

Drunken Lullabies #4

By Bartan Tirix

The bear grumbled in his bedding, barely able to see the... Not really sunlight, but more daylight through the curtains. Telling him it was going to be a rather cloudy day, not that he really had anything planned anyway. Honestly, he just felt like sleeping through his day off.

He was often tired the past few days, making him worry that perhaps he did end up catching some illness or a cold. Perhaps the dreaded virus, but there's no other symptoms of such just yet. Maybe he was just tired of being worn out, tending to others and satisfying their needs too often during this time. He couldn't blame them, no, but at some point... Someone needed to look after the bear. Specifically: himself.

The furball sighed as he rotated to a new position on the empty bed, resting his fores on something smooth and relatively solid that was not there before. Studying it in the dark to discover a thin box that was left behind, getting those four ears to perk up with curiosity. Shifting it from side to side told him nothing much was in it, but it was definitely something very light-weight.

The bear got up to turn on the light to the room, overlooking the cardboard box that had seen better days. The scent of a workshop of sorts appeared in his mind, Linet's specifically, and finding a note by her within it: "I told you I would make it up to you. Hold down the button for 3 seconds on each to turn them on and off. I shouldn't need to tell you this, but **DO NOT TURN THEM OFF WHILE SOMETHING IS IN THEM!** Have fun <3 Signed: Linet~"

Bartan stared at the note for a little bit, his brain still foggy to understand what the message said as he looked under the note. Within a cardboard casing of sorts were two rings: an orange and a blue. A pair of colors that reminded him of a very specific game he used to play. They looked more like bracelets, able to be shifted bigger or smaller in size a couple of notches. Finding the button and holding them down as the lights within the bands started to turn on like a meter of sorts.

Only to find that the bear was staring at himself while looking through one. Like one was displaying a mirror of the other; a camera of sorts. Portals? Carefully putting a digit inside clarified such a thing; seeing it come out from the other side and giving it a nudge. It wasn't a hologram of sorts, that's for sure, but what could he be doing with this-?

...He swore the tirix was getting a dirty mind, actually making the furball blush as his ears lowered. Finding that white sheath was starting to swell at funny thoughts as he set the box down off to the side; two bracelets in hand. Taking the orange one and sliding it over his sheath and leaving it somewhat loose made it appear through the blue ring. Keeping it over his muzzle for a few moments before pressing his black nose against it, instantly making him purr at the sudden feedback.

The bear has performed autofellatio before, recognizing and actually enjoying the smell of his own coat, but this made it 10x easier. Sliding his whiskers and closed maw across that protection, releasing a warm breath as it started to open. Revealing a red peek inside that he met with a strong lick, one that echoed a wave of bliss from two ends.

It was a surreal experience, honestly. Muzzling oneself, let alone at such a relaxed position. Slowly sliding that tongue and muzzle up and down as his tool pulsed, getting instant satisfaction at his own silky appendage and his sensitive sheath. Finding himself just holding the ring up with one paw while the other reached down to stroke his bloated pouch. Already feeling them churning as they knew what was coming, maybe that's why they always felt like they 'restocked' so quickly.

Not a complaint though, as Bartan got his first morning taste of his own pre; drawing zig-zags up his tongue with the small leak before taking a moment to enjoy the orange candy flavor. It was so strange when he tried 'self-serve' for the first time, but now it was so normal to him. Sometimes waking up and muzzling himself off for a taste before getting out of bed.

Just thinking about it made the bear want another taste, pressing that white polar muzzle against his own fat sheath sticking out of the ring. Lapping at it a few times before sliding that wet tongue into his protection, stunning Bartan for a moment as he nearly hissed at the overstimulation it gave off before gently washing his still growing tool from within. Something that always drove him crazy, but was difficult to mimic without these things.

A moment later another jolt was released into his maw while his tongue did not stop. Provoking his weapon to pulse larger and larger within that scrunched up muzzle; thrashing waves of bliss through his body. Growing harder quickly while that sheath became tighter and tighter with his tongue inside. Slowly snaring its slippery movement until it was forced out to torment his own red flesh.

And 'torment' it did! Sliding up and down his own formed tool, painting it with the orange squirts that were leaking from his tip. Gnawing at the soft spines as Bartan's fangs took grip, gently pulling on his flesh inbetween laps over and over again. Feeling a big income of pre start to build up before encasing that entire weapon into the bear's white maw. Muzzling it like downing a large popsicle before giving it a good draw! A second! A Third that caused him to squirm a little at the pleasure! Sucking on himself

harder and harder until the first large squirt spray the back of his throat!

Then the bear let go, letting that red tower cover his face and muzzle with orange stripes! Painting himself with heavy ropes of translucent orange as he brought up that free paw to stroke it off, soaking his fur and bedding before mawing it again. Twisting his maw during the rotations a few times to add to it, only to freeze in place just for a moment. Could... Could he...? Those paws started to rotate the ring and in turn: his own weapon! Allowing him to muzzle it in full circle as he started again.

Another heavy spray that Bartan quickly gulped down as he nearly overwhelmed himself with pleasure. Twisting and rotating his muzzle and tool against each other as that tongue tormented those ridges! Pulling out all the stops to regain that momentum; laps and pulls! Gnaws and draws! Quickly raising his climax to the edge and surpassing that point of no return!

But he kept at it! Going with the motions as his entire body squirmed at such a thing! His long tail thrashing wildly below, his hind paws flexing the toes and raking the air! That muzzle scrunching up and almost biting hard as his tool within nearly vibrated! Feeling that first torrent flow through both that shaft and his muzzle at the same time, parting outwards like a fountain as it flooded Bartan's muzzle for the first few!

Until he regained control over his face muscles, sealing it up over his own tool as it began to pump more and more of his own cum into his maw. Forcing those cheeks to swell outwards before he started swallowing it all down, letting it thicken up his throat in large sections as it began building up in his belly. Taking several swallows before that white furred underside even began to move a little.

However, the bear couldn't help himself. Constantly lapping at his sensitive ridges, triggering torrent after torrent to pour into his maw. A little bit leaking out as the rest flowed into his middle as it began to feel full. Soon enlarging his cheeks so much that it broke what little seal Bartan could muster over his tool and pulling it out. Letting the red weapon to spray it's orange syrup over his face and the wall behind him. Releasing several torrents as that tongue played with it, letting the mess paint the walls and surrounding area as it calmed down. Leaving the furball panting while his tongue lolled out.

Yet, one of those paws rested on his pouch; still quite plump even after such a release. Making the bear almost crave more... Not like he was going to do anything else today. Sliding the rings off his tool he pondered what else could he do with this... Only to once again blush when an idea came to mind. Looking over at a rather large pillow on his bed as he put a plan together.

He sat up onto his hind legs and rested his behind on the pillow; letting the end of it reside between his legs, almost prompting that pouch upwards. Taking one of the rings and sliding it under his tail and

over the pillow's surface; just before it met with his tailhole. Looking for the correct side of the ring and giving it a prod with his tongue to make sure it was lined up correctly, forcing Bartan to whimper in bliss at the touch.

This... Was actually one of his better ideas. Taking the ring in his paw and gently placing it over his tool's tip, slowly sinking it down as he felt his own wet tip make contact with his fluffy rear. Letting that canine flare begin spreading his tailpipe wide as he lowered the portal over his tool and feel it begin to enter his back door.

Bartan blushed deeply and huffed, getting an echo of both ends as they each released a tremendous amount of pleasure into his body. Lowering the ring further and detecting that tower venture within deeper. Unable to stop himself from giving it a tight squeeze that nearly made him sing, sending a few squirts of his own juices up inside.

The bear took a few moments to relax himself before sliding that ring up and down that red tower. Letting it almost give the impression that the pillow he was sitting on was sexing him with the bear's own weapon. Detecting those soft spines gently claw against his walls as Bartan continued to slide that ring up and down. Occasionally going a bit further as those jolts of orange continued to leak out of his tailhole inbetween retreats, occasionally getting a few drops to leak out of the ring in his paw.

He continued to huff loudly and blush as the bear became a bit more brave in terms of length. Feeling it get tighter the deeper it got and once in a while releasing a torrent or two that nearly pushed him to the edge. Already starting to get warning signs of how full that belly of his was getting, which only added to the bliss. Causing his tongue to loll out as he forced himself to stop and wind down, not quite wanting to release just yet.

After a few dozen seconds that paw started up again, and quite quickly too. Adding what felt like thrusts against Bartan's tailpipe and taking no time at all for him to slide that entire ring down to his sheath. Sending in his entire length straight into the bear's rear end, forcing him to squeeze it tightly and triggering that edge once again. Almost slipping past it as he whined loudly, attempting to keep himself quiet as heavy sprays of pre were added to his already taut belly, and pushing him past the point of no return but just barely.

He threw caution to the wind at that moment, stroking himself off rapidly and quite heavily; sending that red tool to pound against Bartan's fluffy butt. Ignoring the fountain of orange that flowed out of the ring in his paw as he continued to stroke harder and harder. Feeling the device start to halt against his forming knot, leaving the white one with a choice: To keep the knot out and dismount when his belly gets too full, creating a large mess in the room. Or tie himself; leaving the bear to helplessly fill out his middle bigger and bigger until he burst... And then make a possibly bigger mess after the sting.

Such a scenario excited the furball to no end, but going with a happy medium inbetween. Opening the portal rings to their highest option, barely sliding that knot within them as it came through the otherside! Grinding his already stretched rear over it until it slowly slid in, stunning the bear for a moment. Whimpering loudly in bliss as his own knot pulsed larger and larger against his inner walls as they squeezed it tightly. Overwhelming him to the point where he nearly forgot his plan.

It was difficult to move with so many waves crashing against his body, especially with that knot and tool growing inside him. Blushing deeply and panting as he reached for his tail. Missing it a few times as he tried to hold back his growing orgasm, the sprays increasing with every pulse of his weapon and filling that middle of his. Finally getting a hold of it and giving that fluffy appendage a pull. "R-release output... 10%!"

Bartan was just a tad too late on the command, cumming that first torrent into himself and causing that gut of his to round out. Though the sprays following it were drastically reduced. Causing the bear to press both his paws against his chubby underside and whimper at every small pulse, slowing making him bigger and bigger at a slow pace. Overwhelming the furball's body as it fell backwards onto the bed, letting that underside jiggle stiffly as it grew tighter. Letting him hug it as those snowballs of his pumped his belly rounder and rounder in his embrace, feeling the echoes of soft pulses within.

His rear end constantly squeezed that red tool as well, further stimulating him and creating a constant loop. Wondering if 10% was still too much, but this was bound to happen eventually. He'll be fine afterwards, though perhaps with some property damage depending on how long the bear leaves it. The constant waves starting to affect his vision as the white one panted and blushed, feeling himself begin to fall into a slumber. Leaving his body in jerks that caused that filling middle to jiggle, growing ever so slightly in pulses as Bartan passed out.

He'll really have to thank Linet for such a thing later...