

Drunken Lullabies #17

By Bartan Tirix

The green peppered eyes observed through the darkness, watching the brass wyrm and white wolfling curl up against each other in their bed. Making sure the siblings finally went to sleep after a long day of burning through their energy, and making their father smile from outside the room. The brass giant of a wyrm was surprisingly quiet as he made sure the two troublemakers were actually asleep and not getting up to cause more chaos.

Of course the term 'Troublemaker' was more a label of endearment rather than something like vandal or punk. They were good sons, they just enjoyed trying to get away with "'minor crimes'" when the two got bored. Silly little things like playful theft- usually of foods, abduction just to see if they could do it, Breaking & Entering in more of a 'Ghost Challenge'; as if they were never there.

To many others, it was calls for concern. But honestly, it all put a smile on Beo's bearded muzzle. Because he knew it was not about the end means or extortion, it was all in good fun for them. To see what they could get away with, how perceptive or agile the target was. But most importantly; it was a team-building exercise. Rev & Lexar were nearly one mind in two bodies; they were hatched to work together. And many of these little games they played on the other family members required teamwork. Precise execution on actions, and it honed their skills.

A coo from one of them and a nuzzle from the other, making the giant wyrm's muzzle smile brightly. They were asleep, and the beach household could rest easy for the evening. Turning down the hallway towards his own room before his pride began to glow and wake them up, the giant attempted to walk softly down the wooden hall. The sounds of the large building creaking as the waters it rested on rocked it slightly, something he did have to get used to again after being away from it all winter.

Though during one of his pauses, the brass dragon heard a grumble from the room next to him. Gently opening the door with his talents and peeking inside the vast room, the bedding within illuminated with the glow of the moonlight. And within the sheets, the white bear circling on the mattress and flopping onto it... Only to grumble and shift a bit a few moments later. "Can't get comfortable?" Beo asked, seeing those four ears perk up.

"Nah... Probably have to flip the mattress around in the morning." The polar bear snorted, making the metallic one slightly frown before fully entering the room and closing the door. "I'll be okay, Beo. The first night is usually the hardest."

"Doesn't mean I can't help, bear. Dia's got Thea to keep him company for the evening."

"And Kindle, I think." A noise in confirmation as the titan easily 5 times the furball's size curled around the white one. Rubbing the fluff strongly and almost instantly making Bartan purr. "Thank you."

"You're very welcome~" The wyrm smiled, bringing up one of his red furred wings to serve as a shelter of sorts. However, after a few more minutes the same thing was still happening; the bear would shift, try a different position, only to still feel uncomfortable. "Maybe we should try something else?"

"I think this mattress had just seen better days." The smaller one sighed.

"Doesn't mean you couldn't have a softer one~"

"That'll take too much time, I'll just get to it in the morning." A blank stare from the large dragon as his earlier statement went over Bartan's head. Getting the furball to double take, make gears turn in his brain, then blush a little in those four ears. "O-oh... Are you offering to...?"

"I don't mind. But let's keep it SFW." A shy nod from the white one as he nuzzled against the broad plated chest- only to get an idea. Reaching around to pull on his own fluffy tail, and muffle something about affection and target. A statement that Beo couldn't quite make out as the smaller one got up and bunted across the dragon's underside; sliding his fluff along the length of it and into the titan's arms.

Only to soon feel a strange pressure within his body, expanding and pushing his metallic belly outwards. Replaying the statement in his head again and again; 'Tins of affection gates target'? No, that's not right. A nuzzle against that plated chest, and the same effect. 'Actions of Affection... Inflates Target'.

A turnabout and a second bunt from Bartan, lightly batting that brass muzzle with the tail as he pressed the side of his fluffy body against the dragon while walking. Feeling the wyrm's underside begin to round out and fill up with a mysterious air, shifting Beo's breathing to deep purrs that nearly vibrated the bedding.

Rounder and rounder the brass one became, blowing up his gut like that of a large metallic balloon as the furball slid his body up against it. Returning to the front where that stout chest was stretching outwards, meeting the giant's muzzle with his own polar snout with a playful boop. Causing the two to smile brightly as Bartan gave him a few licks on the nose and down that red bearded chin.

Only for that pressure to begin in Beo's cheeks as well. Swelling them outwards into small balls that only grew more when it started to expand his neck. Not causing any issues with his breathing, but making it difficult to follow the bear's movement as it was getting more stiff by the second. Using his dulled sense of touch against the armored scales to detect that softness moving down the belly; feeling it bloat out nearly to the size of Beo's own body alone as both his arms attempted to slow it down a little by holding it back. Creating heavy creaks and near-rubbery groans as those plates morphed and became more flexible around the titan's claws.

It was quite adorable to the dragon, honestly. Watching and observing the white one admire his muscled form through actions, even though it was greatly losing that perfect figure. Feeling a couple of hugs, licks, and nuzzles against that large brass tail. Charming it to thicken up at the very base of the wyrm's rear end and swell outwards like a long balloon. Following Bartan's bunts all the way down to the tip where the giant couldn't restrain his own wags. Allowing the furball to slide underneath the thickening appendage and over top of it; covering what he could with that fluff and nuzzling his way up to the dragon's body once more. Greeting the wave of expansion along the way with a playful squeeze of denial. Further increasing that pressure momentarily as the behemoth growled from stimulation.

However, Beo's body was getting a little too big to remain on his side. While he was still able to, the titan of a dragon adjusted and moved his body to rest in the center of the room. Keeping on his back to let his metallic underside fill up freely, nearly inviting the smaller one to jump onto.

But to his surprise Bartan didn't, feeling the soft white coat move to those haunches instead. Bunting and pressing that white snout against it one at a time as he climbed over the top of that thickened tail. Inflating the brass rear a little bit to match the rest of the rounding body, even some focus on the hind paws as well; causing each toe to swell up and his pads to enlarge.

Soon, the fluff was on the move again. Brushing his coat against the very rounded underside of the dragon as it started to take shape, close to that of a blimp. The constant bassy hisses from within only accelerated the expansion with every nuzzle, making the wyrm so large Beo could no longer wrap his arms around that ballooned chest. Soon detecting the bear's own paws grapple one of the dragon's larger hands down and playfully wrestle with it. Giving the bicep gentle gnaws and licks before moving upwards towards the paw, where the brass one could pet and scratch those fluffy ears. Making the volume of Bartan's purrs significantly increase as he rubbed himself against the swelling paw.

Onto the other one, stopping by that bloated face to share a few kisses. Blowing up those brass cheeks and enlarging that neck so greatly it became one with the dragon's underside. Even making the titan blush a deep purple as he was being puffed up larger and larger. The bunts and nudges from the furball nearly causing his giant body to wobble heavily as he made his way to the neglected limb.

Perhaps he took a little too much time getting to it, as that massive underside was getting close to three times Beo's starting size. Burying the last arm quite underneath as the bear squeezed himself in between. Further causing the belly to expand but getting that arm and shoulder to enlarge too, while the brass paw started to give Bartan a belly rub. The two's deep purrs echoed through the hollow scaled blimp as it bounced with the white body's movements of affection. Laps, nuzzles, careful gnaws along the thick muscle, wiggles and squirms along the rubbing metallic paw as it grew and grew.

Eventually getting so bloated it squeezed Bartan out of there. Though not without showing that paw a bit more affection- only to double take mid-nuzzle to realize just how large the behemoth had become! Big enough to barely fit into the room; which was close to the size of a two-car garage. Still expanding as the bear looked as to how to get on the blimp, trying it at the tail end by climbing a hind paw and taking a few tries. Then onto the greatly thickened tail until Bartan finally rested on top of it. Releasing a sigh of satisfaction while hugging the ballooned behemoth, making quite the long silence (apart from the steady hissing) before Beo spoke up. "...Are you pondering how to stop this?"

"Who said anything about stopping~?" The furball purred, hugging the giant blimp tightly. Digging his dull claws into the stretched armor and gathering a sort of 'bubble' in his brace. Proceeding to nuzzle and rub that large white snout against the bulge, every nudge adding another surge of pressure within Beo's form and pulsing him bigger. Until eventually becoming too tight for the bear to keep his morphing hold along the 'inflatable pillow'. Though that didn't stop the white one from still rubbing his body against the filling dragon.

As Bartan rolled over, exposing his own underside into the air and swaying it across the massive belly's surface, the wyrm began to swell significantly faster. Brass limbs puffing up greatly, his rear end being sculpted into bloated globes, even inflating the branches of his wings began to greatly thicken up. The heavy purrs of the behemoth traveling through the hollow form, nearly overpowering the deep hisses, groans, and creaks of his blimped body. As if it was... Morphing against something.

It wasn't until the bear felt himself being pressed against the ceiling where he whimpered in surprise. Beo was actually touching all the walls of the large room! Making the smaller one nearly yelp in a panic as he tried to figure out how to stop it. First step was reaching that tail, placing his paws on the ceiling and 'walking' on it to turn around and reach the excited appendage- but doing so only inflated the dragon faster! Pressing the furball harder against the wooden surface where more groans were heard.

Another attempt at the tail ended up in failure as Bartan couldn't quite reach it with his jaws or forepaws, it was up to his hind leg then. Pressing heavily against the ceiling and into that swelling balloon with most of his strength, trying to create a gap where the tail could sway underneath his hind paw. Taking a few tries to actually step on it on purpose, causing him to grumble at the slight pain but keep it there and pull the rest of his body away from it; triggering the strange magic abilities. "Disable previous command!" -But then, what could he command to stop it? His brain drawing a blank until blurting out the first thing he could think of! "T-ten taps stops all inflation on target!"

Bartan let go of the tail, slipping the rest of his paws as he was shoved heavily into the ceiling by the immense ballooned belly. Getting the white beast to grumble as he squirmed his paws down and began to tap Beo's underside rapidly. But nothing happened, if anything the pressure within the wyrm increased! Did the furball not pull his tail hard enough?

Another set of taps in case he miscounted, still resulting in nothing! His only choice was to try again, 'standing' against the ceiling once more was significantly harder due to a lack of space

within the room! The brass blimp filling up every corner and continuing to gather up pressure, too much for Bartan to overpower! But he kept trying anyway, hoping something would give-!

And suddenly, a large give! ...Followed by some glass panels falling into some water? (Damn it, the windows.) The polar one grumbled, but he got a second chance- not an easy one but a second chance! Standing up against the still inflating behemoth, now creating large bubbles sticking out of the windows and further swelling out, Bartan attempted to get his tail once more! Missing a few times, hearing something wooden break and allowing some more pressure relief- The door! The mass double door that lead to the hallway!

It was just enough for the bear to get his own tail, and really give it a good pull! "Disable previous command! Ten taps stops all inflation on target-!!" Only for his paws to slip and slam muzzle first into the ceiling! Stunning the furball for a few precious moments as Beo's form grew and grew. Heavy groans- be it from the swelling wyrm's body or the wooden room's structure, were echoed through the massive blimp. Shifting around, it was time to see if that tailpull was enough...

Rapidly tapping that extremely durable hide, hearing it drum the dragon's belly as the sound bounced around inside...! And nothing else. No hissing, no groans unless they moved. It worked, letting Bartan breathe a sigh of relief. His own breaths fogging up the stretched out glossy scales pressed against one side of his head. Swearing he could almost see through it.

"...Can you deflate yourself by any chance? Just a tad?"