

# THE FINAL BOSS

“Bwahahaha!”

“Insect! Just. GO. **SQUISH!**”

The massive minotaur swung his hammer down with a mighty bellow of rage, but the interloper wouldn't be stopped that easily! As quick as he was small, the kobold leapt back as the minotaur's hammer slammed into the ground in front of him. The head of the stone maul was as big as he was, but the intruder just cracked a cocky grin. He wasn't going down that easily.

He landed on his tail, the pink appendage folding beneath him, then springing him back up and forward! The kobold leapt, landing on the back of the hammer as the huge beast struggled to pull it from the ground, and pulling from out of nowhere a two-handed device of glass and metal artifice. The minotaur's eyes crossed as they tried to focus on the barrel now pointed directly at his face.

“Too slow, fatty!” He mocked, then pulled the trigger!

A blast of bubbles burst from the gun, slamming into the minotaur's face in a cascade of hits. The minotaur flashed red and recoiled with every bubble that hit him, while above him his healthbar chunked away to nothing! With a dizzy groan, the minotaur swayed, let go of his hammer, then collapsed backwards with a BOOM, hitting the stone floor.

Jaygon allowed himself a satisfied “Myehehe~” as he spun his bubble gun around and stowed it away, then leapt forward, bounced off the unconscious minotaur's belly, and landed in front of the large, copper door at the end of the passageway. It had been a long, perilous journey to get here. Full of hulking guards, crushing traps, treacherous climbs and danger every step. But at last he, Jaygon the Dragon, Adventurer Extraordinaire, had made it to the heart of Rozarth's lair.

“And with three lives to spare! This'll be a *cinch!*” He bragged to no-one in particular as he stepped up to the immense door, looking it over. A huge, copper dragon head carved into the metal stared back at him, grinning with a smug, cruel smile. A likeness of Rozarth himself. The evillest, cruelest, most sadistic dragon in all the land. A mighty, powerful beast, a master of magic, and a breaker of heroes. Even the bravest and most experienced adventurers would hesitate before setting foot in his lair, and yet here the kobold stood, a cocky grin on his face, and not a doubt in his mind.

He could already taste the fame and riches that would come from his victory...

Jaygon quickly checked himself over in the reflection of the copper, adjusting his bandana, tugging his gloves on tighter, running a hand through his hair, and at last flashing a grin. He was ready. Time to slay a dragon!

Planting his hands on the doors, Jaygon braced himself, heaved with all his might, and slowly swung them open into the heart of Rozarth's lair...

The cavern beyond was truly colossal. It could have housed an entire cathedral with room to spare, and it was almost entirely filled with gold. Seas of sparkling treasure rose and fell like sand dunes, populated with treasure chests, golden artifacts, powerful, long-lost relics and gold coins. So many gold coins... Jaygon's eyes glittered as he wandered forward among the treasures on the only clear path through the room, utterly transfixed. The greedy little kobold's heart was all aflutter. He'd never seen so much gold in all his life, never mind in one room! He was so transfixed, in fact, that he didn't notice the other denizen of the room coming into view...

At least until the smell hit his nostrils.

The kobold let out an involuntary little 'urk!' and stiffened, his eyes watering from the sharp, oniony smell. Slowly he turned, having gotten turned around as he stared at the piles of gold, and there was Rozarth...

The stone path cleared of gold widened as it continued forward, until it hit the base of a colossal stone throne. Wide enough that it could have easily fit dozens of Jaygons lying end-to-end across it, or in this case, one Rozarth. The huge, dark-scaled beast lounged on his side across it, and Jaygon immediately knew that he would never see a beast as foul and fat as this again. He'd heard stories, of course, and personally counted Rozarth as his arch-nemesis, but the kobold had never actually laid eyes on the dragon until now.

Rozarth was an absolute whale of a dragon. 'Fat' didn't do him justice. 'Colossal' barely did the job either. He was *gargantuan*. From tip to tail he must have at least been as tall as a castle, and almost that again in width! His fat belly bulged out and overhung his throne, his arms and legs were thick with fat, and behind him, Jaygon could just catch a glimpse of where his hips widened into the truly terrifying form of his colossal, fat backside. All he wore was a pair of spiked bracelets and a matching choker, allowing Jaygon to see that his whole body *glistened* with a thick layer of sweat, and the adventurer swore he could see tangible wisps of wafting stink rising up off the great dragon's body. Even from this distance Jaygon was gagging a little on the utterly toxic REEK that poured off Rozarth, as if the dragon had never washed a day in his life. Though the kobold could also see that that wasn't true. As the dragon lay on his throne, a dozen sickened-looking kobolds tended to him. The lucky ones were up near his head, bringing him food and trying to avoid getting eaten. The unlucky ones were desperately trying to wash his huge body with comically small scraps of cloth, and not lasting long before they passed out from the stench and needed to be rescued by their friends. Rozarth didn't seem to notice, as he was busy staring right at the new kobold who'd dared enter his lair.

"Jaygon..." Rozarth growled in amusement, a grin more befitting a shark than a dragon

stretching across his face. "I'm impressed. You've fought hard to get to me. You must *really* want to adorn the bottom of my foot." He chuckled, stretching languidly on his throne, and as he did so he flexed one of his huge feet, splaying the toes so that Jaygon could see exactly how noxious and grimy they were. They looked absolutely toxic, and sweat streamed down them as he flexed.

The kobold stuck out his tongue and gagged at the sight, his confident grin replaced with disgust momentarily, but it didn't go far. Jaygon's expression quickly hardened into a glare and he stared Rozarth down, neither of them blinking.

"Nyeh! As *iff!* I'm here to beat you, Rozarth! Soon the world will know who the superior dragon is, and I'll claim your hoard for my own!" The pink kobold announced, throwing his head back and laughing at the thought of his soon-to-be victory. What he probably didn't expect was for Rozarth to join in on the laughter! The massive dragon's slobbish body jiggled and wobbled like an earthquake, tossing the unfortunate kobolds working on him aside! One even landed head-first in one of Rozarth's fat folds, leaving just a pair of tiny legs kicking desperately until two others came to rescue him.

"Dragon? Ha! Ahahahaha! You're amusing, little kobold! Perhaps I'll allow you to join the rest of your kind as one of my servants! Tell me, just how much experience do you have massaging dragon cheeks? I suppose we could start you on foot cleaning, but with all the trouble you've caused I don't think we can afford to spare a cloth for you. You'll have to use your *tongue.*" Rozarth relished the words, and was rewarded as Jaygon snarled in annoyance!

"I am NOT a kobold!" The obviously-a-kobold snapped back. "I am a dragon! A mighty dragon! And I am worthy of respect!" He yipped, in a very kobold manner. Rozarth's grin deepened. He'd hit a nerve.

"Oh of course... A wingless, puny dragon, so tiny that I could tread on you without even noticing." He growled in amusement, exhaling twin wisps of smoke from his nostrils. "Though just so you know, when I tread on you, I'll be giving you my *full* attention, little kobold. I want to feel you squirm and squeal as my weight *sloooowly* presses down on you, and I *flatten* you under my foot. I'll happily demonstrate *every pound* of what a *true* dragon feels like as I squash your lives out of you... One. By. One." He snapped the last three words in dark amusement, toes curling as if he could already feel the kobold under them.

"Grrr...! And I'll show you just how dragon I am! Get ready to fight, Rozarth! You're mine!" Jaygon shouted back, irate and hopping angrily in place. The colossal dragon just laughed in a low, amused chuckle.

"Happily. It's been so long since an adventurer made it to me..." He began, then slowly began to move, stretching out his massive, powerful body. His wings flexed, his arms and legs shifted and he slowly began to push himself up from his lounging position, the cavern rumbling slightly as it did so. Kobolds yipped, squealed and dashed for cover, tumbling off his fat form and sprinting

like they were fleeing an earthquake. “You’ve come such a long way, survived the dangers of my lair, overcome all my minions... So it’s going to be *SO* satisfying ending your quest with a resounding *SQUELCH!*”

The dragon laughed as he pulled himself up to his full height, his horns almost brushing the ceiling, showing off his obese body in all its corpulent glory! Stench wafted off his jiggling form as he laughed, and as Jaygon watched and prepared himself, a title card faded into view above the dragon’s head.

## **ROZARTH:** **CRUSHER OF DREAMS**

As the dragon finally ceased his laughter and turned his condescending attention back to Jaygon, the title card faded out, instead turning into a healthbar that stretched on and on, until eventually it spanned the width of the fat dragon and hovered above his head! It was by far the biggest healthbar Jaygon had ever seen on a foe. Immediately the boss music kicked in, a dark, epic, booming tune as Rozarth put one hand on his hip and regarded the kobold far below him.

“Pathetic.” He rumbled in amusement, raising his hands and beginning to cast a spell, but Jaygon wasn’t going to give him the chance! Without a moment’s hesitation, concern or even *thought*, the kobold gave a fearsome battle cry, and charged right at the massive dragon!

“WAAHHHHHHH!!!!” He yelled as he sprinted in, his agile legs closing the distance between him and his draconic foe in a matter of seconds! With every step the kobold took the stench only increased, especially as he was charging right at Rozarth’s massive, reeking paws, but the (soon-to-be) legendary adventurer fought through it as he charged right up to Rozarths’ toes and delivered a brutal barrage of swift attacks!

“Tail swipe! Tail swipe! Dragon slash! Bubble gun!” The kobold barked and yipped, slamming his tail into the dragon’s paws, slashing at them with his claws, and blasting them with his bubble gun! Each hit saw the dragon flash red and the fat toes wobble from the impacts, showing that Jaygon was doing damage, but he couldn’t see Rozarth’s healthbar from here.

“Upper slash! Scale pound! Dragon bite- err... maybe not that one.” He quickly reconsidered, stopping himself before he clamped his jaws down on the hideously pungent smelling dragon toes. Instead he grabbed his bubble gun again, having charged up his attack meter enough for a-

“Bubble BLAST!” He called, the water swirling and churning inside the gun’s glass sphere, starting to glow a little, before a huge, shotgun-like blast of bubbles erupted from the gun, followed by another, and another, and another! Waves after waves shot free, every single

projectile slamming into Rozarth's foot and dealing damage! Jaygon had beat the boss down on the second level with a single one of these blasts, but this was him firing at full strength! Rozarth didn't stand a chance!

As the last, particularly large and powerful blast fired free, slamming into the putrid paw, while also launching Jaygon back away! The kobold flipped in the air just for style points, then landed a few meters back, spun his gun around and stowed it again.

"Nyehehe! How's THAT for pathetic!" He grinned, opening his eyes and looking at Rozarth again. Above the colossal, fat stink-factory of a dragon, less than a single pixel had been shaved off his health bar...

Rozarth narrowed his eyes and smirked, while Jaygon blinked twice, failing to comprehend just what he was seeing here.

"Oh, are you done?" The huge dragon chuckled, a grin spreading across his face. "How nice of you to prove my point for me: 'Pathetic.' But at least I won't have to waste my magic on this." He said, waving his hands to dismiss the spell. "Bye-bye, kobold..." He purred, as the foot Jaygon had just fruitlessly attacked rose from the ground with a sucking, squelching noise, leaving a sweaty puddle in its wake. The foot lifted and moved forward, casting Jaygon into shadow, and leaving the stunned kobold staring up at the underside of the filthiest foot he'd ever seen. Sweat trickled down the slick soles, while a visible miasma of stink wafted around it. As the toes wriggled, Jaygon could see Rozarth's evil, grinning face looking down at him through the gaps between them.

"I-" Jaygon began, still looking stunned, raising one finger as if to object, and-

***KA-SPLAT!!***

***"MUAHAHAHAHAHAA!!"***

In the blink of an eye Rozarth had slammed his stinking foot down on top of Jaygon mercilessly! One second, the kobold had been opening his mouth to speak, and the next the dark dragon's foot was firmly slammed into the earth where he had been standing! Sweat sprayed from the force of the impact, the fat sole squished against the ground, the room shook with the force of it, and Jaygon was utterly and completely SMUSHED!

***"Mrrrpghh!!"***

Or at least, he probably was. The little bug had flattened so quickly and easily beneath Rozarth's sole that the dragon almost wondered if he'd missed him! But the empty healthbar, combined with the flat, twitching kobold hand that stuck out from the side of the pulverizing paw told a different story. That and the amusing noises.

*“MrrpphhRRrrph!”*

If the dragon closed his eyes and focused, he could feel the kobold squirming around beneath his paw. Which was worse, he wondered, the crushing weight of your colossal, draconic rival stomping you into a pancake in a single move, or the choking stench of your rival's foul footpaws that you are crushed under, unable to escape...?

*“Mrrphg.. Grrphh... gh..”*

“Oh, still alive down there, little kobold? Let me fix that.” Rozarth casually offered, then began to grind his foot from side to side, leaning all his weight into that paw. He was rewarded with the most delightful squishing and squelching sound as the puny kobold was ground flatter and flatter under his immeasurable, godlike tonnage.

“Hrrrrmmrrrr... There's nothing quite like crushing your rival underfoot...” He purred in mock bliss, closing his eyes and enjoying the sensations and squelching noises his ‘rival’ was making. “Letting them know *just* how utterly insignificant and puny they are compared to your might... Letting them choke on the stench of defeat, struggling with all their might and failing to escape from just your weight alone... Of course, by this point, you're so squashed that you can't even fight back anyway, can you? And all it took was a single step...”

Rozarth was a picture of effortless, relaxed dominance as he idly ground his eye-wateringly smelly sole against the floor, but Jaygon? Beneath the crushing, impossibly heavy dragon's foot, the kobold was squawking and squeaking and yelping as he was ground, stomped, steamrolled and squished! He gagged and gargled, twitching and choking on the overwhelmingly, mind-shatteringly strong smell of foot stink that utterly engulfed him. His body was so flat that he couldn't even feel his tail, and couldn't move a muscle aside from the involuntary twitches. And he GREATLY regretted opening his mouth to speak. Any cockiness had certainly been stamped out of him now, replaced with shock and disgust as his arch-nemesis ground him into the dirt beneath his foul, sweaty foot!

“Hrrrrmm... I can't feel you twitching any more, little kobold. Have you really given up already? Or have I just squelched you so flat you're nothing but a smear on my sole...” The dragon intoned after almost a minute of grinding, his eyes opening once more. He glanced down at his foot, still grinning, then stomped down twice, hard! He was rewarded by a yelp and a squish each time, Jaygon now well and truly a sweaty, stinking, sole-sticker. “The latter, it seems. Let's see how *extra* pathetic you are now...”

Lifting his sole from the ground with a sweating, sucking noise, the dragon rumbled in eager anticipation to see what he had done to the kobold, grinning widely as he turned over his foot, and-

**“BWAHAHA-HAHAHAHA-HAAAA!!!”**

The dragon threw back his mighty head and laughed with pure, sadistic glee, as plastered across his sole as nothing but a shocked, sweaty smear, was Jaygon! His 'rival', his 'challenger.' The so-called 'dragon' that dared to seek Rozarth in his lair, but had been reduced to a pinkish smear with nothing but a single stomp!

Jaygon was well and truly flat, crushed in a spread-eagled pose that stretched across the length of Rozarth's sole as if he were hugging it. His tail was flattened straight downwards, his head was turned side-on, his mouth was open and his tongue had been flattened against the putrid paw-pad, leaving his wide, shocked eyes watering from the hideous flavour and smell! Those flattened eyes darted around desperately, as if looking for some way out, then fixed on Rozarth's huge hand as it reached down and pressed a thumb into the squelching sole, grinding Jaygon's face into the sweaty surface to make sure it was absolutely *smear*ed.

"BWAHAHAHA! BWAHAHAHA! AHHAHAHAHAHA!!" The dragon roared with sadistic glee, feeling absolutely no difference between Jaygon and the sweaty, warm flesh of the sole he was stuck to. "And you call yourself a dragon? BWAHAHAHA! This is as close to being a dragon as you'll ever get, runt! Fused to my sole! Can you smell it, Jaygon? *Taste it?* That's the essence of a real dragon. One you will crush you again and again until you're out of lives. This is your future, little kobold. Your quest ends with you smeared across my body. The only thing that remains to be determined, is *where?*

The flattened kobold stain gave a weak whimper, as in front of the giant paw, a set of words appeared:

**Continue?**

**>Yes    No**

"Hrrmm... which will it be, little kobold? Give up now, and you'll be my sole-sticker forever. You'll live a long, stinking life sucking down my sole-stench and being *ground* into the dirt with every step. That would be quite fitting for you, wouldn't it? Given how beneath me you are, it seems only fitting that you stay that way forever..." He rumbled. "Or maybe you think you still have a chance, hmm? Maybe your deluded little kobold mind still thinks that you win." He snorted in amusement. "By all means, *please* go ahead. I still have so many ways I want to crush your insignificant little form beneath me... Just know that if you do, your final fate will be far, *FAR* worse than this..."

As the dragon laughed again, Jaygon's eyes managed to focus on the 'Yes' option. He blinked once, as hard as he could, and-

**CRRSSHK!!!**

Up above, the first of his three lives shattered. He moaned weakly, the stench still burning at his squashed, smeared muzzle, but he just had to get away from this foot! Slowly, achingly slowly,

the screen faded to black, Rozarth's laughter fading away with it, until there was nothing but darkness and silence...

---

Jaygon popped back into existence, staggered, and immediately grabbed his bubble gun, firing it into his own mouth to wash the excruciating flavour of Rozarth's foot sweat off his tongue! He gagged and gargled, his cheeks and belly swelling a little with water, before he spat it all back out again, coughing and spluttering and sticking out his tongue in disgust.

"Ack! AAACCCKKK!! BLEGH!" The kobold protested, the taste still lingering somewhat. Nearby, he heard the familiar, rumbling chuckle of the massive dragon. Perhaps, some more intelligent creature would have taken this second chance to flee and never come back. Or even to throw themselves at the extremely small and cruelty-tainted reservoir of mercy Rozarth had... But never let it be said that Jaygon struggled with intelligence. The kobold growled and snarled up at the dragon, baring his fangs and balling his fists.

"You got lucky!" He yipped. "I could have dodged that if I wanted to! I... uh... I just needed to test how strong you are!" He lied. Rozarth just folded his arms and continued to grin.

"Oh? I'll happily give you another demonstration. Perhaps something slower this time, so that I can feel you wriggle and hear you beg..." He chuckled, his foot rising off the ground once more, toes wiggling in anticipation of getting to squash Jaygon beneath them again! Immediately the kobold yelped, and as Rozarth went to stomp him into another paw-pancake, the kobold made the most of his agility and threw himself aside!

*WHUMPH!!*

The sole slammed down on the ground, squelching with the thick coating of sweat and spraying it in Jaygon's direction, but the kobold had managed to dodge it!

"Bwahaha! See!? You're done for now, Rozarth!" He cackled, getting his confidence back. With his agility, he could just dodge Rozarth's attacks! He was untouchable, invincible, and could chip away at the evil dragon's health. NOW Rozarth was in trouble!

Apparently Rozarth himself didn't seem too bothered by how doomed he was. His other foot lifted and slammed down, but Jaygon dodged that one too, followed by the first again! He was ducking, diving, rolling and throwing himself out of harm's way, but Rozarth couldn't hit him! Jaygon threw himself aside as Rozarth spun around and slammed his tail down, making the treasure in the room jump, but Jaygon dashed back in and wailed on it with his attacks for a few seconds, doing... even less damage than before. But he had Rozarth on the ropes for sure!!

"I'm curious..." Rozarth idly conversed as he chased Jaygon around the room, stomping and slamming his tail to try and catch the tiny kobold. A few of the attacks weren't even meant to hit,



Rozarth just amusing himself by corralling the manic hero. Any damage Jaygon did was quickly restored by Rozarth's passive health regeneration, but it seemed that the small pink kobold hadn't noticed that, as he was still attacking Rozarth's feet and tail whenever he got the chance. "...do you have a plan *beyond* dodging? Then again, I suppose surviving is what kobolds do best." He chuckled, getting an immediate response from Jaygon.

"I'M NOT A KOBOLD!" The adventurer yipped, stopping dead in his tracks to bark back at Rozarth, and only realizing a second later that Rozarth had baited him into standing still. The evil dragon wriggled the toes of the fat paw hanging above Jaygon's head, raining sweat down around him, but also giving Jaygon the time he needed to leap out of the way before the dragon's foot slammed down again with another sweaty *squelch!* After all, it wouldn't be fun to simply stomp the kobold again. Rozarth was just playing with him.

"Oh really?" **STOMP!** "You're still insisting that-" **WHUMPH!** "-you're a dragon? Well then-" **SPLAT!** "-then I you'll have some resistance to magic, won't you?"

"OF COURSE I- Wait, magic?"

*\*Snap!\**

With a snap of Rozarth's mighty fingers, Jaygon suddenly found himself frozen! Absolutely rooted to the spot! Completely paralyzed! His mouth hung open, a look of confusion frozen onto his face, but his eyes darted around in shock and confusion.

"I guess not." Rozarth puffed out a wisp of smoke in amusement. "Otherwise you'd be able to break free of that simple spell before I absolutely *flatten* you... Now, how do I want to do this... Should I crush you under my foot again, just to grind in how superior I am? Or do I turn and slowly sit on you, until my huge butt presses you into the flattest kobold to have ever lived..." As he spoke Rozarth turned, and Jaygon got his first proper look at the dragon's backside. It was *immense*, the widest, fattest part of his body by far. Sweat glazed his cheeks, making them look almost oiled in the cavern's light, and even the sight of them made Jaygon feel sick! The slob-dragon had the worst case of swamp-ass the kobold had ever seen, his crack a dark, stained abyss dripping with putrid sweat, and covered with a humid fog of pure, moist, *stench*. Jaygon's eyes began looking a lot more desperate now, glancing back and forth. His statuesque form wobbled slightly as he summoned all his strength to try and move, but he was still stuck fast!

"Hmmm... No. I think I know what to do with you. You've made me work up quite a *sweat*, after all..." The dragon hissed gleefully, putting his hands on his colossal hips and turning back around. Indeed, the slob-dragon's form wasn't made for heavy physical exertion, and he was panting a little from chasing Jaygon around. Panting a little, and sweating *A LOT*. It ran down his body in rivers, splattering onto the ground beneath him like it was a tropical rainforest, pooling in his fat folds and creases, and covering his entire body in a thick, glistening shimmer. The stench of body odour in the air had grown much, *much* stronger, and as Rozarth idly stepped closer,

Jaygon's frozen body twitched as his nose began to burn. He gagged and spluttered as best he could while utterly paralyzed. Rozarth didn't seem bothered at all.

"This will be your second life lost, won't it? Hrrmm... I'll make it a nice, long one for you then..." The dragon murmured leisurely, as if enjoying a fine afternoon lounging in the sun, and not a deadly battle with his arch nemesis. Grinning, the dragon closed his eyes, extended his arms, and slowly began to pitch forward.

A low whistling sound began as the dragon's slow fall picked up speed. A huge, curved shadow swept over Jaygon, utterly engulfing him in the darkness beneath, and leaving him frozen and staring up at the massive, round expanse of Rozarth's belly, dropping right toward him! The little kobold's eyes went wide, and even paralyzed, he managed to muster the strength for a gargled scream. A tiny little 'Rrrrhrrrrkkk!!' before-

### ***KASPLATTER-THOOOOM!!!***

Rocks clattered down from the ceiling, gold piles collapsed, and the entire mountain shook with the force of the great Rozarth slamming his entire, godly bulk down on top of one pathetic kobold! One now very crushed, very splattered, and very *flat* kobold. It was like a mountain-sized, cement-filled water balloon had just been dropped on top of his head, and needless to say, his health bar was looking very empty right about now. As Rozarth let out a throaty, rumbling chuckle, not a single pixel of Jaygon nor his health bar could be seen.

"Did you remember to put points into constitution, little kobold? You haven't been able to survive a single hit from me yet." Rozarth mused, idly rolling his belly on the ground, and getting back squishes and muffled '*grrk!*'s each time his fat gut slammed back down. "Though that's not exactly surprising, given that I am a fully grown dragon, and you are a little pink speck that occasionally sticks to my magnificent body. Yet another *crushing* defeat for you, but I'm going to have my fun before I let you respawn this time." He smirked, and as the '**Continue?**' option tried to rise up onto the screen, Rozarth merely plucked it from the air and tossed it over his shoulder, out of sight. "Now then, let's see how utterly *smushed* you are."

With a grunt, the great bulk of the legendary Rozarth slowly began to roll to the side. It took a while, as there was an awful lot of bulk to move on that fat slob's body, but eventually he managed to roll enough that he could support himself. He rested his head on one massive hand, his elbow planted in the ground, while his other hand idly rubbed his almost spherically fat gut. A spherically flat gut that was now adorned by an *exceptionally* flat kobold!

Jaygon's flat face stared out at the world, his eyes wide, a grit-toothed grimace plastered comically over his squashed muzzle. And he was a lot bigger now. He wasn't quite the 'tiny runt' Rozarth knew him as any more, now he was a large, but *extremely flat* runt! Jaygon's body had been smooshed so hard that it covered the entirety of Rozarth's belly, arms and legs sticking out in a curved 'X' that followed the rotund edges of the fat dragon gut he was squashed to. Jaygon's own pink belly now covered most of Rozarth's, with the flat kobold's face squashed

right at the top, below Rozarth's spiked collar. Every fat fold and wobbling mound, every sweaty crevice and stinking stain, Jaygon's body adhered to *perfectly*, like he was nothing more than a tattoo on Rozarth's belly.

The dragon purred, tracing a finger over Jaygon's flat form.

"Mhmmm... I've always wanted a tattoo of a pathetic little kobold who didn't know his place..." The dragon said, before one finger dipped into a sweaty fat fold that Jaygon's body partially disappeared into. "But that's not quite where I wanted it, and I have a more *fun* idea for you here, Jaygon. I think it's time you deal with the consequences of your actions."

As the dragon's finger dug around, his digit finally managed to find what he was looking for: A seam. A spot where Jaygon's body wasn't so thin that it just felt like part of Rozarth's sweaty, fat belly. The dragon quickly pinched onto the seam and pulled, and with a long, slow, *moist* 'SSCCHHLLLLLLLLRRRRPPP!', Jaygon's body slowly peeled free! The flat kobold gave a strangled 'Meep!' at being stretched so thoroughly, but at last his transparently-thin body peeled from Rozarth's underside with a \*POP!\* and the dragon was left with a flat, floppy, folded-up mess of a kobold dangling from his digits. Rozarth grinned as he locked his dominant eyes with the pathetic, desperately-darting eyes on Jaygon's form.

"My, my... How wrong I was to call you a kobold, little adventurer. No, I see now that I was so blinded by your tiny form that I couldn't see your true self! Your true calling and place in this world..." He huffed, smoke curling from his nostrils. "Hello, *Sweat Rag!*"

"MRRK!?" Jaygon squeaked in surprise and horror, his eyes managing to widen even horror, but it was too late to save himself now! Frankly, it had been too late the moment he'd stepped foot in Rozarth's lair, but the headstrong kobold would admit to that the day he admitted that he was a *kobold*. Rozarth laughed as he seized the flat adventurer in his grip, raised one fat, flabby arm to expose a stinking biohazard of an armpit, and slammed Jaygon face-first into it!

***KA-SPLAT!!***

"Mmmm... That's the spot. Sop up all that sweat for me, little rag-bold!" He called, rubbing and grinding and smearing Jaygon's body into that stinking abyss! The juicy, squelching sounds that filled the air, accompanied by the muffled squealing of an *extremely* disgusted kobold sweatrag, echoed around the cavern. Rozarth dealt out his punishment at a leisurely rate, looking completely unbothered and relaxed, in contrast to the extreme discomfort Jaygon was expressing through his spluttering and squealing. "After all, I'm only sweating so badly because I needed to chase you around. Oh, and speaking of, I think my feet could do with some love too..."

His grin growing wider, Rozarth grabbed Jaygon by both ends, wrung him out, then looped his body over a pair of foul, sweaty toes, and started to floss between them!

**SQUELCH! SQUISH! SQUELCH! SQUISH! SQUELCH!**

**“MMRPPH!! MFFRRMMP! RRMMMPH! RRRGLLP HH!! MMRRRFFFPPT!!”**

“Ahhh... that’s the spot... The rest of my kobolds are so apprehensive of going near my feet that I just can’t get a good toe clean... Luckily my sweatrag has no such complaints! Feel free to start fighting back whenever you like, *‘hero’*.” Rozarth cackled, pulling Jaygon out, ringing him out again, then cramming him between two more toes for the next round of ‘cleaning’. Though in truth, even a few decades of work as Rozarth’s sweatrag would likely make no impact with just how foul the filthy slob was. Even having been rung out, Jaygon’s body was already squelching and sodden with dragon footsweat. His eyes watered and twitched from the toxic smell of Rozarth’s feet that he was getting *dragged* back and forth through with every second, and his body was stretched, squished and mushed beyond any reasonable repair.

Rozarth seemed to be *loving* the sensation though. The dragon’s tongue lolled out of his mouth as he smeared Jaygon through his toe gaps, showing no signs that he would be stopping anytime soon. He groaned in bliss, letting his head loll back and his eyes drift shut. His toes clenched and ground together, smushing Jaygon’s form between them, so that at last when he was finished, and peeled his sweatrag back up out of his toes, Jaygon was barely even recognisable any more.

While he had started out at least resembling a kobold, albeit a very *flat* one, the sweaty, stinking, mushy rag that Rozarth now held in front of his face was now almost indistinguishable from a sodden, filthy, sweatrag. It had some interesting colours on it, being a faded pink with a few splotches of red, green and brown, (though mostly now smeared together into a homogenous mess), but really, the only thing that let the world that it had once been a very foolish little kobold was the pair of disgusted, unfocused yellow eyes right in the center. The left one’s eyelid twitched occasionally.

“Ahhh... I’m feeling so much cleaner now...” Rozarth rumbled, despite all evidence to the contrary. Still, at least that meant it was over, right...? “There’s just one more spot I need to clean...”

Slowly, the dragon’s eyes drifted backwards, and as Jaygon’s disoriented stare did the same, his mind received a sobering shock of information that snapped him back to his senses: Rozarth was staring at his fat, hulking, stink-factory of a backside!

Great guffs of humid swamp stench visibly wafted up from his putrid cheeks, while a permanent miasma of sweaty stink clung to his crack. There were tropical rainforests in the world less moist and humid than the dragon’s rancid, fat butt, and as Jaygon trembled with horror and disbelief in Rozarth’s grip, the great dragon’s gaze returned to the sodden sweat rag, purring out the simple words:

“You won’t survive this...”

The tiny kobold scream that followed was cut off by the loudest, sweatiest, most stomach-churning ‘**SQUELCH!**’ that any of the inhabitants of Rozarth’s lair had ever known. Hiding in their little warrens and cowering in fear, Rozarth’s kobold slaves were forced to listen to their master’s uproarious laughter, accompanied by the foulest, wettest, squishiest sounds imaginable as Jaygon was put through his paces one final time. It was only an hour later that it came to a merciful end, when one of the kobolds worked up the courage to poke his head out of his warren, that he noticed the large ‘**Continue?**’ prompt Rozarth had tossed away half-buried in the gold. Feeling sympathy for his fellow kobold, the little worker reached out and quickly tapped a button:

>Yes

*CRRSSHK!!!*

Another of Jaygon’s three lives shattered and the room faded to black once more, the sounds of Rozarth’s cleaning finally fading to blissful silence, as Jaygon was allowed to respawn.

---

“GAHK!” Jaygon immediately spat, spinning around and collapsing onto his back, one arm clutching at the air as he twitched there, the memories of Rozarth’s unbearable stench still fully fresh in his mind! His eyes spun dizzily, his tongue sticking out of his mouth as a deeply sickened expression was plastered onto his face. Up above him, his healthbar dripped with dragon sweat and fumed with body odor, thankfully slowly clearing as Jaygon came back to his senses... Just in time to hear that low, rumbling laugh again.

“Did you get any closer to winning that time?” The dragon grinned, flashing his sharp, white teeth. “I wasn’t paying attention. I guess I was too busy using you to scratch that itchy spot deeeeeeep between my cheeks.” He purred, then stretched and pulled himself up to his full height, bringing him eye-level to Jaygon’s healthbar and lives counter. He gave a little ‘tch’ as he took in what he saw there, then flicked the single life Jaygon had remaining. It gave a little ‘ting!’ sound, like a metal bowl, vibrating a little.

“Hrrmmmm... well, well, little kobold... A single life left. No more continues, no more redos. Lose this time, and it’s one, final, *permanent* game over...” Rozarth said, then slowly lay down his belly to get down to Jaygon’s level. The room rumbled as the massive dragon moved like a collapsing glacier, but soon the dragon was lying prone, propping his chin up on one huge hand, and looking down at the tiny kobold in front of him. Jaygon was about the size of one of Rozarth’s nostrils...

“Luckily for you, little Jaygon, I’m feeling uncharacteristically merciful today.” He said, almost absentmindedly extending a finger and planting it on Jaygon’s belly. The kobold let out an ‘Oof!’

as the massive digit pinned him to the ground with the weight alone. "I already have your final ending in mind. I know exactly what I'll make your game over, and it will be *horrific*. You'll *beg* me to turn you back into my sweatrag. You'll be legendary at last, as tales will spread all over the realm of the adventurer who made it to the great Rozarth, and suffered an *unimaginably humiliating, putrid and permanent* end." He exhaled, smoke washing over the pinned kobold and leaving him coughing and spluttering... then again, that may have just been the rank stink that wafted off the dragon at the best of times.

"But, I think I'll give you a chance, little Jaygon, because you've *amused* me. One chance to avoid that fate." He smirked, his eyes narrowing. "Get on your knees, *and admit that you are a kobold.*"

"What!? I am not a-" Jaygon began to shout, before Rozarth pushed his finger down just slightly, cutting Jaygon off and forcing a sound out of him like a squeaky toy.

"*Admit it.*" Rozarth purred. "Admit that you are a kobold, and *beg* me for the honour to be one of my slaves. Beg me for the chance to let you serve. Beg me to let you lick the filth from my feet and scrub the sweat from my cheeks. To let you sleep in a cage that I hang from the base of my tail, so that all you breathe is the stench of my glorious ass. Admit to me how pathetic you really are, become my most pitiful, tormented slave... And I will let you live. Perhaps, occasionally, I'll even gift you with an extra life, so that you may try to challenge me once more, and so that I may feel you *squelch* between my toes again." He chuckled, before returning his gaze to Jaygon.

"What say you, little kobold? Are you ready to take up your *rightful* place in life, serving your great and glorious draconic lord as a kobold should? Or will you cling to your delusion, and suffer the fate I choose for you? This is your **ONLY** chance..."

The huge finger lifted from the kobold's belly, allowing Jaygon to cough and draw in breath. He grumbled and sat up, rubbing his head, then opened his eyes and looked at the massive dragon in front of him. Rozarth simply regarded him with cold amusement, waiting for the kobold to make his choice. Jaygon's eyes flitted up to his lives, then back to the dragon, then back up to his lives again. Around them, the small faces of Rozarth's kobold slaves popped up, peering with cautious curiosity around rocks and over piles of gold they would never dare take a coin of. Wondering what this adventurer would do. All of them could hear the gears in Jaygon's head turning.

"I..." The kobold began. Rozarth raised an eyebrow. The rest of the kobolds leaned a little closer, listening intently.

"I am..." He said, pushing himself to his feet, but not looking at the dragon.

"I am... A DRAGON! **HYAH!!!!**"

With a shrill, bellowed warcry, the never-will-admit-he's-a-kobold kobold snatched the bubble gun off his back, and blasted Rozarth right in the face! Around the room, the rest of the kobolds yipped and squealed, diving back into cover and the safety of their warrens, while Jaygon leapt aside before Rozarth could counterattack! But the dragon didn't. He merely snorted, before a slow grin spread across his face.

"So be it. Say goodbye to your third dimension, *kobold!*" He chuckled, then launched himself at Jaygon! With a yip, Jaygon used his tail to launch himself into the air, Rozarth diving under him and crashing down with a room-shaking impact. The kobold landed on the dragon's head, immediately attacking his horns and head with a barrage of attacks, chipping away the tiniest possible slivers of health from the mighty boss's healthbar. Apparently it was a weakpoint, as it was doing more damage than attacking Rozarth's foot, but even as enthusiastic as Jaygon was, he was doing next to no actual damage here.

"Behehe!! Take that! And THAT! AND THAT!" He cackled, as determined as ever. "As if I'm going to give in to you, fatso! You can threaten me with whatever you want, but it doesn't matter, cause I'm going to WIN!" He shouted, before yelping as Rozarth started to move again. Jaygon dashed to the side and jumped off Rozarth's head, landing on a gold pile and turning around to shoot at the dragon again as the fat slob pushed himself back up. "And whatever you could possibly do will never be worse than having to serve a fat, stinking lump like you! Bwahaha!"

Rozarth snorted, unamused, his huge hand swinging across to grab or splatter Jaygon, but the kobold leapt back, agile as ever.

"You really think you can still win?" Rozarth asked in annoyance.

"Ha! I'm too fast for you to hit!" Jaygon shouted back, dodging the paw slams and tail swipes from the massive dragon, blasting him with bubbles whenever he could.

"Yes, little kobold, but we've been through this before. You're not immune to my magic." He smirked, raising his fingers to snap, only for Jaygon to leap up, then dive beneath the gold! Rozarth actually blinked in surprise.

"You can't cast at what you can't see! Behehe!" The kobold taunted back, though from beneath the gold it came out a lot more muffled than he intended. Rozarth growled, then raised his foot and STOMPED the patch of gold Jaygon had dived into, hoping to flatten him beneath the gold. Jaygon, however, popped up from a patch of gold *behind* Rozarth, blasting him with another torrent of bubbles.

"Your butt needs a wash, Rozarth!" He called out cockily, spraying the dragon's massive behind with his bubble cannon. It did absolutely *nothing* to clean the foulness of the dragon's toxic backside, but it did shave off a few more pixels of health. At this point, Jaygon had taken off... Almost one percent!!

“You’ve sealed your own fate, kobold! I’ll crush you under my ass and grind you until there’s nothing left!” He huffed, slowly sticking out his massive rear and falling backwards. Jaygon actually let out a mild squeak of fear at that, the sight of those two massive cheeks looming high overhead actually quite an intimidating one, but he quickly turned and sprinted for his life, his agility managing to just take him outside the drop zone before-

***BWWWOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMFFFFF!!!!***

Rozarth’s backside slammed down, crushing a massive portion of the chamber, but missing Jaygon just by a hair! Unfortunately for Rozarth, his butt-drop attack had a huge windup and recovery, allowing Jaygon to get a LOT of hits in... but that wasn’t what the kobold did! Instead, he popped up out of the gold again, a large pile that put him almost eye-to-eye with the sitting dragon.

“Hey Rozarth!” He shouted, a cocky grin on his face. “Eat BUBBLES! NYEHEHEHEHE!!!”

Just like in the first round, Jaygon’s attack meter had filled enough to use a special attack, but this wasn’t just any special attack! With all the damage he’d taken due to the crushing defeats of the last two rounds, combined with all of his perfect dodge bonuses avoiding Rozarth’s attacks, AND all of the combos he’d been getting in, his attack meter was full to bursting! The usually-yellow bar flashed a dangerous red, more full than Jaygon had ever had it, and he unleashed it all in one massive blast of bubbles, right into Rozarth’s huge face!

“**BUBBLE BLAST!!!**” The kobold shouted, his bubble cannon blasting out an absolute firehose torrent of bubbles, multiplied in their amount and damage by the stored up attack meter, and hitting Rozarth in his weak point! The dragon roared and recoiled, his body flashing red with every hit, stunlocking into the hit animation in the same manner as the minotaur, unable to do anything but take the entirety of the attack! Rozarth’s healthbar trembled as the game calculated the damage, a rumbling filled the room, and it plummeted!

An entire 2%...

Jaygon’s ears and tail drooped, a blank, uncomprehending expression on his face as he looked up at Rozarth’s healthbar, with over 97% of his health still remaining. The kobold’s gaze slowly shifted downwards, coming to rest on Rozarth, who glared at him, water dripping from the huge dragon’s face. Jaygon opened his mouth to speak.

“So... about that deal...?”

Rozarth’s hand swung in from the side and grabbed Jaygon tightly, nothing but the kobold adventurer’s head and shoulders sticking up from the dragon’s fist. Jaygon squeaked, struggling desperately as Rozarth rose back to his feet, and began to stomp off...

...back to his throne.





smaller than one of Rozarth's toes, who'd just taken the full strength of Rozarth's mightiest attack coming down on his head. In an instant, he had gone from a completely three-dimensional adventurer with full health, to a smushed, squashed, splattered and smeared stain, with a healthbar as thin as paper! Even as the aftershocks were still rumbling on, Jaygon's healthbar fluttered flatly away like a leaf, making a sad 'whomp whomp *whoomp...*' noise as it disappeared below the edge of the screen. For all his bravado and cockiness, the great adventurer had failed, and failed *spectacularly*. All that was left were the consequences...

Rozarth growled with pleasure as he pressed his ass down as hard as he could into his throne, then slowly began to grind left and right, twisting and smearing his mammoth mountain of buttfat across the seat of the throne with long, drawn-out squelching noises. Slowly, the dragon licked his lips, unable to help himself at the sheer *deliciousness* of his victory. Even if it had been guaranteed from the start. Even if his opponent had been a tiny, weak kobold. It felt so *goood...*

"Can you still hear me, I wonder?" He said as a grin spread across his face. "Or are you so utterly *buried* under the living avalanche of my ass that you can't hear a word I'm saying beneath my immeasurable tonnage... It doesn't matter, as we'll be spending *plenty* of time together from now on, so I'm sure you'll hear these words a lot, but I just wanted you to know: You've *lost*, little kobold. You've lost, and lost *everything*. Your lives, your future, your third dimension... I've taken them all, and now you're *mine. Forever.*" His purring voice transitioned into a rumbling chuckle, before he opened his eyes and glanced back at his enormous backside, sitting squat on the throne, oozing sweat out from beneath it and fouling the air with its mere presence. Rozarth enjoyed savoring a delicious meal, but he couldn't wait any longer. He had to see what had become of his 'rival.'

With a grunt and a slow forward tilt, the mighty dragon gradually peeled his backside up off the stone, like a sticker being peeled from a sheet. Behind him, a huge, sweaty imprint of his ass was being left in his wake, steam-pressed into the solid stone for all time, but he wasn't concerned about that. He only had eyes for one perma-pressed prize...

Rising to his feet the dragon tried to glance backwards, and when that didn't work, he smirked with pride at his sheer enormity and instead slowly tromped over to a huge bronze mirror against one wall, his fat cheeks swaying every step of the way.

"Now then, let's see what final fate you've found for yourself..." He said, swinging his ass around to view it in the mirror, and-

**"BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! AHHAHAHA-HA!"** The dragon's laughter shook the room as heavily as any of his footfalls, but he couldn't help it! Rozarth threw back his head and cackled with laughter, as in the mirror he could clearly see his giant, sloppy ass cheeks, and how one entire cheek was now COVERED by a flat, pink kobold! From one side of the cheek to the other, there wasn't a spot that wasn't coated in a thin layer of shocked-looking Jaygon, his eyes wide, his mouth forever caught open in mid-scream. And as the dragon roared with laughter, Jaygon

locked eyes with himself in the mirror, bouncing and jiggling along perfectly with Rozarth's giant black butt cheek!

"Oh, sweet *perfection!*" The dragon boomed, as he playfully swatted at his ass with his own tail, and set Jaygon's flat form jiggling again. "An utter, perfect, crushing defeat. How do you like your new look, *hero?* I do hope you approve of it... after all, this is how you'll look forever more..." He hissed out the words with relish, and as he did so, his hand rubbed over his sweaty, glistening asscheek, thumb gently running down Jaygon's edges and finding... absolutely no seam.

"I've crushed many heroes in my time, but I don't think I've ever *molecularly FUSED* them to my body before. I can't even feel the difference between you and my cheek anymore... Can you, kobold? Can you feel your own body, or is your entire being now simply a reeking part of my glorious, fat form? I'm sure you can *smell* the difference." He smirked, his tail mockingly wafting away the fumes from around his fat backside. "I don't think you could *ever* be peeled free now... it would take the strongest of magics to remove you from my backside, I think... So let's make sure that that's not going to happen."

The evil dragon grinned, summoning up a dark, glowing energy between his hands, then moved them back to his cheeks. As he did, he locked eyes with Jaygon's desperate, pleading look in the mirror.

"I told you, kobold. Your end will be horrific, humiliating, putrid... and *permanent.*"

The dragon's hands pressed down onto his cheeks and began to massage, eliciting a groan of pleasure from him, but all Jaygon felt was a wave of terror! He would have screamed if he could, but instead all he could do was stare in desperate horror as Rozarth's dark magic washed across his cheeks, infusing them, and Jaygon, with powerful arcane energies. Energies that rewrote the very nature of life and reality itself. The kobold felt an intense crackling jolt surge over him, managed to let out a keening whine, and then... nothing. He didn't feel any different...

"There..." Rozarth sighed, removing his hands from his cheeks and inspecting his handiwork in the mirror, though nothing looked any different... at least to a mundane eye. "Soulbound... Your soul is bound to mine forever, little kobold. Do you know what that means?" He chuckled. "It means that from now on, we will be quite literally *inseparable*... You are nothing but part of me now. No magic will ever pry you loose, no resurrections or extra lives will bring you back now, for there is no 'you'. There is only the great and powerful Rozarth, and his flat, pathetic, stink-gargling ass tattoo..." He murred, squeezing and squishing his fat cheeks with his hands, quite literally grinding his victory in as he massaged over the cheek that Jaygon covered.

"And since you are now simply a part of me, *rejoice, kobold.* I am an immortal creature, so you have now obtained what so many adventurers have quested for. Congratulations, Jaygon. You are now *immortal.*"

As the words washed over him, the kobold ass-tattoo finally realized just how bad an idea it had been to challenge Rozarth, and how utterly, incomprehensibly, whole-heartedly *SCREWED* he was! He wasn't just out of lives, he wasn't just crushed flat, he was now molecularly and spiritually bound to Rozarth's backside, *for the rest of time!* There would be no escape, no reprieve. He was Rozarth's stinking, sweaty, putrid swamp-ass until the day the dragon died, and the dragon never *could* die! This was it. This was his life, from now until the end of time, and it *STANK!*

"Ahhh, there it is... the delicious realization as all your silly little hopes and dreams come crashing down around you. Perhaps you would have taken my offer now, hmm? Or perhaps you would have fled from my mountain, screaming in terror, never to even step foot inside, had you known that this was your fate... But now? Now you are *mine. FOREVER.*"

The dragon threw back his head and laughed again, as reality set in for Jaygon... and what a grim reality it was. Rozarth hissed happily, took one last look at the flat kobold in the mirror, then smirked and turned, walking back off towards his throne. "Welcome to your new eternity, Jaygon. At last you've gotten everything that was coming to you~" He purred, the camera following his fat, swaying butt as it made its way back to the throne, cheeks bouncing, sweat dripping, stinking wafting off, and one flat, defeated, kobold ass tattoo staring out in horror as the screen faded to black...

~~~~~  
**GAME OVER**  
~~~~~

## Epilogue:

Rozarth yawned as he awoke from his slumber, rolling his fat body over on his throne and not even noticing the handful of kobolds he steamrolled under his sweat-slick belly and thighs. One questing hand reached down beside his throne, and pulled up a glowing crystal ball. In it, a small green goblin was sticking his tongue out as he left two of Rozarth's guards tangled in a rope trap.

"Oh, another adventurer braving the perils of my lair?" He smirked in amusement, lifting his head slightly and focusing his gaze on the figure within. "And he's gotten quite far, too. I wonder if he'll make it all the way here? It's been quite a while since that's happened... hasn't it, Jaygon?" The dragon grinned and glanced back, shaking his hips slightly and making his fat backside wobble like a bowl of jelly.

Ten years. Ten long years it had been since Jaygon the Flat had made his way through Rozarth's lair, becoming the first to ever fight the dragon in his chambers... and then become a cautionary tale too awful to be repeated in polite company. Everyone knew the story of what had happened to Jaygon when he tried to fight Rozarth. The dragon had shown off his tattoo on many occasions when burning down a village or stomping an army beneath his feet, and since then, less and less adventurers had come to the dragon's lair, lest they suffer a fate as awful as the unlucky kobold's...

On Rozarth's cheeks, two blurry kobold eyes stared out at the world, still eternally locked in the same expression as he had worn ten years ago, when Rozarth swatted him like a bug beneath an anvil, and perma-bound him to his cruel fate on the dragon's backside. And the years had not been kind. Rozarth had clearly been eating well over the decade, his fat body swelling and growing to new heights of slobbish decadence, but nowhere had grown quite so much as his cheeks. They were almost *double* the size they had been when he splattered Jaygon with them, growing into awe-inspiring mounds of wobbling, sweaty fat, and it seemed that the *stench* had grown with them. The slave kobolds Rozarth kept couldn't even go near the ass without passing out cold from the stink, so it didn't even get token efforts to wash it, and the dark abyss of Rozarth's ass now rivaled the foulest stinkmarshes for the title of 'Grossest Swamp in the Land.'

As for Jaygon, he was still very much alive, and aware. Conscious and suffering through every droplet of sweat that ran down his face, every itchy ass-scratch from the dragon, every whiff of stink and ounce of pressure. When Rozarth sat it felt like he was being crushed all over again, and the kobold had been so smushed and smeared over the decade of being nothing but the grossest dragon's grossest feature, that his once sharp and distinct outline was beginning to fade. Too much crushing, too much stink and too much dragon butt growth had worn the kobold down to a faded impression, but Jaygon's mind was as sharp, clear and conscious as it ever was... and as it would be forever more...

“Perhaps I’ll acquire a matching tattoo for my other cheek. But then again, you are *special*, aren’t you, little kobold. I still savour the memory of our fight. Of your arrogant defiance, of flattening you beneath my glorious ass, and of breaking you mentally when you realized this would be your fate forevermore...” He purred. “I don’t think I could ever recreate something as perfect as that... Nor will I ever need to, given you’ll always be with me as a memento of your utter, abject, failure...” The dragon chuckled, and rubbed a hand over the fat cheek Jaygon was sealed to. A loud ‘*SPLAT!*’ suddenly caught his attention, and looking back to the crystal ball, he smirked.

“Ah... well it seems I won’t get the chance anyway.” He snorted in amusement, gazing into the crystal ball, to see two fat hippo guards grinding their cheeks together. A tiny pair of green hands desperately stuck out between them, but were quickly ground into paste. By the time they separated, the goblin was nothing but a blinking stain on a fat pachyderm rump.

“Oh well, back to my rest. Perhaps I’ll fly out to that new castle and butt-slam it from orbit later. Reducing that to a stinking swamp should be amusing...” He yawned, resting his head down again. “Goodnight, little kobold~” He smirked, returning to sweet dreams of flattening lesser creatures as they begged before him. On his ass, the perma-squashed, eternally-bonded, flat pink stain wondered how things could possibly get any worse...

And then Rozarth rolled over.

***THE END!***

*...of Jaygon.*