

What's The Matter Man Act 2

By Bartan Tirix

[Quick footnote before we begin: Beo'Karah's and CW Bartan's size does tend to change depending on which area he's in, like attempting to fit into a house, for example. But here, Beo's standard size would be about: 30ft tall, 70ft from nose to mid tail, and with a wingspan of 90ft. Bartan's is a little smaller: 28ft tall, and 66ft from nose to tailtip. That probably doesn't help *too* much, but it's something to go by if you're really into numbers.]

The thick purrs and vibrations slowly remerged the dragon from the depths of a comfortable slumber. Still grasping the pure essence of softness below him, while that long tail instinctively fluttered on the grounds covered in pillows. A warmth lit up the sky, but not the mass brightness that a sun would bring, and the air smelled like... Him.

It obviously smelled like him, because that brass snout was still half buried in the massive cottonball that made up the six legged bear. The dragon's own living pillow, one he loved so much. Stroking the dense forest of white that covered his entire body, loving how it never seemed to shed or come loose when that purple tongue lapped along that neck. Getting a few licks in return to let the dragon know Bartan was very much awake, likely for a while as well. "Morning." The white one teased, getting the slow moving attention of that large metallic muzzle. Nuzzling its way to the bear's snout and giving it a deep kiss, one that left the hexeped in whimpers and whines.

But a dragon had to demand submission from his mate, considering what happened before they rested. Taking a groping paw and bringing up a Holographic Interface, hearing Bartan whimper a little louder during the kiss as Beo smirked deviously. Finding the photo album he made yesterday during his private muscle session that the bear walked in on, and catching those brown eyes staring at the screen as it scrolled through picture after picture. A deep blush invading the white forest as the dragon purred and licked those cheeks. "Like what you see?" The larger wyrm teased, only getting a huffing whine from the furred one. "Now..." Another lick and a nudge didn't get the attention of those chestnut discs. "What are you going to do for me for... Interrupting such a session?"

"W-well..."

"Because I have an idea..." Beo purred deeply, finally getting the white (practically pink at this point) one's attention. "Sadly, we're still being punished via censorship, but that doesn't mean we can't have a little fun."

"W...What were...?" Those eyes kept glancing at the screen, showing off (all of) the heavily built dragon when he was growing in size.

"You're so cute when you're flustered." Another heavy lick. "But I have an idea, however... You're going to need to cooperate." A whine in question as that brass paw waved, seeing an air compressor emerge from the pillowed floor nearby. Setting a few things from another HI while the Counterweight was enthralled by the gallery, before getting a hose placed into his muzzle. "The rules are simple: If anyone else besides me attempts to tug or alter this hose, then the flow will increase drastically." The dragon stated, just before a white paw attempted to alter the tube a little. Instantly getting a thick amount of pressure to stuff that muzzle and cheeks full of air and make Bartan whimper in bliss. "Easy now. The second rule is you do what I tell you to." Those four furred ears lowered a bit and were soon pet as the dragon licked the bear between the eyes. "Agreed?" A nod from the innocent looking furball. "Good. Now turn around."

The dragon stood up, towering over the living pillow and letting Bartan rest on his belly. Getting a white paw to 'accidentally' step on the hose and hear the machine gear up, force feeding the furball near balloons of air in sections. Swallowing each one in a haze of bliss as the heavy wyrm started to compress Bartan into the ground with his weight. That white head sticking out where that stout brass chest rounded up as a metallic paw pet the bear's muzzle, encouraging him to take in every puff of air. The space underneath the wyrm already started to get tighter as he purred, pressing those round cheeks in gently.

But soon he got up, feeling the furred back rise with him. Haunches rubbing against the dragon's smooth pelvis, as if begging to be mounted from instinct. However, Beo could not just yet. Soon with good behavior, perhaps, but not right now. Stroking the dense fluff with his metallic muscled arms and hearing the bear whimper in the process, he was already holding in quite a bit of air. Though Beo would need more to work with, increasing the flow of the device and encouraging the whimpering bear to keep swallowing like a good submissive toy. Residing a paw along that belly and testing it with a deep press once in a while.

When the wyrm was satisfied, he returned the intake back to normal. Stroking that furred underside with both paws, while that metallic muzzle rubbed against Bartan's neck. Taking a lick once in a while and feeling the thick bulges of air slide down, adding to the center that was being coaxed into taking more and more. Even though it barely made any visible alteration from living ball of fluff... Yet.

Yes, the dragon was planning to change that as he purred deviously. Catching the slightly worried but mostly excited gaze of Bartan's brown eyes looking at him, questioning exactly what the larger mate was up to. Especially when those paws started moving up to the bear's shoulders, almost massaging them and flowing the fur down each of the four forearms. Checking on the belly's progress once in a while before going back to those shoulders and arms.

That brass rear started to press down against Bartan's, motioning him to sit down. Putting up some resistance likely just to get the large one to purr, and it was working. "Come on now..." Beo coaxed playfully, and when the bear didn't cooperate, he took a grip on that white snout. Tilting it up while

keeping the hose locked in place, the other paw cranked up the pressure from balloons to exercise balls. Hearing the white one whimper loudly as the first one rammed against his snout and slipped inside, expanding those cheeks once again as the following started to stockpile into that belly. Finally getting the bear to submit and sit under the brass one's commanding haunches, but the dragon didn't stop.

Pump after pump caused that belly to expand under the coat of fur, taking quite a while before starting to see a shift within the white forest. Soon getting the bear's own paws to examine such a thing happening and attempt to whimper in surrender. Yet, Beo just smirked at him, not even testing the volume or tautness of that belly until the bear's sides started to inflate and press against his own. Then a single paw pressed against the white underside, claws and all, waiting for several more swallows before increasing that machine once again.

A muffled yelp was heard as white paw attempted to stop him, getting a small shock and the machine geared up a second time! Causing Bubble Ball sizes to flow through the hose! Attempting to stop it as it approached that white muzzle and a second shock was felt, the pressure of the device taking a giant leap as the dragon dialed the pressure from 12 to 0. Granted, the pump still made sure the hose was empty before completely shutting off, forcing the bear to swallow a few Bubble Balls and a couple that were three times it. Finally causing a significant dent into that belly fur to stick out as Bartan panted. "Easy now. I know how much you enjoy being overfilled, but no need to jump to such a thing."

Those brass haunches rose up and with it the white ones, causing much of the air intake to equalize rapidly as the bear whined in bliss. Waiting a few moments before Beo looked at the progress: the Counterweight able to still touch the ground easily, but that belly wasn't far off. Almost sagging down and around but moving when the wyrm pressed into it, as well as nearly making the furball sing. "A little more than I wanted to work with, but I can still use this." The large one purred, stroking the furred sides and underside while grinding against those haunches. Distracting the bear for a few moments in a sea of bliss before giving that belly a tight squeeze.

A large chunk of the volume caused Bartan's chest to expand outwards, and then a strange little shock was felt. Feeling the dragon let go, but the air inside him not shifting back to normal like it usually should as the wyrm repositioned himself. Tight presses against the bear's now bloated chest, straining it as he whimpered before detecting the air starting to flow into his forearms! Not just his arms, but into those muscles!

Beo's paws kept his hold on the puffed chest, slowly adding a bit more into those arms down to the wrist before giving off that tingle once again. Keeping the bear's torso in a familiar stasis before examining the furred biceps, not really showing much difference from the outside, but a strong grasp of those paws and the dragon could feel it. A heavy density of muscle with that caused him to purr and sway that brass tail. Testing each one, giving that chest a squeeze as he lead the volume into the correct area and loving how the furball sung though his whimpers.

That metallic snout still nuzzling and licking that neck; something else that has started to gain some extra structure. But his work was not done yet, he still had a full lower belly to work with, as well as the rear area. Pressing those paws down on those now thicker furred shoulders, hearing the

Counterweight whimper in response and put up a little bit of resistance. However, the dragon would be lying if he said he didn't love such a thing. "Come now..." He purred loudly, like a small earthquake was omitting in his armored chest, before adding more strength to his suggestion and turning it into a demand.

Such a motion caused that white behind to lift up against the dragon's belly, once again grinding into it and wishing right now they had access to their equipment. But a punishment is a punishment, one everyone had to obey. Climbing back to those presented hinds and feeling them start to lower, a brass paw cupping between those legs stopped them, once again releasing a whine from the bear. "Now now, I got work to do here, Bartan. Be good and I'll keep the pump off while I forge your new look. However, keep being... Disobedient..." The dragon purred, flicking a paw towards the HI where those brown discs could see the pressure leaping from 0 to 43, however the device was still off.

Several whines were heard but those white snowy hills stayed upwards. The three tails fluttering and swaying back and forth but that was just the instinct the wyrm knew well. Pressing paws into that lower bloated belly and kneading it for several moments, gathering the swelling from the sides and keeping it in that lower area as those paws went in circles. Purrs and licks from that brass muzzle along those soft haunches and back, defining the very idea of a Living Pillow to the point where the dragon wanted to just fill him up and rest on him for the afternoon...!

But what he had in mind was much better, it just required more work. After several dozen tingles and minutes of massaging that rounded belly, washing those hinds with such strokes while gnawing at the base of his tails. Pulling one of them playfully and hearing the furball sing loudly, even more so when the dragon started to nearly mount him again. Brass paws over that lower belly as Bartan's chest remained in the pillows below, getting a small squeeze and a knead, then another... Another before a tight squeeze! One that kept its hold with a lot of strength, stretching that bloated belly before-!

The volume shot into those haunches, causing them to bubble outwards like dragon-sized beach balls under Beo's arms. Getting him to chuckle and playfully thrust into the whimpering bear, causing them to bounce while noises of pleasure left him. More so when the larger one gave the white spheres a few taps. "I like these, but that means I'll need more to work with." He climbed back up to Bartan's head, giving the side of his muzzle a tender lick. "Now... You've been good this last little bit, so I'll give you a choice..." He gestured the HI. "I can start the pressure lower, or..." A begging whimper from the white one and that purple tongue gave him another lick. "I can keep it as is... One whimper for starting out lower-" A barrage of whimpers, getting the wyrm to chuckle before turning the device on.

The tube enlarged greatly, sending in bubbles the size of storage sheds and making the white one whine loudly. Getting interrupted when the pressure seemed to hit far earlier before the actual bubble, swelling up those cheeks greatly before brass paws created a vice outside of them. Pressing them back in and forcing the large pumps directly down into that chest, causing it swell up quickly underneath the white coat. However, it seemed to be significantly wider in shape than before.

Though the pressure and machine kept up pretty steadily, the growth in Bartan's torso started to slow down. The whimpers of bliss kept coming, climbing higher in pitch, but Beo half purred in curiosity

at the resistance. Letting go of those cheeks with caution and seeing the white one now hold them still on his own, aside from a few bloats between swallows, allowing the wyrm time to examine the chest with those paws as the large black bubbles kept coming.

Digging through the fur, he could feel the structured hardness Beo carved from before. The bear's body following his template quite well and causing his chest to swell up in duos rather than one single dome within the torso; giving the illusion of pecs and abs starting to form deep within the white forest. Another high pitched whine, and the brass one started examining the other areas: lower down to the belly, but nothing. Up around the collar? A little, and doing well, but not quite it either. The back? Again, a little, but that lead to the shoulders and biceps.

There...! The arm muscles were taking up most of the volume equally between the four. Rounding off those shoulders, causing those bis to become larger and larger with every pump! Flowing into the tris and down to the forearms, still under the camouflage of the winter coat, not taking very long to actually see some movements within. The spread and separation of the soft threats as the bear was force fed pump after pump of air, causing his muscles to dense up larger and larger every few moments. It all excited the dragon greatly that he didn't notice he was grinding against those ballooned haunches.

Groans started to be heard within his form, making Beo remember that he sectioned off the lower half earlier. Reaching down around that belly and carefully removing his 'seal', allowing the air to travel freely down below and start filling up those areas that the brass one laid out. Keeping those paws down there with his bearded jaws still nuzzling against the stronger furred shoulders, witnessing first-hand through touch as those abs really started to swell up. A little difficult at first to notice it but soon able to tell where each division was carved, a good dozen or so bulges along that belly and sides.

It started to flow upwards as well, swelling that back freely until Beo noticed such a thing was happening underneath his own chest. Kneading the Counterweight's back to gain control over the volumes and doing so quite easily, forging them a template to work off of: to focus on where the creature's muscle structure was and inflate those instead of Bartan's entire body. Moving down to his lower back, and then those haunches once again.

These he left for the time being, giving them a tight embrace and making the white one whimper blissfully as the dragon played with them. Letting the twin spheres continue to blow up like balloons as he made them jiggle and wobble about, growing about double their size... Triple...! Quadruple until sealing the flow to them. Rubbing those soft paws through the dense fur, loving how much give each one seemed to have still, even though the dragon could likely curl up into a single one... *Likely*.

But that was enough fun for now, giving the two moons one last embrace and nuzzle before squeezing them tightly. Hearing Bartan whimper and attempt to struggle out of such a thing, accidentally touching the swelling hose and hearing the device kick up a gear! Doubling the pressure and tripling the volume for punishment, actually knocking the six legged bear back a little! Enough to sit down on the metallic wyrm as he was forced to swallow massive pump after massive pump!

Not realizing the threat of the situation, the brass one chuckled. Continuing his work and forcing a structure into those buttocks, squeezing the volume inside tightly and finally getting them to flow into the muscles of the hind legs. Having too much to work with, resulting in a lot of the air flowing through the tails as well. Something the wyrm took his time with, being stroked by the super soft fur and even getting a few gnaws in. Hearing the bear sing in response, though a little more on the concerning side for some reason.

No matter, the dragon had some work to do: continuing to carve out a path of flow for the air intake as his toy continued to grow. Purring loudly at the idea as that tail swished, detecting the white forest and playfully rolling his eyes. The bear must've laid down on him, not that Beo minded. Taking a moment to hold onto that middle tail and feel the flow continue to enter it with thick pulses... Large pulses... Much larger than it should be.

Soon, Bartan started to raise up, taking a few steps around the dragon and making the brass one double take! The bear was at least triple the previous size Beo left him, and rapidly growing! Actually stunning the wyrm as the muscles started to barely be seen through that thick white coat, becoming more and more detailed with every house sized bubble forced into that maw-**HOUSE SIZED!**?

Beo immediately called for the HI and motioned to turn it off, hearing the main tank shut down, but the pump resume pushing in the last several bubbles through that hose. Swelling the bear's muscle structure a lot more with every swallow, and even getting his head proportioned correctly. Hearing sighs of relief from Bartan as he once again sat down, feeling the smaller wyrm a little more than a third of his size hug his lower belly. Using a, now enlarged, white paw to return the gesture and make the white one smile, especially at the deep purrs as he carefully picked Beo up. Guiding the wyrm along the center of his underside between the abs, around the torso and between those broad pecs, nearly getting the metallic one to whimper just like Bartan usually does.

Along the base of his black collar, the bear leaned that muzzle down and tried to give the dragon a lick. Only for that tongue to adjust the hose a little and deliver a shock, causing the snout to shake in surprise for a moment, but that didn't stop him from showing the brass one some affection. Letting him climb up the white beast and feel through the dense coat along his back, able to easily detect the heavy structure within and perfectly outline where each muscle's curve and divide remained.

Yet, that damn coat continued to hide such a magnificent form! Something that Beo needed to see for himself, but making the Counterweight bald wasn't going to do. However... A devious look towards the pump as Bartan playfully shifted his four shoulders to tease the wyrm, distracted by such a thing and then double taking when the machine suddenly turned on once again. Making him whine a little while attempting to look back at the brass one, spotting him rotating a single digit clockwise as if to dial up the intake while the device prepared.

Round and round it went, thickening that grin along the metallic muzzle as those brown discs displayed fright. Shaking his white head in denial as the opposite end of the hose started to inflate, blowing up into a huge sphere that rivaled the size of three mansions! Nearly the volume of the current bear the other end was attached to, getting him to whine loudly and step backwards as it continued to

round out closer to his lips. Pressing up against that snout and already leaking in air through that expandable nozzle, puffing out those cheeks again before forcing Bartan to start swallowing it all.

His neck thickened, soon starting to inflate that torso once more with a steady hiss. Feeling it travel through the rest of his practically hollow body and swell up the structured areas the dragon on his back made, relaxing on the living inflatable mattress as Bartan's build continued to grow and grow. His muscles groaning a little while bulging, taking in all the extra volume the overstretched tube was no longer to handle before the machine kicked in and sent off the blimp of air directly into that white muzzle, interrupting his whimper very quickly with a kick of pressure.

Very quickly the Counterweight's entire body started to grow, proceeding to double his size while that hose emptied. Causing those muscles to swell up and expand greatly, thinning out that coat finally to start to see their magnificent shape! Round and dense as the wyrm climbed around the colossus, grasping those biceps to truly feel them stretch and inflate within his embrace. Creating bubbles of muscle outlined by trails of white forests, continuing to grow larger and larger as the bear started to break the boundaries of a few city blocks.

Though Beo's position against the dense bicep was enthralling, lapping and nuzzling against the soft coat that still covered such a form, he still wanted to see the rest of Bartan's change. Suddenly getting an idea and pulling up the HI once more, allowing it to send out 'drones' of sorts to capture every angle of the Counterweight. Much like the brass one did while making that previous photo album of himself, and nearly having a nosebleed at Bartan's current form.

That coat stretched out more than he expected, really showing off the work Beo put into that mold and easily able to see every inflated muscle begin to show within the thick fur. His pecs were expanded upon greatly, creating a very dense patch of fur within that divide and down along the underside, lining out where the abs would likely show the next time the pump decided to fire up. Those haunches were perfectly sculpted, showing such strength from just standing on their own along with three beautiful tails.

And then the forearms; every one of the four. Crafted with elegance as each muscle bulged out with extroversion, breaking out of their furred shelter for the first time and nearly undressing for the cameras. Even more so when the bear noticed them and flexed the pair on the wyrm's side, hearing the brass one whine loudly in bliss before gnawing on the thing he embraced. Taking a few more poses once those drones came around, lifting some tail, standing up on two legs and stretching for the dragon's amusement.

Until those four ears flicked when the device turned on again, getting Bartan to stumble backwards. "B-Beo-!?" He tried to speak, only to feel that hose nearly fall out. Delivering small shock to the white one while the tube was suddenly was pushed back into that muzzle. Getting him to whimper as more and more slack of the rubber hose was pulled out from the pillows as air started to be pumped into it, growing the black bubble larger and larger before the white one.

A few more steps back as the rubber tube stretched out, omitting several groans as it started to

tower over the Counterweight. Becoming a large latex-looking egg that was at least five times the size of the bear before it started to swell his cheeks again, doing his best to close the nozzle off with his front teeth, only to get shocked again. But from that sprouted an idea, as Bartan continued to take a step back while pressing into the hose with his forepaws.

The shocks were just little jolts, nothing threatening or punishing. Even though he was forced to take in a little bit of air, swelling up many parts of his body, the pump was constantly forcing the rubber tube to grow larger and larger with every press. Every alteration the bear attempted to make against it, causing the black bubble to grow larger and larger in front of the hexaped. Reaching 10x his size... 15x before the groans started to vibrate the grounds. 18x before a heavy glare was seen across the black from the light above. 24x as the blimp started to thin out greatly, just a few more presses!

But the pressure suddenly kicked in, flowing into that muzzle and stretching out those furry cheeks greatly! Attempting to endure and hold back such a thing only lasted so long before moving down Bartan's throat, drastically swelling out his chest into two massive pecs! Going down further along that underside, swelling up every ab into a very large bubble that reached the very pillows below before starting to push the white one upwards! Swelling him larger and larger-!

Until the pressure suddenly stopped, leaving Bartan in deep huffs and a hot blush across his muzzle. The hose was still massively inflated and nearly at a state of bursting while detecting something landing on that muzzle. Nearly going cross-eyed to see the brass one click his tongue. "You're not fun." He teased his white furball. "As much as I know you like to... Grow rapidly," A whimper in response. "I still want you to enjoy such a thing, as well as get more for the photo-shoot. So I'm going to very slowly," Beo tapped the hose, hearing the thing echo loudly and groan in response. "Put this inside you." Another whimper in response. "No more trying to burst this or yourself, or else I'll get the little ones to punish you instead of me." Beo purred, letting on such a thing was playful. "Understood?" A slow nod from the colossal one. "Now... Let's equalize you first."

The white one whined a little in disappointment, rubbing that inflated belly as he waited for the dragon to drain it. Shifting a little on what nearly felt like laying on several very smooth and round rocks as most of the wyrm's template remained rather intact. However, a sudden increase in pressure within that white muzzle forced Bartan to swallow his whimper in question as air was flowed into his body. Down his muscled neck and directly into those muscled limbs, expanding every part of them but focusing more on the muscles than anything.

It didn't stop there though, feeling his back begin to swell up soon after and pushing that pressure down to the tailtips. Inflating those three to the correct size before adding into those perfectly formed hinds, flowing down the leg to the very paws and letting them slowly grow. Larger and larger each limb became, able to grasp that belly better and soon begin to touch the field of pillows. Inflating the bear's head and neck to the correct size as well while those muscles became rounder and rounder, keeping that structure perfectly as the Counterweight continued his journey to match that massive black balloon.

All six paws could touch the ground now, bulging those limbs and shoulders with every moment

of exposure. Continuing to swallow more and more of that air into his form as his upper half came very close to matching his underside finally. Feeling that pressure slow to a stop and the dragon turnabout to rest between those large brown eyes, pulling up the HI once again and browsing from camera to camera. Getting them both to start blushing at the large screens that appeared.

Bartan looked magnificent. Like a hyper bodybuilder with every muscle bulged out of that white coat. Barely getting anymore of those thick tufts except down the torso line, letting every swollen ab and limb muscle shine in its full glory. Only becoming that much larger when the bear tried to flex, never feeling so tight in such a small area! Every inch of the white colossus was practically perfection, at least to the bear as he flashed a drone by lifting his tail. Hearing the dozens of shutter shots and not realizing that the brass one got that devious look once again; almost being able to read it. This Is Nice, But... You Can Go Bigger.

Before the Counterweight could even get a say, that valve opened up wide. Causing a thick pressure to once again enter that white muzzle, forcing the bear to grow. Larger and larger his entire form became as his muscled swelled up, increasing Bartan's overall volume dramatically in a matter of minutes and feeling him reach milestone after milestone. A few dozen city blocks... The cities themselves! Counties! All while that black balloon re... Remained the same? Keeping on par with the hexeped!? How!?

His body groaned at the pressure and the titan released a bassy whimper, almost pleading for the wyrm to stop as those brown eyes looked upon him with stress and confusion. Seeing those red wings shrug calmly while pressing the snapshot button on the HI. "That little stunt you pulled earlier created a lot of backup." The brass one gestured the overinflated hose as the bear continued to inflate. "I wasn't lying about getting all that inside you..." That devious smirk as the mental scale within the white one's head reached Territory sizes. "You said this place can hold about 140,000 earths, and I want to see just how close I can get you to that..."

The blue wyrm cursed under his breath upon reaching the top of the stairs. Still not used to such a thing and wondering why they don't just get an escalator instead. Snorting at the very idea of having to ask the 'Parents' what they want for dinner, even though everybody is this circus of a family seemed like they could read minds. Maybe that just meant that Thea was easy to read? Who knows, but he ignored such an idea for the time being.

Reaching the doorway to the 'Magical Field Of Pillows' that no one had YET to explain how such a thing was NORMAL to the blue one, Thea grumbled loudly while opening the door. "What do you guys want for dinner-?" Looking over the white space of emptiness caused the dragon to stop suddenly. The little ones claimed the brass tank and furball were up here, but there was no sign of them. The only thing he seen was a big black balloon reaching up to the sky.

Maybe they were in it? He called again, not getting an answer. Wondering if he should just leave and tell the two 'Troublemakers' that their fathers were nowhere to be found, but his belly grumbled loudly. Asking for food and the faster Thea found these two, the faster he would get fed... Not that he was afraid of the little ones in the slightest. They only *kidnap* people every other day, nothing to be *frightful* about.

A whimpering grumble and the blue one walked up to the massive blimp, really hoping he was wrong about the two being inside and introducing Thea to yet *another* strange fetish they were into. "Hey!" He called again. "Are you in there-?" The dragon gave the thing a tap, only for it to retaliate in a slight shock. Making the wyrm hiss loudly and step back as it started to groan. Swearing he felt the very ground move with such a reaction, but walking on pillows was always weird.

But those frilled ears also caught a whimper somewhere in that bubble, were his suspicions actually correct? "Come on, guys. I'm hungry! You guys can... Do whatever this is later, after we've eaten!" Thea whined, pressing into that bubble again only to feel that shock once more and cause him to stumble backwards.

Only to feel another one from his hind paw, then another on his tail that was in the ground! Every step Thea started to take was accompanied by shock after shock as he finally found a few places to land on and hiss loudly. Or at least start to, now seeing the pillows start to separate and create fissures underground. Ones made up of that black... Rubber? Latex? Just how big was this thing!? And what was that groaning overhead!?

The blue one started to grow a little pale as he slowly looked up. Seeing white clouds and breathing a sigh of relief. Nothing but white, round clouds in a very... Specific... Shape and structure. Ones getting closer and closer to the ground, as if they were... Falling?

Those frilled ears fell, now noticing that said clouds were actually quite... Furry. And what he was actually looking at was a massive set of abs that were quickly expanding downwards! Everywhere he looked, the sky and horizon consisted of fluff and muscle! Taking up all the space within this endless seeming place!

He had to get out of here, even if it meant scampering across the strange electric field! Taking a few breaths before trying to 'island-hop' from pillow to pillow while the ceiling was rushing down. Accidentally touching that black... **Whatever** and speeding up the process! Eventually just cheesing it and attempting to sprint right for the doors! Watching fluff start to reach the surrounding areas, actually touching down against the pillowed ground as Thea continued to run! Sprinting as fast as he could before watching in horror as the fur engulfed the doorway. Getting him to slide to a stop and whimper as the inflated bear pressed against the blue dragon, forcing him to whimper and lay down. Hearing nothing but the constant hiss and creeks of... Something likely reaching their limits.

The question was: would the hose give out first, or the bear?