

“Hmm...”

What was he *looking* at? A building or a shack? “How did I even... ok.” The kobold huffs, looking behind him to the empty desert and its windy dunes, then to his car. “Did I seriously nearly bump my wheels and the damn suspension just to- OK, *ok*.”

He breathes in and sneezes as a bit of sand enters his nostrils. “Nevermind, let's just get inside already.” Not like he could much else. Kolnil quickly shuffles his scaled feet closer, making his way to the iron door. It took a second after pressing his finger into the nearby bell, but after a *whirring* camera and some seconds of ‘allowing’ the heat to hit his backside as he awaited some notion of confirmation, a hopeful beep entered his extended ears, before the knob could be turned. “Hello?—”

“Mr. Kolnil?”

He raises his head up, spiraling horns grazing passed something *soft*. A dragon, orange bellied, sharpened thunder-like daggers for horns, with a protruding flab that seemed to skeet in and around their tightly knitted vest. “Ah- Mr. Kolnil! I was expecting you later!” Gentle wind like humming erupted from the guy, his body quickly shuffling out of the way to allow the Kobold to walk further in; the tippy taps of clawed feet soundful as metal met nails. They quickly had their hand grabbed and *shook* with rigor, nearly tossing him and his bag of holding into the ceiling where the door was. “Sorry, sorry, little excited! I thought you'd uh- Well, not so *early*.”

“Well, I thought it'd be better for me to come today, make sure my arrival here was hastened due to... Well,” He quickly points to his bright purple scales, each singular plating attached firmly to the body, yet providing a scratchy sensation he was *forced* to try and itch. “Not being a desert faring creature.”

“And for that, I do apologize. I often forget some of our interns come from places not of shadington, you'll have to forgive my idiocy.”

“Not an idiot... Not you anyways.”

He could've simply teleported here or something... Maybe get someone else to give him the ride here and back home when he was done working. Then again- He doesn't like waiting on *others*. “Well, I for one don't think you're an idiot, looking at your records here,” The two of them quickly moved past the security guard by the door, which this tiny creature had barely noticed until his ears flicked towards the direction of a slight *creak*. He shivers for a moment, keeping his body close to the massive scaly man. Their fingers dexterously tapped at a magical stone tablet, “You've got quite the record. It says here you were a... Artificer who had designed the main components behind a small villages golem, resulting in easier and cheaper repair fee's without sacrificing the quality.”

His snout points to the air, huffing as he smiles. "And that's only *one* thing." Kobold quickly adds, his ego already ballooning. "I could go as far as to say I was the *only* one behind that core."

"Oooh- Well, luckily for us! We have been looking for interns of your shape and grandiosity, for a small project of ours since about... *two* or *three* weeks ago."

The man presses a button and soon, both of them shutter as gears behind him turned, the floor beginning to shift *downwards*. "Ever since the *accident*," The scientist coughs, a soft pink hue entering their chubby cheeks. "We've been looking around and about for young and old individuals who could provide us the manpower required to solve such... How would you put it?"

"*Expanding* hypotheticals?"

Expanding... What? "Well, how do I put it better for you to *understand*," They tapped the ridge of their nose, then their head. "See, we've been having issues with some of our people here *floating* or otherwise becoming a little land absorbed."

"... Huh?"

"Uhm- Erm- *Fluck*, uhhh-" Kolnil raised an eyebrow, not quite understanding why it was so difficult for such a man to struggle with words when both of their heads. The elevator shifts slightly, bouncing them up. "Y'know what?"

"It might be better that you *see* our issue."

Ok... He's weirded out. A bit puzzled about what exactly was the issue that he was brought here to try and solve, but- "What. The..." He tries to finish the sentence as a sliding metal door in front of the two opens up, quickly revealing the workspace. Hundreds, no, thousands of individuals, running amok in this large scaled underground building, each desk with papers organized and not, clips that barely could hold the pen together as worn out tools and vials became an issue that, from what he could assume, was a problem scientists yelling at each other at. "Is it that bad that you're barely organized here?"

The dragonoid chuckles, readjusting the glasses on to the center of their irises. "Well- Funnily enough, yes." He quickly presses a button, letting the elevator go back up as he then begins guiding the youthful kobold a little past, well, *everyone*, not truly bothering to actually introduce the small creature to anyone that would of been of some actual interest; instead, bringing them along through a Doorway that led to a rather *enlarged* hallway space. There were doors of many sizes, many *widths*, though the main one he'd be introduced to would be *this*. "One second, lemme open this door."

"You haven't- Wha-"

Why? What? This 'door' was a damn VAULT, sized up to an estimated 120 by 80 feet, up to the top side and then down, hallway following in close pursuit for *whatever* reason. "You see, we've been hard at developing some easier to access cures and remedies that we've barely gotten an inch towards, mainly due to some of our Alchemical friends in the R&D department finding such a situation cerfuzzling enough."

"Which you... still haven't explained."

"Yes- Yes, I know, *I know*." They panic, shivering slightly. "But it's hard *not* to when half of us are barely a whole foot in such a soon-to-be widespread issue for many of the citizens living IN The Monster Lands!"

"Again, I uh-"

By the God's, his brain was being itched, but not in a good way. "Look, if you need alchemists, I'm like- The wrong guy???" He chortles nervously, "I mean, not to give myself some pride, but I focus on gears and parts and mechanisms that may or may not involve magic."

"Yes, YES! Which is exactly why we need *you*."

Ok. He shakes his head up and down, eying the ill-dressed draco. "Well, Mr...." He tried to remember their name. "Polic, but again, I do not know *exactly* what you require of me to do."

"You... You will be the reason these people can eat in their current conditions."

Conditions? Eating? He scoffs. "You brought *me* to help subjects eat their damn food?" Ridiculous, downright *retarded* even, if he could dare himself to say the word. "You brought me in to help you with FEEDING some idiots who caused themselves the issues that they've been presented with?"

"No- YES- Nnnnnnnnoooo???"

"Then I'm sorry, what exactly am I here for-"

His head, again, felt a breezing bump, something that made a *gurgle* as the sharper point of his horns poked into them. "HEY!" He quickly yips, backing away, before his long ears fell down. His eye's catch upon... *something*. It was purple, like his scales, but... How does he put it? Thinning margins spread this *thing* outwards, bodily proportions thrown out of whack as the pieces of armored keratin shifted whole *inches* away from each other, giving the Kobold an earnest view of what he could describe as a *balloon*? "How-"

He gets closer, hands drifting to touch. "Let him." Polic quickly say to a nearby guard hoisting this floating *orb* by a rope. "He needs to know what he's getting into."

He couldn't quite describe the feeling. It was a creature, yes, he could still *hear* something resembling a heart as he set his ears close to this *body*. "This... No way." He can't believe just "This just isn't POSSIBLE." But as he pressed his fingers in, two things happened: One? There was some give, this airy tank of a *thing* having MORE than enough room inside to possibly expand even more than what would normally be assumed for a *blimp*, the mere size of which was nearly dwarfing the hallway they were now walking within, which... How?! He turns his head to Polic, who was *staring*, not at Kolnil, but the stretchy draconic-like airball. "You brought," He sighs, nose pinched, not quite believing his eyes, "A damn parade float down here?" He wants to laugh, but... Something made him open his eyes, ears turning to see whatever distant noise was baring itself to whatever little wind existed. He could've sworn... "Is... is someone having SEX down here?!"

"In THIS sterile environment?"

But the noise was coming from his front, which in of itself was odd. Below, his Well adorned lobe couldn't process anything, despite essentially shifting his position around and around. Wasn't until he was in *front* that he found the second reason. "MY GOD!" He yaps, maw wide, gasping for air. He turns to Mr. Polnic. "HOW?!"

"We... don't know."

This wasn't a *damn* parade float, this was... a *person*. He checks behind, seeing the tail. He checks the front, pressing his fingers inwards, before pulling back immediately to a sudden and *extremely* ominous gurgle along with a, he doesn't know how, a sexual *moan*. A dragon, with... wings on its BACK, barely able to be touched without being sensually pleased by even the tiniest touch, close to becoming a bloody scrap on the floor, ceiling and walls. Before long, the creature was hoisted away, guided into its room at the *end* of this long hallway. He turns to meet Mr. Polnic. "You... You need help... with *that*." He nearly screams, mind quite unable to comprehend the sight. "How-"

"Again, we don't really... Know how."

After all that he had just been seeing not a moment ago- "The lovely-" Mr. Polnic coughs into a red hand, "This spherical beast was found floating above our station, barely able to flap or move a limb thanks to half of his body essentially having been sucked in."

"He- Are you even sure-"

"Sadly," Kolnic could've sworn he heard some actual glee for a moment, "Yes. That is a person and I'd like it if you could treat him as such."

"Please sit down by the bench."

He looks behind, watching as mechanical whirs dropped a section of the wall behind him, pushing out and revealing a small bench. He quickly pushes himself down, eye's stuck to Polnic. "Started three weeks ago, when we initially saw reports of Wisp flying about." They adjust their glasses again. "Now, we didn't think much of it, as we were *scientists*, researchers. Sure, it was pink in coloration, according to reports, but nothing we would've otherwise bothered to even TRY and keep an eye out for."

"At least until we saw *him*."

"It was by pure accident that we even managed to see the guy, one of our evening fliers, having come across them while they were flying between Kazum and here." The dragon snaps their fingers and presents winds, shaping imagery into better, more physical forms using what he could understand as *prestidigitation*. "Apparently according to some reports, the man had been from a small village, with barely a defender in sight, resulting in... this small accident."

"Small? You call *that* small?"

"Yes, at least when compared to some green kobold we couldn't quite get ahold of."

There was someone BIGGER? "However, the college down by Fairreach, thank the Gods, reached him *before* he entered the stratosphere." He shivers at the thought. "Which is why we brought you here!"

"Sorry, but no." Polnic eyes widened to the kobolds expressing dislike. "I'm not making a damn feeding tube for someone close to essentially becoming a *blood splatter*."

"Oh no, that... That was a lie."

"Huh?"

"We don't need you for *that*. That was merely us trying to get someone new enough down for, yet again, manpower."

"Then what?"

As Mr. Polnic began to walk away, he quickly turned his head. "Stronger tethering," They then quickly disappeared behind closed doors.

"..."

What... What has he gotten himself into? "Fuuuuu-" This is weird. This is *too* weird. And he's seen as weird. He was here to help with the development of stronger ropes to... bring down inflated individuals that looked on the verge of popping either themselves or their private 'organs' on the absolute *verge*. "God damn it..."

And the worst part was he didn't have a *choice*.

He needed the work, he needed a *job*. And this place was practically begging for an Artificer of any quality to come waltzing in. Intern pay or not, this was an *opportunity* to expand his portfolio, give his resume' something great to speak of when the next employer he'd likely move to would see. "Why why why why why-" Of course he just had to land the weird one, with floating pet subjects and some weird dragon who seemed to be oddly INTO it. His feet are stepped upon, making him whine in pain. "SERIOUSLY?!"

"Oh, heooooourpy."

Then this man appeared, some whimsical looking orange Squirrel with short ears and an even shorter tail who kept belching in their face. Lab Coat was barely hanging together, stripped away by a rounding and awful looking belly bump. Disgusting. He looks to the floor, the trail of dust coming from a nearby room... "Sooooourp." He could smell it, *mint*. But he could also see it. Green dust particles floating from the mouth and forced to press against his scales. "Thoooooo-"

"T-This is hardly behavior appropriate for your stature!"

"Foeels gooooouur-" Constant bleeding to *belching*. One would think this place would have a good hold on idiots like this who couldn't hold their breath, let alone the shredded shirt that seemed to be a *bra* for this moron.

"Uuuuurp-"

Until *he* started burping. "What the-" His stomach gurgled, a small *hiss* beneath the skin he could hear before his throat felt *tight*. "BUUUUUUUUUURP."

"Hehe~"

That bastard- He watched as the squirrel began to waddle away, legs seemingly unable to bend in the right direction. "Jeez, guess I got some digesuuuuu-" He stops himself, feeling that tightness in the stomach *again*. He releases *another* burp. "Fucking-"

"HEY- *whoa*."

Was... Wasn't that a Squirrel a moment ago? Why was he able to see their *stomach* from BEHIND them? And why are they- Wait... were they *moaning*? "Uguuuuurp." Another one and then another- What the hell was wrong with him? "Hey-"

God, was he always this *full*? He swore he came in with a relatively full stomach, but he knows he didn't *overeaf*. He looks down. "Fuuuuooooock." His eyes widen and immediately he tries

getting up. It happened again, scaly belly unable to hold it down, esophagus Expanding, tongue collapsing downwards as his maw opened and he released a *noxiously minty* belch. “No- NO!”

He tries to run forward, but he feels his body simply *lag*, legs jumbling a bit just to get into an upwards position. He could feel *pressure*, the dainty omninity coursing through his veins as his stomach *swelled*. “MR. POOOOOOOOUUURP!!!” He tried to keep it in, but God damn it, it was- *impossible*. He pushes himself up using his arms as his stomach keeps stretching forward, already pushing away at his clothing, throttling it closer to his chest as panic begins to instill itself in. He looks forward to the door, watching that *damn* cur of a squirrel's clothes burst off the body, ass already a hint of what was happening in front as moon sized *orbs* began to bounce back and forth with each soundful wind from the mouth.

“Ooough~” The moaning, the *god forsaken* moan, echoing as he saw half their leg sink into their body. “Bigger~”

Bigger? Bigger than *that*? How has he not POPPED yet? When was he gonna and- Oh God... He looks down to himself, the drum of air in a constant state of *puff*, each breath he took another breathful of mint escaping into the air. Was... was he about to... No. “NO!”

He ran. He ran as far as his slowly engulfed legs could possibly push him, listening as the seams in his clothes *ripped*, arms forced to dangle to the side as his body somehow was allowing what he felt in his *gut* to wisp away into the other sections of his body. “PLEASE!” He begged, tail drifting back and forth, another hearty belch releasing some oddly spectral green out of the mouth. “MOOOOOOOOOUUURP!!!”

He was a quick one, this kobold was. He was pretty fit overall, having more than his share of exercise as he had a bit of an *eating* disorder that nearly immobilized the poor fella. Became fit as a fiddle, handled the mind and then became a star pupil of some scholar that used to work in the college- Now? If he could see around himself and down past the *sphere*, scales spreading out like some moronic bullhead individual was playing with a puzzle piece, maybe he'd get a better idea of what he was becoming- No...

What he was *enjoying*. How? He doesn't know why, he doesn't have a reason or some sense of an idea that would allow him to physically understand the *aspects* of this odd gratification he felt as he began to start *floating* with his steps a bit. All he knows is that he has these odd sensational pokes at the brain, like cacti pin pricking, that was having him slow down a bit, despite having some mobility to make the distance. “No- NO! I WON'T LET THIS HAPPEN!” He yells, a harsh pink hue entering the cheeks as he tries to make one final mad dash forward. “MOVE! MOVE!”

Only to realize one thing: The Squirrel, drunk off their pleasure... blocked the only pathway forward. “No...” He thought he had time, he thought he had *more* than enough room to fit through an open hole at the side. But no. The Squirrel had taken up the entirety of the door,

squaring, *creaking* as his sides pushed into the only way out of this damn facility, pleasuring notes playing in sounding tunes as the creature grew further and further...

Like him. "Uugggh~" He huffs, another burp escaping as he feels his body begin to lift into the air. His toes and fingers dangled away as he drifted further and further upwards, soon bumping his horns into the ceiling. "... Moore~"

Arms sunk inwards as his own anatomy began work against itself to compensate, legs following suit, head driving itself further and further inwards. He couldn't stop it. "*Urp-*" He couldn't stop himself. He couldn't stop his throat from releasing gassy dust particles, he couldn't stop his mobility from faltering into nothingness and most certainly of all, he couldn't stop it when suddenly, he felt the surrounding walls as steel met stretched *skin*. "Bi-Bigger...."

And why would he? He was *massive*, finally above the competition, even above that damn Squirrel that was still blocking his path. If anything, this was *perfect*. He was always looking for a way to rise above his usual stature, take a position of domination, while being given the pleasure of the flesh and whatever his body could *provide* in grand abundance. This was... this was amazing. "Yessss~" He softly hissed, that same pressure building from before as his body began to push *against* the steel, attempting to seek room he, in every case, did want. "I'll be better, I'll be *bigger*."

"Bigger than *you*..."

His mind began to drift. He couldn't hold it and much like everyone else down here, would all the likely soon meet a grizzly, scrap filled fate, noisy creaking the last thing he could hear before his ears had been enveloped. But why would he care? Compared to him, they were small, already reaching max sizes, while he was barely reaching *his*. Weaklings, in both mind and *flesh*.

They will serve better as scraps upon the floor for more space for his amply needing physique...