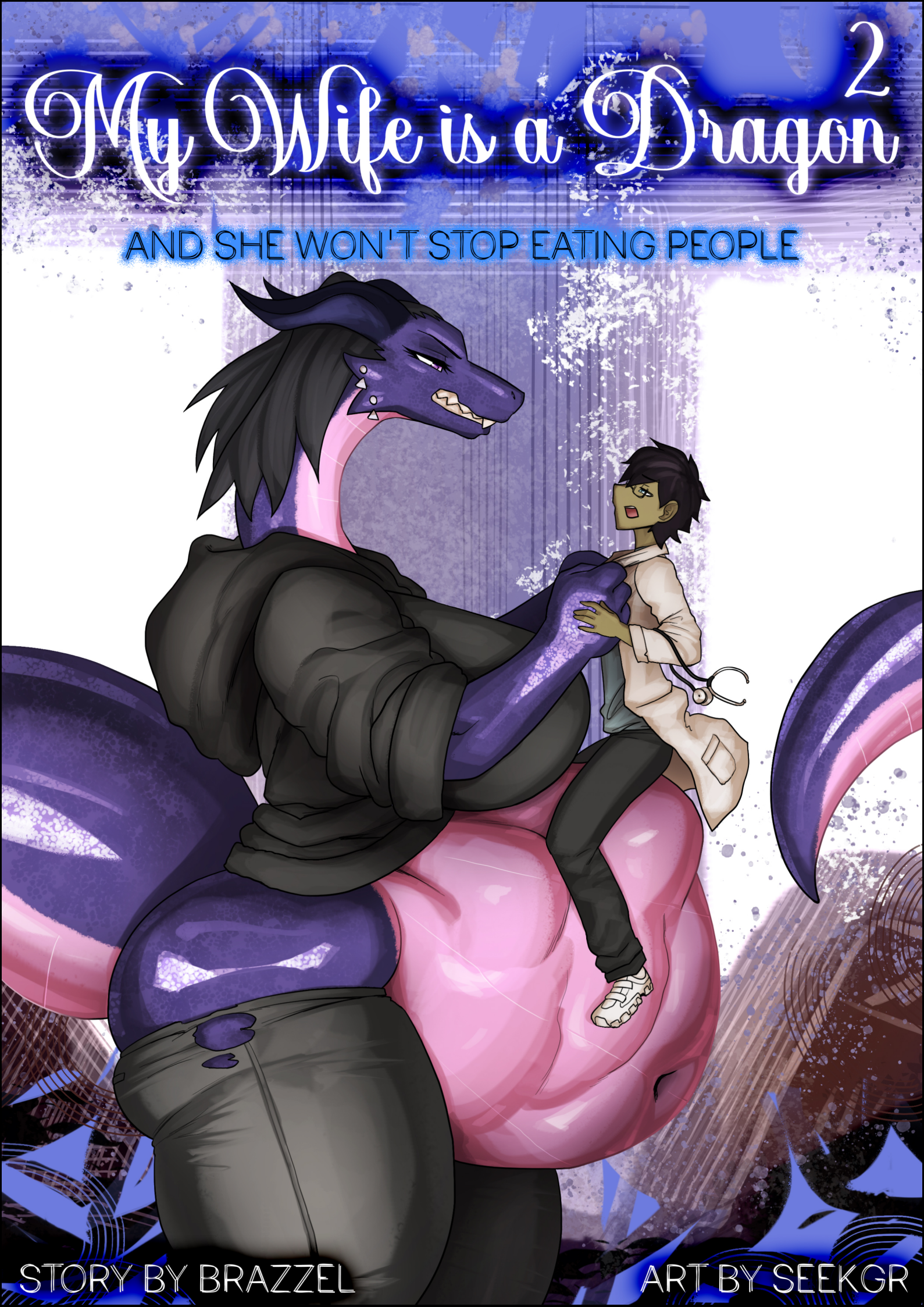
My Wife is a Dragon 2

AND SHE WON'T STOP EATING PEOPLE



STORY BY BRAZZEL

ART BY SEEKGR



My Wife is a Dragon

And She Won't Stop Eating People

a Vore Novella

by

Brazzel

art by

SeekGr

© Snakethroat Books 2025

https://snakethroatbooks.e-junkie.com/

Join us on Discord!

Book Two

Special thanks to Shyguy9 for allowing us to use his characters in a cameo.

Shyguy's Eka's

Bluesky

“Come here.”

The command was casual, but the weight of it slammed against Felix, pinning him to his chair. Carmen fluttered her eyelashes at him without a trace of irony. The book lifted a little in Felix’s lap.

“Why?” he asked. “You just said you wouldn’t have sex with me unless I let you eat a random person.”

“I don’t recall saying that,” Carmen said. She rolled onto her back, laying her legs over the side of the couch. “And the person doesn’t have to be random. If you won’t let me out of the house, then there’s really only one option.”

Prologue



The courtroom reeked of sweat, fear, and impotent rage—Carmen's favorite cocktail. She sprawled lazily in the defendant's chair, her hulking frame barely contained by the creaking wood. Her tail coiled around the chair leg like a cat's, swishing occasionally in irritation. Most damning of all was her swollen stomach, taut and round, its occupant clearly still alive.

The judge—a balding human with a face like a wilting tomato—slammed his gavel repeatedly.

"Order! I said order! This is a court of law, damn it!"

The gallery ignored him. Angry shouts and hisses echoed off the high ceilings.

"She ate my cousin!" someone howled.

“And my landlord!” shouted another. “She hasn’t paid rent in six years! She just eats her way out of it!”

“My brother vanished last spring—she probably scarfed him down!”

Carmen rolled her eyes, propping her clawed feet on the desk in front of her. Her gut swished against her knees as she dragged her palms across it.

“Oh, please,” she snorted. “Half of you lot couldn’t afford to hire a decent investigator if your lives depended on it. I’m doing you a favor, clearing out your family trees.”

A scandalized gasp rippled through the courtroom. The judge’s gavel cracked against his desk.

“Carmen Axelite! Show some respect for this court!”

Carmen leaned back, patting her stomach with exaggerated relish. “Respect? Sure thing, Your Honor.”

BUuuuUUUuuUUUURP!

Her belch rattled the courtroom windows. The shouting rose to a fever pitch, the crowd practically climbing over the wooden benches to get at her as the judge banged his gavel, screaming into the maelstrom. Carmen yawned and scratched her stomach.

“At least you get to skip all of this,” she said, jiggling the man inside of her. “What was your name? Barney or something, right? Should I ship your remains to your family in a box, or do you think that they’ll want them cremated? It’s going to be pretty hard to pick you out between last night’s sushi and this morning’s pound of ground beef.”

A woman standing close enough to the railing to hear Carmen over the din pressed a handkerchief to her mouth, gagging. Carmen blew her a kiss and lifted her leg, spreading her ass to give the woman a nice view of Barney's exit. Only when a gasp went up through the court did she remember that the woman was Barney’s soon-to-be widow.

"**Enough!**" the judge screamed over the renewed shouting. He stood so fast that his hairpiece flew off, landing in the stenographer's lap. "Bailiff, start clearing the gallery. I want everyone out of here! So help me God, Carmen, this time the charges are going to stick—

"Ahem."

The court went still. It was such a small sound, a subtle sound, that Carmen couldn't believe that it had quieted the hive, but then she turned and saw the looming figure walking down the aisle and her face fell.

Nova was wearing a bright orange suit today that clashed horribly with their turquoise tail. Their silver horns gleamed in the light flooding in from the high windows, their porcelain face a mask of polite disinterest. Wherever their shadow fell, humans cowered, but Carmen could only turn her nose up in disdain.

"Nestling," she growled.

"Wyrm," Nova said.

Carmen gnashed her teeth together. 'Wyrm' was a pejorative term for the bipedal species of dragons that Carmen belonged to. She was smaller than her western counterparts, sure, and she didn't have wings, but that didn't mean she wasn't a *motherfucking dragon* unlike the baby-faced nestling looking down at her. But nestlings had the ears of the uppers, the most important dragons in the country, and the uppers often used them as their ambassadors.

If Nova was here, it meant that she had finally managed to piss off the big dogs.

"Nova," she said, attempting a grin. "Come to bail me out? Or did you just miss my charming personality?"

"Neither," Nova said coolly, turning to the judge. "Your Honor, I represent the Dragon Repopulation Project. As you are no doubt aware, wyrms like Ms. Axelite fall under dragonkind jurisdiction, particularly in matters of criminal behavior."

The judge spluttered. Even the cowed bystanders were starting to mutter under their breaths.

“She ate an innocent man in broad daylight!” the judge declared. “You can’t possibly think she should just walk away from this!”

Nova sighed as though dealing with children. They flashed a look at the crowd, renewing the cowed silence.

“I didn’t say she’d walk away, Your Honor. The DRP has an offer that might...address her behavior.” Nova turned to Carmen, their expression flat. “Join the Dragon Repopulation Project. Find a human spouse. Behave yourself—for once. Or,” they added, their tone sharpening, “Magistrate Deirdre will be informed of your escapades.”

The name landed like a thunderclap. Even Carmen’s smug demeanor faltered for a moment. She recovered quickly, narrowing her eyes at Nova.

“You wouldn’t.”

Nova arched a brow.

“Try me.”

Carmen’s tail cracked against the chair leg as she drew up to her full height. She towered over Nova, a full three heads taller, but Nova met her scowl with a frigid look. Carmen had to remind herself that Nova tended to deal with dragons much larger than her.

“This is ridiculous,” she sputtered. “You’re really going to shove me into some stupid dragon dating scam to save your bureaucratic hide?”

Nova’s lips twitched in something that might have been a smile if it weren’t so condescending. “It’s not a scam, Carmen. It’s a solution. You can either comply, or I’ll happily let Deirdre sort this out her way.”

“She’s pregnant,” Carmen tried.

“She’s *hungry*,” Nova countered.

Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck. Carmen had to stop herself from stomping her foot in frustration, if only because she didn’t want to give Nova the satisfaction. Deirdre was the dragon magistrate for the city, infamously fond of solving problems with her stomach. The only reason that Carmen had been so bold in the last few months was

because of the rumor that Deirdre was pregnant. Carmen had figured that would keep her away from her magistrate duties for at least a few more months.

Apparently not.

Whispers were going up and down the courtroom. Carmen bristled. If she took the deal, what would it do to her reputation? She'd be a breeding cow for the DRP, mated to a *human* for fuck's sake! But if she didn't take the deal…

"Fine," Carmen growled. "I'll do it. But only because I don't feel like being someone's midnight snack."

Nova's smile didn't reach their eyes.

"Wise choice."

As the courtroom erupted into angry protests, Carmen leaned down keeping her voice low and venomous.

"One day, I'm gonna eat you, nestling."

Nova didn't even look at her. They were already reviewing their notes, checking off a box in what was probably a whole list of bureaucratic bullshit the uppers had them managing.

"Get in line, wyrm."

The Veterinarian



Felix crouched under his examination table, holding a broom in one hand and a metal bowl in the other. His glasses were askew. A scorch mark streaked across his shirt. Somewhere above, something hissed, cackled, and broke another jar.

“Get down here, you little menace!” Felix yelled, jabbing the broom upward at a blur of feathers and teeth darting through the rafters.

The creature—a pint-sized chimera with the body of a bird, the tail of a snake, and a goat’s head where its chest should have been—snapped at him, squawking indignantly.

“This is a clinic!” Felix shouted, jabbing the broom again. “We’re trying to help you! Patients don’t eat the furniture!”

A heavy thud sounded from behind him. Felix turned in time to see his apprentice, a lanky teenager named Milo, covered head-to-toe in glittering blue slime.

“I think it spat on me,” Milo said, wiping slime off his face.

Felix groaned, dragging a hand down his own face. He shot a guilty glance at the table, making sure that his meticulous stack of bills hadn’t been splattered. He returned his attention to the chimera, grimacing.

“Of course it did. Why wouldn’t it?”

The chimera wove its way through the dusty shelves. Books tumbled to the ground, ancient tomes detailing all kinds of magical creatures, but Felix ignored the clatter, mentally tracing the chimera’s route. They had closed all of the doors. They had locked all of the windows. What was it heading towa—

“The air duct!” Felix gasped. “Milo!”

His assistant lunged toward the grate just as the chimera burst out of the books. He managed to slam a hand down on the metal, but even a baby chimera had the strength of a man and Milo was thrown onto his butt, skidding in the slime. The chimera had just wrenched the grate from the wall when Felix’s bowl slammed over it. He wrestled the chimera to the ground, pinning it under the weight of his entire body.

“Restraints,” he said through clenched teeth.

As Milo rushed to retrieve them, the bell on the door jingled. Felix peered out from under the table to see a uniformed courier standing in the doorway, holding an envelope with the unmistakable DRP seal stamped in red wax.

“Felix Ward?” the courier asked, glancing around the room.

“What?” Felix replied, not bothering to stand.

The bowl jerked across the floor. Felix clung to it doggedly, ignoring the courier's amused smile as he was dragged across the clinic.

"You've been summoned by the Dragon Repopulation Project," the courier said, shouting to be heard above the scraping metal. "Your presence is required immediately."

"I'm a little busy," Felix shouted back. The chimera went silent, but Felix was no rube. He kept his weight pressed against the top of the bowl, yelling with triumph as the chimera lashed out with its back paws. "Nice try, you little bastard! Nice try!"

Milo ran back into the room with a complicated series of leather straps. Felix motioned for him to take up a position on the other side of the bowl as the courier walked around the table, waving the envelope.

"This is urgent," the courier said.

"It's always urgent," Felix said, lifting the side of the bowl. The goat's teeth gnashed at his gloved fingers, tearing a chunk from the leather. "It's not time for Deirdre to lay her eggs yet. What's she complaining about now? Cramps? Milo, get the chainmail gloves."

"Madame Deirdre is fine," the courier said as Milo shot past him. He tried to press the envelope into Felix's hands, but Felix swatted it away. The chimera was kicking again. "Hungrier than usual, but that's to be expected. I hear that her husband's having a hell of a time keeping up with her mood swings. Another dragon has also moved into the house to 'supervise', though by all accounts he's just making an ass of himself."

"Sounds like a dragon," Felix muttered. "Cerxis, right?"

Milo ran back into the room with the chainmail gloves. Felix pulled the leather ones off with his teeth, slipping on the cold metal as Milo returned to his position. When it became clear that the courier wasn't going to move, Felix sighed.

"What do they want?" he asked, getting to his knees and letting Milo wrestle with the bowl. "Why 'immediately'?"

The courier shrugged and glanced at the door. His bag was fat with other letters to be delivered. “It’s in the envelope,” he said, holding it out to Felix. “Nova threw it at me just as I was about to start on my route. Told me to remind you that the DRP paid for your grad school.”

Felix’s scowl deepened. He snatched the envelope from the courier, stretching as he stood. There was no relief. His body was just one large bruise after a day of dealing with his clients.

“Fat lot of good that did me,” he said, pointing at the bills. “Do you know how much a magical clinic makes in a month compared to how much we spend? Do you have any idea what kind of bullshit I’ve been dealing with? I had a gnome try to pay me in fake gold the other day!”

“Sucks, buddy!” the courier said, waving over his shoulder. He was already at the door. “Nova said to meet them at HQ. There’s a car waiting outside for you.”

Felix’s jaw tightened, but before he could argue, Milo went flying backwards with a yelp and the chimera screamed in triumph, darting for the door. It was a colorful, feathery blur down the street by the time Felix got to the sidewalk. A black sedan was waiting for him. A nestling in a pale, blue suit and sunglasses tapped the door.

Felix sighed. He was surely going to hear about this from the chimera’s mother. “Fucking dragons,” he muttered as he packed himself into the car.

***

“What’s your initial impression?”

“Initial impression? Nova, there are three security guards outside of the door and I’m still afraid to walk into that room.”

Felix flipped through the chart he’d been given. Nova stood beside him with their hands in their pockets. Their orange suit looked washed out in the harsh, industrial light of the DRP headquarters.

“Chronic property destruction, assault, twenty active lawsuits—I don’t know what the DRP is thinking with this one, Nova, but if I was in charge, I’d tell you to cut her loose. She’s got someone in her stomach *right now,* for Pete’s sake.”

“You’re not here to evaluate her rap sheet, Felix,” Nova said. “You’re here to evaluate her health.”

“Well,” Felix said, glancing through the window in the door. “She’s certainly well-fed.”

The dragon he was supposed to be evaluating was on the large side, female, with smooth, purple scales and a warm pink underbelly. The brightness of her scales was a good sign—a result of good nutrition—but there were some minor abrasions at the base of her short, black horns that he would have to look at. Her tail was thick and muscular. He made a mental note to feel around the base for any tenderness.

When she saw him looking at her, she stuck out her tongue. Dark pink, no spotting, decent oral hygiene.

“Ready?” Nova asked.

“Fine,” Felix said, rolling up the sleeves of his lab coat.

The guards stood aside to let him pass. When he stepped through the door, the dragon did a double take. She was pacing along the back wall, growling to herself.

“Who the hell are you?” she asked.

“Dr. Felix Ward,” Felix said, adjusting his glasses. Carmen was even larger than he had anticipated. He only came up to her midriff. “I’m here to perform your evaluation.”

The dragon snorted, stepping toward him. Felix allowed her to sniff his neck. He didn’t even flinch when she licked her lips.

“Brave, aren’t you,” Carmen murmured, pulling away. “Well, anyone can be brave when they’ve got three goons waiting outside of the room.”

She counted them, Felix thought, making another mental note. He had figured that the guards were there for his benefit given her

propensity for devouring humans, but her demeanor made it seem like she couldn't leave.

Strange.

Felix ignored the jibe and motioned for Carmen to sit down. When she pushed herself onto a much-abused stool, he took out his stethoscope.

A horrid gurgle assaulted him as Felix pressed the cup to Carmen's stomach. He could hear the acids sluicing inside of her, churning through the last of her meal. He closed his eyes and focused on identifying any abnormalities, ignoring the shameless moans as he rolled the cup around her belly. Dragon stomachs were erogenous zones—twice as much when they were digesting.

"If you were here an hour earlier, you might have heard him calling for help," Carmen mused. "I wonder what you'd sound like in there, Doc."

"Probably the same," Felix murmured, raising the cup. "Bend a little, please?"

Carmen humored him, bending forward slightly, and Felix listened to her heartbeat and her lungs. Her heart rate was accelerated, but that was to be expected, and there were no issues with her breathing. Felix had to press his wrist deep into her pudgy gut to get the stethoscope close enough to her fire sac to listen. The crackling was healthy—so healthy, in fact, that he had to pull his wrist back to avoid scalding it.

"Any problems producing flame?" Felix asked. He took the stethoscope off and used his hands to press around Carmen's neck while she was still bending. Her jaw cast a shadow over him as she shook her head.

"Naw."

"Your scales are in decent condition," he noted, leaning closer to inspect the transition at her neck. "Though there's some minor abrasion near your horns. Are you rubbing up against something?"



“Punks down at the bar thought I’d make a good punching bag.” Carmen said. “They didn’t win.”

Felix hummed, making a note.

“Your horns are shorter than most wyrms I’ve seen. Any injuries in the past?”

“They’ve always been like that,” Carmen said, voice edged with defensiveness. “Some wyrms aren’t born to headbutt mountains, alright?”

Felix let it slide, circling her slowly. His eyes caught on a silver piercing through the frill beneath her horns—a small, jagged spike hanging like a charm. “Interesting choice. Most dragons avoid piercings in sensitive areas. Doesn’t it hurt?”

Carmen’s tail twitched.

“Yeah, but I like it.”

“Fair enough.”

Felix crouched to inspect her legs, his gaze tracing the sinewy muscle beneath the scales. When he went to put a hand on her inner thigh, Carmen moved away. He waited patiently and she returned, allowing him a quick squeeze. Her muscles were like iron. They probably had to be to accommodate her weight.

“You’re heavier than average for your size,” Felix said. “Fat storage or magical energy buildup?”

“Fat storage,” Carmen said, crossing her arms. “You gonna call me fat next?”

“It’s an observation, not a judgment,” Felix replied. He tapped her tail, which thudded against the floor like a dropped tree trunk. “Your tail’s unusually muscular. Do you use it for combat?”

“Among other things,” Carmen said, smirking.

Felix ignored the innuendo.

“Good balance. Wyrms with strong tails tend to manage pregnancy better. Now…” He paused, glancing at her belly again. “How’s your digestion? Any issues with magical residue from your last intake?”

Carmen stretched, her gut shifting audibly.

“Digestion’s fine. Faster than usual, actually. He was scrawny.”

Felix frowned. “Overly fast digestion could indicate an imbalance in your fire production. Any bursts or surges recently?”

“Just the usual,” Carmen said, yawning wide enough to show the ridges of her throat.

Felix scribbled more notes, then stepped back, his tone professional but firm.

“Overall, you’re in good health—better than I expected, frankly. Your size and strength are assets, but you’ll need to monitor your magical balance carefully if you join the DRP. Pregnancy puts significant strain on wyrms, especially if the sire isn’t a full dragon.”

Carmen’s eyes narrowed. “You telling me I can’t handle it?”

“I’m saying it won’t be easy.” Felix met her gaze evenly. “But you seem…resilient.”

Carmen barked a laugh.

“Resilient. Sure, let’s go with that.” She stood, hovering over him, her tail curling ominously. “So? Do I pass your little inspection, or what?”

Felix hesitated for only a moment. “You’re physically fit for the program, but I have concerns about your temperament.”

Something flickered in her gaze. Obstinance, yes, but also something else. For the briefest second, Carmen’s eyes shot to the door.

“Temperament?” Carmen asked. “What’s wrong with my temperament?”

“Pregnancy can cause a wide range of hormone imbalances,” Felix said, keeping his head down. He wasn’t sure why Carmen was afraid, but challenging a frightened dragon was never a good idea. “Even the calmest dragons can experience flares of temper and at your size, these outbursts can be dangerous for those around you. The most common symptom of a dragon pregnancy is increased appetite.”

Carmen looked down at her stomach, then back at him.

“That’s a problem?” she asked.

“Eating people is widely considered to be a problem, yes,” Felix said.

“So…what?”

“I’m going to recommend a diet.”

When Carmen frowned, Felix waved away her concern, tearing off a sheet of paper from his clipboard.

“A carnivore diet,” he said, handing her the paper. “It consists of ground beef and vegetables. That along with a vitamin supplement should give you all of the energy you need to get through your pregnancy. I’m going to recommend that you give up any *sentient* animals for the time being—you have no clue where they’ve been or what they’ve eaten. Your stomach might be resilient, but certain chemicals can affect the thickness of your egg, the embryonic sac, etcetera etcetera. No people.”

“Jeeze, Felix,” Carmen chuckled. She seemed inordinately relieved for some reason. “How am I ever supposed to resist when I’m presented with as enticing a specimen as yourself?”

“Now you’re Mrs. Funny Dragon,” Felix said, rolling his eyes. He signaled to the guards that he was finished, tucking his clipboard under his arm. “Good luck, Carmen, and I genuinely hope I never have cause to see you again.”

He meant in a medical sense, but Carmen snorted, amused.

“Same here,” she said.

A raunchy belch filled the room with the smell of rotting meat. Felix coughed, doing nothing to hide his disgust, and Carmen lifted her chin defiantly, slapping her stomach. Before Felix could push through the door, though, the latch clicked. Nova walked into the room, sniffed, and nodded their head.

“Is the evaluation complete?” they asked.

“It is,” Felix said, handing them the clipboard. “She’s rude, but she’s healthy.”

“Thanks,” Carmen snorted, picking her teeth. She lifted her chin at Nova, gesturing toward Felix. “Doc says I’m good, nestling. You picked a hubby yet?”

Felix’s ears perked. He wondered if he’d get a glimpse of the poor soul that the DRP had paired with Carmen on his way out of the complex. They’d have to be someone who was pretty desperate. Maybe someone who…owed…the DRP…

He looked up at Nova who looked down at him and smiled. Felix’s chest tightened as he took a step back.

“No,” he said.

“We need someone who can navigate a wyrm’s unique anatomy,” Nova said, raising another clipboard. Felix saw his name at the top, his weight, his blood type. The DRP had made him take a physical before he had entered vet school—the results of which were in Nova’s oversized hand. “You’re in good health, Felix, and you’ve got an unnaturally high affinity.”

Felix tried to swallow, but his mouth was too dry. Affinity was shorthand for Complex Magical Affinity. Basically, his chances of fertilizing a magical egg.

Carmen’s head swiveled between them. Her tail pounded impatiently against the tiled floor, thump, thump, thump, mirroring Felix’s racing heart. He tried to say something, anything that would help his case, but Nova was smiling their smooth, implacable smile, and Felix knew from experience that there was no budging the nestling when their mind was made up.

It was one of the reasons that Nova could work closely with dragons, after all.

“What’s happening?” Carmen asked.

“Carmen,” Nova said, stepping aside and sweeping Felix toward her with their tail. “Meet your new husband.”

Roommates

“No, Milo, I don’t think I’m going to be in this afternoon. Please—stop that—can you send all future appointments to the vet on Fifth? Xan said they’d—no, seriously, Carmen, stop that—take our load for the time being.”

“I’d like to take your load for the time being.”

“Er, gotta go.”

Felix put his phone down and glared at Carmen. They had a whole apartment together, bigger than Felix had ever lived in, and yet she chose to wander into whatever room he was occupying. Currently, she was lying on the sofa behind him, bouncing her bulbous belly against his back as she perused the bookshelves. The crack of another broken spine made Felix flinch.

“Could you please stop that?” Felix asked.

Carmen let the book fall from her hand into a pile of similarly mangled literature.

“Bored,” she said. “Gonna let me out of here?”

“Nova said we had to spend the week in isolation to—what are you doing?”

Felix felt his feet leave the floor at the same time that Carmen stood up. She’d hooked his shirt in one of her claws and was carrying him like a purse, trundling out of the living room.

The apartment the DRP had chosen for them was situated in a converted factory with brick walls and tall ceilings. It would have been the swanky abode of some successful artist if it wasn’t also being used as a halfway house for their most obstinate candidates. Carmen pinched the back of Felix’s shirt and lowered him toward the front door. While the rest of the apartment was wood and brick, the front door was steel. A blinking keypad stood between them and the outside world.

“Enter the code,” Carmen said.

“No,” Felix said, kicking her gut. It did nothing but make a hollow slorsh, heavy from a breakfast of ground beef and vegetables. “It hasn’t even been four hours, Carmen. They left plenty of entertainment for us here.”

That part was partially true. The apartment was kitted with a 72-inch tv, a surround sound system, thousands of books, board games, and a computer. However, Felix suspected that the entertainment was just spare enough to encourage them to try…alternate activities. It was their purpose for being there, after all.

“Code,” Carmen grunted, shaking him.

Felix raised his arms and slid out of his shirt. When he tried to walk past Carmen, she blocked him with her tail. He tried to go between her legs only to end up squished between her massive thighs. Carmen didn’t budge, so he placed his back against the door and committed himself to waiting it out. Carmen wasn’t a very patient dragon.

Sure enough, after a minute of glowering down at him, she began to fidget. After two minutes, she began to flex her claws.

“I could eat you right now,” she said. “You’re so small that you wouldn’t even be a morsel—I wouldn’t even have to swallow. But I would, just because I want to *feel* you squeezing into my stomach. Then I’d torture you.”

“And you still wouldn’t get the code,” Felix said.

Carmen stepped forward, pinning him to the door with her stomach. If it was meant as an intimidation tactic, it left much to be desired. It was like being pinned against a water bed.

“Hear that,” she said.

Her stomach gurgled.

“That’s going to be you.”

“I’m familiar with the process,” Felix said, shoving her away.

Carmen took two steps back and smiled smugly.

“So you know just what kind of damage a dragon gut can do,” she said. “If you want to avoid that grisly fate, open the door.”



“No.”

Felix took immense satisfaction in watching Carmen’s smile slip. Bullies often lacked creativity and she probably hadn’t considered what she would do if her initial threat didn’t work. He sat down in front of her, waiting for the next onslaught of promised abuses.

“Then I’ll chew,” Carmen declared. She flashed her teeth at him, each the size of a steak knife, leaning down so that he could see the meat stuck between her pearly canines. “I’ll tear your arm off and gulp it down.”

“Then how will I enter the code?”

“With your other arm, dipshit.”

“Nope,” Felix yawned. Carmen’s eyebrow was twitching and he was probably pushing it, but seeing her frustrated was too much fun. “Because I’d just bleed out and then you’d have to explain to the DRP that you’ve killed your spouse.”

“That’s a risk I’m willing to take,” Carmen growled, placing a claw against his throat.

The sharpened tip bit into Felix’s jugular. He wondered vaguely if she had actually been aiming for it, or if it was a wild guess. Either way, he wasn’t worried. Maybe it was her strange reactions during his evaluation, but the DRP had something on Carmen—it was in her best interest to play nice.

“Are you fucking suicidal?” Carmen screamed. “Open the door!”

“Nope.”

CRASH!

A vase smashed against the ground, propelled by Carmen’s sweeping tail. She stomped in a circle, throwing a tantrum, and Felix watched, struggling to keep his face straight, as a full-grown dragon threw herself to the floor and thrashed about like a toddler.

“Why! Why! Why!” she screamed. “I was doing just fine! Why is this happening to me? What did I do to deserve this?”

“You ate, like, twenty-something people,” Felix offered, but getting her attention was not the wise choice and now she was up again, looming over him.

She really was quite large.

“Okay,” Carmen hissed. “Fine, I can’t kill you. But I can make your stay here *extremely* unpleasant if you don’t open that fucking door right now.”

“You know I have a cell phone,” Felix said, waving it at her. “I can just call Nova—”

ULP!

The phone didn’t even make a bulge in her throat, but it did make a splash when it hit her stomach. Felix rolled his eyes.

“There’s a panic button on the keypad,” he said.

“You’ll never reach it,” Carmen said, grabbing him by the arm and dragging him back through the apartment.

Felix had no choice but to let himself be dragged. Carmen’s hand around his arm had the effortless pull of a landslide, her sheer mass making any resistance pointless. His heels skidded across the hardwood, knocking aside the books that Carmen had scattered about. Only when she pulled him through an archway into the bedroom did he begin to panic, especially when Carmen threw him on the bed. Her massive frame eclipsed all else as she bent forward, hovering her stomach over his face.

“How much do you think I weigh?” Carmen asked.

“About 3,700 pounds,” Felix said.

It wasn’t a random guess. The average weight of a comparably built six-foot-tall human woman would be around 250-300 pounds. Carmen was twice as big, so the weight would be cubed: 2,000 pounds. But Carmen was also a dragon and dragons had denser muscles, about 1.5x the weight of a human’s. That got her to 3,000. Then there was about 500 to 1,000 pounds of fat, give or take.

All of these were Felix’s rough estimates, but he was reasonably sure given that they had weighed her before his evaluation.



“What do you think 3,700 pounds would feel like on your face?” Carmen asked.

Her stomach pooled like a raindrop overhead, drooping toward him. If she actually put it all on Felix…

“You can’t kill me,” he said flatly.

“Oh, I don’t think this will kill you,” Carmen chuckled. “I’ve tested it.”

There was no time to ask what she meant by that before the sky fell. Her massive stomach sprawled over him, its rubbery surface deceptively smooth, but heavy as stone, radiating a stifling heat that made the air between them feel unbearably thick. Every slight movement shifted her weight, grinding him deeper into the mattress as she leaned further forward.

“How about that, small fry?” she asked, gathering her stomach in her arms. Felix sucked in a deep breath while he could. “Gonna open the door now?”

“More…weight,” Felix groaned.

It was a joke and a stupid one because there was no way that Carmen read books. He regretted it as Carmen bared her teeth, turning above him so that her ass and tail blotted out the lofted ceiling. Carmen did not wear clothes, thus Felix had a perfect view of her pretty pink pucker winking over his face.

“More weight?” Carmen said. “I’ll give you more weight.”

The only thing that saved Felix from being squashed into jelly was the softness of the bed and the immensity of her ass. Buried deep in her crack, he had just enough leeway, but only by pressing his mouth firmly against Carmen’s pucker. He earned a deep-throated growl from the dragon as she grinded against his face.

“How’s this for more weight?” she yelled over her shoulder. “Had enough yet?”

Felix was drowning, his chest crushed beneath the pressure of her ass and tail. He was starting to see spots. His lungs were aching. His lips moved soundlessly against Carmen’s asshole and she ground



him deeper and deeper, gasping, moaning. The heat was unbearable. Felix got his hands up beneath her and tried to push, but there was nothing he could do.

Then Carmen's tail found his crotch.

She lifted her leg, giving him a blessed gulp of fresh air.

"Really?" she asked.

Felix didn't have to guess what she was miffed about. The tip of her tail flicked against his erection.

"Hey, hey," he gasped.

The base of her tail was rubbery like her stomach and coated in a thin sheen of sweat. It glided over his cock in practiced swipes, the weight on his lower abdomen only adding to his growing need.

"It's a biological reaction," he said.

"Biological my ass," Carmen snorted. "You *like* eating dragon butt."

Felix couldn't deny it, mostly because she had dropped herself onto him again, smothering him. He was *forced* to use his tongue.

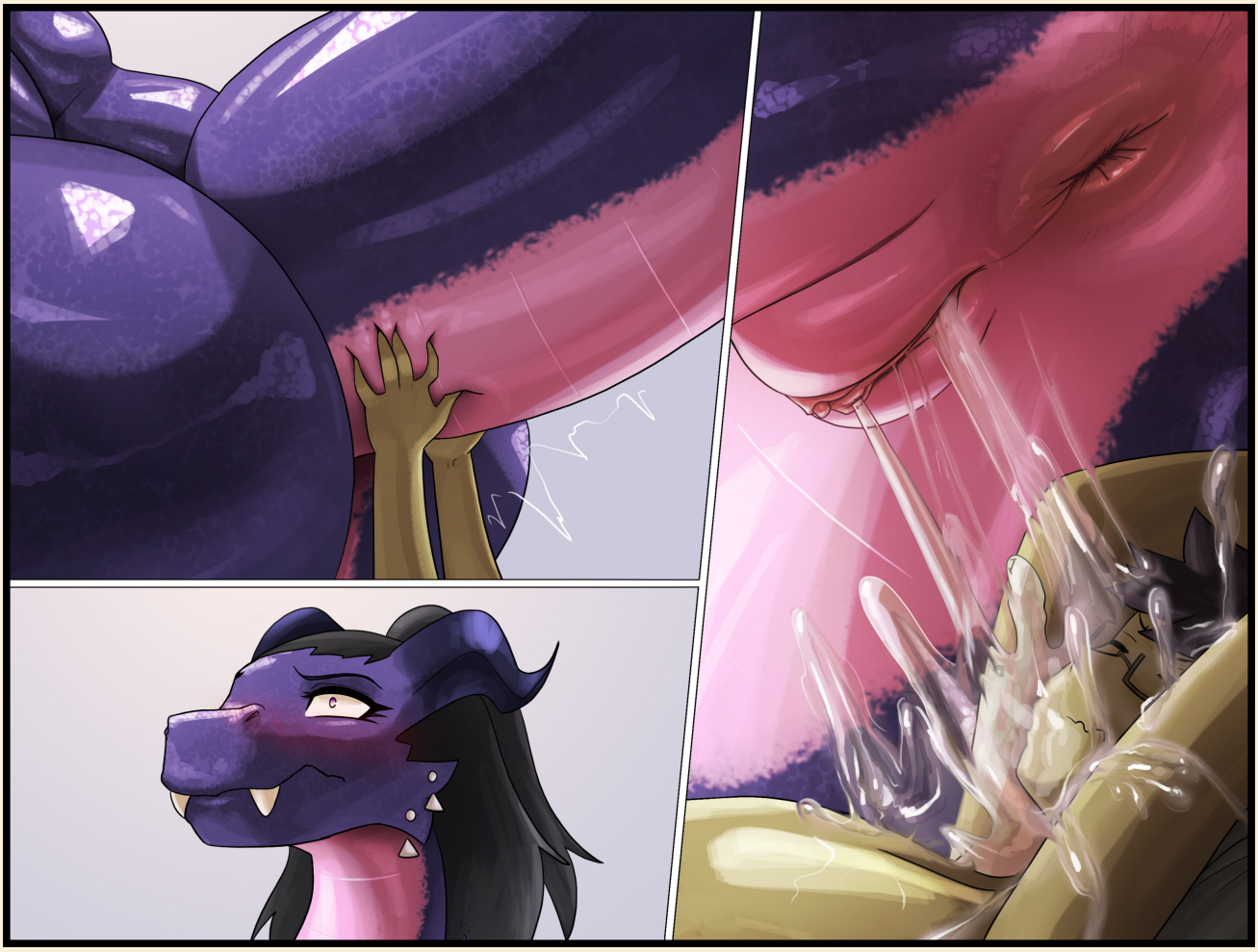
Okay, that last part was all Felix, but he didn't know what else to do! Her tail kept swiping up and down, edging him, obliterating rational thought. The only thing he could fall back on was his knowledge of dragon anatomy…and their erogenous zones.

He stopped pressing against Carmen's thighs and instead worked his way over the hump of her ass until he found the base of her tail. He gripped it the best he could, thumbs toward the center. There was no way to know if any of this would work. He'd only read about it once in college, so, saying a quick prayer, he dug his thumbs into the fat undercarriage and pulled them down the length of Carmen's tail.

"Guh!"

A shiver went through her like an earthquake, starting at the base of her tail and racing across her limbs and abdomen. Something squelched above Felix's head as Carmen shifted, staring down at him in disbelief. Her fingers were buried in her cunt. She was sopping wet.

"What. The. Fuck?"



It was at that moment that Felix came, ruining any chance he had at an innocent explanation. His cock throbbed against her scales. The sensation was unique and overwhelming.

Carmen flicked his cum off of the tip of her tail, mortified.

“That shouldn’t be possible,” she said. “I…I hate humans. Why is this…happening to me?”

There was a scientific explanation. When dragons mated with other dragons, their tails were lifted by their partner, thus there were a bunch of nerve endings right at the base that stimulated the ‘make babies now’ part of their brains. Felix got the feeling that Carmen would consider this cheating, so instead he said:

“Magic fingers.”

He wiggled them at her and got a faceful of ass for his troubles.

“This is some kind of trick,” Carmen muttered, redoubling her efforts to meld Felix into the mattress. “I don’t…I’ve never…”

She touched herself and shuddered. Felix could see the faint shadow of her hand working above him, hesitant at first, then with vigor. Her ass quivered on his face, bouncing to the rhythm of her wrist. After some hesitation, Felix got his tongue working again. The rhythm increased. He reached for her tail.

CREAK!

"Mmmph!"

Felix's vision exploded into black and blue dots as Carmen leaned back. Apparently, she hadn't been putting her full weight on him, because now it felt like every bone in his face was about to melt into molten sludge. The back of his head touched the mattress springs—that's how deep she pressed him into the bed. When she leaned forward, Felix blinked in the light, barely conscious despite the dragon vigorously masturbating overhead.

"Don't touch me there," Carmen demanded. "I don't know what kind of, *ugh*, witchcraft you used to find that spot but, *ah,* I'm NOT going to give you the, *mmph*, satisfaction of making me cum a second time. This is…you just made me horny, is all. And hungry. I'm so fucking hungry right now."

Her stomach rumbled in confirmation. Felix felt a sudden chill go down his spine as the pump of her intestines growled and hummed. Her asshole was twitching like crazy.

"Uh."

"If you had opened the door," Carmen said, laying her tail on his crotch again. "I could have gotten a snack. Now I'm just going to have to fantasize about eating *you*."

She ground his face into her ass again, sweat beading against the base of her belly. Felix was thrust into her humid crack where his mouth was pressed to her pucker, lapping like crazy, all the while resisting the urge to grind against her tail. A shudder passed over him. Carmen leaned back hard…

SHLORP!

…and suddenly Felix's head was no longer on the mattress.



He gasped in the sweltering, humid air of Carmen's bowels, surrounded on all sides by the sounds of gastric industry. Bowels pumping. Stomach grinding. Muscles squeezing, clenching around him, dragging him deeper into the furnace. Carmen didn't even seem to notice what she was doing. The ***shlip, shlip, shlip*****,** of her fingers never ceased, but a groan did rip itself from her lips as she lifted her ass and brought it down on his shoulders, enshrining him in her colon.

"Carmen!" Felix yelled.

His arms sank up to his elbows, useless against his sides. Carmen's asshole touched the top of his hips as she raised herself for another slam.

"Carmen!"

One wrong move, one slip and his pelvis would be shattered. Felix braced himself, closing his eyes as Carmen brought herself down on his legs and—

"*Ahhhhhhh."*

—felt the muscles around him relinquish their grasp, sliding him out onto the bed to see Carmen's amused face looking down at him over her belly. She had to hold it in both hands to keep it out of the way.

"Now *that* was fun," Carmen said. "Fuck, I wonder what the DRP would say if they found out I'd trapped you in my *bowels*. I lost a dildo up there once. Didn't see it again for *weeks*. Hehe. Hehehe."

Felix was too bruised to say anything, even as Carmen reached between her legs and pinched his cock. Her claw tickled her balls as she rolled his throbbing meat between her fingers—a palpable threat that, for some reason, made Felix thrust against the pad of her thumb, splattering in her palm.

"Pathetic," Carmen sighed, standing. "You humans will cum for just about anything."

Then she casually licked her palm, washing away the evidence.



Pro Bono

A week went by without further incident. Carmen kept to herself, lounging on the couch and flipping through streaming services, while Felix paged through the worn paperbacks that Nova had left for him.

"Why do you like that junk?" Carmen asked as Felix pulled down *The Secret History*. "It's easier to watch a movie."

"Reading activates a different part of the brain," Felix said, settling down in an armchair. Carmen growled at him if he got within ten feet of her, so he had situated himself across the living room, dragging the comfortable leather chair into a corner by the dining table. "You get more invested in the story."

"Hmm."

Felix put the book up to his nose. Carmen had the TV turned up too loud for him to concentrate, but he made a decent effort of it, ignoring her bored groans. Her tail tapped on the coffee table. Felix's eyebrow twitched.

"Be less annoying if you let me out," Carmen said, belching up some flame. She'd been doing it all morning. Felix was starting to get concerned.

A quick glance at the phone on the table revealed no new messages. Against all odds, it had passed through Carmen's intestines unharmed. She had handed it back to him, steaming, on day 2.

"Nova hasn't texted yet," Felix said.

"So?"

"They're in charge."

Felix had texted Nova an update that morning detailing his 'encounter' with Carmen. His stomach had been tying itself in knots ever since, expecting a disappointed lecture from the nestling for failing to copulate. It was becoming clearer day by day that his suspicions were correct: the DRP was keeping them purposely bored to encourage mating.

An exaggerated moan made him look up.

“Hey, they left us a bunch of dragon porn! Looks like it’s all inter-species, too!”

A green dragon spread her legs on the big screen. The video looked rough, homemade, its focus wavering on the distinct bulge in the dragon’s belly. She was lounging on a bed. Her fat, spade-tipped tail caressed the carpet as she spoke to the woman behind the camera.

“I’m not doing the porn thing, Bee.”

“Yeah, yeah. This is just for us. You won’t even notice the camera.”

The woman’s slender shoulder filled the frame as she stretched and checked the angle. Apparently satisfied, she pushed herself up onto the edge of the sofa, straddling the dragon’s legs. Her hands rolled over the soft pudge drooping over the base of the dragon’s belly. Once the dragon was good and riled, the woman slid down her tail, lining her mouth up with the dragon’s moistened slit.

Felix tried not to pay attention, but eventually he had to set his book in his lap to cover his boner as the dragon’s moan filled the apartment. Carmen was leaning forward with great interest, stealing glances at him every once in a while.

“Why are you watching that?” Felix asked. “I thought you hated humans.”

“It’s funny,” Carmen said with a shrug. “And I don’t have to like someone to use them as a dildo.”

Her stomach rumbled loud enough to shake the couch. Even after a hearty breakfast consisting of thirty pounds of meat, the sound was constant, as were the hungry looks. Felix had included that in his report, but there had been no additional food deliveries. Their meat freezer was nearly empty.

“Did you know that eating people makes dragons horny?” Carmen asked.

“You’ve mentioned it a dozen times.”



“So…you should let me eat somebody. Then we can get on with this whole repopulation thingy.”

Felix pressed his fingers into his temples. “Let me get this straight,” he said. “You want me to let you eat someone so that you’ll do the thing that you signed up to do in the first place?”

Carmen lifted her tail and spread her legs so that he could see the mess between her thighs. Felix’s heart did a backflip as she mimicked the dragon in the video, pulling apart her pussy with two claws to show him the warm, pulsing walls of her cunt.

“Come here.”

The command was casual, but the weight of it slammed against Felix, pinning him to his chair. Carmen fluttered her eyelashes at him without a trace of irony. The book lifted a little in Felix’s lap.

“Why?” he asked. “You just said you wouldn’t have sex with me unless I let you eat a random person.”

“I don’t recall saying that,” Carmen said. She rolled onto her back, laying her legs over the side of the couch. “And the person doesn’t have to be random. If you won’t let me out of the house, then there’s really only one option.”

Felix bit his lip so hard that he drew blood. *Why*, he thought as the book lifted even higher in his lap. *I don’t want her to eat me*.

Indeed he didn’t. Dragon digestive systems were messy and efficient. Every second inside of her, clamped between those heavy walls, would be a suffocating, nauseating fight for survival against the belly of an apex predator. He’d be slathered in acids, bathed in the stench of fresh belches, subjected to the external whims of a captor who’d made it clear that she loathed him. The more he thought about it, the harder he got, until pushing the book down in his lap only encouraged him to rub against it.

Felix looked at Carmen’s teeth, her lethal claws. Her tail, muscular enough to break every bone in his body with a single swipe, and her stomach, large enough to hide his body as she digested him. Carmen smiled and as she did, a fantastic shiver went down Felix’s

spine that confirmed something that he'd only ever suspected about himself.

But…how did the DRP know about that?

He knew exactly when it had started. High school, junior year. He had been walking to lunch, talking to a friend, when he turned a corner and walked right into the rump of Tami Milderson. Before he could say "boo", her jaws were around his throat. Tami was a manticore, half woman, half lion, and in that moment, she'd held his life in her teeth.

It was the hardest he'd ever been. It was probably the reason why he'd become a magical vet. The danger. The thrill of having his life hanging in the balance of a predator's whims.

So when Carmen curled a claw at him after implying that she was about to swallow him, Felix stood and crossed the room, painfully aware of just how obvious his erection was.

"Well, well, well," she said as he came to her side. "Now you choose to be obedient? I hear that male humans can't go three days without release and I haven't smelled any *emissions* from you. I bet you're ready to burst."

"That's, um," Felix started, but Carmen put a finger to his lips. He couldn't take his eyes off of her throat.

"Don't be coy. We're here to procreate, after all. The problem is that I'm just so darn hungry right now that I'd be distracted if we had sex. I mean, feel my belly right now. It's practically begging for food."

Carmen removed her finger from his lips and nodded at her stomach. At her prompting, Felix put his hands on it, gulping as a rumble vibrated against his palms.

"So here's what I suggest," Carmen said. She dragged a claw from her chin to her throat to her stomach. "You take a little journey into my guts while I get myself nice and frothing for you. We play around. Then, once you're ready, we can make like that couple in the

porno and I can use you as my own personal sex toy. I promise—" her grin became downright shark-like, "—not to digest you."

Carmen's stomach rose like a dome above her. Felix froze as the sound of her insides filled the room—a low, bubbling churn, like thick soup simmering over a fire. Every small shift she made sent a wet, sloshing ripple through her belly, the liquid within slapping audibly against its walls.

His eyes widened as he realized how vividly he could picture it: the dense heat, the viscous fluid lapping around him, the tight, muscular squeeze pulling him deeper. The thought made his breath hitch—part fear, part something he wasn't ready to name.

"Enjoying the show?" Carmen's voice purred. She stretched, her stomach wobbling with the motion, sending another wet, echoing gurgle through the air. "I'd say you look like you're about to faint, but…maybe that's not it, huh?"

Felix's face burned, but he couldn't pull his eyes away. With one hand, he pulled down his shorts, aware that with every motion he was only whetting Carmen's appetite. When he was finished, he folded his clothes and laid them on the coffee table. Naked, he stood by the tip of Carmen's muzzle.

The dragon reclined on the couch, her massive frame sinking into the cushions, her stomach rising and falling with slow, deliberate breaths. Her sharp-toothed grin widened as she tilted her head back, opening her maw. Felix froze at the sight—the smooth, glistening curve of her throat, pink and slick, leading to an abyss that pulsed faintly in invitation.

"Well?" Carmen purred, her voice rumbling around him, thick with mockery. "I'm waiting. Don't make me do all the work."

Felix's heart hammered in his chest. He looked around the room, suddenly self-conscious, looking for any hidden cameras that might be a witness to his shame. Would the DRP go as far as to spy on them? If so…he was only doing what they wanted. He swallowed hard, his throat dry as he knelt on the couch. The heat radiating off her body

grew more intense the closer he got, a furnace-like warmth that only made his hesitation worse.

Slowly, he swung his legs over her teeth, his feet brushing against the velvety interior of her tongue. It wrapped around his legs as Carmen hummed, saliva dribbling between his toes.

“Careful,” she teased, her words muffled and distorted by her open mouth. “I’d hate for you to trip and go down too fast.”

He scowled but couldn’t muster a retort. Instead, he pressed forward, his feet sliding into the tight, rippling warmth of her throat. It seized him immediately, the muscular walls gripping his legs and pulling him deeper. The sensation was overwhelming—hot, wet, and unyielding, the steady pull from her body making it clear who was in control.

Felix moved cautiously, crawling forward as her throat swallowed his legs further. He could feel her heartbeat, strong and rhythmic, pulsing around him as the slick walls clung to his skin.

“You’re doing great,” Carmen said, her voice amused and syrupy sweet. Her throat tightened slightly, urging him forward. “Keep going. Just a little more…”

He shuddered, his hands gripping the couch for stability as her stomach loomed closer with each inch he surrendered. His breath came in shallow gasps, the mixture of fear and exhilaration twisting in his gut as her laughter rumbled through him like distant thunder.

“See?” Carmen said, her words vibrating around him. “You’re practically a natural at this.”

Felix had no choice but to keep moving, the inevitable pull of her body drawing him ever deeper.

Felix’s fingers dug into the couch cushions as Carmen’s throat pulled him further, the pressure relentless and rhythmic. The slick, tight walls of her gullet gripped him firmly, kneading at his legs with each swallow. He couldn’t stop himself from glancing back, catching a glimpse of her stomach rising and falling in anticipation, the soft glow of heat almost visible in the dim light.



“Don’t stall,” Carmen drawled, her voice thick and teasing, muffled by the stretch of her mouth around him. “You’ve made it this far. No point in turning back now, is there?”

Felix swallowed hard and edged forward again, the wet heat creeping higher up his thighs. The sensation was unlike anything he’d ever experienced—confining, yet oddly comforting in its oppressive grip. His heart pounded in his chest as he tried not to think too hard about where he was going—and what awaited him deeper inside.

Carmen let out a low, pleased hum that reverberated through her body, vibrating against Felix’s legs and chest. “That’s it,” she purred, a grin audible in her voice. “You’re doing wonderfully. Maybe you’re more suited to this than I thought.”

The words sent a shiver through him, equal parts embarrassment and a thrill he refused to name. He gritted his teeth and pressed on, his hips now sliding into her maw. Carmen’s sharp teeth glinted as they framed him, though she kept them carefully away from his skin, her control unnervingly precise.

He could feel her shift tongue beneath him, soft and slick, bouncing slightly as if testing his weight. Every movement felt calculated, as though Carmen were savoring not just the physical act but his reaction as well. With a slow, languid motion, she reached out and placed a single clawed hand on his back. The heat from her palm seeped through his shirt as she gave a small, encouraging push.

“Don’t stop now,” she said.

Felix hesitated, his hands gripping her tongue as her throat flexed around him, tugging him just a little deeper. He could feel the shift in her body, the subtle churn of her stomach below, the soft gurgles and growls promising what lay ahead.

As Felix slid further into Carmen’s throat, the pressure surrounding him became all-encompassing. Her gullet pulsed and flexed with a rhythm that felt almost conversational, coaxing him downward. The slick, muscular walls squeezed firmly but not painfully, massaging him deeper with each swallow. The heat

intensified as his torso vanished past her lips, his breath quickening in the humid, stifling air.

Carmen tilted her head slightly, helping gravity do its part, and Felix felt a momentary flux as her throat widened just enough to ease his descent. The sensation of movement was surreal—like being drawn into a living, breathing tunnel that was designed solely to envelop him.

Her stomach waited below, the sounds growing louder and more distinct as he neared. The bubbling churn of liquid, the gurgling echoes of digestion in progress—it was a cacophony that made his skin prickle. He could feel it radiating through her body, a sweltering embrace that promised no reprieve once he arrived.

“Almost there,” Carmen murmured around the last of him, her voice resonating around his cheeks. The last of the daylight vanished as pink flesh crowded his vision, narrowing, narrowing. “I can already feel you filling me up.”

His feet breached the entrance first, sliding past the tight ring of muscle that separated her stomach from her throat. It opened reluctantly, the transition marked by a sudden increase in heat and a change in texture. Where her throat had been tight and smooth, her stomach was pliant and soft, the walls expanding easily to accommodate him.

As more of his body entered, Felix found himself surrounded by a strange, viscous warmth. The walls of her stomach were slick and rubbery, pressing against him with an insistent pressure. The liquid pooled at the bottom was shallow but thick, clinging to his skin as he slid into it.

The air inside was heavy and damp, carrying a mix of scents—sharp and acidic, but not unpleasant, mingling with a faint musk that could only be described as uniquely Carmen. The sounds were amplified here, the bubbling and squelching filling his ears, accompanied by the occasional deep, contented rumble from somewhere above.



Carmen let out a satisfied sigh as his head finally disappeared past her lips, the last swallow sealing him inside. She gave her stomach a lazy pat, the pressure making Felix twist slightly within her.

"How's the view in there?" she teased, her voice muffled but clear. "Cozy, right?"

Felix struggled to adjust, the space confining but strangely accommodating. The walls pulsed gently against him, almost as if responding to his movements, and the heat soaked into his skin, leaving him flushed and light-headed. He could feel her heartbeat, a steady drum that reverberated through the living chamber, grounding him even as the situation overwhelmed his senses.

"It's...warm," he managed to mutter, his voice barely audible over the din. "Healthy. I almost wish I had my flashlight. I could check you for ulcers.

Carmen chuckled, the sound making her stomach vibrate around him. "Always working. Take a load off, Felix, relax. Don't get too comfortable, though. If you fall asleep, I might forget that you're in there. Maybe struggle a little? Yeah just…wriggle around a bit. That'll help me remember."

Felix tried to squirm, but found that her weight and texture made it difficult. Her weight was to be expected. Being inside of Carmen really drove home how *fat* she was. The texture was a surprise. Every brush against the walls made Felix shiver in a way that drove out all rational sense. It was just so *vivid*—the sensation of being swallowed, claimed by something so much larger than himself was intoxicating in a way he hadn't expected. It left his mind spinning, caught between fear and fascination and lust.

Above, Carmen smirked and gave her belly another pat. "You're fun," she said, almost to herself. "And that…kind of pisses me off."

She lazed across the couch like a contented lioness, her belly cresting high above her. She rested a hand on its broad, taut curve, the other dangling over the edge of the cushion. Felix wriggled uncomfortably inside, his back pressing into the doughy walls.

“You look good in there,” Carmen teased, her voice a sultry hum. “Not too tight, right?”

Before he could protest, she rolled onto her back, letting gravity drop the weight of her stomach like a loaded sack onto him. The walls of her stomach quivered in response, liquid shifting in uneven currents that sloshed around his legs. He gasped, his breath stolen by the crushing warmth of her plush insides, which were as unyielding as wet clay.

“Carmen!” he choked, squirming. “Come on!”

“Oh, hush,” she murmured, tapping her fingers on her belly. “You’re fine. If you want to *stay* fine, I suggest you keep moving like *that*.”

The heat within her began to seep deeper into Felix’s skin, sticky and oppressive. Her stomach churned lazily, the liquid around him frothing as she gave an exaggerated stretch, pressing him harder into the unforgiving softness of the couch. He could feel her hand roving over his body, passing it as it found its place between her legs. Soon, she was moaning like the dragon in the porno, only this time, she was the only one getting any pleasure.

Disgruntled, Felix pressed a hand against the translucent, rippling walls, trying to orient himself. That’s when he saw it: a faint golden light glowing through the pink membrane. It wasn’t constant—more like a firefly’s pulse, dimming and flaring in uneven bursts.

“Carmen,” he called, his voice tinged with unease. “Your flame shouldn’t be active unless you’re digesting.”

She let out a short, throaty laugh.

“Relax, it’s not you. I’ve been snacking all day—there’s still plenty of leftovers lower down keeping the fire busy.”

Felix’s stomach twisted at the casual remark. He wasn’t sure whether to believe her, especially when the light flickered again, this time a little stronger. It threw strange, warped shadows across the chamber, painting jagged patterns that reminded him of a lantern’s glow refracted through water.

Something wasn't right.

He thought back to their earlier conversation. She'd joked about her flame burning hotter than usual, dismissing it as a quirk. Fast digestion didn't necessarily indicate a problem, but with Carmen's diet…

Before he could voice his concerns, she shifted again, rolling over so her stomach pressed him deeper into the couch. The thick walls kneaded him with a mind of their own, compressing and releasing in a steady rhythm. The liquid inside sloshed more aggressively now, slapping against his arms and chest with each motion.

"Carmen!" he barked, struggling against the weight. "Knock it off!"

She laughed.

"Oh, come on. You're fine. Don't tell me you're scared of a little squish."

He felt her belly sway as she lifted herself onto his elbows. The movement sent the liquid surging in waves, and he was nearly swept off balance. Felix had to plunge his hands into the wall to hold himself steady and his attention was once more drawn to the glow. Only the glow was no longer steady. It flared and faded unpredictably, each pulse growing brighter, hotter. He pressed his palm deeper into the warm, yielding wall, feeling the heat intensify with each fluctuation.

"Carmen, this isn't normal," he said, mentally flicking through his notes. "Your flame's all over the place."

Carmen paused, her fingers twitching against her stomach. "It's… probably fine," she said, though there was an edge of uncertainty in her tone. "Just a little heartburn. Happens all the time."

Felix wasn't buying it. The heat was climbing fast, turning the chamber into an oven. His skin prickled, sweat mixing with the viscous liquid as it began to bubble around him.

"Carmen, listen to me," he said, louder this time. "There's something wrong with your flame. You're overheating."



She groaned, clutching at her chest. “It’s just heartburn,” she insisted, though her voice was strained now. Her breathing hitched, and the glow flared wildly, bathing the chamber in a blinding gold light.

Felix’s eye dilated. He could feel the disruption in her magic, a tangled knot of energy blocking the natural flow of her flame. It was like a dam holding back a surging river, ready to burst. The golden glow suffused his palm, clashing with his own magic—the magic inherent in all living things. It was like…he could touch it.

“Carmen,” he said, forcing his voice to steady. “You have to let me out. If you don’t, I’m going to be cooked alive.”

She groaned again. Her breathing was labored. Now her heart was beginning to beat erratically as well, spurred by the panic and the pain.

“I can’t—just fix it,” she gasped.

Felix clenched his fists, feeling the heat sear into his skin. Magic wasn’t the domain of humans. He had been tested once as a child. His parents had found him cradling a baby phoenix in the backyard. When his mother had tried to take it from him, it had burned her hands, but it hadn’t burned Felix. The test found that he had an affinity for fire and it was written off as an oddity. Maybe he’d become a chef one day, the doctor had laughed, but Felix had become a vet and now there was an animal in trouble.

Dabbling in magic was dangerous, especially without training, but he didn’t have a choice. Closing his eyes, he focused on the blockage, forcing his energy into the knot. The resistance was overwhelming, like trying to pry apart molten steel, but he gritted his teeth and pushed harder.

The chamber trembled violently around him, the walls squeezing in protest. The liquid drenched him as the heat reached a fever pitch. This was the final straw: if she didn’t let him out and he failed, no amount of heat resistance would protect him. Carmen howled. Felix screamed. With a final, desperate effort, the knot unraveled.

The flame surged through Carmen's body in a flood of energy, the heat dissipating almost instantly. The glow steadied, dimming to a warm, golden light.

Carmen let out a shuddering sigh of relief, her body relaxing as the pain ebbed away. "You… you did it," she murmured, her voice softer now.

Felix slumped against the wall, his breath ragged. "Only for now," he said hoarsely. "We still don't know what caused it."

Moments later, her stomach contracted, pulling him upward. The sensation was disorienting, like being dragged through a thick, slippery tunnel, but eventually, he was deposited onto the couch, drenched and gasping.

Carmen leaned over him. For the first time, there was something other than contempt written on her brow. She licked him gently, washing some of the slime from his chest. Felix blushed as his cock rose between his legs.

"Well," Carmen said, brushing a strand of hair from her face. "I guess I owe you."

Repayment

“Okay, I’m going to set some ground rules,” Carmen said, pacing in front of the bed. Felix knelt on the mattress in front of her. “First rule: I don’t find you attractive.”

“That’s a rule?” Felix asked.

Carmen flicked his forehead.

“I was *getting* to the rule,” she said. “What I’m saying is that I’m not just gonna get wet by lookin’ at ya. You’re going to have to do some stuff first.”

“There’s literally a term for that,” Felix said. “It’s called foreplay.”

“Fore-what?”

“Foreplay. It’s, you know, when you engage sexually with your partner to stimulate arousal.”

“How’s that different from sex?” Carmen asked, scratching her head.

“Sex is the act that follows the foreplay,” Felix said. “Hence fore, as in ‘before’, play. Most people don’t get aroused just by looking at someone. There’s gotta be, you know, context. Touching, kissing. Tail…stroking.”

“No, I don’t think that’s right,” Carmen grunted. “All of the humans I’ve ever shoved into my pussy have already been aroused. You’re hard right now.”

Felix would have been pressed to explain that he’d been thinking about what it had been like in her stomach. Watching it flop around as Carmen paced, sloshing and growling, had taken on a whole new context now that he’d actually been inside of it. And he did find her attractive. There was something alluring about the texture of her scales and the thickness of her tail. He liked her muzzle. He wanted to run his hand along her throat as he kissed her cheek, maybe play with her hair.

His cock twitched and Carmen rolled her eyes as if to say “see?”.

“Okay, okay,” Felix said, “I’m a weirdo. What do you need?”

“Whatever you did to my tail that one time,” Carmen listed, counting on her fingers. “I want you to do that while eating my ass again. Rub my thighs, my belly. And I like…”

She raised her tail to her mouth and muttered something.

“What?” Felix asked, leaning forward.

“I like kissing,” Carmen said, stamping her foot. “Or at least I think I do.”

“You’ve never been kissed before?!”

“Oh yeah,” Carmen snorted. “People just *love* getting close to a dragon’s mouth. It never goes wrong, ever. And letting them taste you? Super wise decision.”

“Fine,” Felix said. “Come here.”

There was a beat. Carmen blinked at him, unfathoming, then a blush crept up her neck until literal steam wafted above her head. She took a step back, clutching her tail to her chest. Her bashful reaction only made Felix more embarrassed. He hadn’t intended to be so bold. It had just slipped out.

“Oh,” he said, backtracking, “I didn’t mean–”

“It’s fine,” Carmen snapped. “I don’t mind.”

She trundled toward the bed, shaking the floor with every step. Kneeling on the mattress, Felix was level with the bottom of her belly—just low enough to see the effect that his words had on her. Carmen sat next to him on the bed. The mattress dipped beneath her.

“So,” she said, folding her hands in her lap. “How do we start?”

Feeling warm, Felix cleared his throat. It was just a kiss, he reminded himself. Nothing special. Their height difference would make the traditional approach difficult, so they’d have to get creative, but standing on the bed only got him up to her throat and standing in her lap would force him to bend over her belly.

Her belly…

His hands and knees dug into the rubbery skin as he climbed. For once, Carmen didn't say anything, even going so far as to nudge him as he slipped, getting him up onto the semi-globe of her stomach. There, their faces were finally level, though Felix had to put his hands on Carmen's shoulders to keep from slipping. She wrapped her arms around him, securing him tightly.

"What now?" she asked.

Her breath washed over his skin. Felix stared into the slight opening of her mouth, tracing the curved lines of her lips with his eyes, and with unusual boldness, leaned forward and kissed her.

Carmen shuddered, closing her eyes.

The kiss was small and brief. Felix hadn't quite realized just how big her lips were, so his kiss glanced between them. Now that wouldn't do. Cupping her cheeks, he kissed her again, this time drawing in deep while placing his whole face between her lips. The shiver that went up Carmen's spine coursed over his hands. She tensed against him, then relaxed.

"That was nice."

Three simple words, but Carmen sounded so sincere that Felix almost fell backwards. He was saved by her hugging him tight to her chest. Something wet splattered on his cheek.

"You're crying," Felix said.

Huge tears leaked from beneath Carmen's long lashes. She sniffed, annoyed, and rubbed her eyes with the back of her hand. Felix feared that she was going to clam up against, but then she kissed him, taking him by surprise.

Her kiss was big and sloppy. She cupped his entire head between his lips, the suction drawing the air from his lungs as he slumped in her arms, a line of saliva connecting them. The fire in Carmen's chest flared. Felix put a hand against it, concerned, but Carmen shook her head, smiling.

"No," she said. "That's normal."



They held each other there for a moment, effortlessly content. Felix rode the waves of Carmen's breath as her stomach rose and fell with each exhalation, his head bent against the crook of her neck. Carmen's chin rested on her shoulder. She stroked his back, careful to keep from cutting him with her claws until the thunderclouds rolled back over her expression. Her stomach growled loudly.

"God damn it, I'm hungry," she said. "Having you in my gut, then out of my gut really did a number on me."

"I can call Nova," Felix suggested. "The freezer is almost empty."

Carmen's glare could have melted through solid steel and Felix was sorry that he had spoken. She kissed him again without tenderness. Her tongue oozed across his neck. Felix froze, terrified, as she placed him between her teeth, but instead of biting him, she pulled him away. She looked down at his erection and snorted.

"There it is," she said.

"There's what?" Felix asked, dazed.

"The truth of it," Carmen said, flinging him down onto the bed. He bounced twice, almost toppling onto the floor. "You only like me *because* I'm a dragon. You're one of those…weirdos with a fetish."

The blow had knocked the wind out of Felix's lungs. He rubbed his stomach, glaring right back.

"What the fuck are you talking about?" he said.

"This always happens," Carmen said. She was up and moving now, pacing across the room. Her tail dragged behind her, knocking against the dresser. A vase of condoms (why the DRP provided condoms when it was antithetical to their mission was a mystery) shattered on the floor. Carmen stepped across the broken glass without so much as a flinch. "Every human I meet is either terrified of me or they've got a death wish. Nobody *actually* gives a shit. You're just here because the DRP has you by the balls."

What was she on about? Felix rubbed his bruised ribs, scowling as his fingers brushed against his still-tender flesh. Carmen had almost

digested him an hour ago. Hell, he had saved her life! Weren't they just having a moment?

"Isn't that why you're here, too?" he said. "Because the DRP has you by the balls?"

Carmen whipped around, baring her teeth.

"Who told you that?" she snapped.

"Nobody!" Felix yelled, hackles raising. "Nobody had to tell me that! It was obvious! You wear every emotion on your sleeve! You're like a child!"

He was dazed against the headboard before he even knew what hit him. Carmen's tail lashed against the bed frame. The mattress creaked as she crawled toward him, claws piercing the covers and death in her eyes.

"Oh yeah?" she asked. "Then what am I feeling right now, hot shot?"

True fear made Felix's throat seize. He had forgotten—forgotten that Carmen was still a motherfuckin' dragon that could squash him like a bug if she wanted. He had gotten so used to their contentious relationship that he had never considered what would happen if he pushed her over the edge.

Her maw rose above him, teeth like razors, tongue flattened to give him a closer look at the tunnel to his ultimate demise. What was she feeling right now?

Hunger, pure and simple.

Anger, ugly and complex.

The two were so inseparable for her that Felix doubted that she could process either emotion without the other. He also knew that if she swallowed him then, she would digest him, and then this whole endeavor would be pointless.

So he kissed her.

It was a quick peck, a no-nonsense kiss, but it stunned her long enough for her to look down and then Felix did something that he never thought he'd do in his lifetime.

He slapped her.

The blow was laughable—it probably hurt him more than it hurt her—but it took the anger right out of her and replaced it with surprise. Before the anger could resurface, he kissed her again, sincerely this time, and Carmen's shudder shook the bed as she moaned against his lips.

"What's wrong?" Felix asked.

Carmen tried to glare at him, but the bite was gone.

"Nothing," she said.

"Not nothing," Felix said. "Shit, Carmen, I'm trying to understand! One second you're looking at me like you love me and the next you're trying to eat me!"

The snarl returned.

"I don't love you."

"That's fine! I don't love you, either! But I like you enough to want to get to know you, so why do you keep pushing me away?"

Carmen lifted herself on her elbows. She was still hovering over him—her stomach indented the mattress between his legs—but the way her mouth quirked was an expression that Felix had seen in the mirror plenty of times:

She was frustrated with herself. Maybe with the world at large. She pushed herself back onto her but and looked up at the ceiling so that she could blink away tears.

"You don't get it, do you?" she said. "Being a wyrm *sucks!* I'm not enough of a dragon to get my dick sucked by the human government, I'm not enough of a human to be treated like a regular girl, and I'm not enough of a spineless suckup to be a nestling. So here I am, big and mean and constantly hungry—did I mention the hunger?" She plowed her claws into her stomach, shaking it. Felix gulped as it gurgled. "I could eat three of you right now and I wouldn't even get a bellyache. Most humans are scared of me. The ones that aren't fetishize me. True dragons look at me like I'm something they accidentally stepped on and if I put a toe out of line,

they can *legally eat me*. So fuck, Felix, I don't *know* what I'm feeling right now because what I'm feeling right now is *nice* and I'm not used to nice things. Besides, you're only here for the project. Once you're done pumping a baby into me—something that I'm ambivalent about, by the way—you'll be back off to that dump of a clinic you showed me on your phone."

She huffed as she finished, exhaling flame through her nose. The glow in her chest had returned and this time, it really was fluctuating.

"You're constantly hungry?" Felix asked.

"Is that what you fuckin' took away from all of this?!" Carmen asked, incredulous, but Felix was starting to put the pieces together.

The fluctuations in her flame, the hunger, the mood swings.

She was producing too much flame!

"Heartburn," Felix said, putting a finger to Carmen's lips. She had put a leg over the side of the bed, but stayed when Felix pulled her back up. "You said you get heartburn. Do you get it before or after you eat?"

"Before," Carmen said, raising both eyebrows. "Duh."

"Not 'duh'," Felix scoffed. "Most people *and* dragons get heartburn *after* eating. It's a symptom of gastric distress. You get it before eating because you're producing too much flame and have subconsciously been channeling it into burning off the food that you eat. You're so plump because, well, you need to store calories to burn off later."

Carmen's eyes lit up.

"Ignoring the part where you called me fat, you're saying I have a disorder?" she asked. Her tail thumped the bed. "If that's true then…then I might be off the hook!"

"I don't think that a judge will forgive you for eating people," Felix said. "But the magistrate might. If we explain that you've got a disorder, Dierdre could put in a word with the DRP. She could even swing it so that you're given a stipend for food every month—it would probably be in the best interest of the populace, yeah?"

The world spun sideways as Carmen grabbed him, pulling him tight to her stomach as she whirled around the room. Rumbling laughter poured from her throat, gritty and genuine, and Felix found himself laughing too at the absurd image of them in the mirror—human and dragon, hugging like school children. He pressed his cheek against the softness of her chest. Her heart was pounding; her flame was steady.

It was wonderful to know that dancing, too, might calm her flame. He would recommend an exercise plan, though he knew that Carmen wouldn't go for it. She set him down on the bed. Her purple scales shimmered as she wiped her brow, but her grin did not diminish.

"You'll vouch for me, yeah?" she asked. "To Dierdre?"

"Of course," Felix said. "I know her well. She's pretty grouchy right now with the baby on the way, but her husband, Sloan, is a reasonable guy. I'll talk to Nova and see if they can arrange a meeting. If all goes well, then yeah, you should be off the hook. We'd need to get it approved by the DRP, of course."

"Amazing," Carmen said, pressing her palms into her pudgy hips. Her cheeks were flushed with exhilaration. "And what about you, hot shot? Gonna go back to the clinic?"

Felix scratched his chin and looked toward the window. Even though it had only been a week, it felt like he had been cooped up in the apartment with Carmen for a year. It would be fantastic to go outside again—to walk in the park and clean his clinic. As much as he complained about them, he loved his strange patients with their litany of magical problems. Maybe, with his newfound abilities, he'd be able to solve an even wider variety of magical maladies.

Without thinking, he put a hand on Carmen's stomach. Her heavy breath had been a constant cadence for him this last week and to hear it hitch—and to realize that he would have to do without it from now on—brought a lump to his throat that he didn't know how to deal with. Her warmth seeped between his fingers, followed by a

warning growl as he started to rub. How had she grown so familiar to him over the course of a week?

"The DRP will probably keep me onboard," Felix said, swallowing around the lump. Carmen looked at him, frowning, but Felix didn't meet her eyes. He continued to rub her stomach, even as the growl in her throat got louder. "I mean, I owe them a ton of money and the clinic isn't going to pay that bill. Nova…I bet they'll be delighted that I 'cured' you. If this went well, then it probably means that they'll pair me with a new partner."

"A new partner?" Carmen spluttered. "Nonsense! There have got to be plenty of other chumps willing to pump and dump into a dragon. Comes with free housing, food, sex—what's not to love?"

"The threat of being eaten?"

"Bah."

Felix smiled. Carmen was pressing her stomach against his hand despite her growls. He switched from rubs to scratches and her tail thumped like a dog's. She was chewing on her lip, staring out the window.

"I'm going to miss you," Felix ventured.

"What?" Carmen asked, snapping her head around. "Why? I'm an asshole."

"Yeah, but I like you."

The wyrm milled from foot to foot, claws digging into the bedroom floor. She looked at him, then out at the door. Felix continued to scratch her stomach, savoring the rubbery texture of the smooth dragon skin, running his fingers along the creases. They really hadn't known each other that long—in fact, they'd only been physically intimate twice. He wasn't sure how she'd made such an impression on him, but if he could just get an extra few seconds with her before he made that phone call, he knew that he would cherish them.

"I mean…I could stay."

"Huh?!"

Now it was Felix's turn to snap his head around, pulling his hand away from Carmen's stomach. She grabbed his wrist, annoyed, and pressed it back into her flab, refusing to speak until he started rubbing again. When she did, she scratched her muzzle, keeping her gaze low.

"Even if you convince Deirdre to give me a stipend for food, it doesn't come with housing," Carmen said. "I'd have to go and get a shitty job and if you're right about my flame, then I can't use it as an excuse when I eat a landlord or a nosy neighbor. I figure wyrms have a pretty bad chance of mating with a human, so we could probably milk this gig for a year or two. Live rent-free on the dragon's dime, have lots of sex, eat good food—so long as they let us out of the apartment, you could even work in the clinic and fulfill your husbandly duties at night."

Carmen paused, milking the silence.

"I'm still not attracted to you, you being a filthy human and all," she added. "It's just that I took all of this time to teach you what I like and we haven't even gotten to try it."

"Then how about a test run?" Felix said, cheeks flushed. "Just to see if we're compatible. You still kind of owe me for saving your life."

Carmen's shadow loomed over him. He thought she might bite him, but she just placed her stomach in his lap.

"Well then, the first step would be to…use both hands," Carmen said. She brushed a strand of hair over her ear and tapped her stomach. "One hand is just a tease. If you really want to get me going, rub with both hands and don't be afraid to get *deep*. It feels good when you churn my food for me."

Felix let the weight of her stomach drop onto his legs, gulping as the rampant gurgles sloshed the meagre remains of her breakfast.

He couldn't see Carmen's face over her gut, so he had to navigate by the volume of her moans as he pushed into her, kneading and squeezing, pressing and pulling. She seemed to like it when he focused on the base of her belly—the puffy curve that melted into her



thighs—and the spot right above her belly button where the skin was a little tougher, her abdomen a shield of armor beneath the flab. He drew his arms around her and hugged her tight, but she was so large that he had to squeeze with all of his strength to even make a dent in her sides, and even then Carmen only gave him an amused chuckle.

"Trying to lift me, puny one?" she asked.

"If I could, I'd be an Olympian," Felix said.

"Mmm, I'm getting real tired of you calling me fat, Felix."

"What? I wasn't—*mmmrph!*"

Carmen lifted her gut easily, reducing the strain on Felix's arms, only to dump it onto his head and shoulders. He buckled beneath the weight, struggling to push himself up against the cacophony of quivering flesh. Carmen bent her knees and let the full weight descend upon him. Felix collapsed completely on the side of the bed, folded at the waist so that his nose brushed against the wet spot between Carmen's legs.

"Eager to get inside?" she said as his chin glided between the slick surface of her labia. "I'm not nearly close enough yet, so you're going to have to put in some work."

"You seem plenty wet to me," Felix said.

"This is just a puddle," Carmen chuckled.

She released her hold on him, allowing to flop back onto the bed, then put her knee up on the mattress. With her legs fully spread, Felix could see the steam rising from her pussy as it got closer until it was right over his face. Carmen knelt above him, thighs resting on his arms. Without prompting, Felix reached up and grabbed the base of her tail, feeling in real time the shudder it sent through her.

Then she lowered her pussy onto his face and it was all he could do not to drown.

It was hot between the dragon's lips. They engulfed his head and chest, slathering him as Carmen rubbed herself up and down his body. Felix took a gasping breath in the humid air and Carmen took advantage of his open mouth, slamming her clit into it before he could

say a word. Felix worked it with his tongue, his lips, furiously kneading the base of her tail as he tried desperately to breathe through his nose.

"*Riiiiight there,*" Carmen groaned. Her claws were on his head. If she wanted, she could crack him open like an egg, and the threat of it sent Felix into ecstatics as his cock thrust up under her tail, further stimulating the dragon. "Fuck, Felix, you're a natural."

Felix didn't feel like a natural. He wasn't doing anything other than fighting for his life in the dragon's pussy, but apparently his squirms were enough to satisfy Carmen who lay her tail flat on his cock, rubbing against his, burying his hips in her ass.

"Mmm, mmm, you're doing good! Grip hard—yep, there you go, now drag your knuckles along the ridge and—*aaaaah!"*

A gush of warmth rolled over Felix as Carmen came. She pulled herself from his lips, kneeling above him. Felix coughed and spluttered, peeling his head away from the sticky spot that Carmen had made on the mattress. Carmen guided him up, fitting his face between her lips. Felix wiped the slime from his mouth.

"Wait just a second, Carmen," he said. "I need a breather."

"Oh Felix," Carmen said, letting her weight slide slowly down his shoulders. "It's cute that you think you get a choice."

SHLORP!

The descent onto his hips was exhilarating. The mattress shook as Carmen slammed down on it, completely engulfing Felix's torso in a single sleeving motion. He blinked in the dark, surrounded on all sides by smooth, slobbering walls, but if he thought that Carmen's stomach was tight, it was nothing compared to her pussy.

It clutched at him, kneading him, rolling over him in waves. Carmen wiggled her hips, sending a surge through her body that shook him to his core.

"Naughty, naughty," Carmen's voice echoed around him as he ducked his neck, folding himself inside of her vagina. "How are you supposed to spend yourself inside of me if you're all knotted like a



pretzel? I'll be offended if you use your hand. No, no, I want you to push your cock into my pussy and I want you to fuck me until you cum at least three times."

"Three times?!" Felix gasped, but he needn't have complained. The moment that Carmen squeezed his cock into her, he came right at the entrance, slamming his forehead against the dripping walls as his breath quickened. Carmen snickered, satisfied, using her fingers to push the rest of his body into her until only his bare toes wiggled against the mattress. Then she slammed herself down on her back and pulled a vibrator from her drawer.

"Oh, Carmen, I don't think that's a good idea."

Felix had heard her masturbating from the other room once or twice. Her vibrator was twice the length of his leg and just as thick. He'd turned it on once out of curiosity. It had taken him a full ten minutes to get the feeling back in his hands.

"Relax," Carmen said. "I'll use the 'low' setting. Still might break something considering how fragile you are, but hey, the DRP will probably pay for your hospital bills."

The drone of the vibrator competed with the garrulous rumbles and pops emanating from Carmen's intestines. They pumped nutrients overhead, indifferent to his struggles—an efficient machine that had almost mulched him twice. When Carmen put the vibrator to her clit, however, Felix was hard-pressed to notice anything other than the immense pressure of being crushed inside of an orgasming dragon.

"Oh, YES!" Carmen yelled, bending her hips. "Fuck, this is awesome!"

Static tingles raced through Felix as the walls buzzed around him. The stimulation was overwhelming—the sheer *scale* of sensation short-circuiting his cerebrum, sending him into a shivering stupor. The only thing that grounded him was the context of his entrapment. The *squelch* of Carmen's cunt and her excited howls held just enough of his focus for him to get hard again. Then it was only a matter of time before the heat and pleasure and humiliation of being a sex toy did its

work. The pressure in his crotch was relieved with a shudder as Carmen relaxed her hips, setting down the vibrator.

"Hehe. Hehehe. That must have been hell for you inside of there, but get used to it. I like to get off three, four times a night before bed—just to help me sleep. And now that I'm extra sensitive, I might actually feel your paltry squirms."

Ears ringing, body buzzing, Felix tried his best, but if Carmen was sensitive, then Felix was all raw nerve endings. Moving even a little made him twitch and Carmen, merciless, took great advantage, forcing him into all kinds of positions as she humped her hand while she the other to mash him around inside her.

"I can barely see you in there," Carmen sang. "Must be how *fat* I am, which you seem to point out at every available opportunity. One of these days I'm going to lay on top of you and then I'm just going to eat and eat and eat so that you're forced to listen to me digest as the weight of it presses down on you. Then I'll make you kiss every new curve on my body—starting with my ass. How does that sound?"

Felix didn't have to guess how that sounded to her. The further she detailed her elaborate plans to fatten herself for him, the harder she rocked. As for Felix, his heart glowed at her use of the future tense. She was *going* to smother him. She was going to stay.

Carmen's palm found his erection through her walls and two fingers spread her pussy, giving him his first internal view of the dripping, pink chamber he had been trapped in. His cock was thrust between two quivering folds, marinated in juices and about to blow.

"I want you to cum as you slide out of me," Carmen demanded. She cupped her hand beneath her so that he'd land in her palm.

Felix took a deep breath, made sure he was right on the edge, then pushed himself against her pussy and slid into her hand, spurts of cum flying up to coat her thighs as Carmen held him between her legs until he finished. When she raised him to her lips, Felix was very nearly drained, but a gentle nip and a wet kiss were enough to revitalize him.

“Can’t be going soft on me now,” Carmen said affectionately. “Haha, you should have seen your face when I said I was going to stay! You really don’t know what you signed up for, do you? If I’m not allowed to eat random people, I’m definitely going to need *someone* to rub the inside of my belly every day. And you’re going to cook and clean and scrub my scales. Oh, and if we’re going to sleep in the same bed, you need to know that I *snore*. Loud. I’ll probably use you like a teddy bear, so get used to sleeping with your face in my stomach. If you can’t handle all of that, then say your piece now, because once you agree, I need you to know that I will *chew* and *swallow* you if you ever leave me, yeah?”

Maybe it was the euphoria of three consecutive orgasms or maybe it was the hopeful look on Carmen’s face, but laying there, staring down his dragon wife’s gullet, Felix couldn’t imagine himself anywhere else.

“Sure,” he said, “let’s do it.”

As Felix passed Carmen’s lips on his way to her stomach, he thought he saw a hint of a smile. But that was largely overshadowed a moment later when she let loose an enormous belch while she fingered herself to completion.

What a wife, indeed.

Fin

(one more illustration for the road)







Hey there!

Thank you for buying this book. We poured a lot of work into it, and we genuinely hope you've enjoyed it.

If you did, please give consider checking out our other work at https://snakethroatbooks.e-junkie.com/. We're just a couple of nerds trying to make the best content we possibly can, and it helps us out a ton.

Happy reading!

Love,
the Snakethroat Crew

(also, if you'd like to chat with us, we have a Discord server!)