

All For You #4: (Male, Bottom)

By Bartan Tirix

Author's Note: This piece is kind of like a Your Character Here mostly made for a Western (Wyrn) feral dragon. It can be something else, but this is just what I had in mind at the time of writing. I've left some areas/words opened for you to fill in the blanks. If you wish to download this and use the Replace tool in a writing program instead, the changes will be between [] these things. No story, no setting. Use that imagination of yours and Go at it!

"Is that what you want?" The bear's whispers are heard through the darkness of the room. A question that nearly makes your face glow with blush as your grip tightens around the furball over you. His soft white coat keeping you warm as you slept through the evening, or so was the plan.

You still release nothing more than a few interrupted vocals, your mind stalling with such an answer. It's not your nature to be, well... A bottom. That's what you paid the Companion to do, especially during these times of stress and lockdowns. Yet, those questions still return: is it as good as others online say it is? Does it make you less of a person if you submit? What if you don't like it? Then... What? You tell him to stop? Perhaps make it awkward between you and Bartan from here-on out? What if he presses onwards?

Is that what you want? The question just haunts your mind, letting it echo within your skull as the bear patiently waits for an answer. And you want to give him one, you really do. Anything to break the silence as he strokes your body- not trying to engage or manipulate it into wanting sex. Though his position can possibly send mixed signals, especially when you can feel those heavy furballs resting between your legs.

But you need to give a response. You cannot say it with your vocals, but you need to... Say something.

You gently hug the large bear, pulling his head closely against yours. And, as if it's the hardest thing you've ever had to do, you nod. Finally pulling down those prideful walls and remove all guard. Continuing to rest on your back as that red tongue licks the side of your neck. "Okay." Bartan whispers next to your ear, slowly bunting your head and giving your snout a soft kiss as he starts to move lower.

Those warnings begin to echo within your body when you detect that pouch slide down over your tailhole. The constant bunts are felt down your neck as that tongue gives you a few licks, easily detecting that fluffy sheath of his slide down and rest at the base of your tail. Swearing you can feel the tip of that red flesh as your body goes on the defensive, grasping his white coat, your tail pulling upwards to close that area-

Only to feel the bear take another step backwards, down your body as that soft sheath of his is pulled away. Still descending down your middle, brushing that snout along your underside while those paws stroke your sides. Reaching down to your hips and caressing them like he usually did when that muzzle got close to your crotch, to the point where you wonder if he misunderstood you.

A few soft licks across your slit/sheath banishes the breath from your lungs, lightly shifting yourself in the bed as you let out a faint whimper in question while looking at those brown discs in the darkness. "It's your first time, yes?" A shy nod from you in response. "Your body will not easily be accepting of such a thing without being relaxed first." The bear did know best, it seems. Once again just nodding at him and trying to do just that: relax. Though easier said than done.

For now, you rest your head back and close your eyes. Making out that soft tongue slowly lapping across your tip as it swells out. Bartan letting it gently grow out of it's protection patiently as he worked on your hips and the base of your tail. Letting your rear end get used to the idea of his fluffy coat being close to it, regardless of how quickly and tightly it closed itself off from the light tickles of his fur.

Lick after lick that maw's appendage encouraged your tool to come out of it's shell, being greeted by the warmth of his exhales. Getting washed by the bear from bottom to top, base to tip before feeling that muzzle go in for a kiss at its end. Bunting against your member and letting his whiskers and fur tickle it before parting over your weapon. Lightly taking it into that maw as you reach forwards to grab his head.

For a moment you resist thrusting into that muzzle, never wanting to do it more than that very second. Only able to hold out for a little longer before pressing the back of Bartan's head down, loving the descent as that tongue washed your tower's walls. Restraining yourself from meeting that snout halfway for a thrust and just forcing it down until you could feel that black nose touch your crotch.

Several heavy pants leave your chest as your member throbs against the familiar tongue, twitching as it slides along your length and relaxes the muscles in your arms enough for the furball to continue his work. However, keeping one paw on his head and almost dribbling the bear up and down your length as the waves ripple through your body. Taking no time at all for that pre to start leaking and that appendage to retrieve it.

The cycles started; the slow twists of his entire muzzle. That tongue sliding along your sides, prodding your protection from time to time. Gentle pulls and grasps from those dull fangs to let you get used to the soft threat. After several minutes and a few squirts from your weapon, you find yourself incredibly composed. Even after Bartan begins to withdraw and you press his head down again, begging with a whimper for just a few more minutes. Hearing him chuckle and doing so, letting you enjoy the muzzling until your tongue lolls out of the side of your snout.

Your gaze is a little hazy in the dark, not quite putting together what is about to happen as you feel his fluffy body slide up against yours. Not until those heavy balls are detected along your tail again, making you whine slightly. Attempting to put up your now lazy defenses, especially when that tip is detected just outside of your gate. The bear rests on your upper body, bunting up your neck and chest as he massages your shoulders and arms. Giving you a few licks and lower prods to test if you'll stop him. Some part of yourself wants to, actually taking hold of the furball and letting your paws sink deep into his coat. Grasping your evening's companion tightly, but not pushing away.

Instead you motion him to continue with a nod, and let that soft tongue glide across your collar. Feeling Bartan take another half-step up your body and his tip press up against your rear end, another simple motion that leaves you near breathless. Your defenses are alerted, that tail pulls up to try to prevent such a thing. Detecting warning after warning that it's not supposed to go in there, regardless of how many times you've done the same towards others.

With a whimpering exhale, you pull your guard down and feel that prod again. Much heavier this time as it's tip finally enters your gate just a little, squeezing it in a panic as you embrace the living pillow tightly. Your own tool twitch within the white forest as the bear gently presses into you. Allowing you to make out the canine-like flare through sheer sensitive touch alone, and claw into his coat while doing so.

However, Bartan takes a pause and lets you catch your breath. Occasionally rocking towards you for those extra few centimeters of study while that fluffy tail swings side to side. The bear's bunts and licks once again encourage you to try to relax like before, taking a few breaths to do so and feel him start up his motions again. Making you able to predict when the progressive thrusts are coming and feeling that flare slide in a little deeper.

That brace again, against your will as your instincts take over. Leaving you to huff out a little bit to suppress the warnings and gently tug the bear's coat towards your head for him to try again. A little further inside and his entire flare enters your rear, making you nearly sing within your closed muzzle. Recalling it's actual size when it was within your own muzzle and nearly finding it embarrassing how large that tip felt now.

A few strokes of that white muzzle against your neck and you nod nervously for Bartan to start the countdown once again. Slow prod as those white hills grind within the darkness and you force your guard down again- instantly detecting that flare spread you open. The main shaft of the bear's tool is easily felt, along with those spines. Something you nearly feared were going to hurt, regardless of how soft they felt along your own tongue.

And their dull tips were nothing to scoff at as your sensitive walls grasped them tightly. Releasing a whine when Bartan started to pull back and feel them scrub against your inners. However... No pain was felt. Concerning at first, yes, but they did not cause any harm. Feeling the furball press in again, not much farther this time, and the retreat felt much better. Pleasurable even... Enthralling...!

So much so that you wanted to feel it more often, pulling the living pillow up higher as he pressed in, releasing a wall of heat over Bartan's neck as that flare was detected deeper inside. Letting the bear remain still as you got used to the unique weapon inside you, and letting your body study it with its constant clutches.

And for the first time, you felt a warm jolt get released into your rear. Almost searing at first, but it held this relieving comfort to it at the same time. Allowing you to pant loudly as it trickled down your inner walls and coated the bear's tool. A sudden need was felt as you reached up to Bartan's shoulders and pulled his head upwards to see his face. Making those brown discs grow weary with concern...

Until you locked your muzzle onto his, one with a deep kiss that was slightly rough. Making the beast release a deep purr as he pressed your upper half into the bed. Your body shifting from all the waves of pleasure as the bear ventures inside again, feeling you relax as it gets a little further and you tighten your grip. But it doesn't stop, making you whimper in question within his own muzzle as the furball's shaft continues!

Your claws tighten against his shoulders, your hind legs press against his lower sides hoping to slow down his advance. Caught in this stalemate of wanting him to slow down and wanting to feel that tip deeper and deeper inside you! That fluffy pouch moving up your tail, his sheath pressing up against your exit! The soft spines sliding against your inners, then the flare touch some super sensitive area along your wall.

Such a small pressure sent a massive wave through your body, causing you to lose your breath and squeeze the furball mounting you tightly. The slight twitches to that inner area sends an overstimulation like a current towards your tool as it nearly hums with energy before releasing what feels like several torrents of preseed. Soaking your belly and drenching the bear's coat nearly upon contact as you grip him hard. Both with your limbs and your inner walls, able to make out every inch of his tool buried deep within you.

It takes several dozen moments for you to release your lock on that white muzzle, gasping for breath as you feel your head burning with blush. Barely able to control your tongue as the bear laps at it with his own, unable to help himself from smiling at your blissful expression and waiting patiently until your body eases its hold. Even then waiting a few moments for you to catch your breath, still feeling quite... Well, for lack of a better word; Nailed in place.

But once again, Bartan started slow. Starting with circular grinds, lightly stretching the room within your tailhole as it gets used to that shaft within it. Occasionally pressing against your prostate and sending another thick rope of pre through your spire, one that the furball never seemed to mind as you soaked his belly. Still nuzzling and giving your neck a few licks before slowly pulling out of you. Really letting those soft spines rake your inners and causing you to claw into his coat again at the immense pleasure it causes.

The patient movements were nearly torment as the bear's design overstimulated your rear nerves. Almost leaving you a whimpering mess as you feel that flare almost stretch you out again as it leaves. Prodding you like before, but the entrance back into your tailhole is significantly smoother.

Is... Is this what it really felt like to receive? The firm tip and head pushing it's way within your exit. The shaft sliding inside, with the spines signing their calligraphy along your walls as they passed. Detecting the entire length deep within you as that flare presses against that special area again, overloading your body with ecstasy. Then somehow even more when Bartan started pulling out! Repeating the process as the motions of each lap moved progressively faster and faster...!

Another clench causes the furball to gasp loudly, and you feel a heavy squirt of that delicious orange pre flood your backside. Nearly convinced that it was him cumming, but the bear starts up again. The entire fluffy body starting to put it's entire form into the motions as you cling onto him tightly, never releasing so much pre in your life as those hips thrust into your tail. Keeping you in a constant state of pleasure, unable to control your own body anymore.

You lose track of how long the bear's been pounding your rear... Ten minutes? An hour? Two? Several maybe? Caught in a state of paralysis as something begins building inside you, a familiar state of bliss

that's usually obtained in a number of different ways. You can't even warn the Companion of it aside from a straining whine as you race past the point of no return. Barely making out the steady growls of pleasure from the beast as your own orgasm reaches its peak.

Your muscles are nearly sore from gripping his body so hard, but they all flex as much as they can. Stopping that red tower dead in its motions as you brace that living pillow still, gripping him so hard that you find yourself lifting off the bed just a little as you cum heavily between your two bodies. Launching torrent after torrent onto your [color] underside and completely drenching Bartan at the same time. Feeling it all run down your sides and soak the bedding underneath you while you roar between breaths.

During all this, you do slightly detect a few warm streams gather in your inner gut. Giving a slight pressure that only further added to the experience, so much so that you barely notice a strange denseness near your exit. Too out of it for several moments to think of what it was while it began to grow....

All at once, it hits you like a bolt of lightning. Actually pausing all that blissful feelings for a moment and replacing it with fear until that bear's knot pulsed. Creating a large tremor of pleasure with every small growth, stretching your inner walls wider and wider in a large oval. You nearly whimper at Bartan to pull out, to not tie inside you-!

But something stops you! A heavy wave of bliss? Over-excitement? Impulsive decision making? Regardless, all you can do is expend all that acquired energy to grip the furball tighter as his bulge gets bigger and bigger within your rear. That fluffy pouch of his feeling heavier over your tail as you swear a damn watermelon is growing in your tailhole! His weapon twitching against your prostate and before you know it, you're firing off sticky ropes of seed again!

A few growls from Bartan as he continues to lightly cradle your body through the tying process. Still feeling it pulse larger and stimulating your body drastically while occasionally detecting a heavy jolt of orange venture deep inside you. There's no escape now, the bear's knot is completely locked into you and you're going to receive the full volume of his cumshot.

It's as exciting as it is terrifying, knowing full well just how much this furball can release given the time. The inner torrents starting to become more and more frequent as that pressure begins to gather into your belly. Creating a bulge that squishes your still spraying weapon with Bartan's soaked underside. Flooding your inners from the base of his thick knot to your belly as it swells up slowly, causing you to pant and sing with gasping breaths.

Only for Bartan to release straining whimpers, ones that are very familiar to you. He... He hasn't cum

yet... He hasn't cum yet!? Feeling that bulge just inside your tailhole lightly try to pull out, a task that is clearly impossible at this point! The sprays within start to rival your very own releases as the pleasure just becomes too overwhelming. Your vision begins to become blurry as you feel yourself rest in your soft wet bed, tongue lolling out. Soon those first torrents of orange are felt entering you, filling you up as you lose consciousness and leaving you at the mercy of your hired Companion.