides. Squeezing his moobs flush against one another were his fore limbs: girthy trunks of lard that mirrored his hind legs in size, adorned with dimples as the fat fought for space between his encroaching neck and plentiful bosom. Yet all of his engorgement paled in comparison to his stomach.

Thick curtains of fat billowed outwards from his back, dwarfing his generous rear, melding into the bulging barrel of blubber called his belly – a massive, heaving sack of lard that hung to just above the floor. Multiple tables and chairs were engulfed by his paunch, and if Henry were sitting somewhere even remotely populated, his gut would've engulfed several students as well.

He is a bloated, fold-riddled parody of a dragon, the very avatar of greed and vice. And he loved it.

The broiling heat across his form, the immense weight pressing down his limbs and his monumental gut drowning the furniture – it all felt so empowering, so freeing. Already his newly-dragonick dick had engorged to rub against his stomach, soft shocks of pleasure buzzing at his groin. Yet he held no fear of ridicule – he is so hopelessly burdened with lard, that between the drooping fat of his tail and space-devouring haunches, his genitals were completely swallowed up from sight. He could hear the tiles popping underneath his claws, and the groans and creaks of the furniture as they struggled to hold his lard aloft. Henry silently prayed that this isn't a wet dream: that this really is all of him, that he really is this big of a dragon.

“Well.”

Henry turned his head towards the second-floor balcony, his face and neck shuddering from the motion. An old man dressed in a silver robe stood before him, weathered hands clutching a gnarled staff, a gentle expression on his wrinkled face.

“Henry, I presume?” The headmaster asked.

Henry nodded, his cheeks and maw-fat wobbling while ripples raced down his voluminous neck.

“I'm terribly sorry about this,” the wizard said, brushing away a strand of gray hair from his eyes. “We'll try to revert this spell as soon as possible.”

The words pierced into Henry's mind and instantly doused his mood. He bit back the 'no' rising up his throat. What can he say? What possible excuse could he have? If they hear that he enjoys being this, they'll have him thrown out of the university!

His stomach suddenly released a loud, sustained gurgle, causing small ripples to race across his titanic paunch, briefly drowning out the din of the student's chatter. At once the whispers doubled in quantity, growing louder – more clearer. “What a fat-ass,” “Fucking bloated lump,” “He's so cute!”

“SILENCE!”

Silence descended unto the room. Students shuffled nervously about as the headmaster stood, red-faced, staring down at the mob.

“I expected a bit more *maturity* for last-year students,” the headmaster bellowed, gliding his gaze across the crowd. Tension sat heavy in the air. “Leave. Now.”

The students turned and filtered out of the library. Henry watched as his audience disappeared in a flurry of soles squeaking against tiles. What a shame; he'd started to enjoy their comments.

“In any case,” the headmaster said as the last of the students shuffled out, “we have strong suspicions that a *particular someone*”—his voice grew strained for a second—“was responsible for tampering with your meal. But don't worry about him; let's first worry about you.”

Henry didn't nod – his legs felt as if on fire, and his lower back was aching and throbbing. He just can't hold himself up anymore – So he bent his limbs. Immediately wood snapped and broke as his bulk descended upon the furniture, crushing it beneath him and trapping the ruined remains in an avalanche of adipose. His stomach wobbled as it bulged to both sides, flooding the surroundings and pooling over his hind claws. Henry lounged on his spreading stomach, his heavy moobs grazing the floor, sighing with relief as his limbs rested comfortably against his flesh.

The wizard bit his lower lip and briefly glanced to the side, before looking back at Henry. He cleared his throat: “You can still speak, right? Of course, if you don't want to speak I'll understand.”

Henry took in a deep breath, his chest and stomach billowing out a few inches. “I can—” He stopped. The voice rumbling out of his throat was deep and booming – befitting a dragon such as he. But it was off: it sounded suffocated and slightly hoarse, and each vocal was stretched out. It didn't help that his elongated tongue was hard to control, and his puffed-up cheeks kept impeding his jaw's muscles. He took in a breath. “I can speak,” he finished, his maw-fat lurching with each pronunciation.

“Good, good,” the headmaster glanced across his body. “Are you feeling ill? Any spots of pain?”

“No,” Henry drawled out. The shattered remains of the tables pressed gently into his gut – guilt panged in him. He motioned with his arm, the movement slow and difficult as the flab billowed downwards. “Sorry.”

“It’s alright,” the headmaster waved a nonchalant hand. “Now, Henry, before I can turn you back, I need you to vacate the premises – but don’t worry. I’ll help you.”

Confusion filled Henry. “Why not here?”

“Too dangerous,” the wizard replied, passing his staff to his other hand. “Multiple Ether fluxes permeate this building – rejuvenation spells might go horribly wrong.”

“But how am I going to get out?” Henry asked, savoring each slurred word his chubby face produced. Gods, he even *sounds* like a fat-ass.

“By use of a portal. But for it to work, you need to be able to walk. Do you feel rested?”

The student-turned-dragon nodded again, relishing how his ample flesh quivered and bobbed.

“Good. Please stand up.”

The sheer weight and enormity of his body became very, very real. Henry swallowed nervously. “Do we have to do this now?” he asked.

A nod from the headmaster. “Unfortunately, yes. Those same Ether fluxes grow more dangerous the longer you spend near them in your polymorphed state. The less time we spend here, the better.”

“Okay,” Henry answered. His nostrils flared as he took in a deep breath. “I’m doing it,” he said, more to himself than to the wizard. He traced around with his claws, pushing away his pooling flesh, before he found his footholds. Then he started to push.

Instantly the tiles shattered as his weight rocketed down his girthy limbs. His bulk started to rise, dragging his gut upwards with it, the immense sack of lard receding and molding to his frame. Henry wheezed for air, the strain on his limbs increasing with each inch he rose – then his limbs locked. Henry stood upright, the massive barrel of blubber called his stomach brushing against the floor. He stood there for several moments,

wheezing for air, ceramic crunching underneath his claws as his intestines gurgled and glorped.

“Very good, Henry,” the headmaster said, nodding. He shifted his weight. “Were you ever polymorphed into a quadruped creature before?”

Still gasping, Henry shook his flabby head.

“Right. I want you to take a hind leg and step forward.”

Henry’s hind claws were planted firmly against the ground, locked in place by his overbearing weight. “But won’t I fall over?”

“You won’t,” the headmaster sounded certain. “Take as small of a step as you can manage.”

With one last deep inhale, Henry lifted a hind claw off the ground. Stress immediately cascaded down his same-sided fore arm as his body started to tilt. He swung his hind leg forward – his haunch smacked his bulging flank and sent waves of fat rolling across his toppling body. Urgently, Henry threw his leg out to the side, the impact shuddering his massive ass cheek like a bowl of jello in an earthquake. Ton upon ton of his weight cascaded into his limb: but he halted his topple. The abrupt motion sent large waves rolling across his form, folds bobbing and shifting all over his expanse, moobs slapping against one another. A stuttering groan rumbled out his paunch.

Henry slowly shuffled his other leg closer as his flesh continued to wobble. His body felt like a massive sack filled with jello, large parts of it swaying and lurching on its own accord, pushing and pulling him wherever it jostled towards. He was a slave to his adipose as it swung and hung wherever it liked, quivering and shuddering all the while.

Eventually his lard quieted down, and he shimmied his hind legs together. He took in deep breaths, mentally wishing that the aching in his limbs stopped.

The wizard’s eyes widened: “Should we stop for a rest-?”

“No,” Henry slurred out. He just wanted this to be over with. “I try again.”

The headmaster nodded. The corpulent dragon stood for a few moments, marshaling strength. Then he swung his hind leg out and around his bulging flank. His claw slammed into the floor, his heavy body bobbing from the impact. He then lurched forward with his fore arm, landing with another slam, yet another thick wave of fat rolling across himself. Henry stopped to wheeze, air rushing into and out of his taxed

lungs, before he swung out his other hind leg. His bloated tail was pulled forward, dragging the tops of the bookshelves along with it, causing shelves to collapse upon one another in a cannonade of creaks and slams. Swallowing down the apology, he lurched his other fore paw forward. The former-student stood there, finally having taking a step forward, feeling like he had just finished a workout.

“Good,” the headmaster gripped his staff with both hands. “I will now open a portal. Now, because of your... girth, it will need to be a large one. It will be quite taxing for me, so please hurry as best as you can.”

Henry panted for breath. All he wanted right now was a large refreshing drink and somewhere soft to lie down on. Was that really too much to ask?

The headmaster raised his staff and started uttering arcane words. An oppressive atmosphere settled in the room, as if a heavy blanket had been thrown over the air. A purple glow materialized several feet in front of Henry – then it started to yawn open. He watched as the portal revealed a lush field stretching out in front of him with wide mountain-ranges lining the horizon. The sky was filled with a trails of clouds, looking like brushes of white paint smeared by a mostly-dry easel.

The portal stabilized into an oval shape, a wavering line of purple surrounding the magical exit.

“Go, Henry, go!”

The well-beyond-obese-dragon took a sharp breath and started to waddle. He lurched his hind legs around his wobbling, swaying belly, each heavy footfall sending quivers up his rear. His scales shuddered a half-second behind each impact, his mass bobbing up and down in large waves, jostling his thick and throbbing cock. Tables, chairs and bookshelves and their remains were dragged away by his undulating gut, scrapes of wood against marble filling the room, his earth-bound tail dragging itself through the carnage. As Henry started to lurch through the portal, he noted how disconcertingly close his arms were to the sides of the portal. Yet he waddled on, and despite the growing exhaustion in his limbs, he fell into a rhythm. He can get used to-

Something clamped unto his flanks. Henry slammed his paws into the ground, arresting his momentum as his fore paws sunk deeply into the dirt. He didn't need to crane his hefty neck around to know, but he did anyways. The sides of the portal bit into his bulging flanks, dimpling the flesh and wedging him firmly into the gap. From where the portal's edges were biting into his flesh, a faint cold permeated into his form.

A watermelon, cleanly sliced in half, surfaced in Henry's memory.

“Damn!” urgency colored the headmaster’s voice, “Suck in your gut!”

Henry tenses his abdomen and tried to pull in his heaving stomach – a large ripple raced across his bloated body, yet his gut remained just as large as ever.

“Push!”

The former-student started pushing with his hind legs. His flanks compacted into multiple folds, and strained glorps and gurgles rumbled out of his gut. Henry pushed as hard as he can, clawing deep troughs in the dirt as he scrambled for grip.

Something in his flanks gives, and with a wet plop, Henry shot forward. He flung his fore paws out against the ground – hits. Several tons of dragon fat cascaded into his arms, yet his arms held true. His hefty mass lurched forward, fat slapping against fat, the motion wobbling his massive moobs. Still, his tail sat far behind the open portal.

“GO!”

His limbs felt as if lit on fire, yet Henry forced himself to waddle forward. He wheezed for breath, air rushing into and out of his taxed lungs, heart beating fiercely in his thick neck. Fat slapped and jostled against his limbs as his body became a wobbling, gyrating mass with scales bouncing all over. Spots danced into and out of his sight. Finally – thankfully – the last of his tail cleared the portal.

A pop met his ears. He peered past his wide rear. Where the portal once was, is now empty air.

He collapsed, hitting the ground with a dull thud, his stomach engulfing the surroundings. Hoarse wheezes rushed out his open maw as he desperately fought for air, his rapidly-beating heart feeling like it grew to fill his bloated body. Every inch of his limbs burned with exhaustion and pain. How far did he manage to waddle? Ten, fifteen yards? Despite his discomfort, his erection grew only harder. He’s such a fat-ass.

The exhausted dragon lied there, panting his lungs out, the grass tickling his exposed underbelly. The sun shone mercilessly unto his pooling expanse. Henry languidly flared open his pudgy wings in an attempt to cool down.

Minutes passed before another, much smaller, portal opened. The headmaster stepped out, looking rather worn and haggard. The portal snapped shut behind him.

“Are you well?” the wizard asked.

Still Henry panted, the heat feeling like an oppressive blanket weighing him down. Why must it be so hot? “I’m”-a couple of pants-”alright,” he responded.

The headmaster frowned and lifted his staff aloft, a soft green glowing from it. Before Henry could say anything, a bolt of light struck him on his side. Instantly the pain and aches of his body evaporated, leaving him feeling fresh – yet still overheated.

“Right,” the wizard said. “I don’t see any reason to delay this.” Both of his hands gripped his staff. “Don’t worry,” he said as an orange glow lit his staff, “the spell will take only a moment-”

“Wait, wait!” Henry took a deep gasp. “Don’t!”

The headmaster froze, then slowly lowered his staff, the light flickering out. “It won’t hurt you, Henry,” he said softly. “I promise it will be painless.”

“It’s not that.” His mind raced to find excuses. C’mon Henry, think! “I want to... stay like this.”

A frown caused several more wrinkles to appear on the headmaster’s face. “I-I’m sorry?” the wizard said. “Do you not want to turn back?”

Spell study? No, too easy to do. Dissertation? Worth a shot. “Yes. Sir, the reason-”

The headmaster’s staff suddenly pulsed a dark red. The wizard glanced at the staff, back at the obese dragon, then back again. “Apologies, but something urgent requires my attention,” he said. Then his eyes found Henry’s. “We’ll continue this discussion later.”

Despite feeling rested, hoarse pants still raced into and out of Henry, the heat inside of him becoming unbearable. “Sir, I-”

“If you need shelter, you can use the shed behind you,” the wizard said quickly. “You can stay in there for the mean time. I need to go.” And with a flourish of his staff, the wizard disappeared. Henry lied alone among a field of wilderness – the unrelenting sun focused unto him.

The well-past-obese dragon craned his neck around. The barn was just three dozen yards away, its doors slightly ajar, the cool, darkened interior beckoning him closer. Flecks of paint had peeled off the red structure, and ranks of ivy had started to grow up the walls, but otherwise it looked perfectly intact.

The thirty-six yards seemed to stretch on and on, the divots and clumps of wild bushes pockmarking the way. His mind raced. What if he stepped on a depression? Softer soil? What if his massive, inconvenient gut got stuck in the thick foliage? Gods, what if the very ground beneath him collapses? He bit down the worries – the heat is scorching.

Henry took several deep breaths, steeled himself, and began to push. Instantly his claws shot into the ground, digging deep into the soil. As he slowly rose, his limbs began to shiver from exertion, fat jiggling on their prestigious forms. Soon after he started to pant. Slowly, painfully, Henry's limbs locked and he stood upright, gut brushing against the grass. He remained there for several moments, wheezing for air, letting the strain subside.

The massive dragon then started to waddle towards the shed. Shrubs cracked and collapsed under the swaying mass that is his belly. His tail dragged behind him, dragging a clear trail through the foliage. His ass kept slapping against itself as his neck bounced in tune with each step he took. He stopped every few yards, gulping down air, fighting the urge to plop himself down. Inches crawled by as he slowly lurched his way forward. His joints throbbed and burned, and his throat is sore from all this excessive panting. The sun bore down on him, burning into every inch of him. Spots danced in his vision as the barn dragged itself closer. Just a couple more yards. Just a couple...

The doors stood before him. Henry stumbled through them, smashing the doors against the walls, the door-frame brushing past his bobbing flanks. Finally – at long last – he was inside.

He collapsed unto himself, gasping for breath, every single cell in his body burning and aching. The heat was overflowing, omnipresent, pressing in from all sides. His only relief was the stone floor - his pooling, still-quivering flesh eagerly absorbed its cold.

Henry spent the next several minutes wheezing, the heat gradually dissipating from his fleshy body. He idly scanned the room. Instead of a dusty, decrepit interior of an animal barn, a clean and featureless room met him instead. The floor, walls and ceiling were all the same dull gray, and looked completely absent from any marks. Naturally, he dominated the room, the walls at all points merely a yard away from him.

A flash of light behind him. Henry was turning around when he felt something hit his rear. Immediately all the pain and stress in his body fled – yet the warmth was still there. The headmaster had to shuffle past Henry to stand in front of him.

“You feeling better?” the wizard asked.

“Yes,” Henry replied. He braced himself.

The wizard passed the staff from hand to hand, eyes searching the ground for something. Then he looked back up. "You very nearly died earlier."

The words hammered into Henry's mind. He swallowed down a dry lump in his throat.

"Do you know why?" the wizard continued, voice steadily rising in volume. "Because you are currently the fattest dragon I've ever seen! You can barely move without over-exerting yourself, you can't fit inside the student faculties anymore, and you are still panting despite being hit with a rejuvenation spell!" the headmaster leaned his head forward. "Henry, it's late fall. You are overheating despite it being a couple of weeks before winter!" He slammed the ground with his staff. "I'm very interested as to the reasons *why* you want to remain like this!"

Henry tried to bite down his rising anxiety. "I wish to study this spell's ef-"

"Study!? You can barely fit through the largest portal I can make and you want to study a spell?" disbelief colors the wizard's every syllable. "Pray tell, how are you going to manipulate the wands and alchemy ingredients? How are you even going to clean yourself?"

"Sir, I major in telekinesis. I can manipulate the items remotely."

"What about your physical activities? Are you going to throw them all away for"-he motioned a hand at Henry-"this?"

I didn't do physical activities in the first place. "I've had my share of them, sir. I'll manage."

The headmaster placed a hand on his forehead. "I'm astonished that you insist on being this"-he paused and motioned a hand at Henry-"this parody of a noble creature. Is your need for knowledge so great that you'll sacrifice your bodily integrity?"

Yes, old man. I want to be this. I *need* to be this. "I am making a dissertation on the effects of polymorphia"-A lie-"and I desperately need actual data on it. There is barely any material available on polymorphia, and I don't intend to look a gift horse in the mouth. I understand that this seems humiliating and will make my stay here harder – but I ask that you please allow me this opportunity. I'll pay whatever extra fees it takes to house me." Henry surprised himself with his little speech.

The headmaster stared at Henry, face clenched and eyes traveling up and down the length of the overfed dragon. Then a sigh broke from his lips. "If you insist on this

foolishness, then I cannot stop you.” He trailed his gaze towards the ceiling. “You’ll have to stay here – we don’t have anything else as large as this room. You’ll have to attend lectures using two-way portals. And, if you do not object, you won’t be asked to take apart in extra-mural activities. Is that acceptable to you?”

Henry stared at the wizard. Over and over again he replayed the words in his head. This isn’t happening – there has to be a catch. “Yes sir,” he said.

The wizard brushed the strands of white hair out of his face. “As for the fees... keep up your current academical performance and we’ll waiver any fees you accumulate from here on out. Remember, my offer to turn you back still stands. If at any point you want to be human again, just contact me.”

This is too good to be true. But it has to be true – it must be true. Something inside of Henry’s soul started to stir. He bowed his head, the folds on his neck bunching up. “Thank you sir.” He didn’t need to fake the appreciation in his tone.

The wizard waved his staff. In a flash of light, a floating orb appeared.

“If you need anything just look at the wisp and will it. Otherwise...” the headmaster looked Henry up and down. “I wish you the best with your thesis.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Henry, nodding his head. “I appreciate this chance.”

The headmaster nodded his head. “Farewell.” In yet another flash of light, the wizard disappeared.

Henry watched the space where the headmaster once stood for a long time. Then, telepathically, he closed the doors and drew the curtains close, plunging the room into darkness. Moments pass in silence. Then he relaxed.

A long, satisfied sigh exhaled from his maw as he snuggled into himself, feeling more comfortable than he remembered feeling in a long time. There so much of him, everywhere, pooling across the floor and filling up most of the room. Gods, this feels so right.

A stuttering groan erupted out of him, sounding like an ancient sea-creature in its death throes. Henry watched his hide ripple like a pond struck by a barrage of stones, felt his lard lapping against his girthy limbs, let out shuddering breaths as his buried cock got massaged by his undulating flesh. As his immense gut sloshed and bubbled, a feeling rose to his consciousness – hunger. A gnawing, empty void inside of him, begging to be

filled. Henry gently placed a claw on his billowing moob. The headmaster *did* say he'll waiver any fees. Any fees.

Henry fixed his gaze at the magical floating orb. He closed his eyes and thought about food: steaming piles of grilled mutton, drowning in thick pools of barbecue sauce; burgers stuffed with patties with rivers of sauces trailing down their sides; hills of pancakes drizzled with syrup. Drool dribbled down his chin before he realized his maw was full. He swallowed – then the smell hit him. It reached deep into his nostrils and into the back of his throat, sickly sweet and rich with aroma. He opened his eyes.

Before him sat piles upon piles of food, cascading down over one another, completely filling the space between him and the wall. A few pancakes tumbled unto his brisket, plastering unto his flesh, syrup trickling down his bosom.

An ear-splitting gurgle roared out of him, hunger tightening its grip on his stomach. Saliva yawned down from his open maw as he stared at the feast in front of him. Yet the orb hovered nearby. Silent. Staring.

Forcing himself to turn away from the food, he stared at the floating wisp. “Can you be used as a remote view-port?” Henry slurred, saliva dribbling down his chins.

The orb froze in the air. Several seconds crawled past. “No,” it replied.

“Get out.”

The orb wavered, then glided towards a window. Henry willed the window open, let the wisp through, the slammed it shut. Closed the curtains.

Henry turned back to his feast. Then plunged his maw straight into it.

Pancakes, burgers, steaks – all of it were crammed into his mouth. Taste exploded across his tongue, dough and meat mixing into a heavenly conjuncture. He swung his head back and swallowed the mawful whole. The food cascaded down his throat, a few errant steaks and pancakes dropping out of the corners of his maw, slapping against his cheeks, before tumbling down his neck, leaving smears of sauce and syrup as they go. A muffled moan emits from deep within his chest as the bounty travels to his empty stomach. Then he lunged for more.

Henry choked down mawful after mawful, gulping down batch after batch, letting his hunger take control. Smears and trails of sauces trickled down his constantly shuddering neck, droplets spraying whichever way whenever Henry bit down for more. He can feel a growing pressure and heat in his enormous stomach as it was being stuffed with food.

Yet his hunger did not end. His gut started to feel as if packed full of rocks, yet still he ate. A sweet tingling rose in his throat, and the sour taste of vomit edged just behind his tongue. Yet still he ate – until all was gone.

He eased his head unto his voluminous neck, tongue lapping at the sauces staining his lips. He looked at the vast empty space that used to be a banquet for hundreds. Now all of it is inside of him, tightly packed into the massive gut that fits a big dragon such as he. His dick throbbed and ached, a burning pressure at his loins, his seed desperate for release. Henry let himself feel just how much space he took up, how far the wobbles and jiggles raced across his bloated body, how stuffed and full he is.

Henry leaned to the side, tucking in his one side's limbs while pushing with the opposite pair. He pooled unto his side, adipose billowing out his flank to engulf the earth. His tucked-in limbs were buried under tons of tons of dragon lard, pinned against the floor by his sheer weight, rendered completely immobile – yet comfortable. His undulating waves of fat kept slapping his dick and edging himself tentatively close to release. A loud, deep moan rumbled out of him. He's so *heavy*!

Instinctively his free fore arm reached towards his needy dick – his bloated limb barely stretched past his brisket before his lard halted his movement. He is completely pinned against his side by the ocean of lard jutting out his midsection. He's not even sure he can right himself again.

Excitement and lust shot throughout his body, great shivers racking his form, the immense amounts of lard quivering like a lake during an earthquake. He reached down towards one of his sagging moobs, gripped the side of it, and lifted it up. Immediately his arm strained as the weight tried to pull itself back down, forming a tear drop shape as he pulled, sauces and foodstuff trailing down its impressive size. Slowly he raised his massive moob away from the other, before dropping it.

A wet slap filled the room as the moob impacted the other, causing both to erupt in wild ripples, waves of fat rolling across his expansive form. Henry started rubbing and fondling his flank, letting ripple after ripple race throughout him. A pressure started to form in his gut as it glorped and slurped, rapidly rising through him and into his throat as his cock crested the threshold. Henry opened his maw.

The burp ripped out of his maw and hammered into the room, the doors and windows rattling. His entire face and throat became a rippling mass, folds shifting and bobbing up and down as the waves raced across them. Henry threw himself into the burp, letting out the massive volume of gas, slapping and fondling his engorged flanks all the way. He lifted his hind leg, a large slab of fat dropping down to rest on his groin, as he hit his climax. Thick, hot strings of seed erupted out of his penis, coating the entire lower shelf

of his stomach, shooting again and again. His claws clenched as his body became locked in joy. The wave goes on and on, the wet spot on his stomach growing, the large volumes of semen coursing down to the floor below. Then it ends.

Henry lied there, relaxing into his massive bulk, fondling his thick folds and expansive flank. He thought about cleaning himself – but that felt like too much effort. With another deep belch, he lowers his head to rest on the floor. Everything feels right. He felt whole again, as if he had been drowning his entire life before this moment. He let rip another burp, feeling the gentle warmth of his over-compacted stomach luring him to sleep. To think he just had to eat the right sandwich. Henry closed his eyes. And that he of all people was the one to eat it.

Slowly, like a raft drifting out unto a calm sea, Henry went to sleep.