

You hear the creaking before anything else. Loud protests from extremely sturdy materials elsewhere in the home, around the bedroom. Any kind of movement from Barb would manage it really, your big dragon was hard on *everything* around her just by sheer virtue of her size. But then, that was the whole reason to make her bigger, and-

“H-hu... *huff*.. Hun? G- Could I g-*nngh*- get you to- *hwuff*- c'mere?”

Barb's voice carries through the air and vibrates through your bones. It's not exactly a roar, it's just a bit forceful. A sound that creeps inside and is impossible to ignore, not that you'd have done so in the first place. You rise up from your seat in the living room and start toward the bedroom eagerly, shedding your clothes on the way.

“Coming, Barb! Everything alright..?”

Entering the bedroom you see something familiar, but you never get tired of seeing it. The dragoness you've been living with, fattening, and loving for the best part of your life now is perched on the edge of the bed and just about crushing it. Barb heaves herself up, or tries to, and after a few long grunting seconds ends up with her weight collapsing right back where it started while she heaves and pants. Sweat glistens along her scales, heat rolls off her body, and she looks at you in an exhausted smile.

“I c-cant.. get up. Not on my own. H-heh. *Finally~*”

The sentence doesn't even need to finish before you end up *rock* hard, panting and curling your arms around your chest as you watch her gently undulating bulk where it rests. Helpless. Soft. All yours. You step forward enough to put a hand up against Barb's arm and press it gently into the gelatinous swell, letting your fingers sink in and giving it a bit of a jiggle.

“..We've been working on this for *so long*. We.. We have to-”

A sharp grin spreads across Barb's face as she lifts her arm with some effort and curls her fingers around your cheeks.

“You h-have to roll me over. So we can *celebrate*. Fuck knows I can't do it by myself~”

That task was gargantuan in itself. You nod though, eager to do exactly that. Barb's massive frame took so much work and effort to help get around that you've gotten plenty strong from handling helping it in the time you've been together. You muscle your way in under her side as she leans back, forcing her thighs up as best you can, fighting against gravity while Barb does her level best to help. It still takes both of you a good couple of minutes to get her onto her side, then you

have to let Barb start catching her breath while you arrange the mound of cushions on the bed so she has something to level herself out with. So her tits and her arms can rest atop the pile while her belly is on the bottom.

It's not a fast process, but it's worth it. You've done it plenty now. You build the heaping pyramid of cushions and brace it on the bed frame, then you make sure Barb is lined up properly.

“H-heh.. Time for the lard-slide. Push!”

Grinning, you dig in again. Barb's body is so soft and deep that you nearly vanish into the blubber where you brace, but eventually you find enough purchase inside her flabby bulk that you can push properly. Barb starts to teeter gently at first, then there's that creaking again. The dragoness crashes down like a meteor made of lard and flattens out into a wildly sloshing gumdrop shaped parody of a person. The sight of that fresh off the feeling of her fat body engulfing you is enough to make sure that erection of yours stays firmly in the near painfully needy state it was already in. You let out a wheezing groan of your own watching it, climbing up behind her to plaster yourself against Barb's ass and ride the waves of it.

That ass doesn't calm down for a *while*. You spend the whole time glued to it, digging your arms in, savoring the heat and the smell of your dragon. Though after a few-

“H-hey! Don't get rocked to sleep in there or something, I need you in me! C'mon!”

Chuckling nervously, you give Barb's cheeks a firm smack that sends gentle ripples through her whole quivering body.

“Yes ma'am! One cunt-spelunk coming right up~”

Getting through all that lard really wasn't easy. You have to push yourself into the mass of her thighs, pressing her ass apart, giving yourself just enough room to push through and make headway. Barb does what she can to help but that's very little indeed. With all the sheer weight of her both making it harder to move her and making her body push against itself you have to fight for every inch. Squeezing through her thighs, shoving up against her ass to make sure you can still get air in there, following the trail of just how juicy and wet she was getting needing you in there.

Between it all you're damn near delirious when you get deep enough. Buried in the dark, wrapped in scales and pillowy fat, next to a squelching and quivering cunt that had a mind all its own. You reach out for the thing and just the first graze of your fingers against its lips leaves the thing snapping shut and trying to yank your hand inside. It's not your hand it wants though.

Nor is it your hand you want in there. It still takes a little rearranging of things to get yourself in *properly*, to position yourself so the weight and the shoving doesn't cause problems. You make it work though. You dig in just right, then nestle your cock up against Barb's drooling vent and plunge the rest of the way in. It leaves you thoroughly trapped, wedged into her ass like some of the last ill-fated sets of panties she used to wear, but you're *in her*. Deep, drooling from your cock already, and with just enough leverage left to start grinding and thrusting into your dragon's ravenous pussy.

All the time you've spent with your dragoness you've both grown. Barb has gotten bigger and softer, parts of you have gotten bigger and harder. For this in particular you find yourself holding out better than you expected, fighting to keep your breathing even and using the fact that the more you fuck your dragoness the more her own squishy body makes it easier on you. The more violently her ass sways back and forth, slapping against her thighs and itself and against you, the easier it is for you to find windows of time to breathe in and to fight for some more space to work with.

It's exhausting, but as you find yourself drenched in both your own sweat and your girlfriend's ass heat your whole body starts to quiver and shake. The first thundering orgasm hits, leaving you clenching your hands and shaking as you dump seed into Barb's waiting belly en masse and can't help letting out a shuddering cry of delight. Barb does something much the same, though you're *pretty sure* you heard her set fire to some of the pillows in the process. She could handle that though. Probably. Maybe. She'd have to, you know you can't dislodge yourself from her cunt any time soon.. Even on the heels of that first climax you're still rock hard and just getting worse, preparing to start thrusting all over again just as soon as you got some wind back in your lungs.

And with a single, massive heave of your weight against Barb's ass? You had it. Everything you both ever wanted, to the rhythm of the biggest clapping ass cheeks you'd ever seen.

You groan a bit as you wake. It's been a long night, but not a bad one. *Most* of them go much the same way these days. You wake atop of Barb, just like now as you slosh gently side to side in the deep folds of her belly, and you smile as you listen to the gentle sounds of your colossal landmass of a girlfriend digesting and snoring and shivering as she cums from the littlest things. It's a strange but beautiful thing and you make no effort to disguise how much you love it. As you drift side to side, carried along on that blubber, you lazily reach for your dick and start rocking a bit harder on purpose. That *does* eventually get Barb's attention though-

“Mmmfng- hhmlphb.. h-hhweey.. c-cmmrree, shmexy~”

A curl of your lip later you start to crawl across Barb, sluggish and awkward but you make do. Getting yourself over the crest of her navel was the hard part, after that it was mostly downhill. You could roll off her entirely and tumble to the floor and the shattered remnants of the bed frame but it's a bit more fun and stable to do it the other way. You climb her belly like a hill and you find the right spot at the peak to look down, to see the channel between her tits, and ease yourself into place. The things are bigger than most women at this point by themselves, you could sleep on those too if you cared to, but it's not quite as engrossing.

Sliding down, you're careful not to go too far. The sweet spot right between them is where you press your feet and hands to the sides and let the marshmallow-soft flab of Barb's body help you slow down. From there you roll onto your hands and knees. Each bit of movement you do you sink in a few inches, nearly losing your extremities in the squishy mass of her, but you're able to crawl up closer to Barb's face. There's a dimpled stack of layered fat rolls first though, one atop the next and all of them caked in sweat-sticky crumbs and cake detritus and the like.

“Morning, sweet scaly thing. You sleep good?”

Your first response to that is a wild rumbling through all of Barb's body. It could be hunger, or a purring, or just digesting some of the massive amount of food she'd packed away last night. There was no easy way to be sure. You push on though, getting up against the chins and grabbing two big handful of bulbous round fat that were *vaguely* Barb's cheeks to press them apart enough that you could find your girlfriend's face under all that.

Once you've gotten to it you lean in, using your elbows to keep the lard out of your way and bracing up against her layered neck rolls so you can get your lips to hers once more. Much like every other bit of affection, even a good morning kiss took some effort with your dragoness at this size. It was worth it though.

Even with her cheeks pried out of the way Barb still slurred things a bit. Her fat face was awkward to work with, at best.

“Mmmng.. I did. But yuh know how it isz lover.. I'm *hungry* now. Gonna nid szm help wifh that, szo I hpe you have brkfst redy~”

Curling your lips, you give Barb a little tease about the chins with your finger. There's already a smell creeping into the room from the catering service you have to use to keep Barb fed these days

showing up. They're prompt – they have to be.

“It's ready and waiting as always. They'll be in any minute, I'll get you fed up, and then?”

Barb chuckles, something that sets her entire gargantuan body jiggling.

“Dick dsrt~”

Shivering and smiling, you nod to yourself as much as her.

“Dick dessert.”