

Almost Act 2

By Bartan Tirix

"You sure you don't want to go, bear?" The wyrm nearly whimpered, his scales cooling to a deep blue as he asked. "We'll gladly carry you."

"And enjoy the constant clawing the entire way, I assure you." Bartan grumbled from his comfortable bed. Laying on his underside, crossed paws supporting a pillow that held his resting head. "I'll pass, Dia. The bugs, the heat, the mugginess of the woods. The uncomfortable ground and the mediocre food. I honestly don't see what you do in Camping. Never did." A bit of a sour look that the white furball caught, making him sigh at the dragon. "I know, I know. You want me to participate or spend time with you guys, but you're not picking the best of activities to attempt such a thing."

"That's because there's nothing you really like-"

"About Summer, yes. You want to fly to Antarctica? Go camping there? Yeah. I'll give it a shot. I heard it was quite nice at this time of year." A loud grumble in defeat from the now orange wyrm.

"Yeah, but Thea detests the cold. Both of you are incredibly picky."

"Doesn't mean we have to do stuff together. Go out and have fun with him today, I just want a day off." That disappointed whimper from the larger one, as Bartan looked over at him. "I mean it. Go, have fun with each other. I'll be fine here alone, with AC and those Candy-Cornflake things Beo made last night." The wyrm's head tilted as his scales shifted to a yellow.

"Candycorn...?"

"It was white, yellow, and orange- which I know now where the orange came from." The dragon chuckled softly. "You guys are weird, but a good weird."

"Secret Family Recipe." Dia nudged the white hind leg, purring out of curiosity when that tail flickered as he spotted something. Making the bear release a noise in question. "Why are your balls grey?"

"Ran out of dye yesterday. Didn't get to that area."

"And... Kindle?" A noise in confirmation. "Didn't start with...?"

"We tried that once, and the orange got mixed in when it came to my belly. So, life lesson learned there."

"We'll just have to dye it when we get back-"

"Don't bother." The bear grumbled. "If you do it now, the shades will be uneven and it'll stick out like it does now. Best to just leave it for the summer and dye it properly next time." Those scales faded to blue once again as the large one looked over Bartan in silence. "If you're waiting for me to change my mind, then you're going to miss out on the trip too. Go, I'll be fine here."

A disappointing sigh from the large one as he stepped over the furball and gave him a hug, regardless of the grumbling warnings. "We'll make up for this, I promise."

"Yeah, yeah. Now go before Beo rips off the roof to snatch you. I'm tired, I want sleep."

And sleep the bear got. Waking up to what felt like twelve hours later, but it was still daylight. Then again, when wasn't it during summer? Making the grouch of a furball nearly stagger to get up, stretching and feeling that grey pouch once again quite bloated. Something he'll have to take care of one way or another.

But he still had time. Nearly dreaming of that weird thing the brass boss made the night before: something with glazed cornflakes that half reminded Bartan of meatloaf. Looked atrocious, sure, but it was damn delicious. Just thinking about it nearly made the flavors dance along his tongue.

The house was large and lonely without people occupying it. Taking a vacation out in the dragon's home and away from the bear's normal apartment for a bit. A much needed one, really, to the point where he just didn't have the energy to deal with 'camping'. As much as he disliked just declining such a thing, the idea of camping really didn't appeal to him.

Granted, now he was cursed with the task of 'What to do today'. Taking some time to eat the leftovers and once again rest for a little while. Nearly drifting back to sleep when those four ears perked, picking up a familiar vehicle sound down the street among the silence. Stopping and going... Stopping and going. Eventually doing the same in this home's driveway before moving on.

Was someone searching for a certain house? Scouting around? It actually made the bear curious enough to get up and look out one of the large windows, instantly spotting the flag up on the metal box outside. Mail. How silly of him to be so paranoid. Going out and at least obtaining it before someone else got to it. Things like that didn't seem to happen in this neighbourhood, but all it takes is for it to happen once before-

Bartan's thoughts were interrupted as he gazed upon a small package, reading his own name in whispers and making his head tilt. Why would anything come for him here? He never mentioned any address change nor stayed here that long. Maybe two weeks while he got moved into his apartment, but...

Re-entering the large building and hearing the door slam shut behind him, still not used to how heavy it was, let alone how it echoes through the massive room that lead to the living quarters. Even when this place was crowded, it looked vacant, giving space for any soundwaves to dance within the air of freedom overhead.

Placing the other mail to the side and overlooking the surprisingly small package addressed to him, Bartan opened it. Trying it with a dull claw, and when that didn't work, a fang. Sliding out a package with a note attached: a clear plastic bag with a couple of those Voodoo-loons inside, the message reading:

Dear Previous Customer,

How is your day going? Well, we hope to make it a lot better! Due to previously purchasing from us, you were entered in a draw and have been randomly selected to test out one of our new products! Completely free! All we ask is some feedback on our website down below! We built our products based off of your critique and we appreciate anything you can add or think of! This "Heavy Duty Voodoo-Loon" has:

-Improved Balloon Durability!

-Improved 'Victim' Durability!

-Greater Factory Size!

-Much Stronger Effect!

Inflate Responsibly and Happy Pranking!

Note: We are not responsible for any property damages or injuries.

'Stronger Effect'? The bear could take a good guess what that meant, and the appearance of such a gift did perk up his mood. Overlooking the... Once again red balloon; lizard shaped and equipped with a dorky smile. Innocently taunting the furball and his bloated package, making that sheath of his start to swell as if the weapon inside instantly recognized such a thing and was ready for round two.

Round two being: finally releasing properly before this damn thing burst on him. Taking the balloon

out while thinking back, the originals were honestly quite durable for such a concept. Actually remembering them reaching the size of car tires, if not larger before ultimately coming to an explosive end.

Recalling the instructions quite well and finding a pair of scissors to snip off some of the bear's white coat. Placing the furs inside the balloon and waiting for what felt like an eternity within the large living room. Looking over the space and wondering just how much room his belly would likely take this time. Before, it was just enough to lift him off his feet, so it's likely not that much bigger.

But now was the true test to see if it would work! Pressing the bead ('entrance') to his lips and holding it there while Bartan took a deep breath. Blowing into it and feeling it verrrrrry slightly inflate, but come at a complete standstill! Forcing the bear to reset his breath with a little grumble before trying again; much harder this time! Only for his breath to leak out the corners of his maw instead.

Geez, they weren't kidding about extra durability! The furball has never really been the greatest at blowing these things up, but this is ridiculous. Taking another attempt at no avail and making him grumble a little louder. However... A tingle in his underside. A rather familiar one...

So, it seems that the balloon's "magic" (for lack of a better word) did function, if only the bear could actually inflate the damn thing. Pondering for a moment before setting it down and retrieving the footpump from that first session with these things. Attaching the hose to the balloon and taking a deep breath before pressing down on the pad-

Only to watch the 'loon nearly leap away from the end of the hose, causing those four ears to spade in irritation. Attempting it again and trying slower didn't make much difference either. Adding tape to it did nothing. Elastic was barely an improvement. Tape AND elastic still didn't survive a single pump!

By this point, both the bear and his tool were getting frustrated. Running out of ideas, and clearly needing to rule out the manual pump. Faucet? Such an idea made him nervous, but Bartan's swelling orbs nearly begged for him to at least *Try*. Releasing a cross between a disgruntled whimper and groan, he once again picked up the red lizard and moved on to the large bathroom; the exact same one the bear attempted such a thing in last time.

And he ended up filling it after going through about six of the previous ones. Even if this new one had 'improved durability', it shouldn't be enough to make him larger than the shower built for dragons at most. Placing the lip of the 'loon on the mouth of the spout and slowly turning it on, watching the red belly start to dome out a little before... Spitting out water along the sides of the opening.

Even when the bear tried to correct it, he just couldn't. Eventually feeling the tingles again and releasing a few blissful pants as he swore his belly grew underneath that fluff. Needing to just stop and see such a thing for himself, but it didn't get much further than a small bulge- if anything at all.

What else did he have to work with? There was a garden hose outside, he thought. But odds are that

would be too big to operate- but! There was a small compressor they used to inflate pooltoys (among other things) in the shed! Maybe that hose was just big enough to keep the balloon in place?

Only one way to find out. Placing the now wet lizard back in the living room as he snuck outside to the poolshed, hoping that the neighbors weren't watching and questioning what the bear was trying to do. Let alone, the fact that he couldn't quite hide the red rod underneath him, especially on the way back, nearly cheering Bartan on as he moved inside. Setting the somewhat heavy device on the floor and plugged it in. Testing the hose on the balloon and actually needing to stretch it over the nozzle, letting it act like a knot of sorts and keeping the toy secure.

This was it. If this thing didn't do it, the bear would just have to satisfy himself in some other way. Taking a few breaths while that tool throbbed with excitement, a single digit under the rather wide lever-like switch. Moderate pressure, moderate speed. Eyeing the red lizard with a goofy smile intently while he flicked it upwards.

The device came to life, loud and ready to work. Sending a steady stream of puffs through the black hose and... Into the balloon! The nozzle still thick and sturdy, keeping itself locked inside as the red one started to swell outwards! The delay was normal, making the bear whimper in anticipation as he stood there, brown discs locked on such a thing as the tingles started. Reaching a paw down to his belly while he stood up, wanting to feel every little movement-

Only for the pressure to enter that belly with a heavy kick! Much harder than before! Bloating out his entire underside greatly in a matter of seconds! Forcing Bartan to nearly become immobile as he reached to shut off the device via the switch, that belly swelling between his legs and expanding his sides outwards! Ballooning that chest under him as the bear attempted to hold it back! Every whimpering pant adding several liters to his form, pushing his body up higher and higher with every pulse!

Until the compressor once again came to life! Bartan's underside inflating so much that it got under the switch and flicking it on again! Sending thick pump after pump into that 'loon as it went past 'peanut-butter jar' sizes!? "Much Stronger Effect" was an understatement if just a few puffs made the bear into a queen sized mattress! Pushing the device away and flicking the switch again during the pause, knowing that delay was going to make him expand once again! Struggling to move and pawing against his own soft belly to better secure the machine against its upcoming growth.

It happened sooner than he expected, a deep gush of pressure into his core sent his fluffy walls to expand in all directions. Making the bear release a loud cry of bliss as a torrent launched out of his weapon, clearing some furniture that his belly rushed towards! His ears lowered and tinted a deep pink while that underside grew with every hard pulse! Easily making the furball (quite literally at this point too) 10x the size of the balloon, if not more!

The tightness of his body forced Bartan into huffs, scrunching up his muzzle as he gripped his bloated chest! Feeling it slowly crawl up the device in pulses, press heavily against the switch...! And turn it on again! This time out of his reach, past the point of no return and no one around to help.

Bartan's eyes spotted something somewhat behind him; a large mirror on the wall where the red bubble could be seen reaching greater and greater sizes. Easily compared to a car tire already, and still looking like it had plenty of durability left. Versus the white bear laying on a large fluffy tent, two swollen grey furballs pulsing with his tool's throbs, leaking the orange fluids just outside the mirror's perspective. Taking his last few peaceful breaths before his belly started to tingle again, the pressure inside slowly rising at first...

Then the kick again, a torrent of air expanding that belly from within. Bloating out all sides as that voodoo-loon bounced away from the great ball of fluff, rolling underneath a window but still attached to the hose and swelling steadily. A much slower pace than the force-fed bear within the center of the massive room, his entire underside swelling in large steady puffs that had next to no pause inbetween intervals.

It soon overpowered his panic, the constant stretching and pleasurable expansion. Those large balls bulging as they prepared to release their contents, being constantly interrupted by wave after wave of pleasure and straining them a little larger for each pulse. Reaching to the size of beachballs before finally climaxing thick ropes of orange over the white furball. Painting it with streaks along with the wall in the firing zone, climbing higher and higher as the bear continued to inflate.

Deep hisses and whines left Bartan's muzzle as he came heavily, getting his desire to do so before that 'loon reached its limit. For as wonderful as it was, it was almost too much for him! The constant expansion of his belly filling up the enormous room, growing tighter and tighter with each puff. His instincts overwhelmed as they forced him to claw into that furred balloon, creating large creases and folds while it swelled. Worried that it may burst at any given moment.

Yet, that slight fear drove him blissfully wild! Chaining climaxes together one after another, those grey fluffballs reinflating to continue such a combo! Following that belly's example to reach new sizes again and again! Pressing his luck harder as that chest and lower belly started to rival Bartan's head level in height. Quickly morphing his once ball-like state into a more cashew-shaped, especially when they started to reach adjacent walls. Limiting the massive bear's body in directions as it continued to stretch and expand in steady puffs.

He was reaching that limit though, Bartan could feel it. That belly groaning like an overinflated balloon, rubbing up against the walls and folding over the furniture. Resisting against every sharp corner that wished to kneecap the bear's expansion, wanting to see him explode in a rush of excitement. Causing his muzzle to once again scrunch up against every pulse, getting longer and slower as they came. Pressing the furball's luck a little more as edged his limits!

Then a slight give was felt down below, making him half whimper as he heard something. Vibrations passing through that massive belly like...Glass cracking? Maybe the bear wasn't at his limit, but the voodoo-loon was stuck in the window! If he could just hold out until it touched even the slightest of sharp edges, something he hoped his coat could stand against, then maybe Bartan could endure it!

Harder and harder that compressor tried their lucks, swelling up that balloon a little more, and several seconds later making the bear do the same ten-fold! Not only adding more pressure to their fragile and swollen bodies, but also that window! Battling against a stalemate for what felt like minutes until-!

Another large give! Making Bartan take a few pants of relief as the machine below him continued it's work... Now no longer straining like before. Nor was there any sounds of glass shattering, but only a thud. Like the entire frame of the window was ejected onto the lawn! Feeling his own underside pick up some of the outdoors breeze in one bloated section; sticking out the window. Making him whimper in question before another heavy kick!

The bear's belly started to expand again! Almost harder than before as he gripped it hard once more! Cursing through his scrunched muzzle, knowing damn well exactly what happened! That 'loon was too durable to burst under the pressure of both the pump and his own belly, pressing an equal amount of force along the window until it popped out! Causing the red balloon itself to fly outside with it!

...Where it could expand freely, while Bartan was stuck inside the mansion! Every puff that 'loon gratefully accepted was making the white furball considerably larger! Feeling his bloated underside continue to climb across every wall and floor, filling up every window gap and doorway! Creating more and more pressure against them until the doors broke open or the windows popped out!

Then his fluff would move on, knock over more objects and crawl over them. Soon reaching the large stairway while his gut aimed for the large twin front doors. Pressing up against the side railing before climbing over it and touching each step one by one, each puff causing that belly to climb another as the bear helplessly continued to inflate. His form growing tighter and tighter as it fought against the walls; both exterior and interior. Feeling the ladder ones on the opposite side of the stairs start to bend and creak under the bear's pressure.

The barriers of fluff ballooned out of the holes in the walls as the glass sections were banished from their place. The white furball stretching towards it's next set on both sides; covering the windows from within and forcing them out when the belly didn't stop. Constantly groaning aloud along with the expanding red balloon in the front yard, goofy smile nearly reaching side to side and only starting to show some transparency.

With every puff of air added to the red balloon, the house nearly seemed to shake. Loud splits and cracks were heard from inside as that white fluffball started to break through walls and invade multiple rooms. The bear's belly starting to cover and pop out the second story windows as it continued to grow to the third floor. Reaching up to that glass skylight above the living room, where Bartan's main body seemed to fit in near perfect center.

That fluffy tail reached it first, swearing it started to take a small percentage of the swelling for either the belly or that massive pouch; the next in line to touch the glass. Squishing against it and spreading its surface area as those bloated sides were next. Still being gripped tightly by those dull claws and creating more and more folds with every limit in that large box the expanding furball was trapped inside.

Not long after, the bear's back was fully pressed against the glass. Releasing a whimper for every deep puff that entered his center, increasing his gut's volume as it continued its conquest across the stairs. Up the stairs. Into the kitchen and dining rooms, pushing anything against the walls that wasn't nailed down. Then feeling that tight underside press hard against every corner and upset table/chair leg as the fluff engulfed them.

Eventually detecting both far ends of the first floor, that overstretched belly still making its way through the second level. Strong-arming the ceilings until many of the beams started to snap and break from the intense pressure and flank whatever rooms that thought they were safe from below. Every pump into that van-sized Voodoo-loon seemed to add well over 12 cubic feet of air into that helpless furball as he continued to challenge the mansion's durability. Even when he felt like he couldn't endure the next half a puff.

Bartan's cheeks started to swell, that belly becoming backed up. Squeezing out what little space he had under the skylight. His haunches filling up slowly, attempting to flow into that tail. His arms followed suit as he came again and again, each second defying his burst limit by a margin! Every give from an upper floor or another wall sending a thick ripple into that tight belly, growing larger and larger as time went on! Every corner, leg, shard of glass, and stake of debris doing their damndest to defend the home against the fluffy balloon!

The walls of fur sticking out the doors and windows bulged heavily, attempting to escape and invade outside their cage. Groaning steadily as the bear continued to inflate within. His organic walls growing thinner and nearly shiny while the mansion's actually... Began to bend! The two caught in a stalemate for several moments until the glass ceiling just above Bartan's body was launched high into the air! The fluff starting to unfold over the roof, creating a furred bubble that expanded greatly with the fresh amount of volume!

However, it didn't take too long for that 'bubble' to become full, but the pressure within had already built up momentum. Getting a small bit of resistance before rushing directly into that long tail, inflating it wildly over the building! Again and again it bloated from the base to the tip, adding just a fraction of its pump into those haunches! Focusing on those when that tail put up a heavy resistance, making the bear whimper loudly as it morphed up his body: Back and balls! Arms and cheeks! Inflating the furred balloon massively while the red one continued to do so rather patiently in the front grassy yard!

Ground-shaking groans could be heard coming from the lot, unsure if it was from the bear himself or the very mansion he was still stuck inside! Those white ballooned patches sticking out of windows and doorways still stretching to reach out as far as possible while looking more and more fragile with every moment! The very walls bending outwards, slowly losing ground against the massive pressure inside! Causing corners to expose the white fluff within and use every new hole as an escape route! Prying it opened harder and harder with every puff magically transferred into Bartan's body! Pumping him bigger and bigger! Each one adding more volume than the last! Stretching his walls to their very limit as he cried in both bliss and his inevitable rupture-!

But it was the building that exploded first! Launching walls in all directions while that roof took off in two large pieces! Splitting where the skylight was while that white fluffball expanded greatly outwards! Relishing in the blissful freedom while the debris bounced onto that red balloon, somehow not busting it! However, disconnecting the compressor's hold and sending the thing flying off God knows where!

Bartan wasn't out of the woods yet though! The delayed pressure still flooding into his body in heavy pulses! Now much more massive than before, as if the magic has been 'funneled' this entire time! Stretching his belly slowly across the 100 acre lot the dragons lived on! Forcing that white blimp to become more and more taut with every passing second as his body became more and more reflective! Gathering a tint, the same shade that of the blue sky above as he struggled to keep himself together!

The ballooned bear groaned loudly as it grew in pitch, still expanding slowly with the final few puffs! Or at least he hoped they were nearly at an end, unable to take much more as his walls thinned greatly during the final stretch! Those cheeks still swelling above his chest! That tail becoming a gargantuan blimp overhead! His balls and buns being stuffed to roughly the same size! Then the underside; getting clearer and clearer, Bartan knew he wasn't going to outlast this! Preparing himself for that final sting as the magic inflated him more! More! A Little More-!

One last straining groan was all he could take! But that's all the magic had left! Leaving the bear's body and walls paper thin and on the brink of exploding, feeling so tight against the summer air as a very faint breeze could be felt this high up. Yet, the longer his body remained like this, the more durable it started to feel. Getting Bartan to risk shifting around what he could, hearing the heavy vocals of 'balloon' rubbing against 'balloon' echo through his hollow form.

He felt beyond stiff though, making it difficult to do any sort of movements. Helpful or not. After a while feeling something rather heavy land on his back, the weight being distributed across his fragile form! Stretching those walls out again as the furball yelped loudly! Whimpering with every step it took until it laid down just barely in eyesight; right between those massive blimps that used to be Bartan's cheeks.

The brass dragon looked at them for a few moments, a casual smile across his bearded muzzle. Giving one of the white 'bubbles' a light prod with a claw as the bear released a call of warning. One Beo only half acknowledged before looking down at those worried brown eyes and chuckling.

"So this is what you meant by 'Sleep', is it?"