



Growing Captivation
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A Commission for Doom7951



Intense sunlight filtered through the canopy of the forgotten glade, losing most of its potency to the surrounding trees on its way to the forest floor. The aged columns stood like guardians around the normally tranquil spring, shielding it from the wilderness beyond. The air between the arboreal colossi was heavy and still, laden with an uncommon humidity that stifled any ambient noise. Not a single sound penetrated the natural shrine, though the ones that originated within were almost amplified. The rhythmic huff of heavy breathing filled the secluded grove as David struggled against himself, digging his swollen fingers into the pond's loamy banks in a vain attempt to find traction. His blubbery rolls wobbled against each other with every lunge, dissipating wasted energy as ripples across his obese frame. The man finally relented when his stamina flagged, and he took a moment to rethink his escape and catch his breath.

David drifted back to the pond's center as he slid down its steep floor. A shiver ran the length of his spine as the smoothly textured clay rubbed his bare skin, lighting up his nerves with an exhausting pleasure. His cheeks burned with arousal by the time he lifted from the slick slope, and without a goal to focus on, he found it difficult to subdue his urges. His thigh-thick cock and equally titanic balls thrummed with need as his captor's aphrodisiac surged through him with renewed strength, and he bit his lip to suppress a moan. His length throbbed to its full size beneath the spring's cloudy surface, lifting the soft swell of his belly and pressing into its softness. The man grit his teeth and steeled his will to stop the instinctive motion of his hips, catching himself just before falling over the edge to orgasmic oblivion. Every muscle in his blobby form tensed in concentration, and after a brief eternity, he regained control of himself.

A sea of need and lust roiled beneath his tenuous clarity as he surveyed the surrounding banks, searching for anything that could aid his efforts. Cautious optimism swelled in his chest at the sight of a thick vine, potentially strong enough to support his weight while he pulled himself out. David's multitude of folds and rolls sent ripples across the tainted spring's surface while he swam to the fortunate plant, and he bit his lip in defiance as currents of aphrodisiac flowed over his nethers. He was panting with barely-suppressed desire by the time he reached the opposite shore, and he struggled to gather the strength to reach for the natural rope. The man's corpulent chest squished into and spread along the pool's edge as he strained towards salvation, digging his toes into the bank and stretching as far as he could. Long unused muscles burned with exertion as the vine danced along his fingertips, and he finally grabbed it with an impressive burst of strength.

David nearly shouted with joy as he gripped the thick tendril, though his exuberance faded as his true challenge began. He felt the full weight of his body fall on his legs while he slowly climbed the submerged incline, and for the first time, he was forced to acknowledge how gargantuan he'd become. His flabby thighs trembled behind the glistening apron of his belly as

his middle broke the spring's surface, and his softened chest heaved with desperation to keep moving. Thick sheets of unnaturally viscous water sloughed from his flab and imperceptibly lightened his load, though it was not nearly enough to offset the loss of his buoyancy. The man's slowing pace finally hit a standstill as slow waves lapped at his calves, and the loss of motion caused his balance to waver. He crushed the vine in his fingers as hard as he could to avoid giving up all he had worked for, though no amount of strength could save him from his tumble. A claw of hardened ooze lashed from the branches above to sever the plant, and with it his chance of escape.

He wheeled his fat-swaddled arms in the open air as he tipped backwards, and his shifting center of gravity accelerated his fall. A deep splash echoed through the ancient forest when David's flabby back met the goo-laced spring, and he lacked the reflexes to inhale before plunging below its surface. The pond viscously embraced him as momentum drove him towards the bottom, overwhelming his senses as it seeped into them. The cloudy fluid invaded his mouth and spiked his tongue with a familiarly addictive flavor. The man swallowed the wad of slime without a thought, inviting the musky ooze into the pit of his stomach. An intense heat radiated from his core as his experienced stomach processed the appetizer, and its spread quickened as more mouthfuls followed. David's natural buoyancy lazily returned him to the surface, though he hardly cared by the time he got there.

His eyes glossed over with hazy lust as he cleared the fluid from his mouth, shivering with need as it turned his entire body into an erroneous zone. The simple sensation of slime sliding over his bare skin stoked his needs to uncontrollable levels, forcing a needy moan from his throat. David ground his throbbing length against the soft and slick curve of his belly, until a bubbling laugh from overhead cracked his trance. His lower body kept up its lewd cycles as he wiped his eyes and looked to its source, and his heart sank with what he found. Ochre had curled herself around one of the many branches overlooking the spring, where she could easily observe his every move. His cheeks flushed with embarrassment and frustration when he realized his captor had likely been watching the entire time, though the pleasure dancing on his nerves made it impossible to maintain his glare.

"You made it farther than I expected," the slime dragoness purred. "But you didn't *really* think I'd let my favorite catch get away so easily, did you~?"

David tried to hiss a reply through his gritted teeth, but the only noise that escaped was a reluctant moan.

"Sounds like you don't really want to escape either," she grinned. The shimmering orange creature allowed herself drip from the lofty perch, stretching down to forest floor before reforming. "I'd believe it too, considering how short-sighted your plan was. What did you expect to do after you got out? Waddle through the forest five feet at a time?"

His cheeks burned hotly at the glaring flaw, leaving him unprepared for her sudden grope. Overstimulated nerves resonated with delight while she squeezed and jiggled his belly rolls, nearly causing him to cum on the spot.

“Such an obvious mistake proves you want to be here.” Ochre released his flab to trace his swollen curves, then tightly coiled the aphrodisiac-laced tendril around the base of his length.

The man howled and writhed with the bitter-sweet sting of a denied orgasm, sending waves across the lake as he thrashed in her blissful torment. Stars burst across his vision while his thigh-spreading balls churned and clenched, obviously swelling as they replenished what wasn’t actually expelled. David lost his grasp of time until the partial climax subsided, leaving his enhanced equipment tingling with almost painful sensitivity. Despite this, he was able to recollect himself in the ensuing afterglow. “I’ve never wanted to be here.”

Ochre paused for a moment to give him a chance to say he wasn’t serious, then laughed. “We both know that’s not true. You would have tried to escape a long time ago if that were true.”

“I was planning and waiting for my chance,” he defended.

“It shows,” she teased. “Besides, don’t think I didn’t notice how much you drank when you went under. I’m surprised there’s still a spring to float in after that.”

David’s blush reignited with that, knocking him off his argumentative balance. “B-because you filled it with addictive goo!”

“At first, granted, but that was a while ago,” she countered. “There’s probably more of you in there than me now.” She dipped a finger into the cloudy lake and pulled up a thick drop to emphasize her point then licked it clean. “Face it, you’re a cum-guzzling fat blob of a pervert.”

He raced to put together an argument against her, but she didn’t give him an opportunity to get it out. Ochre flowed along her outstretched arm and enveloped her prey, working fingers of slime between his rolls and covering his every inch. David let out a strangled gasp at the extreme influx of sensation, which utterly dissolved any self-restraint he may have held on to. The dragoness grinned as she locked her gaze with his, boring into him with enough intensity to still his writhing. “More importantly, you’re *my* cum-guzzling blob.”

Ochre waited just long enough for her words to sink in, then began proving them.

The slime dragoness focused on his eagerly throbbing spire, thickening herself around it and lifting it from his gut. She flashed her translucent fangs and swirled conflicting flows up and down its length, steadily expanding her attention to his swollen sac. David’s mouth fell open in a slack-jawed moan as she worked him to a lusting mess, driving him to pump his hips in the hopes of satisfying his unnatural needs. Ochre chuckled with delight and simply moved with his thrusts, depriving him of the last little bit of control he had. She savored his mindless pumps and

kept him on the edge of climax, pushing him to the brink before bringing him back. The man's eyes rolled back in his head a few minutes into his torment, and he eventually couldn't stop an admission of defeat from rolling off his lips.

"Please," he whined. "Stop."

Ochre froze as a devious grin spread across her muzzle, drawing a disappointed whimper from her toy. "Stop," she mocked. "I haven't started yet."

The dragoness's spaded tail snaked up his side and dripped onto his chin as it lined up with his mouth, and he gagged with surprise when it darted between his teeth. The flat edges bulged his cheeks as they grew to lock in place, and his tongue reflexively pressed against its broad underside. An involuntary shudder rippled through his flab with the resurgence of his addiction, muting his protests and allowing Ochre to concentrate. Her orange appendage clouded over as it drew fluid from the spring, which migrated towards its tip while she pumped it to his mouth. Unfiltered spring water pooled at the back of his mouth, threatening to cut off his air supply until he swallowed. She relished the sound of his dazed gulping as she increased the flow, soon prompting him to relax his gullet and allow the ooze to pour directly into his stomach. The dragoness resumed her ministrations while his belly filled and sloshed, only stopping when he approached the limits of his capacity.

"Look at what a pig you are," she murmured. Her body rippled and rubbed against him for emphasis, forcing him to feel every square inch of his rolling flab. "Still convinced you've never wanted to be here?"

David looked at her with half-lidded eyes, unwilling to tell her yes but unable to tell her no.

"Not the wrong answer, but not the right answer either."

A toothy grin spread along her muzzle while she gently squeezed his shaft and balls, causing him to twist and squirm in her encompassing embrace. David's labored pants were shallow and ineffective thanks to the wobbling swell in his middle, which only seemed to heighten the sensations she inflicted on him. He squeezed his eyes shut and helplessly moaned as Ochre swirled around the head of his cock, and his back arched with nearly painful bliss when she penetrated his rear. A growing tendril of slime spread his inexperienced ring and searched for his prostate, teasing and prodding along his inner walls until she found it. His muscles tensed with surprise when she pressed down on the trembling gland, only to shudder with rapture seconds later. A small bulb of slime covered the bump and massaged it in time with her strokes, and she tightened her grip on his root while she built him to an explosive release. Sweat dripped from the man's brow as he arched and thrashed, until she let go of his base and allowed him to cum.

Stars burst across his vision and shorted his perception when his climactic dam finally burst, and a deep moan of passion resonated in his chest as he embraced it. Every fiber of his being thrummed and harmonized with his spire, intent on amplifying the bursts of bliss brought by each rope of seed. Ochre collected his output in an ever-growing globe, relishing the flavor of a fresh meal while saving as much as she could. She massaged his sac and mashed his prostate to prolong his orgasm, determined to extract every drop. Seconds bled into minutes as her impromptu condom swelled with his virility, becoming large and heavy enough to flop against his jiggling belly. David only just began to return to himself as his release tapered, though his body relaxed beyond his control as a smoldering afterglow set in.

Ochre wordlessly lifted the sum of his lust into his view, letting it hang for a moment to bask in their attention. The dragoness was genuinely impressed with his fertility and subtly licked her lips, while David was distantly astonished he could ever produce so much. A thin membrane pinched in from the edges of the milky globe, dividing it into two parts vastly uneven parts. She separated the smaller orb from its brother and popped it into her mouth, saving the vast majority of it for her prey. She withdrew herself from the remaining sphere and made it as thin as possible, then smushed it against her toy's face. Its soft heat readily deformed around his features, immersing him in its presence and muffling any protests he may have mustered. Realization struck him when the dragoness wrapped her arms around the reservoir and squeezed, squishing a section of it into his mouth, where it tore on his teeth.

The narrow rip widened under growing pressure, flooding his mouth with a deluge of his own pheromone-laced cum. David coughed and sputtered around the initial burst, dribbling it down his cheeks but failing to expel all of it. Ochre generously squeezed the bubble and replaced what he wasted, forcing him drink or risk drowning. She hummed with delight as a steady series of gulps bulged his neck, which she encouraged with light strokes beneath his chins. His body betrayed him as the semi-addictive seed dissolved his reluctance, and it wasn't long before his own moan of bliss joined hers. The dragoness tittered at the clear sign of his acceptance and let go of the orb, leaving him to partake of its contents under his own power. The man deflated the basketball sized supply faster than she anticipated, and his murmurs of bliss turned to groans of discomfort as he stretched his stomach farther beyond its limits. He finished it off before he could burst, thankfully, and the overwhelming sensation of fullness drained him of what little energy he had left.

Ochre caught him in her mass as he slumped back, and she teasingly squeezed his growing manhood and swelling figure as he processed his mildly-transformative meal. "What did I tell you," she sang. "Cum-guzzling blob~"

David couldn't gather the energy to deny her at the moment, and he began to question if he could at all.