

*On the Scene with Wine
Tasting*

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Dragon species TF, muscle growth, hyper
Read at your own discretion.



Wendel now knew what it was like to be the last slice of cheesecake at a weight watchers convention. No sooner had he stepped into the dining hall space than almost every conversation in the vicinity ceased. Dozens of pairs of slitted reptile eyes turned to gaze upon the bunny, glowing bright as gems in the overhead lights. They weren't any stares of malice. Most of the creatures simply showed a curious interest or passing confusion at having such relatively small mammals enter their midst.

"This...is a lot of dragons."

If Wendel had not been busy fighting every baser instinct to run screaming back out the door he might have had something wittier for breaking the ice. The fact that Desmond held him firmly by the shoulders as if he was a shield didn't help calm his nerves any.

"What did I tell ya? This is a once in a lifetime invitation, buddy!"

"They're not going to eat us. Are they?"

Desmond gave half a laugh before realizing he'd been given a legit question. "Don't act like you're into it. You'll be fine."

"I don't..." Wendel dropped his thought watching Desmond already wander towards one of many tables piled with food. Two green scaled dragons on the portly side wearing glasses greeted the squirrel-fox with a round of hugs before all three began stuffing their maws. "Okay. Should have known he'd do this."

Thankfully, most of the attention had gone off the bunny back to private business. Wendel had a hard time just attending family gatherings. These big shot Christmas parties were just overkill. If he hadn't specifically asked to come here, leaving might have still been a reasonable option. It wasn't every day you found out your mad scientist neighbors were sponsored by the wealthiest and most powerful creatures on the planet.

Although, in hindsight it made sense. The ingredients for a hydra polymorph potion aren't as easily available as shopping on Amazon. At least, Wendel was fairly sure they weren't.

Welp! Pretending to be a statue at the entrance wasn't going to get him anywhere. He'd come here hoping to gain a few good stories on dragons and their culture for his zine. Now if only there was a good place to start. Virtually everyone had such larger stature than Wendel, making the notion of just walking up to enter a gossip circle intimidating.

The more he looked around the more the bunny realized there were a variety of dragons mingling together. Not just different colors, but every body shape imaginable. There were the big and tall, short and wide, and even a few quadrupeds. Plenty of females waddled around with gravid bellies. Heck. Even some of the male looking ones sported varying degrees of firm gut under their clothes. Lots of dragon races were known to lay eggs. Was it a seasonal thing? Definitely a question worth reporting on.

Finally, his eyes landed on salvation; a bar. The little island sat in the middle of the large hall almost like a hub for those wanting escape from the large tables. Dozens of the gathered reptiles were floating around, flying solo for their own reasons or chilling out in small pairs. Just the kind of people Wendel preferred to be around. The tall shelves of colored booze bottles also looked very inviting.

“So, what’s your story?”

Wendel hadn’t finished sitting at the counter when a woman’s voice floated his way from three stools down. He didn’t know why a blush came over his ears, but seeing the purple dragoness casually rocking a glass of scotch might have helped. Ruby red eyes gazed back with a warmth that complimented her small smile. Wearing a loose sports T-shirt and jeans did nothing to hinder the glitter of her lithe figure. This was a surprisingly informal dress code for a business party.

“I...I’m a journalist that likes to research the strange and obscure.” Wendel cleared his throat to help regain some nerve. “My neighbor had a plus one and invited me along. Getting to learn a bit about dragon culture first hand is too rare an experience to pass up.”

Of all the responses Wendel expected to what he thought was flattery, laughter was not one of them. Several other nearby dragons that’d heard were giving off light chuckles, including the bartender that’d come over. The violet lady, however, only took a chug of her drink and continued smiling gently.

“Don’t mind them. Considering you came with Desmond of all people, a lot of us just assumed you knew what this is.”

The rabbit's long ears dropped against his back. “No? But this isn’t the first time he’s made me regret my life choices.”

"Yeah. That sounds like Desmond." Another round of knowing chuckles. "This is our magical engineering clubs yearly get together. We tend to show off our best inventions, stuff our faces, and get shit faced drunk. You'll find about as much culture here as a tavern at happy hour."

"Oh. Well, that explains why some of you have extra heads?" She gave a confirming nod without looking at the table of four dragons with various degrees of hydra syndrome. Wendel didn't know what to say next so switched to addressing the bartender. "If I'm going to be here, give me something spicy."

“Give him a round of my special brew!” The dragoness chimed in, raising her near-empty glass for emphasis.

He couldn't help rolling his eyes, especially with the way the bartender chuckled. At least they waited to see if Wendel would consent to the offer. “I'm guessing it turns me into a dragon too?”

The purple woman's tail stiffened with her surprised look. “You've been here before?”

“No. When you live next door to Desmond, I'm pretty sure I've been six different colors of wyrm by now.” Turning to the bartender he nodded and added, “Give me the strongest stuff.”

“My man! I'll take a fresh glass while you're at it too.” The purple dragon smacked the counter with a growling laugh. While the burly red server fetched a few bottles off the shelves, she moved on over to take up the stool directly next to Wendel without asking. “Name's Lisa. Family is in the drink brewing business, but I like to put in some twists.”

“You...certainly seem to love that glass.” Wendel offered a twitching paw which the dragoness shook with a giggle.

“It's my first of the night,” she said before rocking the remaining scotch down her snout. Slamming the glass back on the counter was her polite way of asking the bartender for a refill. “Now that I got someone interesting to talk to though, it's going to be a lot more fun.”

“Thrilling!” Wendel kept himself from wincing with the gentle reminder that he'd wanted to come here. Whatever crazy ideas this flock of dragons considered fun certainly beat another winter night alone. A fresh round of drinks were placed on the counter and he snatched the glass with an unusually red liquid in it. “I'm Wendel. Nice to meet you.”

“The pleasure is all mine.” Lisa picked up her fresh scotch, toasting with Wendel before they both downed half the contents in one breath. “Hah. Any mammal that can just kick back a potion like that is the perfect friend.”

“Heh. Thanks.” The booze burned Wendel's insides all the way down, hitting his stomach with an explosion of tingles that reached his fingertips. “T-this is a faaaast one! HNNGH!”

He'd barely put the glass down before the drink got to work. A series of pops traveled down Wendel's spine causing the bunny to writhe on his stool. Each little hit on a vertebra sent him shooting up inch after inch in height, causing Lisa to slowly tilt her head back to maintain eye contact. Meanwhile, he could feel his butt expanding across the cushion as his mass got exceptionally thicker than usual. Muscles began outlining themselves through the fabric of jeans and shirt, showing off a deep set of abs and broad pectorals.

“Dang,” the purple dragoness said with a soft whistle. “Most of my test subjects don’t get this big. Not that I’m complaining.”

Wendel blushed realizing Lisa’s gaze had dropped to the significant bulge inflating the crotch of his pants. Not that he could do much to hide it with how thick his thighs were getting. Their squeezing girth only pushed his junk further out. Luckily a pair of wings unfolding out of his back proved a better distraction. The fabric of his shirt split open from the new growths almost as if in anticipation, allowing the furry limbs to stretch out their new membranes.

An act that smacked another gray-scaled dragging two seats away.

“Hey! Watch where you’re changing, light weight!” They snorted before hopping off for a different seat.

“Sorry,” Wendel said timidly as he felt the muscles in his puffy tail tense. His little bunny nub snaked away from his butt in an explosion of growth. Rich, powerful muscles thickened it into a meaty log that was soon twitching across the floor. While fuzzy brown fur remained over the top, its underside hardened into a shining armor covering of brown scales.

“Nice wild shape clothes you got there,” Lisa said, observing how his jeans had stretched to accommodate the new massive dragon tail. Although his clothes had creaked a lot during the changes, they still fit Wendel’s muscular form snugly. “You’ll have to hook me up with your tailor.”

“I... I’m sure she’d appreciate the business. Aah!” Loud tearing made Wendel jump, attention darting to the massively clawed paws that’d exploded out the front of his formal loafers. They wiggled a bit to shake off the remaining strands of their socks, showing off their thick scaled undersides. “She doesn’t do shoes though...”

“Pity. Oh well.” Lisa raised her glass to the seven-foot, powerhouse Wendel was becoming. “Here’s to new shoes then!”

“I’ve drunk to worse things.” He picked up the glass with a hand much larger and sharper clawed than it’d been seconds ago. Luckily the rough scales that’d grown across its palm made gripping it easy. The remaining drink was kicked back in time with Lisa, sparking another surging fire through Wendel’s beefy physique. “Nngh! GWAAARG!!”

A particularly pleasant twitch in his bulging loins sent Wendel’s head rocking back in a delighted belch. His pink tongue dangled off across one cheek now forked at the end and incredibly longer. That wasn’t nearly as impressive as the rows of sharp teeth filling his muzzle. Rippling muscles in his lengthening neck flexed with rhythmic churring noises, enjoying the sensation of two ram-like horns growing out of his head and curling around his unchanged bunny ears. It must have been a side effect of the booze making everything feel so nice.

“Looking good there, sir,” the bartender chirped with a wiggle of his wings. Wendel couldn’t help but give a lopsided grin noting they were staring straight at his muscular torso when speaking.

“I feel...light.” Wendel chuckled, which broke into another burp. He set the glass down besides Lisa's empty one, grinning down at her. The way his lengthy body wobbled side to side almost made it look like she was dancing. “Thanks for the drink. Didn’t know s...someone worked on hybrid stuff.”

“A bunny-dragon is way cuter than just another scalie in this crowd.” The purple dragoness returned the smile. Eyes flashing a bit of concern. “You doing okay there?”

“Y-yeah!” Wendel stuttered into a hiccup. One hand racking the counter with its claws as he sought a grip for leverage. “Spice hits you a bit hard with the...wing things. I just...need to use the bathroom.”

“Um...”

Lisa raised a finger to say something, but Wendel had already moved to stand. The fluffy hybrid dragon didn’t get a single step before falling forward, making a loud faceplant landing atop the shag carpet. Only the occasional twitch of his tail and wing gave any indication of life after that.

“What a nice guy. Shame he can’t hold his liquor.” Lisa gave the bartender a knowing grin, tapping a manicured claw to her empty glass.

“You always gotta make them hunks too, don’tcha?” the bartender gave a sour look while he poured her another scotch. “It’s such a tease. You think he’s single?”

“Feel free to ask him out whenever he wakes up. I just hope he can give my brand of wine a good review.”

“Hey. Has anyone at this bar seen a bunny...oh!” The pair looked up to find Desmond approaching from the bustling herd of dragons. His light steps came to a halt spotting the snoozing mass of dragon fluff on the floor. “Damn it! I always miss the good stuff. Who did this to him?”

Lisa’s tail coiled around her barstool but she held a small grin. “Right here, Desmond. He wanted to try my new wine.”

To her relief, the squirrel-fox’s massive tail began wagging as he looked over.

“Fantastic! Book me down with two cases of that stuff. No wait...three! My birthday is coming up.”

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Afterward

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