

Nothingtown (Rex Overboard Act 3)

By Bartan Tirix

The bed was smaller than he was used to. That large tail felt uncomfortable, basically resting on the floor. And to top it all off, the damn frame creaked everytime the dinosaur moved, like it was making fun of his weight. But overall... It felt good. It felt good to spend the night cuddling with someone. Though Zarrel did spend a good portion of the evening half awake, worrying that he might roll over too far and actually flatten the smaller dragon. One that appeared to be missing, but some noises were heard downstairs. That was likely Loqe making breakfast, getting ready to go out, or a burglar attempting to steal stuff now that there was a large hole in the noodle's living room. One that the Rex was still responsible for.

He wasn't going to lie, the stress about the events from yesterday were half getting to him. Wondering if Loqe's parents are going to force the theropod to pay for the damages. As it stands, Zarrel could barely afford his own food, mooching from his blue friend for the past two months. And now, the two were going to be in some sort of relationship? One that the dino couldn't really offer much in trade, other than himself. And by that, he mostly meant what was perked under his tail.

At least Loqe didn't seem to view it as being taken advantage of. Carefully getting off the nearly broken bed, it was just something else of his that Zarrel had damaged. The question that ached his chest was, what if the next thing was the blue dragon's heart? For the moment, the noodle was only really interested in sex. How long would it be until that interest was fed or even faded? What if Loqe gets bored and decides that the Rex wasn't worth keeping around?

A heavy exhale left the large one, trying to shake the questions from his head. Instead of worrying about what he was breaking, the theropod should focus on what he could fix. The only thing that really came to mind was that magical pooltoy, one that was left in the garage. Heading downstairs, he heard the dragon shout. "I'll be back in a bit. Gotta handle some things with Insurance!" He called, at least in a happy tone.

"Alright. I'll try to clean some of this up-"

"Don't bother. They have people for that." A noise in question as the dino's ears perked, but the door shutting was all he got in response. Reaching the bottom of the stairway and being stunned at the amount of damage the two caused. Obviously the large windows and the furniture. But also the TV, sound system, and just about everything that wasn't the floor or walls. All because of the Rex's urges, as well as the strange magical toy now currently in Loqe's garage. At least the dragon didn't seem too upset about it all.

With another breath and a peek out into the kitchen, the blue one even left Zarr breakfast.

Taking some time to eat it regardless of his guilt. Or was it that the noodle felt guilty? They did end up doing some daring things yesterday, just thinking about it make the brown theropod chuckle. Finishing up the store-bought waffles before going out to the garage and taking a look at the damage done to the toy. Wearing a pair of gloves, just in case.

If it was too much, he might have to buy a larger repair kit. However, if memory served him, the hole was only about the size of a small ball. Around the toy's wing, right... Here? Yet the entire thing was smooth and undamaged. Carefully looking and studying the sides of the 'dragon' and no holes were found. The dinosaur swore it was right there, taking his time to completely look though the pooltoy to find it completely flawless. Almost as if it was never even inflated to begin with.

How strange. Yet, this thing itself was rather strange. Still covered in that brand new vinyl smell that was getting to the rex, making his exhales purr a bit. Maybe he could do some tests, just to be sure it was leak-proof. A quick shower would also do wonders for Zarrel regardless, taking off the gloves and holding onto the black deflated dragon. Feeling it start to work it's strange magic, tingling his scales as they climbed up his body and made the rex shutter. His large, monstrous looking weapon already half out of his sheath as his breaths got deeper. Just enjoying the transformation into a more vinyl form, as his pebble-like skin started melting together into one shiny body.

He swore it was getting faster everytime the toy worked it's magic. Likely even faster when the toy was inflated, something the dinosaur could indeed help with. Unable to put away his grin as he left the garage, still getting used to that lighter feeling of being hollow. Turning to go up the stairs, the phone suddenly ringed, getting Zarrel to double take and quickly look at the number. It wasn't anything he recognized, be it number or name, so he left it for the machine to take. Walking upstairs to the main bath, the one not connected to Loqe's room, and looking over the large tub.

The thing was nearly a miniature pool, equipped with a large hand-held shower. A lengthy hose that went from the wall to the showerhead, just looking at it was enough to get the theropod excited as he climbed in. Taking the shower off the hook and laid down on his back, the deflated pooltoy on his chest for the moment as he unscrewed the showerhead from the hose. Almost purring as he turned the water on to a relaxing warmth, at least this one didn't have too much pressure to it.

Another examination of the toy's autonomy and he found the valve still at its chest area. Taking a few moments to lap at it while breathing in that wonderful scent as his weapon throbbed to it. Trying to stick that large tongue slightly inside to stretch the plug out just a bit before connecting the hose to it. A bit of a tight fit, but the end was secure enough. Hearing the running waters start to fill the black vinyl form made the rex whimper a bit, already starting to leak as he gazed at the movement intently. Even just picturing himself get refilled like that and nearly ache for that stream inside his own body.

But he was here to find something specific. If a hose happened to get attached to his rear afterwards, then so be it. Without hardly realizing it, his paws started caressing the toy dragon as it started to fill out. Those black limbs densing up as its main body started to round a bit, especially towards its sides whereas the liquid was quite heavy. Weighing enough to start making the dinosaur's belly begin to dent a bit with his hollow form. But with a quick look around, there was still no signs of

leaking.

Zarrel swore the damage was painfully obvious. Could it be that this thing also has regenerating properties too? Stranger things have happened to him the past day or two, and honestly, this was almost a blessing. Making him wonder just how much punishment could this toy take? He could just leave the hose in it and let the black dragon completely fill out the entire tub, with the rex still in it, but where was the fun in just watching? The sheer thought was enough to make the brown one smirk, waiting a bit longer for the toy to fill completely up with water before releasing the hose and plugging up its valve. Letting it wobble helplessly a bit with the dragon's heavy form.

Looking at the hose again, the rex whimpered a bit in excitement, glancing at his own weapon that was nearly winking at him. Agreeing to another dumb idea that the theropod has come up with, as he started to reach down. Though it was a bit difficult with his own weight and body form... Which could be altered a bit with the help of a little something beyond such a large tool. Adjusting the pooltoy a bit so it was resting on the tub floor for now, the rex used it as a pillow for the time being. At least Zarrel didn't weigh enough to damage it for the moment.

Reaching down to unplug his own valve, the dino whimpered in bliss. Still getting used to it being so sensitive as the air began to escape out of him. Tickling that area a bit while his equipment remained fully intact, then resealing the valve after it was easier for Zarrel to reach down. Taking the hose and stroking his own length a bit, the massive up-curved girth that was covered in fleshy spines. Two knots below that, he almost felt embarrassed by such a thing for the longest time. Almost looking defective compared to either the pornos or images on the internet. But it was Loqe's interest that made him start to think twice about it, and view it as a gift.

And now he was going to stick a hose to it, to gain more release volume. Dumb ideas at their finest. Attaching the shower hose to his tip, the dinosaur cried out in bliss as the liquids flowed through that thick shaft. Almost forcing it to pulse bigger to squeeze all the water inside, and soon start to see those white balls start to fill up. Slowly growing over that sensitive plug between his legs and starting to add weight to his deflated form. Growing bigger with every moment, hypnotically trancing the theropod as he just didn't know when to stop. 1.25x Size... 1.5x, making Zarrel whimper blissfully. 1.75... 1.9...!

Two times the size was enough, wasn't it? Releasing the hose a bit, and feeling his taut sack for a bit. Though dense and heavy, it felt like there was still quite a bit of room in them. Whining a bit, but that tool tip just winked at him. *Give into impulses*, it commanded. *Feed me! More!* Who was he to argue? Placing that hose against it once more and vocally singing as the white pouch started to grow again. Larger and larger by the moment, as his haunches squirmed in pleasure. 2.25... 2.5, but it wasn't enough! 2.65... 2.75... 2.85... 2.9...!

He forced himself to stop at three, nearly feeling them ache as the weapon leaked out in near torrents. At least, at first. Knowing most of that was still water, the rex would likely have to stroke himself off to release most of it. But wait... With his new form, and deflated air, could he possibly reach that with his tongue? A bit of a purr left his hollow throat as he leaned forward, not caring about the hose still spraying in the tub. Easily reaching his own tip with that large red appendage.

It was a unique feeling, caressing his own tool with his own tongue. Now being able to recognize its own power as it pet along that large flare, spreading across every spine. But he could do better, leaning forward a bit more, Zarrel could capture that tip in his own maw. Taking a bit of time to adjust and attempt it again, lapping at his own large tool as it started to leak out in enjoyment. Loving such attention as the rex started to move deeper and deeper. Lapping at his own length, his own knots, his own ridges that caused him to squirt more and more. Feeling those balls deflate from time to time, but regain such volume quickly.

He overdid it, Zarr knew that much. But he hardly cared. Even if it meant that he would have to take that compressor to his package again to return them to normal, he would. A bit violent, but it did the job. For now, he focused on pleasing that tool. Muzzling it up and down, faster and faster as it rewarded him with sprays upon sprays. Lapping at its sides roughly as he grabbed the main length and playfully pulled it. Almost hearing the tower sing loudly in sprays as they showered within the back of his hollow throat. Then taking the first knot, with a pull, several more torrents in response. And almost a full release on that second knot with the ridges. Needing to force himself to stop once again and scramble for the pooltoy.

Placing its valve close to his tip and unplugging it, the rex thrust into it. Having a bit of a struggle at first, but with a bit of work, that flare somehow fit into it. Reaching down to stroke off his ridges wildly as his climax started to climb up higher and higher, feeling it spray into the toy a little bit in the process before finally reaching that point of no return. Shooting thick, pressured torrents into the dragon that caused the dinosaur's entire body to reflex forward with every massive pulse.

The toy's belly took most of the punishment for quite a while, rounding out downwards and into Zarrel's deflated form. Its smaller limbs starting to bloat out while raising upwards, forcing the belly to stretch out and almost groan against the constant flood. The weight was enough for the dino to reach another orgasm and continue to release into the toy. Watching it bloat out more and more with every passing moment. Its neck and tail thickening up greatly and begin to morph with the belly. The wings starting to inflate, those legs turned into near bubbles, barely attached to such a thing. Yet, the rex kept releasing his contents.

Quickly, the black toy turned into nothing more than a large exercise ball filled with water and seed. Soon, it would pop loudly and flood the entire bathroom with water, while the rex would continue to release until he too would do the same. Spray after spray the toy endured, growing bigger and bigger. Eventually running into a stalemate, a small fight between the dinosaur's powerful orgasm, and the thinning out pooltoy. Forcing more and more liquids into its strange form that covered nearly the entire tub, until-

That wall gave, and the toy almost... Sucked the fluids out of his weapon? Feeling it almost shift a bit over him, but unable to completely make it out. It shifted weight a bit more, that belly deflating a bit as black paws were made out around the edge of the bathtub. Then a few licks on Zarrel's head, getting him to double take and look up at the enlarged toy; now a full sized feral vinyl dragon. Its blue eyes blinking while licking at the brown rex's muzzle. "Y-you're-!?" He started to get out before the

wyrm kissed him deeply. Still feeling his weapon attached to its plug, that apparently moved towards the dragon's rear area.

But the larger black one continued to ride the theropod a bit longer, before releasing his muzzle. Sliding its valve up and down the main length of Zarr's equipment before feeling a bit of a spray on his own deflated belly. As well as it purring a bit. "Y... You're a male?" It nodded. "And... Intelligent?" Another nod. "Can you speak?" It made a disappointed noise, but shook its head. Letting the brown one study the dragon with his paws as a few more sprays entered its black belly. "This is amazing...!" Another lick of affection, then they heard the main door shut downstairs.

The wyrm looked towards the bathroom door and purred in question. "T-that's just likely Loqe coming back." Those blue eyes looked at him with curiosity. "A friend. One who... Would really like to see you." The larger one smiled. "Okay, we should go see him. Let me plug you back up." A purr in agreement as the black one shifted a bit, holding its own weight while the rex pulled himself out of the toy's valve. Feeling a steady stream start to leak over him as Zarrel slid under the dragon, getting an excellent view of its erect weapon and bloated package; a red shaft that looked rather identical to Loqe's. "I-I... Guess all dragons share the same..." A whimper as the larger one made a noise in question. "...Design."

But the dinosaur reached under the impressive bag, having to nearly press his own muzzle into that black belly and fall in love with that heavy feeling. The near latex shine and feel as the weight of water (among something else) really brought some lovely curves to that belly. Nearly causing the theropod to almost melt pressing into it a bit, just long enough to plug up its exit, now located under its tail like the rex's own. Then to reach back a bit more to shut the water off with his brown hind leg.

Yet, that draconic weapon was staring him in the face, just begging to be licked and muzzled. Almost whimpering again before submitting to those instincts once again, Zarrel traced around that spineful flare with his tongue. Hearing the large dragon purr loudly as it took a step forward, causing most of its tip into the dino's maw. Instantly tasting this strange mix of... Candy fruits? Constantly changing like the very colors of it still on his white belly. Beyond strange, but damn was it ever addicting...! Bringing back happy memories of him as a hatchling, like his favorite long lost treat.

He needed more of it. Muzzling that soft spinned weapon deeper and deeper as the dragon started to slowly move into. Getting a couple of paws along its black form to make out that round belly, that thickened pouch that nearly hung down to its 'knees'. A feral forepaw on the back of his head was felt, demanding that tongue and teeth went further, to take and swallow every inch of that long beast of a weapon. Regardless of the dino's slightly deflated form, something that was slowly densing up with every spray of that strange substance.

The living toy continued to slowly thrust into the rex' maw, letting that slightly bloated black middle brush against Zarrel's head in the process. Even purposely adding weight to the theropod as a few torrents splashed against that thick dragon tail. Wishing it could somehow turnabout and lap at that very tool, but the bathtub was barely big enough for this position. For now, it just wanted to start filling out the brown dinosaur, letting that tongue provoke more and more torrents into its muzzle and throat.

The sprays splashed against his somewhat hollow form, nearly hearing it echo through his body as the air struggled to find a place to escape. Already starting to fill up his head to get away from the constant barrage of heavy liquids, slowly filling up that white belly tighter and tighter with every addition to the colorful seed. Yet that heavy black pouch didn't seem to change, constantly swaying with the dragon's movements and tapping against the rex' lower jaw.

Soon after, it started to twitch a little bit. Slightly compress right when Zarr's desires were at their own peak, and getting a couple of brown paws to grasp that heavy bag. Barely hearing a pleasurable growl from the dragon as it forced the dinosaur's head down, the weapon driven fully into his muzzle. Several dozen heavy sprays soon followed as the white belly started dome upwards under the black one's rear, continually spraying as those paws squeezed it's package harder and harder. Thickening up that red shaft to the point where it was stuck within the tyrannous' jaws, forcing his vinyl form to intake such a barrage and bloat out a bit to make up for such punishment.

Punishment was hardly the correct word, at least according to Zarrel's state of mind for the moment. Even after the barrage stopped, the black toy left that tool in his maw for a few moments, occasionally getting a few sprays and extra thrusts. Enjoying every little groan his brown and white body made, especially when that thick tail started rubbing against it. It's friction creating calls that only increased the dino's desire for more, regardless of how many sprays he's nearly coated the two creatures with.

But even with that little rest, that black bag between the dragon's legs started to quickly fill back up like a heavy water balloon. One that showed no signs of nearly being considered full, just a dense void that hid all those wonderful colors within it. Even after a few more movements and sprays that made the theropod feel overfilled, the wyrm finally started to withdraw a bit. Even stepping its heavy form on the rex' white belly, getting him to whimper in pleasure as it stepped back enough to share a deep kiss. One that nearly caused the dinosaur to become drunk with pleasure, pressing that draconic red tongue so deep that it was able to lap at its own juices from within his hollow body.

After a bit, that tongue of the dragon's started to lick over his muzzle and face. Waking the rex from his haze and ridding him of any hangover, giving him a chance to breathe finally as those black forepaws pressed and rubbed against that bloated white tummy. "T... That was..." A moan of pleasure was all he could think of to say, getting a noise in affection in return. A bit later, some noise downstairs to remind Zarrel that the blue dragon was home as well, and that the theropod had quite the surprise to show him. "A-alright. Let's go meet Loqe, shall we?" Another purr as the black toy gave him another deep kiss before letting him up.

Granted, the rex' now bloated form was a lot more difficult to move with. Feeling very heavy with all the extra liquids, almost worrying Zarr that he might burst if one area was stretched too far. Barely able to get himself turned onto his belly before getting that white bubble to lift over the tub's rim. Getting a sudden shift in liquids that made him yelp and fall forwards. Tail and haunches raised upwards, nearly presenting that plug to the dragon once again. Hearing that desirable purr from the black one again while the dinosaur struggled to get his hind legs over the rim, wiggling that thick brown

tail side to side a bit to get some leverage.

A sudden strong paw halted it though, making Zarr release a whimper in question before that tongue was over his valve again. Exiling the breath from his body almost immediately as another black paw restrained one of his hind legs as well. Holding the dinosaur down while that black muzzle started lapping under his tail. Playfully biting the hypersensitive area as his monstrous weapon started spraying over the floor. Feeling those fangs press deeper and deeper, desperately trying to grip that plug, and eventually getting it to begin sliding open.

The theropod sang loudly with every scrape and greasing of that maw, soon feeling those paws massage the area to nearly pop out on its own. Adding a slight amount of pressure to his body before the plug released and sent the rex through another series of sprays. Ones that only continued when that red draconic tongue slipped inside and thrashed wildly. Getting the dinosaur to shift and squirm in reflex, even if those claws were digging into his bloated form. Squeezing into those thick haunches and tail before playing with his white set of orbs a bit.

Yet, it wasn't enough for the living toy. Getting up and leaving that valve opened before mounting over the rex, getting him to whine a bit before forcing him to stay in place with a paw. Letting that draconic tip search for that plug and start pressing into it slowly, loving the scent and sound of the theropod's sprays as he just teased the brown one. Letting him orgasm half a dozen times before slipping that flare inside the tight tailhole, finishing off the dozen from its sheer presence alone.

With the rex completely trapped and submitted, the dragon started lapping at his ears, barely getting a reaction from his nearly overblissed form. Just constant moans and songs from Zarrel, both vocal and material, as their bodies constantly rubbed against one another. The shine from the bathroom light glistening off of their taut roundness. From their slightly chubby necks to their bloated tails and packaging, ones that were nearly slapping into the other with every movement. Causing ripples through both of their vinyl bodies, letting the liquids slosh through them as the dragon thrust deeper into the T-rex.

With every motion, the dinosaur gained a bit more weight. Slowly pushing him upwards towards the heavy dragon mounting him as that white belly attempted to spread the intake across the floor. Filling Zarr up like a balloon stuck in a slow running tap, until that first full thrust of that thick weapon. Leaving him breathless and adding several sprays of incredible volume, forcing his chest to start taking more of the punishment as he whimpered a bit. "W-wait!" He called, getting a few more thrusts before a strong nuzzle against his neck, then a few licks. "I-I know how big you can... Make me. W-we..." Another pleasure moan as the toy teased his frilled ear again. "L-let's not... Destroy another room, okay?" The dino felt that snout nod while nuzzling him, but wasn't 100% sure if the dragon understood or not.

Regardless, it started to speed up. Leaving the rex to throw all his cautions out the window and into a garbage fire, not like he could force the living toy to stop anyway. Just lay back and let the creature have its way with him, as he felt the sprays start to grow more and more. Rounding out that white belly thicker and thicker, as his brown sides started to bloat outwards. His neck swelling up as the

dragon continued thrusting into the theropod's plug, showing no signs of slowing down, even though his haunches and tail were slowly pushing it back towards the tub. Only lapping and stroking his body as it grew tighter and tighter, spreading across the bathroom and bending around its furniture.

The rex' maw started leaking out those rainbow juices as his own weapon started filling up the bathtub, able to hear the black tail splash around playfully in his seed. Soon feeling his arms and shoulders start to take the pressure, then his back starting to dome out. Quickly reaching the ceiling and touching the warm lights that half concerned him. Whimpering loudly for the dragon to stop and drain him before something got damaged. Feeling those shiny sides reaching one wall, then another soon enough before-!

The intake slowed down. Giving Zarrel a wave of relief for now, though still loving his bloated form. Almost wiggling a bit before really feeling the pressure within. Was he really that close to bursting? He couldn't be, not compared to what he was exposed to yesterday. Nearly becoming three times the size of their house, Zarrel thought. Occasionally getting another spray inside him that felt unusually dense. Then something else, like his body was getting... Smaller?

His vision wasn't lying to him, the dinosaur was pulling away from the wall in front of him. Barely making out one wall feeling untouched, then the second one as his sides felt... Constrained? Tighter and tighter as the theropod felt his bloated body almost compress. Yet, there was still a few sprays entering it, making him whimper loudly as he could no longer feel the ceiling. The smaller he got, the more the pressure against his sides started to drastically increase. His limbs stretched out in thick bubbles, his neck bulged as it nearly swallowed his muzzle, that tail morphed into his belly and back that only grew thinner and thinner as more dragon seed was sent into it.

The rex' body groaned loudly as it struggled to hold in all the liquids, feeling a thick constrain over every inch of his near transparent scales as his form pulsed slightly bigger and smaller. His own sprays continued to fill up the tub as his body fought viciously to stay together, feeling tighter and tighter with every moment. Every spray. Every lick of that draconic tongue against the very thin dinosaur bubble as his whines and whimpers grew. The dragon's claws digging into his spherical form. His body groaned in higher and higher pitches, before another barrage of colorful torrents. Thickening up his body bigger and bigger, pushing his durability to the edge as the black one roughly licked that straining tail. Sinking those fangs into it-!

The blue dragon was downstairs, browsing his phone and sipping at his coffee while the noise was heard overhead. Staring at the device as a large *splash!* was heard upstairs, barely getting one of those frilled ears to flick at the sudden burst and liquids rushing out. Making a slight noise in question at something he found interesting on the screen, even though Loqe was trying to hide his smirk. Knowing what the rex upstairs was likely doing, let alone in what room. "I'm not cleaning that up." He called from the kitchen, taking another sip soon after.

Zarrel panted on the floor, still loving that sudden sting against his middle, something that reminded him of horsing around with his brothers and sent him into chuckles. Especially when a certain large tongue started washing his brown face and ears, soon going after his muzzle for a deep kiss, one that the rex started gnawing at inbetween breaths. Already starting to feel his body once again change into that vinyl form and relieving the stress of his bloated stones, but finally holding back a bit. Resisting the urge to just submit to the toy once again. "H-hold up, buddy." It just purred in affection at the dinosaur's chuckles, as it let him up a bit.

It took a moment for the theropod to regain his balance, leaning up against the wall with a good view of the blue eyed dragon toy. Just smiling at him on the... Oddly slightly wet floor. Not a single trace of that colorful substance, just a little bit of water from before. Leaving the rex a little stunned, looking around and getting a set of perked black ears to observe such a reaction from the dino. "What...?" A noise in question from the larger one, watching Zarr's every movement when he looked into the tub. Even all the sprays he left in there were gone. "Where did it all...?" Those light orange discs looked over the rather chubby black one, making him release a bit of a whimper as it raised to all fours and causing it's body to wobble a bit.

The wyrm came a little closer, licking at his white belly a bit more to really bring in that shine and hollowness. Loving that whine of pleasure the rex released, but he still slightly pushed away. "Easy there, buddy. Let's go downstairs for a while first, okay?" A slight grumble of disappointment, but it didn't complain too much. Just licked at that brown muzzle again and letting them share another kiss. "Rather affectionate, aren't you?" A chirp made Zarrel chuckle. "Alright, let's head down."

A rather weighted one was heard slowly coming downstairs, as those blue ears flicked again. Almost picking out the constant sloshing with every step and a few whimpers of near pleasure that only caused the eastern dragon to smirk. Those pink eyes still not looking up from the device a bit as the ballooned rex entered the kitchen, barely glancing at his shine while shaking that blue head a bit. "Couldn't resist, could you?"

"N-no. I guess I couldn't." A chuckle as Zarr openly admitted.

"I expected as much, really. Did you clean the place up?" The smaller dragon asked, looking up and double taking at the black wyrm in surprise. "Is... Is that...!?" A whimper of the dinosaur as he nodded.

"Y-yeah... I ended up wanting to check out the damage done from yesterday, only to find it completely repaired." The theropod started to explain, letting the chubby wyrm pass and greet the smaller dragon with the same affection. Converting those blue scales to vinyl rather quickly with its touch and licks. "I ended up bringing it upstairs in your master bath to see if there really was any leaks..."

"And you-" A sudden kiss made him yelp a bit, dropping his phone on the counter as they

started purring a bit. "Oh... Wow...!"

"Y-yeah... I got a little carried away, over-inflating it and eventually it..." A gesture towards the toy that was nuzzling against Loqe's neck. "It's been rather... Assertive towards pleasurable acts."

"I can see that." The smaller one chuckled a bit, overlooking his arm. "And this still works, I see."

"Yep."

"Does it have a name?"

"I'm not sure. It's smart, but can't seem to speak properly." A large nod from the black one as it looked over the fridge's white board. "But it does seem to be quite... Alive. Not to mention, it has rather... Impressive equipment-"

"It has a big dick. I get it." A whimper from the rex as he rubbed the back of his neck a bit. The two double taking at the white board that had DIA written on it. "Dia?" An excited nod from the toy.

"Its name perhaps?"

"His name, likely." That black snout soon lowering to the blue one's weapon and giving it a lick. "Really moves fast, doesn't he?"

"Y-yeah. We had... Quite the go upstairs."

"Anything broken-" A gasp from the blue one. "Easy there, you."

"Actually, no. He somehow did..." A shrug from the rex as he trailed off, noticing a slightly concerned look from his friend. "What's wrong?" Those pink eyes gazed on the cordless land phone on the other side of the kitchen.

"Got a message while I was away." A worried look from both Zarrel and Dia, and Loqe just rolled his eyes a bit. "You remember Mr. Chopper?"

"The Dick Next Door?" A nod from the smaller dragon as he took a moment on the land phone, setting it on the kitchen island as the message played in a rather snarky tone.

"This is Richard Chopper calling to **inform *anyone*** who is staying at this residence that I am planning my summer vacation within my villa, and I expect you to be on your best behavior during my stay. If my memory serves correctly, another noise complaint on your residence will be your third strike and will likely cause you a night in jail, or a hefty fine for your *parents* to pay. I have my own copy of this message, along with your current away message, which should be as more than enough proof to aid my case. Get your *partying* done before the 28th, this is your only warning, **children**." The phone on the other end slammed before hearing the *End of Messages* tone, leaving the two to grumble a bit.

"Well, that means the summer is going to suck with that old bat around." The rex grumbled, getting himself a drink which honestly felt a little weird going down.

"I'll say. Remember that weekend you were here about a year ago?"

"You mean the 'noise complaint' he made from me snorting up a dustbunny and having a sneezing fit?" The two groaned a bit, but a devious smirk was spread across that blue muzzle. "...What." It was barely a question, following those pink eyes towards their living room. "...What?"

"I was thinking... What if he didn't have a summer home to come down to?"

"The hell do you mean?" Another gesture towards their living room, and the rex whined a little bit. "Are you crazy!?" He whispered.

"I like to think I'm ambitious."

"What if we get caught-!?"

"How? It doesn't leave any trace." Another whimper. "All I'm suggesting is, we sneak into the old bat's home before he gets here, have a little fun-"

"And tear down the walls-?"

"By inflating yourself to unreal sizes until the house floods. If we break down a few walls in the process, it would be fine." A look of disapproval from the rex, as the dragon looked towards his toyetic kin. "You want to mount him again?" A loud chirp from Dia as Zarr whimpered.

"H-how did...?"

"You're rather submissive for being a T-Rex." Loqe shrugged as the brown one covered his eyes. "What say you? Let's delay that asshat's vacation home for the year. Let his insurance take the hit and get it repaired, that way our summer isn't ruined." A grumble in thought, but the dragons started to leave regardless of his approval. Getting the brown one to sigh in defeat.

"We are so getting caught for this, I just know it."

He followed the two dragons over the stone fence, whimpering when Dia's taut belly got half stuck over it. Causing the black balloon to curve out and bubble around the two sides, hearing another whine of pleasure when those brown paws helped the feral one over. Almost wanting to hammer into that tailplug, and now realizing why the dragon did so when Zarrel got out of the tub. Still, a shake of his muzzle to halt those feelings for a bit as they snuck across the opened yard. Getting to the doorway and watching the blue one test the lock, expecting its lack of movement. "I highly, highly doubt it, but did he ever give you guys a key?"

"Nah." The blue one answered him, reaching under his tail and unplugging himself. Getting a few whimpers, both in question and desire from the larger ones. "Help me deflate." Dia and the rex

shared a look, before hugging the noodle dragon. Purring a bit as they pushed most of the air out of his body, yet his equipment remained hard and ready. "This'll have to do. Hopefully anyway."

"What exactly are you planning to do?"

"Shove me into the mail slot." A pair of puzzled looks, and those pink eyes rolled. "On the door." They both looked at it, seeing a metal flap covering the small hole and stuffing the blue one through it, for the most part. Hearing a bit of struggling before a grumble. "Okay, going to need some air support to get the lock."

"M-meaning?" Zarrel asked, unable to look away at the draconic tool and pouch not able to fit through the slot.

"Blow me up a little." Another whimper as the rex found the smaller dragon's plug, lapping at it a bit while the black one started with his pink tip. "Easy you two-" A sharp gasp. "Save it for when we get inside." Though only the dino seemed to have himself composed, carefully blowing air into his blue body and making him whimper through the door. Feeling his body start to morph a little bit as Loqe started to curl it the best he could, forcing most of the inflation into his arm to reach up and reach the lock. Slapping it and hearing it click. "Okay-okay! You can stop-" A loud whimper as they continued to lap at him for a bit longer.

Though Zarrel stopped blowing into the smaller dragon, he constantly lapped at that valve as it drained the blue one of volume. Slowing down to a faint wheeze before a black paw was seen grasping that pouch, then the noodle yelped loudly in pain. Getting the brown one to stop and step back in concern. "Everything okay?"

"Mother of God, that hurt!" He hissed from the other side, though still not getting any worry from the living toy. "Get me out of here, please." He grumbled. Shrugging, they opened the door and the rex folded the blue one up a bit to squeeze the air out of him before slipping him through the mail slit. Closing it silently and quickly soon afterward. "That feels so weird..."

"I can imagine so." Zarr chuckled, carrying the deflated blue one as they followed the chubby black one into a small living room. One pretty much in the center of the small house.

"Seriously, what did you do...!?" Loqe grumbled, getting a look in question, but those hot pink eyes were glaring at the larger dragon. One that only double taked and purred a bit, lapping at the noodle's muzzle before searching for his tool once again. "One-track mind, isn't he-?" Another sharp gasp as that red tongue washed over his pink weapon. Slipping acrossed the spineful tower walls for a bit as the theropod smiled, toying with the smaller one's valve a bit with his claws until a blissful whimper was released.

"Dia's quite good at that." Another whimper as the black one started to retreat a bit, and kiss the smaller one with a little bit of white leaking off his muzzle. Getting a surprised yelp in question from Loqe, but no argument. Puzzling the rex for a moment before the dragon kissed him after as well, now tasting a strange flavor of blue cotton candy from its forked red tongue and he suddenly understood.

"Oh, I see-wait! You can...!?" The chubby one nodded before rolling on its back in the middle of the room, going back to lapping off his smaller kin's weapon as Loqe was placed on that wobbling belly.

A whimper left the blue one as that tongue went to work. Feeling the dinosaur rest on top of him to hug that belly as well, leaving a certain tool to nearly rest along the black chest. Pointing towards a certain plug that it's been dying to penetrate all day, and getting a few strokes from Dia's paw. "W... Why am I going first?" The smaller one attempted to grumble.

"Because this was your idea-" A whimper as he felt another paw against his bloated package, just knowing what was coming-yep. A large shock that nearly made him roar in pain, but it was soon over. Soon getting a massage of comfort over them as the black one muzzled off the noodle, feeling a set of stronger paws play around with that large belly and get his own draconic weapon to start leaking a bit.

After a few sprays and whimper from the smaller one, those black paws started to stroke the rex' shaft for a bit. Getting it greased up from its own liquids before leading it's tip towards that nearby tailplug, hearing Loqe whimper a bit as he felt that flare and a few squirts into his deflated body. Then his tight plug being pressed up against that monstrous weapon, like a condom two sizes too small preparing to be wrapped over it. Unable to fight against it as that black paw started grinding it side to side against such a massive beast.

The valve nearly cried out as much as the small dragon did, as it barely slipped over Zarrel's flare. Hearing him purr against the tight fit as several large jolts started entering his blue body, all while releasing his own defenses into that black muzzle. Feeling Dia drink up the very flavor that soon added to that large belly they rested on. Stroking off the rex's shaft again as it slowly started filling out the smaller blue one. His lower belly at first, but soon starting to drip into his hinds.

The three went into the motions for several minutes, constantly being tended to by the living toy and slowly filling each other up little by little. A bit longer and those black paws started stroking those ridges and knots of the T-rex, getting him to growl. Almost hissing against the sensitivity as more of that seed rushed through his weapon, leading straight into Loqe's vulnerable vinyl form that started to fill out much quicker. Leaking out to his tail enough to start moving it on his own, then his middle as it faintly flowed into his arms. Still being squished up against two bellies that almost controlled the liquids within him.

Another few minutes and the paws went back at it. Provoking several larger sprays into the blue body that started to bloat out from the weight. Getting the noodle to whimper as he felt himself start to become fuller and fuller, almost heavy against the larger dragon. Finally able to move for himself again, but he started to feel tighter with every spray. Even starting to taste... Molasses? Cloves? Something that reminded him of cookies as a young hatchling. Yet a couple of rough thrusts from the theropod banished those memories into a blissful haze, before feeling a few taps echo through his filled form.

Dia started to get up, purring and licking over the two as they shared kisses for a few moments. Really enjoying that wonderful taste from Loqe's seed now, regardless of how strange of a concept it

was. "You want a turn riding him, is that it?" Zarrel asked, getting a loud yelp from the blue one. Especially after the wyrm nodded excitedly.

"W-wait...!"

"You'll be fine, Loqe. Promise." All he got was a whimper from the smaller one as they started to switch places. Pulling out of the tight noodle, only for a bigger flare to replace the plug. Hearing the blue dragon whine loudly in pleasure as Dia squeezed into that valve, slipping inside after quite a struggle. Even with the help of the rex, soon going towards Loqe's front and squatting down under the chubby belly that was nearly flattening him. "Guess I'll have to wait a bit before I can reach you." The dino got a whimper in response, but a tap from that black muzzle to come back up. Doing so and getting a lick before Dia started to head down towards Zarr's tool. "You're too kind." He smiled, getting a purr as that forked tongue went to work.

It slipped across the equally red weapon with a rather smooth, almost organic texture to it. Still leaking out a mix of water and the rex' seed from the bathroom session before. Slowly thrusting the dragon's own equipment into the smaller one as Loqe whimpered against it blissfully, completely enthralled by such a thick tool, while being nearly pinned down by the water weighted belly. One that wobbled with every movement, and was being rocked by the dinosaur while that black maw performed. Feeling that dense balloon through the membranes of those wings as he leaned up against the wyrm and hugged it.

Every movement across the several minute timespan added just a bit more to that black body. Gradually forcing it to drink up his fluids and grow bigger, all while he forced the blue one's underside to expand outwards. Adding some to those hips and tail, but mostly focusing on those cyan plates of the noodle's middle. Filling him with colorful sprays, causing the thin plates to groan until they reached the ground, and then some. Forcing that larger draconic weapon to slip in deeper and deeper while the smaller one sprayed wildly across the carpet.

Each thrust caused groans and creaks as their bodies slid against one another. Buffing their already shiny outer layers as they sang along with the three's own vocals. Once in a while, Dia's muzzle grabbing a hold of that large monstrous weapon and pulling it for a wonderful effect, every so often forcing the rex to step forwards. Slowing down when he was nearly at a climax and causing those frustrated white balls to nearly growl at the dragon for edging.

Until all at once the larger one thrust really hard into Loqe, making him nearly yelp with the full thrust. Then pulling on that dinosaur's weapon quite assertively as well, getting a growl from the rex as he stepped forwards. Following what nearly appeared to be the wyrm sitting down on his haunches and pouch, forcing the noodle to support that chubby belly on his own. Those blue scales bloating out drastically as he whimpered, expecting a burst at any given moment, but the fluids rushed to his neck and chest when Dia's middle shifted its center of mass. Nearly planting face first into Zarrel's heavy pouch.

Eventually, the black one let go of the rex and allowed him to sit back for a moment, nearly

feeling his tip tap Loqe on the snout before looking down and seeing the effects of the position change. Pressing it up to his friend who only whimpered a bit as the flare parted his lips, the taste of that white seed dancing along his tongue and making the smaller dragon submissive. Letting the weapon start to enter his muzzle and slip into his throat as it started to pulse quickly. Then felt the larger wyrm's start to do the same before whining loudly at the two bigger creatures to pull out.

However, it was too late. The toy and the theropod were tranced into a deep kiss as their climaxes started to peak, each of their pouches starting to drain quickly while flanking the noodle. Barely hearing the yelp as it was interrupted by a heavy spray into his maw, causing his chest and neck to start stretching out under the two. Then the heavy sprays in his rear, fighting a bit at first but soon losing and flooding his lower half. Causing that cyan belly to once again bloat out under the weight of the wyrm's middle. Forcing it to move upwards and back a bit as the noodle grew and grew.

The smaller dragon expanded underneath the two larger ones quickly, being flooded from both sides. Loqe's hinds and forearms shifting to help make room under the heavy weight of the two (mostly the toy) and filling out the sides. Soon forcing the two to start taking steps backwards to make room inside the snake-like dragon, giving that blue bubble more space to work with as his back started to dome out. His tail taking up quite a bit of resistance as he started fill up like a long balloon. Losing his original shape very quickly as those scales grew shinier and shinier by the moment.

It started off as a steady stream of the dragon unfolding into such a large object, then soon morphed into bobs as Loqe struggled to contain each additional spray. His arms and legs bloated out into thick nubs, scales started to thin out as white and rainbow fluids were seen thrashing inside. All while his body was groaning with every movement. Pulsing across the living room and filling it out as the two 'larger' creatures were being pushed backwards with every spray.

But the blue balloon stayed vigilant, morphing across every hard corner of the coffee table and old TV. Oozing across the couches and chairs, breaking their legs against his massive weight. Reaching the ceiling, nearly consuming the concerning chandelier, all while shoving the rex into the hallway and the wyrm against his own wall. Soon pressing up against the others, breaking the many pictures along the living room as seed continually sprayed into his bloated body.

The blue balloon warped around the doorway that Zarrel was forced through. Unable to help himself from releasing into that smaller muzzle, no matter how thin those scales looked. No matter how loud and frequently the groans came, the only thing the dinosaur could think about was spraying his seed until that wonderful burst was felt. The massive bubble soon starting to morph through and pressing up against the rex, trapping him under a thick pressure as he cried in bliss. Loving the pressure that only provoked him to release more and more.

A sudden give was echoed through the thick balloon, as a little bit of relief was felt, following a loud snap of something breaking. Then cracks of the wall to the hallway were heard before the cheap walls were demolished, giving the rex quite the wallop as the trapped fluids equalized through the blue bubble. Giving a bit more room to spray into as Loqe flooded that hallway for a bit, then another harsh battle of pressure.

One that didn't last long though, as one more large give was felt. A quick battle, then another as the two got a lot more time to fill up the blue noodle. Getting nothing else for resistance until the dragon burst loudly into a shower of liquids. Flooding most of the small house for a few moments as the fluids eventually disappeared, like they were being drained by the very floor. Leaving the three to pant loudly, quite a ways apart from each other. Though, squirting a little still.

After a bit, the black toy got up and nudged the blue dragon on his back, already starting to tend to his equipment that was likely overstimulated, and once again turning Loqe into a more vinyl form. Granted, with next to no resistance, as Dia started side stepping around to show off his tail and haunches towards the rex. Nearly provoking and teasing the dinosaur to mount him next.

It was an alluring view, really; a pair of dense, curved haunches that morphed into a thick tail. A weighted black bag hanging underneath, with a fat shiny belly in the background. Then a perky plug right in the center of it all, just begging to be tampered and toyed with. Forcing Zarrel to give into those impulses once again after the small rest and get back to work.

Speaking of work, he finally seen the damages after getting up and re-entering the living room: all walls completely caved in and in debris, lights and furniture trashed, yet somehow unsoaked. Being able to clearly see the kitchen and hallways from the center, but there was still more work to be done... As uncomfortable as the theropod felt about it.

But there was that black valve, one that was just too convincing to agree with his morals. Besides, they've already done some damages, might as well total the place. That is, if they were able to. Hearing the noodle's moans of pleasure only enforced that decision, as the rex pressed those paws and snout under that thick tail. Getting the larger dragon to purr deeply and wiggle them in a tease.

Every little movement seemed to ripple through the living toy's body, aiding in its muzzlejob that Loqe was receiving. Soon getting a rhythm through it as that tyrannic tongue started to roughly lick those haunches. Letting them wobble and that large belly to bounce over the floor, just barely touching the carpet from time to time. That is, until those brown paws couldn't resist squeezing that middle, playfully biting into a black bubble wyrm hip. Of course expecting the yelp, yet the blue one seemed to have a firm grip on Dia's head for the time being.

Slowly, that thick tongue of Zarr's washed the larger dragon's lower end. Glazing across that large plug over and over again, nearly seeing it wink and struggle to just release all the fluids pent up inside it. Something those fangs were teasing to help with, but not to give the wyrm relief. Continually massaging what he could reach of that black belly as he pressed his muzzle harder under Dia's tail, grabbing what he could with his teeth, and pulling it back. Feeling that black stretch a bit before slipping around the valve, hearing the dragon whimper loudly in bliss as that tongue tormented what the maw had captured.

Another slip, and the very end of the plug was caught. Leading it from side to side, and getting Dia to follow with it as the seal started to slip. Nearly causing the black one to stop tended to the noodle, but those blue paws forced him to continue. To soak up every drip of pre that was being fed to

him, regardless of the toy's whimpers. Those blue eyes starting to look a bit hazy as his body was overflowed with bliss, until that plug was finally pulled out.

Several tastes could be picked out acrossed that large red tongue, but the fluids were mostly watered down. Regardless, the rex lapped at it a bit before plugging it back up with that appendage's tip. Hearing a muffled yelp from Dia as it slid in and out of his tail valve, as well as those brown paws clawing at his haunches once again. Nearly leaving marks across the black vinyl with every depression they made, as Zarrel continued to tongue-sex the wyrm.

The living toy was barely able to concentrate on the smaller dragon with such movements, releasing his own colorful sprays over the carpet from time to time as he got a few into that large muzzle of his. Which did remind Dia that something needed to be changed, that is if he could focus long enough on Loqe. Lapping at his weapon until another few jolts were released into his maw, purring at the sweetened '*dragon's beard*' taste before tightening his muzzle around the pink length. Getting a bit of a yelp from the noodle as those paws grasped his shiny black head.

With Dia's forepaws, he started to squeeze his own chest and bloated belly. Since his rear was already plugged, creating a bit of a tight force within the living toy, he blew into that pink weapon. Forcing the extra liquids to start flowing inside and get a sharp whine from Loqe, as well as a tighter grip from those blue paws. The draconic tower grew within his vinyl maw, but soon started leading the extra fluids down into the lower pouch. Causing it to swell over the noodle dragon's tail.

Quickly, the smaller one started to pant rapidly as his balls thickened up greatly. Easily reaching double, nearly triple size in a single 'breath' of the black one's. Seeing those larger dragon paws adjust to add more, the blue one attempted to scamper to his feet. Yet, was unable to pull away from the wyrm's muzzle lock, not in time before the flow came once again. Bloating that package to four times... Five. Six. Seven...! Feeling the large bag spread apart his own knees as Loqe whimpered loudly. "O-okay...! That's enough-!"

But the chubby one wasn't done. Hearing the thick pouch groan loudly as it started to expand once again, rubbing under his black chin. Eight. Nine. Ten. Eleven times normal size! Nearly reaching down to his blue ankles and causing the wyrm to adjust to move over it. Muzzling that weapon a little bit and letting it spray into his body, slowly regaining what was lost as the pouch deflated a bit. Pulling the smaller dragon up and pushing him across the room slowly, letting that package refill naturally and drag across the floor a bit.

The rex was right behind Dia, still attempting to tongue that valve until the dragon was in a pleasure coma, and nearly succeeding. Giving Loqe a few more moments of peace before the black one grabbed his chubby belly again, hearing the smaller one yelp a bit loudly and getting the attention of Zarr. Enough for him to look up and over what was happening, but getting a heavy spray from what was inside the living toy in the process. Growling a bit before plugging him back up with those brown paws, but not very well. Forcing him to use plan B instead.

A thick flare was felt soon after those paws, stretching out Dia's tailhole and making him cry out

in bliss before submitting to it. Grinding over that monstrous rod a bit as it slowly slipped inside the black wyrm. Feeling those brown arms wrap around the still somewhat bloated belly and hear Zarrel make a yelp in question, now spotting the large blue bag Loqe was basically resting on. "O-oh wow..."

"Yeah... That was his fault-" A loud purr from Dia as he continued to massage that pink weapon. Feeling the larger dragon once again adjust himself a bit before getting those blue paws over his snout once more. "Hey! No more!" Those blue eyes opened and looked at the noodle. "I mean it! That's enough!" A slight shake of that black muzzle. "Yes! It's *enough*!" Another head shake as Dia prepared for another blow. "Hey-hey-hey-!"

But the pressure returned, getting a thick growl from the smaller one as he endured the punishment. His pouch now lifting his smaller structure in small pulses as the noodle's whimpers climbed in pitch. Nearly being able to determine every milestone with every little bounce as the wyrm continued. Fourteen. Fifteen. Sixteen. Seventeen! Eighteen! Nineteen-! One more large, thick blow into that package that nearly converted most of the black one's extra weight. Somehow not causing that blue bag to burst.

A few breaths of relief from Loqe, yet nearly discomfort for how tight they were. Getting comforting licks from the black one before Dia started to pull away from the noodle's equipment, only to get those blue paws to hold him down. Hearing a whimper in question from the living toy as the smaller dragon nearly snarled. "No you don't. You're taking this back! Every last drop!" Another whimper and a bit of a frightened look from those blue eyes. "Every!" A thick torrent directly into that black muzzle, enough to get his throat to thicken up a bit before leveling out through the rest of his body. "Last!" Another one that went straight to his feral chest. "Drop!" A series of barrages that flowed through his vinyl body, causing Dia's middle to ripple wildly before adding it to that long belly. Getting it to touch the ground after a few moments of constant sprays.

The wyrm attempted another retreat while he could still reach the ground, only for more of that thick theropod rod to slip in deeper. Making Dia whimper again in slight fright, yet excitement, as he swallowed down another barrage. Thickening up his chest and shoulders, as several torrents from his rear added to those haunches again. Then a few large torrents into his rear, causing his own package to start being pushed backwards as that lower belly swelled up.

The living toy tried to resist as long as he could, being filled up from both ends that were soon going to climax in a large flood. Getting the dragon to delay the inevitable by constantly stroking and lapping at those ridges, using the constant ripples through his black form to press against the dinosaur's knot. Hearing the two growl at the constant movements as more and more milk was felt pouring into him, thickening up Dia's middle and forcing it to grow wider and wider. Slowly lifting him off the ground while his tail and back started taking the extra slack. Even the branches of his wings starting to bubble out as both weapons were nearly growling at the constant stall.

It was working, until Zarrel took a heavy press forward. Causing the larger dragon to stop at the sheer gaping of his valve as the knot plopped through... The first knot, that is. Getting a large torrent straight into that black muzzle as his tongue was nearly paralyzed with bliss for just a moment, but soon

continued its torment on Loqe's equipment. Delaying it a bit longer and attempting to stall the rex at the same time, pressing roughly against his bloated shiny form as that thick tail went over the theropod's shoulder. Swelling up with every moment, every spray of white as the wyrm colored the floor with his own release.

Then the harder press forward that drove the second knot inside that dragon's plug, then continued to forced his way forward. Causing all the fluids within the living toy to start shifting towards the sides and upper areas as the rex continued to advance with his strong legs, hollow or not. Compressing the wyrm to the point where his thickening tongue couldn't stall the noodle's tool, causing it to finally climax. Dia whimpered, wiggling in attempts to struggle free, but his paws were off the ground, his tail suspended over the dinosaur. Those bloated wings were useless, the toy was beat every way around and soon accepting the growing sprays as they entered his body.

Torrents erupted with massive pressure, throwing Zarrel backwards as that black balloon swelled up greatly over the span of a few moments. Almost too quickly, to the point where his appendages took most of the punishment before Dia's middle started to expand across the floor. Nearly trapping the rex underneath it and the thickening tail, but being tied directly to the valve was enough to keep him from being flattened. Hearing the constant songs of groans and creeks of his vinyl form nearly bursting from the pressure alone.

In no time, the black dragon was nothing more than a large series of bubbles trekking across the living room. Pressing up against the ceiling and morphing around all damages. Slowly losing its dense black color to the constant white he was being flooded with. Morphing around beams of wood and debris across the floor as Dia filled up the space around the three, creating a small stalemate between the constant barrages of seed and the structure of the building itself. Groaning every little moment as the balloon pressed harder against every sharp point.

Yet, the ceiling was the first to go, bursting through it and ravaging across the cheaper material as the wyrm's black flooded the unfurnished upper level. Doming out and filling up the angled roofing before getting another stalemate that the beams below lost. Storming the kitchen and steamrolling the island countertop, knocking off every little thing off the walls and causing some of the empty cupboards to collapse from the sheer weight of the dragon.

The hallway on the other side of the house was next, blowing through the walls into the master bedroom and bath. Pulsing greatly as Dia's sides endured to fill up the rooms, slowly crawling over anything within the bubble's way, and eventually reaching to the far sides. Seed still pouring into the living toy that could no longer whimper, running out of space and pressing harder against every sharp point his body came up to. Yet the sprays continued. The Barrages continued. More and more, occupying every little space and compacting all the debris the belly trampled over. Busting smaller windows for just a little more room, causing his swelled shiny form to stick out of the spaces before the entire roof was slowly torn off of the house.

Then a sudden burst, as a lake of white was created. Causing said ceiling to fall back down almost immediately, and leave the three to the indoor swimming pool for a few moments before it

slowly disappeared. The theropod calmly floating where ever the stream took him, a satisfied smile left over his muzzle, but something was off. The glaring sun wasn't in his eyes, not even a bit. Causing those orange discs to gaze around him and realize that the villa was still standing, and he was the next target in line.

The very thought made him whimper a bit, knowing what the other two were probably planning. If the rex attempted to escape, they would grab him by the heavy balls and likely attach every type of hose to his body. Until the entire building broke apart, considering how much punishment his body could take. As exciting as that sounded, it also sounded like a lot of preparation to find enough hoses, enough ways to reach his rear and link them all up at once. Now being able to make out Loqe's form, still anchored by that heavy beanbag he was stuck on, Zarrel decided to embrace such a dumb idea.

Picking out the now rather small, yet somehow still alive toy, it made sense now why it seemed to only reach such a moderate size. Compared to the dinosaur, that is. Picking up the black wyrm as it purred a bit, and moving up to the blue one. Giving the noodle a surprised deep kiss that lasted quite a while as Dia was sandwiched between their bodies. Taking a small break before bringing up the wyrm, and tossing the now smallest dragon into his large brown muzzle. Making it yelp loudly as Loqe made a whimper in question, one nearly getting interrupted as the kiss returned.

The living toy was still in that maw, getting massaged by two tongues and pressed up against the surprisingly still sharp fangs, considering the material. Feeling his own vinyl form morphed as the two wrestled a bit, stroking Dia's tailhole and weapon every once in a while until he was forced to squirt out a few juices. Making the two larger ones purr before the wyrm was pushed back to Zarr's uvula but couldn't grasp a hold of it. Thickening up the rex' throat as the small dragon passed through to the hollow belly.

Meanwhile, the pink weapon was leaking constantly. Getting the occasional brown paw's attention as the two continued for a bit longer, making the noodle worry a bit what the dinosaur was planning. Swallowing him up too? But eventually the large one broke the kiss, giving the dragon a few licks while one was still moving around in his shiny body. Turning about and offering Loqe his tail, the eastern dragon claimed it with a smirk. "No resistance?"

"It would be too easy to get away right now. Besides, you'd be caught anchored to the floor." A snout toss from the blue one as he gripped that thick brown tail, stroking the white underside slowly in a tease and making the dino whimper a bit in excitement. Feeling it around that plug, along with close to that pink tip. Then Dia moving about inside, just on the opposite end of it. The two lapping tongues at the sensitive valve and nearly causing the rex to collapse, painting the floor under him with just a few moments of such torment.

But the two got impatient, pushing out that plug and lining the noodle's draconic spear up to it. The wyrm inside giving it a few licks as a greeting, and getting a rich flavor in return, as it slowly slipped through at still surprisingly tight hole. Letting the rex just slide the tool up and down over the massive set of balls attached to the noodle. Feeling Loqe get muzzled and stroked while sexing the rex in the

process, rushing him to a quick climax.

However, a surprised yelp from the blue one got Zarrel's attention, as a hard tip was felt against his own pink one. Then soon feeling the pressure of expansion was detected within the theropod, making him purr loudly. However, something was different; it wasn't the constant sprays and leaks down his hollow legs, but... Another balloon being filled up while inside him? Much like yesterday?

It took a bit of effort to see through his vinyl form, especially through the shines, but he could barely see a black ball inflate within the white belly. Dia? Taking the release from his muzzle? No, he could still feel the pants of the smallest dragon close to the base of his tail. And the bag was very... Round. Getting rather heavy by the moment and sagging his own belly down a bit, barely catching the wagging of a tail over it. It wasn't the wyrm's belly, but his pouch? Forcing his draconic tip to Loqe's and taking in most of the noodle's release, all while inside the rex.

Pleasure surged through all three of them, as they released again and again. Feeling that black balloon grow within Zarrel's belly and force it to stretch to accommodate such a thing. Until it was forced away from the pink tower from gravity and the dino's adjustments, feeling both tools spray wildly inside his now filling form. Torrents splashing against his back and tail from the inside, creating a loud echo as the fluids started to weigh his middle down. Slowly rounding towards the floor within a few moments as the theropod whimpered in bliss.

The sprays showed no signs of stopping, even after about a minute since Dia started milking the noodle. His blue paws gripping that brown tail tightly, as it struggled to contain most of the air being pushed up from the liquids. Air that was escaping from Zarr's constant pants and whines as he gripped his own belly. The white and colorful sprays morphing into his chest as it started to expand across the floor, soon unable to reach the ground at all with any limbs, yet was still locked into the blue dragon's equipment.

Bigger and bigger the rex got, expanding across the room nearly covered in debris. Feeling his limbs start to bubble up and his back starting to dome to resist the pressure. Exiling all air out of his muzzle, until fluids started to leak out instead. Then a bit of a slowdown as several groans were heard, making the dino wonder if the two were empty. Yet, a large rumble was felt, vibrations passing through the ballooned rex' tight form as he felt his walls losing against a battle of pressure.

Then a sudden pair of eruptions within, causing his scales to groan in a high pitch as his size increased drastically per pulse. Covering the living room in a few moments, then the kitchen. Trekking across the debris where he could feel every sharp point against his fragile form. Reaching up against the kitchen and hallway windows and pressing against the broken glass. Then the opposite end towards the bath and bedroom. Feeling the front door burst off the hinges and a large white bubble pressing out from it.

The ceiling was quickly reached as well, slowly lifting it off and letting his back balloon out between the spaces. Feeling the pulses continue into a steady stream as his form pressed harder against the dozens of sharp points. A few inside walls collapsing, creating more breaking point threats in the

process, but Zarrel attempted to hold out. They were so close...!

Every window and door leading outside had a bubble sticking out of it. The main walls started to round outwards from the pressure, as the roof was pushed up further and further. Splitting a few of the upper corners where the walls attached, and slowly started ripping them down. But a sudden burst was felt underneath the giant balloon, making him whimper a bit. Feeling the pressure drastically reduce, but it continued. Stretching the house out more and more until-!

Two walls suddenly gave out, causing the massive pooltoy to expand greatly in that direction. However, the weight of such a thing was too much for the remaining walls, causing them to collapse soon after. Yet the dinosaur grew bigger and bigger, making him whimper loudly as fluids still leaked out of his muzzle. Growing further and further, getting dangerously close to Loqe's garage before stopping.

A sigh of relief from Zarrel, yet he still felt the pressure within him. Dia still spraying inside, yet his form wasn't growing. Instead... Shrinking? Compressing- not again! The dinosaur whimpered loudly as he felt his scales begin to grow tighter, slowly being pulled back to the house while the wyrm within was still filling him up. Feeling his limbs bubble out drastically as they were filled to the brim, his neck completely swollen and unable to leak out anymore precious juices from his muzzle. Feeling his form stretch out into one large oval, half brown and white, as everything was being pulled tighter and tighter together. The theropod's whines being completely overpowered by the creaks from his body before bursting loudly.

Multicolored fluids rushed over the grass and flooded the lawn before eventually disappearing into thin air. Leaving behind the devastation of the summer home, and the three vandals relaxing in their afterglow. Panting loudly, save for the rex groaning from his slightly inflated pouch, over the next few minutes. That is, until they heard sirens in the distance, shaking off their willingness to slumber and replacing it with adrenaline. Getting all three of them to share a look before Loqe shouted. "Cheese it!" The three scampered up and bolted back to the house before the emergency response came around.

Shutting the door behind them before starting to calm down and taking several breaths. "Think we're going to get caught?"

"Nah. Just relax." The noodle started, still looking out the window for the vehicles. Taking a bit of time to arrive at the scene.

"Why do I get the feeling you've done this before?" A puzzling look from those pink eyes, as they attempted to look back at his living room. "-Aside from that."

"You've never committed a crime before?"

"N-not really." Zarrel mumbled, rubbing the back of his neck. "I've stolen a chocolate when I was really young, before I knew what stealing even was." Both dragons just stared at the dinosaur with blank looks. "I was too big to be taken anywhere! Always at a large risk of being caught." The noodle just chuckled.

"Well, you'll be fine. Just try to calm down, and let's talk to them. I'm sure we can convince them that all we heard was just a loud *bang*." A worried look from the rex. "Hey, trust me. I've got this all planned out." Hearing the large one sigh, looking over the black wyrm for a moment before nodded.

"Alright. I trust you." A smirk from the blue one as he opened the door.

"Don't over-sell it, okay?"