

Drunken Lullabies #14

By Bartan Tirix

The fluffy dragon spat out most of his breath, ending with blowing a raspberry and panting. Nearly flopping on the soft grass as the other three dragons stared at him in confusion, soon sharing a look while the first one wheezed. Actually coughing out a tiny bit of smoke in the process. "Well, that proves it. His dragon form is capable of breathing fire." The largest brass wyrm stated.

"Or candle smoke?" The dark blue scaled Thea snorted.

"It seems a lot harder to do it in practice." The final wyrm stated leaning up against the titan, his light blue scales color changing to a pink when he felt Beo cover him with a wing.

"It shouldn't be this hard. It's just a matter of controlling the valves in your neck." Beo grumbled, gesturing the fluffy white one to try again. "One more, Bartan. Slow deep breaths and exhale." Another attempt ended in failure and a series of more coughs.

"I mean, when I had mine, it just felt like I was trying to vomit on people." Thea shrugged. "Maybe that's what he should be trying?"

"Yours was weird to begin with. And the last thing I want the furball to do is lose his picnic lunch." The behemoth grumbled.

"We worked hard on that." The 'rainbow' wyrm grumbled. "Maybe try widening your collar muscles? I don't know."

"How do you do yours, Dia?" The blue one asked, instantly turning the embraced dragon yellow with curiosity.

"Mine...?"

"Dia doesn't actually have one." A double take from Thea, tilting his head while shifting those eyes

between the other two.

"...Seriously?"

"I can make an illusion of sorts that it's coming out of my maw, but I don't naturally have one." That maroon stare didn't let off, as Dia chuckled. Opening his muzzle wide and 'exhaling' a rainbow arch that landed somewhere on the grass. "All tricks of the mind."

"So, the only dragon here that is a true dragon is Beo." Bartan grumbled, shaking his head and causing the fluff to puff out a bit. Snorting at the metallic one's prideful grin while the other two half glared at the 'unnatural' dragon.

"Hey, I'm a true dragon! I just..." Thea grumbled, not finishing his sentence.

"Are breath weapon-ly challenged. Kinda like I am at the moment." The furball sighed. "Why do I need to learn this again?"

"You've been lazy about learning your new forms." Beo stated, a tad thickly. "So I thought it would be good to bring you out for a day and get some practice in."

"Only for me to accidentally burn something in my sleep. Like my bed or my house."

"Or your wife?" Thea grumbled, getting a questionable look from the other three dragons. "It was a joke, everyone knows she's the durable one in your relationship."

"She's not-Ohhh, it's true." Bartan moped playfully, getting a chuckle from the others. "But that still doesn't explain why you want me to learn how to breathe fire. Don't we have enough fire hazards around?"

"Literally neither of us three have a flame breath weapon." Beo snorted.

"I meant during the winter meta parties. Seriously, you only need a single match to light up a candle, why bother buying sixteen boxes?"

"Enough complaining and more practice, furball. It'll be good for you to learn this." The white one grumbled at Dia, trying again while the rainbow one adjusted his scarf. Suddenly getting an idea, a

devious one that Beo spotted. The metallic one narrowing his gaze at first, that is until the rainbow dragon started communicating his prank via eyebrow signals. How? It's beyond me.

"Oh, I think I actually saw a flame that time." Thea announced, getting the others attention and spotting a denser smoke leave the white furred muzzle. Watching him flick that red tongue a little and make a slight face.

"Did it hurt?" Beo asked, watching Bartan shake his head.

"Not specifically, but it tastes and feels a little off. Like having an electrical current run through you, without the buzzing." The brass one overlooked him.

"Just in case..." The armored behemoth took a step forwards and grabbed hold of the furred dragon's tail giving it a tug and making him whimper. "Immunity to fire and burning." Letting go soon after and watching the fluffy one's body puff out, shaking before his coat returned to normal.

"You're still pulling too hard to activate that tail magic." Bartan snorted, getting a nudge from that brass muzzle.

"You like it." The statement immediately got the white wyrm to blush, lowering his four ears slightly as the much larger one purred. "But you're almost getting it activated. Keep trying. Deep breaths..." A small nod in response and another attempt, actually illuminating his maw a little bit in the process. "Almost. Keep your tongue down during the exhale though."

One more attempt and Bartan released a wide flash of flames, in a cone 'shotgun' like style. Getting the others to cheer in response as that white tail wagged. "Oh wow, that feels weird." The white one wheezed a little bit, snorting some of the smoke out of his muzzle and coughing very lightly. Not noticing Dia move behind him in the slightest with that long scarf at the ready...

"Good job though. Let's see how long you can make it last. Deep breaths." Beo coached him, not giving any signals about the ambush or prank as Thea took a step back. Watching the furball fill his lungs to the maximum, puffing out his chest in the process-

Then when in the process of beginning to exhale, that scarf wrapped quickly and tightly around his polar-bear like muzzle! Puffing out those white cheeks as the flames got irritated and were forced to fall back into the dragon. Venturing down into his belly and swelling it out quickly as Bartan whimpered in confusion. Feeling the pressure begin to build up, pushing his underside outwards below him, causing

the white one to take a step back and sit down to examine it... Since his snout was being braced.

That plushy gut expanded rapidly, folding around his paws and limbs easily after a few breaths. Soon preventing his two forearms from reaching around that 'drake-sized exercise ball' middle, or at least that's what it felt like to Bartan. Taking no time before detecting it begin to press up against his lower jaw, releasing a whine of panic.

Only to feel Dia tie up the scarf so the rainbow one could get a better look at the process. Instantly turning his scales purple with a hue of red as that furred belly expanded, building up into his chest as well. All while smoke and some flame were leaking out the corners of the dragon-bear's maw, and when it wasn't slowing down, he looked directly at Beo for an explanation.

"Once the fluids get a taste of air, it propels out. That's the reason why it 'jets' from a dragon's mouth." The brass one shrugged his red furred wings. "It fights harder when contained once irritated, resulting in..." A gesture to that ballooning underside, becoming over the size of Bartan's main body while also becoming more spherical.

"It probably didn't help that you drank so much water earlier-"

"I was thirsty!" The white one attempted to hiss at Thea, whimpering at the increasing pressure. No amount of pawing was holding it back, but that didn't stop the fluffy dragon from trying. Surprisingly causing his paws to sink deep into his coat and feel the expanding underside morph around his limbs and claws. Stimulating some excitement into the white one that overwhelmed the concern.

Only to suddenly feel a grab under his tail, and get rolled forwards by Dia with a yelp. Forcing the white wyrm to rest on that rounded gut, bouncing a little and further irk the chemicals within. Accelerating the growth of that underside while steam leaked out of his shut muzzle, absolutely painted with blush. Stressing limbs against the belly as it stretched and hissed, blowing it up easily three times the dragon-bear's normal size!

"He... That is going to stop, right?" The blue wyrm asked, blushing a bit himself as he watched the white fluffy 'wall' move closer to them.

"I hope not~" Dia mumbled, stuffing his face into the snowy forest and nearly getting himself lost in it. Easily detecting the pressured wall within, but it somehow remained super plush as it was embraced. Purring loudly and getting the other two scaled dragons curious about it.

The growth started to slow down a little, until the other wyrms hugged the fluffy one. The vibrations from the purrs weren't helping either, specifically from the brass titan. Being larger with much bassier vocals, let alone stronger than the others. Giving Bartan a tight squeeze and making the furball whimper loudly in bliss, sending that white tail wagging in excitement.

So much so that the dragon-bear didn't realize he was tapping into that fire gland during his huffs. That is, until he could feel the pressure begin flowing into the rest of his body, further swelling out his cheeks to oversized balls. Then those hips and upper arms, causing them to stretch and morph with that massive underside. Soon flowing down directly into the paws themselves, inflating every digit like a bloated glove. Making the white balloon attempt to yelp for their attention but it was muffled out by a large groan of his own belly!

"He also realizes that he can just slide the scarf off at any time, right? It's not like it's stuck on there." Another comment from Thea, hearing a couple of snorts from the other two.

"If he hasn't done it yet, it means Bartan is enjoying it. Now stop complaining and enjoy the softness while it lasts." The metallic one playfully sassed him. "He'll pull it off before it gets too bad."

"He feels like a cloud...!" The rainbow one whined loudly, no longer noticing the long white tail brush against his back. Because that belly was getting easily twice the three's combined size, but also because that rear limb started bloating up as well! Inflating outwards like a long balloon while that white back began rounding out. "He's starting to get some resistance too~"

"Go for as long as you can, bear~" Beo encouraged him, hearing a straining whimper from above but just assuming it was the furball enjoying himself. That large blimp of an underside creaking loudly as it expanded and folded over the other wyrms, making it nearly impossible for them to look up and witness the rest of Bartan's body growing. Swelling outwards like a largely overfilled parade balloon, approaching the volume of a cubic parking lot.

Tighter and tighter he could feel his form becoming, feeling like every huff the dragon-bear released added another furball's worth of normal volume to his growing state. The fluffy wyrm becoming his own pump! Trying to calm himself down to turn off that gland somehow but he just seemed to keep adding more and more flames!

It was beginning to become too much as Bartan could see his bloated chest bubble up higher than his own head. Giving the dragon's underside a cashew-like look when viewed from the side. That massive tail sticking out overhead, becoming ever so slightly longer than wide. The snowy hills just below it turning into two spheres with an over-bloated hind paw sticking out of each. That back arched high,

attempting to match the height of the biggest ballooned part of his body but not quite getting there.

With a straining whimper, the white one felt immensely taut! Releasing a deep bassy groan as it stretched greatly. Swearing the large huff doubled his size from the blissful warnings it was giving off. Alarming the dragon-bear that it was time to relieve the scarf from his muzzle. Arching his forepaws forwards never felt so difficult, being so swollen and stiff. Attempting to reach forwards, but detecting a collision with two other large balloons- are those his cheeks!? Further scans with those oversized paws giving him mixed signals, they almost felt... Car size?

There was no way to reach around the giant maw-balloons, no getting underneath them either between his over-inflated blimp of an underside with how swollen his arms and paws felt. But that didn't stop Bartan from trying, still feeling the expansion tightening his body as it grew significantly larger and larger. The flames inside his protected gut creating a storm of pressure that fought against his body's walls. And then there were the other dragons underneath, still toying with his delicate belly; the most overstretched area of them all.

At this point, our dragon-bear was at nearly four cubed city blocks [For funsies, let's use Salt Lake City's 792' x 792' measurements], and still growing. Every part of his body was being pumped full of pressured flame and steam, testing the white one's limits with every second passed. Making the furball so tight that he could no longer move his bloated limbs. "Uh... Bear? I think that's big enough-"

"No such thing." Dia interrupted the brass wyrm, only for the rainbow dragon to actually get curious and start looking over Bartan's form. Whimpering loudly as it echoed with a colossal groan. "...Uh, Bear? I think that's big enough."

"Told you." Beo snorted.

"Uh oh." The other two scaled dragons looked at the now dark green one; a scale color rarely seen that usually meant fear in Dia. "He can't reach the scarf."

"And it won't just fall off?" Thea barely questioned him, knowing the answer. "Okay, so he'll explode. He's done that plenty of times." The other two stared at the blue one for a few moments as the blimped wyrm still stretched larger. "What?"

"What's Bartan being inflated with." Beo grumbled at the smallest dragon there.

"His own breath weapon?" A motion for him to go on, only for Thea to tilt his head a bit in confusion.

"Whiiiiich is....?"

"Fire-? Oooooohhhh..." The blue dragon looked around the grassy field and forests in the distance.
"...Ohhh... F-"

"What should we do, Dia?" Beo commanded softly, testing the white belly's durability at their own risk and actually starting to see a glow within the white forest. Hearing another deep groan from inside while the rainbow one scanned the giant blimp.

"If we get him high enough, we can stop any chance of a forest fire."

"I can deal with a forest fire, I just don't want Thea to become barbequed." A look in confusion from the blue one, as Beo sighed. "Read Fear Is The Weakness." A look at Dia next to explain why the rainbow one wasn't threatened by it.

"Read Destruction Preventer." The now orange dragon muttered, before moving to the opposite side of the dragon-bear balloon; away from the titan. "Okay, if we pull on any part of him, he'll probably explode. So we're going to have to gently lift him!"

"On Three!" Beo called. "One! Two! Lift!" And the two tossed the surprisingly light Bartan blimp into the air, where the series of whit bubbles wobbled a bit.

"Get him higher!" Dia called, instructing the brass one and watching him create a concussive blast cone on the ground where the bear was. Launching it straight up and blowing the furball higher into the sky... But the impact irritated the flames in his body! Causing the furred dragon to expand again! Almost doubling his size as well as the glow within! "Higher!"

Another launch up dramatically increased his height, but further caused the volatile fluids inside to fight harder! Rapidly increasing Bartan's size, but also his transparency! Revealing a firestorm within that massively bloated gut near that of a shopping mall! Watching it wobble heavily into the sky before progressively overflowing into double size! Walls thinning out greatly as every body part accelerated in growth! "Damnit!"

"What-!" Thea started, only to get tackled into the ground by the heavy metallic behemoth and cover up the blue body. Then feel another one derg-pile onto him, making Thea squeak before a massive explosion was heard overhead! Followed by an intense heat wave, but nothing that signaled any pain on the blue wyrm. Turning all ability to hear into a high ringing as a heavy wind erupted. Breaking some of

the branches and tearing off hundreds of leaves before incinerating them mid-air. Covering the area with an orange glow that went as fast as it appeared.

As the blast passed a soft thud was heard on the grass nearby, followed by a whine. Then a sheet of cold as the two dragons got off the blue one. Getting Thea to cough a little bit as some frost was spotted on the trees and plantlife, the tips of nearly everything that was green now dyed a little bit in black. The furball back in his polar bear form, perfectly fine but still with the scarf tied to his snout. Releasing a whimper as Dia got up and approached him, looking around at the slight damage done to the field.

"Okay, blowback pranks are dangerous. Noted."