

Counting Stars

By Dextdor

It was another relaxing morning. The sun finally climbing over the blockade of clouds, letting it's rays finally shine through the trees. Slowly making the cyan dragon sleeping underneath them ease awake.

He loved the late summer for this reason. It was cool enough in the nights and early mornings, yet warm enough to sunbathe in the fields. Though he's only been here for nearly a week, it was the vacation he longed for.

Stretching out his claws and shifting his body, he felt warm. Extremely comfortable, like he was wrapped in a blanket of fur, brushing against his scales and turning them a bright pink. That is, until said blanket slightly mumbled something, nuzzling the dragon's neck and licking it a few times from behind. Though he knew it wasn't hostile, it did change his color to a yellow. "That never ceases to amuse me."

He knew that voice almost immediately. Expecting it for several days actually, and it made the large one turn purple while smiling. "Morning Bartan." The scaly one greeted, trying to nuzzle it from behind.

"Sleep well?"

"Wonderfully."

"No problems then, I hope." A noise in question, but then just shook his head. Another nuzzle brightened his smile. "I'm glad you're enjoying your vacation then, Dia'vidd."

"I think I earned it." He teased the white bear.

"Indeed you have."

"...Speaking of earning things..." Dia chuckled shyly, almost picturing the Counterweight's four ears perk. "You wanted something, didn't you?"

"So willing to consent yourself?" Another lick as the larger one whimpered a bit. Getting his side stroked by a soft furred paw.

"It's... Just been on my mind."

"I see." Another tease as that tongue licked at the frilled ear. "Are you

anxious about it?"

"Maybe just excited. Sometimes I can't tell the difference." They chuckled. "That's why you're here, isn't it? To... Collect your reward?" Another chuckle that was a bit louder from the white one.

"Kind of. I was actually wondering if I could ask you a favor." A noise in question from the dragon as his scales turned yellow. Letting go of the scaly one and offering some refreshments for the morning. Accepting the bowl of fresh water and a few fruits with a thanks. "I'm not sure how much Beo has told you, but I don't get back home very often. Not without traveling great distances constantly."

It honestly made Dia a little sad. "Honestly, he might've mentioned it. It's just been so long..." A paw to say it was alright. "So, you want me to go visit him instead? For you?"

"Well, I thought it would be nice for you two to meet up once again. You spent a lot of time together, after all." A slight whimper from the larger dragon, turning purple once again. "I'm not jealous, you. It's perfectly fine, and he does miss you." A lick of affection and the two gently hugged a bit while laying down. "But there's something else that's slightly on my mind."

"Uh oh." Dia teased, getting an overdramatic snout toss from the bear.

"An Uh Oh of Colossal proportions, Indeed. Almost as big as that Slapjack you went up against that one time-" A loud grumble from the dragon made Bartan laugh.

"That thing was impossible!"

"Yes, but you did overcome it. But this has nothing to do with that silliness." A gesture for him to go on. "Do you know how Beo... Functions?"

"...You're talking about his lower region, aren't you?" It was barely a question, but it made the pair chuckle. "I don't know the... Mechanics of it, I guess?"

"Well, he tends to get backed-up if not released regularly. Not to mention, he has a difficult time doing it solo. Let alone, it's less fun." A chuckle at his purple tint.

"And you...? Want me...?" A shrug from the white one.

"If you're up for it. It'll be a nice visit."

"But wait, why does he do that? I mean, you... He made me... 'Unique,' I suppose. Surely you can...?"

"Ah, but that's the fun of it, isn't it? The defect is exciting at times." A nuzzle to tease him. "So, what do you say? After you're ready to head back here, I'll give you another portal. I still would like to monitor that universe for a bit longer, so I'll get my Reward on your return. That is, if you're not played out." A shy chuckle from the purple one, then a deep breath.

"How long do you think I should stay?"

"Until he's completely empty!" The bear said, being playfully strict. "And I expect a good job of it, as well as bathing him afterward." A whimper from Dia. "What say you?" Another breath, but a bright smile.

"Okay. I'll... Empty your husband for you."

"You make it sound like a chore." The white one teased, giving the slightly uncomfortable dragon a hug. "Thank you, Dia. Enjoy yourself, okay? And say hi to the troublemakers for me."

"Troublemakers?" The Counterweight opened up a portal without answering. Giving another tight hug and a few taps on the haunches. "I'll see you in a few days, I suppose."

"Please, you really think it will take *only* a few days to empty him?" A double take of disbelief before Dia was shoved through the portal. Landing on a large lawn in the suburbs somewhere. Looking back, the doorway closed up, just as a car was passing by. Though driving like the dragon wasn't a surprising sight.

Looking around a bit, there was definitely human inhabitants around. Some even waving to the purple dragon, and he waved back shyly. Most of the houses were normal sized, but the property he was currently on was rather massive compared. Nearly three times the size, though much of it was the front door.

With a deep breath, Dia'vidd walked up to it. Observing the fancy woodwork, but there was something off about it. Like it wasn't made of wood, just really well designed to replicate it. Possibly a plastic or metal of some sort. But wide enough for a dragon of Beo's size to enter with ease. With another breath, the dragon knocked on it.

It took a few moments to finally hear some movement within. Even some childish giggles from the other side, come to the very edge between the door and the wall. Then giggle even louder when Dia's curiosity colored his scales. Looking around the edge of the door to see a small, makeshift spyglass in the corner. Then a large lock turned. "It's opened!"

Carefully, Dia turned the knob, and pulled the door opened. Seeing two

little critters inside sitting impatiently. Almost bursting with excitement when the larger dragon looked upon them. "Hi!" They both chirped.

"H-hi. This must be Beo's residence, correct?" Dia tried to smile at them and not look like a creep.

"Yep!" The wolf-like one yelped happily.

"You must be his Milker!" It made the larger one curl his neck and instantly turn purple. Getting the little 'Troublemakers' to giggle uncontrollably. "He's in the kitchen!" The small brass dragon pointed to a direction. Getting the older one to look inside at a dining room through a smaller doorway.

"Head down there and turn left, you can't miss it!" The wolf one nudged his brother, and they took off once again. Making Dia smile at how playful they were while shutting the doors behind him.

He was too distracted to notice it before, but this home was massive. Much bigger than it seemed from the outside, making him half question how such a thing could be done. Then again, he knew of the architect, as well as his abilities. The first room had some lounging couches and loveseats. A few bookshelves, as well as two large sets of stairs. One with much more massive steps than the other, probably for the larger guests and residents.

By the look of it, the house was one massive square. A dining room in one corner, then a wreck room on the adjacent side. Not really wanting to snoop through the home, Dia made his way through the dining area. Again, much bigger than expected, judging by the building outside. So far, it must've been nearly three times the length. It honestly reminded him of his home as a hatchling. So much space to run around freely, without knocking anything over.

The dining table was set, several chandeliers were way up high, as close to the ceiling as possible, but a switch nearby was seen to possibly lower them for when in use. The plates and glasses were an iridescent crystal, reminding the dragon of a certain substance that turned him purple once again. Replacing the homey cyan he just had. "I was hoping you would say Yes." A deep voice that nearly made the dragon shutter with excitement was heard in the next room.

A massive kitchen was north of the dining area. Granted, it didn't look so massive compared to the brass dragon inside using it. His thick tail still being able to touch the other side with a little bit of effort. "You knew about his offer, did you?"

"Yes, for a while now." Beo smiled brightly, prepping a few turkeys for

the evening meal with an invisible force. One that Dia could describe as telekinesis, and taking the opened red wing for a large hug. Missing those dense arms embrace the smaller dragon, and doing his best to compete with his own. "My, how you've grown!"

"Still a wyrmling compared to you. Somehow you still look bigger than me." The two smiled, giving and receiving a few licks, then chuckling when the smaller one turned purple again. "But, yeah... I accepted to help you with your... Issue."

"Yet, you can't say it without turning purple. I've missed that about you." Another tight hug and the brass one resumed working. "Still, an upgrade to hiding yourself. You don't do that anymore, do you?"

An awkward silence as Dia counted how often he gave into those reflexes the past two weeks. "N-no. Not much."

"If only you changed color when you were lying. I wonder what it would be-?"

"Purple." Dia grumbled, getting a bellowing laugh from the larger one. But his blue eyes eventually drifted to the massive brass orbs between Beo's haunches. Even touching the ground with him standing up, and getting the smaller one to whimper a bit.

"You okay?"

"Y-yeah. I just didn't expect him to be..." A loud swallow, as the larger one's green eyes trailed to what Dia was staring at. "How... Can you even...!?" Another chuckle.

"I've compressed them several times. This is what happens when I get pent up after about two weeks." A look of disbelief. "They just keep accumulating, and eventually something needs to be done about it." An awkward nod from the purple one. "But if I recall correctly, you're pretty good at helping others with that. Aren't you?"

"Yes Sir." Another whimper, but one mixed with excitement. With Beo's attention currently on meal preparations, the smaller dragon took a soft step closer. Leaning his muzzle in against the brass sheath between the two large thighs, and gave it a soft lick. Hearing the larger dragon yelp a bit in surprised, and lifted a forepaw to look under.

"I didn't mean you have to do it now." He chuckled, seeing Dia shyly smirk, but continue on. Getting a few groans and deep breaths from the titanic one. Playing with the sheath a bit with his forked tongue, he waited until he could make out a tip begin to peer through. "You enjoy doing this

while I'm cooking, don't you-?"

Before the brass one could finish, he slipped that red appendage between the purple thorn and brass sheath. Getting the larger dragon to almost collapse out of sheer pleasure it ravaged his body with. As well as a thick jet of blue liquid that shot into Dia's muzzle. Getting that taste of blueberries and grapes that he so desperately missed. Painting the inside of that sheath only rewarded him with more and more, but also made the purple weapon inside bigger much more quickly.

With a heavy paw landing between Dia's shoulders, it gripped his spines somewhat tightly. Trying to keep control of those claws, but by now, the smaller dragon was used to such weaponry against him. Leaving him to keep going at his lower assault against the sheath and shaft, and accepting every inch growing between his jaws. Constantly scanning the base of the tower for something specific, and a roaring whimper told the red dragon he found it.

That slight arc of extra flesh that was so very sensitive, nearly collapsing the brass one on the floor with a simple touch. However, he didn't expect such an area to come equipped with heavy defenses, whereas the smaller one got several liters worth of pre directly into his muzzle. Forcing him to retreat can cough it out. Giving Beo a much needed break to catch his breath. "I'm... Guessing... Bartan?" He breathed heavily, still petting the shoulders in which he gripped rather harshly.

"Actually, an old mate of mine used to torment me with that every morning." Dia chuckled. "She used to make a game of seeing if she could completely release me before I was even stiff."

"Did she... Succeed?" A deep breath from the brass one as he sat up a bit. Nuzzling the smaller against the side.

"Several times." The orange one grumbled, flicking an irked ear at the larger one's chuckle. "Want me to keep going?"

"Please. I'd like to release some tension before the real session anyway." Beo smiled at him, getting a bright one back before leaning under once again. "Don't worry about the mess-" Another gasp, and a low growl.

At this point, they were both pretty erect, as David attempted to take the entire dragon's shaft in his muzzle. It was nearly impossible before when he was younger, but that dragon has grown over the years. Still, it was a slow process, one that was more than willing to be savored.

A few licks around the thorned flare to start with, as well as teasing the pointed tip that released those tasteful juices, the red one gave it a few

kisses. Slowly parting his fangs over the purple weapon and teasing it with his tongue ever so gently. Lapping at every new squirt it gifted, playing around with it like a toy before either painting the tower walls or swallowing it for his own desires. Loving how it seemed to moisten his throat and cool his belly with this refreshing after-effects.

A little deeper, and his fangs reached past the flare. Though it was harder for his tongue to receive the jolts of pre that came so frequently, he would just have to play with it every-so-often, instead of each time. Letting it build up so he could let it wash around the shaft walls. Brushing it with the silk tongue before taking what was left over for himself.

The squirts were in sync with the larger dragon's breath, and when they started to get more and more rapid, it started to get to be too much for the red one to keep up with. Forcing to let a lot of it to flow from his lips and jaw. Hearing it drip constantly on the floor before Beo adjusted his back legs once again.

Almost sitting on the brass stones really let them balloon out. Getting Dia's attention, turn purple, whimper, and release a heavy squirt of his own in a matter of seconds. Losing track of the larger one's breaths and taking the purple shaft deeper before getting a massive load. One that bloated his throat and belly quite a bit before he withdrew and coughed it out. Surprisingly, it didn't seem to really choke or gag him. Still being able to breathe like it didn't happen.

But the smaller one didn't question it. Going back in a little roughly got a deep purr from Beo'Karah. Gnawing at the purple weapon, but not enough to break its flesh. But such tactics only stimulated it, retaliating with one heavy squirt after another. At this point, it almost seemed like a battle to see if Dia could even take the entire thing in his muzzle. But doing so would only risk getting a full release down his throat.

Instead, he withdrew and started licking at the tower's base, getting a loud growl from the brass one. A step closer so the red dragon could use his paws, using one to stroke the shaft while his tongue tended to it. The other paw snuck in a feel for the brass beanbag-seat, whimpering in disbelief how dense it felt. Like it was made of metal, yet still had some soft resistance to it. He could swear there was a hint of bright blue beneath the brass coating.

A few minutes of stroking and Beo roared. Shaking most of the kitchen a bit before spraying into the smaller one's face. Lapping at the constant fountain that seemed to erupt from the thick shaft and playing around with it as the liquid coated his upper body. Even catching the head with his muzzle for a few moments, and letting his cheeks fill up with the tasty juices. Wishing he could see his own muzzle inflate to the point where his lips were forced to

let go and drop the several liters worth of release.

The jolts started to slow down significantly, and this was the red dragon's chance. Giving it a few more licks to coat the purple tower, David started taking it into his muzzle once again. Feeling the flare attempt to separate his jaws as it got deeper into his mouth, however, only getting about 60% of the way before his gag reflexes began warning him of the dangers. Still several inches away from the ridges, the now orange one was determined.

Slowly taking a bit more so his body could get used to it, the larger dragon concerning gasped. "Careful, you. You don't want to take too much." But a coaxing paw helped encourage Dia to keep trying. Taking in a few more inches, those reflexes nearly kicked in again. Catching them just in time so he didn't bite down on the thick meat in his jaws. Granted, the constant dripping didn't help those reactions. At least the streams were not entering his lungs, as puzzling as that was. "Okay. That's enough." Beo said, stroking the dragon's throat to pull out.

But Dia felt stubborn about this. He couldn't do it during his youth, and he wasn't going to stop until he reach a ridge. He could nearly feel it at the very edge of his lips, so it was only an inch away at most. Ignoring the brass one's tells, the smaller one took another step forward and dragged his fangs forward. Hearing the brass one hiss like he was holding back, and feeling that tip touch the back of his throat, he just needed a little further.

One final push, and he could make out the ridge over his lips, as well as a loud groan of the larger one. Regardless, victory enough for Dia, as he started pull away. Noticing the rapid breaths once again, and the shaft begin to thicken up more. Getting trapped inside the now green one's muzzle, releasing a whimper as he struggled to get it out.

A tight grip on one of David's horns, Beo started to pull on the dragon's head to help him out. But those instincts overtook him. Instead, held the smaller one in place as that fountain opened up again. A loud whimper was interrupted with him swallowing torrent after torrent that thickened his throat. Worried about drowning in such juices, the smaller one noticed he could still breath easily, even when his throat was bulging out by the second.

No longer in a panic, Dia started stroking the ridges to the purple shaft. Getting a second seismic roar, and another paw braced against the other horn. In moments, the dragon's belly was full and bloating outward, stretching impossibly with every release of the weapon in his muzzle. Going over several walls that he was so familiar with. With a very tight groan of his scales, the smaller one whimpered a bit, and felt the tower in his muzzle shrink drastically. Allowing it to withdraw before the belly gave into such

pressure.

The two dragon's panted heavily for a few moments before giving each other a few licks and sharing some chuckles. Eventually leading up to a kiss, where the older dragon got a muzzleful of his own release. Purring loudly at the taste and almost enforcing more from the pink dragon. Lapping at it until there was nothing left. "Nice to see you push yourself a bit, but try to be more careful." Beo nudged him a bit, taking the prepared turkeys into three ovens.

"I have you looking after me, so if anything goes wrong..." The smaller one shrugged his wings. "Feeling better?"

"A little. But." He lifted the smaller one's tail, making him yelp as Beo positioned himself to mount the near helpless dragon. Rubbing the tight belly a bit while licking Dia's head. "I think you can go a bit more before we start upstairs." A faint whimper as his scales toned to a purple. Feeling that tip hit his tailhole and making him moan loudly. "Let's see how much you're able to take in a more clustered area." A noise in question as he prodded the younger dragon heavily, but not enough for penetration.

A few more made the smaller one whimper with every attempt. "Might have to make it smaller. You're somehow still tighter than Bartan is." Beo grumbled, almost making David's ears drop. "Don't worry. By the end of this week, you'll be able to take it with ease."

"You sound so sure." A grunt at another attempt.

"If not, I'm sure you can delay your vacation *another* week." Another whimper. "I'd deem it necessary if me and Bartan are going to try some double penetration." A sharp double take from the smaller one. "You haven't forgotten about that, have you?"

"N-no, B-but-" Another harsh prod, but the head was much smaller this time. A very loud constant whimper left his throat, as Dia was left helpless bouncing on the weapon for a few minutes. One last thrust and the brass one separated the dragon's tailpipe. Getting him to release between their legs and onto the floor. Allowing the rainbow puddle mix in with the light blue one.

Though Dia'vidd didn't often like other males entering him through there, he forgotten how wonderful it felt when Beo did it. Giving the bloated one time to just enjoy it, as well as squirm a bit to take in more. Feeling a few cool jolts inside his rear almost accumulate with the seed already in his belly. A few heavy pants to just enjoy such a feeling once again turning the purple dragon into pink. A loving sensation that he just could not get enough of.

Several minutes passed as Beo just relaxingly moved the purple weapon in and out. During the course of nearly ten releases of the smaller

dragon, the brass one was almost ready for his own. Giving him a few nudges and licks. "Almost ready?" He asked the pink one, and seeing him rapidly nod as he whimpered loudly, making another puddle. "Okay. You tell me if you feel any pain though."

A few moments later, the weapon inside the tailhole started to thicken and grow. Several whimpers of pleasure as it started to stretch out that area, stimulating the smaller one. Forcing him to change colors constantly; Red, Pink, Purple, and Orange, all while the shaft's volume increased. A moment of rest and letting the smaller one's body adapt, release, and be ready for a second increase in size.

A sharp whimper concerned Beo at first, but Dia motioned to keep going. The hole grew tighter against the intruder, almost unable to take such punishment naturally, and nearly thanking the heavens when the growing stopped. Feeling the shaft slide in and out a bit, the flare was caught inside. Meaning, whatever the brass one released, the smaller dragon must endure.

A more forceful thrust got the tailhole to swallow the brass one's ridges, getting growls of pleasure from both of them, as well as leaving the smaller one breathless. Panting heavily, he suddenly whimpered loudly when the shaft got even tighter. Getting him to look back at the larger dragon in almost disbelief and fear, but his eyes were closed, trying to concentrate on the growth. "-Okay, okay!" Dia whimpered loudly, and the weapon stopped.

"You alright?"

"L-limit!" A look at both those blue eyes, and then down at their haunches.

"You sure? I could've sworn you took my full size when you were younger."

"It feels like you're going to rip me apart." Dia whimpered again, getting a few comforted strokes.

"You'll be alright. You can probably take double my size with enough time." A double take from Dia. "But if you want to stop, we can."

A whimper from the smaller one, as he looked into those green eyes, then back at his hindquarters. "Are you... Sure?" A solid nod, and David swallowed. "F-fine. Keep going." His lower region instantly regretted that decision, feeling the weapon increase once again. Going deeper inside the dragon and even squirting a few torrents inside. Rounding him out a bit more as his tailpipe struggled to keep a hold around the massive shaft.

But the bloated one couldn't keep himself still. Constantly thrashing his

haunches to make room, and eventually getting one of them stuck on the brass one's fifth ridge. Making the larger one hiss loudly and grunt to retain control. Unable to get the smaller one's ring entrance back in place, and doing so was only thrusting him closer to a massive orgasm. Growing a dense knot inside that tailpipe and snared it within.

A few heavy grips on the colorful one's belly told him something was a bit wrong. Seeing Beo struggle to keep himself at ease, but couldn't resist. "In... Coming...!" He growled loudly before a massive roar, one that lead the charge of a barrage of torrents. Instantly pushing the green dragon's belly outwards in all directions, and pushing him back with every release. Forcing the two to stand on their hind legs, as Dia's body began to flood the room.

Like a massive balloon, it fought to make room where ever possible. Even upward, above the two's sights. Constantly overpowering walls, and making the colorful one release himself. Expecting that slight sting at any given moment, afraid to keep looking at his scales, growing further and further transparent. Replacing those constant shifts with a bright blue with every heavy release of the weapon he was impaled with.

Regardless of his supernatural capacity, Dia could still feel everything that bulge touched. From the cabinets, refrigerators, counters, and stoves, to the archways that lead to the food storage room just north of the kitchen. Making out new shelves as his body somehow kept expanding, and eventually the doorways and windows.

A harsh battle between the two males as they fought against each other's pressure. With nowhere else to go forward, David's belly only had one other direction left: backwards. Finally overpowering the wall, Beo realized this after getting pushed back. Even looking up at the ceiling to see the massive bubble take up even that space. So with every new torrent of release, the brass one took a step back. Letting it fill up that entire space, and possibly anything further ahead.

During this barrage, the 'smaller' dragon went through countless orgasms. Nearly feeling himself almost separate from his physical body purely by bliss. Even when it started to slow down, he couldn't help his instincts. Once again starting to grip on that ridge his tailhole was attached to, and hearing the brass one hiss loudly. "D-don't-!" But another flood of release was on its way.

The two were pushed back into the dining room, feeling the table against Beo's haunch, he tried to move it out of the way. But another large release and his tail ended up knocking it back further. At this point, most of the torrents were going into Dia's limbs and throat. Bloating out every one massively and unrecognizable with the transparency. Only being able to hear

the smaller dragon's whimpers of bliss with every breath, as that belly pressed against the walls.

Several more torrents, and Beo was up against the far wall. Dia's body completely swallowing everything in nearly one third of the ground floor, trapping the two in a battle that would only end in one way. Soon enough, that final wall came up between them.

With the brass one completely pressed against the massive balloon, he forced out a few more releases. Pushing that struggle with everything he had, and hearing the smaller one's whimpers get more and more rapid. Until one very long one with a massive groan of his body, that wall was surpassed. Flooding something that neither dragon could see, and coming up against another wall. Another few squeezes against those ridges and-

The pressure released. The blue juice flooded the halls, kitchen, and everything else on the ground floor of the home. Soaking everything, and leaving both dragons panting in the ruined dining room. A faint few whimpers from the two, and the brass one once again mounted Dia. Who was just too overcome with bliss to resist.

An easy search for that tailhole, and he pressed it inside, getting both to whimper a bit as the shaft was still releasing like a garden hose. Instantly beginning to flood the younger one's regions once again before penetration. After a bit of a heavy battle, the half sized shaft was impaled into Dia once again, knot and all. Then grown to a full size quickly, re-tying the younger dragon. Forcing him to take in the rest of the release he provoked.

Over about a minute, the smaller one started to bloat out underneath the two. Pushing them both upwards to the point of immobilization, and occupying a large space of the dining room before Beo stopped. Panting heavily for a few minutes and hearing the oven let out a *Ding!* "Time to baste them." The brass one half grumbled, not wanting to move. A few nuzzles and licks, and he dismounted, yet leaving the thick tower inside as a plug. Walking over to the ovens and opening them like the mess wasn't there.

In the meantime, Dia shyly smiled. A little worried that he might have gone too far, but he didn't even expect to get that big. He still wasn't sure how it was even possible. Even with the dragon's own unique release, he's never been able to do that.

Looking around, the flood of blue was being removed quickly, and anything that was either crushed or totaled due to the session was repaired in a few seconds. The dining room was even set up once again, getting the cyan one rather amazed at such a thing happening.

A door from the back was opened and the two little ones were heard making their way to the storage room. Dia'vidd looking around to see what they were doing, but noticed they were just grabbing a snack and a few things to play outside with. Giggling at the ballooned dragon in the dining room and making him turn purple. "That's what that sound was." The wolf one said, getting both to nod in sync.

"You two heard it, did you?" The father asked, working on a few things in the kitchen after it was repaired.

"I think the neighborhood hears it when you're ready." The little brass one giggled, as they started scampering away.

"Hold up, you two." Beo said thickly, getting the little ones to line up in front of him. "You remember what you have to do today?" Seeing them both nod.

"We take over dinner!" They chirped.

"Which means:" The large one started.

"Baste the turkeys!"

"When the ovens go *Ding!*"

"And?"

"Spray the bread loafs with water!"

"Excellent. Be sure to leave the back door opened so you can hear them. Okay, have fun." And the two scampered off again, putting a smile on the pink one's face. "You've met them, have you?"

"Not really." Dia admitted, rubbing the back of his neck and wondering why he wasn't draining. "They answered the door, but that's about it."

"Revoros is the wolf. Lexar is the dragon."

"Why is he a wolf? Arson?" A shake of his head while he focused on making a salad.

"Arson is a fox. Still white, and rather identical to Bartan. But she didn't carry them."

"Who did then?"

"We did." A double take from Dia'vidd.

"W-what? How!?"

"Remember how I made myself female for your first time?" A faint nod from the now purple dragon. "Me and Bartan impregnated each other. We then carried one egg until it was ready to be laid."

"So, Bartan carried Revoros, and you carried Lexar?"

"Don't know." A noise in question at the rather optimistic answer. "We mixed up the eggs after laying them. We wanted to make sure that we didn't pick favorites about having a stronger bond with one another. They're *our* sons, they shouldn't be divided because they have two fathers." The younger dragon almost felt bad for asking such a thing before the brass one came up to a cabinet nearby and nudging the balloon a bit with his thick tail. "You're not the first to ask that."

"It just..." But David let it go. "How am I able to do this?" A look in question from the brass one, as the bloated half bounced to gesture the inflation.

"Last I checked, you're full of my seed." Beo teased him.

"I mean... I can still move my hands, feet. Even hips like this. Breathe normally when I was giving you a muzzlejob, or even... Literally filling up the kitchen. That doesn't make any logical sense."

"And you want it to?" A slight whimper at the larger dragon, but Dia nodded.

"This just doesn't make any... The more I think about it, the more horrifying it seems to get. Shouldn't the bones in my limbs snap? Shouldn't I be able to see my organs when my scales become transparent?"

"You're thinking about this too hard." Beo chuckled.

"And it ruins the feeling, I know..." He walked over to the bloated one, nuzzling it a bit. "I just-"

"Pocket Dimensions." A double take from the yellow one.

"W-what?"

"Pocket Dimensions. We temporarily remove all your organs and squishy bits and put them somewhere where they are safe from hazards such as crushing damage. Same with your skeleton when it becomes threatened by the expansion." Another playful nudge as the brass one hugged the large belly.

"But...?" The younger one started. "Wouldn't that mean whatever goes inside... Like my lungs-?"

"It makes sure that doesn't happen. Don't worry." A heavy lick to test the scale's durability. "Honestly, it's like making you a hollow balloon toy that can move about. A bit odd, yes, but I hope that helps." It took a moment of thought for Dia, but eventually he smiled and nodded. "Good. I'm done here, so want to head upstairs for the real session?" An embarrassed whimper, but he nodded again. "Excellent, because I want to roll you up there. Then I'll drain you, and you can mount me for a change. How about that?"

"You sure your stones can take it?" A slight look below the brass tail, and it was like the capacity of the pouch didn't even change.

"I'll be fine. Besides, I got something else I'd like to try if you're okay with it." He purred, pushing the ballooned dragon to the stairway and making him yelp. Though, instead of pushing him upstairs, Beo picked up and carried him. Rolling him down the halls until they came up to two large doors. "Here we are. The master's bedroom."

"Finally. Only took us several sessions for you to invite me here." Dia snorted playfully. Feeling something inside him release sprays and inflate him up a bit more until he yelped. Getting a playful grin from the brass one before adjusting him to his hind legs and squeezing the large belly in the doorway. "W-what're you...?" He panted, feeling another pulse from inside, leaving him breathless.

Another few whimpers from the smaller one, and his belly began to overflow further. Rising up and filling out the doorway, with the two just inside the hall. Another whimper that was trying to be a noise in question, as those blue eyes tried to look into Beo's. "Just a little bit more fun." He licked the younger one's head a few times before getting him to yelp at another thick torrent. Feeling the belly get completely trapped in the door frame and almost push the two backwards like in the kitchen.

But the brass one stood his ground, forcing most of the release forward on the other side of the door. Feeling it stretch out with every breath they took just by touching the multi-colored balloon the younger one was attached to. A few more heavy grunts forced more of that blue juice inside, and got Dia's sides to start bloating out.

As the older dragon pressed in those newly formed bubbles with each paw, the pressure grew more intense. Feeling a tight struggle coming from the other side of the door, as Dia's belly fought to make room. With every new attempt to bring the release on the dragon's side of the doorway, the brass one quickly pressed it back. Be it the younger one's sides, forearms, or even hindquarters. A heavy hiss from the large one, and the sprays grew constant. Making David whimper loudly at both bliss and the pressure it caused, and Beo pressing the two inside a little bit more.

All in one big plop, they both flew through the doorway in one piece. Getting the belly to slosh loudly as it was now free to make as much room as possible. A few minutes to enjoy themselves also gave the younger one some time to look at his surroundings, laying in an endless field of pillows. Soft, plush, like laying on a cloud with a wonderful view of the stars. Even though it was still morning when they entered. Definitely a relaxing view that nearly made him want to sleep.

His large belly groaned a bit, as the brass dragon shifted around on top of him. Though now supporting the large one's weight, but not for long. He dismounted after a few breaths, licks, and presses into the pink balloon. Climbing to the smaller one's back quarters and giving that neglected red weapon some much deserved attention.

It was already spraying near constantly, showering the brass one's chest with every stroke and tongue that lapped at it. Getting his own fill of the rainbow seed that seemed to fountain out of it, before locking his lips around the tip and feeding off of the juices that flowed through. Loving the multiple flavors that danced off that tongue, constantly shifting from one juicy substance to another. Much like how it persistently changed colors. Stopping for a few breaths before taking the entire shaft into his muzzle.

The sudden touch of his thick tongue against Dia's ridges was enough to fill that brass muzzle with his release alone. Feeling the constant draining of the everchanging color liquid drain from the larger dragon's lips, as that purple tongue just toyed with the sensitive shaft for several minutes. Even getting Beo to release a few more torrents every third of a minute, constantly expanding the younger dragon with the purple weapon snared into his rear.

Soon enough, the torrents were too much for the belly to take alone, bloating out Dia's limbs even further and raising the brass dragon's red toy out of reach. One more wall that was easily overpowered by the blue torrents, and the younger one sent another shower of his own. Covering Beo in the colorful rain, and making him chuckle.

As the two took a breather, the large one walked around the pink dragon, seeing him shift colors between purple and red once in a while. But almost always keeping this hidden blue within his scales. When the younger one seen Beo's new paintjob, he couldn't help but laugh. "I can only hope your mates enjoyed our gift as much as I have." The brass one teased.

"More than I would care to admit." Dia smiled. Letting out a pleasurable purr as he shifted his body around a bit, loving the tight feeling it gave off.

"Now, as much as we both don't want to get rid of this... Fabulous look

of yours, we should when you're ready." He pressed his large paws into the stretched scales, once again testing their durability. "We can either do it the quick way, or slow way."

"Probably the quick way. I think that I might pass out if the other is that slow." Another few pants from David. "But what is the quick way?" A devious smile from the larger one, as he took off to the air. Circling around where other couldn't see him, though it didn't stop him from trying. Let alone, yelping when he felt Beo 'softly' land on him, getting the smaller one to once again support that weight. Stressing the scaly balloon out, and taking another few moments of pleasure.

As the brass one began to kneed Dia's back, claws and all, every point could be felt. Finally understanding this 'Quick Way', and making the now green one whimper at the upcoming sting would follow soon. But even with those harsh presses, it only threw his body into bliss, now realizing how unfragile the dragon was, even when helpless like this.

Another few hard presses only made the younger one release time and time again. Feeling the brass finally lay down a bit heavily and really stress the dragon's sides. Whimpering loudly and shifting uncontrollably, he never thought attempting to do this would be so stimulating. Finally seeing the punishment his body could take under these circumstances.

With a few licks on the back of his bloated neck, David felt the larger one's jaws press into it. Forcing a loud whimper of both fear and stimulation, and getting a heavy release. Staining the pillows below the red weapon even more. Those muscular brass arms began to hold down the dragon tightly, pressing into those overfilled shoulders. His hind legs did the same for Dia's sides. That heavy tail gave a few massive slaps that seemed to echo in a large ripple that ripped through the younger one's entire body, but it didn't break.

The jaws grew tighter, being able to count every threatening fang in the brass maw. His large muscles bulged out, being able to probably bench press hundreds of tons, continued to squeeze the large balloon in its vice grip. That thick tail continued its anvil tactics, thankfully not hitting the younger one's stones. Those ripples became less and less resistant, getting the smaller one to squeal loudly in excitement, expecting that sting any moment.

A playful growl from Beo, as he bit into the neck harder. Releasing more and more torrents into the constricted dragon. Wearing out its durability and thinning out its strengths. His belly bloated up harshly again. His tail soon followed. His haunches stretched out drastically. His shoulders became more and more transparent, while his throat could no longer whimper it was

so full. His body, now so tight he could no longer wiggle in the slightest, pulsed like a countdown with every small release of that blue juice. A very long groan from the ballooned one, and the jaws bit even harder. Instantly getting a mouthful of that blue juice and dragon to instantly deflate after the sting.

The two fell on what felt like a trampoline covered in (now wet) pillows, soon rid of any liquids in the matter of seconds. Getting both dragons to pant heavily and moan in pleasure, specifically the smaller one. Regardless of the heavy weight the brass body tended to carry, he couldn't help but keep himself pink for the next few moments.

Feeling the large pair of paws make their way under his now drained belly, Beo rolled both of them over so that Dia was on top. Giving the smaller one a few licks as he turned around and returned them with several deep kisses. Nearly frating both weapons together like he was indecisive of what his body desired.

But those brass paws knew what was fair, placing their heavy grip on his shoulders before breaking the kiss. Yet, going in for one more deep one that made the younger's scales turn purple like the tongue penetrating him. After that, leading him back and over the large bean-bag between his haunches. Resting his own pair on them and carefully bouncing on them to get a heavy grunt from the older dragon. "Do they hurt?"

"Just uncomfortable." Beo half grumbled, feeling the now red dragon play around with such a thing. Only to eventually slip off backwards with a loud yelp. With a chuckle from both, David returned up and resumed playing with the massive package. Pawing at it until the larger one began to purr.

"I still can't believe the punishment I was able to take." The purple one said, almost trying to mimic what the larger one did in their previous session. Pressing harshly into the dense bag made it feel like it was full of sand. Not even scratching the thick leather that seemed to protect it. "Was that...?"

"All... You..." Beo said between his purrs, making the younger one smile.

"But I wonder how much punishment you can take...?"

"All... Of it." The two chuckled again, but that didn't stop the orange one from trying. Pressing all his weight into the brass bag almost got a hiss from the dragon. Pawing at it with claws and even attempting to bite it a little bit. Managing to get a thick sheet of it between his fangs and pull it out of the rest, but his teeth began to hurt. Instead, bouncing the sack upwards like trying to lift it. Not realizing how heavy it really was. "You're going to wear

yourself out." The large one chuckled.

"Maybe you're right." Dia half grumbled, but deviously purred. "But I have busted you before-"

"With the help of trees."

An ear flick. "Regardless, I'm sure I can do it again." A few adjustments and he lined up the red weapon with the tailhole. Prodding it a few times, and getting a much deeper reaction from that single poke than all of the ballplay.

For now, Dia just wanted to go a bit slower. Almost torment the brass one for all the blissful abuse thus far. Taking his time to prod the tailhole beneath the heavy bag, withdrawing when it desperately wanted to swallow the lower horn. Leaving the brass one to almost growl at the denial. A few more prods to the side of the hole made the larger one squirm to predict Dia's next movement, purposely steering the weapon to tease the inside of the orifice.

Getting impatient, Beo lifted his thick tail that the smaller one was sitting on, forcing him a little closer and nearly getting the head of the red shaft inside. Grappling to keep a hold on it and slide it inside, but the younger one fought back. Eventually resorting to his secret weapon, getting a paw down to the brass hamstring. Almost hearing his whimpers of denial as such a sensitive area rendered him helpless. Nearly releasing after almost a minute of stroking the area.

With the leather bag in the way, it was difficult to get to the other hamstring. Dia needed to slide back, and deal with the brass sack in his face, playfully nudging it as the much larger dragon began to sing loudly. A verse of whimpers and pants, and a chorus of roars and growls, with the occasional grunt when it started building up too much and force the purple tower to release its contents. Spraying the bright blue liquid over his upper body, unable to even defend himself against such a tactic.

But the younger one didn't let up. Keeping those paws occupied while trying to get a better position that wasn't so bag heavy. Eventually getting his muzzle to the tailhole, and giving it a few licks around it. A massive reaction as the thick tail curled upwards, hearing that climatic roar again and the rain once again over the membranes of his wings. Heavy pants from the large one almost begged David to keep going, or stop. It was difficult to tell, but one more should be enough for now.

The brass dragon struggled and squirmed, trying to get the younger one to move off those areas. But the manipulation of those areas forced his paws to scratch the air, his fangs to hiss, and his wings to remain stiff. The

only thing Beo was able to control was his tail, constantly attempting to move red dragon off. However, it seemed that Dia was wedged in between that thick appendage and his own heavy sack, once again restraining the large one.

Lick after lick, that red tongue painted around the entrance of that tailpipe. Only getting the taste of the younger one's colorful seed. Something that was still very addicting to him to this day. Getting distracted by that flavor, and feeling the tail really fight with him to get off. But waiting for one last release before stopping.

The brass one panted heavily, making the smaller dragon smile seeing him covered in the blue liquid. Walking around the leg to lean on the thick sack once again and toy with the large one's sheath a bit. Hearing him whimper a bit while trying to squirm away. But melting almost immediately when that paw touched the warm purple flesh. A simple brush was enough for it to release an entire torrent into the older dragon's face.

All at once, Dia wanted it again. After tasting his own, his red tongue demanded that blue liquid before he continued tormenting the brass one. Using the appendage to dance up the tower, loving the power it seemed to give off after each eruption. Thickening up greatly as it launched another stream airborne. No wonder such a thing could inflate the younger dragon to such proportions, and overcome such walls so easily.

He waited between torrents to capture the tip with his lips. Getting that thick spray from a single grasp of the ridges. Then a burst of that blue flavor nearly four torrents worth, forcing him to swallow some of it just to get that one spray down. Almost feeling the brass one curse that he was unable to control his forepaws to lock Dia's head right there.

But the younger one withdrew soon enough, knowing he would probably keep at it until his body could no longer hold in the blue liquid. Instead, walking around once again to the starting position of the brass ride. Mounting the thick tail without a struggle and pushing the leather sack forward. Lining up his own weapon once again, and giving the tailhole a few prods.

A few blissful whimpers as the entrance welcomed it's visitor, taking it's time to slowly sway itself inside and stimulating the brass one's body. Every single spine on the red flare was easily felt, nearly making the large one quiver and squirt a bit more as the weapon forced the hole wider. Eventually swallowing the whole head, and letting it's extra weaponry feel around the room. Letting another growl of happiness leave that thick throat.

Then there was the smaller spines, completely covering the medium of

the red tool and each giving its own little gift to that sensitive area. Playing with them just a little, as Dia went in ever so slightly, and let them open to lubricate the hole further. After so much teasing, the brass one couldn't take it anymore. Lifting his thick tail that the younger one didn't expect, and forcefully thrusting the entire weapon inside.

This time, Dia was the one paralyzed with bliss. Feeling the orifice tenderize those red ridges and making the color shifting dragon squirm while whimpering. With the tail lifted up, the younger one couldn't retreat. Completely snared to take on the punishment once again until his breaths became rapid. Whimper after whimper filled the air, until one very long yelp before Beo's back end could feel that warm liquid.

His lower region washed blissfully with that seed, not expecting so much of it for the first load. But the smaller one has been ready for a very long time, and not stalled long enough just yet for his gift to default. Feeling that first constant stream approach the wall, and lightly struggle against it made even the larger one release once again.

The wall was surpassed, and he felt a slight bulge begin to build up under his purple weapon. Still enjoying that feeling a bit longer before letting his tail rest on the ground, freeing Dia from ensnarement. But the younger dragon just tasted the pressure within the other, and longed for more. Thrusting his weapon fully, even letting some of the seed drain out.

Several minutes passed before the next large barrage of torrents from Dia'vidd. Slamming his weapon inside and letting it thicken up, quickly filling anything that was lost and getting that thrill of conflict between the brass one's lower region and his weapon. Easily overpowering it, but feeling a constant light grasp on his ridges. Squirming with it as more of that colorful juice passed through. Getting the smaller one to hiss with every few torrents released, and desperately reach for the growing tummy, just out of his reach.

It didn't take long for that to bulge out though, prying the purple weapon closer to the younger dragon and hearing the brass one fight against the first several waves. Grunting at every wall lost and overpowered, all while pressing a brass paw on the accumulating belly. Growing more and more with every squirm, whimper, then release of the smaller one.

When the purple shaft was in reach, Dia grabbed it. Getting a heavier reaction from the large one just before he started stroking the ridges. Spraying the contents upwards and make the area rain over the two, granted more towards Beo's side than the other's. But with every few torrents, that was beginning to shift.

The brass belly was getting rounder every few seconds. Filling out

towards the sides and upwards, as the older dragon struggled against it. Feeling the two come to a massive barricade that the younger one remembered well. Throwing everything he had inside the large dragon's body in one loud roar, that pressure built up more and more. Slowly matching up against such a garrison.

With a few very heavy grunts from both contenders, the orange dragon won. Finally getting that belly to slightly shrink, but the brass one's chest to start to take the resistance. The harder part was over, all Dia had to do was keep flooding the larger one. And the longer the two engaged in the playful battle, the more the red weapon would produce and release. Already starting to show the effects of such things with the ever expanding bubble that was Beo's belly.

Though it was still a little stiff, Dia could make out the very jiggles of every pulse shot inside. However, it was slowing down. A few moments, and they came to another heavy wall. The two struggled with their own roars, but once again victory was to the youth.

However, the pulsing hardly went to the belly, which was the expected. Instead, David could feel it flow under him, through the thick tail. He recalled this happening before, as well as the ballooning body pushing him out of the tailhole area. But back then, another orifice appeared at the very end of the brass one's tail. With the pressure building and already forcing the smaller one back, Dia withdrew his position and headed towards the far rear.

But another thought came to mind, something he could do a little different this time around. Instead of going to the back of the tail, David came to the brass one's head. Pressing on the massive belly as he passed it to keep his stamina up. "Dia?" Beo called to him, only to see him come around the corner, panting with bliss. "What's wrong-?"

The smaller one lowered the weapon into the muzzle, getting a bit of a surprised yelp from the much larger dragon. Though, not denying such a thing, and lapping at it with his thick tongue. He wasn't really sure how this was going to work, but the younger one recalled the old session quite well. Let alone, how little he was able to do with the tail's orifice. Here though...

The muzzleplay nearly collapsed him, pressing up against that large belly that felt like it was no longer draining from the rear exit. Doing his best to remain balanced, it was a bit difficult with the brass one on the ground. Then suddenly, he began to elevate a bit more. Noticing the pillows moved up a bit to aid the two.

At this height, everything was a little better. More comfortable for the smaller one, and his horn fit into the muzzle quite comfortably. Though a little

worried about the fangs, Beo always seemed to know what he was doing. And right now, he was about to take everything Dia had straight in the muzzle. Hissing at the massive build-up approaching and feeling those jaws brace heavily.

The younger one ended up bracing the brass head with his forepaws as the torrents launched down the larger one's throat. Almost seeing it thicken up greatly before adding to the belly and chest. Expanding the brass one out further and further with every release. Even eventually seeing it be taken into the broad shoulders and arms a bit. Here Dia thought there wouldn't be any room left outside of those biceps that usually occupy such a space.

Much like that previous session way back, when David closed his eyes, he got several different points of view. All while that purple tongue worked on his ridges, aiding the smaller one's chain orgasm. But with the extra sights, he was able to see the dragon's haunches bloat outward like the shoulders, his tail begin to thicken like a long balloon, those belly plates fade in transparency, and the constant blue sprays from the purple weapon. Probably having the ride of its life.

The older dragon constantly swallowed every tasty gift that was given, and manipulating every last drop out of the red one's sack. Dia began to wonder how much more punishment the brass body could take. Surely he was nearly this big in that forest clearing before, even without the sharp edges of the trees to help burst the brass balloon. He forced out everything his body had to give, and feel it begin to slow down.

All at once, the younger one started to feel fatigue. Perhaps he was at it for too long to completely finish filling the brass one, making him want to sleep. "Everything okay?" Beo asked, getting the younger one to stagger backwards a bit.

"Just... Suddenly tired." A slightly sad look, as the muzzle told him to come closer. Too bloated to gesture otherwise, and giving Dia a few licks when he did.

"Perhaps this was too much for one day then?" A disappointed look from the younger one made his brass ears perk in question. "What's wrong?"

"I just..." He was feeling better after a bit of rest, but demoralized. Unable to regain himself as the brass one started to deflate. Making the dark blue dragon shake his muzzle a bit.

"You expected more of yourself?" He hit the nail on the head, forcing the smaller one to nod. "Might be a good time to attempt that other idea I had then." Dia's ears perked a bit.

"I thought that was the door thing."

"Nope, that's just something I like to do with the bear when he torments me." They chuckled. "No, this is different, but..." A motion for him to continue. "I noticed your iris is full once in a while."

"Yeah..." Dia muttered, then he connected the dots. Giving Beo a rather shocked look and turning his scales green. "No. No-no-no-no-!"

"Why not-?"

"-No-no-no-no-no!" A comical pause between the two. "No."

"Why not?" A loud whimper from the smaller one. "Still afraid of it?"

"I'm not even sure if I can... Like that!"

"And you don't want to find out?" A very long and loud whimper from Dia'vidd. Then a second one as Beo patiently waited for an answer. "What are you afraid of?" The brass one asked, now being able to roll over with the extra weight and nudge the smaller one.

"I... Donno. But what if I...?" A gesture to continue as the bloated one lifted him up for a hug. Though the squishiness of that belly was giving him a second wind. "What if I lose control again?"

Beo looked around him for a moment, then gave him a look in question. Leaving Dia to whimper while turning blue. "You are literally in a dimension of nothing but pillows. What could you possibly hurt?"

"Not... What. But..."

"*Who?*" The blue one nodded. "Dia, remember what I told you about Dehoken?" A look in question. "What did he give you for a name...?"

"Binky?"

"Yes! Remember how I met him?" It took a bit of thought, but still no result. "He gave me his own body at one point. And he was-"

"A Cryo..." The smaller one whispered. "But-?"

"But nothing. There's nothing you can do to harm anything here. Even if you set the pillows on fire, they just come back." A look in question, and the large one shrugged. "We were craving roasted marshmallows."

"So you...?" A deep breath. "And you want me to...?"

"Why not?" A loud whimper. "Never a better place to attempt such a

thing. It's up to you, but you have nothing to worry about. Just remember what I taught you." A few heavy breaths, and the blue one looked him sadly in the eyes. Eventually turning his scales red and making the brass one smile.

"Why must you test my boundaries so often?" He half grumbled, squeezing what was left of the brass belly before nearly getting skewered by the somehow still erect purple weapon. Then noticing the devious smile on Beo's face.

"We should get you a little more prepared for it though." Another whimper as the little one struggled against the brass arm's tight grip, as they started lowering Dia down to meet the tip of the thick weapon. Getting it to prod that area a few times, but not without a vocal song and a bit of squirming. Eventually getting those more rapid breaths before Beo checked on his progress. "That should be enough." And he started to lay on his back again.

"W-wait." A noise in question as he stopped. "Does Bartan...?" He tilted his head while perking his ears. "Ever... You know... Standing up?"

"Speak clearly, or you're getting the shaft." The brass one teased, getting a whimper.

"Does he... Ever mount you from behind?"

"Standing up?" A shy nod. "Quite often, yes."

"How?" The younger one looked at the thick tail, clearly stopping such an activity.

"Oh, he just makes himself insubstantial." A disappointed nod. "I guess I could do the same for my tail as well, it would be something different, and probably easier on you." A shy smile as the smaller one got a lick. Standing back up and letting Dia down before turning about. Giving a bit of a grunt before laying down on his belly. Swooshing his tail towards the smaller one and feeling it pass through him.

"You two think of everything, don't you?"

"We try." The large one teased, looking back and almost taunting the younger dragon with his haunches. Granted, the leather bag was still there, but not in the way. "Keep in mind that it will still take some resistance, but it shouldn't affect you." Another shy nod as Dia got into position. Slipping the lower horn once again inside with no teasing this time, and taking a few breaths.

"...Are you sure about this?" He asked, playing around with the red

spines that lined his back.

"Positive. I was never able to get Dehoken to try it, and you're the only other Cryo I know."

"Gee, I wonder why." The smaller one half grumbled. Taking a few breaths before letting go of his eye color, as well as his body camouflage. Revealing thousands of scars all over his body, and letting the Iris remain a complete circle. Feeling for himself to almost let go and stretch his limbs forward, getting those muscles to dense up and slightly begin to thicken.

His claws were usually the first to come through, then the rows of spikes along his mane. A few extra horns even drilled through his head as they started causing him a little bit of pain. Seeing the green eyes watch him from afar, as if to lick him encouragement, or at least want to.

A few breaths to keep himself in line, and Dia continued with his transformation. Remembering how much it hurt before, but now... Hardly any. The spikes and horns did still slightly sting coming out, and how his hide seemed to harden was uncomfortable, but nothing like the pain he used to receive. Especially when it was uncontrollable.

His size was next, trying to keep the growth as slow as possible to not overwhelm the larger dragon. Keeping a rather firm grip on the monster he often feared for so long, one that was often berserk or raging for control. Even during the early stages. But this time, not even a slight demand from his instincts. Making him much more comfortable attempting this, but cautious none the less.

A few more moments of growth, and they two began to gasp. Now feeling the area within the brass rear start to tighten. A few heavy breaths, and Dia wondered why he never thought of this; the sheer size of this creature was massive. Being able to hold this very dragon on the bridge of his muzzle. If Dia'vidd's lower horn even stayed with the transformation, how was it going to be able to...? "Everything okay?"

A bit of an embarrassed look from the younger dragon, still holding on to those brass haunches while concentrating. "Y-yeah... Kind of." A perked ear as Beo attempted to look at him better. "It's easier to... Control. Like that beast isn't there anymore."

"It probably isn't." A noise in question from Dia. "It's consciousness probably remained with the planet. Meaning, you don't have to worry about it taking over." A look of disbelief for a few moments. "That's what Bartan says, anyway."

"So...?"

"Feel free to just go for it. No need to be so careful, I'm not made out of paper." A slight wiggle of his haunches stimulated those ridges a bit. Getting the purple one to lean forward and whimper. Releasing a few jolts inside the welcoming one.

"But, what if I can't fit?"

"You're in right now, aren't you?" Another whimper. "Just do what I did before, when you wanted to take me the first time."

"You sure...?" A solid nod, and Dia took another breath. Giving a few easy thrusts before continuing the transformation. Feeling no other grasps for control when those horns made their way out, and his claws extended. Though the extra armor from his hide made it a bit harder to move, everything felt relatively safe. The only thing left was the size of the creature.

Rubbing the larger dragon's lower back a bit, David carefully grew. Feeling nearly every part of his body extend outward, and his muscles begin to thicken further. A very specific one penetrating deeper, and getting ever tighter. Knocking the breath out of both of them before giving a few extra thrusts. Hoping to lubricate the area a bit before continuing.

A few more pulses, and the younger dragon could barely reach the branches of the brass wings. Feeling that lower area struggle for a few moments before giving into the thickness of his new size. Making Beo take a few gaps while gripping the pillows below him. "...Wow...!" He half hissed. "That's tight...!"

"Want me to...?" The older one sharply shook his head, motioning for him to keep going. Though he gave a worried look to the brass dragon, Dia continued. Very slowly. Every new pulse brought three or four inches to the length, and about the same in width, making the 'larger' dragon to hiss loudly with every new widening. Accidently squeezing that ridge harshly and getting a very harsh whimper from the red one.

Half a roar that he was holding back sprayed the inside of the brass one with multi-colored juices. Of course, with increase size came increased volume per torrent. Reaching that first wall in no time and wrecking it like it wasn't even there. Feeling Beo raise up to his forepaws and examine his belly, spraying his own release below it and panting.

At first, Dia thought maybe it was too much for him, but the purrs of pleasure stated otherwise. Feeling the brass one almost attempt to bounce carefully on the red weapon as if to beg for more. A deep breath, and the younger one continued. Being able to reach the brass shoulders with ease now and whimper loudly together as bliss overcame their bodies.

That red lance completely dominated the tailhole, stretching it to impossible lengths and making the Cryo wonder if it was going to tear any moment. As the two stopped to just enjoy the feeling for a minute, the pleasure overflowed. Throwing their breaths deeper and more rapid until they couldn't hold it in any longer. Roaring together in sync as Dia grappled the brass dragon in his arms.

The torrents flooded the rear gate, expanding those scales like they were an already inflated balloon. Almost being able to see the pressure of the red weapon's attack dent into the brass scales before they rounded out. Coming to a near resistance stand-off, but was once again knocked aside like it was hit by a wrecking ball. Feeling those chestplates expand outward right under his larger, multi-colored paws, and push him to be ready once again.

An extra few torrents started pushing he two upwards in jolts, making the brass one whimper blissfully and gasp for breath. All while Dia was stunned, in disbelief of the force he currently had like this. Making him wonder what would happen if he got bigger? Giving the brass dragon a few more licks on the neck, the Cryo started increasing in size once again.

Beo moaned loudly in acceptance, almost roaring at the pressure it gave while he released several more times below them. Yet, even with the extra height that last filling gave, the now larger one could still touch the ground with his hind paws. Using them to thrust into the brass water balloon, and loving the slight ripples it gave off. A few more notches of growth, and Beo squeezed the massive weapon once again, getting the two to once again start roaring.

Every spray gave off a significant difference in size, making the brass one almost panic at the sheer volume increase per. His chest bubbled outward to the point where he could no longer see the field of pillows, his belly started to become more and more transparent, and then only had few options left to expand with.

The first backup: the tail, flooded very quickly. Every two torrents filled it, like blowing up a long balloon to a full. Then forcing more inside, letting it ripple and stretch out desperately. Each new layer only able to withstand a fraction of the previous, forcing the rest to disburse elsewhere while the dragon whimpered.

The second backup: the lower belly, just between his haunches. Flooding this made the brass one arc upwards as it struggled to accommodate the Cryo's release. Getting the larger beast to be pushed back a bit and almost growl. But something else came to mind, back in that past session.

Dia thrust a bit more, feeling another barrage begin to build up, and waited until near release. Shoving the juice filled dragon forward to rock it, the Cryo rode with it. Releasing during the rock and forcing most of that resistance to once again move to the pelvis area. Flooding that outward like a stand, and keeping the brass one on his belly, helpless. Though Dia would have to watch his claws a bit, if that last session with him on bottom taught them anything, is that they were more durable than it seemed.

With the extra weight on top of the living waterbed, it's sides almost screamed for release. Seeing the thick scales from before become so thinned out to the point all you could see was the liquid thrashing inside. But still, the brass one whimpered for more. Getting a few licks on his muzzle before the Cryo started increasing in size. Getting several more roars of release, and hear the sprays from behind.

Dia kept himself growing for several moments. Seeing the bubble below him struggle to hold that weight, yet still feel the brass one wiggle a bit to get another orgasm from the larger beast. Doing his best to resist it, the red one keep growing more and more. Trying to concentrate on the songs of bliss over the dance on his ridges, but sooner or later, it overpowered his will.

Immediately releasing the river-dam like floodgate threw the ballooned one into its last mode of defense: limbs. Starting with the haunches, bubbling out until they could no longer bend at the ankle. Then the arms, frantically wiggling from the sheer pleasure it gave off, until they were nothing more than large bubbles. Morphing into the shoulders that came next. And finally, the throat, constantly pulsing and leaking a little bit of rainbow juices from the maw.

As much as Dia wanted to toy with the brass one, enough was enough. Time to see how much punishment this dragon could really take. During the final few releases of his current load, he began to grow again. Pushing that tailpipe orifice to new extremes as the younger one aimed for a 'Quick Way' end to the session. But even with the increased weight, the brass bubble seemed to take it. Eventually getting big enough to slide off balance, and touch the ground with his rear paws.

Yet he was still locked in. Though, doing so meant the dragon could take alot more with the extra weight off him. For now, he just focused on getting his size up there. If Beo could take that massive red weapon, it would be a miracle.

The constant sprays of blue washed the Cryo's feet. Still feeling the puddles build up, like the cleaning devices couldn't keep up. Every pulse of growth brought a few more feet of length for the brass one to take in, getting the orange Cryo in a state of disbelief, yet determination. Continuing his size

change until his muscles densed to their limit.

A few pants, and he snorted at the brass balloon. Grabbing a hold of it, claws and all, and started thrusting into it. Still surprised it was about half his current size, but this time Dia would be victorious. Feeling that release build up and soon launch into the transparent ball. Watching it build up and increase with every spray, expecting it all to scatter at every given moment.

Every torrent put him on edge, as he carefully watched through squinting eyes at the dragon's body. How the bubbles that made his arms pressed out further, almost morphing into the ones that made his haunches. How his back arced like his belly would, unable to make out the spines anylonger, he was so big. Not even able to see where his bulging neck started, let alone the tail.

The tail. It was barely even there anymore. Just this slight point out from his underbelly and haunches. Though, he could still feel the dragon's stones below his own, but they were drastically smaller compared. A few more torrents, and the balloon groaned loudly.

He didn't have much room left, and this gave Dia a morale boost. Giving one last few thrusts to empty a final load inside, the orange beast roared loudly. Getting the bubbled to ripple a bit in vibration before filling up. Expanding in all directions with so little resistance. Coming up to the Cryo's stomach with the first few torrents, the groaning returned, slightly more pitched like a whimper.

The next few filled it up to the orange one's chest, keeping his paws on the back of it and struggle to keep equal height with the dragon. But the last few torrents were getting some heavy resistance, making Dia'vidd hiss loudly to get them out. One, up to the collarbone. Two, past the shoulders. Three, just below the chin. Four, just at eye level-

And instant release. The entire landscape was suddenly drenched with the rainbow seed, flooding in all directions and even making the Cryo slip on his back. Though, thankful for the soft landing. Being greeted by the rest of his release, and rubbing his own ridges for a second one. Loving the tickling feeling he got, even around the tailhole, as he showered himself once last time.

A few heavy pants, got him to start relaxing. Never noticing how much his lower region hurt after so much pressure, let alone how much that brass one could take! He must've released a million gallons into that belly, only to take nearly every drop.

Speaking of the brass balloon, he didn't see it anywhere. Not even

getting up and looking where he landed, making Dia worry and call out to the dragon a few times. But no answer. Did he actually push it too far? Did something go wrong with the reformation? The thought gave a cold feeling in his lower gut.

What would he tell his husband? What would he tell their hatchlings? It made the Cryo turn a morbid dark blue just thinking about it, and once again, his stomach felt strange. Almost like a pressure was building inside...

Dia'vidd suddenly whimpered, feeling for his lower belly and getting faint pulse from within. No way... Did he really? The Cryo tried to feel around for his own tailhole, and get a bit of the blue juices from before. Ones that usually dry up and disappear after a session, until another pulse.

A louder whimper, as the beast tried to hold onto his belly. Maybe he could get the brass one out somehow before-too late. A thick pressure around his tailhole stretched it out and made the large one cry out in bliss. Feeling the flat end of some sort of plug, and the inside of it expand greatly. Keeping it snared in place, and forcing the juices inside to remain until...

Another whimper was interrupted by a wave of pleasure, making the Cryo moan into the sky before laying down again. There was only one way it was going to end, and he might as well enjoy himself for the time being. Granted, now that Dia found another way to get back at the brass one, he could plot his strategies accordingly over the week-

Another thick bulge and a few heavy breaths got him to release a bit on himself. That purple belly of his still holding strong with resistance for now. But once that big wall is passed, it wouldn't last much longer. Feeling the pressure build up was extremely stimulating, not to mention the plug inside. Designed to be a bit bumpy and rotating every once in a while to send shivers up his spine.

Flicking his tail wildly at the waves he started to receive, the Cryo even grabbed his lower horn. Rubbing it while he could, and watching intently as his belly started to bulge towards more and more. Unable to help but pant constantly, even when that red weapon release its projectiles. Covering the red muzzle with a few streaks before-

And there it was, that mass wall that they came to. Reaching down for his own ridges while he could, and before that wall was overcome. Feeling it rising slowly to meet the toll to pass, and finally soaking himself in that multi-colored juice. Coming to the end of a climax just as that wall was overpassed, enforcing another.

His belly rounded out, but not nearly as much as he was used to. When

they were the same size, he had to deal with Beo torrent by torrent. Here, it felt like a constant stream. Like being filled up by a showerhead, or garden hose. The slower expansion gave his body time to savor the pleasure it gave off.

But after that initial stalemate, the pressure really started to build up against the hardened hide. Wearing down its defenses quite quickly as it bubbled outward, making the Cryo spray over himself again and again. Almost distracting with the thick droplets, to the point where Dia sat up. Taking a few moments to hug that belly and feel the dragon inside at work.

The stimulations grew with every moment and every torrent from within. Feeling another faint battle as the flood started to climb the wall. Knowing it was for the now pink one's chest, and rolling onto his belly before that stalemate was won. Knowing he could take more punishment like this, as that blue liquid invaded those chestplates. Pushing them outwards slowly with little effort.

The sprays from the red weapon were constant, as the inflating belly pushed it backwards. Now bulging between his haunches and under his tail a little bit, while his chest did the same for his forepaws. Soon enough, they would elevate him, then find another new spot to conquer. Squeezing the thick balloon with all fours a little bit to give the dragon inside more of a fight. Nearly squealing in a deep voice as the pressure grew, rewarding him with bliss.

Though the constant expands were still there, tickling his sides and limbs a little bit, Dia couldn't brace for long. Letting go nearly flooded those areas again, and soon he was immobilized. Only able to claw at the ground and shower it with juices. His chest was pushed up to his chin. His belly forced his stones against his thick tail, and they all grew tighter and tighter. Making the large one squirm and whimper with anticipation.

The plug inside still moved around a bit, once in a while leaking a bit of the blue juice and letting it run down the bloated area. Skipping around the stones that were constantly refilling, and lightly brushing against the weapon's ridges. Throwing the creature into spasms and causing ripples to pass through him. Panting heavily at every little feeling, and roaring with every orgasm the waves brought, Dia didn't know how much more blissful punishment he could take.

Another wall as the juices crawled up with ease. One he had no control over and was completely helpless to receive the result. Feeling his back end swell up a bit before that tail started taking the punishment, much like Beo's did. Slowly stiffening the long appendage, then gathering a thick amount of blue seed before setting an expedition to the very tip. Forcing all the sides to

push outwards to make room, it was so slow and stimulating that he couldn't stop breathing so rapidly. Releasing a full seven times before each destination was reached, and they started anew.

With the tail still thickening up, it started to lift upward with the expansion of the haunches. Letting the Cryo wiggle them as much as he could until it became difficult to. Then pressing against the lower belly a little more before working on the upper half. Feeling his shoulders and arms fan out sideways before those scales were occupied as well. Ceasing their movement as well and ravage the pink body with waves.

Then finally, the neck. Bracing Dia's head into a default up position before swelling around. Wondering how much pain it would've caused if not for the brass one's tricks. No longer being able to feel his muscles or limbs anymore, but that pressure and stretchy feeling remained to pleasure the large one.

His back began to dome outwards as well, moving around the large spikes and eventually pushing them upwards. With nothing else left to give, his entire body started taking the pressure. Pushing out in all directions was too stimulating for his weapon to keep up. Spraying constantly and wishing it was able to open up more.

His hide started to turn blue with transparency. His limbs bubbled out further. His neck fused with his shoulders, then soon his back. His haunches; with his tail, then the belly. Eventually turning the Cryo into a giant sphere with extra curves. Slowly being ironed out by the never ending supply of the brass dragon.

The scales stretched to their limits. The hide expanded further. The bubble grew and grew into the fields before getting a long creak. Reaching that stalemate once again, and slowly floating up that wall. His muzzle and his tailpipe leaked those precious juices. The pressure rose and rose to meet the barricade's demand, until-

The body of the Cryo overflowed. Bloating outwards once again greatly like a second wind. There was nothing left for scalecolor anylonger, just a very thin layer of a giant bubble, filled with that blue seed. Pressing against the persistent barrier of scales over and over. Pushing it outward to newer masses with every groan of the body, almost cosmic before completely stopping.

Everything was silent, struck in awe at the blue orb that took up the horizon. Nudging closer and closer to an end, like watching the sun set. There was no more groans, no whimpers, no creaks. Just the constant leaking of that red weapon for several moments. Then a high pitched whine before an

ocean was created. Staining pillows as far as the eye could see, but only taking several seconds to dissipate.

The now normal pink dragon panted heavily as he continued to spray. Feeling the brass dragon come closer to him in a stagger, and the smaller presented himself. Lifting his tail as Beo came close and getting impaled by the thick purple weapon in one single slip. Filling up his belly for the fourth time today until he could no longer see over it. Feeling the pressure slow down though, and the two to pant until they fell unconscious.

The pink dragon woke up in a mountain of pillows, loving the softness of them, and reminding him of a certain set of brown furred ones he missed. Getting him to purr loudly, then overpowered by another set behind him. Turning his muzzle to lick the brass dragon and feel a few in return, before getting a kiss that took his rested breath away. The two panted once again, almost moaning in pleasure when they remembered the previous night. Granted, they were not the only ones to remember, as both of their bodies still felt a little sore. "How are you feeling?" The brass one asked.

"Wonderful..." Dia said, after taking a deep breath and feeling for the massive paws that seemed to stroke his smaller belly. "I popped you." He said proudly, getting the larger one to chuckle.

"Yes. Yes you did." A proud lick on his pink snout.

"Without the help of trees."

"That's true." A kiss. "I read about that in a magazine." They chuckled again at the odd statement. "Feeling better about yourself?"

"Much." A nuzzle. "Thank you. I mean it."

"You're very welcome. Besides, I think I actually lost quite a bit of weight down there with that last bit. So I should be thanking you."

"How much weight?" A bit of pondering from his metallic head, getting those long spines that made his beard to brush the little one a bit.

"Maybe if we do it nine more times, I'll be empty." A loud whimper, and a few licks. "Think you're up for the challenge?"

"It was very stimulating." They chuckled. "But wow... I couldn't tell how big I got."

"It was off the radar." A playful shove as Dia chuckled. "I'm serious. You probably had your own gravitational pull, you were so massive."

"Well then, we'll just have to try again. Of course after eating something." A nod from the brass one as he started to get up. "Just-" Beo stopped, looking at the now purple one. "A little longer, please?" A smile and he laid down with the other dragon. Giving a few licks on his neck before using it as a muzzle pillow.

A long silence as the two started counting the stars in their field of few. Seeing Dia once again turn pink, and those large paws rubbed his belly again. "Dia'vidd?" A noise in question. "Would you... Like to join us?"

"Join what?"

"Our family?" It made the younger one hold his breath.

The younger dragon stepped through the portal, in the same meadow that he fell asleep in a week ago. Seeing the bear lay down in the shade and flick a pair of ears towards him. Getting up to stretch while Dia came closer to him. "Survived, did you?"

"Barely." He teased, getting a chuckle. "You have no idea how many times I've ruptured in the past week."

"That's Beo's cannon for you." A lick of affection, and they hugged each other. "But you completed your task?"

"Just about. He's able to walk without them dragging on the ground. We just..." A deep breath as he looked in the distance. "I really see what you see in him." It made the bear smile brightly and give him a few licks.

"It won't be the last time you see him. Don't worry."

"I know." He shyly looked away, getting Bartan to look at him puzzled. Swearing he heard something behind the white one and turning to look. But nothing was there. When he returned to face Dia though, he got a brass muzzle in the face. Yelping loudly as the maw kissed him. Deeply. Very deeply. Eventually pushing him on his back and making the younger dragon uncomfortable.

Trying to take a few steps back to give the two some privacy during their pleasure moans, but a thick tail blocked his path. Then a massive grip on the smaller one's tail pulled him closer, but not without a yelp. Knowing what was coming. Whimpering loudly as that same paw scooped under his belly and carried him closely to the two muzzles, still currently locked.

A moment before they finished and gave the white one time to regain his breath. "Nice to see you again too." The bear said, blushing while placing a paw on Beo's stout chest. Making him whimper in sync with the smaller dragon. Looking at the younger one for a moment. "I take it this was your idea?"

"Nope." The brass one purred, giving the two thick licks. "But he knew about it." Though still purple, Dia gave the bear a shy smile, getting one back and a few licks between the eyes.

"You know, Dia'vedd... You could always join our family if you want."

"I-I know..." A glance at the larger dragon, still pushing the two closer together with his strength. "Beo already offered me."

"Say hello to your new husband, bear." It made the white one double take, then smile brightly. Hugging the two males while getting one in return. Loving the brushes of fur between their sheaths and weapons for nearly a minute, getting them to purr a bit before the four arms released them. Though still getting a bit of a shy look from the younger one.

"You don't have to worry about anything, Dia. Even if you want to go out and make your own family, you'll have nothing but our support." A quick nod to say it was already explained. "However, before you completely join, there is a rite of passage." He gave him a devious look, and the two dragons glanced at each other for a moment. Grabbing the bear by the shoulders, and then thrusting both their weapons inside the bear's tailhole at the same time. Making him yelp out loudly in surprise, and gasp in bliss.

A bit a ways, the young wolfling and hatchling giggled at the three adults. Almost shaking their heads at such acts, but in a strange understanding way. Still, this was an entirely new world for them to explore, let alone make trouble in. Giving the three some alone time and expecting some large structures to temporally be made in the distance.

The black dragon was sleeping comfortably on his bedding of pillows. Even after adjusting that same window in the wall several times, the damn light always seemed to shine in his eyes. Making him grumble awake before turning bronze and removing it from the stone wall. Though, that left him in the dark, he was perfectly fine with that.

Laying back to relax, one large pillow felt rather warm to him. Extremely soft to the point he snuggled up against it. Only to have it nuzzle back and give him a few licks, clicking immediately of who it was and grumbling. "To what do I owe this displeasure, bear?" He almost growled.

"Just a friendly visit." A bit of a grumble for a response. "Can't I visit my father-in-law and not have to ask him a favor?" A breathless pause, as the black one slowly sat up. Turning his head to look at Bartan with ears telegraphing both complete annoyance and puzzlement. Then those spines that made his mane, slowly rising up to the point he looked like a lion.



WHAT!?