

Fyrebrand Café

by ThunderDramon

“And why are we here again?”

“Because I feel like you need some perking up.”

Mel grumbled as he stared his companion. The cat-dragon crossed his arms, tail swishing around in annoyance. He stared at the small building in front of him. The emerald furred eastern dragon looked at him with a hesitant smile. The two whiskered dragons stood in front of a coffee shop located in the middle of the block. People of various sizes and statures came in and out, each of them bearing a smile on their face and carrying a cup of coffee to go. Thunder had brought him into a coffee shop? It didn't seem like any of the others he'd seen before. For starters, the small place looked more like a pub than a café what with the brick and mortar look it possessed. He looked at the sign to the side of it.

Fyrebrand Café?

Mel blinked, scratching his chin in confusion. Even the name didn't strike out to him. He glanced back at Thunder who merely grinned in response and pushed the feline hybrid inside with a grunt.

“Come on, you'll love it~” Thunder sang, the two reaching the door.

It wasn't as if he didn't like coffee and all, but something came up in his mind. He was looking a bit worse for wear due to work going into overdrive. Mel grumbled a bit in reluctance. Well, not like he didn't have time to spare until later tonight, so maybe a few cups of coffee, some food and chatting would do him good. The two whiskered dragons stepped inside and were greeted to a rather large change compared to the outside of the place. The inside was utterly massive, both in the size of the café and the patrons. Giants of many different shapes, sizes and builds greeted the drat, Thunder grinning off on the side and patting his back.

“Well, how's about we take a seat?”

Mel dumbly nodded, following his green furred friend, grey eyes darting around to take in the atmosphere. Everything about this place screamed cheery. If it wasn't the patrons partaking in loud conversations, it was the brick walled décor, the various things hanging off the walls along with the couches laid out to sit on. His focus was then directed upon the larger than average males. Mel was rather average in height at six feet, Thunder towering over him by at least two feet. These people were on a whole different level as he had to crane his head slightly just to see the heads of some of the literal titans that occupied the place. Well over a few stories tall, these guys held what looked like either kegs or silos worth of coffee and downing them easily. The scene left the hybrid rather star struck before he was tugged by his hand by Thunder to their seats.

It was like something out of Wonderland. Along with the oversized people, some of them had oversized furniture to sit on as well. If they attempted to sit in one of the enormous wooden chairs that were scattered about, they'd barely take up any space in it.

"It's awesome, right?" Thunder snickered, patting his back before walking toward one of the normal sized tables, Mel dragging behind as he took in the scenery. Just how the hell did this place even fit on such a small block? His mind whirled with questions as he continued browsing around. His eyes soon fell on a few attractive giants, his face becoming a tinted pink. He quickly made himself scarce before he got caught staring, meeting up with the green furred dragon.

"Just how in the..."

"Honestly, no idea." Thunder shrugged his shoulders. "This place has been here for a rather long time apparently, at least from what the owner tells me." The eastern said, twirling one of his whiskers. The feline hybrid attempted to speak up, but a few dull thuds that shook the ground interrupted him. His vision obscured by a *lot* of red, ears folded back out of shock and awe. Mel looked up to see a red scaled dragon towering over himself and Thunder, a doming, rotund white scaled stomach staring at them while eye level.

"Brought a new comer, I see?" The bulky dragon chuckled, looking down at the two, simply handing two rather large cups of espresso. Mel blinked at the two cups, and then glanced back at the dragon, or what he could actually stare at.

"But we didn't order anything yet?"

Thunder waved him off. "It's on me, and I usually order the same thing. Hope you don't mind."

Mel simply shrugged his shoulders and stared at the cup in front of him. He didn't mind the other eastern paying for him, but why go out of his way to do so? Maybe he was trying to cheer him up? Mel ceased questioning the action and thanked him. He took a large whiff of the drink and blinked. It smelled heavenly. He couldn't tell what the hell it was made of, but he grabbed the cup with both of his paws near the handle and slowly began to sip.

With a few audible gulps, the drat downed the drink before putting it down, only half done, Thunder doing the same with a smile on his face.

"Huh, this is pretty good!" Mel nodded, taking a few more slow sips of the drink.

The minutes passed by, the two dragons engaging in conversation. Thunder couldn't wipe the grin off his face as the orange striped cat-dragon changed his tone, discussing whatever came to mind.

"Now, you ready for the main course?" Thunder asked, twirling one of his whiskers around.

Mel nodded eagerly. If the food here was as good as the drinks, then he may have found a new place to visit, despite the oddities. A rather loud gurgling sound cut into their conversation, the two of them staring at each other curiously. Thunder eyed Mel's stomach, contained by a black tiger designed t-shirt

that felt a bit tighter as the seconds ticked by. His face felt flushed, cheeks beginning to redden. He tugged at his shirt, the same feeling spreading down south as he tugged at his shorts.

The fabric clung to his body, a loose groan forming from his throat. Mel continued tugging before he took a better look at himself. He noticed his cream colored belly poking out of his t-shirt much more as it kept riding up to his chest. As he tried to push it back down, he noticed his biceps pushing up against the short sleeves, tears at the end of it as his arms bulked up and thickened. The same happened to his shorts as his legs swelled and expanded, thighs testing the stretchiness of the material. He couldn't even move without something starting to give, so he stayed there, ears folded back. As surprising as this event was, he couldn't help but let out a low purr. Thunder watched on as the hybrid was getting into the process. He pumped and flared up his chest against his shirt and watching the material stretch, feeling even tighter as he continued increasing in size.

"Looks like the Fyrebrand Special is doing its job. Sorry for not telling you, but I figured you probably wouldn't agree since you were in a mood." Thunder pushed his index fingers together hesitantly, staring at cat-dragon and awaiting his reaction.

Mel was speechless. He enjoying this in full, the tightness of his shirt and shorts only a minor inconvenience compared to the feelings the growth brought on. He felt in an idle throb down south as space was scarce between his tight shorts and underwear. He felt warm just about everywhere, another purr rising up from his throat as he wiggled about. The drink and the effects of it made him feel comfy enough to snuggle in bed and conk out right then and there. Speaking of snuggling...

With a speed that could only be associated to his feline side, Mel had grabbed his eastern companion, growing arms looped around Thunder. The plant dragon yelped in surprise, squirming around. While he made little attempt to escape, the sudden action had caught him off guard to the point he was uncomfortable until he settled in. Another loud rumbling cut their moment short. Mel's stomach began to act up, gurgling and growling loudly. He didn't feel hungry yet, so what could it possibly be? The hybrid got his answer as his body was subjected to an explosion of growth. His clothes obliterated from the sudden and giant increase of his frame, he was left to grow without any restraints. As he gained in increase of height, Mel also bulked up quite considerably. At the end of it all, the hybrid was left at close to twenty feet tall, everything about him screaming 'thick'. Incredibly beefy arms supported by broad, furry shoulders, traps rising up behind his head. A wide, meaty chest capped by two flesh colored nipples placed over a wide and rotund belly packed with a layering of fat and muscle. Tree trunk legs supported this entire titanic frame as well. Throughout the entire process, Thunder had somehow, but unsurprisingly ended up almost wedged between the crevice of his pectorals, half of his body poking out of it in a stupor.

He let out a deep purr, his growth beginning to die down a few minutes later, leaving him short of three stories high and wide enough to sit in one of the oversized chairs. Thunder, still caught between his pecs, had begun to grope and squeeze around. Whether he was trying to find something to grab to get some balance or simply take advantage of the situation, he'd never know. Once the warmth had worn off, a blush soon worked up on his face. He'd soon remembered the fact that he was pretty much letting

everything out there since his clothing was destroyed. His ears folded back enough to merge with his skull, cheeks as red as a cherry. His tail curled around him in some attempt to cover whatever he didn't want to be seen.

Thunder squirmed, finally releasing himself from the cleft of Mel's chest, making his way to one of his shoulders to perch himself on. "Wanna try the food?" Mel nodded as fast as he could.