

Beyond One's Limits
By holodrom

It's not enough. I still need more...

Ermrix's mind was playing those words on repeat, as it often did. He was thinking about his size, his girth, and how it could overflow his roaming hands even more than it did at present. It didn't matter that each roll of his fat dragon body was so thick he needed two hands to grasp them. It didn't matter that he was so thick that his lengthy eastern dragon body was nearly as wide as he was long. No, even the fact that his orange scales were folding in on themselves from the sheer mass of his body did nothing to satisfy the great dragon's desire to get even bigger, even fatter than this.

Tributes to his lair from the surrounding territories just weren't enough. He picked up another lard-laden triple cheeseburger from his offerings pile and crammed it into his jaws, making his cheeks bulge out and prompting his thick whiskers to curl. He swallowed it—nearly whole—making the yellow scales of his bloated stomach groan from the strain of containing so much food behind them. He felt "full" but only in a physical sense. His mind was still chanting at him, *"It's not enough. I still need more!"* and so he ate more. He'd been glutting himself so much for so long that feeling packed to the limit was barely the start of a binge, rather than a warning to stop.

Alas, even as a dragon, Ermrix struggled to surpass the limits of his physical, mortal body. That was why, even as he continued to snack in the depths of his cavernous mountain lair, he had some visiting mages set up a summoning ritual as their tribute to him. A large sigil was painted across the stone floor of his throne room, and faint candles illuminated the scene as the mages stepped back, their work complete.

Ermrix approached the circle, his thick tail dragging on the ground behind him. His ears flicked as he looked over the sigil to ensure everything was in order. "You're sure this is the right one?" He asked as he pushed his red mane back between his yellow horns. They assured him this was the best summon they could get, and since dragon blood was to be the catalyst, there were almost no limits on the degree of demon that could be summoned and bound.

"Alright alright, good, I want results!" The wobbling dragon used his claw to cut through the scales on his fat hand, just deep enough to draw a bit of blood. He squeezed his hand over the sigil, dripping some of his blood into it. It sprung to life, crackling with energy and illuminating the food-filled throne room with crimson light. The floor within the sigil fell away, opening to hole in space itself that looked down into abyssal depths.

A being, a *demon*, rose out of that darkness, red and yellow scales gleaming on a draconic visage that loosely resembled his summoner. He pulled his body free of the depths, and the portal slammed shut behind him, leaving the demon dragon floating in the air and regarding his surroundings with pursed lips and curious eyes. His gaze lingered on Ermrix, who stood guarded before the infernal summon. "I ask you," the demon began in a deep rumble. "Are you my master?"

Ermrix swallowed his nerves and nodded. "That's right. I'm the one who summoned you to this plane!" he announced, trying to put on a brave face as the demon's dark eyes stared right into his soul.

The demon's serious look melted into a toothy grin and his intimidating aura evaporated. "Lovely! I thought so, considering I can feel desire pouring out of you in waves." He floated closer and situated himself so that he was lounging in midair as if on invisible furniture. "I'm Holo, an incubus. Lust demon, if you prefer. Pleasure Reveler. Sea of Depravity. All that stuff~" Holo looked pleased to introduce himself. "So then, Ermrix, what is it I can do for you?" He already knew, but it was better to hear it aloud.

"I want..." Ermrix took a deep breath and locked eyes with Holo. "I want to be the fattest, most powerful dragon on record! The fattest that there is or was!" He took a step forward, making his bulk slosh.

Holo regarded his summoner with a quirked brow, still smiling. "Oh ho? And pray tell, do you even know how fat that is?"

"Er." Ermrix hesitated for a moment and then shook his head, making his orange cheeks slosh. "Admittedly, no, but you can still make it happen, right?"

Holo nodded proudly. "Of course! I was just wondering if you researched your goals here before asking for this. But it's not a problem. I'll get you up to size. Ready?" He sat upright, still floating in place.

"Ready!"

Holo snapped his fingers, and the floor below him opened into a yawning portal once again. Ermrix briefly braced for the worst as twisted figures began to pour out of the portal, their shape distorted by a bizarre light. It took him a moment to realize it was actually a river of assorted foods that were pouring out of the portal and swirling right into the gainer dragon's mouth.

Ermrix opened wide and let the food pour in. His cheeks bulged taut, and the yellow scales down his neck swelled and creaked as his throat was filled to its maximum capacity. He could feel the pillar of mixed delicacies force its way into his stomach, adding to the mushy pile of food that was already digesting within. The feeling of all that food hitting the back of his throat made him stumble back a few steps, and he wobbled and swayed his arms to keep his balance as his filling stomach shifted his center of gravity.

His belly groaned as it pushed outward and stretched to fit all the food inside of itself, and a blush crept onto his cheeks as he felt his body grow heavier from the sheer influx alone. The flabby rolls spilling down his front tightened as his insides swelled with a ball of food that was greater than the largest of feasts he'd gorged on. The fullness electrified his brain. He'd never managed to eat so much so quickly before, and without lifting a finger! He could tell he was pushing to limits he'd rarely been able to reach as the first twinge of what might be *true* fullness tugged at the edge of his consciousness.

That fullness was no reason to stop, not for Ermrix. His greed and impatience were far greater than the inkling of stopping just because his stomach was growing sore. As long as it still stretched, he surely had more room! And so the gluttonous sovereign stood his ground and let the infernal river of food pack itself into his throat, more and more.

Orange and yellow scales shifted as fat packed on beneath them. Ermrix's huge tail dragged along the ground in a weighty wag at the sensation of his body growing fatter by the minute. Digestion, absorption, it had never been this fast before. He was getting fatter nearly as quickly as he was eating, the food digesting into caloric slosh that his body drank up. But of

course, his digestion was only *nearly* keeping up, and his stomach inched tighter as his body grew softer.

Ermrix's heavy frame was growing thicker by the minute. Fat rolls grew in size and spilled over one another, causing the dimples of his rolls to shift. His arms and legs swelled into thick inert tubes that wrestled for space at the joints, and his neck spread out in a pair of heavy rings that bounced with every swallow. He could feel the increasing weight of his tail pushing down on his widening rump cheeks, the mass of it all forcing his legs apart and widening his stance.

"Hmm~" Holo gave a little hum as he observed his gorging summoner, floating just inches away. He waved his hand, and the flood of food broke away from Ermrix's maw and slowed to a halt, lazily curling into a halo of delectables over the dragon's head. "There we go. Once you finish digesting all of that in the next few minutes, you should end up a solid twenty five to thirty percent fatter than the current record-holder. Enough that you won't easily be overtaken, even if you don't keep your gains up."

Holo let his paws touch the ground and placed his claws on Ermrix's ample chest, giving it a squeeze so he could enjoy the last bit of growth still pumping through the fatter dragon's body. Ermrix's yellow scales were still tough, but there was no resistance beneath them. Holo's hands easily squished into the fat and he kneaded it in his claws. "Pretty good job, if I may flatter myself. I trust this fulfills your desires~?" His smile widened, showing a hint of his sharp teeth. He could practically hear the words before they were said.

"*Bhuurppp...!* You certainly delivered what I asked, don't get me wrong!" the blubber dragon started as he panted for air between belches. "But I really thought being a record breaker would be... bigger, than this." He spread his arms to gesture greater girth, and the fat on his arms hung down onto his prodigious sides. "I'm satisfied with the quality of your work, don't get me wrong, but the scale just isn't what I was hoping."

It's not enough. I still need more. More!

"We don't have to stop here you know." Holo circled Ermrix while dragging his claws along the bulging rolls of the fat-swollen dragon's body. "We can amend your goals, go larger, if that's what you desire." He squeezed at some of the dragon's fat and dwelled on the way it pushed out between his fingers as he sunk in past his wrist. Ermrix tried not to react, but his face flushed and his tail shivered at the greedy touch. Holo pretended not to notice and continued. "Do you have a new milestone in mind?"

"I'm not..." Ermrix gave a wavering response as he tried to think about how big he'd want to go next. Even as he struggled to move or stand with the volume of fat packed under his scales, he knew he wanted more, but couldn't conceptualize how MUCH more. "Maybe uh... Well, I could always-! Hrmpf. Wait. Oh, wait! I got it!" He grabbed Holo in his fat paws, squashing the slimmer demon into the wall of his chest and belly. "Can you grow me to my limit?"

Holo wiggled to free his snout from Ermrix's cleavage, gasping for air as he surfaced. "Bwuh! Huge... Erm, eh-hem. You're really looking to push yourself like that?" He tried and failed to wrap his arms around Ermrix's width, giving a half hug around that swallowed both arms in the valleys between rolls.

"Yeah. Yeah! I am! If this isn't enough, then I need to go as far as I can! As big and as fat as possible! And if that's not enough..." he started to sweat at the thought. "W-well, we can worry about that when we get there! Make it happen, incubus!"

"Soooo demanding!" Holo sang out that phrase as he pushed himself free of Ermrix's grasp. "But I am oh so compelled to oblige. You're going to be a dragon so fat that none will ever compare, not in all of time~" Holo snapped his fingers, and the halo of food swirling above Ermrix's horns picked up speed and plunged into his open, wobbling jaws. Food poured out of the infernal portal and into his mouth, with greater force and urgency than before.

Ermrix groaned, half in pleasure, half in worry, as his already stretched stomach was forced to expand to sizes it hadn't reached before. He could already feel more weight piling onto his burdened frame as the supernatural food digested in mere minutes, but there was another sensation creeping into his buried muscles and bones.

It started as an ache, a soreness that permeated his muscle mass. His bones creaked, straining against some unseen force. His face scrunched up in a grimace as the feeling built to the edge of pain. "Grrnnn..?" And then, a pop! The sound and feeling of joints relieving tension, and a sudden growth spurt, but not of width. Ermrix felt his body surge taller, stretching out his arms and legs, lengthening his tail, even his head growing bigger to match. The fat on his body tightened as it was stretched over an expanded canvas. His guts increased in size as well, his stomach growing more capacious, his intestines increasing in their speed of absorbing nutrients and calories.

Pop! And again, pop! His spine lengthened and strengthened, adding inches, and then feet to his height. His horns grew out, reaching for the stone ceiling, and his paws clawed the floor as they widened to support his balance against the growth. The floor of his throne room shrank away. The lavish carpets and golden fixtures dwindled, his furniture became woefully inadequate. Even the portal, with all the food pouring out of it, seemed less intimidating as Ermrix grew.

"Now this... *Hmph, omph...* THIS is more like it!" He rumbled between heavy swallows. "Fatter... Bigger! **STRONGUURRRPP!**" That last word roared out with a belch as he widened his stance with stomping steps. His horns scratched the ceiling prompting him to duck down, which pushed his stomach against the floor, spreading it out until it bunched up against the walls.

"Oh wow!" The now relatively small incubus marveled up at the growing dragon with sparkling eyes. "Seems this excess of indulgence really woke up your dragon genes! It wasn't enough to JUST get fatter huh? Now you're getting all sorts of huge~" Holo pushed his hands into the wall of yellow belly that was filling up the room in front of him. For as soft as that mass was, it pushed him back even as he tried to dig in his heels.

Ermrix got down on all fours to try and give himself more ceiling clearance, but his stomach was pushing his arms and legs off the ground as it spread into a huge bed under him. He wobbled, swinging his arms and legs out wide and bracing them against the walls to try and balance himself on his belly. The walls cracked as he pushed against them, the solid stone crumbling like drywall.

Holo's cheery grin wavered with uncertainty as he was backed to the edge of the portal by Ermrix's growing form. "A little uh, too big maybe? You're got more potential than I thought! We should have gone outside..." He caught the edge of the portal in his talons and kicked it

back, sending it sliding across the floor and to the far end of the room so it wouldn't get blocked by the advancing mass of room-filling dragon.

"Too big? No way! Now I need to get back to how fat I was before! Or more!" Ermrix shook himself. The growth of his skeleton was slowing, but his weight gain was speeding up. His body—which had temporarily slimmed down from his height increasing—was once again fattening up aggressively. He was swelling up to his previous blubbery glory, covering the floor and spreading up the walls until his back was pressed to the ceiling.

He could feel his stomach growing full again, the boulder of it now stretched into a cavern packed to the brim with food. His limbs were growing uselessly heavy, and neck rolls once again ringed and surrounded his face. His body groaned under the strain of such expansive growth and gains, and it strained against the confines of his sturdy home, the pressure of his tonnage causing the walls to crack, his stomach scales to creak. He was lost in a blissful dream of growing, gaining, gorging...

And then it stopped. His mouth chomped on empty air, rousing him from his gluttonous trance. "Hey, *bhuurrrpp!* Why'd it stop?" He tried to move his heavy arms, but they were wedged between his blubbery sides and the cracked walls.

Holo floated up the hill of dragon flab so that he could speak directly to Ermrix's fat-sunken face. "Well, you said until your limit, and this is it! It's much higher than I thought it would be since you had a growth spurt, but this IS as big as you can get, absolutely."

"Well it's not ENOUGH!" Ermrix's voice boomed across what little space in his own abode he hadn't yet filled, his shouting much louder than he intended as he got a feel for his bigger, deeper voice. "Oop, sorry."

"It's fine big guy, you got a lot more body to contend with after all!" Holo said as he gave the dragon's huge face cheeks a hearty wobble. "Hmm, still not satisfied though?" He squished his hands deep into the balls of scaled blubber that were wobbling in front of him. "It would be possible to make you even fatter than this. For the right price of course." Holo's smile showed more teeth than before, and the center of his eyes were a glowing pair of hellfire embers.

Ermrix didn't notice or didn't care. "What do you want? We can work out a deal!"

"I know we can~" Holo cooed. "How about... I make you as big as you TRULY desire, and in exchange, I get to keep the energy from this little indulgence of yours?" he offered.

"Energy?" Ermrix tilted his head, causing his neck rolls to shift and bounce against his cheeks and horns.

"Mmhmm. You see, your bliss and enthusiasm for this puts out a lot of energy, exactly the kind of energy that demons like myself use as food. If it's agreeable to you, I'd like to monopolize all the energy you put out for myself. You get fatter, I get to raise my rank, it's a win-win," he explained in a matter-of-fact manner.

"And the catch?" Ermrix asked cautiously.

"Catch? Oh please, I'm not some crossroads demon offering you success beyond your dreams in exchange for your soul." He stuck out his tongue indignantly. "You wanna get fatter, and I can make it happen. And if I make sure you enjoy it? Then I'll profit off that, ton for ton." His tail swayed as he looked into Ermrix's eyes, the glow from his pupils reflecting in the blob dragon's eyes.

"Hrf... D-deal!" He didn't exactly trust the demon, even now, but the temptation was stronger than his hesitation.

Holo's muzzle stretched out into a too-wide smile that showed all of his teeth as the dark of his eyes nearly swallowed the light of his pupils. "Ah, this is going to be too fun." He pressed his body deep into the big dragon's soft body, opened his mouth wide, and chomped one of Ermrix's fat chest rolls.

"GAH!" Ermrix yelped and thrashed at the sting of sharp teeth gnawing on his stretched scales, even though they didn't break the surface. "What are you—whoa!" His body pressed tighter against the walls of his abode. The pressure of so much scaled beast against the mountain rock caused it to split in a series of deafening crunches.

The unstable stone ground against itself, chipping the fissures into gravel and causing the mountain peak to shift. Clods of dirt held together by the roots of shrubs were jettisoned from the mountainside as the cracks spread with a series of loud, low booms. The slopes fell away, rock and stone tumbling together into landslides that ripped the trees from the ground as it all came tumbling down.

Blobs of scales in yellow and orange protruded from the ground like lava bubbling through the collapsing peak. It was an eruption in slow motion, and the mountain was leveled and replaced with a flow of molten colors that spread across the earth, covering and smothering everything in its path. Forests were swept away in the tide, leveled beneath his spreading weight. The familiar territory that was his domain was being claimed in a way that could never be contested, as his own body covered every inch of the land.

Ermrix was swimming in his own bulk. Sinking into it. Even with his increased size his hands and feet were dipping below the surface of widening rings of limb fat. He gasped and struggled to keep his head above the surface of his neck rolls as they collapsed inward, only kept at bay by the waterfall of infernal delicacies that were pouring into his mouth. His mass sloshed against the sides of nearby mountains and sagged down their slopes, while the angles of their rocky surfaces poked into his groaningly full stomach.

Holo hummed as he reclined on one of Ermrix's cheeks, idly twirling a finger to keep the flow of food spiraling into his dragon blob. "Hmm hmm~ Sorry about the bite, but I had to give you an infusion of power so you wouldn't just explode from all this growth. I'm anticipating some nice returns on that investment!" He gave a thoughtful pause. "Well, and I wanted to gnaw on one of your rolls while they were still small enough to fit in my mouth," he said as he wobbled the wide orange cheek underneath him.

"You could *-ulp-* have warned *-gulp-* me!" Ermrix struggled to express his thoughts and keep up with the feeding at the same time.

"Psshhh, what for? You're fine, I didn't even pierce your thickening hide. Maybe if you were more of a food balloon you'd have to worry about sharp points." Holo sank his claws into the fat cheek beneath him, kneading around. "But you're not, see? Plenty soft. This is what you really wanted, right?" he gestured out in front of them, over the increasing landscape of scales that was moving across the earth.

Ermrix could feel it more than he could see it. His own vision was mostly filled with the encircling rings of blimped up neck tires and his huge cheeks, but he could certainly feel the way his body pushed against entire mountains. The ground beneath him shifted and split, opening fissures that let the heat of the earth belch against his scales, warming his enormity. His scales drank in the thermal energy. It seeped through his fat, into his bones, and he could feel

his body growing all over again. It inched bigger, expanding his stomach capacity, but not as quickly as he was filling from all of the the food that was piling into him.

It was like his stomach was the driving force behind his growth. He would choke down food by the ton, fill his stomach until it ached, and then his body would grow to make more room for it. The ebb and flow of this tide of growth continued even as Ermrix outgrew the continent, surging into the seas and sinking the landmass. His own gravity started to round his spread-out shape as he broke free from the binding grasp of the planet he was rapidly outgrowing.

"How's this for size and power? Are we finally approaching a fraction of what your buried desires strive for?" Holo was looking quite proud of the mass of dragon flab he'd helped create as he reclined on the edge of the hell portal that was blasting out an asteroid belt of food into Ermrix. His stomach was pushing off of the planet as his diameter matched that of the planet. The far edges of his belly fat slipped beyond the borders of landmasses and oceans and wobbled into free and open space.

"It's better!" Everything his jaws rejected when he spoke coalesced into rings of deliciousness around his planetary mass. It orbited him as he took an orbit around the Sun and pulled the Earth into a binary planet system that spun around a center of gravity in the space between them. His engorging stomach pushed the Earth away and flowed over the surface, smothering an entire hemisphere and creeping around it. Lava flows exploded through the crust on the opposite side as it was pushed out from the immense pressure.

His immense gravity pulled the Earth tight into his gut, flattening it into a disk of molten rock that trailed behind him and slowly collapsed into a trail of debris. He had trouble fathoming his own size now. Without anything to push and grow against in open space, he could only tell that he was still growing, but had no idea how quickly, and that was irritating. It wasn't enough to grow, he needed to show his size, his power!

Holo could feel that from his client of course, and Ermrix's response was telling enough. It was better, but it still wasn't *there* yet. "Ah, what am I supposed to do with you? You're a planet of dragon, the biggest living thing in all of history, and you're still aching to grow!" [And you're not even satisfied with that since you've outgrown your frame of reference!] Holo thought that last bit to himself, but it did get some ideas turning in the gears of his mind.

"I'm perfectly happy... to keep growing!" Ermrix belched as he tried to smother the ember of dissatisfaction in his mind. He'd already surpassed his largest dreams. Before today he thought that at some point, some time in the future, he'd maybe grow fat and large enough to fill his throne room. He'd crushed that goal in less than a day, and expanded to the stars. What right did he have to ask for more?

The truth was, he had every right. After all, an incubus lived to serve.

Mostly.

"Hmm. I'm sure that's true. But your body aches to surge even further, doesn't it?" Holo kicked off the portal and floated the short distance through space to land on Ermrix, held to the squishy, scaled surface by the gigantic dragon's gravity. He sank in almost up to his waist and had to wade through the sloshing orange adipose to reach the deep cavern of his summoner's face. "Come on. So what if you're already the size of a planet? So what if you're already bigger than you ever dreamed? Once I'm unsummoned, do you really think you'll have a chance for this again?" He could feel the flame of desire sparking hotter. "You don't want to live with regrets, lamenting that you didn't go far enough..." He stoked the flames.

"Grrnn... Y-you're right! I can't get enough! A measly planet? Why should I stop there?! I should be a dragon GOD! I should be bigger than the stars, so vast that the skies turn orange and yellow in my image!" Ermrix snapped, letting pure, absurd desires gush out of him. His self obsession and vanity, buried deep under his desires to grow, boiled to the surface. His form shook and quivered as he attempted to thrash his body, managing some meaningless movement of his limbs that sent quakes across his surface.

"Good! Perfect! Now that we've established that, it's time to ascend!" Holo's eyes sparkled, filling with stars, his pupils the brightest among them. "We've languished too long at paltry sizes. A beast like you wants some REAL energy!" He shoved against one of Ermrix's cheeks, speeding up the big dragon's rotation until he was facing the Sun. Ermrix couldn't see the Sun past his eclipsing cheeks, but he could feel the way the heat shifted from his backside to his front.

"You ready?" Holo wasn't even thinking about the fact that his summoner couldn't see what he was about to do. In fact, he preferred that. He reached for the Sun, blocking the light with his hand before closing his fist around it. Everything went dark. Turning to Ermrix, he opened his hand, revealing the Sun itself hovering just above his palm, shrunk to the size of a baseball. "Eat up~" He pushed the offering forward, letting the brilliantly bright bulb vanish into the abyss of neck rolls and ravenous maw.

Ermrix could feel the heat approaching his face, see the shine of a great light shifting the shadows of his countless chins. It was tough to believe, but even at its reduced scale he knew the Sun when he saw it. His jaws were wide and eager; he hadn't closed them save to speak this entire time, and he certainly wasn't going to reject a meal like this. The intense heat was pleasant, and no hotter than a soup as it slid over his tongue and was swallowed. It sank down his long throat and settled in the pit of his stomach, radiating heat that filled his guts and penetrated his planetary layers of body fat.

"Urp... Urrhpf... BHUURRAAPP-!" A belch blasted out of his jaws accompanied by a gout of solar plasma and a scale-stretching growth spurt. For a moment he felt like he exploded from how violent the growth was. His stomach expanded to the limit like a bomb went off within it, and the shockwave expanded the rest of him in turn. His skeleton grew and toughened, barely keeping together under the strain. His strength increased a hundred fold, enough that he had control over his orbit and rotation in space. Scales all across his body strained, creaking as they fought to not pop off his body as his size doubled, and doubled again.

There was no longer any pretense of mortal restraint from either party. Ermrix was subjected to exponential growth surges that quaked the very fabric of space around his body, and Holo twisted space itself to meet the ever-increasing demands of his summoner. Ermrix would roar and belch for more, sounding starved, manic, nothing was ever enough. Not even as Holo scooped handfuls of stars out of the sky and stuffed them into that roaring, bottomless maw.

"More! Yeah MORE!" A flood of orange and yellow scales billowed across the solar system, exceeding the diameter of entire orbits and swallowing planets under the tide. He couldn't even feel them, they were like pinches of dirt, lost and forgotten the moment they collided with him. Beyond the asteroid belt, beyond the Oort Cloud, he surged to extra-solar girths and soon left even those behind.

Stars vanished from the cosmos, scooped up in frantic handfuls by the dutiful incubus and crammed into jaws that grew ever larger. He didn't even need to shrink them anymore. Ermrix grew titanic enough that entire solar masses siphoned into the black hole of his maw which extinguished the lights of the heavens. He packed the vacated space with more and more of himself, and his stomach groaned in protest with each galaxy he gulped.

His head was spinning with euphoria, drunk as he was on the sheer size of himself. His mouth watered with gluttonous joy around every star he swallowed, his body shuddering with the thrill of dominion. What could hope to compare to him now? He was the star-swallowing king of the cosmos! The galaxy guzzling glutton monarch!

His blubber-buried frame increased in size, rattling and groaning in a desperate attempt to keep ahead of how much he was stuffing himself. His stomach was getting more and more full, even as he made space with each growth surge, he surpassed how much extra room he made with the next mouthful. Though "mouthful" was hardly accurate. Stars were pouring into his mouth in a river of light, a nonstop feast like the food that once flowed from the infernal portal.

The gravity well of his mouth drew in everything. Planets and stars, black holes and nebulae. All matter in the universe was being crushed into the belly of a single dragon. "I'm gonna do it!" he roared, lost in his own thoughts, and in his own flabby, cosmic mass. "I'm gonna consume everything! I'll be all that's left! An unchallenged titan of dragon blubber!" he declared even as his skin and scales pulled tight over his fat like a balloon overstuffed with pudding. His body was rumbling with strain almost as loudly as he was shouting.

He could feel the tension too, he wasn't entirely oblivious to it. But he could beat it. As long as he kept eating he'd keep growing and stay ahead of his own fullness. That's what he thought to himself, even as his stomach grew tighter after every pounding growth spurt. He desperately guzzled more and more. He needed to GROW. His stomach was aching, overfull, he felt like it could spring a leak at any moment, but as long as he just.

Kept.

Growing...!

But it wasn't enough. It never could be. No matter how much bigger his body grew, his stomach was left more full than ever, his flesh tighter and aching, his body fat swallowing his form deeper and deeper. His eating turned from gluttonous to panicked. Surely his growth would outstrip his fullness any second now! He was the largest and most powerful being in the universe! There couldn't even be anything left other than himself, so there was no way he could reach a limit! He alone was the apex of existence in all of...!

A painful and telling shudder shook his body from head to tail at the same moment that his thoughts caught up to him. He wasn't the only thing left. And he wasn't the apex of existence. After all, there was still that incubus...

Realizing he'd been goaded into a trap much too late, Ermrix could only squeeze his eyes shut as the rumbling of his body grew louder, more forceful, shaking his rolls until they were slapping together hard enough to make him sore. He couldn't stop eating, and he couldn't keep growing. His gut ballooned, blimped, packed with so much cosmic matter that it almost pulled taut and smooth despite the galaxies worth of fat that comprised it.

The pressure prickled every inch of him, his scales rattled, and he grunted from the strain of tensing his muscles, trying with sheer force to will his overblown body to stay in one

piece. But there was nothing he could do. As soon as the first tears bloomed across his form, the collected energy of the entire universe exploded out from Ermrix, blasting the dragon into white hot stardust as he reenacted the Big Bang.

Matter and debris spread to the furthest reaches of space, but the energy swirled and spiraled down, siphoning to a single point: the tip of Holo's claw. Energy enough to create an entire universe gathered to him, fulfilling the contract terms that he would get the energy Ermrix put out from their deal. Of course, MOST of the energy of the exploded dragon went into recreating everything he'd wantonly destroyed. Holo only collected the leftovers, but it was still enough power to create a planet or two from scratch.

Holo popped the energy into his mouth and swallowed it before dusting a bit of blasted cosmos off his shoulders. With the contract now fulfilled, the space around him shuddered and brightened, and with a whoosh of air, he was back floating in Ermrix's throne room, placed right in front of an exhausted and annoyed looking dragon.

"You tricked me," Ermrix grunted.

Holo waved a dismissive hand. "I gave you everything you wanted. Not my fault your body can't handle your desires."

Ermrix grunted without rebuttal. "Yeah well. I'll do better next time!"

Holo's eyes suddenly locked onto Ermrix, and he floated closer. "Next time?"

"Y-yeah! Just... lemme catch my breath and we'll go again," he said with a snort and he leaned back on his throne.

Holo just chuckled. "Oh you really ARE fun. Well I can do this aaaalll century. So, Ermrix. Let's see if you can handle devouring the universe this time~"