

A Weekend Away

"This is it? Room 756?"

"This is it. Go ahead n' click the light on for us, and I'll bring in the luggage."

The door was unremarkable. A number, a peep-hole, a door knocker, an electronic lock. No different than any other door in the hotel... which was only interesting due to its age and numerous renovations.

The two fluffy dragons had excitedly discussed plans for a weekend getaway over a particularly delightful pair of coffees; booking a hotel room, planning *just* enough, and taking a weekend to themselves.

Away.

Since the Shift had started for the both of them, so much of their otherwise-magical and delightfully nonhuman lives just kept dragging mundanity into their days.

The tasks of their jobs, the need-to-dos of their day-to-day. The not-quite-emergencies that still required urgencies. The driving it all required. The *other drivers and their **fucking vehicle choices.***

The Human Bullshit.

The plan was wonderful. All of that would be set aside to make room for a delightful four-day weekend, humans not included. They'd each gotten the time off, the area was picked ("Look, the corner bar is named after a dragon, we're GONNA get free drinks!"), and Reykreyth herself had insisted on booking the hotel. When Hexaëlia had protested, the small cream-colored creature had just winked at her past her glasses... mischief in her glowing purple eyes and a fangy grin across her muzzle.

"Hey, lemme have this hon. I've got *ideas.*"

Staring at the very ordinary hotel door in front of her, Hex wondered what exactly was in store for them... and if it would manifest itself before the trip was through. Her partner usually had some interesting plans... with questionably-reliable timing. She tilted her head to see inside, pushing a purple-furred paw against the door and using the other to gently flail around for the light switch.

A click. Paydirt.

Illumination.

Light flooded the room, banishing the mystery of the darkness...

... And an astoundingly normal hotel room came into view. A cozy sectional couch and a coffee table. A television, happily leaking audible advertising for the hotel and local businesses. Pop art. A coffee maker, a few lights. A window. And a brick wall with a potted juniper bush.

It was nicer than a Super 8... at least.

Hex's ears fell, four wings drooping slightly.

"H.. hey hon. You sure this is the right room?" she called out to the other dragon shuffling in, dragging a rollable suitcase as big as she was. "It's... kind of boring."

Rey let the suitcase drop, panting and letting the door shut behind her. Losing several feet of height was wonderfully affirming, but the rest of the human-centric world was still built around how tall the both of them *used* to be.

She caught her breath, and looked up and around their living quarters for the next four days. The couch, the coffee maker, the accouterments, the TV. The slightly underwhelmed and crestfallen purple dragoness standing in the middle of it all.

A pang of concern that she'd failed her partner.

And then she looked up. And the grin returned, the glowy glint in her eye of shenanigans following.

"Oh, this is it. This is *very* it. So very very it. And they did *exactly* what I asked of them." she giggled. "If it sucks, I'll personally work your shift and mine to make up for it."

Hex looked up. And up. And up. Her eyes going wide.

The ceiling of the room was stories above them, going all the way to the roof of the hotel. Colored lights peppered the walls on the way up, with garlands of fairy lights at the tippy-top... alongside some oddly-shaped colorful blobs on the ceiling.

The window extended all the way to the top, giving an absolutely breathtaking view of the early night sky, the shades of twilight a nightlight for their absurdly tall suite.

"Wh.. REY? WH??? Tall room!!! But... Why? It's pretty but-" Hex stammered, before being nuzzled by the other dragoness.

"Not as pretty as you, Hexy." Rey purred deeply. "They usually have this room set up for a hookah bar, the smoke kinda gets caught in the middle where these lights are, and it's real magical n' stuff. Obviously... that's not what we're doing."

Hex tilted her head quizzically, the action leaning further into the nuzzling... her own purring following. "You... booked a hookah bar. But not for hookah. Why...? And what's on the

ceiling...?"

Rey licked her eartip, giggling. "How 'bout we get unpacked, descrangle ourselves a little, have a drink... and I'll tell you all about the Ho-tall room, cutie."

The two dragons leaned into each other lovingly, embracing each other and twirling their tails together. If their purring were any louder, they might get a noise complaint.

Unpacking went swiftly for the two. Fang-brushes, fur-brushes, cloaks and other gear quickly into drawers, on hangers, on counters. They'd no need for many clothes anymore, but they did each have fondness for some of their bespoke garments.

Water drank, bed unmade and renested, and the television changed to a stream of delightfully fucked-up videogames.

Perfect.

They found themselves on the edge of the sectional couch, kicking their paws back and forth, not quiiiite able to reach the floor from a sitting position. Rey busied herself with the creation of a couple of glasses of something decidedly strongly herbal-smelling. And Hex once again found herself glancing roofwards.

"... Soooo. About this... plan. Wh-"

"Shshsh. We still have to have drinks!" Rey giggled. "My story progression flag hasn't been set yet~" She reached back and popped open one of the flaps on her tail satchels, taking out a couple sugar cubes and a small bottle. She added a couple of vivid violet drops from the bottle to the sugar cubes, allowing them to soak in... and dropping them into the glasses, the liquid taking on a Hexfur-shade of purple.

A glass was passed to the waiting paws of the amethyst dragon, the earthy herbal scent of whatever was in it before now tinged with a pleasantly sweet vanilla smell, the entire mixture smelling strangely of carrot cake. She inhaled deeply, then chirred, giggling a bit. "Story flag? So if I don't drink this... you have to say the same thing over?"

"Shshsh. We still have to have drinks!" Rey giggled, completely unable to keep her composure while finishing the construction of her own glass. "My story progressAAAOUGH!!"

"Goob!!!!" The little purple dragon having completely overridden the 'story progression flag' with a mouthful of fangs was grinning ear to ear, speech muffled by a muzzleful of manadragon fluff and flank. "Weyketh!! I wanna know!!!"

Rey blushed *vividly*, hanging onto her drink with one paw and using the other to rescrangle her partner's headfloof between her horns. "Hoougghhh those got SHARP! Hatchling!!!"

She slowly regained her composure, cleared her throat for showdragonship, and raised her glass.

"Tonight is special though! I get to spend it with my dragoness, whomst I love so very. And she should get up here and toast with me so the rest of the night's treats can happen~"

The midnight sky, Luna peeking from behind some of the fluffiest clouds they'd both seen, and the winking of starlight comprised almost an entire wall of the room they were in.

The two dragons raised their glasses. No shared conversation needed, no planning, no glances, no secret signs. Just a moment of silence, their forms cast in stark silhouette by the nighttide luminescence, glasses almost glowing purple. Then in unison:

"Dragon Time."

With toothy grins and gentle chirrs, they both downed the contents of their glasses, the flavor almost perfectly evoking the smell and feeling of the leaves starting to turn in autumn. An earthiness, with just the barest hint of sweetness. The feeling of warm on a lightly chill day, past their tongues and in their bellies.

Their chirrs turned to purrs, little chirps of happiness from both of the fluffy beasts as they took in the afterwarmth of the liquor, setting their glasses down and embracing... first with paws, then with wings, then with tailtwirl.

They leaned in for a kiss, sharing the tastes of autumn on the tips of their muzzles, the moment warmer than the fires in their bellies.

Hex looked up into her partner's eyes, a gentle blush contrasting with her azure headfur.

"Hhhrwrr.... you're so pretty." She dipped her muzzle slightly, the blush intensifying.

Rey gently trilled, flustered. "H hhey rwrr?! Have you seen you?"

"Have you seen YOU?"

"GAYYYY"

"GAYYYYYYYYY~"

And the both of them collapsed against each other in gigglefits and intensified purring, embracing each other again tightly.

"I love you, Hexaælia Skye. My Dragoness of the Lakes~"

"I love you, Reykreyth Skye. My Dragoness of the Valley~"

They snuggled all the tighter, nuzzling into each other's manes.

Lost in fluffy dragon bliss, her eyes closed, Hex let her mind wander...

All the moments that brought her here. Little snapshots of effort, of euphoria, of struggle, of delight. The distance that needed to be crossed, both physically and metaphysically.

All to bring them together.

It had taken creative transportation... and later, an entire shift in physical species.

But now they were as physically close together as they were everywhere else. And nothing existed to push them apart.

Lost in both her own purring and her mental movie, the fact that it was getting harder and harder to keep her tight snuggle on her partner almost went unnoticed, her reach having to be more and more of a *reach* to get to the cream-colored creature. A number of odd sensations going through the pit of her stomach followed...

"*More emotional about this than I thought...*" she thought to herself, trying to lean closer....

feeling even more increased difficulty. Feeling cumbersome. Feeling a pressure. A push away. Her purr slowly quieting, emotions starting to get the better of her...

... only to be replaced with a quiet hissing that had been masked by her own purrs. Much like a poorly-maintained gas station air hose, but coming from...

Her?!

Her eyes snapped open, looking down at what seemed to be a shiny, purple, ridged beachball, bordered by fluff... It took her a few moments staring, her muzzle agape... putting a paw atop it and feeling both her paw from her belly, and her belly from her paw. And more importantly, the curious sensation of it *continuing to fill*.

And hearing giggling from Rey, the definitive guilty-party in the acquisition of her new curvature. "What's all that? I didn't give you *that* much to drink, did I?" She giggled, as Hex slowly traced a paw down her own fluffy, swelling side, an involuntary sensitive shiver going through her. "Didja go to dinner without me while I blinked over here? Eat one of the ornaments out front of your old workplace?"

Thinking about the prior drink... and all the herbal smells from it, Hex looked up, a witty and spicy retort careening towards her muzzletip, and her words got caught in the turnstile at the exit at the sight of her dragoness.

Rey was no longer the lightly pear-shaped creature of moments ago, whose shape came from both species transition and the satisfaction of a number of *delightful* circular cinnamon pastries. Instead, her width and curves had gained *pressure* along with significant size, and had scooted right up the chart past 'Successful Dragon Shape' to...

"...Holy shit, hon. You're a *balloon*."

Rey blinked, a crimson blush crossing her muzzle as she tried to fold her arms indignantly across her front, being impeded by her overfull belly, and her matching pair of puffed out boobs, looking for all the world like she should be sitting on someone's lawn for the holidays. "You're one to talk, you bunch of fluffy grapes!" She giggled, her purr returning as her stature widened. "You look like someone highlighted a dragon and clicked 'Bold!'"

The purple, swollen dragon continued to feel the sensation of pressure increase, her belly surging out and out... feeling it spread to other areas as though her entirety were hollow. She ran a paw down her flank, feeling the prickling of the stretching sensation through it down both her thighs. She felt her ballooning backside push up against her tail, which also began to feel stretched from the inside, the hissing from her body taking on an oddly hollow note. Her own paws beginning to feel a bit cumbersome, and her ears slowly perking up of their own accord.

A shudder, and a tiny wavery trill of pleasure escaped her at the feeling of her entire frame billowing out, every coiled up physical stress seemingly massaged away by the increasing pressure inside her.

Rey glanced over at her partner's half-closed eyelids and blissful fangy grin, gently purring at how happy she looked, her own puffy tailtip wiggling at just how *round* her dragoness was getting. Having accidentally done this a couple times prior, she was aware of how smoothly pleasant the feeling of being *filled* like this was, despite the expectation that the stretching would cause tightness. Instead, it felt as though an ethereal masseuse could somehow unkink the knots out of your very essence, alongside the feeling of eating hundreds of the best cinnamon rolls you could ever imagine.

Deep in thought and her own bliss, watching her partner slowly resemble an enthralled blimp, she was completely unaware that her limbs were puffing out starfish-esque to the sides... at least until it was enough to cause her to tip backwards slowly, driftily, to settle in a tripod-stance on her rounded paws and overstuffed tail.

At that moment, mid sentence, several things occurred in tandem.

Hex giggled at her partner's higher pitched flustered tone, then blushed at her own voice, higher pitched and reverberating through her prodigious form. She reached up to put a paw over her lightly-rounded muzzle... and blushed further at the fact that it could not *quite* get there, her tire-like tightly ballooned limbs making it all-but-impossible to move normally.

Rey's overblown ice-cream-cone of a tail finally bested the limits of the snaps on her tail-bags, loudly unsnapping them and allowing the bags to slide off with the strangest hollow-sounding *shfff*, followed by a heavy thump.

Hex's very feathers began to take on pressure, each puffing out with the tiniest internal rush of air, rounding out... and giving *lift* to her wings without being willed to do so.

Gravity took inventory of all of this nonsense: the shapes of the dragons, the new lack of ballast, and the *lift*, decided this was **not** in its job description (and the union would hear about this horseshit later!), and clocked out for the day.

Two high-pitched, pleasantly startled yelps were heard as Terra Firma gave up its miserly hold on the dragons' overpuffed pawpads, consigning them to the very skies above...

... Or at least the upper echelons of the hotel room.

Purple and cream-colored, two manadragons tumbled ceilingwards... resembling less their regal species and moreso two balloons left on the tank by an attendant for *far* too many inattentive minutes.

Colored illumination drifted by in their vision, leaving below the garlands of lights that seemed *so very far up* before. The hissing and pinging from their hides reverberating in their billowed-out ears. The sheer *pressure* pushing them out in every direction internally, heightening more and more. The smell and taste of the absinthine reaction within their forms.

More and more, bigger, tighter... the stimuli of tightening, rounding out, and drifting nearly-completely overwhelming the Sisters Skye, leaving them in a blissful almost-catatonia.

Higher and higher and higher and-

paff

The impact jostled Hex back to reality for a moment.

She looked around with what little range of motion she had, puzzled at what seemed like a completely differently laid-out hotel room, her blimp of a body resting comfortably on a massive purple cushion... which rested on what seemed to be a purple-tinged floor. Confusion mounted higher, trying to take in where she had been before the euphoria...

...And realized with a start that below her was the ceiling. And nothing had been purple there. She was *filled to translucency*, and was looking *through herself*. Her hide felt as tight as an overfilled balloon, and colored the light passing through her just as well as one.

High-pitched giggling brought her attention up to Rey, who poked out a puffy tongue past two beachball cheeks, her own transparent body refracting the light from the fairy lights on the ceiling-floor, wiggling her weather-balloon paws happily. She'd landed on the other cushion, her swollen body bumped up against Hex's, and looked for all the world like the world's most cozy zeppelin.

"Tell me I make a good drink, Hexy~" She chirred giddily, the pressure-drunkenness in her head and her tongue making her slur her words slightly. "Did I do good..?~"

Hexaëlia Billowpaws looked out the window at the upside down cloudscape in front of her. How they seemed like infinite cushions drifting off into the night abyss below her, pinpricks of starlight like precious gems gleaming in a cave. She felt the happy wiggles of her partner against her ballooned side, and the very notable *lack of tension* in both her body and mind.

She could not be happier.

It took some doing, but Hex made her puffy muzzle form words.

"It'ss. Itsss the coziest... On the ceiling nest with my dragonessss~" She giggled. "Weyket Puffffftaiiiill~"

The two balloons giggled, wiggling a bit to nuzzle closer to one another... purrs reverberating through their hollow forms, lovingly nested next to one another.

"I love you. My every and my all."

"I love you. My stars and my sky."

...

"Stars and my *sky*?"

"Stars and my floor, shut up ehehehehehe"

Seconds or millennia passed, neither could tell as balloons had no need to measure time. But eventually...

"Heyyy hon..." Rey glanced over through half-lidded eyes as mischievously as she could.

Hex perked up a bit, the bliss-haze lifting for a moment. "Mmmmm?"

"First one to land... gets to make the second round~"

