

Fire Breath Short

By: Indi

The red dragon opened his mouth and took in a deep breath, chest swelling.

By then August knew how to handle what was to come. The gray lion threw himself behind a broken pillar seconds before a fierce stream of fire erupted from the dragon's mouth. Flames scorched the ground and stone as the dragon maintained his attack for what felt like an eternity to August. He could feel the heat around him, see the glow.

Finally the dragon relented, and August bolted from his cover.

August purposely made himself look like an easy target while charging the dragon, faking desperation. Or at least sort of faking desperation.

Sure enough the dragon took another deep breath, ready to roast his adversary. At the very second he started to exhale August struck. He created a pair of ghostly paws and had them clamp the dragon's mouth shut before merging and shifting into a muzzle.

The dragon's eyes bulged and his cheeks puffed up from the flames that now had nowhere else to go but back within him. He started rapidly blimping up, belly swelling right out of his robes with a dramatic wobble.

Pulling and tearing at the magical muzzle proved futile, and soon the dragon was panicking. He stumbled about, letting out a muffled cry and constantly shooting glances at his increasingly rounder middle. Once fit and trim, the dragon now sported a massive ball belly poised to engulf the rest of him.

Meanwhile, August was chuckling in relief. He'd merely wanted to stop the dragon's powerful flame attack, but expanding him was a much welcomed side-effect. He may have just won with a single strike.

By then the dragon had burst out of most of their clothes. They wobbled about comically, hide creaking as it stretched to contain the roaring pyre within him. There was the faintest glow radiating from his body. He'd been forced to give up on the muzzle as he grew too round, worry clear in his eyes as he wondered if he was going to swell until he popped.

Then a more immediate problem appeared.

With all the stress of expanding, the dragon hadn't realized he was getting lighter. With a muffled cry he slowly lifted off the ground, claws flailing. All the hot air filling him up was causing him to rise.

August couldn't help but laugh at the new development. He strolled over to the terrified dragon who'd seemed so threatening moments before. The lion gave his middle a curious poke, pulling the finger away swiftly. "Oof, getting pretty toasty in there! You know, I always wondered if wingless dragons had a way to fly, and I'm thankful you decided to show me!"

The dragon wobbled in a fury as he continued gaining altitude, his limbs steadily getting sucked into his taut round body.

"Seems kind of risky, though. Must be easy to accidentally balloon up so much you explode! Or end up floating off into oblivion because you can't deflate. And while I'd love to stick around and see which one happens to you, I'm afraid I've got to be going. Good luck~"

The dragon watched with anger and dismay as August walked away, leaving him to a questionable fate. He'd become a near perfect sphere at that point, claws and head just barely poking out of his creaky body. The pressure was almost unbearable, but at least it didn't seem to be increasing anymore. Of course that was of little solace as he slowly floated higher and higher off the ground.

There was no sign of rescue in sight for the dragon balloon. All he had was the pressure and the rhythmic sounds of his hide creaking...