

Hung Up

By Bartan Tirix

The late summer breeze danced through the long grass of the unoccupied meadow. Manipulating the billions of green blades in a hypnotic rhythm, only the monuments of tall stones were able to resist. As well as the copper wyrm that rested upon them, lazily baking in the sun's warmth.

Though the grass was indeed comfortable, her magnificent plates needed their own form of tanning. Especially after going so many days without such rays to beckon to her every call. Granted, Travv'esa usually had her blue tinted silver underside tanned at this point of the season, her copper overcoat seemed to take a little longer to really obtain the correct shade she was going for.

But damn did it ever look gorgeous! Just smiling when she found that long sheet of reflective rock and admiring herself for hours. Every inch of her well-toned body, though her physique could still use a little bit of work, it was the dull grey of her belly scales that really took priority.

And that's why she was here, laying on her back on a large rock in the middle of a meadow. Wings wide and legs spread to soak in every ray she could, purring at the very heat that such a thing gave off. As if melting her very muscles to relax into a pool of gel, the only thing that was tightening was the instinctive smirk Travv couldn't release.

Yes, life right now was wonderful. Her own land. No rivals or strays since that last one she sent on her way. Not without a little extra fun, of course, just to show who was in charge within the coast and the old kingdom walls. The only thing that was possibly foul about such a location was the lack of fresh water, whereas the ocean nearby was littered with salt.

A mistake to drink if there ever was one in her youth, but one soon corrected. Such a thing recalled the very taste on her pink tongue already, getting her throat to parch a little more and request to find such cooling liquids. Some food wouldn't hurt either, considering her work made her skip out on lunch. As much as she wanted to continue to bathe in the warmth, she supposed it was about time to check up on her slave-in-the-sky's progress.

Stretching out those grey membranes, already starting to get a silver glister to such tarps just like her overside, the feral wyrm smirked. Very pleased with the progress, even on her armored plates under. Yes, a few more days of 'work' and she would once again be beautiful until next spring. Something she honestly looked forward to, for that's when the children's wine was old enough to drink.

Once again, she was reminded of the refreshments needed. Yawning loudly and rolling off her rock, Travv'esa walked through the grass. Lapping at what little dew was left to absorb just to satisfy that pink appendage until a water source was found. Odds are she could just demand such a barrel full from a nearby farm, considering they were everywhere around here.

Taking to the skies and searching for one near... A crater? Since when was that there? Something rather freshly dug too, no signs of burns or major impacts. As if someone just cut out a large chunk of dirt, lined it with smooth marble, and left it empty. Perhaps they were trying to build a lake?

To call a thing intriguing was an understatement, as the dragon landed outside of it and near what was really just a shed made to look like a house. Barely enough room for... Well, a room. A few garden tools spread around, but nothing specifically for digging a lake. However, one rather large tree was being guarded by a small picket fence. Displaying a sign of warning that she pulled off and attempted to make out the incredibly messy writing. "Special Fruit Tree. Do Not Touch. Do Not Feed. Do Not Play... Scrabble With? It Cheats." Her head tilted from such a thing, but it wasn't new for the children to make up silly games to occupy themselves with.

Snorting and tossing the sign aside carelessly, Travv overlooking the tree. Spotting dozens of fruits hanging from its leafy branches, almost dripping with moisture she was sure of. Stepping and knocking down the fence as if it wasn't even there, the dragon plucked one of the red and orange fruits, overlooking it and its pear shape closely before taking a bite. Immediately purring at the cool juicy flavor, very sweet and tangy tastes almost shocked her tongue as she played around with it. Not letting a single droplet of that much needed fluid run down her jaw.

Neverminding taking a single bite, Travv tossed the rest of the fruit in her maw. The skin of it giving off a slight crunch, but the juicy insides befall easily to the very ivory weapons within. Forcing the liquids out with every soft chew, not even finding a core in the center like those other red things she tried before. Apples? Something like that.

But damn where these ever delicious! Sliding down her throat and paving the dryness with a very satisfying syrup. Of course one wasn't enough, plucking another one and showing her affection within those deep throated vocals. Loving every sliding cut into that juicy fruited flesh, that slight shock of sharp tastes really growing on her quickly. To the point where the wyrm didn't even realize she was grabbing another one. Then another. Eating two at once, three. Enough to bulge her cheeks out as she continued to chew for as long as possible. Swallowing when it was practically puréed into a sauce within that maw.

Even her belly purred with a deep satisfaction when the contents reached it, as if finally getting over its stubbornness and taking a soft lick at the fruits. Deeming them as an acceptable snack before demanding more of those addictive juices. Paw after paw, snatching every red fruit in sight before leading it into the pink and ivory grinder. Not wasting a single drop, for even if one fell, that snout bolted down to lick it off the green grass before returning to the tree.

Minutes went by quickly, and the deep red-orange was getting harder to spot within the large tree. Scouting within the shelter of leaves to find a few hidden ones and claiming them without a second thought. Moving around the tree in near desperation to find several more and add them to the collection, going so far as to half climb it to search the tops. But alas, eventually they were all gone.

Travv'esa's belly grumbled in disappointment, something matching her own mindset as well. But this was only one tree that had such a thing. There was bound to be more elsewhere, right? That's all these farmers do in these lands; take care of trees and animals... For reasons that were *beyond* her. Likely because they were awful at hunting, but that was a rant to be finished another day. Looking into the shed for the farmer who owned such a thing, but the room was.. Actually empty. Save for a nightstand that was nailed sideways against the wall.

Perhaps she would just visit this place another time. Find the person responsible for this tree's care, and demand that they make entire fields of them. By next autumn, she could feast on these fruits from dusk until dawn, and such a promise to her vocal underside was enough to satisfy it for now. Walking along the strange crater's edge to observe it a tad more closely wasn't providing anymore answers to the purpose of such a thing, but then again, children were weird. Very weird.

Regardless, the dragon had her fill of waters and foods for the time being. Perhaps it was time to head towards that large mirror to really admire herself once again? And the progress of her tan? Sounded like a plan, but there was no rush. Who knows, maybe there really was more of those trees around here somewhere. Even spotting a few red spheres within the green from a distance, but recognize them as those strange apple things. Maybe those were just as good now? Doubtful.

However, for some reason the wyrm didn't feel hungry anymore. I mean, the apples she tried before were bad, but not 'Evil Macaroni' bad. Hearing her underside once again attempting to talk actually made her stroke those underplates while looking over in the distance. Starting from the chest and down that... Surprisingly Curved underside that made her stare blankly forwards in shock for a few moments. Looking down and double taking at the rather rounded gut that replaced her once thin form!

Travv didn't even notice the extra weight until her grey discs looked upon the bulge, coming off as a quite doughy midsection compared to the rest of her. She didn't eat nearly ***This*** much, did she? Studying it with her paws and realizing just how taut it felt, getting her to pant a little as a wave of bliss still lingered within that tangy taste. Trying so hard to almost hate such a thing, but... Couldn't think of a single reason why. It honestly felt... Good. Wonderful. *Exciting* somehow! As the tickles started moving down along that chubby belly and under her hind legs, making her whimper slightly as that tail flicked. Instinctively fluttering and lifting up, as if to tease a male (or female) behind her.

She couldn't keep her paws off it, rubbing that full tummy and loving the full feeling as

the dragon purred. Sitting on a grassy hill, trying to keep her balance overlooking the empty lake. The juicy flavor of the fruits still dancing in her maw as if it never left, almost climbing her long neck as Travv lightly squeezed her middle. The tight feeling sending out a slight wave of pleasure that continued to tease her lower slit as that plated bulge groaned.

However, when her paws eased up, those thick walls continued to follow them a little bit. Causing the copper wyrm to lose her breath slightly at the tightness of that underside, gasping in question when the pressure continued in pulses. Pressing up against her inner walls and slowly getting them to expand further and further out while still in her embrace. Though worry about what the taath was going on did cross her mind, it was instantly washed away by a wave of bliss.

Whimpers and huffs left her hung opened maw as those lower folds started to get moist, a few drops of that juice leaking from the corner of her muzzle, but was quickly lapped up and held in captive within that purring snout. Getting those whines to appear every other breath as the pulsing continued, causing that tubby belly to press down against the grass, eventually causing her to stand up on all fours before tending another paw to those blue tinted plates. Feeling so full like a flexible tankard of heavy liquids, and still somehow growing!

Those grey eyes gazed over such a bloated belly with both wonder and concern as she witnessed her underside continue to expand slowly. Creating doughy rounded sides and creeping up around her four limbs, yet it never felt so blissful! The vocal underside logically screamed concern in her mind with every gurgle and groan, but all that came forth was stimulants of pleasure. Every additional stretched out, every pound somehow added to her weight, dropping that belly softly onto the fresh grass off the hill.

But it didn't stop, continuing flowing outwards into the sides and surrounding area. Flowing between her front legs and under her hinds, slowly rounding out her silvery chestplates as those forepaws held onto them in concern. The fluids still leaking out of her muzzle and lightly building up in her cheeks, swelling them as the wyrm continued to almost sing with the constant waves she was feeling. The amazing flavor still coating her tongue, causing it to tingle with its cool liquid as it seemed to multiply deep within her body.

The groans gained bass as that tubby tum persistently grew and grew, rounding outwards underneath the copper dragon as tried to keep balance. But parking on the side of a hill wasn't doing her any favors, the water weight starting to favor one side over the other. Ballooning that belly and stretching out those plates, along with the rest of her underside. Spreading both pairs of legs apart in the process while her claws attempted to keep her rooted to the ground.

However, that was a method destined to fail. The weight of the juices within her belly wedging war against her grip and winning easily, prying the very dirt from the earth before causing Travv to roll down the small hill. Yelping loudly as she tucked her wings around the walls of her bloated underside as it tumbled across the grass, into the smooth marble of that hollow

lake. Bouncing and wobbling drastically and really testing the durability of those scales, fearing that at any moment her belly would give out and cause her to burst!

But it kept together, somehow to her surprise. Not to mention completely overwhelmed her with a sea of bliss, to the point where she released a spray of pre against her lower underside and tail. Rolling past the center a little ways, then feeling the weight shift with the slope. Making the wyrm whine and attempt to control her momentum as it tossed back and forth a few times, as if teasing the dragon before parking her in the center, resting on top of her belly.

If it could even be called that at this point, taking a few huffs to drive the deep blush from her muzzle and frilled ears as Travv held onto what was basically a large dragon sized beanbag bed. So big and taut that she couldn't even reach the ground with her paws, then whimper loudly when she still felt that pulse continue deep within!

It wasn't done. Her underside was still growing, her belly still filling up! Hearing the juices inside shift and gurgle with the movements of a tight waterbed, something inside still pumping the dragon bigger and bigger. Even still feeling that constant stream of liquids leak out of her maw, down that lolling tongue as she released huff after huff. Somehow not drowning from the juices that made their way up her neck, pouring down onto her silver plated chest that was already starting to feel close to its limit.

Her lower belly wasn't doing much better, spreading those haunches apart and moving up when her underside demanded it. Feeling her wet folds start to swell up under her tail and send the female into blissful whimpers. Each lower lip bloating up like a heavy water balloon, finally pushing her over the edge and release several sprays of fluids over her tail and underside as it continued to grow. Expanding the wyrm bigger and bigger as those scales groaned loudly, her sides so tight and round that it started to lift her up instead.

As a result, practically turning her into an oval shaped ball. Travv's reason returning after her orgasm and looking over her form with both worry and excitement, the strange juices still manipulating her brain to such things. Knowing quite well how this was going to end if it continued much longer, but damn did it ever feel so good! The constant rumbles and gurgles of her scales. The endless supply of her new favorite drink, as if turning her into the very fruit she feasted upon recently. Though less pear shaped, it was still swelling her up into something similar, something more massive. And she **Loved** it!

With her belly now reaching twice her normal size, the limits of her scales were quickly felt. Yet the flow didn't slow down, constantly pumping and pumping more of that wonderful liquid into her core, turning the female into one plump dragon. The plates growing tighter and tighter as she embraced that belly, her lower folds swelling around her tail, causing it to rest in that leaking slit. Leaking what, she couldn't tell at this point. Travv was far too enthralled by waves of pleasure, the rumbles of her purrs being sent through the tight juice-filled balloon to her sex. The orchestra of rumbles and groans, creaks and stretches! Music to her frilled ears,

nearly covered by those swelling cheeks!

Another one was approaching, the feral wyrm could feel it deep within her neathers. If only she could hold out until she came one more time! Trying to muster some endurance for her massively tight walls, just passing four times her normal volume! But feeling them hitting their limits, causing the juices to backup and swell the base of her neck. Thickening it up greatly and pressing up against her back-pointed horns! Making Travv whimper, thinking they were going to be the cause of the end!

They might be, but not just yet. Feeling those folds now completely full and unable to swell out anylonger, the juices made their way up. Finding a comfortable spot just along her haunches and slowly bloating them out into large balls. Buying her time for that orgasm to creep closer and closer, but they were filling up too fast! Nearly morphing into her rounded belly as that tightness returned, pushing the against walls harder and harder, making the dragon whimper!

She was so close! (Just a little longer! Just a little more! Please!) Never wanting anything more than that final release! Feeling a slight discomfort as fear shot through those grey discs! Those haunches groaning and shifting loudly! (No! It can't be! Not yet! Please!) The pressure building up in her form. The creeks getting louder and louder. Every part of her body feeling so stiff and swollen-!

Until the fluids rushed into the base of her tail! Thickening it up greatly and letting the juices flow down it like a long balloon! It was just the thing she needed! That orgasm so close to the edge! Feeling her release race those juices to the end of her tail, but they were gaining on her! Travv doing her best to sabotage the fluids by lifting that tail as high as she could, the long copper appendage bloating out greatly into a liquid filled blimp. But it was still not enough, feeling the juices reach that tip and stretch out that tail!

(No!) She was so close! (Just a few more moments, body!) She pleaded to herself. (Please! You never failed me before!) The groans and creeks grew in pitch. (Just a little longer! It's almost there!) Those swollen cheeks finally plugged up the leak in her muzzle, causing that stream to return into the oversized waterballoon. (Just a little longer! Just a little longer! Just a-!)

And it hit! Finally pressing past the point of no return as Travv whimpered in bliss! Wiggling what body parts she could as those massively swollen folds leaked out sprays of pre before a few torrents. Soaking her sex once again as the pressure continued to force her walls to grow! Those scales to expand out further and further, past 8 times her normal size! Triggering a second orgasm as that belly bloated out! That chest grew thicker, 9 times! Those haunches swelled up, she came a third time! That tail fattening greatly! 10 Times-!

Only for the farmer's doormat to burst open like a trapdoor and a strange, red bearded man with sunglasses to yawn loudly before climbing out. A mug in his hand reading '404 Coffee Not Found' as he walked over to a covered barrel. Somehow opening it with a rubber chicken

before scooping his cup with its contents and sipping at it, releasing a sigh of satisfaction afterwards. "Nothing better than canned egg soup in the winters." Taking another sip while turning towards the lake and the dragon within it before spitting out in surprise. Observing his drink for a moment while studying the taste. "Needs more tin."

Another sip caused him to look about his surroundings for a moment, pondering. "...Something's different." Looking at the tree, clearly missing all of its fruits. Looking at the damaged fence and sign. Then looking at the draconic blimp quite a ways from his 'house'... Then back at the fence again. Then the tree. Back to the whimpering dragon. Then the tree. Then the fence before gasping loudly. Reaching down within the grass to pull out a small flat square with the letter E on it, clearly made out of cheap wood. "So you **WERE** Cheating!" He accused the tree before a very loud groan was heard.

Travv'esa cried loudly over the heavy creeks before bursting into a flood of fruit juices, attempting to escape the crater but feel victim to its sloping design. Getting the fluids to gather up in the center as a small pool, still not getting the attention of the strange farmer until the copper one submerged from the liquids. Gasping for air and studying her once again slim self, whimpering almost in panic, but other than a slight sting and a bit of soreness around her sides, the wyrm was perfectly fine.

A heavy sigh of relief left her as she looked over at the red bearded one with a bit of shyness, swearing that both him and the tree were gazing at the dragon. Shaking her muzzle with a snort and attempting to hide the blush with anger. "What the taathing hell!?" She roared at them, walking out of the small pond. "What kind of fruit are these things!?"

"I have no idea what you're talking about." The farmer replied, so seriously that it made the wyrm angry. Taking another drink from the mug and studying the taste before looking at the tree. "...Did you put ketchup in my canned egg soup?" The breeze slightly picking up, making it appear that the tree was whistling innocently. "You know that stuff gives me ocean madness-"

"Don't ignore me peasant!" The copper one growled, still coming out of the lake. "Give me one damn good reason why I shouldn't burn your house down-!" A sharp whimper interrupted her, as that pressure in her belly returned. Making her freeze in mid-step for a moment before studying that underside, feeling it already start to bloat and once again round out her once slim form. "W-what!?" She whimpered, looking at the swelling plates and then the farmer. "What's going on!?"

Only for him to point upwards, getting those grey discs to follow quite far above his home at a floating scoreboard. Digitally displaying the number 1 underneath the title of 'Fruits Digested.' Leaving the proud dragon to whine in confusion as that belly started to feel tighter and tighter. "T-that doesn't explain anything!!"

"Of course it does." The man bluntly said, rather calm about the situation and gesturing to the tree while nodding. As if to confirm something that it said.

"Then what!?" The man sighed in response.

"She probably doesn't speak paperese, does she?" A growl from Travv that was quickly turned into another whine of near pleasure and a few huffs. "You ate a rumbledee fruit."

"A w-what?"

"And you just got done 'processing'..." Another point at the scoreboard, still displaying the same number.

"...One?"

"One half." The farmer corrected.

"But the sign says-!"

"The scoreboard doesn't know it's fractions." Another point up, seeing the digital sign scrolling: I Don't Know My Fractions :<

"B-but...!?" Another sharp whimper as the gurgles started, causing that belly to expand a little faster than before. Forcing the wyrm to sit down and attempt to hold the flow of juices back.

"Annnnd how many did you eat?" A sad look in question from the dragon as he pointed at the scoreboard, who was pointing up at another scoreboard above it. Displaying: Fruits Eaten 52. Making the copper one grow nearly pale at such a sight, yet somehow very excited. Causing her ears and snout to tint into a deep purple, attempting to speak but all that came out were more whimpers as her belly grew tighter with every pulse. "Don't worry, you'll be fiiiine. Just walk it off."

"W-walk!?" She tried to hiss, but it came out as a desperate whimper. "I-I won't be able to even reach the ground in a few minutes!"

"Well, you shouldn't have eaten so many at once." He bluntly said, taking another sip and looking back at the tree. "Happy? You won your lake as promised, and now it's being filled. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm off to buy a canary."

"B-but! You can't just leave me here-!" Travv shouted, gasping loudly at a heavy wave of pleasure that interrupted her. Once again getting those lower folds to clutch and become moist, demanding to be penetrated by something. Knowing very well that her paws would likely not be able to reach such an area, but perhaps her smooth tail would work? Huffs left her gaping maw as she barely seen the farmer take a deep breath, plug his nose, and dive into a nearby water trough. Not resurfacing as that belly once again got her attention, expanding in pulses and getting her to cry out in bliss. Standing back up to rest directly on that filling underside once again, submitting to the pleasure and everlasting pumps of juices into her form.

After all, Travv'esa will be here for a while...