

Blueberry Pie Feast

By: IndigoRho

Zel considered himself a fairly patient kobold. He always enjoyed making others comfortable and putting his honed skills to good use. His mastery of blending magic with cooking and baking had earned him steady employment for numerous clients, some a bit stingier than others. Throughout it all he'd always kept his cool and rarely gotten more than a little frustrated. Unfortunately his newest master was testing his patience like no one before.

Traizer was a lean, green dragon, a former adventurer who'd chosen to retire after a massive payday. He was lazy, excessively demanding, and had a surprising weakness for sweets for someone so small. He expected Zel to prepare him treats at any hour of the day. Far too often Zel found himself awoken in the night to bake pastries for the dragon as he scoured through books in his library. Traizer rarely offered much in the form of praise, despite obviously loving the food.

For two months Zel had silently—*professionally*—endured the treatment. Traizer's request for a midnight “snack” of a dozen berry pies had rather abruptly proved the last straw. The greedy, ungrateful dragon needed to be taught some humility, and Zel knew just the way to do it.

The double doors to the estate's spacious dining room swung open as Zel pushed his food cart through them. The yellow-scaled kobold put on his best fake smile as he approached his master at the end of the room's long table. The first six pie tins already sat empty on the table before Traizer, who was happily scarfing down the last slice. His belly bulged outwards like a balloon from beneath his open robe, the result of the night's gorging. Despite Traizer's rampant gluttony Zel hadn't seen him gain a single ounce. Magic of some sort was likely involved. Still, he doubted the dragon would be able to foil the plot he'd concocted.

Traizer's eyes lit up as he saw the fresh supply of pies. “Finally! I was getting worried the rest of my meal would be late.” He practically ignored the kobold after that, shoving aside the empty pie tins in preparation for the full ones.

Zel held his tongue. “My apologies sir, I'll be swifter next time.”

The kobold carefully lay the pies before Traizer and took a step back, remaining in the room but doing his best to not draw attention to himself. The task proved easy as Traizer forgot about his existence the second he had his food.

Traizer dove into the pies with the ferocity of someone who *hadn't* just eaten six of them, wiping out slices in only two to three bites each. Pie after pie was decimated, Traizer's belly swelling with every one defeated. After finishing the third, though, the dragon's middle continued bloating on its own.

Zel grinned as he spotted his master swelling, the dragon woefully oblivious to what was happening. Deep within his gut blueberry juice was bubbling and spreading, all thanks to a bit of magic Zel had cast on the pastries while they baked. If Traizer were so fond of blueberries than he certainly wouldn't mind *becoming* one himself.

The green scales around Traizer's navel turned a deep shade of blue, which gradually spread outwards in every direction. His clothing hid most of the change, and he mistook the blue on his claws for juicy pie filling. Soon the once-green dragon was a perfect match for the pastries he was so obsessed with consuming.

The fourth and fifth pies vanished, Traizer's middle the size of an over inflated beach ball yet still unnoticed. All he could think about was eating. With only a single slice left the dragon gleefully went to pat his belly, his eyes widening in confusion as claw met scales far earlier than expected.

Had the dragon not been so stuffed he would've jumped clear out of his seat once he realized he was growing. Traizer wobbled comically for a few moments before managing to stand up, nearly tumbling over as soon as he did. He could hear the loud sloshing of juice within and felt it splashing about in waves. As he gripped his bloated belly he felt his scales starting to separate as his hide was

stretched.

Traizer panicked on his own for a whole minute before he realized Zel was still in the room. “Z-Zel, something was wrong with those pies, help!”

Zel ignored the order, grinning as he watched Traizer getting bigger. His master repeated the demand with increased frustration, but Zel didn't budge.

“Damn it, Zel, do something before I explode!”

His threat was neutered by his limbs and tail beginning to puff up, the dragon staggering about as he lost the ability to move in any way aside from a clumsy wobble. Anger was replaced by fear.

“Why Sir, I was certain you'd enjoy special extra juicy blueberry pies,” Zel said, finally leaving his spot against the wall in order to circle the ballooning dragon. “They allow you to experience a royal feast worth of pie without all the tiring chewing. Perfect for the discerning sweet tooth.”

The seams of Traizer's robe and pants ripped apart, the remains falling to the floor. His middle had rounded out to absorb his chest and hips, and appeared eager to envelop his limbs as well. Aside from the already considerable weight of the juice bubbling inside him there was a growing sense of pressure. It wasn't *too* uncomfortable yet, but impossible to simply shrug off, and the larger he got the more intense *it* got.

“That's, that's not what I asked for! I just wanted regular pies!” Traizer sputtered, staring down at the yellow kobold with concern. “Fix this immediately!”

To Zel it was obvious that Traizer was nervous, which confirmed the dragon had no way of countering his magic; Traizer was completely at his mercy. “Well unless you've got a giant juicing press just sitting around the estate I'm afraid there isn't a way to fix what's happening, at least not swiftly. Being a giant blueberry can't be *too* bad.”

Traizer's spherical body had swollen to the point that his his claws lifted off the floor, the blimped up dragon left gently rocking back and forth. Only the plump tip of his tail remained visible, and his wings looked rather pitiful attached to a berry. His hide was stretched thin and creaking, the pressure overbearing. If he didn't concentrate intensely he'd drift into a daze, but those bouts were getting more and more frequent.

Zel was used to others looking bigger, but the swollen Traizer was something new. He doubted his master could even clearly see him past the curvature of his body. Slowly walking around the massive dragon, Zel began to poke and prod Traizer seemingly at random, delighting in his faint whimpers prompted by the short bursts in pressure. There was a lot of weight to the berry dragon, but being round also made him prone to rolling.

A hard shove caused Traizer to roll right onto his middle, the dragon's eyes rolling along with him as his thoughts became a blur. He wasn't able to fully escape the ensuing daze. Pressure was the only thing his mind was capable of registering. Traizer was overwhelmed by the sensation of being far bigger than he should be, of being on the verge of exploding. Even the lightest touch sent a surge throughout his entire body, to a degree that Traizer had no idea where exactly he was being teased.

For once, Zel and his master were actually at eye level. The kobold waved a claw in front of Traizer's face, snickering as he dragon's eyes made no effort to follow him. When he poked Traizer he let out a strained moan. The temptation to simply let Traizer wobble in a daze for a couple days was strong, but Zel felt a sterner embarrassment was in order, a good shock to remind the former adventurer that his hired help deserved respect.

The final slice of blueberry pie sat abandoned on the table, and Zel carefully picked it up and brought it over to Traizer. He held it right up to the berry dragon's snout, letting its wonderful aroma waft into his nostrils. Zel saw Traizer's nose twitch and the dragon wince; even in a daze Traizer knew the pie meant trouble.

“Oh dear, you appear to have missed a slice Sir!” Zel smiled. “I'm sure you've got room for just one more.”

Zel coaxed Traizer's maw open and shoved the whole slice in, snapping the dragon's muzzle

shut and forcing him to swallow. The kobold quickly took a step back and cast a barrier spell on himself, something just strong enough to handle what was to come.

As soon as the slice of pie went down Traizer's throat the dragon's whole body quivered and quaked, his eyes bulging out. Somewhere on the dragon a tiny tear formed as his hide gave out, rapidly widening in a flash. A torrent of blueberry juice erupted from Traizer as he popped, soaking the floors and furniture and splattering the ceiling. Scraps of blue hide rained down like confetti and smacked against the walls. Both of Traizer's straight, sharp horns shot off in different directions, one embedding itself in the door and the other a wall.

Zel smiled as the blue wave washed over his barrier, leaving him dry and spotless. A wave of his claw dispersed it, and Zel took a moment to survey the mess. Cleaning up the juice and scraps would be a bit of a chore, but worth it in the end. He was sure the other servants wouldn't mind as long as Traizer stopped being a jerk in the process.

As for the burst dragon himself, Traizer was bound to re-form the following day. If he responded poorly to being popped Zel would simply turn him into a berry again on the spot, and keep doing so until Traizer got the point. Of course there was also the possibility that Traizer would re-form still blue, with a bubbling belly full of juice. Having a permaberry for a master would definitely make for an interesting tale in the future.

With the delightful thought in his head Zel left the dining room to gather some servants, leaving the puddle that was Traizer behind him...