

A Spark of Cuteness

By: Firingwall

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A low, annoyed grunt left Richard. He stared at his drawing tablet, tapping the bottom of his chin obsessively. His mind was blank, nothing coming to it. He was ready to go but couldn't.

Why can't I think of anything? He scowled. *Uuuuugh, it's like all the good ideas only come when I'm trying to sleep.*

On that note, he closed his eyes and rubbed his forehead. He tried to think back to the previous night. He had some great ideas that came to him when he was tossing and turning in bed. There were tons of them, some he even made a mental note to try and remember for later.

Yet, nothing. *Maybe I should just keep a notepad next to my bed...*

For that wannabe artist, things were tough. Richard had slowly been rising in popularity or, at least, some sort of notoriety among the different sites he posted on. Nothing too huge, but he was at least picking up a few followers here and there. Then came all the artist blocks and long shifts at his day job. Soon, he found that he hadn't been able to make anything in over two weeks.

He checked his phone again, even though it was going to be pointless like the past few times he had looked. There were no new likes, shares, comments, or anything of the like in the past week. His follower count had frozen in place.

Never gonna get noticed or build up fans at this rate. He wanted attention, fame of some kind, the ability to offer commissions and make some bit of money. He wanted something to improve in his mind palace so he could get back to drawing.

Richard sighed, rubbing his face. *Guess you can't fast-track your way to success and popularity, I suppose.*

He grabbed his phone from his desk and turned on one of his music apps. *Maybe some music will help me think and come up with something.*

From there, he went to an "inspirational" mix playlist he had put together a very long time ago. He hit Shuffle and started to play.

*Imagination, imagination...
A dream, can be, a dream come true.
With just that spark, from me to you...*

“Oh right, I did have that in the playlist.” It really had been a long time since he had actually listened to this mix, had it?

Still, it wasn't a bad song, so he let it go and continued to stare at his tablet. He stared... and stared... and stared. Yet nothing would come to him.

*One little spark, of inspiration
Is at the heart, of all creation.*

That is nice... The song was nice and relaxing. It was at least keeping his frustration at bay for the time. *Still, wish I had that spark. Just something to light up in... wait.*

He smiled brightly. “Dammit! Why didn't I think of that sooner?! Figment!” The little dragon guy from Disney sprung right into his mind. He was an adorable cartoon that would be fun to draw and that people would like. Plus, some synergy never hurt given that the ride the character was from was getting a movie in the future.

Richard got things set up properly, gathering references and even a drink. He moved swiftly, gathering everything he needed and sitting down just as the song finished.

*A dream, can be, a dream come true.
With just that spark, from me and you.*

He began to draw, putting together an extremely rough, limited sketch of the dragon. By extremely rough, it was mostly circles and very basic shapes put together to outline how his body would look. Even at this stage though, Richard was excited and energized.

Finally got something going! He twirled his tablet pen in his fingers. *This is gonna be great! Everyone's going to love it!*

Once everything was set in the rough form, it was time to start with the details and multiple layers. Richard took a drink. *Where to start... where to start...*

Let's see... He looked at the references he had of the little dragon and went back to his sketch. *Think... think. Hmm, remember the ride. Remember those videos you saw. How did Dreamfinder introduce him?*

Two tiny wings~

Richard smiled. *Right! There we go.* He started there, even if it seemed like wings would be one of the last parts he should draw.

The young man sketched the wings out approximately where they should be. Curiously, the sketch itself looked a bit different. The vague shapes and sketching of the body looked smoother and cleaner. It looked more distinctly humanoid than before.

Yet, Richard never noticed. He didn't even notice an issue arising with his shirt. Though, that was mostly because it was behind him. His t-shirt's back had opened up, revealing his bare skin. Sort of.

His skin there was rather purplish. It wasn't as if it was bruised or injured but just that it was purple. The texture was rough but also smooth like a reptile's skin.

The purple-tinted skin began to bulge. Two small bumps began to grow, swelling more and more, the shape of them changing. Eventually, they fully morphed into a pair of wings. Purple, tiny wings, but wings nonetheless that made a gentle flap behind him.

Eyes big and yellow~

Finished with the wings on the screen, he decided to do the eyes next. Sure, he was doing this way out of order, but for some reason, it felt right. Just doing those adorable eyes next was right!

He began sketching them, pausing briefly to blink rapidly a few times as if dust got into them. With each blink, something shifted with them. Their whites began to turn yellow, but not an unhealthy tone. It was something more cartoonishly yellow, but yet dazzling. His pupils became slits, the irises around them turning to amber.

And that wasn't just it either. His gaze was turning to this naturally sultry, alluring look. His eyelashes grew longer, adding an elegant flutter to his blinks. His eyelids gained a hint of dark purple coloring, almost like natural eyeshadow.

Yet, still no notice from him. He rubbed his eyes and yawned as he finished drawing Figment's peepers. *What next, what next?*

“Right!” He started scribbling again. ““Horns of a steer”...”

As if on cue, his messy, dirty brown hair parted in two spots above his forehead on the sides. The skin there was rising as well, hardening this time and turning to bright orange. The spots grew and grew, extending into horns that went straight before bending back and curving a tad upwards.

“...but a lovable fellow”! That’s how-” Richard coughed, hitting his chest a few times. “*Ahem! That’s how it goes!*” A soft, light, airy giggle left him.

His body shivered. It began to thin down, removing excess fat that plagued his limbs and tummy. His shape turned firm and fit, his arms having slight muscles to them. His waist even narrowed as he drew Figment’s waist rather narrow too.

““From head”... oh!” He shivered, biting his lips. *Ooooooh, I feel so... good. Didn’t know it felt so good to have a great art idea! It’s so... invigorating!*

His face twitched, his jaws trembling. Spreading from his eyelids, scales a lighter shade of purple began to move. They crossed over and onto his brow, which thinned, before moving onto his forehead. His eyebrows thinned, looking perfectly tweezed.

The scales turned and headed downward over his mug. His pale skin turned a lovely, rich, royal purple shade from top to bottom. There were a few pops and cracks, his cheeks widening ever so slightly. His nostrils flared and rose, turning dragonic.

He hummed happily as he drew Figment’s face, finally connecting the horns to some kind of head. His jaws cracked and slowly pushed forward. They didn’t go too far out, forming a short, cute, but still reptilian muzzle fit for his scaly face. When he smiled, he flashed some new, sharp-looking fangs.

“Oh, how dazzling!” He cooed, observing what he had so far. “This will simply be stellar by the end! Now, where was I? Oh yes!” He let out another giggle, airier and sweeter than before. “It goes “to tail”!”

He leaned further over his desk, getting really close to the screen as he opened a new layer. He pushed his rear out as his office chair shifted. The back suddenly opened up near his bum, nice and wide.

As he began to draw the dragon’s tail, his shorts dipped down while his shirt raised, exposing his back just above his bum. Purple scales from where his wings were flowed down his back to his exposed area. At the end of his tailbone, just above his rear, the spot bulged.

And then it exploded. In one big surge, the small bump blasted out, going through the new chair opening and slamming down onto the floor. It was a large purple tail with a faded underside, almost longer than his legs. From its base to almost its tip, small, pointed orange frills ran down. The very end grew two orange, dullish spikes at the end for a fluke-like design.

The tail swished upon the ground now that it was completed. Richard finished drawing the tail and started moving on to what probably should've been first: the main body. "Now... 'he'... was it he? Maybe it was she?"

Richard took another sip of his drink, fingernails turning orange and long, purple scales appearing around them. "Oh, right! It goes 'She's royal purple pigment!'"

Like that, scales bloomed across his body. They rushed down from his head, up from his tail, and his fingernails. Every trace of skin was cloaked, all body hair removed, and blemishes a thing of the past. Nothing but royal purple for his complexion and tone.

The only exception was a lighter shade of purple. A lighter shade that went from the front of his neck, down to his chest, and across his belly. Everything was purple for him.

Richard went back to work, finishing up the details. He hummed the Journey into Imagination song, which was looping repeatedly in the background now. Drawing every part of Figment brought him joy and wonder!

It brought warmth as well. There was a heated, tingling sensation going through him, surging from down below. His thighs rubbed together a little, clawed toes clenching.

Then, it was gone. The warmth left him. It had also taken away a certain bump down below in his pants.

The scaly figure did not notice a thing as they finished. "And there, voila, you've got a Figment!" They giggled, looking over their creation.

It certainly was Figment. The cute little dragon was on the screen doing a silly, cute pose. It was them... but also different. His body shape was less big-bottom and more human-esque and slim. The features on his face and chest were feminine as well.

Richard stared at their work and stared. The smile on their face slowly slipped as they looked. Eventually, it turned into a pout. "Hmm, still needs a bit more!"

They went straight in and focused first on the top half of Figment. A few minor adjustments were made here and there, the dragon's shape growing more human-looking. The artist's figure shifted with thinner shoulders that drooped. His back pushed out as his ears vanished, his hearing somehow not affected.

"And some lovely hair!" They cooed, drawing an elegant, thick mane of flowing locks for the Disney mascot.

Their short, unimpressive mop of brown hair quivered. From their roots to their tips, the color was washed away for a luscious, lively dark purple that complimented their scales perfectly. Hair smoothed out and fluffed up, growing thick and high in volume. It grew rapidly, flowing down onto their shoulders and back.

The artist smiled, casually brushing some of their gorgeous locks to the side. Staring at their work so far, they thought, *good. but still needs more!*

Richard's attention went to the lower half of the piece. They quickly erased some details and started in, making Figment's hips wider and legs longer. They erased a bit more and made the hips even wider and with thicker thighs.

The artist fidgeted in their seat, squirming a bit. Their pants were getting tight on them, very tight. The thighs were plumping up, naturally rubbing and smooshing each other. Their hips widened, growing round and curvy, popping the button on the jeans.

They squirmed more, lifting a bit in their seat. Their rear was growing like an air pump was attached to it. It widened as their cheeks swelled, getting plump while protruding out. Eventually, they had a big, purple bubble butt with the top of its cheeks poking out of their pants.

Much cuter! The artist giggled. *So much cuter... she's so cute, but still missing something!* Her eyes latched down onto the dragon's chest. Yes, it was pushed out a little, but needed more!

With a sparkle in her eyes, "Richard" quickly fixed that problem. She drew a set of breasts. A nice, reasonable, human-sized set of breasts on the anthro lady Figment that fit her well.

Her shirt began to stretch. Her flat chest rose, mounds inflating and growing rounder. They pressed against her shirt, only barely noticeable until her top tightened further, highlighting their shape further.

...no! The sparkle turned to an excited flare. *Bigger! They're bigger! Always bigger!*

Swiftly erasing what she just drew, the artist drew bigger breasts. Then she erased those and drew ones even **bigger!** The dragon soon had big, F-cup breasts that would push any normal bra beyond its limits.

Her own breasts gained that big increase. They lunged forward with a great push, lifting her shirt and revealing her toned stomach. They surged again, now as big as the drawing's depiction. They sat firm on her chest, not a bit of sagging at all.

"There we go!" She held up the tablet, spinning around in her chair. "The perfect self-portrait! I truly make myself look so divine!"

Figmentarella was proud. She truly did draw herself so splendidly. Her art skills have improved so much since she started. Sure, the piece started weird with a rather cartoony caricature of herself, but it all came together in the end.

She stomped her feet on the carpet and stopped her spinning. *...still could be better! Just a little bit more!*

Figmentarella put the tablet back down and got back to work. With surprising speed, she drew a lovely gown over her sketch self. In return, a dazzling, yellow ball gown replaced the artist's clothes. It was a shoulderless gown with elegant, honey-yellow gloves and a really low top that showed bountiful cleavage that would distract anyone enough to accidentally walk into something.

"Now I'm just darling!" The dragoness cooed, stroking her face. She could gaze upon her stunning art forever.

However, keeping it all to herself would be a crime, of course! Saving the file and getting a copy downloaded, she proceeded to post her sketch up on every one of her accounts.

With that, she leaned back into her chair and waited. The response came quickly, her phone buzzing and vibrating. She gave it a look and smiled. The feedback was overwhelmingly positive. Everyone loved it just as much as they loved her.

The comments were universally sweet. "Oh wow, what a cutie!" "You're so pretty!" "You're so talented!" Plus, there was just an overwhelming amount of happy emotes and hearts that made her own heart leap.

One comment did draw her eye. “Amazing! How do you do it?”

Figmentarella grinned and happily replied. “*It’s simple! Lots of hard work, practice, and just the right spark of inspiration and imagination!*”

THE END