

Puff the Disgruntled Dragon

Reward for Augrus

By
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The following contains: Male kobold to dragon TF, muscle growth, magic air inflation, helpless

Read at your own discretion.



Tony left the witches hut bouncing for joy in every step. The glass bottle with a thick bottom and thin neck he clutched in both hands was nearly as big as his pronounce, white scaled stomach. Liquid of a lemon color with a syrup consistency sloshed violently around inside, forcing his white feathery wings to flutter to keep balance.

For two years the black and white kobold had been working for this day. He couldn't believe the payoff was minutes away. Only thing that stopped him from downing the giant bottle right here was threats from its seller if he didn't get somewhere far away first. Experience had taught Tony many times never to cross a witch.

Her need for such requirements was well warranted, too. This potion was supposed to evolve him into a true dragonborn. Kobolds weren't too far off from their giant lizard cousins, so a little magic had no problem converting one to the other or something in between.

No more would the little lizard man be some parties labor slave, or joke mascot. Being barely about to stand three feet tall always made it hard for people to take a kobold seriously. If they weren't pest, they were pets. Stupid humans were not being as cute as they thought.

They also tended to get scammed out of fair pay, which is why it took two years of near-slave work to afford such a powerful potion. Most alchemists in this area could be sympathetic to a little man's troubles, but they were always capitalists. Who did they even have to pay taxes to living out in secluded areas?

And they say kobolds are the treasure thieves of the adventuring world.

Bouncing into a wide clearing made Tony guess he'd gone far enough away that no one should mind. This was perfect. Now he wouldn't have to worry about trees getting in the way either. A shame all the fresh spring wild flowers did make the little patch look tranquil, though.

That wasn't going to stop him from plucking out the stopper with one claw and chugging his brew. Amazing how it tasted like lemonade going down. He could barely keep his snout from wrapping around the bottle neck greedily slurping every drop is tongue could reach. The already chubby belly distended even further from so much liquid, further stretching the red stripes that converged on the red skull marking where a belly button should be.

After nearly two minutes of indulging in sweet brew, it was clear Tony wasn't going to get much more out of the bottle. He let the bottle slip for a soft thud onto the grass before lowering himself for a comfortable seat nearby. Four-fingered hands roamed over the soft dome, massaging its smooth scales with little claws. There was more than enough drink gurgling around in there to make it look like he'd just devoured a big meal. Already he could feel a warmth developing in his belly. The shifting contents worked fast at spreading the imbued magic it held into the rest of his tiny body.

"Hmmp!"

Tony was still surprised how fast the effects started. The kobold short, yet thick, tail smashed large patches of grass down with its wild wagging behind him. Eyes remained glued on his belly visibly vibrating from the bubbling noises within.

"Oh! Wow."

It took him a minute to notice his paws eagerly rubbing at his big tummy. Tony held them both up with red eyes opening wide. The stubby little claws that were nearly useless as weapons were growing. Years of process passed in seconds to the rising beat of his heart. They were getting so much longer, curving into little sickles that developed sharp points. A low rumble of pleasure came from the kobolds throat. Now he was really sporting a set of natural weapons. From this sitting position it was easy to see the same thing happening to the set on his paws.

"Yes!" All fangs showed in a very elated smile. The hands themselves were popping and swelling thicker, much stronger looking.

Black scales shined extra bright in the afternoon sun when he realized even those were shifting. Each little plate grew triple their nearly invisible size. Rubbing palms together found them a lot denser too. One could easily mistake the thick patterns for a chain mail armor.

Especially when the upgrades started climbing over his arms. Muscles squeaked as they grew thick and powerful. Biceps rippled with rich edges under the thickening scales, looking a lot more suitable for someone that had been carrying other people's junk for two years.

"Yessssssss!" Tony let the yap out with a long breath, enjoying the progressive deepening of his voice. Most of his body started bulking up and his neck wasn't going to be an exception. Every grunt or growl that came out echoed around the clearing with a commanding presence.

"Bwaaah!" This image promptly destroyed itself with the goofy way his rolled out into a limp hang. The kobolds very face contorted and shifted. Nostrils swelled deep before the muzzle blimped into a dense snout. The teeth within sharpened and added several new additions. Tony was especially liking the extra inch or two his ivory horns twisted out behind his head. A second set grew out beside them, reaching a modest few inches. Their formations left him looking akin to wearing a crown.

Tony pushed off onto his paws again. Despite growing so much denser with rich scales and bulk, the amazing strength of thick legs left him floating like a feather. He twisted and turned in admiration of the rough black scutes armoring his hide in the sunlight. Even his tail had gained a foot or three in length. Its swelling barbs running along the length gave it a fierce look fit for a bashing weapon.

Little needle pricks tickled at certain points in Tony's skin. Flesh split apart in the rapid growth of stylized spikes a coal black color. Small bunches of three formed along his elbows and knees in preparation for defending such areas from attacks. Then there was the ring that went around his shoulder blades. The type of ring that's make throat strikes very difficult.

"I did it!" Tony roared his triumph for all the forest to hear. Wings flared out in his boisterous flex of both arms. Seeing biceps swell so dense and taut they exceeded his head was amazing. A glance back showed even his wings looked to have gained more flare to them. Feathers glittered in gold and silver trims to complement their natural white. Sunlight must have made them a perfect backdrop for his black scales. "It actually made me a dragon. This is so awesome! Look at me now, Greg the barbarian! I'm much stronger than you now. Much better looking. And way..."

Oh? He was done already?

Getting drunk on power can be a scary thing. Tony was so distracted by all the awesome overtaking his body he needed a long time of flexing to realize his newly swollen beef wasn't getting any bigger. A shame such a good thing had to end at some point, but he was far from complaining.

One hip swing sent his tail upturning large clumps of grass and weeds. All the extra spikes erupting out of its barbs turned it into a beefy mace. Wing gave a hard flutter with taut tendons kicking up hard gusts. This is all he could ever dream of and more. Sure, his belly lost some of its adorable chub. In its place was a muscle gut physique sure to attract the ladies in a more enchanting way.

"I'd like to see someone refer to me as a child...now?"

Tony made it nearly to the tree line, enjoying the heavier fall of his steps, when something still felt incredibly off. The freshly christened dragon glanced around his surroundings becoming very analytical of everything he surveyed. A creeping realization gave rise to an increasingly angry flap of his wings.

"WHY AM I STILL SHORT!?"

The angry roar echoed further across the forest than any of his previous cries yet. Having a boost of lung power didn't change the fact he was still a three-foot tall dragon. Drinking an entire stomach's worth of transformation potion gained him two inches of height. Three if an observing adventurer was feeling generous.

"Hrrrk! Hmmp! GWAH! Grrrargh!"

Maybe it was better there wasn't an adventurer observing. What followed for a few minutes was the lands possibly smallest dragon flexing, growling, stretching, jumping, and generally thrashing around the clearing in a rage.

No wonder that witch wanted him far away. She didn't need an angry customer trashing her hut after being cheated. Tony had been promised the power to become the biggest he can possibly get. Somehow, he doubted a muscle boost was supposed to be his best, even if he could flip that hut like this.

Shame he'd forgotten which direction that witch lived in. Grumbling a couple curses, Tony plucked a dandelion that hadn't been trampled by his childish tantrum yet. It was so insignificant in the grand scheme of things, yet even a minor act of destruction felt like a great way to vent.

"Pwoof!"

And he couldn't even breathe fire. That lady was so getting her house flipped.

Tony inhaled sharply through his nose and let the air out in a blow meant to char his flower in flames. What fired off instead looked more akin to fairy dust. A dense mist colored in purples and yellows wafted over the plant. It's frantic glittering effect in the sun light nearly blinded him into tripping over his bigger paws.

BWOOMP!

"Uh..."

This day was just full of surprises. Tony was about to eat the little yellow weed in a huff when it began twitching in his hands. Odd spots along it's stem bulged and contracted like fighting a building pressure. This traveled into one leaf, puffing it out and deflating it over into another and then another up into its bright petals.

SCHWOOMP!

The flower flew out of Tony's grasp much to his alarm. Everything from head to steam tripled in size near instantly, leaving the green fibers stretched taut. What amazed the little dragon was how it remained floating about in the air. An unnatural way of being stuffed full left it defying gravity with a slow descent.

Just like a balloon.

"You got to be kidding me!" He snatched the puffed plant out of the air, shaking it in from of his bared fangs like a tiny captive. "I can't even breathe fire and this is all that I can do? What a great dragon that makes me. Perfect for birthday parties."

Tony brought his other hand up and jabbed the flower with his index claw. There came the sudden, sharp popping of released pressure, but it was hardly satisfying. He hadn't considered exploding it would fill his face with a cloud of spores and fiber bits.

"Ackpppth!"

Hands waved around trying to disperse the offending material far too late. Tony's snout scrunched tight against his face, unable to help the irritated sinuses.

"A-CHOO!"

Purple mist engulfed much of the clearing in another unintentional display of the changed dragons improved lung strength. Shame they still weren't built to handle being in the middle of such a bright cloud. The sneeze that could be heard for a mile was followed by frantic coughing. Tony couldn't tell if he'd gone blind or glitter wouldn't allow him to see. Hands reached out in his panicked, awkward steps as he picked a random direction.

Eventually, he stumbled on out of the mess grateful to have fresh air cleaning out his throat again. The whole experience left his head in a spin of cotton candy brains. It just made him hate this ridiculous transformation even more.

BBBBRRRRRRRRHHHHH!!

"Wha..." No sooner did Tony catch his breath than his ears picked up a rumbling from his middle. The dragons whole body vibrated from the force, making his wings and tail go stiff. It almost felt like he had to burp, yet the pressure refused to go far up his throat, no matter how much he tried. "Oh no."

A sudden realization of the flower he'd just decimated made Tony's eyes go wide. Hands groped at the dome of his stomach. It had swollen back to its original distended roundness, if not more so. More disturbing as how little give it had. There wasn't just lizard fat filling his insides anymore.

BWOOMP!

"Oh no!" Tony shouted when the stomach in his hands surged double in size. His hands were flung to the sides by the push of his taut white scales. The red marks and centered skull became stretched to almost comical degrees.

Another rumble and his stomach lurched several more inches.

And then another surge. Attempts to push back his billowing gut yielded little results. The sphere of stretching white scales offered little resistance across its tight surface. It was quickly becoming the biggest part of his tiny anatomy.

"No no no no!"

FWUB!

Tony staggered on forcefully wide steps from what felt like a swift kick in the butt. It seemed his current affliction wanted to suddenly reverse direction, blimping out his black cheeks into an impressive shelf that could balance several wine bottles. Panic rose in the dragon as he slapped at his hips, unable to stop them blimping out several feet on either side. His beefy figure was fading away into something more pear shaped

and rounded than he was used to. The constant slapping at his ass trying to push it back down created a hauntingly drum like sound.

"Stop it!" he demanded. Even his voice was rising higher in pitch into something scratchy and barely coherent. Not that his tail would listen while it stiffened nearly straight up. The power he'd been admiring a minute ago puffed into a thick, long balloon attached to his two beach balls of a butt. "Ooouugh!"

His movements were slowing by the second. Whatever force of magic his breath created worked its way into his legs and Tony increasingly struggled to bend his knees in his frantic waddling about. It didn't help that the expansion across his stomach and hips never ceased, gradually widening his stance until his crotch was scraping the muddy ground.

"H-elp!" Attempting a roar produced a squeak like Tony had inhaled a whole tank of helium. He was getting bigger, just far from the way he wanted. Hands had increasing trouble trying to push back his blimping figure while it expanded upwards and outwards. It was getting hard to see the ground around the curves of his stomach and ass. "He-urrrp!?"

The mother of all burping sensations surged up his throat. What he didn't expect was his face puffing round and helpless. Cheeks swelled so rich their pinch kept his muzzle permanently shut, preventing the slightest air from escaping.

"HHHMMPPPHHH!! MMMPPPHHHH!!"

That didn't stop him from continuing his struggles. At least until the proud dragon pecs he'd grown puffed to join flush with his stomach. Tony could barely see anything with his inflating body swallowing his head around it. Arms gradually lost their ability to wiggle, much less move. Pressure kept them forced straight out to either side, bloating until they barely resembled limbs with stubby fingers twitching out of them.

Something that might have been an angry groan escaped Tony's barely protruding mouth. It might have also just been some stray air whistling out his nostrils. He was still dang frustrated about this inflating situation. The barely recognizable dragon blimp was starting to fill most of the clearing. What little vision he had left passed well over the tree lines, possibly making him over twenty feet tall.

"HRRRGGGHHH!?"

Considering everything else happening so fast, Tony could forgive himself for failing to realize how much air he was filling out with. He was very glad not to end up going the way of the flower he puffed on, but suddenly lifting off the ground in defiance of gravity wasn't that better an option.

What remained of his hands, feet, and tail thrashed in a panic as the forest became a distant view beneath him. That just made things worse by sending his blimp of a form spinning with the gusts of winds.

"HRRRFFF!!"

Tony would have slumped if his shoulders weren't fused with his inflated back and incapable of flexing. By the time he was passing through clouds, it was painfully obvious he'd have nothing left to do except hope this magic eventually deflated on its own.

Hopefully he didn't end up over a body of water by then.

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Afterward

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