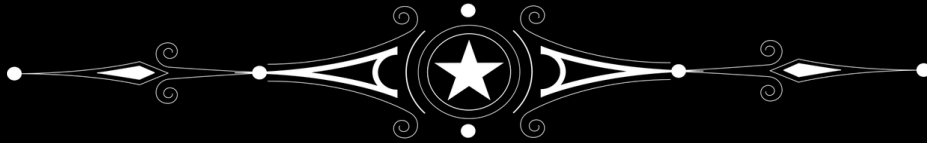


Dragon Down the House

By
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The following contains: Male goat to male dragon TF, macro growth, destructions, weight gain

Read at your own discretion.



Exercise must be nature's way of tormenting people in exchange for longer lives. That was the only logical way to explain why it was so dang painful.

The increasing gains over time could serve as a motivational silver lining, at least. Al managed to get almost double his distance from last week before his chunky goat legs reached their limit. Hollowed clapping of hooves slowed to stop so he could hunch over, hands grasping his knees for leverage. Lungs burned with his effort to catch some breath. Sweat soaked through his cashmere fur on his bake, clumping in many places, with excess staining his tank top.

Yet all this ache brought a modest sense of pride in the goat's own hard work. Doctors were always saying the best way to good health is to improve oneself. Al could already feel a difference in his focus and breathing. He could only imagine how fun it'd be to go on morning jogs across the open countryside.

Turning around to spy his cottage less than a hill away reminded Al there was still a lot of work to do. Trainers, friends, and websites online also liked to say physical improvement is an incline, not an escalator.

Or something like that.

Al grunted with the effort to straighten back up, wiping some lingering sweat from his chin beard. Now that his knees were feeling slightly less like jelly, getting back home was a more leisurely walk he could take some time with. Even so, he was still gasping by the time his hooves clunked up the short wooden steps.

"Um." Seeing a package resting on the pouch as a greeting was certainly unexpected. Mostly because he lived with his wife out in the countryside. Their nearest neighbors might have been in view, but with several acres of light trees and grass between them. Even if the courier had taken a side road, Al was certain he would have seen them at any point in his fifteen minutes of exercise.

Maybe it was said wife's doing, though having their goods addressed to him didn't support that theory. Curiosity had Al bringing the small box inside where he used some kitchen scissors to slice away it's wrapping.

"Sweet!" the goat bleated, nubby tail wagging while he pulled a cupcake onto the dinner table. It was encased in two layers of vac-sealed plastic shells which meant a lot more scissor hacking to get to the treat inside. A task made slightly more difficult with his already depleted stamina.

It was worth some extra effort when the smell of sweet cake and milk teased at Al's flaring nostrils. No way this thing could still be so fresh after who knows how long in shipment. The swirls of pink frosting weren't even smudged during transport. He had to know who could make such a beautiful delicacy, if only to buy a lot more. Granted, that could be his empty stomach talking after burning a bunch of calories.

"Happy birthday, Al. Love, a big fan," was the only thing on the card he could read aloud. The packaging contained nothing else regarding further information.

That was about six or seven red flags of an obvious trap. Over a dozen names of friends went through Al's mind while he considered potential culprits. His birthday hadn't exactly been kept secret on social medias and chats, after all. One three-fingered hoof hand brought the cake closer to his nose, slowly turning it under narrowed eye. As if intently staring at the sweet bit of cake would somehow divulge any sinister intent behind its creation.

"So, I'm positive there's a sixty-four percent chance you're going to do something really awesome to me," he said to the suspicious treat like an interrogation. "Of course, there's always like a fifteen percent chance you're going to make me sick, with a good dose of diarrhea. Or you could just be a normal, innocent cake."

Al had to carefully weigh these possibilities for five whole seconds.

"Nom!" The cupcake vanished within two very large bites. Cheeks bulged with his chewing, crumbs spraying out with his lips unable to fully close. A good amount of the creamy frosting lingered on Al's beard long after he swallowed. "I like those odds. Any way it goes, I still got cake. Yum."

He cupped a hand over his muzzle trying to muffle a burp coming back out. Now with a little something filling his belly this crusty and now food-stained fur needed a good cleaning. Hooves had a bit more bounce to their clopping while Al made his way through to the master bedroom and into its connecting bathroom.

A quick glance of his chubby, shirtless, body in the mirror revealed no extraordinary changes. That was a slight disappointment, though he wasn't feeling sickly either. Not that Al had any idea what he was expecting, anyway.

A quick wiggle of his hips shed both shorts and underwear before he stepped into the shower. The best part of working up a good sweat was always that feeling of hot water rinsing off the dried salt. Al's happy moans echoed off the tiled walls like a song as he scrubbed soap through his fur, making sure to rinse the cake off his face in the process. His wash lasted ten minutes, yet only felt like a few precious seconds of massaging bliss.

"ACK!"

Getting rudely snapped out of the gentle state trying to exit out of the stall alerted Al to several things. Both hands reached up to feel his horns, causing a devious smile to spread across his muzzle. They had grown exponentially bigger in the time he'd spent

lathering up. At the same time, they now bent halfway up so they pointed forward, better resembling a bull than a goat.

"Whoa!"

Carefully bending to get out towards the mirror revealed he was certainly not turning into a bull. His eyes had turned a bright red color and its pupils went from horizontal to vertical slits. The best part was the glint he caught in the light when exclaiming aloud. Al leaned in with a big smile, pulling back the sides of his mouth for a better view of the many sharp fangs filling his muzzle.

"Cool!"

A spine tingle made Al quiver in delight before the thing he'd hoped to happen happened. Slowly his form began filling out more of the mirror space until the square couldn't fully reflect all of him. The sink fell further away from his view, though the hands resting by it had to bend from the added length of his arms. In just a matter of seconds his pudgy goat frame had doubled in size.

Some parts a bit more than others.

"Oh..."

Things got a bit disorienting for Al as his vantage point continued a steady incline. Hands passed along his in awe at the increasing space it stretched out between his skull and shoulders.

Two feet.

Three feet long.

It was starting to feel like resting atop a giant noodle. The goat's elongated neck lifted his face right out of view of the mirror. Luckily the extra spinal joints proved nearly as flexible with a bit of experimenting. Granted he almost ended up twisting it into a knot before managing to maneuver his head low enough for a good view.

"Yip!"

Al had gotten so lost in the pleasure of his grow spurt that the subtle adjustments going on to his face got totally ignored. The sharp visage that dropped into view atop his bendy neck had features better resembling a reptile than a goat. His muzzle had pulled out a good several inches longer, ending with enlarges nostrils. A familiar bush of long hairs still dangled on his chin as a beard and there was still plenty of fuzz on his face. Although, the extended bridge between eyes and nose were now plated in shimmering violet scales. He flicked out his tongue and couldn't suppress a giggle. It had also gotten pretty long and ended in a split fork.

"Emi!" he called out while turning to the door. The changing goat hadn't considered his increased vocal strength along with size, or maybe it was just the bathroom acoustic making him sound so loud. "You got to come see th-OW!"

It was a bit silly the other thing he didn't consider for becoming significantly larger was that everything else was nose smaller. Smacking one's face into the wall above the door frame was never a pleasant experience. Less so with a muzzle full of sharp teeth.

If the modest roar hadn't gotten attention, Al's skull making a hollow thunk throughout the cabin sure did. There came the rapid clapping of hooves approaching before a female goat with brown hair charged into the bedroom in a panic. The dirt and grass stains covering her three-fingered hands and most of the throwaway sweater she wore hinted at some previously needed yard work.

"What's going on? Are you o...kaaaaay?" Emi's line of questioning died off watching an enormous mass of a person awkwardly squeeze their way out of the bathroom. It wasn't just Al's neck making him too tall for the door. Most of his growth seemed to have fancied flowing downward, giving him an even bigger stomach than before, along with massive hips supporting a chunky butt. All of which flowed into meaty legs that drove his hooves against the floor with straining creeks. To call his figure pear shaped would have been modest.

"Hey Emi!" Al grinned down at the smaller goat; who's chin had hit the floor with ears folded back. With a bit more wiggling he managed to get the rest of his hips out of the doorway. Although there was a sound of wood splinting that he hoped wouldn't need repairs later. "I think I'm turning into a dragon."

"I can see that," Emi said after collecting her chin. The realization this looming creature was still her husband didn't help her share in his enthusiasm. "How? Why?"

"I... URP!" Al raised a finger starting to say something, but was cut off by a surge in his stomach.

Emi let out a sequel, ducking just in time to avoid the burst of purple fire Al belched across the room. The blast fizzled out without damage to the furniture, though the temperature warmed up her horns nicely. She huffed with growing irritation, seeing her giant husband had become preoccupied with something else.

Al had felt like he'd dropped to the floor as the air exploded out of him, yet remained standing. Glancing back solved the mystery as his tail nub had exploded in both length and girth, slinking his spine all the way back into the bathroom. A large amount of fur was shedding off in a mess during the process, leaving more of the purple scales along the underside of Al's absolute log of an appendage.

"It was...oh my..." He blushed, hands rubbing as its stomach trying to quell another loud rumbling. No more fire came forth, but it was clear his figure was still rapidly gaining weight, along with the occasional increase in height. Fur rained off his rounding middle with the slightest brush of hooved-fingers, leaving more of the purple scales running streamlined from belly to tail tip. "I'm pretty sure it was the cupcake someone sent me. It was so good, too."

The expression on Emi's face might have resembled a computer lagging to process too much information at once. "Who sent you a cupcake?"

"I don't know," Al admitted with a pleasant shrug. He knew exactly how that sounded and couldn't work up the thought process to care. The harden shells covering his fingers were developing more pointed tips, making claws that felt so good at scratching the remaining fur off his scaly girth. "We'll have to thank them later."

"Of course."

Emi took a few steps back towards the bedroom door. The dragon-goat hadn't moved in the past few minutes, yet his hooves were steadily grinding across the varnished wood floor with his widening stance. More mass continued to fill out his rear, knocking over her side of the bed's nightstand in a need to make more space.

Not to mention his steady incline towards the ceiling.

"Maybe you should get outside before this little gift fully develops?"

"Wha-OW!"

Much as Al was enjoying his transition into a bottom-heavy dragon hybrid, one can only get their horns knocked around so many times before it became irritating. Getting them harshly jammed into their roof knocked enough sense back into him that he could only gaze down at Emi with a sheepish grin. She was already looking like a large puppy from up here and was only getting smaller. His massive hooved feet loomed on either side of the female goat, inching towards the walls on the opposite side of their bedroom.

Both were pretty sure they could hear stuff cracking in the bathroom, but Al's lizard tail had become wedged inside the doorway too much to look beyond it. He quickly sat down while trying to bend his neck as far as it'd go. All that accomplished was the loud crumbling of wood. Al felt confident that was Emi's dresser and vanity desk getting crushed under his hips.

"Um, sorry, honey?" was the best he could manage while trying to scrunch himself into ball. His suddenly small bedroom was only getting smaller by the second. It was long before he felt the rest of his backside pushing up against the bathroom doorway.

Emi took a deep breath before rolling her eyes. Irritation that all her morning yard work was about to be undone by hooves bigger than their cars gave way to how cute this dork was starting to look from down here. She flashed the goat-dragon a resigned smile, turned, and strode out of the room ignoring said giga-hooves pushing against the surrounding walls.

"I'm going to grab my stuff and call a hotel while I can. See you outside, sweetie."

"Okay." Al bit his quivering lower lip. He could feel his shoulders pressing against the ceiling, even as his longer neck was hunched so far forward his chin resting on the boulder gut he'd grown.

"I'm not cleaning this up, by the way!" Emi's retreating voice added.

"That's fair," his voice could barely be heard under the growling pleasure that was becoming impossible to hold back. With little other options, and the foundation protesting its final moments around his bulking form, Al gently closed his eyes and focused on enjoying what felt like a growth spurt welling up inside his plushy draconic body.

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Afterward

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