

Gaining Momentum

By Bartan Tirix

The green scenery was quiet as the golden rays of light peered over the distant mountains. Providing a thin layer of light that was being filtered by the clouds, waking up many of the forest animals and inviting them to come out to the meadow. To lap up the dew in safety while the nightly ones prepared themselves for slumber. Though hearing many of the loud breaths from the pile of nearby beasts, many of them did not feel fear towards the mass of white fur and brass scales.

Inbetween their embrace was a large black dragon, slowly coming to and fading those scales to a bright pink after recognizing his current restraints. Let alone feeling a certain pair of smaller ones, using Dia's slightly bloated belly as a comfortable mattress. It just seemed like something the younger adult just couldn't sleep without now: a belly full of one substance or another.

Yet as the morning grew and the light ventured across the damp grass, a thick red wing sheltered the group from such an attack. Still purring softly, like a distant thunder as a certain tongue faintly lapped at the end of his brass snout. Getting them both more and more awake while greeting each other with soft smiles before a kiss. Soon feeling a nudge from the one caught inbetween and welcoming the pink snout within their activities for several moments.

That was until a loud thump was heard and felt on the smaller adult's underside, getting the attention of all three at the smaller brass and wolfling. Playful glares from the two children as if to warn them that one session per day was enough, getting the four pairs of large ears to sink a bit before sighing. "Alright, alright. We won't go any further with it." The bear stated, getting nods in agreement.

"Good!" Rev, the small wolf nearly chirped.

"You put us in charge for a reason!" A sigh from the adult brass one.

"It's true." Beo stated, starting to stretch a bit. "As annoying as it can be, you two are doing a good job."

"It's only hard because you're so used to filling each other up to the size of moons." Lexar, the wyrmling snorted. Hearing the younger adult whimper a bit and faintly turning his entire body purple.

"Especially Dia." Another whine as the smaller adult lowered his head and ears. "He needs the most work."

"But you said it was okay to last night."

"Yes." The brassling stated, nodding in sync with his brother.

"Because you're comfortable, and we needed a place to sleep." Rev chirped, getting the larger three to chuckle.

"Alright, no more talking about it." Bartan said, getting up and nudging his sons. "If we do, odds are we'll be suspended of our equipment for a few days again."

"For a Seventh time, you mean!" Lex snorted, getting a bright smile from the white fluffball.

"Alright, let me make us some breakfast." The largest one stated, stretching his red wings high and flexing out that stout chest. Getting a couple of whimpers from the other two, as well as a pair of stinkeyes from the younger ones. "What do you feel like?"

"Waffles!" The smaller pair chirped, bouncing on the purple one's belly and making it wobble.

"Alright, what kind?"

"Bacon!"

"With Peppered Meatballs!" The adults chuckled as the bear moved forward, giving off a hand gesture with one of his six legs and the grassy areas started to open up. Sliding many large objects and counter tops suitable for a kitchen, letting the group start gathering several things from the massive fridge and cupboards. Yet, Bartan sensed something that was a bit off. Sharing an embrace from behind with the brass father as he started up the stove.

"Everything okay?" The furred one asked softly, giving that spineful jaw a few licks and feeling a nod.

"Yeah... I just had a dream."

"About?"

"...Siggy." Dia's ear flicked as his scaled turned yellow. Not meaning to overhear the conversation, but those scanners just caught it. The puzzled look got the attention of the smaller ones, getting them to do the same towards the largest adult.

"Who's Siggy?" They asked in sync, not really getting too much of a response from Beo besides a blank gaze. Mostly towards Dia'vidd.

"An old friend of your father's." The massive fluffball stated, letting go of the larger dragon and moving towards the little ones. "Let's leave Dia and Beo to make breakfast, we'll find a good spot to eat and practice, okay?" A series of chirps as the two scampered off, letting those brown discs of Bartan catch Beo's green peppered ones. Nodding while smiling and chasing after the little ones.

A bit of a breath as the wyrm started making up the mix for the waffles. "...He was an old, old friend. Not to be confused with the old, old, Old friend-"

"You don't have to tell me Beo." That large metallic tail was felt around that cyan body, turning

it pink when it started pulling David towards the larger dragon. Getting a tight embrace, yet he could feel though the heavily armored scales that something was wrong with the titan.

"I... Hurt him. In more ways than one. Never really knowing how he felt about me until he almost lost me."

"Lost you...?"

"Before... Bartan saved me." Those sky blue eyes just stared at the larger one, holding him back while those scales toned down to a deep blue.

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The rain fell heavily on the two wyrms, lying in the forest mountains attempting to catch their breaths after such a thing. The brass resting on his back, submitting to the rather scrawny brown one with a thick tail. A certain teal weapon still stiff and pulsing within Beo's rear, releasing its last few jolts into that slightly bloated metallic belly. Yet, the smaller one was unable to look the other dragon in the eyes while he reclaimed his energy. But felt those heavy paws through the equally weighted rain. Though his lower half was still being stimulated by the unique electrical current in his underside, Beo tried to gesture the smaller dragon to come up closer to him. However, Sig'eaal refused. "...I can't do it."

"Do what...?" A long silence as the brass one tried again. "Siggy, talk to me."

"...I can't... I can't let you hurt me again." That sank the larger one's heart. "And I... Can't tell you-"

"Hey." A deep breath from the brown one as he was clearly trying to hold himself together. Hiding his tears in the rain. "You can, Siggy. I won't... Reject you again. I won't hurt you-"

"But you might. Especially if..." He exhaled towards the fields again, and Beo knew who he was talking about. "So. If you will... *Kindly* let me go-"

"No." The brass one said thickly, feeling that rumble from the sky once again. "I won't leave you like this. Now talk to me." A very long silence as the teal horn completely withdrew into its protective home once again. Not feeling it anymore, Beo pulled the brown one up further for a tighter embrace, noticing how he didn't even fight back.

"...I **hated** dragons." Siggy eventually mumbled, only getting a few comforting strokes. "I hated my nest, my parents, their friends and nestmates. I hated every dragon I ever seen, including that old red bastard." A deep breath. "I hated humans, I hated animals, I hated every species that I damn well ever came across. I hated that mutt with the one eye, I hated all the vermin he dealt with. I hated the work, the diet, the taste of trees..."

The brown one continued. "...The only things I didn't hate were treasure, the storms... And-" A quivering breath as Beo predicted it, just motioning him to continue through touch. "But I hated you at times too. Just not like the others... When I seen you, I hated myself. When I seen how..."

"It's okay. Keep going." The brass one said, though being able to tell the difference between the rain and the tears, he let on that he didn't notice.

"I was Taathing weak... My entire life, I was the weakest thing I've ever seen. When I first seen you, I envied every damn scale on your body." A deep breath. "I was afraid... Intimidated, but almost in lov-" He choked. "I wanted it... So badly, I wanted your power. To the point where I started dreaming about it." A few strokes to make him feel less awkward. "Dreaming about you raping me... Pinning me down, grabbing my tail and just having your way with me until I colored the floor. Maybe even going so far as to bite me until I was paralyzed. They would've been nightmares if I didn't wake up so aro..."

"...So, you...?"

"I wanted to be you... Every part of you, I wanted it for myself. I wanted to switch places, switch *lives* with you... Sometimes even tried to make that dream a reality. Wondering what would really happen if I did sneak into your cave and presented my haunches for you to skewer. But I knew what you would do... So, instead of just admitting to it, I just denied it. Forced myself to lash out at others, like they did me. I would insult you, hiss, and make fun of your envious shape... But I couldn't keep myself from wanting it..." A sniff. "Even if you were one of the worst creatures to ever be in existence."

"That's not far from the truth." That made the two half chuckle.

"I was still one of them myself, so..." A deep breath. "But when you left... And when we lost you... I kept telling myself it was for the better. That those fantasies would have never come true. I forced myself to believe that you weren't worth it, just so I could move on... But today? All it took was seeing you to collapse that stupid wall, and know that things will never change..."

"...I have changed-"

"But I haven't!" Siggy hissed, almost struggling against the embrace. "And I don't think I ever will. With that... Thing down there, standing beside you...!? What am I supposed to do against that? How am I supposed to compete against a Taathing god!?" A long silence as the smaller dragon did his best to hide his sobs.

"...You don't have to-"

"Yes. I do... Because I can't share what I want." A long silence. "But there... I gutted myself in front of you. Now rip me apart."

"No." A few more sobs from Siggy. "I will not punish you for feeling affection-"

"And what about wanting you? All for myself-?"

"No." The rain still poured over them. "Siggy, what you wanted... That bastard of a dragon... It's gone. That's no longer who I am, and I cannot bring that side back. You need to stop wanting what is in the past, and look to what you might want now." He started shifting the deflated dragon, until Sig'eaal found out what he was trying to do; look the brown one in the eyes. He then started to fight against it. Clawing away at the brass paws and arms, hissing at them to avoid all eye contact, but there was nothing he could do. Eventually forced to look at them and show all the pain those yellow orbs have been through. "*What do you want, Sig'eaal?*" The words collapsed him.

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"He helped us with an... Antidote of sorts." A worried look from the smaller dragon, getting a comforting stroke in response. "It's alright, all in the past. But I haven't seen him since."

"Siggy didn't stay?" The brass one shook his head, leaving Dia a dark blue until they hugged again. Moving the frying pan off the burner to not burn the meatballs. "How much did you love him?" A defeated sigh from the titan.

"Please don't be jealous-"

"I-I'm not. I'm just..." They lightly broke the embrace so they could look each other in the eyes, seeing more guilt in those green ones about the subject. "Were you really that bad back then...?" That gaze fell a bit.

"It was... A different time for me." Another breath as they changed the waffle maker. "Maybe I should start from the beginning, but it's a long story-" A soft paw on his large metallic one, getting them to share a look again.

"I'm willing to hear it." The dark blue wyrm stated with a smile.

"Please?" The peasant pleaded, getting the brown wyrm lying in the cornfields to groan again. Clearly getting annoyed by the constant begging. "We really need this corn for the winter."

"I fail to see how this is my problem." The scrawny large one snorted. "Now you pestering me, that's something I can deal with quite easily. So, last warning: leave and let me rest."

"T-that's what you said yesterday..." Another loud growl as the smaller critter almost cowered. "Can you just... Move to the field over there?"

"I tried that. Too many rocks in the grass." The dragon groaned. "And that is *terrible* for my figure."

"Figure...?" Those yellow eyes opened and glared at the hedgehog peasant, making him whimper and scamper off before the large one sighed. Laying down to once again rest the day away on the comfort of cornfields.

That is, until a couple of childish giggles came from the tall greens, getting those frilled ears to flick and scan the area for a few moments. Silence. Releasing another exhale through his long muzzle, Sig'eaal continued to rest. But there it was again, getting closer, and forcing the larger one to growl loudly in warning.

Silence again. Those ears scanned the area closely, barely picking up movement within the crops. Soon feeling a breeze start to wave the entire field a bit and get those brown scales to click in anticipation. Catching a bit of movement and giggles behind him, getting the wyrm to stand up and turn around. Over and over again, attempting to keep track of the creatures.

Eventually taking a step back and feeling something more solid press against that thick tail. Making the larger dragon yelp a bit and retreat while turning about. Seeing two small little ones; a wolf and a wyrmling. Just staring at the large scrawny one happily. Too happily. Wagging those smaller tails side to side the longer they made eye contact, making Siggie feel very uncomfortable, yet... "Why do you two look... Familiar?" A pair of brighter smiles made the adult whimper.

"Wait..." Dia stopped, finishing the picnic area setup while the brass one brought over the breakfast. "The antidote was...?" His scales still a deep purple, looking over the brass one as he nodded. Feeling a weight on his eyes, about as heavy as that metallic sack. "R-really...?"

"As much as it sounds like an excuse for sex-"

"Coming from the bear, yeah. It really really does."

"But it was the only thing that we all really had in common. And..." Beo took a breath. "It seemed to have worked. Whatever it was specifically, I'm not sure. But..." A shrug from those red wings as the large one came close to purple dragon, holding him again. "You have nothing to worry about."

"I sure hope not. I also hope I didn't get some sort of overdose."

"No such thing." The brass one teased in a purr. Sharing a small kiss, long enough to return that pink color. Then taking a look around. "Bartan should be back by now."

"Yeah... Where did he say he was going?" The two looked over in the distance, now spotting the furball walking towards them. Looking at the hexeped with puzzlement while he approached and sat down. "...Where are...?"

"Scouting for something. They should be back soon." Another puzzled stare that gradually

became more and more stern from the dragons. Until a loud *thump!* was heard in the woods away, getting the attention of the three. "That must be them!"

"Define ***Something***." Beo grumbled, getting a bit of a devious smirk from the fluffball. "...You didn't."

"He wasn't that hard to find-"

"Because you've been keeping tabs on him, haven't you?" Beo snorted, soon seeing the two little ones come out of the woods dragging a very large burlap sack. One clearly omitting curses and hisses alike as it struggled within the itchy bag. And I say that with experience.

Yet, despite the struggle, Rev and Lexar pulled the bag to the adults and stopped in front of them. "Mission Complete!" They chirped in sync, getting a smile of approval from the bear while the two larger dragons glared at the furball.

"Well done! Breakfast is served, eat up." Another series of chirps as they dived into the plates of waffles and bacon. "You're welcome to join us, Sig'eal." A sharp whimper from the sack as the scrawny one paused. Soon going back to thrashing to get out of the flexible imprisonment.

"You've got to be taathing kidding me!" The brown one grumbled, soon feeling help with the oddly durable bag. "Muscles and the Slut!? What the hell-!?" Upon exiting his head from the opening, he spotted the smaller adult wyrm that was currently yellow. Needing to double take at the curious Dia, thinking it was actually Beo at first until proven otherwise. "...Who's this?"

"This is..." The brass one started, rubbing the back of his neck for a moment. Letting those large series of thick spines wave in the process. "Dia'vidd." An unimpressed stare of puzzlement from those yellow eyes. "He's... Our husband." A slow blink with even more levels of unimpressage, as those brown frilled ears went back. "He's the new one."

"You got your pets to kidnap me to tell me you've got someone else getting under your tail?" Siggy snorted.

"Actually, we didn't know about..." Dia started, looking over at Bartan for an explanation. Getting all the larger dragons, and even the two smaller ones munching on their breakfast to stare at the six legged bear. One who only shrugged lightly.

"I figured it was about time we paid a visit. See how you were doing." A blank stare from the brown one, as those long thin spines started to raise in irritation.

"...Need I remind you that you A: didn't need to kidnap me, and B: DIDN'T need to kidnap me for a 'Visit'!?" As loud as the hiss was, the group couldn't help but chuckle at him. "Well, it was *wonderful* meeting you again, but my balls still hurt from our last visit. So would you kindly get me out of this sack so I can get back to my busy life?"

"Not going to stay for breakfast?" The large furred one questioned.

"You don't seem to understand, bear. I have a very small window to escape from you before you decide that we should all have some sort of sex circus, and I will not be a part of that." The brown one snorted, still attempting to get something else besides his head from the sack. "Muscles? A little help? The furball is your responsibility, after all."

"Yes, but..." The brass one started, helping the brown one out regardless. "Won't you stay? Even just to catch up over lost time?"

"I can't say there's much to catch up on." Those yellow eyes half glared at the younger adult, curling his neck when he seen Dia's scales change to an orange. "Well, on my side. You apparently have quite the life going for you, don't you?" He snorted, nearly hearing the orange one growl in the titan's place.

"A life he decided to make, don't forget that." Dia half snapped, getting a bit of a staring match between them.

"Relax, you two." The smaller brass one stated, his maw still full of bacon and meatballs.

"You adults play nice or you're all going in the sack." Rev added, getting their parents to lower their heads a bit. Another action that caused Siggy to curl his neck.

"...You're taking orders from your hatchings now?" An awkward share of glances from the other three adults.

"We..." Beo started, but trailed off.

"Ended up overdoing it... A bit." The bear finished, getting unimpressed looks from those yellow eyes.

"Define 'A Bit' for me."

"Does that mean you'll stay for breakfast?" A growl at the furball, now knowing that the scrawny dragon was too curious to let it go. "It's good stuff."

"As long as it isn't trees, fiiiiinnneeee. But no sex, understood?" They nodded in agreement.

"You..." Siggy started, unable to continue his sentence without a disappointed breath. Attempting to make sense of what he's heard from the group, while the smaller ones went off to make trouble in the woods. "You were all eaten by a Terrasque?"

"Well, I was..." The youngest adult mumbled, still completely purple regardless of how good the meal turned out. "They were... Inside me."

"Of course they were." The brown one grumbled. "How are you still even alive?" A whimper from Dia.

"Dia'vidd tends to absorb abilities and traits from those he touches." Bartan informed him, instantly getting those yellow eyes to glare at a certain brass titan. Seeing the largest one's frilled ears fade a bit purple in the process.

"I can only assume you've... Touched quite a bit then." He grumbled.

"Don't be jealous, Siggy. You had your chance, and you still do." A snout toss from the scrawny one, feeling the red wing still cover him and nudge the dragon closer.

"And I told you..." He released a breath, looking away from the group with his ears flat against his head. Almost looking when a heavy brass paw was placed on his own, nearly wanting to move it away, but at the same time...

Yet, the other adult dragon was felt moving on Sig'eaal's other side, nearly getting him to growl at the flank. Also feeling Dia's paw on his other one, causing the brown one to exhale and close his eyes. "You are... Very angry at me." A double take at David, those blue eyes seeing right through his near furious yellow ones. "Where is all this anger coming from?"

"You don't know me-"

"But I can feel what you've been through." The now pink dragon said softly, getting the puzzled looks until something strange was felt within that very thin frame. A strange strength and desire that was quite heated towards the much larger dragon. One that was also happy to be in the brown one's presence. "Whatever he did to you, you know he wants forgiveness."

Siggy didn't respond, almost attempting to look away from those green discs until the other brass paw lead him towards it. Not getting as much resistance as expected, and just looking at them with eyes of near sorrow. "No... That's not right..." Dia continued, placing another paw onto that brown chest. "You don't hate him... You hate yourself." That angry stare returned, one mixed with fright as well. "He is a constant reminder of everything you wish you could be, but can't-"

"Shut up-"

"Why are you blaming him for your own faults-?"

"I said Shut-!" A sudden shock of intimidation went through the smallest dragon's body, nearly paralyzing that anger as those blue eyes stared at him thickly.

"Stop running. Stop hiding your feelings with self-hate and replacing them with anger." That fire within the brown wyrm slowly faded, getting him to exhale. Feeling the younger one scoot closer for a small embrace, then the much bigger one to nearly hold both of them at the same time.

"You're still heavy..." Siggy grumbled, getting a lick. "...I can't..."

"Apologize?" No response to Dia. "You can. And you know what his response will be." Again, silence. "Why avoid it?"

"Dia..." Beo started, but didn't finish. Watching the smaller one give the other smaller one a nudge.

"You can change. You *have* changed." An ache through his brown chest. "It's two words. Two words that will change your life."

A very long silence as Sig'eaal exhaled in defeat. "...I'm sorry." A nod was felt from that heavy head, along with a thick lick.

"I'm sorry too."

"...Kresskre." The two dragons squeezed him in sync, nearly making him squeak in the process. "Okay-okay-okay! Take a joke, geez." They licked at his neck, regardless of the vocal threats. "But I'm still not becoming part of this." A few noises in question. "Your..."

"Family?"

"-Yes." He answered the bear rather quickly, expecting a fight from the ones who basically have him pinned down. But they just nodded after sharing a glance.

"That's your decision, Siggy. It always has been." The brass one stated. "Just know that the offer is always there." A grumble in response, and an exhale. "You can change, Stick. I know it."

"But I can't change that." A defeated grumble, getting nudges from the two. "Fine, fine. If I tell you, will you two get off me already?"

"Maybe." The two said in sync, smirking at each other while a loud groan was heard.

"You are definitely perfect for each other." Siggy snorted sarcastically, taking a breath and hearing the bear start moving behind. "Hey! Furball! Away from the tail-!" A furred hug along his haunches was felt, getting him to growl a bit and attempt to move, but it was no use. "I hate you guys."

"No you don't." Dia stated, getting a growl in response. "You actually like it-"

"Stop it, Witch!" Another series of chuckles, not intimidated by the scrawny dragon.

"Go on, Sig'eaal." Half a glance at the one behind him, resting that chin along his middle back. "What couldn't you change?" A few moments of silence, and another breath.

"My... 'Stick-ness'." He snorted. "Even after we last met, I... Tried. I tried to be better... Look like Mr. Muscles here, but..."

"But?" The brass one pried.

"I felt horrible. Like I was dying, and I'm pretty sure you're familiar with that feeling by now." A

sad smile from the brass one. "It was just too damn hard... Wasn't worth the trouble."

"Siggy..." The largest one mumbled, hearing the brown one sigh a bit but not respond past it.

"What if...?" The bear started, getting the three draconic heads to attempt to look at him. "What if we tried something a little different?"

"Define that." The smallest one grumbled, hearing Bartan take a breath. "-And don't you dare say sex." A chuckle from the other three. "...I'm serious! I pretty much know how your brain works by now!"

"Fine, fine. But hear me out." An exhaled grumble in response, feeling a few paws stroke around the scrawny lower half. "What about a trial? We alter your body into near peak condition so you can truly experience the gain of such a thing. That way, you can see how much a change in build can improve your life." A questionable look from those yellow eyes.

"...I thought you said you couldn't change that!" He hissed after a few moments of silence.

"I cannot change it permanently. But for a few days, it should be okay." A growl from Sig'eaal. "However, we are going to have to do it our way." A groan that time, as he flopped his long head on the picnic blanket. Watching it all disappear and quickly replaced by soft grass.

"And that means..." Another grumble.

"Session." They all stated at once, getting another groan from the currently bound one. Letting the very thin one take his time to decide, including a few grumbling exhales.

"...And this is for an entire week?"

"An entire week with muscles."

"You better not mean a week with Beo." Siggy snorted.

"You can have that too." The furred one teased, hearing another grumble then a long silence.

"...I'm thinking."

"It would be worth it." Dia stated.

"Says you. You probably enjoy it if you're part of this circus." Another snort and a sigh.
"Ffffffffffiiiiinnnnneeee! But I get to decide how much I get."

"We'll have to take it slow though, remember that." A noise in question from the brown one as he felt those white paws start to stroke his haunches. "Your body is definitely not used to a large amount of density yet, and will likely tear your scales if we just immediately give your body extra mass." A look from the other two dragons, though not moving when Siggy attempted to squirm out of their embrace. "So, we'll need to do two things: relax your body while letting it gain extra durability."

"Extra durability...?" Dia mumbled.

"Then temporarily replace the muscle space with something flexible and lightweight. I'm thinking plain air should do fine." A whimper from the now purple dragon.

"...The hell do you mean 'Replace the muscle space' with-" The scrawny dragon grumbled, being interrupted when he felt like his stones were suddenly tasered. "Why!?!?"

"You'll see. It's better if we show you what I have planned anyway."

"Oh, here we go." The smaller one tossed his snout, feeling those paws climb up higher along his back. Along with the forest of white nearly swallowing the thin dragon, even around his thick tail, like it was never there. Snorting at the other two at his shoulders. "Do you mind-?" A sudden yelp when a warm tip was felt prodding that tailslit. "The hell-!?"

"Alright, this is going to require some teamwork, fellas." The bear stated, getting a pair of nods with Siggys's whimpering groan. Feeling those four furry arms embrace him tightly as that red canine tool slipped in, stunning the smaller dragon to the point where he didn't attempt escape while the other two wyrms got up.

Though such a rod was rather stiff, tickling those inner walls with dozens and dozens of fleshy spines, it was hardly uncomfortable. More shocking, especially when the white one started to raise upwards, forcing those brown haunches to do the same for a few moments and revealing a certain long teal tool that was clearly hiding. Hearing a few whimpers of denying bliss from that long muzzle, then one of more surprise when the bear started pulling that upper half up as well.

Tilting back and rolling onto the soft grass of the opened area, leaving Sig'eaal to land on the rather comfortable furball with his underside up. Still penetrated and exposed as Beo and Dia took a step forward, leaning towards the still forming weapon. Whining as the brown one attempted to struggle free. "No..."

"Alright guys-"

"No...!" A lick to tease the guest, and he attempted to struggle free a bit. Feeling two sets of tongues along that teal length that couldn't resist anylonger, feeling it pulse in a warm greeting.

"I've adjusted his release to help support such a change, but I'm going to need your help to both; get it out." A whimper from the brown one, attempting to squirm out of the hold. But with every movement, a wave of pleasure shot through his body due to the weapon inside him. "And to help me spread it over his body."

"Like... Massage oil?" The purple dragon tilted his head.

"Not a bad way of putting it. Though..." Bartan grinned deviously at the scrawny one, shutting those yellow eyes and trying so hard not to let the others know he was actually enjoying such a position. "It would be easier to spread if he had some extra volume down there." Those eyes opened wide and

Siggy hissed loudly.

"Don't you dare!"

"Dia? Would you do the honors?" A loud whimper from the now purple one, as he gazed at that slightly bloated brown pouch, hearing another hiss that nearly exhaled snaps of electricity. Granted, something that the multi colored one didn't find threatening in the slightest.

"Y-you sure?" Dia'vidd mumbled. "He doesn't look like he's been emptied in quite a while."

"Just go slow and don't overdo it, he can take it." A heavy growl at the bear as the smaller wyrm attempted to squirm again. Feeling a paw press against his package and whimper, looking at the brass one almost sadly as if to want to request help, but just couldn't ask. Only to feel a heavier paw be placed on it as well, getting those green and blue eyes to lock.

"I'll tell you when to stop."

"Beo...!" Siggy growled, but soon he felt that brown pouch start to tighten up. Making the thin one release a sharp breath and pant in near hisses as it slowly grew within their paws. Causing him to brace and lean back against the furred mattress as it approached 1.5x size... 1.75x... 2x before that tool started leaking extra out over that lighter underside.

Several loud breaths from Sig'eaal as those paws lifted up to witness the thick balloon between his legs. His brown hips still squirming as that teal weapon pulsed out a steady leak of turquoise juices, fluids that seemed to glow with a faint neon. Mesmerizing the purple dragon that was clearly very stiff himself. "I think a bit more-"

"I swear, bear! I will barbeque you into ashes!!"

"Just a bit more?" Beo asked, ignoring the smaller one's threats.

"We want to make sure there's plenty to go around. The more the better-"

"-Shut up, Furball!!"

"You heard the project director." The brass one stated, nudging his smaller draconic mate as he started to turn red. "As big as you want."

"I hate you guys-!" Another yelp when a paw was placed on that package again. Making Siggy whimper loudly before and during the gentle inflation. Though a bit straining, it slowly started to feel more and more enjoyable as the brown dragon started to sing uncontrollably. Unable to really tell the sizes apart as the pouch filled the space between his hinds, growing tighter and tighter with every pitch of the smaller one's vocals until that teal rod sprayed wildly in Sig'eaal's and Bartan's faces.

Torrents shot over them, many reaching past the dragon's head but hit some strange invisible curved wall. One that caused the blue-green liquids to flow between the Counterweight and the wyrm. Watching the torrents get bigger in volume and sprays as Beo looked between the show and the red

dragon absolutely entranced with such a thing. "Uh... Dia? I think that's enough." No response, until a metallic paw tapped his shoulder, getting the attention of those blue eyes. "I think that's enough."

Those red/purple frilled ears lowered in disappointment, overlooking the two on their backs and the brown package. Now about 4.3x size while the dragon whom it belonged to was lost in a sea of bliss, unable to resist such a thing anylonger. A thick jolt of teal electric seed pouring out of that long weapon with every breath, and those blue discs looked into Beo's for a moment. Seeing the brass one toss his snout. "Fine, a little more."

A loud whimper in question from the scrawny dragon as that paw pressed against the brown bubble. Feeling it increase in volume once more as the wyrm attempted to struggle, stopping at about 4.7x size before feeling a couple of muzzles lap at the juices a bit. Yet, Siggy could no longer argue nor complain.

Now officially submissive, those furred paws began to ease their hold and stroke the dragon's upper half. While the other two wyrms lapped at the constant flowing seed, soaking their tongues with the slightly sour and enjoying the strange hum of such a release before each taking side. Starting with the haunches, both inner and out. Brushing the thin muscle within the sheet of brown armor and massaging the straining muscles with strong paws.

Meanwhile, the bear started working on the guest's back. Using the fluids from the first release that sprayed overhead and really kneading them into the shoulders. Each member returning to the constantly active teal fountain when they needed more 'oils' to work with, washing the smaller dragon with his own release and pressing it deep into those brown scales. Witnessing it absorb into the muscle within.

Once the first coating was done, the two dragons switched places to place a second one. Then working on Siggy's upper limbs, chest and neck for the next dozen minutes each. Hearing nothing but purrs from the brown one as the bear kept him content, slowly moving his red tool into that tailsit with a soft rhythm. Nearly hypnotizing the smaller one as the two went to work.

Slowing down a bit allow Siggy to come out of his trance, occasionally grumbling at those tongues and paws as they continued to work. "Words cannot explain how weird this feels..." He managed to get out, hearing a few chuckles as the other dragons started to get up.

"Alright, part one complete. Now for part two: Think there's any possible way for you two to squeeze into Siggy as well?" A high pitched whine from the brown one, feeling the others gaze at his lower end; already well occupied with a certain red tool. Soon getting the guest to struggle once again before hearing Bartan chuckle. "I jest, I jest. Relax."

"Then why are you holding me so damn tightly!?" A yelp as the two started to raise forwards, the dragon ending up on his paws once again. The bear still mounting him from behind while the other two dragons flanked them, still getting a growl from Siggy as he regained control.

"Alright, you two: I'll make a special electric pump behind us, then you-" A loud hiss from

Sig'eaal interrupted him.

"The hell do you mean pump!? They're big enough already!!"

"Relax. This one is for me." A noise in question from the three as a pump station came out of the grass, getting the attention of the curious yellow dragon. "It has a special nozzle on it, allowing a safe bypass through organic and non-organic membranes." A blank stare from the three, and Bartan tilted his head in a shrug. "It passes through fur, skin, and scales. Inflates without needing to pass through an opening-"

"Inflating what, exactly?" Siggy growled.

"Dia, I want you to attach it to my pouch. Beo, I have a special job for you." The brass one perked up his ears and leaned forward, causing those other frilled flags to perk but not quite make out the whispers. Only seeing the titan nod afterwards before moving behind them and help operate the strange 'gas station-like' pump. Hearing the now red dragon whimper in anticipation while looking for the Counterweight's signal, getting a nod before placing the hose against that furry bag under those three tails.

A slightly heavy exhale from the white one as the device went to work, slowly causing the fur to bulge within that dense forest. Bewitching the red dragon as his tail started to flail behind him in excitement. A certain red horn attempting to camouflage between those haunches starting to leak the multi-colored fluids, not even paying any attention to the large brass one lowering himself for a pounce. Wiggling those metallic hinds before playfully tackling the distracted Dia.

The red one yelped in surprise as they rolled a bit while Bartan continued his work, slipping that tool in and out of the scrawny dragon as he dug into the grass. Raking the grounds with every movement and painting it while the brass one pinned down the now orange wyrm. Giving him a very deep kiss until the color morphed into a submissive pink before turning David over and mounting over him like the other pair.

A cry in bliss when that large purple tool stretched that tailhole out, spraying a heavy torrent on the ground in the process as the titan comforted him. Though, half questioning after all this time of mounting Dia how he was still this tight. Licking that bright pink neck a bit before sliding those large brass arms under the smaller one's chest and lifting the dragon up.

The sight made Bartan smile, almost wishing he was in such a position at the moment. But he had work to do, a project to direct. Gesturing for Beo to move in front of him and Siggy, getting a solid nod in response as he awkwardly walked on two legs. Suspending the smaller dragon in his arms and forcing Dia to take in more of that purple tower with every step, whimpering loudly during the movement and almost in denial when the titan started setting him down.

Chuckling and looking at the bear for instructions, he nodded. Letting Beo just rest on his haunches while bouncing the pink wyrm on his tool, just a few steps away and facing the other pair's front. Once in a while getting squirts and light showers of that colorful seed as the furred one half

grunted, feeling his own package start to balloon between their legs and press up a bit against a certain brown pouch that still required some relief.

The device hissed continuously like music to his ears, which only added to Dia's urges. Half struggling in the brass embrace to see the progress under those three white tails, until a large mirror erupted from the grass near the pump, allowing him to see the event. Watching that white bag start to morph around their legs and stimulated the pink dragon further.

That red draconic tool ejected stream after stream as Beo started to keep him still. Watching the Counterweight pull Siggy up about the same way and his sack bloating underneath them like a large furred beanbag. Finally triggering the youngest dragon's first full release and painted Sig'eaal's underside with the colorful sprays. Hearing him half growl and whimper in response, especially when the paws started washing that light brown underside with it.

Then a loud hiss when Bartan started bouncing him over that forming knot. Stretching that tailslit like he was once again taking the beast of a purple horn, and accidentally getting an airborne spray into that long muzzle. Tasting the constant change of flavors and nearly double taking at it. "Really-!?" Another heavy press down interrupted that thought, making Siggy hiss again when the press didn't let up. Feeling the constant shower of rainbow fluids drip down and actually defy physics by slipping inside his rear a bit.

The warm liquids came as a surprise to him, but the sudden donning of that canine tool stunned the scrawny dragon again. Attempting to squirm out of it again only resulted in the knot getting deeper, continuing to dense and thicken with every squirm until he was set down. Feeling the furred one raise up without his upper half, allowing the living skiddle shower to rain along Sig'eaal's back.

They stopped after a few moments, Beo setting down the youngest one for a rest while nuzzling that deep pink wyrm that was nearly sexed silly. Only able to pant and purr over the thin dragon's constant groans and growls. The red weapon stuck in his rear pulsing more and more as the bear continued to wash him with Dia's fluids. "Why even...!?"

"Because Dia'vidd's release will make the changes to your body much easier to accept." Bartan teased those frilled ears, nearly glued flat to the side of Siggy's head. "He enjoys making dragons and other beings fat, you see."

"And so do you...!" The brown one growled. "And I didn't ask to be-!" Another hiss as a bit of pressure was felt.

"Do you trust me?"

"-No!" The white one chuckled at the sudden response.

"Well, you're just going to have to." A louder growl, but one in question as his lower area started give out slight warnings of attention. "Because you're not in a position to argue." His sudden hiss was interrupted by another bolt of pressure as the bear groaned in relief.

"No-no-no-!" Was all the scrawny one could get out before his lower belly started to round out. Slowly at first, feeling a white paw or two wash over the bloated section before bulging much further forward. Every jolt of pressure stun-locking the thin dragon as he was filled with something light. The occasional drip of fluids, but it wasn't heavy like when Beo overwhelmed his rear.

Like its own strange, automatic valve, the hexaped released gust after gust of air into that light brown belly. Letting it bubble out a slow +10% with every second breath of the dragon's, adding slightly more to every pump into the smaller one. Taking a bit of time to finally get that teal weapon to fully release underneath them and actually pausing the inflation a bit for Sig'eaal before advancing.

Not long after, that brown balloon touched the soft grass. One coated with the humming release as it stretched acrossed it. Really putting those sides and belly scales to work as they started to bloat out a bit more before the brown one whimpered loudly out of fright. "N-no more! Please!"

"Okay, okay." The white one teased, licking at his ears again before stopping. Hearing the pump behind them turn off as well as the bear adjust a bit to really get a feel of the taut ball of air connected to the dragon. Eventually those yellow eyes caught sight of the other two, just smiling and enjoying the show, though one still nearly in a sex coma. "You can still hold a bit more-"

"Get off me, furball!" He hissed violently, raising those spines even higher at the sounds of a chuckle.

"We're not done quite yet. Beo, I'll need your help again."

"What the hell do you need him for-!?" A sudden whimper from that brown muzzle as the metallic titan got up. "No-no-no! You are not force-feeding me his-!"

"Hmm? Oh no. Don't worry." Bartan stated, gesturing the largest dragon to stay put for a moment before lifting the guest up into a sitting position again. Expecting the yelp in the process. "Okay, when I give you the signal, I want you to press into his belly-"

"WHAT!?"

"In? Or from the sides?" The scrawny dragon hissed violently at the brass one, nearly attempting to claw him away.

"About inbetween." A loud whimper, even louder when those golden paws were felt against the already stretched out belly. Then two sets of furry ones over it, as the smallest dragon cried for help. "Ready?" A solid nod while the other dragon whimpered, bracing himself for the inevitable bust.

But the signal was given, and the thick force of such arms caused Siggy's body to fight back in resistance. A very strong, unexpected resistance as that brown balloon stretched immeasurably. Feeling those paws reposition for a better effect, then another thick press that caused the dragon to whine, feeling the lightweight mass nearly enter his limbs in the process before more adjustments.

One more final one, and most the air rushed into those brown limbs. Thickening them out quite

well and equally while keeping some mass for the wyrm's underside. "Okay, that should do it." The brass one stepped back as Siggy panted loudly, landing on the ground with the bear still holding onto him. Those paws altering the mass and taking a moment to equalize while he took a breath. Feeling those green eyes scan the brown one for a few moments. "Siggy." A grumble in response, then a large mirror raising up a bit beside them.

Those yellow eyes double taked, seeing his own body no longer unhealthily thin. No longer a walking skeleton of something dragonkin, but instead rather well built. Thick arms and hinds, a stouter chest, broader shoulders that look like they could really hold up the bear still leaning on them. "...You...?"

"A bit of a strange method, but yes." A few strokes of those white paws, as the brown scales still remained resilient. "And if you're unsatisfied..." A noise in question before hearing the bear grunt a bit, that pressure returning for a bit and hearing the dragon yelp. Yet, it didn't all go into his lower belly like before, but instead added a little bit to every part of his changed body. "Good, looks like it's working perfectly."

"Working...?" Sig'eaal mumbled, only getting an affection lick in response as the white one dismounted. That knot deflating quickly, yet the mass remained inside the once scrawny dragon. Allowing him to move freely towards the large mirror and examine himself while a certain brass one pounced the furball, getting a yelp in response that didn't even flick those brown ears.

The two purred loudly as Beo teased that canine weapon, sharing a deep kiss as it deflated due to the brass one's weight. While the brown one admired himself nearly in shock, not even noticing the pink wyrm walk up behind him. "You look good." Dia stated, seeing a smile of disbelief from that brown muzzle. "Though a certain area does look a bit out of place..." A double take from those yellow eyes, that split second transition now changing the younger dragon to a red as he pointed down towards the bloated brown pouch.

Sig'eaal snorted at him. "Something I'm hoping you are offering to fix." A near excited nod that was clearly trying to hide how hopeful he was to hear that. Getting the red muzzle to start lapping at that teal tool and a grumble from the guest. "Or you can do it like that. I was expecting-" The stroke of an experienced tongue interrupted him, as the two began to purr loudly.

Shifting his position a bit, Siggy placed a paw on that red back. Nearly thrusting into that muzzle as its inner appendage studied the long weapon. The slightly larger flare that looked more like an arrowhead, the sea of smooth spines along the body. Getting the dragon to release a thick jolt when that tongue washed acrossed them, rewarding the younger one with a spray of that electric fluid. Then several more when Dia focused on the upper half for several minutes.

Eventually getting the second brown paw along his back, almost clawing at the marked scales and adding Siggy's own signature among the hundred scars. Going slightly deeper when that tongue scouted forward along that first ring, forcing the guest to nearly exhale in a growl of pleasure as the younger one was rewarded a large torrent. Graciously swallowing it before getting another one that

lightly licked out of those pink lips.

The electric hum of the fluids felt wonderful in that color changing belly, lapping up every drop that red tongue could handle. All while keeping the (now) equally built dragon into a constant state of bliss, even getting that long pink appendage to loll out of Siggy's maw as the movements got a little faster. Adjusting a paw down behind Dia's neck to motion for him to keep going.

The second ring was reached soon after, making that longer muzzle release sparks with his gasping exhale. Rewarding the pink wyrm's effort with a few torrents of turquoise down his neck, adding to the puddle in his own belly as that maw kept at it. Drawing more fluids and making the dragon above growl at the vacuum before spraying several more down.

A few moments of panting and those fangs pushed forwards, that tongue and the vibrations of Dia's purrs nearly pushing the guest over the edge. Causing the brown one to half collapse over the red, accidentally pressing that teal weapon in a little further. Nearly to the fourth ring, feeling the weapon throb in that maw a bit before moving it in and out for several long moments.

He fed on every drip the older dragon had to give, yet barely making a dent in that large scaly bag. Swallowing constantly was massaging that arrowhead tip everytime that snout went a little closer to that fourth ring. Almost making Sig'eaal impatient as he was getting closer to a release, slowly thrusting into that pink muzzle as it altered tones every motion.

It was nearly too much for the guest to handle, eventually caving in and taking that step forwards to reach past that slight bulge in his length. Spraying several torrents of seed directly down that throat and almost seeing the buildup take a toll on the younger one. His belly beginning to round a bit and wobble with every movement, one that was getting faster and more assertive by the moment.

With a pleasurable growl, Siggy thrust his entire length into that red muzzle. Forcing his brown sheath against that snout in a slight show of dominance, however not expecting that forked red appendage to slip inside the protection. Getting the brown one to hiss loudly as the over-stimulation while those fangs tormented his ridges all along the fourth and fifth rings.

It took no time at all for Sig'eaal to reach the point of no return, but the wyrm below him didn't stop. Constantly thrashing within that sheath and against the sensitive flesh only built up the inevitable release more and more. Crashing through the top dragon's body until those haunches collapsed, pinning the red one down, yet Dia didn't stop. Not until that long muzzle instinctively gave that red back a bite.

It was nothing the younger one couldn't handle, but it did get his attention long enough for that teal weapon to thicken greatly in his muzzle. Flooding his throat and belly with electrical fluids and filling the bottom dragon up quite quickly. Bobbing the brown one up with every thick pulse as that belly started pushing the two up from the soft grass. Stretching that underside out until the pink one was forced to stand up, yet not enough to immobilize him.

Regardless of the constant purring, Siggy slid the weapon out from that muzzle and took a step back. Getting a few wet licks that clearly ignored the grumbles from the older dragon. "Feeling lighter?"

Dia asked, nuzzling under those brown haunches lapping at the pouch, one that was still quite full somehow.

"A bit." Sig'eaal snorted, unable to hide his smirk as he looked at his reflection. "But I'd hardly say your work is done." He flexed those new muscles a bit, though still just air inside, they did bulge like they normally would. "I think we could both stand to get a little more." A loud purr in agreement from the younger one as Dia started to turn around. Lifting that tail and offering his slit.

"You heard him, Beo." The bear stated, getting a double take from all three. "Give him some more muscle." A sharp whimper from the brown one, then another when the titan gave a proud nod. Hearing a yelp when the brass dragon started for the guest, who was almost hiding behind the bloated red one.

"What-!? No-no-no! That's not what I meant-!" Regardless, the metallic one was too fast for the smaller dragon. Easily catching and driving that thick purple tongue into that brown muzzle and nearly making him submit from the slight fatigue after a recent session. Picking Siggy up and resting his back onto Dia's own before frating that purple beast of a tower against the teal one. Getting several whimpers, one of pleasure from the bottom that clearly didn't mind being a living table for them.

After one long kiss that left the guest out of excuses and denials, that purple tool slipped down towards that already penetrated slit. Still getting a loud whimper from Sig'eaal when it prodded a bit, but it didn't enter just yet. Picking the brown one back up and turning him around. Positioning him to mount Dia while Beo mounted the brown one, lining up each weapon with a hole, with the help of the furball.

Giving the two one big hug before pressing in, letting them both sing loudly as each horn slipped in. One after the other, overwhelming them with a heavy wave that nearly got the smaller ones to release right then and there. Painting the grass again while adding to the living cushion, distending that belly a bit more wider with the extra weight on top of it.

Meanwhile, the brass one suddenly growled when a certain hose was attached to his package. Hearing a heavy hiss from it as that thick bag started to inflate with air, and his tail slit being tongued as it grew. Following the constant motions and thrusts of the group as they all added to the choir. Releasing almost constantly and slowly rounding that belly with release and weight.

Due to the constant teasing, it didn't take long for the titan to start adding more into Siggy's body. Slowly densing those muscles into larger appendages and adding more girth into his shoulders. His chest starting to press against David's back, much like how Beo's was pressing against his. Feeling his once scrawny self become thicker and thicker, attempting to admire it from the large mirror, but it was difficult with the constant movement and mess of three dragons nailing one another. "How's that?" The bear asked, feeling the brown biceps for himself and whimpering a bit.

"M-...More...!" A nod from both the Counterweight and titan, as they continued. That brass set of balls now touching the ground and Bartan disconnected the hose. Watching as the three kept at it

and enjoying the sight of such a thing. The red/pink dragon bubbling up as a large mattress, while two muscled dragons continued to sex each other into a coma. Hearing the brass one soon release a low growl as a warning, and Siggy prepared himself.

A thick pressure entered his body, flowing in many directions as if they were being ordered. Thickening up those muscles greatly to the point where the brown scales could no longer hide them. Stretching out the armor without even flexing as the brown dragon got bigger, tighter, reaching his body's structural limit as he roared loudly. Unleashing several dozen torrents into the younger one and getting his underside to bloat drastically.

In moments, the pink one could no longer reach the ground. Likely able to fit a small trailer home in his overstretched belly. Pushing the other two dragons back a bit, so that Siggy was resting more on the brass one, and Beo resting on his swollen pouch. Nearly trapping the two there as they panted for a few moments. "M... More...!"

"What?" Beo grumbled.

"More!!" The brown one hissed.

"I don't think your body could handle more, Sig-" Another loud hiss as the guest took matters into his own hands. Shifting and riding that purple weapon, causing the titan to start stimulating releases in the form of air. Feeling it rush through his over-toned body in small spurts as Sig'eaal reached his own climax again and again. Adding more fluids into the younger dragon as his limbs started to balloon out a bit.

Hearing the brass one behind him attempt to hold back his own release, he called to the bear for help. Only to find that the furball collapsed, laying on his side with several large puddles of orange around and on his fur. Odds are he passed out after seeing the muscles bulging out, getting Beo to growl a bit.

His release was coming soon though, regardless of the brass one's struggle to hold it. His friend constantly riding him until that knot grew within that tailhole, locking them together. Unable to hold it back anymore, the metallic dragon just braced the wyrm in front of him. Unleashing several large sprays of air that started to tighten up Siggy's limbs into a stalemate that didn't last long. Ballooning his body outwards over the pink wyrm, yet still retaining most of that muscled shape.

It got Sig'eaal big enough to reach the ground while completely mounting Dia, still thrusting into the bubbled wyrm constantly while the brass was stuck holding onto those brown haunches. Letting that thick tail pass through him and thrash wildly behind them as the brown one came up to another climax. Swelling up the pink one with every large spray, and getting his brown tail to slam the ground a few times in the process.

Yet, a sudden pressure was felt passing through that appendage, getting the guest to double take behind him. Spotting that hose from before now attached to his tail and inflating it a bit to match the rest of his body. Attempting to shake it off before it started reaching his main body did nothing but

extend the length of the hose, feeling that pressure move towards his center faster and faster. Threatening to ruin his beautiful form. Yet upon entering, it only added to his muscle volume.

A thick rush flowed through Sig'eaal as his body started to grow, adding to the large euphoria and caused heavier streams to enter the ballooned one below him. Growing enough to keep up with the bloating dragon, now able to contain a standard house, while the brass one was still locked in. Occasionally releasing a bit more air into that tailhole, but eventually turned into his natural blue release. Something that hungry physique was still accepting graciously.

The large sinews of his biceps and shoulders were nearly busting out of those brown scales, held together by what could only be described as miracle magic while they continued to thicken moment by moment. Starting to shine as they were pushed beyond their limits and starting to gain their own set of vocals. Groaning as those thick biceps rubbed against his growing stout chest, warning the dragon of the upcoming limit they were approaching. But the lightning dragon couldn't stop, trapped in a trance of constant growth and filling up another dragon in the process.

His lighter brown chest began to really bulge out, pressing up against Dia'vidd's bloating form with a more stern structure. Forcing the pink bubble to warp around the large wall of a dragon that kept expanding within the meadow, while the strange pump continued to release pocket after pocket of air into that thick tail. Reaching into the branches of Siggy's wings as they spread widely with pride before emptying the rest of his pouch into the younger wyrm.

Yet, the guest wanted to keep going. Still thrusting his hefty body into that balloon and forcing it to stretch drastically outwards, making Dia sing against the thicker abs that were bulging out of those brown scales. His own swelling body able to house the volume of a four story apartment building with ease. With a bit of squirming felt from the brass one behind, the lightning dragon could feel a set of paws on his brown pouch once again, and the increase of fluids returning rather quickly. Now finally seeing why the group loved such a change, how they lusted over the growth and change as their bodies fought against the pressure.

Of course more was desired, both into the pink bubble of a dragon that was having his color faded, and the power hungry wyrm. That brown sack thickening up greatly between those buffed hinds, causing him a pleasurable discomfort as the fluids rushed into the pink ball he was mounting. Feeling it stretch more and more with every spray, yet Siggy had to squeeze it with his new shape.

Taking those jacked forearms and bracing the overflowing balloon tightly caused Dia'vidd to whimper in bliss. Forcing the humming liquids to gather in alternate parts of his bloated body, causing them to stretch wildly while the teal weapon continued to hose in seed. Swelling up that belly and chest inbetween Sig'eaal's massive arms as the bubble struggled to contain everything. Yet, even those arms were growing tighter, adding to the heavy grip.

With a high pitched wine and a very taut form, that balloon burst loudly into lake of glowing teal. Getting Siggy to collapse and roar in pleasure while he continued to shower the grounds with sprays, unable to stop or keep up with the constant growth of his package. However, the guest

demanded more. More volume, more muscle, more creatures to overpower and fill up. Spotting a small patch of white once the river of liquids started to fade, knowing exactly what it was... Who it was.

The muscled wyrm grabbed the half unconscious bear and forced it to don his tool, feeling the living pillow bloat drastically in his paws before even giving the Counterweight his full length. Roaring loudly as he continued to pour his release into Bartan and swell that belly into a large ball of fur, all while the dragon himself proceeded to grow by the moment.

Though it was continuous, it wasn't fast enough to suit the greedy guest. Turning enough to see the pump behind him and pulling out more hose slack in the process, the lightning dragon hissed. Launching out an electric node that caused the device to go haywire, throwing out massive volumes of air at 500%. Causing that hose to bubble out drastically attempting to withhold the amount of pressure in large ovals.

Soon they would reach into the brown one's tail, and the very thought of how big he would get overfed the furball within his paws. Soon able to let go of the Counterweight as the white belly touched the ground, right when that first mass pocket of air thickened that scaly tail drastically. Flowing through his body slowly, and focusing more on Siggy's rear end instead of his upper half.

Those haunches took most of the impact, growing outwards around the brass dragon still tied to the guest's tailsplit. Nearly swallowed up by the swelling cheeks as Beo yelped a bit, still filling the guest with his own fluids from time to time. That bloated behind groaning from the constant influx of air before shifting it to other parts of the dragon's body; chest and stomach, shoulders and arms, even causing his teal tower to grow rapidly within the bear. Stretching that tailhole widely while creating a furred mattress that grew under the massive dragon.

It was all too much, his body warned him constantly of that. But Siggy just couldn't stop. Loving the feeling of those muscles bulging out greater and greater. Biceps and Tris swelling out greatly, nearly looking like shiny balloons that rubbed against those chest muscles. Losing most of their brown color was a large warning sign, along with reaching passed skyscraper heights, his large form nearly taking up the entire meadow as the pump was ripped out of the ground.

Yet, it still functioned. Constantly adding pressure to that now balloon muscled wyrm with very large bubbles per pulse. Most of it adding into those haunches and tail, as they rounded out wider and wider. Though not without vocal warnings, groans and creeks as they rubbed against each other while nearly doubling the dragon's volume in the three together. His hips taking most of the bulk, but the brown one continued to grow. Fluctuating that ratio constantly.

Sig'eaal was riding the euphoria constantly, knowing the end result but just unable to do anything but feed those urges. Releasing it as pent-up restraint that sprayed into the now giant ball of fur about a third of his size, now taking up most of the meadow while the wyrm was reaching mountains. Growing so large he couldn't really move, regardless if he was touching the ground.

Those muscles continued to bulge out more and more, way past their previous limits and ready

to give out at any moment. Those haunches and tail swelling to the point they could fill in small canyons. Each. His wings and branches were nothing more but small bubbles along his bulky backside. The massive chest reaching the ground, as the dragon's haunches were causing him to present himself. Hitting that wall of limitation as the air constantly rushed into his body-!

And the bear below him gave out. Bursting into a sea of teal waters that flowed across the forests and blue rivers. Getting the dragon to roar loudly in triumph as his weapon got a breath of fresh air. Constantly spraying that river while taking some of the much needed slack, showering the grounds below until the wyrm was finally satisfied.

Now out of his power-hungry state, Sig'eaal's mind started to assess the situation he was currently in. His body now at its near post-post-post-post-post, etc, limit and fading quickly. There was a dragon still knotted in his tight tailsplit, constantly spraying showers of blue into his body. A hose and a haywire pump that he swears has become sentient and has made the device's life goal to get the dragon so full he explodes.

Something Siggy knew wasn't that far off, too. Unable to take in anymore air, yet the pump attempted to force feed him it. Causing the hose to swell up greatly at the dragon's tail end and slowly become backed up. Thickening that black hose with every large bubble the device exhaled, getting it to slowly run out of room and the wyrm to whimper. Wondering, what would happen when it finally did?

The bubbled brown one couldn't move, not enough to look at how much time he had left. Yet, he could feel the hose getting stiffer and stiffer by the moment. Losing its flexibility and swearing it was rounding out like a long bubble. The slight hisses that could be felt through his body as it attempted to cram in every last molecule into the massive body. Then, a high pitched whine as his body started to shift-!

The hose bursted loudly behind him, getting a loud sigh of relief from the bloated dragon. Though he was still stuck, Siggy was safe. That was until he heard a faint caw on one of his sides, making a noise in question before feeling a dumb bird run into his body and pierce his sensitive scales. Getting a near nuclear bang as all the clouds over the planet were suddenly pushed out towards the other side of the world, and Siggy to pass out.

Evening came around rather quickly, as the group seemed to move in their sleep. Nearly dogpiling onto the guest, children and all. Regardless, Siggy started to feel somewhat uncomfortable in

the heartwarming embrace of a family he was not a part of. Starting to wiggle free from all the bearhugs and pry himself out of such a mess.

Though difficult, he managed to break free without waking anyone, it certainly seemed easier with the strength of the dragon's new build. Not really having the time to study it himself until now, but it really did come with a comforting sense of power. Something that he knew currently had a time limit, but... Would be worth the effort achieving for himself.

Yet, something called deep within himself. Getting the wyrm moving into the woods and finding a good bush to water. Taking the time to enjoy the relief, before enjoying the cool evening. Almost surreally perfect, however... It almost bothered him somehow. Even looking over at the spot where the family slumbered, he didn't want to go back.

Taking a few moments before completely deciding, the brown one turned about. Following the trail where he was dragged earlier that day and finding a clearing within the forest. Getting him to grumble a bit before even sensing another presence very close to his tail. Making those brown scales click loudly while releasing a faint hiss at the dragon about his size, painted in an orange that Siggy didn't recall for a few moments. Not until he spotted those blue discs. "...Oh. You."

Yet, Dia didn't say anything. Just stared the newly toned one for quite a while, making those brown ears go flat against his head. "They told me that I was free to leave anytime." He snorted.

"...They're not wrong." The two glared at each other until David took a breath, making himself brown nearly like the lightning dragon. "They deserve to see you off though." No response. "It's your decision, Sig'eaal. I will respect that. Yet, they do deserve that respect back, do they not?"

Again, silence as Dia took another breath. Once again morphing back to that aggressive orange color while approaching the other wyrm. "I'll open it for you, they taught me how. But I want you to remember something, Siggy."

"...What." He growled in response to the younger one, standing his ground.

"I've seen you." That brown neck curled. "I've seen *all* of you." A pause. "You don't need to join our family if you don't want to, but Mother of Bahamut, if you hurt Beo..." The orange one growled, getting into the other one's face. "I will ruin you."

"Yeah, yeah. You'll sick your bear on me. I get it-"

"No." A thick stare. "Bartan likes you too much to say this. He cares about you, and not just because your Beo's friend." Silence. "But me...? I've dealt with my fair share of *Children* over the eons." A growl that time. "You don't understand, Sig'eaal; I know it. Every Weakness. Every Insecurity. I've seen just how to hurt you in the worst of ways, far greater than you are even conscious of right now." As strange as it was, the younger one embraced the lightning dragon. Feeling Siggy tense up for a few moments while detecting some strange motions, soon hearing a portal open near them. "If you hurt him... I will tear you apart. Shatter you into a million pieces. Understood?"

The brown one didn't respond. Not until the other dragon broke the hug and moved back, now pink. "Change, Sig'eaal. Sever the ties to the past and let go of those grudges, or it will all be for nothing." And with that, Dia turned about. Leaving the brown one with the last snort before hearing him enter the portal.