

Lucid Dreaming

By Dragonien

"Wait. That shouldn't be there."

The thought hit Alkali as if the realization were a physical blow. The abrupt disorientation that came with the sudden flood of recognition of his surroundings nearly had the kangaroo toppling back onto his ass for several seconds. When he finally had his mental faculties back under control he found himself staring off into the distance once more at the offending object hanging, out of place, in the air in his living room.

The Moon.

Having a novelty moon hanging in his apartment wouldn't have been exactly unusual for Alkali considering some of his tastes but this was no decoration. It wasn't even hanging up in the room, nor even looked like it was in the room at all. The sphere of pale white space-rock hung just a bit above eye level, like it was early morning and the moon hadn't quite gone down below the horizon despite the bright light of dawn long since having covered the land. Its view was obscured and distorted slightly by distance, as the moon always was to anyone looking at it through the atmosphere of a planet. No, what made the sight of the moon so completely out of place was the fact that Alkali wasn't looking at it through the window. Rather, the moon was floating right around where the wall of his apartment met the ceiling as if his apartment wall was somehow far enough away to be considered a 'horizon'. Yet even when Alkali took a step closer and approached within arm's reach of the wall, the moon seemed no closer, as if he were simply seeing the lunar body through the wall as the only thing the wall was transparent enough to allow sight of. That was when Alkali was sure that he was dreaming.

A broad grin spread across the kangaroo's muzzle as that realization struck him. Gleeful celebration that all of his practice and research had paid off after over two weeks of trying. Finally he had been able to set himself in the right state of mind to manifest a concrete trigger image to snap him into awareness while still asleep. To finally lucidly dream. Lucid dreaming was a tempting concept for someone with such outlandish interests and desires as Alkali. Even if someone didn't have those abnormal interests who wouldn't want to have a mental landscape of a playground where for all intents and purposes you were an all-controlling god? Now that he was aware in his dream, he should be able to manipulate anything he'd like just by willing it so. It was his dream, his mind, after all so it would do as it was told. At least that's what he thought, as he reached a hand up towards the space on the wall where he could see the moon through it.

His fingers closed around nothing.

Frowning, frustration starting to build, he reached to try to grab at the moon again. If he understood how this was supposed to work he should be able to do whatever he wanted now. If that meant he wanted to grab the moon out of the sky like it were some kind of dangling rock like a perspective trick you'd see out of a cartoon he should have been able to do it. Yet, every time he tried his fingers closed on empty air or simply bumped into the wall, unable to reach the floating orb of space-rock. It was on his fifth try, legs spread and arms outstretched in a wildly over-exaggerated reaching gesture, his free arm making imitation-mystic hand waves as if the drama of his movement might help him reach his goal, that he was startled by a voice from behind him.

"Having some trouble, dork?"

The sudden presence and abrupt, but familiar, voice behind him startled the kangaroo enough that he literally jumped in place and was all but nearly over himself as he hurried to hide the embarrassing position he had just been in. With his cheeks burning from embarrassment, Alkali spun to face the looming red dragon grinning down at him. Alkali wasn't short by any means, a solid six-foot tall was more than enough that no one ever consider him short by any normal metric. Unfortunately when the metric was Dragonien things were a different story. The grinning dragon utterly towered over the kangaroo at his lofty height of eight-foot-four-inches, the tips of his two ebony-colored horns only a few inches away from scraping across his nine-foot ceilings. He stood there simply looming over Alkali in his standard loose fitting T-shirt and jean-shorts, either of which were big enough he probably could have used them as beach towels.

"I uh... um... h-hey Drago. What err... what are you doing here?" Alkali asked, stammering a bit as he tried to get his thoughts back in order.

"Oh, you know. Just decided to pop in. See what you were up too." The dragon's muzzle twisted into a toothy grin. "You seem to be having a bit of difficulty with your little... experiment, it seems."

Alkali knew that expression all too well. Either the dragon knew something that he didn't or he had something devious in store for the kangaroo. Most likely it was both. What didn't make sense to Alkali was why the dragon was here in the first place. If he was lucidly dreaming then, forgetting the whole 'do anything he wanted' stuff, nothing else should be happening. For a split second Alkali had this sinking feeling that Dragonien had somehow found a way to invade his dreams to tease him even in sleep, but he quickly dismissed that idea. The dragon was tricky and devious when he wanted to be but that was certainly beyond even his capabilities. It was only after mulling through these and a dozen other thoughts that Alkali realized he had been standing there, totally silent, for what had to have been a solid ten seconds as the dragon simply grinned down at him patiently. Before Alkali could open his mouth to apologize for his distraction, his attention was drawn to the dragon's left hand and the repetitive movement it was making. Dragonien was casually tossing a small baseball, made to look that much smaller by the sheer size of his hand, up and down repetitively as he waited for the kangaroo to regain his sense of surroundings. It wasn't the movement that drew alkali's attention, though. It was the fact that Dragonien didn't have a baseball a few moments ago. On top of that there was none of the red stitching that held the fabric together, no stenciled letters or brands visible on its surface, nor did the texture of the pale white ball look quite right. When Alkali looked closer he saw that there was actually small bits of white dust coming off of the sphere every time Dragonien caught it, small cracks spreading out along the point where it impacted the dragon's palm or where his fingers would briefly grip and squeeze at its surface. It was about that time that Alkali noticed the pockmarked surface of the object that realization dawned on him and his eyes went wide.

It was the moon.

His head quickly jerked to the side to where the moon had been unnaturally hanging out of place off in the 'distance' only to find that it was no longer there. When his head snapped back to the lunar object held in the dragon's hand, no longer being bounced up and down now that Alkali had noticed, the dragon let out a low chuckle of amusement.

"Finally noticed, eh?"

The words seemed to startle the roo and he took a step back out of confusion and fear, though he couldn't quite deny the slight thrill that went through him at seeing the dragon so casually manhandling a celestial body. When his gaze raised up to meet the dragon's again Alkali struggled to find words to voice all the questions and accusations rolling through his mind. Thankfully, Dragonien was more than happy to take the

initiative for him. A single step forward closed the distance Alkali had stepped back and then some. The dull thump of his footstep made Alkali's heart skip a beat at the visceral reminder that Dragonien wasn't just tall, he was HEAVY, and he was reminded of how much he secretly enjoyed listening to Dragonien's heavy footsteps walking around his house in the waking world.

"It's pretty simple, really." The dragon explained in a casual tone, staring almost straight down at the kangaroo below him. "Your little experiment actually worked perfectly. You really are lucidly dreaming right now. The only thing you didn't really think about is that you don't actually want to."

As he spoke, Dragonien raised the hand holding the moon up to his face. Slowly his hand twisted and turned as he made a bit of a show of looking the object over, inspecting the various cracks and dents that his grip and earlier rough handling of it had caused.

"Lucid dreaming is all about taking control of your own dreams, becoming god in your own little imaginary world. But that's not what you want, is it? Not really. Sure, you want power, but it's never been power that you wanted for yourself. You don't want to be a god, Alkali..."

Dragonien's lips twisted into a wicked grin, combining expressions of hunger, lust and anticipation all into one. As it did his fingers clenched and, no different than any frail little dirt clod you picked up as a kid, the moon simply disintegrated into small chunks and streams of white powder that tumbled down to the floor below.

"You want to CREATE a god... And congratulations, Alkali. you succeeded. You may be the one lucidly dreaming..."

Dragonien paused, turning his hand to gesture an extended index and middle finger towards the kangaroo. with a light upwards flicking gesture, the kangaroo found himself abruptly lifted up off the ground by some invisible force. Dangling there a bit over two feet off the ground with nothing actually holding him, Alkali found himself face to face with Dragonien's toothy grin. His hot, moist breath washed over Alkali's face as he leaned forward, lips so close that alkali could have leaned in and kissed them if he wanted, and said.

"But I'm the one in control, here."

Alkali for his part had been feeling equal parts dread and barely restrained lust building up inside of him. He was absolutely certain that this wasn't the real Dragonien, there was just no way that he could have found a way into Alkali's dreams. But that thought both only made the kangaroo more worried and more aroused. If he had somehow created a Dragonien-analog and unintentionally given it control over his own dreams then that meant it was his 'ideal' Dragonien, at least for this scenario. One that would not just be absolutely, insatiably, unstoppable power hungry but also have absolutely no hesitation or reluctance whatsoever to use all of that power as he pleased.

The moment Alkali had that thought he noticed that Dragonien had already begun to look different. Despite the fact that Alkali was still floating in the same position above the ground, he was now having to crane his head backwards slightly to look at Dragonien's face. On top of that when he briefly glanced down he saw the normally loose-fitting T-shirt that the dragon wore was pulled skintight across his torso. Dragonien wasn't a slouch by any means when it came to the build department. Lean, springy muscle strong enough that he could lift the back end of a car up off the ground with relative ease yet still flexible enough that he could be over backwards and touch his own toes. The tightly wound, athletic muscle of a predator meant more for practical use than for show or raw force. Now, though, that lean build had ballooned into something truly Immense.

Thick, rippling pectorals that jutted out almost as far as the dragon's chin did held up by a ripped washboard of 8 matching abdominal muscles. His arms had bloated to fill the sleeves of his shirt to the absolute limit, ready to simply rip them apart the moment they flexed even the tiniest bit. His thighs had done the same to his jean shorts, each one looking thicker around than Alkali's own waist! Yet even as Alkali took the time to look over Dragonien's prodigious increase in muscle mass he could actually see the shirt pulling tighter and tighter with each passing second. He could see small strands of fabric splitting apart around the girth of the dragon's bicep, see the widening V shape of his upper body pulling the hem of the shirt higher and higher up over his lowest set of abs. Even as Alkali watched, the dragon was still growing...

Seeming content with the time he had given Alkali to admire his new self-created deity, Dragonien lifted one of his arms to wrap it around Alkali's back and abruptly hug the comparatively small kangaroo tight against his chest. With his floating elevation and the dragon's continued increase in height the movement caused Alkali to find his muzzle buried directly into the top of Dragonien's pectoral cleft, feeling the steely hard muscle tensing and pushing back against his jaw even as Alkali's nostrils filled with the all too familiar masculine scent of the dragon. He felt his knees go a bit weak and silently found himself thankful the dragon was holding him, otherwise he might have stumbled and lost his ability to stand for a moment. Before he even realized what he was doing, his tongue had slipped from his muzzle and given a single, loving lick into the deep crevice in-between the dragon's pectorals. Instantly, as if reacting to the stimuli, the dragon's body surged outwards. a loud THUNK was heard as his head smacked against the 9-foot ceiling with enough force to leave a dent in it. Dragonien's shirt shredded in several places from the abrupt increase of mass, including a large V-shaped tear right where Alkali's muzzle was, which allowed the kangaroo's tongue to lick across smooth exposed skin rather than fabric. As much as it appeared Alkali had given the reins over, so to speak, to this dream version of Dragonien, it ultimately was still his dream. Even if it wasn't reacting to his conscious demands it certainly was reacting to his passive desires. The problem was that some of Alkali's desires were pretty out there, and this could potentially get very out of hand very quickly.

Abruptly, Alkali felt himself dropping onto his own two feet again. Stumbling a bit and reaching a hand out to press unintentionally against the granite cobblestone that was Dragonien's abs to steady himself, the kangaroo raised his head to stare up at the dragon looming more and more over him with each passing second. A look of confusion turned to one of concern when he saw the borderline sinister looking grin spread across the dragon's muzzle, only just peeking out over the protrusion of Dragonien's pectoral shelf. Alkali gulped audibly as he took a nervous half step away from the dragon, only to nearly fall back on his ass as the dull thunk of Dragonien's head hitting the ceiling startled him.

"Something the matter, Alkali? You look flustered..."

Struggling to regain his composure, the kangaroo pushed himself back up to his feet, only to nearly fall back on his ass again when he realized he was now only as tall as the dragon's crotch. Somewhere in the back of his head an almost hilariously out-of-place, analytical voice told him that there was no way that Denim and cotton could stretch as far as they had to contain the dragon's prodigious crotch-bulge, that it should have ripped open and released its contents long ago. Yet he still found himself staring face to face with the X-rated equivalent of a pair of hulk-shorts stretching unnaturally to contain their load. He had to catch himself and jerk his hand back when Alkali realized he had been reaching an arm to touch the massive outline of dragon-dick, knowing that such actions would only encourage the beast to further tease and torment him. Even as he thought this, mustering himself to try to retake control of his own dream, another part of him was telling him to simply let go and enjoy. He didn't want to admit how powerful that voice was, even here in the sanctity of his own dreams. There were just some things he couldn't bring himself to admit out loud, regardless of situation. Not that it looked like the dragon was going to give him much choice.

While the kangaroo stood there, locked in place with his own thoughts, the dragon had never stopped growing. When Alkali again took notice of his surroundings He saw that he had been backed up against the wall with unconscious backpedaling as the dragon had fallen down onto all fours. Even then his back was now pressing against the ceiling as his arms stretched out to either side of Alkali, while his tail pushed hard enough against the back wall that the plaster was starting to audibly crack apart. His growth wasn't stopping, hell it wasn't even slowing down. It was only getting faster.

"You should be running." Dragonien rumbled bemusedly.

As much as that shoulder devil in his head was yelling at him to stay and let himself be smothered by the growing beast he had created, Alkali chose to listen to his flight-reflexes instead. He clamored over one of Dragonien's arm and stumbled his way through the front door just as the appendage surged larger in an abrupt and powerful growth spurt.

"Shit Shit Shit Shit" Alkali cursed under his breath repeatedly.

Already he felt his legs beginning to burn with the effort of moving at a dead run even though he had been going less than a minute. He was a scientist and a nerd, not an athlete! Yet all the college degrees in the world wouldn't help him escape from the destruction of his home or the shower of rubble and debris that went flying as Dragonien burst forth from its depths like it were some kind of artificial cocoon. So, he kept on running. On the one hand he felt himself blushing at the blatant display of arousal that was the bus-sized dick jutting proudly from the dragon's hips. Even were the dragon not big enough to make out with the Statue of Liberty the dragon would have been hung enough he could've used his dick as a bludgeon to knock people unconscious with. But now with not just his gigantic increase in size, but an additional disproportionate bit of growth to his nethers as well the beast looked like it could smother several houses underneath its girth all in one go.

If you've ever ran at top speed for more than a second or two you should know there's two important rules you never break. The first is to inhale through your nose and exhale from your mouth. The second is to keep your attention on where you were going. Alkali had forgotten rule number two and found himself paying for it when his foot caught on an uneven bit of sidewalk. His whole body went sprawling, tumbling head over heels across the sidewalk and into a nearby lawn. Thankfully it was a dream so there was no pain, but the dream was still real enough he had dirt and grass all over his fur and clothes now. Oh, and the increasingly thunderous footsteps of a massive red dragon following after him.

Dragonien had been in absolutely no hurry whatsoever to chase after the kangaroo. Already well over a hundred feet tall and with his height climbing more with every passing second, it would soon take nothing more than a lazy stroll to keep up with Alkali even if he had thought to hop in a car and drive. Plus, the lazy pace gave him plenty of time to look back over his shoulder and admire how each of his footsteps was a little bit wider, a little bit deeper than the one before it. When the dragon had noticed Alkali fall, though, he sighed and shook his head in disappointment.

"Alkali, Alkali. What am I going to do with you?" The dragon rumbled, his voice booming over the suburb as if magnified through a megaphone. "Well, I mean. We both know what I'm going to do with you, they're your fantasies after all. But you know what I mean.

By the time Dragonien had finished speaking, Alkali had at least had time to roll over onto his backside and stare up at the looming dragon casually walking towards him. He watched with a nervous mix of fear and anticipation as the behemoth approached, debating whether to keep running or just accept his fate. A feeling of indignation overtook him for a split second as he watched the giant dragon close the distance. This was his dream, he should be the one in control, shouldn't he? Standing back to his feet with a sense of defiance wrapped around himself like a protective cloak, he stared up at the dragon. His determination hardened, resolved to show Dragonien just whose dream this was and cut the dragon down to size. Despite his thoughts, though, he ultimately expected nothing to happen. Either that or he expected the dragon to simply take the final couple of steps to land one of those massive, car-crushing feet on top of him. What he hadn't expected was to fall flat on his back again from a sudden, overwhelming surge of vertigo.

The sensation was comparable to being in an elevator with a rocket strapped to the bottom of it rather than it being slowly tugged up by a pulley. Alkali's clothes simply disintegrated off as his body literally exploded in size. The sudden increase in mass was so drastic and rapid that there was an honest-to-god shock-wave of displaced air that blew in every direction, obliterating hundreds of homes and buildings in the surrounding area. When the effect finally abated and Alkali regained control of his senses he found himself looking around at... were those clouds? His eyes went wide as he realized that, still plopped squarely on his ass, he was looking straight ahead at strands of low-hanging clouds! Which meant he had to be at least a couple of miles tall, even while sitting down! Confusion quickly gave way to glee as the feelings of being so utterly BIG overtook him. The feeling of the ground reshaping beneath his prodigious weight, the ponderous momentum of even his most minuscule movements and even simply the ability to see so far in the distance with a view reminiscent of seeing the grid-like pattern of surrounding land and towns from the window of an airplane. The sheer sense of power alone would have been enough to have aroused him if he hadn't already been so before. One of his hands found itself drifting down to the impressive maleness between his legs of its own accord, fingers wrapping around its girth. His digits squeezed and hefted the mass of male flesh, as if testing how its weight held up compared to the rest of him. Again that analytical part of his brain popped up in the back of his head, though this time Alkali found himself grinning dreamily in appreciation as he heard it trying to calculate just how many tens of thousands of tons his dick must weigh now.

It was about that time that he remembered how he had gotten into this situation in the first place.

A nervous chill ran down his spine and his head began to whip back and forth trying to spot Dragonien in his surroundings. Of course, the first place he looked was simply up. He was half expecting the blue sky to have been replaced by the red of Dragonien's hide or possibly a single one of his titanic eyeballs. When the blue filling the horizon didn't blink he started to look around himself instead. Failing to spot the dragon in the nearby surroundings of what had once been a city and now was just a kangaroo's ass-print, he checked the last place he expected to find Dragonien. He looked down.

The little speck of red stood out like a beacon on the dull grey of the pavement below. He couldn't help but feel an additional surge of arousal at the thought of Dragonien ever being labeled a speck in his view and was unable to resist doing to the dragon what he knew Dragonien had done to him and god-only-knew how many other

people over the years. Walls of flesh and fur that were the kangaroo's fingertips closed around the sprawled-prone dragon like a vice grip. To Alkali's multi-mile tall height Dragonien's now 250-ish foot height wasn't even comparable to a tic-tac and it took more effort NOT to squash the dragon like an ant than it did picking up the hundreds of tons of dragon that Dragonien was. As he raised a fingertip up to eye level, staring down with eyes the size of sports stadiums, Alkali couldn't help but chuckle. Having his own ego stroked was a bit out of character for him, but anyone that would say they didn't find having such power at least a little bit enjoyable was probably lying. Plus, He'd always loved a good turnaround.

"Well well well. You know, suddenly I don't think I need to worry as much about your footsteps as I did a few minutes ago. Maybe you're not as in-control as you thought you were." Alkali boomed.

He noticed how the tiny little speck of red on his fingertip winced and drew back from the thunder that was Alkali's voice. While most of him felt a near-uncontrollable urge to apologize and lower his voice, Alkali also couldn't help but admit to himself that seeing Dragonien being overwhelmed by just his voice was kind of a turn on. He watched Dragonien stand shakily to his feet and raise an arm to start yelling up at the titanic kangaroo, but the size difference was so immense that he couldn't even really make out any squeaking coming from the bug sized giant dragon. Which, of course, only riled Alkali up more. Further amused by the idea of the tables being turned, Alkali raised his thumb up to hover ominously over the dragon. Though he couldn't hear Dragonien yelling he could easily imagine something along the lines of 'so help me' or 'don't you dare!' which just spurred him on to lower the thumb towards the dragon. he watched up close as Dragonien's arms raised above his head and his legs braced against the 'ground' that was Alkali's finger pad to desperately attempt to hold the thumb off from squashing him. It was then that things started to get weird again.

Not that he had been trying to crush Dragonien on purpose, but when dealing with something so tiny it was difficult to exert fine-motor control for long. a minor, accidental twitch of his thumb caused it to push down harder than he intended and bury the dragon entirely from view. For a split second Alkali's eyes went wide in concern as he realized what he had done. Before he could react though that concern turned to confusion when, rather than feeling a crunch or a wetness, he felt something firm and unmoving between his fingers. His confusion increased that much more as he watched his fingers actually begin to spread apart slightly! Standing there, still on his thumb with his legs planted and arms raised overhead, was Dragonien. For that moment Alkali had 'squashed' him, the dragon had simply sunk into the minimal bit of malleability that finger-pads held and was kept from being crushed. The fact that he survived wasn't quite what it was that was making Alkali confused and, soon, once more concerned. It was the fact that now Dragonien very much did look to rival that Tic-Tac Alkali had been comparing him to earlier.

Alkali watched Dragonien shove harder up against the thumb on top of him. He heard Dragonien release an audible grunt of effort as he did so and the kangaroo watched as the dragon visibly swelled in response, pushing his fingers further apart in the process. He wasn't sure what was more shocking to him: that Dragonien was growing again, or that he had been able to hear Dragonien's voice again as if they were the same size.

"Something... Rrg... the matter, Alkali?" the dragon growled, grinning up at the kangaroo despite the strain of effort that was plastered across his expression. "You look like you just... Rrrrf. Saw a ghost."

It was only then that Alkali realized he had squeezing his fingers together without intending too, unconsciously having been trying to squash the dragon back down with the grip of his thumb and index finger. Had it been any normal situation between these two disparaging sizes the dragon would have been smothered instantly. Yet, instead, it seemed only like the more Alkali pushed down against him the harder the dragon pushed back and, by extension, the faster he grew. Within a few more seconds the dragon was easily the size of one of Alkali's fingers and seemed to be growing even without the resistance against Alkali's grip. With a huff of effort he shoved the thumb off to one side, reminiscent of someone carrying a tree trunk simply dropping it over a shoulder and instead dropped down to straddle Alkali's finger like a sideways bench.

Within moments Dragonien was the size of an action figure, or at least he was relative to Alkali. In the second it took for him to hop down off of Alkali's hand and onto the kangaroo's thigh below he had swelled to the size of a teddy bear with no signs of stopping. Alkali felt his cheeks flushing in a blush as a nervous sweat broke out across his brow. Nervously, he reached his arms back to prop his upper body up and pressed his palms into the ground to scoot himself backwards a half step despite the fact that the person he was trying to crawl away from was on top of him. In his concern and, much to his chagrin, arousal at the sudden reverse-of-reversal Alkali all but forgot about his own prodigious size. The fact that his hands smothered huge swaths of land and dug out massive hand-prints into the dirt as he tried to push himself backwards was lost on the kangaroo in the face of the grinning, growing, dragon.

"N-Now Drago..." he stammered in a nervous attempt at placation.

"Alkali, Alkali, Alkali... What did I tell you? This is your dream, built from your wants... Even if you do enjoy being large and in charge, yourself, we both know who you really want to make into a god... And that means..." The dragon paused mid-sentence, adjusting his position as a sudden growth spurt swelled him up to roughly the same size as the Kangaroo. His knees spread to straddle Alkali's waist as his arms draped across Alkali's shoulders and he leaned in so close their lips were almost touching. When he spoke again his words came out in a quiet, teasing sing-song that was so loud and thunderous thanks to his size that anyone not as big as he was would have only felt the quakes it made in the ground below. "Anything you can do; I can do better... I can grow infinitely bigger than you..."

"N-No you can't...!" Alkali retorted purely on reflex before his cheeks all but burst into flames from the hot blush that came over him at the realization of his automatic response to the song reference.

"Yes, I can... Yes., I Can..." Dragonien all but purred, each repetition accentuated with a notable surge of his own size, until he was straddling a multi-mile tall kangaroo barely half his size.

As panic set back in, overriding both Alkali's libido and his rational mind, he found himself scrambling out from under the growing dragon. He was practically on all fours as he half-ran and half-stumbled across the countryside. Yet no matter how fast he ran he could hear Dragonien's breathing behind him becoming increasingly louder with each passing second as if he were making no headway at all. He nearly fell flat on his face when a hand the size of a major metropolitan city all its own slammed down into the countryside a few miles to his left, followed by another doing the same to his right. Alkali's steps paused for a fraction of a second as he watched the fingers visibly balloon outward in a momentary surge of disproportionate growth before the palm, then the wrist, then the rest of the visible arm surged larger to match. He dared not even look behind him at the growing behemoth Dragonien was becoming, instead simply trying to keep ahead of his growth. No matter how far he ran, though, those hands seemed to swell further into view with each passing moment. Eventually Alkali noticed a shadow spreading across the land and blocking out the light above him, then having to resolve himself not to look up either at whatever part of the titanic dragon was now blocking out the sun.

He barely even registered the devastation his own desperate escape was causing. More than one small town had its populace look up only to see the descending black pads of a sky-filling kangaroo foot descending towards their rooftops before the town disappeared into a paw-print. Planes smashed against Alkali's chest with about the same noticed effect as a fly buzzing around and briefly bumping against your shirt. Yet for all the devastation that Alkali's run caused, the sheer act of Dragonien simply sitting there and growing far outpaced it. It was only when Alkali realized he had reached a dead end, namely the east coast, that he finally had the resolve (Or at least the willingness to surrender) to turn around and face the monster he had created. When he spun at first he didn't even recognize what he was looking at. Then his head slowly tilted up... and up...

And up...

Dragonien sat there down on all fours, distance-distorted muzzle grinning down at the mountain sized kangaroo from outside of the very atmosphere itself. His body covered the United states, entirely, from west coast to east coast, and he wasn't even stretched out! meaning that the monstrous behemoth of a dragon had to be well over three thousand miles tall. His left hand rested atop all of New England, part of his palm stretching across the border to smother several hundred square miles of Canada as well while his right had buried Florida entirely into the ocean under his hand and rest in the watery depths that didn't even come up to his wrist. Alkali had no words to describe what he felt at that particular moment. He was paralyzed in place, body shivering ever so slightly in fear while his painfully-erect cock throbbed in desperate arousal. No matter how he tried he simply couldn't order his thoughts enough to give coherent directions to his body, which left him simply standing there as the dragon's muzzle began to lower towards him. His jaws opened wide, exposing a mouth big enough to take a bite out of the moon lined with teeth each like literal mountains. A tongue as thick as an entire state rolled from his lips and descended towards the over-stimulated kangaroo. As he, along with a good portion of Virginia, were simply licked clean off the face of the planet, Alkali had a single realization that rolled through his head. One last thought before his vision went dark and the GULP of Dragonien swallowing drowned out all other sound and thought.

He's still growing...

Alkali felt odd the moment he realized he was conscious again. there was no slow waking, no gentle expansion of awareness. instead it was more akin to a light switch, one moment there was nothing and the next he was fully aware. The oddness came not from the abruptness of his awakening but rather from the fact that he had no control. It wasn't even that he felt restrained or constricted as if someone had tied him up or paralyzed him, it was simply that he wasn't in control of his body. Thoughts of trying to move his arms didn't seem to come from him but were clearly being translated as he felt his right arm lifting up to rub a hand across his stomach. He was aware of the commands, but it was as if they came from somewhere else. it was only when his head moved to look down did he start to realize what was happening. As his head moved of its own accord he found himself looking down not at the thin, smooth fur of his chest and stomach but rather at the all too familiar taunt, red hide of a dragon. For a brief instant he could see the tip of a forked tongue in the edge of his vision as he felt himself lick hungrily over his lips and felt his hand wander lower on his stomach until it wrapped around the thick base of ebony flesh between his legs. That's when it finally dawned on him.

He was Dragonien.

Or at least, he was inside Dragonien. Somehow, he was riding along inside of Dragonien's body. What was most unusual was that he wasn't just seeing things from Dragonien's perspective, he was truly experiencing everything the dragon was. He could feel the heat radiating from the spire of ebony flesh between his fingers, as

well as feel said erection throbbing and pulsating with desperate arousal. He could smell his own, or rather Dragonien's, musky scent in the thin atmosphere and hear the excited, heavy breathing rumbling through the bellows that was the dragon's lungs. It was as Alkali was taking in all of these various sensations that he realized he couldn't actually feel anything beneath him. That's when it floated into view. At first he wasn't quite sure what it was, a strangely blue ball about the size of a basketball with swirling tints of white, tan and green playing across it. When he noticed the swirls of white were actually moving across the surface his eyes went wide in realization. Or at least, they would have been if he had control of them.

It was Earth.

The entire planet Earth, reduced to nothing more than a basketball caught in what must be the gravity of Dragonien's own mass Alkali couldn't blame the dragon for being so obviously aroused now. If he had been in his own body and had seen the Earth that comparably small to him, if he had been the one who could be described as having a literal celestial body, he'd probably be jerking off too. But even that wasn't the end of his surprise. As he watched through Dragonien's gaze, feeling the dragon panting in his own lists as his hand worked the thick spire of male flesh jutting from his hips he watched as the planet seemed to further shrink in his view. Dragonien's masturbation increased in pace seemingly proportional to how much smaller the planet was getting and Alkali quickly caught on to what was happening. Dragonien was *STILL* Growing. Not only that, he was getting off on it.

The disembodied kangaroo watched as one of the dragon's impossibly long arms stretched out and felt as fingers bigger than continents wrapped themselves around a now barely baseball sized mass of water and land that was their home planet. He could actually feel untold thousands of square miles of solid rock that was the Earth's crust give way beneath the dragon's casual grip as if it were as malleable as wet clay, feeling the dampness of the oceans tinting the tips of his fingers as if tiny bits of moisture were seeping up from the ball of dirt and mud from his grip's pressure. It was humbling and empowering in a way that Alkali couldn't really put words too. To be having the planet, the entire planet that had spawned not just him but all of civilization, all of known life being so insignificant that it could be crushed in one hand was a power trip beyond reasoning. Alkali didn't know if you could become a god simply by getting big enough but when you were so massive that your breath could blow away the atmosphere, your grip could crush the entire planet, and your face could fill the entire sky from horizon to horizon such a debate was largely academic. As far as every living thing left on the planet Earth was concerned, Dragonien WAS their god now. And their god was hungry.

Almost tenderly, Dragonien raised the planet up to his muzzle even as it continued to dwindle in his grasp. His growth seemed be still speeding up as by the time the planet had made the simple trip from an arms-length away it had been reduced from baseball size to grape size. The dragon's tongue rolled out like a massive pink carpet where his fingers tenderly placed the orb of life-filled land and water. All the while Dragonien continued stroking fingers up and down the massive girth of his erection, releasing spurts and dribbles of pre thick enough they could have filled every ocean on the planet earth dozens of times over. Faster and faster he stroked, Alkali seeming to catch glimpses of barely-coherent thoughts and feelings from the mind of the dragon whose body he was riding passenger in. Feelings of superiority, of overwhelming power rushed through him like a drug. The feeling of raw strength that came with the knowledge he could crush the entire planet between his teeth like a jaw breaker, the thrill of holding untold billions of lives in his hand, and the sheer overwhelming sense of scale so immense he no longer even had anything nearby to compare himself too. Then, just as he felt himself nearing the edge, Alkali felt the dragon's tongue starting to roll backwards into his mouth. His jaw snapped shut, cutting off the last vestiges of light from the sun that the planet would ever see. Before he could second guess and, more importantly, before it got too small to feel anymore Dragonien made his decision. ULP.

He swallowed.

The feeling of the planet sliding down his throat was inconsequential at best, barely comparable to swallowing a Tylenol pill. Yet even that comparison was only adding to the situation, and helped trigger that final surge of arousal that pushed him over the edge. His jaws opened wide in a lustful snarl that echoed through the cosmos beyond any reasoning of the laws of physics, signaling to any sentient life for light-years around of his coming, in more ways than one. As Dragonien came his growth surged seemingly out of control, each jerking spasm of his release sending a jerky, inconsistent surge of growth coursing through him. Stars in the distance visibly shifted position as his body exploded in size in spurts of first tens of thousands, then soon, millions of miles. At one point a tiny pinprick of mass slammed against Dragonien's growing hip with enough force it simply disintegrated into a tiny cloud of dust... Alkali was pretty sure Dragonien's growth spurt had just blown Venus into space-dust. By the time he came down from his orgasmic high, the layout of the stars seemed radically different thanks to their new position within the solar system. But it wasn't the odd placement of Orion's Belt or the Big Dipper that caught either Alkali nor Dragonien's attention. It was the little pinprick of red-yellow light seemingly just ahead of them.

Dragonien was practically salivating as he leaned forward. Without ceremony or buildup, his maw opened wide and snapped closed like a striking viper around the little orb of light, feeling the wash of heat radiating through his muzzle like he had just dropped a freshly-popped kernel of popcorn into his maw. Then, as casually as he might chew an M&M, his tongue rolled the little speck between his back teeth and bit down on it. The Sun went down even easier than the Earth had. Here floated Dragonien, Devourer of Planets and Stars.

Time seemed to blur together to Alkali after that. Dragonien continued growing, continued eating, continued jerking off. The solar system rapidly became too small to contain the dragon and soon he found himself drifting into other star systems. Already far too large to even register the planets anymore, dozens of celestial masses smashed against his impossibly thick hide without him even noticing. Stars were only recognized thanks to their bright light making them tiny pinprick beacons that he greedily licked up at every opportunity. But soon even those faded into obscurity as he grew so large he could only see clusters of stars close together, reflecting one another's lights. Those he slurped up by the dozens. Other times he'd scoop them up in his palm like cupping a bit of liquid and rub it against his erection as he got off on his impossible size. Height measurements meant nothing to him anymore as nothing was large enough to even compare. All Dragonien or his passenger knew was that he was big enough to lick up stars by the handful, to use entire clusters of star systems as lube, to slurp up entire nebulae like tufts of cotton candy. Eventually he found himself rising above the Milky Way itself, body surging upwards from one of the spiral arms of the galaxy itself. before long that too was being greedily devoured, slurped up by the gluttonous dragon even as his monstrous erection buried itself into the galactic core for a spectacular orgasm just as he finished slurping up the remnants of his home galaxy only to replace it with an equivalent quantity of his own...well, let's just say the new Milky way is a lot more white than the old one.

Soon Even galaxies became small potatoes to the unfathomable titan the dragon had become. tens of thousands of alien species finding the night sky shaded red instead of black as the Dragon expanded to such insane proportions that he began to fill the empty space between galaxies itself. before long even that wasn't enough to contain him and he overflowed into other galaxies before either simply devouring them or letting them burst into particles against his hide as he bulldozed through them with his growth. Eventually it was gone. Everything was gone. Either devoured or dispersed into space dust too fine to be recognized, the universe itself was now nothing but Dragonien. His body was everywhere, his mass was everything. That was when he felt it, and when Alkali felt it and popped to a fully conscious state once more.

there was a strange pressure Dragonien felt against his elbow. Reflexively he pushed against it, in the same way you would elbow against someone else's arm trying to hog an armrest. The pressure didn't abate however. Instead it seemed to stretch outwards against Dragonien's arm, becoming increasingly tense and

resistant the further it stretched. That strange elasticity moments later pushed against one of his feet, then the other! A momentary flash of claustrophobia overtook the dragon and, by extension, Alkali, as Dragonien felt himself being slowly pushed into a fetal position. It had been so long since he had anything even remotely perceivable to gauge himself against but it was obvious he was still growing with how he was rapidly filling up the limited space he had left around him. That panic quickly faded, however, when it dawned on him what was happening. As it clicked in his mind all of that fear and worry morphed into raw, unabated lust once more as he realized he was running out of room. Literally, he was running out of room in the entire universe.

He was outgrowing the UNIVERSE itself!

With his fear replaced by arousal and pure ego the dragon began to push back against the 'walls' around him. They stretched and strained, contorting around his impossibly massive form like some kind of pliable rubber. The further he pushed in any one direction, however, the thinner and more pliable he could feel the indescribable material becoming. With every passing second he filled more of the space, stretched the boundaries farther and farther. It was like he was inflating inside a balloon and, the more he extended his limbs out, the flimsier he could feel the overtaxed 'rubber' become. Just as he felt himself struggling to breathe, the elasticity becoming so taut his arms were forced against his chest so tightly not only could he not move them but he didn't even have the spare space to inflate his lungs, he felt it. That tiny, split second tremor of tension through the material all around him that told him it had finally reached his limit. Only then, when it had been strained to its maximum, when he had really and truly grown to the absolute limit of what this poor reality could possibly contain, did Dragonien strain himself one final time against his prison.

Alkali sat bolt upright in bed, his entire body coated in a thin layer of sweat and his erection so painfully hard he felt like it was ready to tear straight through the blanket on top of it. The deafening pop of shattering... reality? that he had heard in his dream had been so loud even in his own mind it had snapped him wide awake from the deep sleep he had been buried within. He had to take several seconds to calm his breathing and get his heart rate under control, the adrenaline rush that always accompanied the fear of being jerked from a dream so abruptly leaving him a panicked mess. Only once he had calmed himself down to the point he didn't feel like he was going to hyperventilate did he take stock of his surroundings. Thankfully, it seemed to have truly only been a dream. He was still in the same bed he had gone to sleep in last night, though he was not particularly thrilled with the clock by the bed reading 3:32 Am. To his right he heard the familiar deep breathing of Dragonien, still sound asleep exactly where he had been from where the two had snuggled up together last night. Thankfully such sights were common, the two of them frequently having their little 'sleep-overs' with each other or Alkali might have been worried to see the dragon after meeting his dream-counterpart. It was when he looked to his left that his whole body tensed up, a shiver of fear running down his spine while simultaneously a thrill of arousal nearly pushed him over the edge and made him make a mess beneath his blankets. Sprawled out on the floor next to the bed...

Was Dragonien.

Not the Dragonien that was sleeping next to him, that had been playing video games and eating pizza with him a few hours ago before they had gone to bed. No, he was too pristine, too 'perfect' looking with the tiny imperfections that any person had wiped away. Not to mention he looked like he had about twice as much muscle mass as the Dragonien still asleep in bed next to him. No, this wasn't his friend Dragonien... this was the dragon from his dreams.

As the doppelganger-Dragonien stood, small bits of what looked like strange, black cloth fluttered off of him. The tiny wisps of fabric had a strange visual effect to them as if there were a pattern behind them that he could see different parts of as the fabric moved... like it was less scraps of fabric and more shreds of some kind of window he was seeing through. When the dragon seemed to finally become aware of his surroundings his gaze briefly glanced over the still slumbering version of himself beside Alkali, before locking eyes with the kangaroo. His lips curled into a devious, hungry grin and he took a step forward... the strange glow to his blue eyes making it impossible for Alkali to look away.

"Well, Alkali... ready to meet the dragon of your dreams, made flesh...?" His voice rumbled softly. His voice already noticeably deepening mid-sentence as his head began to stretch towards the ceiling just like in Alkali's dreams...