

Growing Urges - Part 1

By Smokescale Aquatos

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"I dunno, Jack. I kinda expected... more." Aron turned this way and that in the mirror, looking over his form. The green dragon was well toned, but lacked the mass he had hoped for.

"I think you look great. You've been workin' out for months and just two weeks into these new treatments and you look like an Olympic swimmer. Give it a few more weeks and I'll bet you'll really start packing on the muscle." Jack was enthusiastic in his support for his friend, and not just because of the 'benefits' they shared. The bobcat felt over Aron's sleek, athletic frame, appreciating the chiseled features.

"They promised I'd be bigger than this. A pill every few hours for three days, and the regular workouts take care of the rest. I don't feel especially different."

"Hey, Rome wasn't built in a day! C'mon, working up a good sweat'll help clear your mind." Jack gave the drake a kiss on the cheek before slipping his shirt on. With great reluctance, he turned away to keep from staring at his jade-hued roommate, clad in nothing but a thong. The feline couldn't help but notice that bulge had grown just a little bit. The temptation to grab, squeeze, and fondle was strong. Resisting was a Herculean feat.

Aron followed the suggestion and turned away from the mirror before he finished changing into his exercise attire. The rather elastic shirt and shorts hugged his form closely, showing off his progress towards bulking up. He'd tried everything under the sun to little or no effect. But those new pills promised to be different. Maybe he got the wrong formulation. Maybe they just didn't work, like so many other products and their broken promises. The smallish green fellow tried to push it out of his mind and carry on.

The gym wasn't at its peak, but it certainly wasn't quiet. A good third of the usual rush occupied various machines and spaces. Most of those present were rather large, heavily muscled, and moving large stacks of weight. Aron found himself envious, like he usually did while walking through the club. Jack tried his best to keep him on track. A light pat on the shoulder and a tug of the arm saw the jade figure pulled towards the treadmills. It would be a good thirty minutes of cardio before he could even think about moving to the weights.

A few taps on the console brought the machine to life and soon, Aron was jogging away at a brisk pace, his feet practically bouncing across the scrolling band under him. Soon, the familiar burn of lactic acid crept its way into the dragon's legs. He was sure Jack was feeling it too, but neither bothered to comment. It was just a typical part of the workout. It meant they were doing it right. When the timer ran out and blinked, the belt slowed to a gentle walk for the cool down portion, then finally stopped five minutes later. Aron was fighting a bit for breath, but the slow pace helped him recuperate. Jack sprang off his machine and bounced gently on the balls of his feet, clearly feeling great.

"Alright! Now I'm pumped and ready to go! Whatcha wanna work on first?"

Aron turned to gaze over at the weight and resistance machines. There were more than a few burly bodybuilders sprinkled throughout the floor. He tried not to leer while he directed his mind to spit out whatever he could to make it seem like he was paying attention.

"Bench press. I think I'll start there."

Jack snickered, sensing his roommate's lecherous side try to creep out, "Alright, I'll spot first, swap between sets."

The pair left the relative quiet of the cardio section and aimed for their destination. The smell of sweat was heavy in the air, tickling the dragon's nose. He kicked himself mentally. He forgot to apply a bit of ointment just below his nostrils. Smelling all the boys working out was going to drive him crazy. Already his shorts felt a little tighter.

A flat, padded bench stood amidst a number of other machines, welcoming the pair. Aron fought the urge to press his nose into the plush material to draw off a stronger pull of musk from the last user. Oh he was tempted. Instead, like a good little fitness fan, he sat down, laid back on the bench and took up the proper position. His form was quite good. Jack moved around behind the bar above him, checking the weights on both ends. They were a little high, just a touch more than Aron was used to, but that didn't seem to bother him. Progress was made when you went beyond what you were comfortable with, he always thought.

The bobcat hoisted the barbell off its resting place and into the dragon's grasp. Immediately, he grunted and strained to ease it down into the starting position. It was noticeably heavier, and that concerned the drake. He wasn't sure if he was going to be able to do this. One good rep would tell him how it felt better than just bringing it down. With great effort, the barbell rose and remained aloft for a moment. It was easier than Aron expected. It still wasn't exactly a picnic, but that was a good thing. He let it drop down towards him slowly once more and repeated, slowly setting into a brief pattern. Five passed, and he shot for ten, but ten didn't come. He felt himself start to fail when he completed eight. That was as far as he dared go.

Jack saw his exertion and hoisted the weights away from his friend, bringing them back to the rack they rest upon.

"That was great! Eight big ones! And you're ten pounds over your limit last time!" The cat's encouragement was always welcomed.

"Thanks, but... I don't know if I'll be able to do eight more when it's my turn again." Aron sat up, already just a little sore from the struggle. He stood and offered his feline friend the bench before taking up the spotting position.

The two went back and forth like this a couple of times, doing two sets each before Aron stopped Jack from moving on. He wanted to take one more crack at it. With a shrug, the cat moved back

into spotting position and the dragon laid back on the bench. Just as he was getting lined up and ready to start, a voice called out to him.

"Don't hurt yerself, lil dude. Just one step forward or it's three steps back." A large, red-feathered gryphon stepped in close, having casually kept an eye on the two smaller ones. Blake was always watching out for them. Or just watching them. It depended on his mood. At least it was a friendly gesture.

"I'll be careful. Promise. I think I can do another set." Aron shifted under the bar, ready to go.

Blake waved a hand at Jack to let him step in, "Alright... if you say so lil dude. I just remember what happened a week after you started. Took you a while to get back on the horse," He smirked, "And I don't mean Gabe over there." He pointed with a thumb to a mountain of a stallion, lifting one of the maximum load single-hand weights offered, and doing so as if it were nothing. It was a silly little jab meant to amuse rather than insult.

Aron simply rolled his eyes, "Just spot me, alright?"

"Can do. Here we go," Blake hoisted the barbell off the rack and into the green dragon's hands. The scaled arms holding the weight up began to quiver, giving the avian reason to not release the bar, "Y'alright lil dude?"

"I'm good! Count me out!" Aron grunted. He brought it down, then pushed back up with all his might, his breath passing through him as if he were a loud pneumatic pump.

"One." Blake called out. Down the bar went and came back up to the sound of 'two' filling Aron's ears. Shortly after came three, then four, but five seemed to be tardy. The dragon trembled as he tried to push hard one last time, realizing he wasn't going to get a full eight like the first set. Just barely, he managed to push the sizable weight back up high enough for his gryphon spotter to take over.

Blake didn't even need to be told, "There ya go, lil dude. You did good. Now, don't go pushin' yerself like that again. I don't wanna hafta carry you out to the ambulance again."

"That was a fluke. Complete freak accident." Aron whined.

"Maybe," Blake grinned a bit, "But I still haven't gotten a proper thank you yet." The bird waggled his eyebrows at the smaller drake. The gryphon wasn't the biggest guy in the gym, but he certainly hit average height easily enough, and he was built well enough to intimidate most, allowing him to tower over the two shorter boys.

Aron blushed and averted his gaze, "I 'thanked' you last time, and the time before that, and just about every time I come in." By now, he was sitting upright again and climbing to his feet.

Before he could get all his weight on the ground, Blake was behind him, wrapping both, soft, plumed arms around him with a squeeze and a curious little sound that some had referred to as a 'chirr'.

"Yeah, I know, but you haven't thanked me today. Maybe after you finish up your routine? Get you that post-workout protein you need?"

Aron's cheeks flushed heavily as he felt the ground fall away from his feet. The larger, stronger gryphon enjoyed teasing him like this, and without admitting it, Aron enjoyed it as well. Jack stepped in and gave the bird a strong prod in the back with a stern finger.

"Hey, go easy on him. He forgot his ointment," The cat's scolding had the intended effect. Blake set the green fellow down apologetically, giving his head a pat. Jack meanwhile crossed his arms, "As for protein, I think I'd be fine with taking mine now. I'm not doing much with weights today." His stern expression melted into a mischievous grin.

Blake laughed and slapped the feline on the back lightly, "Alright! I think I can accommodate! Aron, you'll get a turn later." He turned, wrapping an arm around the bobcat to walk with him off to a more secluded spot. Probably the locker room.

Before they were out of earshot, Jack called back to his roommate.

"Like he said! Take it easy this round! I'll be back ta spot ya in a bit!"

Aron nodded absentmindedly, turning to look around the room. He had plenty of options to choose from to continue. His only concern was the possibility of another patron approaching him looking to receive the same sort of 'courtesy' that Blake had requested. There were a few regulars in sight, and so many of them left him sore after the fact. And not necessarily in the fashion he was looking for at the gym.

"Hey there lil guy," Gabe, the stallion Blake had pointed out earlier had finished his free weights, "Your friend's gone and left you to work out all alone?" His tone wasn't playful, it was genuinely friendly.

The smaller jade figure shook his head, "He'll be back in a bit. He's helping someone else with something."

The big horse nodded and gave Aron a pat on the back with a large, warm hand.

"Alright... well, lookin' for a trainer this time?" Again, he was trying to be helpful and not in any way promiscuous. Oh if only Aron had remembered his ointment. It would have made it so much easier to say no.

"Couldn't hurt."

Jack and Blake finished their little rendez-vous in the locker room after taking just a little longer than usual. They had gotten a bit more playful than they normally did and ended up stretching time a touch more. When they finally emerged, the taste of salty musk still on the cat's breath, they found their green drake companion wasn't where they had left him. After a cursory search, they found out why. Gabe had snagged him.

They'd gathered a small crowd too.

Aron was using the squat machine, two pads resting on his shoulders connected to a series of pulleys and weights, while the big stallion sat on his knees behind him. Pants had been cast aside and the jade fellow was trembling powerfully. Each time he came down under the weight of the machine, he was forced onto the waiting, throbbing shaft of the equine spotting him. Each time they met, Aron squatting onto the member, it bulged his abdomen, making a distinct shape in his stomach. The horse was just that big. It wasn't Gabe's intention for it to go this way, but it just sort of naturally ended up like this. He was still interested in helping Aron complete a set, but not before he completed his own.

Each downward motion brought with it a moan from the smallish dragon, feeling himself stretched over the monster tucked under his tail. His own manhood twitched and throbbed away in the stallion's palm. He wasn't about to let the little guy go without his own peak. They moved together, the horse pushing forward each time Aron hoisted the weights. It made sure he wouldn't come off the dribbling shaft. And the act provided support should he find himself unable to continue to lift.

Onlookers grinned and watched, more interested in the sexual aspect than the actual workout. It wasn't often there was a show like this, but when there was, it was often enjoyed by the other patrons. The staff seemed indifferent for the most part. A few however quietly encouraged it. Whatever it took to make working out a pleasant experience.

"Doin' good, almost there, back up now." Gabe kept his voice steady in spite of the tremors passing through him almost unseen. His powerful form pressed against Aron's back, holding him close as he stretched the dragon again and again.

"Almost... almost... god... so close!!!" The jade-scaled fellow cried out, his length aching, screaming for release.

His legs burned from use as he pushed back up to an upright stance, then slowly began to descend once more. He didn't have it in him to go again. With that, he sank down entirely on the stallion and tensed, writhing as he moaned plaintively. A sticky burst coated Gabe's palm as the horse nickered softly in his ear. A strong, heated upwelling surged into the green's form, swelling his stomach visibly. The deluge stole Aron's breath away as he cupped his hands against his bulging gut, wriggling and squirming until his trainer had finished.

Gabe rumbled deep in his chest as he reset the machine and rolled himself back onto a bench just behind him, keeping Aron upon his mast. A towel was collected and used to clean the slender drake of the mess he had made.

"There ya go... not bad. That's ten more reps than I've seen you do on that weight before."

Aron huffed as he clenched his rump around the intruder, still trying to calm himself.

"It... helps... when you have... the right... motivation." He smirked a bit, tiredly of course.

Blake and Jack approached and rolled their eyes a bit, sighing as they saw enough to get the jist of what Aron had allowed to happen.

"Couldn't help yourself, could you?" The feline mused.

The green drake blushed furiously as his new impromptu personal trainer moved him on to the next machine, all while still riding the stallion's impressive rod.

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The gym had been incredibly tiring; not to mention how it left Aron chafed. Work was similarly exhausting. There were days he really enjoyed working in the garage, but then there were days like today. The smallish drake could practically taste the musk in the air, and his treatments had been sending his sex drive in orbit. He was even reasonably sure the coveralls his boss bought for them were designed specifically to entice anyone attracted to the Adonis male figure. And the playful yet horny rabbit had hired almost nothing but. Likely she enjoyed that as well. In spite of his short stature and slender nature, he managed to convince her to hire him. She thought he was cute enough at least, just a tad small.

Today, it was all Aron could do to keep the other mechanics off him; he was sore enough already. Stacy on the other hand would not be ignored. The hare pulled him into her office three times and rode him almost raw. Sometimes, work sucked, even when it was supposed to be fun.

The fit, but small, green dragon collapsed on the couch and breathed a long, exhausted sigh. He couldn't even find the will to make his way to the kitchen to feed himself. He just wanted to lounge.

"Welcome home," Jack said, "How was work?" The feline wasted no time in closing the distance between them. His expert hands began massaging his roommate's shoulders, knowing just how to make Aron melt. He was shirtless, which was pretty normal for him, and he smelled subtly sweet. It was the soap he used in the shower. He'd only just finished drying off a little while ago. It was a lovely, subtle scent that Aron relished.

"Exhausting. Not bad, but exhausting. Everyone who can has been pouncing me. I'm just about raw," Aron whimpered and began rubbing his thighs together, "And I still feel needy! I've never had it this bad before!"

Jack frowned as he worked his magic, loosening the tension in his friend's shoulders. The dragon's scent had not been lost on him, a mixture of sweat, musk, and grease from the garage. It was more enticing than he cared to admit. He had a bit of a thing for auto mechanics in uniform. Thankfully, he'd been around Aron long enough he had grown used to the green's special brand.

"Poor thing, just unable to put out the fire?"

Aron nodded as his entire body visibly relaxed. The bobcat had a gift.

"Yeah, no matter what."

"Well," Jack mused, moving around the sofa to sit with his roommate and shift the massage from shoulders to chest, "Maybe you'd like for kitty to try and help you cool down?"

"Ooo," the drake purred, "I dunno. Everything's pretty tender."

"Don't you worry about that. Ole Jack'll be nice and gentle. I've been good and left you alone all week. It takes a lot of discipline. I should get a treat for controlling myself for so long."

Aron blushed as he felt one of the cat's hands move to his stomach. There was still a visible paunch from the generous "contributions" Gabe had provided, as well as a few others throughout the day. It gave gently under pressure and shifted, sloshing against Jack's paw. Where the bloated, heavy, gravid tummy had gone was a minor mystery.

The hand exploring the soft abdomen drifted lower, cupping against the drake's crotch. The bulge in his coveralls enticed the cat and his eyes widened as he came to a realization.

"Hey, Aron... I think you've grown some. I thought I was just seeing things this morning, but I think you're actually bigger."

The words brought both pairs of eyes down to the affected area. Without asking permission, Jack began working over the garment blocking his access. Aron didn't protest, curious about the change as well. Deft feline hands unfastened the snaps just along his groin, leaving the chest and stomach secured. It was a custom design Stacy had sprung for. That way she could get at 'her boys' without forcing them to essentially undress completely. It was a real time saver. The exposed flesh underneath startled the bobcat.

"Well that's why you're getting rubbed raw, you're freeballin'. You gotta use protection man, boxers, briefs... a sock. Something." Jack scolded Aron lightly as he peeled back the fabric.

"No choice. I didn't have a change of underwear with me and the ones I went to work in were completely soaked." The drake neglected to mention the fact they were equally drenched in front and in back.

The cat shook his head in mild incredulity and began the delicate operation of pulling his roommate's junk out. What he found startled them both and left them staring. Aron had been above average as it was, which was why Stacy had his jumpsuits tailored to show off the swell. Now, the dragon realized why it was feeling so tight. He had a pair of grapefruit hanging from his crotch, firm and warm to the touch with a powerful fragrance of male hormone wafting up from them. Draped across them, semi-firm and drooling freely, was the dragon's shaft, now roughly the size of a large plantain. Jack's mouth almost began to water at the sight of such a thing. No wonder there was such a large dark patch in his coveralls.

"Damn, son! What's in those pills!?" The bobcat had been taking excellent care of his paws. The tender, soft pads felt marvelous as they spread across Aron's engorged loins. Such a gentle touch brought a tingle and a twitch to the dragon's crotch.

Before the green one could reply, Jack had lowered his muzzle to inhale the strong musk already tickling his nostrils. He had no intention of retreating, in fact, the feline pressed forward. Lips met shaft as the motor-like rumble in his throat grew strong between the dragon's legs. It began as a series of kisses and quickly turned into inquisitive licks. Aron instinctively spread his legs for his friend, knowing Jack wouldn't be stopped.

The cat stayed true to his nature. Only a few precious moments had passed since he opened his roommate's coveralls and already the swollen rod had begun to disappear into those waiting jaws. The green's breath came slow and deep, startled to find no irritation from the contact. He couldn't have healed that quickly, could he? Or was Jack just that good? He didn't really care that much at this point. All that existed in the world was the warm embrace of his roommate's maw and the surprisingly well-trained throat just beyond. The cat didn't show even a hint of gag reflex as he pressed his nose right against the softly swollen tummy in front of him. Such an act was rather impressive since the new length Aron was sporting created a visible lump in his feline friend's neck. Not that he could see it.

He could however feel fingers tracing over the swell in his throat, tickling and teasing it. The bobcat was reveling in it!

"Oh Jack... I... I can't... already so close!" Aron was indeed. He didn't realize that his 'needy' mood had left him very near the tipping point into orgasm. And with so skilled a partner already working him over as though he'd trained professionally to do so, it would be a short fall indeed.

The feline didn't pay the green dragon any mind, except when he felt a palm press softly against the top of his head and the small claws at the end of its fingers raking through his hair appreciatively. He grinned softly around the grand spire in his mouth and held his course, neither slowing nor accelerating. Anytime the drake began to thrust into him, the cat reached forward and pressed against his roommate's thighs, forcing him to halt. Jack wanted total control, and so he got it.

Aron tilted his head back and moaned as he slumped in his seat. He was at the bobcat's mercy, and so sore and tired he had not the strength to fight him. The battle didn't last very long, however. The green figure tensed and curled his toes, his tail trembling as his lips parted for

desperate breath. Jack mashed his lips against the base of the twitching rod sunk deep into his gullet, able to tell he was on the verge. And then it struck.

A mighty blast coursed through the green drake's rod and down his friend's throat. The spray was constant, though the intensity did swell and wane in pulses. The cat's expression tightened as he struggled to hold his position. A muffled groan passed up around the rocking, thrashing shaft while a paw moved to Jack's stomach. It had begun to grow, expanding outward steadily. He was used to this sort of result, just not from his dragon friend. And still he held his ground, even as his gut began to sag against his thighs, pushing against them to force them apart. Aron meanwhile was oblivious to what he was doing to the poor cat. He simply shuddered and fought to control his breathing, unwittingly unleashing a veritable deluge of seed directly into Jack's now noisy stomach.

Slowly, the rush waned to a mere trickle and the dragon's length began to soften. The bobcat slowly retreated from it, fighting a soft desire to gag as he felt the grand thing slide up his throat and out of him. A few last minute spurts splashed across his tongue, and then across the end of his muzzle before he sat back. The look on his face was that of someone who had just eaten far too much and threatened to slip into a food coma.

"Ooo... damn... yeah, you've grown alright!" Jack cackled as he gave his heavy, bloated stomach a few good pats.

Aron slowly returned from his dazed state. The sight he drank in before him shocked him. He could scarcely believe he could do such a thing. Of course... knowing that he was that productive did provide a source of arousal.

"S-sorry..."

"Don't be," Jack hiccupped and managed to pull himself to his feet, moving to sit next to the drake again, "I used to have to wait until I hit the gym to get this kind of filling. Now I can get it at home whenever I like."

Aron shivered as the cat's paws moved back to his groin, massaging the still drooling rod.

"P-pervert." It was all he could offer through his labored breath, grinning sheepishly at his roommate.

Jack grinned right back, "And don't you forget it! Now, how're those fires? Still burning bright or did we take a hose to them?"

The green one had scarcely come down off the high of climax, prepared to nod in the affirmative when the sensation began to slowly grow once again, building back to the same strength as before. He whimpered and slumped a bit further. He still needed something, and he knew what likely it would need to be, but he was still so very sore. He couldn't go through it right now.

And then Jack's fingers found their way around the new pendulous orbs the drake possessed. He liked to tease along the dragon's taint, but doing so this time resulted in an almost electric sensation. Aron's whole body tensed in shock, and the heat died away briefly before returning in force.

It surprised the bobcat as well, bringing a confused expression to his face.

"What did I do that made you jump that hard?" Without really thinking much of it, he pushed his hands deeper into the jumpsuit, now in an exploratory fashion. There was no smooth strip of flesh between scrotum and anus, at least not uninterrupted. There was a new feature there, one that every time he tried to feel across its supple surface it brought a jolt and spasm from its owner.

"Aaah!! I don't know what you're doing but it feels weird!!" Aron complained.

Jack had some idea of what was going on, and it seemed impossible. That hadn't been there earlier, but it certainly would explain a couple of things. Carefully, he removed his hands from his roommate's groin and lifted his fingers to his nose, sniffing softly. His digits carried with them a fragrance that was decidedly new for the dragon, and it came from a thin film of moisture that covered his fingers.

"Do me a favor honey, roll over and stick your butt in the air."

Aron furrowed his brow a bit and whimpered softly. Whatever it was his roommate was after, taking such a posture would only give him all the easier access to do so. Still, he did as he was told. The green fellow turned and rolled onto his stomach, extending his legs out behind him on the sofa, head at one end, feet at the other. With a little adjusting, he began hiking himself up onto his knees and chest, pushing his rump well into the air. His tail rose and flopped over to one side, draping over the back of the couch.

The bobcat grinned seeing the drake in such a position. Oh how tempting it was to just plug him and push. Maybe later. For now though, he had a mission to complete. The same well manicured paws caressed over the half-covered groin, giving the softly moaning dragon a brief massage across the area he wished to explore. Stacy being the lady that she was had the foresight, or perhaps perversion, to ensure that the series of snaps that replaced the usual zipper on the uniform extended all the way down the crotch up to the base of the tail. She had meant her boys to be able to give and take, clearly.

The remaining snaps between groin and tail were unfastened one by one, the feline taking his sweet time to tease his roommate. Aron began to tremble softly, able to feel the fabric brushing against that unknown feature, unsure of exactly what was going on. Jack, however, was now in full view of the offending formation. He had pulled back the cloth to find a pair of quivering lips, glistening softly, tucking just behind the drake's impressively expanded sac. There he stared in amazement, unable to believe what he was seeing. This was not the first time he'd peered under Aron's tail, unclothed or otherwise. This hadn't been there before, he could testify to. And yet there it was. His trim and fit male roommate was no longer entirely male.

"Well honey, I don't know what the hell those pills actually do, but I'd say they had something to do with you growing this." Gently, the bobcat traced one of his fingers across the supple mound.

Immediately, Aron gasped and arched his back, unwittingly pushing his groin back against the cat's hand. The added contact from the miscalculation sent a new shiver up his spine.

"Oh god! What the hell is doing that!?" The drake whined loudly.

"That'd be your new toy, sweetie. No wonder you can't put the fire out. You're in heat."

"I'm what!?" Aron almost shouted, trying to turn his head back to look. He was forced rigid as Jack cupped a hand against his new vulva, even daring to part the folds with a single finger and gently trace about within. A long, low, plaintive whine ushered forth from the green dragon. As much as he wanted to deny himself, he couldn't stand it, he had to admit it felt unbelievable.

Again he mashed his groin against the cupped paw. Jack grinned.

"Might explain a few things about today. You couldn't help yourself around the boys, but they never actually took aim on the right target. So, why don't you let me?"

Aron turned his head slowly again, glancing over his shoulder as he felt his roommate's presence draw in close behind him. The familiar sound of a zipper and heated touch made itself known against his rump. Jack was going to take his virginity, only moments after the both of them realized he had it to take.

"No... no don't... I... Please..."

The feline purred softly as he spoke, slowly grinding his hips against the dragon's rump. The sensation of his stiff length dragging over his new womanhood all the way up to his anus left him a shuddering mess.

"Oh c'mon... I've been awful good not just pouncing you all week. And believe me, I've wanted to. Would you rather one of the big boys at the gym took you first? Or would you prefer a more gentle first time?"

Truth be told, Aron's plea to stop was not how he truly felt. It was from a side of his mind struggling, screaming to try to come to grips with this new information and not just dive right in lest some unintended consequences come of it. The rest of him, the majority of him, wanted it more badly than he could verbalize. He tightened his fingers against the cushion under him, gripping it so tightly he had to be careful not to accidentally shred it. The green drake squeezed his eyes shut, trying to muster himself to actually answer. He wanted to say yes so badly, but he was held back by fear, and it wasn't an unsound fear either. Still, there was the desperate need that consumed him.

Before he could actually draw up the will to speak, his tail coiled around the feline's waist and drew him close in a tight squeeze. Aron himself couldn't figure out if he did that or if it just sort of happened like a reflex action. Either way, it provided the answer he wanted to give and Jack understood all too well.

"Mm, good boy. Don't you worry, ole Jack'll put you on cloud nine."

The bobcat grinned as if he were staring at Alice as she navigated a strange, unknown world. He brought his hands to cup against his roommate's hips and pulled back against the tail holding him in place, but only just far enough.

Aron gasped as he felt his petals spread around the spire he would be stuck upon. It felt so different from strictly under the tail. He found a completely different set of muscles responding to the contact, rippling and squeezing, contracting in against the invading rod out of sheer reflex. It didn't stop the feline. Jack pressed further on, taking his time and moving with great care. A hiss or gasp was his reward when he turned one way or the other on the way in. The heat was delicious, inviting in its own way.

The drake found it difficult to concentrate, the alien sensations rushing through him and fracturing his thoughts. And so he focused on his breathing. Slow and deep were his draws, flexing his thighs, pointing then splaying his toes with every inch of the cat's member he consumed. This was it. This was what he wanted. What he needed. He felt it now, and it brought him towards a tired frenzy. His whole body began to writhe, pushing back against his lover until he felt a sudden pop, a brief but sharp pain, and found his breath stolen away for a moment.

"Ahhh, that's what I was looking for. Congratulations, honey. Popped your cherry." Jack mused through his noises of muted delight.

That was it. Aron was no longer a virgin. Not that he really had it that long to begin with. And so he didn't fixate on the loss of something he'd only just gained. Instead, he just pushed back further until he could feel the cat's thighs against his, and the still impressive swell of his stomach pressing down against the base of the emerald tail keeping them hugged against one another. Jack's amused purr quickly morphed and roughened into a adorable growl as he pulled back. The absence brought a moan from the drake as if he were pleading not to. It was silenced by a loud yelp as the feline pushed forward again, not going quite as slowly as before, but it was a damn sight gentler than all he'd been through to day. It surprised the dragon.

And that was the pace that followed; a gentle withdraw followed by a softly forceful return, and in steady succession. Hips met again and again, giving the green figure cause to sway forward and back. His tail began to squeeze in time with the forward thrust, pulling them together as if he hoped he would be able to keep the cat from pulling away again. Deep down, he loved feeling something inside him like this. What had been an unwelcome surprise of a discovery had rapidly turned into a glorious and wondrous gift, and it was only to get better. The weight of the cat's sloshing gut, a result of his own enhanced capacity, pressed down against his rump and lower back, making it difficult for him to 'sit up'. It kept him pinned in place, and that only added to the experience.

True to the cat's promise, he remained a tender but firm lover. He dared not give his roommate reason to feel sore in the morning. The near glacial pace offered Aron a chance to acclimate to all the new signals confusing his poor brain. Each jostling buck helped to line everything up into a more ordered mindset. At least for the moment. Right now, he was an etch-a-sketch with a confusing mess showing and Jack was helping to shake it all away so he could start anew. And the image that was forming began to incorporate this new 'toy' more and more each time he was forced to start over. After all, it was hard to keep a clear thought during a first time.

The flames that had consumed the dragon almost all day flared and burned brightly within him, screaming to be quenched. Each shifting stoked them, as if he were a forge. His voice began to rise, filling the apartment with pitiful noises. Jack only grinned and growled, knowing he was on the right track. Something about having a handsome boy for a roommate who had a lovely little addition like this was incredibly alluring to him. The realization of what had come to pass had not been lost on him, and he rode the wave. It carried him right to the brink, but didn't push him over the edge. Not for several long minutes. It wasn't about him, it was about Aron having it easy this time. He could get rough later, after he'd made the drake hungry for it.

Both boys moved as one, basking in the heat between them. Nothing else existed but this. To Aron, it was as if someone was building an elaborate ice sculpture within him, each facet and curve personifying a new tingle or tickle or twinge he felt. The longer they carried on, the more complex and abstract it grew. It became heavy within him, pressing down upon his mind and body, this intricate structure, threatening to become unstable.

And then it shattered.

Aron's entire body flexed, tensing incredibly strongly. A loud cry of surprise and elation filled the apartment as he became awash under his first feminine orgasm. Jack refused to stop. His hips carried on, pumping and pushing, picking up the pace ever so carefully until he felt the ever expanding balloon within him burst. The hot, milky-white rush that filled the dragon sent a new shiver through him as a second wave crashed into the first. Instead of tensing further, he suddenly began to relax and stretch. His cry dulled into an almost choked complaint, then melted into a subdued coo.

Jack wasn't necessarily out of breath, but he was breathing harder than when he was at rest. He gave the green drake's rump a loving pat and slowly withdrew, leaving his lover in that pose, rump shoved in the air. Not one to care much for needing to be cleaned between sessions like these, the cat sat down behind his drake companion and pressed his nose in against the brand new folds. He inhaled the fragrance of Aron's feminine scent as well as his own contribution of musk. The aroma tickled the back of his throat and left him just slightly dizzy. He had to taste it. The cat's tongue slipped past his lips and dragged across the green's tender flower.

The response was immediate. The dragon mewled pitifully and lifted his rump higher, wanting more. The bobcat obliged. The drake's folds were tasted again and again, bringing a new quiver to them. Jack himself found it difficult to pull himself away, even though he knew he probably

should. Instead, he found himself entranced, captivated by the green figure and his lovely features. An urge began to well up in the back of his mind, whispering in his ear to push deeper.

For the second time in only the first hour of owning both sets of genitals, Aron found his being opened again with something exploring deep inside. The drake himself was unaware that it was his roommate's muzzle stretching him. All he knew was there was an intense urge to push his hips back, to let whatever was probing him probe all the deeper. He needed to be filled; needed in a way he had never before experienced. And Jack was all too eager to come to his aid.

The new tunnel stretched, seemingly without limit, as the need was met. Flesh quivered and tensed as the intrusion pressed onward. Soon, Aron could feel pressure building in his abdomen. His jumpsuit had grown tight around his midsection, and pulled even tighter as he was filled. What was Jack putting in him? The drake felt his breath catch in his throat as whatever was sliding in suddenly grew wider and his hips were forced to bow outward to handle the bulk. It didn't hurt; that was the odd thing. He was sure he'd never taken anything so large before, and yet here he was. The strain on his jumpsuit jumped several notches, squeezing his back in the process.

"Jack! What are you doing!?" For an instant, the green dragon feared he might have mistakenly asked the bobcat to stop.

He didn't.

The intruder continued deeper, picking up speed somehow. Aron could feel his stomach press out against his thighs, and even brush against the cushions of the sofa under him. The drake winced as the clasps on the front of his coveralls dug into his flesh.

Then, with several loud pops, the snaps failed, one right after another like a machine gun. The pressure on Aron's growing tummy was suddenly relieved as his suit ripped open and he cried out in elated surprise and relief. Whatever was spilling into him hastened further as the green drake found himself lost in the throes of climax. The object was tapering to a point, and then there wasn't any more of it.

Aron trembled and shook, sweat soaking his jumpsuit as his new petals finally closed back up. He was panting for breath, finding it more difficult. Whatever was inside him was so large it wasn't letting his lungs fully inflate. The weight was impressive, and his stomach was so large now that it lifted his hips off the couch until his knees could no longer reach. With less effort than he expected to need, the exhausted dragon rolled onto his side. Lazily, he draped an arm across his enormous belly, his other pinned under it. The contact to his stretched abdomen felt surprisingly nice, better now than after vigorous sessions with overeager trainers and mechanics. They could leave him bloated, sure, but not this much. And the resulting gut didn't move on its own like it did now. Why was it moving and why did it feel so good when it did?

"Jack?" Aron called out tiredly, "Jack, you still here?"

No answer. He'd probably gone to wash up. The dragon was too tired and his mind too clouded to care. He just curled around his bloated stomach and hugged it tightly and possessively. Whatever was causing this, he hoped it would stick around for a while. Aron yawned as he succumbed to his fatigue, falling into a deep, restful slumber.

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The room was dark when the drake woke again. He was still sticky from all the sweat he had been covered in, as well as the mess Jack had helped him make. Aron groaned softly as he stirred, not wanting to be awake just yet, but his entire body ached. It struck him that he was sore probably more than he should be. It had been a challenging day at the gym to be sure, and work had been hectic, but he had pushed himself harder than he did today and not been this uncomfortable. A shower would help, he was certain.

The drake grunted loudly as he tried to sit himself up, managing to make it upright before pausing and slouching on the sofa to rest for a bit. His breath was still labored, but not nearly as much as earlier. He felt he could breathe more fully now than before, and that eased his mind a bit. In the darkness, he looked down at his stomach. The faint light from the parking lot outside filtering in through the curtains granted him just enough illumination to see he was still just as swollen as when he passed out. In strange way, that pleased him. He had grown rather attached to this belly, more so than previous bulges he'd been forced to carry. Maybe it was because it had been Jack that had done it to him.

A muted giggle passed his lips as he let the silly little fantasy of the bobcat impregnating him passed through his mind. Both hands cupped against the dome and rubbed over it heartily.

"Jack? You awake?" Aron turned to look about through the apartment.

When he received no answer, he frowned a little and leaned forward. Again he grunted as he tried to move with so weighty a load attached to him. Eventually, the drake found himself on his feet, hands cupping the gut further down for support. He was heavy. Heavier than he'd ever felt. The mass of his stomach pushed downward, tugging on his back to arch forward, making him lean back a bit. His hips cradled as much of the load as they could while his thighs flexed and tensed to help him keep from tumbling forward. In spite of the awkward sense of balance, Aron found he liked it.

He liked it a lot.

With a purr on his lips, the bloated dragon waddled his way off to the bathroom, going slowly to keep from falling forward should he need to stop short. As he passed Jack's room, he peered in hoping to find the bobcat snoozing in bed. The feline was oddly absent. Aron frowned a little then turned to head to the bathroom. Jack must have gone out while he was asleep on the couch.

In no time at all, the bathroom was steamy and the shower beckoning the still sweat-streaked drake to cleanse himself. He peeled his coveralls off and tossed them to the side in a heap before stepping into the stall. The water poured down his smooth hide, immediately easing the tension

in his shoulders and back. When he turned around to let the spray stream down over his gravid tummy, he practically melted. It felt marvelous. Slowly, Aron sank to the floor, basking in the glorious sensation. There he sat on the floor, rubbing his stomach incessantly, obsessed with the tingling racing up his spine it fired off.

And then it shifted. His stomach bulged and turned on itself. The act caught the green fellow by surprise, both that it happened at all, and that the movement sent a new jolt of electricity through him. So powerful was it that it stole his breath away. The drake clutched at his stomach, squeezing it, half to make the motion stop and half to try and get it to keep going.

"What the hell is that!?" Aron cried, torn as to whether or not he genuinely liked it. Mostly he was just flustered by it.

A groan sounded somewhere nearby as the movement resumed, slower, feeling like a soft churning under the drake's scales. It gave him pause as he began to trace the source. It was coming from his belly.

"Nnng, keep it down. I'm tryin' ta sleep."

Aron froze. It was Jack's voice. It was muffled and difficult to make out through the shower spray, but there was no mistaking it.

"J-Jack?"

"What?" The feline groaned again.

"Wh-where are you right now?" The dragon stared wide-eyed at his stomach.

"I'm in bed where it's warm and cozy. Why does it sound like you're taking a shower right on my head?"

The drake let his mouth hang agape as he tried to say something for several seconds before he could form words again.

"I... I kinda am." He knew what Jack had stuffed in him a few hours ago, what had stretched him out, what had been moving around inside him, what he had been carrying around with him since he got up. It was Jack. Jack had stuffed himself in! Somehow, Aron had managed to consume and contain his roommate entirely and completely! The revelation weighed down on him as if he were at the bottom of the ocean.

"What are you talking about?" The bobcat grumbled in annoyance, turning again. The act gave Aron a new reason to gasp. He clutched at his stomach, hoping to hold him still for the moment.

"Jack! You're not in your bed! You're in me!" Aron cried in dismay. He was supremely conflicted. This shouldn't be possible, and it was horrifying, wasn't it? His twitching shaft told a

very different story. Clearly there was something about this whole scenario that the dragon found deeply arousing, even if he didn't want to admit it.

"Huh?" Jack paused, considering this for a moment, then it all came back to him, "Oh yeah... I guess I did kinda dive in, didn't I? You alright out there? I'm not hurtin' ya, am I?" He was awfully casual about all of this.

Aron wanted to scold him for taking it so lightly, but the fact of the matter was, no, Jack's presence wasn't hurting him. And the cat seemed to be just fine, not smothering or anything. They were both fine as far as he could tell.

"No, no I'm good. What about you? Are you alright? You've been in there a few hours. I passed out once you were in." The initial shock had begun to wear off, but there was a residual concern, naturally.

Jack grunted and turned again, making the dragon moan. This time he didn't squeeze to try and stop him. Instead, Aron hoped he might keep it up.

"I'm good," the bobcat said, "It's pretty cozy in here. Fell asleep almost as soon as I got in. Sorry if I wore you out." The feline's cheshire grin was audible even through the layers of flesh and scale separating them.

"It's okay. I didn't know what you were doing. If I did, I might have tried to stop you."

"Glad you didn't." Jack smirked.

Aron frowned at the still unmoved attitude his roommate had assumed, "Well, at least neither of us is hurt."

"Yeah, there's that," The bobcat sighed as he closed his eyes, very badly wanting to just go back to sleep, "So does this mean you're gonna kick me out now?"

The dragon opened his mouth to answer, but cut himself off. He thought he knew what he wanted to say, but found a contradiction.

"Do... you want me to?" It was all Aron could think to say.

"Not really. I kinda like where I am. It's comfortable, warm, and don't think I haven't noticed that I can make you moan when I move." He uncurled his legs, pushing his back outward into the dragon's palms. The cry of delight it brought made the feline chuckle, "Why, do you wanna get rid of me?"

Aron blushed deeply before he finally answered, "No... not really. I... I kinda wanna keep you."

"Fine by me, honey." Jack turned his head about and pushed his face into the warm, slick, rubbery flesh that trapped him. His visage became visible through the dragon's scales, though the

details were lost. Aron groaned and curled his toes as he felt his roommate kiss his belly from inside.

"Oh god, Jack... that... that feels..."

"Pretty damn good from the sound of it. I'm gonna have a lotta fun making you moan in here."

The drake blushed furiously again and whimpered. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea. Another firm stretch from within wiped the thought away entirely with a loud, long moan. Unable to hold off any longer, Aron rolled onto his hands and knees, his belly spilling out on either side of him as he shoved a hand to his groin. His fingers curled tightly around his still rigid shaft and pumped furiously. Not wanting to forget that new feature of his, the green dragon's tail arched about and angled it about until the tip pressed into the folds he had only been made aware of a few hours ago.

Almost immediately, Aron's entire form jerked, arms and legs tensing, his voice resonating in the tile stall. Jack smirked and decided to join in, giving the green's gut a good, constant stretching. He wasn't going to deny himself his own fun either. His motion began to take shape and the drake realized his passenger was grinding against him from inside. He could even feel the shape of the feline's own length. The revelation only made him shudder harder.

Under all this new stimulation, Aron didn't last long. He roared as he made yet another sticky mess between his legs, coating his tail as well as his thighs and the underside of his belly. It was an indescribable experience, one that would surely leave him completely exhausted all over again if he let it, so he began to try and exercise restraint. For now.

With great discipline, Aron climbed back to his feet, still holding his gut as he let the water rinse him clean. Jack was still wriggling about, even after a warm burst spread from low within the green's domed middle. The cat had finished as well, and he shivered at the thought. It was only the second time anyone had cum inside his brand new womanly region, and it just so happened they were curled up entirely within.

The shower took at least an hour and a half, the drake falling victim to the cat's unrelenting teasings a few times more before Jack's motions slowed and he drifted back off to sleep. Panting, tired and hungry, Aron managed to finish cleaning himself and emerged. He towed off and decided dinner was in order. A big one. He was eating for two after all. The thought made him chuckle, and even blush a little. The dragon raided the fridge, absolutely stuffing himself before crawling into bed. He lay on his back and relished the weight pushing down on him. Jack had stayed asleep since the shower, twitching only lightly and not terribly often. There was something comforting about it, feeling his roommate inside him. In moments, the drake was asleep, his dreams a mixture of odd images.

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The sun woke Aron rudely, peeking through the narrow slits in the blinds at just the right angle to poke him in the eye. He moaned unpleasantly and rolled away from the light, instinctively

curling up around his round stomach. He hadn't forgotten last night, even if it took him a moment to assemble the night's events correctly. He looked over at the clock and saw it was closing in on nine. He didn't have work today, but he did want to get to the gym before it got too late in the morning.

The green dragon yawned loudly and pushed himself up into a seated position. It took even less effort to move Jack around now for some reason. And his underwear felt awfully snug. He shrugged it off tiredly and ambled his way to the kitchen to have a small morning feast. Good lord he was starving, even after stuffing himself before bed. It took most of what was left to sate him, and he shuffled off to the bathroom to give his teeth a good cleaning and run a brush through his mane. The light flicked on and he turned to the sink. What he saw made him freeze.

The drake staring back at him wasn't the one he had seen last night. Sure he still had a heavy, round gut, but he was taller. It was a marginal difference, but enough to be noticed. His arms and chest were thicker too, possessing definition he certainly didn't have last night. Quickly, he stepped back and turned to the side to get a look at the rest of him. His legs had filled out as well, not to mention the bulge in his underwear. Everything had gotten bigger, even his tail was thicker and more muscular. His mane was longer, more flowing, helping to paint him more model-like than he thought he could pull off. What had happened in the night?

Aron's eyes widened, "The pills!"

He dove towards the trash can, turning it upside down to dump out its contents. He rummaged through everything before finding the bottle his 'supplements' had come in. Frantically, he scanned the label looking for any information on side effects or interactions he might have missed. There wasn't anything that could begin to suggest what he had experienced, only an offhanded mention to consult a doctor about personal biology.

"Dosage may be adjusted according to the user's hormones," Aron paused, pondering that, then gazed down at his stomach, running a palm over the swell. Even his hands had gained a bit of mass, "Hormones... right... because of this. It's a shame you can't see me now, Jack. You'd probably be swooning."

The dragon climbed back to his feet after cleaning the trash back up, and returned to looking at himself in the mirror, astonished with the transformation. He still wasn't where he had hoped to be, but he certainly was further along than he was yesterday. The sleek swimmer's body was now more robust, and it certainly helped hauling the bobcat in his belly around.

Unable to help himself, Aron flexed and posed, drinking in the changes with a grin. He couldn't wait to get to the gym to see how the regulars might react, both to his sudden jump in size, and of course his belly. The fire from last night had died down considerably, but it was still present. Maybe Blake or Gabe might be able to help him out with that. He felt a throb between his legs at the thought and smirked again. Perhaps he would insist on it.