

Drunken Lullabies #11

By Bartan Tirix

The sun glanced into the room, now that it was no longer blinded by some passing clouds. Causing snowflakes to shimmer within its rays, be it those lightly falling down or already resting on the piles of white covering the home. The beam of fresh light warming up the room as the large glass window remained unblocked by curtains-

To the resting bear's dismay, releasing a grumble at the light and once again taking shelter within the heavy blankets. Dense not for their warmth, but for their aid in keeping the light from passing through and hiding from the giant orb in the sky. However, it was painfully obvious due to the lump in the middle of the large bed that there was someone sleeping. Attempting to, I mean.

Not fooling anyone, including a large brass wyrm- and I mean large. Standing at least 30ft tall and barely squeezing through the doorway into the room at least three times his height and several times his area, mostly floored by the mattress in the center. "Have you seen Thea's scarf anywhere?" Beo asked the bulge within the blankets, getting a groan in response. Such a thing made him perk those red and metallic yellow ears and lightly tilt his head; knowing someone was there but not certain who. "...Bear?"

Another groan that sounded like the white one the dragon had in mind, getting the wyrm to chuckle and take a moment to rest alongside the mound. Sheltering it with his dense shade and getting a much more pleasant mumble in response, one that made the wyrm smile. Nudging the bear through the blankets and getting a little bit of a purr. "You like that, do you?" Beo teased him, placing a large paw of his on Bartan's back and heard him suddenly whimper before getting stroked strongly. Those purrs turning into faint pants as the furred one began pressing up against the weight, but with some tail wags within the covers. "Y'know... We haven't gotten to do anything in a while..."

"I-I.... Know..." The furball whimpered a bit.

"Perhaps it's time to change that?" The deep voice outside the covers purred that time, 'gently' stroking the bulge as a few of those digits dug through the blankets. Finding that fluffy appendage continuing to dance with the strokes and using his other paw to grab it- ...Attempt to grab it- Attempt- I said, **Attempt**- There you go. Giving it a gentle pull as the bear whined. "Let's get your beastly form some time of day, slow growth and much closer to my size." The dragon commanded, letting go of the furry tail and letting it wag about in excitement as that lump in the bed began growing.

Granted, the whimpers didn't last for too much longer. Turning into deep purrs of excitement as Bartan began outgrowing the covers. Being greeted by large claws that dug into his fluff, playfully pinning the furball into the bed. Beo loving the little pants and whines he gave off, how excited it made the bear just by keeping him in place while his body nearly pulsed with mass. Thickening up his structure, mostly in the limbs and chest areas; adding to his muscle and bulging it enough to be seen through that white coat.

It was honestly enough to even make the wyrm a little excited, as he gave the white one a few strong licks with his purple tongue. That pinning paw adding some rubs into the rhythm of the growth as Bartan approached nearly half the brass one's size. Causing the scaled behemoth to shift up from his laying position to over the furball's back, keeping one large paw still in his center shoulders while that fluffy rear pressed up against that plated belly. Feeling the other paw grip a single cheek tightly and make the bear shutter as the metallic digits studied the growing firmness.

The licks over that white & black snout, panting heavily and slowly gaining the strength to fight against the near-mounting dragon. Lifting that bear muzzle enough to attempt to catch the tongue with his maw, only to teasingly get both of Beo's paws on his shoulders. Pinning the bear down again while a certain spire grinded over his rear. Causing Bartan to growl as those licks continued, nearly pampering the white one as he continued to upsize and increase in muscle mass.

Enough for them to flex hard within the white coat, bulging out of it while the bear began to slowly lift himself off the bed. Even with the large wyrm putting half of his weight over Bartan. Releasing steady growls of pleasure as the white one approached the same size as the behemoth, lifting his nose up high-

Only for that white muzzle to get snatched by the brass one playfully, giving the bear a deep kiss to make him submit. Just long enough to grab hold of those fluffy shoulders and roll the two

of them off their paws and onto their sides. Would've been 'their backs' buuuuut they ran into the wall and likely damaged it by the sounds of things.

Not that the brass one cared, caressing his long tongue against the furball's smooth one while his scaled paws gave the beast a belly rub. Loving the feel of his abs still deep within the fluff while that stout chest flexed out. The bear's limbs, not knowing what to do with themselves, left pawing the air or sweeping the ground as the dragon combed his underfluff.

It was no surprise that Bartan was hard as a rock, the red canine-like took throbbing with the beast's pulse. As if jealous of the attention the rest of his body was getting, trying to catch the green eyes of the behemoth. A task that didn't take too long, though they were easily distracted by the massive pouch it was connected to; matching the dragon's own. Nearly reaching down to where his hind foot began when Beo was standing up straight.

Regardless, they could both use some relief from such a thing. Finally letting go of the bear's muzzle and gently taking a paw to stroke the red weapon. Instantly causing Bartan to gasp and whine, singing in pants while the brass one lapped at his four white ears. Teasing the large furball as he squirmed and jerked, as if trying to thrust into the metallic paw. "You're adorable~" Beo purred at him.

The other draconic paw was still busy, holding the furball in place as he squirmed and wiggled. Grasping a single one of those fluffy pecs of Bartan's stout chest and occasionally rubbing down to the belly. Tormenting the blushing bear with soft gropes and licks, the occasional gnaw on the enlarged deltoid or bicep. Loving how the beast was huffing and panting with every breath.

But enough teasing, giving the side of that furry face a smooch before sliding that paw down a little further. Getting a deep whine from the bear as the armored hand started toying with his knot and ridges! Accelerating the white one's almost ready orgasm, making that tip leak the syrupy orange juices as he attempted to hold it back! Nearly hearing his balls churn loudly after only a few moments of stroking and already hitting that point of no return...

Then a second one as that brass paw continued! Overstimulating the white one as he squirmed harder, leaks flowing into a steady stream! A third in the backlog before Bartan sang loudly, erupting in a fountain of release while that paw returned to stroke the bear through his climax. Of course aiming the torrents directly at the bear and a few at his own brass maw for a

drink. Painting the walls and soaking the bedding heavily while the orgasm lasted a good minute and a half. Leaving the bear panting...

But wanting more. Grumbling as he attempted to bunt and nudge the dragon behind him, hearing a bassy chuckle from the wyrm. "Awake now, are you?"

"Hard not to be with that." Bartan playfully snorted. "Besides, I know you're not done."

"I know, but..." The 'white' one attempted to double take, nearly feeling a devious smirk as Beo reached for that fluffy tail. Chuckling at the light struggles Bartan was giving off to make it harder, of course to no avail. Giving it a tug. "Let's give Nukarhu some time, shall we?" A sharp whine from the white one. "Same size and form."

Nukka? The name given to the bear's female form (to prevent even MORE confusion)? A long whine as a shift was felt in his body as soon as the dragon let go of his tail, still getting the furred one to pant in excitement. Even though his weapon began the process of retreating into that sheath and his furballs began to... Drain? Only to feel some pressure in that white chest, causing the pecs to swell outwards at a near identical rate. That mass had to go somewhere, the white one supposed.

But it wasn't until that weapon was fully sunk into that protection that he felt the fluttering change, the sheath sinking deep into his body while the opening grew longer. Balls sinking deep into the pelvis while that chest continued to inflate within the dragon's grip; gently petting the dark nipple deep within the fluff as if searching for it. Using the furred one's breaths as a form of detection while those lumps grew into a large bust. Granted, still a bit soaked with orange, but it was 'disappearing' over time.

Soon after, the shift in the pelvis was near completion. Altering everything from within before swelling out those lower folds and nearly completing the transformation with a longer grey mane, keeping the familiar white at the tips. Still keeping the physical structure of that beast as requested, just now female with a few little changes. Making the dragon behind her purr loudly at the feel of her frame within that thick coat, and the teasing of that fluffy tail didn't help.

The polar bear leaned her snout towards the metallic one, meeting it with a small kiss that he accepted with a lick. Then a few more as she attempted to turn around, granting permission from such a request and kissing the wyrm deeply. Pulling herself a little bit higher up the

dragon's body to press those chest-pillows around his neck and head, lightly stroking them up and down his bearded muzzle. Letting the red spines along his jawline comb through the large amount of fluff as he let that brass snout sink into her cleavage.

With the occasional flanking squish by those pillows, it was easily detected that each one was close to the size of his head! Finding the solidness of her breastbone with the very end of his muzzle, and still getting a firm squish at the back of his jawline. Making the behemoth purr loudly as his paws dug into those fluffy sides and back, easily picking out her bulky structure.

Once again, that tail went wild over that brass pouch and purple spire. The deep vibrations of Beo's purrs actually being felt within her chest fluff, reaching the most sensitive regions of it as Nukarhu began shifting up and down the laying dragon. Not taking much time at all to feel a prod against her nethers and exhaling a heated breath, wanting to feel that weapon and its girth badly, but not quite yet.

After a few more minutes of grinding over that tooltip, and sandwiching Beo's head with her bust, the two shared a deep kiss. One that lasted quite a while before those brass paws started to press down on her hind legs. Lightly prying that sex of hers open before slipping out and getting the dragon to grumble a bit, feeling the wetness over that flare. Trying to correct it by pulling the fluffy beast back up, only to actually get gripped by the shoulders and biceps by her! Lifted up slightly and dragged up against the corner wall with a heavy thud; followed by Nukka collapsing on top of the metallic wyrm. "Holy flum, you're heavy..." The bear grumbled, making the male chuckle.

"I know I am~" Beo pet her head and mane a bit, then felt the white one begin sliding down. Purring deeply as his spire began to divide the soft furs of her underside; following that perfect line between her abs and all the way up to her bosom. Flanking the purple flesh with her softness before crossing both her forepaws over the dragon's belly, lightly squishing those pillows against his weapon while looking shyly innocent. Unable to keep herself from blushing, especially when Beo leaned forwards to give some pets and scratches behind those four ears.

Only to drive his instincts impatient when the furball began to shift her body, wiggling that bubbled rear with her tail wag and cause the fluff in her underside to tickle that flesh. Getting the behemoth to release a growl, his thick tail lifting both his lower half and the bear up with a single flex, shifting her down a little lower. Just enough for a purple tip to be seen within the forest of white.

But Nukarhu got the message, starting to rock herself forwards and backwards; stroking Beo's weapon softly with her bust. Starting slow and faint at first, but even finding herself pick up more and more speed. Sliding up and down further. Finally adjusting her paws to properly squish the sides of her chest and surround that spire with her softness. Paying no mind as it started to leak the blue juices, lapping them up as they came before giving that tip a soft kiss.

The roles had definitely switched, the behemoth lightly pinned down while the beast began stroking him into submission. Making that brass body flex and lightly squirm as wave after wave surged through his titanic body. Flexing those red furred wings and causing them to curl forwards every so often while she lapped at that tip. Massaging the purple tower and making the near flustered dragon huff loudly as he occasionally reached forwards towards the fluffy head, able to give a few gropes before his body demanded a retreat towards the wall. Damaging it in the process.

However, the two were far too occupied to worry about holes in the wall. Beo trying his hardest to hold back, digging his claws into the bedding and the nearby wall as a large jolt escaped. Erupting over the white hills inbetween licks and the bear kissed the tip, lapping at the pulses that followed while completely stopping. Letting the wyrm catch his breath and settle down... Though, not without a few more laps of that flavorful juice; a perfect mix of blueberries and grape.

One she could not quite get enough of, resuming that stroking back up and lapping at the top of that tower until Nukarhu got another taste. Then another. And another. Edging the brass one again and again until the white one started up a little too quickly, hearing the slightly rapid huffs and low growls from Beo before getting a heavy squirt underneath her jaw. Letting it rain blue over her bust in the process, waiting for him to gear down before doing it again. Soaking those twin hills and the valley inbetween.

The beast took a small moment to observe the 'disaster' before working on the clean up, only chuckling at the mess before climbing the behemoth back to that purring muzzle. Meeting him with a kiss before the two began licking the soft lumps clean. Once more finding his paws stroking that fluffy body, reaching down towards that bubbled rear and gripping it tightly. Detecting a firmness, yet plump feel to them while the bear sandwiched his muzzle with that groomed chest. Knowing quite well what Beo was trying to do: pulling her forwards little by little so that tip could line up properly with her swollen vent.

Judging by the wet warmth climbing up his flesh, it wasn't too far off. Loving the playful tease

of the furball's resistance, yet her tail wagging wildly in excitement. Lapping under that white chin to get it cleaned, feeling Nukka attempt to adjust her stance only for the dragon to pull her nethers directly on top of his tip. Getting her to moan and huff a few times, attempting to slide back where she was only caused that flare to prod deeper against her sex.

Then his paws adjusted to the white thighs, now changing direction and pressing her against the erect weapon slowly. Separating Nukarhu's lower lips wider with every bit of lost ground, making her whimper loudly at the sensitivity. "How does it feel, bear?" Beo purred, his muzzle still nearly wrapped in her bosom while rocking her very faintly. Feeling a couple of squirts enter that hallway as the beast panted loudly, unable to respond with actual words.

But she didn't need to, all the signs were there. The very deep blush over her four ears, and even some across her muzzle. The hanging tongue and very heated breaths fogging up the metallic scales. The lightly dazed eyes lacking in focus as her brain scrambled with every wave of pleasure. The claws against his shoulders and neck, dull but flexing with a powerful grip due to the metamorphosis earlier. Then that tail, sweeping across the wyrm's heavy pouch to get rid of the megajolts of energy the bear was conducting.

Only for him to start those faint presses again; widening those gates with every nudge and getting her to squeeze what she could tightly! Every unit of lost ground strengthened the beast's disbelief of his girth, swearing she studied it well when it was in front of her...! Yet it continued to separate her while sliding inside just a little more, regardless of her root within the bedding! Detecting the brass paws rocking her harder and harder backwards-!

Until a much stronger one pressed against those tightened folds! Halting all progress before the wet flare slipped entirely inside! Getting both of them to embrace each other with great strength and nearly roar in pleasure! Growling afterwards as the behemoth spoke. "Damnit... You are so tight...!" A jolt followed his grumble, interrupting whatever response Nukarhu could come up with and sending her into a series of pleased purrs and whines.

To the dragon's surprise, she started pressing back into the purple weapon. Letting it slide in deeper before gifting that sex with another heavy squirt. Adjusting her position before giving that metallic mate a deep kiss, then whimper when Beo pushed her down a bit more. Strongly lapping against her maw and tongue before taking a small pause, then pull the flare up as close to her inner vent as possible...

And slowly drop on the shaft, letting it travel just a little bit deeper within her sex before giving it a very tight grip. Soaking the shaft with Nukka's own orange juices before doing it again, and again. Riding the behemoth slowly at first while allowing her bust to bounce in front of him. Progressively dropping harder and harder with the aid and instruction of Beo's paws until they gripped those fluffy hind legs tightly-!

Soon feeling a few hot squirts within her vent, leaving the two panting heavily for a few moments, wondering just how much they could edge the dragon until he came. On the brass one's command, they started again. Slamming that bubbled rear onto his metallic pelvis, starting to take the entire length of his mating tool as her swollen sex began kissing his sheath!

Another sudden grip in place and several squirts were felt traveling very deep into her lower belly, followed by several more. Swearing the preseed actually filled her inner chambers entirely! The two keeping entirely still, save for their heavy breaths and affectionate licks, some contracts that the beast just could not stop. Waiting a bit longer to signal a continue just in case...

Then starting up again. Riding the male roughly as he thrustured upwards into her! Causing a constant leak of orange and blue as the two gasped and growled, feeling his knot begin to swell out and create a bulge. Increasing the purple weapon's girth right around the hilt as her sex was forced to swallow it again and again! Soon becoming too large to accommodate such an abuse...!

And begin a strength battle for tying her. The two grappling each other's shoulders; Beo attempting to force her down enough to take in the knot while Nukarhu tried to resist it! All she had to do was keep it outside of her long enough for it to reach its full size, then it would be too big to get in again! All he had to do was squeeze the knot in one last time, then it would lock her in place while continuing to grow within her! Ensuring that the female would take every last drop of his seed!

The two growled loudly at the playful competition: the dragon was naturally stronger than her, but also at a disadvantage due to being on bottom! Pushing against her shoulders as his muscles bulged greatly, trying to force her vent around his hilt! While the bear's own limbs flexed heavily within that white coat; turning the dragon on even more! Actually becoming nearly the same size as Beo's while keeping her hind leg aid to resist the tying!

Only to begin hearing a crack, making the two's eyes widen up before the wall the wyrm was leaning against finally collapsed! Forcing him to fall backwards as the two yelped, and the beast following suit! Declaring Nukka the winner as a result, as the brass one soon began to show signs of an orgasm! Riding him a little harder again, making sure that knot couldn't possibly slip inside while the dragon roared loudly-!

And the weapon's girth increased, the powerful eruptions were felt inside her! Overflowing the bear's inner chambers and causing her belly to swell outwards lightly with every pulse! Revealing her abs within the white underfur as Nukka's sex constantly leaked out the blue juices! The two placing a paw at the cum-filled area as it continued to grow and grow, slowly stopping at a large round belly. As if carrying an entire full litter and ready for motherhood.

With a heavy heave, the wyrm released his paw. Giving the white one permission to get off, but feel her wait until a few more last pulses before dismounting. Leaking out a thick trail of blue dragonseed as she stumbled to the center of the room... Only for some prey instincts to kick in! Making her suddenly yelp and attempt to make an escape through the door-!

But the brass one was incredibly fast! Mounting her with one solid motion, driving that shaft into her leaking vent again and thrusting into her hard! Biting into the back of Nukka's neck to get her to submit as that knot rammed against her sex again and again! The full sized thing, pressing harder with every motion! Stretching that vent wider! Wider! Until-! Her folds swallowed it with a loud wet plop!

It made the two roar loudly in bliss as Nukarhu felt... The dragon increase in girth!? No, not just that, Beo was actually upsizing while within her! Only enough to ensure the beast was tied properly, lightly pulling it out with small tests... No, those weren't tests...! The behemoth was stimulating himself! Soon reaching another climatic growl to a roar-!

And the flood began again! Making the white one's belly feel so tight as it began to stretch even further! Overfilling the beast's chambers as it slowly grew to double its max capacity! Groaning loudly as the dragon continued to cum, pushing those walls to triple sized before getting a small stalemate!

Only to feel it begin flooding her chest next! Inflating those already plump pillows and forcing them to enlarge heavily with every blissful whimper that left the bear! Stuffing her most sensitive areas so full that they all reached the ground and then some, trekking across the

bedding while filling out the space underneath her! Groaning loudly as they stretched further and further, breaking Nukka's grip on the floor as her belly and chest pried them outwards! Feeling her ballooning form folding around the behemoth's limbs and attempting the same as the male continued to cum into her! Forcing Beo to change his forepaw positions onto that swelling bust, sinking those claws into her delicate form! Detecting his claw-points and releasing a blissful whimper, before finally slowing down.

Leaving the two panting heavily on a soft, fluffy, very warm bed. Feeling the male paw at her asset changes to test their tautness before giving that snout a few loving licks. Still feeling that fluffy tail attempt to wag while that white underside gurgled loudly, attempting to lick that brass-anything as it passed her panting muzzle-

Then suddenly double-take at the doorway together, where a smaller deep blue wyrm was staring at the two in the hall. Blushing deeply, his maroon eyes shifting between the two before whimpering. "...I found my scarf."

"Good." Beo answered, rather quickly. Downsizing, pulling out of the stuffed bear, and giving that body a couple of taps. "Your turn while I find Dia-" He was interrupted by a loud yelp in surprise from the white one as the behemoth walked out. Leaving Thea and Nukarhu alone in a bit of awkward silence as he took a moment before looking the bear over. Odds are...

The rest of these walls were coming down by the evening...