

Kazix shivered as he swallowed. A whole face full of greasy chicken, inside and out. It was smeared over the wobbling roll of flesh that his neck had grown into and matting his goatee. Which made it *slightly* more greasy than his unwashed mane of orange hair. The dragon looked a bit like a heap of melted creamsicle covered in bacon grease. Which, to be fair, a lot of him was. The dragon let out a thundering *BWURPHHBBBTTT*- as he leaned to the side, sliding off his stained mattress, roused by the sound of the door opening and closing.

“Izzat.. that the next delivery? I- *WURPHHBBT*, oof.. I'm so hungry.”

Tugging at his sweatpants, Kazix tried to get them to un-stick from his crotch and thighs but there was a lot of caked on sweat and grime under there. The dragon walked past all the shirts he owned, not a one of which would even have a prayer of fitting over his seven-hundred pound frame anymore. He hadn't bothered trying with them in ages. What was the point?

“H-hey! Zirc- *BWORPHHHBBT-on?* Is that you with th-”

Waddling himself out far enough to get to the door of his bedroom left Kazix with a glimpse of color in his kitchen area. Deep purple easing toward blue, stripes, neon green horns and claws. A comforting thing, it meant he could waddle-drag his ass back to bed and catch his breath. The other dragon was close behind him. Zircon's frame was hefty as well, but more to the tune of three hundred plus.

“Yes yes, it's me. Honestly. *Still* playing delivery boy for you even though I'm crashing on your couch now. What *would* you do without me?”

Kazix leaned onto the bed front-first and poured himself onto it, hearing the frame and springs creak in protest. His body rolled over itself, flab peeling away from flab and then clapping back into place. As soon as he was on his back again some of the pain in there and in his knees stopped and he was left reaching up toward Zircon, hands held out, and soon left full of burgers. The purple and green dragon grinned with just a quick glimpse of his bright orange tongue flicking over his lips.

“Starfmph- *HWUORPPHHBBT*-”

Zircon let out a quick belt of a laugh and gave Kazix' belly a slap. That set it into a mess of snarling and growling, but luckily it was already being fed. Quickly, too. Kazix whimpered a bit but it was purely because of just how *hungry* he was. Even shoving greasy bacon burgers into his face as fast as he could manage it was only slowing down the painfully ravenous beast in his belly.

“Yeah, yeah you probably would fatass. Not that a diet is gonna save you at this point man. So what do you think? Movies later, and do you haul your ass to the shower or do I just hose you down in bed?”

Kazix couldn't help blushing through that, but he couldn't reply either. Too busy eating, trying to silence his belly and now trying to ignore how uncomfortable his sweatpants were getting as his dick started to wriggle free from all the blubber it was wrapped in. Somehow Zircon always knew when that was happening. The next sack of food was tossed in front of Kazix, resting up against his moobs, while Zircon stuffed a hand roughly under his belly and cupped the bulge in Kazix's disgustingly filth-saturated sweatpants to squeeze it and give Kazix's frame a firm jiggling.

“But maybe not until *after* we deal with this~”

Whimpering, Kazix swallowed and wriggled a bit in his bed. Zircon had hold of his cock again, though it had taken a good twenty minutes to actually find the thing under his layers of scale-wrapped lard. Having sacks and sacks of delivery laid out in front of him so he could just work through one bag and then discard it was messy, but it kept him from getting too wrapped up in being hungry to enjoy this. There was a slick smacking noise when Zircon got to stroking him – and another when the big (smaller, but still big) purple dragon stuffed his vibrant orange cock into the folds between Kazix's belly and thighs.

“God *damn* you really are tight.. I mean, your avalanche of a belly is. I can't imagine your ass is anymore with how often you-”

VWURUUMPPHHBTT-

It wasn't like Kazix timed that on purpose, but he'd stopped bothering to hold back around Zircon since the other dragon moved in. Especially with a little encouragement..

“Y-you know you like it..”

Zircon let loose a particularly energetic thrust as Kazix said that and squeezed out another humid, wet sounding fart that lasted a solid seven seconds. It rolled right into two more grinding plunges of the purple dragon's fiery colored cock into Kazix's belly folds and the rumbling of hunger underneath them.

“H-hah! I do. I like you swollen and sloshing, like you're made of all that pudding I feed you. Through whichever hole isn't busy at the time.”

Kazix made a strange, guttural noise after that. Too horny and too hungry to do much else. Wrapped up in a sea of indulgences, the greasy salty cheese-soaked bliss on his tongue and the heap of weight in his stomach gradually grinding away and making him heavier was the most important. It didn't hurt that it was paired with a slimy hand job and the hazy funk of his own stench though, those and the shameful little rush he got when he flooded the air behind him with another deluge of farts. It had made the last.. four? Six? Months...? It had made *time* since Zircon moved in a buffet of pleasure that never really seemed to end.

“You gonna let me walk you to the shower after this one, maybe see if soaking those sweatpants will actually get them off your body?”

A little whine crept up out of Kazix there. The state of his body *was* kind of embarrassing. He hadn't been to the shower but twice since Zircon moved in and both times he just left the sweatpants on and let them air dry along with the rest of him. It.. sort of helped with the smell? But then made it worse. It also wasn't actually a no, mostly because Kazix had a hard time telling his boyfriend no about much of anything. Especially when it came to what he was being fed today.

“Lemme put it another... way. Ngah!”

A hot jet of cum sprayed out against Kazix's thigh while his body sloshed and jiggled, bumping his face down into the folds of his arms and his moobs. It took another three or four good pushes before Kazix came though, he'd taken longer and longer at it the fatter he got, but he could swear it felt a little more divine for having the extra effort put in. The bumpy ridged knob of cock he still had left that wasn't eaten by his fat pad clenched up and spurted into Zircon's hand, actually getting Kazix to go a few seconds without stuffing anything more in his face. Something of a minor miracle in itself. Zircon used the moment to pull himself free and wipe his hand on the sweatpants.

“If you don't.. I will cut them off your gumdrop shaped compost-heap smelling ass and sponge bathe you. And I'll film it – and post it online.”

That left Kazix blushing like a fire had gotten loose in his cheeks. Clutching the next greasy bag up to his face, the dragon whimpered – and got his point across just the same.

“Fine, fine. I'll let you finish eating first. But *then* we're at least *trying* to clean you up some.”

Hose feeding wasn't quite as interesting as normal food, but it was easier. For both him and Zircon. Kazix swallowed and shivered, feeling his cock twitch as he did. The door opening and the

lights turning on only made that more intense. The giant landmass of a dragon made eye contact with Zircon briefly, then tried to sink into his own neck rolls when the recording light for the webcam came on and he saw the scissors in Zircon's hands.

“You know I'm actually shocked you held on this long. It's been a year since I brought that first delivery to your door, but.. here we are. I suppose I should at least ask though.”

Kazix already knew how this was going to play out, but he couldn't do anything about it. Zircon approached him and put the large metal scissors up near his legs.

“Can you *actually stand up* anymore, or have you finally eaten yourself so catastrophically fat that your own ship's anchor of an ass has rooted you to that bed for the rest of your grease-chugging life? Because if you can't stand up you can't go clean yourself – and that means.. Three. Two. One.”

When the countdown ended the snipping began. It wasn't a long countdown, but then Kazix didn't actually even try to get off his back either. He knew he couldn't. He could barely lift his arms anymore for feeding himself, Zircon had to take care of that – or had to set up the tank and the hose. Which were always full of the richest, thickest mixtures he could get hold of – and the kinds that gave Kazix the worst gas. He'd stopped feeling embarrassed about farting in front of Zircon a long time ago, but when that light came on?

“I mean, it's not like we expected anything else. Did we?”

Bit by bit the horribly stained and crusty sweats came off and freed a stench from underneath that nearly knocked Zircon over at first whiff, but he got past it quickly and kept going. He did so until Kazix was properly naked. The lard-whale-dragon shut his eyes again and tried to ignore that grin and the bright orange tongue Zircon licked his lips with.

“Of course, I know what's most important to you – you black hole of butter and cheese.”

That got Kazix to at least open his eyes again. His boyfriend – his *feeder* – had shed his pants too and thrown them in the same general spot the horrific biohazard of a garment he'd just cut free. Zircon had one hand on his cock, already rock hard, and laid it against the cavernous depths of Kazix's belly button. Then plunged it straight in and pressed a noxious *VWURUUPHHHHBBBT* out of Kazix. Then another, and another.. As long as he kept that pressure up the only sound in the room was thundering *WURUMPPHHBBT- VURRPHHHBLLPT – BWRRPPHHBLLBLT-*

“I'll let you finish the keg.. then I'll bring in *another one* while I hose you down for the fans. Maybe I'll take donations about what to feed you next, or things to make you wear.. Something like

that. You made it pretty clear the only thing left you care about controlling in your life is when to swallow and you'll get to do *plenty* of that big guy, but first-

Another thrust, and Zircon was lodged nice and snug in that deep bellybutton. Deep enough to get to proper fucking and constantly punctuating each moment of it with Kazix farting again.

“First I get what I want, but maybe I'll give you that to swallow later on too~”