

It had only been a few short weeks and already the dragon was feeling the weight of having to deal with someone like *them*.

At first glance, it was all a perfectly fine idea; both of them had known each other for some time, shared some interests, needed a place to stay and had jobs that all-but required them to either be close to their workplace or go slowly insane from daily commutes. Therefore, when Tim proposed they rent a place together, Kai didn't think twice before agreeing! There may or may not have been a slight carnal element to it, given that even back then the feline filled out and overflowed from anything they bothered to put on, but the durg could never have imagined things would get so... *excessive*.

Kai first ran into his roomie drinking from himself about two weeks after moving in; thinking they were alone in the house, he threw off his clothes and strutted into the bathroom, only to find an equally-naked lynx bringing both of their breasts to their mouth and suckling down greedily on them. The few moments the two spent in that position were enough for Kai to first see how "potent" the cat's stuff was, with each gulp visibly bloating their belly out and making the chair he was sitting on creak loudly. When the lynx didn't stop, and instead kept staring at him while taking deeper gulps...

... well, Kai was a strong person, but he had his limits; everyone breaks eventually.

The lynx's cream was extremely powerful, filling and, above all, slightly addictive; as soon as the first few gulps went down, the durg just couldn't help himself, and kept on drinking from the tap like he'd just trekked through a desert for two straight weeks without a single drop of water. Much like with his roomie, his own body began to bloat, packing on the pounds at a rate far too quick for it to be natural, until Kai thought to pop his mouth off from the engorged nipple and waddle backwards, ending up stumbling against the far wall... and leaving Tim to go back to drinking from their own tits for a few minutes more.

As quickly as the milk had fattened him up, it vanished, leaving Kai with a surprising amount of extra muscle on his arms and legs. While at the time he thought nothing of the placement, it would quickly become apparent that it was no coincidence, and those boosts were intended to let him carry himself around as soon as the vicious cycle began.

Both of them agreed that it had been a one-time thing, and would never again do something as stupid as to drink from one another's breasts like that; not only was it dangerous for people like them to indulge on hyper-stimulating *anything*, but the sheer awkwardness of the encounter was enough to drive them off doing anything like it ever again. But it didn't stop; all they agreed on was for them not to do it with one another, so the lynx saw no issue with continuing on with

their bi-weekly draining sessions, where they'd take the whole bathroom for themselves and spend hours gorging on their own production before finally being satisfied with how much they had shrunk.

Except, of course, no shrinkage was had.

Fact of the matter was, Kairo knew that his roomie was deliberately letting their chest bloat up with excess cream just so they could have a "proper snack" twice a week; their original size was rather large, yes, but nothing like the chest-obscuring milkers they ended up sporting, wobbling aggressively and sloshing so loudly they could be heard through doors. Every day in that house was an ordeal for the dragon, who not only had to deal with a lynx that very openly displayed their swelling body like it was a piece of fine art, but with his own emotions as well; truth be told, it wasn't all *that bad* seeing the feline's chest gradually fill to the point of near-immobility until finally they squeezed through the bathroom doors and came out even fatter than they already were. In fact, some of his best memories were of Tim bashfully asking him to help them move through the corridors, having become stuck due to how wide their everything was. Without any clothes that could fit them, the cat ended up forgoing the use of any coverings, walking around entirely nude and giving Kai one hell of a show wherever they went.

Kai himself benefited directly from the arrangement as well; much as their "deal" explicitly noted they wouldn't be drinking from one another again, it was all-but impossible to resist something as delicious as a lynx half the size of a living room sporting tits almost as big as the rest of them were and begging to be drained. How many hours were spent draining the poor thing, fattening and bloating in the process, Kai didn't know; the only certainty was that, after those initial weeks, his own body had become so massive that the two of them collectively agreed to just get rid of the doors in their apartment so as to avoid constant repair costs.

The effects of the lynx's milk were enough to turn Kai from a regular, person-sized dragon to a hulking beast carrying a belly that dragged along the ground with every step, even after he bolted up to eight feet in height; the only reason he could even carry that thing around, not to mention the truly massive pair of tits that constantly rested atop it, was the door-busting, corridor-wide set of hips and monstrously plush thighs leading up to a pair of asscheeks that were wider than a couch each; all of it required to move around the enormous amount of dragon that Kairo's body had become, breaking the ground a bit more with every other step. He tried to pretend he didn't adore every inch of his new form; he often failed.

The lynx, though, they got the better end of the deal. Thing was, all Kai did was drink the proverbial leftovers, whatever the cat had no intention of guzzling down anyway; those short, couple-minutes-long drinking sessions were nothing compared to the hours-long affairs required

to bring the cat down to manageable sizes, and their size absolutely showed it. With the dragon being as enormous as he was, he *still* didn't compare to the walking mountain of belly and butt that his roommate had become, so massive that sometimes even Kai had to look out where he was walking, lest he be bowled over and attached to the underside of their bloated self for an hour or two before being released. The sight of them was often enough to get the durg's legs quivering, sometimes even rubbing together, and the lynx's acquired "habit" didn't help things a single bit.

If it weren't enough that the two spent their time finding new and improved ways of growing even bigger, the feline had taken up... suggestions. Nothing too major, just a couple of words here, a comment there, little bit of prodding around the place. It was never too blatant, nor was it too little to ignore; much like a mosquito could be swatted away only to return, the lynx's words always came back to haunt Kai, not with any terror they inspired, but with the promises they held.

"Could afford to put a little more meat on you," they'd say, "it'd look good!"

Kai protested, at times, more often than not just nodding along and pretending not to want to belt out "YES, PLEASE" and get busy gorging on lynx milk for three days straight. He felt he needed to; *someone* had to put the brakes on their growth or else it would quickly grow out of control... or at least, even more out of control than it already was.

But the words kept coming and the suggestions kept rolling and, well, Kai was not that strong of an individual that he could last forever. It began with slow nodding, then head turning, and finally the dragon letting out a pretend sigh before asking the lynx what they meant by all that growing talk; they already had enough on their plate with their regular destruction of personal boundaries, so surely the cat couldn't be serious about taking it up to yet another level.

Tim, meanwhile, was intending to do just that, and had used the time it took to erode Kai's willpower to develop and refine his plan into its best possible form, such that when they revealed to his roommate that they already had everything up and ready to go at earliest convenience, they did so with a well-rehearsed speech and enough flare to their presentation that Kairo was already halfway down to the building's garage before realizing what they were doing.

This was good. This was as intended.

The lynx had been preparing for such an occasion for quite the long while, stockpiling the required materials and working on the machinery so that it could scale appropriately for what they had planned. The derg, meanwhile, was stunned to see just what had been amassed

underneath their home, mouth hanging open when the vast vats of fluid were revealed behind a screen *wall* that covered a good half of the underground garage. Tim explained that it had taken them years to acquire all the necessary components and resources, admitting that a big part of asking Kairo to move in with them was precisely so they could finally have someone that could withstand the full brunt of what he had planned without losing their mind in the process.

“It’s a gift,” they insisted on calling it, “from me to you~!”

And they appeared to be entirely genuine about it; from the way the lynx discussed their plan, they seemed to want nothing more than to make Kai be as happy as they could, allowing them to live up to their greatest potential while simultaneously indulging the ever-living shit out of them.

The machinery itself was simple: three pumps, three hoses, one for the mouth and two for “fun bits” that Tim refused to disclose. The mouthpiece came with its own strap that fit snugly around their head, keeping the tube in place just snugly enough that Kai could comfortably gulp down the unending torrent of “food” about to be served to them. They did think about putting up some amount of protest, maybe wondering if it was the right to do or who would pay for the property damage, but as soon as the first drops hit his tongue, there was no more protest to be had. With so much of it to go through, and the taste of the... soda? Oh yes, *definitely* soda being poured through those tubes, there wasn’t much for Kai to do but let his weight work its magic and pin him to the ground, even if he could absolutely walk away or bring the tube off his mouth.

Contrary to what he expected, the constant flood of deliciously thick drink wasn’t a wildly uncontrolled torrent, nor a tidal wave of immense proportions; rather, it was simply a continuous stream, just big enough that he could swallow a mouthful every few seconds. It was especially designed in that manner as well, allowing the derg to fall into a comforting rhythm when he found his pace, letting his mouth fill up, gulping down, filling up, gulping down, once and again and forevermore and always, time ceasing to be a constraint when there was a seemingly limitless amount of delicious drink to go through.

The lynx, meanwhile, delighted themselves in playing with the new body they were fashioning for their roomie, pressing their hands and head into Kai’s blossoming bosom or his swelling stomach, feeling as their own body vanished when in contact with the dragon’s. The soda itself wasn’t modified in any special way; every gallon was just a gallon, and therefore it took quite a bit of time before Kai began to reach the kind of sizes Tim had envisioned for him.

By that point, the derg was more or less insensate, reduced to a mewling, moaning mess by the combined efforts of his stuffing and the attentive hands of his partner-in-indulgence; the

dragon's body had bloated to the size of a medium-sized truck, unable to move as it was pinned by a belly's worth of churning liquid that refused to hold still or be quiet regardless of how little Kairo actually moved. It seemed like breathing alone was enough to make their entire frame jiggle like it was made of jello, and yet every time the lynx grabbed a handful of it, they found Kai to be as soft and pudgy as dough, easy to knead and squeeze, drawing a lurid, throaty moan every single time.

This had the knock-on effect of turning the actual growth itself into a true spectacle for the eyes; with no clothes to get in the way, the lynx got to watch as their roomie's entire body seemed to pulsate with each gulp, drowning in soda and yet eagerly taking in more, bloating and ballooning and spilling all over, occupying more and more room the more the derg was allowed to satisfy his endless thirst. After a fashion, it felt like each mouthful became the equivalent of two, then three, until each gulp came accompanied by several inches of pudge and fat added onto their literal everywhere.

It came to a point where the second part of the lynx's plan could finally be placed into action; up until then, it hadn't *just* been the dragon's belly getting all heavy-like and enjoying a good trip down the lane to becoming ludicrously massive. His lower body, especially his ass, had taken a turn for the gigantic as well, but the true winners in that eternal battle of boobs versus butts were *definitely* the former. If they weren't perched on top of a stomach that made them look tiny by comparison, it was unlikely that Kai would be able to walk around with those things attached to him; but, most importantly, they were *dreadfully* empty.

And Tim was going to *fix that*.

Had Kairo retained some of his ability to think, he might've thought the next two tubes were meant for two spots below the waist, but he'd be very, *very* wrong in that regard. Though fiddly to manage, especially with how high up those nipples were, the lynx nonetheless succeeded in stuffing both tits with their own soda line, taping the teats shut in order to keep the flow of liquids in one direction only. Now, forcing *that* much liquid into two spots that were very much designed to *output*, rather than store up, was a challenge. A challenge that the lynx fixed by just setting the potency on the breast pumps to be significantly higher than the one on Kai's mouth, figuring it was the simplest solution.

The ensuing wave of pressure was enough to make Kai's eyes, up until then kept softly shut, bolt open, the dragon being jolted back to consciousness and managing a second or two of looking at Tim like they were completely mad before the sensations became too much and his pupils rolled up into his skull. With his breasts now under assault by far more stuffed soda than his belly ever had, they began to take dominance over his body, soon eclipsing the rest of it when

their size *exploded* out of anyone's control. Tim, having thought they could at least keep it contained, turned around as quickly as they could to turn the machinery off, only for an errant bit of breastflesh to bump into them and knock them flat on their ass... only to then be smothered by the burgeoning mass of soda-stuffed tit rolling over them, the cars, the support structures and very soon the very walls themselves. It didn't seem to matter that Kai's body took a little under two minutes to reach and then completely destroy the liquid-holding vats keeping their growth fueled; even after the tubes ran dry and fell off from their body from having become much too tiny, the dragon continued to swell, their tits' contents fizzing and slurshing as his breasts themselves were seemingly overridden to produce even more of the stuff!

A flood of soda filled Kairo from top to bottom, his own body turning against itself and feeding off the immeasurable calories contained in the initial infusion to multiply onto itself, the crashing of waves inside of him being so obscenely loud that the sound alone shattered windows above him far before his body itself broke through the basement and into the ground level, very easily spilling over from there onto the main street. Dozens of cars had to veer out of the way after the sudden emergence of the titanic dragon, whose hands were busy rolling his doughy tits, or at least the minuscule fraction of them they could reach, while the rest of him... became more of him.

There was little rhyme or reason as to how it happened, and the lynx trapped underneath the colossus of liquid fat certainly had no clue how it did. But for Kai, whose vantage point grew higher and higher with each passing second, all that mattered was *being*. All concern had left him, aside from the ardent desire to *become more*, to *grow more*... and the utter, divine bliss that was the realization that he no longer needed anyone but himself to accomplish that goal. He didn't even need to resort to the lynx's tricks, drinking from his own breasts in order to fatten up; his bosom alone was more than capable of making *itself* even larger, the fizzy drink keeping them nice and stuffed, the soda seemingly endlessly reproducing within his chest until it began pouring out from his building-sized nipples in the form of two city-wrecking rivers... and yet, regardless of how much came out, those fizzy tanks continued to swell as hard as they had before, harder still even, while his body reaped the runoff benefits and continued to smash and flatten an increasingly large section of the city.

A tiny burp escaped his throat, when he felt one of his feet dip in a lake he knew was at least two miles away, belly gurgling and feeling *desperately* empty, finally reaching the point where it *needed* something to fill it other than the leftovers from his tits' production.

Well, his arms were still usable. He could probably fit his nipple in his mouth.

Time for a drink.