

# On The Wing

By Bartan Tirix

The white wyrm laid in the soft grass, bored out of his mind. Once in a while those scales shifted to a brown when his thoughts trailed off, unable to remain calm over the cliffside view. The endless stretch of sea before him, crashing against the rocks quite far below. The winds once in a while blowing over his muzzle, reminding him of flight and turning to scales red like old habits.

Those days still reflected in his near perfect memory, both the happy and the painful. Letting his scales reflect the dragon's mood at that time, shifting constantly until a frilled ear picked up some heavier pawsteps. Instantly turning the wyrm's color to a bright pink as a larger brass one laid down beside him. Curling up to Dia and nearly yelping at the tight embrace as those large red furred wings stretched a bit before covering the two, making the younger pink one smile brightly while snuggling up to that thick chest. Taking a deep breath before sniffing the older dragon a bit. "...You've been cooking? I thought you were...?"

"I was." A noise in question as Dia took another sniff.

"It smells like... Cloves?"

"Close. Likely right on it, but I wasn't cooking." A stare in question could be felt. "You'll likely see later."

"...Next act?"

"Maybe the one after it." The two chuckled a bit.

"How did it go?"

"It was fine." Beo, the metallic titan, mumbled. Yawning a bit and snapping those powerful jaws before resting his spineful chin in the grass. Feeling a red tongue lick his equally crimson ears a bit before resting against his head. "I made the most fun out of it."

"I'm sure you did." Dia'vidd half grumbled, getting a small noise in question with the behemoth's inhale. Causing the smaller one to take a small breath himself. "I can... Control myself, right? I'm able to-"

"Is this about the bear choosing me over you?" A whimpering pout from Dia basically answered him. "It was likely going to be someone's first time with that kind of stuff, and well..." He felt those blue discs stare at his brass muzzle a bit, waiting for him to finish. "You have ways to let people adapt if things go wrong."

"Meaning?"

"You expect them to." The now orange wyrm's ears went back, but didn't respond. "Which isn't a bad thing, but it does scare those who are not used to it."

"...I suppose." Dia mumbled in defeat, getting a playful nudge from the larger one.

"But even I have a hard time restraining myself to the fresh ones. I'm so used to you that..." A look in question again. "I got scolded a couple of times."

"So...?"

"You're rubbing off on me, and I *miiiiight* of nearly overdid it." A bit of a whimper of impatience from the smaller one. "Twice." A louder one that morphed into disappointment. "But everything's fine. Even had a little rest, but it still makes me drowsy."

"Yeah, but I kinda miss that feeling..." An exhale in defeat from the younger dragon. "This punishment is killing me."

"Not literally."

"Sometimes I wonder." Dia snorted, looking under himself, specifically between his hind legs only to find the disappointing smoothness. "I detest being censored."

"Well, we did agree to put them in charge-"

"And we did overdo it when Siggy came to visit, I know, I know..." The brown wyrm's head flopped into the grass. "I just..." A sharp exhale. "Really... Like it. It's fun to-"

"I know, I know. And you were hoping to be part of that last session for a bit of relief. But it'll only be a few more days. You can handle that." A grumble in defeat as Dia closed his eyes. Exhaling a bit and just enjoying the embrace, only opening when he got a nudge from that larger bearded snout. "Hey." Those blue eyes looked into the titan's green ones. Peppered with dozens of black specks. "I love you." A statement that always made the smaller one smile brightly, and made those scales glow pink as they touched noses.

"I love you too." The smaller one replied, expecting the small kiss that morphed into a larger one. Now really wishing he could show the brass behemoth just how much he loved it, but the kiss was enough. Letting that larger purple tongue strongly massage his softer red one as they locked muzzles, making the two purr loudly. Ignoring the winds as they picked up, or the clouds that seemed to cover their relaxing sunshine. The only thing that really mattered at the moment was them.

The two synced into a rhythm, a song composed by each other's purring vocals that only they knew the words to. Rocking with the motions of the laps as a large brass arm wrapped around the smaller one's shoulders, stroking that vibrating neck and chest. Attempting to make the younger one glow a brighter pink as he nearly melted within that routine.

Though Dia never thought anything of the motions until they became a little more assertive, pressing harder into his body and into his muzzle as those larger jaws moved for a tighter grip. Nearly

making the smaller one whimper in question, especially when there was a deep inhale along with the restraint. Then, a large pressure of air was forced into the curious dragon's maw, puffing those cheeks out like round balls before sliding down that slender neck. Bubbling out his scales with every deep breath that the behemoth took and exhaled directly into his body.

But the younger one just cried out in bliss, pawing at that resting brass arm as if to plead to keep going. Making that pink and red tail wag wildly everytime he heard Beo inhale and feel that stout chest expand a bit. Forcing the smaller one's body to stretch out more with every breath, lifting him up as Dia's own chest started to push down to make room. Granted, still being held by the titan's heavy arm as his upper underside bloated further with every breath. Growing tighter and being squeezed between that large metallic paw and plated chest, like being escorted where to go next.

It was something Dia'vidd's body was more than used to by now, something it honestly craved with his instincts and desires. Getting one more tight grip and exhale before venturing further down the 'smaller' dragon's underside, letting that belly grow larger under that wing. Lifting the younger one up higher and higher, until Beo was forced to stand up to reach the muzzle comfortably. Giving a few more blows until the brass one stopped, creating a soft strap of sorts that wrapped around that pink muzzle before he let go.

The purrs still echo'd loudly out of the pink one, even if he couldn't touch the grass and was bound. Triggering all sorts of wonderful feelings as his belly felt a little taut, yet no signs of limitations in the slightest. Even when that brass one started to play around with it, playfully rolling the ballooned wyrm a bit before squeezing that bloated underside. Giving it several large licks and a few playful bites that made the younger one squirm with excitement. Nearly hearing the invisible sprays coming from a certain place that was temporarily removed.

His whimpers of pleasure were constant, just like the wiggles of those hind legs and the wags of that bright pink tail. Once in a while turning a deep red when the brass one attempted something a little new; adding his own heavy weight of several tons onto the center, causing the belly to morph out and around. Squeezing those sides from different points, even the puffed cheeks once in a while that were nearly getting numb from grinning so largely. Bouncing the younger one a bit before stopping him to rest on that belly a bit, then climbing on top like he was nearly mounting Dia.

Excitement nearly leaked out of that pink muzzle with a little bit of air, doing his best to contain every particle while the older dragon toyed with him. Loving every moment of it, even when those grips started to become harder. Using claws into those softer belly scales as they squeezed into the bloated wyrm, causing the air inside to migrate elsewhere due to the compression of those organic vices. Both forearms and hinds, pressing down against Dia's chest and sides, stretching his lower belly outwards more and more as Beo's paws nearly touched each other. Hearing those scales groan loudly as they shifted again and again, attempting to deal with the braces as they slid down and the constant wiggling of those hinds before-!

Most of the air crammed into those pink haunches and tail, bloating them out largely just under the brass one's own thick tail and causing them to bubble out drastically. Hearing Beo chuckle as the younger dragon sang loudly with a strapped snout before feeling it being taken off, the smaller one

panting loudly as a little bit of the air escaped. Still getting strong licks from that purple tongue as those metallic haunches got the pink ones to bounce up and down. The large bubbles, much wider than Dia ever got them without over-inflation, gazing back at them as they wobbled with every movement.

His scales still groaned with every moan that escaped the younger one, feeling that tongue trail closer to his own muzzle until the pink wyrm could bunt against that bearded jawline. Snapping for another kiss as if to beg for more, and nearly yelping with glee when that muzzle snatched his and the titan took another large inhale. Puffing those cheeks out drastically once again as a brass paw lead the air down his soft neck, ballooning it out along the way down to pile up within that chest.

Except, it didn't stop to group up there. The brass one manipulating his own breaths to move down further, passed his middle and lower section. Sending every puff straight into those pink haunches, causing them to grow wider and rounder with every action. Expanding across the soft grass and forcing Dia's hind paws to slide apart, creaking loudly as they bloated around the behemoth's form.

Breath after breath Beo continued to pump air into that pink body, feeling it squirm with excitement and paw at the grass as his chest kept inflating and deflating. Passing the large puffs of air through it and having a harder time to keep its shape over such a stretching. Bloating out little by little with every passing of air, keeping a bit for itself before moving it along through haunches, and really starting to show as it bulged around the brass limbs.

The pink scales groaned as they grew, starting to shine against the sunlight while the titan continued his work. Soon losing a bit of ground with squeezing that softer chest and allowing it to start taking more slack. Hearing Beo playfully growl and slightly reposition himself to take a better grip, releasing a few smaller breaths before one large one and forcing it through the younger wyrm's body. Causing those haunches to bubble up greatly and lift the brass dragon's rear end upwards in the process.

The hind legs and pink tail squealed with Dia's own muffled vocals, slowly growing to mansion sizes before the behemoth fell forward onto his back. Letting go to help support the roll forwards, and nearly hearing the 'smaller' wyrm's body snap into several spherical morphs. The air inside thrashing around to gain equilibrium and nearly bumping Beo off the cliff when it all rushed into that pink chest, thickening it out greatly before rushing to different areas.

But the younger one kept most of it inside, loving the bloated feeling of his swelling scales. Barely able to move and wiggle those appendages any longer to show his affection towards such a feeling. Those songs only growing louder when he heard the powerful red furred wings take off and circle around, landing a bit heavily on the ballooned dragon's back and causing Dia's sides to stretch out even more to carry such a heavy weight. Starting to lose their shade of red and pink along with a very thick glare from the light in the sky.

But the behemoth just bunted the bubbled back, rubbing that brass snout over Dia's shoulders and thick neck until they came up to his muzzle once again. Getting a few licks of pleasure from the younger one's tongue, as well as a few sprays of air directly into Beo's nostrils, getting him to step back and sneeze them out while hissing at the slight sting. Though not blaming Dia for it, even if he was attempting to laugh while containing the pressure within those puffed cheeks. The two just touched

noses a little bit and enjoyed the comforting shape of the 'smaller' wyrm.

Eventually those metallic paws started to knead at the overfilled air mattress that was the younger dragon, getting whimpers of bliss in response as if to beg for it. Growing higher in pitch when those claws could be made out, digging into those soft scales that were already stretched out quite thin and pressing down harder into Dia as if to play him like an instrument. Yet still lap at that pink and red muzzle in the process, asking permission to continue going and getting an answer when those lips latched onto Beo's.

It made the two smile brightly, both at the gesture and the excitement of what was about to come. Starting with that inhale once more as Dia attempted to bounce with excitement, feeling the air rush inside his already taut body once more and thicken up his sides. Elevating the two up higher and higher with every breath as the bloated wyrm stretched across the grass. Growing in volume with every puff, forcing those large haunches to once again reach those massive sizes as before, along with the rest of his body. Morphing into his tail and lower belly, still censored but you can kinda guess what would be happening if it wasn't.

That pink tail thickened out into a very large cone, as the younger one's back swelled up greatly. Once again pushing the brass wyrm forwards when those shoulders and wings started to take the slack, resulting in Beo resting a bit awkwardly on that bubbled neck. Still determined to make that younger dragon even bigger with every large breath, ignoring the constant groans and squeals of those scales. Almost wanting to hear that loud burst again, like it's just been too long since.

But a large gust of wind nearly carried the pink one off the cliff, getting the two to roll off and the brass one to use his telekinetic-like powers to keep Dia still, though hanging off the cliff while Beo anchored them at the very edge. Holding onto that pink snout until the gale gave up, allowing them to relax a bit, though taking a moment to look down at the waters. Not afraid of the large height, likely a few hundred meters or so, instead...

Those blue younger eyes looked at his older mate with a bit of worry, not wanting to carry them both off randomly, though it would be quite the adventure. Still, the brass wyrm just gave him a smirk and reattached with that pink muzzle, hearing a cry of excitement in response when the 'larger' dragon inhaled once again. Continuing to send his own gusts of air to expand the ever-growing balloon of a dragon further and further. Stretching him out over the cliff, yet still somehow remaining basically in place.

Puff after puff Dia proceeded to inflate in the air, stretching those scales across the view as they cried out in warning. Unable to take much more abuse, yet the two still wished it. Sending breath after breath into that massive round bubble, doming out into a large blimp-like oval across the sea in a matter of minutes. Unable to stop, even when those thin walls nearly became transparent like a shiny glass, losing every pigment of color they once had.

Yet, Beo was determined to keep going. Unable to tell the differences anymore between the younger one's blissful whines and his scale's warnings. Doing his best to be careful with the light presses of his abilities as he kept the massive dragon in place, expecting that magnificent blast of sudden air at

any moment. But then, he felt that belly touch the waters below. Letting Dia rest on that before adding a few more breaths... Then a few more... A couple more, as that balloon expanded over the horizon-!

And the titan was forced to stop, that pink muzzle nearly out of reach. Just in time, as that dragon looked like it could explode at any given moment. Just carefully petting those massive cheeks and lapping that red appendage with his tongue as Dia continued to sing. Closing their eyes and sharing an outside view of the sheer size of the once pink wyrm; able to contain the island of Manhattan inside that balloon. Waters, buildings and their foundations, air around it, everything.

All the two could do was smile as Dia struggled blissfully to contain all that pressure. Unable to move, and nearly giving the signals for Beo to let go. Though whimpering loudly when the brass one decided to add a few more playful puffs before breaking the kiss -or at least attempting to. That red tongue of the younger one's somehow having a very tight grip against his purple appendage and making the older dragon release a noise in question. One that was half interrupted by a sudden gust of powerful air that blew up his own metallic cheeks into large balls.

Then another that added to his thick plated neck, flowing down to his stout chest that nearly pushed him off the ground. Attempting to struggle away, but Dia's grip was just too strong, pulling that brass muzzle closely and latching on to transfer the pressure into that titan's belly. Letting it bloat out from under his hind legs and grow very quickly as he whimpered, his scales fighting to stay together as they heard the younger one take a very deep breath...

Meanwhile, the wolfling and brassling paid witness from afar. Watching over the slightly shrinking pink balloon, only to have a very large set of metallic haunches appear in its place. Getting the two to sigh and look at each other in defeat. "It seems no matter what we do to punish them..." Rev, the white furred canine started.

"They will find a way to work around that punishment." Lexar mumbled, getting a nod from his brother.

"They are hopeless."

"But hopelessly in love, at least." A pair of sad smiles as that brass blimp became bigger and bigger. Growing closer to them until the wolf nudged the dragon and they scampered off.

*Likely relieving them of such punishments very soon...*