

The two males entered the tavern room, the white bear holding the wooden door opened for the brass dragonborn. Allowing the two to overlook that somewhat cheap room, but it was something last minute. Out of all the times for the town to have some event, it still irked the metallic one, but he tried not to show it. "Here we are." The furred creature said, closing the door and overlooking the slightly taller one. "Something wrong?"

A double take from the dragon, and he quickly shook his head. "No, nothing."

"I'm guessing the event?" A grumbling sigh and he got a few sympathetic taps on the shoulder. "I know, I know. But still, thanks for letting me stay here for the night. Even when I couldn't pay."

"You'll pay, just in your own little way." Brando smirked at the white one, leading that white muzzle up a little bit and greeting it with a lick.

"I suppose I promised-"

"That you would show me a good time tonight? Yes, I believe you did, bear."

"Let alone, agree to be your blanket for the evening."

"Or pillow, whichever way the night takes us." A shy, but playful smirk across the bear's muzzle as those furred paws held him close. Overlooking him with a soft gaze in those brown eyes that is equally excited but trying so desperately not to show it.

"Let's take these off then, shall we?" Bartan asked, inching closer to that muzzle and touched it with a soft press of his black nose. Licking the space between those brass nostrils a bit before giving the dragon a soft kiss. Those paws stroking along his sides and outlining the curves of that large torso, finding the straps and ties of the chainmail armor. Pressing into Brando's muzzle and lapping at the tip of his fangs, almost inviting him to participate while that chainmail starts to slowly loosen.

The dragonborn took a half-step closer participate in the bear's offer, pulling the white one into his strong front. Feeling the furred one playfully challenge the soldier's balance a bit while sending that red tongue into Brando's maw. Those white paws moving to scout more 'interesting' places around that armored torso and back, all while keeping those brown eyes closed. Trying to focus most of his attention on the movements of that red appendage, encouraging the metallic dragonborn to go slowly and not rush things just yet. A few more strange tugs, and that large shield fell to the ground with a loud thud. Getting those brass scales to click loudly in surprise.

A playful growl left Brando shortly afterward, wrapping his left arm around the furred one and nearly tie the bears tongue with his own red appendage. Getting a surprised yelp from the furred one, as if he was about to comment on such an event but was interrupted by the sudden action. Almost wanting to submit to the brass drake, but not quite yet. There was still work to be done. A few strange tugs, and the greatsword soon fell to gravity's pull. Then the scythe, which begs the question: how did the quartermaster hold all of these things? Questions for later though.

For now, most of his equipment was off, and that mail loose. Trailing those paws to another set that was around the brass body, Bartan worked on getting those gloves off. Then the bracers as he studied the dragon's mouth, likely tasting what he had for dinner this evening: grilled pig with a bit of vegetables in the mix. Hearing the dragon start to purr softly, likely enjoy the attention he was receiving from the white furball.

With the gloves finally off, and a bit of gestures, the bear started to pull away from the kiss, licking the source of such vibrations. Around that scaled jaw and down that broad neck. Soon reaching the shirt of metal rings, and saving himself the pain of possibly getting pinched by dozens of such things linked together. He instead moved toward the dragonborn's waist where the shirt ends, playfully nuzzling up the mail and the shirt underneath while licking at those toned abs, pulling the shirt up with his muzzle... And paws when it came to helping it from behind. Thankful not to discover a certain thing that should be missing from that tummy to begin with. Something called a bellybutton, that made the bear Flick an ear in irritation. "Is something wrong?"

A double take from the bear, now realizing that those red eyes from above were looking down at him. Touching the ear that flicked, making Bartan faintly whimper. "N-nothing. Just a silly thought towards a game company that likely failed biology classes." With a bit of blushing, he pulled the shirt over Brando's head and greeted that brass snout with a playful Eskimo kiss (Touching noses). "You want to do the same to me?" The white one deviously grinned, motioning his worn shirt that appeared to have claw marks into it from a previous session with a certain grey dragon.

"With pleasure" The dragon smirked back and started to slowly reached for the worn navy shirt that covered the furred one. Lowering his arms toward the end of the T-shirt and grabbed it gently to not rip it apart. Just from the look of it he could say that this companion had some experience with his kind... Perhaps something bigger.

"Don't be afraid to damage it. It's nearly had its day." The white one chuckled. Feeling the brass one nod as he pulled it slowly upwards over the belly, then rather quickly over his head. Tossing it across the room as he gazed over the evening's comfort object. Not nearly as plump as he hoped, but perhaps Brando could change that if needed.

A bit of a head shake soon follows to level out the white fur, a bit longer than normal as it's becoming winter. Once again, Bartan entered the brass embrace and shared a long kiss before undoing the dragonborn's belt. Both in the front, and behind; Just above that scaly tail. All while encouraging that soldier to do the same. Sharing those same purrs as he pressed into somewhat reflective body and spotted a rather stiff piece within. "That better not be another weapon." The furred one playfully grumbled.

"It is a weapon, bear. But a special one." The drake playfully chuckled, loving that little grumble.

"I suppose I'll just have to take a look and decide whether or not you're allowed to keep it for the night." He smirks deviously, as a paw reached inside and stroked the red weapon. Still touching noses and looking into those red eyes while observing the dragon's reaction: panting as his face went a

bit red with blush. Soon feeling those large arms tighten around the bear and making out another stiff rod press against Brando as well. Making him purr a little bit louder. After a bit of adjusting, the white one managed to make both pairs of pants go the way of the other equipment. Stepping out of his clothing while stroking that member a bit, he shared another kiss before going a lower once again.

Taking his time to lick down that broad chest, across the many scars the brass one has had over the years, and up to a certain tip below the waist. Taking a moment to study that package before him: a red draconic tool with three rows of fleshy spines. One on the bottom, and two at the top flowing with the flare. Down the shaft, just above that brass sheath and plump pouch rested four ridges along the sides of the red flesh. "Beautiful..." He whispers, giving it a few licks. Those white paws sliding around the dragon's haunches, over his thighs and cups that brass pouch a bit. Not squeezing too hard, but to observe to see how full it might be before they continued behind and toyed with a certain exit a bit.

The drake purrs became louder as soon as the bear start exploring under that brass tail. Raising one of his paws and holding onto that white head and started to stroke it. As if to ask him to continue, releasing heated exhales through that metallic muzzle. A few more licks at the tip, and Bartan started to muzzle the weapon slowly. Letting those brass paws guide him as that tongue scouted out the three sets of fleshy spines. Lapping between each one as those paws lowered. Now realizing that the dragon still had those chainmail pants around his ankles, completely forgetting about those boots.

Doing his best to try to untie them without looking, considering how occupied his head was, it was starting to irritate the white one. The drake eventually feeling those furry arms grab behind both his knees, pivot them both about 180, and trip the dragon backwards onto the surprisingly soft mattress. Bartan's muzzle reaching that weapon's full length and stroking your ridges in the process, getting a heavy reaction out of the brass one.

The bear laps a couple of times just to tease him, getting a small squirt of pre that tasted like Vanilla and getting him to whimper loudly in bliss. As much as he wanted to just stay there and suck that weapon dry, Bartan had work to do. Withdrawing the muzzle to see how the bootstraps work while trying to reach for said weapon with a paw, but that clearly wasn't going to work. Instead, he stood up and used both forepaws to undo the straps, while squeezing in a hind leg between the metallic pair. Letting that furry white foot stroke the draconic member as he playfully growled at the boots.

That hind paw moved up and down the brass one's red flesh as one boot finally came off. Soon freed from the shackle of clothing and the other one soon to be. Looking at the action himself, the bear almost whimpers before slowly taking a lower metallic paw and starts rubbing the sole against his own canine style weapon.

The white paw across Brando's started to move with that tip between the toes. Feeling the middle ones almost lift up a lot more than normal, while keeping the ones on each side down. Tending to the walls of that red tower while also stroking it's underflesh. Soon becoming a bit overwhelming when it lowered across the drake's ridges, causing him to release a few thick jolts of white across his chest. Those purrs from the bear grew deeper as well, as the brass paw slid up and down the furred one's member. Even making its progress over his sheath, but without with a few whimpers and deep

breaths. The dragonborn barely making out something leaking over his paw as the movements continued.

Carefully pressing into those pouches once in a while, the bear continued to stroke him. Even after those deep breaths seemed to nearly shift gears, that weapon twitch against the sole of that paw. The shaft pulsing out more and more pre as the brass one went past the point of no return, thrusting into that white forest and starting to spray his own ropes against it. Feeling it splatter across his body as it ricochet off that hind paw, releasing torrent after torrent inbetween the toes and into the air. A few landing in that draconic maw as he sang out his release in a deep purr. One that never seemed to cease, if anything get a little louder.

A few more strokes from that scaled paw, acrossed that furred pouch a bit as well, and several squirts of orange painted over it as well. A few making it as far as the shield on the floor as Bartan slowed down a bit. Taking a moment to catch his breath, he retrieved that white hind and kneeled down over the frosted covered metallic torso. Licking up what he could with very loud purrs of affection before meeting Brando's muzzle. Exchanging what he gathered into that brass maw. "Does this mean you're done for the night, sweetie?"

"Mostly, it takes some time before I can go another round." The dragonborn said, smiling as he held the purring bear. Feeling that furball hug back, and poke his rod under that scale covered tail.

"Would you mind if I continue then?" Bartan smirked, those white eyebrows bouncing a little.

"Not at all. You deserve it." The bear smiled brightly, giving him another kiss and a few licks.

"Alright, but you tell me when you're about to release again, draggy." The soldier purred and nodded, slowly feeling that canine tip prod that exit a bit for the dragonborn to get used to such a thing. Bartan watching closely for any signs of pain or struggle before moving in a bit more, kissing him deeply and lapping that vanilla flavor out of that draconic maw. Feeling the larger one submit to the kiss as he welcomed the bear's tongue in his maw. Stroking that left paw along the bear's back. Encouraging the white one to slide against his body, regardless of the mess.

A few more gentle presses before a long but slow one. Opening that tailpipe a bit as the length started to enter the drake's rear, causing the bear's tongue to get a bit more aggressive, but nothing terribly harsh. Taking his time to exit and re-enter that lower end a few times so that such a place could get used to such an action. Enjoying it after a bit after the brass one adjusted himself a bit and begin to purr softly. "Just..." Bartan started inbetween laps. "Tell me if it hurts." He continues, stating before he went a little deeper. Carefully studying the dragon's actions, though he might be very tough on the outside, the inside is a different story as usual.

"It's alri-..." A sharp breath. "Alright..." The brass one answered, as he paid close attention to the penetration. The deeper the red weapon traveled, the wider it seemed to become, but only slightly. Easily making out the three sets of spines that was the reverse of Brando's: two rows at the bottom and one at the top. "Is your...?" A near growl of pleasure left him. "Weapon get-...?" A whimper. "-Getting

longer?"

A slow nod from the furred one. "It..." A few breaths and a thick jolt was felt inside. "Likes to adjust according to...." A whimper as the bear went a bit deeper, touching a ridge and almost growling at the wave of bliss caused by the sensitive flesh. "According to partner." A few more breaths and laps within that maw as he continued. "You'll be okay though..." The white one promised as he started moving a little faster. More and more fluids entering the drake from below, but not in a high pressure. Just a glowing warmth nearly filling him from the bottom. Hearing the brass one start to take deeper and deeper breaths as the motions increased, those purrs filling the room and nearly making the bed itself vibrate.

With every slow thrust, a little bit of that orange flowed out of the tailhole, but is soon replaced. Those white paws almost guiding the warmth from within while sliding up that metallic belly. Feeling slightly full, but not bulging. "Brando... Love... Don't try to think too hard about it, okay?" Bartan asked while stroking that brass jaw and kissing him deeply. "Just let it happen..."

"Alright..." He replied, going in for another lip lock. Feeling the bear start to move a little faster, hearing him almost hold back with faint growls as those ridges were constantly stroked. A strange pulse happen to be felt at the very base of the canine weapon, and the area soon starts to grow in girth. Nearly discomforting at first, but the dragon's body naturally adjusted without pain.

A few more breaths and a stressed growl before the flow from that shaft seemed to increase, now getting a bit of pressure to be felt. At first within the stream itself, then within Brando's belly a bit. Pressing those scales out slightly, but not for too long. The warmth soon following that white paw acrossed his lower chest, up behind his thick heart, then collar. He started to taste oranges as Bartan's paw guided up that brass neck and feel the flavorful liquids come out of the drake's maw, soon being lapped up by the bear.

However, the dragonborn never felt like he was drowning, or that his lungs were at any way in risk. Even breathing perfectly fine, despite the bear's release traveling up his throat warmly, almost soothing it like a thick and warm milk. Nearly making his entire body feel like it was glowing as it relaxed Brando greatly, that orange leaking out of their locked muzzles as more and more seed was pumped through him. Though, only lasting for about a minute.

With the drake's breaths normalizing, and the orange liquid now lapped out of his maw, the brass one attempted to say something. Only to fail due to reaching another climax from the warmth. His weapon spraying between several torrents between the two and adding to the great mess on the bed. Barely making out a white paw reaching down to help the brass one through his second release of the night, and the furred one cursing the fact that he was currently tied just below that rod. Maybe next time he can mount the weapon... Next time possibly being in the morning or tomorrow evening.

Still, he continued to stroke those ridges until the dragonborn was empty and spent. Feeling the brass one barely get coordinated enough to lean up and lick Bartan on the forehead, and wrap those metallic arms around his evening furred pillow. The bear embracing him back, once again having no

regards of the wet paint, and licking whatever was in reach for a bit more of that wonderful flavor. Getting Brando to purr until he was lost within a deep slumber before reaching over for a blanket to cover the two. Spending the night together, possibly even more from here on out.