

Growing Like a Weed

By ThunderDramon

Sticky. That was one way the plant dragon could have described his morning, and most likely, the rest of the day. The radio had been blasting on about how today was one of the most humid and hottest days of the year. If you went outside, you'd feel like you were swimming in a pool fully dressed and your clothes dragging you down the more you kept sweating. For creatures that had fur, days like these were absolute torture. For an eastern dragon with mostly fur and an almost insane amount of hair, days like these were days not worth living in any way.

From dawn, Thunder found that everything stuck to him due to the excess of heat and his damp fur. Blankets were littered with spots of sweat during the night that even air conditioners or fans couldn't fix. Clothing was completely out of the question as the heat just made them ride and stick to his butt. By noon, the eastern had abandoned any thought of wearing any amount of clothing, bar his necklace. The idea of going outside was also out of the question. Idly scratching himself, the green furred eastern huffed as he dragged one of the fans near him to try and cool off.

Even with several fans on full power in the apartment, the fact that he had a window with the sun shining directly on the living room didn't help a bit. Naked and too sweaty and hot to move, closing the curtains was also a no go. Why did he have to get black curtains? They blocked out the sun, but they made the place that much hotter. At least the fans covered the scent. If someone had barged into the dragon's apartment, they would be blasted with the smell of wet fur mixed with his own natural scent due to the constant sweating. While one of the two odors were not bad, those mixing together certainly was.

The heat made things unbearable for his thirst. Being an odd hybrid of flora and dragon, his body operated the same as any normal creature, but in times of extreme heat, he needed huge amounts of water. He dragged the liter of water and took deep gulps, finishing it halfway with a grunt. The eastern let out an audible groan. There had to be a way to cool off. Too tired to move, the dragon closed his eyes for a few moments to catch a wink of sleep. The moment his eyes closed shut, he was snoring lightly, eagle spread on the apartment floor. Completely exposed to the sunlight, his necklace shone brightly. It acted as a battery, always storing sunlight for later use and as a limiter to keep its owner from growing out of control. But there were always days where the cut emerald around his neck reached critical capacity and needed to let out any excess power.

Snoring the day away, Thunder grunted as he felt his body begin to warm up, his emerald glowing a bright green around his neck. Eyes still closed, he feebly reached around for the water bottle and polished off the rest of it with a sigh and returned to his snoozing, somehow ignoring the enormous light shining in his face. Solar energy continued pouring into the dragon's body. The solar energy could be used for a multitude of things; manipulation, excess energy to get through the day without need for food, or in one of Thunder's favorite cases, growth.

With no way to be used, the energy would pile up, only to be used in the way his body knew how without any sort of mental commands; growth. His body gave a small throb, slowly increasing in size. Like a plant growing in the sunlight, Thunder did the same as his body expanded in every direction at a

relatively quick pace. Due to the amounts of water he'd ingested, his body also seemed to add in an extra kick to the process. As he swelled in height and proportioned musculature, his already defined muscles swelled and expanded at their own rate, the water making his body strengthen and expand. Every breath he took made his chest heave and flex, pectorals slowly starting to push against his chin. His arms were the same, the size of his biceps getting larger and larger overall along with his forearms and triceps. His torso became thicker, abs bulging out before tensing and relaxing, almost as if someone was pumping him with air. His legs suffered the same fate, meaty and tree trunk thick thighs rubbing against each other and forcing him to spread them out more and more. By now, the dragon had become triple his size, his arms bumping against his chair and table. The sound of his furniture crashing did nothing to deter the sleeping dragon. If anything, he didn't seem to acknowledge, too deep into the depths of sleep.

With his body growing of its own accord, he was doomed to keep on growing for as long as his necklace was exposed to the sun and it kept on diverting the excess energy. Minutes passed and the eastern had become tall enough that his feet bumped against the windows, both of those large stompers able to cover and splay against the walls, his head bumping against the kitchen. His arms had been put at an angle due to the sheer size of his forearms and biceps, the walls cracking as it was unable to take the pressure. His tail, previously sandwiched between his back and the floor had become free and occasionally twitched about in his sleep, banging against the floor or the ceiling sporadically.

It was only when one of his feet had completely demolished the window and punched through it, his other foot going through the wall as if it were cardboard. The sound of glass falling along with concrete rattled him awake, the dragon's head cutting through the ceiling like a wet tissue. He stumbled around in confusion. His mild panicking only caused more problems as the eastern quite literally tore through his apartment and the two story complex within a matter of seconds. If he had been sitting while his body continued growing, he would have been able to hit the ceiling of the second floor and still have his horns poke out of the complex. Now, Thunder sat in the remains of the complex, wondering what exactly just happened.

Before he could continue that train of thought, the sun and the humidity hit him like a ton of bricks. Realizing his current predicament and size issue, he found it priority to find some place to cool down and get some water. A normal dragon that was close to three stories high was bound to have a problem finding something that could sate his thirst. A dragon that was part plant was clearly going to have it worse. He scratched one of his wooden horns, a grumble and grunt from his lips. He looked up at the sun, then patted himself, noting that his fur and hair were still slightly wet. At this size, the amount of sweat and the water in the air was enough to keep him growing until the air got much, much more dry. He stood up, his body throbbing once more as his muscles twitched and bulged once more.

Close to five stories high, Thunder looked like the equivalent of the incredible Hulk, minus the purple shorts. Monstrously beefy forearms leading to engorged biceps, arms almost at an angle, small veins running across his biceps and neck, a pair of thick, bulging pectorals that constantly bumped against his muzzle, almost threatening to swallow it whole. Traps that bumped at back of his head, titanic legs forced to be kept apart for the thick and somehow still flaccid slab of meat that was his cock which hung, pendulous green orbs behind it and His necklace had been lost in the crevice of his pecs by now, somehow still able to keep feeding his unstable expanding.

The titanic mass of a dragon stumbled about, slowly making his way through the small city, throbbing bigger still. He wasn't out to destroy, but it seemed parts of him thought otherwise. His tail swished about, occasionally knocking into buildings and leaving them either bent due to the force of the blow or tumbling down into the ground. Those powerful feet of his made the ground thud, cars jumping a few centimeters into the air before the alarms rung off. Every immense footstep left a print in the concrete, each one slowly getting larger with the dragon's size. In the minutes that it took him to make a trek through the entire city, his growth had either taken a violent spike, or Thunder himself continued feeding the growth for absolutely no reason.

The dragon's musculature had finally stopped increasing at its own rate, keeping a steady level as the eastern dragon had now reached close to two hundred feet high. He'd accumulated an extra one hundred fifty in the minutes for his trip, so who knows how much more he could get by the end of the day. He knew he was going to need a lot more water though. The ocean wasn't too far, but for now, he'd aim for the lake outside city limits. The dragon made a mad dash for the large body of water, leaving cars overturned and deep footprints before attempting to dive into the lake, ignoring several of the small signs as they were crushed under his toe. At his prior size, he would have been able to make a snug fit into the water, but now he barely fit. It was like a grown man trying to fit in an inflatable kiddie pool. The water only covered up to his abdomen and crotch, legs up into the sky comically with the rest of him lounging back on the ground.

Still, it was better than lounging in the heat with nothing. The dragon sighed, relaxing back and taking handfuls of water and dropping it over himself to get rid of the sticky sweat on his fur and hair. The dragon continued cleaning himself in areas such as under his arms, neck and chest. With such a big pair of pecs, the space between them and the wedges of his muscles had the problem bad. Before the eastern could continue, he found himself suffering another expansion. This one was just as violent as the last. The dragon exploded in size, overcoming the size of the lake, effectively tripling in size, then the same happening again. Anyone in the area would find themselves suffering a case of being smothered under a muscular dragon rear, tail or any sort of limb.

Thunder clutched his spinning head from the sudden jump. What exactly happened? He knew that he grew, but he had no idea of what kind of size he was at now? He looked around, the landscape around him seeming much, much smaller. The plant dragon had completely dwarfed the lake, grumbling childishly. Did the water have something to do with it? A thought came to him. Weren't there some signs here saying that this place was for experimental agriculture and the lake served the same purpose. He sighed; it was too late to think about it anyways. Considering the sudden jump in size, he had to assume that he was right. Exposure to any sort of things like fertilizer tended to have an adverse effect on the dragon. Some of the effects included sudden jumps in size of any kind, no matter how much he was exposed to. At close to three thousand feet before jumping up again, the dragon was nearing a mile or two. He grumbled again, deciding to just lie on his side. While he wasn't questioning the growth in any sort of way, he wasn't expecting to grow like a weed today.

Oh well, may as well enjoy it.