

Pest Control

Commission for Psychofloatzel

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: A lot of air inflation on animals, anthros, and innocent plant life. Immobile.

Read at your own discretion.



KRRRSSSHHH!!

“Wake up, you stupid leeching lizard!!”

It was a redundant thing to yell on blast first thing in the morning. Bashing the barn doors open proved more than adequate for alerting everything within a half mile radius. Among those things was the black and white kobold making temporary accommodations up in the loft.

Such a rude awakening wouldn't have been so bad had Anthony not set up his bedroll beside the cargo hatch. Being next to a source of airflow tended to be comforting on cool summer nights. Flailing in confused panic quickly led into a sharp drop. Feathery white wings unfurled on instinct, catching the wind of the kobold's descent. Sadly, it was too short a drop to do more than turn a painful fall into an uncomfortable belly splat on the hay ridden floor.

The rat in overalls didn't so much as twitch watching her employee face plant at her boots. Whatever got their hairless tail twitching in fury could wait for Anthony to levy back up onto their aching paws. Any sense of compassion behind those eyes would have been a real surprise actually. His current employer had been running a tight ship since day one.

“What do you have to say for yourself!”

“Um...good morning?” He regretted his choice of words before they'd come out. In Anthony's defense, dusting dirt and hay off the cream scales of his chubby front side wasn't his ideal way to start a day. “What's the problem, boss?”

She responded with an eye rolling scoff before yanking him by one horn towards the barn doors. Though the farmer wasn't much larger than him, the kobold knew better than to resist. Today's pay, and subsequent meals, might depend on it. Anthony marched along in step until they were both just across the threshold, where she let him go. This side of the barn faced directly across the many crop fields and livestock pens.

“What the hell do you think?”

With a rising sun directly in his eyes, Anthony had to raise a clawed hand to help squint across the fields. Even so, it wasn't hard to miss a sight that made his wings and tail slump.

Virtually every section of the farm looked like a small warzone. Crows were toppling rows of corn stalks in a feeding frenzy. The scarecrows Anthony had set up were pecked apart and now served as roosting areas. Large sections of the leafy crops

lay in shattered messes half eaten. Burrow holes littered the tilled soil, no doubt leading back to the culprits' lair. Then there was the trench under the chicken pens fence large enough for even the kobold to fit his wide hindquarters through. Said chickens were already awake and flapping about yelling obscenities over the many broken eggshells on the ground.

"You told me the pests were taken care of last week." The rat didn't wait for him to fumble through an excuse. "I'd threaten to dock your pay, but at this rate I won't even have enough crops to waste on that."

The kobold could only hang his head, grumbling a barely audible, "I'm sorry."

A sharp rap upside his head sent him staggering forward with a yelp.

"Don't be sorry! Go get rid of those pests by sundown, or so help me I'll be mounting your wings over my fireplace!"

Anthony doubted the validity of her threat. Still, the rat had made her point before stomping off towards the main house. He idly scratched at the red skull mark at the crest of his belly, where most mammals had a button. Nothing he had thought of up to this point seemed to be working. That last round of traps and deterrents looked so promising. It'd scared those damn birds off for over a week.

Letting loose a sputtering noise between pursed reptile lips, he ducked back into the barn to grab a pitchfork. Might as well drive them off for today. That could by some time keeping his rodent employer from becoming violently angry. It wasn't a surprise most of the crows weren't even alerted to his approach. Most were getting fat and complacent in their corn larceny. Only a couple even noticed the kobold huffing his little legs across the fields towards them.

"Hey, look! Here comes that jackoff again," one rowdy bird squawked. Several of its coal feathered kin looked over, evaluating the lizard with his makeshift weapon as something worth mocking laughter.

"What's he thinking he can do with that oversized stick?" another crow pipped in.

"I dunno. Maybe he'll rake dinner into a pile for us."

"Be a better use of our time than building us stupid straw dolls."

"They make good nests though."

A low growl went unnoticed over the cawing chatter of so many birds going off at once. They might have been enjoying their heckling a bit too much. By the time he was in range it was too late for an unlucky quartet resting on the scarecrow.

His pitchfork came swinging in from the side like an overlong bat, sending four crows sailing several meters above the corn stalks. Their startled shrieks sent the rest of the group in a rush for the skies. Unfortunately, bellies swollen with corn were making

their usual take off much slower, allowing Anthony to swat several more birds with his impressive swings.

“Hah! What do you think of that, feather brains? Get lost before I-OW!”

The brief rush of victory got literally smacked out of Anthony’s brain when his initial bird victims had recovered. Several wing flaps got them balancing enough in midair for a hard turn around, leading into a dive bomb attack that pelted the black scales of his head with beaks and claws. He tried jabbing the spiked fork end of his weapon in retaliation, but was unable to keep up with their momentum. It only left him open for another squad of crows to flank his right side.

“Not so cocky now, fatso?” one of the pests squealed as its tail feathers dusted over Anthony’s head.

He was too concerned about the warm feeling of blood trickling down his scalp around his shoulders to muster a comeback. Another group was lining the kobold into their flight path and he raised the pitchfork in a defensive stance. Turned out they played him for a feint, scattering before getting within an inch of his wings. That made it all the easier for the first flock to flank at his exposed side.

“Gah!” Anthony let the air escape his lungs in a pained cry. Trembling paws staggered two steps before sending him collapsing to his hands and knees. A single crow couldn’t do that much damage to even a kobold scales. Except this was easily two dozen of the little bastards flying above him in rip-roarious laughter. He was starting to feel the burning of their scratches along his body. The stains of fresh crimson blood splattering his majestic draconic hide. “Damn... damn you, creeps.”

“Out of fight already? Teach you to blow some hot air.” One of the jet black avians had swooped in to perch on his horn. Its head drifted back and forth observing the damaged bald head, pondering if it was worth a few more pecks. “Since we already got your prostrating for us, why not just apologize now? Get us a little more corn and we can all be the best of frie-CAW!?”

For having the wind knocked out of him, Anthony's clawed hand shot up faster than anyone could have expected. Meaty digits clamped on one wing, preventing the frightened buzzard from flying away as he sat up. His other hand squeezed down on its opposite side and rendered it completely immobilized.

“Let go of me. You pathetic rounded lizard!”

The crow cawed other threats and obscenities. None of which convinced Anthony to indulge its demands. All its squirming could do nothing against the Kobolds strength gripping it down. He’d gotten it in just the right position where its beak couldn’t twist enough to peck at his hands too.

It was especially scary about the way Anthony leaned in over the smaller creature. Muzzle twisted into a grin that revealed his sharp fangs.

"You think that was me letting out hot air?! Try this on for size."

"H-hey. We can talk about thi-hmmmpph?!"

Instead of its life ending, the crow found his pleas being muffled by a very awkward kiss. Their kobold capture had wrapped his lips firmly around their beak, making surprising work to keep his tongue from getting bitten in the process.

"HUM-PHHHHFFFFFFFFFFFF!!"

Too bad a little making out session wasn't exactly Anthony's idea of payback. The kobolds nostrils flared as he took in a deep breath. Lungs quickly inflated with air, making the snowy white scales of his chest puff outwards. All of which got blown directly down the crow's throat.

HISSSSSSSSSSSSS!!

The bird's squirms became frantic. Its cries drowned out by a strange sensation of the air forcing its way past its tongue into its body. But as the seconds passed with Anthony's chest deflating, its resistance waned. Leg kicks slowed to stiff, subtle twitching. Wings felt compelled to jut out straight from its sides in spite of the kobold keeping them hugged against its body. A body tensing with a mounting pressure trying to find room for his offering.

The crow managed one final caw, pleading for mercy. Its captor only grinned wider and pushed the last bit of air in his lungs. Black feathers fluffed to stand on ends. The skin underneath creaking in a strained effort to hold in everything Anthony had to offer. Its insides felt ready to burst.

Not that Anthony was that cruel. When the little pests body ran out of room, the magic of his draconic breath helped it make some more. A hard rush surged from the bird's front into its backside, making its tail feathers to stiffen.

THRRRRRRRRRTHP!

FWOOMP!

The bird's entire anatomy was forsaken by the rush of magic air. With a loud pop each of its quills expanded three times in size. An impressive fan of balloons squeaked as they rubbed against each other in the bird's desperate attempt to escape.

FFSSSSSHHHH!!

Efforts that grew less energetic as the affliction began inflating its hindquarters as well. Its rear inflated slowly and steady to become comically disproportionate to its frantic flapping front half. The Y-shaped feet drew stiff, balling into fists trying to fight off the tension filling them.

SQRRK!

The right leg gave out first; exploding into a meaty drumstick of taught skin and thinned feathers. Each individually toe a rounded meatball tipped in blunt, useless claws.

SQRRK!

The left leg was only seconds behind, leaving the inflated back half of the crow symmetrical in its wild growths.

SCHOOMP!

FOOF!

Its wings never had a chance after Anthony paused for another deep breath. The crow had hoped trying to flap them would help refuse the next rush of air kissed into its body. Instead, they became permanently forced to fan out against either side of its swelling body, becoming just as immobile and enlarged as its legs.

“HMMP! HMM!! MMMHHH!!” The crow shook its neck frantically trying to break Anthony’s muzzled embrace on its beak. Muffled pleading grew higher in pitch with the bulging of his chest following into its neck. The last bits of movement left in its body growing still as its eyes squeezed shut against tension rising in its head.

PHAAM!

Anthony ended up breaking his kiss of his own accord with a triumphant giggle. The new crow bounced between his palms much lighter with the influx of air in its generously puffed body. That last puff had reduced the cocky avian to little more than a living pool toy. Its head was just as exaggerated as the rest of its form with beak clamped shut and eyes bulging wide open from the internal pressure. All it could manage were a few confused squeaks as gravity and motion caused it to spin with the light bouncing. It was only by the kobold’s quick hands that it didn’t go sailing away on its own.

“What’s that?” He teased, shifting his new toy around to look them in the eyes. “You haven’t had enough of my hot air yet? Okay. I got plenty more.”

The crow’s pupils shook but it could do little else to stop Anthony from taking his deepest breath yet. His lungs inflated to the point of being comically pronounced in its own right. Only when it couldn’t take in any more did he lean in for another kiss.

FwoosssSSSSSHHHHHHHH!!!

The rest of the crows were beside themselves watching their kin being inflated to several dozen times their normal size. Bit by bit the crow balloon in Anthony’s hand widened with the demand to take on more air. Within seconds he was holding a bird equivalent to a floatation device.

KRRRRRRRKKKLE!

GROAN!

SWOOMP!

Thick kobold paws were having the time of their life caressing the bird's widening surface to boot. The more he inflated it the less his teasing sounded like ruffling feathers and more like tight spandex. A byproduct of his magic stretching the skin so far.

He looked to be holding the bird equivalent to an inflatable horse by the time he ran out of breath. Despite its size, the kobold had no problems holding it up either. If anything, he had to keep a grip on one of its tiny scaled feet to prevent it from floating away. Being able to conjure up helium on a whim was always fun.

"There! I think that's a good look for your jerks." Anthony hopped from the ground, flapping his wings for an extra boost. With some fancy maneuvering it was easy to land atop his new bird balloon for comfortable riding. Even with the kobolds added weight, the immobile creature had more than enough magic breath bloating them out to slowly hover several meters above the corn fields.

It granted a surprisingly pleasant view of the farm and its neighboring countryside. Shame Anthony didn't get to enjoy it for long. More black forms zipped around narrowly missing their dive bombing runs for his head. Looked like the other crows had regained their senses after witnessing this bizarre turn of events.

"How dare you!"

"You'll pay for this!"

They shouted all sorts of threats, many very uncivilized, in their attempts to scratch at the kobold. Too bad for them, Anthony was on a high after finally getting a chance to literally blow off some steam. If these damn freeloaders insisted on making his life miserable there was no reason to keep the kid gloves on.

"AWK!?"

"Gotcha!"

One unlucky crow happened to fly too close in just the right oathing for the kobold to snatch them from the air. They barely had time to let out a fearful caw before finding their beak wrapped in eager reptilian lips.

PPFFFFFFFTTTTT!

SCHWOOMP!

It only took one big exhale of magic breath for Anthony to make another bird-shaped inflatable. He giggled, bouncing his latest victim between palms until another assault of passing beaks sent the poor thing floating across the corn stalks. Annoyed growls seethed through the kobold's fangs. A few flaps of his wings helped make many maneuvering atop his crow balloon easy enough to make intercept courses.

FWOOM!

BWOOM!

THAAAMP!

Things quickly escalated into one of the most bizarre aerial battles in recorded history. Every time a squad of birds risked another attack run, Anthony made sure at least one ended up snatched within his claws. Seconds later there was another feathered balloon drifting at the mercy of the winds. Trying to dive from above for more speed didn't work. Feint after feint only ended with more sacrifices.

KAH-FOOWM!

The kobold laughed atop his squeaking mount, setting free a crow puffed to the size of a large dog with a concerning amount of glee in his work. He had lost track of time in his antics. By then there were a lot more inflated birds floating around than agile ones. What remained of the flock looked a lot more reluctant to try fending off the farm's defender.

"Fuck this shit. I'm out!" one crow screamed in a hard bank away from the cartoonish scene.

"What? Hey!" A more stubborn member of their numbers flapped erratically watching more scatter in various directions away from the farm. "Get back here! You cowards! We still outnumber him. We can-AWK!?"

Had they been paying attention; they might have noticed the kobold using his wings to sail towards them in time.

BWOOOOOMP!!

"Relax and enjoy some air time with your other friends," Anthony said, stroking the puffed-up bird's beak before setting them floating free. That was enough to shatter what little resolve the freeloaders had left. Anthony kicked back atop his giant feathered ride watching the corn field become clear of pests once more. "Damn. If I'd known it'd be this easy, I woulda done this from the start."

New ideas were filling his reptilian brain, making him kick stumpy legs against the enormous bird under him. Ignoring squeaks of protests, he rolled off and caught a draft to glide back on solid ground with his feathered wings. Repurposing some rope from the destroyed scarecrow helped make a perfect anchor for the giant black blimp. While all the other birds were gently being pushed away by the currents, this big one will make a great warning in case any of those hungry jerks thought of coming back.

With that problem solved, a new one arose. A fairly common one given Anthony's habits.

He really, really liked making balloons out of things.

Lucky for him there was something back in the barn that might help speed up his addiction without running out of breath. The kobold half ran, half flapped his wings in a sprint across the farmlands. That grouchy rat was many things and lazy was one of them. A large pen meant for livestock had become the dumping pile for broken or unused farm equipment. Anthony didn't need to dig far to find what he was looking for. Somewhere between a weed wacker without gas and parts for a tractor sat several discarded spray pumps. Lord only knows why the farmer needed to go through so many every season.

Not that it mattered. Anthony grabbed the one with the biggest tank and began blowing into its feed valve for all his lungs were worth. It only took three lungfuls to fill it with magic air, which didn't stop him from blowing in a fourth.

CRREEAAAANKKK!!!

The plastic and metal warped under the mounting pressure. It's every aspect bulging in odd ways that forced it to find room for his air. Anthony had to pause to catch his breath, finding amusement in the way the tool rocked like a boiling pot. Soon he found enough for another big breath.

THROOWP!

The laws of physics once again gave up under the power of kobold magic. Anthony nearly lost his hold on the air spray as it inflated thrice its size and promptly began floating away from its contents of pressurized magic breath. Its over-engorged handle and pump made it a bit hard to work, but he was sure a denser concentration of his breath was going to make his job today a heck of a lot easier.

Now all he needed was a little test. The barn had plenty of rats scurrying about in the shadows. Trying to nail one with a good blast would be the tricky part. That was until Anthony remembered he still had a partially eaten cheese wedge left over from yesterday's lunch. Nothing made a hunt fun like a little bit of bait.

WHUMPH!

Make that a huge amount of bait. The concentrated effects of his magical breath contained in the modified pump were more potent than could have hoped. A single spray was enough to turn his tiny mouthful of gouda into a boulder bigger than his head. He had to shove a few rocks in so it'd stay weighed on the barn floor, but it set the perfect trap with no obvious warning signs.

And the kobold wasn't waiting in the rafters long before his pests started getting curious. First one rat poked their nose out of a barrel, whiskers twitching. Then three more got enough courage to shuffle out from under a tractor. Soon an entire pack began gathering around the boulder of dairy unsure such a free meal could even be real.

It was so hard for Anthony not to start giggling when one rat finally worked up the nerve to try a bite. When that didn't instantly kill them, everyone else swarmed like

piranhas. Their feast lasted maybe a minute or two before every last morsel was licked up into their greedy little bellies. The kobold's tail was kicking up hay with his anticipation, and he wasn't waiting long for the real show to begin.

RHHOOFF!!

A rat squeaked in utter bewilderment as it looked back at its tail suddenly expanding to become larger than its entire body. The helium generated within was already enough to start lifting the poor creature into the air by its hindquarters. Its brothers and sisters could only look up in growing horror as its butt swelled and rounded out in a slower process.

ZCHAAMP!

At least until the clan started developing their own problems. Another rat let out a scream, kicking aside dozens of others when their paws bloated to the size of a humanoid's boots.

FFFFFFFFFCHOUUMB!

One poor rodent could only let out a high pressurized squeak. Its tiny claws racked at the underside of an engorged head as it too began drifting upwards. Compressed air bloating out its muzzle kept its lips tightly shut.

THWUMP!

BARRRRPPP!!

PAARWMM!

MYAAPH!

Anthony bounced in place watching the chaos unfolding below. The process seemed to like starting differently with each rat, but slowly every part of them creaked and filled out into more even looking balloons. Their cries and pleas slowly dulled out with their immobilization setting in until the barn was filled with enough inflated rats to look like someone was planning a party.

"And me without a cake," he mused with a chortle.

Gliding outside, Anthony fluttered his wings a few times pondering where to take his brilliant magic spray next. That question was answered when a bee brushed past his snout startling the daylights out of the kobold.

"No pests allowed!" He growled.

Tracking the nozzle along the bee's flight path proved tricky in his anger. Firing off a blast of compressed breath hit nothing but more air. A second blast missed the little insect by the skin of its wings. Croaks of frustration followed Anthony while he

chased the little thing across fields and around the farmer's main house. It wasn't until the thing settled atop one of the flower beds that he finally got a clear shot.

If he hadn't been running at the bug screaming like a frenzied bear, Anthony might have even caught the blasted thing. The bee took off with ease to sail over another large discharge of magic. Far from giving up in his brief tangent, the kobold swept the nozzle along its flight path in hot pursuit. Sadly, his actions remained a crucial second behind his prey. It flew off back out of Anthony's sight while the entire garden was blanketed in a cloud of his concentrated breath.

SCHOOMP!

"Oh." Watching a single flower spring out above the rest of its fellows on a rush of inflation made Anthony aware of his surroundings. The stem stretched several feet long, filling out leaves and thorns into harmless bulges. What he found really delightful was how each petal became its own miniature balloon. It was probably by the strength of its over puffed roots that it stayed in the ground.

SCHOOMP! SCHOOMP! SCHOOMP! SCHOOMP! SCHOOMP!

It wasn't long before the entire garden began going off like a popcorn kettle. Flowers shot off in rapid succession, becoming balloons big enough to pass for kids' pool toys. Their roots crowded each other searching for room until the ground itself was erupting from their girth. Watching the sight of roses breaking free to float over the farmers rooftop got Anthony's tail wagging so fast. He couldn't resist wading into the thick of his accident floral design, bapping at stray flowers with his free hand to send them sailing off in random directions.

He would have spent the rest of the day playing with them if something sharp didn't decide to stab his left foot paw.

"YEOW!!"

THWOMP!

Anthony was grateful to have plenty of asters still rooted for breaking his fall. He rolled into a sitting position gawking at the small bleeding wound under his big toe. The bunny that had bitten him remained seated firmly next to it, glaring daggers at the kobold.

"That's for overturning my burrow, you jerk!" he said, stomping a hind paw at the loosened dirt around them. "I had just made everything nice and cozy under those flowers."

Anthony returned the scowl. The sprayer whipped around, leveling its nozzle inches from the bunny's short muzzle. "Yeah? Well, the boss says no freeloaders. So, here's your eviction notice."

The rabbit didn't consider the idea it was in danger until after a blast of warm breath engulfed its face. It backpedaled away coughing and cursing over the small amount that'd gotten in its mouth.

FWOOMP!

"Um..." Its confusion only intensified with a sudden lightness hindering its movements. The bunny blinked, quite a lot, staring down at its front paws stretched to the size of clown shoes compared to its body. Tentative wiggling of its massive toes made a loud squeaking sound as their bloated hides were forced to rub together. "W-what did you do to meeeEEEEEEEEEE!?"

PHSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!

Anthony began to worry his sides would split from laughing, but the sight of his latest victim's hindquarters puffing out like an inflating beach ball was too much for him. Especially when the panicked bunny began lifting into the air by its butt's increasing girth. Hind paws kicked about helplessly propelling it into a spin unable to keep a grip on the dirt with its ballooned front limbs.

SWHOOMP!

SWHOOMP!

What little movement it had left ceased when its hind paws filled out too.

"Sh-shtop! Pweessh!?"

THWUMP!

Cheeks puffed against its muzzle, allowing the bunny one final plea with the kobold smirking up at it before both head and ear succumbed to the magic's inflation effects. Anthony continued to laugh, hopping in place to swat at the new balloon toy floating among the transformed flowers.

After a while the black and white lizard stopped to catch his breath. Fun as tormenting one bloated bunny was, he started to think about how he could speed up his pest control a little. His gaze panned over the various crops partially eaten or simply stomped over. Decorating the destroyed soil were plenty of holes in various sizes.

His gaze turned back to the puffy air spray in his hands. An idea took form in his mind so crazy there was no way this wouldn't wrap things up before lunch time. Anthony's foot claws kicked more flower balloons out of the dirt in his dash to the closest burrow he could find.

It took a lot of wiggling to get the inflated nozzle of his sprayer into the hole, but that was fine. That made things perfectly air tight for when he pushed the trigger and held it in place. Rushes of air could be heard blasting throughout the network of pest tunnels under the fields. Anthony didn't even flinch at the way earth shook under his bare feet. Soon a rumbling noise joined in rhythm, growing with intensity as he refused

to let up. Not when he was starting to see wisps of his breath exuding from the many other holes.

KA-BWOOOOOOOMFPH!!

Then again, causing the ground to explode could be entertaining the point of overkill. A mother of all earthquakes sent Anthony flailing onto his tail with a painful yarp. By the time he recovered back onto his feet the kobolds jaw dropped in a mix of elation and concern.

Everything was balloons; the produce, the gophers, the rabbits. Large sections of farmland busted open with an eruption of floating masses like Anthony was at a party. Some remained low within grasping distance of his claws. Many were so over bloated with kobold breath they were rocketing up towards the clouds.

The large pits of dirt would probably need a tilling, but that just saved a lot of work. Once all the veggies deflated it'd make harvesting a simple matter of clean up. Anthony doubted the pests would feel like sticking around for free meals after this. Maybe he should go into business as a professional exterminator. Least he was more practical than poisons.

"You fucking moron!!"

Anthony heard the farmer's familiar irate voice before her fist smacked the back of his head. He flopped forward with a pained shriek that ended up getting him a snout full of loosened soil. The enchanted air spray flew from his hand and bounced a few times before settling against the destroyed crops.

"I can't even begin to question what the hell you've been up to," the rat farmer continued, giving Anthony's presented backside a few frustrated kicks for good measure. "Look at my farm. You've done more damage than all those pests combined."

"Hnngh!!" Anthony's meaty tail swatted her boot off his rear so he could claw back into a standing position. He'd already lost count how many times he'd gone through this motion today. Spitting out globs of manure enriched soil didn't help his spoiled mood. "My job was to get rid of them. They sure aren't going to be coming back after being balloons for a few days."

That got the kobold another smack for his troubles. At least he'd been prepared to keep from falling over. "And how am I supposed to sell my crops? No one's going to buy onion balloons. My tomatoes can't make sauce when they're full of air. You think I'm going to pay you for this mess? You'll be lucky I don't get your fat short ass hauled away for vandalism."

"Just sell them as specialty goods. Sheesh!" he thumped over to retrieve the sprayer. "Besides, my job is almost done. I just need to make sure the livestock is pest free and-Hey!"

The rat was upon Anthony, hands claspings at his inflated toy with loud squeaks. A fierce tug of war started that the lighter kobold proved surprisingly fierce about. Someone trying to steal his pride and joy gave that adrenaline rush needed to keep a lethal grip without claws threatening a popping.

"Like hell you're going near my animals!" She screamed, boots digging trenches in the soil as the kobold yanked her around. Yet her own hold on the sprayer remained committed. "You're fired. Whatever crazy inflation shit you're doing should be a crime. In fact, I'm calling the sheriff to arrest your psychotic fat ass."

Anthony's nostrils flared. His snarl came out with the ferocity of a true dragon. Not that it caused the farmer to falter. "Fine! I don't need to waste my time being underappreciated like this. Let go and I'll get out of here on my own."

"This is my sprayer, dumbass. You think I'm going to trust you with a weapon. Let go!"

"No, you."

"Drop it and fuck off."

"I told you first."

FFFFSSSSHHHHHHH!!

It was unclear which of them grabbed the handle during their childish struggle. What they were aware of was the familiar sound of compressed air being released when the trigger got held down. All sense of anger was forgotten for a moment as they stared at each other in wide-eyed realization. Thick clouds of magic breath blanketed both of them long before the thought of letting go of the device could be entertained.

"Hoo boy." Anthony bit his lower lip, sounding a lot less worried about their imminent fates. His wings and tail were already twitching in stiffer, jerky motions while pressure began pushing against him from the inside.

In a sharp contrast, the rat had released his enchanted spray toy in a squealing panic. Her clumsy backpedal came far too late for a clean escape.

CHUMMMMMMMM!!

"No no no no! You bastard!" The front of her shirt jostled and stretched forward in time to the sudden inflation noises under her fur. Hands desperately clapped at her expanding bosom, which did nothing to stop it. They'd already become firm and stiff, reaching the size of basketballs that popped the buttons on her overalls. "What did you do to me!? What the fu-GYAH!"

BVVVRRRRMMMMM!!

The amazing boobs stretching out her shirt were forgotten with another rush of air bloating out her backside. Once again, she tried holding down her hips, and once

again it did nothing to stop their bloating. Denim creaked and stretched across a butt that looked perky enough to shelve a good number of objects.

Anthony blushed a little watching his boss go from lithe to hourglass in seconds, and then kept going. One clawed finger raised as his mouth opened, yet he was unsure if he wanted to answer her question or make a joke.

THWUMP!

And then it didn't matter after his entire arm puffed double in size. He turned the afflicted hand around in awe of his stiff, useless, ballooned claws for a second. The sensation of being light and barely mobile had filled him with unexpected relief.

BWOMP! BWOMP!

The force of his wings growing into wide, useless decorations would probably make it harder to navigate out of this place, however. Still, part of him was keen to enjoy the sensation of their air-filled feathers gently trying to tug the rest of him into the air. A battle his body would lose soon enough.

"YEEEEK!"

VVVVVVRRRRRMMM!!

The farmer was a bit more worried about watching her tail become compelled to stick almost perfectly straight up. Car-size butt almost seemed to be puffing excess air into it. First the base swelled into an ugly bulge that slowly traveled upward until the entire limb was one long, oversized sausage.

BRRRRRRRRRRFFFFF!!

"Mmmmmh!" A rumble in Anthony's belly preceded his entire middle filling out. The grip on his sprayer finally released so he could rub at his growing belly with one normal, one inflated hand. His usually soft pear form upgraded to something more like a gourd. "This is so nice, actually."

"I'll kill you!" The rat squeaked in pure rage. Her threat lacked a bit of punch given she was waddling towards Anthony in stiff, awkward paces thanks to the loss of her hip joints. Air was also reversing the inward curve of her waist, truly testing the limits of her overalls as she began to resemble a bunch of spheres attached together.

FFFSSHHHH!!

A smug grin of triumph plastered Anthony's face while his other arm thickened and lost most of its function. "You can't kill me. I quit!"

He didn't have much leg muscle left. Fortunately, he didn't need a lot with how light his growing body was getting. Leaping off with both feet, he performed a spin that might have looked impressive from a spectator's view. The double kick landed square

on the rat's medicine ball breasts in their tight plaid shirt a second before his legs succumbed to the inflation.

FWOOMPH!

The extra force of his paws tripling in size helped create the desired effect. Anthony's kick sent the inflating rodent sailing head over heels. Her buoyancy reached the state where she couldn't stay anchored to the ground and was rising above the buildings with her continued growth.

In the same use of force, the kobold pushed off so his own lightened body could sail off in the opposite direction. The ground zoomed further away while his hide stretched and cracked. Winds soon picked up with his rising elevation, making the farmland a vanishing point on the horizon.

Muzzle puffed into a goofy smile as Anthny let himself relax to the drum of his insides filling with continuous magic air. A small part of him lamented leaving behind his new sprayer toy, but maybe his former boss could appreciate some time hovering among the clouds with a calming view. For now, he was happy waiting out the inevitable deflation. Soon enough he'd have to get back to finding a job and filling his stomach with something a bit more nourishing.

Hopefully, his next employers will be a bit more flexible to new ideas.

Copyright © Desmond Fallout

All rights reserved.

Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

<https://www.patreon.com/Vault72>

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/desmondfallout/>

<https://www.deviantart.com/desmondfallout>

<https://ko-fi.com/A54251GK>

<https://twitter.com/DesmondFallout>



SPECIAL THANKS!

All my work is made possible through the amazingly awesome support of my fans and friends. Thank you everyone for helping me entertain you!

A special shout out to my top supporters on Patreon and DeviantArt:

Hubert Gorski

Skunkzel

RottenDingo

Axel Stephan

Aneru

Nathaniel Windcaster

Meepes

GBG

Redbow

Starlight Twist

Forvet

Xilimyth Senuva

Paul Revere

Scott Collier

Wes Franklin

Max O-Zuma