

Drunken Lullabies #3

By Bartan Tirix

"You want my help?" The polar bear asked, casually walking up the driveway with the white tirix. Approaching her shop's large double doors while watching her slightly awkward walk with caution. Understanding it quite well; feral himself and knowing how difficult it is to get it down, but Linet was coming along nicely really. What was worrying the bear was the fact that her eyes were nearly glued to a tablet in her hands.

"Just to make things easier, and you do owe me for sneaking into my back room earlier." A slight whimper from the male as his ears lowered and blushed.

"Y-yes, I remember-"

"Knocking over several shelves and nearly tearing off my roof. A bit hard to forget." She merely stated, not as a joke or through irritation. "But this is an easy job, I just want you to change some settings on the control panel while I fix the problem underneath. Easy stuff."

"You say that, but..." He trailed off, watching her unlock the door to the shop but not open it. Instead just take a few moments to finish up her tablet tasks, something the furball was attempting to understand but nothing really stood out to him. Not wanting to keep her waiting, Bartan opened the door for the tirix widely-

Only for something metal to suddenly jump at his face! Latching onto his muzzle and making him stumble backwards as it locked on. Reminding him of a mechanical spider of sorts and actually making Linet double take at the event. "Oh, right. I set that up when I left." A whimpering grumble from the bear as he attempted to pull it off himself, but couldn't get it to budge. Feeling the female approach and tap his forepaws. "Let me do it, hold still..."

She started fiddling with the end of the device just past the bear's snout, only to stop after a moment. "Actually..." A noise in question as the white panther got curious. "This is something else you can help me with. Let me take some notes here." (Notes!? Notes on what-?) Bartan thought just a tad too early, suddenly feeling something enter his muzzle with a bit of a foul taste and then thicken up like a balloon. Forcing his tongue down before that pressure started settling in his cheeks!

The tirix started something on her tablet and began speaking to it. "Notes on the Inflation Based Restraining Trap, or I-B-R-T for short. Prototype 006." Another whimper in question as the pressure didn't let up, swelling out the bear's cheeks just outside where the strange invention grasped his muzzle.

Blowing them up like party balloons as they soon went beyond their standard limits. "Launch of the device and attachment quite successful. Wireless inflation method working properly," (W-wireless!?) "Though perhaps with a bit more pressure than expected." She poked the white swelling furballs along the sides of Bartan's face, testing their pressure and tautness herself at the softball sized globes. "Expansion normal so far, building up in the face before..."

A whine from the bear as he felt his underside, getting the feline to do the same. "Yep, reserving into the middle. Still going to take some time to completely immobilize them." Those cheeks continuing to enlarge as they reached volleyball sizes, though his belly didn't look like it was filling up yet. Taking some time to make any round shape through the winter coat. His four ears blushing and lowering as he whimpered between the pulsing hisses. "Subject, known as Bartan or Bartan One, is getting slightly excited, but that is quite normal for him." A grumble that time from the male before giving her a slight glare. Noticing her motion lower and making Bartan slightly curious about she meant-oh.

Yep, between the bear's legs and within the smaller bulb of a set of three furballs was a red signal of sorts. A flare peeking through the protection of his sheath before starting to get obstructed by that growing belly. "About the one minute mark, belly swelling is getting quite significant. Likely making it more difficult for the subject to move." Those blushing ears went back as Linet tossed her snout at him. "Come on, be a good subject. I'll make up to you later, I promise." A grumble and a snort from the bear as he got up and started walking around as the trap continued to inflate him.

The tirix followed beside the growing furball still recording with the tablet. "Sides are starting to fill out," Another shy whimper. "Adding up to his chest and neck very slowly while his cheeks have slowed down dramatically." A feel for them again actually made the blushing bear growl at her a little, but she only smirked. "Yes, still quite firm. Perhaps I should make the main tube bigger in 007?" The panther moved to examine the underside again, watching that belly nearly swing side to side with Bartan's walk cycle. Looking like he just gorged an entire wedding cake by himself as the air made him wider and wider. Slowly inching down towards the ground and then sweeping it while his limbs morphed against its walls. "The pressure itself seems to be doing quite well, as much as I would like make the process faster, it would create more dangers." A double take from the bear, and she tossed her snout. "Not specifically towards the subjects, but more towards the equipment. Wireless pressure is not that stable."

The male whimpered at that statement near blissfully, trying not to imagine this getting any 'worse'. Until that middle started pushing him up from the ground, causing that belly to slide against pavement instead of just drag. "That is enough walking, thank you." Those four ears went back and glared at her again, nearly crossing his white arms against that very large furred 'exercise ball' of a belly. Attempting to get it closer to his chest, but even that seemed to have increased drastically in size to the point where it was folding over the bear's arms at this pose. "Not quite done yet, a little longer. Subject has reached partial immobilization at around the three minute mark, swelling reaching the chest and restricting his foreleg use." She pressed her own paw into that fluff and it nearly swallowed it. "Though subject does still have plenty of room within, pressure is still quite high. Enough to keep a rather spherical shape and... Lean forwards, please." A shy grumble from the male but he did so, feeling that belly shift its

contents inside and spread them about below him. "Yep, it is enough to keep structure under his body weight."

It didn't take long for the bear's lower underside to force his hind legs apart, pushing his now erect tool back as it twitched and released a jolt. Presenting those large furballs under his swaying tail as Bartan continued to grow. "Airflow still stable, though it does look like the subject is inflating at a faster rate." Another whine from the bear as he felt the trap continue to pump more and more air into his body, turning his middle into a large sphere. Huffs left his snout as every inflated part of his body started to strain and creek. "Likely just an illusion-"

A straining muffled whimper left Bartan, getting the tirix's attention for a moment before witnessing his haunches enlarge. Now taking a brunt of the swelling, as well as quite the spray from that red tool. "Interesting. The subject's backside has now begun to enlarge. A quirk of the subject over the process or the device's performance, if I'm not mistaken. Still, it does make me wonder... Which will give in first? The trap's valve or the-" A blissful whine left the swelling bear as several orange torrents left his mating tool, once again interrupting the tirix and waiting for the noise to calm down. "...The subject, who has just climaxed."

The snowy 'hills' swelled out in sync, each pulse rounding them out more and more like furred balloons. A little bit still entered the bear's belly and swollen cheeks, but the focus for a while was those frosted buns. His bloated sides starting to sneak upwards towards his back to meet with the twin hills before overtaking his shoulders in a sea of fluff. "The valve seems to be holding steady, while the subject is looking increasingly... Rounder and quite stressed." She pressed into his belly again. "Increasingly taut and steadily swelling, but Bartan One has been through several inflation based incidents in this past year alone. To truly find out what time frame I should disable the trap, I would need to find a subject that is not used to such things."

A whimper was heard through the puffs as it nearly echoed through Bartan's hollowing body, his overall volume increasing with every pump. His cheeks surpassing the size of beach balls while his neck, chest, and underside started to merge into one large fluffball. Looking like he could house an entire car within as it continued to grow, slowly rivaling the shop building in front of him.

Hiss after hiss the trap expanded the male, turning the 'Subject' into a large polar bear parade balloon. One closer to a furball with large cheeks and massive haunches, as his back, sides, and shoulders morph together as well. Pump after pump Bartan continued to swell as he began to release straining whimpers along with his signature orange juices. Those hindquarters soon bloating outwards until his tail began to inflate, blowing up to double its girth like a long balloon as the bear whimpered blissfully. Pushing towards that end slowly and then returning to the base of that rear appendage to swell it up again a second stage, climaxing once more soon after.

"Unusual." The tirix stated as the tail began to inflate a second time, seeing some changes to those white hills and his shoulders at the same time. Then the air flowed into his arms and legs, bloating them

up as the male squirmed. "It appears that the subject's entire body is inflating. Reaching volumes past my shop. Note to self: do not set up any to trap within them unless they are programmed with a timer. Even then..." The panther pondered, still recording as the bear continued to grow in heavy pulses.

The soft hisses from the device echoed deeply through the furball's body as his entire body bloated outwards. His paws and each digit ballooned outwards to his now tiny-looking dull black claws. Those white cheeks could likely house three people or more within each while his haunches could fit in a dozen or more. Slowly morphing into the blimp that was Bartan's blown up gut, slowly losing color and becoming transparent as his volume crawled towards double the building's size.

Creaks omitted from his stressed walls as the device over his muzzle demanded the bear become bigger. Expand larger and larger, turning Bartan less into a parade balloon and more into a large furred blimp. His whimpers growing higher in pitch along with his body's groans as the pump pushed the furball's limits. Nearly giving the tirix a countdown warning that caused her to patiently press a few buttons on her earpiece for a personal force field protection around her. One that muffled all the sounds outside of her and the tablet; still recording as the furball grew and grew...!

Until he suddenly stopped, reaching another barrage of torrents against his nearly hollow body that added to the orange stream below him. Linet waiting for a few moments before once again turning to her tablet, then turning her force field off. "Interesting... It seems Bartan One here has actually outlasted the reserves I had saved up within the compressor tank. I wonder why it hasn't-" A loud throttling noise came from within the shop. "There it goes."

The panther took a casual walk around the massive furballoon, recording what she could before giving her closing statements. "I believe this will conclude our test. I know this subject quite well, and the longer he is left in a state like this, the more his durability grows. Even if-" A sudden whimper from Bartan as the device started to add a few more puffs into his body, getting him to squirm as he started to enlarge again. But only for a short while, enough to get another torrent to shoot out. "Even if the compressor attempts to keep going, it will not gather enough to erupt the subject without reserving a large portion of the tank."

Linet then stopped the recording and gave the bear a few taps, hearing it echo through his tense body and make him whimper. "Alright, alright. I'll shut it off." A few more taps on the tablet as she walked around to his front. "There. Now it shouldn't take long to empty-" She double took at Bartan's muzzle when it came to view; the device still securely latched on. Making her stare at the tablet again and try releasing the hold once more to no avail. "Hmm, must be bugged."

The compressor added in several puffs making the furball's body groan as it enlarged more and more, approaching 3 times the size of the building. Expanding into the tirix's personal space as she attempted to get inside the shop, pressing into his bloated chest that was blocking the way. "Hold on, bear. I'll disable it manually." Each pump stretched his inner walls thinner and thinner, pushing those limits drastically as he squirmed to attempted to hold together. Cumming hard one final time before-!

The machine inside shut off, at what felt like in the nick of time. Leaving the male to whimper in huffs as those smaller paws were felt studying Bartan's underside again. "I shut off the compressor, so you should be fine for now. Interesting how you can take so much more punishment now-" A near frustrated whine from above. "Right, right." Linet sighed before pondering again.

"Now, how am I going to get that off of you...?"