

Drunken Lullabies #2

By Bartan Tirix

The dense forest was quite peaceful, save for some of the native birds being rather chatty today. Which made it all the more satisfying when the large panther jumped into the trees where they perched, watching them all fly out in a large spread upon landing on the massive branches. Giving the Banshee some quiet as he overlooked the horizon as the early summer day came to a close.

Taking a moment to enjoy the view as a breeze passed through, causing his black coat to puff out in a slight shiver; making those bright orange stripes along his body to become almost blurry until the millions of threads set back in line. A rare color that was also shared with his mane; not quite grown in entirely yet.

But soon enough those callings came back, a typical thirst before the muscled beast would retire for the evening. Jumping from large tree to large tree as he's done all his life, still seeing the old scratched that brought back memories of failed landings. The banshee's gotten much better since those juvenile years, his memory starting to drift back until he spotted something on the ground within some shade. Quietly landing for a closer look only to find something sleeping on it's side within the long grass.

White? Large and fluffy? It almost looked like a northern Banshee, but... No stripes. No, it wasn't the panther's species in the slightest, quite a bit smaller too. Exotic though, triggering some excitement that the young one hasn't felt for a very long time. Approaching this strange white bear with a bit of caution, but it still didn't awaken. Giving it a careful smell to confirm that it definitely was not from around here.

But there was also something else his nose picked up... Something... Sweet? Following it towards the white one's lower half and completely freezing still when the creature shifted a little. Spreading those hind legs to spot a swollen sheath and a very large pouch, one about the size of a basketball! Giving the larger beast a barrage of funny feelings.

However, that scent led him down towards that white protection. Carefully nudging the bear to see if he will wake at the first touch, but nothing. Instincts still telling the banshee that he was thirsty... But maybe thirsty for something else? Carefully moving that black muzzle towards the sheath where a little bit of orange was leaking out and dabbing it with the tip of his red tongue. Receiving a wonderful flavor he has never experienced before! Warm, sure, but somehow refreshing, it did remind him of something, but what...?

Another taste test and it still didn't come to mind, however it was just as good as the first. Gently lapping at the swollen sheath a few more times before starting to feel something fleshy poke out of the

white forest. Knowing exactly what it was and making the muscled beast shyly whimper a little, wondering if he should leave it alone.

But he was thirsty, and this strange juice was delicious! One more taste couldn't hurt, could it? Leaning down for another sample, but instead going for a long gentle lap. Feeling that bear's tip draw a line along that slightly rough tongue, lifting it back into his striped maw as he purred deeply at the flavors. Letting it dance along his tongue before swallowing it, satisfied.

Except... He was only partially satisfied. One more? One more, the Banshee convinced himself. Lowering that muzzle down for another taste, only to agree on 'one more' again and again. Nearly addicted to the motions and rewards that his ear barely flicked at the bear's small gasps and deepened breaths. Still not awake just yet, but a blush was starting to be seen in... Does this thing have four ears?

A question that didn't linger in his head too long, his tongue longing for another sample and nearly hanging out to take it. Taking a moment to stare at the growing red weapon made the Banshee's own start to swell up as he blushed a little. Laying down in the grass in front of the slumbering bear and giving his tool another lick, feeling it twitch and release a jolt of that flavor that missed the larger one's maw. Following where it landed and cleaning it up from the white coat before gently taking the tip in his striped muzzle, not wanting to lose another drop.

Tenderly, that tongue lapped at the bear's tip as the smaller one's purrs grew louder and louder, that white tail wagging with every breath. Unable to keep himself from leaking those pre juices which were quickly collected, making the muscled beast's vocals rumble in return as his own tail started to sweep across the grass. Feeling the tool grow in his maw but quickly accepting such a thing, letting his appendage slide around the bear's shaft to encourage more of those rewards. Occasionally getting a payload of several squirts of that sweet flavor.

For several minutes the Banshee muzzled off the bear, studying his exotic equipment with his tongue as it slid across. The strange flared tip that reminded the striped one of his own, the row of large spines that were surprisingly flexible. Another two sets of spines that trailed down the underside of the weapon as it led him to a series of striped depressions. Ones that made the slumbering one whimper loudly and reward the behemoth with a heavy squirt while the tongue traveled down to the fluffy sheath. Not realizing that the large one was literally stuffing his snout in the bear's crotch until he heard a surprised whine from the white one that made the Banshee freeze in place.

Slowly, those orange eyes shifted towards the bear's brown ones, locking onto each other's for what felt like hours. A complete stranger to each other, the bear almost an intruder within the banshee's territory; yet his mating tool was currently occupying the muzzle of that beast. Both blushing deeply as it throbbed with their heartbeats as a few more jolts were pumped through the shaft.

Cautiously, the white one placed a gentle paw on the muscled striped shoulder, then started slowly thrusting into that muzzle. The smaller one releasing a whimper, as if begging for the behemoth to continue. Fluttering the dark one's heart as he did so eagerly, perhaps too eagerly as he tried to fit as

much of that weapon and sheath into his maw as possible. Taking a deep breath and starting to love the scent of his coat as he felt the tip release against the back of the large one's throat.

The Banshee growled in satisfaction, sliding against the furball's thrusts as the smaller one huffed loudly. His dull claws digging into the muscled shoulder in reflex, unable to really damage the behemoth but it signaled that the bear was close. Sucking on that heated rod harder and harder until that striped muzzle got several torrents of that delicious orange syrup. Stopping his motions to enjoy the large refreshing gulp while it danced and tingled all the way down his throat.

However, thrusts were still felt from the smaller one, nearly making the beast double take. Was... Was that not this strange one's climax? That tool in his muzzle was still leaking profusely, even after releasing a wolf's worth of volume. But the huffs remained, the deep whimpers did too... And the Banshee was still so... Thirsty...! Starting the reverse motions again until the bear started to get up, making him wonder if something was wrong.

"L-lay on your back." A noise in question from the larger one, this thing can even speak!? Let alone his tongue!? "P-please?" It wasn't the request that stunned the dark one, but he nodded regardless. Without releasing his hold on that tool, the two carefully rolled over. Resulting in the Banshee resting face up with his underside exposed, and the bear on all fours; nearly sitting on his chest while mounting that striped muzzle. "I- ...Bartan, by the way." The furball awkwardly introduced himself.

"Donna." The muscled one attempted to say with a full muzzle, getting those four blushed ears to perk a little. I say 'attempted' loosely, of course, but Bartan seemed to have understood. Nodding nervously before leaning forwards onto the grass; his rear in the air and tool still in the Banshee's maw. Sliding in and out of it as sexing the striped snout, causing that enormous white pouch of his to swing and bounce heavily. Drumming on the behemoth's chest softly with every descent.

Those strong dark paws reached up, grasping at the dense white haunches by the coat as Donna helped guide the bear. Once in a while lifting that rear end up to muzzle that entire tool, stuffing that black snout into his new friend's crotch and giving an intense draw that made the smaller one howl in bliss. Triggering a volley of squirts of that addictive juices before setting Bartan down and letting him continue to mount the Banshee's front.

For a dozen minutes, maybe two dozen, the beasts kept at it. The larger one amazed at the bear's endurance, but Donna started to feel a little full from drinking so much. Wondering just how much the furball had left as those whimpers climbed, just as they did each time before several torrents painted the behemoth's maw and throat. Feeling Bartan gear up and heavily thrusting into the striped one's face as a bulge was starting to be felt just before that fluffy sheath; now completely soaked from those orange juices and that tongue.

But the Banshee endured with pleasure, loving every whimper. Every straining huff, every flavorful jolt. Every surprised yelp when the smaller one was lifted up, and every desperate cry in bliss when the dark one sucked him hard. The flexing of those hind toes and claws, the rapid swinging of that long fluffy tail

as he drove the bear closer and closer to his final climax. Pulling on that nearly formed knot was the push the white one needed!

Donna set him down, letting those smaller forepaws grab his naturally orange mane and grip it tightly as the bear thrust harder and harder into that stripped muzzle! Drawing the very juices that were flowing out of it and making the furball sing within his rapid breaths! Slowly causing his humping rear to lock up as that tongue slipped around those sensitive ridges (depressions), triggering a massive eruption of that orange seed to pour out in heavy torrents!

The Banshee drank what he could, very quickly feeling overfilled as his belly bulged slightly. Forced to let what felt like liquid gold to spray out the corners of his maw; a twin fountain of syrup-looking liquids painting the grass beside and around them. For a few minutes the bear flooded that wonderful muzzle, once in a while feeling a white paw squeeze Donna's jaws shut and forcing him to swallow a few sprays before letting go and letting the beast catch his breath.

The flow slowly started to die down though, letting the bear attempt to stagger away. Though, not without another lift up and draw to overstimulate Bartan into another dozen torrents. Once the behemoth then pulled the weapon out of his muzzle and let it rain over him, lapping at the spraying 'showerhead' as it swung. Giving the Banshee some new orange stripes until it became a drizzle. Gently setting the bear down in the now wet grass, leaving the two panting for quite some time.

The sun had already set, revealing a bright navy sky filled with stars just above the treetops. Hearing the bear stagger upwards and search for Donna's muzzle, giving it a deep kiss which surprised the dark one. However, he just enjoyed it, lapping a tired tongue against the bear's soft one. A show of affection that lasted for quite some time and a few smaller ones came after. Ending with a lick on that striped nose. "Thank you, Wong."

A double take from the larger one. "D-Donna."

"O-oh! Oh... S-sorry-" A kiss from the muscled one interrupted Bartan, leaving the two still blushed shyly as they broke it slowly. Seeing the white one get up and take a few steps away before lifting his tail up. Resulting in another surprised look and a high pitched whimper from the Banshee. "You didn't finish yet, did you?"

Another whine as the black one's tool throbbed, never knowing that it wanted something so much. Getting up and approaching that perked rear, stuffing his nose in it's fluff and breathing in that sweet musk deeply. Giving it a few licks that made the smaller one whimper before climbing over Bartan. His tool sliding down against that -Somehow- still bloated pouch as the Banshee curled his neck down, resting it next to the bear's and asking him in a whimper. "A-are... You sure?"

"I am, if you are comfortable with it." A very shy look from the behemoth, causing those white ears to perk.

"I've... Always wanted to do this." That blush invaded the dark muzzle. "W-with another... M..." A nod from the white one, as if to say It's Fine. Making the two smile as Donna slipped back, that stiff tool dividing the fur along that pouch. Up above it and making the bear gasp in pleasure, making the large one stop until given the signal to keep going. Prodding that tailhole made the two pant before the striped one pressed in.

The bear felt so damn tight, to the point where the Banshee was worried about hurting him. But the furball kept slowly swaying those hips and pressing back himself, feeling that weapon travel deeper and deeper into the warmth. Pressing it further and further until Donna's sheath was up against that rear. His own pouch resting on the bear's as the large one lowered his upper half, forcing the white one to do the same under his chest.

Such a thing felt amazing to Donna, so much so that he wanted it to last a lifetime. Slowly pressing in and out in small rotations, enjoying the slight whimpers under the white one's breath as he attempted to stuff another inch inside. So close to that depth's limit, adding a bit more draw in his retreats to slide more of that tool inside.

It was hard to hold back such instincts, to not ravage his current mate in fears of hurting him. Releasing a growl in order to suppress them before feeling a fluffy paw onto his own. Causing those eyes to lock onto each other again and the furball to pant. "I'm more... Durable... Than I look..." Was the Banshee really that predictable? Or perhaps this bear was just experienced, seeing him nod after the larger one's face was painted in worry. "It'll be alright."

Those instincts rushed through Donna again, raging harder from the suppression. Almost roaring in excitement when the behemoth agreed to trust his new friend. Starting with slow calm motions in and out, letting them get used to the rather thinner sets of spines. Reminding the bear of softer barbs, that of a feline. Though a bit softer, feeling better when going in than coming out. However, the beast began to gear up, and it soon started to feel better bothways.

Thrust after thrust, the Banshee let his instincts guide him. Locking the bear in his mount and sexing him progressively harder and harder. Feeling the fluffy body work with him as the two huffed loudly, once in a while bracing Bartan tightly before stuffing that rear end full of pre. The pullout afterward actually causing some of those fluids to leak out of the smaller one and venture down inbetween the swinging pair of balls.

The behemoth started to get a little rougher, slamming into that rear as he got closer and closer. The stripped snout starting to growl and snarl a little as aggressive pleasure surged through him, not realizing how hard he was thrusting until the bear was forced to step forwards. Causing those instincts to snap and bite at the back of the bear's neck to pin him down, letting the white one whimper blissfully and submit as his rear end was filled up to the point of leaking around Donna's hilt.

But the muscled one forced himself away from the bite, instead attempting a nuzzle that became a little too aggressive. His maw siding just along the bear's ear and it's tip getting caught inbetween those

jaws, causing the Banshee to gently pull it as the bear whimpered in bliss before cumming onto the grass.

The larger one wasn't that far off, feeling his knots start to swell up during the heavy poundings against that fluffy behind. Dividing the Banshee's tool into sections after the small flare, each expanding little by little in a series of bulges. Creating a heavy ripple effect as the tool slid in and out of Bartan, taking no time at all for that orange to start spraying again.

It wouldn't be long now, as the behemoth started hammering that rear as hard as he could, causing that dark tail to fling and wag wildly as pleasure ran rampant within his body. The stimulation making his knots bigger and bigger as they struggled to squeeze into the smaller one, Donna planning not to tie him down. But the closer the beast got to his orgasm, the less control he had over those instincts! Roughly pounding into Bartan's rear until those dense muscles bulged and strained!

The Banshee then pulled the bear back; forcing the white one to take every inch of that swelling weapon as it pulsed bigger and bigger inside the smaller one. Hugging that furball tightly during his strains, Donna whimpered through his growls. "I'm sorry-!" He hissed. "I'm so sorry, Bartan! I had to knot you! I couldn't stop it-!" The two strained before roaring loudly into the night before that tool erupted inside the white one. Stuffing Bartan fuller and fuller of his hot white spunk, feeling it bulge out through his coat! Cumming so much that the stripped arms could detect it flowing up through the furball as he once again painted the grass orange!

Soon enough, that white maw started leaking the Banshee's seed. Finally getting some control, the beast roughly kissed Bartan. Lapping at his own seed within that aggressive muzzlelock as he stuffed that furball fuller with every pulse. Soon easing up on the tension as the behemoth came down, tenderly sharing a gentle kiss as they divided what was left of that white fluid. That is, until a stripped paw pressed into the white underside, getting Bartan to whimper a little before another load of that hot cum to appear.

They split that too, soon breaking the kiss and chuckling at the web that was seen between their muzzles. Panting loudly as Donna set the bear down gently, dark ears lowered in shyness as the white one just smiled at him. "Thank you." The large one purred, giving him a tender nuzzling. "That was-" A sudden kiss interrupted the larger one, even getting the beast to smile before rolling the two over onto the striped one's back. Still rubbing that furred belly as his tied weapon continued to pump the last few torrents into the bear.

Sharing one last 'drink' before slumbering under the bright stars.