

Sometimes I Don't Mind (A Rex Overboard Short)

By Bartan Tirix

The rex woke up in a mid-day haze, his back uncomfortable against a deflated sleeping bag over a solid floor. A bedding he knew all too well due to his weight, but it was a sudden wave of pleasure that caused the brown dinosaur to shift around over it. Feeling something rather light and smaller rest on his tail, keeping those legs spread and lightly stroking Zarrel's white underside.

Then the licks, a familiar non-organic material lapping across his monstrous red tool. A thin agile appendage slipping between every large spine and across the large bulge under the rex's tool. Tracing down towards those two large knots, somehow pushed out of a slit that could barely hold the weapon's base before making the trek back up to the red tip. Sending the dino in deep huffs as he looked though the... Dimly lighted room. Wait, where was the light coming from?

Such a thought was replaced with the familiar gloss of a black vinyl dragon head, one with a blue set of eyes that were almost twinkling with excitement. "D-Dia?" The brown theropod whimpered, half excited to see his small friend after quite a long absence. The western wyrm purred a greeting as he teased that massive red length, one the dragon couldn't even muzzle with his smaller size.

"W-what are you doing here?" But the living toy didn't respond past a playful smirk and a few tender laps of his shiny red tongue, something not unlike the dragon. Always being one of very very few words, but sounds of interest were always quite vocal. Using both paws and stroking that length for a few moments before hearing the large rex whimper sharply. Snatching his tip with that black muzzle and nearly drawing the jolt of pre out of that massive tool.

When Dia was satisfied, he climbed over the much larger beast of a dinosaur. Carefully watching that large swollen white pouch, teasing the leaky red weapon with strokes of his pooltoy form and even pressing the tip under his smaller tail just to hear the rex whine loudly. Feeling the small arms embrace the wyrm in welcome as they shared a deep kiss, exchanging what bounty the dragon had captured along his travels.

It was an action that even Zarrel had missed, honestly wishing he had a bit more alone-time with the living toy back when he appeared. Something that was clearly telegraphed through the constant strokes and deep purrs between the two, as those dull claws slid against the glossy plastic of the hollow wyrm. Morphing his body with such presses and letting that black tail flail around behind him.

At least, the dinosaur just assumed it was a reflex, watching it reach over and switch on an electric pump of sorts before giving the hose a quick dab with the tailtip. Nearly morphing with the nozzle as the device started to warm up, once again nearly causing the theropod to whine loudly before he could think of where the machine was plugged in.

But a thick hiss completely overpowered the rex' instincts, even hearing Dia nearly squirm in excitement as air was flowed through his tail. Bulging it slightly before entering the hollow dragon's main body, that is before the dino gave him a tight squeeze. Feeling the air focus more on that tail and haunches for several moments while the wyrm sang loudly, Zarrel soon feeling a heavy jolt of wet against his white belly.

It also didn't take long for his own tool to release another spray under the growing tail of the black one. The constant rubbery groans of a balloon, the scent of fresh vinyl and the shiny texture was all nearly enough to get Zarrel to climax right then and there. But his grip couldn't hold, eventually having to let go and let the black belly flow outwards suddenly.

Dia called out in bliss, feeling the large one lap at his underside while the air started to focus on the other parts of his body. As much as the toy wanted to keep growing his middle over the dangerous jaws of the dinosaur, he had other plans. Meeting that larger red tongue when the dragon grew big enough to reach it and once again the two were back to those deep kisses.

Though the songs returned louder than ever. A mix of whimpers, whines, purrs and groans as the toy continued to be pumped by the device. Adding thick pulses of air through that long black appendage as Dia reached close to the dinosaur's size. Letting their tools and packages rub together as if to dance while frothing, exchanging fluids like a form of currency from both plump pouches.

The device shut off, likely due to the wyrm's will from the black one's lack of attention towards it. Concentrating on that large muzzle he missed so dearly as those vinyl paws stroked that white belly, testing its firmness and durability by sending dull claws into the scales. The paws solid enough to take hold of Zarrel's roundness and make it jiggle a little bit.

And Jiggle Dia was going to make it! Taking a step backwards and causing his draconic shiny tool dribble a long wet stripe over the rex', letting them twitch and pulse out their excitement in a silent code. Those soft rubbery spines nearly catching hold of that bloated white pouch that wobbled with every huff of the larger one while being slightly divided by that wet tip. Slipping down under and exploring the cave between that swollen pouch and that thick tail, hearing the dinosaur whimper loudly while leaning forwards. Ensuring his hold on that black vinyl muzzle as that tip was felt against his tailslit.

It nearly deflated the dragon's snout when Zarrel couldn't contain those instincts, biting the pooltoy material with his sharp fangs during the deep kiss. Growing a little stronger with every prod into his rear as the dino exhaled heated breath's into Dia's maw. Densing up his black form and fogging up that gloss just outside their jawlines, adding just a little more volume into

that living plaything.

A few more wet presses added a rainbow jolt under the rex' tail, nearly making out a cool web of pre being knitted along that slit, balls, and plump rear. As if to tease the dinosaur a little longer before finally sliding that flared tip inside the theropod. Letting him sing loudly directly into the dragon, absorbing his every breath and adding it to Dia's overall form. Tormenting the larger one by slipping that weapon in and out of that sensitive tailhole before a familiar noise was heard.

The pump. Almost like magic, it came alive once again and started filling that living toy with more and more air. Small spherical puffs seemed to flow from the device to the hose, then that long black tail as it started to thicken greatly. Like adding air to a long balloon, growing towards Dia's haunches and causing them to bubble outwards while sending the volume in all directions: paws, arms, back and wings. Belly and shoulders, neck and head. Making the wyrm larger and larger by the moment... Including...

It was like a sudden shock of realization for the dinosaur, feeling that vinyl weapon head start to thicken inside his rear. Pressing against his inner walls as it grew larger and larger with the dragon's overall size. Now rivaling Zarrrel's own as the black beast towered over him, not breaking that deep kiss. Especially when the tables finally started to turn in the pooltoy's favor; able to now overpower the larger jaws and engulf them with his own glossy ones.

Deeper and deeper that tool drilled, as the machine added pump after pump of fresh hot air. Feeling it embrace his scaly body as the dragon stroked Zarrrel, keeping him still while that tool slipped in and out of that slit. Overwhelming the dinosaur into sprays of bliss as the shaft got bigger within, every pulse stretching that hole more and more as heavy jolts of colorful pre leaked out the edges.

But the device soon stopped to Zarr's relief. Panting in huffs while that vinyl tongue lapped at his maw, deep purrs that nearly came off as echoing growls as the wyrm showed the now smaller one affection. Loving the near drunk expression and the half weak arms pressing against that inflated chest, making the dragon grin deviously before gripping those brown shoulders and collar.

A series of whimpers and whines left the dino as he was being braced in place, soon feeling that thick tower start to venture inside his rear deeper and deeper. Each inflated spine along its shaft marking a milestone as the vinyl started to press against that white pouch. A heavy black sack folding over his thrashing tail, holding it still as the red weapon slipped inside inch by inch. Until Zarr couldn't hold back anymore, retaliating with heavy white torrents that painted that black belly and inbetween.

However, the wyrm didn't mind in the slightest. Too focused on getting his complete equipment buried deep into the theropod's tailhole, and reaching the sensitive ridges on the sides. Feeling that rear slit squeeze them harshly and causing Dia to growl before releasing out

heavy huffs of his own. Holding back just enough to stuff that weapon to the very hilt of his sheath, creating a bulge in the white belly that only grew as the dragon launched his load into him.

His first load, of course. Stuffing the rex with a few extra torrents for good measure before giving him a break, the living toy just lapping at that panting brown muzzle as Zarr started to roll to his side. Pulling out of that stretched rear and letting the flow of rainbow leak out as the dino staggered upright. Enough to get onto those hind legs before the wyrm mounted him again, Dia gnawing at his brown neck and making that thick tail lift.

Within moments that prod was felt again, nearly making the dinosaur beg for that greased up glossy tower. Teasing him by slowly separating that tight slit, making that large tail twitch as the organic beast of a tool twitched before painting the floor with anticipation. Unable to take it anymore the rex took a step back when Dia pressed in, soon getting braced again but it was too late.

With a loud hollow sounding *sloomp!* that flare squeezed in and the two howled loudly within the... Did this room get smaller? Another thought that was interrupted by a simple movement, the dragon caving into those instincts and just slipping in that vinyl weapon. Letting go of that brown neck and just exhaling some of his intense heat over Zarrel, a wet wave that made the theropod's tongue loll out. His own breaths soon visible with his hazy vision.

Then the device activated again, instantly recharging the smaller rex' energy as he felt the living toy grow thicker and thicker. Larger pumps the size of grapefruits being forced into that black tubing and feeding that rubbery tail, watching it swallow every sphere and grow more and more bloated by the moment.

However it didn't stop at the tail, flowing through the haunches or belly. But stretching out that entire glossy body in ripples and waves. Forcing the dragon to grow bigger and bigger while mounting the dino, that black pouch starting to sag with a heavy amount of fluid as it folded around Zarrel's own package. Heavily tapping the once larger rex with a weighted rocking, almost causing the bottom one to step forwards with every thrust if it wasn't for the wyrm grip.

Whimpering songs left the brown one, as those forepaws were felt growing larger and larger. One only able to hold down his shoulders, now nearly wrapping around the dino's collarbone. Not choking him, but holding Zarr still as his organic hind legs dug into the floor, reacting to that rubbery tower that pulsed with greater and greater volumes. More than he ever thought his rex body could hold, especially in that exit. Feeling like a soft balloony chimney was being shoved into his rear.

But it was still growing! The electric device still not shutting off as the bulge within that white belly kept rounding out. Stretching his brown rear wider and wider with every puff of air, soon making the theropod reach another climax. Power washing the floor underneath them as Dia roared with the mounted one, transferring several heavy torrents of rainbow fluids into that

white belly and causing it to morph from a bulge into a weighted sphere.

The machine soon stopped, allowing the two to once again catch their breaths. Those black paws sliding down the rex' sides and flanking that rounded white belly, giving it a tight squeeze that caused Zarrrel to once again leak a thick spray underneath them. Making his belly wobble while he felt several tender licks along the top of his brown head, now realizing just how large Dia was; at least twice the theropod's size!

Yet, that was soon going to change as the device returned to life much quicker than before! Sending even larger puffs the size of basketballs through and into the living toy! Causing the dragon to grow faster and faster as the dino's tailsplit was to be truly tested, that weapon being force fed more and more air. The groans of rubbery balloons creaking loudly as that white underside started to bloat out further with no relief! Occasionally being aided by a torrent of dragon seed and causing it to sag until it touched the ground!

A whimper of begging from the bottom one as he looked up at those blue discs, now seeing the dragon's inflatable horns start to scrape against the ceiling of the shed. Both wings easily able to touch opposite sides, and that thick black tail starting to curl up and around the back wall. Running out of room while the pump kept up its barrage, expanding the toy further and further with every large puff! In consequence; causing the rex to inflate using alternate means!

That didn't stop Dia from enjoying himself, unthreatened by the constant bulges of air into his tail and just slipping that now massive tool in and out of Zarr's undertail. Every thrust causing the organic weapon to spray heavily in retaliation, but the grip of the soft black paws were just too much. Moving the helpless dinosaur over that red blimp of a tool and unleashing his own juices to make that white belly larger and larger! Folding around those tight black fingers, getting shinier and shinier by the moment!

Soon the dragon's head started to lower and curl up around the theropod. Creaks and groans were starting to be heard while Dia's expression started to morph into stress. Could it be that he was starting to get full? The living toy reaching his limit? The rex could only hope and endure! Wondering if the wyrm was going to burst before reaching his full climax, which would likely turn Zarr into a large blimp from the feel of that massive black pouch behind him.

The thrusts started to get shorter and shorter, the groans getting louder as hollow rubs against vinyl filled the room. Under the constant songs of the rex, that is. Those paws growing so large that they couldn't keep hold of Zarrrel's belly, needing them to keep the dragon balanced as grew and grew! Starting to whimper in a panic as that machine showed no quarter, pumping his body up more and more! Swelling that large black tail against the back wall! Those haunches up against it, rubbing and groaning loudly as they creaked! That belly nearly engulfing the dinosaur underneath him as Dia's whines grew in pitch with every breath!

Then a long, strenuous whimper echoed through his black body! This was it! The rex was

home free if he could just endure just a tad longer! That red balloon stretching him out so drastically, making him wonder if it was about the size of a bus, or greater! Starting to vibrate and sending pulses of rainbow juices into his white belly, causing it to fight against the large parade float of a dragon that was clearly at the brink of bursting! Squeezing him tighter and tighter with every jolt, every pump into that bloated tail! The rex's underside slipping inside every small crease it could find as blades of light were starting to be seen through the hollow body!

Wait... Blades of light? It made the brown one (attempt to) double take, seeing the light open like a curtain in one area... Then another? One at the top-another one at the top? At it's flank as well? The rex suddenly went pale, those weren't curtains of light. Those groans weren't from Dia reaching *his* limit, it was from the building's! The walls starting to round out, unable to contain such a massive creature that was only growing larger and larger by the will of the device!

Those metal sheets did surprisingly well for quite a while, spitting out bolts and nuts from time to time as a black bubble started to press outwards between the enlarging cracks. Hearing a high pitched groan before the shed burst violently within the middle of an empty construction site. Finally allowing the wyrm to stand up once again and roar proudly! A white bubble still attached to his tool that was starting to sag from the weight of his release. Trying to carefully set the rex down before Dia's breaths became rapid, leaking out heavy torrents of pre and causing that living white balloon grow faster and faster.

Zarrel swore he felt something wrap around his own weapon, but it was completely overpowered by the flood of seed being poured into his rear! Feeling that white belly expand under the wyrm quickly, flowing up in heavy pulses until touching that black rubbery underside! Pressing against that for a little while before reaching around the dragon's body, wrapping around his hollow pillared limbs and pressing up against that massively weighted black pouch! The device somehow being able to be heard within the dam-like rush of fluids! Pumping Dia's entire body larger... Larger...! Larger! Until-!

The rex woke up with a very loud roar that shook the room, a firm grip over his tool as it sprayed the contents of that white pouch for nearly a minute. Feeling something rather thin and plastic start to be filled over his white belly, nearly hot to the touch like boiling water! Growing like a water balloon as someone stroked him through a heavy orgasm, gasping for breath after with that tongue lolling out. "Fucking A, Zarr. Are you okay?" A male voice that reminded the brown one of the color blue came from below him.

But the theropod couldn't quite answer, every attempt just leaking out as a groan as a backup spray was released into a black bubble. Sending out whimpers that concerned the noodle dragon for a moment, only to see his mate calm down when he realized what it was: a

trash bag. Now completely full of the dinosaur's seed.

A deep blush invaded the rex as he covered his eyes with his paws, feeling a couple of taps on his chubby belly. "There, there buddy. Though this is going to be fun to explain to the cleanup crew once we reach the docks again." Only a whine in response as a forked tongue was felt lapping at Zarr's tip, making him yelp a bit in surprise while Loqe gave him a devious smirk. "So, going to tell me what you were dreaming about?" Nearly the entire dinosaur's body tinted in a deep blush before hiding his face with a large pillow.

"That interesting, huh?"