

Drunken Lullabies #1

By Bartan Tirix

The white bear opened the door to the workshop, peering inside at the lit room. Machinery and the smell of materials could be sensed, but no sign of the Tirix it belonged to. "Linnet?" He carefully called, but no response. Means she was probably out for now, be it either for lunch or to find something in one of her many material storages.

Scanning his outside one last time before entering his feral fluffy self into the shop, gently closing the door behind him after ensuring his longer tail was safely inside. He walked in with a bit of excitement on his mind, even though he was attempting to keep calm. Keep silent in case the panther was still in here and occupied, but after checking the entire building for the black spotted one, Bartan concluded he was safe... For now.

It's not uncommon for others to come in to 'borrow' her things, nor did she actually get irked at it, so long as they were returned after use. Browsing the workbench area and seeing the tirix' latest design; a manual pump of sorts, once again got the bear a little excited but he took a breath to calm down. Odds are that one would just be too powerful for him, if it was even functional.

No, he was after something else. Going towards the back extension of the shop and browsing the shelves there, knowing he seen it somewhere along here. Catching a glimpse of it on the other isle and moving softly to confirm such a thing. Yes, just a lower-powered handpump. More heavy duty than your standard bike or air mattress one, but not extreme.

Those four ears of his scanned any nearby noises, swearing he heard something outside. But after a few moments it went away. Getting the bear to once again move quickly and softly towards one of the enclosed corners of the shop; a place that was easy to hide in case Linet returned. Placing the device down and studying the nozzle on it made Bartan whimper in excitement, taking another set of deep breaths to calm down.

But it wasn't quite working, already starting to feel his sheath swell up prematurely as he took the hose's exit end and studied it. Likely one of her own designs; a self-sealing nozzle. Allowing you to lock it on something without having to hold it there, freeing up a hand for... Things.

The furball wasted no time, pressing the hose's end against his sheath's opening and locking it on. Expecting a pinch, but only got a minor discomfort as he gently pulled it, ensuring it was sealed tight. Stabilizing the main device with one of his hind paws on the 'winged base' he pulled up the plunger and

took a moment to really question if he wanted to do this. To consider the risks of- And that was long enough.

Bartan pressed down- only for it to fall near effortlessly without any pressure. Making him wonder if it was possibly cracked? Studying it for a moment and noticing a long cord sticking out of the base. How did he not notice it before? Following the end to an electrical plug and flicking an irritated ear at it. Why would it need power? It's manual, isn't it? Whatever. Searching for a nearby outlet and finding one relatively within reach. Hearing something lock within the case of the device, pulling the plunger back up and feel it give some resistance. For certain this time, he took a breath.

The bear pressed the stiff handle down, trying to be gentle and releasing a faint whine as the pressure built up in the hose. Fighting against the seal the nozzle made for an escape, but it held true against his sheath. Though soon finding a path into it, feeling the fluffy protection swell up with air and stimulating the bear. Making him exhale his breath and quietly pant for a few moments before pressing the plunger further down, slowly inflating his sheath again as the tension continued to build. Warning the furball that he could be damaging himself.

Yet, he loved that force! Keeping it up a little bit at a time until the air found a new path within his tool! Making Bartan whimper slightly louder than he meant to, but seeing it all the way through! Knowing exactly where it was traveling down and adding volume to his furred pouch as that handle finally reached its first full pump.

Most of it did go to his sheath though, noticing it swell up like a tomato. Giving it a cautious touch and it reminded him of an air-filled water balloon. However, it didn't take long for the weapon inside the sheath to finally break the seal there, and some of the pressure within the protection to release... However, that nozzle was now attached to the bear's canine-like tool. Taking a few moments to look at it with a deep blush in his ears while that weapon twitched. Practically asking: "Well, what are you waiting for?"

Only to get a whimper in response but he pulled up the piston, once again getting a tad bit of resistance while pushing it back down, but feeling it flow directly into the bear's lower system. Specifically those furballs, that didn't seem to get much visual change until the handle was halfway down, then inflate like a large water balloon. Stopping at the first sign of alteration and taking a few breaths. They were tight, yes, but... They've been bigger. Even naturally.

Another whine as he continued the journey down the device, watching closely as that white pouch reached the size of a grapefruit and the hilt was reached. Panting a few times before pulling the metal shaft up again, this time getting a dramatic change with the distance that was pushed down. Bartan placing his free hand on his balls as they expanded between his hind legs. Needing to adjust himself to resting mostly on his back with his legs spread open as it climbed in paired sportsball sizes.

Every half a pump caused the pouch to increase. From large softballs to small bowling. Small bowling to Volleyball. Needing to stop to take several huffs before pushing their limits, the pouch already starting

to feel so tight... Reaching past Basketball sizes with a third of a plunge! Pressing it the full way in to make the pouch close to an exercise ball!

Them alone nearly occupied the bear's lap as he panted, carefully petting them while his muzzle and ears glowed with blush. Wondering if he should push it a little more or not, getting quite close to releasing and would be very easy to just stroke himself off at this point. However... What if he tried for a more paws-free approach? Testing his pouch's limits until Bartan came? Then all he'd have to do was just disconnect the hose and ta-da.

Uncertainty fell over him like a thin blanket, knowing how events like this normally end. But during those few moments of pondering, the plunger automatically started lowering! Forcing the bear to grip it tightly and nearly hiss in surprise as his furballs enlarged! The handle reaching down as far as it could go before starting to elevate back up, as if an invisible hand was doing the work!

Was this why the device required power? Bartan whimpered as the shaft reached the height of its limit and taking a moment before sinking back down, creating a heavy pressure that inflated his white pouch. Attempting to pull it or slow it down did nothing, but he could press it down faster. Stimulating the white one a little too heavily in the process.

No Off Switch, meter or knob to adjust it. The bear's only choice was to unplug it, if he could reach the outlet, that is. Time to improvise instead, taking a firm hold of the cord and ready to just pull it out of the wall instead. But... That pleasure got the better of him. He was getting so close! Surely he could just wait for the machine to continue until the male climaxed.

Ready to pull the cord out at a moment's notice, Bartan let the device do its work. Letting it add pump after pump into his furballs, soon enlarging them to the size of his entire body! Getting so tight but still no release, however a thick pressure was felt within... His lightly puffed up sheath? Making him whimper and loll that tongue out the side of his muzzle as it fought against the compressor!

Until his tool's base started to swell up! At first thinking it was just his knot, but soon feel the girth increase drastically! The... The pump was blowing it up like a long balloon! Inflating the weapon as if it were a toy and easily doubling its size with a single plunge! Adding to the bliss to the point where the bear couldn't bring himself to pull the plug just yet! Able to add another puff of air into his equipment, he knew it could hold it! Shutting his eyes against the pressure the machine caused! Swearing it was just for a few moments, but when he opened them...

Bartan's tool was so thick it nearly took up the entire 'isle' he was resting in! His pouch bloated out into the space where you'd enter the side area! So large he couldn't see over it! Placing a paw on the red balloon and hear it nearly groan like one as it fit in another heavy puff! Straining for a moment before those large spines began to inflate in pairs, creating loud *Thums* in the process as they were puffed easily 10x their size! Starting from the bottom and creating massive nubs on his red flesh, climbing up to his tip as the device continued to pump it fuller and fuller!

But he was so close! Just a few more puffs! The bear's equipment groaned loudly at the pressure, once again stretching their walls to accommodate such a thing! Feeling his pouch transform the air entered into cum- Don't ask! No even he understood it! Getting it to groan loudly as it grew larger and larger! Tickling that climax string as if it was just out of reach-

And there it was! The point of no return! Waiting for the device to finish it's final plunge before yanking on that cord hard! Getting a bit of resistance before the plug came out of the socket and already starting to feel his body lock up a little. Unable to sit still as Bartan's breaths climbed at a rapid pace! Taking a hold of the hose and the nozzle and twisting it off-!? Twisting It Off! ...Twisting. It. Off- Why isn't it coming off!?

The white one began to panic! Pulling on the nozzle at the very tip of his enormous weapon to no avail! Trying everything: pushing! Twisting! Fiddling with the cap! Nothing was working and his fluids were on their way! Trying it on the device's side! Only for it to be just as locked in! Back to his own tip to try something else, but his muscles tensed up for the big climax! Making him release a howl, one of both pleasure and worry as his own body's pressure was starting to be felt!

Those furballs started to churn almost loudly! 'Programmed' to start creating more and more seed at a massively rapid pace while the current fluids were sent through! But without an exit, it all started to backup! Inflating the bear's own equipment rapidly as Bartan came into himself! His red ballooned weapon taking up all the headspace above him! His balls expanding into the areas below! Squeezing between shelves before shoving them aside to make room for the white furred blimp! Growing tighter and tighter, and all the male could do was just hold on and pray that any of those sharper points wouldn't burst him!

Heavy groans were heard over the bear's whimpers as his tool and balls went beyond their limits! Soon hearing... Wood split? His equipment expanding so much they were challenging the structure itself!? Feeling a few sharp gives as some of the boards and 2x4s were fractured! Nails being wedged out of their holds! That weapon and balls expanding larger and larger before finally bursting into a large pool of orange with a bomb blast!

And laying in the middle of it was a panting Bartan, whimpering at the sting while his newly formed and restored tool twitched and continued to release squirts of orange. Now freed from the nozzle, forcing his body to jerk in reflex for several moments as that tongue still hung out the side of his muzzle. The bear's vision started to focus a little more, only to make out a less than satisfied white tiriix crossing her arms at him. The male's four ears lowering with embarrassment.

"...I can explain."