

What Went Wrong - Scene 6

By Bartan Tirix

The green canyon was nearly vacant by the sunset. Many of the creatures that once ventured or dwelled in such a place were driven out for the day by the constant vibrations and roars of a much larger beast. Giving them the choice to either risk such a thing, or live another day. Even if it meant losing their home, everytime a bassy roar was heard in the distance, striking fear into every creature that caught hold of such a thing, they knew they made the right decision.

However, it was not the two's intent to drive the wild animals out of their lands in the slightest, but the dragon could not help himself. Growling loudly at the white furred mattress below his body and chest as that weapon drove into the six legged bear. Gripping its upper body tighter and tighter with every motion as the brass one continued to fill him like a water balloon. Causing that belly to dome out and stretch sideways once it hit the dry grass... Well, dry around the roots. Now showered by orange juices.

Along with the growing roars, there was the bear's pants at such an act. Releasing faint whimpers of bliss as the wyrm continued to hammer into that tailhole. The larger one holding him down into the grass and gripping the back of that furred neck with massive jaws, letting the fangs dig deep into that white forest of threads.

That thick metallic tail whipped and slammed into the ground with every movement, adding to the intense thrusts while causing a near quake with every loud crack. The motions only getting heavier, louder, and harder with every passing moment. Even after that white belly started to bloat out inbetween their hinds. Squeezing those white furballs between that underside and those brass balls that were nearly spanking the furred haunches.

More and more, the dragon pumped the blue seed into the Counterweight. Bracing it very hard as those dense muscles bulged out drastically through the metallic scales. That bearded muzzle increasing its pressure, scrunching up and nearly catching the white fur on fire by exhaling near heat. Biting harder and harder as that white belly grew bigger. Bigger! Until-!

A very loud crunch was heard and the dragon whimpered loudly in pain. Immediately letting go of that neck and hissing at his broken jaw, along with several broken fangs as the bear looked behind. "Here, here!" Bartan whispered, reaching back to touch Beo's muzzle and getting a bit of resistance at first. But a simple paw caused the pain to banish away, and the damage to be undone. However...

The wyrm continued to growl loudly in frustration, breathing deep as his equipment continued its work and those arms nearly shoving the Counterweight to the ground. The sharp black claws getting lost in the white forest as that belly continued to expand, until that brass pouch was empty. Even then,

the titan was still growling in frustration. Releasing near angry huffs with every extra torrent that was added to his new bedding. "You okay?" The furred one asked, hearing a loud grumble in response.

"When is this going to end...?" Beo exhaled near heat, his body nearly burring with strain as those muscles locked tight. Ignoring every demand to relax, that the task was now over. "It's been weeks-!" Another growl as he nearly curled around the stuffed bear.

"Actually, it's been more like two months now. But this happens to dragons if they're not sexually active-"

"Don't call it that." The brass one grumbled, getting a chuckle and a lick, as Bartan morphed his body around. Allowing them to embrace muzzle to muzzle and share a deep, almost angry kiss as that jaw snapped a few times.

"Then what would you like me to call it-"

"Mount something! We've been over this...!" A shaky exhale from Beo, as he tried to tenderly hold the Counterweight. "I'm..."

"Sorry, I know. It's alright, you're just frustrated."

"That's no excuse-"

"It is." Half a grumble as a white paw stroked under that bearded muzzle, letting them look eye to eye. "It is reasonable. Especially for a dragon your size and age."

"I think you just called me old." He snorted, getting a chuckle from the bear.

"As in, Mature, Mr. Muscles." A lick from that red tongue lead to a kiss. "This will pass though, it just takes time. Until then..."

"I need to mount something eight times a day."

"Or be mounted." Bartan suggested, getting those eyebrows to bounce as the brass one just stared at him. Tossing his snout after a breath.

"It has been a while, hasn't it?" A nod from the white one. "Fiiiine. Just don't fill the canyon this time. I'm pretty sure it's bigger than the last."

"You liked it." A grumble in response, getting the white one to chuckle at the dragon 'Avoiding To Answer'.

"You went through it too...?" The blue wyrm asked, leaning up against the same titan within the grassy field. His large red furred wing providing them a nice shade for the cloudless day. Granted, without clouds for a reason.

"Yes, because I didn't have the ability, nor interest, to relieve myself." Thea looked at him with a bit of sorrow, and sighed in defeat.

"I never felt like this before, not until I was kidnapped here."

"I know, I know. I never felt the need for it until I first did it a few times. Then I felt like..." A look from those maroon eyes as Beo looked slightly away in guilt. "I felt like I was angry all the time. I felt easily frustrated, almost violent... I swear, if I actually had another mate that was mortal..." A deep breath. "Yet, I knew I loved the bear. I wanted to be with him, I wanted to show him that I cared, that deep down I wasn't this..."

"...Sex crazed beast?" A double take from the brass one, getting the two dragons to stare blankly at each other for a few moments. "...Please punish me- Why am I like this!?" Thea hissed off to the side, getting the titan to chuckle.

"It's just your sexual instincts finally putting their foot down. Like me before, you've had a buildup of energy over the years, but it needs to be drained over time."

"You'd think after a session or two that it would be enough." The blue one snorted.

"Not if it's been neglected for years, let alone during maturity." A playful nudge from Beo that was a little stronger than he meant it to be. "Dia was just lucky enough to have some partners growing up."

"Y-yeah... He was." A blank stare from those green peppered eyes. "...W-what?"

"You know Dia?"

"I... Read..." A deep red blush went through the blue frilled ears and muzzle. "C-Counting..."

"Stars?" A shy nod with a whimper. "What did you think?" Those now red ears fell in embarrassment. "What?"

"Y-you... Ever start reading something then start developing a crush on those who you read about then start to fantasize about them mounting your tail so hard that you can't walk for a week?" Another blank stare.

"...Maybe?" A whimper in defeat as Thea's head sank. "There, there."

"What is wrong with me...!?"

"We just answered that." Beo teased.

"-I know, but...!" The large brass arm just pulled the smaller dragon to his chest and held him.
"S-so... Dia's around here somewhere?"

"Somewhere, yes. I think the bear is tending to him, or he's looking after the Troublemakers." A faint whine, and the younger dragon got a nudge. "You'll meet him later."

"A-and by meet, you mean-"

"Sessionize, yes. That's how these things work." Another whimper as that tongue licked over those blue spines. "Are you nervous or excited?"

"A-a little of both, really. I feel like I've seen you all naked."

"You have." Beo bluntly stated.

"W-well, yes, but..." A nudge against Thea's neck, letting him know the titan was teasing him.
"Can... Can I ask you a question?"

"You can ask me anything." He followed those maroon eyes down the metallic body, leading to that large brass pouch inbetween Beo's legs.

"How...?" A noise in question. "In the beginning of... Counting Stars, right? Bartan stated you were... Backed up." A nod from the larger dragon. "How...? Did you ever 'really' get backed up?"

"You mean, how did we discover it and change it?" A nervous nod from the younger one, then a whimper when that bearded jaw smirked. "If I didn't know any better, I'd say you wanted a bigger pair yourself."

"I-I..." That blush basically turned Thea red, getting another few licks of playful torment. "I've been having... Weird dreams lately."

"Oh?"

"M-mostly... Inflation based. Getting my rear stuffed and turning me into..."

"A blimp?" A sharp whimper made the larger one chuckle.

"A-as well as..." The blue one couldn't quite finish, instead lifting up a hind leg to display his once again bloated orbs.

"Ah..." The titan nodded in understanding. "How big did they get?" Another sharp whimper as the older one chuckled. "That big, huh?"

"A-about... Planet sized? Maybe? I don't know."

"It can be hard to tell." Another tease as Beo made the smaller one comfortable. "But you want to hear the story about how we came to the conclusion to compress the seed, is that it?" A whine from the blue one. "Alright then."

It was back when we were first moving into that mansion in Counting Stars, already spending a few nights in the place, but not so much out in the world beyond our lot. The furball was eager to get out and go on a modern adventure, but I... I was still uneasy with it at the time. Just at the tail end of a... Hard time, let's just call it.

Anyway, at the breakfast table, me and the bear were talking about it; the need to get out. "You can't just stay in here every day. It's not healthy for you."

"I know, I know..." He placed a paw on my shoulder. "I'm just not ready for it yet."

"I could always put the collar on you-"

"No." I snorted at him, but he just chuckled it off. "The only one who's wearing a collar around here is you." I purred at him, getting one back, as well as that strange taste of peanut butter and brown sugar. Looking into those brown eyes though... I started to feel guilty. "Maybe... Tomorrow?"

"I'd like to go out today-"

"Go for it, then. I really don't mind." A sad smile from that white one, getting me to sigh in defeat. "I just... I'm just really not in the mood for..."

"You haven't been in the mood for-" I gave him a bit of a stare. "...Mounting." A sold nod as he chuckled. "I was going to say Mounting-"

"Sure you were." A nudged him, feeling him get a little closer for a hug. As well as a few tails inbetween my legs. "N-not right now..."

"I know, I know." He said softly. "But I am worried about their size."

"What do you mean?"

"You don't want them to get too big." I looked at him strangely. "Your balls-"

"I got that far." I snorted. "What do you mean 'too big'?"

"They will swell up if you're not tended to after a while." I tossed my snout.

"No they won't."

"Yes, Beo. They will. Starting off small at first, but gradually get..." Barton chuckled at me and my grumble. "You do need to be tended to, or else you might not be able to move."

"Bear. That's not how these things work. Or else I wouldn't be able to 'Move' a very long time ago." Another snort. "They just get big enough then stop. Nothing to worry over."

"It is if you leave it too long." I just smirked at him.

"You just want some, don't you?" He chuckled again.

"Maybe. But I am a bit serious, we should relieve you." My ears went flat against my head.

"Bear, who's living in this body? Who knows it best?"

"Who designed your body?" It actually stopped me for a moment, and I let out a grumble. "We don't have to if you don't want to, but consider it. Okay?" I gave him a bit of a sour look.

"I'll be fine, Bartan. It'll pass over time." A playful eyeroll of those brown discs, and we left it at that. He gathered a few things, flashing me as he went out the door, and told me to take a rest in our room. I honestly felt a little tired, so I did. However...

When I woke up, I started to feel a little... Bloated, down there. Finding that my package had swollen up quite a bit more, double the size that I left them at, and about the size they are now... Yes, it's okay to whimper. I could even start to feel a little bit of leaking from my sheath in the process, as well as a little note nearby:

Dear Beo'Karah

In order for you to truly see the dangers of not releasing, I've locked this room. Since this will likely take months to really test your limits, I've made time in this area speed up. You won't notice it, specifically, but everything in that room is moving at constantly increased speed, which you're witnessing it in standard time. Enjoy filling our new swimming pool! Or creating an ocean.

~Bartan

All I could do was curl my neck at the sheet of paper, looking around the large field of fluffy pillows, and then seeing a scoreboard in the air. One counting days and hours, already at four days with twenty hours into it. Then a faint groan under my tail got my attention, sitting down to see it was a bit of a bad idea.

It seemed my balls were getting quite sensitive while they were backed up. Reaching down towards my lower hind legs as the brass scales started to faintly grumble. Carefully placing a paw on them to test them, and I could almost feel it pulsing. "He can't be right... Can he?" I mumbled out loud, looking at the score board. The hours going up every few seconds.

Though, it wasn't until a while later that I noticed the pulses getting faster. At first, I thought they were just my heartbeat, but they soon started to desynchronize. My pouch started to groan a bit within my paw as I swear it started to press up against it. Making me stare at them for a few moments to finally conclude that it actually was growing, filling out the space between my hinds.

I started to worry slightly that maybe Bartan was correct, but my sheath was starting to leak a little more. As long as there was an exit everything should be fine, or at least I thought. However, the longer I left it, studying both the progress and the clock now reaching passed five days, the more that leak started to turn into a stream. Flowing out of my sheath and running down over my pouch like a small cyan river until it got to the pillowed floor.

Eventually getting to the conclusion that I'd likely have to start relieving myself from time to time when my brass bag started pushing up against my body. Already spreading out from under my tail and nearly forcing me to stand to get it off the floor. Adjusting my stance a bit before starting to rub that already swelling sheath, getting that purple tip to peek out quite quickly as if it knew the upcoming dangers as well.

It's not comfortable for me to attempt to paw one off, but I attempted to do so due to the constant groans of my own sack. Filling up quite steadily now and getting tight around the 5 days and 8 hour mark. My weapon already releasing out long streams of fluids before it was even hard, almost creating a large puddle under my body. Yet even with the constant streams, it barely seemed to be making a dent into the swelling.

I figured that the only way that I was going to be able to make any progress would be to focus on the ridges. I know you probably haven't played around with your own equipment enough yet, but it is... A very sensitive area. It'll make you release faster, yes, but at the cost of both pleasure and volume, if that's a factor. In this case, I just needed to get some relief and fast.

You can imagine the constant growls that left my maw as I started to awkwardly and almost tightly stroke them. Almost hissing at myself as the waves of unpleasant bliss surged through my body, almost demanding for me to stop, but if the swelling wasn't going to, I didn't have much of a choice. Unable to balance myself sitting up, I had to use one paw to hold my upper half while the other focused on the base of my tool.

The sprays were constant, creating thick ropes of white that painted over everything I was facing. Under my belly, my upper neck, the lower jaw, and even some of my muzzle got a few washes as I forced my body to race towards a climax. Taking longer than I hoped to reach the point of no return, but I didn't stop at the first signs. I kept my paw stroking harder and faster well past that point until I was forced to stop.

My roar echoed through the land of white wildly, nearly causing it to shake as the thick torrents of blue seed caused my shaft to enlarge while passing through. Creating a small flood over my surroundings and actually sinking my paws a little bit as... Well, I made a pond of blue. One that soon grew to about pool volumes.

It was enough to get me to start huffing a bit, I'll admit that much. However... That pulsing could still be felt within my pouch. Pushing those walls once again to that filling point and expanding between my haunches in a matter of a minute, negating all that work so quickly.

Another look at the scoreboard and it was going on day seven, with eight hours into it. I managed to slow it down, yes, but I swore it was filling up faster now. Reaching down to my hind paws and the pond below while I was standing straight up, and attempting to spread my haunches apart. Groaning loudly against my slight whimper as the production was felt 'gearing up', you might say... As in increasing. No snout tossing you, I don't know what you're familiar with.

But things started to become dire for me. What effort I put in did seem to stall the progress about twelve hours, yes, but there was no way I could keep doing it at this speed. Every pulse causing the brass scales to bulge further outwards, even launching through my tip like a fountain in the process. Growing tighter and tighter as the pressure increased with every huff, until it was a constant groan.

The sprays got thicker, almost forcing my purple shaft to grow with the steady expansion of my currently blimped balls. Shaping around my haunches as they desperately attempted to keep me rooted to the pillows, but they started to slip with the constant barrage of seed that was being produced. Eventually spreading them apart and forcing me to lean forward on my forepaws and chest.

However, it never seemed to slow down. Even when my tool was releasing blissful torrents all on its own, that pouch continued to balloon upwards and outwards. Pushing my rear end and tail higher as my balls started to reach just below my chest. Allowing me to almost climb backwards and let them take my entire weight, which was better than getting trampled and flattened by my own package.

Even with the constant leak, it only took about a day for my pouch to double in size. Straining for room as I just attempted not to pierce the thinning scales with any of my claws. Feeling it fill up a little faster with every moment before I growled in defeat. "Okay, bear..." I muttered, swearing he could hear me. "You win. You were right. Just... Make it stop!" But I got no response from the fields of white.

Then a very sudden tautness from my brassy pouch, as if warning me that it was dangerously full. Attempting to convince me that I needed to release all this pressure faster or else... But there was nothing I could do but wait for the inevitable. Hissing as the fluids inside pushed those scaled walls out further and further, getting a large resistance as they nearly squealed under me. Making me brace for that sting-

Only to feel it back up further into my body. My haunches taking a little bit of it, but most of the seed was rushing into my tail... Don't look at me like that, I didn't design this body! But I know what I saw, and what I felt. This large pressure within the center of my tail as it started to bulge outwards like a balloon, thickening it up greatly before reaching the very end, then starting back up from the base.

Over and over again it stretched out those scales, creating a near equally sized blimp at my rear that pulled me backwards until the weight of it was back on the pillows. Even when it was still constantly filling, I could feel that cool rush start to spread through the rest of my own body as well. Bubbling out my haunches, bloating my side and belly, rounding out my chest a bit as my weapon attempted to release more and more torrents. Growing thicker in the process.

By the end of day ten, my balls were completely full. My tail had very little room in it, and the

rest of my body started taking the full punishment. Feeling it resist for a bit as I attempted to hold it all back with my very limbs, but within moments I went from looking slightly chubby to looking like I just devoured an entire house. Then two. Four, twelve, twenty six, -fifty-eight! Rapidly, my production kept pumping more and more seed into my own body as it desperately attempted to hold together.

The groans of my scales and the slight popping of my plates filled the air, along with my grunts. All I could do was just endure and wait it out, even after the bear made his damn point. My haunches turned into large bubbles, my arms were muscled balloons that couldn't move. My back domed out and half fusing with the mass that was my tail, my belly getting so big that it was actually lifting my gigantic pouch. All fused together with my shoulders and chest as another large resistance was felt...

...No, I'm not done. It was the very first time I had an overflow, this extra boost of durability that made me continuously swell up. Larger and larger, well passed the two week mark. Though it was difficult at this point to tell how big I was getting, it seemed to double my size every four hours. And every day increased the production, pushing that down another hour. Safe to say, that by day fifteen or so, I was blimping out so drastically that all I looked like was this translucent brass bubble.

Yet, my body held together somehow. Constantly inflated as more and more seed was pumped into it, those stones working well passed overdrive. I lost sight of the timer, but I could almost keep track of it in my mind. After a while, the stretching kinda feels the same, until I started pressing against something...

Now, that field of pillows, as you probably remember, is massive. Very, very massive. But not limitless. So when I tell you that I started pressing up against one of the walls, I want you to realize that I was an absolutely ridiculous size-

"Wait, wait, wait..." Thea interrupted, getting a questionable stare from the brass one. "A *Ridiculous Size* doesn't really say much. Just how big was this room?" Beo pondered for a moment.

"Did you... Ever do some traveling in your home planet?" A blank stare from the blue wyrm. "Do you know how big it was, is what I'm getting at."

"N-not really..."

"Well, the bear states that more planets that contain life are usually around the same size. Our bedroom could hold about... 67,000 of those planets inside." A blank stare from the younger dragon until Beo lightly nudged him. "You okay?" Slowly, the blue one started to curl up in a ball and whimper faintly, as if in shock. "There, there."

But as you can probably guessed, I actually ended up reaching one of the walls. Doing so forced my other sides to start taking more and more of the slack as I approached day Eighteen. It was difficult to keep track past that point, the waves of bliss as I basically felt like I was releasing inside myself over and over without pause. The constant stretching of my body, now basically one giant bubble that was turning more and more blue as my scales stretched so thin.

Several moments later, I started to feel the ceiling of the skybox. Once again the pressure had to spread out to the other areas, as soon after I felt my front touch a wall, then my tail. Eventually my other side, being boxed in as the production continued to increase more and more.

My body filled up every space it could, all corners, all sides. Even pressing into the field of pillows below me further and further. Like pressing down on a large trampoline, doming it out not only with my weight alone, but the sheer volume I somehow maintained. Only to start to feel the very walls start to do the same, bending outwards as my ballooned body pressed against it harder and harder.

By day twenty-two, it finally gave out... By that, I mean the room. Collapsing the secured walls of that pocket dimension and giving my body the desired freedom to expand outwards into the black void. My scales finally losing all color as they got drastically thinner, my stones constantly pumping more and more seed into every last bit of my body. Almost needing to compress everything to squeeze it all in.

Day twenty-eight, I was double the size of our broken bedroom. Day thirty two: triple. About day forty-two is when Bartan decided to check up on me, just now 'getting back' from his adventure and finding me challenging to fit ten of those rooms into my bubbled form before forcing me to burst-

"-You must be exaggerating." Thea snorted loudly. "I can't even... Fathom that size." A shrug from those brass wings.

"Might be. But that's what the bear told me. It was hard to see from my own perspective, as you can probably tell."

"But..." The blue one took a breath, looking up to the sky where the behemoth was inflated before. He was huge that time, yes, but nothing like he just described. "How even...?" Beo rubbed the back of his mane a bit.

"Well, this was before Counting Stars. Our durability has been reduced drastically since then. As well as the side effects."

"Side effects?"

"Our seed tends to help others reach new sizes, so to speak." The brass one explained, smiling at the purple blush from the younger dragon. "It aids in stretching out your body while safely removing your organs into a different dimension. A place where they can remain functional without any risk of

being harmed." A blank stare from those maroon discs. "I swear this was explained in CS."

"It might've been, it just went over my head." Thea grumbled. "So... You're scooping out our insides so you can turn us into blimps? Am I getting this right?"

"You never questioned the sheer fact that when your scales start to thin out, you don't see your intestines or stomach being blown up?" A whimper as the smaller one shook his head and the brass wings shrugged again. "In a nutshell, your explanation works."

"Just... 'Safely'." A nod from Beo. "Which is why... We don't die when we...?"

"Burst?" A loud whimper from the blue wyrm. "As well as don't completely drown when you muzzle someone off."

"T-that's... Actually something I've noticed before." A faint whine as Thea's eyes trailed towards that brass tail, getting a nudge from the larger one.

"What're you thinking about?" He almost teased, getting a shy look from the younger one.

"C-can I be... Completely honest with you?"

"Of course-"

"I can't stop thinking about your bloated haunches." A chuckle from Beo as he gave the smaller wyrm a lick.

"Well, I'm not going to stop you from doing anything." Another whimper. "But if I have to issue an order, or get out a collar, I will." A look from those maroon eyes, as if to shyly beg for such a thing. "Alright then." That blue tail wagged a bit, especially after a large metallic paw was felt on the space between Thea's shoulders. Holding him down with nearly the weight of that entire arm itself as the younger one whined in bliss.

Then a rather thick strap was felt around his neck, with a leash connecting to it and pulling up to test its strength. Lightly constricting his throat, yes, but he could easily still breath with it on. "Alright, pet." The younger one whimpered excitedly in response, especially when that brass body got up. "I know you want this," A thick prod under that blue tail was felt, nearly banishing the breath from Thea's lungs. "But you're going to have to earn it."

"Y-yes, master." The larger one couldn't help but chuckle at that, giving the smaller wyrm a thick lick that made the two purr loudly. Giving him a couple more prods for good behavior and nearly lifting the blue dragon up with that shaft alone while stepping over him. Being mindful of the smaller wings while still holding onto that leash, letting that heavy bag hold Thea down in place of that paw as the brass one moved into place.

The metallic pouch slid up the younger wyrm's body, resting on the back of his neck while Beo nearly sat on him playfully. Letting that purple tip leak a bit and run down that length. Trekking over the

sheath and down the large golden hills until it reached that blue snout. Letting the pet lap at it for a bit as he wiggled against the weight on his body, both from the large package and large tail.

After a bit, the behemoth started moving forward a bit, the end of the leash strapped around his wrist and soon pulling the blue one forward a little after a step. Lifting it up to lead that smaller snout around the dense, heavy pouch and under that large tail. Where a certain slit nearly hid, getting that tongue to start searching for it without instruction, already greased up from the previous fluids.

Lap after lap, Thea continued his scavenge for the elusive exit. Already hearing the beast it belonged to purr loudly, even though he was attempting to hide it. Feeling those smaller paws start to grope and massage those presented haunches as the smaller one continued to explore. Almost tormenting the larger dragon by going over it time and time again.

It wasn't until the pet was heading towards another tease across that more visible slit that the brass one gave a large tug on the leash, forcing that snout to almost yelp and nearly open that tailhole wide. Getting the smaller one to whimper at the forced kiss against it, as well as smelling... A strange mix of candied fruits? Very sweet and moist, enough for that tongue to separate the folds and lap at it.

A very bassy purr left the large one as that appendage explored deeper into that tail, the red muscle being both curious and fascinated with such flavors it was discovering. A constant orange one was detected, yes, but the others seemed to be changing constantly. Much like the fluids he was drinking within that previous dream.

The leash was pulled a little more to help Thea get a little deeper, though worried that the slit itself might just swallow him whole if it continued. Breaking away from his enthrallment towards such flavors and really gripping those brass haunches, stocky and stern. Yet, he wanted them bigger...

Taking a deep breath through his muzzle while those blue lips pressed tightly against the tailhole. Stiffening those cheeks and filling up his lungs until that chest couldn't hold anymore, the smaller dragon blew into that rear. Feeling the brass one's hinds shift up a bit as the warm air entered smoothly and almost forcefully, making Beo purr even louder. Accepting such a thing as those red frilled ears picked up another inhale.

It took several large, long puffs for things to start making a difference. The younger one almost cursing the behemoth's durability and resistance towards such a thing. But the constant shifts and nudges from both those hinds and the leash tugs encouraged Thea to continue. Barely noticing Beo's front end shift a bit as a paw reached down towards his brass lower belly where the air was gathering up. Yet, they both knew that's not what they were looking for this time...

With a little help from the master, that air started to spread out a little more with every dense puff. Pumping the air into that brass body and finally feeling those haunches take in a share of such volumes, making the blue one almost over excited. Wanting to see and feel these hinds all bubbled up and ballooned once again. A few more puffs nearly got him too excited, forcing that red weapon of the younger one to release several jolts of bright green onto that bloated brass package.

But he couldn't stop now! He couldn't release just yet, when he just barely started! Taking a few breaths for himself before adding more and more into that slit, the metallic scales under his blue paws starting to spread and stretch out. Making Thea whimper in anticipation as they grew bigger with every puffkiss. Stroking them constantly as they slowly became more and more enlarged.

It took them several minutes (and nearly a pond of green juices under the younger one's feet) to finally reach about 150% size. Letting those maroon eyes gaze at them, he had to take the slight risk. Carefully releasing his sealed hold with that blue snout, and the air remained inside the large beast. Giving the younger one a chance to lap and bunt against the ballooned nature of such haunches for a few moments as his lungs took a break.

Whines and whimpers of anticipation filled the air as that red tongue slipped up and down the stretched scales, nearly catching on it like a rubber balloon and getting his urges to start digging dull claws into them. A sudden sharper whine with a hard bunt, as well as a tight grip on both of them, concerned Beo slightly. Until he felt several torrent sprays against his pouch, then several pants soon after. "You okay, pet?" The larger one teased, feeling that whimpering muzzle nod against his bloated hindquarters.

But Thea didn't want to stop, bunting up and down those haunches a bit more before reaching all the way up the large brass tail and almost gnawing at it. "Alright, alright. I read you." It actually got the blue wyrm to double take, though his face still pressed against the brass wall of a dragon. "Get into position again." The larger one ordered, raising his haunches up a little higher to about muzzle length.

The younger one understood... Kinda. Once again sealing his muzzle over that slit and giving it a few tender licks before inhaling. After all, they could always be bigger, right? Blowing the air into that rear with those blue paws clawing in them deeply, pushing against them as they grew ever so slightly larger before they started to feel tighter. The resistance almost giving the smaller wyrm a predatory instinct to press harder with another deeper, more forceful breath.

It was like pushing down a large wall, adding more and more pressure into that taut brass tush until he heard the larger dragon growl a bit in pleasure. Feeling that air rush in, but not quite in the bubbled haunches, but through the large tail above them. Thickening up slowly down the entire length, like inflating a large balloon that took several deep breaths to reach the end.

A few more into the haunches as they began to really bubble outwards before entering the tail again. Hearing the 'Master' huff with the expansion and leak out his own juices from his purple tip. Dripping constantly just like the tongue that was lolling out of that metallic muzzle, swinging with his body as if it just couldn't sit still while the pet continued to pump his lower half bigger and bigger.

Eventually, the younger one needed to rest his lungs again, still not quite in the shape a dragon his size should be in. Finally out of the entrancement and almost falling into a new fascination at the size of such a rear, now a wonderful 350%, while that massively thick tail was nearly 4x its original. Making Thea whimper loudly in bliss as he blushed deeply.

He couldn't take it anymore, no longer able to hold back. He needed to mount such a magnificent sight, even though he wished it to be larger. As it stood now, he would have a difficult time to attempt such a thing, but tried it anyway. Feeling the behemoth start to take a few (awkward) steps forwards to position that massively thick pouch like a large stand, feeling a set of blue paws test it for a moment. "Go ahead, they can support a lot more than your weight."

This dragon was just too good to him. And now he was going to mount it silly. Climbing on the brass pouch and nearly hugging that lifted up bloated tail, Thea pressed his own equipment against the large bubbled cheeks. Slipping that red draconic weapon up and down, oiling them up with green fluids so the spines don't catch on them, but rubbing up against the round twins started making echoes like balloons.

It didn't take long for the young one to once again release over them, before he even got into the slit. Yet, the fatigue didn't set in aside from a few heavier breaths. Feeling the older wyrm once again shift to make it easier for Thea, that red tip started to press against the folds. Stimulating them both with thick huffs and almost whines of anticipation.

But the flare soon slipped in, feeling the folds within tighten up against it comfortably as the two vocally purred loudly. Nearly stunned at such a feeling as the feral blue one pressed against the ballooned master deeper and deeper. Gripping that cushioned tail as the younger dragon was stimulated again and again, slightly denting the air inside to warp around his smaller paws and muzzle as he continued to huff.

The weapon inside sprayed almost constantly until it could no longer get any further, letting the smaller one take a moment to enjoy the wonderful warmth within. But soon started thrusting against the twin golden hills, letting them bounce against his movements while the collar & leash kept Thea in position. Letting that rod slip in and out for several minutes while the two just enjoyed the session.

Green seed poured into that brass lower belly over time, accumulating into a medium pool worth over several releases. But not quite enough to really get any more than a bulge, yet Beo could tell Thea was getting tired of the movements. Even after a few endurance refills, the younger one was just panting constantly. It wasn't until straining whimpers were heard that the Titan got a little concerned. "You okay back there?" The whines were all he got in response. "Don't push yourself too much. If you need a break, you can take-"

"T-that's...!"

"Thea." Beo said in a dad-voice, getting more stern with him. Yet the constant thrusts were still felt.

"Not...!"

"Hey, don't push it. Just take a break-"

"A...!" A thick growl from the blue one as the brass one attempted to look at him.

"Thea?"

"Violin...!!" A loud noise in puzzlement and question, then he heard yelps of almost pain from the younger wyrm as the grip of those blue paws got tighter. Actually making a large dent into that ballooned tail as the titan's concern raised. About to force him to stop, but felt some more weight against his pouch, like a certain other was inflating quickly. Creating a large mirror on the far side of the two to witness what was happening, and Beo's neck curled.

That blue pouch was growing drastically, yet there was something odd within it. Like there was several stones per side of the pouch that were also growing as that blue bag stretched out and the younger one whined. Both in slight pain and bliss as the pouch reached the ground and started supporting its own weight. Growing drastically dense to the point of nearly bursting, the bright green seed compacted within, before it started releasing into that brass rear in heavy torrents.

At least the blue one's pain seemed to be gone, completely overpowered by waves of bliss as he pumped and poured his release into that brass belly. Even feeling some of it invade those haunches and tail a bit, bubbling them out further and further with every pulse. The plated underside touching the grounds easily, even with the wyrm's standing position and rounding out his sides as it flowed through.

Soon, it started bloating out that thick chest as well, while Beo's own equipment reached another climax. His own paws pressing against that expanding belly as he started to taste the cloves and pumpkin spice. Feeling his form bounce with every intake until the titan could barely reach the ground, soon no longer detecting the constant sprays while Thea slid off. Panting loudly and now freed from the tremendous weight of drastically heavy balls. "Weirdest releasing phrase ever." The behemoth snorted. "You okay?" He asked, still watching the blue wyrm through the mirror.

"Y...Yeah... Just..." The younger one heaved, resting on his own belly and attempting not to look at the large ballooned dragon for too long.

"What was all that about?" An embarrassed whimper and lack of response from the blue one, aside a shrug from those wings. "As long as you feel better-" A thick groan was suddenly heard within that brass underside, getting the attention of both wyrms. That metallic underside swelling up a little more as the larger one studied it with his paws. The dense liquids inside pressing up against those walls until they were really stiff and taut. "What the...?"

"A-are...?" Thea started, unable to take his eyes off that shifting brass balloon. "Are you... Okay?" A louder groan as that belly grew a bit, a lot more of those fluids moving into the already swelled haunches and tail. Adding an entire extra 100% onto them as the older dragon's chest started to bubble outwards, his neck swelling up and green fluids starting to leak out of his muzzle. Feeling the seed inside press against those insides harder as those brass cheeks started to balloon out a bit too, Beo trying to contain it all inside.

A few moments of silence and no movement made them think they were in the clear, until his large shoulders and arms started to bubble out. Nearly making the behemoth whimper, not quite

understanding what was happening. No device in his tailslit, nothing into his maw or tail. All that was inside him was that green seed-!

Green seed... Just like the stuff the smaller bear was harvesting in those condoms from before. The ones that randomly burst after being contained-? A thick pulse within that already plump body as the titan's scales and plates were forced outwards more and more. Swelling up slowly as he struggled to keep it all in, feeling the seed inside... Multiply? No... It was more like it was-

A massive increase in pressure caused that belly to expand drastically in a matter of seconds, reaching double its previous volume from when Thea was dismounting. Feeling it start to surge into those haunches, ballooning them out larger and larger morphing into twin blimps before that tail started to join them. Fusing into his back as it started to dome upwards into a large curve and his body started to groan loudly again. Growing in pitch as the brass one whimpered a bit, feeling the pressure increase again.

Yet, all the smaller dragon could do was sit there in shock and awe, as the behemoth was being pumped by... *Something*. Still completely over his head, much like a certain growing brass balloon. But even when it started to press against his own blue body, Thea couldn't move away from it. Letting such a thing push him on his back and start to roll over him as it continued to expand further and further into the grassy meadow. Loving the heavy weight that came with the living water balloon as it was being overfilled.

Another few moments of stress for those metallic scales, as they fought against the inside pressures. Unlike a standard pump or a certain weapon constantly releasing into an orifice, the fluids inside the titan thrashed around constantly. If it wasn't getting any progress in one area, it was throw all its force into another one. Usually ending up being the massive hindquarters or that tail, bloating it out wildly to the point where it nearly burst.

But the green liquids seemed to be good at telling when one area had too much stress, shifting again and again when one was too thin to carry on. Inflating one haunch drastically before moving to the other. Then focusing on the tail until it was four times its previous size, leveling out forests and grassy hills as the brass dragon grew and grew. That massive belly steamrolling across the land in thick bursts of expansions, until that golden color couldn't be seen anylonger.

It shifted to the shoulders, then to the right arm. Bulging those muscled biceps massively and even leaking into the forearm and paws before pushing the other one outwards. Then the back, doming that out while getting those red furred wings to bubble out into their own blimps before starting the cycle again: Hind leg, the other, thickening the tail! Lower belly, middle belly and sides, chest, neck, shoulders -arms!

The fluids were moving like a massive storm system. A large vortex that continuously enlarged the dragon over and over. Covering forests by the moments, rivaling mountains before climbing over them. Casting a shadow over the bay of water as it molded over the lands, flowing over the deep blue liquids as the waves started to be bullied into the oceans.

Such a green terror didn't stop, growing upwards into the sky as it continued its growth across the wilderness. Coming dangerously close to a 'nearby' city until the blimped dragon started to get held back by something. A large wall in the form of a grid or a net as the expanding behemoth attempted to devour the civilization.

Then, the grid started to wrap around the green glob itself, holding it down and attempting to cease its conquest for enlargement. Feeling it press against that ethereal netting in thick bursts as the form of defense put up a decent struggle against it. Capturing it as it continued to grow further and further outwards.

But the netting was defiant, standing its ground as it confined and compressed the massive balloon. Regardless of its constant struggle against the other-worldly barrier, leaking thinned out walls through its checkered board pattern as they attempted to force the light based defense apart.

Yet it remained strong. Unlike the walls of the now enormous dragon, such pressure based tactics wouldn't work on such a thing. Causing those sectioned areas to stretch drastically outwards and become thinner and thinner as the fluids inside pushed. Attempting to break the netting, however all it was doing was tearing through the behemoth's durability faster. Causing those soft edged cubes to start warping around the ethereal strings as the green seed pulsed out further and further.

All at once, that netting started to tighten up. Compressing the large green blimp to a smaller dome as it started to push the volumes inside through those strained cubes. Bloating them out to their very limit before attempting to fill out another section. One by one, the ballooned areas got completely stuffed, until one side couldn't hold anymore. Creating a high pitched whine while the others soon followed. Shaving off layers of durability until-

A large ocean of green was freed, then suddenly contained and removed. A bit still raining down around the massive landscape the brass one covered while such a size, but hardly anything to what he really contained. Though, enough to half wake up the blue wyrm from his drowsy slumber.

That red tongue lolled out while he whimpered, already released time and time again with such weight over him and bathing in a puddle of his own harmless seed. Attempting to get up after a few minutes of panting, only for the behemoth to land nearly on top of the blue one. Pressing a heavy paw onto the back of Thea's shoulder and make him whine loudly in bliss, that heated breath and sharp set of ivory spikes trailing along the back of his neck. Able to even pick out the red beard spines along that jawline.

But like a good pet, he raised that tail high. Loving the aggressive grip and pull towards that purple weapon as it drilled into his tight tailhole. Forcing its way inside as the younger one cried out, interrupted by a very rough kiss as that shaft drove in deeper and deeper. Getting the two to purr loudly as the smaller one begged for such a thing... Until...

That loud growl was heard again, getting the two to freeze immediately and almost look at each other without moving. Until the titan grunted and his middle started to feel funny. "You've got to be

kidding me..." Beo grumbled, still not even letting go of the kiss. Feeling that gut start to grow heavy and round over the younger one's back. Nearly growling with his own underside as it started to morph into this haunches and tail before pinning down Thea with it. "You realize you're going to pay for this, pet." A very loud whine in bliss as the two witnessed the growth once again.

"God Damn I hope so...!"