

Whoever had made the wanted posters had not properly conveyed the enemy that was to be slain. As the talon came crashing down upon the earth, the weight of the behemoth cracking the ground as she landed, their enemy was not a standard dragon; it was a dragoness. Looming above them like a great tower, so tall that Namira would only stand at her ankle, was Esmerelda the plague. She was a dragoness talked about in stories in history books, ancient and frightfully powerful, able to destroy a kingdom in a fortnight. Namira felt her stomach sink as she came to the realization, cursing whoever put out those bounty pages. She did her best to hide from the mammoth beast as she scanned her little lair, her head craning over the landscape as her citrine eyes narrowed. She had a saurian face, an elongated snout with rows of sharp fangs that protruded from the sides. Scaly ridges descended down over her soft lower lips like a guard. Long and winding horns curled about her face like hooks of hardened hair, following the frills of her head and extending over her neck. Most people never got more than a minute to observe her features, as they met a swift and fiery end shortly after the encounter, so they felt a bit blessed to see her more distracting features.

She was an exceptionally curvy dragoness, with breasts that hung off her scaled chest like soft melons. Each one of them stretched halfway down her torso and ballooned past her narrow body. They were as large as cottages, massive collections of scaled flesh that one could live on, so soft that they shook when she breathed. The group watched in rapt silence as they watched her heavy breaths make her chest lift and fall, the tapered vees of her armored bands cupping them like small brassieres. Her heaving melons were matched by the accentuated curve to her hips, her massive curves flaring out in an appealing hourglass. Even with her massive size, they could tell how luscious her thighs were, seeing the collections of fat pushing into each other when she stabilized her landing. Her clawed feet clenched against the ground as her lumbering tail crashed upon the ground; rounder than the oldest tree and just as long, her tail was a writhing python of scales, lined with darkened spines that followed her spin and ended at the tip of the great appendage. With her tail finally making the landing, she was able to really start looking. Her massive wings curled into her back, folding into each other like a set of great sails.

"Come out, come out. I know you're still here. I can smell you." Esmerelda's maw curled into a wicked grin as her nostrils flared.

The trio were frozen, their minds raced to even attempt to formulate a plan; trying to assail a dragon of this age, size, and power wasn't a game of trickery; it was one of brawn. An army was needed to assault her; ballista bolts coated in adamantite and silver were the only hope to pierce a hide as thick as hers. Even from a distance, they could see that a single one of her plated scales was as thick as their entire body. Namira was quietly trying to scramble through her bag, looking for anything that could deal with a foe of such towering size. She knew it was a hopeless endeavour, but it was all she could do to keep her nerves. Lucian shakily held his sword at his hip, angling the blade to try and unsheath it; instinctively, he took a position in front of Namira, trying to put himself between Esmerelda and her. Listin was trembling on her gut, her body shaking as she tried to think of a good excuse.

Esmerelda's smile grew wider, her nostrils flaring again in a deep and disappointed exhale. She knew the trio was there, she could hear their heartbeats, but she was hoping to get a little playtime before the punishment.

"Fine then, if you won't come out, I'll just have to raze this clearing." Esmerelda arched her back as she pursed her lips.

Ffwwwwwwwoooooooooo

With the strength of a hurricane, wind began to pull into her mouth; her great and heavy inhale was fierce enough to rip shrubs from the earth around them. She was pulling in air at such a rate that Namira could feel the wind being ripped from her lungs; her instinct to hold her breath was the only thing that kept her conscious. Lucian and Listin were starting to turn blue from the lack of oxygen until Esmerelda finally finished. They saw the leathery jowls of her neck swell with the pilfered air, carrying it lower into her body; soon after, the air began to heat. Rippling wisps of vapor rose from the earth, mirages created by the distorted air, air so hot that Namira could feel her skin beginning to crack. Deep within Esmerelda's core, a light began to glow, a molten flame that bathed her underbelly in emerald light. Her stomach began to swell, her svelte torso rounding out as the flames within her gathered, growing large enough to make her look pregnant. Her breasts started to swell in turn, filling with heated gas as she readied to loose a terrible torrent of flame.

Fwoooooosh

Deep within her core, it sounded like an inferno had just ignited, her rounding stomach stretching her bands as it grew. Growing and swelling with a blaze so terrible that it could raze a town in a single go. All of them watched in horror as she gathered her flames, ready to turn them all into ash: not even the most potent of fire-resistance spells could hope to stand against the assault.

"Last chance." Esmerelda's cheeks puffed out with heated air, her crooked smile aimed towards the group's hiding spot.

All of them were frozen in fear, too paralyzed to even do anything; only Namira could regain her bearings quickly enough to do anything. It wasn't much of anything, but it was enough to save them from imminent cremation; Namira walked out from her hiding spot. To Lucian's horror, she hobbled her bloated ass out into the open hands cradling her swollen stomach. Adrenaline was pumping through her system so hard that she'd completely forgotten how stuffed and full she was. Her bloated stomach bobbed up and down as she approached.

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Every step she took was met with a small outburst from her backside, a little sign of her pilfered meal. Sweat was pouring off her body, just walking close to the immense dragoness was the same as walking into a kiln. She was worried that her chitin would start to melt if she remained much closer, but as she got into view more clearly, the heat began to dissipate.

Ulp

"Good girl." Esmerelda smiled as she swallowed hard.

The mass of overheated air crashed down into the pits of her stomach, making the scaled balloon jut out further. It trembled for a moment as the shining light within died out, letting the heat die with it. The swollen curve of her stomach juttied out larger than anything Namira had ever seen; it was as large as the guild hall back home. With the dimming of her flame, Esmerelda walked closer, bringing a pointed talon to Namira.

"I see you're quite the prize piggy there. You wouldn't happen to be the reason there's a big pit in the side of my hoard now, would you?" Esmerelda leant down, getting on a knee and craning her head down.

Namira leaned away from the razor-sharp talon as it moved down her swollen body, the silvered point gleaming in the sunlight. Just one of Esmerelda's talons was as long as Namira's whole body, an arching blade of hardened flesh that looked metallic. If she wanted to, she could pop her like a balloon, embed that talon in her swollen abdomen, and be done with it. Namira knew she only stood where she did because of some cruel streak in the Dragoness's heart, and she needed to bide her time.

"I might have gotten a bit hungry." Namira swallowed her fear and answered a bit sheepishly, a bit playfully.

She thought it best to act like an oblivious and stuffed pig, someone who would just wander into the woods and eat her fill. It was lucky that she'd left her armor over with Lucian, as a half-naked arachne in the woods was about as unassuming as one could get. Namira could see Esmerelda's beacon-eyes narrow as she looked at Namira, peering through her soul.

"Well, are you still hungry?" Esmerelda leaned in so close that Namira could feel her cool scales against her overstuffed stomach.

Urp "I think I could eat some more." Namira stifled a small belch, hoping to sell her absentminded glutton act.

"That's good, because I don't like bugs on my food. So it's all yours." Esmerelda smiled a toothy smile as she removed her claw from Namira's gut.

Namira sluggishly skittered towards the mountain of food, holding her tight stomach between her hands. She occasionally gave the massive bloat a glance, testing the surface to see how much more room she had. As she moved, she felt the flat of the dragoness's claw at her backside, corralling her towards the pile. Each nudge felt like a bone-cracking blow, the kind of hit that would floor her in the arena, but she had to keep going. She walked over towards the pile with a gluttonous gaze and started pulling off bits of food. This time, her feast was done with much less excitement, a dim fervor born of fear rather than hunger. She took ginger bites of the ham shanks, savoring their salty surface as she hoped to give her stomach some time to digest. Esmerelda loomed over her like a shade, keenly eyeing her appetite.

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As Namira stuffed the food down her craw, she felt a tremor run through the earth, a small quake that could knock her from her feet. The source was Esmerelda's stomach; the gas bubble she had been containing was finally starting to crave some sort of escape. The surface of her stomach undulated as it coursed through her, with her gut pressed into the ground, every grumble of her gut was palpable.

"See something you like?" Esmerelda ran a talon across her gut, sharp claws clinking on her scales as she caught Namira staring. "Because I'm seeing a lot of looking and not a lot of eating."

"Sorry, I'm ***roouurrll*** just a bit gassy." Namira felt a rush of heat run across her cheeks as her stomach let out a low whine over her words.

"I can see that. Maybe I can gas you a little, give you more room for food." Esmerelda tapped a claw against her chin as she stared at Namira.

Namira nodded silently; Esmerelda either hadn't noticed Lucian and Listin or she was too focused on Namira to care. Either way, Namira couldn't risk her attention drifting too far, so she doubled her efforts. She crammed food down her throat with reckless abandon, devouring morsels whole without chewing. Everything she swallowed pushed against the load already packed into her cramped stomach, adding to her curved midriff. The rounded balloon began to shine as she desperately rammed more food down her throat, the blimp dragging closer to the ground as she ate. Every bite she took was a struggle, each swallow a war to add more to her bulk. Her stomach was starting to cramp from the sheer amount of food she was forcing down it, all while the massive dragoness watched with glee. She could feel her hot breath on her neck, an overwhelming presence that could end her at any time. Namira's only hope was to keep eating.

Her stomach swelled and swelled, inflating with her feast and the gas that was roiling within. The massive tear drop pushed into her pedipalps as it expanded, the surface pressing around her legs as it inflated. Vapors raged inside her stomach, dancing around her insides as her growing stomach quivered. It was starting to look like a wagon in front of her, a massive

swell that she could barely maneuver. The trembling of her gut continued up her body, shaking her whole form as the gas found a new home in her abdomen.

The looming blimp behind her was expanding with the bloating storm inside of her, growing larger with each passing second. Her spinnerettes twitched as she tried to hold in her gas; she wasn't enough of a pig to let one loose in the face of death. Her chitinous balloon inflated with the fumes she desperately needed to vent, welling up so large that it could fill a room. The hardened expanse began to creak as she struggled to keep it all in, still nervously biting away at the masses of fruit and meat in front of her. Esmerelda's eyes widened in delight as she tapped against the massive abdomen, hearing the hollow taps of a tight balloon.

While the two of them were enraptured by her little gluttonous display, Namira saw Lucian and Listin out of the corner of her eye. The foolhardy warrior was creeping out from behind the hill, sword drawn and ready for combat.

That idiot! He knows he doesn't have a chance. What's he doing?!

Namira gritted her teeth in frustration as his eyes met hers; Lucian approached like he was waiting for her signal. She didn't know how to adequately signal the desperate disapproval of his plan, but she needed to do so somehow. She shook her head violently, then shook her massive bulb of a bottom. Lucian stopped, seeing her pained looks and desperate motion, slowly retreating back to the rock as Esmerelda cocked a large eye.

"What's all this about? You're acting a bit...strange." Esmerelda looked at Namira's peculiar actions, observing them with suspicion.

Namira panicked; she was worried that she'd given up the game, given away her friend's positions. She could see Esmerelda's eyes starting to glance over that way, so Namira had to finally relent. She opened the floodgates.

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Namira covered her eyes as her cheeks went bright red from embarrassment. A massive and trumpeting blast erupted from her twitching ass, the chitin-clad balloon shaking as she unleashed the loudest fart she'd ever had. It was an eruption that carried on for minutes, sounding like an elephant's trumpet as the breeze kicked up dirt. She'd managed to catch Esmerelda's attention as her bassy roar echoed across the clearing. Namira's gassy outburst lasted for a little while longer before she let out an exasperated sigh. She didn't realize it, but she'd been holding her breath that entire fart, and now she was left ragged and out of breath, gasping for air as gas sputtered from her asshole.

"Now that's impressive. So much noise for such a little spider." Esmerelda teased Namira, running a talon over her swollen stomach. "I bet you could get so much louder with a little more...:

Rmbblbbl

Esmerelda smiled as her sentence was cut off by her own rumbling stomach, the massive orb shaking the ground once again. Her grin grew wider as she saw her stomach begin to swell, to tighten.

"Hmm. Guess it's time for me to show off my own roar." Esmerelda gave Namira's head a little tap as she got up.

Esmerelda got up on all fours, hoisting her torso into the air with her powerful arms and this, arching her back so her ass stuck into the air. Her long tail curled upwards, sticking straight into the air as she flexed her muscles.

Bbrrrrrrrrrppppppppppfffffffbbbbbbbbbbb

The wind kicked up as she unleashed a torrent of gas far stronger than anything Namira could ever hope to muster. Her thunderous outburst carried so forcefully that it blew the trees on the rim of the clearing, blowing their bristled tops. Namira watched in surprise as the massive dragon's stomach began to deflate, shrinking from its tightened curve. More and more gas poured from her rear as she bit her lip in excitement, drinking in the overwhelming display of dominance as her tank emptied.

Watching Esmerelda evacuate her tank gave Namira a semblance of an idea, a way they could bring down the dragoness.