

What's The Matter Man

By Bartan Tirix

[Quick footnote before we begin: Beo'Karah's size does tend to change depending on which area he's in, like attempting to fit into a house, for example. But here, his standard size would be about: 30ft tall, 70ft from nose to mid tail, and with a wingspan of 90ft.]

The large doors opened up smoothly as a very large brass wyrm passed through them, closing soon after this long tail slipped through the demision of soft pillows. Getting him to stop and look about for a few moments before taking a deep breath, releasing it with a smile over that metallic muzzle.

It even smelled the same. Very possible it was the same 'room', if one could call such an opened space a room at this point. Containing everything that came to the dragon could possibly recall within their old bedroom, and never feeling more like home to him. Especially now that he half needed it.

Despite being basically a form of 'God', the bear's tasks were definitely a lot more complex than he ever expected. Beo's brain feeling completely exhausted as he walked within the room quite a ways for a spot to slumber. Folding both arms in front of him and dragging one of the nearby pillows over them to rest upon, it just wouldn't stop attempting to review what the furball was talking about.

However, it was good to know such things worked, and the wyrm needed something else to occupy his day besides the two younger ones and the Troublemakers. Celestial Architecture was definitely not what he had in mind when it came to a hobby, but he could at least understand just how much the bear worked while he was away.

A bolt of loneliness struck his chest, missing the living pillow dearly. Even when he was just in the other room, planning another trip to search and discover something that could possibly never be found. Perhaps it was selfish of the dragon to wish for such a thing, but he just wanted Bartan to be home. Safe with the brass one to protect him, along with Dia and the... 'Temporary Roommate' Thea. It's complicated and weird to even think of the blue one as a guest, it was their universe-child after all. Literally.

But such confusions aside, Beo just attempted to rest. Banishing all complicated lessons he recently learned from the surface of his mind. Pushing down all urges to mount something due to the group once again being suspended from such things, though it was helping his lower back to not carry around such weight. Something that made the punishments into a blessing, to a degree.

However, he still couldn't quite rest. His mind was tired, yes, but his body just wasn't. More... Well, Restless. Causing the wyrm to change positions every few minutes and ponder how he could possibly feel uncomfortable in a dimension full of soft pillows. Getting his wings to rustle and exhale a bit

of a growl, as those green eyes wandered. Mostly towards the shelves with many... 'Objects' on them.

If only he could release the ban and occupy the current smooth area along his pelvis. Release some tension and perhaps get some slumbering hours in so he could once again anchor that furball to their home. But an idea came to mind when those black peppered discs landed on the hose. Sure, he didn't have a tailhole currently, but he still had a muzzle...

Yet, that actually did remind Beo of something he's always wanted to try. Getting inspiration while he was alone, and the younglings were being occupied, it was the perfect time to do such a thing! Stretching a bit while getting up, he walked over to the large air hose and took a lot of slack. Setting a nearby device for standard pressure and giving it a quick test, accidentally blowing wind in his snout and sneezing it out.

Such an idea got him excited, unable to hold back his grin while trotting out a ways and testing the new nozzle once more. One that could be operated with his jaws and lips, knowing very well how often such controls got out of reach on them... As fun as that was, let alone entertaining.

Still, with a deep breath Beo placed it into his maw. Leaving those lips cracked open and feeling the air escape as he tested everything. Looking over his own bicep and giving it a good flex, seeing the muscle bulge out quite a bit through the metallic armor. Yet... It could bulge out more. With a bit of practice.

His lips then sealed, letting the air build up in his muzzle a bit before traveling down that neck. Creating a rather thick pressure as it started to settle in his heavy plated chest, expanding it slightly as he purred. Sending ripples and vibrations down towards it that eased up its armored structure slightly before attempting to move outwards in one ballooning motion.

However, this is where the skill and idea came in. Keeping his chest tightened and letting the air start to flow further down his underside. Gathering into his belly for a while, where that same resistance was felt. Giving it a little bulge, yes, but his muscled structure was still holding strong.

Yet, Beo didn't let off on the nozzle. Swallowing the air as it came through and leaving his cheeks stern as iron. Allowing those plates to move out further and further while still keeping his frame nearly the same. Just storing it all in before really reinforcing that belly and chest. Feeling the air struggle within his body, as it wasn't sure where to go, causing his sides to thicken up while the dragon concentrated... Concentrated...

A strong tighten against his chest seemed to squeeze that air bubble within, as the brass wyrm directed it into a more relaxed area; his shoulders. Causing them to increase in size drastically before moving down to his biceps and triceps. Inflating the muscles in both arms by at least +50% by the time his chest ran out of air. Needing to relax his pecs for another gradual buildup.

But the air in his belly started to equalize it as well, while the large dragon looked over the effects of such a strange idea. The muscles were still very dense, yes, but they also felt lighter as well. Still occupied with air, like a very strong-shelled balloon which was exactly what the wyrm was going for.

Causing that spine-bearded jaw to grin so widely he leaked out a little bit of air from his muzzle.

A problem soon fixed, as he stroked his bulging chest. Those brass forearms not quite looking right with the mass increase of his upper muscles, and waiting just a bit longer before clutching those plates. Feeling it once again put pressure onto his lower sides and belly as he tried to redirect the airflow, this time a bit easier.

The deltoids swelled up greatly once again, almost escaping into the side of Beo's neck before increasing the volume of his upper arms again. Growing those muscles up to +75% before getting a good hold of them, straining their form like his chest and belly and forcing the air to explore further down. Taking a bit of a struggle before finally flowing passed his elbow joint and into his Extensor muscles. As well as bulging that upper side of the forearm into a tight bulge.

Another deep purr as he flexed those arms, trying to keep all the air inside contained but not quite forcing it into his actual paws. Giving the airflow a bit of trouble keeping up as the dragon looked behind him at the compressor, using his talents to increase the pressure by about 25% and feeling it nearly jump into his maw a few moments later. Filling up his chest quite quickly and working on his belly next.

It was time for another area, he thought. Looking back at his magnificent haunches (I'mNotBiasedISwear) and waiting for his belly to get a bit more build-up. Slowly swelling as he swallowed every pump of air gifted to the wyrm and loving the feeling of it traveling through his body. To the point where he had to close his eyes for a moment to enjoy it.

Granted, a moment turned into a few. A few into a dozen, and the tightness against his sides alarmed him back to reality. Finding his belly quite a bit further than he wanted or expected, but he could work with it. Once again setting up that inner wall, and feeling it much harder with the added pressure as his cheeks started to swell up in the process. Building up the pressure as Beo clutched his abs and the sides with his muscled arms, trying to redirect it towards his lower limbs as the belly grew tighter... Tighter...! Tighter-!

And flowed into the branches of his wings, to his surprise. Making a whimpering groan that soon melted into a purr at the unexpected inflation. Feeling his 'Shoulders' to the wing joints now almost tripled in size, along with many of the brass scales that framed his red furred wings! His back muscles all very tense as well, and still swelling a bit with the intake of air.

An unexpected result, but one he could still work with. Taking a few minutes to flap and test them as his underside once again refueled, and finding them rather stiff in comparison. Still manageable at least, even if the branches are starting to look a little too big for the membranes. Something he would likely fix later.

The taut feeling returned in his belly, as those abs continued to slowly let the underside expand. Doing his best to concentrate on shaping them into sections rather than one large bubble, and feeling them start to swell out in thicker sections. At first where the thick scaled lines were sectioning his

protection in near squares, eventually puffing out in the forms of bulky muscles as he continued to hold that hose in his muzzle.

Beo would need quite a bit more air if he were to add some volume to his hind legs, swallowing pump after pump as his body continued to grow thicker. Once again adding some bloat to his sides and losing some of those definitive features to his underside, but that was only temporary. Feeling it gather into his stout chest and pushing those heavy plates out further and further, regardless of his bulky arms providing some assistance. Yet he couldn't help but love the tickle of his body growing, so much so that he closed those green eyes once more to become lost in the hymns of hisses and gentle groans.

All at once, his abs gave way their strict form. Causing that brass belly to quickly bubble out until it hit the floor, surprising the dragon and whimpering at the bliss such a feeling caused him. Wishing he could both feed into such an addiction and control it at the same time- Wait. He could control it. Snapping out of his state and easing up on the nozzle with his jaws, the wyrm felt the hose calmly slow to a stop. Leaving the swelled and jacked up beast to look over himself.

The belly was big, yes. But after a few tests, he could likely return it to its original form. But was the air contained inside the brass balloon enough? A sneaky grin that let some of the air out of his bubbled cheeks when he thought of the answer; No. Once again pressing down on that nozzle and taking in the ready pressure into his still bloated form.

His chest and underside swelled up quickly, taking in as much air as the dragon desired and expanding to accommodate. All while attempting to keep such a figure relatively intact, which certain parts were doing much better than others. Feeling those neck and chestplates press out further and further with every moment, until it started to press on the pillowed ground under the dragon. But was it enough?

Not quite. Beo would need a little bit more air in order to tackle one of the hardest parts of his body. His shoulders and biceps started to grow past +125%, underside distending down and outwards, nearly pushing him off the ground. Yet it was flowing to his smooth, censored pelvis. If he could just add a bit more to that area...

But the air was so addicting! Causing those yellow and red frilled ears to blush a deep purple and fall slightly, now making out just how large his cheeks have become! Like he was attempting to hide two dragon-sized melons in his maw! However, did he want to stop? ...Just a little bit longer... Just a little bit more air... The beast being hypnotized by the deep hiss of the hose-!

Until he couldn't reach the ground any longer. Not by much, thankfully, but it was indeed a wake-up call. Easing up on the nozzle as it came to a complete stop, Beo attempted to scan his current body. Both sets of legs were spread quite wide, belly and chest resting on the ground in a very air-tight manner, but that underside was quite full. Full enough to try this, at least... If not too full.

Life lessons. And he could always release some air if it came to that. The wyrm concentrated hard, slowly starting to shift the air inside his body with his talents and his actual muscles. Felling it swirl

around through the empty spaces as he forced those brass cheeks into his underside. Massaging his entire bloated form a little harder with every few breaths, building up some resistance in the process until one large flow was directed into his haunches.

It got some resistance, but he could feel the thighs and hamstrings start to bloat outwards! Another few heavy massages until he pressed hard, Very Hard, into his backside. Hearing it groan higher and higher in pitch before starting to take in the massive amount of volume, enlarging that rear into a pair of brass cherries about 400% of their normal size. Making the wyrm double take at the result, the weight of his tail barely keeping them down to ground level.

Granted, he couldn't help but chuckle at such a thing, bouncing them up and down and loving the heavy ballooned reaction. Let alone how they dribbled off the ground with a little bit of lag. Something he would play with another time, but right now he had other plans. Once again concentrating and shifting that air around those hind legs, causing those muscles to start inflating greatly as some of the extra air buffed up the other areas of his body. Swelling the dragon bigger and bigger as he stood proudly.

Yet, something was still off. Studying his very jacked form carefully to figure out what; pecks and chestplates were close to the ground but very solid. Same with belly and abs; like a washboard. Biceps and Triceps are a little enlarged, about the +200% mark and reaching much higher when he started to flex them. Something that made the brass titan purr deeply and feel such vibrations pass through his jacked neck.

Paws were a little small in comparison, but with some air intake and concentration, he brought them up to size. Feeling a little funny watching each digit balloon out a and wiggle a bit before becoming dense and useable once more. His back and wings didn't change much, and those haunches... Bringing up a few mirrors from the ground and gazing at those magnificent haunches was like falling in love with himself once again, wearing brass colored glasses.

But upon giving that wonder rear a wiggle, he spotted it: Beo's tail. The large thing was only half inflated! That wouldn't do, he thought as he once again prepared himself for some more air. Feeling the hose have another difficult time with the pressure as he kept that beastly body tense and steady, nothing that increasing the pressure a few knots wouldn't fix. Doing just that with his talents and feeling the airflow change drastically.

The pressure rushed through him, battling against every wall he had concentration on and leading it towards that rear tunnel. Pushing it further and further down that enlarged brass pipe and causing those stubborn scales to stretch out the second half of his tail. Inflating it like a long balloon, taking more and more force as it got close to the end. Growing ever stiffer and actually pushing the air into other places of his body in the process.

His shoulders swelled up very slowly, along with those large arms and paws. Haunches started to bubble out, attempting to break free from the stencil he enforced and back into those beautiful brass bubbles. Taking in more and more of that pressurized air until that chest and belly started to cave in

before the end of his tail, getting the dragon to almost growl before flicking it like a whip.

The air within snapped with a loud *Thumm!* as the wyrm purred at the feeling, still taking in air and watching his tail closely through the mirrors as it once again started to build up near the base. Keeping those hind legs firm and squeezing his abs when they started to puff out in sections, directing the pressure into that large appendage. Making it much larger would only make the brass beast look that much more magnificent, after all.

Beo flexed his entire body, tightening up all the exit points of his much larger limbs while swallowing more and more of that air. Attempting to keep those cheeks stiff, but letting them swell a little with his satisfied smile as most of the air gathered in his tail. Causing the beginning of such a large tunnel to bloat out further and further before pushing forwards to make room for the intake. Hearing it travel through with a very slow and heavy fwoosh that vibrated with his equally deep purr, helping it's travels by weakening the scales.

However, the resistance once again built up towards the last quarter, something the wyrm expected. Whipping the tail again caused a sudden backlash into his rear and belly, nearly getting him to yelp in the process of inhaling pump after pump. Expanding those chestplates quickly once his guard was down and causing them to morph around the twin swollen pecs underneath.

Regaining control became drastically more difficult, especially with the constant intake of more and more air. Bloating out those cheeks once again into large brass balls as Beo attempted to force his frame along the rest of his body, fighting to shift that air into his tail and swelling up those haunches once again by accident. Getting the wyrm to growl before holding onto his twin exercise balls built for dragons, the pressure really being too much for his body to handle while attempting to fix this and letting off the nozzle for a few minutes.

Taking a moment to recover, the brass titan forced all the air in his cheeks into his body, causing the entire underside to enlarge quickly and slam into the pillowed ground hard. Though still retaining the heavy muscles deep within; mostly those abs and side muscles. ballooning out and wobbling with a thick echo while that bloated tail tip seemed to almost taunt the rest of his body. Hearing Beo grumbled before really pushing the leftover air into that large tunnel.

The tail held strong for quite some time, putting up quite the fight before feeling the base of it inflate to +400% and charge its way to the very end. Thrashing it side to side to help support the advance as it closed into that last 20%, almost hearing that tip regret such a thing before thickening up with a loud ***Fwomp!*** Getting a proud snort from the wyrm it belonged to, even though his tail was now quite a bit bigger than the rest of his body. Almost twice that.

Nothing that a little air couldn't fix, and he did have quite a bit of extra in his belly still. Pushing it to the next area that really needed some work: his hind paws. Those brass ballooned fore ones still functioning well, so his rears should match, correct? Of course! Pushing all that extra air into his haunches and making them bubble while still retaining some nice bulk, the thigh and hamstring taking up the most of it.

Granted, he couldn't help but play with it for a little bit. Bouncing them around and stretching up the lower ends a little, preparing them for the sudden intake before really morphing the air to those paws. Once again expecting the resistance as usual, and needing to flick them before they bubbled out with a faint *Fwoosh!*, looking pretty good at an end result. However, he didn't realize where one of them landed: on top of the hose...

That section was complete, the tail looking still a little too big, but after such a struggle... Beo wasn't going to risk taking anymore out of it. After all, there was always plenty of air to use! Biting down on that nozzle and swallowing the air that came through with pride, still loving the feeling of it gathering in his, now once again plated, chest. That is, until it stopped feeding him. Releasing a noise in question as he bit down on the trigger again, but nothing happening.

Perhaps it wasn't hard enough? Firming those powerful jaws and really pressing into that mouthpiece until he heard a snap, immediately stopping before he broke the thing. Did the pump itself shut off? Looking back was a bit hard due to his now buff structure, but something large and black caught his attention in one of the mirrors. Something just behind one of his hind legs, but which one?

The dragon lifted one, then quickly realized it was the wrong one. Mirrors always confused him a little, and shifted his weight to the other without thinking. Only to find the black thing to rush across his side, double taking when it finally came into his view and passing through the nozzle! A large black blimp nearly booping the wyrm's snout as he attempted to grab a hold it, only adding more pressure and force-feeding the brass one faster!

His cheeks quickly rounded out into large balls before flowing down his neck, bulging those muscles under the thick plates as it traveled. Swelling up the armored chest until the pecs and abs under them forced the plates to cave in, rounding them into pairs of large balloons as they quickly pressed against the ground. Expanding far under and causing the heavy wyrm to bounce up from the sudden expansion.

A loud whimper of bliss left him as those scales groaned loudly, unable to keep himself from swallowing that entire bubble as the pump continued to add more and more to it. Making the dragon much bigger every moment he was exposed, and nearly ruining his figure in the process. That underside bloating out until it hit the surrounding mirrors and folding over top them in a matter of moments, increasing the beast's total volume from a +300% to an easy +700%.

The belly started to get some tight resistance, as he felt the mirrors disappear and free those muscled scales a little more. Feeling the airflow start to leak into his limbs and tail to spread out the pressure, inflating those muscles further and further as the dragon concentrated on keeping their shape. At the same time, feeling around with his talents for that compressor and its buttons, unable to recall which switch or knob did what.

Songs of his body groaned loudly, clouding up his focus as he turned one of the switches and not feeling any difference until Beo's body started almost bouncing. The flow becoming very choppy and the hose turning from one long tube into a series of giant beads! Another switch was flipped once he found

it, and he finally heard the device power down. Giving off a sigh of relief as he attempted to study himself, soon getting the aid of another set of mirrors that were far bigger than he expected.

It was no wonder though. His belly grew larger than a huge blimp, not feeling so taut until he examined it through the reflections. Easily taking about 75% of his total body volume, while the appendages were split among the rest. Biceps and triceps increased by +750%, haunches once again returned to large balloons, about twice the size of his cheeks that were able to house a good dozen or so adult elephants!

Being so stuffed was hardly an uncommon occurrence for the behemoth at this point, but it was difficult to obtain control over his bloated body once again. Taking several minutes to just enjoy the feeling of those brass scales stretching widely before constricting them, starting with his huge underside. Shaping the massive bubble into a colossal set of abs and pecs, as well as many similar details up his neck and pelvis, was a good start. Still feeling very tight and actually getting some shine to them from the lights far above.

However, all that volume had to go somewhere. This he knew quite well and prepared himself while using the aid of those limb-less talents around the buff, blimped, and scaled belly. Taking another several minutes before giving them a very tight squeeze and feeling that air start to push into those jacked appendages. Bloating out every muscle in his arms and legs, tail, wing branches and even the membranes, before eventually enlarging his very head. Resulting into a buff brass dragon that was about a dozen times his normal size.

It was a bit disorientating, yes, but his figure still looked wonderful. Giving him time to flex those swollen biceps and triceps as they groaned loudly, like two large balloons rubbing against each other, well over 20x their starting size. Even his backside had quite a bit of bubble to it, as well as some wobble when he shifted it.

Yes, the dragon indeed looked very impressive... But could he do better? Beo's certainly been bigger before, but never in this style or shape. Sliding those large shiny paws over his inflated neck and his once again plated-looking chest, the wyrm purred loudly with the hose still in his muzzle. Just a small thing now, but likely with a lot of life still in it with the correct settings.

However, before he went further, perhaps some souvenirs would help persuade the bear in staying a little longer. Setting the room to start a quick photo-shoot, and having to adjust such setups for something his current size, the colossal beast took the time to do some poses. Flexing those wings and arms for the screen as it saved picture after picture, adjusting to show off that backside and tail. Even rolling onto his side, back, and holding himself up with a single forearm as the camera continued to film him.

The results were something even the behemoth himself would enjoy, but the **could** be better. Bigger. Larger and Rounder! With the hose still in his muzzle and grinning, he glanced over at the compressor and added a few settings. Increasing the chop of the flow, and added some extra volume per pump before turning it on. Letting the thick black bubbles make their way up the hose while he adjusted

the settings to the camera. Allowing it to move freely around him, filming while also taking some separate still-frame shots.

That first pump finally reached Beo's muzzle, and he purred a very deep rumble as he let the air absorb into his body. Giving every puff free reign on where to go while he continued to pose. Feeling some of them enter his muzzle and reside in the cheeks, some in those inflated spined mane. Others in his chest and belly, only adding to the muscled structure of his underside. While quite a few made themselves at home towards his rear, a rather popular place it seemed.

But the forearms and wings were not neglected either, stretching out those muscled details with every puff of air and enlarging them in pulses. That tail nearly getting a slow and dense ripple until it reached the end, making up for the ever increasing size of the dragon as he continued to grow to the size of a mountain over a few minutes.

Though every little black bubble seemed small in comparison to Beo at this point, they were making a big difference in time. Very quickly multiplying his normal volume several times in a matter of minutes as those scales groaned loudly. Some of it due to the ballooned scales rubbing against each other, but mostly due to his body reaching its limitations. Or at least, certain parts of his body. Ones that were not used to such expansions.

This was especially true with his biceps, now able to contain multiple mountains on their own but giving off heavy warning signs of bursting. Causing many other areas to take the slack in the process; his haunches bubbling out drastically once again compared to his thighs, that large belly slowly losing its ab details while reaching for the ground. Rounding out his sides while his spherical plated chest continued to expand out further and further.

It was bound to happen at some point, and at least the dragon got quite the photo album out of it. Rubbing that chest one more time before reaching for the compressor controls again with those talents- "Beo, what did you want for dinn-?" A sudden familiar yelp was heard in a doorway far below, flicking those frilled ears towards the direction and attempting to spot who entered. Only to hear a very long and high pitched whine before suddenly stopping, leaving the buff wurm to eventually find a six-legged furball lying unconscious with his tongue lolling out. Jerking those limbs as that nose was playfully bleeding out the goofy looking polar bear muzzle.

Such a sight made the behemoth chuckle, knowing the bear would likely be doing that alot when Beo showed him the upcoming photo album. But he couldn't resist at least giving his husband some time to admire such a wonderful shape, carefully picking up the very small (in comparison) cottonball with a single paw, along with a few pillows. Looking at him and giving the half dazed Counterweight a playful nuzzle against his inflated snout and brass palm.

Bartan released a little whimper while the dragon's scales seemed to squeak a bit from the rubbing, soon resting on his own large haunches and setting the bear against his massive bubbled bicep. Knowing very well what it would be oiled with if the furball wasn't censored as well, but that didn't stop the six-legged creature from grasping a hold of the large metallic balloon. Lapping at it in song as it

flexed its tight structure against that tongue and hearing the constant groans of it being washed echo through the rest of Beo's mostly hollow body.

And then came the gnawing, the small polished teeth of the bear's sliding against such bloated scales. Tickling the colossal wyrm as he continued to tighten and release that tension on his forearm, still posing for the rotating camera which came in for a closer few snapshots of Bartan's basically drunk expression. Though double taking at it, not realizing what it was before adding to the show. Wanting so badly to overwrite the Troublemaker's punishment at that very moment to make this dragon even bigger...!

However... He didn't need a package to do so, especially after spotting that small tube still hanging out of Beo's muzzle. Like a thin thread attempting to anchor the small country-sized parade balloon, easily finding where such a thing was connecting to and cranking the compressor to a maximum threshold without the wyrm's consent.

Granted, even Beo was too enthralled by such attention. Both by the bear and the camera to even notice the activation before it hit him in the muzzle. A heavy kick of pressure that wasn't even detected through the sounds of muscled blimps rubbing against each other and the songs of the bear. It nearly stunned the behemoth as it started to swell those cheeks up greater and greater with every choppy puff, nearly making them bounce up and down in reflex to the earlier dazing.

It didn't take long for the flow to start thickening up that plated throat and chest once again, soon causing it to touch the ground while those ballooned paws held onto to its plated shape. Almost whimpering with its groans as the device continued to pump more and more air into his body, even after he attempted to release the nozzle's trigger. Was it possible it was broken when it snapped earlier? There was always one more option at least.

The beast released his grip on the hose, letting the black tube wiggle wildly as it puffed air around the dragon's muzzle. Leaving Beo at an incredible size, one large enough for the bear to enjoy as well... Or so he thought. Soon feeling the tube get shoved into that maw once again, making the brass one omit a loud noise in question that was almost interrupted with the heavy pressure.

Attempting to spit it out once again did nothing, as the hose remained in place. Soon spotting several other threads make their way into Beo's large muzzle and an even larger one wrap around that snout tightly. Forcing him to swallow every puff that was quickly making their way into his already bloated form, soon growing past small country size! Even after taking a grip on the series of tubes, unable to pull them out as the airflow slipped through.

The pressure was immense, instantly dropping that lower belly to the floor and knocking the hind legs out from him. Forcing the dragon to lean forward on top of that quickly expanding blimp of an underside, growing so tight that all he could do was hold onto it as it creaked loudly. Morphing into one large bubble as it fused with his plated chest and sides, expanding his walls further and further while thinning the impressive scales out.

Soon causing them to become transparent as Beo whimpered, watching the feed of constant snapshots and seeing his bloated body double every five frames. Making the dragon look like he drank an entire ocean as his frame grew ever so taut. His muscled arms and forearms growing drastically bigger, his wings and membranes morphing into thinned out red and yellow balls. His hind legs basically turned into yellow spheres, while his tail was losing its length by the moment. Turning it into one thick balloon with more girth by the will of every large puff!

Those cheeks enlarged drastically, finally covering his already narrow sight as they continued to bloat outwards into bubbles. Slowly getting thinner and thinner like the rest of the behemoth's body. Hearing the whines grow higher in pitch as the dragon struggled to keep himself together, growing drastically larger with every barrage of pumps while the bear continued to gnaw on the nearly invisible bicep. Sliding those dull fangs along the fragile scales that grew more and more threatening by the puff. Echoing loudly with the groans as each tooth started to catch a hold of the massively tight texture... Pulling on it... Pulling on it... Getting ever so closer to popping that moon-sized brass blimp with every tug as the camera zoomed in on the Counterweight's smirk. Leaving Beo at the mercy of that bear and just wondering if he was going to commit...

...At least he got a magnificent photo album out of it.