

Rex Overboard

By Bartan Tirix

The light warmed his sheets up, nearly baking the theropod attempting to sleep in. If there was one thing he hated, it was that damn light in the sky. Nearly hanging the rex over from a lack of rest. But the large glass walls of the living room couldn't be blocked out or curtained in any way. Forcing the dinosaur to grumble and shift again on the heavy futon, getting the inflatable mattress to move a bit more to accommodate the large one's weight. Nearly deflating under the brown scales and allow him to feel that large spine within the middle of the makeshift bed.

Even with two mattresses and air padding, he could still feel where that couch folded back into a bed. Making him wonder if the thing was broken, but the dragon insisted that it wasn't. Regardless, a warm bed was a bed. Considering how little options the rex had for shelter, this place was paradise. Just strange how Loqe's family could afford the fancy living room with near glass walls, a large pool just outside of them, and basically a modern castle on a hill, yet couldn't find a better bed for someone large as he was.

However, that was the issue: they were the dragon's parents, not the rex'. Truth be told, Zarrel was only supposed to stay for a few days to a week. Two months later, he was still sleeping in their living room of their guest house. One owned by the noodle that he swore wanted to get under his thick tail. But to do so was to take advantage of a guest, let alone it was only the rex' speculation. The thoughts of him even submitting to such a thing, only to find out that that blue noodle wasn't thinking about it in the slightest nearly petrified the dinosaur. Likely causing the two's BFF relationship to become wounded or even worse. Best case scenario; things would just be awkward until Zarrel moved out.

Another shift to get comfortable, and his rod pressed into that inflatable bedding. It was no wonder he was stiff every morning, even after two months of this. Loving that smell of vinyl that passed through the sheets under him, being absorbed by such fabrics and getting the theropod to just want to ram that large weapon into an inflatable his size. Likely one with some... Additions under certain appendages. But they were sadly too expensive for him to afford online. Let alone difficult to hide, considering the dino didn't actually have a room or closet space for his own belongings yet.

So rubbing his thick bulge against the sheets would just have to do. At least the dragon wasn't here to see anything, and the fence outside was too tall for someone to be spying on Zarrel as he slowly thrust in bed. Breathing in that scent once again. Hypnotically licking and almost gnawing at it with his fangs, but carefully. Though, it wouldn't be the first one he's punctured in his sleep, it would be difficult to explain what exactly happened to Loqe.

His member caught the sheets under the dinosaur, nearly dragging them like it was being playful. Salivating over them with its own foggy liquids until that paw reached down and started giving it some morning affection. Making out that near sharp point and large flare, everything covered in spines all the way down to that double knot. But what made him a bit self-conscious about his tool was the middle of it. All the one's he's seen online have been a solid shaft, balanced all the way through, whereas his red member seemed to have most of its girth on the underside. Like the tool grew a beer gut just before the waistline that was his first knot. Leaving it a bit disproportioned at first glance, and Zarrel did his best to hide such a thing from others.

But a harsh press into that solid divide got the rex to growl a bit in irritation. Making him sigh and shake off the slightly bruised feeling over his tip. He'll likely just have to add a bit more air to the damn thing again, swearing there was a slow leak somewhere. Granted, the package states it could only take up to 800lbs, and the dino was quite a bit over that. It's a wonder it's lasted this long, really.

Still, Zarrel kept the pumps nearby, needing to get them almost every other day by now to help get rid of that discomfort. Maybe later he'll go for a swim, spend the day watching TV until the dragon came home. Then maybe spend the night watching movies or playing games, wondering when the day will come the brown one would get the courage to tell that noodle how he felt. Still, risk vs reward, and lately his risks only brought negativity to the dino's life.

Placing the automatic pump in still almost made him whimper to this day. Those frilled ears blushing at the noise and smell the air within gave off as it was leaving the plug. Half wishing he could do this to himself somehow, just like in his fantasies. But they were interrupted by the doorbell ringing. Getting the large one to double take and grab a long robe. One that would thankfully cover up a certain member while the pump did its work.

Looking through the doorhole for a moment before opening it to a polar bear in a delivery uniform. "Hey. Sign here, please." He half requested, handing the brown one a clipboard before gesturing a package. Getting those frilled ears to perk a bit, but signed anyway. "Thank you, enjoy your day."

"Y-yeah. You too." The white one left without any more, leaving the rex with the box with the address and Zarrel's name on it. Getting him to purr in curiosity, but didn't stray too long. Taking it inside and checking on his mattress before stopping the device and putting it back. Though still aroused by such a thing, curiosity took over him. Cutting the tape on the unusually light box with a single claw and opening it up to a small folded... blanket?

A small touch made him instantly recognize the material, folded up for safe packaging. But he didn't order any inflatables recently. Perhaps the noodle did instead? It was difficult to tell, but the strong smell of latex brought back that excitement from earlier. The package did have the rex's name on it, so it must've been for him, right? There was harm in at least blowing it up if it was for someone else.

Taking off the robe and throwing the empty box in the corner, he unfolded the somewhat small toy. Finding its valve along its chest and giving it a few affectionate licks. Coaxing himself that the host wouldn't be back for quite some time, and letting that thick member of his remain exposed within the living room. Basking in the sun as he pressed those lips against the plug, carefully opening it and inhaling that strong scent. Fresh, completely new like it was store bought or even recently made. By who? He couldn't tell. Not even finding the standard warning labels written over its black exterior.

Still, the gift excited the dinosaur. Leaking out several drops of fluids from his own tip as that tongue lapped at the plug opening. Taking a deep inhale before latching his maw onto it and carefully blowing into it. Loving the slow bulge of the toy as its chest started to fold out and expand a bit. Lightly creaking like it's been folded for eons, making it a bit harder to inflate than others Zarrel's played with. But the slow progress only fueled his energy, shifting over his bouncy mattress as his long tail started to wag a bit.

The latex torso eventually grew into its belly, giving it a more feral form as six limbs started to share a bit of the intake. Making the theropod purr loudly as he playfully kept taking breaks to lick at the valve and let a bit of the air out. Inhaling that scent once again while feeling over the shape of the mysterious creature. Four legs. Two wings, complete with membranes. Only the branches of such things could accept the bulge though, it was no surprise it was a dragon. A black one, revealing its blue eyes and smile as more air unfolded its head.

The smile was contagious, making the rex lose a bit of progress and just take another one of those playful breaks. Lapping at the belly of the toy a bit while his tongue inched closer to its hindquarters. Disappointed that there wasn't any details underneath them, nor under its tail. But that was to be expected, really. Finishing up the small toy's intake, then pressing it a little further before plugging the leak with a single digit. Smiling and taking another look at it for himself, smaller than one of his pillows. Maybe the size of a big stuffed animal, but still, something he could likely play with a bit before Loqe got back.

With that valve still unnaturally plugged, the dinosaur rubbed the material against his belly a bit, slowly inching towards his neglected member and thrusting his tip under the black toy's tail. Squirting a bit and wondering if he could possibly release into the plug. How exciting it would be to inflate it with his own release, but at the same time, it would be such a pain to clean. Possibly even ruin such a rather nicely designed toy. Perhaps even collector's edition style of nice.

Still, he could just stroke one off and maybe take it out into the pool to 'wash' it. One last inhale of the inner scented air, and a bit more volume added to the dragon, the rex plugged it with its normal valve. Pressing it deep into the toy to ensure it won't catch on anything, and the object shocked him. Making the theropod almost yelp in surprise. Sure, playing with such things can give some static electricity, but nothing with that voltage. A strange pain that tingled through nearly every scale on his body, every specifically towards his equipment area.

Maybe he shouldn't have inhaled so much of that scent, taking a few deep breaths of fresh air before moving towards the door to let the breeze in. Though he loved the air conditioning, the warmth outside did feel nice against his rather... Shiny looking paws. Making him wonder if there was some kind of reaction out of that material. He knew the scent of latex anywhere, but could there be something else in it? Or was he just starting to float on cloud nine?

Zarrel did feel a little woozy, stumbling back into his bed. He felt lighter, his body feeling like it was morphing a bit. Yep, he definitely overdid it, looking over at the black dragon toy and almost smiling at it. Curling up to the plaything in his bed while wrapping that large tail around them. Enjoying the scent, even if it was killing him, that member of his constantly throbbing as its tip pressed against the tip of that black tail. It was then the rex' light orange eyes started to witness it; the scales long his tail starting to pick up the shine a bit more and more. Like a slime coming down from his body and coaxing his outer layer to the very tip, yet he did nothing to stop it.

Some part of him wanted to shiver, like seeing a swarm of insects on him, but nothing was felt. Aside from the tingling. Still a bit light-headed, he pressed his now shiny paw along it, hearing the strange sound of vinyl against vinyl. Much like the times he's rubbed two toys against each other, while against his own weapon as well. Whatever was inside that toy must've put him to sleep, or at least made him hallucinate. Because the more he looked at it, the more transparent it started to become.

Yet, he could still breathe. He could still swallow, yawn and shift around. He could still release several drops of pre onto that black dragon that was just smiling at him. Getting the rex to do the same back and share a few licks. He could even still taste, smell, touch was a bit off though. Especially on his insides. A half glance as the clouds parted from the sun and he started to see a shine through his scales. Getting him to double take and start to feel a bit... Deflated? That couldn't be right.

But the signs were there, even tapping his own muzzle and lightly biting his own tongue to ensure he wasn't dreaming. Feeling the slight pain of warning of his body stating "Don't do that again!" Zarrel was definitely awake, just... Changed somehow? Another glance over himself and it didn't make any sense. He was dreaming, those eyes deceiving him somehow, even if they were closed and he could feel his scales. Except they were no longer scales, but a thick PVC?

It got to the point where the theropod got out of bed, getting used to walking like he lost 80% of his weight. Perhaps more, and trekked to a large mirror. Overlooking his naked self and watching the rex on the other side, one that looked like a large pooltoy. Just like the ones online, except it was mimicking Zarrel's every movement. Everything except for some print or warning label. No tag, no seams. Not even a plug to be found. Just a large, shiny rex that was clearly ready for some mating.

Stunned for nearly a minute, some slight pattern under his package caught his eye. Turning a bit and searching, only to find his valve... Under his tail. "You've got to be kidding

me..." He half whimpered, recognizing his own speech. Those frilled ears catching his voice like normal. But what did this? The toy? He couldn't help but to nearly run towards the living room again and find it. Still there, smiling. Searching the box again only to find nothing. Not even a return address.

But his mind was looking at this all wrong. This is what the dinosaur always wanted, at least in a sexual experience. Those light orange eyes slowly moved towards the pumps for the air mattress, and the large one whimpered. Almost in bliss and excitement. Was he really going to do this? How much could the theropod take? He did feel a little deflated, at least playing with it a bit before Loqe returned home held no harm, yes?

His muzzle just smiled at the idea, almost giggling like a little hatchling as brought both pumps closer to the bed; one manual and the other electric, already plugged in from the use before. Starting out small would be the best idea, just to make sure everything was alright and safe. Taking the paw-fueled device and laying down, giving a few licks of affection towards the toy delivered to him before pushing it off the bed for now.

A lean forward and past his bulging sack rested the dinosaur's valve. Not well closed, it made sense now why he felt a little empty. But the question lied: what would happen if he was completely empty? At the moment, he didn't seem to have any muscle structure, but logic was only going to ruin this for Zarrel. Taking the end of the pump close to his plug and prying himself opened. Feeling that air rush out of the opening and once again exciting the rex before plugging it with that black hose. Halting the escapism and making sure it was inside rather snug before lying back on the bed.

It almost felt like there was an adult toy stuck in his rear just a small ways, really. Stimulating the theropod a bit as he held the device a bit in his paws. Drawing the pump up and hearing it hiss before pressing it together and getting the immense rush in his tailpipe. Banishing his breath as a thick block of air forced it's way inside his body. Nearly sending large warnings to his instincts that it wasn't natural, for him to stop. Yet, his member urged him to do it again.

Too excited to disobey, he separated the handle and slowly pressed it together once again. This time taking it much slower and making the excitement last. The warnings died down drastically as well, as the air took it's time to find a good place to reside within the brown rex. Getting another few squirts of thanks from that red tower, sharing the same shine as his body now, and encouraging another. Getting it and nearly releasing as his body started to feel tight after the next few pumps.

But Zarrel was so close to a release. Not wanting to just stroke himself off like the hundreds of times before, but attempt something more natural. Instead, he reached down and released the black hose from his rear. Letting the valve open wide and release a large amount of air from his body, giving the rex a more lighter and lighter feeling before placing it back in. Purring loudly as his tool nearly winked at him, still as hard and bulging as ever, before lying back down and starting it again.

Pump after pump, the dino refilled himself. Getting closer and closer to a release, like climbing a new set of stairs. Ones far higher than he could recall, ones that he never knew existed. Nearly reaching the top before starting to get that tight feeling in his body again. Making him whimper, he was so close...! A few extra couldn't hurt. Just until he released, just until he painted his underside a thicker white.

Every press started to make the rush just that much more intense, pushing his new body's limits and forcing more and more air into that belly. Letting it start to bulge out a bit, along with the base of his tail. Just a few more, he was squirting constantly now! Any moment he would reach past the edge and get that bliss of using no paws. Pump after pump, squeeze after squeeze of that device made his scales grow tighter and tighter, arcing his tool up a bit. Those white balls contracting like they were just waiting for the signal to empty everything they had through that rod. He whimpered loudly as his body groaned, pressing that last motion together-

Then a sudden give from behind his tool, the air quickly leaving his bulged belly just before he hit the climax. Getting the rex to growl and look over at what happened, after his belly deflated enough that is. Getting rather surprised how much was in it and how taut he became. Looking over, the hose just came out. Made sense really, the pump was for the mattress, not for him. But perhaps...

Determined, Zarrel grumbled a bit. Taking the hose's end once again and pressing it up to his valve. Still loving that feeling, but he forced it in deeper. Stretching out his orifice a bit, but it seemed more secure this time. Now to once again reach that climax. Almost aggressively pumping the air into his tailhole, but no warnings came about this time. Making him slyly grin that his body now grew to accept such an act, and quickly reaching up to his standard limit.

His vocals of affection echoed through the empty home as he add more and more air into his body. Enjoying every stretch and creak of his belly and haunches as they bubbled out a little more under that thick weapon. Spreading it's fluids across like several rivers that traveled around the sphere shape, tickling along his stretched belly and polishing it's shine. Nearly able to see himself through the glare of the sun, adding more warmth to Zarrel's insides as they pressed up against his limit.

But his climax was right there! Whimpering loudly as he fought to press the device together and really test the durability of his new scales. Arcing his length up out of sight, but he could still see the constant leaking of white as it flowed onto his tight belly. A slight give from behind, but the rex barely caught it, squeezing his valve shut and holding that hose inside tightly. Losing a bit of air in the process, but pretty much kept it sealed for now.

Time was short though, his goal was so close. He could feel it, holding onto that hose tightly and attempting to curl up his bloated tail, the theropod hammered the pump together with all his strength. Feeling it stretch him bigger and bigger, starting to flood his chest and arms with air, making operating the device harder. His haunches spread across his bedding, the base of his tail could feel the edge of it. His cheeks felt full like he was taking in air, but his

member nearly vibrated. Finally pushing passed that point of no return and flooding his body with nirvana.

Still, he pushed it to the very edge. Constantly pumping more and more into himself as that first torrent launched like a firehose. Spraying up against the wall and floor nearly twenty feet away, and almost touching the two story ceiling above him. Several more tight pumps, and he couldn't hold it anymore. Letting his valve slip just for a second during his orgasm and the black hose whip out of his stretched body. Leaking out the precious air in the process.

But he didn't care at this point, constantly spraying and showering the room with the largest release he's ever had. Nearly ten times the amount of fluids that painted his bedding and deflating body white. Catching his exhausted breath as he became lighter and lighter, like he was sinking into that mattress. Barely able to get himself up enough to attempt to shut that plug and keep at least some of that air inside, but it was harder than he imagined. Feeling so empty, yet so damn hard still. Like his weapon wasn't done with the session. Like it wanted more, Zarrel's own tip just staring at him, throbbing. Nearly winking at the electric pump.

The thoughts of such a thing still excited the rex, whimpering loudly as he looked back and forth between his somehow still stiff tool, and the device on the floor. That muzzle drooping from lack of substance inside and that curiosity returning with greater force. Wanting that rush again, he flopped himself to the edge of the bed and managed to get the hose. Bringing it up to his own tail and whimpering with excitement.

The end of the black hose had a bit of a lock on it, once it was inside him, odds are it wouldn't come back out until someone squeezed the lock and pulled it. Wondering if he should wait until someone else was around before he attempted such a thing, but his instincts demanded that release now. Pressing the tip into his valve and barely squeezing it inside before he heard the click of the lock, the rex was practically thrusting at the very thought of it. That feeling of something dense in his tail. The scent of the warm breeze, latex and vinyl, it nearly made him release another spray before even reaching the device and placing a paw on the switch.

The energy of even considering it was enough to fight off the drowsiness of his first release. Smiling at his own tool, and his sack that barely seemed to have a dent into it, Zarrel took a deep breath and pressed his weight on the switch. Hearing it click loudly and start up, instantly sending a thick rush through his deflated self as he kept a paw near it just in case. The air came in pulses, watching his middle grow quickly in beats like there was a rave in his shiny belly. Making him wonder if this turns out well, could he perhaps do such a thing? Find a way to add some sort of glowing air or even swallowing some glowsticks-?

A thick pulse and a heavy spray interrupted his thoughts, as he started to squirm in glee. Air entered his body much more quickly than with the other pump as it started to fill out the rest of his form again. Now being able to keep his muzzle straight as he whimpered loudly, that tongue lolling out and those ears blushed deeply. Adding more and more, sending waves of bliss

through his folding out form. Soon climaxing before he was at his standard limit.

To be safe, he stopped the device until those thick sprays stopped. Adding more and more white to his underbelly and chest, even shooting a few torrents into his own maw as he played with it with acceptance. Taking a few breaths and gazing upon the definition of his current impulsive nature, asking the simple question: "Keep going?"

Simple question, simple answer. Another press into that switch and the rush returned greater than ever. Almost forceful as his belly and haunches stretched to take in the amount of air it was ejaculating into the dinosaur's body. Making him bloat out almost unevenly and that shine become greater with every moment. Regardless of the groans and the creeks, Zarrel knew he could take more. He felt it, like his limit was quite far away, that there was still plenty of room in his body.

Another release rippled wildly through his expanding belly, making him almost roar and whine loudly as his tail started to touch the ground. Overflowing quickly with the sudden intake that it started to push some furniture back as he sprayed upward. Making it rain white as his belly started to cover up the entire bed. Reaching heights of nearly the first balcony that overlooked the living room from afar, and pushing his torso back a bit. Including his paw that was on the switch, pushing it out of reach as he struggled to shut the device off.

But another rush to a climax sapped his energy and made him submit. Pushing his shoulders and pillows off the bed as gut grew bigger and bigger. Absorbing most of the intake, while the rest filled up his tail to the limit. Then started bulging his haunches more, barely being able to see such a thing through his ever-growing transparent scales. Reflecting light like a huge bubble, including the dino's own orgasmic expression.

It was bound to happen sometime, and at least got to experience his own personal heaven in the process. Just lying back and accepting the constant flood of air within his body, feeling it climb into his shoulders and neck. Expanding them greatly as he had another climax. Then another, a third in the process of the second. The sounds of his torrents hitting his thinning out belly and tail was beyond blissful, even feeling it as if his sensitivity was somehow increased greatly.

His scales creaked as his form began to sphere out, having four smaller bulges for limbs, a thick one for his head and neck, then a massive one for his tail. Zarrel swore that his weapon was taking in some as well, throbbing against that growing belly. Then the sound of dragging on the floor, as it started to catch and tug on the hose in his tailpipe. The pump? Was his valve up so high that the hose couldn't quite reach? Was the cord still plugged into the next room? His salvation was his laziness after all, never wanting to actually unplug something for a few moments and plug it back in! If he could just endure until the device pulled itself from the wall...!

But the dinosaur never felt so tight, so full. Trying to exhale some of the air being forced

into his tail to last just a little longer. Just to give his belly, the rex' entire body some extra relief. But his cheeks started to swell up, making him whimper. Trying his best to keep that maw opened and relieve some of the pressure, but they were slowly closing them shut. Sealing his muzzle in place and the pressure started to grow drastically. Whimper loudly as his belly groaned and expanded.

He could feel that bloated tail touch the TV and the wall on the other side of the large room. His belly make contact with the second story indoor balcony overlooking his room, tagging that guardrail acrossed it with every thick pulse of that hissing device. Then touch the bottom corner of the third floor one, as it started to wedge inbetween to attempt to make room. Pushing a bit over to the side where those paper thin scales pressed against the heated windows leading outside. Even arcing into the doorway a bit, being able to see them all so clearly through his stretched out body. Yet, it endured the wrath of the device.

The pulses grew as the theropod balloon covered more and more ground. Filling out the room with every little moment, and soon running out of space as his belly managed to reach the ceiling. Pressing up against that and stretching out some already stressed scales to take even more air. But that tug was getting harder, nearly lifting up an entire couch that his body was providing more counterweight to. A very loud groan as he attempted to whine loudly within his forced muzzle as he sprayed desperately out of his tower. That belly thinning out greatly to the point of being nearly invisible, until-!

The machine shut off. The largest wave of relief echoed in another series of sprays as he heard footsteps. "I swear, Zarrel, that's the last mattress you're getting if you left that damn thing plugged-" A loud thumm and a drum against his bubble form nearly made the rex freeze in place... Well, if he could even move to begin with. Thinking that Loqe might've burst him. Feeling a paw study him, and the dinosaur whimper loudly to get his attention. "...Zarrel? Look, I know you like this whole balloon thing, but don't you think this is a bit overdoing..." The voice walked around towards his lower end, never finishing, but getting a loud whimper as a set of eyes gazed upon his greatly enlarged member, still leaking almost constantly.

Easily spotting the black hose leading up to the small valve to such a behemoth, the eastern dragon carefully pressed into that massive tail. Getting a whimper of both pleasure and sensitivity at the sheer tightness of it, as that tyrannic weapon sprayed once again. Nearly showering the noodle who was still a bit stunned at what was in his living room. "Zarrel?" A noise in confirmation. "How...?" Several whimpers that no one could really understand and those blue paws studied that tail bit, getting a muffled yelp in question. "Give me a sec, I'm going to see if I can get that out of you. You might be able to... Support my weight." Another whimper. "I hope anyway..."

He attempted to make out the pawsteps going upstairs to the second floor and towards his back end. Feeling them carefully step onto his bloated form and start to tug at the hose a bit. "My... You are..." Loqe started, getting a noise in question, then a few paws round the base of his

enlarged tool. One soaked completely with its own fluids, bulged out and greased greatly. Hearing the noodle whimper loudly as he softly pet such a magnificent sight, carefully licking along the red flesh and feeling the monument throb in the attention.

But soon after a few studies around the rex' valve. Feeling the hose tug a bit and the balloon whimper loudly in near fright, until the sweet satisfaction of release. Only for it to be plugged soon after, and for the stuck theropod to yelp in question. "S-sorry Zarr... But I need you." Another yelp as he could feel that tongue around his plug. Serpentine and forked, teasing that opening and only letting a little bit of air out at a time. "I really need you after seeing this."

What could he mean by that? Making out those blue paws once again around the base of his enlarged member, stroking around that second knot as a prod was eventually felt near his valve. Getting the dinosaur to almost yelp, yet submit, knowing what it was. A few strokes of his flesh got a large amount of pre to soak the dragon's own member before pressing it inside. Feeling the spear-like tip penetrate that opening, now slightly stretched thanks to the electric pump, but still very sensitive.

The flare slipped inside the inflated rex, returning him into a sea of bliss as Loqe did most of the work. Stroking along Zarrel's large member and sack, noticing that the pouch was only about the size of a large pillow vs the massive increased, nearly twelve foot member. Still vibrating and leaking out more and more fluids. Covering the snake-like dragon as he pressed his own weapon deeper into the living bubble. Plugging most of the airflow, only allowing a bit to escape. But enough for the dinosaur to relax and accept such a thing. Just thankful it wasn't awkward or that his suspicions about his friend was correct.

Judging by the noises the smaller one was making, the constant licks and strokings, Loqe has wanted this for a while. Swearing sometimes at night he could feel the dragon watching him overhead, perhaps making out his tool within the thin sheets. Now here he was, riding him while holding that very tool that was over four times his total size. Penetrating his tailhole with his own member, spraying his own seed into the bloated one. Wait... Spraying...?

It was then Zarrel started to notice it, that tight feeling once again. The pressure increasing in his body with every little torrent the blue one released within him. Whimpering for him to stop for a moment and release a bit more of that air, but that tool inside his valve was starting to tighten up. A small bulge along the outside, pressing in harder and harder. Making the rex whimper for the noodle to stop, but unable to make enough noise. Just spray as his sensitive plug was being overwhelmed.

Deep press after deep press made a bit more progress within that stuffed balloon, thrusting that dense knot in a little bit further as that massive tower continued to grease it. Eventually feeling the dragon's own member finally slip inside completely, and soon fill out his knot. Tying Zarrel and forcing him to take Loqe's release. Every bit of pre-seed forced his body to expand to accommodate, creaking loudly as the blue one's breaths started to become more rapid. As his smaller member started to throb and thicken up before spraying inside that massive

bubble. Feeling his belly press up against the ceiling, his tail struggle to make room along the wall. His back morphed over the furniture and pushing it out of the way to make room. His sides bloating out into the balconies and the outside doorway. Pressing up against that glass a bit further, a bit harder with every spray of white. That rexy weapon bulging out bigger and bigger as more of his own sprays painted the wall. Groaning loudly against the dragon's claws as he released his orgasm into the dinosaur-!

Until all at once, the balloon exploded with a loud bang. Like a gun firing off, dropping the blue one onto the couch in front of the now broken TV. A massive blast of air being sent in all directions as Loqe was nearly knocked out, taking a few moments before coming to and realizing what just happened. Making him yelp loudly and search for the theropod, or what was left of him. But a pleasant sighting of Zarrel's lower half laying on the upper part of the futon could easily be found. Hearing him whimper in both soreness and pleasure, as that red length sprayed a bit more. The dinosaur looking back to his old self once again. "Ow..."

"Are you okay?" A whimper in confirmation, but that thick tail was wagging, so it gave the dragon some relief. "What was all that about? How...?" A whimper of embarrassment as the dinosaur covered his eyes with his paws, blushing deeply, even if the noodle didn't have line of sight. Hearing him eventually get off that couch and walk around, spotting the toy under the makeshift bed and picking it up. "Where did this come from?"

"It..." He didn't have to look to see what Loqe was talking about. "It was delivered here today, while you were out. Had my name on it, but..."

"But?"

"No return address." A noise in question. "I blew it up, and I found myself... Becoming like it." The rex shyly said, still not moving and feeling the dragon's stare along his equipment once again.

"What do you mean?"

"It turned me into..." Another whimper, and the blue one looked around the massive room. Remembering how big the dino became.

"How?"

"I donno. All I did was inflate it and touch it." A moment of silence, and the smaller one climbed onto the futon with Zarrel's lower half. Feeling their toolss touch together, and the toy between their bellies. Finally breaking the rex to whimper a bit in embarrassment and look at those hot pink eyes. "W-what...?"

"Let's see if we can get it to work again." Loqe smirked, almost deviously. Getting a noise in question from the larger one as their members stroked each other with glee. "I know it's not my thing, but if it made you... Able to take that in, maybe it can help me take this in." A couple of

playful thrusts against that large red girth with the dragon's pink one, getting Zarrel to become almost speechless.

"You...?"

"You damn tease." Another whimper. "I've wanted what you had for so long, y'know? Why do you think I invited you here in the first place?"

"Because I needed somewhere to stay...?"

"Well, that too." That blue snout half tossed. "But you were always so... Secretive about this. I only assumed you were either saving it for someone, or you were just not interested."

"It wasn't that..." A breath from the large one as he came clean. "I've wanted to for a while, I just wasn't completely sure that you..." A whimper as those orange eyes caught the blue one's midsection start to become shiny, those scale plates morphing to a more smooth version of itself and getting the noodle to whimper with it as well. Touching it and almost gasping as it started to creep upwards, of course having the same effect with the theropod's belly and middle as well. "I guess it's just contact with it then."

"Y-yeah... Do you feel... Lighter?"

"It's like it's making you hollow." A bit of a whimper, but those pink eyes showed excitement. "I can't believe you're actually agreeing to this."

"If it will get you to mount me sideways already, then yes. I've been waiting for it since you moved in." Loqe playfully snorted, looking over himself and how his scales started to become more and more glossy. Melting together and making him wanting to just wash off what nearly appeared to be oil covering him. Only to be suddenly grabbed and pulled down by the rex, forcing the two to share a deep kiss that got the noodle to submit quickly. Grinding over that large tool as his tailhole morphed into an opened valve, leaking more of that air.

A little bit of shifting, and the dinosaur squirmed off the bed with the eastern dragon on top of him. Smiling brightly before breaking the kiss and pulling Loqe up a bit more, lapping at his vinyl belly and wrapping that tongue around his weapon. Quite impressive for how small he was, a pink tower that came with its own defenses. The usual spines that were normally made of soft flesh, now changed into a near latex-like substance. Though stiff and fighting against that large tongue's harassment, but it wasn't what Zarrel was aiming for.

Pulling up a bit further as the transformation soon completed, he lapped at that tight opened valve under his host's tail. Getting a large vocal reaction from the blue one as that dangerous maw playfully gnawed at his rear. Latching his lips to it and blowing a good amount of air directly into the orifice, getting a loud moan of bliss as the dragon nearly collapsed. Adding pressure to his insides and nearly making that pink member release as the rex continued for a bit longer, adding a bulge to the noodle's middle before squirting heavily on the floor. "O-okay,

wait..."

"Something wrong?" Zarrel questioned.

"Just... Too fast." A chuckle from the larger one. Reaching forward and making sure his own plug was sealed... It wasn't. "I never thought it would be..."

"So sensitive?" A nod as the rex plugged Loqe as well, though still taking a large sniff of that scent as they got up and he lifted the smaller one on the bed. "Thank you for this. For a lot of things lately."

"I'll be getting payment from you soon enough, Sexosaurus Rex." An eyeroll from the dinosaur. "So, after you discovered this... You..." A glance over the messy living room as he spotted the two pumps, making those frilled ears of Zarrel's blush.

"Y-yeah... I always wanted to try..." He whimpered.

"Is that how you were able to cum so much?"

"T-that I'm not sure of. I want to say..." He gestured the toy to the side, and the dragon pondered. "Uh oh."

"I'm thinking..." Loqe reached over for the manual pump, bringing it over and glancing at the rex's equipment, getting the large one to blush and smile uncontrollably. "I've tried something for you, are you willing to try something for me?"

"What do you have in...?"

"Mind?" A shy nod, and the dragon could tell that theropod was getting giddy just thinking about this. "Close your eyes." And the brown one did so, feeling that black hose almost slither across his slightly deflated belly, those paws pressing into its shine to study such material. Getting the two to purr loudly in anticipation as a pink forked appendage glided over his stiff length. Teasing those ridges and knots, down to his slit and pouch. Then around that valve a bit as the large one couldn't help but thrust into the blue body a bit. That thick tail wagging in excitement as Zarrel whimpered.

Only to soon feel that hose press into his tool's opening, making the dinosaur yelp loudly and almost attempt to pull it out. Yet, his instincts found the idea almost exciting, even though his weapon did not. Making sure the hose was in there tight, a pair of brown paws held it for the dragon. Getting the two to share a look, and a pair of shy smiles as Loqe operated the device. "J-just go slowly..." A small nod from the blue one as he pressed that first pump in.

That large rush entered his red tool with almost pain, bulging it a bit more than it already was in its natural form. Almost painful, until the air started to enter his pouch instead. Constantly passing through the tower like a hallway to the ballroom, and stretching the dome-like roof of that structure with every pump. Getting vocal whimpers, ones of caution, yet bliss

and excitement as the two gazed upon the growing pouch. Every press together giving it more and more volume than before. Increasing its size, shine, and decreasing its transparency a little bit every few motions.

Still, there was no signs for the dragon to stop or even slow down. Forcing spray after spray of air inside the rex' sac and making it fill out the space between his hind legs, all the way down to his stifles (knees) before Zarrel let go. Spraying almost a mist of pre and air out of his package for quite some time in one large orgasm. Getting those blue paws to stroke his red tower softly as his pouch deflated, and the theropod caught his breath. S-sorry, I couldn't hold it back anymore."

"That's fine." Loqe smirked a bit deviously, making those orange eyes look at him in question for a bit before starting to feel his sac begin to inflate again. Filling up with seed as the two whimpered in excitement. "I was hoping it would work."

"W-what?"

"Just something I noticed before. Everytime you erupted when I was..." A bit of a purple blush from those blue ears. "Y-your balls were constantly refilling. I was thinking if we could somehow increase your... Let's say, volume..."

"Then..." Another as the white vinyl bag reached its capacity, making the dinosaur smirk shyly a bit before taking that hose in his brown paws again. Getting the noodle to double take.

"You want to go further? Get it too full and you might not be able to move."

"O-or even... Burst again, I know. But I..." Those frilled ears fell a bit in embarrassment, until the blue one grabbed the pump again.

"I'm not against it, just don't overdo it. This is harder work than it looks."

"You try doing it every other morning." Zarrel snorted. "You can see why I wanted the automatic-"

"Yeah, yeah. Stuff your length already." The two chuckled, attaching the hose to his tip once again and almost hear the fleshy tower whimper at him. Giving the signal for the dragon to start, and the two watched intently as the sac grew with every motion. Like blowing up a large balloon full of liquid, hearing it stretch and groan as it became more and more transparent. Hearing the rex whimper loudly at the pressure and the pouch started to become drastically thinner. Reaching down to his hocks before Loqe stopped. "I'm not sure if you can take much more."

"Just... Three more. Please." The guest nearly begged, getting a nervous smile as they nearly counted it down. Slowly pumping the first one in and see the bag grow drastically. The second one made it creek loudly as the dinosaur's hinds were rubbing against it. Once again

stopping to confirm that last one, and Zarrel nodded. Enduring the massive pressure as the dragon struggled a bit to close the device, almost seeing the hose bulge and give out before the rex let go. Once again showering himself with his own seed, and the blue one joining in to help him through it. Resting his head on that large pale sac as it started to refill after the sprays were done.

At least, until Zarrel started to shift a bit and get on his belly, barely being able to stand on his hinds as he nearly dragged the massive intake that was his pouch. Getting the noodle to whimper loudly and almost release himself as he overlooked the final product. Being able to see the reflection of the pool through the thick seed inside, and the warmth of the sun's glare through it. "I think we overdid it." The brown one admitted.

"No such thing." Loqe nearly choked, his voice cracking a bit during his blush. "Zarr?" A noise in question. "I..." He started, but a massive wave of purple colored his ears and muzzle. "You were... Fine after, right?"

"You mean after the..." A gesture up high, getting a nod and a whimper from the smaller one. "Y-yes. Though it did sting quite a bit, I felt... Back to normal."

"Like the curse was reversed?"

"I'd hardly call this a curse." The rex snorted. "Why?"

"I..." Another whimper as those hot pink eyes couldn't look away from that leaking red member.

"You want it inside...?" A faint nod.

"All of it." That time, the dino whimpered a bit. But he smiled regardless. "I'll be okay, right?"

"Far as I can tell." Another whimper. "I've... Kinda taken a lot of risks today, might as well take one more."

"Well... If something bad happens..." A noise in question from the theropod. "I want you to delete the porn from my computer."

"Erm..."

"And my phone."

"..."

"...And clear my browser history."

"No last 'I love you' for the family, just 'don't let them remember me as a freak'?"

"A freak who loves dino-porn, yes." A few blinks from those orange eyes. "...And..." A paw on that swollen pouch, making the scales ripple and send a heavy wave of pleasure through him.

"Alright, but if we're going to do this..." The large one pulled the noodle on the bed, laying him on his back and aggressively kissing the dragon into the mattress. "We're doing it my way."

"W-which is...?" A devious smirk from that brown muzzle, as a dull claw reached down. Tracing around the reflective blue belly plates, over his erect tool that was nearly begging for attention. Around that smaller pouch, and finally to his plug. Pulling it opened and letting the noodle begin to deflate, making him whimper at the dinosaur pressing his heavy(er) weight over him.

"You want my cum, right Loqe?" He purred, getting some confidence and receiving a whimper in question. "Then I'm going to fill you from scratch, so that there's nothing else inside you but my seed."

"A-all...?"

"Every. Last. Drop." The two latched onto each other once again, those powerful jaws helping force the air out of the vinyl dragon as his muzzle nearly melted under such strength. Soon banishing every last particle out of his host, yet still getting him to whimper and leak out of that stiff weapon. Reaching down once again and toying with that blue valve a bit before pressing his tip into it caused the noodle to gasp loudly. Receiving that first powerful spray that he's longed for.

Teasing it a bit while greasing up the plug, he pressed his red member into the small opening little by little. Feeling it attempt to resist, but submit to such a large flare with a little bit of work. Stretching the dragon's hole more and more while adding several sprays of that seed. Starting to fill up his belly and tail faintly while spreading to the rest of his body. Another aggressive kiss before Zarrel started to force his tool into that plug, getting a series of loud whimpers and begs as drilled the noodle wider and wider, then feeling that flare slip inside.

It was more than enough for the dragon to start releasing constantly, barraging the two's undersides to the point the dino thought maybe he ripped his friend apart. But his red tower was locked inside of the living toy... The living condom. Who's only current purpose was to accept the tyrannosaurs' white ocean.

That thought alone was enough for him to start wildly spraying into the blue one, filling out his body enough to start moving easier. Though being filled with a liquid made it much harder to move around, especially when it was thrashing inside his hollow body. Feeling his tail and middle already start to become stiff and stretching to take in the massive flood that was entering his tailhole. The almost hot white flowing through his body, even up to his muzzle while

the two kept wrestling tongues. The top one clearly overpowering the other.

His blue body started to feel more and more dense, as that red member started to press deeper into him. Thrusting slowly like it was trying to add more of that length inside the small dragon. Wanting every last inch of it, but not sure how such a massive thing could actually fit inside him. Especially if the rex kept increasing the pressure by adding more and more fluids.

Suddenly, the dinosaur stopped the kiss and bit into Loqe's neck, making him yelp, but notice it was more for bracing him. But why? Soon getting an answer as a thick spray started to stretch his belly and haunches a bit, then that weapon pressing in harder. This time not letting up, as the noodle could only counterattack with his own releasing sprays, painting their undersides as another few torrents increased the pressure within his glossy scales. Another weighted press and the blue one could feel his valve stretch to accommodate such girth by force.

The thing was massive. Bad enough the dragon couldn't even cover a single line of it with both paws, but for him to be able to take it down there seemed impossible! Felt impossible, but the brown one was going to try. Hammering into that bloated blue toy as his plug started to become wider. Leaking out that precious seed with every retreat, and getting twenty times the amount released in a single torrent that rippled through the dragon.

He could feel his tail and haunches start to take the extra slack by bloating out his scales, his belly soon taking some of the punishment as well. Then his back, morphing his serpent-like thin form into a much thicker, rounder balloon. Still trying to keep some of his original shape as that thick red weapon continued to drill into his valve. Throwing the two in a sea of bliss while making progress over several minutes.

Then, those brown paws started to hold Loqe's shoulders in a bit, trying to gather his volume towards his plated chest, then pressing it all down into his already stretched belly. Making the dragon whimper loudly as he was still being held by the neck, those somehow sharp teeth grazing his very sensitive vinyl before letting go and giving a very heavy thrust into that thick belly. Feeling it stretch wildly as that pink tool sprayed in an arc. Another heavy thrust was held there as Zarrel squeezed that belly down onto his weapon.

Then the sudden plop, nearly tearing the blue one's plug with such girth as it was instantly trapped inside. So massive and dense and soon started releasing its firehose like pressure deep within the dragon. Launching seed into his body in all directions, covering every location it could possibly find and even coming out of Loqe's muzzle as it stretched his middle wildly upwards. Hearing it groan drastically as it fought to stay together, and the rex started grunting himself. The pressure starting to fade a bit, but the flow was still faintly there.

The sounds of Zarrel's struggling to fight instincts came in the sound of heavy breaths and growls, as he held that massive belly that nearly took the entire futon. Licking at it with his thick tongue, the dragon was lost in such bliss. Filled to the brim with hot milk, unable to move even though the theropod was trying to make him. Rocking that belly back and forth, gaining

momentum with every rock and slowly getting Loqe back to reality. Making him release a noise in question before he was rolled off the bed and onto the floor, now on his bloated belly. Though something soft was barely felt under him.

Soon the rex turned him to face the broken TV in the corner, still locked inside the dragon before starting to thrust into him again. Now being able to breath down the noodle's neck as the sprays slowly returned. Adding more and more pressure into his body while the motions sent ripples through his taut form. Soon once again thrown into that sea of bliss while a literal sea of white was filling him from behind. Now easily using his reflective back for storage space against such a thing.

With a held back roar, that flow increased. Stretching Loqe's body like a long balloon, filling his limbs to the point where they were small nubs and his tail widening greatly as the seed thrashed through it, over and over again and sending those scales to bigger and bigger limits. Every spray increasing the noodle's max length, height, width, and volume more with every breath of the dinosaur's. Barely being able to feel his belly curve around the makeshift bed before climbing over it. Overflowing again and again as the creeks grew louder with every one of the dragon's whimpers.

The stream of white was a constant flow out of his muzzle, being filled so much with it. His scales growing thinner and thinner as they started to lose that blue color. His chest plate lines starting to fade as they climbed across the furniture of the room, breaking it under his massive weight. Wondering if a single point was going to be left to pierce through his now fragile body, and expecting that sting at any moment. Just praying he'll be alright in the end.

But the bliss was all worth it regardless, the constant stretching of his sensitive scales, the massive warmth he was being flooded with, the constant member hammering into his valve still. Still...? Then those pink eyes came to a realization: the rex still had two knots to get inside his current form. One bigger than the previous. Loqe almost wanted to whimper to his guest to stop as the theropod started to press harder and harder under his tail, but the blue one wanted this. He wanted every last bit of that red tower inside his plug. He wanted every last swimmer within that white pouch inside his titanic bubble of a body. Doing his best to lean back into Zarrel, he felt that valve struggle to stretch around that monstrous member.

Almost a sharp pain was felt, but the sudden give replaced it with nirvana for both partners. Taking one of the knots just before another massive flood intake. One that pushed the dinosaur on his back as that blue tail flooded and expanded greatly. Almost disproportional to the point of bursting the dragon before correcting itself to spread it across his body. His belly and back taking more and more of the white release as the dragon's sides started pressing against the glass windows. Wrapping around the pillars that held up the indoor balconies and bloating out under them while limiting his adjacent forms of storage.

Yet, that red tower kept releasing, if not more than before. The dragon's tail completely covering him and forcing his plug onto that final knot. The rest of that tail bloating out into the

hallway before getting stuck, forcing those scales to bloat upwards and forwards towards the wall. Soon getting the dragon's cheeks to bloat out from the pressure, and his muzzle start to take some of the slack. Passing through to his whiskers and stretching them out as he pressed against the stains that the dino made earlier. All he had left was up, and one more knot to go.

But somehow the 'small' dragon endured the constant barrage, feeling his back scales thin out, yes, but take much more punishment than he could ever realize. Reaching the second balcony before swearing he was going to burst, but instead overflowed higher and higher. The massive amount of weight forcing his valve down over that near two foot thick knot, slowly slipping down the sides throwing more and more waves of pleasure through his massive form.

Then the final give, feeling the rex give into his instincts and bite the tail over him before releasing everything he had into the noodle balloon. Feeling his scales morph around the second balcony before nearly giving out, then another overflow. Reaching up to the third and invading most of it before reaching that limit, but something kept the dragon together. Then he felt it; the soft thing directly under his massive belly.

That toy? That magical toy that caused them to do this to begin with? Was that somehow giving him the power to endure every massive spray the dinosaur had? Regardless of its powers, the dragon was running out of room. Touching the ceiling and just taking up what little space those shiny scales could reach. Looking like a large water balloon filled with milk that flooded his home. Hearing the loud creeks and groans of his form, and he knew that sting would happen at any given moment.

The pressure increase and increased, his bloated scales touching every corner, morphed around every hallway he could reach. The noodle whimpered loudly in bliss as Zarrel showed no signs of stopping. The creeks grew louder, morphing into heavy growls before the sudden give-! Of the glass windows. Giving those scales an escape route and quickly flooding his backyard. Tracing over the pool and morphing towards the wooden fences, not giving a damn about the shattered glass it trekked across.

The sprays started to slow down, finally giving Loqe a second wind. He could endure, hold in every drop the rex had, at the cost of some property damage that is. All he needed to do was hold out a little bit longer. His scales brushing against the plant life outside, being able to sense every blade of grass and every thorny rosebush his parents demanded to be planted. Making out every point against his beyond thin body, then a sudden give underneath him. Making the dragon whimper as he was still being filled up more and more. Reaching that very last limit before bursting into an ocean of white.

But the milk was soon removed after a bit, leaving the two friends lying on the floor. Loqe back to his normal self while the rex was panting constantly, still all balloony and with an unreal package. But if it wasn't him that gave in, what did? A quick look around, and those pink eyes spotted the deflated toy in the center of the room. A large hole in its side as it finally gave in from all the weight, nearly making the dragon's own side hurt a bit from the sting, but he was

fine. Picking it up as Zarrel started looking around at the damage and almost cringing at the broken bed. Then double take at the toy. "I guess it's not invincible." Loqe mumbled a bit shyly.

"None of them usually are." But the dinosaur gestured the blue paw, slowly getting a shine once again just from touching the item. "But apparently it still works, if not just slower."

"Is it possible to fix, I wonder?" A motion to bring it to the theropod and he did, playfully sitting on that massive pouch and making the rex whimper a bit. "You know more about these than I do."

"We might be able to fix it. That however..." He followed the stare of those orange eyes to the futon, getting a grumble from the noodle.

"Yeah. Too bad, I meant what I said about you not getting another one." A sad whimper from the dino as those frilled ears started to fall, but perking when he seen that devious look from Loqe's muzzle. "Instead, why don't I offer you a promotion?"

"Promotion...?" He slid up the rex's still stuffed and vinyl belly, minding the large weapon that was clearly too big for his current form. Touching almost nose to nose as a large blush invaded Zarrel's muzzle.

"How about you become my mattress from now on?"

"Y-you mean...?" A nod as the two kissed, almost interrupting the larger one.

"It's about time you moved into a proper room anyway. I never really cared for air mattresses, but..." A hard rub over that glossy material along the theropod's chest, those claws almost leaving imprints as it stretched to resist such damage. "I could get used to this. Shiny or scaled." A bright smile over his brown muzzle as they kissed again.

"I don't know about you, but I could use a lazy day of sleeping."

"After that workout, I don't blame you." The two teased. "Do you want to stay like this for now? Or...?"

"I-I'm fine as..."

"A living blow-up doll?" Loqe teased.

"Your living blow-up doll, yes." They chuckled as the blue one got off him. Helping the heavy dinosaur off the floor and up the stairs. "We'll... Have to clean this up eventually."

"Yeah, yeah. Save it for later. Might just hire someone else to do it instead." They looked out over the mess, specifically outside towards the pool area. "That gives me an idea though." Those dark orange discs looked at the blue one. "You ever wonder what that loud noise is that you hear outside from time to time?"

"You mean the pump to the pool?"

"Well, it's a pump, just not to the pool." A noise in question as he gazed over that smirk again. "We have an air compressor behind the garage." A sharp whimper left the large one. "And you thought that dinky electric one down there gave off pressure..." He chuckled passing the stunned dinosaur and giving him a few taps. "Coming?"

"A-almost..."