

Drunken Lullabies #10

By Bartan Tirix

The city was loud, even after spending quite some time in it walking down the sidewalk. Being so close to the traffic while following directions from his phone, the polar bear couldn't help but look around at everything else on display. From clothings and hats, to instruments that he could never learn to grasp. Electronics that would've fit in ten or fifteen years ago as 'New & Improved', now resting outside a pawn shop to entice buyers.

Not that Bartan really had much use for any of those things, and what he was coming down to purchase was definitely far from related to such objects. Now approaching several small shops and franchises that mostly consisted of take out or coffee shops, one tea shop caught his brown eyes. Making those four white ears perk and almost instantly begin blushing.

A deep breath from the feral one as he moved towards it, bringing up that previous chat once again on his phone and confirming the directions. Then the address. Making sure he had the correct place that the otter mentioned, all while trying not to get flustered by such flirtatious words. A bit nervous about such an offer, still flooring him that the otter even considered this to begin with. Let alone accepting, making the bear damn excited at the opportunity. Perhaps too excited, as he worried what was currently on display... Okay, more 'any red on display'.

Another breath as he stood outside of the tea shop's windows, peering in to see if he could find a brown furred one working behind the counter, but only spotting one grey marten and buck. Both in different clothing, with the female weasel dressing in a more traditional tea house apron.

Did Bartan have the wrong date? He couldn't have the wrong place, everything matched... Maybe Theo was just in the back. Walking in, noticing a few customers in two groups socializing and not paying too much attention to the large fluffy bear as he approached the counter's line. Blushing a little more as time went on, to the point where it was quite visible when it was his turn to order. The marten double taking at the redding ears and lightly sighs. "Please don't do the breast milk meme."

A large double take from Bartan and he couldn't stop himself from glancing at her surprisingly large chest through the apron. Shaking his head and apologizing. "N-no, sorry. I was... Thinking Theo was working today?" The grey one shared a look with her manager. "Did he call in sick?"

"No, but he's-" She started, nearly spooked by the brown otter swinging open the back door and spotting the white furball. Giving him a large smirk before shifting his gaze to his boss; the buck.

"He's the one I told you about. I'll deal with his sale on my break."

"Is it drugs?" The deer bluntly asked, still not looking up from his station while the others double taked. "If it's drugs, I'm taking a cut."

"It is not drugs." Theo stated, finally getting a strong gaze from the antlered one as they studied each other. "Promise."

"Alright, I believe you. It's past rush hour but don't make a mess."

"Don't worry, thanks Roland." A beckon for the bear and Bartan followed him in the back. Entering a large kitchen for the building with several stoves cooking multiple dishes. Into a rather tight spot where that long fluffy tail hit a few things, almost expecting to hear one of the bowls to fall down and break. And finally turning two corners and into a storage area, one more roomy than the hallway, but could barely get two normal people to squeeze by. "This should be okay."

"Y-yes. But do you actually...?" The white one questioned, watching Theo move some things off a small table then sit on it. Spreading his legs opened and letting the apron remain and settle inbetween.

"See for yourself." He replied coyly, loving how the bear whimpered and blushed. But stepping forwards as those tinted ears perked up, sliding that black snout up the otter's inner pantleg and inbetween the apron. Nudging the bulge that the drape was hiding as that maw moved upwards towards the pant-waist. Taking the belt behind his fangs and actually undoing the buckle with that slick red tongue as a smaller webbed paw rested on the back of Bartan's head; now hidden beneath the apron. "Did you just-?"

Then the button to the waist, followed by the fly going down halfway. Only for that tongue to slip inside and greet Theo's pink tip with an eager hug from the talented appendage. Causing the brown one to gasp and nearly claw into the furball's covered scalp, matching the bear's intensity with his tongue as it pressed up against Theo's pulsing member. Around that sensitive brown sheath as it continued to swell and release more of its tool towards the white warm muzzle.

A small kiss that pushed back the already slightly wet protection, further increasing the musk of a job half done. Giving the bear the impression that this one woke up with some happy dreams, likely interrupted by an alarm or a call of sorts. Allowing that muscle to grab some slippery samples, but not

quite enough to make a full confirmation of the flirty chats a few nights before.

The otter panted, heaving in a whisper as that tongue slid across his flesh. Trying to keep himself composed and quiet, but the softness and expertise of that appendage was something Theo was just not prepared for. Mentioned during private texts and teases, but he just expected it to be an exaggeration.

Yet, it felt better than he could imagine. Soft and slick, flexible but with such strength. Swearing the muscle was almost shapeshifting as it slid across his pink shaft while it grew at a much faster rate. The tip of that appendage brushing the divide between flesh and sheath before narrowing its edge. Wondering what that bear was planning-

Only for that tongue to actually slip inside the otter's protection! Making Theo gasp loudly and grip the white head even harder, trying to keep his own breaths quiet against the stimulating barrage. A near storm of waves as Bartan explored within the weapon's shelter, causing it to grow faster and faster in heavy throbs. Stretching out the sheath as the muscle slid around the most sensitive of regions.

Such a thing felt amazing, but it was getting so tight as well! No matter how flat that shapeshifting appendage got, prodding as deep as it could reach until the brown one's package finally gave in. Releasing a large jolt of his pre directly into Bartan's maw, complying with its surrender demands. Withdrawing on first contact and allowing the otter to finally have a moment to breathe while the tongue lapped at his tip.

And the bear purred, sweeping the floor with that long tail. Feeling his head get lightly scratched as the muscle played with the squirt that coated it. "What flavor is it today?" Theo asked, still lightly panting.

"...Jasmine, I think?" The furball tilted his head slightly in a ponder. "I'm not going to lie, I don't know my tea too well. I'm just surprised to find someone else who has a flavor, let alone one that shifts from day to day. How did you get it?"

"Gave a wishing well a ten dollar coin. You?" The otter joked.

"Xmas gift." A chuckle from the brown one at just how dry Bartan said that.

"From the mistress?"

"From a six-legged future version of myself." Another deadpan statement as that tongue kept licking,

making Theo just stare at the lump in his apron. Trying to figure out if Bartan was being serious or not. "Another taste test is needed." Okay, that was definitely a joke.

But before the smaller brown one could question the statement beforehand, that muscle went to work. Sliding down the pink spire and releasing a warm breath over the sensitive flesh. Adjusting himself while taking Theo's entire length, that large black snout pressing up against his crotch while those white forepaws moved up onto the table. Resting against the otter's clothed thighs as the digits spread out; surrounding the smaller one's hips in a gentle grapple to keep him still while the bear continued his work.

Meanwhile, Theo's own grasp grew tighter over his apron; still over the Polar's head. Slightly cautious at the power such a beast could have, let alone with something so vulnerable in such a dangerous area. Swearing he could make out the soft ends of those ivory daggers while that strong tongue slid around, drawing a map over the otter's equipment as he released a few jolts for it. Distracting the muscle, but not for long.

Granted, such a defense came with its own detriments; causing the furball to begin purring deeply and adding vibrations to his movements. Causing the bear's entire head to start slowly bobbing underneath the apron as Theo's weapon slid in and out. That tongue gliding across his walls and up his tip while those large paws began clawing at his brown haunches. The dull tips unable to dig in to the point of harm, but could be felt as they dragged over his pants, pulling them down to feel his thicker fur.

Soon after the tail-strap was undone, they went to work. Creating fissures within the brown forest as they rubbed around Theo's curves with such strength. Sliding up to his waist and repeating the process while moving down further and further. Across his thighs in all directions over the strokes: the outer sides, on tops, even lifting the otter up to get access to the hamstrings. Causing the smaller one to pant heavily and continue releasing thick jolts as those pads continued to rub his body. Letting the bulge at the base of the tower begin to form and get ready to lock in whatever it could.

It was getting harder for Theo to hold back, especially when the bear began to draw the 'tea' through his shaft from time to time. Getting the otter closer and closer to the point of no return, only to stop and give the smaller one a rest. Causing him to calm down before starting the process up again, nearly frustrating his weapon as it was being bathed. Wanting to absolutely soak that tongue and muzzle with a full release.

However, it gave that brown pouch plenty of time to gather much needed supplies. Slowly enlarging without Bartan's knowledge and while the beast was enthralled with the motions. Almost pressing his luck too far and edging the otter to the brink of a climax, enjoying the smaller one's playful growls of frustration and the claws against his white head; still protected by the heavy cloth. "Damnit, bear..."

Theo huffed, swearing he could feel that snout smile underneath the cowl. "It's been nearly twenty minutes...! Let me-!" A thick draw interrupted him. "I don't know how much longer I can keep myself quiet...!"

A small chuckle in response as Bartan continued as normal, only expanding his strokes and rubs to the otter's sides and belly. Occasionally giving the base of his tail a playful tug and spreading those brown cheeks while the tongue slipped up and down. Prodding his sheath and recognizing the throbs, once again stopping while Theo growled in frustration. Trying to get himself off with a few thrusts- being so damn close!

But regardless of how much the brown one struggled, he couldn't do it in his position. Forced to just feed the white furball jolts and droplets of his tea-flavored pre and hope that he'll get impatient or lose track of the otter's progress. Starting up again before Theo was completely calmed down, now was his chance! Wiggling his body in thrashes to throw the white beast's estimations off, trying to be careful considering what was in his muzzle. Really starting to feel the strength of those paws as they rubbed against his body, and that tongue attempting to keep the smaller one still!

Until all at once Theo felt it! That point of no return! Trying to keep it under the radar, but his knot began enlarging; something he couldn't hide. Making the bear grumble in slight surprise as he made out what it was, then attempted to withdraw before getting grabbed by the otter! Attempting to take hold of anything and managing to snatch a pair of Bartan's ears through the apron, making him yelp and lightly whimper. Then just accepted that the session was coming to a close, letting the knot pulse surprisingly quickly in his maw as he lapped at it and continued his movements. After all, it can't get that big can it?

...Can it? The question the white one repeated a few times in his head as he felt out the large bulge. Growing bigger and bigger within his muzzle and in behind his set of dull fangs, making the bear realize that it was going to actually lock into him! Attempting to pull out while he still had time, but Theo just braced his head down with his ear-hold! "Oh no, you don't! You're getting what you worked for!" Another whine from the beast as he denied such a thing for a little bit, then accepted it after there was no way out. Instead, doing his best to stimulate the well endowed otter by lightly pulling on the knot, simulating a female locked in and lightly trying to escape.

Then that brown pouch under Bartan's chin could be felt, then he heard churning almost loudly as a paw slid down to observe the size. Then his second one as well, making the furball whimper loudly while the smaller one's breaths began to become rapid! That tool enlarging slightly with every throb and a heavy hiss from Theo as that first torrent absolutely soaked Bartan's maw!

Only partway through the second launch was that muzzle filled, making the bear begin swallowing it down in order to keep up. Making it difficult for him to keep up with the constant flooding until it just

started flowing down his throat! Soon starting to feel full as that white belly began to expand within the thick fur coat. Taking some time before some visual roundness was spotted, quickly sagging down from his sitting position and touching down on the floor before moving outwards. Pressing up against the furball's forearms and causing them to retreat to both study and try to restrain his filling middle!

But soon enough, the torrents slowed down. Letting the bear swallow down the last few torrents willingly before the knot began to deflate. Lapping at the still jerking tool even after Bartan was freed, giving off almost playful nudges as the otter's breaths geared down. "Ready for a second round?"

A stunned look from the bulge under his apron as that muzzle withdrew and rested on Theo's belly. Giving him a few licks while the smaller one just gave him a few playful taps. "A glutton, are we?"

"I'd take it as a compliment." Bartan purred, making the otter chuckle. "I know you have to get back to work, but thanks for the... Bowl."

"I think you mean Keg."

"Same difference." Another chuckle as the white one started to withdraw, only to muzzle that weapon again and suck up one last taste of the Jasmine tea. Making Theo grumble a bit before quickly finding the bear on top of him! Giving him a deep kiss to share that final sample, along with a few rubs from those large paws. "Until next time." Bartan licked the otter's snout, leaving a very thin web connecting the two. "And there will be a next time... I hope?"

"Considering you cleaned up your mess, I suppose so." The otter played slyly, giving that white head a few strokes before tapping it to get up. Feeling the bear do so, but not without a large bunt and a lick. Stepping back to now really see just how much weight the furball took, his belly nearly dragging on the ground from it.

"Mind if I use your back door?"

"Nope. You go out front." A double take in surprise from Bartan as those four ears blushed. "Mostly because..." Theo got his pants up and gave that large furred belly a few taps. "This will not fit through the back door without moving a bunch of stuff." A whimper from the large one. "I gotta get back to work."

"B-but-!"

"I'll chat with you later tonight and we'll rearrange something, k-bye!" The bear was left in the storage room a little stunned, eventually whimpering and sitting down. Feeling his gut easily touch the floor and make him observe it, then the doorway for a few moments.

It was going to be a tight fit...