

Shinden's Dragonade

By: IndigoRho

Shinden did his best to avoid looking at any temperature readings around the hangar, as if such avoidance alone might cool the wolf down even a little. Unfortunately he didn't need them to know it was at least a hundred degrees outside. He loosened his scarf and unbuttoned his brown flight jacket, but the help was minimal. Absolutely parched in the heat, Shinden hurried over to a mini-fridge in search of something cold and refreshing.

The wolf's hopes were almost immediately dashed upon opening the fridge door. The stockpile of bottled water was gone, wiped out over the course of the day. Ice-cube trays were empty, juice missing, not even a single can of soda remained. Shinden was just about to give up when he spotted a lone bottle hiding in the back. It looked like a sports drink, though Shinden didn't recognize the brand: Dragonade.

Shinden shrugged and opened the bottle; he didn't have the luxury of being picky. The wolf eagerly chugged the drink in one go, grateful to feel the sensation of cool liquid rushing down his throat. Thankfully the taste was good as well. Shinden tossed the empty bottle and left the hangar, hopeful the rest of work would pass quickly. The oddly lingering chill in his stomach went unnoticed.

Subtle changes were starting to occur to Shinden as he walked through the hangar. His tail was growing thicker and his paws gaining sharper red claws. Red spines sprouted from his tail, while the small nubs of new wings were beginning to press against the back of his shirt and jacket. Shinden wasn't *only* gaining draconic features, though. The transforming wolf's middle was getting rounder, like a balloon. He'd also gained a solid foot in height.

Having initially brushed aside any strange feeling as an effect of the heat, Shinden was unable to ignore his shirt getting tighter. He let out a surprised "Durf!" the second he saw how big his belly had grown. More durfs followed as he noticed the other ongoing changes, including the pair of horns on his head.

It didn't take Shinden long to guess the source of his transformation, though the unamused wolf-turned-dragon still didn't know *why*. Some of his coworkers certainly enjoyed pulling pranks, but the drink definitely wasn't guaranteed to hit him specifically. Perhaps the random nature of it had been part of the appeal. Whatever the reason, Shinden now had to deal with the consequences, and he doubted there was an antidote conveniently lying around.

Shinden's growth and expansion ramped up. His clothes were growing with him to an extent—thankfully—but not well enough to fit him well at all. His wings finally managed to break through his shirt and jacket, flapping frantically as Shinden adjusted to their presence. He was well over ten feet tall when he realized remaining too close to the hangar wasn't a good idea. After all, he didn't know how large he'd get, and flattening part of work with his swelling belly wasn't appealing.

Unfortunately movement was rapidly becoming difficult. Shinden's over inflated gut was awkward to lug around, reducing him to a slow waddle. He huffed and durfed and grumbled as he trekked up the runway. His enlarged tail thumped furiously behind him, inflating some as well.

While Shinden felt like he was moving painfully slow, the simple act of growing made his waddles cover more ground. Everything seemed to be shrinking around him, the dragon taller than any building at the airport. Trees and planes were starting to look like exquisitely detailed models and Shinden wondered at just how much of the surrounding area he could see from his dramatically increased height. The realization that countless others were likely able to witness his large-scale inflation made him blush abruptly.

Eventually even waddling wasn't possible for Shinden. He'd inflated to the point where his middle was practically an enormous sphere, his shirt and jacket clinging tightly to his chest. His scarf had slipped off, exposing a main of fluff that cushioned his saberteeth and prevented them from poking *too* much into his bloated hide. Shinden's limbs were swollen and rigid, claws puffed up till they were

useless. He'd retained some mobility in his massive tail and wings, but using either threatened to topple the immense dragon blimp. Rolling away and flattening everything in his path wasn't very desirable.

Shinden could feel something pressing into one of his claws, and his instinct was to assume it was a rock. A tiny bird soaring past his eyes reminded him of his recent change in sight, though. Fthe dragon was forced to accept the rock was more than likely a building, maybe a hangar. Knowing he'd succeeded in waddling away from work provide some solace.

Wary of causing accidental wanton destruction, Shinden remained as still as possible, which proved rather easy since he was too round to move. The colossal blimp dragon could already guess there were news teams heading his way. At the very least his roommates would know exactly why he was going to be late coming home.

The sun was still bearing down overhead, the heat no easier to handle as a giant. Shinden let out a sigh that created a gust of wind. "All I wanted to do was cool down a bit! Durf!"

The blimp started wondering if it would be possible to just fly over to a lake, if there were any big enough to handle him...