

Castle Crasher

A Story Commission for Dragonfireny

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Content Warning: Macro, Growth

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Castle Crasher



It was a good thing he was a dragon. Otherwise he would be freezing his ass off.

The thought drifted through Dragonfirey's mind for the thousandth time as he made his way through the drafty, cold stone corridors of his castle. Even with tapestries covering the majority of the walls and thick woolen carpeting laid out across two thirds of the floor's width neither was able to entirely hold back the biting chill of what was effectively him living in a giant, drafty stone box. It was only thanks to being a dragon — effectively a living furnace — that he could maintain his own body temperature effectively enough to avoid shivering from the cold. Not that being able to manage it made the chill any more enjoyable. He only put up with it so he could preen over himself for owning and living any castle much less one as impressive as this one. The occasional discomfort was a small price to pay for such bragging rights.

The red and gold scaled dragon's lips pulled back in a toothy smile that showed off the rows of fangs lining his gums. From his perspective it was a pleasant expression of joy and satisfaction. To anyone else, though, it would be seen as a terrifying smile filled with razor sharp teeth that could bite through steel and crunch bone like stale bread. Prompted by his

self-admiration, Dragonfirey deciding to indulge his ego a little bit and took a detour from his original destination to stop by the throne room. Upon entering through the massive oaken doors a few quick puffs of his firey breath from the dragon through pursed lips ignited the braziers in the corners of the room. The now flickering flames from each brazier illuminated the room and displayed it's extravagant splendor while also slowly adding a bit more heat to the chill air. As soon as the room was lit up the bipedal dragon sauntered his way down the lush red carpet towards the intricately carved wood and ivory throne; barely suppressing his eagerness to sprawl out in the lavish chair.

The dragon's smile turned into a smug grin when he turned and lowered down to settle himself on the imposing throne. Despite it's quality, Dragonfirey hadn't even settled his entire weight upon it before the well-crafted piece of furniture groaned loudly in protest to his prodigious weight. It was immediately obvious the chair was made for someone far lighter and with a much more narrow waistline than the large dragon from the way the arms of the chair dug into the sides of his muscular hips. It wasn't even particularly uncomfortable, though, much less painful. His scales were tough enough that even the Sharper edges of the chair would scrape harmlessly off him without even leaving a mark. Not to mention the muscle beneath his scales may as well have been woven steel wire for all the give it had to something so flimsy as wood. Even if it had been uncomfortable that discomfort would have been a small price to pay for embodying the complete picture of everything a typical dragon desired.

It wasn't just the elaborate living space, the prestige of such a grand construction, or even the obscene wealth that would lead to someone commissioning such an obnoxiously over-designed and ostentatious chair made for themselves. The cherry on top was the smug sense of pride all of that fed into from the dragon subverting someone with such perceived power as to manage the collection of so much wealth. The thrill of power and superiority of Dragonfirey taking all of that for himself with nothing more than raw, primal strength was something he would never tire of. The humans could build castles and kingdoms until the end of time and raise with armies numbering in the tens of thousands yet they still couldn't stop a single dragon from walking in taking what they wanted with little effort on the dragon's part.

"You're fantasizing about conquering countries again, aren't you?"

The unexpected but familiar feminine voice caused the dragon to snap his head towards where voice originated from. Standing there in the entryway to one of the throne room's side passages was a tigress clad in an exotically light and dark green-tinted fur rather than the typical orange and black. But, after closer inspection small abnormalities such as horns curling back from the top of her head and an unnaturally large, almost serpentine tail told that there was more than just tiger in that green furred and striped body. Something clearly of draconic origin.

"I didn't know you were coming." Dragonfirey huffed, doing his best to deflect her accusation and keep the embarrassment off his face at the accuracy of it .

The statement made the green-furred hybrid girl grin. "Well, you know how hard it is to predict when Rain will come." The tiger-dragon hybrid named Rain mused playfully. She was never able to resist taking advantage of setups like the one the dragon had unintentionally provided her for a joke or play on words.

"Oh ha ha, very funny." Dragonfirey deadpanned. Despite his tone, it didn't escape the driger's notice that her joke had left the edges of Dragonfirey's lips turned upwards into a slight smile. "To what do I owe the visit?"

Rather than immediately respond Rain slowly walked around to the middle of the throne room; directly in front of the slightly elevated area where the throne Dragonfirey occupied sat. When she did answer her eyes glinted with a devious gleam like that of a cat sizing up prey. "I had an interesting new toy to play with that I wanted to share with you since I thought you might appreciate it the most. It's right over there."

She emphasized her last few words with a wave of her hand towards the side entrance opposite from the one where she had entered. Dragonfirey turned to look only to immediately recognize his mistake. The moment his eyes left her a sharp, if brief and ultimately minor, stab of pain flared on the side of his neck. Reflexively the dragon snapped a hand up to grab at the spot and found a small dart with a needle tip made of some strange metal he wasn't familiar with sticking out of his neck. When his gaze darted back to Rain he found the feline grinning like a Cheshire cat. In her hand she was holding a small device Dragonfirey assumed had shot the dart at him.

Dragonfirey growled, barring his teeth at Rain out of a combination of frustration for being misdirected so easily and for the unprompted attack. "What did you just do?" he rumbled ominously from deep within his chest in a knee-jerk attempt to intimidate her into answering.

Any normal person would most likely have been a quivering mess of fear curled up in the fetal position on the floor when a dragon of any caliber, much less a powerful one like Dragonfirey, glared and spoke to them like that. Rain, though, continued smiling as if his ire flowed off her like water off a raincoat.

"Oh I wasn't lying" she answered with her same casual, friendly tone. "I had an interesting new toy I wanted to show you. And I figured showing is better than telling, right?"

Dragonfirey was opening his mouth to demand more details but froze when a tingling warmth began to spread through his body. It originated from where he had pulled the needle from which was when some vague part of his mind recognizing it must have been made of something truly remarkable for it to have pierced his scales without difficulty. The warmth then spread its way down his neck and to the tips of every one of his limbs like it were following his arteries; snapping his attention back to the issue at hand. The constant warmth of his natural internal fire was soon joined by the foreign heat that had now filled his every muscle fiber until it felt reminiscent of the uncomfortable but satisfying burn of aching muscles after an intense workout.

It was about when he made that comparison when his throne broke out from underneath him.

With a sharp crack of splintering wood the overloaded but sturdy piece of furniture gave out under the dragon like it had been made of sticks and twigs rather than high quality, treated lumber. The unexpected fall to the ground didn't actually hurt the dragon but it left him stunned for several moments out of surprise more than anything else. While he had no doubt he could have torn the throne apart any time he wanted Dragonfirey hadn't exactly been gentle sitting on it. Despite that, while groaning in protest of his rough treatment more than its fair share, the throne had never shown so much as an inkling of breaking. The dragon's confusion turned into outright shock when he turned his attention back to Rain only to realize that even though he was sitting flat on his ass

on the elevated platform instead of in a chair now he was looking even further down at her than he had moments ago!

“That’s right...” Rain teased in a playful singsong tone. “Say it for me. What’s happening to you? You’re...”

“Growing.” Dragonfirey answered distantly. Though he heard her voice his attention had shifted away from her to inspect his naturally powerfully muscled form and the changes it was going through. He still looked just as strong and well defined as ever from his plump, heavy pectorals to his shredded abs and meaty arms. As far as he could tell nothing about him had changed. Everything else around him, though now looked... smaller. It was obvious everything wasn’t shrinking so the only explanation was that he wasn’t getting thicker or stronger but rather growing proportionally larger overall. Not that it made his situation any less amazing. In the few seconds it took for him to inspect himself his legs had already stretched out far enough his feet resting at the bottom of the stairs leading up to the throne platform and his line of sight had raised several more notches above the room. With disbelief and wonder in his eyes the dragon slowly pushed himself up to his feet before speaking aloud as much to himself as to Rain. Or at least, he started to.

“Gods, I’m growing! Look how big I’m getti-OW.”

The dragon’s excited words were cut off by a sharp grunt of pain accompanied by a heavy thud that shook the whole room slightly. When Dragonfirey looked up he realized that he had already grown beyond the height of the ceiling even if he hadn’t been standing on the slightly raised platform. The impact had been his head slamming into the ceiling before he was even able to stand fully upright! The grin creeping across the dragon’s face widened as his ego flared with the sheer sense of power and superiority that he felt having his already impressive physical power augmented by being easily twice his original size and still growing! A second later his eyes widened and his grin turned into a frown of concern when a new realization struck.

“Wait.” Dragonfirey rumbled; his voice noticeably deeper with each word he spoke. “I’m getting too big. I’ve gotta get out of here! At this rate I’m going to -“

“Outgrow the room?” Rain finished in an amused tone. “Oh, sweet thing. What makes you think it’s going to stop at the room?”

Dragonfirey's eyes went wide at the implication of her words. The dragon swung his head around to give a brief, worried glance around the throne room of his castle before he turned back to his friend. A friend who was looking smaller and smaller to the dragon by the second as his growth continued. Slowly the dragon took a step closer to the tiger-dragon hybrid. Neither of them failed to notice the impact of his foot shaking the entire room and cracking the stone where his foot landed. While Dragonfirey was momentarily shocked at the damage he had caused just by taking a step with his new immense, and still increasing, weight Rain's Expression remained as confident and amused as ever. Even when the dragon reached one of his huge hands, each now big enough to easily encircle a horse's torso, towards her it was only when he was a hair's breadth from making contact that she finally reacted.

The green-furred tiger hybrid's confident smile didn't falter but she did take a quick, long step backwards to move just out of his reach. Growling in response, Dragonfirey tried to move closer and try again only to nearly fall forward as his increasingly low posture nearly made him lose his balance. By that point Dragonfirey was hunched down almost at a ninety-degree with his shoulders, head, and most of his back pushing against the ceiling as he rapidly became too large for the room. It only took another couple of seconds of persistent expansion to force him down onto his hands and knees to avoid breaking through the stone ceiling into the second floor.

"Get back here and stop this." The dragon demanded; his still-deepening growl of a voice demanded. By now the low pitch and sheer volume of his voice left each word rumbling through the entire castle like an earthquake.

"Where would the fun in that be?" Rain asked with a wink. Then, without warning, she pivoted on her heel and turned to spring towards the main entrance to the throne room.

Snarling, Dragonfirey swiped a paw out to try and grab her again. Unfortunately he failed this time as well; only managing to feel a faint tickle of fur on his fingers when they made contact with the end of her tail for a fraction of a second. Not giving up so easily, the increasingly massive dragon lunged forward after the tiger hybrid just as she made it through the arched doorway and turned down the hall. A massive,

red-scaled arm crashed into the wall right behind her as Dragonfirey jammed his shoulder up against the door and reached through into the hallway beyond.

When Rain glanced behind her she could see his arm still expanding along with the rest of the dragon. With each heartbeat it filled more of the hallway and stretched towards her while it's owner grabbed blindly in an attempt to catch her. For an instant even she felt a brief twinge of concern that she might have miscalculated as the thickening scale-covered fingers got too close for her to be entirely comfortable with. Thankfully, just as she was afraid Dragonfirey would catch her his enormous arm abruptly jerked to a stop when it's owner reached the limit of how far they could reach in their awkward position. That didn't stop the already corridor-filling appendage from continuing to grow down the hall towards her but his rate of growth by itself wasn't fast enough to overtake her. Not yet, at least.

With Rain out of both reach and sight Dragonfirey tried to pull his arm back only to feel his impressively muscular bicep bump against the edges of the archway and resist his attempt to pull his arm free. Without thinking the dragon pulled harder only to cause a large chunk of the stone wall around the entryway to break apart as he pulled his arm back through. Dragonfirey's eyes widened in surprise at how easily the thick stone wall had crumbled apart even from such a light effort from him. It wasn't like he couldn't have smashed his way through before if he so desired but with a wall of solid stone this thick it would have still taken some effort. But now most of the wall had been ripped to pieces by him entirely on accident!

The still-growing dragon didn't have much time to consider the implications further before the room truly began closing in around him. Even down on all fours Dragonfirey was too tall to fit in the room and he was forced to lay flat on his front. The huge dragon barely even felt it when his paws and legs pushed against then smashed straight through the back wall as they outgrew the remaining space in the room along with the rest of him. His tail had already begun breaking through into the second floor by then as it's base rose up above his ample backside higher than the rest of him. With every second that passed he became more trapped in the confines of the castle. And with every passing second he could feel the constricting pressure of the stone structure becoming flimsier and flimsier. When it became obvious he wasn't going to stop growing anytime soon he stopped caring about damages to the castle.

With an explosion of mortar and stone the red and yellow behemoth of a dragon tore free from the collapsing remains of his castle like an ancient beast of legend erupting out of a dormant volcano. A cloud of debris rose up and swirled around him; momentarily silhouetting his enormous and still-growing form in the evening sun. But most of that was blown away a second later by a single sharp huff of breath from the gigantic beast. When the dust cloud finally cleared Dragonfirey could see the lands surrounding his castle spread out before him like he were looming above a diorama instead of standing where the remains of his castle now lay. His immense body now stretched hundreds of feet into the air like a small red and gold scaled mountain in its own right. What the dragon didn't see, though, was a certain green hybrid girl he still had business with.

"Rain!" He roared! Even Dragonfirey was taken aback momentarily by the sheer power his voice held now as it boomed across the landscape like a roll of thunder.

A few seconds went by with no response. Just when he was debating whether to call out again or go looking for her something unexpected happened. Something grabbed him around the middle.

The dragon's eyes went wide with shock followed by disorientation as he abruptly shot into the air hundreds of feet higher with every passing instant until he settled at an altitude worrying even for someone of his massive and still growing size. Then, slowly, the massive green objects pressing in on his torso and waist from either side slowly rotated him around to face the opposite direction. Dragonfirey finally recognized the green objects as fingers, massive ones, covered in green fur a split second before he found himself staring at a familiar green feline face that filled his entire field of view. The implications of which he quickly realized was even more concerning considering his own prodigious, but suddenly seemingly insignificant, size.

"You called?" she purred.

If Dragonfirey's roar had been a roll of thunder then Rain's casual teasing question was an earthquake that shook the multi-hundred foot tall dragon to his very core. Him and everything else around for a few dozen miles.



“You know you could have just asked.” Dragonfirey grumbled as he nestled more comfortably into Rain’s lap.

“Yea but isn’t the experience more fun as a surprise?” She quipped back

The dragon grumbled under his breath before finally answering with a noncommittal “Debatable.”

The dragon’s growth hadn’t exactly stopped but he was at least no longer constantly growing. Now that the lion’s share of whatever Rain had injected him with had run its course Dragonfirey still occasionally grew larger but only in inconsistent, sporadic spurts of size. Currently the titanic living landmark of a dragon was somewhere in the ballpark of a mile tall, give or take a few hundred feet, and his height seemed to have stabilized there for the time being. But even that mind-boggling size was still nothing compared to the living mountain of green that Rain had become considering he was still only a fraction of her size. But his current stature was at least enough to upgrade him from bug size to teddy bear size from her perspective. Though Dragonfirey refused to admit it out loud for fear of encouraging more ‘surprises’ like this he couldn’t deny he rather enjoyed being wrapped in the affectionate, if a bit tight and possessive, embrace of the mountain range-sized driger. His only solace was that she no longer was growing like he was so the dragon could potentially, if slowly, close the gap in time. The entire experience had been pretty terrifying to have his world upended and made to feel like an unstoppable titan for all of thirty seconds before it was upended again and he was instead made to feel like a bug.

For several more minutes Rain was content to simply lay there, lounging against the mountain that had been the backdrop to the ruins between her valley-like spread legs that had once been Dragonfirey’s castle. Her arms remained wrapped tight around the ‘little’ dragon, holding him close to her torso like someone snuggling with a plushie. Much to Dragonfirey’s embarrassment his particular position meant the back of his head was being pushed rather deep into the immensely

ample cleavage of the driger. A literally canyon-like cleavage that was only hidden by the thin wall of fabric that was her city-sized sports bra. Though the dragon occasionally grumbled wordlessly he no longer actually complained about his situation. Instead, the giant dragon-turned-toy contented himself with the embrace and affection Rain was clearly eager to lavish him with.

Eventually, though, Dragonfirey felt his body tingle and warm up once more as it had several times already since his constant growth had ended. The feeling wasn't as strong as it had been immediately after he had first been injected but it was still noticeable enough to warn him a few seconds before his body began expanding again. Slowly but steadily his massive, yet still toy-sized in the driger's eyes, body expanded outwards and spread Rain's arms further and further apart. Despite the increasing weight of the dragon she was amused rather than concerned and was content to watch as her teddy dragon grew from a small teddy bear into a larger stuffed animal roughly the size of a medium sized dog. At least, relative to her. To the rest of the world his multi-mile-tall self was a mountain all on his own.

When that latest growth spurt ended Dragonfirey took a moment to snuggle in a bit deeper into Rain's tighter but less restrictive embrace without bothering to offer even a token attempt to squirm free. He was in no hurry. With every growth spurt the dragon became larger and more powerful. It wouldn't be long before Dragonfirey was big enough to free himself from her embrace. Not that he necessarily intended too. He just liked having the option if needed. But that thought did bring up a question he couldn't stop himself from asking.

"So, uh... How long does this stuff last? How big am I going to get before it wears off and I stop growing?" he asked, doing his best to hide his blush when he had to make an effort not to stare at her still immense chest when he looked up at her.

A brief look of confusion crossed Rain's face at his question. "How big?" She asked in confusion. A moment later her lips slowly twisted into back that Cheshire grin while her arms tightened around him possessively once again.

"My dear, sweet little dragon. Who ever said that it was going to stop?"

About Author

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