

Drunken Lullabies #5

By Bartan Tirix

The furball was enjoying his nap while the coffee did it's magic. Still half awake within the large room, lazily positioned over the massive bed likely made for six his size. Enjoying the silence of the mid-day while others were out doing... Something. Bartan actually forgot, due to A: mornings, and B: mornings... As well as C: not quite paying attention.

It was nothing important anyway, he got the jist of it. They'd be out for a while, don't worry about needing to do anything but rest his furry little butt today. Mistress knows he needs it, getting him to switch positions as his body relaxed pleasantly.

...That is, until those ears flicked, hearing someone walk within the household. Nothing drastic or panicking. Quadruped and rather large, scanning room to room searching for something or someone. Soon leading up to the furball's door, opening it without a reaction from Bartan, and getting immensely silent.

A pair of eyes was felt gazing upon him, studying that fluffy polar bear-thing in the center of the blankets and sheets. As if stuck on a decision, one that made that look nearly warm up with desire or excitement. Quietly moving inside the room was easier said than done- "I'm awake."

The wyrm was startled at the surprising status of the furball, causing him to grumble and stretch a little bit. Looking up to see a large set of scale shift colors from dark green to red. "O-oh."

"Something wrong, Dia?" Bartan yawned, flopping his head down while that tail flickered. Hearing the dragon whimper shyly as those scales then turned purple. "People will be back later, I can't remember where they went."

"I-I wasn't worried. I just..." That bed shifted when the wyrm stepped onto it, easily about 25% larger than the bear. Almost towering over the white one as Dia whimpered, trying to put together words.

"You just?"

"R-remember that...? Card you gave me one Xmas-?"

"The session card? My lazy gift?"

"Y-yes- Wait. Lazy?"

"Nevermind, what about it?" A needy whine from the larger male pretty much told Bartan what he was here for. "You're lucky it's my day off."

"S-so?"

"Yes, we can do something." The bear yawned again. "What would you like-?" A sudden grasp of that long fluffy tail interrupted Bartan with a slight yelp, feeling it soon get tugged by the wyrm as those blue eyes gazed upon him with a lustful need. "D-Dia?"

"5% of your total size." The dragon demanded, getting a whimper in question. "And super stretchy." A louder whine in question as the bear started to shrink semi-rapidly, making the white one blush as those draconic scales shifted to an excited red. Watching in surprise as the wyrm got bigger and bigger within his perspective, the room becoming much more vast. The bed changing from a large mat to a near landmass of fabrics and sheets, feeling a single scaled paw scoop up the soon plushy-sized bear.

Those four furred ears blushed deeply, his whimpers getting louder as he was brought up to that massive red muzzle. "Dia...?" A second paw took hold of the furball's middle/side, bringing them snout to snout. Then feeling the dragon's muzzle latch onto the bear's, making Bartan whimper loudly in a panic when a large breath was heard being taken.

A light struggle from those much smaller limbs as the bear was held in place, then forced to take in Dia's exhale! [Ffffffssssssshhhhh] Swelling those furred cheeks a dozen times larger before sending it directly into that fluffy underside! Rounding that gut, forcing his sides to curve as Bartan was being blown up like a balloon! [Puuuuuuffffff] Another deep breath and the furball was soon enlarging once more! Forcing his limbs to spade outwards as his back started to take in some of the volume!

Breath after breath, the wyrm puffed up the bear. [Psssssh. Pssssssh. **Pssssssshhh.**] Making him drastically bigger and bigger with every blow. Forcing him to sphere out to the size of a bowling ball,

[Fwoooooosssssshhhh- Crrr-rrrrrr-rrrrrrrk] then a beachball. Pausing to study the smaller one's firmness and durability, loving how his body shifted quite easily around every one of the dragon's digits. [Bommmph, bommmph, bommmmmph] Folding around them and squeaking loudly as the bear's vocals whimpered; creating a vibration through his mostly hollow body at this point.

But was he big enough to satisfy the beast's lust? Shifting the spherical white one within his paws, almost reminding him of an air-based stressball. [Squuurrrrk, currrrk-crrrrrk. Womp, womp, creeeeeeeka.] The answer was in the wyrm's smirk as another deep breath was taken, blowing Bartan up once more as his body expanded significantly larger and larger with each. [Gwoooooohh, twoooooohhhh, dwoooooooooohhhh.] Pushing those limits to a small yoga ball; possibly 30x the bear's uninflated size! [Pfffffffffff-Crrrrrrkkkk...!] Getting a bit of a stalemate that only encouraged the dragon's instincts to push harder! [Squrrrrrrikkk-Fwooomp!] Filling up his furred balloon until those limbs swelled up to little nubs, and that tail bloated outward stiffly!

Leaving the white one nearly about the size of a large exercise ball... Medium-sized if made for Dia, resulting to about 70x the plushie's size. Once again studying the inflated bear with deep presses and kneads, to the point of near toying with him. Coming to the conclusion that the size... Could use a few more puffs, [Puuuuufffff... Puuuuuffffffff... Puuuuuffffff...! Puuuuuuuuuuuffffffff...!] really pushing those white walls as they started to become glossy against the light. Then taking a nearby string and tying Bartan's muzzle shut. "Okay bear." Dia panted, getting up and stepping over his new balloon; red draconic tool dripping out rainbow juices over the small one's back as he tried mounting the bloated one. [Squuurrrrrkkky squurrrrrk] Though, only resting that weapon against the inflated backside. Not penetrating that small tailhole... Yet. "Don't b-break on me too quickly."

A 'small' whine was heard as the wyrm started thrusting against his living balloon. [Bwoomp... Bwoomp... Bwwwwwoomp, bwwooommp, bwwoomp..] Squeezing those swelled out sides and reshaping the sphere into more of a longer, 'body pillow'-ish shape that was more akin to Dia's own form. [Creee-eeeeer-eeeeer-eeeeer-eeeeekk] Every press, every squeeze caused multiple parts of that soft bubble to bloat outwards, as if moving to the very beat the dragon set up. His deep purrs adding a bassline to the drums that were his pounds into the white plush, the squeaks giving their song substance as it continued. [Wyrrrrua-wyrrrua-wyrrrua...]

Occasionally feeling Dia stop and growl a little as a few wet leaks were felt over Bartan's backside. Leaving the wyrm to take a deep breath and only press in harder, to thrust more aggressive than before! [Pwoomp, pwoomp, pwoomp...!] Soon really pounding those scaled hips into his air-filled pillow and really testing the durability of it! Needing to release his fore-grip on it to grab the blankets nearby so his instincts could claw into it without worry of harming the dragon's new toy.

The cycles continued, thrusts turning into pounds. Breaths into deep huffs. His scales shifting to warmer colors: orange, light purple, red. Leaks into jolts and small sprays, until it was just too much for Dia. Taking hold of the balloon and sliding his tool back, prodding underneath that puffed up tail as Bartan whimpered loudly. That fleshy tip twitching as it narrowed in on it's target, [squrrrrikkk-rrrrkk-rrrrkk] pressing in steadily as it forced that tight tailhole to widen and widen. Swallowing the large draconic weapon in sections; [Errrruk-ffft...!] tip to flare. [Frrrruuuk-fpt!] Flare to half-shaft. [Furrrrrff] Then second half to the base of his lightly forming knot, getting immensely tight in the process. Stretching it out drastically as Dia's tongue lolled out the side of his muzzle.

A few heavy twitches turned into heavy jolts of pre-seed released into the blown up bear. Forcing it to grow just a little more with every release inside. [Fsssssh, fssssssh, fssssssshh...] Curling his large body around the living pillow as he rested his weight over it, loving the song the bear was singing as his body struggled against it. The noises it made against the wyrm's grinds...! [Wyyyyrrrrrrkk-!]

Until that weapon's tip easily touched the mattress below, providing a bit of discomfort as Dia growled at it. Perhaps the furball wasn't quite big enough after all, but that could be changed. Sitting up and looking over the edge of the bed slightly, he spoke to the house. "Air tank. Small nozzle." Something below the floorboards shifted before sliding out and raising such a request. Making the dragon smirk in excitement as he took off the wrapped hose and opened the valve. [Hiiiiisssssss]

Finding the pair of bloated cheeks in the upper side of his balloon and pulling off that ribbon, instantly getting Bartan to leak some of the air. Until that nozzle was placed inside and that white muzzle was once again tied down. Despite the whimpers of denial that were soon overpowered by the steady creeks of his inflating form. [Fwooooooooooph...] Giving that upper back of the bear's a few steady presses to make sure the hose was tightly in place before embracing that living balloon again. Grinding against it as the bear grew steadily within the wyrm's grasp, nuzzling those white walls as they groaned against his soft scales. [Kurrrrrrk...!]

Until the pillow was big enough to thrust safely again. Starting with some slow and deep presses that forced the air inside to spread out quickly. Creating a wonderful orchestra of squeaks as they rubbed against the dragon's scales. [Squrrrrrrka, squrrrrrka, squrrrka.] Progressively getting faster as that red tool of his consistently leaked, occasionally releasing heavy squirts that accelerated Bartan's growth as the white one desperately attempted to hold himself together.

A particular heavy wave through Dia made him stop and huff a heated breath, a deep purple blush flooding his color-shifting ears. His breath fogging up the glossy balloon below him, giving it a strong nuzzle to hear that bassy hose echo within. [Fuusssssssssshh...] Feeling it grow tighter and tighter as it pressed up against the heavy dragon's frame. Stretching outwards with every humping motion as it grew close to the wyrm's size.

However, the bear's walls were getting thinner and thinner with every passing moment. Already starting to become transparent and losing color while sirens of tautness filled the room. Encouraging the dragon to go all out, thrusting into the inflated pillow roughly as that white rear bent into the shape of his knot. Unable to get the bulge directly inside, but could hump freely without his red tip touching the mattress.

A steady drum beat added to the song as Dia threw his entire body into it. [Fwoomp! Fwomp! Fwoomp-Fwomp-Fwoomp-Fwomp!] His tail slapping the lower end as it inflated between the wyrm's legs. Gripping the upper side tightly and even grasping it with his claws, loving how it folded along his digits and bent around his points! Commending the living bear balloon for his durability with a few licks and a love bite, taking a mawful of that bloated white wall, barely being able to feel the fluff along it as he bit down! Attempting to pop the toy!

Yet, Bartan held out! Despite the constant airflow through his tied muzzle! Despite the shaft in his rear leaking near torrents of rainbow pre! The claws and vice-like embrace of those jaws! The balloon endured as it continued to grow! Lifting the dragon up and supporting all of his weight while those hind legs began to rake the white one! On the verge of cumming as Dia thrust harder and harder! Launching heavy torrents into the bear, forcing it to grow in spurts! Thinner and thinner as those walls began reaching all corners of the bed-!

[BURRK!!]

The wyrm fell down on a quickly reformed furball; back to his normal self and facing down. Soon gripped by the just barely climaxing dragon as that red tip was buried into that fluffy rear! Thrusting up to the knot as Bartan whimpered in bliss, attempting to squeeze it in but Dia's body began to lock up! Instead just curling around the slightly smaller bear and bracing him still while torrents of dragonseed began flooding his insides!

It took only a few sprays until a noticeable change was seen in that white underside; a heavy hill starting to form within the white forest as it got rounder and rounder. Both placing a single paw over it as the wyrm steadily filled Bartan, altering his shape by weight categories very quickly. Mildly chubby. Heavily chubby. Husky. Overweight. Mildly overweight. Severely overweight. Then finally: barely immobilized. To the point where some of those rainbow juices were dripping from the furball's lolling tongue.

Only to be licked up by that same dragon who then took that white muzzle for a deep, loving kiss. One that let them share their purrs before feeling a squeeze on that gut. Getting Bartan to bring up a jolt of those multi-flavorful juices before breaking the kiss. "Thank you, bear." Bartan huffed and nodded in response, though still feeling a few presses into his rear. "Ready for round 2?" A whimper as those fluffy ears fell.