

Drunken Lullabies #6

By Bartan Tirix

The room remained dark, despite the calm sunlight attempting to find a way around the blackout curtains. As if attempting to wake the sleeping bear in the middle of the bed, completely zoned out and enjoying his day off. Being a little lazy about his hibernation instincts and just wanting to sleep in for as long as possible.

Enough to very slightly concern the white fox listening in from the other side of the bedroom door. Detecting that the furball was still slumbering and making sure the light from the hallway was dimming from a cloud passing by. Sneaking in very quietly and closing the door behind her, as if simply passing through the barrier.

It wasn't completely rare to spot Bartan in such a state, especially after so many late nights working recently. But it was nearly getting afternoon, and the bear should be getting up. Moving forwards to gently wake him, but... Another thought came to mind. Making Kindle smirk slyly before continuing her venture towards the sleeping one.

A few little scratches in his heavy coat to get those instincts of him to adjust his position; onto his back, belly up, and hind legs spread. That long tail almost fluttering while those heavy balls guarded his tailgate. But the canine wasn't interested in that, giving that lower belly a few soft rubs to coax the furball back into his sleep before taking a faint grip on his tail. A gentle pull, just enough to trigger its odd magical properties before whispering under her breath. "Herm. But slit above his sheath."

Such words actually cause those four ears of his to flick, but detect nothing. Letting go of his rear appendage and letting the strange abilities do their work. Within the white forest of fluff immersed a female sex just above that soft protection, lower lips and everything. Actually getting Kindle to gently touch it with a single fingertip and hear the bear inhale deeply, releasing a soft murmur.

A light pry next with little reaction as she lightly separated a single fold, catching eye of the black flesh underneath before going back to soft rubs. Letting the sensitive area shift Bartan's breathing pattern quite drastically as that sheath below began to swell up. The red tip soon peeking out, curious what was causing such pleasure and soon finding even itself being softly greeted by the gentle paw.

An attention that it adored and wanted more of, slipping out of that protection to seek just that. Reaching out further and further as the fox patiently caressed the bear's newly formed vent. Feeling it swell a bit along with that thick sheath, the tool within growing in pulses as it moved upwards into her palm.

Only to be gently pressed down against the fluff, that tip easily finding the newly made slit and sliding against it as it grew. Gently separating the folds as Bartan whimpered in his sleep, completely oblivious of what was happening. His body shifting as wave after wave of pleasure was sent through him, that vent being widened more and more with every pulse.

With a bit of soft encouragement, that weapon's tip found its way inside the bear's vent. Still growing while venturing deeper and deeper into that fleshy tunnel, making Bartan squirm in his slumber while panting. Whimpering in bliss as his tower grew in response, pushing his sex wider and wider as the girth increased.

To the point where it became self-serving, allowing the fox to sit back and enjoy the show with her own hand down her pants. Loving the furball's song of pants and whimpers as that tool slid deeper and deeper within him. Slowly waking Bartan, but so lost in a haze of bliss that he couldn't think straight.

His weapon continued to get bigger and bigger, allowing him to detect every detail of it while his own folds clenched it tightly. Able to make out every large spine, their soft flesh scrubbing the inner walls as they groped his lower horn. Only encouraging it to grow even more within such tight confinements, occasionally leaking that signature orange fluids both deep within and over that thick sheath.

A unique feeling, no doubt. One that struck the bear's sudden questionable response as to what was happening. Sending a paw down to investigate and taking quite a bit of time to come to the correct conclusion; his own weapon locked within a part of himself that... Honestly felt very familiar... As if it were...?

The white 'male' whimpered loudly, but it just felt too damn good for concern. Giving into that sudden lust and adjusting that paw's orders; to rub the area just outside of his tunnel where that lower horn could be felt. To let the firmness and girth continue to grow larger while his pouch did the same.

It barely required any effort, really. The occasional slide up and down from the outside while the tool within twitched. Pulsing larger and sending in a jolt or two of pre as it stretched that sex wider and wider. Feeling it get so tight within that tunnel while that tip ventured deeper and deeper, finding the far end not long after.

At this point, Bartan's ears were painted in a deep blush. That muzzle and nearly his entire head nearly the same as he panted, tongue lolling out the side of his maw. Those swollen folds and the rod trapped within their gape feeling so damn hot, as was the weapon buried within. Every twitch and flex causing that vent to grasp tightly, pushing the bear closer and closer to a climax.

Soon feeling a small bump at the base of his tool, starting to swell inbetween those puffy folds. Creating a bulge inside that added to the girth, pushing them further and further apart and overstimulating the bear. Making him squeeze his own sensitive ridges that triggered heavy squirts to be launched deep into his own womb.

Huff after huff left that blushing muzzle, stuck in the decision of whether or not he should knot himself. It was far past the point of him ever getting that thick weapon out as it's knot stretched Bartan's sex wider and wider! Releasing a straining whimper as he gave in, gripping his female parts and sliding them down! Letting those swelling folds finally completely meet that thicken sheath, together hiding nearly all evidence of that red weapon as it's hilt got bigger and bigger.

Such an immense feeling sent the furball into squirms and spasms across the bed. That tail wagging and almost slapping the fox who he still did not detect, trying to keep himself quiet by holding back his cries of bliss. That knot still growing larger within his sex, ensuring that it was trapped in there and leak-proof while near torrents of pre were being shot through that rod. Flooding that inner chamber as it began to feel tight beneath the bear's heavy coat.

His whimpers grew louder within his throat, growing ever closer and closer to that grand release. His knot reaching what nearly felt like impossible sizes, causing that sex to flood his sheath full of pre and leak it out of his coat. That pouch of his bulging into the size of melons, stimulated so much and provoked to produce as much seed as possible for the upcoming event.

Then, the point of no return. Bartan's breaths became rapid and heavy. That tool vibrating and twitching. That sex cleching and squeezing his own member tightly, making out the mass that was his knot tying him. All four paws clawing at his bedding as that white muzzle scrunched up. That entire shaft thickening up-!

And that first torrent launched! Directly into that deep vault and filling it to the brim! Occupying what little space remained within that hallway before enforcing the womb to expand like a balloon! Creating a bulge within his furred coat that swelled larger and larger, placing both his forepaws over it to feel out the shape! Getting rounder as he continued to cum directly into his own sex, overstimulating the bear into a chain of climaxes!

Every whimpering breath was another torrent that flooded his womb, adding a stuffed waterballoon's worth of volume into that lower belly! Easily making Bartan looking like he was carrying a full litter! Two! Three- as he started to get too big! Forcing his body to roll himself over onto the filling underside for easier expansion! Letting it gently lower itself down as that locked-in weapon continued to fill his organic balloon!

Heavy spray after heavy spray Bartan's womb grew tighter and tighter. Swelling up between his hind legs while also venturing outwards in all directions. Slowly creeping upwards to his chest as the bear whimpered in both worry and bliss. Lightly thrusting into the growing belly before something started to feel a little weird... Slight tears within the stretching walls like doorways being broken open-

But no bursting. Instead, he felt areas along that underside begin swelling very quickly! Making him attempt to witness such a thing in the darkness and spot several pairs of growing bulges along the middle of his underside! Mammaries!? Watching them swell up with every torrent released as that belly continued to bloat outwards! Soon becoming so big that it began to lift his backside upwards!

In no time at all, Bartan flooded his entire underside! That belly and several sets of breasts swelling outwards to the point where he could no longer reach the ground! Feeling so tight while constantly being stuffed by his own cum, and that pouch wasn't even 1/4th done! Hearing the familiar groans and creaks that warned the bear that his body couldn't take much more punishment!

Larger and larger the furball involuntarily pumped himself fuller and fuller! Making him look like he just swallowed a large van while each 'chest pillow' had the volume of four car tires! His whimpers growing higher and higher in pitch, along with that fluffy body's warnings! Actually starting to feel that knot leak, but it was far too late! Counting down the torrents as each one released tested that womb's limits!

1...! 2...! 3...! The bear's body felt so tight! 5...! 6...! 7...! His white fur replaced by a dark orange in heavily swollen areas! 9...! 10...! 11...! Even his lower folds started blowing up! 13...! 14...! 15...! That bloated body started morphing around his limbs! 18...! 19...! 20...! His chest fluff swallowed up his snout! 23! 24! 25-!

Suddenly Bartan's body couldn't take another drop! Bursting into a shower of his own colorful juices as they flooded the room! Soaking everything, including his own now-normal self. Paralyzed by the heavy sting such a consequence caused as that tool of his continued to release orange ropes. Painting the ceiling and walls with every release for a good extra minute before slowing down and finding a more fluffy canvas. Leaving Bartan panting loudly in silence.

"That was so hot-"

Only for him to yelp loudly in surprise at the Fox's sudden 'appearance'.