

“So.. Barb, you used to work with *actual* royalty? Alright yeah, that could get weird. Lots of stories though I bet? Crazy nonsense and the like.”

You look to your side to gauge how the dragon walking with you reacts. Her plump purple frame jiggles a bit with each step, and with the nervous laughter and snort that follows. It's a little bit of a piggish noise, and comes paired with a lick of green flame that spits out from her nostrils.

“H-hgmk- h.. hyeah, a whole lot of crazy actually! Them and their friends were having weird stuff happen something like every week. It's been a bit nice to finally get time to relax after all these years. It was like.. a good eight years of non-stop problems, the next eleven or twelve were *less* so.”

The dragon leans on you as you get to the door of your house, all warm and soft under the scales. You can't help blushing with all that weight resting against your side, it almost leaves you fumbling the keys as you open the door.

“S-so uh, so you started looking around for dates after college then?”

It's a marvel watching her waddle on through your door, brilliant purple ass swinging to and fro, tail swaying behind them. You feel a tightness in your pants as she pauses a couple steps in to survey your home, and a little nervousness of your own lest the somewhat messy and simple space you keep not quite measure up. The worry proves pointless. As you shut the door and enter behind Barb she backs into you, maybe accidentally, maybe not – but when you end up 'catching' her with your hands wrapped deep into her soft folds her breath catches.

“Oo-oops! D-didn't know you were there, I y-yeah! I uhm. I packed on a bit of weight in school heh, dragon metabolism is weird. A-anyway, I~”

A hot rush runs through your veins as you lean against all that soft, scaly bulk and ease your hands around her front. There's a little hesitation, you're waiting to see if she pulls away, but by the time you're easing your hands under her watermelon-sized breasts she's started grinding against you and curling her tail around your leg.

“Oh *heck* how is this even.. n-nobody notices a big chubby girl like me, right? A-at least normally not. So. Oh geez~”

It takes more than a little effort to manage it, but you lift Barb a bit as you curl around her from behind. Just for a moment, just enough to start her easing toward the couch.

“How could I not? Not just because you take up that much space, heh. I don't notice *skinny* girls. You though? I could look at you all day – and wouldn't mind if there were even more to see~”

At that, when you have to set Barb down at the couch's edge, the dragon turns to face you. Blushing furiously and breathing hard, but looking hopeful – nervous, but hopeful – she puts a hand at your waist and tugs what clothing you have left on out of the way. It was one thing to say you liked what you saw after all, but the clenching and twitching bulk of your cock wasn't able to tell a lie and you both knew it. Barb stares, mouth hanging open, one hand grazing the edge of you and setting off a quiet gasp. That, it seemed, was all she needed. Barb pitches herself back and spreads her legs wide, showing off a near steamingly needy pussy as she does.

“S-so even if I were twice this big.. you'd still want me? L-like, if I ah.. If I keep eating the way I do and I end up just.. *huge* in another year or two?”

The thought alone is enough to drive your clouding mind into a frenzy. You mutter a breathy 'yes!' as you slip inside and both of you lose what little composure you had left. Barb's hands grab tight onto your arms as you push through the first thrust, bottoming yourself out inside the dragon and grinding her up against the back of your already creaking couch. Wrapped up tight in all that soft, hot flesh, you feel your knees go weak for a moment before you find your footing and get a rhythm going. Thrusting slowly at first, heaving up against all that weight resting against your hips, savoring how her ass dimpled in when you bottomed out against it.

“D-damn.. yes! *Hell* yes! I want to see you like that, want to feed you until it happens even!”

Barb's snout lets out a spurt of green flame as she clamps her fat thighs around your hips, giving her something to start humping back with. It takes a moment for you two to find each others' rhythm, but not that long. There's a clumsy moment or two, some damp slapping sounds and grunts, but it all ends in a bout of wild moaning as Barb tightens down on you again and you get a good grip on her belly fat to step things up with.

“A-and.. what about three times?! Like, when I'd n-need help getting dressed and.. *Ohgod. Ohjeezthat'sgood..* H-harder! Make it jiggle!”

It wasn't like it took much to encourage you. You give Barb's thighs a slap and push hard enough to lift her a little off the cushions. All of which starts the bulk of the dragon's flab lurching back and forth, sending her tits flying up next to her cheeks and then bouncing downward just like her ass was doing against your waist. You can't help grinning as you watch Barb's eyes flutter shut, sending her over the edge once already. It's enough to leave you laughing shakily as you flurt with the edge of your own near-debilitating pleasure.

“God yes, *FUCK* yes! Get you so big you might as well be wearing a tent!”

All around you the dragon tightens, as much as a scaly pillow can ever be tight anyway. She hangs on tight with one arm and grips the couch with the other before slapping her hand against it a couple of times.

“Fnnngh-f Four! Four times?! A-ahhh! S-so big I c-can't get up on my own? And.. n-need one of those scooter things, a-and-”

That edge you've been riding is coming closer, you can tell. Every time you hammer yourself into Barb and feel your nuts bounce off her pillowy ass cheeks your heart skips a beat. Every time you see the bulge in her belly from your cock pressing home your breath catches. By now your spurts of precum feel like orgasms in their own right and Barb has drenched the side of your couch in her own juices.

“Nngh yeah! Need me to help you shower, and too fat to reach your own cunt even!”

Delirious as the pleasure builds, you look down at Barb's face. Both of you are sweating and lost in that good, ugly looking place where fucking leaves behind any semblance of pageantry and is just ragged, wild, and *perfect*. Barb tightens every digit she has as she asks one more question of you.

“Blob. T-too big to even.. just.. just a big *useless* fat blob! W-would you still want me?! Stuffing my face *all day* while you stuff my ass and we're both just blissed out stupid all day~”

Words weren't really necessary for this one. You'd have said yes, to be sure, but instead you erupt in a room-shaking moan as you plunge in to the hilt and lean your weight right up against Barb. It's at least the third time she's came since this started, but this time around your now shallow grinding comes paired with the clenching and throbbing of your balls as you spurt load after load up into the dragon's belly. Legs shaking, vision blurred, all you can do is hang on and ride it out as every nerve in you glows white underneath your skin and blots out the world apart from the two of you. The damp mess you've made together. The sweaty, ravenous thoughts you've put in each others' heads – that's all that's left.

Your weight sinks down against Barb as both of you let out little fluttering gasps. All that dragon flab spreads out under you, like it's welcoming you in while you keep pressing against her as the little glowing aftershocks work their way out of your system and into her body. At no point does Barb stop clinging to you, if anything she just holds herself closer, burying her face against your chest and breathing hard enough that you worry about getting your chest hair burned off.

“I.. I'll do it, you know. I -will- do it. I've always liked being this way, I just felt like.. you know, people were judgmental about it and I'd be alone. But if I've got you?”

Barb pulls back enough to look you in the eye, and to reach down and pat her belly where your cock still rests nestled inside. The look on her face sets you to stirring all over again while she bites her lip and clenches inside. Her thighs ease their grip a bit though, followed by a gentle push to back off just a little. Just enough for the dragon to heave her plump frame up and turn herself over. Lifting her thick, scaly tail up followed that, along with pulling one of her ass cheeks out to the side as much as she could.

“I wanna get started on that early. Like right now- I wanna spend *all night* getting filled up in every hole I've got~”

Heat rushes through you again and you can't help but wonder if there's not *a little* magic in the air, or maybe it's just something about dragons. Normally you'd need more time to be ready to go again but the sight of that dragon ass swaying back and forth in front of you is all it takes. You let out a grunt of surprise as you go rock hard all over again, light-headed and dizzy as hormones hammer at your mind and your senses blot themselves out under the throbbing weight of needing to be in that scaled butt *right now*. You step up to it and already you're leaking a steady spurting mess of precum all over Barb, enough to make nestling yourself between those fat cheeks of hers the easiest thing.

“F-fuck yes, we are *so* doing that. Th-then we're ordering take out, and pies maybe.”

It's hard to say if the ragged 'yes!' that bubbles up from Barb is about the food plans or because you picked that moment to start pushing inside her. It doesn't much matter. You ease through, taking it slow, savoring how she spasms a bit with every inch you give her and breathing a bit harder for it as well. All that tight, hungry flesh around you serving to make you more ravenous in turn.

“G-gonna be *so big* for you. Too big for clothes, too big to *move*, just paint me like a pig haul me out to the farm animal competitions a-and *Nnngh!*~”

Finally, you ease in up to the hilt in that more snug of holes and you get started again. Finding a shallower but more needy and energetic rhythm to hit. You know, both of you, that it won't be long until you're filling her again at this rate. But then, neither of you are feeling particularly restrained anymore.

“Got that right! W.. Wh.. We're not stopping until you *win* that competition! Gonna make you the fattest thing they've ever seen~”

The ragged cry of pleasure that bursts out of Barb as she cums on the spot comes paired with a burst of green that lights the edge of your couch on fire, a little one she pats out a moment later.

You can't wait to make her do it again.