

Castle On The Hill (Counting Stars Act 3)

By Bartan Tirix

It was the soothing fresh air that banished the darkness from his scales, brushing it with a deep cyan that crawled from his inhaling chest down to the tip of his tail. A wonderful warmth, yet cool moisture that held a small bit of dew just like out in a real field or meadow. Not one that was made entirely of the softest pillows he's ever felt. Ones that felt like literal clouds of plush, almost like he was sleeping while flying. Perhaps hovering still within a void of white.

Even after a few weeks, it was still surreal to wake up in such a place to Dia. Making him wonder if maybe he was still back in that other universe, the one he left behind a while ago before moving here. Even then, the questions of whether or not the dragon would stay here still popped in his mind. Even the most pleasant of feelings couldn't mask such a thing. Cooling the blue of those scales a bit as he took a deep breath, not even noticing the soft light that came from above. Slowly getting brighter and letting those rainbow discs open at their own pace.

A sudden presence was very close, nearly alerting the half-awake wyrm, until he was covered by a body of fur. Getting him to yelp a bit, before sighing in relief. "Did I spook you?" The white ball of fluff asked, embracing the dragon from behind.

"A little, yes." Dia admitted, turning pink when those four sets of paws started stroking his body. Getting the slightly larger one to purr a bit and move into the living portable mattress, that long scaled tail lifting up to attempt to curl around such a wonderful feeling, while presenting his lower end at the same time. Getting a chuckle as those scales nearly glowed a bright pink, and almost making the dragon shift with those paws. Starting around his sides and shoulders before moving down to Dia's arms.

"You've been working out, it seems." A noise in question. "Your muscles have been getting stronger since you got here."

"Well, entertaining your children is a workout." He attempted to snort through those purrs, getting several soft licks along the back of his neck. Though the forest of thin spines that made the dragon's mane.

"I don't think it's quite that..." The counterweight started, barely catching the noise in question from the younger one. "You've been absorbing Beo's build."

"O-oh... Right." Dia whimpered, nearly losing that pink color for a moment, but the massage was too overwhelming. At least, until that red appendage came behind that frilled ear. Getting the wyrm to growl while turning red himself. "No ears, that's the rule."

"That is Beo's rule." Bartan teased, going after the sensitive 'flag' regardless, no matter if it was

flicking him away or not within self-defense. "You're becoming more like him than you realize."

"A-about... That." The furball stopped, gazing on the dragon's now purple form. "I know... *Sponge*, and all that. But...?"

"But?"

"Why am I... Absorbing him, yet not you?" That white muzzle smiled and snuggled up to the dragon's neck for a bit. "Do you know?"

"Kind of. Believe it or not, Counterweights don't really have DNA."

"You don't?"

"Not like you do. Odds are, your body is attempting to absorb such a thing, but..."

"The strains of information don't quite fit, so therefore are not added or taken." A nod was felt.

"This is likely the reason why your brain melts when you look at one with that Information Vision Stagg had." A snort from Dia when he recalled such a thing, getting a chuckle from the bear. "At least you're able to control it."

"Right now. It can be... Overwhelming to keep such things in control sometimes." Another nod as his scales turned a bit teal. Taking a few breaths and catching a scent of breakfast, turning his scales yellow for a moment as he followed it towards an opened door within the field of white.

"You can smell it, can you?" The bear chuckled, hearing the purr of curiosity. "It was supposed to be your surprise for the morning."

"Not getting stroked off?" A chuckle from the counterweight and an affectionate lick as he started to get up.

"You sound disappointed about that." Bartan teased, seeing the purple hue invade again, but a bright smile across the draconic muzzle. "Regardless, you need to guess what it is first." Half a playful grumble as he took a few more sniffs in the air.

"I'm catching... Peanut Butter, that's an easy one. Waffles, Chocolate?" A nod from the white beast. "...Maple... Something... Canned, but sweet."

"Mhmm." A motion to go on, but got a shrug from Dia's wings as he got up to stretch. "You were correct about the waffles, since you're not fond of pancakes." A loud snort from the wyrm. "PB and Chocolate chip, mixed with some maple syrup for some added swirl. Placed in a sandwich style, with pie filling in the middle. That's the sweetness you're catching." A bright smile from the bear, and then a sudden whimper when that tail flexed upwards. Getting those well-toned haunches and package to flash him a bit, seeing the dragon smirk at the counterweight's stare. "You may have your choice between Cherry, Peaches, Blueberries, and Apple filling. We're planning to roll them up today, kinda like a burrito and get them to cook." A blank stare from Dia for a few moments.

"...And?" Another few moments of silence, and Bartan sighed in defeat.

"Then glaze it with orange-"

"There it is." The two chuckled. "I still can't believe you feed that to your wyrmlings." Dia snorted, half leading the way out to the hallway.

"There's nothing wrong with it. I make sure it's good for them-"

"I mean, the Chocolate part. Isn't Rev technically a canine?" A shrug from those white shoulders as the bear's head tilted a bit.

"Somewhat, but they do not have any allergies. Perhaps it's a bit strange to modify them for such things, but..." A noise in question as they came up to the top of the stairway. Seeing the view down towards the main door below, along with catching the many chirps coming from the kitchen. "I want what's best for them. For them to have some kind of weakness..."

"But doesn't that make them 'mortal'?" A faint nod from the counterweight. "I suppose, I would want the same for my children, if I ever had any." A nuzzle from the white one.

"They're not flawless, by any means. But..." The two hugged a bit before going down.

The vacation continued, at least what felt like such a thing to the smaller dragon. Watching the family of four play around with the two smaller ones in a large field, enjoying their time while the furred one was home. Honestly, Dia'vidd couldn't help but smile at such a thing. The energy, the happiness within such a strange family. Regardless of how 'rough' it might've looked at times, the young ones were really enjoying themselves. Learning to recover from being tossed in the air, thrown long distances. How to land properly in the long grass to disburse their momentum.

But again: they seemed happy. The giggles, playful roars and growls. Even the expressions that Dia caught from time to time. It half reminded him of how his father played with the young wyrmling with two mothers. To the point where those blue eyes were lost in memories, once again reverting to their normal rainbow of colors. Barely noticing the brass titan of a dragon walk towards him until he was nearly in tagging distance. "Everything okay?"

"Y-yeah." Beo just smiled at him regardless, one that got Dia to look at his own arm and see the dark blue color. Sighing, knowing he couldn't quite hide the small lie from the much larger wyrm. But the brass one let it go, circling around him to get into a good position to lay down while covering Dia, half embracing him as they shared a small nuzzle. "I guess... I've just been thinking lately."

"About what?" He felt those wings shrug under his massive red one, making the metallic beast half frown. "You can tell me, Dia."

"I know, but... I'm not quite sure myself just yet, is all." A nod in understanding, as the smaller one snuggled up to the fortress of scales. Getting a weighted hug in the process. "There is something else that I wanted to ask, but..." A noise in question. "I'm... Still not quite sure how to go about it myself anyway."

"Spit it out, Dia." Beo playfully demanded, getting that purple color to invade the smaller one. "Ah, there we go. That's more like yourself."

"You say that, but... I don't know how you don't 'turn purple' over such things." The younger one snorted, getting at thick lick of torment from the larger one. "How long is Bartan going to be around?"

"This time? He said a couple of weeks, unless something important comes around that he needs to tend to." A bit of a sad nod from David, as he got a playful nudge. "I think I know what it's about." A double take from the smaller wyrm. "How did the others call it...? Devil Driver?" A whimper from the purple one that time. "Am I right, or am I right?"

"Y-you... Got me. But..."

"But?" Another whimper and that thick brass tail curled around those smaller haunches. "I know of a nice Butt right now." He purred, again teasing the smaller dragon. "It's a wonder we haven't gotten around to trying it with you by now."

"I-I..."

"-Just wanted to give it to us first." Another purr that finally got Dia to chuckle, giving the large one a small kiss. "Now stop being embarrassed about it."

"Alright, alright." He took a breath, regardless if those green peppered eyes were staring at him with curiosity, getting the wyrm to double take and whimper.

"Delay it for ten more seconds, I'll make you flood this entire valley with your seed."

"Y-you said, earlier. Before." A gesture to go on. "That when... Your..." The brass one started to get up, getting Dia to yelp and scamper to the side. "WhenYourReleaseMixesWithTheFurball'sThey...!" The smaller one lowered his head, trying to stop the urge from hiding himself.

"And you're worried that it might be too quick?"

"M-maybe..." A moment of study from Beo as the younger one whimpered. "I just don't want to disappoint you two..."

"By exploding too early." It was barely a question, more just finishing Dia's statement. Expecting the whine from that purple muzzle, and lifting a large red wing to invite the smaller one back in. Watching him take it cautiously, but take it nonetheless. Snuggling in for a few moments and just enjoying the embrace... Until the smaller dragon let his guard down and Beo grappled the pink dragon's side and rolled them both, until the brass one was on his back, with Dia'vidd stuck on his chest, getting

toyed with by that other large paw while yelping and struggling playfully against it.

The large doors opened into the massive realm of pillows as Dia strolled in. Looking around the large landscape for a few moments until the six legged bear was found. "You were looking for me?" He asked, trotting towards the counterweight looking over a somewhat small workbench.

"Yep!" Bartan almost chirped, turning about and smiling at the yellow dragon. "Beo told me that you were looking for some help on your... Let's call it, durability." A slight whimper from the wyrm. "So, if you're willing to, we can work on that a bit."

"How, exactly?" The younger one stated, trying to keep himself from that purple hue.

"Well, I would like to test your current limits first, if you don't mind." Another sharp whimper. "No, I'm not planning to throw you to the sharks directly." The furred one chuckled. "We'll start small, but I want to see exactly how your body reacts to the mixture first."

"And by mixture, you mean..." Another whimper but a gesture to come to the bench for a moment. Looking at several containers and test tubes. Mostly containing blue and orange liquids, which Dia identified instantly. "Has Beo'Karah ever explained what happens when our seed mixes?"

"He stated they were... Volatile?" A solid nod from Bartan, taking the two colors of tubes and placing it over an opened container. Pouring a bit of the orange one in, but letting the blue one stay put for a bit.

"It was an unintended reaction, really. But one I left in for the sake of entertainment." The bear smirked. "The idea of it was, if we 'drank' the other one's seed, it would help supply our own really quickly."

"As in...?"

"If I drank Beo's," A gesture to the blue test tube he was holding. "It would give my body the signal to grow-"

"Your fuzzballs." The two chuckled, but the counterweight nodded.

"However, that made the interesting reaction of it coming in contact with the opposite, it would create its own unique form of pressure." Another gesture to observe the small container, and the blue liquid was poured in. Just a little bit, but the orange resting inside started to move around, getting the dragon to tilt his head. "Put a paw over it." And he did so, feeling a bit of air come out of the container's opened side.

"Strange."

"Yes, but harmless when it has an exit." The bear took a large cap and covered the container with it. Holding it there, and soon the glass shattered almost violently. Getting Dia to yelp. "If it has nowhere to go, it seems to react a lot more aggressively."

"A-and, that's the problem with..."

"Us pounding your rear at the same time, yes." Another whimper. "So, here's what I propose: we can work on your durability, so you don't immediately pop on us upon entering or first jolts." A sharper one that turned him purple. "And we'll try it when you're comfortable with such a thing. How's that?"

"And you think...?"

"It's a possibility you'll be able to take it. Let's just try the standard test first, shall we? At least attempt that before you decide."

"A-alright." A gesture to follow the bear, and the bench sank into the ground. Going out into the middle of the massive field, and a large area scale appeared as black marks onto the ground.

"Stand here please." A motion to the very center of the grid, and Bartan took something from the ground. A small container of small pills, holding one up for Dia. "Within this capsule is a single cell of each of our seed. They are currently divided, but your stomach acids will make short work of such a thing." A bit of a whimper from the dragon, knowing where this was going. "All you need to do is swallow it, and try not to move from this spot."

"And... Endure?" A solid nod from the bear. "Okay..." He took a deep breath, already getting excited for such a thing before being given the small pill. One more breath, and he threw it into his muzzle, swallowing it soon after. "What are you going to do?" The six legged furball walked into the dragon, passing through his being and adjusting his position so the wyrm's belly was directly below the center of the grid.

"Okay, we're ready. I'm just going to watch." Another whimper as Dia started to feel the pressure in his gut, almost painful at first, but soon getting pleasurable as his underside started to bloat down. Making him almost whine in bliss as it pressed his scales out further and further, pushing down into the soft ground and flowing out his chest a bit without any warning. Soon getting his form between his haunches and hind legs, nearly making the wyrm release a few sprays before his belly started pushing him up.

Another series of sharp whimpers as the pressure grew and grew, causing the dragon to balloon out from under his legs. Stretching out towards his sides as those plates started to creak loudly. Soon flowing through his tail to make up for the pressure, bloating out like a toy as his entire body struggled to contain such a force. Raising his head higher and higher as those scales started to become transparent.

his neck and cheeks started to take up the extra slack, but the pressure was almost too much all

at once. Trying his best to keep still through the constant rush, as his sides and underbelly stretched out thinner and thinner by the second. Barely starting to feel his haunches start to take some slack before noticing some strange counter in the sky. Now reaching 149m³ and increasing quickly, if he could just make it to 200, the dragon would feel happy.

However, he felt his body start to warp disproportionately from the pressure. His right haunch taking much more resistance than the left as it started to tilt the dragon. Making him whimper and spray his rainbow juices all over the grounds underneath. Feeling his left side start to catch up, but too quickly and pushing more into his thick tail than it could handle. Getting the wyrm to cry out in bliss before bursting loudly, releasing all that pressure and feel himself hit the ground panting.

Staggering up a bit, the bear motioned him to lay on his back, not getting any resistance. Feeling those four paws stroke his red weapon softly and that muzzle take some of the sprays until Dia's urges were satisfied. Still panting, he barely seen the counter again: 187.4m³. Getting him to sigh in disappointment. "That's not a bad number, David."

"Maybe..." Another breath. "I was hoping I could get to 200 meters."

"Meters?" A nod from the wyrm. "That M stands for Miles." The world's biggest double take from Dia, as the fields of pillows were tilted slightly by it. Soon corrected by the counterweight. "Careful you."

"M... Miles!?"

"Cubic Miles, yes." A very sharp whimper from the younger one, as he reached forward to that white muzzle and latched his own onto it. Rubbing his weapon though the long fur and feeling the canine tool frat against it as they exchanged breaths. "I take it you're not satisfied yet?" The white one chuckled, just getting an aggressive kiss for an answer. Almost gnawing at that maw, knowing he couldn't damage it in the slightest as their weapons brushed.

But it wasn't enough, and the furball seemed to read the dragon like a book. Taking a few steps forward and those tails to lift Dia's weapon upwards a bit, letting that tip press against that white pouch before feeling it brush past it. Getting a large whimper of bliss just before the wyrm's tip was felt against that tailpipe. Letting it slip in slowly, just to torment the dragon a bit before riding the shaft until the end. Letting the storm of bliss echo through each of their bodies before the next motion.

For several minutes, that draconic tool sprayed with every touch of the ridges, paralyzing Dia from his aggressive nature for the time being. Not seeing any change in that forest of white for quite some time, regardless of how much fluid he was pumping into that body. Nearly feeling bucketfuls of seed per pouch drain before it quickly refilled. Either by the bear's strange magic, or by the dragon's alterations. But soon, Bartan's whimpers got a bit stressed, especially when a single white paw pressed into his lower middle. Getting Dia'vidd to feel for it as well.

The bulge was finally starting. Defiant as ever, but the belly was starting to give way. Soon doming out a bit as the orange one hissed against the constant sprays, and getting several streams to

the muzzle from that canine tool. Soon feeling a double grip from Dia's paws over it, and forcing the bear to sit still as he was getting stroked a bit harshly. Yet, the same feeling could be felt from the wyrm's tool as well. Constant strokes building up to a very thick orgasm as they tried to hold out from each other's flurry.

But it was too much for the dragon to withstand, letting go of the counterweight's weapon in forfeit and feel it spray almost immediately. Bombarding the orange one's upper half with streams of... Well, orange. Just before that white belly started to expand drastically, making the bear whimper loudly as it pressed his own length down and started to morph over Dia. A massive balloon of fur flooding over him like a large wave as it sank the dragon down into the pillows.

Several sprays later, the weight of the furball was pushed forward. Dragging an attached dragon along with it, stopping with the bear on his belly and Dia on top. Feeling his weapon almost start to rotate to mount Bartan properly, the wyrm followed the instructions. Crawling his way sideways until his chest was resting on that furred back with the several black stripes flowing down the bloated sides. Lapping at that plushy belly a bit that was just starting to flow into the bear's back, the dragon got his footing.

Dia'vidd hammered his weapon into the large fluffy pillow as hard as he could, feeling the waves and reactions to such a thing per movement. Telling him that the bear had quite some room to go. A faint glance at that counter again, currently saying 465m3, he growled a bit. He's at least getting the bear to 1,000 before stopping today. Slamming his weapon into that rear and making the counterweight sing loudly as that number increased more and more.

That belly grew by the moment, feeling it stretch across the grid with every spray and thrust into that tail. Those black ribbons stretching out more and more per one, as the furball half struggled to contain such a thing. Yet, there was no transparency through the thick fluff, no matter how big that belly got. How far the sides stretched, or how much those fluffy haunches started to bulge. Granted, he could barely see such a thing leak out of that bear's muzzle. Spraying every little bit his pouch had to offer before it needed to refill, not quite doing it fast enough to make those numbers climb.

The dragon needed stimulation of some sort, not quite getting enough from the ridges alone. Yet the wyrm couldn't move enough to do such a thing. That was, until a thick lick was felt under his own tailhole, making Dia whimper and recognizing that purple appendage. Making out the brass titan climb up over the now pink and red dragon and prod his sensitive tailsplit with a much larger beast it was still not used to, nearly overstimulating Dia as he cried out in bliss with a loud roar. Flooding that furry balloon drastically as his own pouch grew twice its size. Inching bigger and bigger as that large weapon spread his tailhole opened more. Three times the size, the flare was almost in. Four times and a complete empty for nearly a minute straight as it slipped inside.

It stunned Dia for several moments, but his body kept going. Getting a playful lick from Beo as he followed those rainbow eyes to the counter; 831. "O-one..." He whimper, getting a noise in question from the brass one. "Thousand...!" Another look at the counter, and he tossed his snout.

"Please. He can easily take ten with the two of us." A smirk at that surprised look, and another muzzleful of bliss that was snatched up by that metallic maw. Pressing his purple weapon deeper into Dia and forcing him to spray more and more into Bartan. Those furry haunches arcing upwards as they started to balloon out. His shoulders and four forepaws starting to do the same as the smaller dragon unloaded more and more. Even starting to feel his own belly take in some of the titan's pre and bulge it out, only aiding to his overall pouch volume. "Almost there, Dia."

With every breath he took, it was adding another few numbers. His weapon started to feel numb with the constant flow, his body overstimulated. But he was determined. 978, so close! Spray after spray the counter went up as the larger dragon rode him. Getting a bit harder to add a bit more into the furball. That thick brass bag of the titan's own pressing against Dia's to help empty it. Those muscles started to get sore, but a second wind came up with that single word spoken. "Congratulations."

There it was. 1,034m3, the red one roared in triumph before nearly passing out for a break. Getting several nuzzles from Beo as comfort, even with that weapon in his rear, and a bit of a bloated belly. "Don't pass out on me yet." Several breaths from the smaller one was the only response he could muster, but soon his energy returned. "Okay, you got this side?"

"You're not going to...?" A devious smile from the larger dragon as he started to pull out of Dia, climbing over the massive balloon that was the counterweight and realizing what he was doing. The brass one was going to take the muzzle, while the younger one handled the behind. Feeling a few waves and motions already from the front side and Dia attempted to counter it with his own. Getting almost a double stroke from those ridges that made him whimper loudly, but become that more aggressive orange once again.

Pounding that tailhole harder and harder with all his energy until his package was drained. Letting him rest for a few moments and do it again, yet the progress was unbelievable. Taking the behemoth in the rear himself, Dia'vidd knew quite well how much Beo could unload, but the counter was reaching 1,300 after the first few minutes. Was the large dragon holding back on Dia this entire time?

The pressure grew and grew inside the bear, letting it stretch wildly across the field after a few sprays. Nearly hearing the balloon creak with every thick wave that rippled inside of the counterweight. Yet he still wasn't in a sphere form. It was hard to tell, but the younger dragon could still make out the red wings over the bloated back and haunches, even after they were growing constantly. Like watching a sun set in the distance.

Several more sprays of his own, and the two reached 4,700. Nearly making the smaller dragon want to pass out, attempting to picture that much inside something that was once his own size. But he kept at it, even if Beo was doing most of the work. Adding his own colorful seed into the mess of what was likely 70% blue by now. Every groan of that furball giving him another energy boost to keep going, wondering when the bear would possibly explode.

But several minutes passed and the forest of white was still keeping strong. The counter now passing 8,759 but the smaller one was nearly at his own limit. Overstimulated and exhausted after doing too much too quickly. At least his weapon was acting like a plug and keeping Bartan from leaking on this side. Relaxing and just laying his body acrossed those impossibly stretched haunches. Watching the horizon of fluff dome up into a sphere-ish shape, feeling nearly every stretch like it was his very own belly expanding more and more. Creaking loudly as it soon reached 9,500. Any moment now, and the brass one would carry them to their goal.

The waves came in pulses, nearly soothing the pink one to sleep as they press him up and down. Like sleeping on a boat within the ocean, one with waves that were getting... Thinner? Smaller? But why-? And there was a sudden flood out of nowhere, making the younger one yelp loudly within the blue transparent liquids. Soon reaching the surface of such a thing and gasping for air, before finding an inflatable raft and climbing in. Taking a break as the room got rid of the mass intake of release, until he found the two holding each other on the bottom of stained pillows. A certain canine weapon stuck inside a bloated brass one, but only a bit.

The younger dragon flopped beside them, but was soon carried inbetween the couple. Greeted with equally tired licks before Beo grumbled. "You tease." Letting Dia release a noise in question before looking at the counter. 999.7m3.

"Oh come on!" The orange one hissed loudly.

The smaller dragon left the realm of comfortable pillows, after a long relaxing slumber, it was time for a new day. One of, hopeful, rest for his package. Especially after that session yesterday. Turning towards the stairs and going down the larger set made for much bigger creatures, one specifically that came to mind, he could make out the bear spending more time with the little ones. What almost sounded like a game of sorts, but Dia was distracted by a certain pair of brass arms that snatched the smaller wyrm at the bottom of the stairs. Making him yelp playfully as his mane was strongly groomed. "Were you just waiting here for me?"

"I heard you come down, so yes." The larger one purred loudly, getting the pink dragon to do the same and attempt to meet that brass muzzle. Sharing a kiss with it before noticing a few saddle-like bags across Beo's back. Making a noise in question while staring at them. "We're planning to do a food run, if you want to come."

"I'm..." The smaller one's gaze trailed off to a nearby mirror, still seeing that rainbow iris and feeling uneasy about it.

"You're safe and in control, you know that." The brass one said a bit sternly, getting a grey-ish

tone from the dragon, one that was almost dark green. "Dia..." A nuzzle against the younger one's neck. "You should get over this fear of crowds, you don't have to worry about hurting others anymore."

"And if I somehow...?"

"Then I will grab you by the tail-or balls. Whichever's in reach first." A faint chuckle from David. "And drag you back here. We could always put a collar on you if you feel like it's too much." A double take from the now yellow dragon.

"Like... S&M-?"

"No, you horndrake." Beo snorted. "You've been hanging around the bear too long. Think more of a teleportation collar. Press the button, and you poof back to the bedroom. Where you can rip apart all the pillows you want."

"And that large scale city you had made?" A purr from the larger one, feeling those large brass paws stroke the smaller one's sides and exiling Dia's breath from the sheer strength of them.

"If you like. You really seem to enjoy yourself everytime we use it." A whimper from the younger one, but they shared another kiss. "Don't get me too worked up, the store will close eventually. And we'd rather go when it's no busy."

"Maybe... Next time." A nod from the metallic beast, not at all offended or disappointed in the answer. "Besides, you two deserve some time alone anyway."

"We have quite a bit of time alone when you play around with the troublemakers." Another lick turned those scales a brighter pink, soon turning yellow when pawsteps were heard behind him.

"What's the gameplan?" The counterweight asked.

"Dia wants to stay here this time, means we need to get you strapped up." Beo purred, getting the smaller dragon to just look back and forth between them.

"Can't you just...?" A pair of puzzled looks. "Make food? Is it really wise to practically buy out an entire store?"

"We don't buy *that* much." The brass one snorted, getting the two others to look at him until he tossed his snout. "Make any remark about my weight, and I'll make sure you two are permanently heavier for the rest of the year." He playfully growled.

"Think of it more as shopping for ideas, Dia." The furred one licked at his frilled ears, getting the smaller wyrm to growl a bit before getting hugged by both males. Then a whimper ensued as he swore he felt a couple of prods against his tail. "But alright, we'll be back in 47 minutes and 34 seconds."

"Until then, help Rev and Lexar study a bit more, will you? They know their stuff, but they enjoy doing it." A nod in agreement from the younger one, still sandwiched between the two for several moments.

"I still wish they would stop with this summer vacation business in schools. Two weeks tops, but more than that and it really effects their learning progress." The bear stated, finally letting go after a few licks and walking around the brass one. Only for him to drop Dia and snatch up the counterweight instead, getting the same reaction from Bartan as he was carried into the room beyond the dining area.

It still made Dia'vidd smile, watching the two interact. At least no longer feeling like a third wheel within the family. Walking past the living room to find the two smaller ones at a table with several books and index cards. Sitting on the same side while deep into study, but wagging their tails as they heard someone approach. Once again making the pink wyrm smile, but curious at what they were looking at. Taking his own peek at the book. "...Terrasque?"

"Yep!" The two chirped.

"Do you know of it?" The brass wyrm asked, getting two sets of curious eyes to look at Dia for a bit.

"I think I've heard of it before, but..." The two looked at each other for a moment.

"How much do you know?" Rev, the wolfling, questioned.

"About?"

"How the universe functions?" Lexar added, getting a shy look from the adult dragon.

"I've... Got as far as Forces and Counterweights." Another glance, and the two nodded.

"The Terrasque is the thing in the center of most multiversal structures."

"Or patterns." The wolf added. "It's the battery that keeps everything running correctly, including stars, space, and time."

"Okay?" The adult shyly nodded, half following along. "So it's something that's just in the middle of the universe? Like the center?"

"Not within a universe, no." Rev answered. "It can't fit within a single universe." A noise in question as Dia curled his neck.

"It has its own massive space, and many universes are connected to that space."

"Plugged in, one might say." The brass one nodded at his brother's addition.

"And it can't fit...?" The two smaller ones glanced at each other for a moment.

"Did FD not tell you?" The wolf asked. [Fuzzy Dad]

"Tell me what?"

"The easy comparison?" Those frilled ears of the large one perked, as his scales turned yellow.

Getting the two to giggle at the expression as Lexar continued. "A Counterweight itself, at its full size, cannot squeeze into the space a universe provides."

"At least, none in record so far."

"And neither can this Terrasque." Dia'vidd added in, getting a pair of in sync head shakes.

"A Terrasque can eat a Counterweight soon after it's created." Those blue eyes looked at them stunned for a moment.

"Swallow one whole, as FD has witnessed."

"● ● ● Are you serious?" Dia whimpered, getting several giggles at his green scaled expression once again. "It's...?"

"That large, yes." Another whimper as those large wings drooped and his ears fell. "It's a bit overwhelming, and difficult to picture, yes."

"T-that, and I think I almost... Encountered one before." The two younglings purred in curiosity, as the white wolf turned a page in the book. Showing an illustration of several eyes with a dozen of unsettling openings. "...Yep." The adult almost squeaked as he slowly turned about and sat in the opened space within their living room. "No more studying today." A few chuckles behind as the book was closed, hearing the two scamper towards the adult and climb on his back. Finally breaking Dia out of a near morbid state.

"The Dads have told us you've been wanting to reach new limits." Another whimper, but at least this time the dragon was more colorful. Almost instantly turning purple and getting the two younger ones to giggle at him. "Wanna try again while we wait for them to return home?"

"Let's..." A loud swallow from the large wyrm. "Let's try making them a snack for when they return, how about that?" The two chirped in excitement before leaping off the dragon's back and scampering in the kitchen.

The loud burst came with an equally shocking sting, as the dragon fell on the soft pillowed floor below. Whimpering a bit, both in the bliss that came from such a feeling, as well as the disappointment while looking at the numbers. The soft white paws soon stroking Dia's slightly sore body, and tending to his throbbing weapon that was getting equally as annoyed with such lack of progress. Especially after seeing the digits in the sky. 176.7m3, getting the dragon to almost growl as he flopped on the ground. Feeling the bear have his way with the wyrm. "Sorry, Bartan, I'm just..." Half a hiss as his body squirmed against the blissful waves a bit.

"You should keep going for at least one release though. Or else you might not start to feel enjoyment from it any longer."

"Right now, I don't really feel it. Especially after going backwards." A sad look from the bear's muzzle, getting Dia to sigh and motion for the furball to lay on his body. Using those middle set of paws to tend to the dragon at a slow pace while giving the near defeated one an embrace. "And this is literally the smallest dose we can possibly try... Maybe I just can't take it. Like it just isn't meant to be."

"You won't be disappointing us, Dia'vidd."

"But I'll be disappointing myself." He mumbled, getting a few comforting licks from the bear. "I'm just not sure what to do."

"Well, massaging your body to be a bit more loose didn't quite work. But I do have other ideas."

"Like what?" The orange one groaned.

"Well, perhaps letting you bathe into your own release for some time might help progress?" A single perked frilled ear flicked up as the slightly larger one grumbled, before scrunching his muzzle and releasing a spray from below. "I could always change their properties to allow a stronger adaptation-"

"Common, please." David snorted, getting a chuckle from the counterweight.

"I could change it so it can make those in contact more durable with less exposure." That ear flicked a bit. "It's an idea."

"I suppose." A sigh from the wyrm. "And you think it'll work?"

"Enough to get you to 200 for sure." A purple color invaded his scales as he thought about it. "You've tried this before?"

"Unwillingly, yes. With..."

"An old mate."

"Helga, yeah..." A few licks of comfort before the dragon whimpered. Nearly submitting to the soft paws and thrusting in them. "I'm... It's hard to tell..." He trailed off.

"If it worked or not? We might as well attempt it now." Bartan took a step down the dragon, getting him to almost ask what he was planning. Only to feel a paw on his pouch and a thick sting. Getting the dragon to hiss before the pillows started to morph into a tub around them.

"I don't think I'll ever get used to..." Another interruption as the wyrm squirmed again, his tail thrashing side to side as that furred creature hugged him again. Making his body unusually warm and very sensitive. Every breath he exhaled was pure bliss, allowing Dia to start releasing from sheer breaths alone. Everything from the constant streams of liquids rushing through his flesh, to the slight brushes of fur sent him into constant orgasms. Spraying his color shifting liquids over himself and into the forest of white. Allowing it to begin filling up the makeshift tub after only a few moments.

The bear kissed him deeply, letting those stones refill and bloat out a bit more between the dragon's legs. Surprisingly able to keep up with the constant leaking of the dragon's equipment as the waves of pleasure thrashed through his scaly form. Feeling the fluids start to rise up along his sides and across his tailhole, one that was winking with every drop that touched it. Demanding attention, and soon getting it's called answered as the furred beast took a step back.

Dia's colors were a constant blur with every breath. A strange mix of purple, pink and red. Whimpering loudly when a certain tip barely touched that slit, erupting his red flesh wildly into the belly of white fur. Every slight movement sprayed equal or more of such substances, drastically increasing when that canine rod started separating that tailpipe and flooding the tub with more and more colored liquids. Squirted up to their chest and the dragon's neck, more so when the bear started to stand up a bit more. Allowing streams like a wild fountain flow past the garrison's walls.

All the wyrm could do is breathe and whimper, as his stones were trying to empty more and more. Yet, with every breath, they only seemed to be getting bigger and bigger. Constantly growing with every spray, and Bartan's careful thrusts were only squeezing that pouch against the blanket of fur. The constant fluids within Dia's weapon starting to take its tool as the pressure began to rise. Allowing such a tool to start morphing slightly bigger to release more of that constant seed. Soon filling up the tub more than halfway before the heat started to fade from his scales.

Feeling began returning to his exhausted body as more and more sprays were added to the makeshift bath. Reaching up to his neck as the counterweight slipped his own tool into that still sensitive tailhole. Giving the dragon the home stretch to empty those bloated stones and rise the bath levels up past his bottom jaw a bit. Those paws still stroking him under the rainbow paint until the wyrm passed out. Barely feeling the bear share another kiss with him before he was sent into slumber.

He barely felt the liquids around him draining as the dragon came to. The makeshift tub that was holding such substances within and housing the dragon bathing slowly morphing back into the

grounds and getting Dia awake. Stretching his very relaxed and warm body as those frilled ears picked up a familiar deep chuckle, instantly turning those scales pink. "Enjoy yourself?" The brass one asked, walking towards the younger wyrm. Playfully pawing at him until the smaller one got up, barely able to release a noise in question as he attempted to get out of his incredibly relaxed state.

"Yeeeeessss...!" He moaned after a long grumble. "How... Does he...?" Dia purred, getting another chuckle.

"The bear tends to do that from time to time. Your father used to call it a poison." Another deep purr as the pink one got up, nuzzling against Beo's neck and chest before getting a full hug from the behemoth. "I'm glad you enjoyed it, but I have a bit of a surprise for you." An instant yellow color before those blue eyes could seek out the green peppered ones, getting the larger dragon to chuckle.

"What?" A small kiss from the brass one, putting some confusion into the younger wyrm. Then a deeper kiss that returned that pink as that thick purple tongue invaded his submissive maw. Pressing into it himself and attempting to devour such an appendage while getting another chuckle from the larger one. A slight withdraw, then Beo pressed in a bit deeper, letting their tongues wrestle a bit but slightly feeling something inbetween them. Something small.

A very quick retreat, then a brass paw shut Dia'vidd's muzzle tightly. Almost too tightly as he whimpered, feeling the other paw start stroking his neck and throat downward. Getting another whine in question, but unable to resist swallowing from the instinctual pawing. Getting a sly smirk from the brass one as he pulled the smaller dragon forward gently until he was forced to lay down a bit. Then climbing on top of Dia's back and over his wings while still holding that muzzle. Letting go after, but feeling some pressure in that belly of his. "Beo...?" The now purple one whimpered, getting a few relaxing licks as his body was pushed further into the pillows. The heavier dragon completely on top of him, and that purple weapon almost prodding his tail.

"Try to relax." The titan spoke softly as the pressure with his middle started to rise, pressing against his inner walls and forcing that belly to extend down and outwards. Getting the now red one to cry out in bliss as it started moving down to his pelvis, then his chest and throat started to bloat up against the massive weight of the larger wyrm. Getting another whimper as that purple tongue kept licking at the expanding belly and force Beo to stand up. The bloated scales morphing around his pillar-like appendages, defiant and unmoving as David's upper body pressed into that brass plated armored garrison.

"Beo...!" Another whimper that only got licks on his muzzle for a response, as his body forced the pressure into that long tail. Making it bubble out quickly as it grew underneath the titan. Bubbling out more and more, until his belly was wrapping completely around those massive arms and legs. Touching bloated scale with bloated scale and getting another sharp whimper as that bearded jaw playfully bit the ballooned chest.

A tight squeeze from those muscles and hinds as the brass one nuzzled against Dia's growing form. "You can do this, Dia'vidd." He gave him words of encouragement. "Tell me you can do this." A bit

more strains against the walking fortress, and it was clear the poor dragon's muzzle was likely forced shut. But feeling a few nods was enough to tell Beo that he tried, giving him one last thick lick before making his titanic body insubstantial.

The 'smaller' dragon's binds were suddenly freed, sending his belly outwards in all directions quickly to deal with the constant pressure. Ballooning out his underside massively into one large bubble across the mass field of pillows, as well as spraying his rainbow inbetween such a bulge and his bloated tail. Inflating drastically as the numbers in the sky rapidly increased faster and faster. Dia's head rising so fast it was difficult to take note of what each digit was before it was changed. 70's... 80's... A groan of his scales, then a sudden jump to 120.

The dragon whimpered as his neck thickened, feeling his limbs quickly bloat out, but take the resistance easily. His body and back started to dome out to withhold the constant pressure, morphing into his arms, neck. Haunches and tail. Constantly stretching across the horizon as those scales just started to thin out. Reaching 184 before starting to slow down and make the younger one whimper. But he could do this! Trying his best to hold his body together tightly, but only get more strain among every scale. Like a series of thin threads across his form attempting to keep everything in place.

Try To Relax. The titan's last words echoed through Dia's mind as his body got tighter, getting past 190 with just a bit more to go. With a small breath, the wyrm let go of his restraint. Letting his body flow outwards bigger and bigger, almost guiding the pressure into the areas that could easily take such punishment. Even if they were getting fuller by the moment. 196, so close! Just a few more miles of pressure! His haunches got really tight, his tail so bloated that you couldn't see where it even began anymore. That belly flowed out into one near invisible bubble underneath himself. Then a very loud creak was starting to be heard.

Relax. Relax! Dia attempted to coax himself. Exhaling though that nearly swallowed muzzle, his neck scales caving in around him in a very thin bulge. His body slowing down and stalling every moment, attempting to get every last bit of distance and volume within it. Crawling along the soft pillows that seemed to go on for eons, forming nothing but one massive clear bubble before erupting loudly into a great wind.

The pink one fell on the trampoline like grounds, still almost paralyzed by the sudden sting as the brass one quickly pounced over him. Lapping at the smaller wyrm and teasing his spraying weapon to help Dia'vidd release that massive intake of quick bliss. Sharing a deep kiss with Beo when that larger muzzle got close, as if to take a really large drink of water while that massive paw stroked him off. "Good job." The behemoth attempted to say through the kiss, getting those blue eyes to look up and whimper at the number.

200.2m3. Just *barely*, but he made it! Proceeding to almost gnaw at that tongue as the smaller dragon attempted to topple the brass in victory. Getting a playful battle, but overall letting the orange dragon win while rolling on his massive back. Mounting the titan's underside and thrusting his red weapon over that larger purple one as the two playfully growled at each other. That brass paw still stroking Dia's ridges and letting those sprays coat his shiny metal chestplates.

After several minutes, the younger one was satisfied. Catching his breath while embracing the larger dragon, letting those massive arms squeeze him tightly. "I'm proud of you."

"Thank you." The pink one smiled, though his muzzle was pressed against that thick neck and armored collar. "But that was still only a single pair of cells. How am I supposed to...?" A bit of a sigh in defeat.

"I know, but you were only bathing for maybe about four hours. With enough time, we could probably do something more."

"But not before Bartan has to leave again." Dia sighed, hearing pawsteps approaching the two.

"I don't actually have to leave, but I need to resume my search." The bear looked at the counter. "Congratulations, Dia'vidd. But keep in mind that it is a flexible date."

"That's still not enough time to..." A sad look as the brass one pet him. Soon feeling the furball join in, and stroke that red draconic tool a bit while getting a whimper.

"Well, we know for sure now that your seed does help. As well as technique." A look in question from those blue eyes. "We were only getting some... Let's call it; therapy, from the outside of your scales. They're important, yes, but that's not exactly how your seed works."

"What do you mean?"

"There's only so much surface area that can be tended to from your current size. So, what if...?" A noise in question as Bartan gave the brass one a look, almost a command, and then Dia felt those arms hold him a little tighter. Making the younger one yelp a bit and struggle a bit before feeling a furred paw across his weapon a bit. Then another one around his tailsplit, making Dia whimper a bit in pleasure. As that weapon paw went to its tip and started moving down, the wyrm got a prod against his tailhole. A weapon he did not recognize, as it started to slip inside. Getting his pipe to squeeze it and feel a grasp along his shaft.

A loud in surprise as the color shifting dragon looked back and forth between the two in question as the tower was pushed in deeper and deeper. Feeling his own ridges get grasped by a tailhole while something dense was within him. Spraying a bit and feel it erupt within his body. "W-what-!?" Another yelp and a spray nearly paralyzing him. "M-my own-!?"

"That's how it feels." Beo purred, releasing his grip on Dia and let him almost stagger with such a thing still stuck in his rear. Like a hatchling learning to walk before releasing and adding it to his bloating belly. Creating a constant cycle of whimpers, bliss, sprays, and bloats. "If we leave you like this, you should be able to take us for a decent amount of time-" A loud cry in bliss from the pink and purple one as that belly was licked by a large tongue.

"H-how... Long-?"

"I'm thinking about a night in here, but I'll slow down time for the dimension. For you, it might

feel like a week, but you'll be perfectly fine health-wise." The bear said within the sea of constant whimpers and whines, putting a smile on each of the other two's muzzles before they left for the doorway exit. "I'll check up on you in the morning, Dia. Enjoy yourself." Another yelp in reply as that belly pressed down to the ground and lifted the dragon up.

The front door to the large home opened up and the two little ones scampered inside, attempting to race into the kitchen and get a meal started ahead of the fathers. Allowing the brass one to walk in first and tease the counterweight by sitting in front of the doorway, blocking it. Feeling a few paws attempt to squeeze while climbing up the brass wall before Beo pressed back to pin the fluffball while chuckling a bit. Then getting that tongue against his frilled ears, causing them to flick and the dragon to grumble until he decided to let the bear free. Moving out of the way, only to get pounced by the white one, yet barely get pushed a step back. "You are adorable."

"And you're impossible to trip." Bartan playfully nibbled at those thick spines that made the wyrm's mane. "Unless I..." A sudden tilt of the floor under the dragon finally got him to slip onto a kneeling position, but use such momentum to suplex and wrestle the furball onto the floor. Getting the two to laugh a bit while that thicker tongue pressed into that neck, where the dragon would normally bite. "Okay, okay. I surrender."

"I think you should surrender that tail of yours for me first." He purred, getting a smile as the two kissed for a moment. "But alas, I must watch over them prepping dinner. We don't want any more mistakes."

"*Mistakes.*" The bear quoted, getting a snout toss from the brass one. "You planned putting marmalade on that pizza dish, and you know it."

"Hardly. They snuck it in there while I wasn't looking." He playfully snorted, sharing another kiss before relieving the pin he had on the counterweight. "You should check up on Dia anyway."

"Oh, right. I almost forgot."

"Of *course* you did." The large one looked behind, smirking before heading off into the next room. Swaying his tail to the side a bit to flash the bear and make him whimper at a certain view. Those brown eyes staring until the wall divided the space between them. Getting that white muzzle to shake before heading upstairs and down the hallway.

The large double doors were always difficult to miss, and often lead to wonderful memories of that large place. Yet, when the six legged beast attempted to pull on the lengthy knob, they wouldn't open. Making those four ears perk a bit before trying it a few more times. Then bringing up a panel to

the side of the door and doing a quick scan.

Error. Doorway Is Blocked.

Blocked? That's strange. It's never been blocked before. A quick test and a pull on one of the doors to find it open very easily. Poking his head inside and have it appear from another doorway further down the hall. Instantly spotting his own fluffy white body before retreating his head and closing it again. The door was definitely working fine, perhaps it was just blocked somehow?

Another few moments of altering something on the panel, and Bartan attempted to open from within the dimension of pillows again.

Error. Doorway Is Blocked.

Again? Well, maybe he would just change the gateway location to about... 100 feet away. Let's try that.

Error. Doorway Is Blocked.

The furred one curled his neck. Okay, 100 yards from that location? About three times that distance?

Error. Doorway Is Blocked.

It made his head tilt a bit. Clearly the lower scales weren't working, let's try 100 miles, just to be safe. He might have to fly towards Dia but-

Error. Doorway Is Blocked.

Those ears flicked for a moment. 1,000 miles from there.

Error. Doorway Is Blocked.

A curl of the counterweight's neck. Strange, the doorway was functioning correctly, yes? Let's just test something then. 10,000 miles.

Error. Doorway Is Blocked.

A few blinks. 100,000 miles?

Error. Doorway Is Blocked.

One Million. One million miles then-

Error. Doorway Is Blocked.

A bit of a growl left that white bear muzzle. Fine, one billion miles from that location. Surely-

Error. Doorway Is Blocked.

That can't be right. Ten billion? Nah, One hundred billion miles-

Error. Doorway Is Blocked.

Impossible. It must be a mistake! He instead just held down the 9 key for a few moments then hit-

Error. Value Cannot Exceed 8,632,781,548,725,309,567,200.

A breath of frustration, and the bear typed in that number. Finally not getting an error message, making those ears perk a bit in question as he reached for the door. Barely twisting it before a massive bubble of rainbow flowed out to the hallway and pinned the bear to the wall before bursting into a flood of colorful fluids. Catching the flow before it tore through the house and removed it after a long few minutes. Taking a moment to just look over the doorway, now completely vacant of anything but pillows. Closing the door and pulling up the panel once again to find the nearest living creature within, and locating the gateway near them.

No hassle. Getting Bartan to open the door and cautiously look through a still whimpering Dia, laying on his belly still almost wet. "Are you alright?" A long whine in bliss as the furball came to comfort him. Checking up on his vitals, and they looked normal. "You've been...? This entire time?" Just a pleasure moan in response. "How many times did you...?"

"Burst...?" A nod from the bear, as those rainbow eyes eventually opened. "None..." That head tilted. "N-not until..." Another whimper as the dragon passed out.

"Oh... Oh dear." The white one half chuckled. "Get some rest, we'll do some tests later."

The blue dragon was still recovering from his 'training'. Lying face up on the comfortable ground and watching the sky as it displayed happy memories of his planet. One that was recently... Changed. To the point where he could no longer visit, because of reasons Dia didn't quite understand. Still, regardless of the happy memories, it tugged at sorrowful heartstrings. Making the wyrm sigh, almost wanting to hide himself from the heavy pawsteps that could be even felt from the ground itself. Not even greeting the blue one like they normally would, but instead dig quickly into the pillowed ground and immerge behind the smaller dragon who gave a yelp. Soon swallowed by the brass embrace as that large muzzle came beside Dia's own. Gazing upon the memories with him. "You miss that place."

"...I do."

"That's no surprise. It was a wonderful world." A heavy breath from the smaller one as large wings covered him. "You did the right thing."

"I... I think I did, yet..." A nod in understanding from that metallic muzzle, getting a few licks of comfort until those scales turned pink for a bit. "It's strange... In some ways it felt like a Hell to me. Like I was trapped there, repeating and restarting... Time and time again."

"I know. It wasn't an easy task, or a good life for you to endure." A strong nuzzle. "But you made the best of it, from what I can see." It made the smaller one smile. "I'm sure many of them would agree."

"Yes... But after finding out what I was to them...?" A heavy breath returned, fading the red pigments out of those scales and leaving the deep blue. "I guess I've just been doing a lot of thinking lately."

"About there?" A slow nod. "This place is so different from what you're used to, I know what you want to ask." That nearly deflated Dia. "You're not bound here, Dia'vidd. You can leave whenever you like."

"But I..." A sigh from the younger one, as they shared a kiss. "...I love you, Beo. That's my issue."

"And you don't want to be stuck here, you don't want to feel trapped or contained in one area." Those blue eyes looked at the green ones sadly, getting that bearded jaw to smile in return. "I know."

"Apparently a lot more than you should."

"Nonsense. You're just still that easy to read." A grumble from the young one as that purple tongue licked him. "You long for adventure, because you haven't had it for so long. This place... It is a nice vacation, don't get me wrong. But that's all it really is: A vacation. A summer home to visit when you just need to relax."

"...That fits."

"And I feel that time often enough as well." David's frilled ears fell. "Bartan too. Along with emotions comes the long for adventure. To search for something else out there. To explore and see many different sights... As well as tail." A snout toss from the younger one. "And lots of tail you need."

"I swear, you're just as bad as the furball, sometimes." A shrug was felt.

"He's rubbed off on me. Even you have, to the point where if you flex in front of the bear, he'll probably pounce at you."

"I should try that sometime." The two chuckled. "...But what about you?"

"What about me?"

"I don't..." A heavy breath from the smaller one, getting a tight hug in response to squeeze the info out of him. "I... Want to leave, but I don't want to leave you." A slow nod. "That's what I've been struggling with."

"As well as the idea of taking both of us in your tail, of course." A whimper from the now purple dragon. "Have you learned your father's... Power things yet-?"

"Atonements?" A nod. "N-not in the sense that he..." The smaller one trailed off, getting a nudge before seeing several icons that symbolled each element. Being paired up along a large circle.

"Think of this as... A dial towards a phone. With it, you can contact others, and even open portals to them if you connect the Atonements correctly."

"How so?"

"Just by drawing them, either in the air like this, or on a surface." A large brass paw pointed up and started connecting three of them: Metal, Cold, and Air. "Then, think of the person who you wish to contact." An image of the brass one appear in the center.

"Wait, you're... Metal?"

"Brass." Beo playfully grumbled.

"Air?"

"Concussive force." He snorted, giving the smaller one a nudge.

"And...?" He felt the large one's heart ache slightly, remembering the titan's story. "What do we do from here?"

"Many things. You can open a portal directly to that person. You can whisper and send a message. You can also grope them." A double take from Dia.

"...What!?"

"You can send friendly gestures if you wish."

"Or provocative?"

"-Or that, yes." A thick lick to tease the smaller one still stuck in the embrace. "Let's give it a try." The larger wyrm erased the example and started connecting all elements. Getting them to form what looked to be an eight pointed star. "Now think of the bear." A faint nod, and David did so. Soon seeing that white muzzle and the brass paw 'pressed' into the air a bit.

"Yes?" Bartan's voice came over the symbol.

"Bear, I think it's time."

"Roger that, keep him bound until I get there." A whimper from the younger one as those scales faded to a deep purple. Once again getting a thick nuzzle and a lick.

"But with this, you can access us anytime you like, Dia. Though, there are some areas that can make it difficult to form a connection of sorts, you can still find us."

"R-right." He swallowed loudly, soon hearing the doors open as the dial and the memories faded into a warm night sky. "You guys are...?"

"Do you think you're ready?" Another whimper as those blue eyes almost trailed off in thought. Taking a deep breath while attempting to remain calm, especially when those large doors opened from a ways away.

"I... Yes." A proud smile from the larger dragon. "I-I think, anyway. I'm not sure, but shouldn't we test...?" A faint whimper as those scales never left their purple hue, hearing the six legged furball soon walk towards them, getting quite the view of two packages being on displayed.

"I think we've done enough testing for one month." Beo purred, licking and giving the smaller one a deep kiss that nearly paralyzed Dia. Only getting a few whimpers and struggles as a certain bear snout started pressing towards his tailpipe and pouch. Nudging the surprisingly still bloated orbs a bit before lapping at the red tool growing within that purple sheath. Encouraging it to come out and play a little bit as those white paws teased those haunches, stroking them up and down. Grasping around that tailhole as the smaller dragon sang within the embrace.

The three waited patiently for the younger one to be ready, letting Bartan take his time exhaling heated breaths over such a wonderful design. Pawing at it carefully until it started leaking out colorful juices before creating a medium sized ring over the tip, sliding it down its spineful walls and over those ridges carefully until it met with the scaled protection. Tightening it carefully as the now pink one whined with his occupied muzzle, soon getting relief from the deep kiss and got curious of what the counterweight was doing.

A few strokes of that red draconic tower, and that white forepaw pulled Dia's weapon from off him. The breaking point being the ring, now split into two halves: one thin ring at the base of the smaller dragon's tool, and the other just above his sheath. Getting a loud whimper in question as the bear climbed up to greet the two, letting Beo take the first thick lick along the now portable length and nearly getting Dia'vidd to spray over his own muzzle. Still being able to feel every little detail of that tongue as if the brass one was giving him a muzzlejob right there. "I-is that...!?"

A smirk from Bartan as he turned it upside down and towards the purple one's muzzle, letting him slowly lick at his own tip and purr at the multi changing flavors of his seed. Though it was a bit strange, especially in this position, he should've expected such things from the bear by now. Letting that red weapon slide into Dia's own muzzle while the other two lapped at the tool's sides, occasionally the ridges to give its owner a thick taste.

Several moments of enjoying a rather new experience, he felt a few prods against his tailsplit, making the younger dragon whimper. Almost identifying who's it was by the design and how much smaller it was compared to a certain purple one that was being rather patient. Taking it's time as the three focused on the young dragon's weapon and self-muzzling, encouraging him to take it deeper and deeper as it started to move up and down at its own pace.

A few thick squirts and several sprays showered over Dia's stunned expression, letting the other two lick him clean as he continued to drink out of his own tap. Barely noticing his tailhole take in the canine style rod, yet there was something different about it. It felt... Slick. Like there was a bag over it or something. A condom? It was enough to snap the pink dragon out of it and look at the furball in question. "To make it a little more enjoyable for you, we're not going to mix them right away. Just to be sure of this..." Bartan smirked, his eyebrows bouncing as he slid his full length into the dragon, making the smaller one gasp and squirt over his muzzle once again.

A few minutes of the dragon's tail getting used to the bear's weapon, and the furred one withdrew. Taking several steps back and lapping at those slightly growing orbs as they squeezed out another spray of seed over and into that muzzle. A few moments of rest, and the brass one started pulling the smaller dragon up a bit, making him whimper at what was to come. That thick purple shaft working its way around Dia's tail and haunches, regardless of how they squirmed. Feeling the counterweight prepare such a beast before lining up the large flare towards the winking tailsplit.

It still felt a little different, like Bartan's. Soon getting its tip pressing into the dragon's rear exit and making him sing as Beo teased him. Nearly bouncing the young dragon's body over it as that muzzle was occupied by his very own flesh. A couple of paws attempting to massage the area before pulling that purple tail down, forcing Dia to take in the titan's length at a slow pace.

Though it wasn't anything that the smaller dragon was used to by now, the purple tower always felt large at first donning. Nearly overwhelming at times, needing his body to adjust just to take it in slowly. Even hearing the brass one almost growl against the penetration as Dia sang. "How are you still so tight?" He grumbled, not getting a response, even if the pink one's muzzle was occupied.

"You say that about everyone."

"Even you sometimes." The titan snorted at the furball, soon getting a growl as the white one stepped forward. Letting out a thick purr as his own metallic tail was shafted by a certain canine rod and a sly smirk. Letting the three just carefully and slowly enjoy the hypnotic rhythm for several minutes, as Dia's belly started to grow. Swallowing too much of that rainbow seed and feeling the brass arms ease its embrace, almost playing with the pink bubble slowly growing.

A sudden slip out of Beo and the bear crawled over the two a bit more. Instantly turning the younger dragon purple, yet red from time to time. Knowing exactly what was about to happen. Whimpering loudly, but getting a dozen licks of encouragement as Beo started to pull out. Still pressing up against that tailhole a bit and exercising it before giving the canine rod a few turns. Hearing another chorus from that occupied muzzle. "Relax, Dia." The brass one coaxed him, allowing him to take a deep breath before feeling the two rods take turns again. That tailhole winking from time to time.

Then they started moving together, instantly getting a brace and a loud whimper from Dia. But the larger ones were patient, slowly stroking the younger one into relaxing before continuing. The two tips pressing in against his tailsplit and hearing a grunt from him, slowly moving up and widening his exit. That smaller tail thrashing from time to time, but mostly at the lower half. Soon feeling his inner walls

stretch out a bit and making Dia'vidd whine, but take a few breaths. Trying his best not to squeeze as the two weapons progressed further inside him. Pushing this tailpipe wider and wider with every press, but gaining distance.

All at once, Beo's flare slipped inside. Along with the counterweight's spear-tip. Instantly getting a heavy gasp from the younger one. Feeling a brass paw withdraw his own red rod from that now red muzzle as it showered over the three. Letting David roar through his orgasm that only got more intense as the two weapons continued their journey. Getting a few squeezes, but nothing the two couldn't handle. Loud songs of triumph left Dia's muzzle as every moment was another goal reached. Regardless if the shafts were getting thicker further down, the hard part was the flares.

Torrent after torrent left that portable weapon as the bear and titan went their full lengths. Barely giving him any rest time before they started moving in opposite directions. Overstimulating that tailhole into more and more sprays, while feeling them release their own little sprays within, being caught by those condom tips and stretching out like filled balloons within the younger dragon.

After a few minutes, the two stopped. Giving the red and pink one a break for a few moments, completely covered in his own release and getting licked off playfully. Then seeing his own weapon start moving down towards the rest, making Dia whimper loudly and struggle a bit. Only to get braced. "N-no!" He whined, but the two just smirked at him slyly. "G-guys-!" A prod made him yelp, one he could feel with his own tip as all three points pressed into that one hole. "N-no! I-I can't-!"

But his warnings were not taken, each weapon taking its own prod at the tailsplit before starting to press together. Still getting yelps from Dia'vidd as they started to move deeper and deeper. Bartan's canine tool, Beo's beast of a tower, and the young dragon's own spraying weapon all entering the same path. Those haunches strained and attempted to wiggle free from the titan's embrace. That tail thrashed wildly, only assisting in their journey. That fleshy pipe stretching wider and wider, almost feeling easier with Dia's preseed spraying against his own flesh.

With a loud stressed note, all three slipped into the smaller dragon at once. Getting all of them to spray a bit, but the red one massively, letting his own belly start bubbling up from below this time and lift the furball up in the process. Every male attempting to enjoy such a feeling while it lasted, but with the red dragon's constant spray ballooning himself out, it wasn't long before they were forced apart.

But the brass one wasn't completely out of ideas. Even as that red bubble arched over the two, those large paws pressed and rolled the 'smaller' dragon over onto his belly. Nearly inviting Bartan to climb up and press his own rod inside once again as Dia started to grow more and more over the soft pillows. Unable to control himself enough to stop, feeling the two larger ones starting to spray a bit themselves and bloat those separate balloons along inside the dragon's belly. As soon as they both burst open...

Yet, there was still something Dia could do to make it last at least a little bit longer, before the mass intake of pressure hit and cause him to burst nearly instantly. Growling and attempting to

concentrate through the barrage of bliss, letting his size start to increase while those claws grew. Trying to be cautious about his growing underside as more and more sprays entered him. His red hide growing thicker, being able to endure more punishment than before, several spikes starting to make it through his slightly bloated back. Trailing down to the end of his tail, now starting to balloon a bit as well.

The red one grew larger and larger, very quickly and actually racing the amount of fluids that were flowing inside his body. Though the transformation also made his own weapon bigger inside that tailhole, nearly making it a plug while feeling the Counterweight and dragon slip inside Dia, it would be worth it. Stroking that round belly and feeling it expand with every thick spray he had. Barely being able to tell where the two condoms were filling out, as one burst inside him.

It was like a bit of relief, really. Almost concentrated as the echo rippled through his bloated underside. For the moment, his colossal self could reach the ground, but so could his gut. As soon as that other one burst, Dia wouldn't last too long. Still, it was a victory regardless, and it would be interesting to see how much punishment his body could now take. Feeling it grow more and more under him and let the Cryo almost hug the bubble as it inched across the dimension of pillows. Enjoying every last moment... Until...

For a small bit, all he could feel was the dragon inside him spraying, along with his own rod. Likely showering the furball inside who was filling out his own balloon. Barely noticing the faint ripple before the three sets of seed made contact with one another and reacted wildly, creating a massive pressure that exploded within the large red beast. Sending his belly out in all directions across the dimension, barely flowing out in pulses as more and more of those fluids mixed.

The Cryo cried out in bliss, nearly turning purple and pink as his body submitted to the reaction's will. Barely being able to concentrate on the counter in the sky, increasing by thousands by the second as Dia's vision was elevated closer and closer to it. His haunches and back starting to take some of the slack as that hide groaned to contain such a force. Flooding his tail from end to end quickly as it slowly morphed into the ever-growing balloon that was his underside.

Yet, his color still remained. The Cryo could feel the sprays and liquids within his body, but it was still containing such pressure with ease. Last seeing the counter far passed 98 billion before his sight got too close to read it any longer. Those scales constantly stretching out further and further, unable to sense anything but the soft ground as it expanded across the dimension. Though, struggling with something... Not with the pressures inside, but... Outside?

Several minutes of constant inflating left the pink dragon in a blissful haze, unable to even vocally whimper anymore. Regardless if his neck was bulged massively along with the rest of his body. Soon starting to feel one side of him stop suddenly, causing the others to take some slack. *This was it*, the Cryo thought to himself, *soon that sting would follow as one side was overinflated*. Taking a few moments to just close his eyes and enjoy such a rushing feeling before his other side came to a halt.

A noise in question left his muzzle, almost attempting to look towards those sides. Still elevating, and flowing out towards his front and back. Then his backside stopped. Yet, no massive

last-moment stretching like before. He actually felt... Okay. There was the front, coming to a halt and forcing his body to start raising upwards. Then touch a ceiling.

Ceiling!? Did he actually fill out the entire dimension of pillows? If so, then... How would he stop? How would he get the two inside him to stop? To warn them that they were at the field's limits. Though, some pride was felt that he could actually exceed such a space, the dragon was in trouble. Getting him to whimper as those corners were soon filled and his body pressed up against every wall. Until-

The constant creaking woke up the two young ones inside their room. Slowly opening the door and looking out at the same time down the hallway, towards a pair of double doors that were being slightly bent outwards. Treading cautiously towards it with curious purrs and looks, the two tilted their heads at the door handle. Sharing a look and starting back at it for several moments as the barrier desperately cried for relief.

With a pair of nods, the two slowly reached for the door knob. Barely touching it before it exploded outwards and getting them to scamper away from the sudden flood of red scales. Like a large balloon, flowing out in all directions and chasing the two little ones down the hallway, past the stairs that lead down to the lobby. Attempting to flatten the younglings as they dashed towards a wall, opening a small portal big enough for both of them and escaping within it.

Yet, that didn't stop the massive balloon from flooding the house. Breaking the rails to the staircase with ease as it pressed up against the walls of the upstairs hallway. Hearing those rooms start to collapse under the pressure and break through the home and out into the backyard. More and more of that red blob was flowing out of the small gateway, soon ripping the dimensional hole wider so more could flow through. Doing so caused the red belly to expand faster and faster, soon leveling acrossed the neighborhood and crushing everything under its massive weight.

The red grew more and more, starting with the size of a few acers and expanding rapidly. Approaching a nearby city like a massive wave before pressing into the large buildings. Devouring them as it steamrolled through everything that came to its path. Fields, mountains, the red didn't stop growing, didn't stop coming through that portal that was being torn more and more. Letting the Cryo lose to expand in a much greater space.

Within moments, Dia's belly was trekking across the land and reaching bigger heights. Passing over cities in the great conquest to find a limit, yet those scales didn't even seem slightly transparent. Just a glossy red that took the land by storm. Then the ocean, covering it with a blanket of thick red. Casting a shadow as the blob swallowed the horizon's sun before growing faster and faster.

The planet started to crack under the dragon's mass, not getting any relief from the constant flood through that portal, let alone the beings swimming inside the balloon. Forcing the grounds to break apart and submit to the greater gravitational pull of the Cryo, as he started reaching larger and

larger heights. Soon getting past the atmosphere as that portal ripped completely. Throwing everything it was containing out into the mass regions of space, taking out planets left and right as the mass of red expanded towards the sun in the center.

It was soon several times the size of it, yet so far away. Swallowing more moons, asteroids, uninhabited planets as it came towards them. Crushing them into dust as it came closer and closer to that ball of plasma, already starting to warp around the massive Cryo. Wondering how such scales could stand against such heat, not familiar with the fact that such a creature was actually extremely resistant towards such energies. Soon getting swallowed up by the ever-growing balloon.

The galaxy went dark as the red continued its conquest, taking out the larger planets until it *was* the solar system. Then growing outwards to find others nearby, growing across the black void and taking up more and more space. Passing through dozens of nebulae and devouring quasars as they came. Soon reaching a mass that was getting too large for the universe walls to handle, getting them to split and crack like third dimensional glass around Dia without him even noticing.

The splits grew and grew, soon becoming shatters before a gargantuan roar was felt on the other side of such a wall. Claws ripping the weak structure, being aided by the expanding scales. Enough to get a black oozing muzzle tip through and roar again, causing the balloon to ripple wildly but somehow not burst. Soon, several massive tentacles leaked out of the black creature's maw, wrapping around the expanding Cryo after several minutes, getting that belly to bulge around the thick ropes before being pulled towards such a colossal creature. Unable to do anything but become abducted into its oozy maw, swallowing it like the fragment of a grain of rice.

Like that, the Terrasque had a way out of its prison. It just needed to break the barrier enough to squeeze out then start devouring everything that was left. Clawing at the weak walls before squeezing its long muzzle through, yet it was halted when it came to its throat. Nearly making it growl a noise in question before pulling back and feeling its own throat thicken. Like something was stuck inside.

A roar in frustration as it swallowed harder. Feeling the slightly dense growth move down a bit, then get several more until it could no longer be felt within its massive body. Clawing at the walls again, and starting to exit out into the universe once again. Head squeezed through without any issues, neck, shoulders, several appendages. Belly-another noise in question as a pulse was felt. Now noticing its middle was slightly bigger than before. Growling before making the hole bigger and attempting to squeeze out into the void again, yet it was once again too big.

A hiss in rage that time as it looked over its form for a moment, just slightly bigger than before. A growl, then one of those many eyes seen it; another pulse that pressed its belly down. A few paws felt the area, and then another pulse that caused the creature to feel heavier. More dense. That rage and frustration turned into slight fear. Impossible. Nothing could possibly survive its own belly, yet this... Thing was still somehow growing!?

With a bit of movement, the Terrasque attempted to regurgitate such a thing. Unable to even get Dia into its own neck anymore as the balloon expanded more and more quickly. Getting almost

whimpers from the abyss creature as it started to attack itself. Perhaps damaging the bloated one enough and destroy the inflated one before it did anymore damage to the beast, but all it got was ripples and a faster expansion. Soon doming its belly below its dozen limbs.

Another roar in frustration that held nearly a plea for help as it attempted to escape regardless. Clawing its way out of its prison, but it was no use. The creature was now trapped inside an entirely different way, feeling its own body grow faster and faster than before. It's underside bloating out and forcing it's ooze like scales to thin out in order to contain such a power. Unable to even reach its own claws as the dragon within pulsed greater and greater volumes. Forcing the Terrasque to take it within its large prison.

Hours went by as the black beast rounded out more and more, yet still remained strong and whole. Those scales and ooze thinning out greatly, unable to take much more punishment from such a thing. It's cell becoming more and more occupied by the moment as the balloon started to morph against the Terrasque's limits. Starting to bloat out its own limbs and tails, neck and back rounding out greatly as it cried for help. Feeling it's body being stretched out to its limit and whimpering at every slight give as the creature continued to inflate. Absorbing the pressure from within and really testing those black scales, now starting to bulge outwards awkwardly.

Every new pulse was too much for its black body to handle. Every moment broke the creature's ever exceeding limits. Getting those groans and creeks of those glossy scales to echo through its nearly full prison. Pressing it's oval-like form outwards more and more, with Every. Little. Pulse. It's neck was completely fused into its main body, every limb its own small bloated bubble. Its tail nearly swallowed by the massive blimp that was the Terrasque's belly. Whimpering loudly as it took more punishment, more pressure, more-!

The dragon woke up in a white haze, grumbling a bit at the large brass arm that was holding him. Sensing that brass muzzle over his neck, yet something felt different. One, the floor was very uncomfortable for a field of pillows, and two... It was Beo's hold, yes, but it wasn't the typical embrace he was used to. It was... The titan was protecting him? The two little ones were felt behind the smaller adult, being guarded as well. By what though?

The light was irking Dia, but he started to adjust. Making out a massive creature that looked like a black and white furred naga. Six tails, eight arms, six carrying some kind of orbs while the two top ones were crossed along its chest. Two heads, dozens of wings, and staring down at the six legged polar bear. Close to its own height, but having his head slightly lowered. "W-what-?"

"Shh." The brass one interrupted him. "Just let the bear do his magic." A noise in question as they half watched the debate for several minutes. Unable to completely get the information needed,

but soon the two nodded in agreement, even if the naga was still not impressed. Letting Bartan return to his family with a bit of a guilty look. Letting Beo take a breath of relief and release his guard before walking towards the furred one and hugging it. "How did it go?"

"Well... K'ssa isn't too happy with me, for one."

"When is a Counterweight ever happy?" The brass one snorted, getting a soft chuckle from the bear.

"Good point. But..." A slow nod as those green eyes looked towards Dia. "N-not only that, but many things." That curled the larger dragon's neck.

"Like what?"

"Like letting you live in its universe, for one." A noise in question from the smaller one, getting up and walking towards them. "But the cake was our..."

"What even happened?" Dia'vidd asked, getting the two to share a look and let the brass one explain.

"You apparently don't have a limit." A noise in question as the yellow one did a large double take. "You got so big that you tore apart our bedroom."

"That field of pillows?" A nod from the two.

"Then our house." A whimper from the smaller dragon as Bartan continued. "Then the neighborhood, the city...ies. The planet, solar system." A louder whimper after each one. "Then got so big that you collapsed the structure of the universe around you."

"A weakly designed one." Beo snorted, getting his muzzle shut by the white paw, then a motion towards the naga far behind them.

"From there... You almost let the Terrasque out." Those frilled ears fell, nearly to the floor as Dia almost turned pale. "Did Beo ever tell you about the Terrasque?"

"T-they..." A slow look towards the two younglings, who were gazing at the adults rather unimpressed.

"Well, you were then swallowed by it." The bear continued, seeing the younger dragon suddenly turn dark green. "From there... You didn't stop."

"S-stop?"

"Expanding." A noise in question as those blue eyes looked at the titan. "You popped the Terrasque." A long stare before the younger dragon collapsed. Not quite fainting, but unable to stand.

"No..."

"I think we broke him." The white bear poked the green one.

"No more studying today..." Another whimper. "I...? We...?"

"The Terrasque is still alive." A loud noise in question as that blue eye looked at Bartan. "Badly hurt, yes, but they can't quite die by normal means. Even if it's basically inflating them until they burst."

"But doing so got him into trouble." Beo added, seeing that guilty look from the bear return. "And we're being kicked out, while he repairs the damages." The brass one snorted, seeing the two little ones move closer to the group with near scolding looks at the three adults. Looking over at the paralyzed younger dragon and holding him up with a brass arm as Rev and Lexar gazed at them.

"I trust you three learned your lesson?" The smaller brass one grumbled, letting all three adults lower their heads and nod.

"No more mass scale sexing."

"Means you two gotta fix your junk!" Rev nodded in agreement.

"Either get rid of the mixed reaction, or scale it down drastically!" A couple of whimpers from the much larger three.

"And you!" The brass one pointed at Dia, getting those ears to fall again.

"Good job on reaching new limits!" The two chirped, making the dragon perk his ears.

"You nearly doomed the universe in the process, and then some, but good job."

"However, you best set some sort of limit for yourself in the future." The wolf stated, getting a nod from the three.

"Y-yes. I will."

"Good!" The two started trotting away.

"Adults..." Lexar tossed his brass snout, getting the brother to grumble in agreement. Leaving the other three to take a breath of half guilt.

"Well... You wanted the vacation to end sometime, Dia." Beo stated, getting a bit of a shrug and a nod. "Want some company in the meantime?" That made him smile brightly, turning those green scales into a bright pink before hugging the larger one.

"I would love some."

"...How did I survive the belly of a Terrasque?" A double take from the older two, then they shared a glance. "What?"

"You never told him?" The brass one shook his head.

"Told me what?"

"I'm..."

"Beo's a Terrasque." A sudden freeze in movement from the younger adult. "...Yes, you've been sleeping with-" Dia fell over before passing out. "There it is. I was waiting for that to happen for a while."

"Me too. He's getting more resistant." The two smirked at each other.