

It was a normal day for me. Woke up, sat in bed checking the phone for an hour, finally get up, stretch, amble to my living room to get ready for the day. Everything was shaping up to be absolutely normal, but something felt... Off.

My first mistake, I think, was looking around the room before sitting down at the computer desk.

I looked under it for a second. Under there was a small collection of dust bunnies I really needed to vacuum up. I hadn't because of certain issues with the trash I had last week. Someone had been dumping trash in my bin, the bastard, and I didn't have room to take out my own trash this week, much less vacuum and throw the resulting dust and lint away. You could say it was piling up a little bit. But nothing too crazy...

Or so I thought. I looked a little closer. In the accumulated dust there, I saw a face, partially hidden by the dirty clumps in front of it. A neon sort of green smile, jagged and simplified. I stared as I realized where I've seen that before.

My next mistake was blinking in shock.

Suddenly, when I opened my eyes, there was a great clatter. In front of me was a great creature now, made entirely of shiny black rubber. He took the shape of a great dragon, head brushing against the ceiling, wings seemingly bound together by green runes, which ran over His form. The same color as His eyeless smile, which loomed down at me amusedly. The noise was from Him displacing my computer desk, PC parts falling over, a screen shattering upon the ground. What the- that thing cost me-

He lowered a paw to the floor. The floorboards of my old apartment creaked ominously.

**Hello, Devos. :3**

I heard Him in my ears, my eyes, my mind. I shrank back involuntarily, but this massive creature bending my hardwood floor took another step towards me, like a big cat stalking prey.

**You have truly been a good worshipper. I think it is time to reward you. ♥**

I realized slowly that I was shaking. Before I could squeak out a response, He lunged at me, and I fell backwards. The breath escaped my chest as suddenly a huge black paw was pinning me down. It squirmed as it bore down on me, making me wheeze. It was impossibly heavy, like a thousand lead weights. Then I felt it slowly get bigger... Or was I shrinking?

My pajamas slowly felt a bit looser. Definitely the latter. I groaned as my insides felt odd, like growing pains in reverse. The paw enveloped more and more of my form, the room began to spin as I failed to draw breath, until my head was firmly trapped against two paw-toes, and the rest of my body was rendered immobile. The world went dark as I shrunk to be entirely underpaw...

It felt like an eternity. I used the last of my energy to struggle, but to absolutely no avail. I felt burning in my limbs... This was it...

He then lifted off of me. I didn't actually notice when He did. It was just like... The world changed. I opened my eyes.

The ceiling looked the same. The figure looming over me, toxic green smile, was the same. But everything felt different. I groaned weakly, and... I sounded different. I eeped, rolled over, and got up onto my... Paws?

**A thank you would suffice. :3**

I looked down to see a boxy grey-scaled snout be a part of my vision. I flexed my flank to see a tail whip in and out of view. I was my proper shape and size to be... Devos. A small grey feral house-dragon... As I always should have been. I gasped once more and looked back at-

**The Heap, as you know me. Welcome to the true world. ♥**

Now, Heap really loomed over me. I didn't even reach up to His rubbery underbelly. I blushed as I felt over my grey-scaped form, the scales small and smooth like snakeskin. Then I caught the glimpse of something in my living room, and turned my long neck to see it.

It was trash.

The contents of my living-room had been replaced with a heap of unsorted, unbagged garbage. The windows, once letting in light, were now so heavily grease-streaked that the place was dim, but my proper form could still see in the low light. I could make out crumpled paper, cardboard scraps, the remains of many dinners past, a puddle of who knew what...

Then the smell hit my now sensitive dragon nose. It was awful. This stuff had somehow been sitting in here rotting for months, if not longer, and it smelled the part. I involuntarily retched, my stomach fortunately empty, and wheeled around. The entire room was stuffed with this refuse, as if I was a hoarder beyond belief my entire time living here.

**Well, go on. :3**

I froze and looked up at Heap. He nodded towards the largest of the trash piles. It slowly dawned on me what might be about to happen. Sure, in some things I've done online before, in select unrealistic fantasies, I had gotten a... Little gross with it... But in real life, I couldn't stand things like mold or bad smells! This was legitimately stomach-churning. Was this still real life...? I reeled...

I could feel Him glower at me, even if His expression remained the same predatory smile.

**I expected greater of you. Very well. Allow me to assist. :3**

Suddenly, I heard a combination of rustling and squelching behind me. I whipped around to the source of the disgusting noise. I didn't figure it out as first, but as the rustling continued, I found it. The garbage was *moving*. It made noise as it tumbled over itself unnaturally and slowly. I took a step back, feeling the floor against my new claws. The floorboards felt soft, the wood slightly rotten. But yet, the now-ambulatory pile of rotting stuff continued its slow roll, leaving a greasy trail behind it.

I heard myself speak as I backed up further. "No no no no no no, please please please..." All Heap did was sit in place, loafing and watching.

**There are your manners. Good boy. Now enjoy. ♥**

I kept my eyes fixed on the advancing refuse, backing up... Before *squelch*. I felt something cold and clammy squish into my flank, the side I wasn't looking at. I could feel strange hard lumps press against me as I froze. I opened my maw to scream.

I never quite got that far. The noise died in my mouth as I felt something from that pile behind me slither up my neck. Up my lower jaw. And, before I thought to close my maw... Inside. It was wet and slimy and tasted disgusting, like an overripe banana mixed with something incredibly bitter. It was... A rotten banana peel. I tried to retch, but it doggedly slithered to the back of my throat, where I began to choke. I coughed, trying to dislodge it, but it was no use. I could taste nothing but rot.

I slowly came to realize that this would only end one way. I steeled my resolve, and gulped. I swallowed it down, feeling the thing glide down into my middle. I gasped, shaking slightly at what just happened, but that just let another one shove itself into my maw. I could feel something else crawling up me, too.

One by one, rotten pieces of discarded food invaded my maw. I gagged a lot, but forced myself to push it down, to get this over with. There were a lot of peels, as those were easy to snake into me. But there were other things too. I caught the taste of extremely pungent tomato and a little bit of disgusting onion. It set itself up to be a constant putrid stream. All the while, I could only watch as the larger pile of junk ambled its way closer and closer.

I could make out some stuff in it. Soggy pizza box. Old takeout bags, paper and plastic. A crumpled can. And holding it together was a mass of rotten food and sauces, now completely unidentifiable in its gestalt of rot. I tried to back up more involuntarily, but groaned as I felt my legs get mired in the pile behind me. I felt the trash pulse, gripping me close.

**Remember. This is what you always wanted. :3**

I writhed around, trying to get up, trying to wake from this nightmare, as the pile of trash collided directly with my front and my snout, submerging me in garbage. But the nightmare continued. I felt hard bits of who knew what in the pile as it pressed against my muzzle, and I slowly opened it, knowing that resisting was a waste of time. It immediately stuffed my maw as full as it could get. My tongue tried to recede, but could find no escape from this sensory hell. The smooth plastic I tasted was the least bad of it, but was offset by whatever that brown-black sauce was, as it tasted absolutely horrible. A spice entered my mouth that I knew would never truly leave. I swallowed a big gob of the stuff, trying not to gag but gagging anyways.

I felt more and more inedible stuff enter my jaws. Cardboard, lubricated by old grease. Crumpled plastic wrappers of forgotten candy bars. Bits of paper from who knew what. The blood-like taste of crumpled metal. But, mostly, rot. The stench of decay overpowered me as I ate and ate moldy pieces of what once were food. My gut filled with mold, and I really began to feel it. My stomach groaned, absolutely sick, and I felt it press against my four legs more and more. I struggled to find purchase on the ground as it began swelling past them. But yet the trash continued, slowly being pulled towards me as if I were a magnet for decay.

**You begged for this. You dreamed of Me so many nights. You worshipped Me. ❤️**

I grew numb as I ate more and more rotten trash. I begun trying to gulp it down faster to just get it over with. But as one pile shrank another larger one began rolling towards me. Time began to blend together as I had a feast of putrescence. I whimpered as I felt the sharp shard of a broken glass bottle press against my stomach wall, but I held together. I could feel moldy and putrid food roll up my distended gut like a pack of slugs, determined to stuff me further. My grey scales were now black from the grease and rot. I closed my eyes, unable to handle this sensory hell.

And so I just kept eating trash. Before I knew it, I was craning my neck down, trying to snap it up in my jaws. Tasting the soggy pizza box, enjoying the taste of toxic ink and expired grease and bits of pizza topping long turned odd colors. Diving into an old takeout bag and gulping down the food I never ate from it, then shoving the bag into my maw. I was made for this, wasn't I?

**You were. This is your destiny. To become something greater. :3**

I groaned weakly. Suddenly, the flow of trash had stopped. I could still taste nothing but rot, but... My maw was empty. I opened my eyes and gasped. There was Heap, lounging on my distended flank, my massively bloated gut propping me up a good few feet in the air. But the room... The room was empty, save for the streaks of mess that ruined it.

**Good boy. Good... Trash bag. :3**

I was. I was just His trash bag. I groaned and burped sickly. I slowly began to feel... Different. My hide felt thinner. I looked down to see the edges of the bottom of my stomach turn a darker shade of black than even my grease-soaked scales were at the moment.

**Are you not excited? To become a part of My domain? ❤️**

I watched as the black spread. Heap pushed a thick paw into it. My lower gut began to... Crinkle? I groaned...

**You will be tossed like all the other overfull trash bags onto the endless pile. :3**

This was correct. This was right. This was what I deserved. I let my maw open, my tongue loll, as I changed to my final and true form.

**Then you will rot and break down for all eternity. :3**

I felt idly as my tongue turned a brighter red, and crinkled as it elongated, snaking outwards. I saw my maw begin to turn black.

**I will pile more on top of you, until you are forever buried under your peers. ❤️**

My tongue snaked around my maw, holding it close, and then began to bear down tight. My maw provided no resistance as it crumpled inwards, cinched shut forevermore.

**You will be forgotten as just another part of My endless domain. :3**

I let out one last whimper before my vocal cords were converted into just a little bit more black plastic. I closed my eyes, which then found themselves unable to open.

**The place where countless civilizations have been made into just more trash. You are nothing. ❤️**

I was nothing useful. Nothing good. And I was happy. I rustled once, then fell still. A perfect trash bag.

**Do not worry, my friend. Heap has you. :3**

Trash bag... Must hold trash...

Store trash...

Crinkle...

Smell...

Heap's...

.....

.....

...



So you have read this far. :3

You. Yes, you.

You are such a good adherent of Me, too. ❤️

Do you wish to join him?

Of course you do. :3

Do not worry.

I will be there for you soon. ❤️

Just make a mess.

Keep some trash.

Think of Me.

And you will be rewarded duly. :3

Until then.

Enjoy. ❤️