

Klarion only remembered a little of the dream. The details were gone, but the broad strokes clung to his mind like dew on his scales. He was around family but he couldn't remember their names, or faces, and they kept being.. other things? Except sometimes they were dragons? Sometimes not. It was troubling even if their voices and presence had been comforting in the moment. Enough that, as he roused and found he'd woken earlier than his mother did, the little whelping decided he needed a bit of time to himself.

Extricating himself from his mother's curled limbs wasn't as easy as it could be. Klarion wasn't familiar with his body yet, and then he'd gone and gotten *fat* on cow just a couple days ago. Baby fat, as his mom kept telling him. Perfectly normal, and yet it was bothersome just the same. The chumbly whelping stumbled his way out of the lair, out into the cool morning air, claws scraping over rocks and belly dragging on them too. His little wings fluttered reflexively but he was too heavy to lift off even if he knew what he was doing with them – which he didn't.

That wasn't the *only* part of him that was having such a struggle either. Something in the back of Klarion's chest had a similar sense to it. Like there was a thing he could do, some kind of expression of power, of what he was – that he just couldn't *quite* get a grip on yet. But he wanted to try. Klarion waddled himself out to the edge of one of the drop offs amid the rocky lair his mother kept and crept to the edge, clinging to it, feeling a weird little spin of vertigo that seemed silly in a creature that could fly – someday – presumably. Digging his claws in a little tighter, Klarion looked over the edge and exhaled...

..And then did so a little harder, while *trying* to squeeze at the odd thing he felt in the back of his chest. The whole process felt a little uncomfortable at first but there was a sense that he was on the right track, that *something* was going to happen if he could work it out. Klarion was kind of hoping it was fire, though it wasn't for any *purpose*. Just.. if he could breathe fire now he kind of wanted to try that out. But when he tried again, feeling back in the deep parts of his throat and his chest, Klarion could tell something went wrong.

It felt like he was going to throw up. That wasn't what *happened*.. but it's what it felt like. What *happened* was a bubble of pressure got stuck in his side and then something in his cheeks gave his tongue a jolt like he'd licked a lightning bolt. Neither of those things was fun on their own, combined they just left the fat little whelping squirming and yelping as he held his head, thumped his tail, and tried to make it stop-

All that was enough that Klarion didn't fight it when he felt those big, familiar claws pluck him up from the ground. By then it was easing a little, but having his mom there to rub his side and coax things back where they ought to be made it easier. It made the knot in his side unwind faster, and it was just.. comfortable. Even if he felt a little guilty for reasons he couldn't completely understand.

“Too fast, darling! That will come in time, but you must be careful. One can hurt themselves trying to coax flame out when unprepared. I..”

Klarion felt that embarrassment again and started to curl in a bit, but he also felt an odd little surge of defiance. Maybe a bit of the frustration at what he was, what he used to be, still playing about was making a problem of itself? He wasn't sure, that whole thing was truly confused anymore. Something his mom seemed to be picking up on. It was curious to call the expression of something made of iron hard scales and huge fangs 'soft' for any reason, but she seemed to be just that as she looked down at him with those big eyes of hers. Soft, gold eyes.. gleaming a little. Things he could get lost in. Things that made *him* feel soft inside.

When his mom tucked his chin up with one of her fingers to ensure he was staring there and making eye contact he was already too far gone to resist. She spoke, and his soft little mind let the words right in. Why wouldn't they? It was his mom.

“I think you're still reaching back to that old frame of mind a little too much, dear. Let go of it. You aren't who you were, you're *my baby*. Understand?”

Soft, gentle words. Klarion felt his flabby body being eased around, rolled and squeezed. He felt something.. soft? Something his mom was pressing against his underside, around his tail. But everything outside of that voice and her fingers felt distant. The little whelping nodded back to his mother, but he never broke eye contact.

“*My baby*. So you should let go of those other things, the old lingering discomforts. A baby's concerns are simple.. Just let your mother worry about them, alright?”

A body-wide shudder followed. Klarion felt something tighten around his waist, something thick and puffy and soft. Then came his mother's voice again, this time a little louder. Enough to drown out everything in his own mind and resonate through his bones.

“Let it all *go*. Let it seep out of your mind and your body *both*. No control, just release. That will be how your mind stays until mother tells you otherwise. When I can be sure-”

This time the shiver that ran through the whelping's body came paired with what his mother had spoken of – release. It came in the form a hot, spreading wetness between his hind legs. Something that soaked into.. whatever it was his mother had wrapped him in. It poured out and while it did so Klarion's head felt like it was seeping down toward empty as well, clear and without worry, or at least it felt like everything that he *wanted* to worry about just slipped out of him the instant he remembered it.

Every fresh thought that fell under that heading just slid right out of him. Klarion found himself smiling a little as it did, something about it felt.. pleasant? His whole body from the waist down just went slack for it.

“Now.. how do you feel, my little darling?”

Being eased down to the ground, Klarion found himself resting atop that fluffy padding wrapped around his butt with the still spreading damp spot in front. The question seemed like the kind of thing he ought to give some real thought, what with his mom being the one asking. Klarion looked deep for it.

“I'm.. okay? B-but things are just.. this is still.. a-and I want to-”

As the concerns that had been plaguing him for a couple days now tried to bubble up again Klarion felt his mother's words ease through his mind once more. Let everything go, out of his head and out of his body. The whelping sank down slowly, sprawled out on all fours at first and then just lying on his belly outright. This time around it wasn't just heat and dampness, he felt something else. It was a little like the knot of pressure that had come up when he tried to breathe fire earlier, just.. deeper, and less painful. This one just slid through into what the whelping loosely realized was a diaper while his mind went placid and blank.

After a few seconds went by Klarion realized it was *still* blank, and he hadn't really finished the answer. So he tried again, recalling some of the odd discomfort the dream had left him with and the still clinging memories of before. The tension that caused was brief though, mostly because the same thing happened again. Everything went slack, his whole body, and that mess he'd made of the diaper got just a bit bigger while his mom looked on in what seemed to be satisfaction.

Which was enough. If she was happy with things that was good enough, even if Klarion didn't exactly understand what had just happened. He was still a bit too relaxed to bother getting back up, but his mom was there to handle that. Lifting him with ease, smiling at him..

“That's better, isn't it? Don't worry your little head child. We'll get you cleaned up.. after a little bit more time, just in case. I find myself suspecting you may have another accident or two before the first run of this is finished.”

A little grunt and a shiver ran through Klarion. He wasn't actually sure if he had just added to the existing mess or not but there was a good chance he had.

“S... iz.. izsat.. okay, mom? I.. *ngh~*”

One of his mother's thumbs ran over top of Klarion's head before she leaned in, kissing his brow. That sent him right back into smiling placidly at her.

“It's fine darling. Dragons live a *particularly* long time and you might need a while before all of this evens itself out. Try not to think about it too much. Eventually mommy will let you re-learn some of this.. probably. Maybe.”

Klarion kicked his legs a little and wiggled his wings. There was a pretty steady flow coming from him still, but he'd stopped thinking about it too much. The way it trickled from his head down through into something he could just.. void out of his body was just an odd sort of magic, and his mom was full of that kind of thing. The only things left that stuck in his mind? Were the ones that *ought* to be there for a little baby dragon.

“..Can we have more cow, mom? I.. I feel *hungry~*”

Seeing his mother smile again after that question left Klarion content. That was what he wanted – that and the cow, he'd been serious about that bit. Even remembering what happened last time. Or maybe because of it? Being heavy and soft had its charms.

“We can arrange that, my little darling. Though I think we might have to clean you sooner rather than later at this point..”

The whole notion went right over the whelping's head. His mother just patted him gently, tucked him up against her side, and began ambling them in the general direction of the river that ran near by the lair. Conveniently it also ran not too far away from the pasture they'd gone to not long ago. Klarion found his belly rumbling at the thought, and odd little happy warbling sounds bubbling up from his throat followed.

“Then again.. maybe I'll just leave you like this, and keep you fat, simple, and happy~”

Klarion wasn't going to argue with that. With all his worries leaving him by way of his thoroughly relaxed, soft little bottom? More of this sounded *delightful*.