

Tongue Tied (Rex Overboard Act 4)

By Bartan Tirix

*"Lately I've been, I've been losing sleep
Dreaming about the things that we could be
But baby I've been, I've been praying hard
Say no more counting dollars, we'll be counting stars*

We'll be Counting Stars." The phone rang within the bedroom, already lit up with the sun's rays in the side window. Thankfully not blinding the occupants of the bed, but getting the blue eastern dragon to grumble a bit awake. Climbing over the rex' vinyl body in order to reach his device and shut the alarm off. Now noticing that Loqe himself was once again affected by such a curse, getting him to smirk after finding the smaller wyrm in the bed with them. Stretching awake and mumbling pleasantly, all while the dinosaur was still in his deep slumber.

A few playful shoves at the black dragon got the attention of those blue eyes, slowly blinking at the noodle as if to ask. "Hey." Loqe whispered at him. "Can you reverse this?" A bit of a disappointed look from the living toy. "I have several things to get done today, don't have a whole lot of time to... Y'know." Those black wings slumped down a bit, but Dia nodded. Placing a paw on the blue one, and quickly the 'curse' started to lift. Feeling a little strange still, but it worked at least. "Thanks. Alright, I got a job for you." Those frilled ears perked. "I want you to do it to him too, then I want you to milk him." A couple of taps on that bloated white package. "See if you can reduce the amount of weight he has, eh?" A chirp in response. "Bonus points if you can do it without waking him." A playful purr and an excited nod from the black one as he went to work.

Returning the rex to normal with barely a mumble from Zarrel's slumber, the toy carefully observed the large dino. Granted, the bed did seem to creak a bit from the extra weight onto it, it would likely still hold. Carefully leaning over his large body and over towards that large red weapon, Dia caught the tip of it with his muzzle. Using the black paws to stroke it gently as the rex took a deep slow inhale.

Releasing the breath with a purr, the wyrm stopped for a few moments to see if he was awake or not. With no other response, he lightly started lapping at the tip for a few moments. Soon getting that newly acquired taste of cloves and molasses, getting an instinctive vocal response from the dragon as well. Gently licking at that small hole that rewarded that red tongue every few motions, all while those paws went to work.

Venturing down the sides of that large weapon, black vinyl fingers going across the bulge around the tower's underside. Those soft claws passing over and through the rows of fleshy spines as the ground underneath pulsed, forewarning the wyrm's muzzle that there was another jolt on the way. Making that inflated tail flutter with anticipation until it painted the roof of Dia's maw.

The warm white liquids slid down his hollow throat, soon starting to create a small pond within that black chest as the dragon continued. Hearing the dinosaur's purrs grow louder and almost stopping

when the large body shifted a bit, but Zarrel was still within his deep slumber. Letting the toy slightly adjust and continue his task, those blue eyes overlooking the large pouch before him, and wanting every drop inside his own body.

However, the wyrm was tasked to do this while the rex remained sleeping. Let alone, without the use of the toy's magic, for lack of a better word. So odds are the theropod could only muster one large release, perhaps two if happened to wake up. Granted, that would likely cause the rex to sleep once again. Perhaps letting the toy continue his work afterwards? The idea of such a thing excited Dia.

Regardless, it means he would have to aim for one large release. And that meant working on Zarr's equipment for a long, drawn-out time. At least the rewards would be frequent, the toy thought. Pushing his muzzle further around the large flare, still lapping around and welcoming every little drop of seed it had to offer. Letting those paws rub against the thick flesh of the tower's walls, occasionally stroking down towards those ridges and lightly playing with them. Just to get a heavy jolt and a whimper from the large one.

But one ridge session lasted a little too long, feeling a brown paw on the dragon's back as if to hold him there before a large torrent was forced into that black muzzle. Letting it wash down his neck and overflow the small pond into those black haunches. As well as tail and paws. Yet, the rex remained asleep, just breathing heavily for a few moments as Dia remained still.

After a bit, the wyrm started up again. Stroking that weapon until its leak was almost constant, vibrating its tip with his very purrs and washing it with that red tongue. Those paws reaching down towards the knots every once in a while, nearly squeezing to test their density, and getting a few extra jolts from the lowest one. Though the white pouch did look slightly drained, it did seem to be moving a bit with the dino's every breath.

Dia couldn't help himself though. The dragon had patience, yes, but it was wearing thin. Replaced by anticipation and desire for more of that white flavored drink. Starting to gnaw at the weapon's tip with his soft teeth, those paws began to get more aggressive. Pressing harder along the tower's walls, rubbing against those ridges more frequently and getting a larger reward.

When the rex started to whimper, the wyrm forced himself to stop and slow down for a few moments. Starting up again after ten or twenty seconds, letting the sleeping Zarr climb up close to a climax again. Occasionally going too far to get another brace from that brown paw along the toy's back, and almost feeling the sprays flow through his hollow form.

The seed was starting to round out the dragon's lower end, leaking down towards his haunches and tail while the air started to move upwards. Creating a small pressure that made the smaller one start to spray within the bedsheets, attempting to remain silent and just thankful that his muzzle was occupied. Once in a while taking a paw to observe his rounding belly and loving that taut feeling.

With every little spray, the pouch was getting smaller and smaller, making Dia wonder if it would really be enough to satisfy himself. After all, the wyrm should be rewarded for such an effort, yes? Even if the dinosaur was in a deep sleep to really appreciate such a thing. After a few more squirts, the black

one gave into his desires. Stroking the rex up to a near climax point once again and waiting for that brown muzzle to whimper.

When it was heard, one of the dragon's paws moved from the bottom knot/ridges and onto the pouch that he could barely reach. Hearing it groan before starting to swell up slowly, letting Zarrel's whimper continue to climb as it started to bloat over his thick tail. Becoming tighter and tighter as it reached new sizes, starting at three times normal size and slowly reaching four... Five, before hearing those whines almost morph into slightly painful.

But the rex was almost there, Dia could tell from the sheer pulse of that weapon stuck in his muzzle. Getting the pouch to grow once again between the theropod hinds, reaching five and a half... Six... Six and a half, and the large one's breaths started to become rapid. However, the dragon wanted to make sure of a full release! Stroking those ridges while growing the white bloated bag to nearly seven before it started to drain a bit.

The wyrm wasn't done, wasn't satisfied! Plugging up the tip with his tongue and forcing the barrage to build up a bit, getting the rex to growl and hiss in the process. As well as grip the toy, now realizing the rex was now at least half awake. Stretching his balls to an eight... Nine... Ten before the pressure was too much to hold back. Releasing the gating appendage and letting the flood flow down his black neck.

White thickened Dia's cheeks into large round balls before bulging down his throat, forcing most of the air to his back, wings and shoulders. As the weighted fluids started to build up in his lower ends. Bloating out his chest and large belly into a much more chubby form, thickening up his tail more and more as everything struggled to find room. Letting the toy inflate between the large dinosaur and the wall on the small bedding.

Then there was the thrusting from Zarrel, as well as those clawed forepaws digging into the growing wyrm's form. Soon getting immobilized while showering the bedding with his own colorful fluids. The toy loving every moment of it and almost squealing in glee, even more so when he realized that pouch wasn't even half empty yet.

The pressure started to really build up within the black one, swelling up that tail and his back as that belly bulged over the dinosaur's own white underside. Still attached to that monstrous red weapon, the dragon's body started to merge into one large sphere. From his neck and chest, belly to haunches, bloated shoulders to his back. Growing constantly as he started to get tighter and tighter, whimpering in anticipation as those hind paws started to wiggle the best they could.

When they became too tight to move, about the size of a large yoga ball, the two got into a stalemate. Hearing the toy's body almost growl playfully at the constant sprays until his body began to overflow. Those paws and appendages flooding to fold out a larger dragon like before, though still a bit chubby. As that now larger black muzzle started to take the full length of such a weapon, nearly squatting on top of the rex' snout, Dia continued to swallow every drop. Getting close to the end of such a thing as Zarrel started to lick under that black bloated tail.

The wyrm purred loudly, adding to the dinosaur's pleasure and just almost taunting it by swaying that fat draconic tail over the brown muzzle. With one powerful final draw from that rex weapon, it triggered a response within his instincts. Getting Zarr to bite the tail with his powerful jaws and sharp teeth, instantly getting half a yelp before bursting the over-inflated dragon into a shower of white.

Half shocking the rex awake to realize what just happened, he looked down over the now reformed Dia. Currently once again small and still releasing from his own package a bit. Panting loudly as the two started to enter their afterglow, painted white with the smell of molasses, which was soon disappearing as if being soaked up by the very floors. As much as the rex wanted to question such a thing, he was just too tired and relaxed to care.

His primal senses alerted the dinosaur awake, hearing an unfamiliar presence enter the room. Getting those orange eyes to grumble open and see something white and furry look around the room. "Don't mind me, just surveying the damage." The male said, looking through Loqe's bathroom really quickly before walking out of the room, checking something off on a clipboard.

But the rex couldn't quite make out what was going on, let alone notice how revealing he must've been to the stranger. Getting those frilled ears to blush all at once and whimper when he glanced at his own underside. A vinyl black wyrm staying completely still on his belly, smiling just like the first day it came into their possession. Only moving when Dia was poked by a brown paw. "R'you trying to hide from them...?" Those blue eyes just blinked at Zarrel, nearly in question as he looked back and forth between the toy and the doorway.

The sounds of many others were heard downstairs, likely cleaning up the mess the two made. Which also reminded the rex to keep his muzzle shut about the whole incident as well, at least their involvement in the damage. Stretching himself awake while the small wyrm jumped off and did the same, the two got up and looked over the balcony at the crew dealing with the messed up living room. The broken futon, TV, furniture, cleaning up a lot of the shattered glass out in the pool yard. There was quite the list of tasks that needed to be complete, but they all seemed relatively pleased to do the work.

The black dragon just gazed at the theropod in question. "We might have to put the... Sessions off for a while." A sound of disappointment as the rex picked him up. "Okay, your best toy-face." A nod, then Dia completely froze with a happy look on his face. Honestly, when he went into camouflage like this, it was difficult to tell if such a thing was actually alive or sentient.

Regardless, Zarr carried the bedroom for a moment and got dressed. Heading downstairs directly after and spotting the blue noodle in the kitchen signing a few papers for a polar bear. Leaving shortly after and bidding Loqe a good day. Getting the eastern dragon to look at the rather surprised expression of the dinosaur, like he nearly seen a ghost. "What's wrong?"

"...Who was that?"

"Insurance guy. You didn't see him upstairs looking the place over?"

"Y-yeah, but..." A few people passed through the kitchen, making his voice grow quiet as he moved closer to the blue one. "I swear that was the same guy."

"Same guy as...?"

"Who delivered... Dia." Those pink eyes looked at the brown one in question, before looking towards where his driveway would be. Hearing the vehicle start in the background of sweeping and people moving. "Maybe I'm just seeing things."

"That or you think that there's only one white bear in the entire city." Those frilled ears of Zarrel's fell a bit, getting a tap against his chest. "I'm joking. Regardless we're going to be without sexytime for about a week." A bit of a shy and sad look from the rex, then the dragon chuckled after a few moments. "You look so disappointed."

"I..." Another tap as the noodle grabbed a duffle bag from the floor, getting another look in question.

"You don't *really* think that we're going to stay here until they're done, do you?" The dinosaur's head tilted slowly. "We're staying at the cabin for the next few days."

"...Cabin?" It was barely a question, and Loqe nodded. "...As in...?"

"Our cabin. In the woods. For when we want to go camping." Those orange eyes just blinked at him. "Solar powered, completely off the grid. By a lake and everything." A few more moments of staring and the dragon started looking around. "What?"

"You...? Your family has... This is their summer home, isn't it?"

"My parents, yeah."

"And you have a third home?"

"It's a cabin."

"Yeah, but it's used in the summer...?"

"Think of this place as a vacation home." A bit of a whimper from Zarr, as he held a paw to his eyes for a moment.

"Just... How rich are your parents again?" A chuckle from the noodle.

"Decently, but I still need to hold a job. So." He got another duffle bag, empty, and tossed it onto the dinosaur's rather stunned expression. "Pack up, we'll wait for you in the car. Come Dia." The toy chirped and jumped into the dragon's arms.

To call the thing a Car would be incorrect, really. The vehicle was more of a mix between a Station Wagon and a Truck, as the rex stared at it uncomfortably for a moment as the blue dragon added a few more things to the back. Knowing very well that dinosaurs, especially large ones, didn't combine well with normal transportation. "Just the one bag?" Loqe asked him, getting a bit of a shy nod from the larger one, yet those eyes were trapped looking at the deep purple metallic color on the side of the truck.

"Y-yeah... I don't wear too much-"

"I've noticed." A whimper in response that time as the noodle tossed Zarr's bag in the back. "I've folded the seats down so you can fit. Just go in through the side." An uncomfortable look, but the brown dino did so. Sliding opened the door and climbing into the rather cramped area, hearing the large machine's sparks groan with every movement of his heavy body. Attempting to move his weighted tail to the other side to even out his mass on the vehicle as the dragon climbed into the driver's seat. Feeling Dia climb onto the rex' back and look around in excitement as the engine started up. "Alright, say goodbye to the place for a few days." The wyrm chirped loudly as they started to back out. "Buckle up." He motioned towards Zarrel.

It took a few moments of studying how it was to be done for something his size. Even though the seat was folded down, the buckle to the belt was still within range to properly protect the dinosaur. "I can't tell you the last time I've been in one of these things." The brown one mumbled, as he felt it starting to move in reverse out of the driveway.

"I can't imagine why." The blue noodle teased, taking a moment to look over the damages to their neighbor's house and almost chuckling. "I wish I could see the look on Dick Chopper's face when he finds out."

"I still can't believe we went through with that." Zarr almost whispered, unable to look away from the 'building' until it was passed. "If we ever get caught..."

"There's no evidence of us being there. Besides, I think we were pretty convincing last night." Loqe stated, half getting the music player going before they started getting to the main roads. "Looks like I should add more fuel to this though." A noise in response as he let the dinosaur get used to being in the truck, chuckling when he braced along every turn. While the wyrm was the complete opposite, looking through nearly every window like an excited animal. Gazing at every car they passed and pawing that the music speakers when he discovered one.

"So, why do you like that stuff anyway?" A double take from the rex at the noodle's question. "Y'know, inflation. Pooltoys, that material that they're made of-"

"Vinyl."

"Knowing what Vinyl is, yes. Why?" A bit of a worried look from Zarrel as he wondered where his

friend was going with this. Eventually getting a gaze from those pink eyes, but only for a moment as he continued to watch the road. "Just starting a conversation. Curious, really."

"I'm... Not really sure." The brown one mumbled in reply. "...Why did you like...?"

"Dinos?" A bit of a whimper as the dragon chuckled. "Remember Ironist Titus? The Tricera-?"

"Ms. Titus!?" A laugh from Loqe that time. "The substitute teacher?"

"The thicc one, yes." A louder whimper. "Less than two years before I was classified as an adult, I had her for a World Issues class. Very small one, maybe about nine people total, including the teacher. I just came back from a small vacation from where we're going actually, and I needed some notes. Our normal teacher placed them in a filing cabinet in the corner, bottom drawer-" Another whine from the rex made the noodle chuckle. "You know where this is going."

"A-and she..."

"Went to get them. Swaying that thick tail side to side while avoiding the mess that was Roger's classroom. Bending over and lifting that skirt in the process..." A purr from the blue one, as the dinosaur felt almost uncomfortable. "She ended up wearing some very thin underwear that day, giving me a wonderful view of her slit. I swear, my stones dropped *again* after seeing that. I was stiff for the rest of class, awkwardly hiding it under the table-" A groan from Zarrel.

"I can't believe this." The theropod blushed deeply, covering his eyes.

"Anyway, I had one hell of a crush on her since then. So much that I snuck into a class that I wasn't even a part of just to see her again."

"And she started...?"

"I'm not done." Another whimper, rather long this time. "I was a stupid bold juvenile, and I ended up finding her house."

"Oh... Please no."

"I wrote her a letter, stating that I was very *interested* in her and even telling this story." A whine that was getting higher in pitch. "**Stupid Bold**. Just don't break the glass, buddy."

"I'm trying not to."

"Anyway, she ended up replying to me secretly. Remembering who I was and the incident."

"And you got rejected." A very smug look from the noodle. "No way..."

"Iron stated that I was a minor for now, but once I came of age, bring that note to her doorstep, and a good ID." Another whimper as Loqe laughed. "She was quite the cougar."

"You cannot be serious." Another chuckle. "You...!?"

"That was my first time, and she taught me *a lot*."

"You're joking. You have to be." Another smug look. "Okay, where was the cumshot then?"

"Facial. Stroked off by those beautiful body pillows." A look of study from those orange eyes, as the pink ones kept glancing between him and the road. "You still don't believe me-?"

"I don't believe you." The dragon got out his phone, carefully browsing through it while driving and handing it over. Displaying a photo album of the Triceratops and the blue noodle. "The Hell!? She even let you take pictures!?"

"She was damn proud of her body for being quite busty. As long as I didn't use it as blackmail or post it online, then she agreed." The rex just whimpered in response, going through frame after frame of someone he knew. Completely displayed and very confident. Eventually finding the shot of a very familiar weapon between two breasts. "However..."

"However?"

"I learned a few things, unfortunately."

"That STI's are a thing?" A chuckle from the two.

"Nah, she was clean." A breath from the dragon. "Sadly, I would *never* be able to satisfy a female of that size."

"What do you mean-" The brown one asked too soon, now coming across a photo of 'comparison'. "Oh..."

"Yeah, I was naturally just too small to really do much. Not without literally using my entire body to go spelunking."

"...That's an odd way to put it."

"It's kinda true though. I even tried using my tail along with-" A whimper from the dinosaur. "I knew you would come across that one eventually."

"Seriously, there are dozens of these. Who even took some of them!?"

"She had quite the reach, honestly." Another whine. "But that kinda drew the line between reality and fantasy for me. I love me some large dino fems, but I would never really be able to do much for them. Not without toys, and if they're going to use that, I might as well not even be there."

"But...?" A sad look from Zarr, as the noodle glanced at him.

"I can still satisfy a male, even if I can't normally take them in." Those brown frilled ears fell.

"Which is why...?"

"I like you?" The dino's head sank a bit that time. "A few other reasons too, but you do have the

biggest weapon I've seen."

"I highly doubt that. I've been online before-"

"Without being photoshopped." A tap on the rex' muzzle. "Your turn. Who was your first?"

"Mine...?" A nod from the noodle. "...You." A double take and full on stare from those pink eyes, making Zarrel look back and forth between them and the road after a while. "...Road... Road. Road. Loqe, the road!" Eventually the dragon looked forward.

"Are you pulling my tail!?" A whimper in response. "You're how old?" Another one. "And no one's done anything else with you besides me and yourself?"

"N-not really, no."

"No one? At all?" They were barely questions.

"Well... Dia now too." That blue muzzle tossed. "I just..."

"You just what?" A breath from the rex.

"I was ashamed." Another stare from those pink discs.

"...**How?**" Another whimper. "Have you seen yourself?"

"Yeah, and how deformed I look." Zarrel mumbled looking away, seeing that snout toss again in the mirror.

"Fuck everyone else, they're *Boring*. Trust me when I say this: If they seen you, they would be envious as all hell." No response. "Alright, I'll show them then." A double take that time.

"W-what!?"

"Next time you're hard as a rock, I'll snap it. Post it without telling anyone it's you." A sharp whimper. "You are hardly the only rex with a white belly, let alone this scale color. No one's going to be able to tell it's you. After a few days, I'll show you the feedback."

"You can't be serious..."

"You have nothing to be ashamed about, Zarr. Fuck, you think I haven't looked into surgery to make my dick look like yours?" A low whine that time. "Too many things could go wrong though, and I'd rather have one that works over one that doesn't." The butterflies in his white belly suddenly increased as they pulled into a gas station. Parking it near one of the pumps and parking the vehicle before shutting it off. "Okay, you operate the pump, because I know how much you like them." A loud whimper as those brown paws covered Zarrel's own eyes. "I'll pay and get a few things for the stay down there. The fridge should still be stocked, but we'll find a food place along the way."

"A-alright."

"Fill it up. But no more overflowing, okay?" Another whimper from the rex as he attempted to get the blush out of his ears, handing the phone back to his friend as they got out. "Want anything specific?"

"Some breath mints, I guess." A chuckle from the dragon. "What? They're addicting after a while."

"And cheap, I'm not complaining. Just weird to see a carny [Carnivore] like them so well." The large one just snorted as they passed, and the blue dragon entered the store. Grabbing a basket and nabbing a few things along the isles, snack foods mostly. Then several bottles of soda that were on sale. Bringing it up to the cashier. "Is pump 3 done?"

"Yep."

"Charge it here then." Loqe did a quick scan to find the breath mints, finding large ones in a tube-like packaging and taking about two handfuls of them before throwing them in front of the clerk. Getting an odd look at them and the bottles of soft drinks before looking over the blue noodle. "It's not what it looks like-"

"Hey, I'm not judging here." The cashier put their hands up in surrender. "But if you get ants, don't say I didn't warn you." A bit of a snout toss from the dragon as he was rung in. "You're all set." They stated when it was all paid for, and he left. Coming out of the store to see the rex getting back into the vehicle awkwardly and getting a chuckle out of Loqe. Walking on the other side and opening the side door, getting greeted with a chirp from the small wyrm.

"Almost ready. Just want a drink first." He set the cheap bags inside before taking out one of the large bottles. Opening it and drinking straight from the spout, getting a puzzled look from Dia afterwards. "Never had soda before?" He let the living toy take a small sniff before the black one latched onto the bottle's opening. Slowly letting the blue noodle tilt it and taking a bit of a large sample, for his size. "Pretty good, isn't it?" An energetic nod from the wyrm as he went for another taste. "Not right now. Maybe when we stop again."

Dia almost growled, but didn't complain past that. Let alone pouted for very long, as he was distracted by another car pulling up from behind them. Looking it and the people inside over while Loqe strapped himself in and prepared to head out. Sharing a look with the still uneasy dinosaur before putting the truck into gear and hitting the road.

The trip was full of music, casual conversations, chuckles at the wyrm's reactions and a few sights. Honestly, it felt like something the two needed, nearly getting cabin fever from being inside the modern castle for so long. Watching the windows as the scenery turned from urban buildings to forest, forests, and more forests, the dinosaur took a deep breath. "...I don't know."

"I know you don't know." The dragon answered rather quickly, getting a bit of a sad smirk from Zarrel. "You don't know what?"

"Where it came from. I've just... Always like it."

"Inflatables?" Half a shrug from the rex. "It's a safe space, buddy. I'm not going to make fun of you for anything here. And Dia's apparently swore an oath of silence." A chirp from the wyrm in the back. "What's the earliest you remember encountering it?"

"Earliest...? Well, my dad attended trade shows quite often every year. Specifically in the town I grew up."

"Ah, the mysterious Nowhere-Vill." The two chuckled. "Someday you'll tell me where you came from."

"I'm not sure why you're so interested." The theropod snorted.

"Safe space?" A questionable gaze from the large one.

"Sure, safe space."

"I want to see how hawt your mom is." The two laughed, even if Loqe got playfully punched in the side. "Hey-hey-hey, not while I'm driving."

"So after, fine. I'm going to make those blue balls of yours black." Zarr grumbled, getting a provocative purr from the noodle. "Anyway, one afternoon, my dad ended up bringing home this... Inflatable blimp."

"Ohhh, I can see where this is going."

"Yeah, he told me not to go near it. Keep in mind, I was maybe six-?"

"-Feet tall, gotcha." Another chuckle. "I can only imagine the troublemaker you were."

"Yeah, especially after the Forbidden Fruit concept." A bit of a groan from the dino.

"So, go on. You fucked it."

"I-I-I didn't fuck the blimp!" The blue dragon laughed loudly. "I was too young for something like that! But you're... *Half* right."

"Oh?"

"I ended up finding the plug, mounting it, and riding it as the blimp deflated." A strange look from those pink eyes. "I was always too big to ride anything. Those toy cars powered by large batteries. Ponies, you name it. I was always either too big or too heavy for them. This... I didn't see how I could damage." Loqe just stared at him for a few moments, glancing at the road from time to time.

"...But you fucked it afterward-"

"There was no blimp fucking!" Zarrel hissed, but couldn't help joining in the laughs. "That's all it was, just me riding it-"

"-Hard." A glare from those orange discs. "Very hard, as it submitted to your lovely weight. Morphing around your large form as air was forced out of it with every little squeeze-"

"Are you done?"

"Almost." The dragon teased.

"Too bad. I bailed after it and my father never suspected it was me. Plugged the valve back up too so he thought it was just a leak." A breath from the dinosaur "But that was the earliest I remember... Encountering something like that."

"Any others, then?"

"...I do remember in my early teens, I found I needed more pillows in my bed. Eventually coming across some inflated small raft or so. Just for a small kid in the pool or something."

"You guys had a pool?"

"N-no... We did go to a public one every once in a while though. This was just leftover..." He felt the pink gaze on him again, getting those brown frilled ears to blush and make eye contact with the dragon. "No-"

"So you fucked the-"

"I swear I will hit you again. Car crash or not, that's a risk I'm willing to take." The rex grumbled, but chuckled all the same. "But that was one of my main pillows for a while... While I..." A whimper from the theropod.

"Physically matured?" Another whine as Zarr covered his eyes. "There, there."

"How can you say that without...!?"

"Getting laid pretty much out of the gate into adulthood helps. And hopefully soon, you'll get out of this 'Sex Talk Is Embarrassing' phase." A whimper from the large one. "There's nothing to be shy about- No matter how you view yourself. I'll make you see that before the summer is through." No response for a bit as the rex just stared outside of the window.

"Even...?"

"Even if you dream about fucking a blimp." A groan from the rex. "And filling it full of cum until it explodes-"

"You're a good friend, Loqe." Zarrel grumbled.

"I try." A smirk from the noodle.

The truck eventually turned off the main road, going on a much older one for several minutes. Seeing the last house pass by them quite a ways down before a rather opened area. Taking another dirt road up a very faint hill towards a large cabin, one overlooking a body of water that could barely be called a lake. Stretching out across the field of view and only lined with the hills in the horizon. "Water seems a bit high, but it should be alright."

"Your..." Zarrel trailed off, almost stunned by the rather gorgeous sight. "Your parents own...?"

"Yep. But you can't ask me how." A puzzled look from the rex only got another smirk, as if the noodle was teasing him again... He thought, anyway. It was difficult to tell with his blue friend from time to time, holding too many secrets about his family's past. Regardless, he put the vehicle in park and got out. "Alright, I'm going to check up on the generator, can you dragged the bags in?"

"S-sure..." The theropod mumbled shyly, still trying to get out of the side doors without breaking the truck. Hearing the wyrm chirp loudly once the door opened and scampered out to explore the area. Especially the docks and the lake. "Wait! Dia!"

"Don't mind him, there shouldn't be a current in the water-" A small *splash!* was heard soon after, putting a smile on Loqe's face as he adjusted some of the solar panels. "Just don't go out too far, okay buddy?" A chirp in response, and the rex sighed a bit. Taking a few of the larger bags out and overlooking the camp-ground area just near the water. A well-built bonfire resting a ways off from the lake, trails leading into the wilderness could be seen. A small place for some wood that definitely needed to be replaced soon, then the large cabin. Looking like it had two floors to it, as well as a cellar in the back somewhere. "That's something we'll have to get while we still have daylight."

A double take from the dinosaur. "What?"

"The wood. We'll have to do it the old fashioned way." A bit of a worried look from Zarr. "Don't tell me you're not somehow excited about going to town on a tree."

"I can't say that axes were made for my... Structure in mind."

"Then you can push the tree down, and carry the wood back." Those frilled ears went flat against the brown one's head, but he didn't argue. "We'll be back in a bit, Dia. Going to get more firewood. And don't get into the soda while we're gone, understood?" A chirp in response as the blue dragon went off into the cabin for a moment, coming out with an axe and a couple of heavy duty bags. "Alright, let's head out." A sigh, and the rex followed.

Of course he wasn't going to listen to them, paddling out of the water and onto the docks before perking up those black frilled ears. Attempting to catch any sort of sound, barely hearing the two chuckle way out into the woods. Painting a devious grin over that black muzzle as Dia trotted over towards the pile of bags, looking over for that plastic one and grumbling when he couldn't find it. Perhaps still in the truck?

That head shot up and those ears perked again, purring in curiosity as he moved towards the

rear and climbing up the downed tailgate. Spotting the cheap bag almost immediately, and nearly tasting that delicious beverage as he trotted over. Slowly getting that cap off before latching his muzzle on its spout and taking a big drink out of the large bottle. Noticing several more resting near the finding point...

"It's nice out here, isn't it?"

"Yeah..." Zarrel replied, looking over the rather spacious forest. Trees planted rather far apart, sometimes a few meters. Making him feel nearly out in the opened. "Why don't you bring people here more often?"

"Honest?" A look in question from those orange eyes. "It's boring as shit."

"Really? Not much for camping?"

"Well, with the right company it can be." The smaller one smirked, taking a breath and looking around again. Barely seeing the water in the far background, reflecting the sunlight of the late afternoon. "Otherwise, there's just not much to do. Once you've done the basic camping stuff, it gets old after a while. And well..."

"If you have poor company, you're just doing it alone." The rex mumbled. Getting a bit of silence as the dragon still looked around. "What are you looking for-?"

"This should be far enough."

"Far enough for what-?" That blue muzzle nearly bit the dinosaur's, latching onto it with a deep kiss and getting the large one to almost yelp in surprise. Not resisting when Loqe lapped into his own brown muzzle a bit, but carefully participating, knowing very well his own could overpower the noodle's. Feeling those smaller paws nearly cup his jawline while a certain long tail curled around one of his hind legs. Attempting to pull towards the dragon while he pressed the rex against a tree. I say 'Attempt' because... Well... Size difference.

Regardless, Zarrel caught on and leaned against the large white bark, nearly sliding down onto his back while the dragon half rested on his chest and belly. Taking off his clothes while barely breaking the kiss. "H-here?" The rex whimpered.

"Why not?"

"A... A bit... Spacious, don't you think?"

"And you really think someone's going to spot us?" Loqe asked, deviously. Getting a whine in response but continued the deep kiss. "True, someone could be watching us this very moment..." Another whine. "But that's the fun part."

"But... Without...?" Those orange discs glanced the way they came, and the blue one sighed.

"Look, I'm alright with the... Toy-jazz. But once in a while, I just want it to be normal, y'know?"

"Considering we haven't done it..." A gaze from those pink eyes.

"Is that okay?"

"Y-yeah. It's fine. Really." A breath from Zarrel. "I'm just worried about disappointing. Possibly even hurting..."

"Me?" A shy nod. "I can see why." A few taps on that large underside, getting a shy whimper from the dino. "Alright, I'll stay on top, how about that?"

"You sure?"

"Until we find better ways for you to control yourself, yep." Another kiss. "Just sit back, and let me take it."

"Take what?"

"Your virginity." Loqe smirked, getting a snout toss from the theropod.

Several long gulps, and the black wyrm belched a bit. Nearly feeling most of his insides become more liquid than gas. Well, gas within liquid does count, but regardless. He was getting quite chubby by the third bottle, but he could fit more easily. Even if it meant that his form had to round out a bit. Taking another fresh bottle and breaking the seal in the cap before beginning to down it, already starting to feel his belly start to morph to accommodate such a thing, but the flavored drink was so addictive. The wyrm just needed to have more...

"Quite the Gentle Giant, aren't you?" Loqe chuckled, taking his pants off and tossing them to the side after grabbing something out of the pocket, the eastern dragon was already pretty hard.

"Submitting to this so easily." Fiddling with his device, the rex whimpered a bit after realizing what it was: the dragon's phone.

"Are you...?"

"Relax, I won't capture your face. I mean it when I say no one will recognize you. However..."

"You want to make another photo album..." A look in question from the smaller one, watching the dinosaur close his eyes and take a breath before nodding.

"You sure?"

"A-as long as... It's just for-"

"Us." A look from those orange eyes. "Trust me, you'll like it. I'll even make a slide-show, if you want." A groan from the theropod. "A PowerPoint presentation."

"One that I could imagine being mixed up with one for business."

"I could make that happen. I mean, people would be jealous."

"There'd be riots in the streets." Zarr grumbled, hearing the phone make a shutter noise. Then feeling the dragon slide back just over his slit, his own red weapon already peeking through. Hearing a few more photos as it started to grow in the excitement of exposure. Soon reaching past the pink forked tip as the noodle fratted over the growing member. Getting several different angles as the monstrous weapon reached its full size, nearly double that of the dragon's.

It was a comparison that Zarrel didn't really notice until this moment. Even after muzzling himself and the blue one before. Yet, the noodle didn't seem to be jealous of such a size, nor envious. Instead, fascinated with such a design, from the very look in those pink discs as he kept taking picture after picture. "Holy geez..." The rex made a noise in question just before he felt a paw on his pouch. "Didn't Dia empty you this morning?"

"I... Think? I can hardly remember, honestly."

"Well, they're definitely smaller, that's for sure. But I can't believe they're full already." A few more photos, including a few around his tailslit. "Still, makes it better for the camera."

"Of course it does." The rex snorted, but smiling at the attention. Getting a surprised picture taken with his face in it and instantly making Zarrel whimper.

"That one was for me." The blue one stated, getting a bit of a lift from that thick tail and getting Loqe's attention.

"For us." A smirk in response.

With a few groans, and several hisses from the gas inside, the last bottle was down. Granted, so was that black belly. Morphed completely over the floor, with Dia's paws barely being able to reach the ground enough to drag himself closer into the bags. Almost disappointed that all the soda was gone. But a sudden burp rewarded him with that very taste, nearly making that tongue loll out. Browsing through the bags just in case, he could still feel something hard within them, making the wrym purr in curiosity.

Just the breath mints that the rex wanted. One package already opened and poorly 're-sealed' together. Well, while the dragon was here, he might as well bring them with the other bags. Grabbing a hold of the plastic with his muzzle and pulling on his now heavy, awkward weight, the small dragon attempted to head towards the tailgate once again.

But the bag ripped within his maw, making the black one grumble loudly at the cheap plastic. Even spotting a few tears in it from the inside. Getting a snort from that black muzzle that fizzed in response due to the sudden moment, Dia pondered what he could do. The round shape wouldn't stay put on his back, however... He did have a way to carry them, just like the very liquids that were inside his body.

They can't be harmful in any way when mixed with the beverage, could they? Naw. Taking the long packages one by one, the black wyrm devoured them. Feeling the strange tubes make themselves at home within his chubby form before moving towards the rear of the vehicle once again.

"Alright, are you okay with me going forwards?" The blue dragon asked, getting a nod from the larger one and a deep breath. They've already fooled around enough before, this wouldn't be so different, would it? The dinosaur nearly braced himself as he felt that forked weapon reach his tailsplit, making him release a sharper breath that time as those orange eyes closed.

Yet, he could feel the gaze of an audience on him, even if it was just going to be the two of them. Getting a few slow prods and changes to the rex' breath, telling he was holding back. "Let it out, Zarr. We're all alone here, and trust me: it will be a lot hotter in the long run." A deep inhale and the dinosaur nodded. Releasing that breath and almost purring nervously. Waiting patiently for that flare to slip in after a few minutes and letting out a loud gasp while a wave of pleasure ran through him.

The wyrm cautiously moved towards the end of the vehicle, swearing his belly was getting a bit tighter in the process. Overlooking the small drop that was still about twice his size, Dia wondered how exactly was he going to get down safely. Though the branches of his wings were nearly filled tightly with air, they would not be able to carry such weight. Really, there wasn't that much of a risk, was there? He might lose a few drops of that precious drink, but that's about it.

With a shrug of those inflated wings, the dragon adjusted his bloated belly a bit, attempting to carefully roll off but misjudging the edge of the tailgate. Hitting the gravel driveway and making the liquids hiss inside his hollow form before thickening it up quickly. Landing on his side, his back towards the downhill driveway, the dragon's underside grew drastically. Over a matter of seconds, he was unable to reach the grounds under that ballooned underside.

That pink flare slipped inside and out quite steadily, making the dinosaur's tailsplit wink and his voice to sing loudly through the forest. His body moving in a hypnotic rhythm with the dragon's movements, almost dancing with the music of purrs the two were dueting. Though, getting the occasional grunt from the noodle in control of the camera, as his forked tip leaked out several jolts and really making the tailhole wet. "Seriously, how is something your size this tight?"

"Talent." Zarrel half grumbled from the teasing.

"Usually people consider their input limit to be more of a talent. I'm pretty sure you could crush coal into diamonds if you tried."

"That's actually a myth-" A sharp gasp as the pink tool re-entered, making the large one whimper and squirt onto his belly. "You actually can't ever crush coal into-" Another whine.

"This is Sex, Rex. Don't ruin it with Science."

The tightness made Dia whimper loudly as the soda continued to release a pressure within his form. Expanding that belly under and over the tailgate as it slowly rolled the toy wyrm backwards. Even though his limbs and backside were bubbling out, his belly was taking most of the punishment.

Within a few moments and songs of pleasure, the expansion pushed the wyrm away from the truck enough to start rolling him down the hill. Every sudden movement and bob was enough it create more and more fizz, more pressure into his rounding form. Hearing it groan as he started to balloon outwards quickly, and his body attempting to fight the change.

The slow thrusting motions continued to entrance the dinosaur as the blue noodle rested on his thick tail. The camera really focusing on his much larger weapon as a blue paw stroked it from slit to tip. Taking his time to study every inch of the strange design: the large flared tip, the dense bulge of the undergirth, the two swollen knots. And everything covered in a forest of soft spines while the knots were equipped with ridges. It's a wonder such a thing could even fit into the rex' body, really.

Honestly, the beast of a weapon seemed to really enjoy the limelight. Nearly showing off its form for the camera and leaking it's fluids in bulk, greasing up that white belly that constantly went up and down with every deep breath. Getting a sharp whimper when the dragon pressed forward, resting his head on the scaled pearl for a photography session. Touching the star of the show with his blue nose, tip against tip before lapping at it. Letting ropes of preseed stay attached between his lips and tongue. Making a few seductive faces towards the phone as the shutters constantly went off.

Yet, it soon gave in, and the toy's strange body overflowed into the larger wyrm. The liquids and gasses pushing into his paws and limbs while inflating them enough to start reaching the ground again. Allowing him to slow his speed to a stop towards the bottom of the hill, quite far away from the house. Regardless, Dia could at least walk again normally. Life lesson about sodas, he supposed... Not that he minded.

Rubbing his already chubby belly a bit was nearly enough to cause that constant leak out of his weapon. Maybe once he was back up, he could give that truck a new coat of paint. But a strange fizzing

got his attention, making the black wyrm look down at his body as he felt the pressure begin once again.

A brown paw was felt along the blue one's shoulders, as his longer body nearly wrapped around Zarrel's side to get into such a position. While still nailing the dino, of course. Giving him time to get used to the pink tool inside that tailslit while that forked tongue tended to the red weapon. Lapping around the flare a bit before hearing a loud whimper from the dinosaur, then soon getting a few heavy jolts over that blue muzzle in surprise. Of course getting it on camera at that, making Loqe smirk at him before attempting to lick it off and purring. "Still tastes different."

"That doesn't surprise me." The brown one playfully grumbled, getting a few heavier thrusts before the dragon got back into position. Letting that pink member take it's time before starting to use his blue hand over the rex', stroking it off with every little movement and getting a large reaction from the theropod. Hearing a noise in question afterwards.

"Tell me when you're about ready to release a lot." A look from those orange discs and Loqe tossed his snout. "Trust me, Future You will love it-"

"N-no. Not that. What is...!?" Those blue ears perked for a moment, and looked over at where the dinosaur was pointing; off in the distance where they came.

A moment of study, and Dia pondered if the hissing was leftover gasses from the soda. Yet, the noise was slowly rising within him. Making him purr in question before feeling a jolt of pressure, causing the dragon to be stunned for a moment and actually spray a bit from his red tower. Panting a bit before feeling his form begin to dense up again, that belly starting to reach down towards the ground under his paws.

Then a sudden increase of force within as his body started to fill with a thick foam. Pushing that underside and chest to the ground quickly before forcing it to round out. Causing more colorful sprays from his rear side as that weapon tip was pressed between his belly and tail. Another set of appendages that were taking in the pressure as those hips and shoulders started to bloat out drastically. That foam leaking out of that black muzzle a bit as his neck swelled up and closed it shut, yet the noise suddenly started to grow within his form...

A loud groan omitted as Dia's body attempted to fight off the pressure, feeling it slowly lose as his body bubbled out into one large sphere. One nearly the size of a small house. Whimpering a bit before getting another overflow, but there was so much pressure that his paws never touched the ground. That large black, thinning out belly immediately outgrew his new size, his vinyl body struggling to contain all the foam that was being created within him.

It took no time to once again become a large round balloon as the dragon attempted another stalemate. Losing it very quickly, but recovering with another overflow. Then a second-third-fourth! As his bloated form spanned across the field, covering acres as the pressure continued to expand the living toy to drastic limits. Moving more towards the downhill away from the house that was growing smaller and smaller in comparison. The foamy brown bubble growing several dozen sizes over it before finally reaching the cabin.

But the inflation slowed to a crawl, as the large balloon groaned loudly. Constantly steamrolling everything in its path, already taking out trees and roads before lightly touching the building. Pressing against the cabin as its dangerously thin form struggled to contain so much white and brown foam within. Creeks morphed into high pitched whines as Dia's back continued to arc upwards. Losing stalemate after stalemate before bursting in a large shower of strange snow.

The strange rain made it all the way into the forest where the two were having their little session, getting them to shield their eyes and devices for the moment using some of the nearby clothing. Staring at each other and where the event took place for a few moments before actually speaking once again. "...Dia?"

"I think so. This smells like breath mints and Dragon Drive Cola." Loqe grumbled and sighed. "Looks like I'm going to need to find something else to drink this week." A noise in response from the rex, as he eventually double taked at the devious pink stare. Tossing his muzzle afterwards.

"No."

"Come on, perfect opportunity-"

"This isn't Amateur Porn, Loqe. Get on with it so we can check on Dia."

"So impatient." The blue one teased, starting up again and instantly getting a reaction from the theropod. Those brown hind legs spread opened wide as those claws started to rake the air in separate sync. Shifting his inner muscles as they were invaded by a certain pink shaft, returning such a favor as it leaked out more and more pre. Making the action that much easier as it greased up the flesh, pushing it back further and making droplets trek across the dragon's ridges.

Every once in a while getting a squeeze from that tailslit, nearly making the noodle growl. Sharing vocal affection that honestly sounded like something far different for those listening from aways. The two shifting their bodies as the waves crashed through them, getting Loqe to begin to lean forward with his movements. Nearly curling over that white belly and getting greeted by two friendly forepaws, ones that started to aid him with a bit of a massage.

The more they continued, the less and less the camera captured. Getting the occasional glance of moments and weapons But the two couldn't concentrate enough to keep filming correctly. With every thrust the blue one's whimpers climbed, moving faster and faster as the two panted. Zarrel leaning up to

nearly swallow that draconic muzzle as it whined. His movements becoming more jagged and stiff, pounding the dinosaur's rear faster. Harder. As if he were trying to push the rex up the tree rather poorly.

With another pitched whine and a sudden push away from the brown muzzle, the noodle shifted his hips a bit. Trying to capture the climax with his phone, and soon Zarr could feel it. A bit of throbbing and a sudden wet warmth, nearly heat, slipping into his body. The two panting heavily as the larger weapon continued to squirt several jolts.

But Loqe didn't mind missing that barrage, considering his body nearly had him paralyzed for the time being. Catching his breath a bit before filming his withdrawal, the liquid webbing leaking out of that slit with ease as it started to run down the sides of that thick tail. Taking a few moments and pictures as the orifice winked, spazing out a bit as such energy continued to thrash inside the theropod.

Not long after, the dragon adjusted himself. Rubbing that large red weapon with his other paw and tongue as if to rile it up again. Gripping the softer spines a bit with his claws before lapping at the tip, gathering the tasteful fluids that seemed to jolt out of it. Then taking it in for the camera, those fangs slowly going around the flare as a brown paw was felt on the back of his blue neck. Playfully pulling on the thick flesh before taking a little bit more in, lightly stroking the ridges once in a while and getting a heavy dose of that clove preseed.

However, the noodle graciously accepted such a donation. Lapping it with that forked tongue and washing the weapon with it, letting a bit leak out for the camera. Nudging the tool so the head of it was resting over his snout and lapping at the rex's slit a bit from afar, letting a few more squirts drip onto that blue muzzle and run down the sides while that paw still tended to his knots. Making the large one whimper before giving Loqe a couple of taps.

The eastern looking one understood though, once again capturing the monstrous tip with his maw and stroking those ridges faster. Letting those breaths and whimpers climb before the blue one stopped suddenly, getting several large jolts that pumped through the red flesh and into that close muzzle. Actually forcing the dragon to swallow twice before releasing the grip of his lips, and turning them to the dinosaur's own muzzle for a deep kiss. Getting a bit of a surprised yelp, but submission nonetheless.

For several moments, the two forgot they were still being filmed. Lost in each other's tongue movements while dividing that white currency, even breaking it a few times to breathe and lick up every droplet that attempted escape. Going back at it until the two were finally satisfied with their share, panting to catch their breaths before the smaller one moved up on that round belly. Making the rex whimper in question a bit as Loqe positioned the camera on some nearby rocks, still pointing towards them, more specifically; their lower ends. Then he started to slip back towards that large tool. "A-are you... Serious!?"

"I at least want to attempt." Another whine, one of almost disapproval. "Relax, I'll be fine."

"Famous last words." Zarrel snorted.

"You haven't seen my toy collection. I've been practicing longer than you think." Those brown frilled ears blushed deeply as he could feel the tip of that blue tail brush against his equipment. Feeling the wet tip slide under the noodle and reach those haunches, prodding a bit before lining up with the pink slit. Gasping faintly at first contact of the makeshift lubricant as Loqe reached back for it, letting that dangerous looking flare slide around before lining it up for entry.

With Zarr's tool in place, the dragon faced forward. Taking a few breaths before placing those forepaws on that white chest below him and easing his way back. Making him release a few whimpers as the large weapon slowly entered his rear, centimeter by centimeter while getting a much heavier reaction out of the smaller one. Taking a few more breaths before attempting again.

Those rear muscles definitely felt like they were used to girth, just not quite this much. Much more flexible than the rex would've expected from a being half his size, though somehow just as tight. Slipping in little by little while getting a few jolts and a sudden squeeze, the stubborn noodle didn't show any signs of giving up just yet. Adjusting his legs and arms a bit before pressing harder against the threatening tower, causing Zarr to instinctively growl against the force.

After a few moments of struggle, that flare slipped in. Nearly stunning the smaller one into a thick growl as he remained still for the most part. "Y-you okay?"

"Yeah..." Loqe grumbled. "I swear it's gotten bigger."

"Means you did too much foreplay-" A bit of movement from the dragon caused the dinosaur to growl, getting him to release a thick spray directly into that rear. "Just... Be careful."

"Worst comes to worst, I'll just explode. No biggy." The smaller one grumbled sarcastically, getting the theropod to whimper. Gazing at that blue belly and just picturing it getting swollen, swearing there was a bulge in it already. The sheer thought of it was enough to get Zarrel to release another spray and witness a very faint growth. "How close are you?"

"A-almost there..." He mumbled in response, unable to look away from the lower middle of the noodle. Eventually snapping out of the trance and double taking at Loqe. "A-are you serious!?"

"I would like to try, at least."

"Loqe...!" A sharp snout toss from that brown muzzle. "You could get hurt!"

"You don't really release that much, do you?"

"A lot more than you." The rex snorted, sighing. "Fine, but you pull yourself off the moment it starts to hurt, okay?"

"Yeah, yeah." The smaller one snorted back, starting to grind over the weapon before the dino could respond. That thin tail swaying across the rest of his length and pouch, attempting to brush against those ridges and once in a while getting them. Eventually curling around and attempting to get the blue tip into the theropod's already greased up rear. Hearing him yelp in surprise before getting some rapid breaths.

The large one's pulse could be felt directly through his length, throbbing within that tight rear before leaking out several jolts. Hearing the rex' powerful roar climb up in volume, then a very thick spray that nearly felt like Loqe's weight doubled in a few moments. Thickening up his belly very quickly before the large warning signs were felt. Taking in several more torrents before the flare was forced out of that slit, though spraying his blue haunches like a powerwasher.

A few moments for breaths, and the dinosaur forced the noodle to half don the large tool once again. Not quite getting the flare in, but enough to get most of his seed to enter that tailhole. Hearing Loqe whimper a bit as his belly scales groaned against the pressure as it started to bloat out slowly. Coming to a stalemate for a bit before losing and growing a bit unrealistically, much like how the dragon would if they were under the influence of the toy's magic. Making that middle big enough to fit two watermelons easily before the sprays started to calm down.

The dinosaur's brace eventually stopped, and the two laid there panting for nearly a minute. Eventually feeling that large gut being studied by Zarrel and him purring deeply, then whimpering in guilt. "Sorry..."

"It's fine. I asked for it." Feeling a blue paw onto his own, studying it at the same time. "Holy fuck..."

"Y-yeah... You're pretty large."

"Never been able to do that before." A double take from those orange discs.

"...You tried?"

"No, but." A snort in response. "Maybe... Dia?"

"Like the... 'Curse' is lingering in some ways?" A shrug from Loqe. "Well, at least you didn't explode."

"Yeah. Reminds me though, we should look into what happened to him."

"In..." A noise in question as the rex shyly looked into those pink eyes. "In a bit?"

"Sure thing." The two sat and relaxed, soon drifting off into slumber.

The two returned from the forest with the wood, spotting a certain small black toy in a comatose. Lying on his back on the hood of the truck, his hardened tool still twitching from time to time and leaking out colorful fluids. Tongue lolling out and almost breathing in whimpers of pleasure, putting a pair of smiles on the other two as they got a few things ready.

Daylight was soon coming to pass, painting the sky in streaks of yellow and orange with every fluff of the clouds. The glowing orb inching for cover behind the mountains as the two started a small

bonfire. Gathering their typical camping meals of hotdogs and burgers, toasting buns while they leaned against a large log in a half embrace. Eventually feeling Dia pounce on them from behind and snuggling inbetween, getting the rex and blue dragon to chuckle.

"Dia." Loqe got his attention, those black ears perking. "What happened to my soda?" He playfully asked, getting a whimper as the smaller dragon attempted to hide in the space between the larger males.

"And my mints?" Another whimper, but the two couldn't help chuckle at him. "I hope you learned your lesson about mixing the two." They felt the black one's head shake side to side, getting them to laugh a bit.

"Weren't you big enough?" Another shake, and the two larger ones shared a look. Playfully tossing their snouts in sync. Then, a few taps from Dia on each of them. "What?" That strange feeling as the two started to change into more hollow forms again, getting them to sigh playfully. "Another one?" A whimper as if to beg, but squeezing out of the two, the small wyrm kept tapping on the rex.

"What about me?" Another few taps as the black one motioned to where he had the 'foam event' before. Puzzling the dinosaur.

"Ohh, you want to see how big Zarr can get, is that it-?" A loud chirp of excitement, making the brown one whimper in response. "No more property damage though, understood?" A nod in agreement... At least they hoped it was that.

"I..." Another whimper as the rex attempted to shake off the blush in his ears. "I don't think we have the room for it is the thing, considering what happened the day before, with the compressor." A look of sadness from those blue eyes, but only for a moment. Completely squeezing out of the two, making near squeaking noises as the materials rubbed together, Dia chirped at the lake. "What?"

"You want to fill him with water?" A head shake, and Zarrel whimpered again. Getting a curious stare from those pink discs.

"With air..." A noise in question. "L-like a raft or..."

"A giant pooltoy? Over the water?" Another chirp as the rex covered his eyes. "Sounds like fun, really. Lots of space out there, nothing to really damage you."

"Aside from the trees along the outside of it."

"That is if you can make it that big." Another whimper.

"But, we don't have a way to do it." A devious look from Loqe and the dinosaur tossed his head. "*How!? Why, but also How even!?*"

"We have an electric pump-" A loud groan from the brown one, getting the two dragons to chuckle. "We used it for inflatable boats whenever we came here. It should still work."

"But it isn't waterproof, is it?"

"Well, no. But it's got plenty of hose length." A grumbling whimper that time, getting a few taps that echoed through his body. "It's three against one, big guy."

"Three?" A gesture to a certain large weapon that was pointing at him, nearly commanding to *Just Do It*. Sighing in defeat and nearly signaling submission as the blue one got up. Giving another gesture.

"Start him up, Dia. We're all going to help out in this one." A chirp in response as the black wyrm leapt on top of the rex's belly. Nearly latching onto that threatening tool while wagging his own tail in front of Zarrel. Getting him to gasp at first contact and instantly become blissfully impulsive, especially at the sight of that black valve. Playfully catching that moving black tube and carefully gnawing at it like it was a certain piece of equipment, slipping it in and out of that now-vinyled maw.

Yet the small wyrm wiggled those haunches in excitement, already getting a few tastes of cloves and molasses. Lapping at the large flare and tip until it rewarded more, as that brown muzzle nearly swallowed his tail. Feeling the larger tongue press up against that plug and force the dragon to blissfully moan at the attention, surrendering and grinding over the large red appendage. Granted, such a thing caused the monstrous weapon to become neglected, bringing out a slightly more aggressive side to the dinosaur.

Pulling the tail out of his maw and a claw to release Dia's plug, Zarrel rolled over after turning the dragon around. Mounting the pooltoy over the smooth log as he was pinned down on all fours, a large tool pressing up against his valve. Making the black one to cry out in pleasure as it started to slowly force itself inside, stretching that small hole around the tip and spineful flare. Every little movement making a little more progress as the heavier weight of the theropod kept the wyrm trapped, those black haunches spread and that tail presenting itself.

A few heavy squirts were felt into his hollow form, thrashing the dragon's latex-like body with a wave of assertive bliss. Every small droplet leaking out of the rex' tip only forcing the living toy to grow that much more as his tail wagged at such a thought. Letting those whimpers grow in pitch before yelping at a sudden give; that flare finally squeezing through what looked to be an impossible hole. Receiving a hefty reward for taking in such a beast in the form of liquid currency.

The size of such a thing nearly put Dia into a blissful state, unable to struggle or control himself. Including the multi-colored puddle he was making on the makeshift wooden seat, while the dinosaur continued to mount him by the fire. Thrusting a weapon that was nearly as hard as the log they were over, and slowly filling that black belly up. Attempting to get the wyrm in a more suitable size for such an act.

But a sudden pull of the rex' plug stunned his instinctive drive for a moment, not even noticing the blue dragon come over with a very long tube and sticking the end of it inside the dinosaur's tailhole. Getting him to purr at it, but the hose wasn't quite large enough to keep Zarrel from leaking. Not until the black one below him placed a paw on his brown arm nearby, sending a large amount of bliss through the theropod's body and causing that valve to tighten up drastically around the hose. Now being locked inside by its large tip.

Such an action had its own reward, as that monstrous weapon released a torrent into that small belly. Forcing it to curve around the smooth log now as the dino kept it balanced. The two sharing vocal affections, locked down as they waited for the inevitable intake that was being worked on. Hearing a machine behind the cabin begin to turn over, every pull of that cord making the two whimper in anticipation, until it started up.

Yet there was no air flow being felt. Not even anything being heard from the hoses nearby, so it wasn't a leak. Then it clicked in to the brown one's mind. "Generator..." He mumbled at the smaller one as they panted. Still giving out a few leaks into Dia's form and continuing to make him slowly grow. Then another motor with the sudden thick rush of pressure was felt, causing the rex to squeeze the bloated wyrm and yelp loudly in pleasure.

Although, it was much slower than the compressor, Zarrel didn't mind in the slightest. Feeling that lost air from before soon be refilled and his body starting to tighten up. Even getting a few hard presses from Loqe when he returned, testing how taut those brown haunches were getting before lapping at that sensitive plug a bit. Taking next to no time at all before the larger one started spraying into the black dragon again.

But soon those blue paws reached further down and grasped at the white pouch. "I feel like these should be bigger." The noodle teased, getting a sharp chirp of agreement soon after. That now chubby vinyl tail wrapping around the theropod's hind leg to make easy contact with the dinosaur's package, soon hearing Zarr growl a bit as they started to grow in Loqe's own paws. Again, slow, but like a water balloon, regardless of the amount that large weapon was releasing into the stuffed wyrm.

However, Dia was taking in a bit too much, causing that large tail to grow thicker and thicker until it couldn't make contact on its own. Getting the smaller blue one to help pull it over, yet getting the same effects onto himself at the same time. Nearly growling in sync with the dinosaur as he watched the white bag sag over the wooden bench, along with his own bloating package. Soon feeling them touch each other and almost fight for room on the old tree.

Yet, with every moment Dia's tail made contact, the sprays grew higher and higher in volume. Soon getting one that was too much for the blue dragon to keep hold around the rex' haunch, and the large white pouch was left be. Still at an impressive size of eight or nine sets, granted quickly going down as the large one released heavily into the living toy. Sliding that weapon in deeper and nearly expecting to hear it tear, but it just kept taking in every drop.

Soon, Zarrel lost balance and the fat wyrm slid off, away from the fire. Though not getting any relief from the aggressive dinosaur's instincts, mounting the black balloon quite hard as the eastern dragon walked to their front. Seeing that white belly start to round a bit while the 'smaller' dragon pressed up against it, his muzzle barely in view under Zarr's chest. Even after a hefty spray that started to go to Dia's limbs.

A few taps from Loqe for the rex to stop and rise up a bit got his attention. Soon feeling the noodle climb over the wyrm and place his own pink weapon close to Dia's maw, gladly accepting such a thing even though his body was nearly stuffed. Feeling the two press into his swollen body with every

thrust and leak out those precious juices with every other movement.

It didn't take long for the black one to start showing signs of struggle, running out of room in his current form. With so much weight above him, that belly started to take refuge across the graveled ground. Trekking around the two currently causing his belly to wobble like a thick flubber, until the rex started to squeeze those sides with his arms and powerful hinds. Getting them to bloat out faster and thin out greatly, eventually causing the dragon's overflow to be provoked.

The sudden buildup in fluids rushed into those bloated limbs, increasing their size and thickness to that of a wyrm just below Zarrel's size. In result, pushing the eastern dragon back and down, yet that black muzzle continued its work on the forked member. Able to reach the ground once again, that thicker black rear started to move with the dinosaur's constant thrusts. Even starting to take the knots somewhat easily, as that chubby belly soaked up every drop the two had to offer.

One more series of large torrents, and the rex slowed down. Leaving the wyrm quite plump as he started to dismount, plugging that black valve before giving it a few licks. Encouraging Dia to keep going until Loqe's next release before giving the black dragon a deep kiss, lapping at the taste of cotton candy before sharing a three-way kiss with the blue one.

Yet, the dinosaur continued to focus on that black muzzle a bit more. Nearly gnawing at it with those softer teeth, making Dia whimper in question before those jaws opened wider. Getting another yelp, but no resistance from the wyrm. If anything, the toy attempted to squeeze inside the large maw and lap at the uvula a bit, causing that jaw to bulge out to fit such a large creature.

Yet the rex didn't stop, constantly massaging Dia with his maw and almost squeezing much of the black one's volume towards his lower end. Fattening up those black haunches, tail and belly from the sheer force of those jaws as they continued to slip the wyrm into the dinosaur's throat. Slipping those forepaws inside and wiggling down the slightly greased up neck as it bloated out greatly to make room.

When the dragon reached about chest level, his black lower end bubbling out drastically, the other two gave it a tight squeeze. Forcing most of the fluids to travel up and into the wyrm's upper half in large globs. Inflating his head and limbs more than usual with every squeeze, causing the white belly to grow at the same time. Until it went past that halfway point where Zarr could grab Dia's lower end and lift it upwards, nearly drinking the dragon's gifted liquids into his upper half as his own belly stretched greatly to accommodate such a volume. Touching the gravel ground with ease before he even finished swallowing the black haunches and tail.

Several sprays were felt inside the theropod's body as the wyrm within thrashed around a bit, attempting to bring equilibrium to his black form once again. Feeling and witnessing the constant paws and headprints through that white vinyl of the dragon inside as the airflow continued to enter the dinosaur's rear. The slight struggle was enough for that monstrous weapon to start releasing heavily on the ground, being pushed back by the large gut and showering the fire with white torrents. Eventually putting it out the flames as the rex purred loudly and took a few moments to pant.

Barely being able to touch the ground with his hind legs, Zarrel squirmed a bit. Especially after

the blue dragon started feeling inside for Dia, getting playful responses and purrs as the black wyrm attempted paw at the indents. Soon Loqe got a few large licks from the rex, as if greasing him up as well. "Haven't you eaten enough-?" A sudden yelp as the large jaws playfully devoured his upper half, lapping eagerly to get as much of the noodle as he could before lifting him up.

But that tongue could taste that sweet seed, as well as feel for that bloated package. With the blue one half hanging out of his maw, Zarr did his best to stroke those ridges. Leaving the blue one halfway down that throat and getting a kiss from the other dragon inside, hearing those whimpers climb until that neck was greased up with tasty fluids. The vibration of the larger one's purrs helping out in such a regard before eventually getting swallowed and sliding head first down on top of the living toy.

It honestly felt like their own little playhouse, in a way. Just one made from stretchy latex and that would half move once in a while. Or at least attempt to, now realizing that Zarrel couldn't quite reach the ground with his growing underside. Making it impossible to reach the waters a bit further out, including rolling. "Uh oh." He mumbled, looking back at the cabin. Not terribly close, but considering the sizes Zarr has reached before...

Yet, the dragons didn't seem to be concerned in the slightest, mesmerized by each other's tongues and their exclusive playhouse. Eventually settling in a position where Loqe was on top, mounting the larger wyrm while staying face to face. Sharing that deep kiss for a few minutes as the brown one whimpered, feeling his form grow tighter and tighter as he was slowly lifted further off the ground.

But the noodle didn't don the black one just yet. Breaking the kiss after a while and turning around towards the hose trapped inside with the two, and pulling it in for some slack. Hearing the rex cry out in bliss at such movement and tormenting the dinosaur until several large sprays were heard releasing outside. Adjusting a bit within the large balloon, the noodle stroked off Dia's length a bit before teasing it with the hose. Hearing the wyrm whimper, as he knew where this was going.

His suspicions were correct, soon feeling the tip of that hose latch onto his weapon and forcing the air inside it. Making the black one sing in whines and dance in squirms as the air thickened his shaft a bit before venturing forwards into his pouch. The smaller dragon watching intently as the black orbs slowly grew and grew, in turn still forcing the predator they resided in to increase in volume.

Five... Six... Seven times normal size and Dia struggled for relief. Shifting his body and thrashing around in that white belly to break the hold, yet Loqe continued to make them bigger. Likely due to all the torment the black one did yesterday. Eleven, Twelve, Thirteen, and the sac started to groan. Almost crying out for relief with the wyrm as the weapon pulsed, soon fighting back with its own set of pressure and breaking the grip the blue one had. Along with showering it with sprays of rainbow, as well as a lot of air.

Yet, those blue paws helped drain the package. Squeezing that black balloon until it felt dense and started to refill, only to attach that hose once again and make Dia yelp. His pouch quickly filling up with regenerating seed, along with the air intake once again. Hitting its previous limit and going past it frequently. Eighteen, Nineteen, Twenty, Twenty-One, Twenty-Two...!

It was too much at once, making the wyrm whimper loudly as his equipment triggered another full release. Attempting to break free of the pressure once again, but the noodle's brace was too strong. Causing the black one's weapon to backfire into his own package and inflate them greatly. Passing thirties, forties, making them bigger than the dragon they were connected to. As well as thinning them out drastically, hearing the living toy yelp almost painfully.

The groans and creeks grew higher and higher in pitch, rubbing against the rex' inner walls and struggling for room. Widening Zarr's haunches just to hold in such a thing before Loqe released the hose just in time. Getting him and Dia showered with the black one's colorful sprays and giving that bloated pouch a massive relief. Letting the wyrm take a breath before the blue one started moving again.

But Dia hissed at him, grappling the noodle that was likely going to make his package explode and instead forced that blue muzzle to latch onto his red tool. Holding it there as his black balls started to regain their current ridiculous amount of volume, in turn making the theropod expand greatly to contain such a thing. His white belly morphing over the log and campfire embers while reaching new heights.

It didn't take long for those constant sprays of rainbow to accumulate into the previously thin dragon, changing his longer form into a rather chubby one as the blue belly bloated over Dia's upper half. Supporting the sudden weight while attempting to keep his length within that smaller muzzle. Hearing the other two whimper nearly in sync as they continued to get bigger and bigger with every pulse.

The noodle's body started to groan with the large intake, already resorting to the limbs for endurance as his form thickened up greatly. Causing that white and brown belly to almost become disproportionate, the blue tail sticking up the rex' throat as Zarrel struggled to keep everything inside himself. Feeling the wyrm slide a bit towards his back end so he could continue feeding Loqe as the 'smaller' dragon continued to get bigger and bigger.

Soon, the expansion started to slow down. Hearing the noodle's body groan loudly as it pressed that white belly outwards more and more with every spray before nearly turning into a large bubble. Yet Dia continued to feed him, forcing the two into a stalemate within the dinosaur's massive body, now past the volume of a home and nearly reaching the truck they arrived in. Getting closer to winning such a battle with every small release, until-!

The eastern dragon found himself overflowing. His limbs gaining massive endurance and intaking a large portion of the volume his belly once carried. Almost as if the noodle had become a giant pooltoy, about twice the size as the wyrm in his current state (balls and all), and nearly triple what the theropod would be. Needing to curl up in order to remain inside the rex' tummy.

It was definitely a strange change in perspective, as those hot pink eyes looked over what he could witness and make out from the thinning dinosaur. Let alone the now smaller Dia nudging at his pink member, licking at the candied juices that flowed out from it. Granted, not being able to move much being anchored by a certain set of black balls. Ones that seemed to still be slowly attempting to reach full capacity, if that red tool would stop leaking so much.

But the eager wyrm started to drink his fill of such substances once again, demanding more from that blue pouch as a paw reached down. Getting Loqe to growl at the pressure as they started to bloat, leaving him no room to escape such a thing. However, spotting the rex' valve and a certain hose still loose within the 'inflatable clubhouse', the noodle reached for it. Pulling it through the dinosaur's tailslit until he got a full hose extension, disconnecting it while groaning at his expanding pouch, and attaching the hose to the wyrm's own tip.

The black dragon yelped in surprise at such a thing, wondering what his current roommate was up to. Feeling the hose slide inbetween one haunch and his very large package, until he felt it prodding at his plug. Making Dia whimper, knowing he was stuck in the same position: unable to move away or escape such a thing. Instead, submitting to it, giving into those same sexual impulses and feeling the hose slide into his valve. Tightening it soon after and feeling the first few jolts begin to fill up that black belly with his very own release.

It was exciting for the toy, really. Then getting forced to open his maw big enough to don the larger dragon's weapon, as that blue pouch continued to grow more and more. Causing the rex outside to expand further by the moment, that gut already way passed its limit. His brown hips and limbs bloating out with air and only getting bigger with every motion, every breath, every whimper.

Zarr could feel himself becoming a large bubble. His back doming out, shoulders morphing with his bloated neck. Hips and tail slowly merging into one massive cone, pressing up against the vehicle and almost tilting it. That white belly growing slowly, expanding greater grounds while turning the dinosaur into a large oval. Becoming tighter and tighter by the moment, as the black dragon within started to bloat out once again.

A bit of shifting was felt, and then a large change to the rex' body. Forcing an overflow that forced the air within his body to move to his limbs, causing the theropod to once more regain most of his shape. Nearly thirty feet tall, just with a very large belly due to the two dragons still within. Still, those hind legs could touch the ground, enough to carry him.

Though there were a lot of questions about such a thing happening, the rex didn't waste any time. Waddling towards the lake and docks as Dia started to grow more and more, sending that white belly sagging further down and nearly touching the ground already. Pulling the hose and its large amount of slack with him in the process of entering the lake, already feeling safer about any possible property damage. Nearly just in time as well, as the dragons inside started battling once again.

The living toy was lost in a sea of bliss, swallowing every drop of that weapon while also receiving his own sprays from that bloated hose. One that was almost getting backed up until his valve grew slightly bigger. Making that black ballooned body of his become massive from gluttony and lust, trapping the dinosaur in the same position once again. Already reaching the bottom of the lake with that white underside as the wyrm bloated out into a large series of bubbles. Creating dents in his already fragile vinyl as the theropod struggled to remain intact, to endure and not burst from the two beasts he swallowed.

The water levels started to rise as the massive rex continued to grow, causing some areas further

down to flood as that white belly crept into such waters. Feeling that giant black balloon within rub against his thinning insides, Zarrel whimpered loudly in bliss while spraying down his enormous underside. Creeks and groans were becoming more and more frequent, as well as growing in pitch with every moment. The insides of that theropod getting extremely tight for the blue dragon within, until-

Dia managed to overflow once more, nearly stunning the dinosaur as those black bulging limbs stretched out his body drastically. Feeling him move around like being trapped in a large plastic bag before feeling sprays of that red tool, now freed from the hose's attachment. Giving some unrestrained volume to the dino's form, and more when the wyrm finally let go of the pink tip. Soon kissing the blue noodle deeply as they wrestled for a better position.

Every movement threw the rex into waves of pleasure, barely making out what exactly was going on inside his own body. All he could really tell was that they were not going to stop until the brown one burst in a blaze of glory, as his bloated form kept expanding more and more. Trekking across the lake and forcing the water to move onto the forestry lands and the river further out, as well as leveling any woods that came into contact with that white belly. Still worried about the cabin, but it felt like he already trampled over it by now. Barely making out this domed hill where the building perched behind him.

After a bit of playful fighting, the larger black dragon managed to pin down the eastern one. Lining his red tool up with that blue rear and feeling that plug open up nearly on command, no paws needed. Then nearly melt in the presence of that greased up tip and it's constant waterfall of seed, already feeling his longer form becoming taut from sheer entry. Bulging and rounding out like a long balloon from tail to tip, then the compressed middle within the cramped clubhouse. Singing in whimpers and gasps as they kept their muzzles locked together, regardless of how much that blue belly grew, of the constant sprays of that forked tip.

Yet, from the outside, Zarr was struggling once again to keep his belly together. Not knowing how much more punishment he could take, whereas he could nearly see through his thinned out vinyl scales. The constant thrusting motions of the black one creating echoes that thrashed through the dinosaur. Forcing him to grow while tending to the noodle inside, pulsing the ballooned rex higher and higher with every spray. Eventually getting too high for the hose to stay attached, and pulling it out of his slit. Causing a slow leak, but not for long.

Soon after, the dino couldn't feel his own valve anymore. Like it completely sealed over, providing no exit. No relief. The rex gave into the inevitable result with glee, as that blue dragon started to bloat out his front and chest area drastically. Attempting to really push the limits of the theropod as nearly covered the giant lake. The groans were constant, the creeks grew louder and louder, yet the sprays didn't slow down. Only pressed harder and harder against his fragile white walls. Now nearly clear with a tint of blue, able to see the color-shifting seed that filled-!

A moment later, the noodle dragon burst violently. Nearly stinging the rex' body in the process as all the contained fluids rushed around, giving some areas relief while stressing others out. Feeling a lot of liquids and air move towards his bloating brown limbs, and push them to greater limits. All while feeling Dia swim within the large pool for a few moments, eventually finding the blue dragon and changing Loqe back to a pooltoy. Lapping at the very small creature, yet well endowed, before

swallowing him into his very own black belly.

It felt like the clam after the storm, as Zarrel took a few moments to relax. Still feeling the small expansion from the wyrm spraying, but the dinosaur succeeded. He endured and now became nearly the size of a damn mountain in the process. Roaring in victory through the dusk sky, that triumph was interrupted by a large pulse. Making him whimper in question, was that just Dia finishing off? Another one that jolted the rex' body heavily, nearly stunning him as his body continued to expand. Whining in near fright as he struggled to see what was happening, barely making out the large black one within him through that bloated throat. Laying on his back with those wings curved to the fragile walls, the bloated tail felt up near where Zarr's would be, and that black belly bulging more and more.

The dragon was still growing, likely due to the noodle with him. In return, causing the dinosaur to take all the punishment as well. Stretching across the countryside as one large bubble, slowly losing all color he once had. Those bloated limbs morphing with the much larger form, turning him into nothing but a large oval, then a massive sphere. His vinyl walls whining in greater pitch, as Dia's body did the very same. Shape and all, until-

Zarrel overflowed once more. Those limbs gaining unreal durability and taking in most of the volume, reshaping the rex from a sphere to a theropod once again. One that was miles tall, making him stop moving entirely once he felt those brown hind paws level an entire forest. Making him whimper a bit while slowly looking around, now able to see the sun once again over the mountains like it was late afternoon. As well as still feeling the dragon grow within his belly.

This was impossible, right? It had to be a dream of some sort, literally having his head in the clouds. Able to spot his current city, his friend's home where the dino stood. Likely getting a lot of attention now, now that he thought about it. Making him whimper with vocals of large bass, more so when he realized he was still releasing practical rivers of seed into the wildlands. As embarrassing as the thought was, the constant bloating of the wyrm in his belly kept pushing that fear aside. Replacing it with lust over and over again as Zarr's belly started to grow again.

To hell with decency, once again giving into those impulses that his weapon demanded. Rubbing and squeezing his own belly as it expanded more and more by the moment. Pushing out those scales and still making out the black bubble within. Petting it for a moment before giving Dia one large squeeze that caused the black one to burst within him. Letting the fraction of an ocean thrash around his body as the dinosaur released once again, setting a world record of distance as it launched over the mountains.

Zarr panted, struggling to keep himself from just sitting down and crushing whatever was under him. Now, how was he going to return to normal? Looking back and attempting to reach under his tail, the thought occurred. That plug was completely sealed a while ago, so draining was out of the question. Maybe he could squeeze himself enough to burst as well? Find something sharp that wasn't the few birds that were sometimes running into the rex? To do that, he would have to travel with a very large gut.

While pondering, the dinosaur felt another large pulse within that giant belly. Making him

whimper loudly as the jolts came one after the other, increasing in volume as well. Causing that underside to bloat between his legs and sag down to the grounds below. Almost expecting the sting right there considering how many pointed trees there likely was, able to pierce through his fragile vinyl. Attempting to hold that clear belly as it continued to bloat outwards more and more, moving to his chest and easily doubling his previous volume.

There was no stopping it. Nothing he could do to stop the constant eruptions that only seemed to grow stronger and stronger with every moment, yet he could feel his form compress. Those limbs bloating out much quicker than usual at this size, like he was shrinking while being filled. The pressure increased as his tail thickened up, merging with that clear belly full of liquids. Those haunches bulging out drastically, looking like they were going to pop at any moment. His neck and back doming out to contain such volumes as the dinosaur became bigger and bigger.

Yet, the rex endured. Stubbornly keeping together as the sprays became more aggressive. Erupting in violent bursts that added mile after mile to his radius. Still feeling a massive net of sorts compress his body as the pressure pushed harder. Forcing Zarr to expand to county sizes, not giving up the struggle. Then states/provinces, as the bubble of fluids continued to hold together. Expanding greatly before being spotted on the far horizon!

The three panted loudly, finding themselves lying by the lake's shores in a row. Still releasing over themselves from time to time, completely spent and out of their vinyl forms. Save for a certain small black wyrm. Whimpering at the sting of such an activity, the three came to almost all at once. Making Zarrel and Loqe open their eyes and whimper loudly in embarrassment... Well, mostly the theropod.

Getting up quickly to overlook any damages through the now dawn, everything looked the same as the session started. Causing the two to just stare at each other for a few moments. "That... Happened, right?" The larger one asked.

"I remember it, yes. Though I'm not really sure on all the details." The noodle mumbled, overlooking the truck and seeing the pump still out. Both it and the generator remaining off, and the hose leading out to the lake. "I guess it did happen, just..."

"Dia magic?"

"Dia magic." The two lightly chuckled, hearing the wyrm respond with a mumble as he stretched awake. "So, how big did you get?" A sharp whimper from the brown one. "Town sized, huh?"

"I-I..."

"City?" A whine as Zarr blushed deeply. "Bigger?"

"I think... Country, but I'm not sure." A surprised look from those pink discs. "But if this is all fine...?"

"Then maybe the rest of it is too?" The rex whimpered almost sharply, standing perfectly still as he looked behind the blue one. Getting Loqe to double take and turn around to spot a near building sized brass wyrm overlooking them. Large muscles and thick chest plates made it look battle-ready at any moment as it studied the smaller ones with intimidating green eyes for a few moments. Hearing a loud chirp break the stress as the living toy scampered up to it, getting the much larger dragon to smile and nuzzle Dia when he came close. Pawing at the red spines that made the brass one's beard.

"Enjoy yourself?" It asked in a deep voice, seeing the black one nod and purr before getting a few licks from a large purple tongue. Seeing Dia quickly change to a real, much larger wyrm. Though still much smaller than the brass one, as well as change scale colors from black to a soft pink as the two embraced. "Alright, let's go home." A vocal purr as the smaller wyrm looked back and wave with a wing, turning a dark blue in the process.

"Come visit anytime." Loqe stated, waving. Getting the theropod to shyly do the same, unable to keep his eyes off them until they took off to the sky. "It was fun while it lasted."

"Yeah..." Zarr smiled sadly, but became brighter as they locked eyes. "Thank you. For... Everything, Loqe."

"You're welcome." The two shared a hug and leaned against the truck, looking at the lake as the sun started to rise.

"...Think we went a little Overboard, Rex?"

"-Totally." The dino replied without a second thought, causing the two to chuckle.

"Reminds me." A noise in question as the blue one find his phone somewhat nearby and return to the spot. "I wanted to check that post."

"Post?"

"Of your equipment." A bit of a whimper from the brown one, watching the dragon's expression morph into a calm smirk and a few silent chuckles. Showing the phone to the dinosaur. "See-?" But a brown paw was placed over it, blocking line of sight from those dark orange discs. Getting the two to lock eyes for a moment, expecting an embarrassed expression on the larger one.

However, Zarrel just smiled contently at the eastern dragon, giving him a small nudge and a kiss as if to say...

"I don't need to. I have you."